

mand of a gunboat, to act upon the flank of our army about 20 miles up the Tagus, near the fortified town of Santarem, which was in possession of the enemy. On my return to the *Donna Maria* upon the conclusion of this service, the option was given to our officers to receive their discharge—a privilege of which nearly all gladly availed themselves—the service not offering any inducement to remain, there being evidently too many native Portuguese candidates for employment to render the position of the British officers very encouraging or agreeable. In company with two other naval officers I then took passage in a small schooner loaded with oranges, and, after a quick passage, landed safely at Dover.

I did not remain long unemployed, for, having received an offer of a commission in the service of the young queen of Spain, I again embarked in the cause of constitutional liberty against despotism, and joined the *Isabella* schooner, then fitting up at Woolwich, as first lieutenant. In her I sailed to the north coast of Spain, and was occupied during the winter months principally in watching the harbor of Bilboa and preventing the importation of arms, by coasters from Bayonne, for the use of the Carlist army. I was at Bilboa when the famous chief Zumalacarreguy was killed in a skirmish near that town.

But we soon found our position made very uncomfortable by the jealousy and intrigues of the Spanish officers, who were annoyed at our keeping the sea in a schooner of 90 tons, whilst they, with much larger vessels, were skulking in port and taking their ease, caring little, seemingly, whether Queen or Carlist gained the ascendancy. After six month's service we were ordered round to Ferrol, and directed to give up the schooner to the commandant of that port. After being detained there a few weeks we were provided with a passage in a small brig called the *John of Padstow*, and once more landed in England.

This was my last essay in foreign service. I made one more voyage to Spain as an amateur, to pilot the *City of Edinburgh* steamer in'to Ferrol, and returned immediately in the *Royal Tar* from Santander. After this I remained in England unemployed for about a year, during which time I cultivated a taste for cil-