

sculpture and relief which adorn the front of this building, tell, with fidelity, the tale of the founder, but in a manner very revolting to the feelings of an Englishman. Peruvians kneeling, and prostrate, in all the attitudes of terror and supplication; their wrists and ancles bound by manacles and fetters, the chains of which appear to weigh them down, are, every where, represented in stone-work. The origin of Pizarro, one of the most enterprizing and intrepid soldiers, and, at the same time, the most merciless conqueror, whose actions are recorded in the page of modern history, is yet more extraordinary than that of Cortez. In a wood, under the walls of this very city, of which he was afterwards the most wealthy and distinguished noble, he, as a boy, tended swine, and followed for years that mean and humble occupation.

On the 19th, we marched to Jaraicejo, and, on the 20th, to Almaraz. The magnificent scenery for the last two leagues of the road to Almaraz, quite overpowers the mind. You move along a high ridge, and descend gradually from it to the Tagus. On

the right, large broken masses of wild, untrodden mountains, clothed in those tints for which there is no name, and which language would in vain describe, bound your view. Far, very far below you, on either side, lie valleys, here verdant with grass, there yellow with corn, and here again, so deep and narrow, that the sun never lights upon their dark and cheerless glens. We crossed the Tagus by a pontoon bridge. The motion of a bridge of this sort, the first time you ever stand on one, is very unpleasant; you stagger, as at sea, and feel quite giddy. We marched over it in files four deep. It is, to be sure, surprising in modern war, to see with what facility an army moves. Is it thought that mountains can impede your march, or that a river can oppose an obstacle? Vain barriers! Cannon are dragged up rocky and precipitous paths, over which no mountain-peasant ever ventured to lead his car; and, in a few hours, a bridge is thrown over a river, before impassable, and a whole army has defiled by it. We now marched by Naval-Moral, and Calzada, to Oropesa, where we

halted a few days. To the left of our line of march, the long chain of the lofty Sierra de Avila, its clefts, ravines, and rugged sides, though leagues from you, all, from the clearness and purity of the atmosphere, distinctly visible, invites and rewards your gaze.

Near Naval-Moral we met a Spanish family of rank travelling, a sight very uncommon. The ladies and female attendants were seated in a large heavy, old-fashioned carriage, covered with carved work, and tarnished gilding. This vehicle was drawn by eight mules, which two fine-looking men on foot guided, solely by the voice, calling out their names, to which they appeared by their movements to answer with great docility. The gentlemen of the party rode with the male servants, all conversing familiarly together; and these last often put their heads into the carriage-window, and spoke to the ladies. The Spaniards, I have often observed, however exalted their rank, are exceedingly kind and affable to their servants and inferiors. And indeed, the lower classes have much natu-

ral politeness; nor is there any thing in their language, or manner, which disgusts or offends. They have no vulgarity in their freedom, nor servility in their respect. I have often sat round the fire of a Posada, amid Spaniards of all classes, whom chance has assembled together; and have been quite charmed to mark the general good-humour, and the easy, unembarrassed propriety of behaviour of the common peasants. Talavera de la Reyna, where we halted for one night, on the 27th, was, or rather had been, a fine town, famous for its manufactures of silk and porcelain. The country round Talavera is very pleasing; there are many trees and gardens, and a great deal of rich verdure. The memorable and bloody battle of July 28, 1809, was fought near this town; and I walked with a very proud feeling over the left of the position, which our countrymen so bravely and successfully maintained throughout that arduous day. I look upon the battle of Talavera to have been one of the most important that was fought in the Peninsula; and the real and best fruit of which was the

gaining of time ; time invaluable, and precious beyond all ordinary calculation ; for if that battle had not been fought, Portugal would certainly have been invaded a year earlier than it was, and could not have been effectually defended.

There is a wide and excellent road from Talavera to Cevolla, which borders on the Tagus the whole way, and the country you pass through is covered with olive-grounds, and rich, extensive vineyards. At a village where we slept on the 29th, distant about fifteen miles from Toledo, the inhabitants received us with the liveliest demonstrations of joy : we were the first British soldiers they had ever seen, and they treated us with very great hospitality. In the evening, and indeed throughout the night, guitars and castenets were sounding in front of every cottage, and the cheerful peasants gaily testified their joy by dance and song. Their fandangos and seguidillas are very pleasing ; and so long did I linger viewing these happy groupes, that the men were already assembling for the march, before I had tasted of repose.

The approach to Toledo, whither we marched in the morning, is fine, and the situation of that interesting city very remarkable. It stands on a conical rock of granite, the base of which is bathed, on two sides, by the Tagus. The appearance of this peninsula, crowded with spires, and turrets, and masses of lofty buildings, when seen at the distance of about three miles, is noble and imposing. We marched into it amid the loud and continued acclamations of a patriotic multitude — were most cordially welcomed, and billeted in the best houses. My host was a rosy-looking canon, who lodged me superbly, and treated me most courteously. After dressing, and taking a goblet of delicious white wine, I sallied forth to gaze round me, and see all I could before sunset ; for with the dawn of day we were again to march forward. The cathedral of Toledo is deservedly the first object of attention with every stranger. I passed three hours in it, but must not attempt a minute description of it. It is upwards of four hundred feet in length, and more than two hundred in width. It is built entirely

of freestone and marble. Its gates are of bronze, most curiously wrought. The interior of this magnificent temple is richly and splendidly decorated, and corresponds most fully with the noble appearance of its exterior. I speak not, however, of shrines refulgent with gold, and sparkling with jewels ; of silver statues, costly plate, and embroidered vestments covered with pearls and precious stones. The treasures and wealth of this cathedral, inferior, perhaps, only to those of the famed Loretto, have disappeared. They have been torn forth by the daring hand of plunder, a circumstance no one can regret ; for they may now, eventually, benefit society, by encouraging industry, and rewarding exertion. I speak of ornaments which still remain, because their removal would have been impossible, and their destruction useless. Of grand monuments, of tombs, screens, and altars adorned with sculpture, or carved with the most delicate and elaborate execution. A fine screen of marble, which is upwards of fifty feet in height, and covered with relief, representing the Ascension, attracts

and rivets the attention of every beholder. Many of the best pictures this church could once boast the possession of, have been removed; but in the cloisters are several fine Scripture-paintings by Bayeu, whose designs and colouring are very pleasing. I heard mass, but was not struck with any thing so grand in the ceremonial, as I had, in such a place, expected. The organ, indeed, was excellent, and the singing good; but had it not been for the noble pile of building above me, I could hardly have supposed the service to be that, at which the primate of all Spain had been wont to assist. The truth, however, was, that the day of the pomp, pride, and power of this cathedral was gone by. Six hundred ecclesiastics once belonged to the service of it, and they were all well provided for. The present number of officiating priests is inconsiderable; nor are they now either powerful or wealthy. The memory of the great and good cardinal Ximenes is greatly venerated in Toledo, and a prayer for his soul is repeated daily at the close of high mass.

One word more; this venerable church



has been built nearly nine hundred years ; has been successively possessed by Moors and Christians, and was once surrounded by the habitations of two hundred thousand people, among whom, arts, sciences, and manufactures were busily promoted and encouraged. Of churches, colleges, convents, hospitals, and chapels, upwards of ninety once adorned the streets and squares of this city. It now reckons about six thousand houses, and thirty thousand inhabitants.

I walked from the cathedral to the Alcazar, a palace built on the site of the ancient residence of the Gothic Kings by Charles the Fifth, and long occupied by him. Its grand staircase and spacious gallery, no longer crowded with guards and courtiers, are now dirty, deserted, and silent. This edifice, however, though neglected and decaying, still wears a stately and imposing aspect ; and its handsome front, immense quadrangle, and elegant colonnade, declare it to have been the pride and ornament of a happier period. Its situation is very commanding ; it stands on the edge of a rocky

precipice, nearly perpendicular; at the bottom of which, but full five hundred feet below it, the Tagus flows. As I toiled through the steep, narrow, inconvenient streets, I never felt one movement of impatience; for the extreme antiquity of this city, gives it an irresistible character of interest; and the *religio loci* always operates most delightfully on the fancy. Hannibal won this spot for Carthage; Romans dwelt in it; Gothic kings reigned in it; Moors have possessed it, and some of the turreted walls still surrounding it were built by them; Spaniards, with their blood, last purchased, and still hold it. What a flight for the imagination! to travel back, to conjure up the various scenes acted in the city, and to see sovereigns, warriors, and prelates, whose mouldering dust now sleeps beneath your feet, pass in review before you! So wonderful, however, are the powers of the human mind, that such an indulgence of thought is not only possible, but easy; nor is it denied even to one, who has burst half-educated from the study, and carried with him to the camp little but the imper-

fect, though fond, recollections of his earlier pursuits.

In the afternoon, I dined with a friend in his billet; and we, who had taken our meals the day before in a cottage chamber not eight feet square, were now seated in an apartment, hung with the richest crimson damask, filled with heavy antique furniture, and, indeed, so gloomily magnificent, as to very greatly interfere with comfort, if not to oppress the spirits.

In the evening we went to the theatre: the play was over, but we were much entertained with a broad, ridiculous farce of two or three scenes, which was acted with some spirit; a boy and girl danced some boleros and fandangos prettily; but, upon the whole, the amusements hardly repaid you for the annoyance of sitting in a dirty, unadorned, and ill-lighted theatre, and for the poor and wretched appearance of almost all the performers. On leaving the theatre, we bent our steps to the Archbishop's palace, where a ball was given in honor of our arrival. The streets were all illuminated; the façade of the palace, and the

dome of the cathedral, most brilliantly and tastefully lighted up, produced a very fine effect. Among the dark sparkling eyes, and olive complexions of the ladies, who were dancing in the ball-room, one girl with light-blue eyes, and exceedingly fair, attracted universal notice. On enquiry I found that she was an orphan, the daughter of Irish parents, who had lived and died in Madrid; and that she had been sent by the government to the Collegio de Doncellas, in this city; a very noble institution, where unfortunate young ladies of rank are supported with comfort and elegance; educated with great liberality, and portioned and given in marriage by the crown. The ball was kept up with great spirit till a late hour, and though I could not venture to join in the waltz, I sat very happily, busied in contemplating the cheerful scene. I felt great interest about the pretty orphan, who I heard, sometimes, attempt a little English to her partner, but with a very foreign accent. How fond such a girl must necessarily become of the husband of her choice; — no bosom to lean upon but his;

— no parents, no brothers, no sisters, to claim a share in the generous affections of her youthful heart. Poor girl ! I have not forgotten the shades which, at times, even in the lively movements of the dance, stole over your mild countenance ; and the purest pleasure I enjoyed that evening was pitying you.

It was very late when I returned to my billet, but I had all the luxury of a short, deep slumber in a capital bed, with sheets of the finest linen, and trimmed with broad muslin borders. In two hours the bugle roused me ; in my anti-chamber, neatly laid out on a marble slab, I found chocolate, fruit, and sweet biscuits ; and my good canon already up, and waiting to take leave of me. I drank his chocolate, shook him cordially by the hand, mounted, and rode off ; and found myself before midday, in a vile, open, unsheltered bivouack, with very little, and very bad water, and not a breath of air stirring around. Such were the varieties, which not unfrequently presented themselves during our marches in the Peninsula. The next day, again brought us

into excellent quarters in the small town of Yepes, where we halted for three weeks; during the whole of which period I had the undisturbed possession of three very handsome apartments.

At our entrance into Yepes, a deputation of the principal inhabitants and the clergy, came out to offer a congratulatory address to our general; and in the evening they lighted bonfires and made great rejoicings. This small town is quite surrounded by vineyards, and celebrated for a very delicious white wine. It was the season of the vintage when we arrived; and, for the first week, we saw nothing but cars and mules, laden with baskets of ripe luscious-looking grapes, and surrounded and followed by groupes of vintagers of both sexes and all ages, smiling and singing, and looking contented and happy. In this town also, in addition to cheap and plentiful markets, we could procure the finest red wine from Val de Penas, in La Mancha. Long strings of asses, remarkable for their size and beauty, brought this every week, from the interior of the province: and we were

enabled, during our stay, to keep tables quite luxurious. Aranjuez, a place well worth visting, lay within ten miles of us; and as it was within so short a ride, we made frequent excursions to it. Until close to the spot you are little prepared, by the appearance of the surrounding country, for the beautiful vale you are about to descend into. All around, and in front, as far as the eye can reach, plains, not indeed barren, but unadorned with trees, and brown, and parched by the summer and autumnal suns, extend and bound the horizon. Such is the view as you ride towards Aranjuez; but, on a sudden, you find yourself on the very edge of a green valley, filled with groves, and parks, and gardens; and in this enchanting situation, stand the palace and the town.

The palace is not a magnificent building, but a truly comfortable residence, and a rural and shady retreat from the cares and fatigues of royalty. The grounds are extensive, and contain several avenues of lofty and shady elms, nearly three miles in length. The garden round the palace is

beautiful, is filled with smaller trees, shrubs, and underwood; and is, perhaps, rather improved to the eye of taste, by having been of late neglected. The parterres and the long alleys, have lost much of their formality; and though many of the statues, busts, and fountains, have been broken and defaced, still nature has found a robe to conceal this deformity; for, in many parts, luxuriant ivy and numerous other creepers, have spread themselves over the ruined fountains, filled the vacant niches, and covered the empty pedestals; and several of the mutilated statues, which are yet standing, are half-coated with a moulding green. All this almost encourages you to fancy that you are walking amid academic groves hallowed by antiquity.

The interior of this palace, like all others, has long suites of apartments, some of which are hung with pictures. The best, are a few of the Flemish and Dutch schools, representing dead game, and subjects of still life; but there are no landscapes or historical pieces at all striking. The chapel, indeed, is adorned with some good



paintings in fresco, by Bayeu; the same, whose works I saw and admired, in the cloisters of the cathedral at Toledo. Some of the ceilings, too, have fine allegorical paintings, evidently designed and executed by some artist of the Italian school. Some of the chambers in the palace are fitted up in a taste curious, perhaps, but not, I think, pleasing. One, for instance, is entirely pannelled with square tiles of China; another with looking-glass. I did not at all admire them. About two miles from the palace stands a building, called Casa del Labrador, erected in 1803, by Charles the Fourth; and intended as a retreat still more private than the palace. The architecture of this royal farm-house is not fine, though the portico and terrace, ornamented with statues and busts, from the antique, have a handsome appearance; but the interior is fitted up in a style more rich, costly, and elegant, than any thing I ever beheld.

In the vestibule all is marble: the staircase is the finest mahogany. The rooms above are all different, as to the style of

their decorations ; but all superb. Some are of marble, with the richest gold mouldings ; some of the most precious woods beautifully carved and inlaid ; some hung with the best modern tapestry ; while others are covered with landscapes, delicately and curiously wrought in needlework. I was more struck myself with the richness and variety of the marbles, (all of which were from different provinces in Spain,) than with the more costly and valuable ornaments. However, for my part, I was not sorry to quit the spot ; for you grow fatigued and restless with gazing on the dazzling splendour of such apartments. My companion was envying the possession of this voluptuous residence, till I reminded him, that the late owner had met with infidelity in his queen, ingratitude in his son, treason in his counsellors, and contempt among his people ; and that while we were ranging, without care or fear, through these peaceful groves, the miserable Charles was dwelling in captivity beyond the Appenines. We returned through the town ; it is modern, and regularly built at right angles ;

the streets are wide and spacious, some adorned with fountains, and some of them having a double row of trees in the centre ; the houses, too, are very uniform ; most of them are white, and have their window-shutters painted green. We entered one large magnificent house, which had formerly been the habitation of a grandee, but was now filled with soldiers. The ceilings and sides of the large spacious apartments, in which they lay, were all painted elegantly in fresco. How little did the mistress of this stately mansion suppose, that, within so short a period, her company saloons, so often filled with youth, and beauty, and fashion, and unsuspecting pride, would be converted, by the fate of war, into barracks. These revolutions in the common order of things are strange ; but to none do they appear so strange as to an Englishman, who, throughout his whole life, never distantly contemplates the possibility of being driven from the shelter of his own roof. The present dulness and desertion of Aranjuez is felt the more, from the modern and gay style of its buildings ; and from the

recollection, that it was not very long ago a place of the most fashionable resort, and filled, during the summer, with nobles and courtiers.

The situation of public affairs did not long permit us to remain quiet in our excellent cantonments. In the north, Burgos, very successfully resisted all attempts to reduce it; and the army under Clausel, which had taken shelter behind the Ebro, began to recover strength and confidence, and to menace such of our forces as were covering or conducting the operations against that fortress. On our side, Soult, who had effected his junction with Joseph Buonaparte, at Almanza, on the borders of Valencia, was advancing with powerful forces to Madrid, while Ballasteros, who might have rendered the most important services by harassing Soult on his route, and uniting his people to ours on the Tagus, obstinately halted in Grenada. Ballasteros was a man who wanted neither courage nor ability; but his silly pride would not allow him to receive the orders of Wellington; and, by his ridiculous vanity, the cause was

very much injured at a most critical moment, and it became impossible for us to maintain ourselves in the heart of Spain, or to defend Madrid. On the night of the 22d of October, our brigade marched from Yepes to Aranjuez: on the 26th we crossed the Tagus, and manœuvred until the 30th on that river and the Jarama. An attempt was made by the enemy on the 30th to possess themselves of the Puente-larga, on the Jarama river; they were, however, repulsed by a British brigade, under Colonel Skerret, with a trifling loss on both sides.

In the night of the 30th we commenced our retreat; and at nine o'clock in the morning of the 31st our columns were passing under the walls of Madrid. This city I had never seen, and orders were very properly, but provokingly issued, that no one should be allowed to leave the columns, and no one, on any account, be permitted to enter the city. I was literally burning with curiosity, and would almost have faced a volley of musketry to see Madrid; in fact, I am a friend to discipline,

but I could not resist. I stole from the column, made my way over a bridge, and passed half an hour in riding through the streets and squares. Only half an hour!—What could you, exclaims my reader, what could you see in the time? Why I saw the new palace, a most noble building, which has immortalised its architect Sacchetti. It is quadrangular in its form—each front 470 feet in length, and 100 in height, from base to cornice, with a most elegant ballustrade above; it certainly yields the palm to no edifice it has fallen to my lot to see, but the Louvre. I went slowly down the Calla-ancha, a wide, handsome, and magnificent street. I looked into the Prado, stood under the Puerto d'Alcala, a gate, or barrier of the city, the central arch of which is seventy feet in height. I alighted in the grand square, and had coffee served to me in a large saloon, filled with the gentlemen of Madrid. One of them, approaching me, said, with tears in his eyes, “I know the English are brave, and loyal—I know this retreat is a measure of necessity; but why, why did