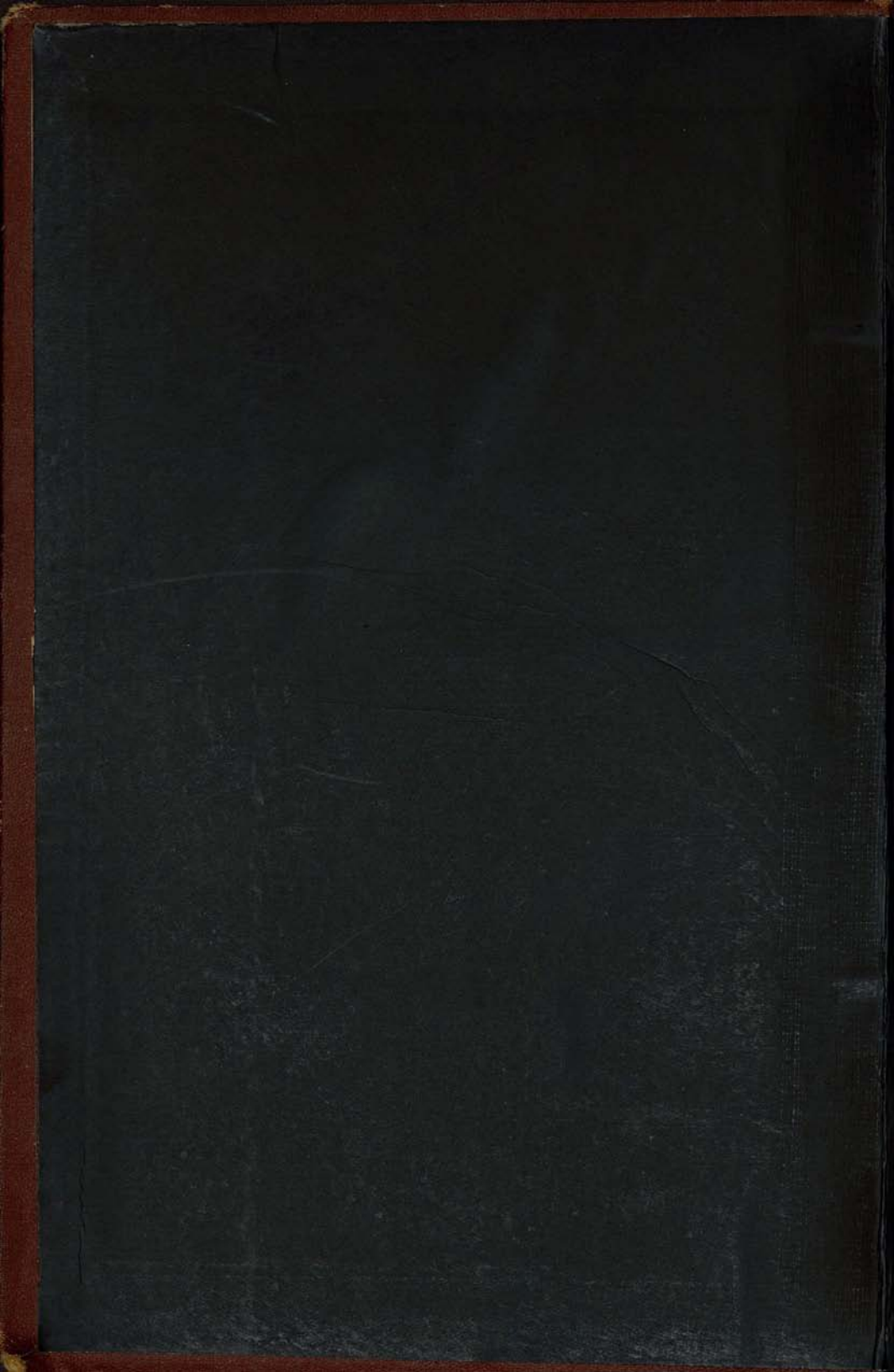


LETTERS
FROM
PORTUGA
SPAIN,
SICILY
AND
MALTA
1812-14

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LETTERS FROM PORTUGAL,
SPAIN, ITALY, AND
MALTA,
IN THE YEARS 1714 AND 1715.



LETTERS.

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LETTERS FROM PORTUGAL

SPAIN SICILY AND

MALTA

IN 1812, 1813 AND 1814

BY

LETTERS



LONDON

PRIVATELY PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS

1814

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SPAIN, SICILY, AND
MALTA,

IN 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

BY G. A. F. H. B.



LONDON:
PRIVATELY PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1875.

LETTERS FROM PORTUGAL

SPAIN, SICILY, AND
MALTA.

IN 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

BY G. A. R. H. B.



LONDON

PRINTED AT THE CHURCH LANE

1812



PREFACE.

THE following letters were written by the Hon. George A. F. H. Bridgeman, afterwards Earl of Bradford, during a tour on the continent, made in company with Lord John Russell and the Hon. Robert H. Clive, in the years 1812-14.

It is thought that the notices of events during the Peninsular War give them a somewhat wider interest than is possessed by ordinary private letters, and a few copies have therefore been printed.

B.

Weston,
May, 1875.



LETTERS.

Oporto, Thursday Evening,
August 27th, 1812.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



YOU will certainly be rather surprised to find my first letter after disembarkation dated from this place. Never to be sure were people so wonderfully fortunate as we have been to land here just at this moment. The circumstances which determined our present plans are these: I told you before I left England, I think, that we had heard a report of Lord Wellington's having defeated Marmont with immense loss. This story was corroborated from time to time on our voyage, and from four different vessels we heard that the French had lost upwards of 20,000 men, and that

Lord Wellington was at Madrid ; the last vessel which gave us this information was an Englishman, which we had chased for many leagues on Sunday last, thinking it was an American ; from this source we thought the report worthy of credit, as corroborating the stories we had had from Spanish and Portuguese vessels ; and John¹ and I determined (if Clive² should come into our wishes) to avail ourselves of the opportunity of one of the three or four merchantmen going to Oporto to carry us there, and if we found the news as good as we expected, to proceed in a short time to Madrid. On Monday morning, the 24th, we accordingly spoke the "Buzzard," and found Clive quite of our mind ; our next object was to communicate with Sir Robert Kennedy, Commissary-General of our army, who was going out to Lisbon with his wife, having been for a short time in England for his health, we thought he might perhaps be inclined to be of our party, Oporto being the nearest road to the army ; but before I proceed farther I am bound in common gratitude to express how much we were indebted to

¹ Lord John Russell, now Earl Russell, K.G.

² The Honourable Robert Henry Clive.

Captain Maitland for his great kindness to us on this, as on all other occasions. He had made us most comfortable throughout the voyage, and was indefatigable in forwarding our new schemes ; it would be impossible to say too much in praise of his kindness and good nature. Sir Robert Kennedy seemed to think that he had better go on to Lisbon, as was his original intention, but he thought the news bore great marks of truth, and encouraged our plans ; moreover, he was good enough (although he knew nothing of any of us) to give us a letter to Mr. McKenzie, Assistant-Commissary-General at Oporto, begging him to do all in his power to forward us. It was now mid-day, and we were abreast of the mouth of the Minho (which divides Portugal and Spain), with a fine breeze from the N.N.E. ; the ships bound for Oporto were three brigs and a schooner ; we found, on looking out for them, that the brigs had left the convoy in the morning without leave of the commodore, this was a blow ; however, fortunately the schooner remained, and on hailing her, the master was very civil, said his accommodations were very bad, but that he would willingly take us. He was very anxious to part company ; we therefore got a little cold meat as quick as possible,

and having sorted our baggage, and left all the things we thought we could do without on board the "Pique" (which things, together with Clive's in the "Buzzard," Captain Maitland promised to deposit safely at Commissioner Fraser's at Gibraltar), we proceeded on board the "Alert" schooner with the remainder, and at three o'clock p.m. made sail straight for Oporto, leaving the convoy to our right. We found on board the schooner a tidy little cabin just big enough to creep into, and two berths in it; we opened our cantines in the evening, and with the help of some brown sugar and biscuit of the master's, and our own tea, we made a supper and a breakfast with much satisfaction. As usual, nothing would tempt Clive to take one of the beds, and he laid himself down on the seat in his cloak. John went regularly to bed, and I laid down on the other for a few hours, finding it much too hot to follow John's example. We had beautiful weather, and our breeze kept up till after midnight, when it became nearly calm for the rest of our voyage, and a very thick fog came on; before daylight we were waked by a boat full of Portuguese pilots, who came on board and made the greatest noise I ever heard, seeming to be in the greatest passion, but, I believe,

not being so at all, they only wanted us to give them some rum; all went away in about a quarter of an hour, excepting one. Clive and I ran on deck to see the squabble. The fog was so thick we could not see anything of the coast; the pilot was a great treat, and could not understand or be understood except a little by John and Clive; but I must not enter too much into particulars, or I shall never have done. After breakfast the fog cleared away a little, and we saw the shore, which was very pretty, and the low mountains which backed it were beautifully shaped. The first town we saw was Villa de Conde, three leagues north of Oporto. The only very striking thing was a very large convent of nuns towards the sea, but the view was yet very indistinct from the fog; at eleven we came opposite Oporto Bar, the day was then beautiful, and the view of the mouth of the Douro very striking and pretty. We fancied we were arrived, but, to our disappointment, we found we must wait for a visit from the master pilot, and that the water would not be high enough to cross the Bar till two o'clock. After wasting a long time, the master pilot arrived, and told us we could not land till the following morning; however, by

bribing the wretch with four dollars, and giving him to understand we were people of consequence, in a hurry to join the army, he soon changed his note, and took us, our servants, and luggage, in his boat to Oporto, a league above the Bar—we of course paid well for this, but we gained our point. The river up to Oporto is quite beautiful, but of this you have heard. We came to an inn kept by an Englishman, who has been here twenty-five years, and we have got good rooms. This inn would not *quite* please you, but it is a palace for this country. We got a good dinner, and in the evening went with our letters to Mr. McKenzie. We found him at supper with several officers; he was very civil, and told us that the news we had heard was true, but recommended our staying a short time to hear more before we proceeded to Madrid. This was exactly what we liked. He said he was going the next morning before day to Lamego by land, and would return down the Douro in boats; he was going on duty, and if he could get us mules in time, would be glad of our company. He immediately sent to the corregidor for mules; we stayed late, but no answer, we went home between eleven and twelve o'clock, and he promised to send

the mules if they came in time. Late the next morning an under-commissary came to say they could not get them, Mr. McKenzie was gone and would return in four days, and he recommended our taking a tour into the north in the meantime. We next determined to visit General Trant, governor of Oporto. He lives at present at St. Juan, a league off, at the river's mouth. We walked there, our host for our guide, and on sending up our names nothing could exceed the civility, the kindness of General Trant; he gave us the whole account of the state of military affairs, and pointed out the places on the map. Good God! how glorious is the news. He told us that the French had lost 20,000 men; that Marmont and Bonnet were desperately wounded and believed to be dead; that Lord Wellington had entered Madrid on the 12th, leaving two divisions near Valladolid to watch the wreck of the French army, which had retreated towards the Ebro, 10,000 strong, but so completely cut up, as to be considered *hors de combat*; that Joseph¹ had advanced, previous to this great battle, to join Marmont with 14,000 men, but that he had only reached

¹ Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain.

Alba de Tormes when he heard of Marmont's defeat ; that he had retreated precipitately to Madrid, and thence, after leaving 17,000 men in the fortress of Buen Retiro, all picked Frenchmen, he had continued his retreat to join Suchet at Valencia ; that he had himself very narrowly escaped, our advanced dragoons having taken some of his own guard. The Buen Retiro is an excessively strong place, and was expected to hold out a long time, and to have cost us a great many lives ; however, Lord Wellington contrived to take it by surprise on the 14th, two days after entering Madrid. He found an immense quantity of ordnance, stores, arms, &c. What makes all this so very glorious and satisfactory is, that Lord Wellington was certainly in full retreat, thinking that the enemy would be too strong for him, but suddenly seeing the French in some confusion, he ordered an attack just before Salamanca ; the French right endeavoured to turn our left, we refused it, and made a most vigorous attack with our right on their left, and totally destroyed that and their centre. They were thunderstruck, and retreated in the utmost confusion, followed by our victorious army, who continued to take prisoners for many days. Our left wing was not

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Oporto, August 27th, 1812.

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engaged. Thus by the success of a quarter of an hour (which decided the victory) has half Spain been freed from those accursed tyrants of the world. The sort of enthusiasm which prevails now, both in Spain and Portugal, is not to be conceived—Lord Wellington is considered almost a god. They wrote that at Madrid he can hardly pass through the streets from the crowds of men, women, and children who follow him, staring and loading him with *vivas*. It is singular that accounts state Soult to have been still before Cadiz on the 14th, although he must have known of our victory. The longer he remains there the better, as he *must* then be cut off. It is imagined he is staying there purposely, wishing to come over to the Spanish cause. Probably, my dearest mother, you will have heard everything long ago, but it is possible I may have mentioned something you have not heard. Give my duty to my grandfather,¹ and tell him I hope he will give me credit for obeying him in this respect. General Trant is a very pleasing, gentlemanly, sensible man, and, I believe, an excellent officer. His account to us was the clearest I ever heard; he likewise showed us

¹ George, Fourth Viscount Torrington.

a plan of the battle, which had been sent to him. Marmont's army being considered totally destroyed, and the two divisions being left at Valladolid to watch the remaining stragglers, it is thought that Lord Wellington will advance into Catalonia, and join the army which has landed at Villa Nova, to the south of Barcelona, under General Maitland, and then march to Valencia against Joseph and Suchet. If Soult breaks up from Andalusia, and endeavours to form a junction with Suchet (to which the intermediate Spanish armies will oppose great difficulties), Hill will cross the Tagus and join Lord Wellington. The Spaniards are advancing from Galicia and Asturias, and when they reach Valladolid, will leave our two divisions at liberty to join the Grand Army likewise. Oh! what a bright prospect we have before us. To return to ourselves, we were at General Trant's yesterday, and after giving us these accounts, he offered to assist us in any way we liked. He got several tours made out for us, and we determined on a plan I will detail presently. He asked us to dinner; we walked down to the river, and went thence to Oporto in a boat, and having dressed, returned in the same way. We dined at half-past four, and there were many officers, British

and Portuguese. We had an excellent dinner, wine and dessert in the evening. He asked several Portuguese families from San Juan to meet us—there were some pretty girls amongst them. The society is formal enough among strangers ; some danced a little, but we who were just come from England found it much too hot to join that party. During dinner (as is the Portuguese custom) several people came in, among others the prior of a large convent on the south of the Douro, opposite the town, most romantically and beautifully situated on a rock, with hanging gardens and pine woods. This prior is a pleasing young man ; he asked the Governor and his staff, and us, to dine at the convent on Friday (to-morrow), and we shall all go.

We set out on Saturday next on a tour, previous to starting finally for Madrid ; we should have gone to-morrow had it not been for the invitation to the convent ; we are going to Aveiro, Coimbra, Busaco, Vizeu, San Pedro do Sul, Arouca, Lamego, and thence down the Douro in a boat to Oporto ; this tour will take us about a week, we shall then stay two or three days here again, and after that go to Villa de Conde, Braga, Chaves, Bragança, Zamora, Toro, Valladolid,

and thence to Madrid ; but you shall hear more of this before we leave Oporto for good. General Trant sent us three of his horses, and his town-major to accompany us this morning, and he took us a beautiful ride, and afterwards to a convent of nuns in the town, we saw none of the nuns, but only two Miss Russells, who consider themselves related distantly to the Duke of Bedford ; they were delighted to see John ; the eldest is very pretty, the second promises to be so, but is very young, they are daughters of a Portuguese gentleman who married an English Miss Russell ; why they are called Russell I know not, they say in Portugal people take any name they like best ; they have lost their father and mother, their aunt is in the Brazils, and their brother in the army, and they are put into the convent by the regency, as a safe asylum, but are not going to take the veil. Some time ago Major Wilde, an English officer, was a few days in Oporto, and visited the convent, where he saw and conversed with Miss Russell through the grate, and the next morning he proposed to her, and it is thought they would have been married had not Major Wilde been obliged suddenly to quit Oporto with the army, and he was killed, poor fellow, afterwards, at Badajoz. You would imagine the Miss

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Russells spoke English, but they do not know a word of anything but Portuguese.

The English post sets off from hence every Friday evening to Lisbon, and I shall take this letter to General Trant to-morrow morning, who is so good as to send it to Mr. Stuart to forward to England. It strikes twelve, my dearest mother, and my eyes draw very long straws, my pen is worn out, and my hand tired. I hope you will have received my letters which I sent from Yarmouth, Lymington, by a Torbay boat from off Falmouth, and by the "Hope," from off Finisterre, all since we were embarked. General Trant asked us to dinner again to-day, but we excused ourselves, having so much to write and settle. God bless you, my dear mother, give my affectionate duty to my father, and love to Henry,¹ and all my relations and friends, you are with

Your ever affectionate

And dutiful son,

G. A. F. H. BRIDGEMAN.

P. S.—We heard by the "Niobe" that Admiral

¹ His brother, the Honourable Henry E. Bridgeman, afterwards rector of Blymhill.

Legge was coming home immediately, and Captain Cockburn appointed to succeed him. I should therefore have missed Charles,¹ and if Soult leaves Cadiz, Orlando² would probably follow. I am not, therefore, very sorry at not going there first, and I have seen what I wished of all things to see—viz., the north of Portugal. Clive and John desire to be very kindly remembered to you. This evening as John Cobb³ was walking in the street, a funeral passed, and a man came up to him and offered him a lighted torch; he was much astonished, and hurried away; on his return home he learnt that they only wanted him to accompany the funeral.

¹ His brother (afterwards Admiral) the Honourable C. O. Bridgeman.

² His brother, the Honourable Orlando Bridgeman, Grenadier Guards, and afterwards aide-de-camp to Lord Hill at Waterloo.

³ John Cobb, personal servant to Mr. Bridgeman, afterwards a messenger in the House of Commons.



Oporto,
Friday, *September 11th*, 1812.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



WE returned last night from a tour which has afforded us all much pleasure, and has on the whole been most prosperous ; we followed the track I mentioned in my last written from hence about a fortnight ago, which General Trant was so good as to send through Mr. Stuart. I hope you have received it safe, as it was a long letter. Our only deviation from the above said route was, that we went from Busaco to San Pedro do Sul by a curious mountain road over the Serra de Alcoba, and through that of Cara Mula, instead of going by Vizeu, an ugly, uninteresting city ; we saved very little in distance, and none in time, but we passed

through an interesting and in parts a most beautiful country. We saw the whole of our grand position at Busaco, where we lodged one night at the Convent of Carmelites Déchaussés, a small poor-looking building situated at the top of the high Serra de Busaco, in the midst of a Quinta, which is one entire wood of oaks, chestnuts, beautiful Portuguese cypresses, and several sorts of evergreens. In this warm climate it is only on the high hills or mountain valleys that you see oaks or, indeed, anything like fine verdure; the lower hills are only able to grow the pines (of which you meet with immense forests) and the Indian corn; indeed, we have seen but few stubbles of our corn, even on the high hills, and the harvest was all in before we landed. I will say nothing of our journey to Coimbra, which was principally through pine woods, except that once for a few miles we passed between beautiful hedges of myrtle in full blossom. This sight struck me wonderfully, and the perfume of them was delicious.

Coimbra is finely situated on a steep declivity of the hills which form the north bank of the Mondego, a river which is nearly dry in summer, leaving large banks of sand and gravel, but in the winter is a large

river. The valley of the Mondego is very fertile. The country about Coimbra, where the hills are high and finely shaped, would be beautiful were it not that the plantations are entirely of olive, which is an ugly tree. Opposite to the city are two fine convents, and also the Quinta das Lagrimas, or Garden of Tears, famous for being the residence of poor Inez de Castro, who was there murdered by order of her father-in-law, the King of Portugal. This Quinta we visited, as also the University, where we saw a fine library, church, and museum, and a noble collection of instruments—mathematical, &c. Hence we came to Busaco, and thence to San Pedro do Sul, where we saw the baths and springs; they are of very great heat, and contain a quantity of sulphur. In the springs women were boiling chickens. There are said to be some Roman remains in the baths, but we could find nothing of the kind. From San Pedro we went to the Bernardine Convent of San Christoval, most romantically situated in the midst of the beautiful rocky Serra de Graliera, overhanging a rocky knoll covered with cork trees and various beautiful ever-greens, and crowned with a little chapel. This convent is very rich. There are only nine monks,



who received us most graciously and showed us the greatest civility and attentions. They were much better bred than the other monks we had seen in Portugal, especially the prior. We breakfasted and dined there, and departed much against their inclination, for they pressed us much to stay some days for the shooting, as there are plenty of boars, wolves, hares, and partridges. They at last allowed us to depart, with the promise of passing some days with them if we should return through Portugal. We went that night to Arouca, a village where there is the largest and richest convent of nuns in Portugal. There are seven monks belonging to it, and seventy-nine nuns. We drank tea with the nuns, and supped with the monks, who gave us rooms and beds. The next morning we breakfasted with the nuns, and we dined with the monks. We saw the church, which is quite magnificent. These people are also Bernardines. The nuns were all well bred, but the monks vulgar, eating dogs, though very civil and attentive to us. We proceeded two leagues this evening, as we could not reach Lamego in a day, and slept at such a place as never was imagined in England; here we could literally get *nothing!* fortunately we had

brought a little bread with us, of which, with cold water, we made our supper and breakfast. Lamego is a dirty, old, shabby city, a league to the south of the Douro. We went hence in the morning to Regoa, the place of embarkation for Oporto, here is an English commissary; we applied to him for a boat, but we were obliged to wait at Regoa two days, and on the third (last Wednesday, the 9th,) we set off at seven, and came four leagues, which we were eight hours about, and nothing would persuade our boatmen to go any farther till yesterday morning; we had some cold meat and some wine with us, on which we dined in the boat, and slept on our mattresses; it was an open one, but the night was very fine. Yesterday we were off at five, and at nine we reached Vimeiro, four leagues farther, and half-way between Oporto and Regoa; here we changed boats, and arrived at Oporto at nine last night. We have been at a set of curious pigsties by way of inns, and such places as we have slept in you cannot even *imagine*; our beds and clothes are full of fleas, which will be our delightful companions till we return to England; I have thousands of bites about me. We have done very well in the eating way — we have generally

managed to get starved fowls, or chickens, and eggs ; in the towns we have had chocolate for breakfast, at the *ventas* or inns we used our own tea and sugar ; milk and butter are things one does not even ask for ; in cities the wine is generally sour, but has been drinkable, except in one or two places, when we used our brandy, and infamous it was ; we got it here, and it resembles whisky more than anything else ; at Regoa we got some good wine, here it is that the port wine is made, but the *Vin du Pays*, throughout the provinces we have been in, is a sort of port. The Douro is a beautiful river on the whole ; we came 16 leagues (or 64 miles) down it ; about Regoa and for two leagues down, the banks, which are very high, are entirely covered with vines, which is very ugly, hence, the scenery was very beautiful ! the banks were variously covered with rocks, chestnuts, oranges, heath, pines, olives, cork trees, convents, houses of hidalgos, and villages ; the last two leagues to Oporto we were most unluckily in the dark, I believe they are very beautiful. We intend staying here till Monday, when we shall go by Braga to the banks of the Minho, then by the Serra de Gerez to Chaves, Bragança, Miranda de Douro, Salamanca,

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and Valladolid to Madrid. I hope to find several letters when we reach Cadiz, which will not be for a long time; before Cadiz I see no probability of receiving a letter. We find from the difficulty of procuring horses and mules, that we must make another considerable diminution of our baggage, and we intend to send George (John's servant) with these things to Cadiz; J. Cobb and Gabriel will remain with us, for we found there was too much for one servant to do. Our beds and one cantine are absolutely necessary, but we shall take as few clothes as possible. I hope I shall be able to send you a letter from Madrid, but I am not sure. I should imagine, however, that through Sir C. Stuart it might be done. I wish I knew him,—cannot you get Lady Stuart to write to him about me? I have neither time nor the means of writing to Orlando; I hope you will have told him of the change of our plans, on receiving my last letter, and I hope we shall meet at Cadiz some time or other. I have been quite well since I left you, and I think the climate will do me no harm. Adieu, my dearest parents. Love to all.

Your ever affectionate

And dutiful son.

P.S.—General Trant's letters of recommendation were of the greatest possible use to us. The Carmelites of Busaco never eating meat, we fared most miserably there, having nothing but filthy messes of garden stuff and stinking oil; our position there seems impregnable; we followed the road thence as far as Massena's head-quarters, and saw the road by which he retreated to Sardaõ, or as it is called, Sardaon. The Falls of the Douro, of which you may have heard much, are not rapid; of all those we came down, only one was as strong as that of London Bridge.





Oporto,
Tuesday, *September 15th*, 1812.



NMUST write you a few lines, my beloved mother, to send by Friday's post, in order to give you the latest news of us from this place ; we intended to have set out yesterday, but there never was anything like the difficulty of getting horses and mules. We have bought three horses and two mules for ourselves and our servants, being unable to hire them. They are but sorry animals, but they cost us £94, or 330 dollars. General Wilson, governor of the province of Minho, whose head-quarters are at Vianna, a place on the sea-coast, 18 leagues north of Oporto, which we intend taking on our way to Madrid, is at present here, and promises to get us three baggage mules there. The

mules at this place are most of them under embargo, for a great number of the medical staff; though I believe there are some in the town, yet the people deny it, thinking that if they were to let us take them to Madrid they would be taken for the army. We are going to-day to try every possible means of getting three to go as far as Vianna, and if we succeed we shall start to-morrow. We intend going to Guimaraens and Braga, Ponte de Lima, Vianna, and Caminha, at the mouth of the Minho, thence up the river to Valença, and back to Ponte de Lima and Braga; from Braga we shall go to Montalegre, seeing the bridge of Salamonde (over which Soult made his famous retreat after his defeat at Oporto), and the Serra de Gerez, that lofty range which separates the province of Minho from Galicia; then to Chaves, Bragança, Miranda de Douro, and Salamanca; here we shall have the pleasure of viewing the field of battle where our army covered themselves with eternal glory, and we shall pursue the retreat of the French by Alba de Tormes and Tordesillas, to Valladolid; thence taking the great road through Arevalo and the Pass of Guadarrama to Madrid. This journey will probably take us six weeks to perform, which will

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bring us to the end of October. I suppose we shall reach Cadiz towards the close of the year. By the bye, after writing my last letter to you on the 11th, we heard of Soult having broken up from Seville and Cadiz. I hope if the Guards quit the latter place in consequence of this, that I shall be fortunate enough to meet with Orlando somewhere. I think, my dear mother, that through Sir C. Stuart you might contrive to send me one letter to Madrid, as we shall certainly be there as late as two months from this time. There never was anything equal to the civility we have met with from everybody here. Marshal Beresford and his staff arrived on Friday from Salamanca, where he has been since he received his wounds; he embarked yesterday for Lisbon; he is wonderfully well considering the severity of his wounds. His arrival here made the place very gay: the first night all the rank and fashion (as we say in England), attended him at the play, where there were several flowery *eulogia* addressed to him from the stage. It is a very pretty little theatre, but not sufficiently lighted. The performance was a tragic comedy, and a ballet; the former I was not a judge of, but I believe it was bad; the ballet was intolerable.

The boxes are nearly all private, and the style of thing resembles our opera, the men going about from box to box. Saturday we had a ball, given by the Senhor Susa Mollo; Sunday, another by Senhora Pamplona; and yesterday a third at the English Factory House, where the rooms are very handsome. At the first I was made to dance with a lady who could only speak Portuguese; yesterday and the day before I got partners who could talk English. I am the only gay one of our trio; Clive and John have danced from necessity, but very little. Friday we dined at home; Saturday with Marshal Beresford; Sunday with Mr. Croft to meet the Marshal; and yesterday at General Trant's, who is now living in the city, but will return soon to San Juan. A man has just been here from the governor, who gives us great hopes of procuring mules; we shall know in two or three hours' time. We find money go very fast here: we have made acquaintance with an English wine merchant, Mr. Hinde, who has changed £200 English notes which I had, and has advanced £300 to Clive, which I hope will see us to Madrid; but this horse buying and feeding is expensive work, and we English always get well cheated by foreigners. It is lucky we

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met with Mr. Hinde, for our letters of credit do not avail us here; we are told they will be accepted at Madrid. I wanted to learn a little Spanish, but would you believe it, there is not a Spanish grammar or Spanish book of any description to be bought in this great Cidada do Porto, the second of the kingdom. Clive has lent me a Spanish dictionary, and I shall purchase a grammar and some easy books at Salamanca. I shall very soon be able to read it—but the pronounciation is the Devil. Adieu for the present,

My dearest Mother.





Wednesday Morning,
September 16th.

HAVE only five minutes, my dear mother, to tell you that we bought three mules yesterday. Two of them are very fine ones, the third moderate; we were obliged to pay \$510, which is £153, for them. We are now going to pay our farewell visit to General Trant, and we shall then proceed to a village four leagues off, half-way between this place and Guimaraens. Clive desires to be kindly remembered to you, and that I will say he intends writing to you from Madrid. George (John's servant) does not go with us, he stays here to get some of our things washed, and then proceeds with all our extra luggage in a transport, or a merchant vessel, to Lisbon, and thence to Cadiz. Clive will not let me add another word. God bless my dear parents and friends.

Your ever affectionate, &c., &c.



SALAMANCA,
October 9th, 1812.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

JOHN Russell and Clive are gone to the Marquesa de Ceralvo's, and I am come home to write to you. I had enjoyed the thoughts of giving you all the correct information I have collected touching our army, sick, &c., but my companions tell me that were I to specify numbers, my letter would probably be stopped before it reached you. Now, this is so extraordinary to me, and so unlike anything British, that I cannot believe it; nevertheless, as they tell me so who from experience ought to know, I shall follow their advice, as I would rather that you should hear little than nothing from me. I just added my duty to a few lines John sent to you from Bragança, which

I hope you will get ; we then thought to arrive here in four days, but found the distance was twenty-five instead of nineteen leagues, which took us five days. We had quitted the beautiful country on coming into the province of Traz os Montes from that of Minho, which latter is extremely fine. Traz os Montes is a track of rugged, barren mountains ; the cities of Chaves and of Bragança are wretched places. Braga, Guimarães, and the other towns of the Minho, are handsome, rich, and beautifully situated ; and the Serra de Gerez, through a great part of which we passed, between Braga and Chaves, is very grand. On entering Spain at Villariño, a large village at the mouth of the River Tormes, I was much struck with the difference of dress, which is, in Spain, exceedingly ornamental, especially the women's, who wear a great variety of colours and embroidery, with their hair tied in a knot behind with different coloured ribbons. I have not had much time yet to judge of the people of Spain, but they appear, if civilly treated (for they require the greatest civility to be paid to them), to be amiable and obliging, and their manners very graceful and captivating. From Villariño we came by Ledesma to this place. We have had beautiful

weather ever since we landed, until the 6th (the day of our arrival here), during which it rained torrents; the succeeding days have been much colder than is usual at this season in England, and, to-day excepted, with long heavy showers. We had letters to Dr. Curtis and the Marques de Ceralvo here—the former rector of the Irish College, and an agreeable, intelligent man, who has been of great use to our army; the other is a young grandee; they have both been very civil to us, as well as everybody else we have met. Yesterday we dined with the Marques, and to-day with the Purveyor-General Dixon. We have seen most of the remains of the beautiful buildings here; it is enough to drive one distracted to see the devastation committed by the French barbarity—cursed vipers! who destroy but for the sake of destruction. The cathedral, as to building, remains entire, and is altogether a grand and beautiful fabric, but the architecture is very far from pure. There were here twenty-five colleges, and as many convents: seventeen of the former, and about eleven of the latter, are totally destroyed, and the rest turned into barracks or hospitals. The sort of hatred which a spectator must feel towards the destroyers is not to

be conceived. The College del Rey and the Convent of San Vicente are the two which the French employed so much labour to make into fortresses ; these were thought but little of in England, and people imagined they were to be taken in an instant. We went over the remains of them, and their strength must have been immense ; the French employed 1,000 workmen at them for near three years. We went to-day to the immortal field of Arapiles, it is a sad sight, however, for the ground is still covered with unburied carcasses of men and horses, on which flocks of vultures were feeding ; the stench even at this distant period of above eleven weeks, is very great ; and those who were there some time ago during the hot weather, described it as *dreadful*. We followed the enemy so fast that we had not time to bury half the dead, and the Spaniards are much too idle and slothful to stir themselves for their noble and generous allies ; they are a strange mixture of nobleness, sloth, and want of feeling. We have not heard of the taking of the Castle of Burgos yet, but it has probably fallen ere this, and the news is expected to arrive here to-morrow. We start in the morning for Valladolid, and talk of going thence to

Salamanca, October 9th, 1812.

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Burgos, and afterwards by Segovia to Madrid, where it is supposed Lord Wellington will go as soon as Burgos falls.

El Rey Jose is said to be at Saragossa ; Suchet and Soult united in Valencia ; Marmont and Bonnet are gone to France, the former will not allow his arm to be amputated, they are both said to be for ever *hors de combat*. Hill is at Madrid. God bless you my dear parents, &c. Soult is said to have 75,000 men, Clausel 30,000, but very much scattered for provisions. Hill 4,000 at Madrid, Lord Wellington I know not. We have a great many sick here, and this sudden cold has carried off several.





VALLADOLID,
October 16th, 1812.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I HAVE only time to write you a very few lines to say that we got here on the 14th, saw this curious and large old town yesterday, and are just on the point of setting out for Burgos; the castle there makes an obstinate resistance, and has already cost us many lives, it is uncommonly strong, and the garrison 2,000 men. On the 13th the French attacked our advanced posts beyond Burgos, and Colonel Ponsonby was wounded severely in the thigh by a musket-ball; however, the ball was immediately extracted, and has not injured the bone, so that he is likely, I am happy to say, to do well. We go to Burgos with only J. Cobb, and two or three changes of linen

and our blankets, and we shall return here on our way to Madrid, for we can get no information as to the direct road from Burgos by the Pass of Somosierra.

One of our finest mules has been lamed in shoeing, and we were forced to leave him with our second muleteer at a village between Salamanca and this place, and hire one to come on. God knows when our own will be well. We have a report from headquarters of the total defeat of the Russians, with the loss of 40,000 men, and the entry of the French into Moscow. I trust this is untrue, or I fear all will be over. We have had rainy weather for the last ten days, an unfortunate thing for our poor fellows at Burgos! As we approach nearer to the seat of war melancholy sights present themselves. Yesterday we saw several bullock-carts with wounded men coming in, and it is shocking to see the torture they suffer by being jolted over the stones. If the slothful Spaniards had one grain of humanity or generosity, they would meet these poor fellows at the entrance of the towns and carry them over the stones; but no! they hate the French, and receive us everywhere with loud acclamations, and then forsooth return to their

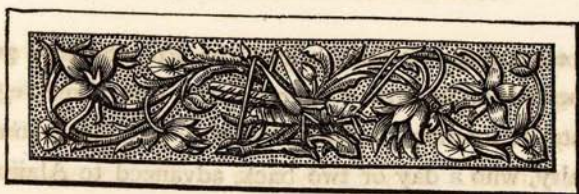
Valladolid, October 16th, 1812.

former indolent habits, hoping and expecting everything must go on as they wish, but preferring to be conquered to making the slightest exertion in their own defence. I have only time to offer you my most affectionate duty, and to send my kind love to all those who care for me.

Your ever dutiful son, &c. &c.

I hear the third battalion of the First Guards are coming or come to Madrid, where I hope I shall meet Orlando.





SALAMANCA,
November 6th, 1812.

MY DEAREST FATHER,



WE left this place a month ago in order to enjoy the consequences of the glorious battle of Arapiles, and we have returned here in haste after having been witnesses to two precipitate retreats. Never surely was there a greater disappointment to us English and Spaniards! Nor is it at all impossible that the army may very soon return to Portugal; perhaps before this letter reaches you.

Our whole army is now united near Arevalo, the head-quarters at Buedo; and there are several Spanish armies with us under Castaños, perhaps 30,000. Our army, British and Portuguese, may be about 40,000 effectives. The bridges over the Douro are all blown

up, excepting at Toro, which the French have got possession of, and they have crossed over three regiments of infantry to form a *tête du pont*, and some cavalry, who a day or two back, advanced to Alaijos, about three or four leagues towards the south-east. Marmont's old army, now under General Souham, are stretched along the north bank of the Douro, and are supposed to amount to 40,000, some say to 48,000! but this I don't believe. Soult has advanced from the south with all the men he could collect of his own, Suchet's, and Joseph's armies, having evacuated Valencia entirely, and he is supposed to have at least 60,000 men. But he has left in his rear our army under Mackenzie (formerly Maitland's) and three Spanish armies, under Ballesteros, O'Donnell, and Roche, but where they are, or what they are about, we have not even a guess. Such, my dear father, are the reports of this place, as we have been able to collect them, and I have given them to you, although you probably know in England a thousand times better than we do here, but I think you may like to know the reports from all quarters. Lord Wellington having been appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish armies is a great thing, but it is melancholy to see

the slow progress with which the new levies proceed ; there have, as yet, only been 150 recruits raised in the immense province of Castille, although the whole country swarms with men ready to enter the army at a moment's notice. The Spaniards are a fine people and deserve to be free, but their government and the higher orders are despicable ; their hatred for the French exceeds anything I could have imagined, and their minds can never be conquered by them. Some time or other their cause must succeed, but I fear years have yet to roll away ere that glorious end can be accomplished ; but if it pleases God that I should live to a moderate age, I do not despair of seeing the overbearing Corsican crushed to atoms by the united and persevering efforts of England and Spain.

I will now give you a short account of our last month's tour, or rather three weeks', for I fancy it is about that time since I wrote from Valladolid. We got as far as head-quarters at Villatoro, near Burgos, and stayed there one day. We rode to see our position in front, and saw the French descend in large columns, apparently to attack us. We gave way a little, when Lord Wellington brought down the First Division, upon which the French immediately retired

without engaging. This was considered a reconnoitring, and everyone was prepared for a battle the next day, and the head-quarters were removed farther in front. In the morning we sent our baggage and J. Cobb into Burgos, meaning to sleep there that night (for although the town is immediately under the castle, the inhabitants could not be hurt without their destroying the town, and this they would not do), and we rode again to the front. We remained there some hours, but the French did not show any disposition to attack, and all idea of a battle that day being given up, we were returning to Burgos when we heard that news had arrived from the south which determined Lord Wellington immediately to retire over the Douro. This was a blow to us! We entered Burgos, found our baggage, dined, and proceeded three leagues on our return to a small village, where all we could get was an uninhabited roof and a little straw. The next morning the French entered Burgos. We stopped one day in Valladolid, and proceeded by Arivalo to Segovia. But I have forgot Burgos. It is a fine town, and the cathedral quite beautiful; the castle is immense, and strength itself. It contained a garrison of two thousand men, and cost us at least that number in

the siege. We arrived at Segovia on the 30th ult. It is a fine old city, and the situation of it magnificent. The castle stands beautifully, and is a venerable old pile, especially the old Torre, famous as the prison of Gil Blas. The cathedral is very handsome, and contains a great deal of fine painted glass—the Spanish cathedrals have been famous for fine pictures, but the French have got them all. The next day we went to San Ildefonso, a magnificent and beautifully situated palace at the foot of the Guadalaxara; the gardens are very fine, and laid out in the old taste, with magnificent water-works, which do not now play; we were lodged in the palace, which is very comfortable, and beautifully furnished. There is an extensive collection of pictures, and it appeared to us to contain numbers of fine ones, but we wanted light to see them; there are also some fine statues and marbles. While looking over these a peasant arrived, and told us the French were in Madrid, and the allies in full retreat. We got off early the next morning, and entered the great road to Corunna, by which our army retreated by San Rafael. Here we found ourselves in the midst of our retreating army, which confirmed the peasant's report, and left us nothing but to make the

best of our way to Salamanca, cruelly disappointed at having been cut off from seeing Madrid and the Escurial. Here we had some more hardships, for Clive having stayed behind for our baggage while John and I went on to procure a night's lodging, we missed each other, and did not join again for four and twenty hours, during which John and I got neither beds nor a single mouthful to eat; however, we were in high luck to join again the next morning. One thing that I lament among many others is, that I know not now when I shall be able to learn the Spanish language, which it is impossible to do while in constant motion, and I had intended to have had a master at Madrid. Henry Williams was here yesterday, on his way from Cadiz to England, and he brought me letters from Charles and Orlando. Alas! poor Orlando is cruelly disappointed at being kept at Isla; I hope he will soon remove, poor fellow! but I fear he is very unwell. Charles will probably be in England ere this reaches you. Pray give him my kind love, and a thousand thanks for his letter. I wish he had stayed a little longer at Cadiz, and we should then have met there; possibly something may bring him into this part of the world before I leave it, but the chance is small, I

fear. Their letters were dated the 4th and 5th of October. Orlando says he is to be moved to Lisbon when he is better; if I could be certain of finding him there, I would contrive to take it in my way to Cadiz; but as it is so uncertain, and that nothing will persuade John and Clive to go there, I believe I had better give up all thoughts of it. I had fancied myself very near Orlando when in the midst of Hill's army, until I got his letter yesterday. We intend to go from hence to Cadiz, taking in our way Ciudad Rodrigo, Alcantara, Badajoz, Merida, and Seville, and if it is safe, also Cordova, Andujar, Jaen, Granada, Malaga, and Gibraltar. I begged of my mother, in a letter from Oporto, to write to me at Madrid; if she was so good as to do so, I fear the letter must be lost, but who would have imagined it at the time I wrote! We have had generally fine weather lately, and for two or three hours in the afternoon the sun has been scorching, but the rest of the twenty-four hours the cold has been astonishing, far exceeding that of England, and the want of fire-places in this country is most severely felt by us. We are liable in this town to a surprise from the French crossing at Toro; but we have 1,500 convalescents as a garrison, and there

is a Moorish wall round the town, at all the gates of which we have sentries, and two cavalry piquets are posted on different roads, two leagues off, to give the alarm, so that if they send any small detachments I think they will get the worst of it. We intend remaining here a few days unless Lord Wellington should retire further—we arrived the day before yesterday. We have never got our mule that we left behind us lame; we have heard of its following us to Segovia, but I fear either the French, English, or Spaniards have got possession of her; she is a beautiful creature, and a great loss. We have bought another at Valladolid, but he does not turn out very well. Accept, my dear parents, my kind relations and friends, my united and sincere love, affection, and duty,

And believe me, &c. &c.





BADAJOS,
November 23rd, 1812.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

SINCE my last we have travelled over a large tract of country, most of it devoid of interest, and very ugly. Spain is indeed, I believe, altogether as ugly a country as the globe contains; however, there are some fine scenes in passing through the Sierra de Gata, which divides Leon and Estremadura. Ciudad Rodrigo is a nasty old town, and half of it a heap of ruins. Its situation is naturally strong, but the walls old and crazy; the breach which was made in the last siege, and which the Spaniards had rebuilt, has fallen down again, and they are once more employed in slowly replacing it. Alcantara possesses a work well worth travelling many leagues to see. I mean

its magnificent Roman bridge over the Tagus, which here runs in a deep and narrow bed of bare and almost perpendicular rocks. The parapet of the bridge when we were there was 115 feet above the water, and in summer is more. The span of the centre arch is 107 feet, and of the other two principal ones (of which one is blown up) 90 feet. It has three other smaller arches, built on the rocky banks. The road over it is a perfect flat. I know not if I mentioned the Roman aqueduct we saw at Segovia; that is, without any exception, the most beautiful and grandest edifice I ever beheld. The parapet is 102 feet high; but it would be in vain for me to attempt a description of it—I only wish you could see it. Elvas is very prettily situated, and surrounded by very finely shaped hills covered with olives. Fort la Lippe crowns the highest of them, and it is as beautiful an object as it is a strong fort. Badajoz is in a frightful country, of which itself is no great ornament. The garrison consists of near 5,000 Spaniards, and the governor's name is Rodriguez. The Marques de Palacios (Governor-General of Estremadura) is resident here, but they say is on the point of being removed, why, I do not hear. Ballesteros, they say,

is a prisoner at Gibraltar, having kicked at Lord Wellington's appointment as Generalissimo, and he has written several violent letters to the Regency ; where his army is, or by whom commanded, we cannot learn. We have heard reports of our army, which are bad ; but we know nothing for certain. They say Suchet remains very strong in Valencia ; that Lord William Bentinck has taken the command of our army at Alicante, bringing 5,000 fresh troops, but is not able to cope with him. Lord Wellington, they say, has retired to Rodrigo with much loss, particularly in cavalry ; that the French have 11,000 cavalry in the field ; that we have totally lost the 16th Light Dragoons and a regiment of Dragoon Guards ; besides which, that a German regiment of cavalry has been dreadfully cut up. The whole of this may be false, and the greatest part probably is. I tell you the reports we get at each place as I think they may amuse you, but they are not to be depended upon. At some town on our road (I think Albuquerque) this affair of cavalry was made out to be a great victory on our side, and a total overthrow of the French cavalry. The sanguine disposition and absurd credulity of the lower class of Spaniards are beyond conception.

Since we left Leon and Castille and entered Estremadura we have found a great difference in the people. The former are amiable, of pleasing manners, obliging, and speak the purest Castillian ; the Estremeños are sulky, of rough manners, disobliging, and their language scarcely intelligible. However, they all seem equally to detest the French, but they are by no means as grateful to us ! In this town it is not surprising, for I fear it is a melancholy truth, that the horrid and unnatural enormities committed by our soldiery after the assault, were before almost unheard of. We have, on the whole, been fortunate in our weather, having had few thorough rainy days. We arrived here on Saturday, and are staying to get our linen washed. We hope to get away about Thursday, for this is a nasty place, and we have got a miserable billet. Clive has been writing to you this morning. We are all (masters and servants) very prosperous. The latter detest this country, and will have fine stories to tell in the servants' hall about it. We go from hence to Merida, thence to Seville. I have written to Colonel Capel to beg of him to send me a line to Seville to inform me whether Orlando is still at Isla, or gone to Lisbon ; if the former we shall

proceed immediately to Cadiz, if the latter we shall first visit Cordova and Granada ; in the former case we shall be at Cadiz in eighteen or nineteen days, and I hope there to have a little news from England, after an ignorance of between four and five months. We went round the ramparts yesterday, and it quite staggers me to see the walls our men climbed to take the castle ; the ladders were not high enough, and when they were full of men others below lifted them up, ladders and all. This end of the town and that washed by the Guadiana excepted, the walls are by no means strong, and the great strength consists in the three outworks :—San Christoval, Pardaleras, and Picuriña. We are going to see them to-day.

God bless you, &c. &c.





CADIZ,
December 18th, 1812.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



TAKE up my pen with particular pleasure here, as this letter will give you information of several things which will be agreeable to you, I am sure. I have to acknowledge several letters from England, which have given me more comfort than I can express, although the pleasure I have had in reading them was damped by the very indifferent accounts they contain of my much valued grandfather; but I will no longer delay to tell you that I found Orlando still here, a great piece of good fortune. I cannot say he is quite recovered, but I trust in a few days more he will be so; he intends to write to you by the next packet, and will tell you our mutual proceedings

here. I will therefore confine myself to what we have done since I last wrote, and our future plans, as far as I can, but these are unsettled. We were pleased with Merida, which is a nice old town, and contains most extensive remains of the Romans, two aqueducts, an amphitheatre, and a naumachia, with temples, and houses in ruins; a fine triumphal arch, and a bridge without an end, I really never could count the arches of it; it is partly Roman, repaired successively by the Moors and Spaniards; hence to Seville the road was uninteresting. Seville is a most magnificent and a most delightful town, and one can never see enough of the cathedral; there are a vast number of public buildings, many of which are very handsome palaces. The climate, the moment we came to the south of the Sierra Morena, was most extraordinary; all to the north is very little warmer than England, but the four days we were at Seville were actually like the month of August with us; the thermometer was 71° in the shade, and the evenings and nights quite sultry. Seville is very remarkable for the beauty of its women, but I fear they bestow all their charms on the French, and sigh for their return; they dress quite beautifully, and the Paséo

(walk) or Alameda was crowded with them on Sunday evening, and the gayest, prettiest scene I ever beheld. Seville is a most curious town for any one to see who never was before in Andalucia, of which it is the radiant queen; its streets are almost all extremely narrow, but the houses are very large, and quite delightful; they have one or two large courts, to which the rooms or corridors open. These courts are paved with different coloured tiles, and ornamented by fountains and orange trees, and several have small marble pillars. The staircases, and around the doors, are also marble; the floors are generally of coloured tiles, and floors of wood are scarcely ever seen in Spain—never in the south—they are commonly of bricks. This description of a house is nearly applicable to all this southern country, but in the greatest perfection at Seville. I saw the *Funçion* in the cathedral there on the *Fiesta de la Concepcion*, and I cannot say how disappointed I was, having heard so much of the magnificence of such fiestas in Spain, and especially in Seville Cathedral, which is one of the richest churches in Spain. The exterior of it is an unfinished pile of mixed architecture, but is immense, and, altogether, has a grand appearance. There is a very

high tower, the greatest part Moorish, which you ascend without steps—it is called the Girálda (in Spanish pronunciation Hirálda), and from the top of it there is a magnificent view of the city and its environs. The country is not pretty, but the hills are covered with olives planted in rows, and present a lively and cultivated appearance; and the gardens of vegetables round the town are well cultivated. The orange gardens belonging to the palace, and the convents with myrtle hedges, are delightful. At Xeres, on our way here, we called on M. Gordon, a sherry merchant, whom John knew, and he gave us some of the best sherry I ever tasted. I wish there was a butt of it at Weston. Xeres is a very pretty town, and Puerto de Santa Maria, and Cadiz, are beautiful. Isla is a large, good town; but poor Puerto Real is entirely destroyed by the French. John and Clive came straight here; I stayed at Isla for a day with Orlando, and we then came here together; we and John have got a good lodging upon the Bay, and close to the Alaméda; Clive is at Sir H. Wellesley's—we came here on the 15th. I am going to work hard at Spanish, and hope to have a master to-morrow. I have picked up a good deal of the language from my

grammar, and talking with the peasants, and I can read it tolerably with occasional assistance from the dictionary; but I want a master, and some good society, very much. Lord Wellington has been expected for the last two days, and Sir Henry is at Santa Maria waiting for him. I hope his coming will make this place very gay. We have altered our plans in consequence of hearing that the fever is over in Murcia; we now intend to stay here three weeks longer, and then we shall go to Gibraltar, Malaga, and Granada, thence to Cordova, and back to Granada, whence we shall proceed to Murcia, Cartagena, and Alicante, and there embark for Port Mahon, from whence we are sure of a passage to Malta or to Sicily. It is singular that we shall have been through so very large a part of the Peninsula without seeing either of the capitals; we were cruelly out of luck about Madrid. I have laid out about £60 in books here; I hope they will get safe to England. Clive says I may send them to Sir H. Wellesley's, to go with some of his from thence. I have got a large folio of the maps of Spain, by Lopez, the best there are, and I shall endeavour wherever I go to procure the best maps I can of each country, for they are delightful things to

have. Our mules and horses are all well, and have served us most famously. Things in the Peninsula have not a very bright face at present; they report that the French are advancing through Estremadura towards Seville, and Lord Wellington's delay seems to strengthen it, as he might be forced to take a circuitous route, and come by Agramonte. They talk much of an insurrection; these Andalusers are a bad people; the Sevillians want to change the government, and set up the old Seville Junta again; Cordova and Jaen are said to have joined them, and they offered Castaños the Regency. He has discovered the plan, and the heads are taken up and brought here. They say the people here are discontented, but I don't think anything will come from this. The Andalusers are a poor, paltry set; you would have been astonished to have seen the peasants at Arapiles ploughing their lands in the midst of the putrid carcasses; but you can have no idea of the inertness of these people, without seeing it. They were employed in their fields with the greatest *sang froid* in this pestilential air. They have no notion of doing one iota more than appears to them absolutely necessary for the moment. There is a good play-house here,

and some good actors and Bolero dancers. I have seen all the Spanish and gipsy dances, and most curious and singular they are—the Fandango is pretty; the Spanish Contra Dansa is very pretty too; the time is the same as the waltz, and there is a great deal of waltzing in them, which, introduced in figures, is beautiful. I long to dance them, but I cannot speak Spanish well enough to be at my ease. We have had terribly rainy weather ever since we were at Seville until yesterday, since when it has been fine, but rather sharp; we feel the want of fires. Sir Henry Wellesley has famous ones, and his house is very comfortable.

December 23rd.—Still no intelligence of Lord Wellington. There is a debate this morning in the Cortes on the subject of these Seville delinquents; Clive and John are going to hear it, but I am not forward enough in the language to understand it—it is expected to be very animated. There is no order yet for the packet's sailing, and I suppose she will be detained till the Duque's arrival—I mean Lord Wellington. I shall keep my letter open till the last moment, though I shall probably have little to say. I have seen Charles's friends, the Villa Vicencias and

Boronis, but the nicest girl I have seen is the daughter of the Duquesa de Goa ; she is very young, but has a pretty face and figure, dances beautifully, and has pretty manners, which is more than can be said of all the Spanish girls, who are terribly vulgar and forward.

December 28th.—I have nothing, my dear mother, to say to-day. Orlando has mentioned Lord Wellington's arrival, he is gone to-day to see the Spanish and British troops at the Isla. It is a most wretched day—violent storms of wind and rain. Two balls are to be given to Lord Wellington, one by Sir Henry Wellesley, which they say is to be the day after to-morrow ; and the other by the grandees who are here, the day for which is not yet fixed. We shall dine at home, as Sir Henry has a very large party of merchants and officers. Lord Wellington dined with the Regency on Saturday, and afterwards went to the theatre, where he was well received ; the house was illuminated, and patriotic songs were sung. They have put Spanish words to our "God save the King," introducing George the Third and Ferdinando the Seventh together. "George" in Spanish is a frightful word, it is spelt "Jorge" and pronounced "Horky."

There are a swarm of English travellers expected here from Lisbon, they are on the road, and may arrive any day, to the number of twenty. I fancy Sir Henry is a little annoyed at the idea, as it has always been his custom to give general invitations to all English travellers. We had a pleasant dinner enough yesterday at Costello's. There was a dance at the theatre the other night that I had not seen before—the Seguidillas Manchegas (à la Mancha Danse), which is excessively pretty. The number of different national Spanish dances is very great, almost every province has one peculiar to itself, they are all danced with castanets, and in the most beautiful dresses. There are several good dancers of these dances at the theatre, but sometimes they attempt short French ballets, and they make sad work of them; we go every night to the play. I wish you could know the language, it is as beautiful as the Italian, and grandeur itself. On Monday the performance was entirely by women, a singular, but, of course, a tiresome thing; there was a comedy, a short musical piece, boleros, a little French ballet, and a farce, and all the parts were played by women; even the prompter was a woman! and they managed the

scenery, trimmed the lamps, in short, did everything, and would not allow a man to approach behind the scenes; they really got through it wonderfully well, though they were a little tedious. Yesterday Orlando dined with General Cooke, and John and I with Sir Henry, who gave a grand dinner to the Regency and big-wigs; there were above forty persons, and the table was very handsome. We went afterwards to some theatricals at la Señora Orgullo's; she has made a pretty little theatre of one of her rooms, and they performed a comedy, an opera, and boleros; there was a cousin of the lady's (a girl only fourteen years old) who acted excessively well in the comedy, and Señora Orgullo and two gentlemen sung very well in the opera. To-day Lord Wellington went to the Cortes, where he made them a speech of thanks, and had an answer from the President as empty of essence as it was full of flummery and vanity; they both read their speeches. Lord Wellington was much applauded from the gallery; but there is a large French party here, who take great pains to insinuate that we are going to betray Spain, take the government into our own hands, and declare Lord Wellington regent; this is generally supposed the cause of



his not having been received on landing with any applause, and of the little that he has since met with ; he dines to-day with Mr. Duff, the British Consul, as do the embassy and the general and his staff, we again, therefore, dine at home. The ambassador's ball takes place to-night. We had torrents of rain all yesterday, to-day it is dry but cloudy.

January 1st, 1813.—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you all, my dear parents and friends ; the packet sails to-day, and I shall take my letters after breakfast to Clive. Sir Henry's ball was very handsome, and there were crowds of people ; six hundred were invited, but not near that number came. Our departure is not fixed, but it will probably be in about ten days. Lord Wellington is expected to go in three or four. Lord Herbert,¹ with a crowd of travellers, is at Seville, waiting, I understand, for a bull feast which is appointed for the 6th, but probably will not take place so soon. I get on a little with my Spanish, and I venture to talk sometimes to the ladies. God bless you, &c., &c.

¹ The late Earl of Pembroke.



CADIZ,
January 22nd, 1813.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

WEDNESDAY morning two packets came in from England, bringing me your letters 13, 14, and 15, which I have been long anxiously expecting. We had been without a packet from England ever since the 17th of December; I had learnt the death of my poor grandfather¹ from Clive, who saw it in the "Courier" of the 17th ult., which had come overland from Lisbon about a fortnight ago; it did not surprise me at all, as I had been expecting the event some time from the melancholy accounts I had previously received of him from you, but you will easily conceive how anxious I have ever since been to learn the melan-

¹ Viscount Torrington.

choly particulars of his last days and those that succeeded his death; that it was easy and without any pain is a comfortable reflection, and as, alas! all enjoyment of this life seemed for some time to have left him, an easy relief from its cares and infirmities was a thing rather to be desired than lamented. Yet, my dear mother, that he should have been deprived in his last moments, dear amiable old man, of the power of expressing all his wishes, must, I fear, have caused him considerable mental suffering, and the account of this distressed me greatly. However, I am much to blame in writing thus to you, my dearest mother, who, Heaven knows, will have sufficient grief of your own without being worried with other people's feelings on this melancholy subject. You know how much I loved my dear kind grandfather, who always behaved with such true affection to me; and although when I took leave of him I felt convinced it was for the last time, yet the certainty that one never is again to behold in this world a beloved and highly-valued parent and friend cannot be heard unmoved.

Pardon me, my dear mother, the pain this may give you; I am sure you would have been hurt had I been quite silent on the subject—which once entered upon,

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the pen will sometimes follow the feelings further than it should. You will probably have heard from Orlando from Lisbon; he sailed from hence on the evening of the 8th instant, with Captain Bateman in the "Stately," for that port. I have not heard of his arrival, and I fear he must have had a bad voyage, for the wind has been very adverse; he was fortunate to get so good a passage; we have been waiting here some time longer than we intended for the arrival of the packet; we shall now start on Monday next, the 25th, sleep that night at Isla, and get to Gibraltar on the Thursday; we intend to go over from thence to Ceuta and Tetuan, and to stay a few days at the latter place for shooting. We shall not remain many days at Gibraltar, but proceed, as I mentioned in my last letter, to Alicante, there to embark for Malta. I am much disappointed at the fall of a plan that was in agitation for a short time; when Lord Wellington was here he was constantly talking of being early in the summer at Madrid, and several times advised John to stay for the opening of the next campaign; John and Clive in consequence proposed this to me, which I came into with delight; I intended to have gone from hence after seeing Gibraltar and Granada,

to Lisbon, and we were all to have followed the army to Madrid, if open. Why or wherefore I know not (for they give no reason), the two originators of the plan are now obstinately and immoveably against it, and I foresee now that I shall never see Lisbon or Madrid.

It is probable that we shall return to England by Russia or France (for I think by that time we are likely to be at peace). Herbert arrived here some time ago with several Englishmen from Lisbon; he brought me a letter from old Bromley,¹ which was very gratifying. Herbert will join us in Sicily, and accompany us in our eastern tour. Upon second thoughts I determined to purchase a pipe of sherry for my father while I was on the spot; I have got it from M. Costello, from whom Clive has purchased four for different persons, of the same sort; it appears to us to be excellent wine, and I hope it will prove so; I have paid for the wine and freightage, and nothing remains to be paid but the disembarkation and duty. Tell Lucy,² with my love, that I have

¹ One of the Harrow masters, and tutor to Mr. Bridgeman.

² His sister, afterwards Lady Lucy Whitmore, wife of W. Wolryche Whitmore, Esq., M.P.

taken the greatest pains to procure her some Spanish music, but hitherto without success. Music is not printed in this country, and the only means of having it is to get it copied; this my friend Ysnardi promised to do for me; he spokè to a music-master, and if it is not finished before I go he promises to send it to you. There is to be the Fandango, the Seguidillas Manchegas, some Boleros, Cachuchas, and Oles, and the Zapateado—all dances, the last, of the Gypsies; there are also some songs and a march: the Spanish music is pretty, very peculiar and characteristic. I fear Lucy will find it difficult to catch the style and time unless she meets with somebody who has been in Spain. I have been unlucky about my Spanish master. He is in the Commissariat Office, and this made him so irregular in coming to me that I gave him up. I only got fourteen lessons of an hour each. My books, with Clive's and John's, we intend sending to Gibraltar, and there we hope Commissioner Fraser will get some King's ship to take them to England. We have seen all the fortifications and defences of this island; they are immensely strong and extensive. I believe it is the strongest place by nature and art in the world. They say it is

much stronger than Gibraltar. Its great strength consists in the marshy lands and salt ditches with which it is surrounded on the land side, rendering it impossible for troops to approach it in large bodies. They are cutting a canal across the Trocadero to the river San Pedro, which will insulate the part nearest to Cadiz. This is an immense work, and though a thousand workmen are employed upon it, it will not be completed for many months. I certainly was guilty of a great error if I did not mention having seen Lord Wellington at Burgos. We dined with him at 9 o'clock the day we passed at head-quarters, after having seen the advance of the French—surely I must have mentioned our misfortune in not seeing them driven back that evening. This it was which made Lord Wellington so late back at head-quarters. He had very few of his aides-de-camp there with him. I liked much what I saw of the Prince of Orange; he seems a fine, manly, young fellow, and bears an excellent character. When we proceeded from Burgos to Madrid we were aware that it was likely soon to be given up, but we determined to try if we could not get there just in time to see it—we knew it depended on the celerity of Soult. Surely I

mentioned that Clive and the baggage passed us while we were looking out for them, on the road close to the village where John and I passed the night. They proceeded to Villa Castin—the town we had originally determined to stop at. The night being very dark caused us to miss seeing them among the crowds of baggage, mules, carts, troops, &c. &c., and the excessive confusion of the scene. They passed us about eight o'clock, and John and I continued keeping watch alternately on the road till ten. The night was pitch dark and piercing cold, with a damp fog falling, and we were nearly in a torpid state. We started from our hovel very early, and reached Villa Castin at daybreak, where, in the market-place, we were inexpressibly delighted to find Clive and J. Cobb looking out for us. The reason we had stopped at the other village was that we knew great numbers of troops were to put up at Villa Castin, and we thought every roof would be occupied. As it was, in neither place could we be said to have found shelter, either for man or beast.

January 23rd.—There are accounts from Alicante which mention indications of general movements in the French armies of Valencia, &c., &c. It is here

confidently believed that they intend making an attack on Alicante or retiring over the Ebro; the latter opinion is the most prevalent. The ball given by the grandees to Lord Wellington on the 4th was very magnificent, but the crowds were so immense that people could not stir; nothing that I ever saw in London can be compared to it. They say it cost near 20,000 dollars. The supper tables and other decorations were handsome and in good taste, but so little good order was preserved that people of all descriptions got in, and the tables were filled four or five different times. There were covers only for 300, and it is calculated that near 3,000 were present at the same time. There were several good devices both in Latin and Spanish, and the united flags of Great Britain, Russia, and Portugal in all directions. The heat was precisely that of a hot-house, but of course of a more disagreeable nature; nevertheless the Spanish women were not deterred from dancing, or rather jostling in the crowd. I left about thirty or forty couples dancing at half-past seven, and it continued till nine. There was a great display of beauty and of magnificent dresses. The grand supper-table was a beautiful sight when first filled. It contained

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120 covers, which were all occupied by ladies, excepting Lord Wellington, his brother, and three or four other men. There was a malicious report that Lord Wellington was to be poisoned, and the ladies would not allow him, poor hungry man, to touch anything. The Duchess of Osuna sent for some dishes from her own house for him. Sir Henry Wellesley gave a second ball on the 9th, which I was not at, having just heard the news of my poor grandfather's death. Lord Wellington went the following day through Badajoz to Lisbon. John's servant (who, by the way, is an excellent one) came here from Oporto, *via* Lisbon. Fortunately a transport is going hence to Gibraltar on Tuesday, in which he will go with our heavy luggage; thence we intend to send him on to Malta. You need not think about our want of comforts, for I know not why, but travellers do not feel those things as might be expected, and they are much greater in imagination than in fact. A great friend of mine is now here, Lord Bayning. He will go to the Isla with us on Monday and proceed as far as the field of Barrosa, whence he will return here.

God bless you, my dearest mother, &c., &c.



GIBRALTAR,
February 2nd, 1813.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THE packet is to sail for England tomorrow, therefore I will write to you the little I have to say since leaving Cadiz. John and I went to the Isla on Monday the 25th, but Clive could not get our passports till Wednesday, on which day he joined us with them early in the morning, and we proceeded over the Barrosa field of battle, still strewed with carcasses, to Vejer, a curious old town, situated at the summit of a steep, rocky hill, six leagues from Isla. John, who had bought a gun at Cadiz, dawdled behind on the Barrosa hills in search of game, while Clive and I regularly proceeded on. Four leagues from Isla we came to the small town of Conil, on the sea cliffs.

From hence the road to Vejer, two leagues, is quite shocking—road, indeed, it could not be called, it was merely the tracks of footsteps over fields. The soil is a tenacious clay, in which the animals sunk each step nearly knee deep; we were obliged to walk, and were one plaster of clay to the knees. We passed a river, and it soon after became pitch dark. Thus we proceeded for some time, and at last came up to our servants and mules, the latter having, three of them, fallen, from being quite unable to keep their feet in the clay. We passed them, and soon after lost our way, and got into boggy rivers. Fortunately, in the silence of the night we heard the muleteers speaking to the mules, halloed to them, and soon joined them. Once more all together, we pursued our way to Vejer, where we arrived at nine o'clock; at twelve we quite gave up poor John, and went to bed. The following day at twelve he appeared, and told us that he had proceeded half a league beyond Conil the preceding night, when losing his way he determined to return to Conil. He passed the river prosperously, but on the other side, just as he was going to rise the hill (being most fortunately himself on foot), his pony sunk up to its neck in a quicksand. He in vain endeavoured to help

him out, and went to the town for assistance. Having procured two men and two boys, they with difficulty got the poor helpless animal out. John got a little bread and a bed, and joined us, as I have already stated, the following day. We found that Tarifa was seven leagues from Vejer, and that there was no place whatever between, and they told us the roads were still worse than those we had come. We therefore remained Thursday at Vejer, and replaced the shoes our poor beasts had lost in the clay. Friday, as soon as it was light, we started, and fortunately arrived at Tarifa at half-past six, an hour after dark. We found the road horrible in places, but not all the way; on the whole I reckon this one of the most extraordinary day's journeys we have performed. Tarifa is a poor place, and nothing but the abominable rainy weather could have saved it from the French. It is nearly six leagues from hence, and the road dreadful; we therefore only came half-way (to Algeciras) the next day, and reached this place on Sunday, the 31st, at one o'clock, being the seventh day since we left Cadiz. The country from Vejer to Gibraltar is beautiful. The rocky mountains, covered with magnificent cork trees, and abounding in streams, have a very grand effect.

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I believe I forgot to tell you that Commissioner Fraser had invited us to be with them when we came to Gibraltar. Here, then, John and I are comfortably established in one of the prettiest country houses you ever saw, and enjoying all the luxuries of England with the southern climate. Clive is at the Lieutenant-Governor's, where we all dine to-day. This house is situated a mile south of the town, high up on the Rock, and in the midst of a delightful garden full of violets and geraniums; the trees are already all budding, and will soon afford shade. I am as much pleased with Gibraltar Bay as I was disappointed with that of Cadiz. This is surrounded with fine mountains, and the African coast is very bold. The Rock itself is most beautiful and curious—it is 1,000 feet high. I have seen the Galleries and some other things, but I have yet much to see. We are going over, in a day or two, to Ceuta and Tetuan. Captain Godby, General Campbell's aide-de-camp, who has dogs, and knows the country at Tetuan, will go with us, and, perhaps, the Commissioner, in whose yacht we are to go. I will write again before we leave this place for the last of Spain.

God bless you, &c. &c.

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GIBRALTAR,
February 9th, 1813.

WE have remained here thus long in hopes of the easterly wind changing, and enabling us to go to Tetuan, but it is obstinate. The Commissioner and Captain Godby were going with us, but it is not possible to land at Tetuan with an easterly wind, on account of the surf upon the Bar; we now have determined, John, Clive, and I, to go over to Ceuta to-morrow in the Commissioner's yacht, and he and Captain Godby will take us up there on Friday, should the wind be favourable, if not, he will send his yacht to bring us back, I shall be very sorry to miss Tetuan, both on account of the shooting and of seeing a Moorish town; the Moors do not allow anybody to enter their territories from Ceuta, which prevents our going from

thence by land. There never was anything so delightful as the weather; the first blossoms are beautiful, and everything has the appearance of spring—this is the finest season here—in summer the heat is insufferable, it is now as hot as the greater part of our summer, and the nights are delightful; I hope the rainy season is almost over. We saw a great deal of Sir Montague and Lady Burgoyne here, and I like them very much; he is rather fussy, but very good-humoured. Still fine news from Russia! We have received the "Gazettes" of the 17th and 20th January; but this letter of Lord Wellington's to the commanding officers of regiments is rather unpleasant. I grieve that the army has shown such a total want of discipline. Poor Tyrconnell! how truly grieved I am to hear of his death—he was a fine fellow! We intend going by Ronda to Malaga, it is three or four leagues round, but it is worth seeing—it is a large town, situated on a high mountain. The Sierra de Ronda is one of the finest ranges of mountains in Spain, and is said to contain some magnificent scenery. The highest and finest mountains of all are those of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains, to the south-east of Granada—they are higher than the

Pyrenees. What a curious scene this place presents from the number of different nations one sees in the streets! There are English, Spaniards, Moors, Portuguese, Italians, Genoese, Algerians, Greeks, and Jews; I hear that Malta is much more extraordinary in this respect.

Wednesday, the 10th.—The wind is still east, my dearest mother, and we are just embarking for Ceuta, where we shall probably be landed in three hours' time. I am writing this from the Commissioner's Office in the dock yard, while waiting for Clive—he is just arrived.

God bless you, &c., &c.





GIBRALTAR,
February 26th, 1813.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

THE three inclosed sheets are addressed to William Childe,¹ but as I think parts of them may be interesting to you, especially that which relates to our Barbary excursion, I have sent them open that you may read them, after which pray forward them to him. We found Wrottesley in the "Sabine," lying in Ceuta Bay; we slept while at Ceuta at a tolerable inn, and lived with General Fraser, who commands the troops there. Ceuta is a most singular peninsula, with a delightful bay, and excellent anchorage for boats and shipping; if ever we are at war with Spain again, it

¹ The present W. Lacon Childe, Esq., of Kinlet, Shropshire.

will be a very desirable thing for us to take, as it is far preferable to Gibraltar, and the two together would completely command the Straits. We remained two nights at Ceuta, and the wind not changing we returned to Gibraltar with Wrottesley. The next day, Saturday, the 13th, the wind came round to the westward, and the Commissioner, Captain Godby, and ourselves, went over to Tetuan in the "Sabine." Wrottesley remained on shore with us, and we had a very jolly party, but not good sport. We got a miserable room in the Custom House, two miles up the river and four from the town. The mountains here are very magnificent; they are part of Mount Atlas, which extends hundreds of miles up the country; we lived very well, Captain Godby's serjeant being a good cook; we got meat, bread, &c., from the town, and drinkables we took with us. We had one room only for ourselves and another for our servants; we had just space in ours to sling three cots and to put our three beds under them; they were all obliged to be taken down before we could put a table for our breakfast. Wrottesley brought the Commissioner and me home on Friday, and we landed on Saturday morning; the other three were obliged to wait for a

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passport till Sunday ; the two naval officers did not require one, and I (being rather unwell and not able to shoot again) contrived to smuggle myself on board. We go from hence to-morrow.

God bless you, &c., &c.

Inclosed in the above.

Here we are, nearly seven months after leaving England, although when we sailed, on the 4th of August, we imagined we were coming immediately to this place. You will have heard from my mother of our having quitted the fleet off the coast of Portugal, and gone in a merchant schooner to Oporto, where we disembarked on the 25th of August, after a tiresome long passage of three weeks ; since this we have travelled a great number of leagues in the Peninsula, and seen a great deal of the people in all situations. The Spanish peasantry and the minor gentry, who are not placemen, are a *very* fine people ; the former (were it not for a lamentable indolence which reigns throughout Spain to a most incredible degree) would in my opinion be the finest people in the universe ;

the grandes are not near so bad as by many they have been represented; five-sixths of them have followed the patriotic party, and have borne their poverty and deprivations with wonderful patience and fortitude. Of those few who have followed El Rey Pepe (as they mockingly call Joseph here) most of them have been compelled by force, and would be delighted to escape the first opportunity; many did escape to Cadiz on the late hasty evacuation of the capital by Joseph. They have all for generations been kept in a state of ignorance and want of common education almost incredible, by the cursed government which this poor country has so long suffered under; this will naturally cause all their actions to be weak, and weakness appears to me their greatest fault. Now I come to the worst class of Spaniards—the placemen—these are to the last degree despicable. From the lowest wretches in the municipalities to the heads of the government almost, there is scarcely a mean act under the sun that they will not perform to put a dollar into their pockets. The Portuguese are a kind hospitable people, but most despicably servile, and the greatest cheats and thieves in the world, and will do anything for a bribe; their peasantry have

not one grain of that beautiful nobleness of character and strict honour which is so striking in that of Spain; nor are the manners of the upper orders in Portugal to be mentioned with those of Spain. The dress of the Spanish ladies is characteristic and beautiful, that of the Portuguese frightful, being bad imitations of the most vulgar English dresses; there are vast numbers of rather pretty women in Spain, but I don't think I have seen above two or three very pretty, and certainly not one beautiful; they have excessively pretty figures, beautiful feet, and a most graceful carriage, they are good-humoured, great coquettes, quick, and lively, but without a grain of modesty or of fine feeling; they are pleasant companions to a passing traveller, but I never saw one for whom I could feel the slightest interest. The dress of the peasantry in many parts of Spain is peculiar, ornamental, gay, and pretty; in Portugal the women are generally ugly, and the dress of all classes frightful; the manners, too, of the ladies are very vulgar and disagreeable—they have not the liveliness, quickness, nor grace of the Spanish. The Portuguese language, owing to their pronunciation, is frightful; the Spanish, beautiful. The Spanish men are some-

times agreeable, but they have not the liveliness or good-nature of the ladies. The greater part of the time we have been in the Peninsula we have been moving about, but we were ten days in Oporto, and six weeks at Cadiz, where we saw all the society there is; indeed, we were very fortunate, for while we were at the former place, Maréchal Beresford arrived there, the greatest man in Portugal; and while at Cadiz we had Lord Wellington, one of the greatest in Spain; there is very little society, and that little is dull. There is a pretty theatre at Cadiz, and a tolerable set of actors; I went every night to the play, and I was delighted with the national dances, of which they have several; they say that in good times there is excellent society in Madrid, and a great deal of gaiety and magnificence. Alas! poor people, the latter is now totally out of their reach, and for the former they have but little inclination. The army and navy abuse the poor Spaniards without mercy, and would give up the cause; but I can faithfully say that from the observations I have been able to make (and I have travelled over a great deal of Spain, and lived among all classes of people), I am fully persuaded they are inveterate enemies to

the French, to whom they will *never* tamely bow, and that they are as grateful and attached to us as their native pride and jealousy will allow them ; moreover, that if ever they are fortunate enough to fall under a good government, they will make all the exertions we can wish. The hearts of the people are firm and immutable ; they have borne severe and most trying hardships without complaint, and will continue to do so, and they are ready to serve their country in any way they may be ordered ; but a great machine cannot move without wheels, and they have no government that can or will organize them. You probably know of our ill-luck in not being able to reach Madrid. We met Hill's army on its retreat when within nine leagues (thirty-six miles) of that place ; with this exception we have been fortunate, and have seen a great deal. We are just returned from Africa, where we have been on a shooting party at Tetuan. The country is excessively wild, and the walking very severe, and a great part of it up to the knees in marshes. I got rather too much of it, and was a little unwell for two or three days, but I am quite well again. There are a great many partridges there ; they are red-legged, but larger and more beautiful than the French. We were

too late in the season, and had not very good sport; the weather is much like our fine September weather, but the sun more scorching. The Moors are a strange set of savages; they have both a contempt and a hatred for Christians which is surprising; but they like the English much better than any others—some few of them are really fond of us: they abhor the French and Spaniards. You cannot stir without a Moorish soldier, for they shoot at you through their rush hedges. Tetuan is a large town, and capital of a province, but a mean, dirty place, and totally without regularity. There are seven hundred Jews there, who live in a separate quarter of the town. The manner in which the Moors treat these poor exiles is perfectly shocking—the meanest Moorish boy may murder them with impunity; and a Jew dare not even frown at one of them. The Moorish women may not be seen if they walk out; their faces, all but their eyes, are covered. The Jewesses are, some of them, very pretty; their dress is much ornamented, but unbecoming. The dress of the Moors of both sexes is very simple, generally a single garment of white linen, which covers the head and all in the men, and comes nearly to the knees; they have short drawers of the

same, yellow or red slippers, and no stockings. The women's garments come rather below the knee, and they wear a frightful flapping straw hat. The situation of this place, *i. e.* Gibraltar, is very beautiful—the Bay, the Rock, and opposite mountains of Barbary, far exceed my expectations. The town of Gibraltar is bad and ugly; the fortifications, particularly the galleries in the Rock, are beautiful, but the latter appear most absurd and useless; it is impossible the soldiers should ever bear the smoke and noise of firing them. We have seen some beautiful scenery in the north of Portugal. It is a very romantic, mountainous country, and the Spanish chestnuts there are quite magnificent—they exceed even our finest oak woods in size and beauty. It abounds also in arbutus, the finest heath, ten feet high, and *some* fine oaks, a great deal of rocky scenery, and the finest, clearest mountain rivers. The valleys are uncommonly rich in the province of Minho, covered with Indian corn. The number of streams preserve a constant coolness and verdure. South of the Douro the country is much more arid, and the mountain scenery is sometimes excessively grand. I have not seen Lisbon and its environs, which I lament very much, but my com-