

panions willed otherwise. The greater part of what I have seen of Spain is an ugly, uninteresting country, and most tiresome to travel over—there are immense parched plains, without a single bush to break the view. We appear now to have got into a prettier country, but there is no freshness—the finest trees they have are the corks, and they are very sombre. Seville is a fine city, full of handsome public buildings, but the French have destroyed numbers of them; the cathedral, supposed to be the finest in the world, is uninjured. I never saw anything so beautiful as the interior—it is immensely large; I could spend half my life in admiring it. There are some beautiful pictures, but the finest in Seville were in a convent, painted by Murillo—these the French have robbed it of. Salamanca is one of the most melancholy examples of French barbarity you can well imagine. The French have never injured any of the cathedrals further than taking away the fine pictures; that of Salamanca is therefore unhurt, and is a fine building; but of twenty-four colleges and the same number of convents, seventeen colleges and about a dozen convents are levelled, and the remainder bare walls without roofs, excepting two or three convents of nuns.

These buildings were all of stone, and of very fine ornamented architecture. Salamanca must have been one of the most beautiful towns in the world—it is now a melancholy heap of ruins. Burgos is a fine town. The cathedral is very beautiful; it is the second finest in Spain. It is infinitely smaller than that at Seville, but the exterior is much more beautiful. There are many interesting Roman remains in this country. The aqueduct at Segovia, which is still perfect, and supplies the city, is the most beautiful work I ever beheld; that, and the bridge of Alcantara, exceed all I could have imagined; the latter is built over the Tagus, where it rolls its full waters over rocks in a deep, narrow bed; the banks are bare rocks, and nearly perpendicular to an astonishing height. We are just going to resume our journey. We go to Malaga and Granada, thence to Cordova, and afterwards through Murcia to Cartagena and Alicante; there (unless Lord Wellington will open some more of Spain to us) we shall embark for Sicily.





GRANADA,  
*April 14th, 1813.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



LIVE intends sending a letter home from hence, through the embassy at Cadiz, and this will go with his. John, I believe, wrote a few lines from hence last month. He has now left us, and we two have returned here without him. But I will go regularly through our proceedings since we left Malaga, where I wrote you a letter through Commissioner Fraser, which I hope you will have received.<sup>1</sup> We left Malaga on the 7th of March, and came straight here by Velez, Malaga, and Alhama. We remained here about a week, during which we were much surprised at the weather ;

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<sup>1</sup> This letter has not yet reached me.—L. E. B.

for the day after our arrival we had a great deal of snow, and the cold continued excessive for the whole week. All the smaller streams were stopped and completely frozen up, and as we had no fireplaces or glass windows, I never suffered from cold so much in my life. This weather, you may imagine, astonished us not a little in this southern latitude, but it proceeds from the vicinity of Granada to the Sierra Nevada (or Snowy Sierra) mountains, so very high that they are covered with perpetual snow. The winters here are, in consequence, very severe, but the months of May and June quite heavenly—the country is beautiful, especially in those months. The town is very large, and situated on the sides of low hills at the north-west foot of the Sierra, and to the west there is a fine plain, watered by the river Genal, and irrigated, so that it is a perfect garden of riches. It is called the Vega (or large field) of Granada, and is encompassed on all sides with mountains of different heights and shapes. The Alhambra (the famous Moorish palace here) is quite beautiful. The exterior of this palace is miserable, but the moment you enter the gate the workmanship of the pillars, arches, floors, walls, and ceilings of the courts and apartments exceeds in

minuteness and delicacy all that I could have imagined. It is the prettiest enchanting sight I ever saw, but has no pretensions to magnificence; it is much too finical and minute for that. The court which is so famous and so much admired, called the Court of the Lions, is quite small, but contains nearly one hundred and fifty marble pillars. A stream of water, with fountains, runs the length of it, and in the centre is a large basin of white marble, of one single piece, supported by twelve strange animals intended for lions. The style of this palace and its singular beauties are by me quite indescribable, being unlike anything else I know; but the incalculable time and labour they must have taken is wonderful. Charles the Fifth did a great deal to this palace to preserve it, and he also began one in the Grecian architecture close to it, which would, if finished, have been quite beautiful; but he did not even complete the masonry of it *entirely*. It is by far the prettiest Grecian architecture I ever saw. The exterior is square and the court circular, having a cloister supported by a regular colonnade of thirty-two marble pillars of the Ionic order, and a corridor above with the same number in the Composite order. The doorways and other

parts of the building are of different marbles, and the rest of fine stone, beautifully worked. There are also many basso-relievos of battles on marble. There is a convent, a priory, and several other buildings on the same hill with the palace, covering altogether a considerable extent, and the whole surrounded with a regular Moorish wall. The whole enclosure is called the Alhambra, and is a very striking feature from the town and its environs. The cathedral of Granada is a very fine Grecian building, and though much ill-treated with the gilding and daubing of the good Catholics of this bigoted country, yet it has many specimens of marbles, and some tolerable sculptures and pictures, to boast of, and altogether has a grand and venerable appearance : connected with it, and of much older date, is the Royal Chapel, a fine old Gothic building, erected by King Ferdinand the Catholic, on taking this city from the Moors. It contains two magnificent tombs, of the most beautiful sculpture I ever beheld, and entirely of white marble ; one is the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholics, and the other of Philip the First and Joanna. We were treated in Granada with very great civility, and one of the ladies to whom we

brought letters gave us a ball. We went from hence on the 17th, and reached Cordova on the 20th; it is a large but ill-built town, in a beautifully rich country. We were fortunate enough to stay there on a Sunday, and we went to the Paseo (public walk), which is the prettiest I ever saw. The weather was heavenly (for as soon as we had got a few leagues from Granada we left the cold behind us), and this walk being situated between the town and the foot of the Sierra Morena, and crowded with beautiful women most beautifully dressed, and the surrounding country being a perfect garden, I hardly ever witnessed so gay a scene. The cathedral at Cordova is exceedingly curious, being an immense Moorish mosque, containing nearly six hundred pillars, mostly of marble. This is the only mosque left in Spain, and they have built a choir and altar in the centre of bad Gothic, which, being high, and the rest of the building *very* low and square, added to the multitude of tawdry gilded chapels peeping under the Moorish horse-shoe arches, altogether has the most singular appearance imaginable; this mosque is very large, but not handsome. From Cordova we went on the great Madrid road by Andujar, Baylen, Carolina, and Santa Cruz,

as far as Valdepeñas in La Mancha. We had then great hopes of reaching Madrid, but the French in small parties still continued to watch the Tagus, and we determined to go to Almaden (about seventy or eighty miles to our westward), in order to pass a little time. Almaden is situated near the north of the Sierra Morena, immediately above Cordova, and is famous for its quicksilver mines—except one in Germany and one in South America, I fancy these of the Sierra Morena are the only known ones in the world, and that of Almaden is much the largest and richest of any. We descended nearly three hundred yards into it by perpendicular ladders, and with lamps, and a most curious sight it was. There are four other mines in different parts of this Sierra, but this of Almaden is the only one at present worked. It was known in the time of the Romans, and is mentioned slightly by Pliny. It used to send annually to Cadiz (to be shipped for America, to work the silver mines there), from twenty to twenty-four thousand quintals (or hundredweights) of pure quicksilver. The mine is calculated to be worth 80,000,000 of reals annually, which, reckoning four dollars to the pound, equals 1,000,000 sterling; the annual expenses to be



subtracted were 1,500,000 reals. Spain has also a contract for the produce of the Hungary mine, which produces 12,000 quintals annually. This is shipped in Trieste, and likewise sent to America. Only think of the indolence of this nation—preferring to purchase quicksilver from Austria to working their other, or rather one or two of their other smaller mines. The ore contains sulphur and quicksilver, and the richest (of which they have a great quantity) contains three parts out of four of the latter. It is a beautiful vermilion colour, and the paint is made by a very simple process—the pure quicksilver is reimpregnated with sulphur, which reduces it to a hard stone, this is ground to a fine powder, which is the vermilion paint. The quicksilver itself is extracted from the ore very simply in ovens, and with a very inconsiderable heat the sulphur evaporates, and the quicksilver fuses and rises to the top of the oven and runs off into large clay tubes, where it is retained till it cools; for were it to be exposed to the air while warm, such is its volatility, that much would escape and be lost. I know not if this account will be at all interesting to you, my dear mother, but I have written it as it may be so to some-

body, my kind friend Mr. Chap.,<sup>1</sup> for instance, to whom I always would be most kindly remembered. The ore is not found in veins, but in what they term *bancos*, or banks. These are *irregular* veins, not running straight, and the same bank varying in width from two to fifteen yards. They almost always lie obliquely, ascending to the east and descending to the west. The ore is likewise found in immense solid, unconnected blocks of fifteen or twenty yards' diameter. I have said more about this quicksilver mine on account of the rarity of them. This is Government property; and although, as you may imagine, it is destruction in a very short time to the constitutions of these poor miners, yet they are miserably paid. Nevertheless they never have a want of workmen. Mineralogy brings into my head good Mr. Dickenson.<sup>2</sup> I hope he enjoys the same health and even spirits which his regular habits and benevolent mind so justly merit; give him my kindest remembrance when you see him. After seeing the mine of Almaden, and

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<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Mr. Chappelow, private chaplain to Lord Bradford.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Mr. Dickenson, author of a work on the "Natural History of Staffordshire."

finding the French did not continue their retreat, John Russell, my strange cousin, and your ladyship's mad nephew, determined to execute a plan which he had often threatened, but it appeared to Clive and me so very injudicious a one that we never had an idea of his putting it into execution. However, the evening previous to our leaving Almaden, he said, "Well, I shall go to the army to see William,<sup>1</sup> and I will meet you either at Madrid or Alicante." We found he was quite serious, and he then informed us of his intentions. He said he should stay the next day at Almaden to sell his pony and buy something bigger. He would not take his servant, but ordered him to leave out half-a-dozen changes of linen, and his gun loaded. He was dressed in a blue great-coat, overalls and boots, a cocked hat, and sword; and literally took nothing else except his dressing-case, a pair of pantaloons and shoes, a journal and an account-book, pens and ink, and a bag of money. He would not carry anything to reload his gun, which he said his principal reason for taking was to sell, should he

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<sup>1</sup> Lord George William Russell, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington.

be short of money (for we had too little to spare him any). The next morning he sold his pony, bought a young horse, and rode the first league with us. Here we parted with each other with real regret, and poor John seemed to feel rather forlorn. God grant he may have reached head-quarters in safety and health, for he had been far from well the last few days he was with us. He returned to Almaden, there to purchase some leathern bags to carry his clothes, and he was to start the following morning. Clive and I feel fully persuaded that we shall see him no more till we return to England. We came back to this place by Cordova; our road from Almaden to Cordova was about seventy miles, and entirely through the Sierra Morena. This Sierra is a most singular range of mountains. It is not high in any part, nor ever retains snow upon it; but it is of immense extent, being one perfectly unbroken range from the borders of the kingdom of Murcia to those of Portugal on the Guadiana, and great part of it one hundred miles in breadth. Our road through it, from Almaden, was nothing but the track of beasts of burthen, and for thirty or forty miles it lay through the wildest mountains you can imagine, and a constant ascent or descent in this dis-



tance. We passed one poor village, where we slept, and, except this, it was a perfect desert, where here and there we met a few donkeys laden. Some parts were covered only with low shrubs, so common in this country, the rest was a pine forest; but when we arrived on the southern ridge of the Sierra, I never beheld so magnificent, so enchanting a scene. Ourselves still in this forest of pines, we beheld Cordova in its golden valley immediately below us, and surrounded by kitchen gardens, olive grounds, convents, and country houses. Beyond the river, hills covered with green corn, and in the distance, to the southwest, the mountains towards Granada and Jaen topped with snow; had but these corn-hills had our hedges, nothing would have been wanting. We descended from the Sierra by rugged winding paths in this pine forest, the ground covered with shrubs, the laurustinus in profusion and in full bloom, and the whole extent enamelled with cistus—there were four sorts in bloom, three white, and the fourth a beautiful purple. Notwithstanding the great length of time it took us to descend, I never felt more regret in my life than on reaching the bottom, and leaving behind me this enchanting garden of nature. I think (and sin-

cerely hope) the picture of it will ever be before my eyes in its liveliest colours. We reached this place for the second time last Sunday, the 11th, and we are staying here to rest our animals and see the Easter gaieties. About Wednesday we shall start for Cartagena, where we shall pass two or three days, and then proceed by Murcia to Alicante, always providing that the moment the French are good enough to evacuate Madrid, we take the direct road there. If, on reaching Alicante, Madrid is still occupied by the enemy, we shall embark for Minorca and Sicily. Some bad news arrived here yesterday from the east, but they seem to know no particulars; the wise newsmongers are looking very black, and rather insinuate against our Alicante army. All I can learn is, that part of our army has been surprised and cut off by a corps of 8,000 from Suchet's—this General Murray did *not* prevent; whether he *could* have done so, or *could not*, remains to be proved—Elio should take care of his own, and not Murray. On our return here we found the air still sharp and keen, but since the change of the moon on Thursday, it has been very hot; the summer is now setting in, and in the plains of Murcia we shall be fried alive.

*April 20th.*—Clive wished not to send his letter till to-day, that he might write word to his friends at Cadiz the event of the elections of deputies for this kingdom to the new Cortes, which is appointed to meet in October next; the kingdom of Granada sends ten. I cannot inform you whether the event has been satisfactory or no to the patriots in this particular instance, but I grieve to say that, speaking generally of Spain, the clergy are making immense efforts, and have gained great power again over the minds of the weak and *beatos* (or devotees), and there is much reason to fear that if they can obtain many votes, they will re-establish that dreadful tribunal of the Inquisition. If they should succeed, this poor unhappy country, after all it has already suffered, must unavoidably experience the scenes of a bloody revolution; for the body of the nation abhor the Inquisition, and as it has once been abolished, they will never tamely submit to its re-establishment. We leave this place to-morrow for Cartagena.

&c. &c.



ALICANTE,  
*May 12th, 1813.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



HAVE several letters to thank you for, and to acknowledge. . . . .  
Since I wrote to you from Granada we have seen little that has been interesting ; the country thence to the entrance of the kingdom of Murcia is dreary and miserable. Lorca and Cartagena have fine olive and corn plains—the latter has a nice little bay, and the naval arsenal is very handsome, compact, and commodious ; at present it is quite deserted. Murcia itself is a fine town, and has a cathedral altogether handsome, but very irregular in architecture ; the huerta (or garden) of Murcia, as it is called, which is an irrigated valley of from twenty to thirty miles long from west to east, and perhaps



ten broad, sheltered to the north and south by two rows of low mountains, is the richest spot of ground, perhaps, in the universe, certainly in the Peninsula ; the greater part is corn, the crops of which exceeded in luxuriance anything I ever beheld. Amongst the corn, mulberry trees are thickly planted, beneath whose shade the corn was quite as fine as where exposed to the sun ; the rest is planted with orange trees, whence all this part of Spain is supplied with the fruit. The fragrance of their flowers scented the whole atmosphere ; the barley was ripe, and some of it cut, and the wheat nearly ripe. Lucern grows here in the greatest profusion, and yields a crop nearly every month of the year. Grass of all sorts grows here most luxuriantly, which seems very strange in this burning climate, but it must be owing to the irrigation and to the shade afforded by the mulberry trees. Immense quantities of silk is made here, and in the town there is a royal manufactory. This valley continues with the same luxuriance of production eastward towards the sea, and there it is called the Huerta de Orihuela, but how far that extends I know not. Alicante is a vile, detestable place ; the people of the kingdom of Valencia are the worst in Spain—they are an ill-

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affected, selfish, grumbling race ; their language is an ugly mixture of French and old Spanish, though they understand the Castilian ; they are very sulky, and unaccommodating to the English, by whom, in return, they are detested. Our army here seems to be full of misunderstandings and party, but I cannot dive into the truth ; one party blames General Murray violently for not having followed up the repulse of the French at Castalla, whom they say we might have destroyed. The hot weather seems to have set in, and exercise begins to be rather oppressive, except in the mornings and evenings. The mosquitos begin to swarm, and the first night I arrived, sleeping without a mosquito net, I was so bit round the eyes, that the swelling made me half blind ; but the net completely keeps them off ; by the bye, I fancied mosquitos a great deal larger than our gnat, but I find they are the identical same, only that there are more of them, and the bite is sharper in these hot climates ; that of the common fly here is dreadfully sharp, and as they crawl (which the mosquitos do not) no net can keep them off. I think I mentioned in Oporto how much the flies worried us there. I don't think I have yet mentioned the day of our

arrival here, which was the 7th; our animals all lasted out the journey; though of the horses my little tough mountaineer alone remains uninjured, the other three are all quite done for; the mules are all sound but one, which has a splint and swelled leg from work; however, from the excessive low price of animals here, through fear of embargo, we are only to get \$250 for these four mules, which cost us \$630. I get \$15 for my pony, which cost me \$60. Clive has given his away; and the servants' horses may fetch \$20 together. I wish you could see my pony, he is a bay, about 12 hands high, 5½ feet long, with a mane reaching half way to the ground, his tail is docked by the Portigooses (otherwise Portuguese) in supposed imitation of the English. The numbers of people now in this wretched town (owing to numbers having entered for safety from the French, and others from a large suburb which was pulled down for the sake of defence), in addition to the army, is something astonishing, and there is no getting a room anywhere; I am in a miserable one at the house of our Consul, Mr. Attey, the dirt of which, and of his family (Spanish) exceeds all I ever beheld, but he is very kind and civil, and thinks it all perfection. Clive has

a room in the house of M. Roselt, a merchant, where I come and sit. They say the Duque del Parque's army (formerly Ballesteros's) is on its march to join Elio's in Murcia and Valencia, and that Murray's is to go to Cataluña; ours has a great deal of sickness, especially agues, and the hospitals here are full. Several officers of the Sicilian troops (Austrians they say) have resigned, and are returning disgusted with the inactivity of this army; in short, from its harlequin composition, parties, and misunderstandings, I fear little can ever be expected from it. Parque, too, is an old woman, and no soul, Spanish or English, places a grain of confidence in him. Report says, Ballesteros through the medium of Lord Wellington is returning to take the command of that army, a complete penitent; he is excessively popular with the soldiers and peasantry, but though he has undoubted courage, loves his country, and never spares himself, yet from being entirely without education, he is unfit for an independent command; with a brigade, and even a division, and under the orders of a good general, I believe he would acquit himself well, but ambition in his uneducated mind destroys his judgment, and, of course, all his little merits. Elio is

well spoken of, and I believe a fair general, but he is unprovisioned, and unassisted by his Government, and when he endeavours to draw provisions forcibly from the country he occupies, to which he is compelled by necessity and the neglect of his Government, these same idle fellows severely reprimand him for breaking the constitution. The Spanish battalions lost previous to the battle of Castalla, were obliged to surrender in their garrisons of Villena and Yecla, from not having literally a day's provisions. Henry O'Donnell, who commands the Army of Reserve in Seville, is a fine fellow and a good soldier. That army is well clothed, and they are a fine body of men, I think 12,000. Castaños is a good sort of old fellow, and amazingly popular among the Spaniards, but his merits as an officer are imaginary, and his fame entirely acquired by a series of extraordinary good fortune. He deserves just as much merit from the battle of Baylen as I do ; and it is the same in all other instances ; he himself, personally commanding, never did anything. Mina, in the north, is a fine fellow, the only clever man who has shown himself by the Revolution ; he was, they say, a blacksmith, and certainly was very low in life, then a guerilla, and now a Mariscal de Campo (Major

General), and second in command of Mendizabel's army. If he ever rises to the independent command of an army, probably he may lose himself, like Ballesteros. Lacy, who is gone to command the army of Galicia, is well spoken of. He was in the French service, and being ill-treated, came over to the Spaniards, his countrymen. All these Spanish *armies*, as they are called, amount together to a small number: they are generally ill-clothed, worse appointed, and still worse officered. The only effective corps are, I believe, Whittingham's and Roche's—perhaps 10,000; O'Donnell's reserve of 12,000; and one or two regiments raised and drilled by Doyle—these last are extremely good. This is what I have been enabled to collect during my tour through Spain, and as far as I can judge, it is the truth, but I may be deceived. The Catalans are a noble people—the perseverance of their guerilla parties has been truly surprising. I enclose a plan of the bridge of Alcantara; it is a bad one, and will give you very little idea of the grandeur of its appearance, being simply an elevation intended for scientific persons; however, you may like to see it. I have translated the explanations. I don't know yet when we shall go from hence.

&c., &c.



ALICANTE,  
*June 7th, 1813.*

**I** WROTE you a letter from hence, my dearest mother, begun soon after our arrival, and continued for several days. I filled several sheets of paper to you, and sent a good many letters through my father to other people; but as I know these letters were on board the "Malta" when she sailed a week ago with the expedition to Tarragona, probably this letter will reach you first. We had given up all hopes of Madrid, and had made up our minds to take the first opportunity that might occur to Mahon. None, however, offering for a long time, Madrid again haunted us as the time of Lord Wellington's advance drew nearer. Vague reports came here a few days ago that the capital was

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evacuated on the night of the 27th ult., and entered the following day by Empecinado and his Spaniards, which was all confirmed yesterday; and we shall start on Saturday for our long wished-for goal. We intend to go with very little baggage. We shall hire two calesas, and buy two horses. We shall take our two servants, which, with the Spaniards who drive the calesas, make six persons. In Madrid we shall once more join John, who I hope we shall keep steady in future. We shall leave his servant here with our luggage, and get the consul, Mr. Attey, to send him with it to Mahon in a merchant vessel or transport. We shall stay at Madrid about a fortnight, then go to see the Escorial, Toledo, and Aranjuez, and return to the east coast to embark. We hope that Valencia will then be open. We have no news from the expedition yet; they sailed on the 31st ult. Immediately on our troops quitting Castalla, and coming here to embark, Suchet began his march northward with great part of his troops to meet us wherever we may go, leaving 10,000 to watch the Spaniards under Parque—4,000 of which are since gone; but Parque with his 25,000 has not dared to attack them: however, they say he has been waiting



for provisions, and is now about to advance; if the French resist him, I dare say they will thrash him; moreover they have behind them a very strong pass, between Albaida (their advanced post) and San Felipe; thence they can only be driven by being turned at Fuente de Higuera; however, with Parque's immense superiority of numbers, he must indeed be an *old woman* if he cannot turn them. Never were poor mortals so dead sick of a place, as Clive and I are of this insufferable, stupid, filthy town; and our spirits are quite enlivened at the thoughts of our trip to Madrid. John Cobb has had a slight attack of fever. I find he had a similar one last year in London, which I never knew of, and a very trifling one at Badajoz; this last attack was more considerable, and he was unwell for three or four days, but is now quite set up again; just as he was recovering I had a little attack of cholera morbus, but I have had no return of it since the first day, and I am also well again; however, I look to leaving this oven, and to change of air and exercise, as necessary to re-establish us completely. Clive, even, does not prosper here entirely, although he has had no real complaint. Our letters from Madrid will be written in a very different tone;

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we shall be eight days on our journey, and hope to reach that place on the 17th or 18th. I have received three letters from you.

&c., &c.





MADRID,

*June 30th, 1813.*

**H**ERE, at last, we are all three arrived. Clive and I reached it on the 19th, and found John had anticipated us by some days—nearly a fortnight. There is but one other Englishman, whose name is Bonar—no great shakes, but of course we live a good deal together. He was the first Englishman that entered the place, being here five or six days before John. Our journey from Alicante was without incident, and we performed it according to the agreement I mentioned in my last letter from thence, in eight days. We soon perceived we had left that suffocating climate, were delighted more than I can describe to find ourselves again amongst the dear Castilians, and to hear once more their pure and beautiful language. We had a fine re-

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freshing air the last six days, and arrived here with our strength and spirits perfectly recruited. I was rather disappointed in the beauty of this town, having heard it so extravagantly extolled ; but all I have ever heard of the patriotism, good feeling, and enchanting manners of its inhabitants, fell far short of what I found them to be—I firmly believe them to be the first set of people on the face of the earth. The popularity of the English exceeds anything I could have conceived. We cannot stir without the blessings of the people ; everywhere our ears are saluted with “Viva Inglaterra !” “Vivan los Ingleses !” &c., &c. Even the ladies, whose superior situation in life prevents their expressing themselves thus, make their children repeat these sentences. Oh ! how proud does all this make me feel of my country !—the champion of the world against the insatiable ambition and brutal tyranny of Napoleon and his host of slaves ! A very few days after our arrival the news came of the battle of Vittoria. For three days the town was illuminated, the *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches, the regiment of Don Juan Martin, the Empecinado, quartered here, fired *feux de joie*, and the happiness of the people was excessive ; the whole population passed the greater part

of the three nights in the streets, the lower orders dancing, and singing patriotic songs; the women almost devoured us in the streets. The poverty and misery here exceeds, I think, all I have before seen; but the poorest beggars seemed to forget their misery and their hunger, in the recovery of their freedom, and the successes of their country—indeed, their joy seemed almost to exceed that of the other classes. I am all admiration, on seeing this defenceless town, which has not a wall so good as the poorest garden wall in England, to recollect that these rashly patriotic people could defend themselves for a single instant against Bonaparte, and his immense army; it seems to me that a Holkham shooting party with their fourteen double-barrelled guns, would be able to level this wall to the ground. Two bull-fights have been allowed in consequence of our late victory—the first took place last Sunday, and I suppose the other will be next Sunday. On account of the want of cavalry horses, they were not permitted to use any, as horses sometimes lose their lives in these fights; of course, therefore, we had it not in perfection; moreover, notwithstanding the mad passion of the Spaniards for this amusement, such is the poverty

of Madrid, that few persons were able to pay for a seat, the amphitheatre was therefore not half filled; however, the scene was very gay and pretty. One bull only out of the ten was allowed to be killed, on account of the scarcity of meat: this was most unskillfully performed, so that the poor animal suffered a good deal; but if well done by a skilful Matador (as the man is called) the death is instantaneous; and as the person seldom fails, I do not think these much talked of bull-fights are *so* cruel as they seem to be to those who have not seen them, although they cannot fail of being cruel; but there is something very fine and noble in the sport, which induces one to look over the cruelty of it.

Tho' I have said I was disappointed in the beauty of Madrid, I mean only to compare that beauty to the expectations I was taught to raise; it is certainly a beautiful town, but very unequally so; the public walks, called the Prado, are most delightful avenues, and adorned with numerous magnificent fountains—this on the festival days used to be crowded with carriages, like Hyde Park; now if a shabby solitary coach jogs slowly by, it causes a remark. The greater part of the nobility and gentry fled from Madrid in

1808, all the remainder that were not entirely devoted to the French left it before the latter entered it last November, and the French party fled with Joseph, the other day; society, therefore, is not to be found here. A few gentlemen's families of little note remain, but they are scarcely to be found in the great void. You can form no idea of the robberies and destruction the French have committed, chiefly on their going away this last time—the desolate state of the great houses, the ruins which meet your eye on all sides, of the Retiro, the convents, magnificent barracks, &c., &c., added to the numbers of starving wretches who crowd the streets and walks, make at one moment one's heart ache; while (singular contrast) the air rings with joyful shouts and expressions of almost universal delight at the bright prospect which now opens upon them. The new palace is a beautiful building, as far as it goes, but it has never been nor ever will be finished. Another beautiful building on the Prado, intended for the Museum of Natural History and Arts, is likewise quite unfinished, and has been terribly injured by the French; indeed, the new palace seems to be the only thing they have at all respected. From thence they

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have contented themselves with carrying off the *very* superior pictures, leaving still a very large and a very fine collection. The houses of the grandees have disappointed me. The only two handsome ones are—that formerly the Duchess of Alva's, and afterwards belonged to the brother of Godoy, Prince of Peace, and that of the Duke of Berwick, Alva, and Liria. These two excepted, the rest, though many of them *very* large, are neither handsome externally nor internally; the rooms are not fine, and the communications, staircases, and whole style, abominable. The convents of monks are destroyed; some are pulled down, but of most of them the walls are standing. One only appears to have been handsome. Most of the nuns' convents are uninjured; two or three have been pulled down, but near thirty still remain and retain their prisoners. Some of these are good buildings, but that is all that can be said. Of the public buildings the handsomest are the Custom House and Post Office, which are both *very* fine. The General Hospital is not half built, and looks like a ruin. Had the plan for it been completed it would have been a little town in size, and handsome. The new museum, two immense barracks, and other buildings ruined by



the French, are easily reparable; but probably will remain years in this ruined state. There is no such thing as a handsome square in Madrid. Two of the gates are beautiful, and two others very neat. Most of the roads for some distance are planted with avenues, but otherwise the environs are open and bare of trees. The mountains to the north and north-west are a fine object.

*July 10th.*—Poor Bonar received Tuesday last the account of the horrid murder of his father and mother, and immediately set off by Lisbon for England; we know not the particulars of it. We got the dispatches of the battle of Vittoria yesterday in the "Cadiz Gazette," but no names of killed and wounded; but Fitzroy Somerset writes John word that William is well, and an officer (Captain Hay), who is lately arrived here from the army, says the Guards were not engaged. No letter has come either from Orlando or William. We went the other day to the Escorial, twenty-eight miles from hence; it is a frightful building, but of immense size; it had the finest collection of original pictures in Spain, but the French have not left a thing of any description in the building. It is absurd to call it a palace, for there is nothing of the kind, only

*Madrid, July 10th, 1813.*

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a few miserable rooms for the King and Queen when they come there. All the rest is a Geronine Convent, two hundred friars, all driven out by the French, which one cannot regret, as the riches of these fellows were abominable. We have already exceeded the time we proposed staying at Madrid, having been here three weeks to-day; but the heat makes us idle, and some of the sights are not to be seen without trouble; however, we shall certainly be gone before another week expires. We now know for certain that the French are out of Valencia, where we shall be in the course of three weeks. I could write you whole volumes on Spanish affairs, but you cannot feel about them as we do; you have English politics to employ you, we hear nothing of them. Lord Fitzroy, in his letter to John, mentions the Catholic question being thrown out; things go on rather ill, I fear, in Germany. Suchet and Clausel have joined at, or near, Zaragoza, making a force of 30,000, but Lord Wellington despises them. Pamplona is strong, its garrison is 3,000, besides 2,000 wounded left behind. I suppose Joseph will collect guns in France, and return to the field. He and Jourdan are two fools; the other French generals are quite mad at being under their command.

*Madrid, July 10th, 1813.*

The Cortes have voted Lord Wellington an estate, and the Regency are to choose it for him. The Spaniards have fought well in this battle, which is pleasant. Sir John Murray has played the devil; was there ever anything equal to his conduct? I hope Lord William Bentinck will retrieve our fame. I have got some Spanish music here, which I will send the first opportunity. I hope you will receive my two letters from Alicante. We are to have a better bull-fight to-morrow, with horses, and all that is right. I shall send this letter to Corunna—I fear it will cost immensely, but S——t would see me and you at the D——l before *he* would forward it, (I have heard enough of his character,) and Cadiz is such a round. I was walking in the streets this morning, and among a string of prints on a wall for sale, I recognized the picture over the hall chimney-piece at Weston, supposed to be the portrait of a Lord Arundel and his son; it proves to be a copy of a Vandyck, and the subject is Don Alfonso de Guzman the Good, first Lord of San Lucar de Barrameda, and founder of the House of Medina Sidonia; as the print was engraved in 1789, by Manuel Salvador Carmona, the original is probably now in Spain in possession of the Duke of

*Madrid, July 13th, 1813.*

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Medina Sidonia. I will send this print with the music from Mahon or Malta.

*July 13th.*—I yesterday saw the original picture; it is in the palace of the Marques de Villa Franca, heir to the titles and estates of Medina Sidonia. It is very beautiful, but has been damaged, and is in a very inferior state of preservation to yours. I could collect from the steward that the family set great value upon it. King Joseph had marked it to be carried away, and they know not by what good luck it has been left. We leave this place for Toledo on Saturday next. Mr. Frederick North and four friends are arrived here, they confirm the report we had heard that the plague is at Malta; I trust, however, it will prove trifling. They came from Sicily to Alicante. Sir J. Murray is almost hooted, and Lord William Bentinck was received with enthusiasm. We had a regular bull-fight on Sunday, and my opinion of it is totally changed; such a horrid scene of bloodshed and brutality in a country calling itself civilized I could not have imagined possible; but I won't attempt to describe it, for it would make you shudder.

God bless you, &c., &c.



VALENCIA,  
*August 23rd, 1813.*

**O**H! my beloved mother, what a large share of the happiness of my life do I see myself deprived of by the premature death of my dear and ever-to-be-lamented cousin.<sup>1</sup> Had it pleased God to let her remain in this uncertain world until she had reached the natural age allotted to us mortals, how many of the most peaceful and happiest hours of my life should I have passed in her society and that of her amiable husband! but the Almighty willed otherwise. She had suffered much from weak health, which she had borne with angelic patience and cheerfulness, and He has taken her away

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<sup>1</sup> Harriet, wife of the Honourable C. A. Pelham, afterwards Earl of Yarborough.

to reward her virtues with everlasting bliss. The death of my dear grandfather was a blow to me at first, but that was an event to be expected in the natural course of things ; he had lived to a good old age, and when he was almost unable to enjoy anything in this life, he was taken to a better. When I last took leave of him it was with a strong presentiment that I should not see him more. How different is the case of my beloved cousin Harriet ! The last hours I remained in my native land were passed in her society ; she was in better health, and stronger, than she had been since she married. I received from her then, as ever, innumerable marks of her affection ; she accompanied me in the boat to put me on board the fleet as it passed Cowes, and afterwards came to Yarmouth, where our fleet had put back, to take leave of me once more. Here we parted for the last time ! Gracious God ! how little did I then imagine that I should see her no more. Nothing now seems possible to supply the loss to me, and I see myself, before I have completed my twenty-fourth year, deprived for ever of one of the chief sources of my earthly happiness. And yet my loss is inferior to my poor Lucy's, and, oh ! how they both sink almost to

nothing when I consider that of her doating and disconsolate husband! May the all-merciful Father of mankind support him through this trial, which, I fear, will nearly overpower him. Clive received a few lines the day before yesterday from my aunt Bath, through Cadiz, in which at the end she just mentions that she fears I shall be much affected to hear of poor Harriet's death—this is all I have heard of it, for my letters are gone, I fancy, either to Malta or Sicily; but yet I was not quite unprepared for this melancholy blow, for at twelve o'clock on the night of the 16th of July, which was only five hours previous to our leaving Madrid, Bayning<sup>1</sup> and Herbert arrived there, and the former brought me a packet from Commissioner Fraser containing your letters Nos. 24 and 25 of the 15th and 19th of May, in which you gave me such melancholy accounts of my beloved cousin, that I ought to have resigned from that moment all hopes of her surviving—but while there's life there's hope, and I could not at once bring my mind to expect that so great a calamity was so soon to befall me—and I vainly hoped that in so young a constitution,

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<sup>1</sup> Charles, second Lord Bayning.

*Valencia, August 23rd, 1813.*

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the effects of this illness might not be fatal. Alas! alas! how vain was the illusion! I had intended not to have written to you till I had got to Mahon, but this melancholy news has determined me to get Clive to send this through Cadiz, as I think you will get it rather sooner, and the principal object of it is, that as poor dear Pelham,<sup>1</sup> since the death of William Cavendish,<sup>2</sup> has considered me as his greatest friend, and knowing his character as I do, I think it possible that he might in his present affliction receive some comfort from my society; in which case I would most willingly go home, and the greatest satisfaction I could experience would be in feeling that I was in the slightest degree able to lighten the weight of sorrow with which God has been pleased to afflict him. I cannot bear to think how long it will be ere I can receive your answer to this, and at times I feel almost determined to go home at once without waiting for your opinion, and yet I don't like to do an absurd thing; perhaps I might be after all of no use, and for

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<sup>1</sup> The Honourable Charles Anderson Pelham, created Earl of Yarborough.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. William Cavendish, father of the present Duke of Devonshire.



myself I am infinitely better abroad—for here I am surrounded by no melancholy objects to bring my misfortune to my recollection; on the contrary, everything I see or hear tends to make me forget England, home, and all belonging to them, and it is only at moments when my different senses are unemployed, that my reflections overwhelm me; generally I feel myself bewildered by a sort of stupid melancholy, the cause of which I seem hardly to be aware of, which prevents me from enjoying surrounding objects; while they on the other hand draw me away from the recollection of my loss. But why do I thus wound you with my melancholy thoughts? If poor Pelham should ever express a wish for me, or from any hint, or anything else, you should imagine that I could be any comfort to him, write to me immediately, and I will return by the first opportunity; indeed I trust you will do so should it occur, even without receiving this letter; and after all, if on further reflection I should think it better not to wait for your answer, I may go home from Mahon.

I will now shortly answer your last letters, my beloved mother, and mention our proceedings: we left Madrid on the 17th of July, for Toledo, whence we

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came straight here ; this journey, owing to the badness of the roads, took us a fortnight, and we arrived here on the 30th. Since then we have been detained here, owing to a report of the plague having been brought to Mahon from Malta—it turns out to be only one vessel in the lazaretto which has had a few sick, and it has proceeded no farther. We are now waiting for an English fish merchant-brig which is unloading here, and will then proceed in ballast to Palma in Majorca ; this vessel will take us all very well, and she expects to go in about a week. Herbert has now joined us, I have already mentioned his arrival at Madrid with Bayning, they stayed there a fortnight, and then Bayning went to England, and Herbert came here. I believe you don't know Bayning, I wish you would get acquainted with him, for I am sure you would like him ; he is very lively, sensible, natural, and agreeable, and one of the most honourable, conscientious young men I know. I have the greatest regard for him, and I believe he has for me. He went to Santander hoping to catch Mr. F. North and his party there, and to embark with him for England—would to God that I had by inspiration determined to have gone with him ; but I did not even read your

letters mentioning dear Harriet's illness till on my road to Toledo, for I had not time the night I received them, and as it was, I only was in bed two hours. A thousand thanks, my dear mother, for them both. . . .

. . . . I trust you will have received at last my letter from Malaga. I have not heard from Orlando since I left Alicante; I wrote him two letters from Madrid, but I got no answer—he probably thought I should not stay there so long; I shall be most anxious till I hear something of him, though I don't believe he could have been either in the battle of Vittoria, or that of Pamplona. What a great man is Lord Wellington, and how noble has been the conduct of all our troops; but it is dreadful to think of the loss in two such bloody battles. Once more Lord William Bentinck has raised the blockade of Tarragona, and they say the French had evacuated it and blown up the works—this seems strange; our falling back appears to be owing to the Spanish troops wanting provisions; how abominable this is in those whose business it is to supply them, with such a land of milk and honey behind them as this province of Valencia. John Russell goes with us to Sicily, and intends to embark there for England in December.

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I wrote you a long letter from Madrid by the post. I do not yet know whether the books I sent from Gibraltar, or the sherry I sent to my father from Cadiz, have arrived. I must now close my letter hastily, dear mother,

&c., &c.





VALENCIA,  
*September 8th, 1813.*

**S**INCE I wrote last to you, my dearest mother, I have heard by a captain of the Navy, who came from Gibraltar, that Fraser has been so unwell as to apply for leave to go home. If this is true, in all probability you will know it long before you receive this ; but on the *possibility* of the reverse, I write these few lines to beg of you not to send any more letters through him, but to Sicily at once. I hope all those that have been sent to Malta will not be destroyed in consequence of the plague ; for old as most of them are, I long to read them all. I remain in the same mind as when I wrote last, about not going home until I receive your answer in Sicily. Oh ! my dear mother, how I long to hear some account of poor Harriet's

last moments (I pray to God that they may have been easy, and that her poor surviving, doating husband may have been supported through his hard trial). As is usual with everything relating to the sea, we have been delayed here a long while, but at last we are likely to go; our merchant brig sails to-morrow evening, we shall stay very few days in Majorca, and proceed to Mahon, whence I will write to you again. The unprovisioned state of the Spanish Army is quite melancholy, it did oblige us again to retire from Tarragona, and allowed the French to blow up the works; the poor soldiers are absolutely starving here in the midst of plenty; nobody but those on the spot, and who know the Spanish character, could believe their unnatural indolence and negligence possible. The Constitution, unfortunately, is so strict, that generals and commanding officers are absolutely forbidden to interfere in the provisioning of their corps, they dare not lay their hands upon a crumb of bread, and the civil authorities whose duty it is to supply the armies, think no more of it, than the inhabitants of the moon; yet the Government never thinks of punishing them, and the Cortes have been, and continue to be, solely occupied in disputing, and

making laws for that country which they take not a single step to liberate, or secure, from their crafty enemies; it is enough to exhaust the patience of Job himself, to see their absurd and lethargic policy. Our troops are frequently put on half rations to save the poor Spanish soldiers from starving, yet all does not do to enable them to keep the field. How very flattering the Prince Regent's letter to Lord Wellington is; numerous inveterate cabals are already at work against him with all their venom, and I fear he will individually rue the day he took the command of the army of the haughtiest nation upon earth. The estate they have given him of the "Soto de Roma," is worth, they say, about \$20,000 per annum; they first said 100,000, but that is an egregious exaggeration. Adieu, my dear parents; the wind, what there is of it, is favourable to us, but I imagine we shall have a slow passage.





MAHON,

*September 26th, 1813.*

**B**OB SPENCER<sup>1</sup> has just arrived from the fleet, my dearest mother, and has brought me your letters from the 6th to 11th July, and of the 17th, with inclosures from my dear father, Lucy, and poor Pelham. Lord William Bentinck, who is on his return to Sicily in consequence of some serious disturbance there, brought them to the fleet from Tarragona. Bob Spencer's brig has not entered the port, and he is going out to her immediately to proceed to England, so that I am quite bewildered how to answer the most important parts of your letters. I grieve much that you don't receive my long letter from Alicante, for besides con-

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<sup>1</sup> Captain the Honourable Sir Robert Spencer, R.N.





taining so much of our travels, whole sheets were full of interests which none but you and I and a very few others should see. I was a fool to write so confidentially from abroad. My letter from Malaga only described some beautiful scenery and a few other trifles; but as Fraser positively wrote me he had forwarded it, I am surprised it has not reached you. It has been a great comfort to me to receive your detailed account of poor Harriet's last moments, and that Pelham has borne all so well; but from his letter I think it seems but too evident that a fixed despair will prey upon him, and that is a thousand times more cruel than all those violent feelings he seems to have escaped. However, I am relieved from all doubt as to the necessity of going home to him, although I still request that should he at any time seem to desire to have me, you will instantly inform me. Poor Mrs. Eliot's death I chanced to see in an "Observer" at Valencia. Clive knew nothing of it. I cannot say how much it shocked me. Oh! what would I not give to have time to write comfortably. I should fill a volume. Bob Spencer will take home some Valencia shawls for me, and the Spanish music so long promised. Poor Lucy's letter is very melan-

*Mahon, September 26th, 1813.* 135

choly; she will never cease to feel her loss. My kindest love and duty to my father and her, and thanks for their letters. We are to have forty days quarantine at Palermo. It has almost made me forswear travelling, and I had half determined to go home. John is going; Spencer will disembark him in Tarragona, whence he will proceed by land to Corunna. A store-ship goes home in a few days, by which I will write fully. We arrived at Mahon on Thursday last, the 23rd; how, you shall know in my next. At present there is no opportunity to Sicily. I find by your letter that Orlando did not go with General Stopford to the army as he wrote me word he was to do, which accounts for my not having heard from him at Madrid. Pray send the enclosed scrap to Pelham, and tell him how I am circumstanced. In haste, adieu.





MAHON,  
*September 28th, 1813.*

**I** WAS most cruelly hurried, my dearest mother, when I wrote you those few lines the day before yesterday by Bob Spencer, who commands the "Espoir" brig. I will now endeavour to reply quietly to your letters. . . . They say we shall have forty days quarantine at Palermo. I fancy we shall go in a transport which will sail in a few days; but as it is sure to have convoy, one of us may have the luck to go in the brig of war. Admiral Pickmore is very civil and obliging about our passage, and will do his best for us. We are living with the navy here, and go to many Spanish houses in the evening. The natives are stupid; many cannot talk Spanish, and the rest talk it very ill; but there are crowds of

refugees, chiefly Catalans, and some of them are pleasant. Spencer promised to get four Valencia shawls over for me if he could, and will send them to Grosvenor Street. Three of them, which resemble feathers, are peculiar to Valencia, and highly valued by some people; the other I thought pretty. Everything I send home, you will know, my dear mother, you are welcome to; and I must insist on your taking one of the crimson shawls, and the common one besides, and keep those you don't take for me till we meet. I bought a very long gold chain at Cadiz, which I intend for dear Lucy, but it has gone to Palermo, and I must explain why. A report was spread at Valencia, while we were there, that the plague had broken out *here*. On this John sent off a letter to his servant (who was here) to go to Palermo by the first opportunity with all our things, and he unfortunately went ten days before we arrived, so that we are in great distress for clothes (that is, linen) for the voyage. The report was false, and a malicious one, attributed to our enemies, for the place has been perfectly healthy; and it is particularly unlucky for John, to whom we are to send his servant and things, on our arrival at Palermo.

*Wednesday, the 29th.*—I quitted you suddenly yesterday, my dear Mother, for I found it was past the dinner hour. I must conclude my letter to-day, as they tell me the store-ship sails to-morrow. I wrote yesterday to poor Pelham. Heaven grant my letter may be some comfort to him! I fear he suffers more than he appears to do, and that his grief is of that nature that rather stupefies than admits of outward show of feeling, as we witnessed in him on poor William Cavendish's death. Yours giving an account of dear Harriet's, alludes to a severe illness Pelham has had, the account of which, I suppose, is in one of your letters that has not reached me; thank God her death was so easy and calm! The want of feeling she shewed on all occasions for some time previous to it, is a melancholy subject for reflection—that a heart so sensible as hers was, could be reduced by suffering to almost insensibility! Oh! my dear Mother, how young I am to feel so out of conceit with this world as I already do. . . . . This d—d place, Sebastian, has cost us cruelly. I was very sorry indeed to hear of poor Cadogan's<sup>1</sup> death; he is a great

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<sup>1</sup> Hon. Henry Cadogan, killed at the battle of Vittoria.

loss; Fletcher's<sup>1</sup> is irreparable. I see by the papers that Trant is gone to England. I wish it may be in your power to show him some civility in return for the very great kindness we received from him in Oporto. I was greatly shocked to hear of Mrs. Eliot's death. I read it in a paper at Valencia an hour or two before we embarked, and I broke it to Clive at Palma. We went on board our brig at Valencia on the night of the 9th; the wind was at first favourable, but afterwards variable, with calms. The brig was a clumsy, bad sailer, and the master a great blackguard. We had a great deal of swell, and were all sick; we slept in pigeon-holes, like those in a packet, and anchored at Palma at noon on the 12th. They gave us a day's quarantine, and we went on shore the following evening. We had sent off our passport to the Captain-General of the Province before, and they treated us most magnificently. We lodged in the Episcopal Palace, where they fed us very well. One day we dined with the Captain-General (the Marquis de Coupigny). Palma is a handsome old town; we

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<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Richard Fletcher, killed before San Sebastian.

stayed four days there, and amused ourselves very well. We then went across the island to Soller, and thence by Pollenza to Alcudia. The environs of Palma, and all the south of the island, is flat, but rich in olives and other fruit trees. Soller is the most beautiful orange garden, surrounded by the most magnificent mountains imaginable, and the views from thence to Pollenza are strikingly grand. Such magnificent mountains in so small an island are very remarkable, but it would be in vain to attempt the description of these natural beauties; I must defer this till we meet. We embarked at Alcudia in the morning of the 21st in a small fishing boat, not the size of a man-of-war's launch; but the wind being against us, we could do little, and towards evening we put into a small creek, near the mouth of the bay. Here we cooked our dinners, and laid down upon the shingles till past midnight. We embarked again at one, and put to sea with a favourable wind; but when we had got about half way to Minorca, these poor fishermen were desperately frightened, and lowered the sail, leaving us to be tossed about in a high swell wherever the waves chose to carry us; for a terrible storm of thunder had been threatening us

all night from the north, and the wind freshened, and was variable and unsettled, the lightning incessant; and they said they must wait to see which way the wind would blow in the morning: in half an hour it was twilight, and shortly after the storm went off in another direction. After a little rain we got a fair wind, and the weather gradually clearing, we saw the low land of Minorca. Again the wind entirely failed us, and we lay becalmed for some time, but at last a light air slowly brought us into the Creek of Ciudadela at about eleven o'clock. In truth we had not a very agreeable passage, and were not sorry to change our clothes, and get some breakfast. With a good wind the passage from Alcudia to Ciudadela is made in three or four hours, and we were twenty-six! I hope we shall have no more fishing-boat voyages. On the 23rd we arrived here. Minorca is a flat, ugly island, full of stones and empty of trees: Mahon is an excellent town, cheerful and clean, and there is some good quiet society, but no large parties. Clive has just told me the transport we expected to go in to Palermo has received orders to stay here, so that when we shall go is very uncertain. Lady Oxford is here, but as she lives a mile and a half off (at Villa



Carlos, otherwise Charles's Town), and I have no great predilection for her ladyship, I have not called upon her. Clive dined with her yesterday. Lord Oxford is gone to Cagliari, and she wants now to follow him, but cannot get a passage; nobody seems inclined to assist her. You expect accounts of the fêtes, &c., at Madrid; but although we went there, certainly at an excellent moment to see the *lower* orders, it was quite empty of rank and fortune—consequently there were no diversions: but I particularly enjoy seeing and observing the *people* of a country, more especially in Spain, where they are the only estimable part of the population; I don't mean *only* the *very* lowest. God bless you, my dear parents; give my love to all who care for me.

&c., &c., &c.





MAHON,

*October 11th, 1813.*



WE are still here, my dear mother, without any prospect of getting on at present. The "Redwing," Captain Sir John Sinclair, sailed yesterday for Cagliari, and took Lady Oxford and her family there, where they will join Lord Oxford; they took no convoy, or we might have got a passage in one of them; Sinclair proceeds from Cagliari straight to Malta, to take convoy to England. There are several merchant vessels and transports laden here for Palermo and Syracuse, but Admiral Pickmore has nothing to send to convoy them. We had a pic-nic the other day, some navy captains and we travellers, and enjoyed ourselves tolerably well: it would have succeeded to perfection, but the Consul's daughter (a young lady

of some consequence on such occasions) chose to be huffed about something; and when, at dusk, we expected to have had a dance she would go home, and she carried her point. . . . . We dine to-day with Admiral Pickmore, where we shall have a large naval party; he lives in a country house about two miles from Mahon. I begin to tire of this place, and so do the others. The society don't improve upon us; it will have a great loss to-day in a lady of the name of Taverne, who is going to Palma about a lawsuit: I like her and her family better than any Spaniards I have seen; she is a Catalan: her husband is a Frenchman who has always been in the Spanish service: he commands one of the Spanish line-of-battle ships which are laying rotting in this port. They have two daughters grown up, and several other children, and have music every night. The mother is a woman of education, and has brought up her daughters very differently from any Spaniards I have seen before, and they are capable of some other conversation than what you meet with in general in Spain, which is immodest love-making and disgusting flattery. The father stays here, as he cannot leave his ship, and the daughters stay likewise; but I fear we

shall find the house very different without the mother. There are many amiable points in the female Spanish character—they are affable to strangers, and *very* good-humoured, and you can hardly expect conversation or good conduct from poor girls who literally cannot be said to know how to read and write ; the men are chiefly to blame here, and I hope the day will come when a general education throughout the country will render all more enlightened, and that the female part will be enabled to profit of those talents which they possess to a high degree ; they are infinitely superior in this country to our sex. I don't know whether the toasts *à l'anglaise* would astonish the Oporto ladies, but I am sure they have not that effect on those at Cadiz, where they are well used to them, and enjoy the custom beyond measure ; you would be shocked to see girls of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, swilling down bumpers of champagne one after another as they do. You mention how little summer you have had this year in England ; it has been the same here, and the rains and cold weather lasted so long, the people were quite astonished ; now it is oppressively hot, but at this season it is always variable, and they expect a great deal of rain ; as yet

there has been very little since we came. A few days ago there was a dreadful storm, but it did not last long—the thunder shook every ship and every house ; one of the transports was struck with lightning which carried away the main-top mast, splitting it into a thousand pieces, injured the mainmast, killed two men, and injured nine ; the storms here are tremendous, and accidents happen every year to our shipping in the harbour. The “Revenge” came in a short time ago, and I have got acquainted with St. John, one of its lieutenants, a great friend of Charles’s ; I dined with him the other day in the wardroom, and it was very gratifying to hear Charles so highly spoken of as he was by those officers who were with him in the ship—there are few of them left, the greater part quitted with Admiral Legge ; the “Revenge” is now commanded by Sir J. Gore. St. John told me he had seen the list of killed and wounded at the taking of San Sebastian, and that Orlando was mentioned as slightly wounded ; I trust it is slightly, in which case I shall rejoice at it, as there is nothing so gratifying to a young officer interested in his profession as to have his name honourably mentioned. I have seen the dispatch giving an account of this

affair, but not the list of killed and wounded; it seems to have been one of the severest things our army have had. Poor dear Orlando! God prosper him in his profession. St. John tells me he has no doubt Charles is acting commander before this time, as he knows he was second for promotion on the list, and we have heard some time ago of the first being promoted; I wish St. John may prove correct. I am astonished I should not have mentioned Conway Seymour in my second letter from Alicante. He dined with us several times, he is a fine boy, very manly and sensible, and seems to like his profession exceedingly, he is rather forward, and plays the man, perhaps, a little too much, but then his conversation and remarks are beyond his years. I was very near writing once to Lady George, but I was too lazy, for I had written so much at Alicante that I was quite sick of it. Henry Thynne<sup>1</sup> spoke *well* of Conway, but I thought not with very great cordiality—but Henry is silent and quiet, and would not perhaps say all he thought; they seem good friends.

October 17th.—I have now another letter to thank

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Thynne, afterwards Marquess of Bath.

you for, my dear mother ; it is No. 29, of the 8th of August ; it came several days ago in a bag directed to Alicante, which, most fortunately for me, the Admiral's Lieutenant opened just before it was sent to its destination, thinking it was possible there might be a letter for some one here. Fraser had sent mine to the fleet, and directed it to Admiral Pickmore ; but owing to some mistake, I had nearly lost it—a thousand thanks for it, and its inclosures. . . .

. . . . . Don't fear any danger for me at Malta ; depend upon it, if they keep anything for me I may safely receive it—for they are so cautious, they destroy everything about which there is the slightest suspicion. I am glad you have received my long letter from Alicante, you say nothing of that from Malaga, which must certainly be lost.

*October 20th.*—We are now likely to go to Palermo in a day or two ; the "Cossack," a twenty-gun ship, is come in from Gibraltar, and is in quarantine, but will convoy the transports I mentioned in my last letter, without riding out here her quarantine. Captain Napier is going to England, and will take this. He goes to Gibraltar in the "Stromboli" bomb-ship, and sails to-morrow or the next day ; at Gibraltar he meets

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the "Invincible," going to England. My next letter will be from Sicily, where I fear we shall have a terrible quarantine, although *this* place is perfectly healthy. Captain Noel, who is going to join his brig in the Adriatic, Herbert, Clive, and myself, are to have the cabin of a transport to ourselves; the master is to feed us for a certain sum. I enclose letters for Lucy, Mrs. Cautley, and Lord George Quin. We have such strange, contradictory reports here of German affairs, that it is impossible even to guess at the truth. I trust, however, that all goes on pretty satisfactorily. If I know the day of our sailing before I am obliged to seal this, I will add it, if not, adieu. I had intended writing to Mr. Chap, but I have not time; give him my love, and also to all my other friends and relations you may see or write to. God bless you, my dear parents,

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

G. A. F. H. B.

*October 21st.*—Nothing new has occurred, and I must close up my letter. I suppose we shall go to-morrow or the next day.





MAHON,  
*October 25th, 1813.*

**S**INCE closing my long letter a few days ago, my dearest father, our plans have been all adrift again. The convoy I said we were going in sailed yesterday, but Herbert was very unwell, and unable to go with it, and Clive and I do not like to leave him here ; it is very unfortunate, for they have a delightful wind and beautiful weather. I directed my last letter (of which I consider this a P.S.) to Mr. Hamilton, at the Foreign Office, and this I shall direct immediately to you. I mention the circumstance in order that should you receive the P.S. before the letter, you may not think it is lost ; they both go home by the same means, namely, by Captain Napier. Heaven knows when we shall go now ; we are most heartily sick of

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Mahon. The fleet are not come in yet, but are expected on the 1st, but the weather is now so fine again that possibly they may remain out longer. It will be a fine sight to see them all here together ; there are now seven line - of - battle ships, four frigates, and several brigs here, but that is thought nothing ! A squadron of five or six sail of the line are to cruise all the winter off Cape Creux and the Bay of Rosas. Sir J. Gore is to command as senior captain ; the ships are to be the "Revenge," "Ocean," "Berwick," "Fame," "Aboukir," and, I believe, another ; it will knock them about terribly. We are in anxious expectation of more news from the north, for we have heard nothing since Bonaparte entered Dresden. I am glad to find there was no foundation for the report of the yellow fever having shown itself at Cadiz ; at Gibraltar it is quite dreadful. The last accounts we have from Malta are much more favourable, and I hope the plague is now decreasing fast. God bless you, my dear parents,

&c., &c., &c.



MAHON,  
November 9th, 1813.

**T**HE "Perseus" is come in to-day from Algiers with M. A'Court, and sails again to-morrow for England. I will therefore send you a few lines, my dear parents, to say that at present all remains in *statu quo*; neither Herbert being well enough to go yet, nor a means of conveyance offering, since the transports went that I mentioned in my last letter. I believe another opportunity for sending letters will offer in a day or two, when I will write again. The fleet are still out, but it is supposed they have left the blockade of Toulon, and are either on the coast of Catalonia or of Sardinia. We are most anxious for news that may be depended upon, both from the Peninsula and from Germany. It is an age since we have known

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anything certain, and in the interval have been inundated with contradictory reports. My spirits are much better than they were. Clive would have written if I had not; this is some of *his* paper; he calls it letter paper, but I think it deserves the name of blotting paper better. God bless you, my dear parents, and preserve you, to watch over and guide

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son.





MAHON,  
*November 10th, 1813.*



WROTE you a few lines, my dear mother, last night, and sent them by the "Perseus." The "Repulse" sails tomorrow for the coast of Catalonia, from whence a ship is going home, and I take the opportunity of sending you a few more. I said last night that my spirits were much better, and I attribute it to two or three causes. *Time* is the principal one, I believe; another is, that I heard from Captain Hamilton that his friend Clifford<sup>1</sup> is married to Miss Townshend, one of Lord John's daughters; he could not tell me which it is, but I hope it is Audrey. I hear Harting-

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<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart., gentleman-usher of the black rod.

ton has made a very handsome settlement upon him. This circumstance, however, cannot have had much to do with the improvement of my spirits with respect to the loss of dear Harriet. I attribute this more to a rather singular friendship I have formed, which has lately interested me a good deal, and in which I have had the satisfaction of being of essential use to that friend, against whom it seemed the world (at least Mahon) was conspired; the gratitude of this person, and the pleasure of feeling of use to a fellow-creature, have afforded me comfort I have not experienced for some time. This little circumstance seems to have removed that gloom which had seized upon my spirits, and although the immediate interest which had drove it away, is itself passed by too, yet it has left a calm behind, and I find my spirits wonderfully relieved; don't think me quite out of my senses for writing such an unintelligible story—the subject is such as I would not trust to paper, though I would gladly tell it to you; is it self-love that has led me to say what I have? I hope not. I hope it is only the wish to give you pleasure—you who are so kind as always to press me to communicate all my interests. I grieve that at such a distance I dare not be entirely unreserved. I

wonder what you will think of me—I begin to think myself a very odd fellow, and that I shall return to England a very different character from what I was two years ago. What I am most afraid of is, that I shall imbibe too bad an opinion of the world in general for my own happiness; I hope, at least, that I shall not become illiberal.

*November 12th.*—Contrary winds have detained the “*Repulse*,” and yesterday the “*Rivoli*” arrived from England with papers to the 18th ult., bringing down the German news to the 19th of September; upon the whole it is satisfactory, but we had raised our expectations higher. I see that poor Burrard, who I believe was the next above Orlando in the Guards, was killed at San Sebastian, at the same time that Orlando was slightly wounded. The “*Barfleur*” came in to-day from the fleet, and brings an account of the partial brush we have had with the French fleet of ten sail, as they were returning into Toulon. It is very unlucky that we could not bring off one ship. The *Moniteur* will make a flourishing story of it; they say Sir Edward Pellew is very sore about it. The ship that is going home is the “*Bombay*,” the “*Repulse*” will probably sail to-morrow, as the wind

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seems inclined to shift a little. The fleet is expected in daily. Herbert is getting better, and should an opportunity for Sicily offer in a week's time, I believe we may avail ourselves of it. I have written by this opportunity to my uncle Gunning.<sup>1</sup> Give my love to all you know are dear to me. God bless you, my beloved parents,

&c., &c., &c.

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<sup>1</sup> Sir George Gunning, Bart.







In quarantine, on board the transport "Diadem,"  
PALERMO BAY, *December 7th*, 1813.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



ON our arrival here, John's servant sent me several letters from you. Thank you a thousand times for them; they have afforded me very great pleasure, but yet I am not satisfied, for many are still missing. . . . Herbert being a great deal better, we embarked on board the "Prévoyant" store-ship, which was to sail from Mahon on the 24th ult. for Malta, touching at Palermo; strong easterly winds, however, detained us till the 27th, on which afternoon we sailed with a fair wind, taking under convoy four transports and a merchant ship. We had an excellent passage with a fresh easterly breeze, and anchored in this bay in the

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afternoon of the 1st inst., exactly four days from Mahon. They put us into quarantine for twenty-six melancholy days, making thirty from Mahon. We were rather thunderstruck at this information, but upon the whole we bear it with becoming fortitude and resignation. The store-ship sailed on the 4th for Malta, and we shifted on board this transport, one of our convoy. Our party in the "Prévoyant" consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Travers, of the 10th Foot, coming on leave from Tarragona to see his wife here; Mr. Wilkinson, late secretary to Admiral Martin, going to Malta, where he is appointed Agent Victualler; a Neapolitan gentleman, now resident in Sicily, who spoke nothing but Italian; Mr. Trounce, the master of the ship; and our three selves; we were not therefore at all crowded, and formed a pleasant party enough. The first half-day we were all, except Wilkinson, very ill; but afterwards, quite well. J. Cobb is in high feather, and desires me to say he does not know how to thank you enough for all your kindness. Clive is in perfect health, and thanks you for your kind messages. I shall destroy your little note to John, as I imagine it cannot be worth returning. Herbert is nearly recovered: I find from him that his

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marriage with Ly. E. B. is certainly entirely broken off. You cannot think how glad we were to leave that abominable place, Mahon, after staying there nine weeks; I really thought it worse than Alicante, which is saying a great deal. After the fleet came in, we dined every day on board some ship,—with Sir Edward Pellew in the “Caledonia,” Sir Sidney in the “Hibernia,” Sir R. King in the “San Josef,” with Captain Burlton in the “Boyne,” and with Captain Hammond in the “Rivoli.” I told Captain Burlton with what pleasure my father always talked of his passage with him to Ireland, and his great hospitality. He desired I would give his kind remembrance: he lives, they say, better than ever, and is the life and soul of the Fleet. Mr. and Mrs. Dashwood are still at Palermo; he has kindly come out in a boat to talk to us almost every day, and has given us newspapers, &c., &c. John’s servant has been extremely ill here, and is not yet much better; I fear he has had bad advice. I begged of Dashwood to send his servant to him to see that he got the best. I find he was kind enough to go himself, and George is now in the English military hospital, where I hope he will soon get well. We have got some books from shore,

and are beginning to learn Italian, though I fear we shall not advance much by ourselves. Herbert learnt it at Malta, but he wants brushing-up. Colonel Travers is on board the "Iris" transport, where his wife and children have joined him, we three, and the Neapolitan, here. When Clive and I have gram-mared it a little, we shall find him of use to talk to, as Herbert already does. We are much delighted with the town and bay of Palermo, as we see them from our ship; nothing can be finer than the island appears; the weather is delightful, but this prison is not the place to enjoy it. Adieu till to-morrow, when I will resume my pen.

*December 8th.*—A transport arrived the other day from Ponza (the island near the Bay of Naples, taken lately by Captain Napier), bringing a despatch to Lord William Bentinck, and a Neapolitan gentleman, supposed to be sent with some proposals from his Government; the despatch was sent instantly to Lord William, and the transport returned yesterday to Ponza, with the Neapolitan, after a long conference between him and General McFarlane, now commanding here; the quarantine from Ponza here being forty days, he could not land. Yesterday brought us an account from

Messina of another similar communication from the opposite coast of Calabria, where a Neapolitan officer had arrived from Naples ; of course we shall know no more particulars, but this is enough to raise favourable conjectures. Our plans are to pass five weeks at Palermo, and then to travel round the island, beginning at the west end of it, and thence by the south, and east to Messina ; but as we wish to be at the capital during the greatest gaiety, which will naturally be in the carnival, we cannot determine finally till we know when this falls ; perhaps, therefore, we may start soon from Palermo, make a short tour, and return to it afterwards for a month ; we probably shall be near four months in the island, and then go to Malta, from whence we shall go to Zante, and thence to Greece. In consequence of the time we have unexpectedly spent in the Peninsula, I have persuaded Clive to give up Egypt, though very reluctantly, for he would fain see all the world, but I tell him I cannot remain so many years out of England. He and Herbert are still determined on going from Constantinople to Russia—but I hope we shall have a Peace by that time, when I should infinitely prefer visiting Italy, Switzerland, and France. All these are castles

in the air, but it is amusing to form plans for different circumstances. They say the English are not near so popular here as they were; Lord William Bentinck is much less so, since Sir J. M. was here, who seems to have conducted himself strangely, and to have shown great civilities to the French party, in short, to those who are Lord William B.'s chief enemies. The English are outrageous with him for this; but he contrived to gain much popularity among the Sicilian nobility, and several of the authorities (those probably whom Lord William kept under rather more than they liked), but I know yet too little of Sicilian politics to speak with any confidence. I will now answer some questions in a very old letter of yours, although too late, I fear, to be of interest: a Portuguese league *ought* to contain three miles and five-sixths, but I usually calculated them at four miles; however, they are not measured, consequently you meet with no regularity; they often exceed five, and sometimes are scarcely three! A Spanish Legua del Rey (or King's league) is exactly four miles, but on the generality of roads they are not measured, and on an average do not exceed three and a half! A Quinta is the Portuguese name for a country house or villa, with a wood,

shrubbery, or garden enclosed by a wall; in Spain they are less common, and are called Casas de Campo (or country houses). At the Convent of Arouca the nuns who appeared at tea and breakfast were only the Abbess and five or six old ones: it was in a large parlour, divided by an iron grate, where they always receive company of an evening; the eatables and drinkables were passed to us by those turning shelves common in all convents—I forget their name. It was at the grate of the church the next morning that we saw the pretty young nun who smote Clive; her sister, who is many years older than her, obtained leave for her to come. The Bernardine order is very rich, and far from a strict one—these, and the Augustines, fare sumptuously. While I think of it, I will say a few words about my letter of credit; it is dated 19th of June, 1812, to continue for two years; it will expire, therefore, on the 19th of next June; the credit is for £3,000, of which I have drawn, up to this day, £500 only, and I am about £400 in debt to Clive; after paying him, I shall have above £2,000 left—sufficient to last me a very long time. I should imagine that, without placing any new sum in Herries's hands, I can have this letter renewed for two years longer.

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As the packet calls at Palermo on its way to Malta, you may send any letters you write to me before the second week in March under cover to Lord William B., as we shall certainly remain in Sicily till late in April. Direct afterwards straight to Malta. . . . . Gordon, of Xeres, is, as a politician, a great rogue, as Charles told you; he was under arrest when we saw him there, but he has contrived to get enlarged since, I suppose by paying a sum of money to the Spanish Government—a common method there of wiping off the stain of treason. Oh! what corruption still poisons that unhappy country! I am now come to that part of your letter in which you ask my opinion of the Roman Catholic churches and services. There are certainly several things that inspire more awe than ours, but the heavy, gaudy, tasteless ornaments of them, together with the absurd monkey-like actions and motions of their priests, chanting or reciting like parrots, while their thoughts are employed in anything but devotion, never excite in me any feelings but those of derision or disgust. They consider the organ a paltry instrument, fit only for common days (and even then it is but little played), and they seldom introduce its really religious tones



amidst the numberless violins, violoncellos, &c., &c., on which they so furiously scrape. Their grand days of music in Spain are called Funciones, one of which I saw at Seville, perhaps at the finest cathedral in the world—but any great fête in Spanish is called Funcion—a ball, fireworks, a night of illumination in a theatre, &c., &c. You touch upon a tender string when you say how delighted I must have been with Seville. I cannot forgive John and Clive for having deprived me of seeing Lisbon, and they bullied me again at Seville, for they would only stay there three rainy days, and ten, *at least*, are necessary to see all its fine buildings. The Duquesa de Goa's daughter did not improve on acquaintance; she is an affected little puss, and her mother a great admirer of Soult and his countrymen—I wish they would make a few examples in Spain of such characters. I have seen two vintages, but as they did not strike me as being either pretty or interesting, it never occurred to me to mention them. I have never seen the Inquisition anywhere—idle enough of us! The mule we left lame between Salamanca and Valladolid, recovered and joined us while we were at Salamanca the second time; after various adventures, and just before both our

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muleteers decamped with a great many dollars—a strange mixture of honesty and roguery! John's servant remained at Oporto with most of our heavy baggage, and went by sea from thence to Cadiz. I remarked most of the things you cite from "Jacob's Travels:" the geraniums were in flower in the hedges of Chiclana when we passed them in January; but the beauty of that little town is almost destroyed by the French. I do not know the Oleander. Rice is not grown now in Malaga, but they continue the growth of the sugar-cane: I think I mentioned this in my letter from thence, but this letter you say has never reached you. I am glad my account of the Grandees' ball amused you. I don't believe Charles is quite right about the Duchess of Osuna; she was formerly very fond of the French, and of French manners, but ever since the Revolution of 1808 she and her family have proved themselves very steady patriots; she is a great *intrigante*, and far from an amiable woman, but clever, and a good Spaniard. God bless you my, dear parents.

&c., &c., &c.

Finished the 10th of December.

December 15th.—I have just learnt that the packet

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for England is not yet gone, having waited for Lord William Bentinck's letters. I should have written to Lucy had I not thought it had sailed several days ago. I enclose letters for Orlando, and Gally Knight.<sup>1</sup> Lord William Bentinck is not yet returned, and I have nothing to add. How glorious is the news from all parts! There is a report here that Admiral Young has taken the Scheldt Fleet—twelve sail of the line; I hope it may prove true. The fall of Pampluna is a great point gained. I hope we shall soon have a good account of Suchet. If my box of books should ever arrive in England, you had better open it, as it contains my early journals, which may amuse you, and I am not aware that they mention anything to shock female delicacy; if they do, pray pardon me. You must consider this sheet a P.S. to my last long letter. God bless you once more, my dear parents.

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<sup>1</sup> The late Henry Gally Knight, Esq., M.P.





PALERMO,  
*January 1st, 1814.*

**N**MUST begin, my dear father and mother, by wishing you a happy New Year; this is the second New Year's day that we have not passed together, and one more remains yet, but the fourth I trust we shall all be united again at Weston. You, my dear mother, I conceive to be now at Longleat, where I trust you are enjoying yourself; my father, I suppose, is in Ireland, and will, I guess, pass this day at Mount Shannon. I am passing mine quietly enough at this moment, but we are going to dine with Lord William at four o'clock, as there is to be a drawing room at six, at which we are to be presented. But I must go back a little and write regularly, or I shall forget many things. The packet sailed at last I think on the

22nd, by which I sent three envelopes, two of which only I numbered; Lord William had not then returned, but he arrived on the night of the 24th. I have got three of your letters from him, Nos. 31, 32, and 33, for which I trust I am as grateful as I ought to be for your very great kindness in writing so fully and so regularly. I begin to despair of the eight letters of yours which I mentioned were missing in my last; the three directed to Stuart I have no idea of ever getting, but I cannot help thinking the other five are in some drawer of Lord William's, particularly as the three I have got from him have been given to me at different times. I am sure if Graham (his secretary) would give himself the trouble of looking, he would find more. No. 32 I received the first day after their return; No. 33 a day or two after, and I wondered what had befallen No. 31, when last night at the Opera he gave it to me. I asked if a packet had come in, he said, "No." I asked, "How then did this letter come?" He replied, "I don't know." On opening it I found it to be No. 31. This almost convinces me he might find more by looking back for them; it is possible the packet from Malta may bring me some. How tired you must be with this never-ceasing theme!

but you will conceive what an interesting one it is to me, and you will be interested yourself in the fate of your letters.

They excused us three days of our quarantine, and we trod on *terra firma* with considerable glee the 24th. I imagine Christmas-day was the cause of the indulgence we experienced. We were very fortunate to get on shore that day, for through the kindness of our friends Douglas and Dashwood (the former is Secretary of Legation, the latter, as you know, Pelham's brother-in-law), we were invited to a grand *fête* given by the Principe Butera, the First Baron (or Duke of Norfolk) of Sicily; he is rich, but immensely in debt, keeps open house, chiefly for the English, and seems very good-humoured and hospitable. His palace is very large, and the suite of rooms magnificent, and furnished in a very costly manner; we were about fifty at dinner, more than half English, and above one-third ladies. Many of the Sicilian nobles have adopted English hours, and the hour of dinner was nominally six; we sat down about seven! The dining room is immense, I think it must exceed 100 feet in length, and 50 in breadth and height; it was lit by 364 candles upon the tables and in the chandeliers;

there were two tables laid out, one for the dinner, and the other for the dessert—this has a grand effect, and I believe is almost peculiar to that house; we had even fresh napkins at the second table. We had not a service of plate, but yet the decorations of the tables were handsome. The dinner abounded in “quelque-choses,” but there was nothing to satisfy an Englishman’s stomach; the only substantial things were two turkeys, and I succeeded in getting part of the leg of one of them; the soup, and some of the dishes I tasted were not bad, but quite cold. There was hock, claret, and several Sicilian wines—some of which I thought pretty good; there were some excellent ices. We did not sit long after dinner; a great many people now came, who did not dine there, and after coffee we went into the concert-room, where we heard some good music; after which there were some English country dances, and waltzing. There was no regular supper, but cold meats, ices, &c. &c., in the refreshment room. We had not less than ten rooms open, and as brilliantly lighted in proportion to their sizes as the dining room. Prince Butera is a man of sixty at least, but the princess (who is a Neapolitan, and his second wife) is young, and by many thought

very pretty—I do not admire her. This place is very scarce in female beauty, and I have not seen one really pretty woman yet; the party did not last very late. I will not attempt to give any opinion of the Sicilians at present, I will defer it for a future letter when I shall have seen more of them. We have dined with the Dashwoods, Orby Hunters, Douglas, Lord William Bentinck, General McFarlane (second in command here), and with a Chevalier Sauvaire, as he calls himself—he is a Portuguese, and his estates are in the Madeiras; he is younger than me, was educated at Oxford, and was for a short time in the 10th dragoons; he has left the English service, and is *travelling*, as he calls it—but, in fact, *residing* in different towns; he is good-natured, foolish, and extravagant, fond of dress, and a servile imitator of the English libertines of the day; his friends find his dinners and his opera box very convenient; from his name he must be of French extraction. H——t having found a nature so congenial to his own, has struck up an intimacy with him. H——t has another friend here—the Prince of Lardaria (who, by the bye, has a younger brother in England, who, it is said, is to marry Miss Johnston, of Hanover Square). Prince



L. is a youngish man, good looking, well dressed, and a great imitator of the English; he has gentlemanly manners; but if one-fourth they say of him be true, he is the most unprincipled libertine that ever existed. He has been many years married—but they understand each other perfectly; indeed, this sort of agreement is pretty general here; he talks of going to England very soon, where I dare say he will take amazingly. H—t likes his horses and carriages, and they suit each other exactly.

We went to an inn on landing, where we remained a few days; we got very tolerable bed-rooms, but we were starved with cold—for there was no fire-place, and the wind came in on all sides; we only dined there once. The day before yesterday we removed to a very good lodging; it is the second floor of a house in the principal street, called the Via Toledo, or Cas-saro, which, with another—the Via Macqueda—crossing it at right angles, divide the town into four distinct parts. We were obliged to engage this lodging for two months, for 125 dollars. Its furniture consists only of some tables and chairs, and three bedsteads for the servants; one of the rooms has a fire-place, which is a great comfort, for

the weather is very cold, though not quite equal to England. We dine to-morrow with Prince Butera; Monday with General Spencer; Tuesday with Commissary Vaughan, whose wife is niece to Mrs. Orby Hunter, and daughter to Mrs. Musters; Wednesday we dine with Major Kenah, D. A. General, by which time I hope we shall have some more invitations. John Cobb is quite well. I enclose a letter from him to his son Jack,<sup>1</sup> from whom you sent him one that has pleased him very much—he showed it to me, it is very well written, and most of the words rightly spelt. The Dashwoods have been very civil and kind to me, I like him very much, she has *quite* lost her shyness since she married, which is astonishing. I think she was one of the shyest girls I ever knew. She has a slow, odd way of speaking, but seems clever and pleasant; she is very fond of music, and I have heard some very good at her house; she is still very thin, but seems in tolerable health though not stout; they have made the tour of the island, and she likes travelling. They hope soon to be able to go to Italy, and afterwards to Germany, Switzerland, and France, and

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<sup>1</sup> Now (1875) a gardener at Weston.

propose to return to England in the autumn of 1816. There is plenty of Sicilian scandal, but the only English I hear, is of Mrs. O. H. and a younger son of Lord S——n. The Archbishop died suddenly yesterday, which caused a great sensation among the superstitious Sicilians; they say he was a bad one, and an inveterate enemy to England. Palermo is a dirty town, and most of the streets are crooked and narrow—this and the Via Macqueda are wider, straight, and handsome, and several houses looking over the Marina to the Bay are particularly so; and there are some very pretty ones to the south just outside the town; here most of the English live, and the view from their windows is beautiful. The Palace is an ugly old building; the cathedral a large pile of patchwork, it has some handsome marble pillars. Lord William Bentinck's house is not a good one, but it looks to the bay. General McFarlane's is a capital one, but it is in a street. The palace of the Prince of Belmonte is handsome, his and Prince Butera's are the only ones I have yet seen; their rooms are much finer and more comfortable than those in Spain. There is a pretty little opera house here, but the opera is very moderate; there are two other theatres

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which I hear are abominable. We went to Prince Butera's again last Friday evening; he has music and dancing every Friday; his are the only Sicilian parties I hear of. There are public rooms over the Opera, where there are always conversazioni; the Sicilians subscribe, but the English are admitted gratis. Mrs. Dashwood has little music parties every Monday. Books are so very dear here that I shall buy none but what I absolutely want; I cannot hear of a good map of Sicily. We have got an Italian master, an Abate recommended by Dashwood—he seems a good little man; there is no Tuscan or Roman here, so that you cannot meet with the pure pronunciation.

*January 3rd.*—I have this morning received your other letter of the 10th Oct., my dear mother; it was negligent of Gibbs's people not to send it to me sooner—as it happened, you see, I got that which you sent through Fraser much the soonest. It could not cause any delay to send it through him, as the packets remain long enough at Gibraltar to admit of letters being opened and forwarded; don't send any more through Lord William,<sup>1</sup> as I believe he will

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<sup>1</sup> Lord William Bentinck.



soon quit Sicily on an expedition ; send them after the receipt of this to Mr. Hamilton, directing to me to the care of the consul here, Mr. Fagan, and after the middle of March to the care of the consul at Malta.

We went to court on Saturday, and I never saw anything so poor or so stupid ; you do not kiss hands on being presented, only bow. The Prince Regent was in boots and regimentals ; he is a little, fat, silly-looking man. There were besides of the royal family, the Princess Regent, who is also a little fatty, but has a pleasing countenance, and when very young must have been pretty—she is his second wife, and an Infanta of Spain ; the Duke and Duchess, and Mademoiselle d'Orléans, and the Prince Regent's eldest daughter, who is a child ; the Duchesse d'Orléans is very plain, and daughter to the King of Sicily ; we had previously been introduced to the duke, who had some days before desired Douglas to bring us to him—he is a very pleasing-mannered man ; I never heard anything more perfect than the English he speaks—how very uncommon in a Frenchman ! There were two or three ladies-in-waiting, but no others came to the drawing-room ; the Princess and the other ladies were

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dressed as at a common evening-party, some of them, indeed, had hats on. There were a few men at court, those in uniform had boots, and were without powder; a few old courtiers were in full-dress coats. The 12th of this month is the king's birthday, and I fancy the drawing-room will be better attended. Prince Butera gave us a very good dinner yesterday, and quite a substantial one, we were about thirty persons; his way of living, and hospitality, are quite magnificent.

You were very lucky in hearing of Orlando through William Russell—what an excellent letter O.'s is, and how good you were to take the trouble of copying it for me. I am surprised and sorry that Wolryche and Lucy have given up their idea of travelling; I am rejoiced, however, that the cause of it is her improved spirits—her last letter to me was by no means written in spirits—but I trust that was only a momentary melancholy. William Childe gives me a long account of Madocks's affair.

*January 5th.*—We were driven yesterday four-in-hand by Prince Lardaria to see Bagheria, a village nine miles off, where many of the nobility have country houses; they cover the gentle rise of the promontory which divides the Bays of Palermo and Termini, and

command very pretty views — most of the Lipari Islands are seen, too, from thence. The houses themselves are in bad taste, and destitute of trees, the gardens are laid out in parterres, and full of busts and statues; one house belonging to the Prince of Palagonia, is justly styled, I think by Swinburne, the Palace of Folly; the walls are covered in all directions with monsters, the most extraordinary that man could imagine, carved in stone; Swinburne saw it in the late Prince's time—this man has pulled down three-fourths of them, but he has left enough to commemorate his father's folly. We are going to dine on Monday with the Duc d'Orléans.

There is an agreeable Frenchman here, of the name of Montrond, whom you may have known at Paris; he was banished by Bonaparte, and went to Falmouth; our Government would not permit him to remain in England, and after a short stay at Falmouth he came here, where he arrived eight months ago, bringing letters of recommendation from several Englishmen who knew him at Paris, among the rest, I think, Lord Grey and Lord Holland; there is also a pleasant Frenchwoman here — a Madame Monjoie, who is attendant upon Mdlle. d'Orléans—she is unmarried,

but a Chanoinesse, they both live much with the English. Madame Monjoie sings very well, and is exceedingly good-humoured, and clever. Montrond is a well-informed man, but a true Frenchman, and terribly fond of ridicule; it is amusing to hear him abuse Bonaparte, whom he abhors and despises as much as he doats upon France. He says, "Est-il possible qu'il y ait encore un seul homme en Angleterre, qui pense que Bonaparte est un grand homme? c'est le plus grand fou qu'il y a dans le monde," &c. &c. We dine to-day with the Dashwoods, and to-morrow with Sir John Dalrymple, inspector of the Italian Levey, who has a pretty little wife, an Isle of Wight woman. Lord William's secretary, Graham,<sup>1</sup> went off suddenly a few days ago in the "Furieuse" frigate; he got a commission in the Italian Levey—became Lord William's aide-de-camp, and disappeared all in a minute; it is imagined he is gone on a military mission to Naples. Secret expeditions are on foot; General Montresor goes with the first division; but it is expected Lord William himself will go with the second. Every mouth is full of conjectures as to the

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<sup>1</sup> The late Right Honourable Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P.



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destination; I hope it may come to some good. Every day I hear Sir J. M.'s conduct more and more abused—how could ministers send such a man either here or to Spain?

Adieu, my dear parents,

&c., &c.

