

previous despatches of the middle of June I am at the tough mercies of the "Galtados," who show
their bad manners in meddling with private affairs:— You are all enjoying yourselves
heartily I hope with better weather than we are "wretched."

To his sister Mary

Biarritz Tuesday July 4th 1843.
6: P.M.

My dear M:

In this little village of Biarritz on the bay of ^{the} Bay I enter upon the 68th year of our glorious independence; as ^{the} "traitors of the day" have this morning a thousand times repeated: I celebrated the event by a dinner about an hour ago, when I was unanimously called to the chair and among other toasts proposed the health of the family now assembled at Levis, who I dare say have, about this time, or a little later, done as much for me.

It is a red hot day and but for the sea air and breeze it would be a hard matter to keep cool: At a little distance from the sea shore, as I found yesterday at Bayonne, the heat is intense.

I won't repeat the account which I have already written to George of my evasion last week from Madrid with Capt. Wright. The journey was so little anticipated by me, and made so rapidly that it appears to me as if some good angel had carried me off without any effort of my own: This may appear strong language to apply to a trip of 450 miles, but you would soon realize it here when you found what an undertaking it is considered:— At the present moment too there are more chances than usual against one's arrival without accident.

Unlike our Rochaway this same village of Biarritz is built on a little point of rocks, jutting into the sea, and forming with a headland about a mile distant a very pretty bay:— It is an irregular up & down little place; the houses built by chance

according to the irregularities of the ground, at all angles and of every shape. the general effect is rather picturesque, all the cottages built of stone, white washed & with neat green blinds. the whole place is made ^{up} of "Chambres garnies a louer"; you make your bargain in two minutes and are by that time quietly installed in very comfortable quarters: table d'hotes there are none I believe, every body dines a la carte in their own apartment, and as yet there are no places of recreation, such as reading rooms, ball rooms &c. - I confess, that this suits me exactly, more especially as I shall move off in a few days to ^{the} more gregarious watering places of the Pyrenees, where I must move about in a crowd:

here is a quick lady like little bay, so completely sheltered that it is smooth as a mill pond: here the male kind as well as the female kind disport themselves, altho' for the former there is the large open bay I have mentioned with a glorious surf at a little distance; but neither the Frenchman nor the Spaniard has an affection for the Ocean in its rougher state and it seemed rather to surprise them this morning when I preferred being thoroughly drenched among the breakers. I have discovered a delightful little retreat during the heat of the day; a hole in the wall; a magnificent arch way worn by the sea, but now many fathoms above it: here there is always shade and a cool breeze, nothing to be seen but sea & sky, save a faint white line; the sandy coast of the "Landes" - underneath is another arch where the waves wash, and which gives the name, "la roche percee", to the rock - As the seas rush in from both sides, there is a deep thundering sound when they meet which is echoed on all sides: I have undisturbed possession of this spot every morning after my dip, while I smoke a cigar and follow in imagination the blue line of the horizon, on & on, until I arrive off Sandy Hook: would you believe that it appears to me now, when I can look upon the sea that I am more than half way home? -

Three days before yesterday I went to Bayonne in the Ev. to hear Duprez in the "Jaive": he was unretardedly supported, but in the 3^d. act when he sang a great deal he was magnificent: the theatre was crowded and weather & bouquets showered upon him - It was understood that he would leave Bayonne the next morning at 12, but when the crowd of admirers called to see him at 10, they learned he had given them the slip and was at least 2 hours off on his way to Bordeaux.

Yesterday I was at the village of St Pierre to see the fete in his honor: The Grahames took me in their carriage, and we had a merry family party, children & all, chez Mr. Frager, Her Majesty's Vice Consul - there were some queer characters and most Pickwickian scenes and conversation. In the afternoon we went through the village crowded with peasants, Basques, gendarmes, and puppet shows - contredances, waltzes, jeux de pacane, baby theatres, every thing but the vineyard which I looked for in vain, and instead of the green meadow I had imagined there was rather a dusty square: -

I write almost daily bulletins to Uncle Geoffrey, but have yet received no letter from him for the best of reasons; the mails having been detained by the insurgents - tho' the reports in this quarter in relation to the present government of Spain are to be received with great allowances, I am afraid the constitutional form is in a bad way, and poor Espartero about to fall before his determined enemies.

The Livingston & Lowndes are great favorites: every one I meet speaks of them in the highest terms - I have met a Mr & Mrs Attenison (English) here, who have seen a great deal of them - Madame corresponds with the belladonna's sister, and has told me, that she said sister, tho' I don't know with what right is expecting me at the Evre Bonne. - I don't ^{know} when I shall receive your letters by the steamer of June 15th, as they will have to enter Spain & come out again, so early matter as times go: those by the packet of July 1st will be forwarded to Bayonne, whence they will reach me very quickly: I

make mad^r alluquerque's heart light by an extract from G.D.'s last letter giving very late accounts of her family.

Tau - Friday Eo. I July. 7^h. - There is a gap you see of ~~two~~ ^{three} days since I wrote, which I have partly filled up by a few lines in my letter to George; thus weaving a mingled web, by which you can follow me in my wanderings - on Thursday, after a farewell bath in the sea, during which I was knocked over & over in the sand I left Biarritz for Bayonne; then I found a paper from Uncle Geoffrey and a note from Carroll Livingston of the kindest character; expressing the pleasure he should have in meeting me and his intention to reserve himself for our joint excursions in the mountains: this morning at 5. I was out of Bayonne perched in the Banquette of the Diligence from which lofty port I had a fine view of the country: the morning was cloudy with occasional showers, which added much by the alternation of sun & shade to the picturesque effect of their beautiful valleys: we crossed the Adour, and then followed up its tributary, the "Gave" to this place which is beautifully situated on its bank: this is by far the most lovely part of France, not excepting Touraine & the valley of the Loire, beautiful meadows, hedges and trees most luxuriant; a rich cultivation and a little shining river winding about in the midst of it: for a background you have the Pyrenees with their drapery of snow: -

The Chateau of Henri Quatre is an interesting specimen of the Old time: in the midst of the town, on the edge of an abrupt hill overlooking the river, with a fine park of ancient & venerable trees following a ~~right~~ ridge which forms the right bank of the stream. You are shown his bed, his statue, the room in which he was born &c: the palace is being repaired by Le Roi des Français, in the old style and with great magnificence: Bonaparte was born here too; the tablet on an insignificant house, in an obscure street, shews the humble origin of this most fortunate of the sons of the revolution. Tomorrow in the matin I'm off to Land Bonnes to make my first bow to Mrs. Courtes and listen I hope to the accounts of "la bella sonella".

Good night: I kiss you all heartily: Your affectionate. A.H.