

To his sister Mary

Hotel des Etrangers - aux Eaux Baines. Sunday night.
(To be read with discretion) July. 9th 11. A.M.

Now you see I have "defined my position" in the continuation of my irregular journal. I left you at Pau on Friday Evg, and on Saturday morning at 9. I was away in the diligence for this place: at the bureau I met my Madrid acquaintance the learned Dr. Daubeny of Oxford: a shining light of geology & other sciences, as you & Bow are no doubt aware: he was accompanied by his little portmanteau and his big hammer strapped thereto, with which more powerful than Thor's of old, he forces his way to the very centre of the earth - our ride was a succession of beautiful views even more picturesque than the valley of the Adour - there were some mountain streams and little plains among the hills, offering the most quiet & tempting retreats and dotted with beautiful villages - the scenery accounted for the sentimental letter which I received from my friend Sir Robert when he was here - Unfortunately for my first impression of this little village of Luch, a mist came upon us from the mountains just before we arrived and soon turning into rain, changed the appearance of things very much for the worse - as soon as my toilette was completed, I made a visit to the ~~the~~ sister of la belle who is at the hotel opposite: It seems that notwithstanding my rapid movements, I had been expected the day before, and she had sent to the different hotels to find me out: we had lots to say, and when I left at 5 for dinner, it was ^{with} the understanding that I was to be permitted to return in the Evg - the first impression, I confess, was disappointment as to appearance, after the beautiful portrait I had admired, but when I saw her again in the Evg in a very pretty *châle*, I was very much struck with the likeness to the sister & the picture, and enchanted ^{of course} with the

tone of voice & manner, which have been most closely imitated by
the Angel: the resemblance was so perfect. That if I had closed my
eyes, I should have believed myself in Leonard Street and the happiest
of mortals: it was consoling at all events to have such an agreeable
deception - you may judge of my pleasure in listening to an agreeable
country woman, who does not object to talking, when I tell you that
it was half past twelve ~~when~~ ^{before} I thought it discreet to retire, and among
these sober folks had considerable difficulty to get out of other house
and in to my own: It rained all yesterday & last night: has poured

all of this day & promises to do as much for this night & tomorrow.
Under ~~the~~ ^{such a} imitation, I should not remain many hours in this green
little nook in the mountains, with the rocks rising perpendicular:
by close to your window on ~~all~~ ^{the} sides, and the mists closing all the
views down the valley on the fourth; but for the presence of Mrs.
Bounder: today a great fête should have taken place, which the weather
prevented, and I'm told there are very pretty rides, and pleasant saddle horses when
a fine day presents itself - the water of course are very respectable and
efficacious, slightly warm, and pronounced by my scientific friend a very
considerable humbug: I shall take ~~them~~ ^{not} here; but reserve myself for Cautech.
Then are for "Rivornaires," which class of invalids I do ~~not~~ ^{not} consider myself.

I was sorry to find that my fair friend did not appear
so well this morning and in talking seemed to be obliged to take breath: she
speaks with great coolness of her situation and the symptoms of her disorder
but hopes with the aid of these waters to return home in about a
year: Mons. Le Mari, is at Barèges, in a course of baths, but returns
in three or four days: meanwhile I can gossip "a discretion" and hear all
the latest accounts from Stralsburg. I have some consolation already
as to the chances of ~~some~~ ^{two or three} of the candidates.

This is the very head quarters of the French Aristocracy

during the summer, who live very quietly & retired & transplant as it were
the Faubourg St Germain - Here are the Rochefoucaults, Saxe-Lemburg, Turennes,
and a host of inferior names, and among the aristocracy of nature is the
famous Scribe, who travels under the pseudonyme of M. Augustin, but
with the style of a prince, which savours of the pride that alters humility -
he is said to have made by his writings an income of 150. thousand francs
~~yearly~~: this is creditable to his country, which secures such a reward to his
talents, as to himself -

a knock at my door and my name called mine:
directly after breakfast were the prelude to the entrance of my Geological
friend, who had passed the night at the same chaudière. I leaped distant &
stepped over in the morning hammer in hand: he's a most extraordinary figure
and unmistakably English - a little bullet head & round face, with spec-
tacles; short squatly figure, with duck legs and enormous English shoes -
Withall his acquiescent & reputation he speaks in the most modest diffi-
dent manner and with downcast eyes - a sure sign of real merit - I had
the honor to make with him the examination of the rocks & fountain, and
we decided on the "igneous formation"; "granite putting to the surface," &
the "presence of a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen"; he afterwards
dined with me & I picked up crumbs of knowledge until he had to return
he retired to prepare for his return to Paris in the morning, and a warm
invitation to visit the "groves of Académie" at Oxford on my return.

No letter yet from Madrid, tho I write almost daily to
Uncle Geoffrey: the confusion becomes greater every moment and the result
in consequence very irregular: the insurgents at Barcelona have formally
deposed the deposition of Espartero, and proceeds, regularly in their irregular
Carities, to appoint to Ministries & commands, and exercise other acts of
sovereignty - the last accounts stated the retreat of the Regent's troops in all
directions and that some of the few cities which had remained faithful now
joined in the movement - they are all mad and playing into the hands of
people who have no particular affection for the Spanish Nation - I imagine
we shall have "a nice little specimen of anarchy for some time after the

downfall of the Regent: there are already some indications of a row among
the pronounced: — The small hours are approaching & I'll bid you again
Good night — Where, Oh Where, are my letters by the steamer of the 15th?
Your affectionate A.M.

Tuesday Morn. July 11th

This is the last day that I can detain my
letter with safety — Rain continues to pour incessantly, and my trip over
the mountain to Caotereets is almost abandoned — a note from Carroll. L., this
morning announces a passage by an Englishman from his place who had a hard
journey of 12 hours thro' the snow which covers every hill a little way above
our heads: — I shall be off on Thursday Morn either by way of Pau, or ~~by~~ ^{turning}
the mountain at some distance from that city —

I am getting on famously with "la sorella" and ~~remain~~ ^{with her}
remained a quiet & pleased listener until about one o'clock for the last
two or three nights — she talks exceedingly well, and I enjoy her conversation
"à proportion" after being so long a time without meeting an agreeable country
woman: — All this too without dwelling on the Sister; which, tho' it is not
a taboed topic, is only touched upon lightly. — W. Saunders returns on
Thursday or Friday, so that I shall not have an opportunity of seeing "le
bel homme" as the natives here call him. (Mr. William Lander.)

A notelet yesterday from Uncle Geoffrey with some of
his quiet touches, written the day after my departure — After speaking of
the progress of the movement; he says of Madrid "Every thing here is as
quiet as gunpowder" — It tickles one's vanity a little to be told that he
was quite lonely and at a loss in my absence, but since as yet it
had only lasted one day, I may hope he will not be inconsolable. —

Legaré in a private letter mentioned my name & added "pray remember
me to him; for whom on more accounts than one, I have a violent fancy."
to this W. L. adds "What a winning trait in a man's character, to have
nice sisters!" — thus giving & partly the credit where it is due —

I have made up a thing of words & patches and blotted paper
enough for this occasion — In a week or so I hope to have your news of
July 1st and what you have done, are doing, or are about to do: for your