

Convent of Corban. Santander.
24 Nov. 1835.

My dear Mother

When I wrote my last letter I expected by this time to have been at head quarters, but unluckily a few days before the Detachment started I was laid up with a severe cold and sore throat from which I have only just recovered. My last letter I sent by Capt. Moutworth Stuart, together with my gold watch, which after going four months with great exactness, the other day I found with the main spring or chain broken. Whether they will reach you safe, I do not know, but I hope they will, and I shall be much obliged if you will get the watch mended, and return it by Capt. Stuart who is to come back I believe in six weeks - by any other safe conveyance. This letter I likewise send by private hand, and I dare say that it will be several weeks old before it reaches you, but this will not be of much consequence as I have nothing very particular to say except that I expect to start with the second Detachment tomorrow morning for Head Quarters, which I understand are at Burgos. I am glad to leave this place, for I have had nothing but disagreeable duties and sickness during my stay here, and I long to join the Regiment again and be stirring. General Evans's baggage, which I had the trouble of being round from Portugal, is all

taken by the Carlists, together with an unhappy lieutenant and twenty
men who were ordered to escort it to Lugo. Now I consider that
I brought the bag as far as Lugo, I think it is very lucky the
did not commission men to go on with it beyond Lugo. I
think it very hard that a poor young fellow should be allowed to fall
into the hands of the Carlists with no more honor, because the General
wants a clean sheet. General Galt said that the escort was too small
for so long a journey, and that there was great work attending it, but
this was nothing as long as the General got his five portmanteaus.
He deserves not to have a stitch to his back while in Spain.

The accounts that have reached us of the army have been very ex-
-cursive and contradictory. At one time they were reported to be at
Lugo; at another at Medina or Villanueva; then, that they were
falling back upon Bilbao; and now the report is that they are on the
march for Burgos, then to spend the winter. With all this marching
and shifting, there does not appear to have been any fighting, and
I dare say that there will not be any this campaign, and that we shall
reform under the laurels, such as they were, of Emery, until next
spring. There is an opinion existing in the region that after the war
it is very probable that we shall be taken into the British service, and
sent out to India. They say that the interest taken in us by the English
Government, shows that they have an eye to something of the sort, and
that it will be good for them to get ten regiments ready drilled,
armed, and equipped at the expense of the Spanish. If this should
turn out to be the case, and I have heard many declare strongly
that it will, it will be a fine thing for us, and a capital opening for
me. For instance, I am already lieutenant; if I get my Com-

-famy, as is possible, before the conclusion of the war, and then
be taken into the British service with that rank, I shall be com-
-mencing, as it were, when many others end, and stand a chance of
being - nobody knows what, before I die. It is said that those who
already held a commission in the British service, and another higher
one in this, will be obliged to relinquish the latter, but that those who
like myself have not served before, or are enjoying no other half-pay,
will be allowed to retain the rank they have gained in the service. When
-the all this will take place I cannot say, but I have no
doubt that this Spanish business, if it turns out well, will prove an
opening to me to some thing better. I have made up my mind to be-
-ing Captain of a company some of these days, and whatever service
I may enter into here, especially if it be foreign service,
this will be a step in my career.

It is an interesting thing to receive a letter from home.
I apprehend that the letters are stuck in the post-office at Dil-
-bao. In that case, I hope that they will be forwarded to head
quarters. Write me very long letters, and cram them full of all man-
-ner of odd and ends and gossip. Make long letters and Pleasant writing,
and also my sister, who has not yet written to say whether she has played
Niebo's Hymn on her guitar. Are you still at Rangoon, or have
you returned to Hancow Poon? How I should like to drop in some even-
-ing and take tea with you! he lives in so much a style in these Courts, that
I have forgotten the feel of a carpet, and as for a cloth for breakfast and
dinner, and knives and forks for each individual - I still look upon them
as something strange and unnatural when I return. I generally have boiled
milk and bread for breakfast; my portion of beef, when I can get them, boiled
for dinner, with a bit of brown bread and no potatoes or salt; and a glass of
rum or wine on something of the sort for tea. Yesterday being my birthday,
I thought I would have a plum-pudding - so I bought some plums and raisins,
(currants were not to be had) and had them duly mixed by our houseman and tied

up in a washing tub; by interest I gave a corner in a lot in the Hospital
kitchen, and after two hours boiling pulled it out and laid it on a plate in the tub,
amid a circle of expectant friends whom I had invited for the occasion. The
string was cut, and every eye directed into the opening, when alas! the contents of the
pudding was still found to be in a liquid state, and the eating of it deferred until the
day after, when we had it boiled again and rolled out hard and compact as a pan
and twenty pound shot, and very delicious it was, except that there were not enough
raisins and currants. - The weather here is bleak and cold and hoarse as usual. I

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Mrs. Col. Thompson

13, Hancock Place
Regent's

London

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was rather surprised, however, while walking out today to observe that the peaks
of some of the neighbouring hills were covered with snow. here, however, has
fallen in the fields, and on the whole the change in the aspect of the country is not
so great as in England at this time. The fields look fresh and green, and many of
the trees yet preserve their leaves; at sundown, too, when it shines it is somewhat
hot. - Give my love to my father and everybody else at home, and believe me
my dear Mother. Your affectionate son C. W. Thompson.