

dedicated to San Sebastian, and formerly a hospital and warehouse street of war, all sacred objects which in
their religious times, has been greatly feared, dear and venerated. As for the monks, they have all been
- away and left the country - "hairs, and orders can be given of strong men in a prison" - I have just captured
a horse for soldiers. The chapel door had just found locked, but a few minutes after I was an-
- ticipated by two priests and all the monks of the Hospital, so I stopped, among the east, and met all round the
chapel. The chapel itself is nothing particular, being plain yellow washed walls and roofs with small pictures
of those of the night which surround of the sides and join together in a row in the middle of the end
- along with a large altar, the stained windows, the fine organ with the pipes all standing out in a
row like so many trumpets, and the four carved oak pulpits of the Castilian kings, covered with car-
- ton velvet edged with gold, and very splendid. In one of these Don Sancho IV. killed with the stroke of a
- lance at the battle of "Lamora" A.D. 1022. After viewing this place, we passed into another all being round with
portraits of the saints, which were all to be destroyed from one another by the length of beard. There were
several other oil paintings of some time which the monks who showed us the place seemed to think much of, but
in my opinion they were no great shakes, "excepting some very small and brightly modern ones set in the panels
of the room - which were done something in Michel Pons's sketchy style, and were the best that I have seen in this country.
In general the paintings here are much as one must have expected in a poor, and every feature, figure and
- much is painted so hard, dry, and precise that I think I could double better myself. - Much as I was delighted
with Oña for its antiquity and its monastery, I never again could dispart with it for the few hours I stayed
- here from the following season. We had very poor, miserable billets, but still there was another room in the house
rather better than the one into which the host first showed us, we found our way into it, determining to sleep there, when
the "patron" (i.e. master) of the house came up to me with a look of great alarm, and told me that he had one
- thing of great importance to say to me, and that was that he and all his family had "sarna" i.e. itch, and as they slept in
these beds he was afraid that we should catch it if we ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed} there occupied too long. He said that he should
- be content with the other room or the beds of which he would put "tabacos limpiados" - nice clean sheets. This awful
- report he confirmed by showing me his hands which were in a very horrible state, and his poor little daughter who also had
it said with a look of extreme misery "nosotros nos comemos, seion, con esta honguina" - "we are eating up, sir,
- by this little thing." He told me that the receipt it about three weeks ago from some Spanish soldiers who gave him
- listed upon them, usually by leaving some clothes upon their bed. I was very much struck by the sort of ~~staying~~ ^{staying} with
- which the old man told me of his affliction, and by the anxiety he expressed lest we should catch it also. For England
I think they would sooner let you sleep in dirt beds than confess such a thing of the bed-st. You may be sure that I bent
a speedy retreat from the contaminated apartment, and in spite of the "tabacos limpiados" felt very ticklish and uncon-
- fortably all my stay; however as I am no appearance magnet, I think that I have escaped. - Nothing particular occurred on
the march except that one day I had terribly from my horse, covered by the saddle throwing round with me
- however, as I tumbled into nothing worse than a purple bruise I broke no bones. Though it was rather vexatious to have
two "spills" in the course of ten minutes before the whole Brigade, we were altogether some days on the road -
- having taken on the 13th. April, and reaching Peña Castella, a little village just by Santander, on the 21st.
At Antade, looking over the Ordnance Stores, I found a large parcel covered with black oil-cloth, which on
opening it & certainly I found to contain warm clothes of different sorts (all very acceptable and useful) and several
- letters from yourself, my sister, Lizzy and by different others with some from sundry tailors all "soliciting the honour
of my patronage." I think that when I join I shall be able to cut down their charges considerably by making use of
- some of the things I already have. For instance there is my good coat "better ask new" as the proverb says, which will
only require changing the buttons to make a perfect British regulation one; my gold chain links, not much the
- worse for wear - and besides other articles I could mention that are equally adapted for the two services. The
- muskets, set me in this parcel, I mean to get weighed out by our doctor in doses, so that I may use them

at a moderate motor. The light Brigade had already embarked for San Sebastian when we reached the town, and accordingly followed on the 23rd of April, taking with us four picked companies of the regiment (if any were had the horses to be one), and reached San Sebastian about 9 o'clock next morning. It was with great delight that I heard of the order for our embarkation for San Sebastian - the more as I had heard that the "well-meaning" phrasies, "memories" connected with it, that it seemed like retracing my steps home, and I saw the well-known castle and lighthouse in the distance standing up like worn friends to greet me. But for different was our reception from the one we met with only last year - no salute from the castle - no ringing of bells - no waves from the assembled crowd on the quays - nothing but now and then a distant shout - almost drowned by a patter of shot from the Carlists on the coast of Christian Victoria de la Antigua - the quays heaped up with troops - the numerous quays & piers through the ~~and~~ quays embosomed; the streets beset with stores and filled with people in the Paraiso; half the shops shut and deserted, and most of the shops windows of the houses shattered by the explosion of bomb-shells - such is the appearance of San Sebastian at present. Our old convent of San Francisco is occupied by the Carlists, and the tower on the beautiful paseo cut down to make a staircase; the bridge across the river Urumea, over which we used to pass to get to the coast is totally destroyed; now to the westward the County of ~~San Sebastian~~ San Sebastian ~~and~~ San Sebastian ~~is~~ occupied by the Carlists, and in fact we are driven up as close as we can be, being hardly able to go a few paces outside the gates. The other day I went out with two or three other officers on the garden outside the walls where we used to exercise, and the Carlists were firing half-a-dozen snaphooks on the other side of the river commencing firing at us although the shot fell short by half several yards into the water. It is expected that as soon as the whole of the Legion is up, which will be as soon as possible, we shall make an attack upon San Francisco, for which purpose we are preparing a number of flat-bottomed boats to carry the river water in place of the bridge. This evening our batteries commenced firing - who were working behind the sand-belt, across San Francisco to erect a battery against the town. It was a curious sight for me, being the first time I ever saw any heavy-gun firing. There was a long 12 pounder part of the armaments of the town that knocked the sand about their ears fairly high; but the best thing of all was what there was a V-shaped just as you say or think an orange - very perfectly visible during the whole course of its career through the air - going slowly along like a balloon till exactly over the spot where the working part was, when it fell (apparently) perpendicularly, and after a few seconds on the ground burst with a tremendous explosion, dashing up the sand and doing havoc among the works. Without a spy-glass you would hardly think anything was going on at the Convent but with my Dollond you can see a whole row of heads with white caps on (Chapel chumies v. chapel gormies) bobbing up and down behind a sand bank, evidently at some work or other. After every shot they jump up on the ridge of sand, waving their caps and coats and now and then firing a musket at us by way of reply. One of them however this evening paid rather dearly for his antics for commencing to dance about a little too soon before one of the shells had burst, one of the fragments struck him and was seen his companions carry him off dead. A second shell went through the roof of a small house on this side, but close to the convent, where I recollect there used to be a sort of cafe to which we often used to go after supper.



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their religious times, has been greatly feared, dear and venerated. As for the monks, they have all been
- away and left the country - "hairs, and orders can be given of strong enclosures in Toluca" - have strong enclosures
a barracks for soldiers. The chapel door had just found locked, but a few moments after I saw an on-
- tige of two priests and all the monks of the Convent, so I stepped in among the east, and sat all round the
chapel. The chapel itself is nothing particular, being plain yellow washed walls and roofs with small pictures
of Jesus Christ, that is the right word, pictures of the sides and going together in a row in the middle of the wall
- along the wall, but the ornaments, the stained windows, the fine organ with the pipes all standing out in a
row like so many trumpets, and the four carved oak pulpits of the Castilian kings, covered with carv-
- ing without except with gold, are very splendid. In one of these was Don Sanchez IV. killed with the stroke of a
- lance at the battle of Zamora A.D. 1822. After viewing this place, we passed into another all being round with
portraits of the Saints, which were all to be destroyed from one another by the length of beard. There were
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in my opinion they were no great shakes, "excepting some very small and brightly modern ones set in the panels
of the room - which were done something in Michel Ponce's sketchy style, and were the best that I have seen in this country.
In general the paintings here are much as one must have expected in a poor province, and every feature, figure and
- much is painted so hard, dry, and precise that I think I could double better myself. - Much as I was delighted
with Oña for its antiquity and its monastery, I never again could dispart with it for the few hours I stayed
- there from the following season. We had very poor, miserable billets, but still there was another room in the house
rather better than the one into which the host first showed us, we found our way into it determining to sleep there, where
the "patron" (i.e. master) of the house came up to me with a look of great alarm, and told me that he had one
- thing of great importance to say to me, and that was that he and all his family had "sarna" i.e. itch, and as they slept in
these beds he was afraid that we should catch it if we ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed} there occupied too long. He said that he had
- in contact with the other room on the back of which he would put "tabacos limpiados" - nice clean sheets. This awful
- report he confirmed by showing me his hands which were in a very horrible state, and his poor little daughter who also had
it said with a look of extreme misery "nosotros nos comemos, seion, con esta honguena" - we are eating up, dirt,
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- listed upon them, usually by leaving some clothes upon their bed. I was very much struck by the sort of sleep with
- which the old man told me of his affliction, and by the anxiety he expressed lest we should catch it also. For England
I think they would sooner let you sleep in dirt beds than catch such a thing of the head. You may be sure that I kept
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- fortably all my time; however as I am no appearance magnet, I think that I have escaped. - Nothing particular occurred on
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- worn from use and - and besides other articles I could mention that are equally adapted for the two services. The
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