

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of October 1835 I arrived at Lisbon from Palermo  
after a passage which before me consideration the season in which  
I was made might be deemed a fair one. On the morning of  
the 12<sup>th</sup> of ~~October~~ 1835 I found myself off the coast of Galicia  
whose lofty mountains shined by the rising sun presented a  
magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon; the  
westerly lake structure my attempt further out, he sea  
specifically lost sight of land. On the morning of the 13<sup>th</sup> the  
sea was very rough and a remarkable circumstance occurred:

It was on the forenoon when the captain of the vessel  
perceiving that the gale was increasing ordered the  
topsails to be taken in; - on the forenoon  
conspiring with two of the sailors. One of them who  
has but just left his hammock says: I have had  
a strange dream which I do not much like, for  
continuing on, springing up to the mast, I dreamt I  
fell into the sea from the cross-trees. A moment  
after the captain of the vessel perceiving that the  
gale was increasing ordered the topsails to be taken  
in whereupon this man with several others

instantly ran aloft. The yard was in the act of being  
hauled down when a violent gust of wind whirled  
a rope with violence over a man was struck down  
from the cross trees into the sea which was working  
like yeast below. In a few moments he emerged  
I saw his legs on the crest of a billow and instantly  
recognized in the unfortunate man the sailor who  
a few moments therefore has related his dream.  
I shall never forget the look of agony the <sup>poor</sup> wretch  
the steamer <sup>crossed</sup> past him. The alarm was given  
and every thing was in confusion. It was half  
an hour at least before the ship was stopped  
by which time the man was a considerable way  
astern. I still however kept my eye upon him  
and could see that he was struggling gallantly with  
the waves - a boat was at length lowered but the  
sailor unfortunately was not at hand, and only two  
other could be procured with which those men  
could make but little progress in so rough a  
sea. They did their best however, and legs away  
within ten yards of the man who still struggled  
for his life, when I lost sight of him, and the  
men on their return said that they saw him below  
the water, at glances, and that I should see

his arms stretched out and his body apparently  
stiff - that that they found it impossible to save  
him - presently after the sea, as if satisfied  
with the story which he had heard, became  
comparatively calm - The poor fellow who  
perishes in this manner was a fine  
young man of twenty seven the only son of a  
widows mother, he was the best sailor on board  
and was beloved by all who were acquainted with  
him - This great calamity on the 11th of Nov<sup>r</sup>  
1825 - The vessel was the London Merchant,  
Steam-ship. Truly wonderful are the ways of  
Providence.

That same night we entered the Taxis and dropped  
anchor before the old tower of Melim; early the  
next morning we weighed anchor and proceeded on our  
about a league we again anchored at a  
short distance from the Caridra or prompt  
away; here we lay for some hours beside  
the enormous black hull of the Neva had  
a man of war which, in old times, so captivated  
the eye of Nelson, that he would fain have  
procured it for his native country;

She was <sup>then</sup> subsequently the admiral's ship of  
the Myzidore squadron as has been said  
about three years previous to the time of  
which I am speaking by the gallant Major:  
The Mysore has it says to have secured him  
more trouble than all the other vessels of the  
squadron; and some about that time the ~~other~~  
Japanese Commodore with half the force which  
the old French Queen displayed the result of  
the battle which decides the fate of Portugal  
would have been widely different;

Some disembarkation at Lisbon by a matter of  
considerable occasion; the custom house officers were  
scarcely, indeed any baggage very articles of my  
little baggage with most probably numbers: My  
first embarkation on landing in the peninsula was by  
no means a favorable one says I was scarce  
the day one hour before I heartily wished myself back  
in Africa a country which I had quitted about  
one month previous, and where I had left dear  
friends so warm affections. After having submitted  
for much ill usage and robbery at the custom house  
I proceed in quest of a lodging and at last found  
one by the name of a captain: The next day I was  
a lieutenant, a Portuguese, it being my warrant.

custom on arriving in a country to visit myself of  
the manners of the natives ~~first~~ <sup>chiefly</sup> ~~for the purpose~~ <sup>of the purpose</sup> the view  
of professing myself in the language they already acquainted  
with most of the principal languages and dialects  
of the East and the West I am soon able to converse  
with myself quite intelligible to the inhabitants. In  
about a fortnight I found myself conversing in Portuguese  
with considerable fluency. Those who wish to master Spanish  
may stop by a forerunner in his own language should  
speak with much ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~precision~~ <sup>precision</sup> ~~openly~~ <sup>openly</sup>  
~~months~~ ~~words~~ ~~as it is the~~ ~~wisdom~~ ~~at~~ ~~Madrid~~  
their English one in general the most imperfect  
in the world seem that they pursue a system  
diametrically opposite; for example when they  
attempt to speak Spanish the most sonorous  
language in Europe they scarcely open their  
mouth putting their hands in their pockets fumble largely  
tossing on ideas of applying them to the most possible  
effort of articulation. ~~The words that~~ ~~they~~ ~~say~~ ~~are~~ ~~very~~ ~~curious~~  
Citos Englishos hã ~~los~~ ~~acordamentos~~ ~~que~~ ~~el~~  
Mismo Demonio es no es capaz de entenderlos.

Lisbon is a huge singular city still exhibiting an  
almost every direction the vestiges of that terrific  
convulsion of God the earthquake which

challenges of ~~temperament~~ eight years ago. Much  
that is ~~in the~~ ~~eye~~ ~~partially~~ ~~met~~ ~~the~~ ~~eye~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~note~~,  
on the morning about it: dilated eyes ~~remains~~  
padding ~~the~~ ~~then~~ ~~fall~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~brass~~ ~~of~~ ~~principles~~: ~~you~~  
passages by the side of ~~mean~~ ~~up~~ ~~filthy~~ ~~buildings~~  
some fifty years ago. It stands on ~~seven~~ ~~hills~~ ~~on~~  
the left ~~west~~ ~~of~~ ~~which~~ ~~stands~~ ~~the~~ ~~earth~~ ~~of~~ ~~San~~ ~~George~~  
which is the boldest & most prominent object  
to the eye which ~~overlooks~~ ~~the~~ ~~city~~, ~~from~~ ~~the~~  
Tapes. The most frequent ~~and~~ ~~parts~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
city are those ~~conspicuous~~ ~~within~~ ~~the~~ ~~valley~~, ~~to~~  
the North ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~valley~~. Here you find the ~~place~~  
of the ~~deposition~~ - the principal square on harbor  
from which ~~run~~ ~~parallel~~ ~~towards~~ ~~the~~ ~~river~~  
three or four streets, ~~the~~ ~~principal~~ ~~of~~ ~~which~~  
are those of the gold and silver ~~to~~ ~~designate~~  
from being ~~parallel~~ ~~whichever~~ ~~by~~ ~~simple~~  
cunning in the manufacture of those metals. The  
streets are upon the whole very magnificent  
The houses are large up as high as castles.  
immense ~~stone~~ ~~parts~~ ~~of~~ ~~rather~~ ~~potholes~~ ~~define~~  
the concave at intervals producing ~~in~~ ~~over~~

rather a cumbersome effect: these streets are only  
lined up one well paved in which respects they differ  
from all other streets in Lisbon. The most singular  
street of all is <sup>perhaps</sup> that of the Alameda or  
Passeio which descends the hill on the west  
of the douches on the Cardosa. This street is  
very precipitous and is occupied on either side  
by the palaces of the principal Portuguese  
nobility. In this street there is no market  
as no regularly made <sup>is</sup> as formerly but  
there are <sup>various</sup> pictures <sup>with</sup> a few and there a  
narrow gap <sup>overlooks</sup> the street at a  
great height: I greatly think that a more  
regular view of the city

With all its ruin and desolation Lisbon is unquestionably  
the most remarkable city in the Peninsula and perhaps  
in the South of Europe. It is not my business to enquire  
who made the faults concerning it but shall content myself  
with <sup>stating</sup> that it is more as much deserving the name  
of the Lisbon as ever Rome shall. Some it is true  
though it abounds with churches it has no systematic  
cathedral like the latter city, <sup>at least</sup> the high up  
full it with wooden, yet <sup>it is</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>say</sup> that





stamp as as over prange as the other has been  
columbiana parts ~~and~~ in the term  
same way however scarcely stamps at his hands  
for that heard most by widely different  
own which comes after a month about Dodge  
which contains of us in the presence of the spirit  
beneath which was the most pure of subjects

*Georgia*  
• No intention in December to remain long in  
the Byron nor in Portugal my destination  
was Spain ~~whether for a long country or other~~  
to visit my place, it was the intention of the  
Bible Society to attempt to commence operation  
in that country whose object should be the  
distribution of the word of God - for ~~years~~  
has hitherto been a region barren against the  
advancement of the word, not so Portugal where  
since the revolution the Bible has been becoming  
both to be introduced and circulated, Bible  
however has been accomplished, therefore finding  
myself in the country I determined to effect something  
in the way of distribution, but first of all  
to make myself acquainted as to how far  
the people were disposed to receive the word  
and ~~what~~ the state of education in several









amongst other things he said that nothing more unpatriotic  
than to see Englishmen the most learned and  
scholarly people in the world, partly a place  
the embryo of which there was no literature or  
not any thing of which (Cosa que perita) -  
except that there was some coast sailing in the  
last speech of the worthy priest, I was rejoiced  
however to appear to receive a high  
compliment upon taking off my hat deposited  
with an infinity of bows.

That same day I visited colleges of romantic villages  
on the side of the Mountain of Antea to the  
north west - I saw some presents collected some  
a smithy & inquired about the school where from  
one of the men sent me a letter. I went into  
stairs into a small apartment where I found  
the master with about a dozen pupils standing in  
a row - I saw but one stool in the room and  
to that after having embraced me he conducted  
me with great civility. After some discourse he  
shows me the books which he uses for the instruction  
of the children; they were such books, much of the  
same kind as those used in the village schools in England.  
Upon my asking him whether it was his practice  
to place the scripture in the hands of the children he

informed me that long before they had acquired sufficient  
intelligence to undertake the scriptures they were removed  
by their parents in order that they might assist in  
the labours of the field and that the parents in  
general were by no means desirous that their children  
should learn any thing as they considered that the  
time occupied in learning as so much squandering  
away. He says that though the schools were nominally  
supported by the government it was merely that the  
schoolmaster could obtain their salaries on which  
account many have been lately discontinued. He told  
me that he had a copy of the New Testament  
in his possession which I desired to see but on  
examining it I discovered that it was only the  
Spoken by Perara with various omissions. I asked  
him whether he considered that there was harm in  
reading the scriptures without notes. He replies  
that there was certainly no harm in it but that simple  
people could not by the <sup>help</sup> of notes come to a  
just benefit from scripture as the greatest  
part would be unintelligible to them, whereas  
if a book were written in an unobscuring style  
that there was no part of scripture so difficult to  
understand as those few notes which were  
intending to elucidate it, and that it would  
never have been written if not a translation.

of itself to illumine the minds of all classes of mankind.

In a day or two I made an excursion to  
Mapra the distance about 3 leagues from Coimbra -  
The former part of the way lay over what  
was somewhat dangerous for horses and I had  
reason before I had got back to Coimbra that ~~most~~  
~~of a horse I had not mounted.~~ I reached the  
place in safety. Mapra is a large village  
in the neighbourhood of an immense building  
intended to serve as a convent and palace as  
which is built somewhat after the fashion of  
the Seraglio - In this edifice is a  
library in Portuguese containing books on  
all sciences and in all languages and well  
adapted to the size and grandeur of the  
~~edifice which contains.~~ There were no monks  
however ~~to take~~ care of it as in former  
times - They had been driven forth some  
to by this means - some to serve under the  
banners of Don Carlos in Spain - and many  
yet I was informed to prowl about as usual.  
I found the place abandoned to two or  
three animals and exhibiting an aspect of  
solitude and desolation truly appalling -  
Whilst I was viewing the suburbs on



him an intelligent looking man came up and asked (I  
suppose in the hope of obtaining a trifle) whether I would  
permit him to show me the village church, which he  
informs me was well worth seeing. I said No, but added  
that if he would show me the village school I should feel  
much obliged to him. He looked at me with astonished  
eyes and says me that there was nothing to be seen  
at the school which do not contain more than half a  
dozen boys, and that he himself was one of the number.

On my telling him however that he should show me  
no other place he at length unwillingly attended me. On  
the way I learned from him that the schoolmaster was  
of the friars who had lately been expelled  
from the convent - that he was a very learned  
man & spoke French and Greek. The friar  
a strong rope as the boy went was fear and  
cried himself with much devotion. I mention  
this circumstance as it was the first instance  
of devotion which I had observed among the  
Portuguese since my arrival. I went  
the house where the schoolmaster resides, he  
pointed it out to me, and then his himself became  
a wall where he awaited my return.

On my stepping over the threshold I was confronted  
by a short stout man between sixty and

seventy years of age dressed in a blue jerkin and  
grey trousers without shirt or waistcoat; he looks  
at me openly as enquirer in the French language  
I was my pleasure. A apology for intrusion  
upon him and stating that being informed he  
occupies the situation of schoolmaster I had  
come to pay my respects to him and to beg  
permission to ask a few questions respecting the  
Seminary. The answer that whoever  
that he was a schoolmaster his for that he was a  
lover of the country and nothing else. It is not then  
you say that all the contents have been broken  
up as the monks disapprove. Yes yes says he  
with a sigh. It is true, it is but too true. The  
then was silent for a minute and his better nature  
overcoming his angry feelings he produces a snuff-box  
and offers it to me. The snuff-box is the fine branch  
of the Portuguese and he who carries it by or puts  
it on his finger must never refuse to dip his finger  
as thrust into it a ben offering. I took therefore a  
large pinch though I object the dust was not  
soon on the best possible terms. He was eager to  
obtain news especially from Lisbon & Spain. I  
told him that the officers of the ~~army~~ at Lisbon had  
the day before I left that place gone in a body to  
the Queen and mother-in-law either

renewing their oaths or demanding the Monks.  
whereupon he rubbys his hands and says that  
was sure that matters would not remain  
hanging at home. - on my <sup>part</sup> however that  
I thought the affairs of Don Carlos were on the  
decline (this was shortly after the death of <sup>the Duke of</sup> ~~the Duke of~~ <sup>Albuquerque</sup>)  
he grows up and says that it could not possibly  
be for that God was to suffer so. It felt  
for the poor man who had been driven out of  
his home. The noble count closely and from  
a state of affluence and comfort rising  
his old age to indigence and misery, for his  
dwelling scarcely seems to contain an article  
of furniture. - I thus have or force to induce  
him to converse about the school - but he <sup>cross</sup>  
the subject or say shortly that he knew nothing  
about it. - In my leaving him the boy came from  
his room and says to me: he says that he has  
happened himself through fear of his masters knowing  
that he has brought me to him for that he was  
unwilling that any stranger should know that he  
was a schoolmaster.

I asked the boy whether he or his parents were  
acquainted with the scripture and ever read it; he  
says not however seem to understand in

I must here observe that the boy was fifteen years  
age that he was in many respects very intelligent  
and had some knowledge of Latin language nevertheless  
he knew not the scripture even by name, and I  
have no doubt from what I subsequently observed  
that at least two thirds of his countrymen are in that  
point no wiser than himself: at the season  
of vintage time, at the hearing of the rustle in  
the fields where they labour - at the stone fountain  
by the way-side where they water their cattle I  
have questioned the lower class of the aristocracy of  
Portugal about the Septuagint the Bible the  
Old and New Testament and in no way  
instanced more than I know what I was obliged  
to or could return me a <sup>reasonable</sup> answer. Though in  
all other matters their replies seem full were  
sensible enough. Indeed nothing surprises me more  
than the free and unembarrassed manner in which  
the Portuguese frequently sustain a conversation  
so the poverty of the language in which they express  
their thoughts and yet few of them can  
read or write whereas the peasants of England  
whose education is in general much superior  
are in their conversation coarse and dull  
almost to brutality and abominably ungrammatical  
in their language. Though the English boys

is upon the whole more simple in its ~~proceedings~~ <sup>proceedings</sup>  
than that of the Portuguese -

In my return to Lisbon I found our friends  
who receive me very kindly: the next few days were  
considerably rainy which prevented me from making  
any excursions into the country. <sup>During this time</sup>  
I saw our boys frequently and had long conversations  
with him concerning the best means of distributing the gospel  
he thought <sup>it would</sup> our most reasonable <sup>plan</sup> for the  
present would be to put part of our stock  
into the hands of the book-sellers <sup>at Lisbon</sup> at the same  
time to employ colporteurs to hawk them about  
the town <sup>in order to</sup> receive a certain profit on every book  
they sold - This plan was agreed upon and  
forthwith put in practice and with some success.  
I had some thoughts of employing colporteurs into  
the neighbourhood <sup>but</sup> to this our friends objected,  
he thought the attempt dangerous as it was  
very probable that the royal priests have who  
still possess much influence in their own behalf  
who were for the most part sincere enemies  
to the spread of the gospel and <sup>in consequence</sup>  
the men employed to be unacquainted on all  
points. <sup>Accordingly</sup> however we have  
Portugal to <sup>the</sup> depots of its

in one or two of the provincial towns: I wish  
to visit the Alentejo which I have heard was  
a very beautiful region - The Alentejo means  
the province beyond the Tagus - This province  
is not beautiful and picturesque like most  
other parts of Portugal - There are few hills  
or mountains the greater part consists  
of heaths broken by knotty or gloomy scythes  
of fens of ~~marshes~~ <sup>prairie</sup> these fens  
are watered with banquets ~~as to~~  
~~a much~~ ~~pages~~ by the principal city  
is Evora one of the most ancient in  
Portugal and formerly the seat of an  
imperial jurisdiction yet more cruel & baneful  
than the terrible one of Lisbon - Evora lies  
about sixty miles from Lisbon & the  
Evora I determine on going with  
my family, instruments and two mules - How  
I fancy there will present be seen

after a journey of about ten days at lastly we directed our course  
towards Leon - we arrived about noon at Quetzal a town at the  
distance of six short leagues from Valladolid - This is very much a singular  
place, it stands on a very young, and directly above it however  
a steep conical mountain of calcareous earth crowned by a range  
cattle, ~~the~~ groups Quetzal are seen a multitude of cases occupied  
in the high banks and secured with strong doors. These are  
cellars in which is deposited the wine of which abundance is grown  
in the neighbourhood and which is chiefly sold to the Spaniards of  
the mountains of Santander who arrive in carts drawn by  
oxen and convey it away in very large quantities - We put up  
at a meso posada in the suburbs for the purpose of refreshing our horses  
found <sup>some</sup> ~~in~~ some quarters there who constantly came forth and  
begin with the use of conversation to inspect my Englishian entreaty. A  
corporal ~~there~~ that would be for our troop says the corporal, what  
brings he in - by what right do you travel with that horse  
corporal <sup>there</sup> when so many are wanted for the Spaniards service, he belongs  
to the regiments; I travel with him by right of purchase as being  
an Englishman I replied - if your worship is an Englishman ~~where~~  
the corporal that indeed affects the matter. The Spaniards in Spain  
are allowed to do what they please with their own, ~~and~~ such is  
more that the Spaniards are, Cavalier I have seen your countrymen  
in the Basque provinces ~~they~~ what order what horse, they as  
great fight, both either - but their chief skill is in riding -  
have been them shot over barrancos to get at the parties who  
thought they should ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~scared~~ <sup>scared</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> ~~kill~~ <sup>kill</sup> ~~upon~~ <sup>upon</sup>  
them like thunder ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~kill~~ <sup>kill</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> - to break your words  
that you have ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~look~~ <sup>look</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~death~~ <sup>death</sup> -

I looked at the corporal - his nose and eye were in the horse's mouth  
the rest of the party who should amount to six or seven men

not left twitching by rage - one was examining his fore feet another his hinds  
one yellow was pulling at the tail with all his might, while another  
bounced the windpipe for the purpose of discovering whether the animal  
was of all kinds that a bad person that the corporal was  
about to remove the saddle that he might ~~reach~~ the back of the animal.

exclaims: <sup>chuckles</sup>  
"Boy ye ~~chuckles~~ of Egypt ye found that you are <sup>hard</sup> men's eyes are  
no longer ~~travelling~~ <sup>portraying</sup> grates on the chariot."

The corporal at these words turns his face full upon me and  
so all the way, you were enough there were the countenances of  
Egypt and the face firm stone of eye. we continue looking at  
each other for a minute or two when the corporal a villainous  
looking fellow at last broke silence - "Bullaboo, say he -"

"Bullaboo" says he, in the richest hyphen, when imaginable - The  
way I know of the poor Calore - one he an Englishman - Bullaboo  
I think not since thought that there was no a horse would know  
us in these parts where horses are never seen - you your  
worship is right we are all here of the blood of the Calore - we  
we from Mississippi your worship, they look us from the same  
send us to the wars - your worship is right the sight of that  
horse made us believe we were at home again in the meadows  
of your air - he is a combination of ours a real Andalou - for  
dear your worship sell us that horse, we are poor Calore  
but we can buy him.

you say that you are soldiers says I how should you buy my horse  
we are soldiers, your worship, says the corporal, but we are sold  
Calore we buy a sell horses, the captain of our troop is in leave  
we have been to the wars, but not to fight - we left that



to the Spaniards we have kept together - like like you before have other  
back to back - we have money in the way - your worship - no  
Kenya notes and so we can buy your horse -  
Here he pulls out a purse which contains at least ten ounces  
of gold.

If I were willing to sell, I replied, what would you give me for that  
horse -

Then your worship wishes to sell your horse - that alters the matter -  
we will give ten dollars for your worship's horse - he is good for  
nothing.

How is this said I, you this moment told me - that he was a fine  
horse an Andalusian and a countryman of yours.

No Señor we did not say that he was an Andalusian we said he  
was an <sup>Andalusian</sup> ~~Andalusian~~ and the word of his king - he is eighteen years  
old your worship - short winded and jaded.

I do not wish to sell my horse, said I, quite the contrary I  
wish rather buy than sell.

Your worship does not wish to sell his horse said the Gypsy  
& say your worship we will give you twenty dollars for your  
wretched horse.

I would not sell him for two hundred and fifty - <sup>thousand</sup> ~~thousand~~, Martin  
said no more - I have your Gypsy books - I will have no  
dealings with you.

Did I not hear your worship say that you wished to buy a horse  
said the Gypsy.

I do not wish to buy a horse said I, if I were any  
thing it is a pony he carries out baggage; but it is useless











their own interests.

In the evening I strolled by myself about the village which I found still more forlorn  
 and melancholy than I at first appear. <sup>at a distance</sup> ~~at a distance~~ however <sup>it has</sup> ~~it has~~ been  
 a plan of consequence <sup>in one corner of</sup> ~~in one corner of~~ I found the signs of a some  
 glumny castle chiefly built of flint stones: into these ruins I about the  
 top of the castle <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>secured by a gate,</sup> ~~secured by a gate, from the castle  
 I found my way to the convent a <sup>large</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~ formerly <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>possession</sup> ~~possession~~  
 of many <sup>brothers</sup> ~~brothers~~ of the order of <sup>Saint</sup> ~~Saint~~ Francis. I was about to return  
 to the town when I hear a long bag of voices and following the voices found  
 reaches a large meadow where upon a small knoll sat a priest in full canonical  
 dress, in a long robe a quarter past eight among them <sup>what</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>ever</sup> ~~ever~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>besides</sup> ~~besides~~  
 on the staff were a number about fifty <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ for the most part  
 dressed in long cloaks - amongst whom I discovered my two friends the  
 curate and parson. A fine knot of carlin business men <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>myself</sup> ~~myself~~  
 and turned away to another part of the meadow where the cattle of the village  
 were grazing. The curate on showing me <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>curate</sup> ~~curate <sup>himself</sup> ~~himself~~ <sup>intending</sup> ~~intending~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~from~~  
 the people to follow - <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>find</sup> ~~find~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>curate</sup> ~~curate~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~very <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~  
 I am told you want a pony and he, there now a fine fine amount  
 those horses the best in all the kingdom of Devon, he then commences  
 with all the volubility of a chameleon <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>creep</sup> ~~creep~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>points</sup> ~~points~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>animal</sup> ~~animal~~  
 presents the faces of us who observe his opportunities  
 pushes me by the sleeve to whisper, have nothing to do with the curate  
 market, he is the greatest thief in the neighbourhood, if you want a pony  
 my brother has a much better, which he will sell you for cheaper - I shall  
 pass all <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>time</sup> ~~time~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~life~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>service</sup> ~~service~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>lord</sup> ~~lord~~  
 in private friendship <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~.~~~~~~~~

From <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>curate</sup> ~~curate~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>White</sup> ~~White <sup>Parish</sup> ~~Parish~~  
 From <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>town</sup> ~~town~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>pass</sup> ~~pass~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>several</sup> ~~several~~  
 small streams - <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>occasionally</sup> ~~occasionally~~ <sup>pass</sup> ~~pass~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>meadows</sup> ~~meadows  
 in which grass was growing in the richest luxuriance, the sun shone  
 just brightly and I feel his reappearance with joy though the  
 heat of the day was considerable. In answer within two hours  
 of town we pass numerous carts and waggons and bands~~~~

what  
 talonia  
 my  
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of people with horses & mules all hastening to the celebratory fair  
which is held in the city on St John or Midsummer's day - ~~the~~ ~~days~~  
which took place ~~within~~ ~~three~~ ~~days~~ after our arrival - This festival  
is principally enjoyed for <sup>the sake of</sup> horses & ~~is~~ is frequented by merchants from  
many parts of Spain ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~who~~ ~~bring~~ with goods of various kinds -  
Amongst things ~~remains~~ ~~many~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Catalans~~ ~~whom~~ ~~I~~ ~~has~~  
previously seen at Medina ~~del~~ ~~Campo~~ ~~de~~ ~~Balladros~~.

There is nothing remarkable in Seville which is an old gloomy town with the  
exception of its Cathedral which is not the most magnificent is certainly  
the most designed temple in Spain - The architecture of Seville is such  
and such a flood of light is admitted into the interior by its immense  
arched windows - that it has not greatly been surpassed by an old  
Spanish palace or a house of glass - The situation of Seville is  
highly pleasant in the midst of a gloomy country abounding with  
trees and watered by the marsh streams which flow there from  
in the mighty mountains in the neighbourhood - It is however by no  
means a healthy place especially in summer when the heat & the  
noisy evaporation from the waters generally all kinds of diseases  
is peculiarly frequent. ~~Seville is the~~ ~~Evening~~ ~~of~~ ~~Spain~~

Seville: ~~Letter to~~ ~~Public~~ ~~Society~~  
"Nomen in infamia puta debere ferre"

Next early in the morning we departed taking the route for  
Garcia - we had scarcely proceeded half a league when we were overtaken  
by a thunderbolt of tremendous violence. we were at that time in  
the midst of a wood which extends to some distance in the direction  
in which we were going - the trees were some almost to the ground  
by the force of storm and by the roots what the earth was ploughed  
up by the lightning which burst all around and nearly struck us -  
The storm & agitation in which I rose became furious and  
founder into the air as if pouring down to my state of weakness



I had the greatest difficulty in maintaining my seat and avoiding a fall  
which might have been fatal. a tremendous discharge of rain followed  
the storm, which swelled the brooks and streams up to the surrounding country  
causing much damage amongst the corn. After riding about five leagues we began to  
enter the mountains without which our journey to the head was impossible. The head now became  
almost suffocating swarms of flies began to make their appearance as  
soon as I was upon the horses along them almost to number whilst the  
road was very filthy and boggy. It was with great difficulty that my  
horses being agitated with mud and dust and our horses nearly lost  
our path with them. X

