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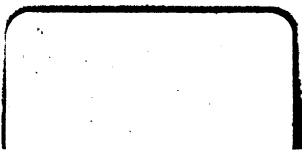
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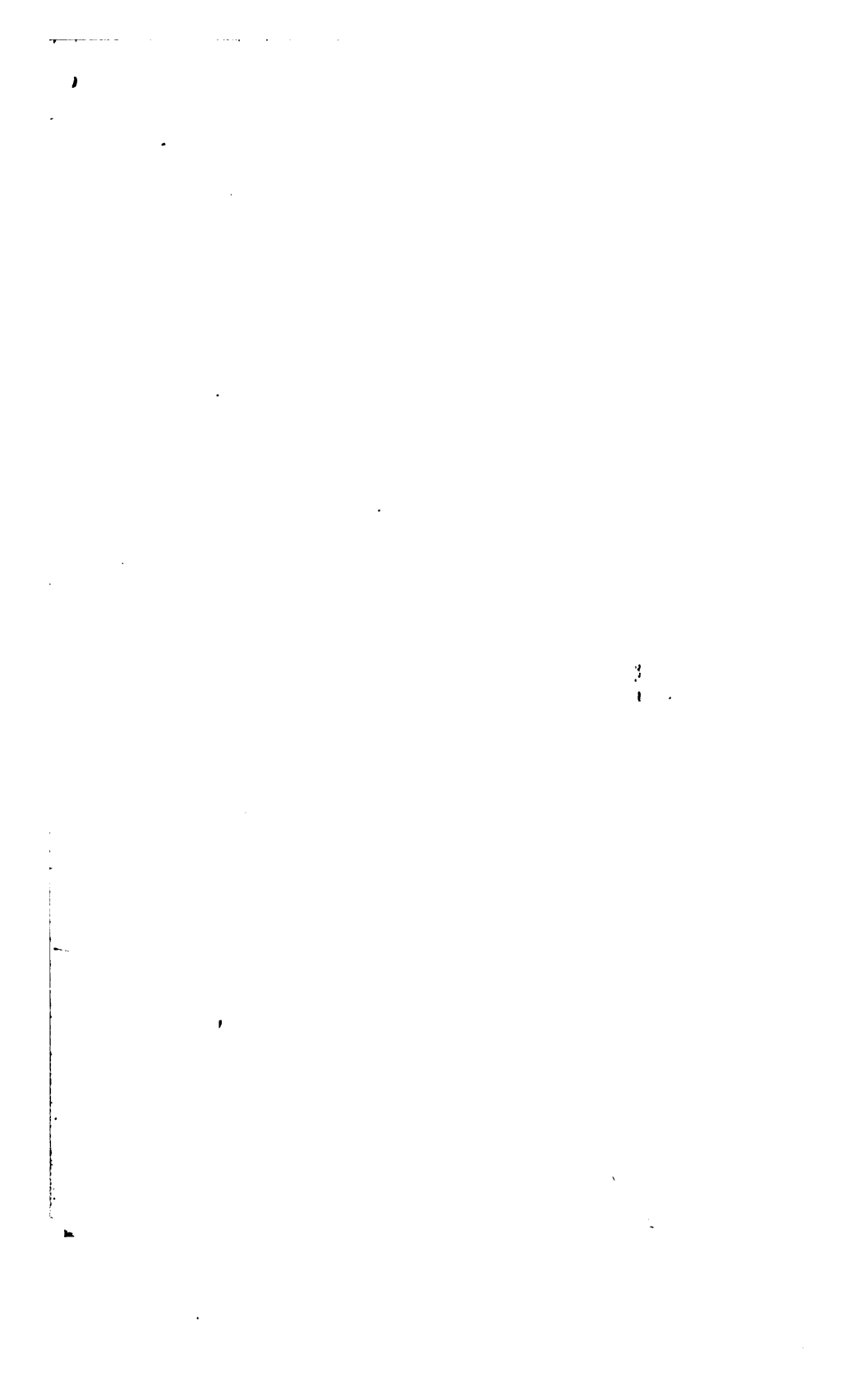
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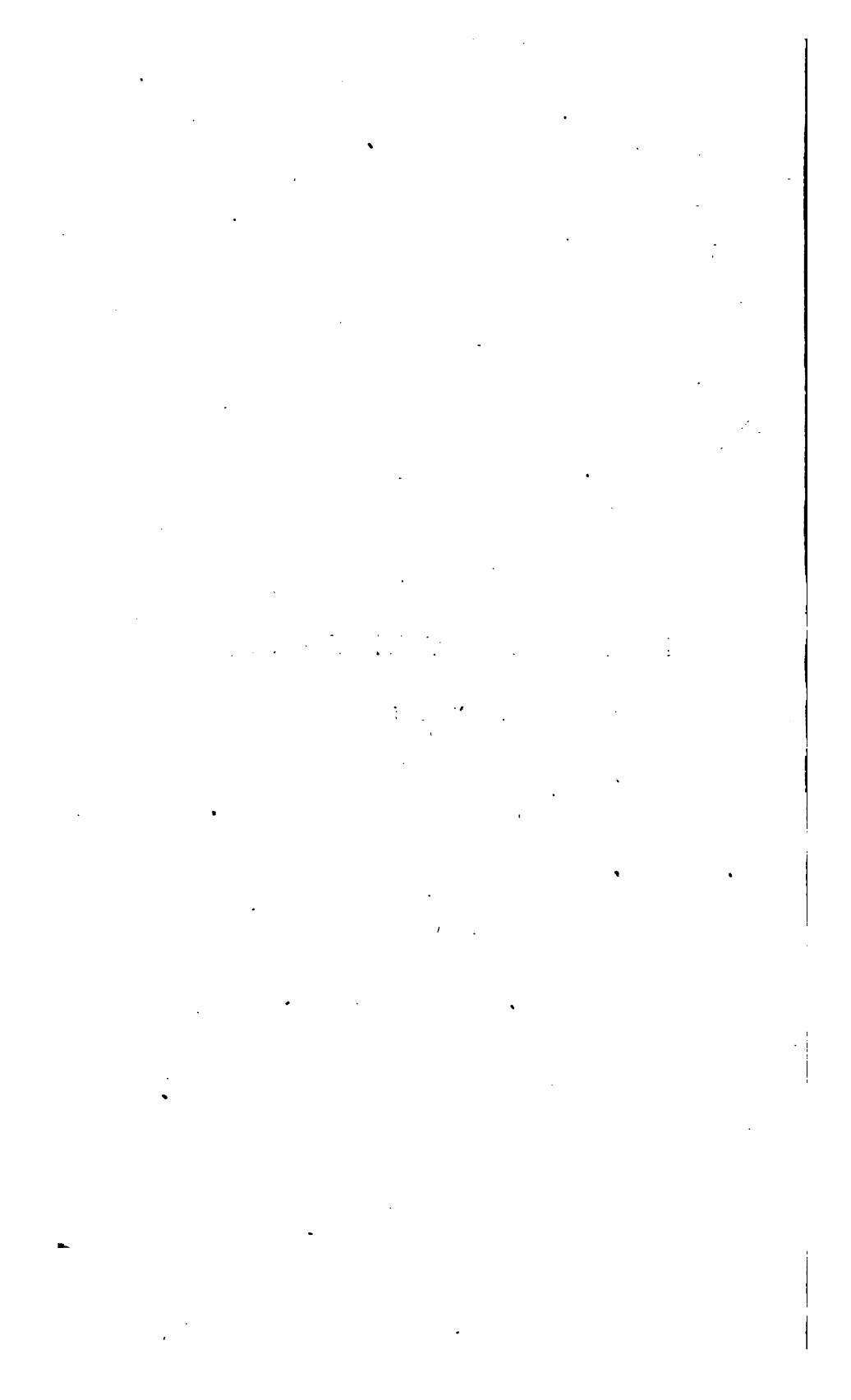




1393

LIFE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

VOLUME II.



T H E L I F E

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.

BY HIS BROTHER,

JAMES CARRICK MOORE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
CHAPTER XII.	
Domestic Occurrences—Camp at Sandgate, in Kent— Conference with the Ministers; and the result— Ferrol	1
CHAPTER XIII.	
Transactions in Sicily	27
CHAPTER XIV.	
Affairs of Portugal and Sweden	70
CHAPTER XV.	
Moore lands in Portugal—Transactions there	100
CHAPTER XVI.	
Campaign in Spain	119
<hr/>	
APPENDIX.	
Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore, by the Rev. Charles Wolfe	233
General Order, by the Duke of York	235
Epitaph by Dr. Parr	238

LETTERS.

	Date.	Page
Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore.	Calais, April 17, 1772	243
" "	Geneva, July 17, 1772	246
John Moore, at ten years of age, to his Mother	Geneva, Dec. 7, 1772	249
" "	Chatelaine, Oct. 27, 1773	250
Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore	Geneva, May 8, 1774	253
" "	" Sept. 16, 1774	255
John Moore to James	Vienna, Oct. 21, 1775	260
Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore	Geneva, July 11, 1776	261
John Moore to his Father	London, Sept. 16, 1776	264
" "	" Sept. 19, 1776	267
Ensign Moore to Mrs. Moore	Minorca, Feb. 3, 1777	272
Lieut. Moore to Dr. Moore	Halifax, Aug. 24, 1779	277
Captain-Lieutenant Moore to Dr. Moore	" June 19, 1780	281
Lieut.-Colonel Moore to Dr. Moore	Cork, Feb. 17, 1792	286
" to Mrs. Moore	Gibraltar, Feb. 8, 1793	288
" "	" June 22, 1793	292
" to Dr. Moore	" Sept. 30, 1793	295
" "	" Oct. 7, 1793	297
" to Mrs. Moore	" Oct. 31, 1793	299
" "	Corsica, Aug. 11, 1794	302
" "	" Dec. 6, 1794	305
" to James Moore	" Aug. 10, 1795	306
Brigadier-Gen. Moore to Mrs. Moore	Portsmouth, Feb. 25, 1796	309
" "	At sea, Feb. 28, 1796	310
" to Dr. Moore	Barbadoes, April 17, 1796	312
" to Mrs. Moore	St. Lucia, Dec. 16, 1796	316
" to Dr. Moore	" Jan. 18, 1797	318
" "	" Feb. 12, 1797	324

CONTENTS.

vii

	Date.	Page
Brigadier-Gen. Moore to Dr.		
Moore	May 16, 1797	327
„ to Mrs. Moore	Falmouth, July 9, 1797	332
„ to Dr. Moore	Ireland, July 7, 1798	334
„ „	„ July 18, 1798	336
James Moore to Dr. Moore	„ Aug. 8, 1798	340
Major-Gen. Moore to „	„ Sept. 16, 1798	342
„ „	„ Dec. 9, 1798	344
„ to James Moore	„ Oct. 29, 1798	346
„ to Dr. Moore	„ Dec. 26, 1798	349
„ to Mrs. Moore	„ April 9, 1799	352
„ (dictated) „	Holland, Sept. 18, 1799	354
„ „	„ Sept. 28, 1799	356
„ „ to Dr. Moore „	„ Oct. 3, 1799	358
Sir Robert Brownrigg „	„ Oct. 4, 1799	363
Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore	London, October, 1799	364
Major-Gen. Moore „	Chelmsford, Jan. 11, 1800	366
„ to Dr. Moore	Egypt, March 25, 1801	368
„ „	„ April 1, 1801	372
Sir Robert Brownrigg to		
Dr. Moore	Horse Guards, May 15, 1801	376
Major-General Moore to Dr.		
Moore	Egypt, May 26, 1801	377
„ to Mrs. Moore	„ Sept. 2, 1801	383
Sir Edward Paget to Sir		
John Moore	London, April 21, 1802	386
Major-General Moore to Sir		
Edward Paget	„ April 22, 1802	387
Sir John Moore to Mrs.		
Moore	Sandgate, Aug. 25, 1804	388
„ „	Canterbury, March 27, 1806	391
„ „	Sicily, Aug. 6, 1806	393
„ „	„ Sept. 16, 1807	396
„ „	Gibraltar, Dec. 12, 1807	399

	Date.	Page
Sir John Moore to Mrs. Moore	At sea, May 9, 1808	401
" " "	Sweden, May 27, 1808	402
" " "	Portugal, Sept. 3, 1808	405
" " "	" Oct. 4, 1808	409
Mrs. Moore to her Daughter	July, 1809	411

THE LIFE
OF
SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHAPTER XII.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES—CAMP AT SANDGATE,
IN KENT—CONFERENCE WITH THE MINISTERS,
AND THE RESULT—FERROL.

THE return of General Moore, cured of his wound, and preserved from the dangers he had been exposed to, was the greatest consolation possible to his dying father. Doctor Moore was on the verge of old age, and affected with an incurable malady of the heart. He had retired to Richmond, with his wife and only daughter. The arrival of his eldest son, covered with honour, shed a gleam of happiness on his last days, before he descended into the grave.

He was still able to take airings in an open

carriage; and to defend himself from the frosts of winter, he always wore that sable pelisse which was the gift of the Grand Vizir to his son. He was tended by his wife, who through life performed her duties to her husband, her children, and her neighbours, with that constant assiduity which is exerted by many in the pursuit of interest and pleasure. She appeared to her family and to her friends to have been created devoid of selfishness.

In the latter period of his life Dr. Moore's thoughts were much turned to the contemplation of a future state, in which he firmly believed. His decay was gradual, and with little suffering. One day, after questioning me earnestly respecting the opinions of two eminent physicians whom he had consulted, and expressing a wish for the trial of more potent remedies, he said, 'James, you may wonder that at my age, and with my infirmities, I should be desirous of protracting life; but I assure you, in truth, that at no period of my youth was I ever happier.'

Not many weeks after this, he expired, in

the presence of his wife, his daughter, and his eldest son.

By his will his property was bequeathed, ultimately, to his six children, in divisions proportioned to their circumstances. The widow's jointure being necessarily moderate, the General pressed his mother's acceptance of an additional annuity from himself; but he could only prevail upon her to receive one half of what he urged. These were private concerns, which are noticed briefly, Moore's life being involved in public affairs.

The British nation, with the inconstancy inherent in the people, had first been clamorous for war, and latterly for peace; and that of Amiens had been concluded, with little expectation of its permanency; for the empire of France had been usurped by Napoleon,—whose character was then only indicated, but in a few years became fully developed. However extended that empire had already been, he was infatuated with the frenzy of acquiring boundless dominion; and no neighbouring state, indeed none

in the world within his reach, were unmolested, or uninsulted by his arrogant demands.

Mr. Addington *, our Prime Minister, had penetrated into his designs, yet, from motives of economy, reduced both the army and navy. But Napoleon, uncontrolled by a House of Commons, augmented his army; and organized his law of conscription to convert the soil of France into a hot-bed of soldiers.

During the precarious cessation of hostilities our military affairs were not neglected by the Duke of York. He sent Moore to command at Brighthelmstone, where the Prince of Wales's regiment of cavalry was stationed; and his Royal Highness signed the reports to him, like other colonels. On one occasion, the regular form not being observed, the proper information was obtained from the lieutenant-colonel, without animadversion upon the royal superior.

Moore was afterwards removed to Chatham, where a larger force was assembled,

* Since, Lord Viscount Sidmouth.

and he was frequently consulted by the Commander-in-Chief on military subjects. The Duke mentioned to him a design of enlisting some regiments of riflemen, a species of troops which had never been raised in this country. On which Moore observed, that our army was not so numerous as to admit of having enough of those for each detached force, which the nature of our warfare required. He, therefore, advised, that some good regiments should be practised as marksmen, with the usual muskets, and instructed both in light infantry manœuvres, and also to act, when required, as a firm battalion. His Royal Highness approved of this idea, and requested him to form his own regiment on that plan; and as many of the men were unfit for these complex duties, he was empowered to exchange them for more powerful and active soldiers, selected from another battalion.

He then commenced this new discipline, and in a short time formed a regiment, which for celerity and expertness was ad-

mired by experienced officers. Other regiments, particularly a corps of young Highlanders, were disciplined in the same manner, and their utility was displayed in the subsequent war.

Moore, enjoying the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief, was thus engaged in improving the efficiency of the army; an employment by no means brilliant, but most useful to his country.

Bonaparte, whose insatiable mind was abhorrent to any continuance of concord with those around him, seized upon Piedmont, Parma, Placentia, Elba; and subjected the whole of Switzerland to his power during the peace.

The Continent, from terror, did not even remonstrate against these infractions of treaties and lawless conquests; but as he likewise grossly insulted and menaced Great Britain with invasion, war ensued.

To fulfil his threat, a thousand large gunboats were constructed and collected at Boulogne; where a capacious bason was ex-

cavated for their reception, and a vast army encamped on the shore, ready to embark.

Mr. Addington, being a man of a firm and energetic character, was not dismayed. He augmented the army, called out the militia, and by his encouragement four hundred thousand volunteers were arrayed in arms, an host unparalleled in this island. But as the local forces were spread over the whole country, and the capital was particularly menaced, the principal part of the regular troops were stationed between the sea-coast and London. The command of these was given to Sir David Dundas, and Moore was encamped, with an advanced corps, at Sandgate, opposite to Boulogne, where Bonaparte was expected to land. Along the shore Martello towers were constructed, and batteries were raised to command the important points.

The troops were trained to exact discipline by Moore; who possessed the valuable talent of instructing the officers in their duties, and of rendering the soldiers expert in the use of their arms, and swift in manœuvering, with-

out distressing them with multiplied and vexatious orders. He had frequent communications with Sir David Dundas, on the military operations, and on the reinforcements to be sent him from the second line, if a descent by the enemy should be effected: measures were concerted between them on many probable occurrences. Yet extensive discretionary powers were left him, as no certain rules can be fixed on contingent events.

William Pitt was not at this period a minister; but being Warden of the Cinque Ports, he raised two regiments of a thousand men each, who were well trained recruits, and in Moore's district. He frequently rode over to Shornecliff, where Moore was encamped, who had the pleasure of explaining to this great statesman all his plans. On one of these occasions, Mr. Pitt said to him, 'Well, Moore: but as on the very first alarm of the enemy's coming, I shall march to aid you with my Cinque Port regiments, you have not told me where you will place us?' 'Do you see,' said Moore, 'that hill? You

‘ and yours shall be drawn up on it, where
‘ you will make a most formidable appear-
‘ ance to the enemy, while I with the soldiers
‘ shall be fighting on the beach.’ Mr. Pitt
was exceedingly amused with this reply.

In the summer, when all Europe was watching the event of the immense preparations on the opposite shores of France and England, General Moore’s aged mother and sister travelled to Sandgate to visit him. Finding there her son commanding an army for the defence of the kingdom, she took him in her arms and wept. The principal officers testified towards her intrinsic respect; but she shunned conspicuousness, being unassuming as the mother of a peasant. After remaining two months in tranquil contentment, some movements of the French shipping and forces made the General anxious for his mother’s return homewards. She took leave of him sorrowfully, and in a few days afterwards received the following letter.

‘ Sandgate, Oct. 2, 1803.

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ I am glad you arrived safe, and found
‘ everything so comfortable. The day you
‘ left this, we had an alarm, which I am
‘ glad you escaped. The signal officer at
‘ Folkestone mistook a signal, which was,
‘ that the enemy’s boats were out of Calais;
‘ and hoisted one which signified that the
‘ enemy’s ships and transports from Os-
‘ tend were steering west; which as the
‘ wind was, would have brought them to
‘ us in a few hours. All was bustle, and an
‘ express, with the above information, and
‘ that the brigade was under arms, found me
‘ at Dungeness Point.

‘ My horse suffered; I galloped him the
‘ whole way back. The Volunteers, Sea
‘ Fencibles, and all, were turned out, and
‘ very cheerful—not at all dismayed at the
‘ prospect of meeting the French; as for the
‘ brigade, they were in high spirits. By the
‘ time I reached camp, the mistake was dis-
‘ covered.

‘ Government are, however, much more
‘ apprehensive of the invasion than they were
‘ some time ago ; I am glad, therefore, you are
‘ at home. Three more regiments are coming
‘ to me on Tuesday. Sir David Dundas is
‘ this instant come to me ; I must therefore
‘ conclude. Love to Jane, &c. I am quite
‘ well.

‘ Yours ever, my dear Mother, affectionately,
‘ JOHN MOORE.’

As winter advanced, the sea became too boisterous for an invasion by boats ; so the army was dismissed into barracks, as is noticed in another letter.

‘ Sandgate, Thursday Night.

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ I despair of an opportunity of writing to
‘ you in the forenoon, so I shall seize one
‘ before I go to bed, when it is not very likely
‘ that I shall be interrupted. The breaking
‘ up of the camp, and the settling the troops
‘ in their quarters, gave me additional em-
‘ ployment ; we had three or four fine, clear,

‘ frosty days to do it in, and they are now all
‘ snug; not in the best barracks, but in such
‘ as appear to them comfortable, after the wet
‘ and bleak tents on Shornecliff. Nothing
‘ could be so healthy as they were to the last,
‘ which I impute not only to the dry ground
‘ on which they were encamped; but to the
‘ regularity of their conduct, and to the con-
‘ stant action they were kept in.

‘ I am very sorry for poor Jane: I was in
‘ hopes she had laid in a stock of health for
‘ one season at least. I look not to the de-
‘ parture of either you or her for many years,
‘ so do not think of it. When these wars are
‘ over, remember I have no home but yours,
‘ so do not deprive me of it. I have got Sir
‘ John Shaw’s house for three guineas a week
‘ during the winter months; in summer it will
‘ of course be at least double. Every soul
‘ has left this. In Shornecliff Barrack, which
‘ is the only one nearer to me than Hythe,
‘ there is but a small regiment. I have no
‘ prospect of society, I have therefore sent
‘ for my books. My mornings will be occu-

‘ pied as usual, but in the long evenings, the
‘ books will be my sole resource. * * * *
‘ I consider invasion over for this winter, and
‘ therefore, probably, over for ever; but with
‘ the winds I now witness, a naval expe
‘ dition cannot be undertaken; therefore send
‘ me your receipt for minced pies; yours, to
‘ my taste, are the best I meet with. Kind
‘ remembrance to Jane—good night, my dear
‘ Mother. Believe me,

‘ Ever affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

In the following year, the preparations for invasion were augmented, and Moore, who was in readiness to encounter it, wrote in February to his mother, that he did not expect the French before April; ‘ And even
‘ then, the expedition is so replete with
‘ difficulties, and leaves such little hope of
‘ success, that I shall always doubt their in-
‘ tention until we see it actually attempted.

‘ The collection at Boulogne can only
‘ mean this part of the coast, and I am

‘ pleased with the prospect of seeing the first
‘ of it. If we beat the French handsomely in
‘ the first instance, the house at Marshgate *
‘ will not hold you.

‘ I am glad to see the accounts of the King
‘ are favourable; I wish him to recover. I
‘ like to be at my post, doing my duty; in-
‘ different whether one set or another govern,
‘ provided they govern well.’

A change of administration soon after this took place, Mr. Addington being overwhelmed by the eloquence of the most able orators of the House of Commons, although no well-grounded charges were advanced against his measures. For the nation had suffered no reverses, and Bonaparte had gained no triumphs. He had chiefly been occupied in building gun-boats for invasion, which he soon found was too perilous an enterprize; and his army lingered at Boulogne, consuming his resources.

The British minister was resolute, and con-

* Near Richmond, where Mrs. Moore lived.

fidant that the country could defend itself without an ally. He, therefore, offered no subsidies to the continental powers, thinking it better to leave them quiescent to recover from the dreadful losses they had endured by their late discomfitures.

In the mean time, he ruined the commerce, blocked up the harbours, and sent squadrons to attack the colonies of France. Mr. Pitt disliked this mode of warfare, as not sufficiently offensive; he soon commenced foreign negotiations, and the war assumed a different aspect.

Moore received, in September, official letters of a very flattering tenour, signifying that it was his Majesty's pleasure to confer upon him the order of the Bath. As he regularly corresponded with his mother, this, among other matters, was noticed thus:—

‘ Sandgate, Sept. 30th, 1804.

‘ My dear Mother,

* * * * *

‘ I enclose two letters I received two days ago; on the back of each is the answer

‘ I have returned to it. This mark of attention to me, and the manner in which it is conferred, will no doubt be pleasing to you. I accept it as it is meant; though I should have had no objection to have been distinguished by the want of *the Order*. Sir John, and a ribbon, seem not in character with me—but so it is. You will send me back the two letters, after showing them to Jane and my brothers; nobody else has a right to know our private concerns. You will wait mentioning this subject, or to Sir John me, until you see me in the Gazette, and, indeed, until I have been invested.’

* * * * *

It was about this time that government received certain intelligence, though surreptitiously, that Spain was about to declare war against Great Britain, and only delayed, until her treasure ships should reach Cadiz. Orders upon this were dispatched to Captain Graham Moore, to intercept these Spanish ships, and to conduct them to Portsmouth, employing force, if necessary. He sailed

with two frigates towards Spain; and taking with him two others which he met, he proceeded in the track he considered the most likely to fall in with the Spanish ships, and cruised off Cadiz. In a few days four large Spanish frigates were seen steering towards the coast, bound from Spanish America.

The largest ship displayed a Rear-Admiral's flag; on board of which he sent an officer to communicate to the Spanish Admiral the orders he had received, which were peremptory. The Spaniard remonstrated, and refused to obey: a fierce action, ship to ship, ensued. One of the Spanish frigates was blown up, and the three others, after a sharp conflict, struck, and were conveyed to Spithead.

On the General's hearing of this encounter, he wrote to his mother in the following humorous strain:—

Sandgate, 19th October.

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ I think I see the spectacles jumping
‘ off your nose, in reading the account of

‘ Graham’s success. We shall hear no more
 ‘ of his being relaxed. Depend upon it, that
 ‘ since the 5th instant, the day he fell in with
 ‘ the Spaniards, he has been quite well.
 ‘ Everybody rejoices, I believe, that this good
 ‘ fortune has fallen to the lot of Graham
 ‘ Moore. I have no less than three letters
 ‘ this morning to announce it. We shall
 ‘ have Graham’s letter in to-morrow’s Ga-
 ‘ zette. I am impatient to read the particu-
 ‘ lars of his action. I am with him, and I
 ‘ may add with you, more eager for his fame
 ‘ than his riches. However, Bertrand will
 ‘ say, the dollars do no injury.

‘ Can you condescend to read of anything
 ‘ but Graham ?

* * * * *

‘ Love to Jane and Charles, and believe
 ‘ me,

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ Affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.

‘ This débüt of Graham as a Commodore
 ‘ is delightful.’

Another season passed away without an invasion ; and towards the end of November, Moore was summoned to town by a King's messenger, despatched by Mr. Pitt. A large bundle of papers was sent for his perusal, and he met, in confidential consultation, Mr. Pitt, Lords Melville and Camden. He found these ministers impressed with a conviction, that by a sudden attack the town of Ferrol might be taken, the fleet seized, and the arsenal destroyed ; and it was intended to put fifteen or even twenty thousand men under his command for this expedition.

Moore stated to the Ministers, that the practicability of this scheme depended entirely upon the situation of the place, the strength of the fortifications, and the numbers of the garrison ; but the voluminous papers which had been consigned to him contained no information on these essential points. He showed that the reports in the papers were vague and uncertain ; and as he knew nothing of Ferrol himself, it was impossible for him, without some better intelli-

gence, to give any opinion of the probability of succeeding in the project.

Lord Melville then called his attention to the letters of two very eminent Admirals who had seen Ferrol, and who were both persuaded of the facility of taking it. And a third Admiral, a man not apt to assert anything lightly, who knew not that such a measure was in contemplation, had spontaneously recommended by all means to strike a blow at Ferrol: in short, there was a general conviction of the weakness of the place.

Moore replied, that he knew nothing to the contrary; and if the place was assailable, he ardently wished to make the attack. He owned likewise, that the assertions and the opinions of the three Admirals were clear and strong; yet they had not written a single syllable of the grounds on which they had formed them.

This omission in persons unskilled in military affairs, reminds me of having been often amazed at the erroneous apprehensions and

delusive reasonings on diseases, of erudite men even of superior capacities, especially of those who read medical books ; who not being of the profession, are ignorant of the elements of that science.

As the council wavered on what was to be done, Moore offered to go himself privately to Admiral Cochrane's squadron lying off Ferrol, and learn the amount of the information which he and the Captains had acquired. He said that the preparations for the expedition might proceed, while he ran into the bay, and observed what could be seen from the deck of a ship, and endeavoured to form some opinion on the feasibility of the plan. This proposal was warmly approved of, and his brother's ship was appointed to convey him to Ferrol.

Tempestuous weather occurred in the passage, but they joined the squadron in Betenzos bay in December. Sir John Moore took a fictitious name, and lest some one in the flag-ship should recognise him, Admiral Cochrane visited him in his brother's frigate.

The Admiral informed him, that the Spaniards had taken an alarm ; great bodies of troops had marched into Ferrol, and no boats were suffered to land on the Peninsula. But in order to give him some view of the place, he proposed that the frigate should proceed up the bay and anchor near the shore, while the rest of the squadron should retire.

Though there was very little wind next day, Captain Graham Moore sailed a good way up, and cast anchor in the evening. In the following morning, Admiral Cochrane came to breakfast, and brought a couple of dogs and fowling-pieces. He said they might land safely on the east side of the Bay, and walk up a hill, under the pretence of shooting, and thence see Ferrol far better than from the deck of a ship.

Accordingly, the Admiral and Captain Moore, in blue jackets, and Sir John in plain clothes, went ashore with two boats ; they ascended the hill, which was about two miles from the shore ; whence they had a bird's-eye view of Ferrol, distant five miles ; and of

the harbour, the arsenal and the batteries erected for their protection. On the way, they met some people who spoke to them with civility ; but before they had been half an hour on the hill, Sir John saw a boat full of soldiers rowing towards the spot where their boats lay. He suspected that they were discovered, and a man was instantly despatched to order the sailors to row round to a sandy bay behind the hill on which they stood, and to which they hastened. It was about three miles to this bay, which they reached before the boats, and tried in vain by a large bribe, to prevail on some fishermen to take them off. At length the boats arrived, the sailors pulling the oars with all their might.

All jumped in and got away in safety. The sailors were equally glad, who told them, that the soldiers, who came in the boat, had only ordered them to leave the shore ; but before the boat's crew had collected, a second party of near forty soldiers suddenly appeared marching towards them. On which they

pushed off, and left a midshipman and two men; who were made prisoners.

The soldiers ran along on the shore in the direction they steered: but the sailors rowed faster than the soldiers could run; yet these were within a quarter of an hour's walk from the sandy bay, when all embarked.

This project of the Admiral, on whom Sir John confided, might have had a very serious conclusion, if they had been captured. For as none of the officers wore uniforms, their dresses might have been construed to be disguises, and themselves to be spies.

The view from the hill had been too distant to be of much use, yet no better could be obtained. But the Admiral had got information that the Spaniards had become vigilant; that troops marched daily into Ferrol; and they were mounting their different batteries with cannon. He himself had never seen the defences near, but the description he had got was, that the batteries which defended the entrance of the harbour, could either prevent

any shipping from passing; or destroy them when they got in. That the bastions of the place were solidly constructed, between fifteen and twenty feet high, and mounted with heavy cannon; and Fort St. Felipe was a work of considerable strength. Also that the fortifications of the town, if tolerably garrisoned, were too strong to be assaulted, and could only be taken by a battering train and a regular siege.

This was the amount of the Admiral's information, and as nothing more precise could be procured, Sir John resolved to return to England; but so violent a gale of wind sprung up, that the ship dragged its anchor, and was driven towards the rocks. To escape being wrecked, the cable was cut in the middle of the night, and the ship fortunately hove her head round the right way, and got to sea. It continued to blow tremendously for three days, yet the men-of-war all escaped; but had there been a fleet of transports filled with troops in that bay, many must have been lost.

When Moore arrived at London, he made an exact report to Mr. Pitt, which, together with Admiral Cochrane's despatches, put an end to the projected attack on Ferrol, and probably averted a great calamity.

This evinces what extraordinary circumspection is requisite in a minister. For that expedition had been most strenuously recommended by three admirals of distinguished merit in their profession. Yet, when Moore sifted the business, it was detected, that their opinions and counsel were neither founded on observation, nor on proofs; but merely on their own vague conjectures, and those of others.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRANSACTIONS IN SICILY.

WHEN Mr. Pitt resumed the administration of the British empire his physical powers, but not his mental, were in the wane. He quickly commenced a negotiation with Austria and Russia, to form a coalition to put a stop to the usurpations of France, and to restore order to Europe. Prussia did not join in this design. While it was proceeding Bonaparte persevered in his threats to conquer England, and in his progress to subdue Italy. Being above disguising these determinations, he caused himself to be proclaimed King of Italy, was crowned at Milan, and treacherously seized on Liguria and Lucca, deriding good faith and the law of nations. With him power was right, and arms his great charter.

In autumn he broke up his camp at Boulogne, postponing the conquest of England, and marched towards the Rhine. He discomfited the Austrian army, and took Vienna. A Russian army then joined the disheartened Austrians. Both were overthrown at Austerlitz, and the Emperor of Germany compelled to sign an ignominious peace at Presburg.

The failure of a measure does not demonstrate its imprudence; and the victories and successes of Bonaparte being unparalleled, vindicate Mr. Pitt's policy. He was in a dying state; but the intelligence of the disasters flew swifter than death, and struck with grief the departing spirit of this great and patriotic statesman.

Mr. Fox succeeded to the charge of the government, and strove to negotiate a peace with the man whose whole thoughts were bent on conquering the world. While Bonaparte was listening craftily to the overtures made him, he placed one of his brothers on the throne of Holland, and another on that of the two Sicilies, after chasing Ferdinand.

IV. from Naples, who, with his Queen and courtiers, fled to Palermo.

In the extremity to which the Neapolitan government was reduced, energy, fortitude, and intelligence, were peculiarly requisite; qualities not to be found in that court. The King's intellects were feeble: he was good-humoured and kind to his subjects, and only cruel in killing game. His sole passion was hunting; and provided there were fields left for him, upon which he could follow the chase, he cared little how his kingdom or the rest of the world went.

The sceptre was consequently seized by the Queen, who was unskilled to wield it, even in tranquil times; but in the present menacing state of affairs, the charge was far too weighty for her slender capacity. She possessed, indeed, much cunning and insinuation, but was devoted to pleasure. Her husband being devoid of jealousy, the indulgence of her passions was unrestrained; and latterly, by the obsequious adulation of her courtiers, her mind had become impotent,

and unable to consider, or even to listen to any counsel discordant to her wishes. The venality of the Italian courts was well known to, and practised on by France, and this was the most corrupt of any. Every measure of government was betrayed as soon as formed; yet the traitors were never detected. For the Queen, though artful, was less so than her minions. Besides, every woman confides in her lover, and the Queen's paramour was a Frenchman.

To preserve Sicily, about to fall into the grasp of France, the British forces in that island had been augmented to twelve thousand men, under the command of a most distinguished officer, Sir John Stuart. General Fox was sent to supersede him, and also was appointed Minister. This double commission was very rare; and as General Fox had become infirm, it was a strong proof of fraternal affection. To assist him, however, Sir John Moore was nominated second in command; who sailed with a fleet of victuallers, and after a tedious voyage arrived

at Messina, about a fortnight after General Fox.

Previous to their arrival, the Queen, desirous of returning to her palace at Naples, to enjoy there her wonted amusements, had positively assured Sir John Stuart, that there were only three or four thousand French troops in Calabria, and no reinforcement nearer than Naples. That many thousand Calabrians were in arms headed by brave chiefs, and the whole Neapolitan nation were loyal and ready to rise, to exterminate the French, if they had only the countenance of a small British force. This fallacious representation was in every particular confirmed by her ministers: which induced Sir John Stuart to embark nearly five thousand men, with whom he landed in the bay of St. Euphemia, on the 1st of July. But he had hardly disembarked his guns and stores, when an army of seven thousand five hundred French infantry, and three hundred cavalry appeared on some heights in his front. General Regnier, the French com-

mander, had got early intelligence, and probably had suggested this invasion. He had chosen a strong position, yet Sir John Stuart resolved to storm it; when Regnier, only apprehensive that the British would re-embark, abandoned the heights to attack them. He was so confident of the superiority of his skill and numbers, that he invited all the neighbourhood to a feast to be given on the capture of the British troops.

The French moved forward in an oblique line, so that their left wing and the British right were first engaged. The French drums beat the charge, and the soldiers advanced, without firing, resolutely on their enemies, who were also marching forward to encounter them. But when both lines approached within a few yards of each other, the French turned about, and that wing, by the fire and bayonets of the British light infantry, commanded by Colonel Kempt,* were almost entirely destroyed. The other wing and

* Afterwards Sir James Kempt, Master-General of the Ordnance.

centre were also defeated, and driven across the plain with great slaughter.

The Calabrians, who gave not the least aid in the action, followed the French in their flight, and cut off numbers of the wounded and stragglers.

Above two-thirds of the French army were lost in this action at Maida, and in the subsequent retreat; whereas the killed and wounded of the British did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

After this brilliant victory, the magazines and ordnance, collected in the towns on the coast at great expense, all fell into the hands of the British, and the citadel of Reggio was taken. Regnier retired as far as Cassano, where reinforcements from Naples joined him; and Sir John Stuart returned to Palermo, a few days before General Fox arrived. Before this new commander took any important step, he wished to inform himself of the real state of affairs; for the reports he received from different quarters were various, irreconcilable, and conse-

quently perplexing. He therefore requested Sir John Moore to go to the bay of Salerno to see Sir Sidney Smith, the Admiral of the station, and land in Calabria, in order to obtain all the information possible.

Moore embarked in a frigate ; he saw and conversed with the Admiral ; he then went to Capri, opposite to Naples, to learn from the commander the disposition of the Neapolitans. He next visited a number of towns on the coast, and conversed with the magistrates, and other respectable people, collecting much information. He found that the inhabitants were terrified and dejected ; and hoisted either the Royal or Republican flag, as danger threatened ; although the landed proprietors in general favoured the French. The magistrates had no authority, and never thought of making the smallest resistance. They and the inhabitants only wished not to be molested ; yet they entertained a far greater aversion to the Calabrese brigands, who murdered and plundered indiscriminately, than to the French. Indeed, every.

account of the Calabrese in arms was highly unfavourable; as most of their chiefs were foreign adventurers, or felons, who had escaped from the galleys.

There is, perhaps, no part of the world so destitute of public spirit as Naples, and the adjoining districts; whose inhabitants have preserved a softness of character from remote antiquity. In the fabulous ages, Naples had the emblematic name Parthenope, from one of the Syrens; and there are many passages in the Latin poets alluding to the effeminacy and indolence of the natives. After the fall of the Roman empire, Naples was easily and successively subdued by Goths, Lombards, Saracens, Normans, Spaniards, and French. It might have been expected that these warlike nations would have infused some hardihood into the people; but nothing has altered this Syren race, who continue to the present day devoted to music, to gallantry, and sloth.

Moore found two British regiments on the coast, under Brigadier Auckland, who had

been sent by Sir John Stuart, after the battle of Maida, to encourage the people to rise in favour of the royal cause, but without effect : and General Acton, with a corps of Neapolitans, had landed in Calabria, to endeavour to organize the Calabrese brigands.

With regard to the French, after their defeat they had fallen back to Cassano, where considerable reinforcements had joined them ; and Marshal Massena assumed the command, and was advancing in force.

Sir John Moore returned to Messina, and communicated the whole of his intelligence to General Fox. But previous to his arrival, that General had yielded to the urgent requests of the Court, and had detached Sir John Stuart and Brigadier Cole, to land in Calabria. But no one joined them ; from that absence of zeal for the public welfare, and of manly courage, which is notorious in Italy, and especially in the Neapolitan dominions. So Massena found no difficulty in dispersing the brigands, who fled without a contest ; as their chiefs pusillanimously

abandoned them, and escaped to Sicily. General Acton then found it necessary to reimbarc his Neapolitans, and Sir John Stuart and Brigadier Cole were also recalled.

The aspect of affairs was indeed at this period most gloomy, as Bonaparte had, by the battle of Austerlitz, reduced Austria to submission. He then feigned to be a peace-maker, and amused the British Ministry with a negotiation, while he was pouring troops in abundance into Italy. After sufficient garrisons were established in Naples, and the adjoining fortresses, Massena marched into Calabria with fourteen thousand men. He took up a central position to enable him to move instantly against the British, wherever they should attempt to land.

On these occurrences, General Fox thought it advisable to go to Palermo, to learn the views of the Queen, and of the new Prime Minister. For Sir John Acton, who was believed to be an honest, though not an able man, had resigned; and the Marquis Circello, a fawning courtier, was by the power of the

Queen elevated to that office. General Fox wrote to Moore from Palermo, that the Queen, instead of being discouraged by the dispersion of the Calabrese, and the advance of Marshal Massena, considered this the fortunate moment for the British troops to land and conquer Naples; where, it was asserted, there were few French troops left. To imagine that a general like Massena, when he moved to Calabria, would leave the capital unprotected, was very singular. But Moore had received certain intelligence that no such error had been committed; and, on the contrary, that the garrison of Naples had been increased by considerable reinforcements. He therefore answered General Fox, by advising him to resist strenuously this absurd project; and to declare to her Majesty that he must wait for orders from his own government.

General Fox followed this counsel, and returned to Messina filled with disgust at the Court of Palermo; where he told Moore 'He had witnessed more childishness, wick-

‘edness, and folly, than are to be met with
‘in any other part of the world *.’

The intellectual weakness of Circello forms his justification; he acted upon no other principle than obedience to the Queen, and her wishes were inspired by traitorous chamberers.

Moore now set out on a tour through Sicily, to examine the resources of the island, and to discover the sentiments of the people. But he had hardly got to Syracuse when he was suddenly recalled by General Fox, who enclosed a despatch he had received from Circello, and wished to consult him before he answered it.

The despatch was only another attempt by the Queen’s secret plotters to deceive the General in the absence of Sir John Moore. It contained a tissue of falsehoods: that the French garrison at Naples only amounted to two thousand men, and that this was the most seasonable instant for attacking that city; that the Calabrese and the whole Nea-

* Journal, MS.

politian people were loyal, exasperated against the French, and eager to fly to arms to expel them from the country. And as it was pretended that the Sicilian forces amounted to fifteen thousand men, it was proposed that eight thousand of those should sail and take Naples; while the British should land in Calabria, and defeat or harass Massena's army in his march to succour Naples.

To separate forces three or four hundred miles asunder, which, when united, were far too few for the enterprise, was an assured device for the destruction of both. But neither Generals Fox nor Moore entertained at that time a suspicion that this had been designed. They supposed that the Queen, unaccustomed to have her will contradicted, had with female pertinacity determined to carry her point; and that her ardent desire to be reinstated instantly in her palace at Naples, blinded her to the insurmountable obstacles which traversed that wish. They knew not then to the full extent the base venality of an Italian court, and the artful

intrigues of France in royal cabinets ; and therefore considered this strange project as only the silly invention of fools, and not the meditated plot of traitors.

Moore ‘ * recommended to General Fox to
‘ answer the Marquis of Circello by posi-
‘ tively refusing to concur in the measures
‘ he had proposed ; to assure him that it was
‘ not less the wish of the British than of his
‘ court, to see their Sicilian Majesties re-
‘ stored to their throne and former domi-
‘ nions ; and that he should be happy to em-
‘ ploy the force under his command in the
‘ manner that would best tend to so desir-
‘ able an event : but that with respect to the
‘ time and manner of the undertaking, he
‘ held himself as sole judge. In his opinion
‘ this was not the proper moment : and as to
‘ the plan submitted to him, it was so faulty,
‘ that he could not believe it had been formed
‘ in concert with any man of military expe-
‘ rience.

‘ He therefore must decline having any

* Journal, MS.

‘ share in its execution, and should regret
‘ if his Sicilian Majesty were so ill-advised
‘ as to attempt it by himself,’ &c. &c.

However cautiously General Fox testified his non-compliance, as the Queen was only accustomed to concession, her temper was exasperated to the height; and a torrent of abuse, especially against Sir John Moore, was transmitted to the British government*. By evil reports from Circello, one of the British ministers was so strongly prepossessed against Sir John Moore, that he became his enemy for life.

Soon after this, Brigadier Campbell arrived from England, bringing intelligence of the death of Charles Fox. He stated also, that the negotiation for peace between Great Britain and France was proceeding, and with a probability of success. But neither the Brigadier nor the packet brought any despatches from the new ministers: consequently, General Fox was confirmed in

* Communicated by General Fox to the Author.

his decision not to act offensively without knowing their views, or receiving their instructions,

The uselessness of treating for peace with Bonaparte became at length obvious ; but while it continued, his fell eagles swooped up Prussia ; and Great Britain and Russia were the only European nations who remained independent. After the death of Mr. Fox, the succeeding ministry * did not continue to his brother the office of Minister Plenipotentiary ; and Mr. Drummond was sent out with that commission. He arrived at Palermo towards the end of the year, and wrote to the General, desiring his opinion on public business ; who deputed Sir John Moore to inform him fully of everything that had occurred.

Moore proceeded to Palermo, and explained to him the state of affairs, and the resolution adopted by General Fox to retain the army for the preservation of Sicily : be-

* Lords Grey and Grenville.

cause, if it were landed in Italy, of which the French were masters, both the army and Sicily would, in all probability, be lost.

Mr. Drummond was convinced by his reasons, and approved of the decision. He then introduced Sir John to the Queen, who behaved to him politely; but the King received him cordially, and spoke to him in an affecting, homely manner; he assured him ‘* that he liked and confided in the English, though *some persons* had endeavoured to impress him differently; and he should always act faithfully and honestly by them.’ He added, ‘I may become poor and unfortunate; but I trust I shall always preserve the character of an honest, honourable man.’ It was a pity, that with good principles there was so much weakness.

Moore was also introduced to the Prince of Hesse Philipstadt, commander of the Sicilian forces. He discussed with him the military plan, and they agreed completely;

* Journal, MS,

the Prince entirely disapproving of the measures meditated by the Queen. He owned that the Sicilian troops were undisciplined; 'that his staff was composed of French Emigrants, who he thought were traitors; and that Monsieur St. Clair (the Queen's lover) was their head.'

These facts clearly account for the aversion of the doting Queen towards her real friends, which rose to such a height, that Mr. Drummond wrote to General Fox, that 'there was too much reason to believe that the Queen at one time was negotiating for a large corps of Russians to be sent to Sicily; but since the late successes of the French, that she had opened through Spain a negotiation with Bonaparte, and is now actually betraying us.'

This accusation, by Mr. Drummond, of the infatuated Queen, is hardly credible; yet Sir John Moore, in his journal, avers that 'she detests the English, and gives her confidence to Frenchmen, and to men sold to France.' Yet the British government was

bestowing an annual subsidy on his Sicilian Majesty, and employing both an army and navy in the defence of his dominions.

The British Ministry now intrusted the war department to Mr. William Wyndham, who was a subtle orator, and endowed with a fervid imagination.

In Mr. Pitt's administration, he had been permitted to execute a scheme of his own conception, which was, to disembark three thousand emigrants in Quiberon Bay, to excite a counter-revolution in France. These devoted royalists were consequently destroyed. Soon after entering into office on this occasion, he transported eight thousand men to Buenos Ayres, to take that city; and afterwards to advance to more distant conquests. The troops landed, were defeated, and capitulated.

His projects in the Mediterranean are next to be mentioned. Admiral Sir John Duckworth, with a strong squadron of men-of-war, appeared off Sicily. Sir John Moore was sent to communicate with him, and the Admiral showed him his orders. He was

directed to sail through the Dardanelles, and anchor off Constantinople, to compel the Turks to desist from hostilities against the Russians. If they refused, he was to demand the surrender of their fleet; and if this likewise were not complied with, he was ordered to fire upon the city, and capture or destroy all the shipping.

General Fox also was ordered, in case of hostilities ensuing with the Turks, to detach immediately five thousand men to take possession of Alexandria.

These were harsh terms meted to the Ottoman Porte, which had been so lately our faithful ally.

It appeared to Sir John Moore very strange to send the troops and the fleet to different and distant points. In his opinion, it would have been more advisable that seven or eight thousand soldiers should have accompanied the fleet, to secure a safe passage through the Dardanelles, and to enable the Admiral to effect his instructions. But the war minister thought otherwise; whose visionary expectations of obtaining great suc-

cesses by small means were frustrated everywhere; for the Grand Signior spurned at the threats of Sir John Duckworth, who effected nothing; and his squadron, in returning, was dreadfully shattered by the Turkish batteries. With regard to Alexandria, it was indeed taken possession of by the detachment sent against it; but in venturing to master Rosetta also, a repulse with heavy loss was sustained.

As Moore was not engaged in these affairs, they are only noticed cursorily: I now return to what concerns himself.

In the beginning of February, Mr. Drummond, the minister, came to Messina in a line-of-battle ship, to communicate what he imagined to be an important piece of intelligence to the Commander of the Forces; and next day, General Fox, accompanied by Sir John Moore, waited upon him in form. After some preamble, Mr. Drummond signified to them, that in consequence of the measures that had been adopted by the Court of Palermo, he had resolved to withhold the subsidy granted by the British government; and by that means had brought about a complete

subversion of the ruling power ; and that the Queen had no longer the slightest influence in public affairs. All political business was now transacted by himself, the Marquis Circello, and the King ; and on this change in the administration being fixed, he had consented to pay the subsidy regularly.

Moore was astonished that Mr. Drummond should have been hoodwinked by so palpable an Italian device. He reminded him of the imbecility of the King, whom the Queen biassed just as she pleased ; and of Circello being her creature ; consequently, that she retained the whole power of the state as completely as before. The only real change, therefore, that had occurred, was only a transfer of the money from his pocket to hers.

Mr. Drummond was a good deal disconcerted by Moore's remarks, but would not admit that he had been overreached by the Queen's superior cunning. He returned next day to the court of their Sicilian Majesties, in the Tyger man-of-war, with diplomatic pomp.

In the above short absence of Mr. Drummond, instead of General Fox being re-appointed to the command of the Sicilian forces, as was expected, the Hereditary Prince of Sicily was nominated Inspector General of the army, and *Monsieur St. Clair* his assistant; which appointments were decisive proofs of the deception practised on Mr. Drummond.

Moore, with a few officers, took this opportunity to inspect the troops in their quarters, and to make an excursion through the country; Sicily being an island most interesting to all who are versed in history and poetry.

The road they took winds round the base of Mount Etna, whose intestine fires, supplied by unexhausted fuel, have burned for thousands of years. They stopped not at inns, for there are none, but at convents, which abound; and they were hospitably entertained by the monks, the superiors of whom are polite, lettered men. In a few days they arrived at Castro Giovanni, near the centre

of the island. This town is built on the fertile plain of Enna, once the favourite abode of Ceres. The Lake Pergara, formerly Pergus, adorns and freshens this romantic vale.

‘ Haud procul Hennajis lacus est a mœnibus altæ,
 ‘ Nomine Pergus, aquæ : non illo plura Caystros
 ‘ Carmina cygnorum labentibus audit in undis.’

The travellers admired the deep, clear water ; but the songs of the swans are only heard by poets.

The temple of Ceres, though built on a rock, has disappeared. Time crumbles to dust statues, towers, and temples of stone and marble, but has not erased the tale inscribed on imperishable materials ; how,

* * In Enna’s vale, stern Pluto rein’d his steeds,
 ‘ Where Proserpine, amidst the flow’ry meads,
 ‘ Gather’d fresh violets and lilies fair,
 ‘ Whose breathing odours scent th’ ambient air,
 ‘ Striving with girlish zeal the Nymphs t’ excel
 ‘ In basket filling, and in choosing well.
 ‘ The god beheld, loved, seized the shudd’ring prize,
 ‘ And whirl’d her downward to the nether skies.’

Leaving this enchanting place, they tra-

* ‘ Perpetuum ver est. Quo dum Proserpina luco
 ‘ Ludit, et aut violas, aut candida lilia carpit ;
 ‘ Dumque puellari studio, calathosque sinumque
 ‘ Implet, et æquales certat superare legendo,
 ‘ Pœne simul visa est, dilectaque, raptaque Diti.’—OVID.

velled westward, inclining to the sea-coast, until they reached Girgente. This town is situated on a hill, over the plain on which stood Agrigentum; a city reported to have contained, in days of yore, above half a million of inhabitants—where wealth abounded and the fine arts flourished. So luxurious were the Agrigentines, that Plato declared ‘ they built as if they thought they would never die; and feasted as if they could no longer live.’

Girgente is now an assemblage of miserable huts. Yet, a few churches, monasteries, a cathedral, and the Bishop’s palace, cast some respectability around. But what are these modern structures to the few remains which still exist of ancient grandeur? The most entire, is the Temple of Concord, of pure Doric architecture. The next fine relic is the Temple of Juno Lucina. But of the stupendous temple of Olympian Jove, only the foundation can be traced; for the walls and the deeply-fluted columns have long lain prostrate.

Turning to the eastern coast, they passed through several agreeably-situated towns, before they arrived at Syracuse; which Cicero pronounced to be the greatest, and most beautiful city of Greece. In the cultivation of the fine arts, it was next to Athens and Corinth. But independent of other distinguishing circumstances, the two memorable sieges it underwent, excite the peculiar interest of military men. The Syracusans were victorious in the first; when the Athenians, by a dire discomfiture, lost for ever the supremacy of Greece. In the second siege, Marcellus and the Roman legions were opposed by Archimedes; and martial skill and fury were confounded by mathematical science. At length (according to Plutarch) the Syracusans became over-confident; and during a public festival, neglected to guard their walls, which were scaled, and the city sacked by the Romans. Two thousand years have not repaired the dismal destruction of that day.

There are many delightful prospects in jour-

neying along the sea-coast to Catania, which is a most ancient city, within twenty miles of Mount Etna. Often has it been injured, and destroyed by torrents of lava, showers of ashes, and earthquakes; yet, strange to relate, after each overthrow, it has been rebuilt; and the present town stands on the ruins of the more ancient. The buildings, consequently, are modern, and the convents, churches, and noblemen's houses are very elegant. The country around is fertile, and well cultivated, yet the lower class of the people are in squalid poverty. Some splendid remains of antiquity have been excavated there also, but, doubtless, many more are buried underground.

The road to Messina passes through some populous towns, and a cultured country, where there was a greater appearance of wealth and comfort than in other parts of Sicily.

Moore, though much amused with the excursion, felt a melancholy impression at the fallen state of this most beautiful island, on

which nature has lavished whatever is requisite for the happiness of the inhabitants.

What science is so hard to be comprehended, what so difficult to be practised, as government? The best, by yielding a larger portion of freedom, is the most easily subverted. For the learned and virtuous are few and pacific; the ignorant and vicious, many and turbulent. Between such adversaries the match is unequal. The worst governments, by granting less liberty, are the most lasting; and such is that which has long oppressed Sicily. The happy pastoral life described by Theocritus will be sought for there in vain; but along with the simple Idyllia, time has swept away complicated cruelty. Tyrants like Phalaris and the Dionysii have long disappeared.

While absent on the above tour, Moore was not allowed to enjoy a total exemption from public affairs. Despatches from General Fox had been sent after him to Girgente, enclosing a long letter from Mr. Drummond, who was apparently converted to the

Queen's opinion; for he pressed the General to undertake an expedition to Naples. It is possible that Mr. Drummond was not in earnest in this interference on military business, and in recommending what he had no instructions for; but being of an intriguing character, he probably wished to ingratiate himself with the Queen, that her approbation might be transmitted, by her Minister, to England.

A second despatch reached Moore at Syracuse, in which a requisition was enclosed, in an official and peremptory strain, from the Marquis Circello. This Minister, knowing the reverse, asserted that the greater number of the French troops were now withdrawn from the Neapolitan dominions; and he signified that his Sicilian Majesty was determined to support his subjects. He desired positively to know what assistance he was to expect from the British in the present favourable opportunity of attacking Naples. General Fox requested Moore's advice respecting the answer he should send to the Sicilian Minister,

and owned that it was contrary to his judgment to engage in the enterprise, but that he was afraid of censure should he refuse to act.

Both to Mr. Drummond's application, and to this of Circello, Moore's advice to General Fox was, not to send a single soldier out of Sicily. He argued the matter fully with the General, and particularly noticed that, as conformably to the last despatches from the Secretary of State, he had despatched five thousand men to Alexandria; and as not the slightest hint had been transmitted from home of sending troops to Italy, that to do this, without authority, would be infringing the spirit of his instructions, and might be highly disapproved of by the Cabinet.

But the Queen was too active and pertinacious an intriguer to submit without trying every expedient to obtain her will. She* wrote herself, and made the King and Circello also write to Lord Collingwood, who commanded the fleet in the Mediterranean,

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood.

to persuade him into her schemes. But Royal flatteries, which won the assent of the irresolute Drummond, were repelled by the solid mind of that great Admiral. He dissuaded all such plans, considering them either as quixotic, or the invention of hidden traitors.

Soon after this accounts came of a disaster occurring to our army in Egypt. A detachment had attempted to penetrate into the country, which was repulsed, and had retreated, with loss, to Alexandria. General Fraser, the commander, requested that, to enable him to maintain that city, supplies should be immediately sent to him of money, men, and provisions. Accordingly between fifteen and sixteen hundred soldiers, together with other supplies, were transmitted to Egypt.

News likewise came from England of a change of Ministry, and that the War Department was assigned to Lord Castlereagh; but no instructions were sent as yet to General Fox.

In the meanwhile, the Court of Palermo persevered in the project of conquering the kingdom of Naples. For as the secret counsellors of the Queen designed evil, the more hopeless the scheme appeared, the more eagerly it was pushed forward. Accordingly the Prince of Hesse Philipstadt landed at Reggio, with between three and four thousand sorry Sicilians; all that could be mustered, though Circello had boasted of having fifteen thousand soldiers in Sicily. He ventured to advance, and the French fell back, to entice him from the coast; which obvious stratagem was mistaken for fear. Accounts of the retreat of the French were despatched to Palermo, when the shallow Queen exclaimed, ' Now we shall recover our lost dominions, with little thanks to the English *.'

This exultation was soon reversed; for before the Sicilians reached Mileta the French retraced their steps, and routed them. The Sicilians flew to Reggio, and to the sea-

* ' Cop meno riconoscenza agli Inglesi.

shore, with the speed of deer, leaving cannon and baggage behind. The panic was so great, that Moore apprehended the Castle of Reggio would be abandoned. To preserve which he first sent over Lord Proby, and then went himself to encourage the garrison to maintain the place.

In the month of July, General Fox received full instructions from the War Minister, as to Turkish affairs. The new * Cabinet acted towards the Ottoman Porte on opposite principles from the former. Hostilities with the Turks were to be abstained from ; and an Envoy, Sir Arthur Paget, was sent out to negotiate a pacification with that power ; while General Fox was directed to employ the British and Sicilian forces against the French, who occupied Naples.

These instructions had been formed previous to the repulse of the British in Egypt, and to the dispersion of the Sicilian forces in Calabria being known in England. And it

* Mr. Percival was Prime Minister.

appeared that the Secretary of State had calculated upon there being a disposable efficient army of twenty thousand men in Sicily; nearly double the real numbers. This misinformation could only have proceeded from the Court of Palermo, or Mr. Drummond.

General Fox wrote back a correct statement of every thing; and gave assurances that he would keep the British troops, of whom alone he had the command, in readiness for whatever service was ordered. But the General's health was declining more and more; and the Duke of York, considering that he was incapable of acting in these turbulent times, judged it proper to recall him. This was done in the most conciliatory manner, and the command was conferred on Sir John Moore; who, on being appointed, wrote to Lord Castlereagh a private letter *, as to a friend, in which, with his characteristic candour, he laid open to him the frivolity of

* Letter to Lord Castlereagh (dated Messina, July 13, 1807), MS. Correspondence, p. 6.

the Court of Palermo, and the real state of affairs. The whole power was, he assured him, in the hands of the weak-minded Queen, and she was influenced 'by French and Neapolitan emigrants, who flattered, directed, and betrayed her.' He proved to his Lordship the folly of the expedition to Naples, which she was bent upon, with the small British force which could be spared from the defence of Sicily, and with such a corps of wretched Sicilian troops as might accompany, but could not assist them. Discomfiture must follow so absurd an operation, and possibly the loss of Sicily.

'The re-establishment of their Sicilian Majesties on the throne of Naples, required,' he added, 'a very superior commanding military force. It is to such a one only that their friends, if they have any, would venture to declare themselves.' And afterwards he repeats, that 'to do anything effectual in Italy, our force should be much larger; and by shaking ourselves, for a time, free from the shackles of this Court,

‘ we should endeavour to give ourselves the
‘ aid of public opinion. In this manner I
‘ should not doubt of making a glorious cam-
‘ paign in Italy, and of forming such an
‘ establishment there as Bonaparte would not
‘ find it easy afterwards to overturn.’ But
the course of events on the Continent ren-
dered all such plans impossible.

Sir Arthur Paget, on his passage to Constantinople, came to Sicily. After he had visited the court, Moore had a full communication with him ; and it was settled that the troops at Alexandria should evacuate the town as soon as Sir Arthur, in the progress of his negotiation, judged it proper. Sir Arthur then informed Moore that the Queen had complained to him of his having spoken in opprobrious terms of her. Moore assured Sir Arthur that this was not true ; but that unfortunately the Queen employed spies, and credited their slanderous reports. He would, however, go to Palermo, and endeavour to convince her Majesty of the truth ; and to arrange important matters.

He set off for Palermo forthwith, and saw the Minister Circello, to whom he signified his desire to know precisely the numbers and the state of the Sicilian army. Circello said, that Brigadier Fardelli, the chief of the staff, should be ordered to give him every information he could wish. Moore then had an audience of the Queen; in which he assured her Majesty that the reports which had been propagated, of his having spoken of her in a disrespectful manner, were false; and those persons who had invented them were traitors to the government. In respect of political affairs, it was certain that the British fleet and army sent across the sea, were maintained there only for the preservation of Sicily, and the re-establishment of their Majesties on the throne of Naples. And he trusted she would do him the justice to believe, that he was most desirous of being the instrument of effecting those great designs.

The Queen heard him patiently, expressed herself perfectly satisfied, and paid him

some flattering compliments; after which he withdrew. Brigadier Fardelli next informed him, that the troops for the field amounted to four thousand four hundred. Moore inspected them, and found that six hundred of the cavalry were tolerable; but the greater part of the infantry bore marks of the grossest neglect; they were so ill-officered, and so ill-trained as to be totally unfit to take the field. The whole numbers throughout the island were stated to approach to ten thousand men, but dispersed and undisciplined; and no attempts were being made to improve them.

After this he had an audience of the King, to whom he represented the inefficient state of his army for any military operations; and that it was unwise and most dangerous, with troops so disorganized, to waste the resources of the government in fruitless operations in Calabria. The King answered him very graciously, and requested that he would put down in writing what he judged advisable to be done to improve the army.

Sir John sent in next day a paper, containing the heads of what he would propose for the improvement of the troops. He counselled that the whole should be assembled in the neighbourhood of Palermo; that they should be formed into brigades, proper officers commissioned, and full authority given to General Bourrand to discipline and organize them. This officer was capable of the business, if confided in, and had lately been appointed commander of the forces.

News now came from the north of Europe, of the most melancholy tenor: Dantzic had capitulated, the Russian army had again been overthrown, and the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia forced to sign a most humiliating peace with France at Tilsit. The Bocca di Cattaro and the Ionian Islands being ceded to France, were articles in the treaty most alarming to the court of Palermo, and sunk the Queen absolutely into despair.

She sent to Sir John Moore, requesting that he would see her. He found her dis-

solved in tears, with the Treaty of the Peace of Tilsit lying before her. She burst out in bitter reproaches against the sovereigns of Europe: she supposed they would oblige her to quit Sicily, and offer for her residence Dalmatia, or some miserable island. She longed to resign her crown, and become a simple individual.

Certainly, had this Queen been born in a private station, she might have been much happier; for she possessed neither moderation nor fortitude to enable her to rule in prosperity, or to support adversity. Moore stayed with her Majesty nearly two hours, and did all in his power to console her. Her former dislike was now converted into warm regard. She concluded by saying, ‘ * Great pains have been taken to prejudice me against you, and not without effect; but your plain, frank manners have removed every unfavourable impression, and nothing shall make me think ill of you again.

* Journal, MS.

‘For I perceive, Monsieur Moore, that
‘you are an upright man, who flatters no-
‘body; you are a little reserved, and don’t
‘give your confidence easily: I esteem you
‘on that account the more. I hope, however,
‘at last to acquire your confidence, and I
‘shall be flattered by it.’ This atonement
made by the Queen was no corrective of the
slandrous representations sent formerly to
the English ministers.

After leaving her Majesty, Moore had a
visit from Circello, who addressed him with
the utmost cordiality. He requested that he
would correspond with General Bourrand,
to instruct him in military matters; and
hoped also, that in future there should be
between themselves the best understanding,
and a frequent communication of each other’s
sentiments on the affairs of government.
Such sudden alterations, from open enmity
to seeming amity, are no way singular in
this court; for no well-poised, well-oiled
weathercock shifts more nimbly with the
slightest breath of wind, than a versatile

Italian courtier, when the will of his sovereign changes. Moore replied politely to his amicable protestations, and returned to Messina, to occupy himself sedulously in putting the fortresses in good order, and in taking measures for the defence of Sicily. From this time there continued the utmost concord between Moore and the Sicilian government; and the minister assured him that every military regulation which he recommended was implicitly adopted.

While thus engaged, an order came to Sir John Moore from England to embark a number of regiments, which formed seven thousand men, and proceed with them to Gibraltar, where he should receive further directions.

Before he sailed, the garrison of Alexandria was brought back for the security of Sicily; and he left the command to General Sherbrock, to whom he imparted his opinions relative to the disposition of the troops, and the measures to be taken for the defence of the island.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFFAIRS OF PORTUGAL AND SWEDEN.

WHEN Sir John Moore arrived at Gibraltar, he was informed by Sir Hew Dalrymple, the Lieutenant-Governor, that he had been sent for in aid of Portugal. No actions of Bonaparte, either previous or subsequent, surpassed in perfidy his treatment of the Prince Regent who governed that kingdom. He had been forced to pay an exorbitant annual tribute to France for six years, for permission to remain neutral. But as soon as all Germany to the Baltic, and Russia, were prostrate at Napoleon's feet, his boundless ambition prompted him to turn his arms to the south, to subject the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. He commenced with the latter; which, by lying on the western flank of Spain, would facilitate his future operations. And as he always employed artifices in aid of aggressions, he compelled the degraded Spanish

monarch to join him in this enterprise; alarming him by threats of vengeance, if he refused, and tempting him by promises of a share in the spoils of the conquered country, if he consented.

A French army, under Marshal Junot, being assembled at Bayonne, a note was delivered by the Envoy of France to the Regent of Portugal, enjoining him to declare war against Great Britain, to confiscate all British merchandise, and to seize as hostages all the English merchants residing in Portugal. Should these injunctions not be acceded to, war with France was denounced.

This uncivilized proceeding was a regression to the usages of barbarous times. The pacific Regent tried to temporize. He promised to shut his ports against British vessels; but protested that his equity and religion would not permit him to plunder the property and imprison the persons of the unoffending merchants. This mild reply provoked the invasion of his dominions; and when the danger became imminent, he

yielded to the unjust demands ; but nothing stopped his insatiable enemy, who insolently proclaimed ‘ that the House of Braganza ‘ had ceased to reign.’ The Prince Regent, as if fascinated, attempted no resistance : and when the advanced guard of the French were within a few leagues of Lisbon, he embarked with his family and courtiers, and was transported to the Brazils by a squadron of men-of-war, commanded by Captain Moore.

In the distress of their ally, the British Government, faithful to treaties, had sent a fleet to the Tagus ; a corps of eight thousand men, under General Spencer, were ordered from Ireland ; and above seven thousand, under Sir John Moore, were recalled from Sicily, to assist Portugal. But the panic-struck Regent continuing passive, and the people not stirring in their own defence, rendered these measures abortive.

Junot had rushed rapidly onward. But his army, in the long and toilsome march over mountains, and across torrents, in tem-

pestuous weather, had suffered miserably; multitudes of men and horses had perished. A French General, who was present, has stated *, that the troops reached Lisbon in a deplorable condition, scattered in a long straggling line, corps following corps, several days' marches distant from each other; that the officers were exhausted with excessive fatigue, and that the emaciated soldiers limped on with little remaining strength. And as the artillery and cavalry were long delayed, that the infantry had no means for attack or defence, but rusty muskets and cartridges wet with rain.

Had the Prince Regent roused his subjects to arms, and boldly faced his foes, he could easily have beat back these enfeebled and wearied bands. At least he might have retarded their advance until Moore and the British had got to Lisbon, and Junot's army would have been lost.

The wheel of Bonaparte's good fortune had not yet turned. On the last day of No-

* Histoire de la Guerre de la Péninsule, par le Général Foy.

yember Junot, with his way-worn troops, entered Lisbon, without a shot having been fired; and Sir John Moore, who had been long detained by stormy adverse winds, arrived at Gibraltar on the day following. When he found that by the flight of the Regent, and the subjection of the kingdom to France, the intent of his mission was precluded, he left two regiments at Gibraltar, and sailed, according to his orders, with the remainder to England.

Moore got to London at the beginning of the year, and was received by the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, with his accustomed affability. He had also the pleasure of learning that the King had approved of all that he had done. But it was intimated to him, from good authority, that one or two individuals in the Cabinet had been influenced, by the early misrepresentations of the Sicilian Minister and of Mr. Drummond, to believe that his conduct had been violent to that Court.

He therefore thought it proper, in an inter-

view with Lord Castlereagh, the War Minister, to explain himself. He said, ‘ that in
‘ his correspondence with his own Govern-
‘ ment he had laid before them the truth ;
‘ that it was his duty to hide nothing from
‘ them, as it was only from knowing the truth
‘ that they could frame proper instructions.
‘ But because he did not disguise his sen-
‘ timents from the King’s Ministers, it was
‘ unjust to conclude that he did not know the
‘ respect that was due to Sovereign Princes,
‘ and to the public authorities with whom he
‘ had personal communications.’ He added,
that no credit ought to be given to Mr.
Drummond, of whose falsehood he gave
several instances. Lord Castlereagh heard
attentively the whole of his explanation. It
appeared that he had defended Moore in the
Cabinet, and his Lordship expressed a kind
approbation of all his conduct ; and said, he
hoped there would soon be an opportunity of
employing him advantageously. Lord Cas-
tlereagh made particular inquiries respecting

* Journal, MS.

Sicilian affairs from Sir John Moore, who, for nearly four months, had a cessation from military employment. This quiet period was chiefly spent with his mother and sister, in Surry; who had retired to a house and farm purchased by his brother Graham.

When absent, he constantly corresponded with his mother; and when present, the respect and affection which overflowed his heart were manifest. Her eyes glistened whenever he appeared; and she had the habit of calling him 'My Son,' which excited among his junior brothers no jealousy.

But as the war continued to rage, he was soon called forth again, being summoned, in the middle of April, to the Duke of York's office, where he met his Royal Highness and Lord Castlereagh. They told him, 'that his Majesty's Ministers had determined to give him the command of an army destined to aid the King of Sweden against his enemies. He was to proceed to Gottenburg, where the Swedish Minister gave assurance that our troops would be received with every

‘ attention. It was not intended that he
‘ should put himself under the command of
‘ the King of Sweden, or engage in any en-
‘ terprise far from the coast, or to risk the
‘ power of embarking, if he should think that
‘ proper, or should be ordered to do so from
‘ England. From want of precise informa-
‘ tion, no specific plan of operations had
‘ been decided upon; such must depend
‘ upon the state of affairs when he got to
‘ Sweden.’

An army exceeding eleven thousand men, with a due proportion of ordnance, were embarked at Deal. Sir James Saumarez was appointed Admiral of the fleet, which, by favourable winds, was wafted safely to Gottenburg.

On arriving, the troops, to their amazement, were interdicted from landing, and forced to continue cooped up in the crowded ships. This was a strange reception from the friendly ally whom they came to assist. It was conjectured by Moore that this had only proceeded from some official negli-

gence, and not from an order issued by the King; but despatches were delivered to him of a very disagreeable tenor from Colonel Murray*. This officer had been sent before to notify to the King of Sweden the succours that were coming; and to obtain information of the strength of the Swedish army, and his Majesty's views. In four days Colonel Murray came from Stockholm, and brought a variety of accurate details of a most unpleasant nature; for he had discovered not only that the Swedish army was weak and badly organized, but that the King, who was despotic, often proposed measures so absurd as to manifest great imbecility or derangement of mind. He also delivered a letter to Sir John from the King, in which objections were stated to three conditions stipulated by the British Government in the employment of their troops. First, to the power retained of recalling them, should their services be required elsewhere: the King de-

* Since that time, the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Sir George Murray, &c. &c. &c.

manded that fourteen, or at least eight days' notice, should previously be given. Secondly, to the British acting separately, and in conjunction with the fleet, which could not be strictly followed on many accounts; and, thirdly, to the British troops not being placed under the King's commands, which he positively insisted upon.

To this letter Moore returned an answer, couched in the most respectful terms, stating that he should instantly transmit his Majesty's letter to England, for fresh instructions; and he expected that such would be sent as should enable him to testify his zeal for his Majesty's person, and for the welfare of his dominions.

Colonel Murray was then requested to carry the King's letter and despatches to London; being the person, from his knowledge of the affairs of Sweden, and from his superior capacity, the best qualified to give information to the Cabinet Ministers. Until his return, everything was at a stand: at length the Colonel came back, bringing long

letters to Moore from Lord Castlereagh ; by which it appeared that the Ministers acquiesced in the King of Sweden's having the supreme command of the British troops, when landed in his territories. The other points were also yielded, though it was expected that his Swedish Majesty would conform to their purport : yet a positive objection was insisted on to an invasion of Zealand, which was projected by the King. And by another confidential letter, it was enjoined, that if the King of Sweden deviated from the spirit of the instructions, Sir John Moore was directed first to remonstrate ; and should that not avail, and he saw sufficient cause, he was to withdraw the troops altogether.

Lord Castlereagh also wrote, ' that it was
' with much surprise and dissatisfaction his
' Britannic Majesty had learnt there had
' been any hesitation on the part of the Swe-
' dish government to permit the troops to
' land ; and Mr. Thornton, the British Envoy,
' was instructed to declare, that if the most
' unreserved facilities in this respect were not

‘ afforded, orders were given for the return of
‘ the British army.’

The instructions sent were long and intricate; as the Ministers were extremely embarrassed how to act with a sovereign of so singular a character. Sir John Moore perceived that nothing could be terminated quickly by a correspondence, and, therefore, resolved to go immediately to Stockholm with Colonel Murray. They travelled night and day until they arrived.

After some formalities, Sir John had a private audience with the King, in which he signified, that having received fresh instructions from his government, he considered it most respectful to come in person to lay them before his Majesty, and receive his orders. He then read to the King the consent of the British Ministers to his demands. But the King, instead of being mollified, observed, ‘ These instructions only give me
‘ the command of the British troops when
‘ landed in my own dominions; whereas, I
‘ judge it of the utmost importance to attack

‘Zealand.’ To which Sir John stated, with great submission, that his government disapproved of any attempt upon Zealand, because it was defended by twenty-eight thousand Danes, and forty-four thousand French, Spanish, and Dutch troops, who were stationed in Funen and the neighbourhood; consequently, it was an enterprise far exceeding the power of Sweden and Great Britain at present.

But in this, and in other subsequent interviews, Sir John discovered that this King’s mind was of a peculiar kind. It was distinct from that of many obdurate persons, which, being strongly impressed with reasons on one side of a question, are incapable of weighing calmly those on the other. The King was decided by neither, but solely by his own will; and that was unalterable. To Moore’s arguments, he therefore never replied; but either put some question quite irrelevant, or repeated nearly in the same words his first observations.

Arguments being useless, Sir John en-

trenched himself under the imperative orders of his government, and the audience concluded.

Next day, his Majesty sent Mr. Tibell, the Adjutant-General, to propose, that in order to make a diversion in favour of the Swedish troops, who had been forced to retire to the north of Finland, that the British should land in the south at Wybourg, to threaten Petersburg. Sir John, astonished at this inexplicable design, said to General Tibell, that as Wybourg was close to the capital of the Russian empire, if the few British landed there, they must presently be encompassed and overwhelmed by Russian armies.

General Tibell evidently expected an answer of this kind, but declined reporting it; he said that Sir John had better explain himself to the King.

He then had another long audience, at which he began by detailing reasons against landing at Wybourg. No notice was paid

to the reasons, but the King abruptly asked, 'Of what use are you, if you won't act?'

Sir John then unfolded at some length the motives of the British Ministry in sending the troops; and assured his Majesty, that he was most willing to act in any operation that was likely to succeed; and he had only declined those proposed, because no benefit to Sweden could arise from them.

But he might as well not have spoken. For the King said, 'I have no use for foreign troops in Sweden. I never asked for them, and never will admit them into the country. I suppose, if I were to ask you to go to Norway, you would refuse that also?'

Moore replied, 'I am surprised at your Majesty putting that question, as you repeatedly made decisive objections to any undertaking against Norway.' The King denied this, though strictly true, and demanded positively to know, if Sir John's instructions prohibited his acting in Norway. He answered they did not; and if his

Majesty considered that advisable, a plan might be drawn out to be considered.

On the same day Moore dined at Mr. Thornton's, where he met General Tibell; who told him that the King had ordered him to draw out a plan for an attack on Norway. But as his attention had been entirely directed to the eastern frontier of the kingdom, he had not yet been able to wheel his ideas round to the western; but he would strive to bring something for his consideration next day. General Tibell was a sensible man, and had some experience in war; having served six years in the French army.

The following evening he brought a plan, of which he was evidently ashamed, and told General Moore, that it had been given him by the King: he was merely to explain, but not to discuss it. Colonel Murray was present when General Tibell began his explanation with a map before them. But in pointing out the operations against the fortresses and fastnesses on the frontiers of Norway, he was much embarrassed; and the

difficulties augmenting, as he advanced, became at length insurmountable. Amidst the perplexities in which he was involved, he could hardly refrain from laughing. At length Sir John relieved him by saying, 'I think we have all acted our parts exceedingly well, and long enough. Let us now lay aside our gravity, and talk of something else.' 'O! with all my heart,' said General Tibell; 'for certainly we have done all due honour to the plan.'

At this time, Sweden was at war with Denmark, Russia, and France. Pomerania and Finland had been conquered, and Sweden was exposed to the danger of subjugation from the victorious armies of Russia on the east, and from those arrayed by Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, along the southern coast of the Baltic.

Yet the King of Sweden saw no danger, but seemed to imagine that, with a handful of Swedes and British, not, however, to be led on by himself, the hosts of Danes, Russians, and Frenchmen could be dispersed; and far

more wonderful feats performed, than had been done a century before by Charles XII.

Sir John narrated next day to Mr. Thornton the particulars of the military discussion he had had with General Tibell ; and a serious consultation took place, in which they both were of the same opinion. In consequence of which, Sir John wrote (June 22nd) an official letter to Mr. Thornton, stating*, that ‘ the Adjutant-General had shown him a plan for an attack on Norway ; although his Swedish Majesty had lately expressed himself strongly against the wisdom of such a design. However, supposing every exertion should be made, it was quite impossible that a Swedish army should be assembled and prepared for that enterprize before the middle of August ; while the British troops have already been confined in their ships two months.’ Yet ‘ the King had declared to him personally, that he never would allow

* The original of this, and other documents, were published by Swedish authorities in ‘ An Historical Sketch of the last Years of the Reign of Gustavus Adolphus IV.’

‘ the British to land in Sweden ; and seemed
‘ to consider that proposal as an insult.

‘ Under these circumstances, it only re-
‘ mained for him to obey the orders of his
‘ Sovereign, and to return to England, should
‘ the smallest opposition be made to his
‘ landing.’

Mr. Thornton enclosed the above to
Baron Ehrenheim, President of the Chan-
cery, with a long letter from himself, in
which he assured him of ‘ the ardent desire of
‘ his Britannic Majesty to assist the King of
‘ Sweden, which would be frustrated, should
‘ his Majesty be inexorable in not allowing
‘ the troops to land. For the orders of his
‘ Court were on this point peremptory, and
‘ the Commander of the Forces had no choice
‘ but to obey them.’

These letters being laid before the King,
Sir John Moore was summoned to another
audience, at which were present General
Tibell, two Swedish noblemen, and Colonel
Murray.

The King spoke at great length, with

much heat, and displayed a considerable portion of that subtlety, which has often been remarked in persons affected with mental aberration. To permit the British troops to land in his dominions, though the only point at issue, could never be acceded to by a Monarch who was unalterable. But he strove to throw the blame on Sir John Moore, and said he had chosen to speak in the presence of witnesses, because ‘ this affair ‘ might otherwise be represented in a manner ‘ derogatory to his friendship for the King of ‘ England. He thought it, therefore, the ‘ best method to write to the King a detail of ‘ this conversation.’ This insinuation was felt keenly, and Sir John was apprehensive of his indignation carrying him too far. The King then asked, ‘ If it was his intention to ‘ return immediately to England?’ In order to soften matters, he answered, ‘ I shall ‘ wait for new orders in Gottenburgh, should ‘ your Majesty wish it.’

On returning home, and examining his last instructions, he saw that he was pro-

hibited by them from acquiescing in so long a delay as he had inadvertently agreed to. And General Tibell having called upon him in the evening, he informed him of this; and begged that he would instantly communicate it to the King. Then after detailing everything to Mr. Thornton, Moore wrote to him to desire that he would officially represent to his Swedish Majesty, 'that having attentively considered 'the instructions from his government, he 'found he could not detain the troops at 'Gottenburgh for so long a time as must 'elapse before an answer could arrive from 'England, without exposing himself to an 'accusation of open disobedience: yet he 'would not hasten his departure; arrangements must be made, which would give time 'for new communications from England of 'the sentiments of his government, and he 'would act in conformity with these, either 'to remain longer or to return.'

Mr. Thornton transmitted this letter to be laid before his Majesty that very evening. After Sir John Moore had gone to bed,

the Adjutant-General, with another officer, entered his chamber, and ordered ' that he ' should not leave Stockholm without the ' King's permission.'

Mr. Thornton was informed of this outrage in the morning, and he immediately wrote a remonstrance to Baron Ehrenheim, setting forth, that he wanted words to express his astonishment on learning that the Commander of his Britannic Majesty's forces had been arrested. He desired the immediate recall of that order, ' as the smallest delay cannot ' fail to be considered as an injury of so insulting a nature against his Majesty's person ' and government, and against the whole ' British nation, that it must unavoidably be ' followed by the most fatal consequences to ' the alliance and friendship which has ' hitherto subsisted between the countries.'

But the King's mind could no more be moved by dangers threatening his country, than by reason. The decrees to hinder the British troops from landing, and for arresting their General, having been issued, were immutable.

Sir John Moore judged, that as he had given no assent to the arrest, which was palpably illegal, the most fitting thing to do, was to escape to Gottenburgh, before he was detained by a guard. Mr. Thornton assisted in this scheme ; the Secretary of Legation called in his curriole as if to take Sir John out for an airing. They drove beyond the first stage, and waited for a courier carrying despatches from Mr. Thornton : Sir John got into the calash with the courier, and reached Gottenburgh without interruption.

During the short time Sir John spent in Sweden, he formed a very favourable opinion of the people, and regretted being forced to leave the country, by the insane conduct of the King. This derangement unhappily augmented, and in less than a year, Sweden being brought to the brink of ruin, his subjects rose and deposed him ; not a sword being drawn in his defence. He was, however, treated with great humanity, an ample provision was allowed him, and he was permitted to travel where he pleased.

As soon as Sir John arrived at Gottenburgh, he went on board Sir James Saumarez's ship, and found the Admiral and General Hope in great alarm, and undetermined what to do. The wind then proving favourable, he sailed with the transports to England, having written to his mother as follows.

‘ Gottenburgh Roads,
‘ H.M.S. Victory, 2nd July, 1808.

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ This campaign in Sweden has proved
‘ the most painful to me I ever served ; it is,
‘ however, now nearly over. I shall sail,
‘ wind and other things permitting, to-
‘ morrow, on my return with the troops to
‘ England. My conferences with the King
‘ of Sweden ended in his arresting me. He
‘ did not put me in confinement, nor put
‘ sentries at my room-door, but in the middle
‘ of the night he sent me an order by his
‘ Adjutant-General, not to quit Stockholm ;
‘ and thus prevented the Commander of a
‘ British force from returning to the station in

‘ which he was placed by his own Sovereign.
‘ You will naturally conclude that I must
‘ have done something very strange to force
‘ the King of Sweden to an act so insulting
‘ to the King of the British nation. I know
‘ nothing, however, that I did that could have
‘ given a reasonable Prince the slightest
‘ offence, or that I was not justified and
‘ obliged to do, by the instructions of my
‘ Government. My proceedings have from
‘ time to time been fairly transmitted to
‘ England. It is by my own acts I must be
‘ judged. I wish to stand or fall by them.
‘ I have nothing either to palliate or conceal,
‘ and neither have, nor shall condescend to
‘ any justification. If, when everything is
‘ laid before the King, he thinks me wrong,
‘ he will order me to be punished as I shall
‘ deserve. If he thinks me right, he will say
‘ so, and continue to me his countenance and
‘ support. In the mean time, my own con-
‘ science tells me I have nothing to fear.

‘ When I see you, which will, I hope, be
‘ soon, I shall explain to you all that has

‘ passed. The original fault of government
‘ in sending me here without any knowledge
‘ of the state of things, and the folly of his
‘ Swedish Majesty, which surpasses every-
‘ thing I had before witnessed, has been the
‘ cause of all my trouble. As to his arrest,
‘ when I saw no hope of his retracting it, I
‘ determined to free myself from it. My con-
‘ tinuance in Sweden could answer no end ;
‘ on the contrary, by withdrawing myself, I
‘ left England more at liberty to act as she
‘ thought best, without consideration for my
‘ safety.

‘ As I was exposed to, and probably would
‘ have met with personal insult, it was my
‘ duty to make an effort to return to the post
‘ the King of England had placed me in.
‘ These considerations determined both Mr.
‘ Thornton (the British Minister) and myself,
‘ in the propriety of attempting to escape,
‘ which I did in the forenoon of the 27th
‘ June, and reached the Victory in the after-
‘ noon of the 29th. I have had no time to
‘ explain circumstances, or give any details

‘ to either of my Brothers, but my communi-
 ‘ cations to government have been ample.
 * * * * *
 ‘ Farewell. Always, my dear Mother, affec-
 ‘ tionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

When his arrival at the Downs was announced, an order came for the troops to proceed to Portsmouth, and Moore was directed to come to London. By appointment he met Lord Castlereagh, who made many enquiries respecting the transactions in Sweden, and then said *, ‘ that the Cabinet were
 ‘ sensible of the difficulty of the situation in
 ‘ which he had been placed ; having to do
 ‘ with a King mad and impracticable. That
 ‘ his instructions had necessarily been vague,
 ‘ leaving much to his discretion ; but that he
 ‘ had conducted himself perfectly to the satis-
 ‘ faction of government. The only point
 ‘ upon which any difference had arisen, was

* Manuscript Journal.

‘ the propriety of having withdrawn himself
‘ from the arrest, after having thrown himself
‘ into the hands of Mr. Thornton. Some
‘ individuals thought it would have been
‘ better if he had remained, and left the dis-
‘ cussion to government: or, if he had de-
‘ termined to come away, to have told the
‘ Swedish officer who brought the message
‘ from the King, that he was not under the
‘ command of the King of Sweden, and could
‘ receive no order from him; and had then
‘ left Stockholm as he had before deter-
‘ mined.’ Lord Castlereagh added, ‘ that
‘ he did not mention this to him officially,
‘ or as implying the smallest blame; but
‘ merely as an opinion which some indi-
‘ viduals of the Cabinet had formed, upon a
‘ reconsideration of what had passed.’

This difference of opinion in the Cabinet shows the difficulty of judging well in the strange position in which Sir John Moore was placed. Had he acted according to the opinion of those individuals, he must have forfeited the approbation of the majority,

who preferred the course he had followed. To take both lines was impossible.

Wisdom becomes most conspicuous when affairs are obscure. That the majority of the ministers were in the right, future events made manifest. But the principal reason which influenced Mr. Thornton and Moore, was this,—that by the latter withdrawing himself from Sweden, he left his government at liberty to act as was judged advisable, without being embarrassed by any consideration for his personal safety: whereas, had he refused to submit to the arrest, he would probably have had a guard of soldiers immediately placed over him; as Alopæus, the Russian minister, had been confined a few months before, and all his papers seized.

Upon Moore's return to London, the reception he met with from the Duke of York was highly gratifying. He told him, the King thought it most fortunate that the army had been placed in the hands of one who had the firmness to resist the King of Sweden's importunities.

Unanimous approbation, is, however, rare ; and that minister who had been persuaded of Moore's having resisted with obduracy the solicitations of the Queen of Naples, censured him also as not sufficiently compliant to his Swedish Majesty ; and persevered to impugn his memory, even after his decease. Yet it became manifest, from the augmenting mental aberration of that Sovereign, that if Moore had conceded to his demands, the troops would have been consumed in frantic projects ; whereas, by opposing them with constancy, and bringing back the army to England, the opportunity was acquired of employing it in a glorious enterprise.

CHAPTER XV.

MOORE LANDS IN PORTUGAL—TRANSACTIONS
THERE.

WHEN the army returned from Sweden, it was allowed no respite, not even to disembark, but was despatched instantly to Portsmouth. The boundless ambition of Bonaparte had impelled him to subdue every nation around. Italy and Holland were conquered; Prussia, Austria, and Russia humbled; at Great Britain, guarded by a matchless fleet, he looked askance; but having pushed the King of Portugal from his throne, the Spanish monarchy became the next object of his desires. And being wont to eke out his martial feats with wily stratagems, he sowed jealousies between the king of that country and his son, and beguiled both by hollow flatteries. So, by putting on the guise of an ally, he insinuated several French corps into

that kingdom. Then, under the hypocritical pretence of reconciling the father and son, he invited the Prince of Asturias and his brother Don Carlos to meet him at Bayonne. The King and Queen of Spain were also allured to the same place. But no sooner had these credulous Princes entered the dissembler's toils, than a renunciation of the right and succession to the crown of Spain was extorted from them by menaces of death; and they were hurried to France into captivity.

These perfidious acts being perpetrated, Napoleon, triumphing in the imagined success of his plot, sent his brother Joseph to Madrid, to be proclaimed King of the Spanish monarchy, and marched numerous forces into the country to enforce the usurpation. But the Spanish nation, though betrayed into the hands of their enemies, and deprived of a government, would not submit to an ignominious subjection without resistance. National pride, and rage at the perfidy of France, roused them to arms. Tumultuous

ill-formed bands strove against the disciplined French battalions with inordinate fury. This spirit spread, and animated also the Portuguese, who had been plundered and insulted by their invaders. Earnest solicitations for assistance were quickly transmitted to England; and the British Government, faithful to their treaties with Portugal, and watchful to preserve the independence of Europe, resolved to aid the Spanish and Portuguese patriots with the whole power of the state.

Arms, ammunition, and money were immediately transmitted to Spain. Sir Arthur Wellesley, with nine thousand men, was despatched from Ireland to Portugal on the 12th of July; other disposable corps were directed to join him; and the forces from Sweden had returned opportunely for the same laudable design.

The Duke of York had not mentioned to Moore how he was to be employed, and evidently shunned the subject; but, in addition to the hints from the War Minister, Moore

learnt from other authentic sources of his having enemies in the Cabinet.

This could not have arisen from personal dislike, as he knew them not; but calumny cannot be shunned. On the night after his interview with his Royal Highness, he received a note, signifying that Lord Castlereagh wished to see him next day at three o'clock, and desiring that he should make arrangements to leave town as soon as possible. On this he ordered a carriage to be ready at four o'clock, and waited upon his Lordship at three.

The Secretary of State informed him,* that
' Sir Arthur Wellesley had sailed from Cork on
' the 12th of July, and might be expected off
' the Tagus on the 20th. That it was intended
' he should land, if, by the intelligence re-
' ceived of the enemy's force, he should find
' himself strong enough; if not, he would
' wait for the arrival of the troops under you,
' and of others which were ordered: when,
' as it was not supposed that Sir Hew Dal-

* MS. Journal.

‘rymple would be arrived, the operation
‘ would be undertaken by Sir Harry Burrard.’

It was thus indirectly notified to Sir John Moore, that after commanding in chief in Sicily and Sweden, he was now to be placed subordinate to two officers, the first of whom had never served in the field as a general. This degradation was unexpected; and though he determined not to refuse going upon the service of his country when required, yet, having a lofty mind, he would not disguise his sentiments of this indignity. He spoke as follows:—‘ My Lord, a post-chaise
‘ is at my door, and upon leaving this, I shall
‘ proceed to Portsmouth to join the troops.
‘ It may perhaps be my lot never to see your
‘ Lordship again, (this prophecy was fulfilled:)
‘ I therefore think it right to express to you
‘ my feelings of the unhandsome treatment I
‘ have received.’

Lord Castlereagh broke in, saying, ‘ I am
‘ not sensible of what treatment you allude to.’

Sir John continued to this effect: ‘ Since
‘ my arrival from the Downs, if I had been

‘ an ensign, I could hardly have been treated
‘ with less ceremony. It is only by inference
‘ that I know how I am to be employed ; for
‘ your Lordship has never told me in plain
‘ terms that I am appointed to serve in an
‘ army under Sir Hew Dalrymple. And
‘ coming from a chief command, if it was
‘ intended to employ me in an inferior
‘ station, I might expect that something
‘ explanatory should be said.

‘ You have told me that my conduct
‘ in Sweden was approved of, but from your
‘ conduct I should have concluded the re-
‘ verse.

‘ His Majesty’s ministers have a right to
‘ employ what officers they please ; and had
‘ they on this occasion given the command to
‘ the youngest General in the army, I should
‘ neither have felt nor expressed that the least
‘ injury was done to me. But I have a right,
‘ in common with all officers who have served
‘ zealously, to expect to be treated with at-
‘ tention, and when employment is offered,

‘ that some regard should be paid to my
‘ former services.’

Lord Castlereagh said little in reply, but that he was not sensible of having given him any cause of complaint.

It being very injurious to the public service that differences should arise between the civil and naval or military authorities, and as officers in high stations are keenly sensible to any diminution of their rank, some caution should be used not to mortify them on this point: and when ministers deem it proper to employ an officer who held a superior station in a subordinate one, perhaps some conciliatory explanation should be made. But this is not a case for a brother to judge.

Moore, on his journey to Portsmouth, drove to the country-house of his revered mother; and his sudden appearance cast a blissful gleam on her clouded heart. Through the evening he cheered her and his sister with his conversation; but next morning at his depar-

ture they shed abundance of tears ; knowing that he was going again to encounter the perils of war, and perhaps feeling some despairing bodings of what afterwards befell.

His filial piety was remarkable : two short specimens shall be given of the constant correspondence he held with his mother.

‘ Portsmouth, Friday. ’

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ I got here on Wednesday night about eleven o’clock. The fleet with the troops had come to an anchor at Spithead that afternoon. All is going on briskly, and I dare say we shall be ready on Monday to proceed. I have received a letter from Jane this morning, and find you had a visit after my departure, which, perhaps, just then, you would have been glad to have dispensed with. I am glad I was off. The treatment I have received gives me no longer uneasiness. The actions of others I am not responsible for ; it is only my

‘ own, if they were unworthy, that can mor-
‘ tify me.

‘ I am going on the service of my country,
‘ and shall hope to acquit myself as becomes
‘ me of whatever part is allotted to me.
‘ God bless you, my dear mother! I shall
‘ write to you whilst I continue here, and
‘ hope for the time when I shall be allowed
‘ to pass the rest of my days quietly with
‘ you, my brothers, and Jane.

‘ Always, my dear Mother,

‘ Affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Portsmouth, 26th July, 1808.

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ One word I have to say, and no more.
‘ I have letters from London: all has been
‘ communicated to the King and the Duke
‘ of York, who have both approved of all I
‘ have said and done.

* * * *

‘ All is now ready, the moment the wind is

‘ easterly. You may write when you think
‘ fit, as I shall leave directions about my
‘ letters.

‘ Love to Jane, &c. &c. &c.

‘ Always, my dear Mother,

‘ Affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ July 31st.’

When Sir Harry Burrard came to Portsmouth, Sir John Moore resigned to him the troops he had so long commanded, and the fleet sailed for Portugal. On coming in sight of Cape Finisterre, a British frigate was met, bringing intelligence that Sir Arthur Wellesley had already landed in the Mondego river: on which Sir Harry went aboard a frigate to proceed to Oporto, and directed Moore to sail to and lie off Vigo, with the troops, where fresh orders would be sent. But as the wind rendered this impossible, he sailed to Oporto, and then to Mondego Bay, where he received a letter from Sir Harry directing him to disembark the troops.

While engaged in this business, which the nature of the coast rendered very perilous, fresh despatches were brought him to stop the disembarkation, and to proceed to the southward, to be at hand to support the advancing army.

Contrary winds, however, retarded the transports four days from reaching Marceira; and the surf on the beach was so violent, that it required five days more to get the men ashore: some of the boats were swamped, and many damaged, by the force of the waves.

During this time important operations had taken place ashore. Sir Arthur Wellesley had marched forward towards Rorica, where he found an advanced corps of French troops strongly posted on an eminence, to stop his progress; but he assailed and drove them from the heights.

Junot, the French commander, then collected his army, quitted Lisbon, and marched against Sir Arthur, with fourteen thousand

men. The British were rather more numerous, though inferior in cavalry.

A fierce encounter ensued at Vimiera; the French attacked impetuously, but were repelled precipitately, abandoning a large portion of their stores and cannon. The unfortunate arrangement respecting the chief command prevented this victory from being so complete as it otherwise would have been; for Sir Harry Burrard, anxious to reach the scene of action, had arrived in time to be present. He did not interfere in the manœuvres during the combat, but hindered Sir Arthur from pursuing the flying enemy, which he was eager to do. This wariness of Sir Harry is not to be censured. He had just arrived, and could know little of the position of both armies, and of the ground in the rear; and, in the hurry of battle, could not form so correct an opinion of what might be done as Sir Arthur, who had reflected on all the probable events, and had previously settled a plan in his mind.

As on the day of action Sir Harry Burrard

had superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley in the command, so, on the subsequent day, Sir Hew Dalrymple, hastening from Gibraltar, superseded Sir Harry.

Along with these successive changes, a proposal came from the French General for an armistice, to negotiate terms for the evacuation of Portugal, which was acceded to by Sir Hew.

Sir John Moore had no share in these transactions ; he joined the army immediately afterwards, and wrote in his journal a brief description of the action at Vimiera, adding *, ' that Sir Arthur Wellesley's views were ' certainly right,' and he subsequently expresses this opinion : ' Sir Arthur seems to ' have conducted his operations with great ' ability, and they have been crowned with ' success. It is a pity, that when so ' much had been thrown into his hands, ' he had not been allowed to complete the ' work.'

* MS. Journal.

Moore was so strongly impressed with this sentiment, that he made the following declaration to Sir Hew Dalrymple, in the presence of Sir Arthur Wellesley : ‘ If hostilities recommence, Sir Arthur Wellesley has already done so much, that I think it but fair he should have the command of whatever is brilliant in the finishing. I waive all pretensions as senior, for I consider this as his expedition. He ought to have the command of whatever is detached.

‘ For my part, I wish I could withdraw myself altogether ; but I shall aid as far as I can for the good of the service, without interfering with Sir Arthur, and take any part that is allotted me.’

Soon after the arrival of the new commander, confusion arose. In military manœuvres and arrangements Sir Arthur Wellesley was experienced, but Sir Hew Dalrymple unpractised. And instruction is best acquired in subordinacy. A scholar is misplaced when empowered to command masters.

The defects which were observed became

the subject of discourse, and the source of discontents in the army; and had hostilities been resumed, bad consequences were to be apprehended.

But Junot, instead of being enraged, was depressed by his defeat; and anxious to return to France, without further contest. And Sir Hew Dalrymple was equally willing to get rid of his enemies voluntarily. Consequently, the negotiation proceeded to a convention; by which the French were embarked with their arms and baggage, and sent home; and Portugal was restored to independence. After this expulsion of Junot's army, the next object was to aid the Spanish patriots in their unequal contest with France. The Supreme Junta at Madrid made urgent requisitions for help, but sent most erroneous information of the state of their affairs. While Sir Hew Dalrymple continued undecided how to act*, Moore received a letter from Sir Arthur Wellesley, expressing 'a desire to

* MS. Journal.

‘ converse with him on the subject of some
‘ discussion which he understood had passed
‘ between Sir John and his Majesty’s Minis-
‘ ters, previous to his coming to this country.
‘ This Sir Arthur regretted, as he feared
‘ it might prevent Sir John from being em-
‘ ployed in the manner he merited. That a
‘ change in the command was quite neces-
‘ sary, and the army and the country natu-
‘ rally looked to him.’

Sir John, who had little previous acquaint-
ance with Sir Arthur Wellesley, was much
surprised at the receipt of this letter: he
answered that he would be happy to see Sir
Arthur, who called upon him the same day.
A confidential conversation took place re-
specting what had occurred between Lord
Castlereagh and Sir John Moore, which had
been communicated to Sir Arthur from Eng-
land: Sir John frankly told him his feelings on
the treatment he had received: that he had
thought it incumbent on him to express them;
and that having done all he thought becoming,
he felt no more upon the subject.

Sir Arthur said, that he did not see how Sir John could be employed in any important command, unless some explanation took place. He was certain that it had not been the intention of Ministers to behave unkindly to him, as he had often heard them express their respect and good-will. Lord Castle-reagh, he added, was cold and cautious; and there might have been an awkwardness in employing Sir John in command, after what had passed in Sweden, until some explanation had taken place with that court; and this might have been mistaken for offence.

Sir Arthur wished to be empowered to express to the Ministers, that if nothing had been intended by them to displease Sir John, he was sorry at having been deceived, and of having expressed himself as he did: that at any rate, he had forgot, and thought no more of the matter.

To this proposal Sir John said, that he had heard nothing from any individual connected with government since he left England: and as no opening had been made by the minis-

ters, he could not, with propriety, enter upon the subject with them. He had been aware of the consequence of speaking as he had done to a minister; and could not, for the sake of obtaining any situation, make a submission, or anything that tended to it, which he thought unbecoming. But if Sir Arthur interested himself sufficiently about him, he might communicate this conversation to Lord Castlereagh; and state that he had expressed his sentiments candidly, and had no ill-will whatever to Lord Castlereagh, or to any member of the administration.

They had been wanting to him, which he had told them, and there with him the business ended. As it was naturally Sir John's wish, that any impression which hindered his being employed should be removed; he added, that he should be obliged to Sir Arthur Wellesley, or any other friend, who would be kind enough to do it.

In this singular conversation, Sir Arthur seemed fully impressed with the opinion, that Sir John had been mistaken, by considering

what was merely omission and forgetfulness, to be an intended neglect. He was anxious to be empowered to make a greater advance to the Minister than Moore thought he could in honour make ; but promised to say no more than he was authorized.

Sir Arthur sailed next day for England, and left upon Sir John Moore's mind the impression of an exalted character.

When an account of the Convention granted to Junot reached England, the terms were generally reprobated as too favourable to their enemies. Loud clamours arose, a military Court of Inquiry was instituted by Government, and Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN.

A FEW days after the command of the army had devolved on Sir Harry Burrard, despatches arrived from the War Minister, containing the appointment of Sir John Moore to the chief command of an army to be employed in Spain. These letters were dated the 25th of September, previous to Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival in England, and consequently anticipated the communication he intended to make to Government. A private letter from Lord Castlereagh to Sir John accompanied the public despatches, assuring him of his personal assistance in everything respecting the public service; and begging him to write confidentially, and privately, on subjects connected with his command.

Moore replied in the same amicable strain, and resolved to act conformably; which the

good of the service required, and he thought of nothing else.

Before relating the proceedings of the British army, it is requisite to notice briefly the events in Spain which followed the compulsory deposition of the sovereign.

Napoleon had despatched his brother to Madrid, to be proclaimed king of Spain, nearly as he would have nominated one of his officers to a vacant commission. And this appointment was supported by seventy thousand French troops*, who were soon augmented to a hundred and ten thousand; which force, commanded by experienced generals, was considered adequate to hold in submission a dejected nation, that in latter times had not been distinguished for military prowess. The insurrection, however, which burst forth against this audacious usurpation, proved far more formidable than had been apprehended. The infuriated populace rose up suddenly, and attacked stragglers, and

* History of the Peninsular War, by Colonel Napier.—Vol. i. p. 45. Appendix, p. 86, from Official Returns.

small parties of French soldiers. They killed many, and also some Spaniards in authority, who were suspected of being favourable to France. Though ill-armed, and worse officered, the insurgents congregated together in masses; generals were placed over them, arms and ammunition were procured from England, and an enthusiastic ardour prevailed. All Spain being in commotion, Joseph was amazed; and found he was seated on a tottering throne. He intimated his alarm to his brother, lying on the watch at Bayonne, who, enraged at any opposition to his will, poured fresh troops into Spain, and organized regular military operations to overwhelm the patriotic Spaniards. The French marshals and generals soon moved forward with strong columns of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, against the northern revolted provinces. And as disorderly wrath is little able to withstand disciplined skill, the tumultuary Spanish bands were easily overthrown, dispersed, and slaughtered.

Several disastrous encounters ensued in

Burgos, Segovia, Biscay, and Asturia. But the most considerable defeat occurred at Rio Seco, in the kingdom of Leon; where upwards of twenty-five thousand Spaniards were assembled under two generals, who unhappily disagreed.

They were attacked by an army of French, commanded by Marshal Bessieres, and miserably massacred. After which, Leon and the neighbouring provinces were compelled to submit to the French yoke.

The first turn of fortune in favour of Spain, was in Arragon, where the people were exasperated against their invaders with peculiar animosity, and their ardour augmented by religious enthusiasm. Bonaparte sent an army furnished with a formidable battering train, against Saragoza, the capital of the province. As that city had no other fortification than a low, brick wall, he entertained so little doubt of its capture, that instructions were given for the subsequent movements of the besieging forces.

Some Spanish corps attempted to oppose

the advance of the French, but were chased off the field; and the victorious army, as soon as it reached the city, gave an assault and penetrated into the streets; but they were driven back by the inhabitants, who fought courageously. Regular approaches were then begun, and the siege pressed with vigour. Cannon levelled the slight defences, many houses were beaten down, and bombs scattered destruction around. Hopeless as the condition of the Saragozans then appeared, yet, being inflamed by the fervent exhortations of their priests, they persevered in resistance. They barricaded their streets; such convents and buildings as were capable of defence, were strengthened and garrisoned with armed citizens; and when the enemy burst in and mastered half the town, the remainder was still maintained with desperate resolution. Even the women ranged themselves in the ranks, and fought with fury. The French were arrested, beaten back, and after nine weeks spent in unavailing efforts, were compelled to raise the siege.

In the month of May, when the foregoing operations commenced, as Bonaparte had determined to conquer rapidly the whole of Spain, he detached General Moncey with ten thousand men to the south, to seize upon Valencia; and Dupont, with twenty-four thousand, to subdue Seville and Cadiz. Moncey during his march defeated a numerous Spanish corps in the field, but was arrested before the walls of the populous city of Valencia, and he retired towards Madrid.

Dupont forced his way through the passes of the Sierra Morena, and reached Cordova, the ancient seat of the Moorish kings, which he entered by storm. But the number of his enemies augmenting as he advanced, he halted there for reinforcements; while Castanos, an aged Spanish general, who had commanded at the lines of St. Roch, before Gibraltar, was moving towards Seville with a corps of Spanish soldiers. That city was in the utmost consternation; but his arrival gave encouragement, and he collected there up-

wards of twenty-five thousand regular troops, and a more numerous multitude of armed peasants.

With these forces he advanced to Cordova, which city Dupont evacuated, retiring behind the Guadalquivir, to occupy Andujar, and guard the bridge on the river. Sixteen miles in the rear, was the town of Baylen, where a strong corps was posted to preserve the communication with the passes of the Sierra Morena.

The superiority of the Spanish numbers enabled Castanos to profit by this division of the French forces. He made a display of forcing the passage by the bridge, which he cannonaded, and advanced parties to skirmish around Andujar.

Under this feint, he detached General Reding with a strong division towards a ford, twelve miles higher up the Guadalquivir, which, owing to a dry season, was very low. Reding forded the river, and drove back a party of French, who guarded it. But observing a strong corps of the

enemy approaching, he recrossed the river, and drew up his troops on the left bank. Next morning, having received reinforcements, he again crossed the ford, and repelled the enemy's opposing corps, whose general fell in the action.

The French division, posted at Baylen, being alarmed at this defeat, quitted the town, and retired to Carolina, above twelve miles on the road to the Sierra Morena; on which, Reding, with his Spaniards, moved on to Baylen, where he took up a strong position, intercepting all communication between that division of the enemy, which had retreated, and the principal division, which still remained at Andujar.

Dupont, perceiving his perilous position, marched hastily against Reding, to drive him from Baylen, and rejoin his other division. But the Spaniards firmly maintained their post; and after an obstinate contest, which continued many hours, the French fell back. In the meanwhile, Castanos passed over the bridge at Andujar,

following Dupont; and his advanced troops engaged with the French rear-guard. Dupont, finding himself thus surrounded, and his troops wearied out and disheartened, entered into a capitulation, in which was included the whole forces under his orders. Thus eighteen thousand French soldiers laid down their arms to the Spaniards, on condition that they should be sent by sea to France.

The populace in Spain were enraged, that terms so favourable had been granted; especially when it was detected that churches had been sacrilegiously robbed; for some of the plate was actually discovered concealed in the baggage. A tumult arose at Lebrixa, on the route to Cadiz; and eighty French officers are said to have been savagely murdered by the mob.

The capture of Dupont, and the expected advance of the Spanish armies, so affrighted King Joseph, that he quitted Madrid in haste, and retired with the French forces behind the Ebro. Napoleon's expectations were thus frustrated, and he was bereft of his prey.

Spanish rhodomontades, which had lain dormant for above a century, were now awakened, and promulgated throughout Europe. Every skirmish, whether lost or won, was magnified into a victory; and every Spanish warrior was exalted into a hero. No other apprehension was then entertained, but lest the French should escape beyond the Pyrenees before sufficient vengeance was wreaked upon them. Those bravadoes were so much credited, even by the British ministers, that they transmitted a proposal to the Spanish government, for the combined armies of Great Britain and Spain, after the expulsion of the French, to cross the Pyrenees and invade France.

But the acts of the Spaniards strangely belied their declamations: after the battle of Baylen, their armies remained inactive for nearly three months. Almost the only attempt to molest the French quarters was made by a corps of Catalonians against a detachment of French besieging Gerona; which was compelled to retire, and take shelter in Barcelona. But this advantage was counterbalanced by

a disaster in Biscay ; where the French stormed the town of Bilboa, and put twelve hundred Spaniards to the sword.

The quiescence of the principal Spanish armies after their successes is not to be attributed entirely to the proverbial procrastinating character of the nation : the complete disorganization of their government hindered all expeditious exertion. Each province had established a ruling junta, with indefinite powers ; and a portion of the inhabitants of every province had risen in arms, over whom generals were nominated ; the generals, however, acknowledged no superior but the junta which appointed them ; and each junta none whatever. The troops, consequently, were often detained in their own province ; and no conjunction with those of other provinces could be formed for distant enterprises. As the necessity for appointing an overruling authority soon became manifest, different projects were canvassed.

At length it was agreed, that each provincial junta should elect Deputies, to con-

stitute a Supreme Central Junta ; who were accordingly installed at Madrid, on the 26th of September.

This assembly consisted of thirty-five Grandees and Nobles, who, in general, were well-inclined men, but most of them inexperienced in office, and even unused to any sort of business.

The difficulties which this new council had to encounter were numerous ; for the provincial juntas frequently resisted their decrees, and some of the generals proved contumacious, pretending obedience only to the province which had appointed them. There was, besides, a lack of money, so requisite in establishing power, and indispensable in carrying on war ; for Joseph, and his precursor Murat, had swept off all the treasure they could find, and had impoverished the inhabitants with exorbitant exactions. But the chief impediment to the Spanish cause proceeded from a defect unusual in revolutions. There sprang up no conspicuous person who acquired a predominant ascen-

dency in civil affairs; and no eminent general, in whose warlike genius the armies and the country placed confidence.

These causes account for the dilatory proceedings of the Central Junta: but one omission was irremissible, because wilful and absurd. They neglected to appoint a commander-in-chief of their forces; permitting the generals of separate armies to act independently of each other. Thus, no plan of warfare, offensive or defensive, could be formed; and there was no person who could communicate to the British general, when marching to their aid, what military operations were intended to be pursued. The Spanish government, in truth, knew not the rudiments of the art of war.

In this chaos of affairs, the slow movements, and the sad condition of the Spanish troops, cannot excite wonder. Their generals in vain applied for reinforcements, for bread, clothing, arms, horses, mules, and equipments of every kind; and the neglected soldiers were often left in a denuded and

starving condition. Their numbers, owing to the amplification practised in Spain, were uncertain: but this was of less importance, as numbers without discipline avail little. The official account, however, shall be rendered, which was transmitted by Lord William Bentinck, and received by him from the Spanish ministers. His Lordship had been deputed to Madrid, to obtain intelligence, and from his despatches*, dated October 2nd, the following statement may be collected.

Opposed to the French army behind the Ebro, there were assembled three armies, under generals independent of each other, which were posted on an irregular, curved line, from Sanguessa to Saragossa, Soria, and round to Bilboa; a circuit of above two hundred and fifty miles in extent. These armies, including two corps far in the rear, were calculated at one hundred and twenty thousand men. Besides which, there were corps in reserve, stated to be twenty thou-

* Parliamentary Papers.

sand strong; and twenty thousand more, said to be on their march.

Lord William was also assured by the Spanish ministers, that ‘ these troops were ‘ full of enthusiasm and of contempt of the ‘ French.’

This last assertion expressed truly the sentiments of the Spanish soldiers; but their numbers were multiplied one third above the real. And many of the corps at a distance in the south never moved forward to form a junction with those more advanced.

In the same despatch, the French posted behind the Ebro were rated, most erroneously, at only forty-five thousand, with eight thousand more who were in garrison at Barcelona and Pampeluna.

The motive of the Spanish ministers in thus deceiving their ally is inexplicable: but the spreading their forces thinly around the concentrated French bands proceeded from a belief, that these were about to fly from the Peninsula.

But flight and yielding were not in

Bonaparte's thoughts. He was not a man to change his purpose, because it had been traversed by an unexpected opposition, and because some of his advanced columns had been repelled. This resistance roused him to bring forth such a tremendous power, as should overwhelm at once, both the Spanish armies and the British auxiliaries. And to prevent any failure from the errors of his generals, or the incapacity of Joseph, he resolved to lead the army in person, and by the conquest of Spain in one campaign, augment his glory. Vast were the preparations for this enterprise, and the mandates of the despot were punctually obeyed. The veterans, enured to victory in Italy and Germany, were marched rapidly to the Pyrenees, which were joined by multitudes of youthful, well-trained conscripts. *The numbers collected in Spain on the 25th of October, under the command of Napoleon, amounted to three hundred and eighteen thousand, nine hundred and forty-four men; and

* History of the Peninsular War, by Colonel William Napier, vol. i. Appendix, p. 79.

as reinforcements were perpetually pouring in, the numbers, in November, arose to three hundred and thirty-five thousand, two hundred and twenty-three men, and sixty thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight horses. This prodigious army was accompanied by such a train of artillery of various kinds, as never before had been brought into the field. And the whole was attended, or followed by waggons and carriages of all descriptions, loaded with ammunition and provisions in profusion.

These most dreadful preparations were unknown to the Spanish juntas, and also to the first historians of this war. It was owing to the indefatigable industry of Colonel William Napier, that the truth was discovered, by searching into the public records at Paris; by obtaining from Marshal Soult, who served during the whole war in Spain, official returns; and by curious notes dictated by Napoleon for the instruction of his brother Joseph, which were discovered among his papers in the baggage captured in the rout of the French

army at Victoria by the Duke of Wellington.

By these authentic documents, many fallacious representations, captious criticisms and malicious censures of the military operations, have been completely refuted.

But at the period when a knowledge, or even an approximation to it, of the respective strength of the French and Spanish forces would have been most useful, this could not be obtained by the British government. For the intelligence transmitted from Spanish authorities always contained a superlative exaggeration of their own power, and a detraction, in an inverse degree, of that of France. Such deceptions have often been essayed by wily politicians and generals on their enemies : but the Central Junta most preposterously practised them on their ally : as if wise measures could be best concerted on false intelligence.

It was on the 6th of October, that despatches arrived at Lisbon from the Secretary of State, to inform Sir John Moore that he was nominated to the chief command of

an army to be employed in the north of Spain. This high appointment, unexpected by him, filled him with no vain exultation. In his answer to Lord Castlereagh, he wrote*,
' I beg your Lordship will convey to his
' Majesty the high sense I have of the honour
' he has thus conferred upon me; and that
' you will assure his Majesty, I have nothing
' more at heart than the good of the service;
' and that my best exertions shall not be
' wanting to promote its success. I can only
' be happy in proportion as I shall be able
' to fulfil his Majesty's wishes, and to justify
' in any degree the trust which he has been
' graciously pleased to repose in me.'

The Secretary of State signified to Sir John, that the army, consisting of twenty thousand men, placed under his command, was ' to co-operate with the Spanish armies, ' in the expulsion of the French from that ' kingdom;' and it was also communicated that an additional corps of ten thousand

* Parliamentary Papers.

men, under Sir David Baird, were about to sail for Corunna. Sir John was directed to send forward the cavalry by land; but it was left to his discretion whether to march the infantry by land also, or to transport them by sea to Corunna, and form a junction with Sir David Baird's corps there. Sir John instantly decided against the sea-voyage, at that advanced season, for many reasons. One was conclusive, that so large an army could not obtain equipments there to enable them to advance into the country.

The delay afterwards experienced by Sir David Baird, for want of means to convey the baggage of his corps, evinced the propriety of the rest of the army marching by land. But owing to the devastation which had been committed by the French army, the difficulties of procuring tolerable equipments, even at Lisbon, were very great. And this was enhanced by the inexperience of the Commissariat. Fortunately, however, Mr. Erskine, the chief of that department, was a gentle-

man of integrity and possessed of good abilities.

The Commander of the Forces laboured incessantly to forward everything; and by the alacrity and spirit which was diffused through the various departments, most of the obstacles were overcome. But the ignorance of the Portuguese of the local geography of their own country was so great, that no correct information could be got of the roads and passages towards the north: and it was impossible to procure conveyance for a sufficient quantity of provisions and stores. The baggage, therefore, was necessarily curtailed, to a degree that excited some discontents.

This deprivation was the more felt, because the army, though ardent, was unused to contrive expedients. Many of the soldiers were newly levied: and though a portion of the officers were experienced in warfare of a different kind, few had ever served a regular campaign in the field, remote from a fleet to supply their wants.

Though most eager to advance to the aid of the Spaniards, the General was not so much absorbed in military details, as to omit a precaution calculated to prevent calamities which might occur in the progress of events. Observing that a multitude of women had inconsiderately joined the army, he issued out the following order :—

‘ October 10.

‘ WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

‘ As in the course of the long march which
‘ the army is about to undertake, and where
‘ no carts will be allowed, the women would
‘ unavoidably be exposed to the greatest
‘ hardship and distress, commanding officers
‘ are, therefore, desired to use their endeavours
‘ to prevent as many as possible, particularly
‘ those having young children, or such as are
‘ not stout, or equal to fatigue, from following
‘ the army. Those who remain will be left
‘ with the heavy luggage of the regiments.
‘ An officer will be charged to draw their
‘ rations, and they will be sent to England

‘ by the first good opportunity; and when
‘ landed, they will receive the same allow-
‘ ances which they would have been entitled
‘ to, if they had not embarked, to enable
‘ them to reach their homes.’

Unhappily, universal obedience was not strictly paid to this humane injunction, by the regimental officers; and numbers of women, some with infants in their arms, surreptitiously accompanied or followed the troops: many of whom afterwards, exhausted by fatigue, maladies, and the severities of winter, endured great misery, and some perished; for whose fate the General was most unjustly reproached. Previous to the army beginning to march, the following admonitory order was also issued:—

‘ The Commander of the Forces trusts that
‘ the troops, on their entering into Spain,
‘ will feel with him how much it is for their
‘ honour and advantage, to maintain the high
‘ opinion, and cherish the good will, which
‘ the brave and high-spirited Spaniards en-
‘ tertain towards the British nation.

‘ The troops upon their march will generally be quartered upon the inhabitants. ‘ The Spaniards are a grave and orderly people, and extremely sober, generous and warm in their tempers, and easily affronted by any insult or disrespect that is offered to them. They are grateful to the English, and will receive the troops with kindness and cordiality. This the General hopes will be met with equal kindness on the part of the soldiers, and that they will endeavour to accommodate themselves to their manners, be orderly in their quarters, and not shock, by acts of intemperance, a people worthy of their attachment, whose efforts they are come to support, in the most glorious of causes—to free them from French bondage, and to establish their national liberty and independence.

‘ Upon entering Spain, as a compliment to the Spanish nation, the army will wear the red cockade, in addition to their own. ‘ Cockades are ordered for this purpose, for the non-commissioned officers and men,

' which will be sent from Madrid : but in the
' mean time the officers are requested to pro-
' vide themselves, and to put them on when
' they pass the frontier.'

On the fifth day from his nomination to the command, two brigades marched by the road to Coimbra; and others subsequently proceeded to the north, by two other roads. The scantiness of subsistence in this exhausted country rendered it necessary that different routes should be taken, and that the divisions of the army should follow at intervals. Before the artillery moved, information was brought that the roads on the northern frontier were impassable for cannon. This was contradictory to the previous intelligence, but all the Portuguese authorities now agreed in it, and affirmed that the only road by which heavy cannon could be transported was the one to Elvas, and thence through Spain. The ordnance, consisting of twenty-four pieces, was therefore detached by this circuitous route to Salamanca, the general rendezvous. These were guarded by three thousand infantry and a thousand ca-

valry, under the command of that most judicious General, Sir John Hope.* This separation from the other columns already on their march was reluctantly directed; yet no risk could be apprehended of this detachment falling in with the enemy before reaching Salamanca, which was above two hundred miles distant from the Ebro; and the last despatches had given assurance that the French, weak in numbers, were lying behind that river, menaced by superior Spanish armies.

While Moore was sending forward the troops, and exciting the exertions of the various departments of the army, he had opened a correspondence with Lord William Bentinck. This General perceived clearly the sluggish apathy and false opinions of the Central Junta. He was striving to induce them to take better measures, and at least to form magazines, and procure waggons and stores on the line of march of the British; when an incident occurred which at length

* Afterwards Earl Hopetoun.

alarmed them. A Spanish party, lurking on the frontiers, intercepted a despatch to Marshal Jourdan, the French Commander-in-Chief; which contained information that reinforcements, exceeding seventy thousand men, were about to enter Spain.

The Junta knew not the multitudes that had already been poured in; but this intelligence dispersed the false hopes which had been entertained, that the French armies were about to evacuate Spain, and it also roused them to make some efforts; yet nothing could prevail upon them to appoint a Commander-in-Chief, to concentrate their forces, or to adopt any rational plan to resist the impending invasion.

The unsocial reception which Sir David Baird met with at Corunna, was also occasioned by the confusion in the Spanish councils. He anchored there on the 13th of October, but, to his surprise, the supreme Junta of Galicia refused to allow the troops to be landed; and he was informed that the assent of the Central Junta at Madrid must be

obtained previously. This unfriendly treatment proceeded from the prevalent notion that their own brave soldiers could alone drive out the French, and that foreign auxiliaries were superfluous. Sir David instantly despatched a courier to Madrid, and after a deliberate consultation leave was granted to permit the British troops to land; who, by the prohibition, had been confined aboard the transports in the harbour for a fortnight.

To form a junction with this corps, Moore was proceeding with as much celerity as possible, but some of the divisions were occasionally delayed for want of provisions and of money. He had been supplied with only twenty-five thousand pounds; and Baird having none, he was under the necessity of transmitting eight thousand, to enable him to move from Corunna.

That part of Portugal through which the army passed is neither beautiful nor fertile; the vine and the olive are chiefly cultivated, but the villages, in general, are very wretched. On the route Sir John was kindly received

at the houses of the principal nobles. On the 4th of November he reached Castello Branco, situated in a dreary country: he was invited to the Bishop's palace, which is an old, ruinous castle, built on a hill hanging over the town, with which it is connected by an ancient wall, constructed by the Moors. The Bishop spoke the French language so ill, that conversation with him was difficult. He was a little old man, kind in his manners, but mean in his apparel, and without any appearance of ecclesiastical dignity. Next day Sir John reached a small village called Atalaia, and found, stage by stage, that the road, though bad, was practicable for artillery. Yet this was unknown to the Portuguese even at Castello Branco, four leagues distant. Had the discovery been made in time, the separation of General Hope's division would not have taken place; but Time, who never tarries, nor turns back, had passed on.

Despatches were thence written to this General, to advise him to send forward

officers to learn whether there were any lateral roads by which he might form his junction, without proceeding through Madrid.

Advices from Lord William Bentinck brought intelligence that a reinforcement of ten thousand French troops were believed to have arrived; and Sir John having applied to know with whom he was to concert his military operations, the Spanish Junta referred him to General Castanos, who commanded the central army. He wrote immediately to this General to learn his plans, and received, after a considerable interval, a short unsatisfactory answer. For, Castanos was already distrusted by the Junta, and soon afterwards deprived of his command.

The country from Castello Branco has an improved appearance, and is better cultivated; but rain fell in torrents, and drenched the soldiers; who, notwithstanding, moved on with good heart. At Almeida, where Sir John arrived on November 8th, a vexatious occurrence took place. One regiment acted in a disorderly manner;

which he resolved to correct instantly. A marauder was tried for robbery, by a court-martial; the charge was clearly proved; he was condemned to be shot, and the sentence was executed. A severe admonition was then issued out in orders, proclaiming that ‘The army had been sent from England to aid and support the Spanish nation, not to rob and plunder the inhabitants; and that whatever soldiers should so far forget what was due to their own honour, and that of their country, as to commit such crimes, should be delivered over to justice.’

On the 11th of November, Moore crossed the boundary between Portugal and Spain, and arrived with the advanced guard at Ciudad Rodrigo, a fortified city. He was met two miles from the place by the governor, with his attendants, and politely invited to his house. Salutes of cannon were fired from the ramparts, and crowds of people cried joyfully, ‘Vivan l’Inglaterra y l’Inglese.’ Notwithstanding this gratifying reception, he stopt only one night in the town; and next

day pursued his march to Salamanca, at which city he arrived on November 13th.

The conduct of the troops in this long march, through deep roads, and in dreadful weather, was exemplary. With the exception that has been mentioned, the peasants were uninjured. The hire of horses, mules, and carts, and the price of whatever provisions or necessaries were procured, were regularly paid; consequently, this passage of the army, instead of injuring, was beneficial to the country. The inhabitants having lately been afflicted with misery by the outrages of a French army, were surprised at the contrast. In truth, soldiers are much influenced by the disposition of their rulers. The character of the Emperor of France was disguised in his public bulletins, which were composed to dazzle and deceive; but is partly disclosed in those writings which were not intended to be revealed. A few of his own dictation, entitled Notes, were long afterwards taken among his brother's baggage, when flying from Vittoria;

and some of them, which contained injunctions to the nominal King of Spain, and his general Savary, are dated in July and August, 1808. The military mandates for the subjugation of Spain are most skilful; but not one syllable of admonition is given to his brother Joseph, to treat the Spaniards, termed his subjects, with generosity, justice, or even-mercy. In one dictated by Napoleon from his retired palace of St. Cloud, it is ordered * 'that the first military operation should be to 'invest and take Zaragossa; and if that city 'should resist, as in the former siege, an 'example should be made of it to resound 'through all Spain.'

And subsequently, in prescribing other measures, it was commanded, 'that every 'Spaniard taken with arms in his hands, 'should be shot †.'

* 'La première opération . . . doit être d'investir et de 'prendre Saragosse; et si cette ville résiste, comme elle l'a fait la 'première fois, en donner un exemple qui retentisse dans toute 'l'Espagne.'

† 'Tout Espagnol pris les armes à la main doit être fusillé.— Vide the Peninsular War, by Lieutenant-Colonel W. Napier, vol. i. Appendix.

Napoleon's deeds on some dire occasions were as ruthless as his words. But notwithstanding the deliberate orders and instructions he sent to his brother Joseph, the miscarriages and disappointments, which were already mentioned, followed. On which he hastily quitted Paris, and in an ireful mood, rushed to the Pyrenees, intent on destroying the Spanish armies before they could be joined by the British.

He found a numerous army assembled, and reinforcements pouring in, well furnished with artillery, and all military implements. War was his sole delight; he marshalled his forces, and formed his plans with speed, eager to glut his homicidal rage with the blood of the ill-organized Spaniards, and the detested British. The latter he knew were still in Portugal, while the former, with stupid temerity, had approached his lines. For the juntas had parcelled out the armed Spaniards, and posted them on a wide circumference, in portions asunder, unconnected with one another, and remote from

the British; as if each had been stationed to be defeated in its turn. Bonaparte surveyed this convenient array with cruel pleasure, and scorning their leaders, he chose to begin with destroying at once the two corps near to his right. The onset on both was made the same day.

Marshal Soult, at the head of a strong column, followed by Napoleon with powerful reserves, marched against the Conde de Belvidere, a young nobleman unknown to fame, whose army, consisting of thirteen thousand regular troops, and seven or eight thousand armed peasants, was encamped imprudently at Gamonal, in front of the city of Burgos. The French veterans routed them, massacred and took prisoners between three and four thousand men, and seized all their cannon and baggage.

The Conde fled to Lerma, five-and-twenty miles from the field of battle, where he wrote a despatch, extolling the intrepidity of his soldiers; which the French relations of this action did not confirm.

Simultaneously with Soult, Marshal Victor proceeded against the Spanish General Blake, with a numerous force. For Napoleon, having abundance of men, rendered his success secure by numbers, as well as skill.

Blake's presumption induced him to wait to encounter a superior French army at Espinosa, on the borders of Asturia.

His troops were undisciplined, badly armed, half starved, and disheartened by previous defeats. Their numbers, an unimportant circumstance, were calculated at about thirty thousand. It is quite obvious, that on the approach of the French, he should have fallen back to unite himself with the British. Bitter consequences succeeded to his rashness. The French fell upon him with fury; and greater resistance was made by the Spaniards than could have been expected from such ill-composed troops. Yet, the havoc made amongst them was frightful. Their general with difficulty escaped to Reynosa, where he collected a few runaways, who in their flight had thrown away their arms. But the French

continuing the pursuit, Blake was forced to seek refuge in the mountains of Asturia, and his army was dissipated.

On the very day of Moore's arrival at Salamanca, he got accounts of the defeat of the Conde de Belvidere; and two nights afterwards, news was brought that the French, after having also discomfited Blake, had taken possession of the city of Valladolid, only twenty leagues distant.

The inhabitants of Salamanca were stupified with these events. But to rouse them from a despairing inertness, Moore assembled the Junta, which he addressed in an animated soldierly harangue :—

‘ These defeats,’ he said, ‘ instead of depressing, ought to stir you up to superior exertions. Every gallant Spaniard, capable of carrying arms, ought to unite with us, your allies, to meet boldly your insolent foes. Remember, that no nation ever acquired or retained independence without making great sacrifices, and putting forth energetically their whole strength.

‘ Every car, horse, and mule in the country,

‘ must be instantly placed at my disposal, for
‘ the transport of magazines and necessaries
‘ for the army ; and every assistance possible
‘ should be given. The Spanish people
‘ will find the British resolute and faithful
‘ allies ; but to gain success against so formi-
‘ dable an invasion, they also must display
‘ devoted determination in defence of their
‘ country.’

This exhortation was much applauded ;
but the measures to be taken were referred
for consideration.

Officers were then sent forward to obtain
intelligence respecting the enemy : and de-
spatches written to General Hope and to Sir
David Baird, to concentrate their troops, and
to be watchfully on their guard.

The intelligence of the state of the Spanish
armies which had been transmitted to Moore,
was very opposite from that of their présent
condition. He found that, instead of having
a powerful victorious army to cover his ad-
vance, not a Spanish soldier was in his front,
and the enemy were at hand. Those armies
with which he had been ordered to co-operate,

were now no more; no fresh orders had been sent from home; no communication was brought from General Castanos; none transmitted from the Spanish government; whose inactivity seemed to have terminated in a total dereliction of their duty. The officers sent forward by Moore, brought back intelligence that the French who had pushed on to Valladolid, were a strong body of cavalry, with mounted artillery; they retired next day, but were scouring the country unopposed, and spreading dismay around.

At this time only three brigades of British had reached Salamanca; the rest were in a long line of march, many not having yet passed the frontiers of Portugal: General Hope was in the neighbourhood of Madrid; and Sir David Baird, from the difficulties he had met with, had only reached Astorga. He halted there in consequence of intelligence from General Blake, that superior forces of the enemy were collecting on his left flank. This report proved erroneous; and Moore being desirous of uniting all his

troops, directions were sent to Baird and to General Hope to advance to Salamanca.

During these movements, Napoleon, having dispersed the armies on his right, proceeded to execute the remainder of his plan. The ruin of the central Spanish army, and of that in Arragon on his left, were next to be accomplished. With this design he detached several columns to intercept the communication with Madrid; and he marched a powerful army directly against Castanos, who had been reinstated in his command, and had advanced to Calahorn on the banks of the Ebro. This General, on the approach of the French, judged it expedient to fall back to Tudela, where he was joined by the Arragonese army under Palafox. The numbers of these combined tumultuary bands, for they could hardly be termed soldiers, are variously stated: according to the most authentic accounts, they did not exceed forty-five thousand men, wretchedly armed; and to add to their inefficiency, their Generals were

discordant. The details of the conflict which ensued, are superfluous. The Spaniards were quickly thrown into disorder, put to flight, and savagely slaughtered by the French cavalry. Yet Bonaparte reproached one of his Generals for suffering Castanos and a remnant to escape; having a vindictive desire to hold in captivity the conqueror of Dupont.

All the Spanish armies in the north being now overthrown, he marched forward to drive out the Central Junta, and take possession of Madrid.

Tidings of these disasters, which were not altogether unexpected, were carried to Sir John Moore on the 28th of November. It then became his duty to reflect deeply on what measures ought now to be pursued, on this altered position of Spanish affairs. After serious deliberation, it appeared to him, that as there was no longer an army in the north of Spain, with which he could combine; and as the southern provinces would quickly be invaded, it was most advisable to lead

back his troops to Lisbon; where they would be enabled either to join any Spanish corps which might rise in the south, or be transported to Cadiz where they might yet render essential service.

In conformity with this intention, he sent orders to Sir David Baird to prepare to return to Corunna, and sail with his division to the Tagus. Instructions were at the same time directed to General Hope to join him, if practicable; or to march to Ciudad Rodrigo, where they could unite. This plan met with the full approbation of both these experienced Generals; and it was discovered afterwards that it was the line of conduct which Bonaparte concluded would be adopted.

But while Sir John Moore was waiting for the arrival of General Hope, intelligence was brought to him from the highest authorities, of a most favourable change having taken place in the state of affairs. The Honourable Charles Stuart wrote, on the authority of the Junta, and of Don Morla, Governor

of Madrid, that San Juan, a Spanish General, had repulsed three attacks of the French at Sepulveda ; and that Castanos was bringing up the greatest part of his force to unite with San Juan ; it was also added, that Bonaparte still remained at Burgos. A long despatch, dated Aranjuez *, Nov. 30th, was at the same time received by Sir John, from Mr. Frere, who had succeeded Lord William Bentinck, as Minister to the Spanish government. This gentleman strongly deprecated a retreat into Portugal. He assured Sir John that the provinces he had seen were the least distinguished of all Spain for a military, or patriotic spirit ; but that the other provinces possessed the most ardent and determined resolution ; and that every individual in the government, he believed, was resolved to perish with the country.

He finally observes, ‘ Our first object, as it appears to me, ought to be to collect a force capable of repulsing the French before they

* Parliamentary Papers.

‘ receive their reinforcements. The covering
‘ and protecting Madrid is surely a point of
‘ great moment for effect in Spain, and still
‘ more in France and in the west of Europe.
‘ It would be a point of the utmost impor-
‘ tance for Bonaparte to be able to publish a
‘ decree, or to date a letter from Madrid. The
‘ people of the town are full of resolution, and
‘ determined to defend it in spite of its si-
‘ tuation, which is judged to be an unfavour-
‘ able one. This determination ought surely
‘ to be encouraged by some show of support.’

At this time two Spanish Generals, Esculante and Bueno, arrived at Salamanca, who brought a letter from Don Martin Garay, the War Minister. These Generals confirmed the prosperous state of their affairs in glowing terms; assuring Sir John Moore that the Spanish armies were undismayed, and augmenting daily, so that the approach to Madrid by the French was now impracticable. The facts asserted by these deputed Generals, and corroborated by the official despatches from the Spanish Government

and the British Minister, were strangely at variance with the truth : for Bonaparte, instead of remaining at Burgos, had marched, with a numerous and well-appointed army, to the pass of Somosierra, which he reached on the 30th of November. He quickly overthrew San Juan's troops, who fled pusillanimously, and murdered their general, the best in Spain.

On the 2nd of December, at noon, Bonaparte presented himself before Madrid, and summoned the town to yield. A General, and thirty of the inhabitants, went out, to learn what terms would be granted. They were threatened with the horrors of a city taken by storm, should they presume to resist. The Spanish General and his attendants retired, exceedingly dejected, to report what had passed. There were, in fact, only six thousand soldiers in the town ; but the streets were crowded with a mob of the inhabitants, some bellowing with fury, others trembling with fear. The height, named the Retiro, which commands the town, was oc-

cupied in the evening by a corps of French, with little opposition ; and during that night and the next day the negociations continued.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 4th of December, Don Morla, the chief Minister and Governor, repaired to the Emperor, to surrender the city ; the necessary conclusion when the weak contend with the strong.

After Bonaparte's triumphal entry into the capital, little remained to complete the conquest of Spain but the destruction of the British auxiliaries, the only troops capable of making resistance to the victorious armies of France. To accomplish this a device was plotted, conducted apparently by others, but undoubtedly contrived in the fertile brain of Bonaparte. His heart was steeled against the British, and being apprehensive that they would withdraw into Portugal, and thence operate on his right flank, to retard and interrupt his progress, when he should proceed to the south of Spain, he was desirous of enticing Sir John Moore to move towards the vicinity of

Madrid, where he could surround his army with triple or quadruple numbers.

Don Thomas Morla, a Spanish Minister and General of some abilities, proved an apt instrument for this scheme. When the Central Junta took to flight, he, together with the aged Prince of Castel Franco, were left behind, and entrusted with the defence of Madrid. Morla saw clearly that this was impracticable, and he knew besides, that Bonaparte was furiously irritated against him for having counselled the breaking the conditions of the capitulation of Baylen, and detaining as prisoners Dupont's army. Being fully aware of his imminent danger, he embraced an effectual measure to avert the Emperor's wrath, and to preserve his own life and fortune.

On the 2nd of December, when this trusty Governor was actually negotiating terms for the surrendering of Madrid, a messenger was sent off with the following despatch to Sir John Moore:—

‘ Madrid, December 2nd, 1808.

‘ Most Excellent Sir,

‘ The Junta, Military and Civil, formed
‘ of all the united authorities of the Kingdom,
‘ established in the King’s name for the de-
‘ fence of the country, are threatened by the
‘ enemy, and have the honour to lay before
‘ your Excellency a true and just representa-
‘ tion of affairs at this moment.

‘ The army which General Castanos com-
‘ manded, and which amounts to about 25,000
‘ men, is falling back on Madrid, in the
‘ greatest haste, to unite with its garrison;
‘ and the force which was at Somosierra, of
‘ 10,000 men, also is coming for the same
‘ purpose to this city, where nearly 40,000
‘ men will join with them. With this number
‘ of troops, the enemy’s army, which has pre-
‘ sented itself, is not to be feared. But the
‘ Junta, still apprehending an increase of
‘ the enemy’s force to unite with that at
‘ hand, hope that your Excellency, if no force
‘ is immediately opposed to you, will be able

‘ to fall back to unite with our army, or take
‘ the direction to fall on the rear of the
‘ enemy. And the Junta cannot doubt that
‘ the rapidity of your Excellency’s move-
‘ ments will be such as the interests of both
‘ countries require.

‘ With great consideration, &c.

‘ The Prince of Castel Franco,

‘ THOMAS MORLA.’

The examples are rare, in modern times, of perfidy in persons of high rank and station, similar to what is here manifested. Every fact stated by these ignoble Spaniards was false; and they well knew that the measure they urged, if adopted, would have been ruinous to their allies. But as their letter was written for self-preservation, this may palliate their guilt in the minds of the timid: and perhaps they excused it to themselves by fostering a belief, that the British Minister would send a true statement of affairs to his General, to prevent his yielding to their insidious solicitation.

Bonaparte treated Morla with his accustomed duplicity. To conceal their intelligence, he first reproached him in public, but preserved to him his military rank and fortune; and afterwards rewarded him by employment in the service of King Joseph.

Napoleon's skill in underworking was exerted in another artifice, practised at the same time, and essential to continue the delusion into which Mr. Frere had fallen, and to conceal from him the submission of Madrid.

There was in that city a French emigrant named Charmilly, who, being in desperate circumstances, had gone to offer his services to the Central Junta. He durst not remain another day in Madrid, for, if taken, he would instantly have been shot; and seeing the reverses which had occurred to the Spanish cause, he became anxious to join the strongest side, and to make his peace with France.

When Bonaparte was insulting the Deputies of Madrid, on the 2nd of December, and commanding them instantly to open their

gates, Charmilly had an interview with Morla, the apostate Governor. After which, he set off for Talavera de la Reina, where he overtook Mr. Frere. Being master of dissimulation, and accomplished in the gift of lying, he convinced that credulous Minister that the Spanish affairs were prospering; that Madrid, independent of a strong garrison, was filled with a numerous, intrepid, armed population, able and determined to hold out for a long time against the small army which, he pretended, Bonaparte had brought against it. And nothing, he assured him, was wanting to raise the siege, and to compel the French to a speedy retreat, but the approach of the British.

Mr. Frere's understanding was so completely warped by the fictions of this Sinon, that he immediately wrote to Sir John Moore * a despatch, commencing by a reference to his letter sent off three days before, in which he had recommended, as the first

* A Narrative of the Campaign in Spain under Sir John Moore, by his Brother, pp. 136, 142; and Parliamentary Papers.

object for the employment of the British forces, the covering and protecting Madrid. He now refers Sir John to Colonel Charmilly for the state in which he had left that city ; ‘ as the spirit and resolution of the inhabitants exceeded all he had ventured to express. And he could not forbear representing to him in the strongest manner the propriety, not to say the necessity, of supporting that determination of the Spaniards.’

Charmilly sped hastily away with this despatch, and reached Salamanca soon after the arrival of the messenger from the Prince of Castel Franco and Don Morla, and while Sir John Moore was considering the contents of their letter. He now perused that brought by Charmilly, with the attention the importance of the subject demanded, and perceived that its contents precisely agreed with the information sent from Madrid by the two Spanish Governors. He next examined Charmilly, who positively asserted, that the French army was not considerable ; and he

expatiated on the multitudes of the Spanish soldiers and armed citizens already assembled in Madrid, and of the crowds from the country who were flocking in to defend it. All were at work, the city was already surrounded with batteries of cannon, every street barricadoed, and the people, animated with heroic ardor, were resolute to defend it with unyielding fury. In consequence of this burst of enthusiasm, Mr. Frere, he said, was most desirous that Sir John should instantly advance to raise the siege of Madrid.

It is almost incredible, although true, that three days before Charmilly, with a confident countenance, was affirming these falsehoods respecting Madrid, that city had submitted to Bonaparte tranquilly. This it was impossible for Sir John Moore to divine; but he was surprised that Mr. Frere should have entrusted to a Frenchman of so doubtful a character communications, which ought to have been kept in profound secrecy.

Moore listened with calmness, and without revealing his thoughts to Charmilly, who

thence concluded that Sir John remained fixed in his former purpose. Early next morning this adventurer again appeared at head-quarters, and presented a second letter from Mr. Frere, which he had suppressed, as directed, at his first interview. This letter contained a request that, should Sir John continue in his former resolution, a council of war should be summoned, and Colonel Charmilly examined before it. As this was a covered attempt to wrest out of the General's hands the command of the army, it excited his indignation; and Charmilly received an order from the Adjutant-General to quit the British lines.

However unmannered the conduct and letters of Mr. Frere were, Moore never suffered the indiscretion of an official person to influence his public actions; and as the facts which had been transmitted to him were all confirmed by the two Spanish commanders at Madrid, he could not doubt of their being true. The predicament in which this General was now placed is perhaps unex-

amplified. He was betrayed by the ally he was sent to assist, and received false intelligence, and the worst counsel, from the Minister in whom he was ordered to confide. It required no ordinary sagacity to shun a snare so artfully laid, and it was necessary to come to a prompt decision on what measures to pursue. Moore was not of that inflexible character to persist in a plan, when the circumstances on which it was formed were reversed; so, after debating with himself upon the new intelligence, he judged that to withdraw the army into Portugal, when a rising spirit had manifested itself in the capital, might occasion great discouragement and have very bad effects. And he also discerned, that if he followed Mr. Frere's advice, and advanced towards Madrid, should the Spanish troops be overthrown, or their enthusiasm cool, his army might be lost; he, therefore, rejected this project also.

Instead of adopting either of these plans he took the resolution of marching rapidly in a northerly direction, and of attacking the corps which kept open the communication

between France and Madrid; an operation which, he foresaw, would force Bonaparte to retrograde to oppose the British, and thus be a powerful diversion in favour of Madrid, in case it held out; and of the southern provinces, to enable them to rise and organize their forces.

Having come to this decision, on that very day he wrote letters to the Prince de Castel Franco and Don Morla, and also to Mr. Frere, expressed with punctilious courtesy, to assure them that he would act in the manner which he deemed best for the relief of Madrid and for the interests of Spain.

He then sent orders to General Hope to join him without delay, and to Sir David Baird to march to Benevente for the same purpose. A despatch was also transmitted to the Marquis of Romana, the successor of Blake, explaining his design, and requesting his co-operation. The Marquis, who was quartered in the city of Leon, returned a favourable answer. It was highly requisite to ascertain the precise strength of the Marquis of Romana's army, which the Central

Junta, before they fled from Madrid, had assured Colonel Graham * exceeded thirty thousand men. Colonel Simes was sent to see the Marquis, who stated to him that his force only amounted to twenty-two thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry. Yet it afterwards appeared that when he was required to act, he wrote a letter to Sir John, acknowledging that he could only assemble nine or ten thousand, as the rest were ill equipped; and two days afterwards these dwindled to seven thousand men, in so deplorable a condition as to be quite unserviceable. This was the conduct invariably pursued by the Spanish Generals and Ministers in transmitting official intelligence.

As little reliance could be put on reports from the public authorities, Moore engaged some confidential persons to watch, and send him timely notice of the movements of the enemy's columns. He then pushed forward

* Colonel Graham of Belgowan, afterwards Lieut.-General Lord Lynedoch.—Vide Narrative of the Campaign in Spain, by the Author, pp. 184, 213, 259, 268.

his cavalry to Toro and Tordesilla, on the river Douro. He himself left Salamanca on the 13th of December; and his troops, including Sir David Baird's division, amounted only to about twenty-two thousand men; for some regiments were still on their march in Portugal, at Lugo and Astorga.

The cavalry had not proceeded far, when Brigadier Stewart, who was at their head, got notice that the village of Rueda was occupied by a party of French infantry and cavalry. The place was reconnoitred, then surrounded by dragoons, and almost the whole party, consisting of eighty men, were killed or taken. The prisoners declared that they had no suspicion that the British were advancing.

At this time Bonaparte considered the north of Spain so completely pacified, that an important despatch, dated December 10, from Marshal Berthier to Marshal Soult, was sent by an officer without an escort. This officer was murdered by some Spanish peasants, who carried the despatch to General Moore. He learned by this letter, what had

hitherto been concealed from him; that Madrid had surrendered; and that the advanced guard of the French army was at Talaveira, on the route to Badajoz, which city it would soon reach. Soult is directed to 'push forward, to seize upon Leon, Benavente, and Zamora; and assured that no apprehension of the English need be entertained, as everything confirms the belief that they are in full retreat to Lisbon.'

This letter evinced to Moore the fallaciousness of the statements which had been sent by the Spanish authorities, and by Mr. Frere. Yet he was glad at least to find, that his present movement was not suspected, which had been concerted and put in execution with great secrecy. It seems probable, that Charmilly, being convinced by his cool reception, and subsequent dismissal, that Moore had persisted in his original intention, had transmitted that misinformation to Bonaparte; and as there were individuals in the French interest, even in the Central Junta, who, through the same channel, might also be

persuaded of Moore's unaltered purpose, these may have contributed to mislead the French Emperor.

The above intercepted letter having given information that Marshal Soult was at Saldanha, in the district of Placentia, Moore crossed the Duero, and proceeded with the cavalry in front, in that direction. When at Mayorgo on the 20th of December, notice was got, that there were lying in the town of Sahagun, about seven hundred French cavalry.

To surprise this corps, Lord Paget* marched all night with two regiments of dragoons; one was sent directly into the town; and his Lordship took a circuitous course with the other, to get behind it. But he fell in with a picket on the alert, which gave an alarm. The French mounted their horses, formed on a plain, and resolutely faced their enemy.—Some manœuvring ensued to gain the advantage of the ground; at length Lord Paget seizing a favourable opportunity, charged the

* Afterwards the Marquis of Anglesey.

enemy, and broke them ; many were sabred, one hundred and fifty-seven yielded themselves prisoners, and the remainder, whose horses were fresh, whilst the English were jaded, escaped by flight.

The British dragoons engaged in this gallant exploit, only amounted to four hundred, who defeated a French corps greatly superior. They received from the General warm commendations for their intrepidity. Many other cavalry skirmishes occurred on the outposts ; in all of which the bravery of the British was conspicuous. The whole army, animated by their leader, was now on fire for battle ; and Moore entertained sanguine hopes that he might still have time to strike an important blow at Soult's army, which was at a short distance posted behind the river Carion. This Marshal had concentrated there about eighteen thousand men, with some other corps in his rear.

Moore wrote to the Marquis of Romana his design ; and requested that he would move from Mansillo on his left, to distract

the enemy's attention. He had now made all his dispositions, and had given instructions to his Generals, resolving to make a night march, and fall upon the enemy unexpectedly in the morning.

In this state of things, a courier brought intelligence, that the French columns which had been marching to the south, had suddenly halted at Talaveira de la Reina. Others arrived in the course of the day, stating that magazines of forage and provisions were forming at Placentia; and in the evening a messenger came from the Marquis of Romana, disclosing certain information, that the enemy's army at Madrid was marching in this direction.

From these accounts Moore perceived that Bonaparte had abandoned the projected invasion of the southern provinces; and was now on the march to intercept his communication with Portugal and the sea-coast. To frustrate this design, no time was to be lost. Moore relinquished at once the cherished hope of gaining a victory over Soult, as he

never sought fame by feats only brilliant ; but was fixed in pursuing useful measures. He immediately countermanded the advance of the army ; the brigades in the rear were ordered to march back towards Astorga, and to conduct thither all the baggage ; while to deceive Marshal Soult and cover the retreat, he remained himself with the reserve a whole day, and even sent forward some squadrons of cavalry to skirmish with the outposts. He also apprized Romana of his intentions, and advised him to leave a strong guard at the bridge of Mansilla, to defend that passage. It was soon verified that these orders were not premature. For when Bonaparte learned that the British were moving to the Duero, struck with the boldness of this unlooked-for measure, he exclaimed, ‘ Moore is the only General now fit to contend with me : I shall advance against him in person.’*

Having with his characteristic promptitude

* Marshal Ney was present when these words were spoken, and repeated them to Major Charles Napier when a prisoner.

taken this determination, all other designs were relinquished for the favourite one of overwhelming the British. Orders were instantly expedited to the columns in full march to the south; one of which was at Talaveira de la Reina, and another had reached Arzo-Bispo, on the road to Seville; both were directed to hasten to Salamanca. The division which was proceeding to Saragossa was also recalled; and instructions were sent to Soult, that if attacked, he should fall back and draw on the British towards Burgos; and if they retreated, he should pursue them with rapidity.

These orders having been issued, Bonaparte moved rapidly forward with the principal army, to occupy Benevente in the rear of the British. Not fewer than a hundred thousand men were hurried forward by four different routes: a number much greater than was requisite. But it was a maxim of Bonaparte, that success in war depended on bringing superior forces to one important point: and on this occasion his deep intent

could not have failed, had it not been foreseen. But it appears from Moore's previous despatches, that he not only foresaw the danger, but had induced Bonaparte to adopt this measure; in order to bring the French armies upon himself, and to withdraw them from the immediate conquest of the south of Spain.

The winter had now set in with unusual rigour, and the road from Madrid was deeply covered with snow. But the Emperor commanded a passage to be cut through the snow, and the roads to be cleared by multitudes of labourers. All his troops and cannon were pushed on towards Benevente, with his wonted impetuosity. Moore, however, had calculated the time: and on the 26th of December, Sir David Baird crossed the river Esla, higher up, and took post in the city of Valencia; while General Hope, marching on a different road, preoccupied Benevente. Moore followed with the reserve, his cavalry covering the rear; while the enemy's scouts spread around, were hanging on the flanks,

and an advanced corps of horse appeared on a hill near the road. Lord Paget detached against them Colonel Leigh, with two troops of the 10th dragoons. One swiftly mounted the hill ; the other was reined in to give support. Before the summit was attained, the Colonel observing that the horses panted from the steepness of the ascent, he halted under the enemy's fire : a hazardous check, unless with the bravest of troops. As soon as the horses had recovered breath, the word was given, and the dragoons struck spurs into the sides of their mettled steeds, and their opponents were borne down by their furious charge. Many of the French fell by the sword, and a hundred yielded themselves prisoners.

The cavalry, after this conflict, moved on unmolested to Castro Gonsalo. In the last twelve days the rear-guard had been daily engaged in sharp skirmishes, in which a considerable number of French were killed, and upwards of five hundred prisoners were taken. Next morning, the cavalry crossed the Esla

at the bridge; but Brigadier Crawford was ordered to remain with a light brigade, to blow it up. This proved a work of considerable difficulty; as the masonry was exceedingly strong, and the French fiercely opposed it with augmenting numbers. Yet the brigadier repulsed every assault; blew up two of the arches, and then withdrew his party to Benevente.

In the former part of Moore's military career, he had been engaged chiefly in offensive warfare, in landing from the sea in the front of an enemy, in storming entrenchments, in repelling assaults, and in leading on attacking columns. How he acted on these occasions, has been related. It now became his duty to conduct a retreat before far superior armies, pressed against him by the impetuous spirit of Bonaparte. To perform this well was surely difficult, since that genius, so brilliant in sieges, battles, and in conquering nations, was eclipsed in retreats. For when pursued by adverse fortune, he hurried from the field confounded, and aban-

doned his armies to their fate. These were occurrences of after times ; now he was advancing swiftly in the height of his fame and prosperity.

But before he reached the banks of the Esla, he received the unlooked-for tidings that his prey had escaped. The dissembler keenly felt that he had been a second time foiled by the prudence of his opponent, whom he had plotted to circumvent, first by a guileful stratagem, and secondly, by the celerity of his movements. He still, however, entertained expectations, that by a hot pursuit, and some fortunate incidents, he should overtake and destroy his most hated enemies.

Amidst these threatening dangers, Moore rode sedately in the rear with the reserve, to watch the enemy's approach, and to take measures for the preservation of his forces.

He obtained not the slightest succour from Spain ; for the hapless bands, under the Marquis of Romana, were too ineffective to protect themselves. Three thousand of them, with four pieces of artillery, were left to de-

fend or destroy a bridge over the Esla, at Mansilla. But they could do neither. Some French light-horsemen, regardless of their scattered fire, galloped over, captured the guns, sabred, and chased away the flying Spaniards. By this easy means Marshal Soult got possession of an important road, on which he advanced rapidly; and having been joined by several reinforcements, his army alone exceeded the British in number. Romana, unable to resist, abandoned Leon, and flew to the north.

Although it is manifest, that by the well-timed retreat across the Esla, the army was preserved from destruction; yet, great discontents arose among the troops, and many inconsiderate officers murmured at the retrogression. Britons are habituated to criticise the measures of persons in authority; and both ministers and generals are subjected to the censures of the envious and presumptuous. Moore kept all his intelligence secret; yet the fool-hardy, although quite ignorant of the numbers of the enemy,

who were advancing to surround them, clamoured for battle. From these indiscreet caballers, and from the Spanish magistrates, neglecting to supply the troops with lodgings and necessaries, discontents and disorders arose, and many excesses were committed. But in the reserve, under the General's personal inspection, good discipline still prevailed. There is no quality in a general more requisite than steadiness of temper.

To check the bad spirit which had broke out, a severe order was issued, in which the troops were reproached for their disgraceful misconduct; and the officers who had neglected to restrain them from injuring the country which they were sent to protect, were reprimanded. He also announced, that ' the
' situation of the army being arduous, called
' for the exertion of qualities the most rare in
' military men. These are not bravery alone,
' but patience and constancy under fatigue
' and hardship; obedience to command;
' sobriety and firmness in every situation in

‘ which they may be placed. It is by the
‘ display of these qualities, that the army
‘ can merit the name of soldiers, and be
‘ able to withstand the forces opposed to
‘ them, or to fulfil the expectations of their
‘ country.

‘ The Commander of the forces cannot ex-
‘ plain to his army the motives for the move-
‘ ment he directs; but he gives assurance
‘ that he has made none since he left Sala-
‘ manca, which he did not foresee, and was
‘ prepared for; and, as far as he can judge,
‘ they have answered the purposes for which
‘ they were intended.

‘ When it is proper to fight a battle, he will
‘ do it; and he will choose the time and
‘ place he thinks most fit; in the meanwhile,
‘ he begs the officers and soldiers of the army
‘ to discharge their duties; and to leave to
‘ him, and to the general officers, the decision
‘ of measures which belong to them. The
‘ army may rest assured, that there is nothing
‘ he has more at heart, than their honour,
‘ and that of their country.’

This expostulation had a considerable effect on the corrigible.

The British rested two days at Benevente, an open town, with only the shallow Esla intervening between them and Bonaparte's army. But as the divisions under Marshal Soult were moving forward on one flank to intercept the British, and the columns from the south on the other, there was no tarrying there; a further retreat could no longer be delayed. Moore accordingly ordered the brigades commanded by General Baird to march from Valencia to Astorga, and Hope, with his brigades, to proceed by the direct road to the same place. He followed with the reserve on the 28th, leaving the cavalry to cover the retreat. General Le Febure Denouettes rode up with near six hundred of the Imperial horse-guards, to reconnoitre the fords of the Esla. Only some English pickets appearing on the opposite bank, Le Febure, eager to distinguish himself by cutting them off, dashed across the stream, and formed his troops on the shore. The pickets, joined by

some German hussars, opposed the advance of the French squadrons : but being greatly inferior in number, they retired slowly, yet resisting stoutly. At length, the 10th regiment of hussars was brought up by Lord Paget. Then the whole charged, fought with the French sword to sword, and repelled them to the banks of the river, which the enemy recrossed with speed.

As soon as the French reached the opposite shore, they recovered from their disorder, and drew up in a line, threatening to return and renew the conflict. But three light guns, wheeled forward by the horse-artillery, began to play upon them, on which they fled out of sight.

This was the sharpest action hitherto fought; the Imperial Guard being composed of chosen, well-disciplined soldiers. The British lost, in killed and wounded, fifty dragoons; whereas, the killed, wounded, and prisoners of the French, amounted nearly to two hundred men. Their general, and several other officers, were among the prisoners.

When Le Febure was led to General Moore,

he appeared sunk in dejection, considering himself utterly undone. 'Bonaparte,' he averred, 'who was the minion of Fortune,' 'never forgave the unfortunate, but always 'believed them culpable.'

Moore endeavoured to console him, and seeing that his sword had been taken from him, he presented him with a fine eastern scimitar. This was carefully preserved by Le Febure, in grateful remembrance of the donor.

Bonaparte planted heavy cannon on the bank of the river, which fired incessantly; and a show of recrossing was repeatedly made. But Lord Paget guarded the fords all day, and at night withdrew the cavalry. And next day, without molestation, he joined the reserve at La Banessa, on the road to Astorga. But the Marquis of Romana making more haste, reached the town previous to the British; the road was encumbered with his carts, mules, and waggons, and the houses and streets being filled with his soldiers, brought on tumults and dissension.

Moore had earnestly solicited the Marquis to leave this road vacant, and to retire into the

Asturias ; where, by lying on the flank or rear of the advancing French army, its progress might be retarded. But this counsel was rejected, and his arrival with his much-harassed bands occasioned great confusion.

Their condition was truly pitiable ; few of their arms were serviceable, they were nearly starved, without shoes, and the rags with which they were clothed were inadequate to protect them from the rain, snow, and frost. They were besides afflicted with the typhus fever, which was communicated to the British, and destroyed multitudes. These Spaniards, amounting to about five thousand, were the only troops that ever appeared to co-operate with the British : although the Central Junta had assured Sir John Moore that he would be supported by forty-four thousand enthusiastic soldiers, together with numerous levies which were rising in other parts of the kingdom to oppose the invader. As the General put some reliance on these reiterated and solemn declarations of the Spanish government, he had expected to be able to make

a stand at Astorga; but the total failure of all their promises crossed his hopes. The omission of military aid was not his sole disappointment; for the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which the army passed, instead of offering harbourage, refreshments, or any kind of assistance, barred up their houses and fled, carrying off mules, oxen, carts with forage, provisions, and whatever might contribute to the comfort of their allies. This inimical treatment enraged the soldiers, who burst open the doors, got into the cellars, and when drunk committed wild excesses.

Independently of the inferiority of force, the want of subsistence rendered it indispensable to retire from Astorga; for, in spite of earnest exhortations to collect food for the troops, and the means of conveyance, little could be obtained in that impoverished country. To alleviate this alarming deficiency, and to secure the lateral road to Orense and Vigo, by which the French might precede the army, General Alston was detached

with three thousand men, including a light brigade, by that route. The Marquis of Romana took the same direction, after Moore had supplied his troops with good firelocks and as much ammunition as they could carry with them. But the numerous sick and stragglers of these distressed bands wandered around, and were a grievous encumbrance.

Sir John left Astorga on December 31st, and Bonaparte arrived there on the 1st of January, 1809, where were assembled eighty thousand infantry and cavalry, with two hundred pieces of artillery; and many thousands more were on the march to join them. To carry onward this immense force was probably impossible, and certainly superfluous. Already the vast equipments and stores brought from France were much exhausted; and the troops, harassed by marching with velocity, in horrible weather, through rugged roads, had been wasted with fatigue, distempers, and the sword; while the grand object of this military operation, to anticipate and cut

off the British army, had been frustrated by the prescience and vigilance of its leader.

Accounts of an unexpected event were then suddenly brought to Bonaparte. He was informed that the alliance between Russia and Austria, fostered by Britain, was again renewed; and that these powers were arming to seize the present advantage of attacking France, when his forces were entangled, during the winter, in the mountains of Galicia. To oppose this coalition a total change of measures was requisite. He flew off to Paris; the Imperial Guards and many of his finest corps were withdrawn from Spain, and ordered to hasten to the Rhine. Thus the premeditated conquest of Spain and Portugal, begun with perfidy, carried on with the whole power of France, and prosecuted with all those wily stratagems, and that profound military science in which Bonaparte was unparalleled, was now postponed to a future time.

The vexation felt at this disappointment was suppressed, and the miscarriage artfully

disguised by one of those brilliant bulletins, well calculated to dazzle the fervid imaginations of Frenchmen. The campaign in Spain was there set forth as victorious; and it was insolently proclaimed, that the glorious commission was conferred on Marshal Soult, of driving the British into the sea.

This Marshal was an able general, and he followed eagerly the track of the British army with twenty-five thousand soldiers, and sixteen thousand more remained at Astorga to reinforce him if necessary.

Moore was never informed of the departure of Bonaparte and a portion of his army, (for a war rekindled in Germany,) which brightened the prospects of affairs in Spain. He had given the command of his rear-guard, the reserve, to his friend Brigadier Edward Paget*, and usually rode by his side. On arriving at Bembibre, this little town was filled with groups of half naked Spaniards of Romana's corps, mingled with drunkards of

* Afterwards the Honourable Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Paget, &c.

the preceding divisions, rioting in tumultuous confusion. Active exertions were made to restore order, to quarter the reserve, and to post guards to prevent the French breaking in, who were skirmishing fiercely with the rear.

Moore halted in that town all day; and before moving off next morning, sent parties to drive out the stragglers from the houses; but many of the intoxicated were uncontrollable; and neither threats nor warnings of danger could make them quit their quarters. He then left one regiment of infantry, and a detachment of cavalry to cover the town, and to drive forward as many of the sluggards as possible. The infantry at last marched away, but the cavalry remained, until five French squadrons were near at hand, who pursued them several miles. The French dragoons as they rode along, cut to the right and left the tardy drunkards, who were so insensible from liquor, as neither to resist nor get out of the way. But when the French approached the reserve, General

Paget drew up a party, who drove them back ; and he then marched to Calcabellos.

There is a high hill in front of this town, and a deep stream runs through it, over which there is a bridge ; in passing which, the rear-guard would have been in great danger, unless precautions had been taken. To arrest the enemy, four hundred riflemen, with a small detachment of horse, were posted on the summit of the hill ; and when the reserve had crossed the bridge, it was drawn up on high grounds on the opposite bank, and a battery of cannon planted there. This position being taken, the rifle corps, and the detachment of horse were ordered to retire quickly over the river. But General Colbert with seven or eight French squadrons pursued so hotly, that they captured a few riflemen close to the bridge, and galloped over to charge and sabre the rest. The riflemen, however, quitted the public road, and threw themselves into some adjoining vineyards : whence they fired on their assailants with so well directed an aim, that the General and

almost all the horsemen who had crossed the river, were shot.

To avenge this, a large body of dismounted chasseurs rushed across the bridge, and a furious contest ensued ; but Moore reinforced the riflemen with a part of another light infantry regiment, who beat back the French and compelled them to recross the river. Towards the latter end of this conflict, a column of French infantry were seen hastening down the hill, but being saluted with the cannon from the battery, their advance was stopped.

In this affair the enemy suffered a very considerable loss, Soult having urged forward his troops with rash haste ; whether from his own disposition, or that he had been enjoined to do so by Bonaparte ; who having inexhaustible supplies of men, was always lavish of their lives.

From the hills the French army was now seen winding along the road in an endless column, and the advanced guard closely pressed upon the British rear. But no insult was attempted, every attack having been re-

pulsed with bravery. Before the town of Constantino there is a hill and a narrow bridge to be passed over. This was a place again most favourable for the French to assault the rear. Moore, perceiving the danger to which the reserve would be exposed, planted a battery on the top of the hill, and guarded it, as usual, by the brave rifle corps. These effectually arrested the French column. The affair of Calcabellos had induced caution. During this halt, the whole of the reserve crossed the bridge and drew up on the opposite bank; when this was seen, horses were harnessed to the guns on the battery, which were whirled down the hill, the riflemen followed, and the whole passed the bridge, without the loss of a man. No sooner were the cannon withdrawn, than the French mounted the hill, and hastened down to cross the bridge, but were checked by a galling fire of musketry. Yet the skirmishing continued till dark, the numbers of the French continually increasing, who spread along the bank of the river. General Paget, however, firmly

maintained his position, and defeated every attempt made by the French to cross over. Towards midnight he received orders to withdraw the troops and retire to Lugo.

Though Marshal Soult had omitted no opportunity of harassing the British, yet the vigorous resistance he constantly encountered, had rendered the retreat in a military view, successful; notwithstanding which, it was accompanied with many sorrowful circumstances. The sick and wounded were all necessarily left behind, usually in the towns and villages on the route. Much of the baggage and stores were also abandoned or destroyed, as the means of conveyance were not procurable. For the Spaniards, instead of voluntarily offering their mules and waggons, to aid their ally, led them away, or concealed them. Consequently, whenever the few cattle which had been procured, were unable to proceed from lameness or over-fatigue, the stores with which they were loaded were lost. This want of carriage-horses was severely felt. In the march to

Constantino, Moore, who was always with the rear, overtook two carts loaded with dollars, which had fallen behind. The bullocks that slowly dragged them along being exhausted, could not proceed further; and as no others could be got, and the safety of the soldiers would admit of no delay, the casks were rolled over a precipice into a heap of snow. It was hoped that the money, amounting to twenty-five thousand pounds, would escape the observation of the French, and be afterwards found by the Spaniards.

But these losses were less to be regretted than others proceeding from the misconduct of the troops. For historical truth compels me to acknowledge, that British soldiers behave worse in retreating than the French; which seems to proceed from their being less submissive to discipline, less obedient to command, and more prone to drunkenness. From these gross faults, shameful disorders ensued. Many of the men straggled from their ranks, tarried behind, hid themselves in houses, or broke open wine-cellars, got intoxicated, and

committed violent outrages. Nor were all the officers free from blame ; some of whom not inured to fatigue, abstinence, and hard ships, being absorbed in their personal sufferings, became sullen, despondent, and totally neglectful of their duty.

Moore, whose heart yearned at the miseries he witnessed, was also exceedingly moved at the dereliction of discipline. He vehemently and constantly exerted all his faculties to mitigate the evils he could not avert. He issued repeatedly, warm exhortations to the officers ; and as a last resource, in an ardent address, appealed to their honour, to rouse them from their apathy to the performance of their duty*. But no blame was cast upon

* This stain of misconduct in retreating is deeply fixed on British troops ; for after four campaigns, when it might have been expected that good discipline would have been established, Lord Wellington found it necessary, in the autumn of the year 1812, to raise the siege of Burgos, and to retreat into Portugal before a superior French army, when disorders broke out, and losses occurred, much greater than during the retreat to Corunna. The indignation felt by that consummate general, prompted him to issue out an order, bitterly reproaching his troops with a want of discipline, greater than in any army with which he had ever served, or of which he had ever read. He added, ' It

the reserve, which continued obedient and orderly, and was almost daily engaged sharply with the enemy. Moore accompanied its commander, Edward Paget, and preserved his accustomed serenity; he cheered up the soldiers on the march, and praised their gallant conduct in action. And it was ultimately found, that the loss of men was much less than was apprehended at that time. For a considerable number of the stragglers were concealed, and kindly subsisted by the Spaniards. And after the French army had passed, some of them got safe to Corunna, and many wandered across the country and reached Portugal. Near a thousand men escaped in these various ways.

Information was obtained from the prisoners, that there were three divisions of the French following; a force considerably superior to the British. Yet, Moore discovering near

‘ must be obvious to every officer, that from the moment the troops
‘ commenced their retreat, the officers lost all command over their
‘ men. Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were com-
‘ mitted with impunity; and losses have been sustained, which
‘ ought never to have occurred.’

Lugo, a position favourable for engaging, he drew up his army and offered battle to the enemy. This was done, both to give some repose to the troops from the fatigue of marching, and also to check the impetuosity of the pursuit. It is gratifying to state, in commendation of the army, that when this determination was announced, it gave universal satisfaction. Order among the regiments was in some degree restored, and they took up the ground marked out for them with tolerable regularity.

When the army was marshalled in array, Sir John Moore rode through the ranks with a confident mien; and when he saw that the soldiers had become obedient to command, and were eager for the combat, he longed for the onset of the enemy.

The French army was drawn up nearly opposite, on a mountainous ridge; soon after mid-day it moved forward, and commenced the action by cannonading the centre.

This was returned by a superior fire from the British artillery. After an hour, Soult

ordered a false attack to be made on the right wing, and a real one on the left; which Moore had drawn back, preferring to engage with his centre and right. But a dense column of the French, with five pieces of cannon, pressed forward in a daring manner on the left of the line, and forced back the light troops in front. Moore, watching their progress, and seeing that they continued to advance, galloped to the spot. By his voice and presence, he encouraged and rallied the light troops: and when order was restored, he commanded a charge to be made with fixed bayonets on the French, who were still gaining ground. But being attacked with fury, they were instantaneously repelled with great slaughter.

In this onset, a remarkable circumstance merits notice. Brigade Major Roberts, having placed himself voluntarily in the front rank, attacked and killed with his sword, a French officer; but his outstretched hand was on the instant shot through in two places by two French soldiers. Then, before one of

these could recover his musket, he was transfixed by the bayonet of an Irish soldier, named Connor; who bayoneted also two other Frenchmen; and his prowess was rewarded by promotion.

The troops who fought in this sharp conflict received heartfelt praises from the General, who witnessed their valour.

After this sanguinary repulse, Soult recalled all his troops to the position on the high grounds.

Next day, the British army stood to their arms, again offering battle, and giving defiance to the enemy, who were much superior in number; as the troops which had been in the rear had then come up. They looked black from the hill, but did not venture to descend.

Moore concluded from this cessation, that Soult did not intend to quit his position again, and risk a general action, but to hang on his rear during the march, in order to harass the army and cut off stragglers. In emergencies, it is often a nice point to

discern suddenly the limits between boldness and rashness. Moore judged, that to storm the heights on which the French were advantageously posted, would have been leading on his soldiers to destruction; and to continue longer at Lugo was impossible, as there only remained in store bread for another day.

The retreat to Corunna was therefore indispensable. The distance was only eleven leagues, and every precaution was observed to render the march secure. Orders were issued, directing the officers to warn the men under their immediate command, to preserve their ranks, and not to loiter behind, or they would be massacred. Guides were appointed to lead the columns, and brisk fires were lighted in the camp to deceive the enemy: The army moved off at ten at night; but a boisterous storm of rain and sleet soon burst upon their heads, drenching and chilling the shivering soldiers; while in the darkness of the night, some of the guides mistook their route. In spite of all the precautionary warnings, the disorders consequent to retreats

broke out with violence. Numbers of the soldiers left their regiments, plundered, got drunk, and wandered about unrestrained. Yet there were fewer irregularities committed by the artillery men, and the Guards, than by many regiments of the line; and amidst the turmoil, the reserve preserved order, covered the retreat, and protected, as much as lay in their power, the stragglers.

This good countenance shown by the reserve, and the checks the enemy had previously encountered, rendered them cautious. No annoyance was given, either that night or the following day, until towards the evening, when their advanced guard of cavalry began to press upon the British rear. On their approach, General Paget drove them off by a volley, and took post for the night some miles from Betanzos, in which town the main body of the army was collected. All being there assembled, were halted, to restore order, to gather in the loiterers, and to give the army a complete day's rest. On the morning of the eleventh of January, it

marched on in a compact body to Corunna; only General Paget, with the reserve, halted at El Burgo, having orders to blow up a bridge on the river. This was done, but unhappily the superintending officer was killed by the explosion.

Moore, quitting the reserve, rode on briskly to precede the army, and make arrangements at Corunna. When he came in sight of the harbour, he saw that the fleet of transports, which had been ordered from Vigo, was not arrived; contrary and tempestuous gales having arisen, the ships were wind-bound,—as fortune continued to thwart him. But no adverse events disturbed his equanimity, discomposed his judgment, or abated his exertions. He examined the site, the fortifications, and haven of Corunna. He quartered a portion of the troops in the town, and the remainder in the neighbouring villages; and made the disposition that appeared to him best for defence against the enemy.

In this pressing exigence no council of war was called; yet several general officers

of distinguished merit, seeing that the ground was very unfavourable for defence, the enemy superior, and that the shipping had not arrived, deemed the state of affairs almost desperate: they therefore proffered voluntarily this advice to Sir John Moore, that he should send a flag of truce to Marshal Soult, and open a negotiation to permit the embarkation of the army on terms. Moore's undaunted soul rejected this counsel. He relied on his own powers for the preservation of the army; and for extricating it, in defiance of the enemy, from its perilous position with honour. The Generals yielded obediently to his resolution.

On the 13th of January he wrote his last despatch to Government, in which he related briefly the events which had passed, and the danger he was in; and then adds, 'When I have more leisure, I shall write more correctly. In the mean time I rely on General Stewart* for giving your Lordship the information and detail which I have omitted.

* The present Marquis of Londonderry.

‘ I should regret his absence, for his services
‘ have been very distinguished ; but the state
‘ of his eyes makes it impossible for him to
‘ serve, and this country is not one in which
‘ cavalry can be of much use.’

The selection of Brigadier Stewart, the brother to the Secretary of State, to explain to the Ministers the perilous posture of affairs, and the occurrences which led to it, marked the confidence which Moore felt of having nothing to conceal in the performance of his duty.

His sole concern was then to withdraw the army from their present danger ; and he judged it expedient to return, if practicable, to England, where the regiments, worn down by fatigue, sickness, and fighting, could be recruited and reorganized ; and might afterwards be transported to whatever places their services might be required by the exigences of the war.

The miseries inflicted by warfare are often mutual. Those endured by the British

during this campaign were severe ; but the distress and loss sustained by the French were incomparably greater and of longer continuance ; for over and above those which had already occurred, they had much to suffer afterwards. In the depth of winter they had been drawn aside into a bleak and mountainous region, where sufficient subsistence could not be procured. And after the British army was embarked, the Gallicians, when left to their own efforts, rose in arms and assailed their invaders. Although the Gallicians were often defeated, they still harassed their enemies through the winter, who were wasted by toilsome marches, frequent conflicts, and baneful diseases, and forced at length to abandon the province. Spain and Portugal thus gained time to collect forces and prepare for their defence.

To resume the narrative, the war-worn British obtained shelter, warm food, and a short repose at Corunna. Their bent and rusted arms were exchanged for new

firelocks ; they were furnished with fresh ammunition, and the officers were all busily occupied in restoring discipline.

Moore himself examined thoroughly the face of the country all around. Some way in the front of Corunna there is a high ridge of hills, which he observed would require more forces than he had to defend it ; and if the ground was not fully occupied, the enemy, by taking a circuit, could get into the rear. These heights were from necessity relinquished to the French, and he chose for his station an inferior eminence nearer to the walls of the town. This was a very indifferent military position, as it was easily accessible both on the centre and on the right, but it was the best that could be found.

After the troops were somewhat refreshed, he drew them up on this spot, and as he rode along the ranks, by his animated looks, encouraging words, and gallant deportment, their spirits were cheered, and their confidence renovated ; for well they knew that

where the action was hottest, there their General would be.

He fixed on proper places for planting the cannon, and revolved in his mind the manœuvres most conducive to support and succour his troops, wherever pressed, and to enable them to repel the most desperate assaults.

It was on the 13th of January that the French, whose distresses had retarded them, began to appear in front, on which Sir David Baird's division was ordered to march from the town to occupy the ground allotted for it on the right, and to remain out all night. Next day the French, having partially repaired the bridge at El Burgo, two divisions were passed over, and the British reserve retreated. But a smart cannonade opened on the French, to their detriment, as they advanced. On the evening of the 14th the transports from Vigo anchored at Corunna; and during the following days the stores, the artillery, the dismounted cavalry, together

with the sick and wounded, were all safely embarked. While this was actively proceeding, on the 15th, the British outposts were assailed by light troops, who were bravely repulsed. Yet warm skirmishing continued through the whole day, but the enemy made no very serious attack.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Moore, as usual, rode out to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, and to visit his own. The enemy appeared tranquil, and he had the satisfaction to find his own troops in good spirits, and in excellent order. He gave his final instructions to his Generals, recommended all to be in readiness for action, and returned to his quarters.

He was then engaged in regulating the preparations for the embarkation of the army ; which he had settled, if no interruption occurred, should commence that evening ; and that the whole troops should be on board the transports before morning.

This duty was entrusted to Colonel Anderson, whom he took leave of at one o'clock,

to revisit the lines, saying, 'Remember, I depend upon your paying particular attention to everything that concerns the embarkation. Let there be as little confusion as possible.'

The troops, well appointed, were at their assigned posts on the field. The two divisions commanded by Generals Baird and Hope, were formed nearly in one line, the first towards the right, and the second on the left; the right wing being the weakest point. General Fraser's division was posted at a short distance in the rear of it; and the reserve, commanded by General Paget, was placed behind the centre: both were prepared to move with promptitude in whatever direction they should be ordered.

Cavalry being useless in this enclosed country, the men were all embarked; and the whole effective force of infantry now remaining, did not amount to fifteen thousand. So great a diminution of the original strength of the army had occurred from the killed and wounded in the various engagements; from extreme sickness, especially the

typhus fever, and from straggling; to which is to be added the absence of the cavalry, and of the great detachment sent to Vigo.

The ground, defective as a station in many respects, was particularly so for cannon; yet twelve guns were placed along the line, where they could be most useful.

The French army now assembled on the impending hills was twenty thousand strong; and their cannon, planted on the commanding heights, were more numerous, and of a larger calibre than the British guns.

As they had only skirmished since their arrival, it seemed probable that Soult did not intend to risk a general attack until the embarkation should commence. But at two o'clock, General Hope sent a message, that the French army was getting under arms. At this intelligence, implying that Soult was about to attack him, Moore expressed to Colonel Graham * the joy which sparkled in his eyes. He only regretted the lateness of

* Lord Lynedoch.

the hour, lest day-light should fail before he could sufficiently profit by the victory which he anticipated. Then fired with eagerness for the fight, he struck spurs into his horse and galloped to the field.

The action commenced by a sudden cannonade from a masked battery planted on a height, which plunged down upon the British ; then four solid French columns descended impetuously from the hill, and drove back in disorder the British pickets. They quickly carried the village of Elvina, and continued to advance daringly. Sir John Moore saw the enemy charging onwards, but danger only excited his judgment to discern at once what was to be done. In an instant he despatched all his staff-officers with orders to the generals. Fraser was hastened up, and Paget was commanded to support the right wing, against which Soult had pointed his principal masses. These outflanked the British, and a part had moved round to charge their rear. Moore, who was close at hand, observing this, ordered the half of the

4th regiment on the extremity of the line, to wheel back, and form an angle with the other half. The smoke hindered the French from seeing this manœuvre; who, continuing to push on, were unexpectedly saluted with a dreadful volley, which killed many; and threw the rest into disorder. On which Moore called out, 'That was exactly what I wanted to be done.' General Paget, with the reserve, soon came up, and the assault on this wing was gallantly repelled.

Moore then turned to where the 50th regiment, commanded by Majors Charles Napier and Stanhope, was warmly engaged. They leaped over an enclosure, and charged the enemy, Moore exclaiming, 'Well done the fiftieth! well done my Majors!' The French were driven out of the village of Elvina with great slaughter; but Major Stanhope was killed, and Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded and made prisoner.

The contiguous regiment was the 42nd, to whom Moore called loudly, 'Highlanders! remember Egypt!' They heard his voice,

and rushed forward, bearing down everything before them, until stopped by a wall, over which they poured their shot. He accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers he was well pleased with their conduct. Then he sent Captain Hardinge* to order up the Guards to the left of the Highlanders.

This order was misunderstood by the captain of the Highland light company, whose ammunition, from being early engaged, was expended. He conceived that the Guards were to relieve his men, and was withdrawing them, when the General, apprised of the mistake, rectified it, by saying, ' My brave ' 42d, join your comrades, ammunition is ' coming, and you still have your bayonets.' They instantly obeyed.

The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely : fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns ; when Hardinge rode up and reported.

* At present Major-General Sir Henry Hardinge.

that the Guards were coming quickly. As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

He had half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand: and the General grasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously: and when Hardinge said, 'They are advancing,' his countenance lightened.

Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined, from the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash: then, by the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly

feelings, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather
'it should go out of the field with me.'

His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.—You need not go with me; report to General Hope, that I am wounded and carried to the rear.' He was then raised from the ground by a Highland serjeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

Meanwhile, the action continued with relentless fury, and was conducted by General Hope with skill and resolution. Soult, seeing the miscarriage of the attack on the British right wing, made a vigorous effort with his masses against the centre. But some pieces of cannon, judiciously planted, furrowed his

columns, which were received steadily by the British line, and forced back in confusion.

On the left, the ground was disadvantageous for the enemy, and their resistance there was feeble. For a village occupied by them was attacked and carried, which exposed that flank; while Paget, who had turned the other, was intrepidly pressing forward, and the enemy's centre was also driven back. For the movements which had been concerted were, without a failure, correctly and courageously executed; and the French, defeated on all sides, sought refuge on the high ridge of hills from which they had descended. Night put a stop to their pursuit by the victorious British.

It is now necessary to resume the melancholy recital, which I had broken off willingly.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously

ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, ' You can be of no service ' to me : go to the wounded soldiers, to whom ' you may be useful ;' and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing ; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna, it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him ; who, seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone ; ' Anderson, don't leave me.' As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror : but his master, to console him, said smiling, ' My friend, this is nothing.'

He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia ; and some of the

gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, ‘Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!’

‘Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing.—Say to my mother—.’ Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject.

‘Hope!*—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham †, and all my aides-de-camp, safe?’ (At this question, Anderson, who

* Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command; afterwards the Earl of Hopetown.

† Of Balgowan, now Lord Lynedoch.

knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard * was mortally wounded.) He then continued,

‘ I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne † has my will, and all my papers.’ As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, ‘ Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, ‡ and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne;— he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it.’

He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, ‘ Have the French been beaten?’ He assured him they had on every point. ‘ It’s a great satisfaction,’ he said, ‘ for me to know that we have beat the

* A very promising officer, son of Sir Harry Burrard.

† Now Sir John Colborne, and Major General.

‡ Sir Willoughby Gordon, Secretary to the Duke of York, &c.

‘ French. Is Paget* in the room?’ On being told he was not, he resumed, ‘ Remember me to him ; he is a fine fellow.’

Though visibly sinking, he then said, ‘ I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.—It’s great uneasiness—it’s great pain!’—

‘ Everything François says is right.— I have great confidence in him.’ He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy † and Stanhope ‡, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, ‘ If all his aides-de-camp were safe;’ and was pleased on being told they were.

After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, ‘ Stanhope! remember me to your sister §.’ He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached ; and the

* The Honourable Brigadier Paget, who commanded the reserve ; since Sir Edward, and a Lieutenant-General.

† The Honourable Captain Percy, son of the Earl of Beverley.

‡ The Honourable Captain Stanhope, son of Earl Stanhope.

§ The Lady Hester Stanhope, niece to William Pitt.

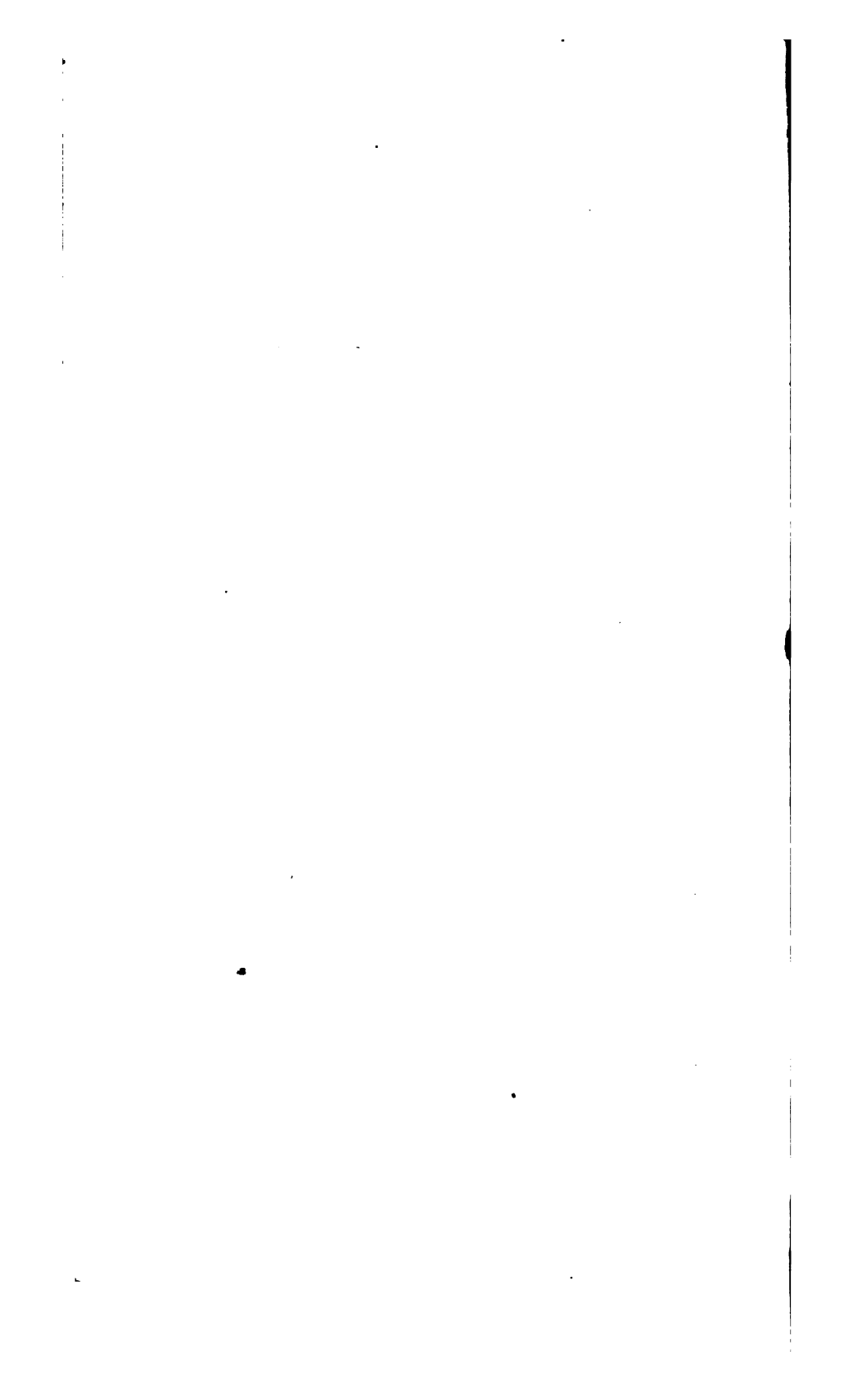
spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country.

I have stated, with fidelity, the acts of Sir John Moore, compiled from authentic public and private papers, and from witnesses of strict veracity,—many of whom are still living. But I shall not venture to sum up the character of a brother whom I loved and honoured, as I should be suspected of exaggerating his virtues, and of palliating the failings which are inseparable from human nature.

I may, however, notice, that his familiar letters give clear testimony of the affectionate warmth of his heart; while the estimation in which he was held by the greatest and best men of the times in which he lived, together with the confidence they reposed in him, are proofs of their conviction of his innocence, fortitude, and judgment.

Yet every man is usually appreciated by what he has done. The student, who has composed a pre-eminent work, is graced with

the title of a man of genius ; the statesman, who has caused the prosperity of his country, or who has greatly striven to avert impending calamities, acquires the fame of being highly gifted with that rare virtue prudence ; so it can hardly be refused to the General of an army, who, in the midst of danger, deliberated calmly, resolved wisely, and acted intrepidly, that he was endowed with magnanimity.



APPENDIX.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

[By the Rev. CHARLES WOLFE, A.B.]

I.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

II.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

III.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

VI.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

VIII.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

GENERAL ORDERS.

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander do not terminate at his death. His virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.

In this view, the Commander-in-chief, amidst the deep and universal regret which the death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore has occasioned, recalls to the troops the military career of that illustrious officer for their instruction and imitation.

Sir John Moore from his youth embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier. He felt that a perfect knowledge and an exact performance of the humble, but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself with energy and exemplary assiduity to the duties of that station.

In the school of regimental duty he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their

leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others.

Having risen to command, he signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt.

The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France.

Thus Sir John Moore, at an early period, obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous station in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life.

In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise. It exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the Commander-in-chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation.

The life of Sir John Moore *was spent amongst the troops.*

During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him the *post of honour*; and by his undaunted spirit, and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory.

His country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory; and the Commander-in-chief feels he is paying the best tribute to his fame, by thus holding him forth as an example to the army.

By Order of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief.

HARRY CALVERT,
Adjutant-General.

Horse Guards,
1st February, 1809.

EPITAPH.

BY THE REVEREND DR. PARR.

[Inscribed on a Marble Monument erected at Corunna.]

H. S. E.

JOANNES MOORE,

Allectus in equestrem ordinem Balnei
A Georgio Tertio Britanniarum Rege ;

Ortu Scotus,

Imperator fortis idemque innocens,

Et rei militaris peritissimus

Scientia et usu :

Qui

In Batavia, Corsica, Ægypto, India Occidentali,

Hostes fugatos vidit ;

Hispanorum tetra et detestabili tyrannide oppressorum

Jura, leges, aras et focos,

Summo quo potuit studio tutatus est ;

Et post varios belli casus,

Cum ad Corunnam ægre accessisset,

Milites suos,

Longo itinere, fame, frigore, enectos,

Ad subeundam prælii dimicationem

Hortando erexit,

Audendo confirmavit ;

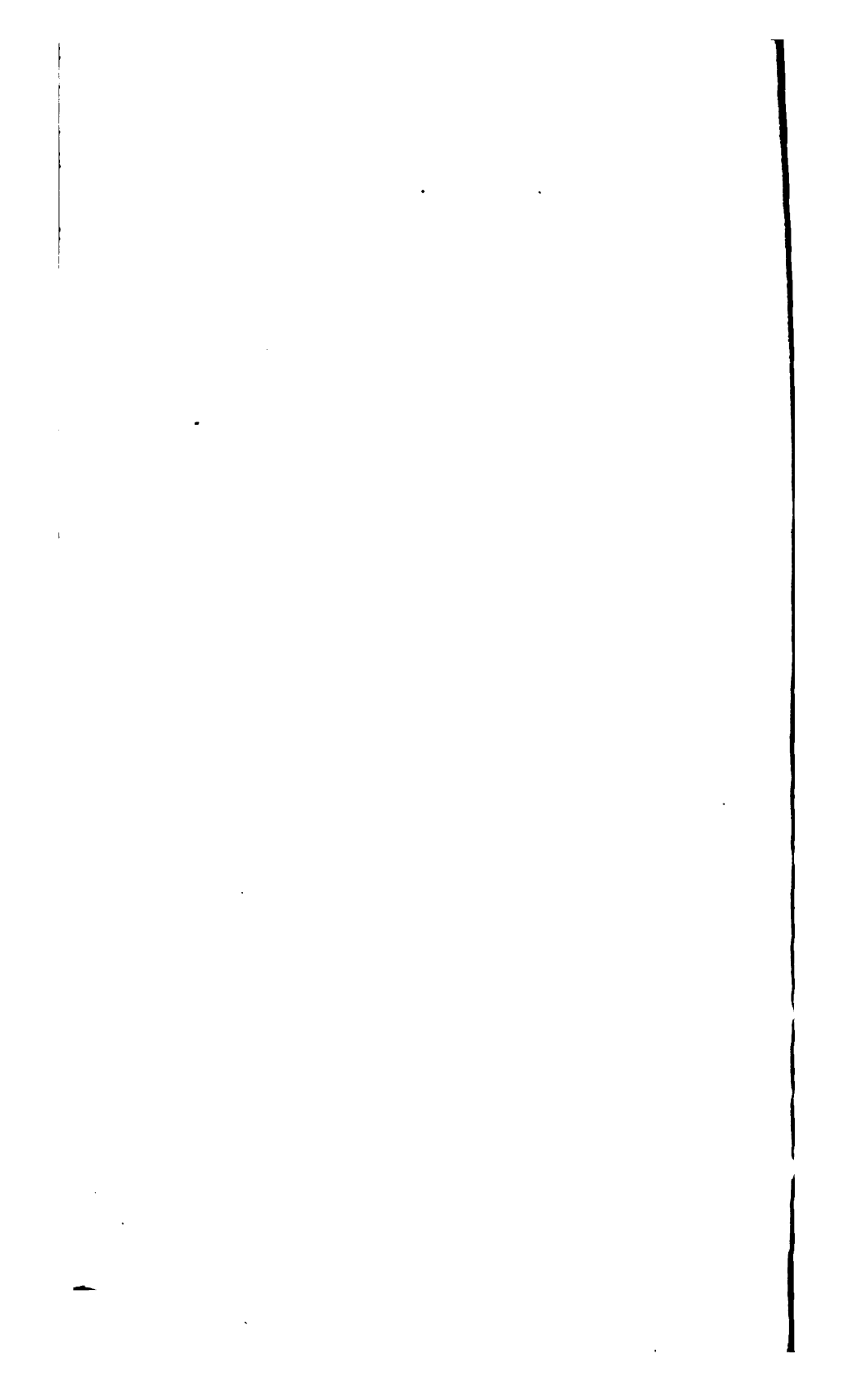
Et Gallis numero copiarum fretis

Et felicitate ducis pæne perpetua superbientibus

Victoriam e manibus eripuit,

Legioni quadragessimæ secundæ,
 Societate periculorum diu secum conjunctissimæ,
 Et memori rerum in Ægypto prospere gestarum,
 De virtute digna commilitonibus suis
 Gratulatus est;
 Et vulnere pro patriâ sociisque ejus accepto,
 Vitam, uti multum et sæpe optaverat,
 Bene consummavit
 xvii kal. Februar. Anno Sacro MDCCCIX.

GEORGIUS,
 GEORGII TERTII FILIUS,
 Britanniarum regnum unitum regens,
 Et qui Regiæ Majestati a sanctoribus consiliis sunt,
 hoc Monumentum
 ponendum curaverunt.
 Anno Sacro
 MDCCCXIII.



LETTERS.

VOL. II.

R

THE Parents of Sir John Moore had the habit of preserving many of the letters of their family. From this collection, the following specimens are selected to illustrate the character of the General.

LETTERS.

FROM Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore, on going abroad with the Duke of Hamilton; John Moore, then a boy, accompanying them:—

‘ Calais, April 17th, 1772.

‘ My dear Jane,—I wrote to you, from
‘ Dover, that the wind would not allow us to
‘ pass over on the 15th; yet it changed a
‘ little in our favour, and we got here that
‘ night late. I found Jane’ (his only daughter, who was educated in a convent at Calais)
‘ in good health. She speaks French with
‘ much facility, and is improved in many respects. Upon reflecting fully upon every-
‘ thing, I thought the best thing I could do
‘ was to send her immediately to London,
‘ and thence to Glasgow. . . . Madame

‘ and Monsieur Mollien have taken infinite
‘ pains with Jane, and shown her much kind-
‘ ness, as have, also, many families in this
‘ place. . . . I hope she will prove
‘ a comfort and an amusement to you in your
‘ present situation, and may save you much
‘ trouble ; and I believe she will, for she has
‘ the best disposition in the world. . . .

‘ We did not see her till the morning after
‘ we came ; she came into Dessein’s (inn)
‘ while we were at breakfast. I had been
‘ with her early in the morning, but had not
‘ mentioned Johnie. After the Duke of Ha-
‘ milton and Colonel Livingston had saluted
‘ her, she began to eye Jack. However, the
‘ Duke kept her in conversation on purpose,
‘ though she still fixed her eyes on Jack.
‘ At length she said, with emotion, “ Papa,
‘ Papa! who is that?” “ He is a young
‘ boy, a page of my Lord Duke.” “ Good
‘ Heavens! how much he resembles my
‘ brother Jack.” “ Yes,” (coldly,) “ there is a
‘ resemblance.” Then, turning to the Duke,
‘ she said, “ I beg pardon, my Lord, but your

‘ young page has a striking likeness to my
‘ eldest brother.” Upon this Jack fell a
‘ laughing, and so did we all. “Then I
‘ declare,” says she, “I believe he is my
‘ brother;” and running to Jack, “Come,
‘ sir, you shall tell me,—Are you not my
‘ brother? Is not that your Papa?” “No;”
‘ cries Johnnie, with harshness. “Yet,” says
‘ she, in French, “he had your *brusque* man-
‘ ner.” And so, upon my changing the dis-
‘ course, she was convinced he was not her
‘ brother, and she apologised to the Duke for
‘ the freedom she had used with his page.
‘ In twenty minutes after we told her who
‘ Jack was; and then there was a fine kissing
‘ scene: she took him out of the room with
‘ her, and they have been constantly together
‘ for these two days. She is now preparing
‘ everything for her voyage to-morrow.

‘ God Almighty bless you, my dear Jane.
‘ This charming young Duke fills me with
‘ inquietude; God grant my fears for his
‘ health may be groundless, and I hope they
‘ will. This day I shall write my thoughts

‘ to the Duke of Argyll, and remain at Paris
 ‘ till I hear from him.

‘ I am always yours,

‘ J. MOORE.’

Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore.

‘ Geneva, July 17th, 1772.

‘ My dearest,—I received the melancholy
 ‘ account of ——’ (the bankruptcy of a mer-
 cantile house, in which a large portion of
 Dr. Moore’s fortune was entrusted,) ‘ by
 ‘ —— . You will believe that I would have
 ‘ been sufficiently affected with the misfor-
 ‘ tune of my worthy and regarded friends S.
 ‘ and B., although I myself had not been
 ‘ involved in the calamity; indeed, their fate,
 ‘ independent of every other circumstance,
 ‘ would have cut me to the heart. There is
 ‘ no consideration in the whole that affects me
 ‘ more than the thoughts of what you must
 ‘ suffer, and the effect this may have upon
 ‘ you in your present situation; and I never
 ‘ regretted the necessity which obliges me to
 ‘ remain at a distance from you so much as

‘ now, when you have so much occasion for
‘ comfort and support.

‘ I beg it of you, my dear Jane, that you
‘ will call up all your courage and resolution,
‘ and do not allow your mind to be over-
‘ whelmed, and your reason overcome, by
‘ this affair, however black an aspect it may
‘ wear. Consider, my dear, our young and
‘ numerous family have more need of our
‘ care and protection; and, for my own part,
‘ I shall never think myself unhappy while
‘ you and they are preserved, and I am able,
‘ by every effort of mind and body, to support
‘ you. But if I lose you, I shall indeed lose
‘ courage; and heaven knows how long I
‘ might keep from despair. I conjure you,
‘ therefore, with the utmost earnestness, that
‘ you will take all proper care of your health,
‘ particularly when the time of your confine-
‘ ment comes on. . . .

‘ I wrote to you, in my last, that I would
‘ like the child, whether male or female, to
‘ be named Hamilton, for the Duke.

‘ In the midst of so much bad news, I am

‘happy to send you some good. The Duke
‘of Hamilton is perfectly well, and behaving,
‘in every respect, as his family would wish.
‘He showed much sensibility at B——’s
‘misfortune’ (the bankruptcy). ‘Jack is in
‘good health, and doing very well; and I
‘never was better, nor happier, in my life
‘when this sad news came,—which, how-
‘ever, I shall struggle to get above, that I
‘may be able, in every respect, to perform
‘my duty to the Duke, and to my own family.

‘At this distance I can give you no very
‘particular advice about anything; you must
‘act as your own judgment directs. Let me
‘know the extent of my misfortune, and
‘what hopes there are of anything being
‘recovered.

‘My affectionate compliments to Mrs. J.,
‘your brother, and J——, and B——.’ (The
partners of the unfortunate commercial house.)

‘God Almighty preserve and support you,
‘my dear.

‘I ever am sincerely yours,

‘JOHN MOORE.’

John Moore, when ten years old, to his Mother :—

‘ Geneva, Dec. 7th, 1772.

‘ Ma chère Mama,—Je vous écris en Fran-
 ‘ çois, et Jeany vous traduira ma lettre en
 ‘ Anglois. J’aime beaucoup Genève parceque
 ‘ j’entends le François assez bien à présent,
 ‘ et j’ai un grand nombre de camarades Fran-
 ‘ çois, Allemands, et Genevois, aussi bien que
 ‘ des Anglois ; et j’ai fait connoissance avec
 ‘ beaucoup de familles ici, qui ont beaucoup
 ‘ d’amitié pour moi.

‘ Papa est très satisfait parceque je m’ap-
 ‘ plique assez bien au Latin, au François, et
 ‘ à l’écriture ; et je suis résolu à faire tout
 ‘ mon possible, pour que ma chère Mama
 ‘ n’ait point de raison de rougir pour moi.

‘ Faites mes amitiés à ma chère sœur, à
 ‘ mes frères, et à mes parens, et à tous
 ‘ mes camarades, particulièrement à Peter et
 ‘ Jaques Murdoch.

‘ Je suis, très, très chère Mama, votre obéis-
 ‘ sant et affectionné fils,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

John Moore to his Mother :—

‘ Chatelaine, Oct. 27th, 1773.

‘ Dear Mama.—It always makes me very
‘ happy to hear that you and Jeanie, and
‘ my brothers are well. I believe this is a
‘ very healthy climate; at least the Duke
‘ and Papa, and I, have always been in
‘ good health since we came here. The
‘ Duke and Papa live in a vineyard, and I
‘ am with them twice a week, and get as
‘ many grapes as I please. I am very sorry
‘ we cannot send them to you.

‘ I apply pretty much, but find the Latin
‘ more difficult than the French. I am at
‘ the writing and arithmetic school, and
‘ Papa has learned me geography so nicely,
‘ that I know every part of the world. An
‘ English gentleman here, made me a present
‘ of a fine set of mathematical instruments.
‘ They are of no use to me yet, but I hope
‘ they will be of use soon. I am trying all
‘ I can to make myself good for something.
‘ I will do whatever I am fit for, and Papa
‘ and you please.

‘ Compliments to my Brothers, and tell
 ‘ them to apply well, for without talents a man
 ‘ is despised when he comes abroad. I have
 ‘ seen some English that were ridiculed by
 ‘ every body, though they were rich, be-
 ‘ cause they knew hardly anything but
 ‘ nonsense.’

‘ Faites bien mes complimens à ma chère
 ‘ sœur. Elle est bien heureuse d’être toujours
 ‘ auprès de vous. J’espère qu’elle fait tout son
 ‘ possible pour vous soulager et vous amuser
 ‘ pendant l’absence de notre cher Père, c’est
 ‘ le seul moyen d’être aimé du monde ou con-
 ‘ tent d’elle-même. Adieu, ma très chère
 ‘ Mama. Je suis tout à vous,

‘ JACK MOORE.’

Dr. Moore continues :—

‘ Avignon, Nov. 5th.

‘ My Dear.—You desired that I might send
 ‘ you some of Jack’s writing. I desired him
 ‘ to write to you before I left Geneva, and he
 ‘ gave me what is on the other side, by which
 ‘ you will perceive he is much improved.
 ‘ The Duke and I are on a tour through a

‘ great part of France. We passed by Lyons,
‘ where we found them making great prepa-
‘ rations to receive the Princess of Savoy,
‘ who is to be married to the Comte d’Artois,
‘ the French king’s grandson. From that
‘ we came down the Rhone to this place,
‘ which took us three days. We have been
‘ two nights here, and have been examining
‘ everything curious. As this town was the
‘ residence of several Popes, you may believe
‘ it is well provided with holy relics, and
‘ much trumpery of that kind. To-morrow
‘ we will set out for Aix, in Provence, and
‘ from thence to Toulon. When I have
‘ got to the side of the Mediterranean, I will
‘ send you off this letter. In the meantime,
‘ I assure you that the Duke and I are in
‘ good health. I was much surprised and
‘ affected, to find poor Jack all in tears the
‘ night before we came away. He told me
‘ he could not bear the thoughts of parting
‘ so long; he had never expressed any senti-
‘ ments of this kind before, otherwise I be-
‘ lieve I should have been weak enough to
‘ have taken him with me; especially as the

‘ Duke desired it much. But it was then
 ‘ too late. He slept with me that night, and
 ‘ we took him with us the first post, and
 ‘ after shedding tears on both sides, we parted.
 ‘ The Duke’s valet de chambre, who remained
 ‘ half an hour behind us, told me, that when
 ‘ we were gone, he cried very bitterly, and
 ‘ after they had tried a little to comfort him,
 ‘ he dried his tears at once, and called for
 ‘ a bottle of the best wine, and treated Mr.
 ‘ Templeton and the servant who was to
 ‘ return with him to Geneva, making them
 ‘ first drink the Duke’s health and mine, and
 ‘ then his Mama’s and the family. He is a
 ‘ fine manly boy, with the best disposition
 ‘ in the world. Remember, my dear, to write
 ‘ to me very particularly, how you were enter-
 ‘ tained at Inverary.

‘ Most affectionately yours,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore :—

‘ Geneva, May 8th, 1774.

‘ My Dear Jane.—I received your letter of
 ‘ April 17th, two or three days since, which

‘ gave me great pleasure, besides the satis-
‘ faction of knowing that you and the children
‘ are well. I was happy to find that you do
‘ not disapprove of Jack’s going into the
‘ army. I hope this may turn out well, be-
‘ cause he chooses it, has a turn for it, and
‘ I believe is of a character to make a good
‘ figure as a soldier.

‘ He is attentive, active, and brave; he
‘ has great good sense, will have many
‘ accomplishments, and is the most beautiful
‘ and graceful boy imaginable; it is a very
‘ disputable case whether the Duke of Hamil-
‘ ton or Jack is the handsomest. Jack does
‘ not stoop as the Duke, but will have a good
‘ carriage, and though he is so very pretty,
‘ he has not the least tendency to be a cox-
‘ comb.

‘ The Duke’s friendship will be of use to
‘ advance him, besides some English here,
‘ who must have considerable influence in
‘ Britain, and have a great partiality to the
‘ boy, and their countenance may be of use
‘ to him; so I hope he may do well. The

‘ Duchess of Argyll sent me a letter from
 ‘ the Secretary at War to her, wherein he
 ‘ declares that the King had formed a reso-
 ‘ lution to give no commission to any under
 ‘ sixteen. But that Jack should have one
 ‘ as soon as her Grace declared him of that
 ‘ age.

‘ You declined my question when I asked
 ‘ about your health, and whether you had
 ‘ become fatter; I hope you are, for that is a
 ‘ sign of good health and spirits. Farewell,
 ‘ my dearest Jane, I am most impatient to
 ‘ see you, but I would wish it in a comfort-
 ‘ able way. My love to the children, &c.

‘ Yours ever,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore:—

‘ Geneva, Sept. 16th, 1774.

‘ My dearest Jane.—Immediately on re-
 ‘ ceiving your last letter, which was dated
 ‘ the 18th August, I wrote to my Mother,
 ‘ and for that reason I thought it unnecessary
 ‘ then to write to you. Since that, I have

‘ sent a pair of bracelets for you, my Lord
‘ Lumely was so kind as to take the charge
‘ of them ; he will give them to Mr. Murray*,
‘ who I hope will take the first opportunity of
‘ sending them. One is with the Duke of
‘ Hamilton’s hair twined round the side below
‘ the glass, and covered partly with a slight
‘ chain of gold : in the middle is a Ducal
‘ coronet with the letter H. The other con-
‘ tains Jack’s hair and mine in the same
‘ taste, with the letters J. M. The ground
‘ of both is light blue. I hope they will
‘ please you, and I pray God, from the
‘ bottom of my soul, that you may enjoy long
‘ life and good health to wear them. His
‘ Grace received Jeanie’s present of the
‘ sword-knot, which he wears when he is in
‘ full dress, because he thinks it very well
‘ done, and says he is sure she must be a
‘ neat-handed, clever girl, and desires she
‘ will accept of his thanks and best compli-
‘ ments. I am happy to hear your Brother

* The father of Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street.

‘ and Mrs. Simson are well. Be sure you
‘ let them know I wrote, and would write
‘ oftener, if I knew how to send the letters,
‘ and was not certain that you inform them of
‘ all relating to me. I bless God for Mr.
‘ Graham’s recovery. You may enjoy, my
‘ dear, all the pleasure that a mother ought
‘ to feel in the certitude of having a most
‘ promising son. Jack is really a pretty
‘ youth; his face is of a manly beauty, his
‘ person is strong, and his figure very elegant;
‘ he dances, fences, and rides with uncommon
‘ address; his mind begins to expand, and
‘ he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered
‘ with good sense and benevolence; he is of
‘ a daring and intrepid temper, and of an
‘ obliging disposition. He draws tolerably;
‘ he speaks, reads, and writes French admi-
‘ rably well; he has a very good notion of
‘ geography, arithmetic, and the easier parts
‘ of practical geometry. He is often ope-
‘ rating in the fields; and informs me how he
‘ would attack Geneva, and shows me the
‘ weak parts of the fortification. The Duke

‘ of Hamilton and everybody are fond of
‘ him; and he is distractedly fond of his
‘ mother and sister, and never tires of talking
‘ of his brothers. I am sure, my dear, you
‘ will do everything in your power to have
‘ the boys well educated in useful learning;
‘ and next to that, endeavour to keep them
‘ clear of vulgarity and sheepishness. Jack,
‘ for as much company as he has seen, is yet
‘ a little timid. Use them to speak to
‘ strangers with good breeding; it is of much
‘ importance. Pray employ them occasionally
‘ in reading English poetry aloud, and let
‘ them get it by heart, and pronounce it well,
‘ and before people without fear. I think
‘ this should be a proper and agreeable task
‘ to Graham, in particular, who possibly may
‘ be a lawyer; but even if he should choose
‘ to go into the navy, it will be of use. I
‘ hope you have no objection to have one of
‘ our brave lads a sailor. As we are to leave
‘ Geneva within about ten or twelve days,
‘ you must address no more letters to this
‘ place. We go by Strasburg into Ger-

‘ many, visiting the courts of Manheim,
‘ Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, and Brunswick.
‘ At this last place we shall most probably
‘ remain for some time. If you have any-
‘ thing particular to say, address to me
‘ under a cover, “ A Mon^{sr} Mon^{sr} le Duc
‘ d’Hamilton, poste restante à Manheim en
‘ Allemagne,” and I shall receive the letter
‘ when we arrive there; but if nothing is
‘ pressing, do not write till you hear from me
‘ again. I have given Jack an uniform to ap-
‘ pear in at the German courts,—red, faced
‘ up with white, white vest and breeches, with
‘ gold shoulder-knot. I do not think it im-
‘ probable but I shall see you in summer.
‘ We pass the winter certainly in Germany.
‘ I beg it of you, my dear Jane, not to become
‘ low-spirited neither in public nor in pri-
‘ vate. I wish you would not write to me
‘ of “ the walls of your closet being witnesses
‘ of your feelings.” What do you think mine
‘ are, when you use such expressions? Can I
‘ help it if I am not so rich as to live without
‘ any separation from those I love? Can I

‘ help it if I am half-beggared by the villany
 ‘ of extravagant adventurers? I wish above
 ‘ all things to live with you and my family,
 ‘ and will do it as soon as practicable. Once
 ‘ more, I beg you will show your love to me
 ‘ by cheerful and active care of yourself and
 ‘ family, and by enjoying every comfort I can
 ‘ afford you.

‘ J. MOORE.’

John, when nearly fourteen years of age,
 to his brother James Moore :—

‘ Vienna, Oct. 21st, 1775.

‘ Je vous suis obligé, mon cher Jamie,
 ‘ de votre lettre, . . . elle m’a fait autant
 ‘ plus de plaisir que ça venoit de vous-même
 ‘ de m’écrire. J’ai été présenté à l’Impéra-
 ‘ trice et à l’Empereur ; pour la première, elle
 ‘ s’appelle Marie Thérèse. Je ne l’aurois
 ‘ jamais crus si fameuse, si on ne me l’avoit
 ‘ pas dit. L’autre est tout-à-fait galant
 ‘ homme ; il a été très poli vis-à-vis de mon
 ‘ père ; ils ont quelquefois de longues con-
 ‘ versations ensemble.

‘ J’ai été à plusieurs balles masquées, où on
 ‘ s’amuse beaucoup ; mais aussi je m’applique
 ‘ aux choses utiles cinq ou six heures par
 ‘ jour, parceque je suis persuadé que notre
 ‘ cher père sera plus content de voir nous
 ‘ autres tous roides mort que bêtes.

‘ Adieu, cher Jamie,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore :—

‘ Geneva, July 11th, 1776.

‘ My dear Jane,—We crossed Mount Cenis
 ‘ without any accident, and I did not find it
 ‘ near so formidable an affair as it had been
 ‘ represented. What the Psalmist asserts, a
 ‘ little rashly, of *all men*, I often repeat,—I
 ‘ have said in my heart that *all travellers* are
 ‘ liars.

‘ We had a letter from the Duchess (of
 ‘ Argyll), desiring us to stop wherever that
 ‘ letter found us till we should hear again
 ‘ from her. We received the letter at Turin.
 ‘ I wished exceedingly to remain there till
 ‘ we should hear, but all to no purpose ; the
 ‘ Duke (of Hamilton) was impatient to be at

‘ Geneva ; and when he wishes to be at any
‘ place, he wishes at the same time that all
‘ the space between were annihilated ; and his
‘ wish would be the same though Paradise
‘ instead of Piedmont had occupied the in-
‘ terval. Jack was as fond as the Duke of
‘ returning to Geneva, and he is much too
‘ strong for me when the Duke is his second.
‘ We were received by our friends with in-
‘ finite kindness, and have been wonderfully
‘ feasted. Jack quitted Geneva a boy, and
‘ has returned a man : though he has been
‘ caressed by all the high and mighty of the
‘ Republic, and is always invited with the
‘ Duke and me, yet if, at the same time, he
‘ has an invitation from any of his old ac-
‘ quaintances, of a much humbler class, he
‘ always prefers the latter. I pressed him
‘ one day to go with us, because the people
‘ had insisted particularly on his coming ; it
‘ was to a fine villa, and a most brilliant
‘ party ; I could not prevail ; he silenced me
‘ with this sentence,—“ They who have in-
‘ vited me are poor ; they were kind to me
‘ when the others did not think me worth

‘ their notice.” Never was a creature less
‘ spoiled than your son by all the great
‘ people who have caressed him, nor by all
‘ the uncommon, fine situations he has been
‘ in ; though his manner is manly and noble,
‘ yet it is simple, and he assumes no airs ; he
‘ is a charming youth, I wish you had him in
‘ your arms.

‘ I am sometimes tortured with horrid ima-
‘ ginations : two nights since I dreamt that
‘ I received letters sealed with black wax ;
‘ I thought they brought an account of your
‘ death ; I was agonized with grief ; I wa-
‘ kened calling, “ Oh Jack ! oh, my dear boy !
‘ your mother is dead,—you will never see
‘ her ; you will never see the tenderest and
‘ best of mothers ! ” I was all trembling, and
‘ covered with sweat when I awakened, and
‘ never had so pleasant a sensation in my
‘ life, as when I found all was a dream !

‘ God Almighty bless and preserve you,
‘ my dearest friend. Take care of your own
‘ health ; I need not recommend that of your
‘ mother, nor of the children. My best love

‘ to them all. Remember me to Mrs. Dunlop
‘ and John Millar.

‘ I am ever yours most tenderly,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

John Moore, on returning from the Conti-
nent, to his Father, who was still in France:—

‘ London, Sept. 16th, 1776.

‘ I received your letter, dear Papa, just
‘ when I was leaving the inn at Calais, and
‘ at the same time putting my own in the
‘ post. Nobody can be more sensible of the
‘ truth of what you mention than myself, and
‘ accordingly I shall try to observe it as
‘ closely as possible.

‘ I arrived here on the evening of the 14th
‘ current, along with the Duke. We went at
‘ first to the Adelphi Buildings, in the Strand.
‘ But yesterday the Duke went to stay with
‘ Lady Derby, in Grosvenor Square, and I
‘ went to my uncle, who lives in the city,
‘ and who had offered me a room in his house.
‘ As soon as I arrived in town, I went to Mr.
‘ John Murray’s, who was in the country

‘ with his spouse, who it seems is dying, but
‘ he had left word for me where my uncle
‘ lived, and likewise to make use of a room
‘ in his house.

‘ I have delivered all my packets, which
‘ I got safe out of Dover, and likewise de-
‘ livered my letter to Mr. Drummond, who
‘ told me that General Harvey would be in
‘ town in a day or two, and that Mr. Harvey
‘ was expected every day. He told me to call
‘ upon him to-morrow, and that he could tell
‘ me more about when and how I could see
‘ them. I have ordered my hat and buttons,
‘ &c. My uncle Simson has been trying to
‘ find out two companions for me to go down
‘ in a post-chaise to Edinburgh. He thinks
‘ he’ll succeed; but I can’t determine upon
‘ any time for my departure till I know the
‘ day that I am to see the General. The
‘ Duke intended to remain in London only
‘ two or three days, but I find that Lady
‘ Derby has made him change his resolution,
‘ for he has ordered some suits of dress
‘ clothes, and intends to be presented at

‘ Court. He had hired, likewise, a carriage
‘ at Dover, to carry him to London, and to
‘ carry back with him, but finding he is to
‘ to stay here some time, he is seeking an
‘ opportunity to send it back ; so I suppose
‘ you’ll not see him for some time.

‘ As we were coming from Dover, we met
‘ —, who is quartered at Canterbury ; he
‘ was lounging about, not knowing what to
‘ do with himself till three o’clock, which
‘ was his dining hour ; he turned the con-
‘ versation about Sir — —. The Duke
‘ said he intended to pay him a visit at his
‘ country house ; but, however, when we left
‘ Mr. —, I put the Duke away from that
‘ scheme, by telling him what had happened
‘ between the Noble Knight and me. This
‘ narrative astonished the Duke amazingly,
‘ and at once gave him the greatest aversion
‘ for Sir — —.

‘ I spoke to my uncle about James ; but he
‘ said it was impossible for him to be of any
‘ service to my brother, having as yet no kind
‘ of fixed employment for himself, but that

‘ whenever he could, he would be very glad
 ‘ to be of service to him. It is certain that
 ‘ it is impossible to be kinder to anybody
 ‘ than my uncle is to me ; he does everything
 ‘ in his power to be of service to me, even in
 ‘ the least things. I will not stay a minute
 ‘ longer here than I have business to do, so I
 ‘ think the best way of directing to me will
 ‘ be to Scotland.

‘ Farewell, my dear Papa, I must leave
 ‘ some room for my uncle’s postscript.

‘ Adieu ! your most affectionate son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

John Moore to his Father :—

‘ London, Sept. 19th, 1776.

‘ Dear Papa,—I suppose you will be a little
 ‘ surprised that I should be still in London ;
 ‘ indeed it is rather longer than I had at first
 ‘ intended ; but as it was absolutely necessary
 ‘ to see General Harvey before I went down
 ‘ to Scotland, I was obliged to delay my
 ‘ journey for a few days. I called the other
 ‘ day on Mr. Drummond; and delivered to

‘ Henry Mr. Stuart’s letter, though it was
‘ directed to his brother Robert, because the
‘ latter was to remain in the country some
‘ time, and as I had read the letter I knew it
‘ was equal to which of them it was delivered.
‘ Mr. Drummond has been exceedingly at-
‘ tentive to me: he went with me to Mr.
‘ Mair’s, who, you know, is the agent to the
‘ 51st, and in whose hands my commission is.
‘ Mr. Mair asked me if I chose to draw any
‘ of my pay, which has been running on since
‘ the beginning of March; but I told him I
‘ had no need for it at present. He asked,
‘ likewise, whether, and when, I intended to
‘ join; I said I would join whenever he
‘ thought proper; but that, as I had not seen
‘ my mother for almost five years, I should
‘ be obliged to him if he would allow me to
‘ spend three weeks or a month with her;
‘ and that after that I should be willing to
‘ join as soon as possible. He said that that
‘ would be looked upon as in my way to join.
‘ I told him that I had a letter to General
‘ Harvey; he told me that I should keep

‘ myself quiet till I came up again, because
‘ the General was a strict man, and would
‘ send me off; but as I knew the contents of
‘ the letter, I knew very well that a man
‘ could not refuse me that favour, and that
‘ the letter would have been useless when I
‘ came up; so, without speaking to him, I
‘ delivered your letter and present yesterday.
‘ The General told me by all manner of
‘ means to see my mother; and that he would
‘ be very happy whenever I did him the
‘ pleasure, &c. &c. to call upon him.

‘ I spoke to Mr. Drummond about the fees
‘ that should be paid upon the receiving my
‘ commission; he said that the agent paid all
‘ that, and it would be taken off my pay. I
‘ am to dine to-day with Mr. Drummond,
‘ where I am to meet the Duke, who has been
‘ presented to the King and Queen, and who,
‘ I suppose, will stay some time longer here.
‘ Lady Derby has been doing all she could
‘ to make him a fop, but I am sure will suc-
‘ ceed only during the Duke’s stay here, and
‘ would not succeed even for that time, if it

‘ was not for his own peace and quietness.
‘ She has bought a large pair of buckles for
‘ him; has obliged him to take off half-a-
‘ dozen suits of dress coats, as many frocks,
‘ and four or five rich waistcoats, which you
‘ know whether he will wear or not, after he
‘ has left this; in short, it would be needless
‘ to tell you all the extravagancies she obliges
‘ him to go into. Templeton (the valet
‘ de chambre) told me, that she had said that
‘ he was perfectly like a barber’s boy; she
‘ obliged him to send for one of the most
‘ famous hair-dressers in London to put a
‘ dozen curls on each side; but, however, she
‘ has only, as yet, prevailed upon him to
‘ make the one he does wear a little larger.
‘ I am sure I wish he was away from this
‘ place; if he becomes a coxcomb, it will be
‘ with his eyes open, for no one is more sen-
‘ sible of the ridiculousness of this than him-
‘ self. Do as they choose, they will never
‘ make him like dress, but they will make
‘ him dress every day.

‘ I dined the other day with Mr. Murray;

‘ his house would have been much more con-
‘ venient for me than my uncle’s, though it is
‘ likewise a good deal out of my way, but it is
‘ at least a mile and a half nearer Temple
‘ Bar than my uncle’s. It will not be pos-
‘ sible for me to live here when I come up
‘ again, because I am at such a distance from
‘ anybody I have any connexion with, that
‘ before I have seen two people my morning
‘ is past. My uncle made me a present of an
‘ excellent sword ; it is likewise a very pretty
‘ one. I have a gold-laced hat with a fierce
‘ regimental cock to it, which would frighten
‘ any Frenchman that ever was. This is the
‘ first time I ever knew the use of a fierce hat,
‘ but you will agree with me that it is of the
‘ greatest. I set off for certain on the 23d
‘ of this month. Mr. Beaumont, your friend,
‘ whom I met here, is going down that very
‘ same day ; he asked me to make a third in
‘ his post-chaise, which I readily agreed to,
‘ but last night he called upon me to say that
‘ his companion could not go down yet, but
‘ that that should not hinder me from going ;

‘ told him that it was impossible for me to go,
 ‘ except he could find a third ; upon this, he
 ‘ said, that he would be purser, and I should
 ‘ give him the same money as if we were
 ‘ three, and that he would take care of the
 ‘ rest ; this I positively refused ; I told him, if
 ‘ he could find a third, good and well, but,
 ‘ otherwise, I could not possibly have the
 ‘ pleasure of his company. I am to have an
 ‘ answer to-day ; but at all events, I will go in
 ‘ the Fly on Monday the 23d, if no third per-
 ‘ son is to be found. I wrote the other day
 ‘ to my mother, acquainting her when I
 ‘ should be in Glasgow. Farewell, my dear
 ‘ Papa, I hope to find a letter from you lying
 ‘ at Glasgow.

‘ Your most affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Ensign Moore to his mother in Glasgow:—

‘ In my Barrack-Room, George Town,

‘ Island of Minorca, 3d Feb., 1777.

‘ Dear Mother,—I arrived here seventeen
 ‘ or eighteen days ago, after waiting very

‘ near a month at Marseilles for the packet:
‘ By the letter I wrote from that place, you
‘ may have seen that I did not find the time
‘ lie heavy on my hand. I was constantly
‘ with Mr. Lindsay, while I was at Marseilles,
‘ who is an exceedingly good kind of lad. You
‘ will think, dear Mother, that it is very
‘ unkind in me not to have written to you
‘ sooner; but be assured, had it been in my
‘ power, I certainly would, long ago, but the
‘ packet has been detained, partly on account
‘ of the weather, and partly from some letters
‘ the General expected by the sloop, which
‘ is not yet arrived, but expected every day;
‘ however, though it is not yet certain when
‘ the packet may sail, yet we are obliged to
‘ have our letters ready.

‘ I suppose my Brothers are going every
‘ day to the post-office, and Jeanie prophe-
‘ sying every morning at breakfast. I will
‘ endeavour as seldom as I can, to make
‘ *them* return and *her* prophecy unsuccess-
‘ ful; but nevertheless you never must de-
‘ pend upon hearing from me regularly. I

‘ have been hitherto, I must confess, exceed-
‘ ingly lucky, I have got into one of the best
‘ regiments in the service (the 51st); as to
‘ officers, I never knew such a number of
‘ fine gentlemanly lads. General Murray
‘ told me he did not believe there was such a
‘ corps of officers in the army; there is no such
‘ thing as either drinking or gambling going
‘ on. The Colonel dines and sups at our
‘ mess; all the married officers live in one
‘ wing of the barracks, and the unmarried in
‘ the other; the latter mess together, and as
‘ Colonel Pringle has not brought his wife
‘ with him, he lives with us. We are exceed-
‘ ingly well lodged; I have got a room as
‘ large as your drawing-room, and two closets,
‘ one for my servant, and the other where I
‘ sleep in; they are each as large as the room
‘ I slept in at Glasgow; elder officers have
‘ much more room, but for my part I think I
‘ have got plenty.

‘ I was obliged to stay above a week in an
‘ inn at Mahon, which is a mile and a half
‘ from this, (and where the Governor resides,)

‘ till I could get bedding, &c. bought, for you
‘ are only allowed the four stone walls, a chim-
‘ ney-shovel, and fender. I was obliged to get
‘ sheets and blankets, towels, chairs, &c.,
‘ made, which if I had remembered, I could
‘ have got most of these things in Britain,
‘ both cheaper and better, for they make you
‘ pay excessively dear for all these kind of
‘ things.

‘ The Medway, the ship Graham is rated a
‘ midshipman in, is lying here at present. I
‘ have dined both with Admiral Mann and
‘ Captain Affleck, the latter inquired very
‘ much about my Brother, and when he would
‘ come out. All the people I have had letters
‘ to have been exceedingly kind to me, espe-
‘ cially General Murray, who you know is one
‘ of the best officers in the service, and a
‘ very agreeable fine old soldier; he is now
‘ making all kind of preparations in case of a
‘ siege, and the officers of every regiment take
‘ it by turns to visit the subterraneans, that
‘ they may be perfectly acquainted with them
‘ in case of a siege. James, if he has begun

‘ fortification, will be able to tell you, what is
‘ the use of subterraneans in a fort; I have been
‘ with our officers already twice through them;
‘ though as yet, I do not know much more of
‘ them than when I began, yet I hope in two
‘ or three times more, to make myself a little
‘ acquainted with them.

‘ I do not intend writing to my Father till
‘ next packet, but I will to the Duke of
‘ Hamilton, so that wherever he may happen
‘ to be, he will hear of me.

‘ I was going to send my letter without
‘ mentioning, dear Mother, whether I thought
‘ this island agreeable or not; I confess the
‘ little I have seen I like vastly, though it is
‘ more upon account of the people than the
‘ country, for there is nothing but rocks in
‘ the places I have seen, which must make it
‘ exceedingly bad for the eyes in summer.
‘ I am told that in summer you do not see
‘ the least pasture. But at present it is
‘ neither too hot nor too cold. I am just now
‘ letting my fire go out, and have a window
‘ open, which I suppose is quite a different

‘ situation from the one *you* are now in.
 ‘ Tell Jeanie to write to me ; my love to her,
 ‘ and also to my Brothers and Grandmothers.

‘ Farewell, dear Mother,

‘ Ever your most affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Lieutenant Moore to his father :—

‘ Camp Majibaquaduce, near Halifax,
 ‘ Nova Scotia, 24th Aug. 1779.

‘ Dear Father,—By my last you would be
 ‘ informed of our arrival here, &c. ; since that,
 ‘ our operations have been rather more inte-
 ‘ resting. Upon the 23d of July, a rebel
 ‘ fleet, consisting of about forty ships and
 ‘ vessels, eighteen of which were armed, the
 ‘ rest carrying troops and stores, sailed up
 ‘ the bay and immediately began cannonading
 ‘ the *Albany*, *North*, and *Nautilus*, three sloops
 ‘ of war, the only shipping we had to oppose
 ‘ to them ; they were moored across the har-
 ‘ bour, and supported by a battery from us ;
 ‘ though the firing was smart from both
 ‘ sides, yet the Y—s kept at such a dis-
 ‘ tance, that little or no damage was done.

‘ Some of their vessels anchored opposite a
‘ wood, at one end of the peninsula, and kept
‘ up a constant fire upon the British posted
‘ there, to oppose their landing. They con-
‘ tinued this kind of play for several days,
‘ endeavouring at different times to land ; but
‘ were constantly beaten back, till upon the
‘ 28th, when after a very sharp cannonade
‘ from the shipping upon the wood, to the
‘ great surprise of General M’Lean, and the
‘ garrison, they effected a landing. I hap-
‘ pened to be upon picket that morning,
‘ under the command of a Captain of the 74th
‘ regiment, who, after giving them one fire,
‘ instead of encouraging his men (who natu-
‘ rally had been a little startled by the can-
‘ nonade) to do their duty, ordered them to
‘ retreat, leaving me and about twenty men
‘ to shift for ourselves. After standing for
‘ some time, I was obliged to retreat to the
‘ fort, having five or six of my own men
‘ killed, and several wounded ; I was lucky
‘ to escape untouched. This affair of the
‘ Captain is only whispered ; so you need not

‘ mention it. Having got possession of the
‘ wood, they made roads from the shore, to
‘ the opposite edge, by which they dragged
‘ up their cannon, and erected two batteries,
‘ within about seven or eight hundred yards
‘ of us. Before their arrival, the four cur-
‘ tains, and two of the bastions of the fort had
‘ been raised about eight feet; the other two
‘ bastions were open, but afterwards a fascine
‘ work was thrown round the well which was
‘ in one of them; the interval of the other was
‘ filled up with logs, the storming which, at
‘ first, would not have been difficult. By the
‘ addition of cheveaux-de-frise, abatis, &c.,
‘ this became a serious undertaking; and as
‘ they had been falsely informed that we were
‘ short of provisions, they soon expected hun-
‘ ger would oblige us to lay down our arms.
‘ But on the 13th inst., Sir George Collier,
‘ with a 64, two frigates, and three 20 gun-
‘ ships, was seen sailing up the bay; the
‘ rebel fleet never attempted to make a stand,
‘ but ran up the river in the utmost confu-
‘ sion; two of their vessels only were taken;

‘ the rest the rascals ran ashore, and burned,
‘ before our shipping could get up with them.
‘ Unluckily they had intelligence of our fleet
‘ the day before ; and in the night time their
‘ army got on board their shipping, and took
‘ along with them most of their cannon and
‘ stores, unknown to us. This is undoubtedly
‘ the greatest coup for us, that has been done
‘ this year ; it will make up for the defeat at
‘ *Stoney Point*. Upon the whole we have lost
‘ but few men, in the small skirmishes we had
‘ with them ; the only officers wounded are
‘ Graham Douglestons son, and one M’Neil,
‘ but they are getting very well. Our regi-
‘ ment is to return to Halifax in about four
‘ or five weeks, with General M’Lean ; Co-
‘ lonel Campbell and his regiment are to be
‘ left here. I had a letter from Mrs. Macin-
‘ tosh the other day ; she says you are all
‘ well ; I am very anxious to hear from your-
‘ self, I do not know how long it is since I
‘ had that pleasure ; I hope to find letters at
‘ Halifax upon my return. What is become
‘ of poor Graham ? I hear from Captain Dun-

‘ Iop, that Frank has gone to France with
‘ Basil Browne; I am glad to hear this.
‘ Farewell, love to my Mother, and to them
‘ all, and to the Duke.

‘ Believe me, dear Father,

‘ Your most affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Captain-Lieutenant Moore to Dr. Moore:—

‘ Camp, near Halifax, Nova Scotia,

‘ June 19th, 1780.

‘ Dear Father,—Yesterday evening two
‘ frigates came express from New York, with
‘ despatches for the General, they return
‘ again to-morrow; we have so seldom op-
‘ portunities from this place, that I could not
‘ think of allowing this one to escape me. I
‘ have been sitting upon a general court-
‘ martial this week past, but luckily we were
‘ adjourned early this forenoon, otherwise I
‘ might not have had time. This is a duty
‘ we are troubled with very often, as the
‘ officers of the Provincial corps are continu-
‘ ally quarrelling among one another, and
‘ misbehaving.

‘ The last opportunity I had of writing to you
‘ was by Lieutenant M’Quarie of the 74th.
‘ Since that we have encamped, and are pre-
‘ paring to receive the French, who are
‘ expected soon. I suppose this express has
‘ been sent to put us on our guard ; if that
‘ was the case, they might have saved them-
‘ selves the trouble, as General M’Lean has
‘ been doing everything in his power, to for-
‘ tify the Citadel Hill, which is our *strong-*
‘ *hold*, when we are beaten from our encamp-
‘ ments and outposts : and I am in great
‘ hopes, though our garrison is but small, only
‘ about one thousand five hundred men,
‘ militia, &c., included, that we shall be able
‘ to make a very good defence ; I will answer
‘ for it General M’Lean will not give up
‘ easily.

‘ The hopes of being attacked is the only
‘ thing that renders this garrison supportable,
‘ we are all heartily tired of it, and would
‘ give the world to be sent to New York ; if
‘ I had had time to have settled my affairs
‘ before this frigate sailed, I would have

‘ asked leave to join the General’s company
‘ at head-quarters, where I should have had
‘ a much greater chance of seeing service, and
‘ likewise of getting an exchange into an old
‘ regiment. As to the paymastership, the
‘ profits are not equal to the risk of being re-
‘ duced at the *peace*, besides, if I am left to
‘ myself to judge, I would never allow any
‘ lucrative affair to come into the scale with
‘ *military preferment*: if I am once reduced,
‘ God knows when I may get in again, at all
‘ events it would be as youngest.

‘ Ever since I heard of Rodney’s engage-
‘ ment with the French fleet in the West
‘ Indies, I have been wishing Graham may
‘ have not left the Trident, it will be such a
‘ disappointment to him, poor fellow!

‘ I have taken it into my head since I
‘ heard Frank was sent to France, that he
‘ will choose the army for his profession; if
‘ he does, the sooner he gets in the better, as
‘ it will be of great use to him to serve a little
‘ before the war is over; it is out of my
‘ power to give an opinion impartially, whe-

‘ther it would be proper for him or not, as I
‘have been so very fortunate myself, that I
‘undoubtedly prefer the army to any profes-
‘sion on earth, but the chances are so great
‘that he would not be so successful, and it is
‘terrible to be long a subaltern; as it is im-
‘possible for a man to be perfectly happy,
‘when he is pinched for money. If I thought
‘he was sure of a company in four or five
‘years, I would wish he was in the army,
‘not otherwise. At all events, if he is re-
‘solved to enter the army, get him taught
‘drawing and fortification; history, &c., he
‘can read by himself afterwards. I cannot
‘help being amazed at myself, how much I
‘am taking upon me; giving myself the *airs*
‘of advising *you*, who know so much better,
‘what is necessary to teach Frank if he is
‘intended for the army, but you must excuse
‘me, my dear Father.

‘As roast-beef is just beat, I must leave
‘you for some minutes.

‘Five o’clock.—I am just come from din-
‘ner; the Major told us he had letters from

‘ New York ; none of our officers are ex-
‘ changed yet, except Captain Pitcairn, but
‘ they will be soon, as we have taken as
‘ many prisoners at Charleston, as will re-
‘ lease not only Burgoyne’s army, but every
‘ prisoner they have of ours : by the bye, all
‘ the guns of the garrison were fired this fore-
‘ noon, upon account of the news from
‘ Charleston, which came yesterday.

‘ I wonder you have not got acquainted
‘ with Major Craig’s father in London ; I am
‘ very much obliged to the son ; I assure you,
‘ he has been kinder to me than any man I
‘ ever met with.

‘ Your friend Dunlop is well, he is very much
‘ improved in every respect since I knew him
‘ first : he is a very excellent lad, and cleverer
‘ than most you meet with in the army, and
‘ improves much upon acquaintance.

‘ My love to my Mother, Sister, and Bro-
‘ thers. If the French come here, you may
‘ expect an interesting letter.

‘ Believe me, dear Father,

‘ Your most affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Lieut.-Colonel Moore to his Father :—

‘ Cork (Ireland), Feb. 17th, 1792.

‘ My dear Father,—I am very happy to
‘ hear that Graham has got a ship, and I
‘ only wish he may by some accident be sent
‘ to Gibraltar, both he and Neptune (a
‘ favourite Newfoundland dog) should meet
‘ with a hearty welcome. I shall attend to
‘ the advice in the other part of your letter.

‘ I have been obliged to punish soldiers twice,
‘ since I joined, very severely, for drunken-
‘ ness upon duty. It is a crime I have often
‘ declared I never would pardon. About a
‘ week ago a Lieutenant of the regiment was
‘ guilty of it; he went rioting about the town,
‘ and was absent from his guard all night.
‘ There may be some excuse for a poor sol-
‘ dier forgetting himself so far; there can be
‘ none for an officer. When it was reported
‘ to me, I had still fresh upon my mind, the
‘ disagreeable recollection of a flogging which
‘ had been inflicted upon a corporal, for
‘ something very similar, two days before.

‘ I assembled the officers, related what I had
‘ heard, and sent the Adjutant with a mes-
‘ sage to the Lieutenant, who was confined
‘ to his room, and not present, immediately
‘ to dispose of his Lieutenancy to the Ensign
‘ first for purchase; for, if he hesitated, I
‘ should put him in arrest, and report him to
‘ the Commander-in-Chief. He knew, if I
‘ did so, he must be broke, and therefore
‘ chose to take the money. He was a black-
‘ guard, as you may suppose, and we are
‘ well quit of him : this example will, I trust,
‘ prevent everything of the kind in future. I
‘ do think, that after the recent and severe
‘ examples made among the men, for the
‘ same crime, sentenced by courts-martial,
‘ consisting of the officers of the regiment,
‘ any one of themselves who could be guilty
‘ of it, must be totally devoid of every feeling
‘ and sentiment of a gentleman. I said so
‘ to the officers, and had the satisfaction to
‘ find they all agreed with me.

‘ The transports, with one regiment, the
‘ 33d, are arrived, but the others are still

‘ missing : our departure depends upon them,
 ‘ and of course is uncertain. I do not think
 ‘ we shall embark before the end of the
 ‘ month. I am much occupied in the mean
 ‘ time, making the different arrangements ;
 ‘ the men since they have been here have
 ‘ almost all been in the hospital, and do not
 ‘ look as they did when we left Charles Fort.
 ‘ The sea voyage and Gibraltar will recover
 ‘ them. I am told General O’Hara is ap-
 ‘ pointed Deputy-Governor, and is to relieve
 ‘ Boyd.

‘ Tourle, who lives with me, begs to be re-
 ‘ membered to you. My love to my Mother,
 ‘ &c. Believe me, my dear Father,

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Gibraltar, Feb. 8th, 1793.

‘ My dear Mother,—The Orestes, which
 ‘ Graham had for a short time, is ordered for
 ‘ England, and sails this day. I am the
 ‘ more eager to send you a few lines by her,
 ‘ as the communication by France may soon
 ‘ be stopt.

‘ We heard yesterday of the death of the King
‘ of France. ‘ These monsters’ (the chiefs of the
‘ Revolution) ‘ have disgraced a good cause,
‘ and I can hardly now bring myself to wish
‘ that they may at last succeed in settling
‘ for themselves a good government.

‘ I long to see my father’s account of the
‘ late transactions, and I hope you will send
‘ it to me. Ships offer every day. Do
‘ not depend upon my getting it from any-
‘ body else, as few publications of any kind
‘ are sent here.

‘ My sensations are very different at pre-
‘ sent from what they were upon the arma-
‘ ment against Spain. I was then certain of
‘ being employed. The probability now is
‘ that I shall not. There is a chance, but it
‘ is a small one, that if young regiments are
‘ sent here to relieve old ones, which certainly
‘ are fitter for immediate service, the 51st
‘ may be one of them. Lord Eglinton is,
‘ I fear, not a colonel who can be of much
‘ service in bringing this about. I have,
‘ however, pressed him to try it.

‘ After visiting Cadiz, Xeres, and Seville,
‘ and being absent a full month, I returned
‘ here to my duty ten days ago. The travel-
‘ ling in Spain is worse than you can con-
‘ ceive; it even requires some degree of hardi-
‘ ness to undergo it.

‘ I was, however, fully compensated for
‘ my trouble, not from the churches, pictures,
‘ &c., for there are, I believe, few of these in
‘ Spain worth looking at; but the dress,
‘ manners, and customs of the inhabitants,
‘ are very different from any I had ever seen.
‘ They are by no means the proud, distant
‘ people they are represented to be, but just
‘ the reverse. I amused myself very well
‘ amongst them. This little excursion was
‘ necessary, and I have returned to my duty
‘ with fresh ardour.

‘ I am sorry that you were so rash as to
‘ destroy your letter, as we hear that Captain
‘ Tourle has since got a ship, and is on his
‘ passage to join. There are several lords and
‘ honourables here, only masters and com-
‘ manders, who must be made before Graham:

‘ if, however, there is a war, he must be in-
‘ cluded soon, and the disappointment he
‘ lately met with will, I hope, strengthen his
‘ claims. Remember me very kindly to him
‘ when you write.

‘ I forgive my father for not writing; he is
‘ better employed; but these times are so
‘ interesting, I hope, from some one of the
‘ family, I may hear a little oftener. If
‘ philosophic James could give himself the
‘ trouble, he is a most satisfactory corre-
‘ spondent. Make allowances, my dear
‘ Mother, for the difference of situations.
‘ Yours at the fountain head—mine where
‘ one day is exactly the counterpart of the
‘ other. There is nothing here for the
‘ memory to rest upon; and it is remarked,
‘ that time appears to pass very quickly at
‘ Gibraltar.

‘ Remember me to my father, &c., and be-
‘ lieve me, my dear Mother, yours most affec-
‘ tionately,

‘ J. M.’

Gibraltar, 22nd June, 1793.

‘ My dear Mother,—I received your letter
‘ and James’s, of the 30th March, a few days
‘ ago, by a young lad who came here recom-
‘ mended to me by Peter Murdoch. I have
‘ heard so seldom from home of late, that I
‘ suppose you do not know that, since the
‘ communication through France was stopped,
‘ the mails come to us by Lisbon, though
‘ arrangements are not yet made to take our
‘ letters from hence. We do, however, con-
‘ trive occasionally to get them sent.

‘ I had hopes of an expedition against Tou-
‘ lon, with troops from England, from this gar-
‘ rison, and joined, if necessary, by Austrians
‘ and Sardinians; but Lord Hood is arrived
‘ without a soldier. As I had the forming of the
‘ expedition myself, you may believe I gave
‘ myself a tolerable command in it; but now
‘ my castle is destroyed, and I am at times
‘ as melancholy as a cat, at the thoughts of
‘ remaining here unemployed the whole war.

‘ But who would have imagined such a fleet
‘ would have been sent to the Mediterranean,

‘ merely to convoy the trade up and down ; for
‘ nobody doubts that the French will stay in
‘ their harbours as long as our fleet continues
‘ in this neighbourhood. Therefore, *in my*
‘ *opinion*, to burn the shipping and destroy
‘ the arsenal of Toulon would have been a
‘ great *coup* ; a little impracticable, perhaps,
‘ or so, but that does not signify ; the attempt
‘ would have been great, and would have
‘ kept some of my friends and me from fret-
‘ ting, as we shall do, the whole summer.
‘ Had our Major come out, I believe I should
‘ have endeavoured to get home, to try if
‘ upon the spot I could not negotiate an
‘ exchange. Lord Hood and the fleet, *twenty*
‘ *sail* of the line, are to sail in a day or two.
‘ They begin, it is said, by cruizing off Tou-
‘ lon. I have met with several of Graham’s
‘ friends, who have seen him lately. I fear
‘ his situation is not more flattering than my
‘ own. They tell me he has taken no prizes,
‘ and they do not seem to think he has much
‘ chance of immediate promotion. I hope,
‘ however, to hear from you, that in this they

' are mistaken. How pleasant it would have
' been to us both had he come out with Lord
' Hood !

' I long to see my father's book ; I ex-
' pected it by the fleet.

' Sir James Murray's letter is much criti-
' cised by General O'Hara, and some others
' here : it strikes me as a plain narrative, and
' tolerably distinct. •

' I thank Jane for her letter : as long as her
' travels are confined to England, I can con-
' ceive her liking them ; but I can assure her,
' that one day's journey through the country
' of Don Quixote would prevent her from
' having the least desire to undertake a
' second.

' I am quite happy to hear such good
' accounts of Charles,—remember me to him
' and James. If the Duke or Duchess of
' Hamilton are in town, you may tell them
' that young Bennet, who was wounded in the
' action with the French frigate, continues
' to recover fast.

' When my father gets his book off his

‘ hands, he will, I hope, write to me. Be-
‘ lieve me, my dear Mother,
‘ Yours most affectionately,
‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Gibraltar, 30th Sept., 1793.’

‘ My dear Father,—It is impossible to be
‘ more obliged to you than I am for your
‘ endeavour to get me actively employed; I
‘ hope you will succeed. I wait, with the
‘ utmost impatience, to hear from you after
‘ your interview with Sir Charles Grey. To
‘ go with the regiment upon service is the
‘ object next my heart. I have got the *ma-*
‘ *chine* into as good order as I can, and I wish
‘ to have it used. When the intelligence of
‘ the business at Toulon first reached this,
‘ General O’Hara endeavoured to persuade
‘ the Governor to send a strong detachment
‘ under him to Toulon, and he proposed the
‘ 51st as one of the regiments; but the old
‘ gentleman was timid, and said he would not
‘ take such a step without orders. It would
‘ have been fortunate if he had, as Lord Hood

‘ has since sent down two ships of the line,
‘ with a requisition for troops. We under-
‘ stand they are greatly wanted ; so much so,
‘ that at this instant Toulon may no longer
‘ be in our possession. Two regiments have
‘ received orders to go up with these ships,
‘ and one company of artillery. They are to
‘ embark in two days. Sir Robert Boyd
‘ pitched upon the Royals and 18th, as the
‘ two oldest corps. From a private letter I
‘ received from a friend at Toulon, I know
‘ they are in particular want of field officers.
‘ I did all I could to get Sir Robert to allow
‘ me to go as a volunteer. Lord Mulgrave,
‘ I know, wished it, and would have em-
‘ ployed me ; but the old gentleman positively
‘ refused. My sole reliance now is upon Sir
‘ Charles Grey. Except to General O’Hara,
‘ who shows me much attention, I have not
‘ communicated the contents of your letter
‘ to any one ; it would serve no purpose but
‘ to get me laughed at should I be disap-
‘ pointed. I am truly sorry for all you say
‘ about the Duke ; I have a presentiment

‘ that I am never to see him more. Let the
‘ Duchess know that Mr. Bennet is here,
‘ and promises to be better than I ever ex-
‘ pected to see him ; he uses crutches, but
‘ can stand without them ; his leg is shorter,
‘ but seems to be in its proper place.

‘ Farewell ; and with my best love to my
‘ mother, &c. &c. believe me, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Gibraltar, 7th Oct., 1793.

‘ My dear Father,—I was particularly
‘ anxious to hear from you, in consequence
‘ of your interview with Sir Charles Grey,
‘ and proportionably disappointed at finding
‘ no letter from you, or any of the family, by
‘ yesterday’s mail. The papers contain the
‘ account of the Duke of York’s repulse
‘ before Dunkirk : this, together with our
‘ possession of Toulon, may alter the whole
‘ conduct of the war ; but I hope, should
‘ Sir Charles be sent this way, instead
‘ of to the West Indies, which is thought to

‘ have been his first destination, he will still
‘ keep his promise of taking the 51st with
‘ him.

‘ The two regiments from this are em-
‘ barked, but have not sailed ; the wind is
‘ strong against them. A frigate arrived two
‘ days ago, with another requisition from Lord
‘ Hood for some guns, mortars, shells, &c. ;
‘ and also expressing a wish for General
‘ O’Hara. The Governor does not send him
‘ with the command of the detachment from
‘ this, but allows him to go as a volunteer ;
‘ the meaning of this distinction neither Ge-
‘ neral O’Hara, nor anybody else, can com-
‘ prehend. But as he is sure of the com-
‘ mand the moment he lands at Toulon, he is
‘ happy to leave this on any terms.

‘ Monsieur Carteaux, who commands in
‘ the neighbourhood of Toulon, is not sup-
‘ posed to be in sufficient force to drive us
‘ from the town ; but he harasses our troops
‘ by perpetual alerts. Perhaps the best thing
‘ that could happen for us would be to be
‘ driven from the place ; provided that in the

‘ retreat we could set fire to the arsenal and
 ‘ shipping.

‘ You may conceive how much I am mor-
 ‘ tified to see the detachment from this em-
 ‘ barked without me. My only hopes now
 ‘ rest with Sir Charles. Had O’Hara com-
 ‘ manded here, I should have been at Toulon
 ‘ three weeks ago. I may never have such
 ‘ an opportunity of distinguishing myself.
 ‘ They want field officers, and I have reason
 ‘ to know that Lord Mulgrave would have
 ‘ placed me well. When you have any good
 ‘ news, make some of the family send it to
 ‘ me, should you be unable to write yourself.

‘ My love to my mother, &c. and believe
 ‘ me, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Gibraltar, 31st Oct., 1793.

‘ My dear Mother,—I wrote to my father
 ‘ on the 30th September and 7th October: he
 ‘ will see by these letters how anxious I was,
 ‘ notwithstanding his assurances, that the

‘ 51st (regiment) would be employed. The
‘ truth is, that I thought the Toulon business
‘ might put a stop to Sir Charles Grey’s ex-
‘ pedition ; but by the last papers I see his
‘ staff is appointed, and that every prepara-
‘ tion is making as before. What tended
‘ still more to tantalize me, was, that all my
‘ letters from England congratulated me upon
‘ going to Toulon ; some mentioned with the
‘ regiment, others with the command of the
‘ flank companies of the garrison. General
‘ O’Hara’s appointment, and Sir James Stew-
‘ art’s, induced me to think such an event
‘ likely, but yet I could not discover that Sir
‘ Robert Boyd had any directions concerning
‘ me.

‘ A few days ago the Governor received
‘ two expresses from England, with de-
‘ spatches. We naturally conclude that they
‘ contain the arrangement with regard to the
‘ troops which are to leave this. Nothing
‘ has, however, yet appeared in orders, nor
‘ has he communicated his intentions to any-
‘ body. From a conversation I had with him,

‘ he seems much perplexed, and indeed said
‘ as much as that his instructions were
‘ indistinct; but as the conversation began
‘ by his asking me if the regiment was pre-
‘ pared for going to the West Indies, I take
‘ for granted that we are particularly men-
‘ tioned, though he would not own it, but only
‘ repeated that he thought we might very
‘ possibly be sent to the West Indies. A
‘ short time will clear everything up; in the
‘ mean time, I cannot help being anxious,
‘ though I am persuaded we shall go either
‘ with Sir Charles Grey or to Toulon. I
‘ shall be happy with either

‘ I have not heard from Graham since the
‘ death of Captain Courtenay, but I expect
‘ to hear soon, as he will probably touch at
‘ Cadiz or Lisbon on his way home. I hope
‘ to hear of his being post-captain, before I
‘ leave this. The convoy with Major Car-
‘ ruthers put back nine times, and is not
‘ arrived. I have neither received your let-
‘ ter nor my father’s book. That of the 19th
‘ of September is before me. . . .

‘ I shall write to you the moment I receive
‘ any orders. I expect them daily. The
‘ regiment is ready. It is vastly improved
‘ since it landed here. The men both stouter
‘ and healthier. The exceptionable people
‘ amongst the officers are gone, and a parti-
‘ cularly fine set of young fellows remain.

‘ Of your acquaintances, Alwick and Tourle,
‘ the first is captain of grenadiers, the other
‘ of light infantry. I trust you will hear a
‘ good account of us wherever we go.

‘ I send indorsed a certificate, signed by
‘ the Governor and garrison Chaplain; and
‘ I am glad you think there is so good a
‘ chance of my having, some time or another,
‘ a decent income.

‘ I am very sorry for the Duke; remember
‘ me kindly to him. With love to all, believe
‘ me, my dear Mother,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ J. M.’

‘ Calvi, Corsica, 11th August, 1794. .

‘ My dear Mother,—I finished a pretty long

‘ letter to my father two days ago ; since
‘ which I have had the honour of taking
‘ possession of this town. We drew up in
‘ front of it yesterday morning at ten o’clock ;
‘ the French marched out, and laid their
‘ arms at our feet ; after which we marched
‘ in. The plague I have had ever since is
‘ not to be described ; and, for my comfort,
‘ General Stuart told me last night, that I
‘ must remain in it some days longer ; in
‘ short, till everything is regulated, and all
‘ the plague over.

‘ Captain Stewart goes with the despatches
‘ this evening : I seize a moment of quiet to
‘ recommend him to you and my friends in
‘ Clifford Street : he is a very old intimate of
‘ mine ; we were ensigns together ; he is a
‘ most worthy and sensible fellow, and much
‘ attached to me from long acquaintance, and
‘ from services he thinks I have rendered him.
‘ I hope you will receive him as part of my-
‘ self ; he will give you every information
‘ about me, and our affairs here.

‘ Upon the whole, I am as happy as man

‘ can be. I have, however, my distresses.
‘ My servant William, and another I had, are
‘ both in the hospital with the fever, which
‘ almost everybody but myself has had : he
‘ was my valet, cook, groom ; and without him
‘ I am helpless. I had other business to
‘ attend to, and left to his fidelity and assi-
‘ duity the whole of my private affairs.

‘ The Captain Stewart, you inquired about
‘ some time since, was the person mentioned
‘ as commanding the 25th regiment at the
‘ attack of the Convention Redoubt : he is a
‘ very good lad, and a diligent, brave officer.
‘ He is now serving as a marine on board the
‘ fleet.

‘ You have heard how the thickness of my
‘ skull saved my life. The last plaster fell
‘ off to-day ; and as soon as the hair, which
‘ was shaved, grows, there will not remain
‘ any trace of the hurt.

‘ Farewell, my dear Mother, I shall write
‘ when more at leisure.

‘ Believe me your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Bastia, Corsica, December 6th, 1794.

‘ My dear Mother,—I received your letter
‘ by your friend Major Stewart, who is a much
‘ healthier man than the Captain I introduced
‘ to you, and I like him better for his attach-
‘ ment to every body in Clifford Street. It
‘ is the greatest comfort to me, my dear
‘ Mother, to think I have been the cause of so
‘ much happiness to you ; and I shall be very
‘ miserable if ever my conduct excite in you a
‘ contrary sentiment.

‘ My appointment of Adjutant-General de-
‘ pends on the departure of Sir James Erskine,
‘ which I believe will take place soon. This
‘ will detain me in Bastia, which otherwise
‘ I should be moved from, as the regiment is
‘ to be stationed at Corté. The General has
‘ made a distribution of the troops, which is
‘ not yet public, but which will take place
‘ soon ; it has been delayed hitherto upon
‘ account of the great sickness.

‘ This place might be pleasanter than any
‘ other in Corsica, but it is not, owing to the
‘ unsociable temper of the Corsicans. We

‘ have given them balls, and endeavoured to
 ‘ enliven them, but it is impossible. They
 ‘ are an unamiable set, and I have never been
 ‘ so happy amongst them since we left the
 ‘ field. Indeed, since that time, I have wished
 ‘ the regiment to be moved elsewhere . . .

‘ It was my intention to have written to
 ‘ Jane by this courier, but I feel as if I
 ‘ should defer it to another opportunity, as
 ‘ well as to Charles. . . .

‘ Believe me, my dear Mother,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.

‘ I inclose a commission, which I hope you
 ‘ will not scruple to execute for a poor boy
 ‘ who has fallen to my charge. His father
 ‘ was a very good soldier, and the son pro-
 ‘ mises to be no less so.—Farewell.’

To James Moore :—

‘ Bastin, 10th August, 1795.

‘ My dear James,—I received your letter
 ‘ of the 29th June. Your conjecture is right
 ‘ that the first attacks of the fever do not

‘ season people to the climate,—on the con-
‘ trary, the longer they remain, the less they
‘ are able to resist, and are more subject to
‘ attacks again. I have, however, had the
‘ good fortune to continue well. I do not find
‘ the sun has the same effect upon me which
‘ I hear others complain of; and I do not
‘ feel the smallest tendency to a relapse. My
‘ face is the worse of the wear; I look, I sup-
‘ pose, at least ten years older than you or
‘ Graham.

‘ I have written to the Duke of Hamilton,
‘ and I make no doubt but, in case of a dis-
‘ solution, he will bring me into Parliament, *if*
‘ *he can*. But there’s the rub. He neglects
‘ his interests so much, his power must al-
‘ ways be uncertain. His being with Govern-
‘ ment, the Dukes of Buccleugh and Queens-
‘ bury being so also, will prevent, perhaps,
‘ his being opposed (on this occasion). If
‘ my presence is at all necessary, I have told
‘ him I can get leave for a short time.

‘ I am happy at Graham’s success, but he
‘ must make two or three thousands more to

‘ make him comfortable at a peace. I agree
‘ with you that I have nothing to regret in not
‘ being employed in the West Indies. By-
‘ the-bye, neither my mother nor you have
‘ taken any notice of the letters I wrote to
‘ you the 23rd May, in answer to yours on
‘ the marriage.

‘ James Crawford left this a fortnight ago,
‘ upon his promotion. He is a spirited, ho-
‘ nourable lad, a little hot-headed at times.
‘ Much will depend on his getting under a
‘ sensible and gentlemanly Lieut.-Colonel.
‘ You may be very sure that I was as kind
‘ and attentive to him as possible. I should
‘ have been very ungrateful had I been other-
‘ wise to a connexion of John Crawford,
‘ to whom I beg you will remember me in the
‘ kindest manner. I should write to him
‘ occasionally, but I know he hates being
‘ bored.

‘ Apply to my mother to buy some white
‘ cotton thread, such as is used for em-
‘ broidering, and send it to me by a mes-
‘ senger. Send a good quantity of it, it is

‘ for a fair Corsican. Send me, at the same
 ‘ time, a shaving brush ; such things are not
 ‘ to be had out of England. Do not let either
 ‘ politics or philosophy make you forget
 ‘ these. Not being actively employed I am
 ‘ tired of being so long absent from those I
 ‘ love. I hope we shall soon meet once more.
 ‘ Remember me to my father, mother, &c. &c.
 ‘ and believe me, my dear James,

‘ Your affectionate Brother,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Brigadier-General Moore, when ordered to
 the West Indies :—

‘ Portsmouth, Feb. 25th, 1796.

‘ My dear Mother,—I received this morn-
 ‘ ing your letter as I was setting out for this
 ‘ place. I unexpectedly got the order to
 ‘ come here and embark with the foreign
 ‘ corps, expected to sail immediately. As
 ‘ I have nothing but my portmanteau and
 ‘ seven shirts, you may conceive how in-
 ‘ convenient this sudden order is to me. I
 ‘ shall go, however, in much better case than
 ‘ the troops under my command, who are in

‘ a state not to be described ; people seem
 ‘ determined to do everything as ill as pos-
 ‘ sible. I shall be able, in the course of to-
 ‘ morrow, to see a little clearer, and shall
 ‘ again write to my father or you. In the
 ‘ meantime direct any letters for me to this
 ‘ place. I have desired my trunk to be for-
 ‘ warded from Southampton ; but it is more
 ‘ than probable I shall sail before it arrives.
 ‘ God bless you, my dear Mother.

‘ Believe me your affectionate son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ On board the John and James Transport,
 ‘ three o’clock, Feb. 28th, 1796.

‘ My dear Mother,—I got into a boat with
 ‘ my light baggage this morning at seven
 ‘ o’clock, and after beating about for some
 ‘ hours, I at last found this ship ; she is a
 ‘ very good one, a West India trader, cop-
 ‘ pered. The captain and agent of transports
 ‘ received me very kindly, and allow me to
 ‘ partake of their mess, which I preferred to
 ‘ that of some artillery officers, with whom I
 ‘ was unacquainted. We shall do very well,

‘ and I feel as if I should cut no despicable
‘ figure, presently, upon a piece of roast beef
‘ which I heard the captain order.

‘ I wish I could make you, my dear mother,
‘ as easy as I am. I already feel pleasure
‘ in having been hurried off; as I think I
‘ have done what is right, and what many
‘ in my situation would have excused them-
‘ selves from ;—comforts are so ideal. I shall,
‘ in two days, be as well as if I had my
‘ trunks, &c. &c. I bought fifteen shirts at
‘ fifteen shillings; as many handkerchiefs,
‘ stockings, &c. I have already too many
‘ things. Hurry that fellow Rymer for my
‘ boots; of them I shall be in want. Nesbitt
‘ will get sent out to me whatever is sent to
‘ him.

‘ Tell Jane I had not time to answer her
‘ letter, but I shall from the West Indies; in
‘ the meantime assure her I make great al-
‘ lowances for all weaknesses, and I shall
‘ prove myself a good brother to her, if ever
‘ I can. Remember me, also, to poor Charles.
‘ We are going, with a fair wind, through the

‘ Needles, and my captain says, if it con-
 ‘ tinues, we shall, in ten or twelve days,
 ‘ reach the trade (winds). Had Graham been
 ‘ at Portsmouth I might have got out in a
 ‘ man-of-war; but as it is I am vastly well.
 ‘ My father will, I hope, call on General
 ‘ (Sir Charles) Stuart, and tell him I am off;
 ‘ and remember me kindly to him and Mrs.
 ‘ Stuart. Be of good cheer, my dear Mother;
 ‘ be persuaded that what torments you will,
 ‘ in the end, be your happiness. Believe me
 ‘ ever, Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Barbadoes, April 17th, 1796.

‘ My dear Father,—After a passage of
 ‘ six weeks and three days, we arrived here
 ‘ the 13th. General Abercrombie, with all
 ‘ the troops lately from Europe, are here:
 ‘ part of them sail this day for St. Domingo.
 ‘ The rest, under Sir Ralph, are to act in the
 ‘ Windward and Leeward Islands.
 ‘ The foreign infantry I brought out re-
 ‘ main under Sir Ralph, commanded by

‘ Brigadier General Perryn. The cavalry
‘ go to St. Domingo. Nothing will be done
‘ there for some time. I was anxious to be
‘ with that part of the army which is to be
‘ active, and requested to remain under Sir
‘ Ralph : he consented, and proposed sending
‘ me second in command to St. Vincent. I
‘ shall not detail the reasons I had for wish-
‘ ing not to go there immediately. Upon
‘ speaking again to Sir Ralph, he in hand-
‘ some terms has permitted me to be with
‘ the part of the army he himself commands.
‘ I am not yet named to a brigade, but shall
‘ probably be in this day’s orders. We shall
‘ sail for St. Lucia in a very few days. That
‘ island, together with Grenada and St. Vin-
‘ cent, are the immediate objects of attack,
‘ and we hope will be subdued before the
‘ rains. For the present, I hope for ever, I
‘ have got quit of the foreigners. I am
‘ happy I was hurried off, as it has been the
‘ means of my being of this expedition.

‘ Colonel Maitland * goes with the troops to

* Afterwards Sir Thomas Maitland.

‘ St. Domingo ; he has given me part of his
‘ room ; and has been to a degree kind. I
‘ am sorry he is not employed with us, he is
‘ so sensible a man ; I am sure there are few
‘ like him.

‘ I received your letter enclosed by Brown-
‘ rigg * yesterday. My baggage will be a
‘ convenient supply upon my return from
‘ this expedition. The weather here is not
‘ hotter than we had it at Calvi : I dare say
‘ I shall stand it very well. Trust to the good
‘ fortune which has hitherto attended me, that
‘ it will not forsake me now, and keep your-
‘ self and my Mother free from unnecessary
‘ anxiety. I shall write upon every occasion.
‘ Tell General Nesbitt, for I have not time
‘ to write to him, that upon quitting the
‘ foreigners, the appointment of the Count de
‘ Maleissye, to be my brigade-major, could
‘ not take place. His situation, poor fellow,
‘ has become extremely disagreeable, as he
‘ sailed from England in such a hurry ; and
‘ has consequently no money. I gave him

* Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Brownrigg.

‘ forty pounds, which Nesbitt will stop from
‘ his pay. The Count has, or is to write to
‘ him to this effect. He goes this day to
‘ St. Domingo.

‘ I hope my boots and saddles will come
‘ with the trunks. Tell Rymer, the shoe-
‘ maker, that the boots and shoes forwarded
‘ for Major Stewart are to be sent to him at
‘ Gibraltar.

‘ Any of your friends who have West
‘ Indian property had better dispose of it :
‘ for whatever is our success, that property
‘ must be finally annihilated. Giving free-
‘ dom and arming the Negroes is the inevi-
‘ table loss of these islands to the French as
‘ well as English.

‘ I wrote to my Mother and Nesbitt from
‘ the transport, after I got under way at
‘ Portsmouth. Remember me affectionately
‘ to my Mother, and all in Clifford Street,
‘ and believe me, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Fort Charlotte, St. Lucia, December 16th, 1796.

‘ My dear Mother,—The last letter from
‘ the family is from James, the 4th October.
‘ He desires me never to omit writing by every
‘ packet, but the packet does not come here ;
‘ its arrival at Martinique is uncertain, and
‘ when we hear of it, an opportunity does not
‘ always offer of sending from this.

‘ I am extremely sorry to hear it whispered
‘ that the ministry have used General Stuart
‘ ill, and that he is not to come to this
‘ country.

‘ We expect Sir Ralph daily, but no troops ;
‘ I suppose from all this, that peace is cer-
‘ tain. If it is not, you will have bad accounts
‘ of us soon. If we are to have war, nobody
‘ I know is so capable as General Stuart to
‘ carry it on—if peace, nobody so capable
‘ of settling the different islands, and giving
‘ administration the necessary information on
‘ the subject.

‘ My government continues as turbulent as
‘ ever. The enemy within would be soon
‘ subdued, was it not for the supplies and

‘ encouragement he is constantly receiving
‘ from without. My means for preventing
‘ this communication are much diminished
‘ by the sickness and mortality which have
‘ prevailed among the troops. If I succeed
‘ in keeping this island, under all the dis-
‘ advantages I have to contend with, I shall
‘ think myself very fortunate: nothing short
‘ of such success can compensate for the
‘ vexation of body and mind I have, and
‘ must continue to suffer, whilst our affairs
‘ in this country remain in their present
‘ state. I was ill, but am perfectly recovered,
‘ and *am so prudent*, that there is no fear of
‘ me; besides, the weather is now become
‘ quite cool, and will continue so, they say for
‘ some months.

‘ I directed two boxes of the best Noyau
‘ to be sent in the convoy from Martinique,
‘ directed to my Father. It is not near so
‘ good as it was, since the war-brandy and
‘ the other materials cannot be procured; but
‘ it will do to drink my health in till I return
‘ to you. I do not care how soon this may
‘ be, for if the war here is to be defensive,

‘ and Guadaloupe not to be attacked, I shall
‘ wish most sincerely for peace, and my de-
‘ parture from this country. James criticizes
‘ my mode of proceeding against my bri-
‘ gands ; and my Father coincides with him ;
‘ but they know nothing of the state of this
‘ country, or of this island. I shall write to
‘ you as often as I can, to assure you of my
‘ existence, which, from the accounts you will
‘ hear of this country, is what you will be the
‘ most anxious about.

‘ With kind remembrances to all at home,
‘ believe me, my dear Mother,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ St. Lucia, 18th Jan. 1797.

‘ My dear Father,—General Abercrombie,
‘ after a very tedious passage, arrived at
‘ Martinique, about a fortnight ago ; he sent
‘ me your letters, and one from himself, de-
‘ siring to see me for a day, if the service
‘ would permit. I crossed in a sloop of war
‘ the Admiral had sent for me. I stayed one
‘ day at Fort Royal, and then returned to the

“Morne Fortuné.” It is impossible for me to express the kind manner in which Sir Ralph received me; he wished, he said, to know from me the state of St. Lucia, and also what were my views; that I had had a long spell of St. Lucia, and it was but just to relieve me from such fatigue, though it was an island that required to be watched, and he was at a loss, if I left it, who to send in my place. He said that the government of Grenada was vacant; that though it was not in his gift, yet he knew that Mr. Dundas was so well inclined to serve me, that if I chose I might have it. The office of Quarter-Master General of the army was vacant, it would be a permanent situation, and be kept up even in the peace. If I chose that, he would appoint me to it immediately. I told Sir Ralph I had no wish to remain in the West Indies at the peace, but the contrary; I was not therefore anxious for the government of Grenada —nor for the situation of Quarter-Master General, which was, besides, an employ-

' ment I did not like. My wish was to be
' employed in any military line during the
' war, but at the peace to get home. If any-
' thing was to be carried on I hoped he would
' take me with him. In the meantime, I
' begged he would employ me either at St.
' Lucia, or wherever he thought I might be
' most useful, without regard to any other con-
' sideration. He said he certainly should em-
' ploy me if active operations were undertaken.
' He was obliged to me for offering to return
' to St. Lucia—he was ashamed to allow me,
' but he did not know who else to send. He
' had wished to serve me, and felt it incum-
' bent on him to offer me the situations which
' he had in his power. If my wish had been
' to remain in this country, either of them
' might have been an object for me. He said,
' he thought I was right, however, not to con-
' tinue in the West Indies after the war—that
' he had said everything he could in my favour
' to the Duke of York, who was well inclined
' to serve me. He had represented the ne-
' cessity of not allowing me to remain idle at

‘ the peace, but to give me the means of im-
‘ proving myself as an officer. It may ap-
‘ pear to you that I have lengthened out my
‘ conversation with Sir Ralph. I have, how-
‘ ever, retrenched a great part of it ; for I am
‘ ashamed to repeat the many flattering
‘ things he said to me. Upon the whole, of
‘ all the men I ever met with, (General Stuart
‘ excepted,) he is the one to whom I feel
‘ most obliged. I do not know if you are one
‘ of those who will blame me for refusing
‘ such advantageous offers. My dislike to
‘ this country is the chief cause—nothing
‘ would induce me to remain in it at present,
‘ but a sense of duty. Since chance has
‘ thrown me here, I feel it would be unbe-
‘ coming to leave it during the war, as long
‘ as my health will permit me to serve. In
‘ case of an invasion of either England or
‘ Ireland, I should regret not being there ;
‘ but the ardour for serving at home has been
‘ too general, this war, for me to hope to gain
‘ any credit, were I to apply, as you desire
‘ me, for leave to return upon that score.

‘ My appointments are settled at 1,200*l.* I
‘ am to receive them from the beginning at
‘ that rate; and as I have hitherto lived
‘ upon my original appointment of thirty
‘ shillings, I shall have a remittance to send
‘ to you or James. The letters which Sir
‘ Ralph brought out are the only ones I have
‘ received from the family for a very consider-
‘ able time past. You all complain of me: I
‘ am, however, not so guilty as you imagine;
‘ but my letters must have miscarried. I
‘ have written to you all repeatedly since
‘ that to General Stuart, to which you allude.
‘ I sent 600*l.* to James, the 4th Sept. to pay
‘ himself, and all my other debts, and some
‘ from B. Major Anderson to you. I hope
‘ you have since received these bills—James
‘ will of course pay you the 26*l.* you were so
‘ good as to pay to Rymer.

‘ I have begun “Edward,” and am much
‘ entertained with him: I shall defer saying
‘ more, till I have read him through. I shall
‘ endeavour to deserve the quotation you have
‘ applied to me—and am persuaded, if I suc-

‘ceed, I shall be happy; though, for want of a
‘poet, I should be one of the many who die
‘unrecorded. I was much disappointed at
‘General Stuart not coming out; so many
‘of my friends were to have attended him.
‘As things are likely to turn out, it is, per-
‘haps, better for them that they are to be
‘employed elsewhere. I do not think that
‘either Oakes or Major Stewart could have
‘stood this climate. I understand they are
‘going to Portugal. The Brigands are still
‘in these woods: it is hardly possible to
‘expect to reduce them. The Blacks are
‘the only troops equal to scour these woods;
‘the British are unequal to such service. I
‘have always kept them to guard the coast,
‘and have employed two corps I have of
‘Blacks for the more active service; but the
‘four British and one German regiment I
‘had originally are no longer strong enough
‘for even the guard of the coast; they are
‘completely expended, between two and
‘three thousand of them are dead, the rest
‘sick. My situation here is extremely irk-

‘ some, and requires constant vigilance. The
‘ Blacks, to a man, are our enemies; the
‘ few Whites who are not so are afraid to be
‘ our friends. I am convinced that nothing
‘ but my exertions, and the attention I have
‘ paid, would have kept the island in our pos-
‘ session—but it is every moment in danger :
‘ be prepared, therefore, to hear that it is
‘ wrested from us—I wish sincerely I was
‘ quit of it.

‘ I shall keep myself disengaged, that
‘ the moment the war is over I may ven-
‘ ture to return to you. I long to see us once
‘ more assembled in Clifford Street; and no-
‘ thing I could get in this vile climate could
‘ compensate to me for the loss of the sa-
‘ tisfaction which that meeting will afford me.

‘ Believe me, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ J. MOORE.’

‘ St. Lucia, 12th Feb., 1797.

‘ My dear Father,—I received your letter
‘ lately of the 3d December, part of which
‘ was written by my Mother.

‘ I wrote to you some time ago all that passed
‘ on the arrival of Sir Ralph. However un-
‘ pleasant it was for me to return to this
‘ island, I saw it was necessary, and what
‘ Sir Ralph wished. He was sensible of the
‘ necessity of vigilance in this quarter, par-
‘ ticularly as he could supply it with no
‘ troops. He brought out no officer with him,
‘ and he found none here whom he could
‘ trust, but such as were usefully employed
‘ elsewhere.

‘ I flattered myself, however, that my re-
‘ turn was temporary, and in case of any ex-
‘ pedition, that I should be employed in it.
‘ In this I am disappointed. An expedition
‘ is about to sail. Sir Ralph has written to
‘ me to regret the impossibility of removing
‘ me from St. Lucia. He fears that in his
‘ absence the French may make some attempt
‘ from Guadaloupe, upon this, or some other
‘ of the British settlements. Thus after toil-
‘ ing here these ten months, I am deprived
‘ of serving in the manner I should like; in
‘ that which would tend to my improvement,

‘ and in which I might chance to distinguish
‘ myself. What I have done here, though it has
‘ required ten times the exertion, will never be
‘ heard of. At the same time I cannot com-
‘ plain. My disappointment is announced
‘ in such flattering terms,—my merit, confi-
‘ dence in me, &c. &c. ;—though it is hard
‘ that a man’s merit should be the cause of
‘ his punishment. The truth is, that Sir
‘ Ralph has not officers enough. He is going
‘ upon this expedition with few who can do
‘ his business. It is a pity he is so old him-
‘ self, for he is a spunky fellow.

‘ I wish sincerely that Lord Malmesbury
‘ may succeed and make peace. I am quite
‘ tired of being kept in St. Lucia. I now see
‘ no chance of being removed from it.

‘ I am glad I refused the government of
‘ Grenada, which undoubtedly had been pro-
‘ mised to Sir Ralph for me.

‘ I expect to find myself, at the end of the
‘ war, with the pay of Lieutenant-Colonel. I
‘ have lived upon it these six years, and can
‘ continue to do so the rest of my life, as

‘ long as I have the satisfaction to reflect that
 ‘ I have done nothing to disgrace myself, or
 ‘ those with whom I am connected.

‘ Adieu, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ St. Lucia, 16th May, 1797.

‘ My dear Father,—So many packets have
 ‘ been taken of late, that for this considerable
 ‘ time past I have neither heard from you,
 ‘ nor have I had any opportunity of writing
 ‘ to you.

‘ I think I mentioned to you that I had had
 ‘ a visit from Sir Ralph the end of March,
 ‘ the object of which was to excuse himself
 ‘ for not taking me, agreeably to former pro-
 ‘ mises, upon the expedition. I have, how-
 ‘ ever, now no reason to regret that I was not
 ‘ of it, as the place was found too strong for
 ‘ his small force; and, after landing at Porto
 ‘ Rico, and remaining on shore about a fort-
 ‘ night, Sir Ralph was obliged to re-embark
 ‘ his troops and give up the attempt. He
 ‘ returned to Martinico about ten days ago.

It was impossible to enjoy better health
' than I did from the time the fever left
' me last October or November, till lately.
' About a month ago I was again seized with
' fever ; at the same time an abscess formed
' itself in the bottom of my right hip. The
' inflammation was great, and the pain ex-
' cruciating. It swelled to considerable size,
' and, when opened, a very great collection of
' matter was discharged. I was confined to
' my bed upwards of three weeks. The fever
' in the mean time left me, and I was able to
' throw in bark. The surgeon was afraid that
' the great cavity, occasioned by the matter
' collected, would have been troublesome to
' heal—it has, however, gone on vastly
' well.

' I have been out of bed about a week. I
' was excessively reduced, and of course am
' still weak. I, however, gain strength daily.
' A change of air was strongly recommended ;
' and, in Sir Ralph's absence, General Hunter
' sent an officer to relieve me, and advised me
' to go to Martinique.

‘ I, however, refused to avail myself of this
‘ permission. Sir Ralph had intrusted the
‘ island to me, and I was determined that
‘ nothing but absolute necessity should force
‘ me to quit it in his absence.

‘ My knowledge of the country and of the
‘ people, and long habit, enabled me to direct
‘ the common business of the island, with the
‘ assistance of the officers of my family, even
‘ from my bed; and in case of any attempt
‘ from the enemy without, though the active
‘ part must have fallen to the officers sent to
‘ relieve me, yet my advice might be of use.
‘ At all events, I should have the satisfaction
‘ to think I had done all I could.

“ Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.”

‘ I felt that if I went away, and any mis-
‘ fortune happened in Sir Ralph’s absence,
‘ I should never forgive myself.

‘ It was, however, my wish to quit St. Lucia
‘ the moment Sir Ralph returned. All this
‘ I expressed in a letter I wrote to General
‘ Hunter, which was shown to Sir Ralph upon
‘ his arrival.

‘ He has not, however, sent me leave to
‘ depart; but, in a very kind letter, has
‘ begged, as I seemed to be recovering, that I
‘ would remain for some time longer, as he
‘ was much at a loss for an officer to intrust
‘ with the command of the island.

‘ This there is no refusing; but I am de-
‘ termined, if possible, not to remain during
‘ the hurricane months. On the contrary, my
‘ wish is to return to Europe.

‘ The gentleman who has attended me
‘ advises this strongly. He says my natural
‘ good constitution has enabled me to resist
‘ the repeated attacks I have had; that now
‘ I shall be more liable to relapses, at the
‘ same time that I shall be less able to stand
‘ them.

‘ I am convinced myself that by remaining
‘ here I shall only destroy my constitution,
‘ without being able to do much service. I
‘ shall therefore, as the campaign is now over,
‘ push Sir Ralph to allow me to go home this
‘ summer. If anything active is to be carried
‘ on next year, I can return.

‘ Sir Ralph has already promised that I
‘ should get leave; but he is so used to my
‘ commanding here, that, when it comes to
‘ the point, he is always afraid of trusting any
‘ body else, and is apt to retract.

‘ Justice will, I hope, prevail. My bad
‘ health is occasioned by the fatigue I have
‘ undergone; and, as I am writing to you, I
‘ may say, honestly I think, that there is not
‘ an officer in the West Indies so well entitled
‘ to some indulgence as myself. This is, I
‘ believe, also the opinion of the General.

‘ My remittances must cease. Everything
‘ has become so excessively dear, that I shall
‘ be able to do little more than make both
‘ ends meet.

‘ We know nothing of what has been doing
‘ at home. Our account of the attempt to
‘ invade Ireland is but imperfect. Should
‘ they make another, and succeed in getting
‘ ashore, if we have a General worth a straw,
‘ he should sicken them from such enterprises
‘ in future.

‘ What I fear is, that the French have got

‘ a superiority over our minds, and we are
 ‘ half beat before we attack them. If we had
 ‘ a little of the old spirit, we should thrash
 ‘ them, as we have done heretofore:

‘ Farewell, my dear father. Remember me
 ‘ to my mother, &c. I have much pleasure in
 ‘ the prospect of seeing you this autumn. I
 ‘ hope James, Graham, and Charles continue
 ‘ prosperous.

‘ Believe me your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ P.S.—The Duchess of D—— recom-
 ‘ mended the damnedest cub to me lately I
 ‘ ever saw. I, however, did all I could to
 ‘ serve him, but was unsuccessful. I enclosed
 ‘ my answer to her to James;—I hope he has
 ‘ received it.

‘ My kind remembrances to the Duke [of
 ‘ Hamilton.] I hope he is better.’

‘ Falmouth, Sunday evening, 9th July, 1797.

‘ My dear Mother,—It will surprise you, I
 ‘ hope agreeably, to hear I am arrived at
 ‘ Falmouth, from the West Indies. By letters,

‘ which you must have received very lately,
‘ you were informed that I had another attack
‘ of fever.

‘ I was told by every body that if I re-
‘ mained during the hurricane months, I
‘ should probably die. The campaign in the
‘ West Indies was completely over; I had no
‘ scruple, therefore, to ask permission to quit
‘ that country. Sir Ralph granted it in the
‘ kindest manner. I am this day landed from
‘ the packet, not an invalid, but in perfect
‘ health. The sea air has done more than
‘ pounds of bark. I refer all particulars to
‘ my meeting.

‘ Major Anderson is with me. I wish you
‘ could take a lodging for him in the neigh-
‘ bourhood of Clifford Street; the nearer the
‘ better, — Maddox Street, for example: a
‘ second floor will answer his purpose as well
‘ as a first.
‘ Boyd and the French lad I took out with
‘ me shall go by the coach. The latter
‘ I wish to keep in Clifford Street. As to
‘ Boyd, I shall send him to his regiment or to

‘ Scotland. He may be accommodated at
‘ James’s, as I believe you have no room.

‘ The Major and I will leave this to-
‘ morrow, as soon as we have arranged our
‘ baggage, servants, &c. It will be Thurs-
‘ day or, perhaps, Friday, before we reach
‘ Town. Kind remembrances to my father,
‘ &c. &c.

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Taghmon Camp, Ireland, 7th July, 1798.

‘ My dear Father,—I received your and
‘ my mother’s joint letter yesterday. It is
‘ my pride to show myself deserving of the
‘ relation I bear to you both ; and I am never
‘ so completely happy as when my conduct
‘ gives you pleasure, or meets your approba-
‘ tion. I have no fear but that the species of
‘ reward which you seem most to doubt will
‘ be given to me in proper time ; if it is
‘ not, I should feel mortified beyond other
‘ men ; but I will not allow such apprehen-
‘ sion, founded on mere general reasoning, to

‘ damp the pleasure I naturally receive from
‘ hearing from you, that I have done my duty
‘ in a manner that has gained me the appro-
‘ bation of the good men amongst my country-
‘ men.

‘ The rebels are collected in the mountains
‘ of Wicklow. I am to be intrusted with the
‘ force intended to reduce them ; and expect
‘ to march from this to-morrow for Ferns,
‘ where the different corps will join. The
‘ force is to be partly stationary,—to occupy
‘ the different passes by which the rebels
‘ might escape ; and partly moveable and
‘ active, to attack them wherever information
‘ is obtained of their being assembled. The
‘ plan is Lord Cornwallis’s ; this is the out-
‘ line ; the rest must be decided on after I
‘ get to Ferns, from local circumstances.
‘ General Lake comes to Arklow, and with
‘ him, as well as Lord Cornwallis, I am to
‘ correspond.

‘ It is highly flattering to be thus selected ;
‘ I have only to wish that I may be able to
‘ justify the partiality shown me. I think all

‘ this had better not be spoken of in the first
 ‘ instance by any of the family.

‘ Brownrigg will forward your letters ; I
 ‘ have begged of him to enclose them to the
 ‘ Adjutant-General, who is my old friend,
 ‘ and who will always know where I am to be
 ‘ found.

‘ It is my intention to write to General
 ‘ Stuart ; but, should I be prevented, remem-
 ‘ ber me most kindly to him.

‘ I have seen nothing more of Graham ; but
 ‘ he is still cruising off the coast.

‘ My promotion (to the rank of major-
 ‘ general) is in orders. Anderson becomes
 ‘ captain and aid-de-camp, no longer nominal
 ‘ major. I believe Lord Huntly is to be under
 ‘ me as a brigadier.

‘ Love to my father, Jane, &c. &c.

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Dublin, 18th July, 1798.

‘ My dear Father,—I received your let-
 ‘ ter of the 10th soon after I wrote to you

‘ from Taghmon. I left that place to join Ge-
‘ neral Lake at Carnew ; under whose direc-
‘ tion I was to act in driving the rebels from
‘ the counties of Wexford and Wicklow. On
‘ every movement since that I have led a
‘ separate column. The rebels waited for us
‘ nowhere. We found the country deserted ;
‘ villages and houses burned ; nothing could
‘ be more melancholy. Though we have had
‘ no fighting, the fatigue and inconvenience of
‘ the troops has been very great.

‘ In the mountains of Wicklow we were
‘ obliged to divest ourselves of all baggage ;
‘ and, for a week, notwithstanding hard rain
‘ and cold, lay on the ground without tents or
‘ covering. The major-general might occa-
‘ sionally have covered himself, but he chose
‘ to share the fate of his men. You cannot
‘ follow our wanderings ;—the places are not
‘ marked in any map you can have. At last,
‘ on the 15th, we all met at Blessington, four-
‘ teen miles from this. General Lake re-
‘ turned to Dublin. A corps is formed for me

‘ there, consisting of two battalions of light
‘ infantry, three regiments of the line, in-
‘ cluding the 100th and Lord Huntley’s High-
‘ landers, who is himself a brigadier under
‘ me.

‘ This is to be a moving corps. It amounts
‘ to three thousand men. A few days are
‘ given to us to rest and provide clothes.

‘ I was desired in the meantime to come
‘ here, where Lord Cornwallis received me in a
‘ flattering manner, spoke confidentially, &c.

‘ I have great confidence in his moderation
‘ and good sense to settle this distracted
‘ country. His soldier-like, plain, manly
‘ manners, free from all pomp or ostentation,
‘ impress me with high esteem and respect
‘ for him.

‘ I shall return to Blessington to-morrow.
‘ My command is completely separate;—to
‘ be controlled by none of the older generals;
‘ to act at discretion, or by orders from Lord
‘ Cornwallis or General Lake. Nothing can
‘ be more flattering or distinguished. I hope

‘ I shall be able to act up to the trust reposed
‘ in me. That pains shall not be spared I
‘ think you will not doubt.

‘ I have neither seen nor heard of Graham,
‘ since the half hour at Wexford.

‘ I shall lose an old and valuable friend in
‘ poor Nesbitt. I cannot tell you how I regret
‘ him. His worth and good sense are not to
‘ be replaced. All comfort and happiness are
‘ at an end for Mrs. Nesbitt.

‘ I have done with the south, and have de-
‘ spatched François for my baggage, which I
‘ left at Bandon. My residence for some time
‘ will probably be nearer to Dublin. To-
‘ morrow I return to Blessington.

‘ Sir Ralph has written me a kind letter ;
‘ but I have heard nothing yet from General
‘ Stuart, though I wrote to him the moment I
‘ heard he was in England. Remember me
‘ kindly to him and Mrs. Stuart.

‘ My love to my Mother, &c.

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

James Moore to Dr. Moore, in passing over to Ireland to join his brother :—

‘ Elizabeth packet, Mid-Channel,
‘ Friday Noon, Aug. 3, 1798.

‘ My dear Father,—My journey to Holy-
‘ head was delightful. At first we passed
‘ through the rich middle counties of England,
‘ —fertile and flat ; the harvest all taken in,
‘ so that there is unquestionably no want of
‘ food through the land, for those who have
‘ money to purchase it. Yesterday, before
‘ sun-rise, we entered North Wales. I never
‘ remember being so delighted with scenery ;
‘ lofty mountains, sometimes ornamented with
‘ wood, oftener rocky and rugged, too steep
‘ even for sheep, and too bare to give them
‘ much sustenance. While travelling along
‘ the sun seemed to rise twice, owing to the
‘ unequal heights of the hills. The morning
‘ was unclouded, and the mountains were
‘ clear, while the plains were immersed in
‘ dew, which gradually dissolved, as the sun
‘ warmed, and brought to view villages, trees,
‘ and the diversified appearance of the ground.

‘ Conway, an ancient town, and the Gothic
‘ castle built on “ Old Conway’s foaming
‘ flood,” is the most romantic place I ever saw ;
‘ it was well-suited for an old Welsh baron.
‘ We crossed the river Conway near the sea,
‘ and then the road leads close to Penman-
‘ muir. Nothing is more savage, I am per-
‘ suaded, in the Alps ; and situated, as it is,
‘ upon the sea-coast, in that respect the view
‘ is superior.

‘ We got to Holyhead at six o’clock yes-
‘ terday evening. I did not feel much fa-
‘ tired; but I washed myself in warm water,
‘ and went immediately to bed. I was awa-
‘ kened before twelve o’clock at night to em-
‘ bark, and shall be at Dublin before twelve
‘ o’clock to-day.

‘ It will be my business to set off in the
‘ mail-coach this evening for Athlone, to see
‘ my dear brother : but I imagine, I had al-
‘ most said I fear, everything will be over
‘ before I can reach the army, the news at
‘ Holyhead is so favourable.

‘ Dublin, six o’clock in the Evening.

‘ The account here is that General Lake
 ‘ has been surprised. His outposts guarded
 ‘ carefully the high-roads, but the French
 ‘ chose to march by the narrow paths ; a
 ‘ complete surprise and rout was the conse-
 ‘ quence ; six pieces of cannon were taken,—
 ‘ the number of the killed is concealed.
 ‘ Lord Cornwallis, it is thought, has so great
 ‘ a force, that the French will lay down their
 ‘ arms without firing. O ! that I may arrive
 ‘ in time ! I have luckily got a place in a
 ‘ carriage to-night for Athlone ; and perhaps
 ‘ I shall still see the French in battalia.

‘ This in haste. Yours affectionately,

‘ JAMES MOORE.’

‘ Moate, Ireland, 16th Sept., 1798.

‘ My dear Father,—James, disappointed in
 ‘ not seeing a battle, left me at Carrick Shan-
 ‘ non. That day I received a note to attend
 ‘ Lord Cornwallis, at Lord Longford’s. His
 ‘ first intention was to have sent me to Kilala,

‘ and Castlebar,—in short, to the country
‘ lately disturbed, in order to disarm and quiet
‘ it; but having information of other arma-
‘ ments ready, in Brest, to sail for this coun-
‘ try, he determined to send another officer,
‘ and to keep my corps in a central situation,
‘ ready to move to any point threatened. After
‘ giving the troops a couple of days rest, I
‘ marched to this place, and have pitched my
‘ camp in a convenient situation, a mile from
‘ the village; for myself I have taken lodg-
‘ ings; as no enemy exists, I think it fair to
‘ indulge; especially as since I left Cork, the
‘ beginning of June, till now, some few days
‘ in Dublin excepted, I have never slept with
‘ my clothes off.

‘ I believe it is intended, if the French
‘ do not again derange our plans, that I
‘ should cantoon in this neighbourhood during
‘ the winter. Great numbers of English
‘ militia are pouring over. It is found that
‘ the Irish are not to be depended upon, not
‘ from disaffection, but from want of disci-
‘ pline. . . . Sir Ralph’s assertion

‘ has been completely verified ; they are formidable to everything but the enemy. . . .
 ‘ James must have given you every detail, which makes it unnecessary for me to enter upon them. Had the campaign continued, my post at the head of the reserve was most enviable. I, however, wish for no more visits from the French ; the consequences are too serious for this country and for Great Britain..

‘ My love to my Mother, &c. &c.. Ever,
 ‘ my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Athlone, Dec. 9; 1798..

‘ My dear Father,—I received your letter of the 3rd yesterday. My reason for communicating to Anderson, what I did not wish him to mention even in Clifford Street, was to delay his journey till such time as it was determined whether I was to leave this country or not.. I was enjoined secrecy ; besides which, I was unwilling to tantalize

‘ you or my Mother with the hopes of seeing
‘ me, which might not be realized.

‘ By a letter I received from B—,*
‘ yesterday, I consider my recall as cer-
‘ tain. Lord Cornwallis will, I believe, not
‘ be pleased to part with me, but a pe-
‘ remptory order in the King’s name will not
‘ leave him an option. The high opinion I
‘ have of Lord Cornwallis’s character, the
‘ distinguished command I bear, and the
‘ favour he shows me on every occasion, ren-
‘ der my situation in this country (if there
‘ was war) more pleasant, and more brilliant,
‘ than it can possibly be elsewhere; but I
‘ consider the service in Ireland as over.
‘ The French lost the moment, and can no
‘ longer invade but with a superior force. I
‘ am, therefore, well pleased to be taken from
‘ a country, where nothing but war could re-
‘ concile me to stay,—to be employed in a
‘ scene likely to be more active.

‘ At present I can say no more to you, and
‘ I must recommend, even to this much, the

* Sir Robert Brownrigg, Secretary to the Duke of York.

‘ same silence which I enjoined to Anderson.
 ‘ This, however, does not extend to Graham,
 ‘ James, &c., to whom I have no secrets, and
 ‘ where discretion can so well be trusted.
 ‘ You shall hear further the moment I have
 ‘ more to impart.

‘ I paint to myself the joyful scene exhi-
 ‘ bited in Clifford Street by Graham’s return
 ‘ after such distinguished conduct
 ‘ I shall not be in time to make one of the
 ‘ party ; and, indeed, I fear Graham will be
 ‘ despatched on some cruize before I can
 ‘ possibly get over the water. I am glad you
 ‘ opened Anderson’s letter ; I only wish you
 ‘ could have prevented his journey. He will
 ‘ have the expense and trouble of it for
 ‘ nothing. My love to my Mother, and all
 ‘ assembled.

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

To his brother James :—

‘ Moate, 29th Oct., 1798.

‘ My dear James,—I expected that you

‘ would have written to me, after your return
‘ to England : you, perhaps, on the contrary,
‘ expected to hear from me ; we shall there-
‘ fore drop the subject.

‘ I heard some time ago of the *Melampus**
‘ having captured a frigate, and have been ex-
‘ ceedingly anxious to hear what port she had
‘ reached. This day I have read Graham’s
‘ letter in the newspapers ; it is excellent.
‘ His at once bearing up to the two frigates,
‘ and attacking a force so superior, was ex-
‘ tremely gallant, and met the reward it de-
‘ served.

‘ The day you left me at Carrick, Lord
‘ Cornwallis sent for me ; I stayed a day with
‘ him, and on my return we marched and en-
‘ camped in the neighbourhood of this place.
‘ From the time of the sailing of the squadron
‘ from Brest, till that of its defeat by Sir
‘ John Warren, we were kept in suspense ;
‘ expecting daily to hear of a descent upon
‘ the coast ; when my brigade would have

* Commanded by Graham Moore.

‘ resumed its old post, in front of Lord Cornwallis.

‘ I thought we were secure for this winter ; but an express arrived yesterday from Kilala, stating that seven French ships had anchored there. No attempt had been made to land from them, when the express came away. Part of my brigade had marched into Athlone, the rest are cantooned in this and some neighbouring villages.

‘ The weather became so bad, that I was induced to break up the camp, and cantoon, till such time as the barracks in Athlone could be got ready for the whole of us.

‘ I can however collect in a few hours ; and shall be ready to move, if these fellows attempt to land. I am induced to think they will make off with themselves, when they hear the fate of the rest of the expedition. Had this expedition escaped our fleet, we should have had a very troublesome job.

‘ This climate is too wet, and not calcu-

' lated for a winter campaign. I however no
 ' longer fear for the country. The French
 ' lost their moment; we are now too strong,
 ' and too well prepared. Lord Cornwallis
 ' has been a blessing to this country: he has
 ' assumed a line of conduct truly respectable
 ' for himself, and the best possible for restoring
 ' tranquillity to this distracted country. . . .
 ' How happy must all Clifford Street be with
 ' Graham's success; I cannot tell you how I
 ' delight in it. Let me hear from you, and
 ' believe me, my dear James,

' Your's affectionately,

' JOHN MOORE.'

' Athlone, 26th Dec., 1798.

' My dear Father,—I this day received
 your joint letter with Graham's. The
 ' same post brought me one from B.,*
 ' with a damp to all my hopes. It was my
 ' wish to spare you the anxiety you feel.
 ' You may now be at ease; I am doomed
 ' to remain where I am. Lord Cornwallis
 ' has, it seems, expressed his confidence in

* Sir Robert Brownrigg.

‘ me, in such terms, that it is supposed
‘ it would give him umbrage if it were
‘ proposed to withdraw me. This may per-
‘ haps afford you consolation, I therefore tell
‘ it to you. As for me, I draw none from such
‘ source. I cannot reconcile myself to remain
‘ here, and be troubled with the continued
‘ broils of this distracted people, when active
‘ and distinguished service is going on else-
‘ where. I consider myself yet as in my ap-
‘ prenticeship; I wish to serve it under the
‘ best masters, and where there is most busi-
‘ ness, that at some future day I may be able
‘ to direct and instruct in my turn. Our
‘ business, like every other, is to be learned
‘ only by constant practice and experience;
‘ and our experience is to be got in war, not
‘ at reviews.

‘ I have still hopes, however, of getting from
‘ this, though not so soon as I expected, and
‘ these hopes are my only comfort. I beg,
‘ however, that these, as well as what has
‘ passed, may continue a secret.

‘ This climate is too moist and does not

‘ agree with me. We are here surrounded
‘ with the Shannon, which at this season
‘ overflows; and we live in perpetual damps.
‘ My constitution seems to yield more to
‘ damp than to anything else. I remember I
‘ was ill formerly at Kinsale. I am far from
‘ well this fortnight past, no appetite, yellow,
‘ &c. I am averse to try Trim’s recipe,
‘ burned whiskey, or radical heat against the
‘ radical moisture of the foggy Shannon.

‘ I am truly happy that James is about to
‘ marry (a state which becomes all men who
‘ can settle), and that his dear partner is one of
‘ whom you all so much approve. . . . As for
‘ me, I suppose I shall be the old bachelor.
‘ They must give me a place amongst them
‘ and put up with my humours; and they
‘ shall have, even whilst I live, the good
‘ things these wars may bestow on me.

‘ I wrote to Lord Huntley about James.
‘ Many returns of the season to all in Clif-
‘ ford Street.

‘ Ever, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.

‘ Athlone, April 9th, 1799.

‘ My dear Mother,—I received yesterday
‘ your letter from Petersham, of the 2d. The
‘ country seems to agree so well with you
‘ and Jane, that I should be glad you would
‘ enjoy it every summer. I have just been
‘ telling Frank, to whom I have been writ-
‘ ing, that it has for some time been a castle
‘ of mine, when the war is over,—my regi-
‘ ment stands, or that I get another, to take
‘ a bachelor’s lodge somewhere in Surrey,
‘ large enough for you and Jane constantly,
‘ and two or three interlopers occasionally.
‘ With your assistance, and François, (who,
‘ by the bye, is a treasure,) I should keep
‘ the house in summer, and should return,
‘ and pass the winter with you in Clifford
‘ Street. Tell me your objection to this plan;
‘ do not, by reducing my regiment, upset the
‘ pail, and destroy the castle.

‘ I received two letters from Graham,
‘ whilst he was at Cork; . . . he is
‘ in great spirits. I expect his return full
‘ handed, about the beginning of May.

‘ We are prepared to receive the French.
‘ I am, and have been, very busy. They will
‘ certainly come here, if the Archduke does
‘ not give them employment elsewhere, and
‘ the chance of their invading us keeps me
‘ from complaining; otherwise this is a vil-
‘ lanous hole, and I am sick of it. I wish
‘ that something turned up, to take me out of
‘ it this spring, or summer. If I cannot get
‘ employed elsewhere, I must get a couple of
‘ months relaxation in England—I bespeak a
‘ room in your bandbox. Of late years I
‘ have been used to small space; six feet
‘ square will do.

‘ Anderson begs his remembrance to you.
‘ He is not robust; but as he takes care of
‘ himself, he holds out pretty well; and will,
‘ I hope, stand the campaign, if we have one.
‘ My hours are as good as yours; I am up
‘ between five and six every morning. I am
‘ employed all the morning; we, as yet, dine
‘ late, at six o’clock; and I pass nine even-
‘ ings in ten by myself, at home. Military

‘ men are not thought to lead such a life.
 ‘ Love to all, and believe me,
 ‘ My dear Mother, affectionately, &c.
 ‘ JOHN MOORE.’

○ To Mrs. Moore, dictated by the General,
 and written by Aide-de-camp Anderson :—

‘ Barsingborn, Holland, 18th Sept, 1799.

‘ My dear Mother,—My first station was
 ‘ upon the left of the army, it was then
 ‘ changed to the right, where I got my finger
 ‘ broke. I am now upon the left again, but
 ‘ some miles in front. I have my arm in a
 ‘ sling, and am obliged to use Anderson’s
 ‘ hand, to his great annoyance, when I ad-
 ‘ dress you and others ; these are the only
 ‘ inconveniences I suffer : I never was in bet-
 ‘ ter health, and seldom (which is saying a
 ‘ great deal) underwent more daily fatigue.

‘ The arrival of the Duke of York with the
 ‘ reinforcements, foreign and domestic, puts
 ‘ an end to our defensive operations, and we
 ‘ begin to think of attacking in our turn.
 ‘ The grand push will probably be made in a

‘ day or two, and if successful, which is
‘ hardly to be doubted, we shall not meet
‘ with much more resistance till we reach
‘ Amsterdam.

‘ All this will keep you upon the tenter-
‘ hooks, and I cannot help you; for I must do
‘ my duty, that I may again meet you with
‘ all the satisfaction which such interviews
‘ have hitherto constantly afforded me.

‘ I saw His Royal Highness (the Duke of
‘ York) the day of his arrival, and notwith-
‘ standing a four days’ beard, which gave him
‘ the look of a savage, he received me most
‘ kindly. I have been given to understand
‘ that I am to have the command of some-
‘ thing more distinguished than my present
‘ brigade, but I am not to lose the High-
‘ landers (this *entre nous*); whatever is given
‘ to me, shall be unsolicited, as it is only in
‘ that way that it can be gratifying to me.
‘ I have not had a line from any mortal since
‘ I left England, not even by Brownrigg; and
‘ yet I do not blame you, for I am persuaded
‘ it is none of your faults.

‘ Tell my Father my Journal is stopped by
 ‘ the finger*. Remember me affectionately
 ‘ to him and to all. The writer insists upon
 ‘ intruding his best wishes and regards.

‘ Ever, my dear Mother,

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Shager Brugh, Holland, 28th September, 1799.

‘ My dear Mother,—My finger is so far
 ‘ well as to admit of my holding the pen with
 ‘ the middle one; I avail myself to write to
 ‘ you, notwithstanding your marked silence
 ‘ and that of my father. I have heard from
 ‘ neither since I left England; a short letter
 ‘ from Charles, of the 18th, is all I can
 ‘ boast of. We were unsuccessful on the
 ‘ 19th. That day, or rather the night before,
 ‘ I was detached with Sir Ralph Aber-
 ‘ crombie to Hoorn, quite removed from the
 ‘ scene of action. We were ten thousand
 ‘ men, and might perhaps have been more
 ‘ usefully employed, if kept more at hand.

* It was struck by a ball in the action.

‘ The intention was, that in the event of
‘ success elsewhere, we should fall upon the
‘ flank and rear of the enemy. The difficulty
‘ attending progress in this country is very
‘ great, almost insurmountable; for it is
‘ everywhere intersected with dykes and
‘ canals, more than England is with hedges,
‘ and there is an impossibility of moving but
‘ upon the roads. The Russians have a savage
‘ courage, but by their conduct in the last
‘ affair seem to want discipline, and not to
‘ be controllable. We shall, however, beat
‘ the French sufficiently to secure winter
‘ quarters; more must not be expected. Poor
‘ Anderson begins to complain of his side;
‘ the fatigue is too much for him; if he holds
‘ out till the end of the campaign, it is all;
‘ he must then go to a drier climate. I am,
‘ as usual, as strong as a horse, and thrive
‘ upon fatigue.

‘ Young Balfour’s regiment suffered much
‘ on the 19th; his colonel told me he behaved
‘ with marked spirit and gallantry: let his
‘ father and mother know this At a diffe-

' rent part of the army, and occupied as I am,
 ' I seldom see him; but you may assure
 ' them, that I inquire and attend to him, and
 ' it is impossible for a young lad to do better,
 ' or to be in a better line; his colonel is a
 ' most respectable officer. Farewell, my
 ' dear Mother, keep up your spirits, and trust
 ' to that Providence which has hitherto averted
 ' those evils you most dread. Love to my
 ' Father and all.

' Believe me ever your affectionate Son,

' JOHN MOORE.

' I have given above a tolerable specimen
 ' of my finger; I shall soon have the use of it,
 ' and it will not even be disfigured.

' God bless you.'

Dictated by General Moore, and written
by Captain Anderson.

' Shager Brugh, Holland, 3rd October, 1799, .

' My dear Father,—If other circumstances
 ' had not made it evident, a letter which I
 ' wrote to you a few days ago, must have
 ' shown you, that one action more, at least,

‘ was necessary to determine our situation in
‘ this country ; unfavourable weather obliged
‘ it to be postponed until yesterday.

‘ The public despatches and future letters
‘ will give you fuller details of the action in
‘ general. I belonged to the column com-
‘ manded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and
‘ my brigade formed his advanced guard.
‘ Our march was along the beach, with a
‘ view to force and turn the enemy’s left flank,
‘ whilst other columns attacked in front. The
‘ troops destined to flank our column, by
‘ moving in the sand hills, took some other
‘ direction—(such mistakes are but too fre-
‘ quent in action) ; and as we very soon found
‘ the enemy upon our left, I was obliged very
‘ early to detach* regiments of my brigade
‘ into the sandhills, and to be there very much
‘ myself. About seven in the morning we
‘ got into fire, and succeeded with tolerable
‘ ease to push the enemy. I was wounded
‘ pretty soon in the thigh, but not so as to
‘ disable me, and I continued to do my duty

* A word illegible.

‘ on foot, and on horseback. My horse was
‘ afterwards shot in the shoulder : between
‘ twelve and one o’clock, after five hours’ con-
‘ stant action, during which we had continued
‘ to advance, we fell in with a fresh corps of
‘ the enemy. Many of my brigade were
‘ killed and disabled, all of them much ex-
‘ hausted. Under a very heavy fire, the
‘ enemy advanced upon us. I wished our
‘ people to charge them, but I could not pre-
‘ vail. The consequence was, that they gave
‘ way ; having no longer hopes of getting any
‘ good from them, I sent Anderson to Sir
‘ Ralph Abercrombie, to beg that he would
‘ detach fresh troops from the column to
‘ support us, and to charge the enemy.
‘ Anderson had scarcely left me, when I saw
‘ the enemy within a few yards on every side
‘ of me ; afraid of being taken prisoner, I
‘ turned round to go off, and follow the men ;
‘ at that instant I was shot ; the ball entered
‘ at my cheek and went out behind my ear.
‘ I fell flat on my face, and was so excessively
‘ stunned, probably from the man who shot

‘ me being very near, that I felt as if the side
‘ of my head was carried off. I concluded I
‘ was killed, and felt neither power nor incli-
‘ nation to stir. But I heard a soldier say,
‘ Here is the General, we will carry him with
‘ us. I was raised up, and when on my legs,
‘ finding I could stand, I made great exertions,
‘ and got off.

‘ Whilst my wounds were dressing in the
‘ rear, I had the satisfaction to learn that the
‘ reinforcement, sent in consequence of my
‘ message to Sir Ralph, had succeeded in com-
‘ pletely beating the enemy. I had ten miles
‘ to ride back to my quarters; of course I
‘ was a good deal exhausted before I could
‘ get to bed, yet I passed a very good night,
‘ and am quite free from fever. Mr. Knight
‘ came this morning from the Duke of
‘ York, and dressed my wounds: neither the
‘ jaw, nor any other bone is broken; the
‘ wound in my thigh is trifling; I have no
‘ pain, and am as easy as it is possible to be
‘ under such circumstances.

‘ My friend Anderson is with me, to whom

‘ I am dictating this letter : equally exposed
‘ as I was, during the whole of yesterday, he
‘ has had the good fortune to escape ; he, as
‘ usual, pays me the most friendly attention.
‘ I want for nothing, and my only wish is
‘ that you and my Mother would not be un-
‘ easy, or torment yourselves about me. You
‘ shall hear when opportunities offer. Love
‘ to my Mother and all at home. With my
‘ own hand, and from my bed I subscribe
‘ myself your affectionate Son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.

‘ Remember me to General Stuart ; Ander-
‘ son joins me in every thing kind to my
‘ Mother, you, and all.

‘ P. S. (By Captain Anderson.) Lord
‘ Huntley was shot through the shoulder, but
‘ not dangerously ; he is doing well.

‘ You may rest assured that you shall hear
‘ every opportunity how the General is ; and
‘ I have the satisfaction to tell you that he
‘ is perfectly free from pain, and going on
‘ very well. Yours, &c. &c.,

‘ PAUL ANDERSON.’

To Dr. Moore, from Sir Robert Brownrigg,
Secretary to H. R. H. the Duke of York, and
Adjutant-General :—

‘ Head-Quarters, Zuper Sluys, Holland,

‘ Oct. 4, 1799.

‘ My dear Sir,—I cannot suffer the accom-
‘ panying letter from my dear friend, your
‘ Son, to go to you without assuring you that
‘ the wounds he has received are attended
‘ with no danger. Mr. Knight, the Duke’s
‘ surgeon, attends him, and gives hopes of his
‘ speedy recovery. The wound in his thigh
‘ he received early in the action, but it did
‘ not prevent him from continuing his exer-
‘ tions for two hours afterwards, when a
‘ wound in his face obliged him to leave the
‘ field; it is through the cheek, and I under-
‘ stand has not wounded the bone. His
‘ conduct in the serious action of the 2nd;
‘ which perhaps may be ranked among
‘ the most obstinately contested battles that
‘ have been fought this war, has raised him;
‘ if possible, higher than he before stood in
‘ the estimation of this army. Every one

‘ admires and loves him ; and you may
 ‘ boast of having as your son the most
 ‘ amiable man, and the best General, in
 ‘ the British service : this is a universal
 ‘ opinion, and does not proceed from my
 ‘ partiality alone.

‘ God bless you, my dear Sir ; I hope, in a
 ‘ few days, to have it in my power to tell
 ‘ you that considerable progress is made in
 ‘ Moore’s cure ; and believe me, with great
 ‘ respect and regard,

‘ Very faithfully yours,

‘ ROBERT BROWNRIGG.’

Dr. Moore to Mrs. Moore, Marsh-Gate,
 Richmond :—

‘ London, October, 1799. .

‘ My dear Jane,—Our dear Jack is alive,
 ‘ and in a fair way of recovery. Colonel
 ‘ Brownrigg was so good as to write to me,
 ‘ and sent orders to his servant at the office
 ‘ to bring me his letter, with one from Cap-
 ‘ tain Anderson, which is signed by Jack
 ‘ himself. The brigade he commanded formed

‘ the advanced guard of the column com-
‘ manded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

[Here follow the words of Colonel Brownrigg's letter.]

‘ Captain Anderson says that, after five
‘ hours of constant action my son's brigade,
‘ when many had been killed and wounded,
‘ and the remainder greatly exhausted, were
‘ attacked by a fresh corps of the enemy.
‘ He sent Anderson to General Abercrombie,
‘ desiring succours ; when they were nearly
‘ surrounded he received the wound in his
‘ cheek, and would have been taken prisoner
‘ had not the succours arrived, and repulsed
‘ the enemy. Anderson assures me, that
‘ neither the jaw, nor any other bone is
‘ broken. The Duke of York sent his sur-
‘ geon to dress his wounds, and Jack himself
‘ begs we may keep ourselves easy ; he passed
‘ a good night, and is free from fever : so,
‘ upon the whole, my dear, we have reason to
‘ be thankful, and to bless the Almighty.

‘ Jack had a horse shot under him. How
‘ many merciful escapes has he had ! Lord
‘ Huntley was shot through the shoulder, but

‘ Anderson says not dangerously. I know
‘ no more particulars, but you may rely on
‘ it I will write to you as often as I hear any-
‘ thing that you will not see in the public
‘ papers. I fear we shall hear of many killed
‘ and wounded.

‘ Farewell, my dear ; for my part I had
‘ such a dread of Jack’s being killed, that
‘ this is a relief to me, and I hope so it will
‘ be to you and Jane.

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ J. M.’

‘ Tuesday Morning, between One and Two.

‘ P.S.—I received the letter only half an
‘ hour ago.’

‘ Chelmsford, Jan. 11, 1800.

‘ My dear Mother,—I have had the plea-
‘ sure of both your letters of the 2nd and 7th.
‘ I knew nothing of my father’s illness until
‘ it was past, but I shuddered not a little
‘ when I knew he had been so unwell, and
‘ when I reflected upon the loss we had
‘ nearly sustained. I am not yet prepared
‘ for this shock, which would not only make

‘ me very miserable now, but would have
 ‘ deprived me of much pleasure which I have
 ‘ in view for hereafter. I trust he will be
 ‘ more careful of himself in future,—if he is,
 ‘ he has the prospect of many years of enjoy-
 ‘ ment; it is quite a joke that old people are
 ‘ not happy. This world is so well organized,
 ‘ that there are enjoyments suited for all
 ‘ ages: all we have to do is to endeavour to
 ‘ preserve good health and a sound con-
 ‘ science,—without these we can be happy at
 ‘ no age, and with them we may be happy at
 ‘ any. I have not the least objection to
 ‘ long life, though I hope, should it be other-
 ‘ wise destined, that I shall at any time be
 ‘ able to yield it up, and to retreat calmly
 ‘ and cheerfully. I am in
 ‘ hopes of getting a short leave next week,
 ‘ and shall pass as much of it as possible at
 ‘ Marsh-Gate. My love to Jane, and believe
 ‘ me, my dear mother,

‘ Your affectionate son,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ The Diadem, Aboukir Bay, Egypt,

‘ March 25th, 1801.

‘ My dear Father,—My letter of the 16th
‘ March, which went by the vessel which
‘ carried the public dispatches, contained a
‘ tolerable detailed account of our operations,
‘ from our departure from Marmoris. We
‘ were employed from the 16th in strengthen-
‘ ing our position; in the meantime, pro-
‘ visions, stores, guns, &c., were forwarding,
‘ to enable us to advance. However despe-
‘ rate it might appear to attack the strong
‘ position the French had taken, Sir Ralph
‘ was, I believe, determined to do it. But
‘ Menou, the French commandant, having
‘ collected his force from Cairo, and every
‘ other quarter, joined the army in front of
‘ Alexandria; and attacked us an hour be-
‘ fore daylight, on the morning of the 21st.
‘ His principal attack was made upon our
‘ right, where I was posted with the reserve,
‘ and upon the guards, who were immediately
‘ upon the left of the reserve. The French
‘ had contrived to approach very near us in

‘ the night, without being heard; but our
‘ pickets were alert, and our troops had stood,
‘ as usual, to their arms an hour before day-
‘ light, and were in this situation when the
‘ fire from the picket commenced. The
‘ French attacked with shouts, drums beating,
‘ &c., but were received by our fellows with
‘ that coolness which they have displayed
‘ upon every occasion since they landed.
‘ Their cavalry charged twice, and got in
‘ amongst us, but were destroyed. A column
‘ of their infantry had actually slipped past,
‘ and got into our rear. The 42nd regiment
‘ faced about, charged, put to death, or took
‘ prisoner, every man of them: in short,
‘ after repeated attacks during four hours,
‘ every one of which were repulsed, the
‘ French were forced to retreat, under cover
‘ of a numerous artillery, with which they
‘ had pounded us during the whole of the
‘ action. Their loss is great; I never saw
‘ a field so covered with dead: we have
‘ buried twelve hundred of them, and four or
‘ five hundred horses. Their loss cannot be

‘ less than four thousand killed, wounded,
‘ and prisoners. Our loss is above one thou-
‘ sand : of which above four hundred belong
‘ to the reserve. Having lost so many of my
‘ men, it was but decent to get a lick myself ;
‘ I accordingly was wounded in the leg early
‘ in the action ; but was able to continue in
‘ it till it was over. Anderson is wounded in
‘ the arm, General Oakes in the leg, and
‘ Colonel Paget * in the neck. The command
‘ of the reserve falls to the fourth in rank,
‘ (Colonel Spencer.) Sir Ralph, poor man,
‘ is wounded in the thigh, the ball is lodged ;
‘ I am assured that no material part is hurt ;
‘ he has, however, still a degree of fever ; and
‘ will, I fear, be incapable of taking any
‘ further direction this campaign. My wound
‘ is in the left leg, in the outside of the bone,
‘ which is not touched. The wound is deep-
‘ ish, and has about three inches of passage.
‘ I shall be at my duty in a fortnight. Oakes,
‘ Anderson, and I, have come here to be quiet

* The Honourable Edward Paget.

‘ till our wounds are healed. Anderson has
‘ lost a brother, a lieutenant in the 42nd ;
‘ he was killed on the 21st.

‘ It is difficult to say as yet what the issue
‘ of all this will be. Government has un-
‘ doubtedly been deceived with respect to the
‘ force and situation of the French in Egypt ;
‘ the Delta is a most plentiful country, their
‘ army wants for nothing, and in the last
‘ action their numbers exceeded ours. Un-
‘ less, therefore, ministers, apprized in time
‘ of their error, send reinforcements, or the
‘ Turks act with energy, what chance have
‘ we, with inferior numbers, to dispossess the
‘ French of their strong holds ?

‘ I have had the satisfaction of seeing the
‘ superiority of the British infantry over the
‘ French. In three successive actions we
‘ have beat them without cavalry, and inferior
‘ in artillery. This is the Army of Italy ! but
‘ the prisoners say the fighting there was
‘ nothing to this. I am convinced that nothing
‘ ever surpassed the determined valour of our
‘ men ; and what I have witnessed here will

‘ be a subject of pride and satisfaction to me
 ‘ while I live.

‘ This goes by Constantinople ; the oppor-
 ‘ tunity was told me privately as a favour,
 ‘ and I have availed myself of it in haste.
 ‘ My love to my Mother, &c. ; François
 ‘ dresses my wound, and makes a poultice as
 ‘ if he had practised at St. George’s Hos-
 ‘ pital. I shall recommend him to James
 ‘ when the war is over.

‘ If you meet W. Paget, you may assure
 ‘ him that his brother’s wound is not serious.
 ‘ He expects to be with the reserve in a
 ‘ few days, and to command it till Oakes
 ‘ and I can join. The inclosed is to an uncle
 ‘ of Anderson. He desires his remembrance
 ‘ to you, &c. Believe me, my dear Father,

‘ Your affectionate

‘ J. MOORE.’

‘ H. M. S. Diadem, Aboukir Bay,
 ‘ Egypt, 1st April, 1801.

‘ My dear Father,—We have lost Sir
 ‘ Ralph ; he died upon the 28th of the wound
 ‘ he received on the 21st. The ball has been

‘ found since his death, sticking in the thigh
‘ bone, near the socket of the hip. I had
‘ an opportunity of writing to you the day
‘ after the action by way of Constantinople;
‘ I had no idea then that his wound was
‘ dangerous; but the medical people very
‘ soon despaired. He was seldom free from
‘ fever, had frequent fits of delirium, and a
‘ gangrene had actually commenced when he
‘ expired.

‘ Sir Ralph has fallen at a moment most
‘ unfortunate for his country; we stand in
‘ need of his experience, his sagacity, and
‘ judgment to extricate us; but he could have
‘ fallen at no period more fortunately for his
‘ own fame. It has happened to no other
‘ general during this war to beat the French
‘ in three successive actions. He will be
‘ honoured and lamented by his country, and
‘ his name handed down to posterity with the
‘ most distinguished of his countrymen. This
‘ is the consolation I derive from the loss of
‘ the best man, and best soldier, who has
‘ appeared amongst us this war.

‘ General Hutchinson succeeds him, who is
‘ an accomplished man, and a man of sense.
‘ He succeeds to a command, the brilliant part
‘ of which, I fear, is over; indeed, with our
‘ numbers, I do not see how he can go farther.
‘ Inferior as we are in force, and in resources
‘ to the enemy, how is it possible we can force
‘ a strong position, and then carry on the siege
‘ of Alexandria ?

‘ Sir Ralph saw his situation in the most
‘ unpromising light; and had, I know, no
‘ hope of final success, but from events which
‘ were not in his power to command.

‘ It is owing to the uncommon gallantry
‘ and good conduct of our troops, that we are
‘ thus far, and have been able to surmount
‘ the difficulties which have occurred. A
‘ check would have been fatal. The expe-
‘ dition was planned upon very wrong infor-
‘ mation of the situation of the French in
‘ this country, and in the expectation of a
‘ co-operation of the Turks; which, from the
‘ miserable state of that power, it is unable to
‘ give.

' I have been on board here since the 21st,
' with General Oakes and Anderson. Some
' cloth carried into my wound, caused inflam-
' mation, and has for some days made me
' uncomfortable; it is now something better;
' but I do not expect to be fit for duty these
' three weeks. Anderson's wound gives him
' pain; but with time and patience we shall
' both do.

' You have all been extremely silent since
' I left you; I have not had a line from one
' of the family since I sailed from Gibraltar.
' I am glad to have had an opportunity of
' meeting the French in the field equal-
' handed, to convince them that we in red
' are as stout fellows as our brothers in blue;
' but that satisfaction over, I do not see what
' benefit we are to derive from this contention
' prolonged. As it seems an object, for the
' security of India, that the French should
' be driven from Egypt, our good ministers
' had better have sent us reinforcements in
' time; we should then have done it for them.
' We have still to hope that favourable

‘ chances may happen ; but by their conduct
 ‘ they have rendered our prospects very
 ‘ doubtful.

‘ Farewell ; you will grieve for the death of
 ‘ poor Sir Ralph ; it has affected the whole
 ‘ army. My love to my Mother, Jane, &c., &c.
 ‘ Tell James that Mr. Morrell delivered me
 ‘ his letters within these few days only.

‘ Believe me, my dear Father,

‘ Most affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Sir Robert Brownrigg to Dr. Moore.

‘ Horse Guards, London : Friday, 15th May, 1801.

‘ My dear Sir,—Dispatches have been re-
 ‘ ceived from the army in Egypt, giving an
 ‘ account of the action of the 21st March.—
 ‘ And I hasten to inform you from *authority*,
 ‘ that my friend General Moore’s wound is
 ‘ not dangerous. The officer of the navy
 ‘ who brought the dispatches, says that he
 ‘ was able to return to his duty before he left
 ‘ Egypt (the 6th of April). The action of the
 ‘ 21st March appears to have been one of the

‘ best fought, and most serious of the war;
‘ our victory was decisive, with the melan-
‘ choly and afflicting allay, however, of the
‘ loss of that most inestimable and distin-
‘ guished officer, Sir Ralph Abercrombie.
‘ He there received a mortal wound, of which
‘ he died on the 28th of the same month. He
‘ was wounded early in the action, but never
‘ mentioned it, and it was only made known
‘ by his falling from his horse from the loss
‘ of blood, after the battle was over.

‘ God bless you, my dear Sir; let me see
‘ you whenever you come to town. The dis-
‘ patches received, give encouragement to
‘ hope for ultimate success. The whole
‘ French force was engaged on the 21st, and
‘ which (one or two detachments excepted)
‘ is now at Alexandria.

‘ Yours ever,

‘ ROBERT BROWNRIGG.

‘ Mrs. B. and her child are doing well.’

‘ Rosetta, 26th May, 1801.

‘ My dear Father,—Letters from my Mo-

‘ther and Jane of the 28th and 29th January,
‘ which I received three weeks ago, contain
‘ the latest account of the family. I have the
‘ satisfaction of knowing that then you were
‘ all well. My Mother says, that you, in par-
‘ ticular, are much the better for the summer
‘ you have passed in the country. She says
‘ Graham was well on the 11th November,
‘ but he had not been very successful. When
‘ I was wounded, I went on board ship, be-
‘ cause, at that time, we had possession of
‘ the sandy peninsula of Aboukir only, and
‘ there was no option but the ship, or the
‘ ground, under a soldier’s tent. As soon as
‘ we were in possession of this place, and it
‘ was considered as sufficiently secure, my
‘ wishes coincided with the medical advice; I
‘ landed, and have been here with Anderson
‘ about a fortnight. My leg is at last nearly
‘ well; another sinus and collection made
‘ an opening necessary soon after I came on
‘ shore, but it will be the last. The original
‘ wounds made by the ball are closed. My
‘ leg is now resuming its natural colour, and

' is firm and sound. The opening made last
' by the surgeon is not quite, but will be
' closed, he says, in three or four days. I
' then have to get the better of weakness and
' of about an inch-and-half's contraction.
' The heel, when standing, does not meet the
' ground by that much, but this, the surgeon
' says, will soon be accomplished by gentle
' exercise. My health is perfectly good, and
' I hope in a fortnight to join the army. An-
' derson's wound is also nearly closed, but he
' will be some time, probably months, before
' he has the perfect use of his hand.

' This last wound has been much more trou-
' blesome and painful than what I got in Hol-
' land; but when I consider the action, and look
' round me to see what others have suffered,
' I have to thank God it was no worse. Poor
' Vigoureux was wounded in the action of the
' 13th in the knee; his leg ought at first to
' have been amputated, it is now, I fear, too
' late. There is very little hope of his reco-
' very.

' The public papers will inform you of our

‘ progress since the death of poor Sir Ralph.
‘ The French are now confined to Alexandria
‘ and Cairo. The whole of the Delta is in
‘ our possession. I thought they would have
‘ stood at Rhamanie. To them it was a most
‘ important port. It secured the communica-
‘ tion of Alexandria with the country and
‘ with Cairo, and by covering the course of
‘ the Nile enabled them at all times to throw
‘ supplies into Alexandria. By retiring be-
‘ fore us from Rhamanie, they show that they
‘ are determined never to stand another
‘ action with us in the field. They will fight
‘ us behind the works of those places, which
‘ are strong and well provisioned, and take
‘ the chance of the havoc which sickness may
‘ make amongst us in the hot months.—
‘ Hitherto we are healthy.

‘ Admiral Blanket has been at Suez some
‘ time, and it was understood that a land force
‘ from India, under General Baird, had
‘ reached Suez likewise. This unfortunately
‘ proves not to be the case, and as the north-
‘ west winds have set in, in that quarter, it is

‘ thought it will be impossible for Baird
‘ to get up the Red Sea. With the assist-
‘ ance of this force, which is stated at five
‘ thousand men, there is no doubt but we
‘ should have forced the French from Egypt ;
‘ without it, I fear, we can do nothing more
‘ than we have done. The Tur̄ks, though
‘ numerous, are banditti, and not to be de-
‘ pended on; to the surprise, however, of
‘ every body, they lately forced back, with
‘ nine thousand, a body of four thousand
‘ French who marched out-of Cairo to attack
‘ them. This is considered as so extraordi-
‘ nary, that some French prisoners who are
‘ here, not only will not believe it, but fall a
‘ laughing whenever it is mentioned.

‘ One-half of our army at present occupies
‘ the camp before Alexandria, which has been
‘ strengthened considerably since the action
‘ of the 21st. The other half, with a body of
‘ Tur̄ks, is upon the Nile, within thirty or
‘ forty miles of Cairo. General Hutchinson
‘ had advanced that far, with a view of sup-
‘ porting the Vizir, who is upon the Damietta

‘ branch of the Nile, and to facilitate the
‘ junction of General Baird; but on finding
‘ that the latter had not reached Suez, he
‘ halted. I expect to hear from him daily.
‘ As yet I know not his further determina-
‘ tion. But as I said before, I fear, with his
‘ present force, he can do little. Our num-
‘ bers, and those of the French, are too equal,
‘ and with equal numbers it is impossible to
‘ force fortified posts. It will be found that,
‘ when we landed, the French had not less
‘ than eighteen thousand soldiers. They are
‘ very stout men. We have taken above two
‘ thousand of them. They are tired of the
‘ country, and wish to be back to France.
‘ No wonder! but they all allow the country
‘ to be fertile, and that it affords, on the
‘ cheapest terms, every necessary. They
‘ seem to want for nothing, and have all a
‘ good deal of money..

‘ The revenues were collected by an armed
‘ force, and every act of violence used. When
‘ they had extorted what was due to govern-
‘ ment, I suppose they insisted upon some-

‘ thing for themselves. As we treat the in-
 ‘ habitants well, and pay them, we shall soon
 ‘ gain their affection ; but our allies the Turks
 ‘ pillage, murder, and destroy, and are worse
 ‘ than the French. It is heart-breaking to
 ‘ think that, if we are successful, we are
 ‘ to hand over the poor inhabitants to such
 ‘ banditti.

‘ The Turkish government has subsisted
 ‘ too long.

‘ Love to my Mother, and to all.

‘ Ever, my dear Father,

‘ Affectionately yours,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

To his Mother :—

‘ Camp before Alexandria, Sept. 2., 1801,

‘ My dear Mother,—Our grenadiers took
 ‘ possession this day of the principal works
 ‘ of Alexandria; the garrison have capitulated;
 ‘ and are to embark in ten days for France:
 ‘ Egypt will then be completely evacuated by
 ‘ the French; the country in our possession;
 ‘ and the object of the campaign accom-

‘ plished. It is said that the garrison wanted
‘ provisions, which is the cause of their sur-
‘ rendering upon being invested, and before
‘ any impression was made upon their works.
‘ I believe to this may be added the dislike
‘ of the French soldiery to have any more
‘ conflicts with this army; for, from the be-
‘ ginning, in one trifling instance only ex-
‘ cepted, they have uniformly been beaten in
‘ every rencontre.

‘ As your anxiety will now be turned to our
‘ future destination, it will give you pleasure
‘ to know that I do not remain in Egypt;
‘ this duty falls on General Baird, and the
‘ troops from India, who have just joined us.
‘ *We* all embark for Malta, as soon as ship-
‘ ping is prepared, when the Commandant-in-
‘ chief expects further orders. I cannot de-
‘ vise what further service there can be for
‘ this army in the Mediterranean, and I shall
‘ not be surprised if, upon our arrival at
‘ Malta, the orders should be to return home,
‘ after leaving sufficient garrisons at Malta
‘ and Minorca. This arrangement will not

‘ be disapproved of by you, and I own I shall
‘ not be sorry for it. Some of our Generals
‘ have got leave to go to England; my
‘ health is good, I shall therefore take the
‘ fate of the troops.

‘ I find, by a late letter from my father,
‘ that Charles is at last made a Commissioner
‘ of Bankrupts; I rejoice at this first instance
‘ of good fortune, which, I trust, will speedily
‘ lead to others more important. I flatter
‘ myself that Charles requires only to be
‘ known to be employed.

‘ Colonel Abercrombie carries home the
‘ public despatches; I shall give him this,
‘ and a couple of shawls for you and Jane;
‘ they were given to me lately by the Captain
‘ Pacha. I do not know that they are of any
‘ value, but they will keep you warm, and
‘ you will wear them for the sake of the donor.

‘ Since the complaint I made in April I
‘ have received a great many letters, both
‘ from you and others of the family, and now
‘ know that it was not your fault if I did
‘ not hear from you sooner. You will know

‘ before I shall the probability of my getting
 ‘ home this winter. If I am to eat my Christ-
 ‘ mas dinner with you, begin to fatten your
 ‘ turkey. Farewell! my love to my Father
 ‘ and Jane.

‘ Ever, my dear Mother, affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Letter from the Hon. Sir Edward Paget to
 Sir John Moore:—

‘ April, 1802.

‘ Sir,—The Commanding Officers of those
 ‘ corps who had originally the good fortune
 ‘ to be placed under your command, in the
 ‘ reserve of the army of Egypt, have commis-
 ‘ sioned me to present a sword to you in their
 ‘ name, and to request that you will accept
 ‘ and consider it as a token of their un-
 ‘ bounded esteem.

‘ It would be presumptuous, Sir, in me to
 ‘ attempt to point out in you what are those
 ‘ rare talents which you possess, the applica-
 ‘ tion of which has rendered you the object
 ‘ of so much veneration to the corps which

‘ had the honour to serve under your immediate command; I must therefore content myself, Sir, with alone entreating you to believe that, whatever these are, they have not been less successfully exerted in promoting the interest of his Majesty’s service, and in confirming the glory of our native country throughout an arduous and very memorable campaign, than they have been in fixing on a basis never to be shaken the affections and admiration of those, in whose name I have the honour to subscribe myself, with every sense of respect, Sir,

‘ Yours, &c. &c.

‘ EDWARD PAGET.’

The Answer.—To the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, &c. &c. :—

‘ April 22, 1802.

‘ Sir,—I had the honour to receive your letter to me, in the name of the Officers commanding the corps which composed the reserve of the army of Egypt, together with the sword which they have done me the

‘ honour to present to me. Such a present,
‘ from men themselves so respectable, and
‘ whose conduct has merited so much praise,
‘ cannot fail to be equally flattering and
‘ pleasing to me, in whatever light I consider
‘ it—as a mark of their approbation, or a
‘ token of their friendship and regard.

‘ I beg that you and those gentlemen will
‘ accept of my warmest thanks ; be assured
‘ that I shall be proud of wearing their sword
‘ upon every occasion ; and when it becomes
‘ necessary to draw it, I hope it may be at
‘ the head of men like them, and those they
‘ commanded, who leave little else to their
‘ General than to emulate their example, and
‘ second their ardour, in the road to fame and
‘ honourable distinction.

‘ I have, &c. &c.

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Sandgate, Kent, Aug. 25, 1804.

‘ My dear Mother,—I had the pleasure of
‘ your letter, and thank you for your anxiety
‘ about my concerns. My troubles are now

‘ over, and everything private as well as
‘ public passed off very well.
‘ His Royal Highness (the Duke of York)
‘ came on Tuesday, the 21st, to review the
‘ troops at Canterbury and Barham Downs.
‘ I went there to pay my respects to him,
‘ and after the review attended him to Dover,
‘ where I dined with him, and returned to my
‘ quarters late that night. The Duke saw
‘ the troops, &c. at Dover, on Wednesday ;
‘ came over here, dined with me at seven
‘ o’clock, and slept at your friend Mrs.
‘ Wood’s. Our review was at seven o’clock
‘ on Thursday morning. At first the day
‘ lowered,—rained a little, and threatened
‘ more ; but at last cleared up, and was very
‘ fine. I took advantage of some ground
‘ upon the right of the camp, in the direction
‘ of Cheriton Church, which is woody and
‘ broken, and placed the troops upon it, so as
‘ to have a very good effect. We there fought
‘ a battle, and the troops did their parts well.
‘ The style of the Review was quite different

‘ from that which you saw ; it was different
‘ and better than any the Duke had seen,
‘ and was much applauded, both by the ladies
‘ and the military connoisseurs : in short, we
‘ came off with flying colours.

‘ After breakfasting with me, his Royal
‘ Highness reviewed two other corps ; got a
‘ magnificent *dinner-breakfast*, at three o’clock,
‘ from Lord Salisbury, whose regiment was
‘ reviewed, and returned to dine with me at
‘ *nine o’clock*. Next morning he saw my regi-
‘ ment exercise singly, and allowed it to be
‘ perfect ; then breakfasted, and set off for
‘ Sussex. I accompanied him the first ten
‘ miles. My two dinners and two breakfasts
‘ were well managed by Mrs. Lee and Fran-
‘ çois ; it was left to them solely ; I inter-
‘ fered not, only stinted them in nothing.

‘ Notwithstanding all the honour, and all
‘ the flattering compliments, still the four
‘ days’ attendance completely wore me out—
‘ I rejoiced most heartily when they were
‘ over. I shall write to

‘ Graham this day. I should have sent you
‘ this history yesterday, but on Saturday, as
‘ you know, we have no post.

‘ God bless you, my dear Mother ; love to
‘ Jane, and

‘ Believe me, most affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Canterbury, March 27th, 1806.

‘ My dear Mother,—I left London early
‘ yesterday morning, and got down here to
‘ dinner at six o’clock. I expect to return to
‘ Town in the course of eight or ten days, to
‘ sit upon a military board. I shall hope then
‘ to be able to give you a day or two at Cob-
‘ ham ; this last time it was not in my power.

‘ You know how tired I have for some time
‘ been of my employment here. I see little
‘ prospect in England of ever being occupied
‘ in any manner more important. I never
‘ believed much in invasion, and now less
‘ than ever.

‘ I therefore turned my thoughts to India,
‘ as the greatest and most important com-

‘ mand that could fall to a British officer ;
‘ and the present I thought the moment of all
‘ others I could be best spared from home, as
‘ I shall be back from it before Europe could
‘ so far recover from its late disasters as to
‘ render any combination for action possible.

‘ I communicated my wishes to the Duke of
‘ York ; they have been since communicated
‘ to ministers,—and the principal objection
‘ which has been made has been flattering ;
‘ that they do not wish me to go so far from
‘ this country. Lord Lauderdale’s appoint-
‘ ment has been an additional inducement to
‘ me to wish to go to India. The leaving
‘ you, you may believe, has had its full
‘ weight, but it will be for three or four years
‘ at most, during which time I shall, instead
‘ of being occupied with trifling details, be
‘ employed in the direction and management
‘ of a large army, and in the defence of the
‘ most important colony any nation ever had.
‘ As a professional exercise, it will be of much
‘ use ; and I shall return, still not an old man,
‘ with an independent fortune. As comman-

‘ der-in-chief, independent of the chance of
 ‘ prize-money, from my appointments alone,
 ‘ I shall be able to save, yearly, from 8000l.
 ‘ to 10,000l.

‘ It is by no means certain that I shall suc-
 ‘ ceed in getting the appointment; if I do
 ‘ not, I shall easily console myself. I did not
 ‘ say anything to you of it before, because
 ‘ until there was more chance of its taking
 ‘ place it was needless to plague you. My
 ‘ love to Jane.

‘ Believe me, my dear Mother,

‘ Always affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Sir John Moore to his Mother:—

‘ Messina, August 6th, 1806.

‘ My dear Mother,—After a tedious passage
 ‘ of a month from Gibraltar, of seven weeks
 ‘ and three days from Portsmouth, I arrived
 ‘ here yesterday.

‘ The frigate in which I came sails this fore-
 ‘ noon on her return, and I seize a hurried
 ‘ moment to tell you I am well.

‘ General Fox reached this ten days ago.
‘ He found the troops, on their return from
‘ Calabria, under Sir John Stuart, where they
‘ had landed the beginning of July; and
‘ where, after beating a very superior body of
‘ French (at Maida) under General Regnier,
‘ and driving them out of Calabria, he re-
‘ turned to Messina. There has been nothing
‘ done more brilliant this war. The French
‘ were, besides three hundred cavalry, be-
‘ tween seven and eight thousand infantry.
‘ The British had no cavalry, and were not
‘ quite five thousand in infantry. They met
‘ in a plain, both determined to try their
‘ strength. They formed and advanced upon
‘ each other; but the British nerve proved
‘ the firmest. When they came close, the
‘ French gave way, and were pursued until
‘ our men were exhausted. Their loss in
‘ killed, wounded, and prisoners was very
‘ great. General Regnier retired with what
‘ he could collect, which does not exceed three
‘ thousand.

‘ I feel much at superseding General Stuart,

‘ who has performed an action which does so
‘ much honour to him and to the British arms.
‘ Certainly had it been known at home, I
‘ should not have been sent here. I have not
‘ yet seen him ;—he was in the country when
‘ I arrived yesterday ; but General Fox tells
‘ me, when he heard I was appointed, he
‘ applied to him for leave to return to Eng-
‘ land: this is natural, and what I should
‘ have done in his place. He will however
‘ go home with the certainty of receiving the
‘ honours and rewards he deserves.

‘ This General Regnier is the man who, in
‘ his account of the campaign in Egypt, says
‘ the English, though they were successful
‘ there, neither displayed talent nor courage!

‘ All the troops are collected in this neigh-
‘ bourhood ;—what we can do without the aid
‘ of other powers I know not. Prince Joseph
‘ is certainly not very firm on his throne of
‘ Naples, but unless other powers come for-
‘ ward, any effort of ours could be attended
‘ with only temporary benefit. But as yet, I
‘ have had but general conversation with Fox,

‘ and have had time for no information upon
 ‘ which any good opinion can be formed.

‘ I have just got into possession of a great
 ‘ house, without any one convenience. Fran-
 ‘ çois is perplexed ; and for some days I must
 ‘ live upon the public; for here there is no
 ‘ such thing as an inn.

‘ The situation of the town is beautiful. I
 ‘ look forward to hear from you by the packet.

‘ My love to all, and believe me,

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ Always affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Messina, September 16th, 1807.

‘ My dear Mother,—For some reasons
 ‘ which we know not, no packet sailed for
 ‘ this in July ; that which arrived yesterday,
 ‘ left England the 7th of August ; and
 ‘ brought me sundry letters from you and all
 ‘ the rest of the family, in different dates
 ‘ from the 15th of June to the 29th July, the
 ‘ last was from Graham. I find you are all
 ‘ well except Jane, who has suffered for at-

‘ tempting too much, and from the heat of
‘ the weather. I hope, however, by this time
‘ she also is well. Upon the whole, consider-
‘ ing our number, to have only one slightly
‘ indisposed, is cause of joy, and I feel much
‘ rejoiced accordingly.

‘ I had seen in the foreign papers Graham’s
‘ appointment to the Marlborough. James
‘ tells me he thinks him quite well enough to
‘ serve, and if so, he was quite right to apply.
‘ I wish we could meet and serve together.

‘ Upon succeeding to the command, it was
‘ necessary for me to go to Palermo; and I
‘ was absent a month, from the middle of
‘ July to the middle of August. The heat
‘ this summer has been excessive, the people
‘ say, beyond what they ever remember. I
‘ myself never felt so uncomfortable from
‘ heat, even in the West Indies. Whether it
‘ was from this, or any other cause, I was
‘ ill the last week at Palermo, and was
‘ obliged to return by sea to this place. I
‘ have gained strength daily since my return,
‘ and am now as well as ever. You may be-

lieve I have little time to be ill ; for since
the peace of Tilsit, we can expect no other
than to be attacked here. This government
gives much trouble, and our Minister, instead
of aiding, counteracts me ; and our force,
weakened by the expedition to Egypt, is
insufficient. The Admiral, Thornborough,
fortunately is an excellent man, everything
that is good in the sailor's character, and we
are accordingly in close union : and so I
hope that, whatever happens, England will
not be able to say we have not done our
duty.
James has written to me in better spirits
than usual.

I shall, before the packet sails, write to
various branches of the Moores. I have
begun with you, as is right I should. My
kindest remembrance to Jane, whose letter
gave me, as usual, pleasure.

Always, my dear Mother,

Affectionately,

JOHN MOORE.

I purpose sending you a silk shawl the

‘ manufacture of this place, not but what you
‘ could get a better in London, but it would
‘ not be a present from *my son* from Sicily.’

‘ Gibraltar, Dec. 12th, 1807.

‘ My dear Mother,—The packet came in
‘ here yesterday, and I had the pleasure to
‘ receive your letter of the 2nd of November.
‘ It is very natural you should be a little low
‘ in separating from Graham ; but from this
‘ of course you will recover, when you con-
‘ sider that he is following the career which
‘ is alike honourable and becoming.

‘ I had letters from him from Cawsand-bay :
‘ he did not then know he was coming so
‘ near to me. I arrived here with my troops
‘ on the 1st of this month. I left them to
‘ complete the transports with water and pro-
‘ visions, for we had a five weeks passage
‘ from Sicily, and immediately proceeded off
‘ the Tagus, to communicate with Sir Sydney
‘ (Smith), with whom my instructions di-
‘ rected me to co-operate. I was flattering
‘ myself with the hope of seeing Graham, but

‘ before I reached the Tagus, the bird was
‘ flown, and Graham had proceeded with the
‘ command of four line-of-battle ships, to
‘ convey the Royal Family of Portugal to the
‘ Brazils. This is a very honourable com-
‘ mand, and consoled me in a great measure
‘ for my disappointment.

‘ The service for which I was intended is
‘ passed, and I am about to return with the
‘ troops I command to England, where I
‘ trust I shall arrive about the end of Janu-
‘ ary, and sooner, if we are fortunate in our
‘ passage; I expect to leave this in three
‘ days. Orders were sent to detain me in
‘ Sicily, but I had already left it, which I
‘ consider as a fortunate circumstance, as, all
‘ things considered, that command had no
‘ longer charms for me. . . .

‘ I shall give you a call on my way to Lon-
‘ don, and shall, after I have performed my
‘ duty there, return to you, and shall be most
‘ glad if I am allowed to pass a few months
‘ with you in quiet.

I am, you may believe, not a little occu-

‘ pied, but rising early has given me time to
 ‘ say so much to you. Kind remembrance
 ‘ to Jane and to all. I think the Brazils the
 ‘ best possible service for Graham, in winter ;
 ‘ the climate will be fine, and he will be back
 ‘ before the heats.

‘ Always affectionately,

‘ My dear Mother,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

Sir John Moore when about to sail for
 Sweden :—

‘ H.M.S. Mars, May 9th, 1808.

‘ My dear Mother,—We expect that the
 ‘ whole of our convoy will be collected this
 ‘ forenoon, and as the wind is fair and the
 ‘ weather fine, I hope we shall be able to
 ‘ sail in the afternoon.

‘ I have nothing to say to you, but that I
 ‘ am well, and that everything respecting my
 ‘ command is as well arranged as we can
 ‘ reasonably expect in this sublunary region.
 ‘ If the object of the expedition were more
 ‘ defined, it would be more agreeable ; but on

‘ The troops continue on board ship, which
‘ are anchored at the entrance of the harbour,
‘ ten miles from this. I was obliged to come
‘ up here with my staff, as on board it was
‘ impossible for me to write or transact my
‘ business. All the other generals live on
‘ board, and only come here occasionally.

‘ I am provided with a very good house,
‘ which has been vacated by the proprietor
‘ on purpose.

‘ The town is small, but cheerful, with
‘ water running through the middle of the
‘ streets.

‘ The country is more rugged and rocky
‘ than any I have seen ; but the inhabitants
‘ are more like ourselves, than any foreigners
‘ I ever met. The peasants, in particular, are
‘ exceedingly like the Scots. I have met
‘ them sitting on the side of their carts while
‘ driving along ; and they only wanted the
‘ large blue bonnet to make me think I was
‘ in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock. The
‘ face, dress, and everything else, was in
‘ perfect resemblance.

‘ You may believe I am not much pleased
‘ to find so little prospect of being able to do
‘ the least good here. What will be the de-
‘ termination in England, I cannot guess. I
‘ have done my part, I have told ministers
‘ the truth, and they must decide for them-
‘ selves. Their ignorance of the state of
‘ matters is very singular.

‘ I shall hope to hear from you soon, and
‘ often. I wish to know how you find your-
‘ self and Jane, since your return to the
‘ country. . . .

‘ I am anxious to know what accounts have
‘ been received from Graham. My kind re-
‘ membrances to Jane.

‘ Always, my dear Mother, affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

‘ Near Cintra, Portugal, Sept. 3rd, 1808.

‘ My dear Mother,—We had a very tedious
‘ passage. When we got near the coast of
‘ Portugal, Sir Harry Burrard removed to a
‘ small ship, and preceded the convoy. I

‘ followed with the troops, and arrived on the
‘ 20th of August, at the entrance of the Mon-
‘ dego river, where Sir Arthur Wellesley had
‘ landed three weeks before. Here I received
‘ orders to disembark the troops, and march
‘ with them to join the army under Sir Arthur
‘ Wellesley, which had been joined by re-
‘ inforcements from England, and already
‘ amounted to eighteen thousand men. Sir
‘ Harry Burrard had got near, and was
‘ about to take the command. On the 22nd
‘ I began my disembarkation; many of the
‘ troops were on shore, and much artillery
‘ and cavalry, when I received an order from
‘ Sir Harry to join him immediately; that
‘ Junot had advanced with his whole force
‘ from Lisbon, and was within a few miles of
‘ the position taken by Sir Arthur at Vimiera.
‘ This letter was dated the 20th; he was then
‘ on board ship, but it was his intention to
‘ land and join the army next morning. The
‘ exertion of the navy was such, that every-
‘ thing I had disembarked was reimbarcked

‘ in the course of a few hours, and we sailed
‘ that evening. I changed into a small sloop,
‘ and preceded the convoy.

‘ Sir Harry had expressed anxiety to see
‘ me, and it was evident, from the situation of
‘ the armies, that an immediate action must
‘ take place. But I did not reach Vimiera
‘ until the 24th; the action had taken place
‘ on the 21st. Sir Harry had landed during
‘ the action, but of course could only be a
‘ spectator; it was unfortunate he was even
‘ that, for he prevented Sir Arthur from fol-
‘ lowing the French after they were routed,
‘ which, had he been permitted to do, I have
‘ not a doubt, from everything I have heard,
‘ that the French never could have reached
‘ Lisbon, but must have surrendered to him
‘ in the field.

‘ On the day after the action, a French
‘ General came in with a flag of truce, de-
‘ manding a suspension of arms, to settle
‘ terms for the evacuation of Portugal. About
‘ this time Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived; and
‘ when I joined on the 24th, I found the

‘ army about ten miles from Vimiera, where
‘ the action had been fought ; the negotiation
‘ was pending, but it was uncertain whether
‘ the French were serious, or only treating
‘ in order to gain time.

‘ The troops under me were forthwith dis-
‘ embarked ; but the coast was so unfavour-
‘ able, that it took up several days, and it was
‘ the 29th or 30th before they joined the
‘ army. We all marched forward on the 1st
‘ of September ; the Convention is concluded,
‘ and we are thus far on our way to Lisbon,
‘ which we shall take possession of as soon
‘ as the French are embarked.

‘ Sir Arthur Wellesley is undoubtedly an
‘ excellent officer, and nothing is more to be
‘ regretted than that, after he had com-
‘ menced his operations, he should have been
‘ interfered with ; it is particularly to be re-
‘ gretted that he *was* interfered with, and
‘ superseded.

‘ The spirit shown by the troops in the two
‘ actions with the French was quite charm-
‘ ing ; the French acknowledge it. What we

‘ are to do next is uncertain : the instructions
 ‘ from England do not, I believe, go beyond
 ‘ the possession of Portugal ; but other in-
 ‘ structions must soon arrive.

‘ Continue to write ; my love to Jane and
 ‘ James, and family, &c. &c.

‘ Always, my dear Mother, affectionately,

‘ J. MOORE.’

Sir John Moore to his Mother :—

‘ Queluz Camp, near Lisbon, Oct. 4th, 1808.

‘ My dear Mother,—This will go by the
 ‘ frigate which carries home Sir Hew Dal-
 ‘ rymple, who has been recalled to explain,
 ‘ and who has been directed to leave the
 ‘ command with Sir Harry Burrard. This
 ‘ we consider as a temporary arrangement,
 ‘ as no orders or instructions have come to
 ‘ Sir Harry. What great character will be
 ‘ sent from England, or what final arrange-
 ‘ ment will be made for the direction of this
 ‘ army, God knows. We are hourly in ex-
 ‘ pectation of receiving this from home : it
 ‘ would be lucky, if time, seasons, and events

‘ would keep pace, and wait the decisions
 ‘ of our ministers.

‘ I have had the pleasure to receive several
 ‘ letters from you,—the last was the 18th
 ‘ September. . . . I heard from Graham
 ‘ the 11th of July. . . . We expect to go
 ‘ from this soon ; but whether to the Asturias,
 ‘ Catalonia, or the centre of Spain, we know
 ‘ not. People at home have been more vio-
 ‘ lent about the Convention than is just ; it is
 ‘ bad enough. . . . I bless my stars I
 ‘ arrived late, and had no share in the glory,
 ‘ and as little in the Convention.

‘ I am glad to find by your letters that you
 ‘ are so well, and in such good spirits. You
 ‘ should continue to have at Cobham occa-
 ‘ sional parties with you ; they are necessary,
 ‘ and give the true relish for intervals of
 ‘ quiet ; few people can bear perfect retire-
 ‘ ment,—in general, it is neither the best nor
 ‘ the most amiable characters who can. My
 ‘ love to Jane.

‘ Always, my dear Mother, affectionately,

‘ JOHN MOORE.’

A paper given by Mrs. Moore to her daughter.

(No date, supposed to be written in July, 1809.)

‘ My dear Jane,—I am endeavouring as
‘ far as I am able, to submit to the will of
‘ God, and to trust in his mercy, that it is
‘ for my dear John’s eternal happiness that
‘ he has been snatched from this world: but
‘ my feelings are too strong for my reason,
‘ and I cannot bring my mind to be reconciled
‘ to his loss. And the new cause of anxiety
‘ for Graham will, I fear, be too powerful for
‘ me to support; and I confess to you, that
‘ my mind is what I think in greatest
‘ danger. I appear to have a constitution
‘ that can stand anything, but my spirits are
‘ gone, and I am a burden to myself; and
‘ I would receive it as a token of God’s mercy
‘ to be taken from this world. I know
‘ you would be shocked; but consider, my
‘ dear, what comfort you can expect of me
‘ after seventy-five, and with such a load of
‘ sorrow. If that event should happen before
‘ Graham’s return, I request of you not to

‘ leave Brook Farm. Have always a friend
‘ with you, but endeavour to amuse yourself
‘ in improving, and taking an interest in
‘ everything that can promise to be advan-
‘ tageous to your Brother. This is the duty
‘ pointed out to you, and the way to make
‘ yourself useful, and I hope your piety will
‘ support you in fulfilling it. Painful as life
‘ is to me, I would be contented to live some
‘ years longer for your sake, if I could be any
‘ comfort to you ; but my distresses have been
‘ too great for me to be able to support and
‘ preserve any degree of cheerfulness, and my
‘ dread at present is, living to be a burden
‘ upon you.

‘ August 6th, 1809.

‘ Soon after writing the inclosed, I had the
‘ inexpressible comfort to see my dear
‘ Graham return in health, and in the plea-
‘ sure of seeing him, my affliction was a little
‘ softened, and I was willing to encourage it ;
‘ and as far as in me lay, I have endeavoured
‘ to support myself by looking to the good
‘ children that remain, and to the many bless-

‘ ings in my lot, far above what I deserve.
‘ I feel that I ought to be grateful for my
‘ mercies, and to submit with patience and
‘ resignation to the Divine will. But it is my
‘ misfortune not to be able to act up to what
‘ I know is my duty. Every day adds to the
‘ sensibility of my loss, and I have no longer
‘ the power to make any exertion.

‘ A deep and profound melancholy has
‘ taken possession of my mind, and I find
‘ coming upon me what I have dreaded since
‘ the beginning, that my life should be length-
‘ ened for a distress; no comfort for my
‘ family.

‘ If, contrary to my fears, it should please
‘ God in his mercy to relieve me, it must be
‘ a satisfaction to you, my dear Jane, to think
‘ that my prayers have been heard, and that
‘ God Almighty has been graciously pleased
‘ to close a life which could never more
‘ know happiness in this world.

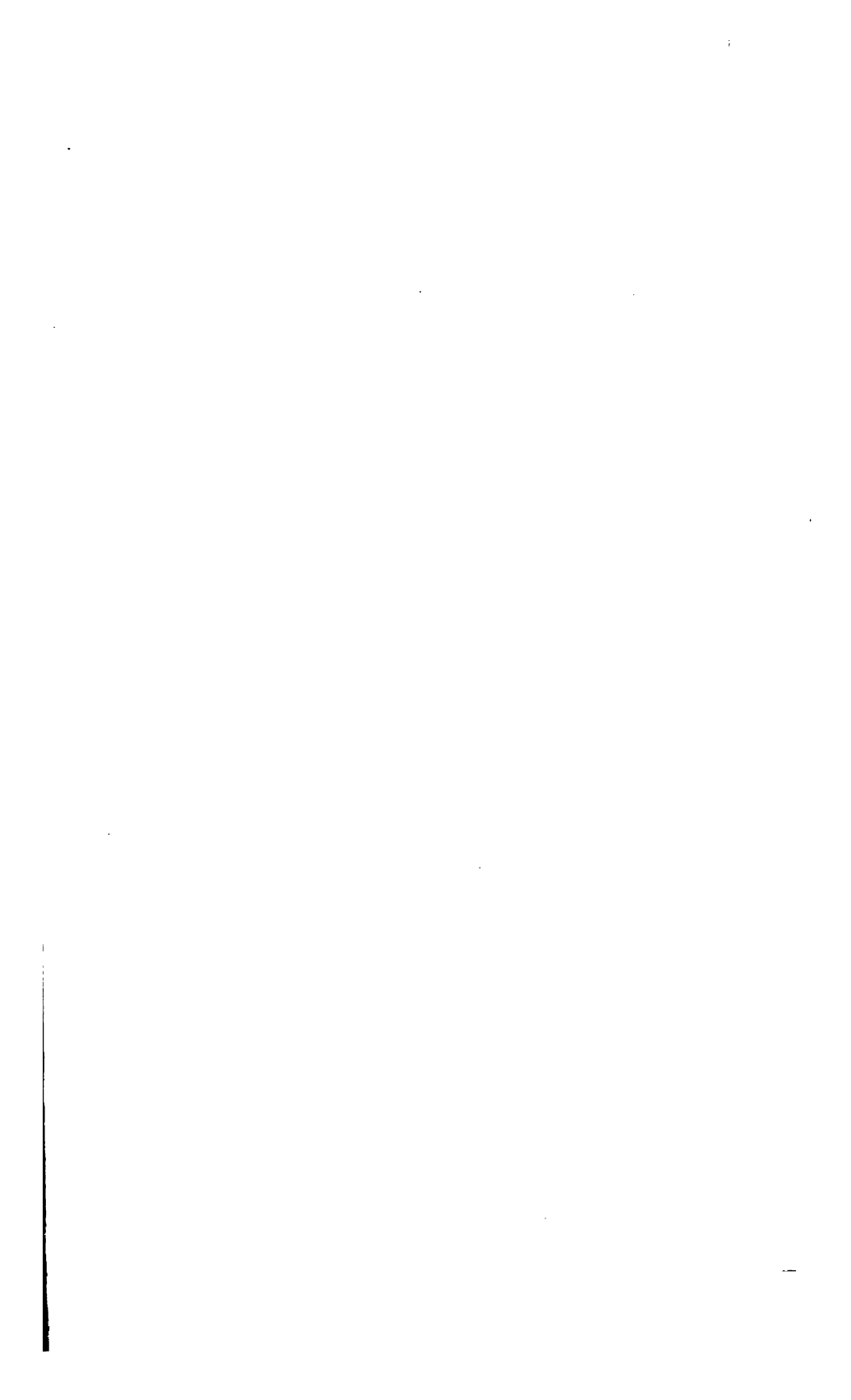
‘ I hope your dutiful and affectionate
‘ attention to me will be a source of conso-
‘ lation for you ; and I hope your mind will

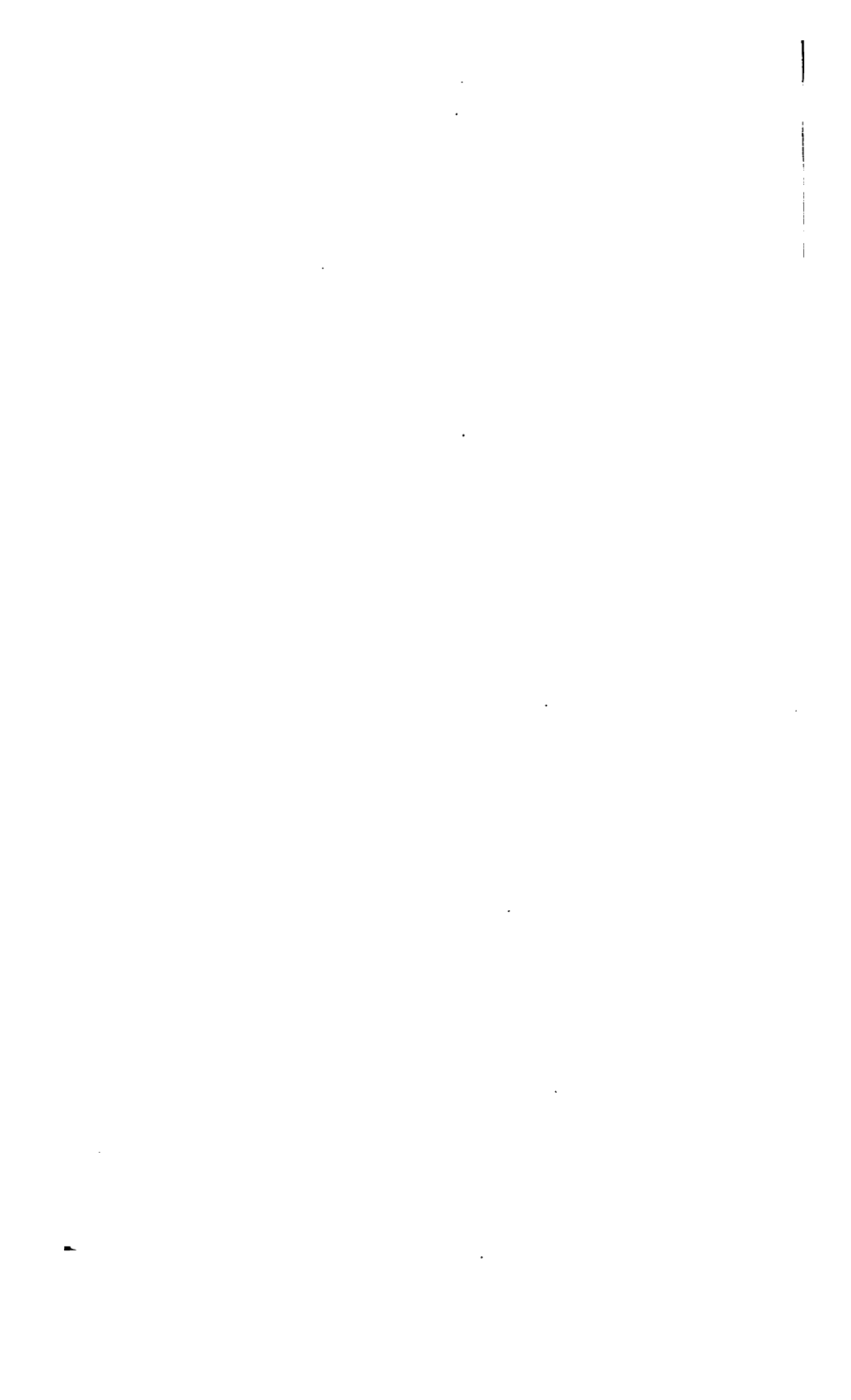
‘ be strengthened to bear up under the dis-
‘ tresses of this life, and that you will find
‘ support in the good that you are enabled
‘ to do : and your situation will admit of your
‘ living sociably with a few friends ; and I
‘ hope you will not seclude yourself, but in-
‘ dulge in the society of those friends whom
‘ you find your heart leads to, under the pro-
‘ tection of your brothers. I cannot have any
‘ fear that you will not receive every proof
‘ of kindness and affection from them. In
‘ that hope, and from every consideration, I
‘ will leave this world with joy ; conceiving that
‘ I no longer can be of either use or comfort
‘ to my children, whose happiness it has ever
‘ been the first wish of my heart to promote.’

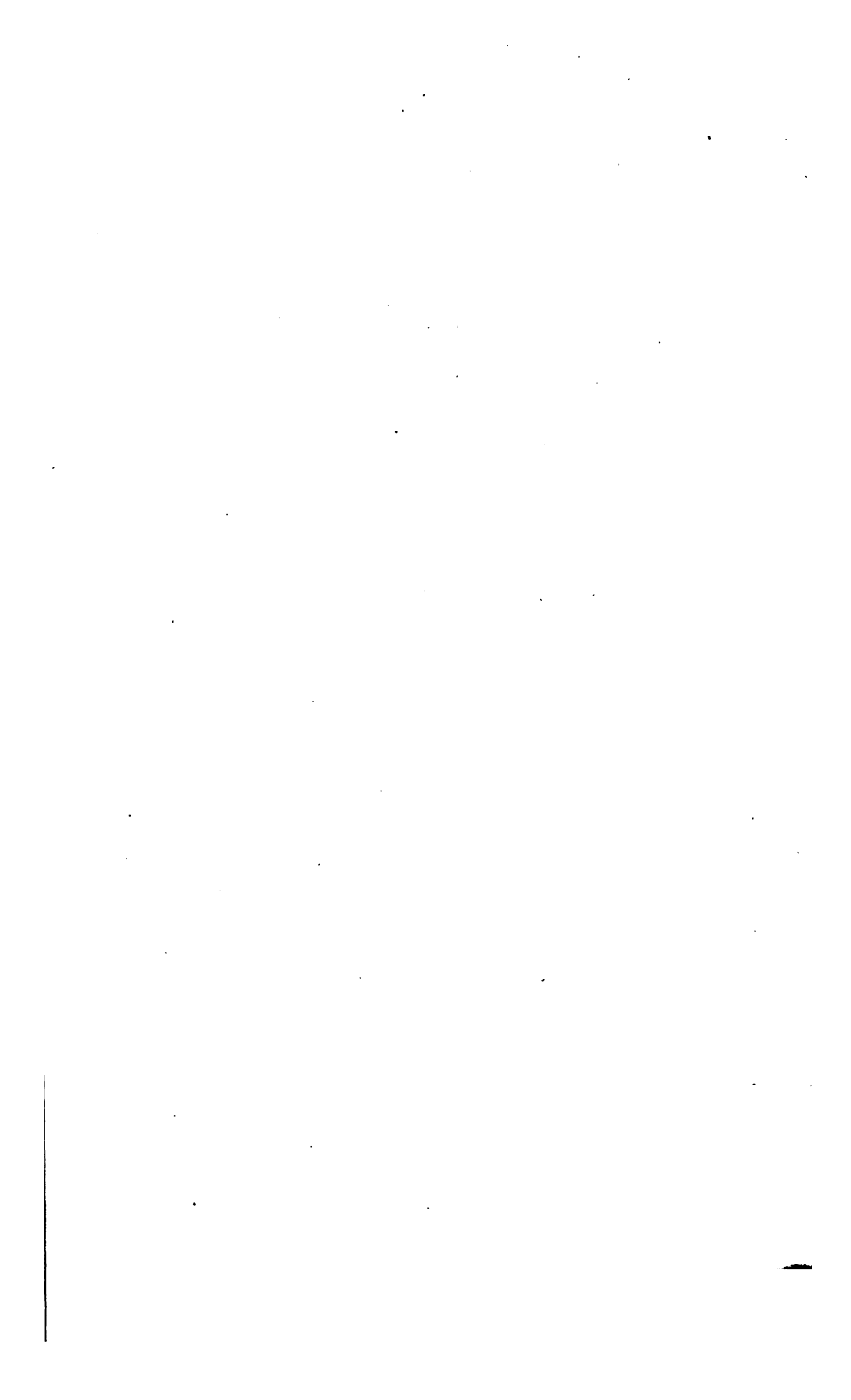
THE END.

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