

Sir, I am astonished at the blind credulity of Ministry--can they be so very simple as to trust to vague compliments against those decisive words of the Pacte de Famille, the Family Compact, "Qui attaque une couronne attaque l'autre;" (I translate for the country Gentlemen) whoever attacks one crown attacks the other.-----I know Count Almodovar--I was introduced to him by my old friend, Don Francisco Buccarelli:--I never shall forget dining with him at a kind of Table d'Hotes, in a tavern opposite the Escorial;--as chance would have it, many more illustrious characters dined with us that day; there was the Count, his wife's cousin, and myself, on one side of the table; --Count Cobentzel, and Baron Reidesdel (who were then on their travels) and Duke de Chartres (who had just come from Paris) sat opposite to us--Monsieur de Sartine (who come in the Duke's vis a vis) was at the foot of the table; and we put Buccarelli in the chair-----we had an excellent dinner--the wine was good--and we toasted the Madrid beauties in bumpers of Packeretti--however, I was not so far gone but I can very well remember what Almodovar whispered in my ear, while Cobentzel and Reidsdale were drinking Maxamilian Joseph of Bavaria's health. Colonel (says he) *Il alte se volto Estremadura che molto*--I won't translate it. I feel