

Latest European Intelligence.

PROCLAMATION.

SPAIN.

Oviedo, July 17, 1808.

"SPANIARDS!—The tyrant of France temporized with you, to increase the number of his slaves. His ambition, his absurd confidence, increased by the intrigues of a Vizier, and by those of a weak and perfidious Court, led to the project of the arrest of our august Monarch, that he might obtain possession of these dominions; and what tricks and abominations were not employed to deceive our young Prince, and to force him into ignominious slavery!—When he sought to promote the prosperity of his people, and the happiness of his beloved vassals, he met with opprobrium, sacrilegious treachery, the ruin of his subjects, a criminal compact written in characters of blood by parricides and traitors, a thousand enormities of which Nero was incapable, all which were deliberately concerted with a haughty Vandal, who meditated our destruction. Oh atrocious violation of the rights of society!

"Generous Charles! Thou who didst dedicate thy best days, those days which thou owedst to the well-being of thy people, in pursuing the wild beasts of thy forests, tell us, if amongst this savage race, thou hast found any so ferocious as the horrid monster to whom thou hast thoughtlessly sacrificed an innocent family, and a faithful nation, worthy the best affections of their Sovereign.

"By such infernal artifice, Napoleon already reckoned among his treasures the massive gold of Spain, and of her Indies; as if it were as easy to vanquish a people, as to seduce Kings, and to corrupt courtiers. But he is deceived, and most effectually is he cheated, by those who are conversant in the arts of deception. He has forgotten that we are both freemen and Spaniards since the 19th of March; a day of as much exultation to Spain, as it was of terror and alarm to the black eagles which presumed to fix their talons on the gates of our capital. Happy day, which you have converted to the desolation of your enemies!

"Look, oh Spain! down the horrible precipice that perfidy has excavated, and remember the exalted happiness and the immortal renown your enemies have prepared for you.

"Yes, Spain, with the energies of liberty, has to contend with France debilitated by slavery. If she remain firm and constant, Spain will triumph. A whole people is more powerful than disciplined armies. Those who unite to maintain the independence of their country, must triumph over tyranny. Spain will inevitably conquer in a cause the most just that has ever raised the deadly weapon of war; for she fights, not for the concerns of a day, but for the serenity and happiness of ages; not for an insulated privilege, but for all the rights of human nature; not for temporal blessings, but for eternal happiness; not for the benefit of one nation, but for all mankind, and even for France herself.

"Spaniards, elevate your natural courage by such sentiments; let every tyrant of the earth perish, rather than that you should submit to despotism and to impiety. To impiety!—Merciful God, let not your faithful people be exposed to such disgrace and infamy!

"Spaniards! Let every honest man arise in defence of his country; let your iron and brass be converted into thunderbolts of war; let all Spain become a camp; let her population become an armed host; above all, let your youths fly to the defence of the State, for the son should fall before the father appear in the ranks of battle; and you, tender mothers, affectionate wives, fair maidens, do not retain within your embraces the sweet objects of your love, until, from victory returned, they deserve your affection. They withdraw from your arms not to fight for a tyrant, but for their God, for a Monarch worthy the veneration of his people; and not only for these, but for yourselves and for your companions.

"Instead of regretting their departure, like the Spartan women, sing the song of jubilee; and when they return conquerors to your arms, then, and not till then, weave the laurel crown for their reception.

"The love of religion, of independence, and of glory, those noble passions, the preservers of great empires, penetrate into our inmost souls. Let us all swear, by the outrages suffered by our country, by the victims sacrificed on the 2d of May, by our own swords, bathed in the parricidal blood of the ferocious Napoleon, that we will inflict the punishment decreed by the God of Vengeance.

"And you, rich men, rendered selfish, not patriotic, by indulgence, do not continue in ignoble repose, but exert your means, that peace may be secured. If, debilitated by inactivity, you are incapable of enduring the fatigues of war, let your treasures supply the wants of the indigent, and the necessities of the defenders of their country. And you, ye venerable orders of religion, do not ye withhold the sums necessary for the support of the common cause.—Which is most precious, the gold of the mine, or the blood of man? If your civic virtue should not command the sacrifice, your mercenary interest will extort it. Your incorporation, sanctified by authority—your political existence, the possession of your property—your individual security—all depend upon the success of this war. Our independence cannot be resigned until these illustrious seminaries of sanctity and wisdom are surrendered—until these solid columns of religion and of the state tumble to the earth—until the public right shall be annihilated, and Spain itself subverted.

"Happy country! this day you receive from your favorite sons the most acceptable proofs of their tenderness and love, of their affection and gratitude, for the protection they have received from you through successive ages. To-day they return to you the riches they have received, for the splendor you have conferred, for your pious generosity, for your ardent zeal, in sustaining the religion and the customs of their ancestors—those customs originating in the sublime morality of the Gospel, within whose sacred vase is inclosed, and will lie for ever inclosed, the preservation of your empire, and the power of your monarchy. Rich men of every description! open your coffers and dis-

charge your duty to your country, and be confident that her ungrateful children will receive her anathema, and will not escape her vengeance!

"Spaniards! We all defend one common cause.—We all are passengers on board the ship Independence, which is already launched, and must either swim or sink, according as she is navigated by us. There is only one mean of salvation for us, and that is, that the whole nation, armed, hasten to exterminate the banditti by whom we are invaded, and to punish them for their atrocities. Warriors! present yourselves in the field of glory. I do not attempt to excite your valour; you are Spaniards, and, therefore, you are brave and honorable—but in one respect I may give you advice, although you are Spaniards. I recommend to you, in the name of your country, the most severe discipline, and the most implicit obedience to your Commanders. Without discipline, you can neither have an army or victory.—Without discipline, valor is useless, and numbers impotent. Discipline supplies every thing, and without her every thing must be deficient. Appreciate her then rightly, for alas! if you are conquered, you will become the contempt of nations, and the victims of tyranny. Do you see that these fierce pretenders rust upon us? They outrage, they lay waste, they destroy—nothing can satiate their ferocity. But, in your turn, you should become conquerors, let the martial spirit by which you are animated be restrained within the limits of reason and justice.—Let humanity, compassion, and beneficence be the device of your banners—above all, let not the name of Spaniard be stained by that iniquity and sacrilege which you detest in your enemies, and then your grateful country will confer upon you her abundant benefits, and your names will be engraved on the sublime edifice of Spanish independence. I may address you as conquerors, although you have not already vanquished. One province only, the cradle of heroes, the moment war was declared, filled the enemy with terror. Yes, Spaniards, from that happy instant the lion was attacked with a fever, from which he will never escape.

"The victory you are about to accomplish will establish an alliance between Spain and the most powerful, the most wise, and the most polished nation of the earth—with the only country which this second Machiavel could not seduce—Great-Britain. The alliance that the infamous traitor broke for our misery and ruin—that assassin of our nation—that devouring monster—whose immense rapine provided an asylum for our enemy—that alliance, Countrymen, has been generously restored by the only empire which has been able to maintain its honor and independence, and to which is reserved the lofty distinction of restoring enslaved Europe. Of what consequence then is the renowned power of Napoleon? The world itself depends upon the union of those two great nations.

E. P. G. D. C."

SPANISH OFFICIAL PAPERS.

Supplement to the Ministerial Gazette of Seville,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6.

BULLETIN.

Seville, July 6.—The Supreme Junta of this Capital makes known to the Public, that at this moment an extraordinary Courier has arrived from Murcia, with the following intelligence:

Most Serene Lord—This day, at two in the morning, our Most Illustrious Bishop received a Courier from the Supreme Junta of Valencia, with orders to communicate its contents to Cartagena, and Orihuela, which was accordingly done.—But preserving the original, I hold it a respect due to your Excellency to transmit to you a literal copy, which is as follows:

This Junta makes known to your Most Serene Junta with the greatest satisfaction, that Marshal Moncey having advanced with his army to the walls of this City, he made a spirited attack with his troops and batteries the fire from which was kept up for seven hours without intermission; but it was so completely answered by the most animated fire from this place, that on the following morning the enemy struck their tents with precipitation, and having marched in a vague direction the whole of yesterday, have this day made for the Royal Road of Almanza, with the remnant of their force, having left in the vicinity of this place a multitude of dead bodies. The roads are covered with wounded, crying aloud for their Officers and companions in arms, and for any means of self preservation. At this moment we are taking the most active measures to cut off the enemy's retreat, and to destroy them completely. We conclude with the expression of the most heart-felt congratulations of your Supreme Junta.

[A literal copy of the dispatch received by express from Granada, made known to the loyal and brave inhabitants of this place, for their encouragement and gratification, by order of the Supreme Junta.]

Seville, June 29.—Lieutenant-Colonel Don Juan de la Cruz Mourgen writes from Arongilla, on the 23d of the present month to the Lord Marquis of Coupigni, Commandant of the Vanguard, and to the Supreme Junta, the following account of the glorious engagement which took place with a party of the army of Dupont. At three in the morning of that day, Mourgen put himself in march, with the intention of occupying the advanced posts of Arongilla, with the Corps under his command, composed of the company of Walloon Guards, that of Baibastro, the Volunteers of Valencia, those of Campomayor; the Cavalry of the Prince, the Dragoons of the Queen, the Hussars of Oneiveir, of Berun, and the squadrons of Carmona. This column being put in order, proceeded by the caufeway of Aidea del Rius, and when he had advanced about three quarters of a league, Captain Don Joseph St. Martin informed him that he had discovered a part of the enemy. An attack was immediately ordered, but as it could not be executed on account of the enemy betaking themselves to flight, it was resolved to cut them off by taking another course. St. Martin marched a circuitous way, supported by a party of the Campomayor, under the command of a Sub-Lieutenant of the same, Don Cayetano de Miranda, and the cavalry under his command; the Hussars of Olivenza and Bourbon, the strength of which was twenty-one horse. With these

he passed to the post-house of St. Cecilia. On going out of that place he had a view of the enemy, who were formed in order of battle, in the confidence that St. Martin with his small party, however brave, would not dare to attack them. That Officer, however, regarding only the orders of his superiors, placed his troops in order of battle, and attacked with such intrepidity, that he completely routed the enemy, leaving on the field a great number of dragoons dead, and taking many others prisoners, whom, though wounded, they brought in on their own horses, the Officer and the remaining soldiers having fled in such terror, they threw away their helmets. They left behind them 15 excellent horses. The remainder were killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Mourgen ordered a retreat, observing that a reinforcement of 300 horse was coming to the enemy. The Lieutenant of the Cavalry of the Prince Don Carlos Lanzaotte was in consequence, ordered to support St. Martin on the Caufeway. The Dragoons of the Queen were, at the same time, ordered to advance on the right, under the command of Captain Don Joseph de Torres.

The reserve of the column of Don Joseph Boonyi, Captain Commandant of the Company of Chasseurs of the Walloon Guards, was added, with orders to take a position to cover the baggage and ammunition. With this operation they were satisfied, and retired in the best order.

St. Martin has passed the most distinguished eulogium on all his corps, particularly on the Sergeant of the Hussars of Olivenza, Pedro de Marras, and on the Chasseur of the same, Juan de Dios, who, at his own imminent danger, saved the life of the Sergeant of Cavalry, Bourbon Antonio Romos, and of a soldier of the same regiment, named Ignacio Alorizo. Those, who fled in this manner, are the boasted conquerors of Jena and Austerlitz.

Intelligence received by "The Diary" of Badajoz, of the 28th June.

Yesterday, at nine in the evening, the most excellent Captain-General of this Province received the following information:—

Sofia, June 18.—It appears that GOD declares for our cause, and that our Generalissimo, the VICE-ROYS OF PEARL, is inclined to give us a positive demonstration of her patronage. Besides the French who fell in the combats of Tudela, Balien, Gallus, and Arragon, who amounted to five or six thousand, there remained twelve thousand who were to have entered Saragossa on the day of Corpus Christi, according to their orders, which were to effect their entrance, though the last man should fall in the attempt. But, by a miracle of the VICE-ROYS, the last battle was given in the garden of Saragossa, within cannon shot of the city. The enemy were all put to the sword, and not one remained to tell the story of their destruction. The Arrogonesse fought like furies, and went so far as to throw away their muskets and fight with sabres. They took 400 horses and 27 carts of ammunition. Our loss has been considerable; but, in contests of such a nature, victory cannot be otherwise obtained. But the triumph obtained is beyond all counterpoise. It is therefore communicated for the satisfaction of the public. By command of the Junta,

ANTONIO BERTON, Secretary.

FROM THE CORUNNA DIARY, JULY 23.

On the 19th inst. arrived at the port of Vivero, in an English frigate, Don Joachim Freure, a Lieutenant in the Navy, one of the Deputies who were sent to his Britannic Majesty. He set off immediately for this Town, and arrived here on the morning of the 20th.

At the same time an English frigate and sloop of war entered this harbour; they saluted the forts; which returned the honor with 21 guns. They had on board a Deputation from Great-Britain to the Government of Galicia, consisting of Sir Arthur Wellesley and four Colonels. At one o'clock, the General and Colonels arrived at the Mole, amidst an immense concourse of people, who incessantly shouted—"Long live the King of Great-Britain." At four o'clock in the afternoon, by order of the Government, a Deputation, consisting of the Governor of this Garrison, Don Miguel Blanes, Auditor, &c. Marquis de St. Miguel, and Senior de la Penela, went on board the frigate in which the Envoy from his Britannic Majesty arrived.—Having exchanged the most sincere congratulations of the strict union and alliance now existing between the two nations, the whole of them landed amidst repeated discharges of artillery. The party then proceeded to the Palace, where the Members of the Government had assembled, and the Envoy from his Britannic Majesty was received in great state. On the same evening the following note was addressed to the Clergy of the different parishes:—

"This city, in order to manifest its generous gratitude to the English nation, grants permission for a general illumination, to commence at nine o'clock this evening, and communicates the necessary information to your Reverence, in order that you may contribute, on your part, to so honorable a festival, by giving orders that all the bells be rung, and for a longer time than is usual in such cases."

During the illumination and ringing of the bells, the Members of the Government and the British Envoy paraded the streets, attended by a vast concourse, accompanied by a band of music, and escorted by a body of troops.—He afterwards went on board his ship. He landed again on the following morning, amidst repeated discharges of artillery, and on entering the house appropriated to his residence, a company of the royal corps of artillery, with their colours, was stationed to keep guard before it.

Benevento, July 15.—This morning our brave warriors entered this place covered with glory. It is at present impossible to give a detailed and circumstantial account of all that took place in the oblique and sanguinary battle of yesterday, but in the mean time we can assure the public, that the enemy received a severe chastisement, and that our army required eternal renown. What was not performed by the Prince's grenadiers, and the volunteers of Navarre, Toledo, and Balastro! What spirit, valour, and presence of mind did they not display! They set the grape shot at defiance, and rushed with pleasure into the midst of the greatest danger. The first corps carried, at the point of the bay-