

portmanteaus sealed, and our passports did not describe us to be merchants. I was surprised to find a few paces from this post in the middle of the road a heap of dirt, upon which lay a dead carcass; but presently a broad road between lofty houses with an infinity of balconies, churches, and convents engaged my whole attention.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

LETTER XXVIII.

Situation of Madrid.—Its Divisions and Population.—Its Architecture, Streets, and Squares.—Description of a Street crowded with People.—The Square called la Puerta del Sol.—Posting Bills.—Pedlars, Hucksters, &c.—Diversified Multitude.—Noon and Afternoon.—Girls.—Criers.—Evening.—Detached Scenes.

Madrid.

MADRID is situated in the centre of Spain and on all sides almost equally distant from the sea. It stands higher than any other town, on an unequal plain, at some distance from the river Manzanares. It presents three principal views, the one toward the road to San Sebastian, a second from the heights before the gate of Alcalà, and the third from a hill before the port of Segovia. They have all different characters, but the last appears to me the finest. It is from thence, that the city is seen in its greatest extent; to the eastward the gardens of the Retiro, the Prado, and the other plantations on the bank of the river, to the westward the new palace, the rows of trees along the river, and some country-houses. The eye then pursues the course of the Manzanares with its bridges and canals, and in the distance

distance appear the lofty mountains of Guadarrama covered with snow.

Madrid forms an irregular square, of which two sides look toward the river, and the other two to the country. The town is surrounded by a wall of no great thickness, but tolerably high, and built of mud. It is easy to walk round it in three hours and a half. A line drawn from the *Puerta de Fuencarral* to that of *Toledo* divides the city in two parts lengthways, and the distance is an hour and a quarter. Another line drawn from the *Puerta de Alcalà* to that of *Segovia* divides the city transversely, and is a walk of nearly three quarters of an hour. According to the last accounts by Lopez, in his *Geografía moderna*, the number of inhabitants, excepting the garrison, the hospitals, and children, amounts to 130,980 occupying 7100 houses, and it contains 77 churches 44 monasteries and 31 convents. Most of the churches and monasteries are not detached buildings, but adjoining to other edifices.

The old houses are almost all of wood, but the new ones of granite, which is brought from a distance of sixteen or eighteen leagues. The old houses rarely exceed four stories, but the new have five or six. The former are decorated with paintings representing bull-fights, dancers, &c. in which the ancient costume is displayed. The others are quite simple, and almost all painted yellow. The

old windows are high and narrow, the balconies small, the frontispieces projecting, but the new are quite the contrary, they are all in the Italian style, but there is no scarcity of images of saints, crucifixes, and madonnas.

This mixture of old and new buildings is particularly striking in places remarkable for their magnificence or deformity: thus for instance in the street of *Alcalá*, or near the custom-house, which is a superb edifice, you find an old mean building, and opposite to it awkward unsightly erections; and in the street called *Strada de la Concepcion* are several magnificent edifices by the side of others, that resemble old barracks. The street of *Alcalá*, the *Red de San Luis*, the street of *San-Hieronimo* are undeniably the finest and most animated, but they are disfigured by many old buildings; the streets of *Toledo*, *Segovia*, and the *Calle-mayor* with its low arcades consist in great measure of old and displeasing buildings, though here and there we find a few new and tolerably regular edifices. In the first of these streets are even some waste spots. The celebrated square of *Puerta del Sol* is decorated on one side by the great and magnificent building of the post-office called *el Correo*, but the two others are full of disgusting old houses, two of which were till lately shored up, though they are at last pulled down; and as for the *Plaza mayor*, descriptions of which are everywhere to be found, to admire it

we must forget the fine squares of other capitals. But all comparisons apart, a square closed on all sides, and destitute of every prospect, does not appear to me calculated to embellish a great city. However, as I am not giving you a topographical description of Madrid, I shall refer you to the map sold here by every printseller, and to which the following work serves as a key; "Madrid a la vista, o descripción general compendiosa que muestra quantos templos, fundaciones religiosas, quarteles, barrios, manzanas, calles, casas, edificios, tiendas, y operarios contiene, arreglado el dia 10 de Diciembre de 1797." This map is superior to the copy of it in Bourgoanne on account of the names that have been added, as well as of its neater execution; and the work, which is closely printed, contains the most modern accounts, more particularly those of Ponz in his travels, and of Lopez in his description of the province of Madrid.

Let us now take a view of one of the most animated streets, as for instance the Red de San-Luis. What a varied crowd! what a confusion of sounds! Women in black and veiled, men in long cloaks, water-carriers, fruit-sellers, magnificent equipages, dusty diligences, light calefas, waggons drawn by mules and groaning under an enormous weight, a multitude of asses with their pack-saddles and bells, and herds of goats, with peasants going from door to door to milk them.

Further on blind musicians singing their tornadillas or popular songs, and alguazils crying the orders of police, a crowd of gallegos or porters, processions of chaplets, guards following the drum, or confraternities escorting a funeral and singing psalms, the tinkling of bells at all the neighbouring churches, and lastly the solemn procession of the *venerabile* or host, when the bells of the children of the choir being heard, every one kneels down, all tongues are silent, and all hats off, all the carriages stop, and the tumultuous mass seems instantaneously petrified; but two minutes are scarcely elapsed before the accustomed clangor is renewed.

In the centre of Madrid, a spot which is used as a place of assemblage by all the inhabitants, and as a general rendezvous by all persons of business, is the square I have already mentioned, called *La Puerta del Sol* (or Sun-gate), in which the most frequented streets terminate, as the Red de San-Luis, the Calle-mayor, and that of San-Hierónimo.

The public squares are used throughout Spain as promenades and places of assemblage. The small towns and even the villages are not without such an open space, which is generally in front of the church. It is there the Spaniards recreate themselves after their labours, or enjoy the warmth of the sun in winter, and even those who scarcely ever quit the town regularly resort there. From
this

this you may easily conceive the appearance of such a spot in the centre of the metropolis.

It has struck eleven, and a troop of officers of the guard with brilliant accoutrements, monks in black cloaks, charming women in veils embroidered with gold holding the arms of their *cortejos*, and a party-coloured crowd of all kinds wrapped up in their cloaks, pour from every street to read the advertisements and posting-bills (*noticias sueltas*): "To-day there will be a sermon and music at the Franciscans; there will be an opera and such and such plays: to-morrow there will be a bull-fight, or the novena of San Felipo commences: Lost yesterday at the Prado a little girl, and this morning a chaplet: Stolen three days ago such and such a jewel; if it has been taken through want, and if the thief will restore it by his confessor, he shall receive a handsome reward: The day after to-morrow will be sold by auction a large crucifix, an image of the Madona, and a nacimiento (or case containing the infant Jesus with the two other persons of the trinity in wood, plaster, &c.) This evening the procession of the rosary will set out about eight o'clock."

Meanwhile the square is constantly filling, so that it becomes very difficult to pass. Here are criers of journals stunning the passengers with their noise, people reading the gazette for a quarto (a farthing), wallon and swiss guards offering goods

goods for sale, hackney-coaches plying for fares, old clothemen, cobblers, sharpers, sellers of images and cigars, and hucksters of all kinds tormenting the passengers; there a numerous circle crowd round an ingenious memorialista or notary, a very profitable occupation and abounding in every street, for nothing is to be obtained by verbal applications even to a passport, for which a *memorialito* must pass through an infinity of offices; and there a lotto with a dial to be pulled, next him a juggler with dancing monkeys, and farther on goods selling by auction; women ogling the passengers also mingle in the crowd, while capuchins with long beards parade with gravity and solemnity. Here you are attacked by a couple of ballad-fingers, and there annoyed by an importunate beggar; to all which is added the noise of carriages and calefas, and of the neighbouring fountain re-echoing with the loud hallooing voices of the water-carriers.

This place is far more noisy still on Sundays and holidays, when crowds of people are flocking to the neighbouring churches. It is the fashion to pass these days in the square, and many a fair who has missed her lover at church is sure to find him here. The groups then crowd upon each other to the very gates of the church, and every one appears in his best apparel.

But

But it strikes *one*, and the crowd disappears; the porters range themselves near the houses to sleep the *fiesta* or eat their dinner; all the shops are shut, at the corners of the streets the hucksters cover their stalls and stretch themselves beside them on the pavement, the place is cleared, the most noisy streets are quite deserted and dead, and a solitary passenger is rarely seen. But no sooner do the bells ring for vespers, than all is life again, and at four o'clock the place is crowded anew.

At this time ladies of easy access issue forth from their retreats, spreading on all sides, and no modest woman dares be seen abroad without her *cortejo* or her *duenna* and frequently both. The former is the same as a *cicilbeo*, of whom I shall speak hereafter. The latter was formerly a severe governess or guardian of the wife paid by the husband, and frequently chosen from among his relations, but now a mere lady's maid. The women I was speaking of however are free from this slavery. Their light and bold walk, their short and fluttering petticoats, of which the long and transparent fringe exposes to view at every step a delicate and beautiful leg, those enticing veils which rather display than conceal their charms, their large nosegays, and the coquettish play of their fans, characterize these dangerous
fiyrens.

fyrens. A word or a look, however curfory, suffice to produce an assignation, which is afterwards settled more at leisure in some neighbouring street.

The first-rate demireps, who still keep up external appearances, generally take with them a little girl eight or ten years old, who serves as their duenna, and, proud of their charms, they wait till due homage is paid them. Those of the second class, who go alone, use less reserve; they smile with grace, and employ the most seducing allurements they possess.

At this time come the venders of cool water (*aguadores*) crying "Agua fresca! agua fresquita! quien bebe? quien quiere? Aora viene de la fuente!" "Cool water, nice cool water! Who drinks? who wants any water, just fresh from the fountain?" These men carry on their shoulders a large stone pitcher fastened on with leather thongs, and keep goblets in tin vessels to drink out of: it is sold at a farthing the glass. Also orange-girls (*naranjeras*) crying "Naranjas, naranjas! dos por tres quartos! por tres quartos dos!" "Oranges, oranges! two for three farthings, for three farthings two!" The flower-girls (*roseras*) "Tome vñ! tome vñ! señorito, señorita! tres por un quarto! que hermosas! que ricas! el manajo un quarto! que hermosas yo las tengo." "Take
some,

some, take some, dear fir! dear madam! three for a farthing! how beautiful! how rich! a farthing a handful! how beautiful they are!" The chaise-drivers (*caleferos*) "Un calefin, señor? quantos asientos? tome vñ. que calefin y que caballo yo tengo! vamos señor! una buelta al canal o adonde vñ quiera." "A chaise, fir! how many seats? come, fir! what a chaise, and what a horse are mine! come, fir, a turn to the canal, or wherever you please." The news-venders "Gazeta nova, gazeta nova! No tengo mas que media dozena. Quien quiere la ultima gazeta? Tome vñ la ultima que tengo." "The new gazette, the new gazette! I have only half a dozen left. Who will have the last gazette? Take it, fir, the last I have." And lastly the beggars "Señor, una limosina! por Maria santissima! una limosina a este pobrecito, que no puede ganar! una limosina por los dolores de Maria santissima!" "Sir, your charity, for the love of the holy virgin! your charity to a poor man that cannot work! your charity, by the pains of the holy virgin!" Then by degrees the various equipages go to the theatres or the Prado, and on all sides company in chariots, on mules, and on borricos. At length it is twilight, the bells ring for the angelus, the lamps are lighted before the madonas and in the houses, while the wine-sellers and lemonade-sellers light up their

their shops, and everywhere are seen little tables with french rolls and paper lanterns. "Que ricos! que tiernecitos! que blanditos!" "How rich! how fresh! how soft!" The noise of the passengers, the rumbling of carriages increases every moment, and the whole square is full of people. Here guitars and voleros are heard, there a ballad-singer fingering the last new ballad and stories of men hanged, then a vigorous copper-coloured missionary preaching to a penitent populace, while his audience are appointing assignments.

A third class of courtezans are now in full display, all having now left their hovels and garrets; and having fortified their courage in some tippling house (botelleria), they advance in high spirits into the square. "Ah hijo de mi alma!" exclaim they, throwing their arms round the neck of the first man they meet, and covering his mouth with kisses, "Como va? como te hallas, querido? Quieres ver mi quartito? Saves que tengo una camita? No se ha visto camita semejante!" To which they add gestures that would make you blush even in the dark. And yet these women are frequently not destitute of wit and talents, and often have their heads full of verses which they recite. These scenes take place at the corner of the post-house

house (*el correo*) and of the Red de San-Luis, till the procession of the rosary with its lanterns, or the guard from the corps-de-garde, disperses them for a few moments.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

LETTER XXIX.

Promenades of Madrid.—The Prado.—Its first Appearance.—Irrigation.—Equipages.—Contrasts.—Description of the Promenade in Carriages.—Animated Appearance of the Multitude.—The Angelus.—The Evening.—Walks at Buen Retiro.—Passeo de las Delicias.—Other Promenades on the west Side of the City.—Environs in general.

Madrid.

LET us now take a view of the promenades of Madrid. We will begin by the most celebrated, namely the Prado (pronounce Pra-o).

The Prado is a walk about three quarters of an hour long and is situated almost at the extremity of the town, which it intersects from the gate of the Recoletos to that of Atocha. The walks here are likewise intersected by the street of San Hieronimo, that of the Jardin Botanico, and that of Atocha. Its entrance and first division from the Puerta de Recoletos as far as the street of Alcala is narrow, having only one avenue of trees running along beside the great street, and at the extremity is a superb fountain, whither people rarely go. The second part, from the street of Alcala to that of San Hieronimo, has in the middle a broad avenue that follows the road furnished with

with benches and adorned with an antique fountain. The third part from the street of San-Hierónimo to that of the jardin botanico is narrower, and has only two avenues on the sides which inclose the road between them and a fountain at each end. The fourth part from the street of the jardin botanico to that of Atocha pursues the same line along the fosse, and at the end is another fountain. Independently of the principal entry which intersects the whole Prado there is another on the right side, both lined with houses and gardens.

The first appearance of the Prado beginning from the calle de Alcalà is very grand; the breadth of the street, the palaces, the monasteries with their terraces, and the other edifices, all of fine architecture, the view of the magnificent gate to which one of the avenues leads, the four rows of large tufted trees, and the superb fountains of marble, all these objects produce a very striking effect. The same may be said of the view from the street of San-Hieronimo, which presents at its entrance a palace, a magnificent hospital, and two superb monasteries, and in front the royal residence of Buen Retiro. The third point of view from the street of the jardin botanico is more confined, and has nothing in it remarkable. That from the calle de Atocha is extremely animated, and the eye plunges into a long avenue extending as far as the monastery of San-Thomas.

The

The embellishment of the Prado, as is well known, was the work of the Conde de Aranda. The soil opposed the greatest obstacles to such plantations, but these have been overcome by means of an artificial irrigation, effected at a very considerable expense. For this purpose small canals a foot in breadth and depth have been cut among the trees, and are every day supplied from the fountains. Round each tree is a small circular fosse, in which the water is retained, till it mounts high enough to run off into the next canal. Thus the trees, which are mostly elms and chestnuts, continually preserve their verdure.

The clock strikes four and the fiesta is past. The walks of the Prado are watered, the venders of sweetmeats and oranges appear, the chaise-drivers arrange their calefas, the walkers are dispersed up and down the avenues, coaches pass to occupy the middle road and gradually become numerous, the dragoons appointed to keep order arrive at their post, the files of carriages begin to form, growing longer and longer every moment, and presently hundreds of them begin to move gently along, while the middle is filled with gentlemen on horseback.

Nothing can be more interesting than this sight is rendered by the novelty of the scene. It is here, that equipages of all kinds are displayed in the most ancient and most modern tastes, from the chariot of parade to the most miserable fiacre. This forms
a most

a most singular contrast both in individuals and in the general appearance of the whole. Here we see an elegant vis-a-vis drawn by a pair of decrepit mules with halters on their heads and harnessed with cords, there fine courfers with english accoutrements drawing a heavy gothic coach, a troop of powdered lacqueys and a dirty coachman in a grey cloak, the most ridiculous assemblage of colours in the liveries, and the strangest paintings and grotesque shapes together with a profusion of vulgar gilding and other ornaments; in short a barbarous mixture of every thing the most discordant. I will venture to assert, that among near two hundred carriages, that passed in review before us, we did not observe ten that were tolerable, or such as may be seen in the great capitals of Germany, as for instance at Berlin, and above all, there were not twenty drawn by horses, mules being generally preferred, because they bear fatigue better. In addition to this there is suspended behind each carriage a small painted foot-stool to be placed under the step when the company choose to get out.

The appearance of the company within is no less interesting. They are indeed very completely seen; because the side pannels are taken out or formed of glass. The veil, the *basquiña* petticoat; and in a word the whole spanish costume have now disappeared; the ladies vie with each other in the fashion and

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adjustment

adjustment of their dress, they are all transformed into Greeks, and the nudities for which the climate is an excuse are authorised by the examples of their models.

What vivacity! what art! what a struggle to attract attention, to bow to one another, to be observed, and to make mutual signs! Young girls with their duennas, belles with their cortejos, old dukes with their confessors, nurses with their children, priests with pampered faces, officers full of impudence, old mummies of duchesses, and young children playing! But how shall I pourtray a moving picture, that changes every moment? Here are lacqueys running to perform their masters' orders, company on foot going up to the carriages to say sweet things to the ladies, some carriages quitting the rank, and replaced by others; there a restive mule disturbing the whole train, the dragoons prancing on all sides, people on horseback crossing, beggars and fruit-sellers following the carriages, and no object remaining a single moment in the same posture.

The feats, which extend from the botanic garden to the other end of the Prado, are all occupied by the particoloured crowd of spectators, as well as the chairs in the principal avenue, which swarms with people walking. The lateral avenues of Buen Retiro, and the green sward at the upper end are equally full. The water-carriers go crying out
along

along the middle of the avenues, the patroles silently walk along them. The people on foot return gaily from the promenade, the whole Prado resounds with a kind of buzzing murmur, and if the veils of the women and the men's cloaks admitted of more variety, it would be completely charming.

But twilight at length comes on, the bells ring for the angelus, when the whole company become as fixed as statues, and every carriage stops. The prayer being finished, they again begin to move, and carriages obstruct every street. At this hour the tertullas commence, and the Prado begins to be more tranquil; but this voluptuous obscurity, the magic play of the moon's shadows, the balmy odours of the botanic garden, and the harmonious sounds of guitars still detain the foreigner, till the deepening shades and a universal calm induce him to retire.

There is another promenade in the neighbourhood of the Prado, the garden of Retiro, that vast but uninteresting palace, so well known to all the world. Although this garden daily falls off, yet it still retains some charms. Its elevated situation, which commands a part of the Prado, the town, and neighbouring country, its pure and refreshing air, its fine avenues of trees and pleasing groves, a large sheet of water, and several smaller basins, the

shady mall, and a superb menagerie of foreign animals, the great porcelain manufactory, and the artificers' dwellings every night attract a great deal of company, who sometimes crowd each other much in the walks along the waterfide and the great mall.

It is the first class that principally frequents this garden, because an entire freedom in dress prevails there, and more particularly because the women are obliged, by an ancient order of Count Aranda which is rigorously observed, to unveil on entering. Hence the fashions and changes of dress may here be viewed at once. As to the men, they are also subject to a particular law, which however is by no means oppressive, that of taking off their hats for a few moments when they enter the garden, which the sentinels are so attentive to enforce, that to every stranger who is ignorant of this usage they call out, "Señor a la entrada se quita el sombrero". "On entering here, sir, you must take off your hat."

There is a third promenade, formed by the avenues of trees, extending from the gate of Atocha to the Manzanares, called *El paseo de las delicias*, one of which leads directly by the bridge over the canal to the river; the other turns off to the right, crosses the fields, and again joins the former near the canal. The trees, which are well kept up, are
lofty

lofty and tufted, and the place commands a view of a rich and verdant plain watered by an infinity of small fosses.

Both persons of fashion and the common people frequent this promenade, the former before they go in their carriages to the Prado, the latter on Sundays. The principal object is to breathe a cooler and purer air. Hence carriages are always seen waiting, while the company are walking in the great meadow that runs along the Manzanares. This last promenade is crowded, especially on Sundays, with persons of every description, who pass the afternoon in dancing, eating, and playing at pelota, and other games.

There is another very agreeable avenue, before you arrive at the gate of Atocha, turning to the left at the end of the Prado: it leads to a carthusian monastery. But this walk is rather solitary, and it is only when the number of carriages at the Prado is very great, that the ranks extend hither, and that but very rarely.

Out of the gate to the left you pass before some very fine gardens, which are full of vegetables, and each watered by a kind of chain pump, and a thick shady avenue leads along the edge of the fields to the gate of Alcalà. The scenery here is pleasant and rural, consisting of farms, sheep at pasture, husbandmen guiding the plough, and the great road, which is full of passengers and carriages.

These are the promenades to the eastward: I shall now describe the western parts out of the gate called la Puerta de Segovia.

Before traversing the superb bridge, which is worthy of a finer river, the traveller may turn to the right along an avenue of trees leading to the palace of Prado. To the left he will see the copse of the Manzanares, near which upon a height is the new royal palace. However various may be the judgments of architects relative to that as yet unformed mass, all agree that in this point of view it produces a disagreeable effect. A dead wall in ruins with a few houses of no great appearance rising above it, a mean gate, and a dirty sandhill, are not the embellishments we expect to adorn the approaches to a building intended for the residence of the first personages of the state.

But let us pursue our route, which now leaves the Manzanares. The road is enlivened by fine gardens on both sides, and the scenery is pleasing and rural. Here and there are chapels, farms, houses of rustic entertainment, and we breathe the pure air from the Guadarrama mountains.

To return home we descend into the valley, where a small river runs in various narrow channels. In this part are seen several delightful groves, and on the banks of the different channels an infinity of washerwomen, each having her separate washing place, where they extend their linen in summer,
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and all the neighbourhood is full of huts for washing and places for drying clothes. But without seeing the spot it is impossible to form an idea of the tumultuous chattering of so many washerwomen assembled together.

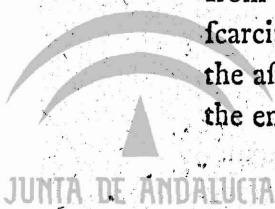
The back part of this avenue, which is bounded by several meadows, serves on Sundays as a place of assembly and of recreation for the middling class who inhabit the western part of the capital, at which times the whole plain is covered with people taking their refreshments on the turf, playing at pelota or at cards, and dancing boleros.

To the left of the gate of Segovia we soon come to a pleasant road leading to fertile fields and commanding a view of the cultivated hills to the right beyond the Manzanares. This road insensibly ascends, and to the left are seen some tippling houses, where the soldiers of the swiss regiments are accustomed to assemble to play at different games. All languages are heard there, but the German is most prevalent, and the sides of the road are seldom without spectators.

Farther on to the right are a still greater number of rural houses of entertainment. Those who go there to drink, sit along the road or under arbours shaded with branches of fir, where they gaily pour libations to the god of wine. But presently the Manzanares and neighbouring banks are again discovered, then the magnificent bridge of Toledo,
and

and in the distance the vineyard houses, which join the farthest of the washerwomen's huts. Proceeding still in a straight line we come again to the *passeo de las delicias*, of which I have already given you a description.

By this sketch you will perceive that most of the environs of Madrid are not so naked or so dreary, as they were perhaps thirty years ago. To the northward and eastward also are fields mostly cultivated, and by degrees the inhabitants will level the banks of sand and of calcareous earth that still remain. When we reflect on the difficulties arising from a barren soil, a burning climate, and the scarcity of water, we cannot sufficiently applaud the assiduity and zeal bestowed by government on the embellishment of the metropolis.



Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

LETTER XXX.

The Climate.—Its Variability.—Its Heat.—Precautions necessary.—The Cold during Winter.—Prevalent Diseases.—Physicians.—The State of Medicine in general.—Provisions.—Markets.—Mode of Life of the higher and lower Orders.—Prices of Provisions.—Bread.—Water.—Water-carriers wholesale and retail.—Botellerias.—Wine.—Beer.—Coffee-houses.—Taverns.—Private-Houses.—Price of Boarding.

Madrid.

THE climate of Madrid is peculiarly variable and subject to sudden changes from one extreme to the other. The cold is no less severe in winter than the heat is oppressive in summer; nor is it uncommon to see the wind in all the four quarters during a single morning. Yet the air is in general very light and very pure. The Spanish physicians account for all the peculiarities of the climate from the elevated situation of Madrid, its distance from the sea, the vicinity of the mountains, and the vast extent of the plains.

The heat, especially during the dog days, is so extreme, that we seem to be breathing fire, and yet within doors the inhabitants have the art of keeping their houses cool. They are all fitted up on the outside with venetian blinds and curtains, and

within with shutters; the floors, which are of tile, are continually watered, all the balconies have cloth coverings, and the doors are constantly open. The Spanish architects establish it as a rule to build the rooms very high and very long, to make few windows, but as many doors as possible, and these always corresponding with each other. They who have many apartments remove from one to another according to the time of day, but those whose circumstances do not admit of this luxury disperse themselves through the kitchen and passages, at the house-door, &c. They make no ceremony of throwing off their clothes, yet no one quits his labour. All the other occupations of the day go on as usual, the great square, the theatre, the Prado, the tertullas, and the tippling houses are filled as usual, only the fiesta is prolonged, people drink more frequently, and sit up a part of the night. It is only when the solano blows, during which the air we breathe seems liquid fire, that the streets appear less frequented even at other hours than the fiesta, but after sunset the tumult is the more increased, and every one comes out into the open air to enjoy the fresco or cool of the evening. It is also a rule that house-keepers should water the streets night and morning.

The greater the heat of summer, the more sensible the following winter becomes, although the thermometer rarely sinks ten degrees below freezing point:

point: but the half-ruined walls, the long and lofty apartments, where not a single window or door shuts close, the floors of tile, on which the mats (*esteras*) retain very little heat, the want of stoves or fire-places, for which the chafing dishes (*braferos*) here in use are very bad substitutes, all these circumstances contribute to increase the severity of the cold north winds, which blow from the mountains, causing a humid cold, which foreigners find insupportable.

The climate therefore produces several epidemical disorders, of which fevers, especially of the typhus kind, phthisis, and cholics, are the most common. The sudden changes of the atmosphere and the sharp penetrating air, which in summer is impregnated with sandy particles, are the chief proximate causes. The cholick (*el colico de Madrid*) is a very dangerous disorder, and, as people here assert, can only be properly treated by the physician of the country. I was not attacked with it, but the symptoms as well as the mode of treating it seem to indicate, that it depends on the nervous system.

There are at Madrid eighteen hospitals, the advantages and administration of which have often been described at large. But the number of physicians has never been stated. It amounts according to the royal almanack to 145. It may easily be imagined

imagined how many empirics there must be in such a multitude. But ever since the protomedicado, among the members of which are such men as Don Luis de Ortega, have been more strict in their examinations, an improvement in this branch of civil policy may be expected annually.

Hitherto the preference has always been given to english and german physicians. An Irishman for instance, one O'Scalan, was the first that made inoculation known in Spain by his *Pratica moderna de la Inoculation*, and the physicians of the various embassadors have found equal honour and advantage in the exercise of their profession. Meanwhile every decennium shows an increase of skilful physicians, and the university of Valencia has the honour of having sent forth the most distinguished.

These advances will above all affect the treatment of the venereal. It is not long since the practice of foreign countries began to be adopted, and yet it has already become more general, owing to the daily improvement of public instruction. Mankind are even indebted to two spanish botanists for the discovery of two specifics drawn from the vegetable kingdom, which are now also well known in Germany. I mean the agave and the begonia. The work on this subject has been translated into German from the Italian, if I am not mistaken, by one Kreuchauf.

Surgery

Surgery has in like manner experienced the happy effects of the changes that have taken place during the last ten years. We read in the public prints accounts of a vast number of successful operations, the descriptions of which show, that the practitioners can appreciate the difficulties they have to encounter, apply the proper remedies, and imitate their masters the French. One of the most skilful oculists in this metropolis is Doña Victoria Feliz, celebrated for innumerable operations equally difficult and successful.

This subject naturally leads me to say a few words on food and provisions in general.

The markets of a city and the provisions brought there constitute in many respects the measure of the luxury that prevails. As in small country towns bread, butcher's meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit, are the principal objects of consumption, so in the capital are united all the luxuries of the table, and the productions of all Spain are heaped together in one single spot. The market of Madrid is held in the Plaza-mayor, of which I have already spoken, and which, if it cannot be compared with that of Covent-Garden in London, is pretty considerable for Madrid; the abundance of provisions of all kinds, set out partly under the arcades and partly in the middle of the square, corresponding with the importance of a metropolis. On entering we see two large tables hung up, the one containing the prices of fish,
and

and the other those of other provisions, arranged according to certain rules. These two tables are renewed from Saturday to Saturday, although the utility of such regulations is still problematical.

Among the lower orders the mode of living is extremely simple, and there is very little variation in their food; their dishes are almost every day the same. Boiled or roast meat, broiled or fried fish, dried or fresh vegetables, eggs, and onions, constitute their usual meals, and the lower classes at Madrid scarcely know any other seasoning than indian pepper. Persons of higher rank are no less faithful to their national dishes, but they add thereto, by means of french cooks, the refinements of modern luxury. For such distinguished tables the Plaza-mayor supplies pheasants from Arragon, fresh *vesugo*-fish sent in ice from Biscay, pomegranates from Valencia, and water-melons from Andalusia.

Common provisions are not very dear. The beef is cow beef, but excellent, (because the beast is never used for draught, oxen being employed in husbandry,) and costs five-pence halfpenny or six-pence the pound, best bread seven farthings the pound, and eggs about ten-pence the dozen; vegetables and lemons are sometimes so cheap, that four people may make a meal for about two-pence. Lemons are a halfpenny each. The custom in Spain is, that the men, not the women, should go

to market, nor can the latter be so employed, even among the lower orders, without incurring the reproach of bad economy.

At Madrid the bread and the water are excellent. Of the former there are different kinds, the finest of which is called *pan candial*, and is baked in pounds and half-pounds, in the shape of crowns or small circles, and four-cornered hats: but however white and however agreeable to the palate, it much loads the stomach of those who are not accustomed to it, because the dough is again kneaded with dry flower to render it whiter. Hence for those who desire it a second sort of bread is made called *pan frances* or french bread, which is a medium between the pan candial and french bread properly so called, but which far surpasses the latter in whiteness. Besides these there are three other sorts to supply the demand of the various classes of people.

As to the water it comes from the Guadarrama, whence it is brought to Madrid on sand and gravel. It has all the good qualities of mountain springs, but our german pumps and reservoirs are wholly unknown here, and nothing is used but large excavated trees furnished with cocks that spout into a basin. Only in a very small number of private houses pipes are seen. The custom of sending the servants for water is not known at Madrid, and

hence arises a traffic in water which merits some attention.

This subordinate commerce is entirely in the hands of the *Gallegos* or Galicians, who act partly as water-carriers and partly as porters, like the Auvergnats at Paris, while the Asturians are generally coachmen and lacqueys. These gallegos, who sell water both in large and small quantities, form a separate corporation, which divide the city and its quarters, streets, and houses among the members, so that the walk and custom of each become a property, which he may bequeath to his children or sell to another gallego, but not to a stranger. The occupation of these men is very laborious, but at the same time so advantageous, that most of them, after pursuing it for some years, return home with considerable sums of money, and sell their walks for fifty or sixty piastres. They receive from every house where they carry a barrel of water daily a piastre per month, for two barrels two piastres, and so on, and each gallego supplies ten or twelve houses. In summer therefore they are seen at the fountain at all hours of the day, where they often quarrel and come to blows to get their vessels filled before their neighbours. These aguadores are also employed as purveyors, when the occupations of the master of the house will not permit him to go to market,

market, and if he is not rich enough to keep a man servant: nor is any infidelity to be apprehended on their part, all the prices being fixed as I have already stated. This corporation pays a tax annually for the maintenance of the pumps.

There is a second class of these men who sell water retail, which they cry about the streets, and form no distinct corporation. They go about with large pitchers on their head, and every one is free to exercise this calling. Thus a poor cobbler is contented with working at his trade in the morning, especially in summer, and in the afternoon goes about selling water. They carry their glasses in small tin cases or in baskets. The price of a glass of water is fixed at half a farthing, and thus during the hot weather they gain eight-pence or ten-pence a day.

The wines usually drunk at Madrid are those of la Mancha, and especially of Valdepeñas and of Manzanares. The quart, which in la Mancha costs at most three farthings, amounts at Madrid in consequence of the duties to near two-pence. It is well known that in Spain wine is kept, not in barrels or glass bottles, but in leathern vessels made of goat skin and called pellejos, but it often loses its strength in pouring from one vessel into another, not to mention the pitchy flavour it always contracts in new leathern bottles, unless the greatest precautions are taken. It is sold however pure and

unadulterated, that art being as yet unknown to the wine dealers in this country.

Their botellerias or wine-houses are much frequented, especially by the common people, who never take their wine but by *copas* or quarter pints, thinking thereby to multiply their enjoyments. Even when they make their most copious libations, they still adhere to their custom of calling for small quantities, though by the frequent repetition of these small measures, taking sometimes as many as twelve *copas*, the wine-dealer gains a larger profit.

There are both red and white mancha wine, the former of which has a very agreeable aromatic smell, a very fine ruby colour, and is very heady. It is still more delicate than burgundy, but its goodness easily evaporates, and it heats those who are not accustomed to it. Nevertheless Spaniards, while drinking it, smoke their cigars without inconvenience. The white-wine is exactly similar in colour to champagne. It is somewhat rough, but not so strong, and cheaper than the red. It is sent in hampers to England and America.

There are also at Madrid liqueur-wines (*vinos generosos*) at the warehouses where the finer wines are sold, and those who would drink pure unmixed malaga, sherry (*xeres*), canary, or madeira, will find them there. At other botellerias is also found a beer called San Andrew's, which is a feeble imitation

imitation of english porter, at nine-pence a bottle. It is brewed by an Englishman who is settled at some port in the north of Spain, and who turned catholic to obtain this privilege. It is said this speculation has been facilitated by very considerable quantities sent to America. As to the coffee-houses, or rather coffee-shops, there are several at Madrid, but they scarcely deserve mention. The best coffee is drunk at the Golden Fountain (La Fontana de Oro), where at least one gazette may be seen, called El Diario de Madrid, and those who are known there can also procure a sight of the London Gazette. The nation in general seem to have but little taste for this species of assembly.

As to good inns there is scarcely more than one called the Cross of Malta (La Cruz de Malta) in the street of Alcalà, which is deficient in nothing but that it requires more ground. It is also the best fonda, that is, the most famous larder in Madrid. There is a multitude of other posadas, but people rarely dine there. Almost every street has other small eating-houses for the lower orders, such as muleteers, hucksters, and soldiers. Every one however may find what he wants there; but there are other houses merely to sleep at or *hire beds* as the inscription says (Aqui se alquila camas), which is written in letters of gold on a large sign-board. The price of a bad dirty bed without a candle is about a penny per night, but with a can-

dle and clean sheets four-pence, and so on gradually up to eight-pence and a shilling.

The living at so great an inn as the Cruz de Malta being very dear, perhaps too much so for any length of time to suit many foreigners, I would advise them to lodge in some private house, innumerable advertisements of which may be seen daily in the Madrid journal under the title of *Un matrimonio busca un huesped* (a family wants an inmate), by which means a thousand opportunities of boarding may be found. In such families they charge for a furnished room with an alcove for the bed (*sala con alcova*) thirteen or fourteen reals a day, breakfast and supper included. This plan cannot be too strongly recommended to foreigners who wish to become familiar with the language of the country, or the manners and customs of the middling class of inhabitants, besides procuring at the same time innumerable other social advantages. The bare rent scarcely amounts to five reals a day.

LETTER XXXI.

The Spanish Ladies.—Their general Character.—Their Physiognomy and Figure.—More particular Description of their Character.—Mixture of Religion and Libertinism.—Want of Delicacy.—Situation of a Lover.—Their Marriages.—Cortejos — Their domestic Life.—Spirit of Revenge.—Tragic Instance of it:—Dress.—The Basquiña and Mantilla.—Their Head-dress.—Their Stockings and Shoes.

Madrid.

If the men are distinguished by their peculiar character, the Spanish women are distinguishable for the warmth of their constitutions. I will give you some account of them.

A fanatical enthusiasm for the religious system of their country, pride that would bend every thing beneath its yoke, a singularity that knows no law but its own will, a passion for revenge in opposition to which nothing is held sacred, and an unbridled love of pleasure are by no means an amiable assemblage of qualities; yet all these are compensated in the Spanish women by a fidelity and an attachment that nothing can shake, by strength of mind and heroism carried to the utmost height. All their sensations are violent, but they have a character of energy and of sublimity, that would

carry you away in spite of your better judgment and of all your philosophy.

The physiognomy of a Spanish woman bears the stamp of sensibility. Her slender form, her majestic step, her sonorous voice, her black and brilliant eye, the vivacity of her gesticulation, in a word the whole action of her person shows the temperature of her soul. Her premature charms are too soon displayed, and fade with equal rapidity. The climate, the heating aliments they use, excess in their amusements, every thing contributes to produce this effect. At forty years of age a Spanish woman seems twice as old, and her whole exterior shows exhaustion and premature old age. Almost all have a down upon their upper lip, a peculiarity which shows the warmth of their constitutions, but which is so disagreeable, that they have recourse to the *velleras* or women whose business it is to pluck out the hair. Almost all have spoiled their teeth by an immoderate use of *dulces* or sweetmeats.

A Spanish woman is sincerely and irrevocably attached to her religion. Her tender veneration for the madonna, her devotion to her patron saint may occupy her infantine heart, the pomp of ceremonies may amuse her unpractised senses, but these pious illusions, this mystical enthusiasm, and these sacred tenderesses certainly open her soul to the attacks of love. To love a saint naturally awakens a sense of her sexuality, and thus a voluptuous devo-

votion

votion becomes from sixteen years of age the most important occupation of her life. In this view alone can the contradictions in her conduct be explained, and her continual alternations of penitences and aberration accounted for, as well as the physical influences exercised over her by the priests.

Divided between religious duties and the pleasures of sense, a spanish woman seems to be in a state of continual warfare between her conscience and her constitution. Yet in spite of constraint nature at length overcomes the rigour of her principles, and she ends by quieting her conscience with the idea of being able to expiate enjoyment by a mass or a prayer. Hence it is by no means rare to see a beautiful woman quit the arms of love to kneel before a madonna, and, being reconciled by this act of devotion, again hasten to give herself up to pleasure.

The spanish women however are very far from delicate in objects of this kind. With a warm imagination and burning passions they are ignorant of those charms, those sweet illusions, which the fair sex derive from delicacy. Hence the most unrestrained language and the most lascivious looks are incapable of making them blush, and what would excite the utmost indignation in a German or an Englishwoman appears perfectly simple and natural to a native of Spain, who yields without reserve to such

such licentious images, as the former would not dare to contemplate even in solitude.

It would be an error however to infer from these remarks the certainty of success in the enterprises of a lover. They speak it is true on these subjects with the freedom of men; their lips, their eyes, and their ears are alike strangers to chastity, but their pride prevents their going farther. Such an attempt from a man would show a sense of superiority, whereas 'tis they must reign with uncontrouled power. Every such advance would therefore be rejected with disdain. They must not be chosen, 'tis they must choose. 'Tis they that take upon themselves the part of the man, to whom they only leave the duty of complying with their wishes, and giving himself up entirely to their will. Hence it is, that the most timid and the coldest of men are often more successful with them than the most enterprising and impassioned lover. Their despotism forces the former to pay homage to their charms, for their pride has fixed upon them as their slaves. The more indifferent these appear, the more ardour the women shew; the more he shuns her, the more she pursues him. One would imagine she loved him, yet she only desires to be the object of his love. She seems to give herself up to him, yet she only seeks to reduce him to submission.

They

They are however faithful and constant. The energy of their character preserves them from levity, and their pride from baseness.

They are susceptible of the most elevated sentiments, of the most noble sacrifices, of the most generous actions; but the source of these must be sought not so much in her attachment to the object she loves as in the high ideas she entertains of herself. She considers her lover as her property, and uses the same complaisance toward him, that she would feel for herself; but she exacts in return the most absolute devotion to her will.

Nothing can be more burdensome than the restraint attached to the title of lover; it is one uninterrupted succession of minute cares and attentions. Chained to the arm of his cara sposa, he must accompany her every where like her shadow. At the Prado, at mas, at the theatre, at the confessional, never must he quit her, and the whole weight of her affairs of every kind rests upon his shoulders. Never must he approach her empty-handed, especially on feast days. To him a wish however slightly expressed, a caprice the most undecided, is a command, while the most inviolable respect for her whims and fancies, and the most undisturbed submission of temper are sacred duties; in a word he must in all things be the passive agent of a woman, whose ardent imagination often commands

mands what is impossible with the most impatient egotism.

Such is the general character of the women of this country. We will now view them as relates to marriage.

This engagement is formed sometimes from an appearance of mutual inclination, frequently from mere convenience, and the nuptial benediction renders it indissoluble. The lover however, who has hitherto appeared the most humble slave of his intended wife, suddenly becomes her master on the very day of his marriage. But while he endeavours to assert his forgotten rights, the wife defends hers with so much the more obstinacy, and at the very moment when he is endeavouring to strip her of her authority, she increases her pretensions. Thus marriage becomes a source of perpetual hostilities, which nourish a disunion between the husband and wife, and which are the principal cause of the continuance of the custom of cortejos.

This word expresses generally a lover, but more particularly that of a married woman. Very frequently this lover has nothing but the name, and might more properly be called a friend, on whom are laid all the cares above described. But how can we reconcile this custom with the ancient jealousy of Spaniards toward their wives? or have we any precise notion of its origin? I can answer
neither

neither of these questions; but I will observe, that cortejos are rarely found among the middle classes, and scarcely ever among the lower orders; that they frequently only serve for etiquette, but that still more frequently they enjoy all the privileges of a husband. This species of intimacy however is subject to such rigorous laws, that the two parties in some measure insulate themselves from all other individuals of their sex, and consider the least cause of suspicion as unpardonable. But if on the one hand a lady watches her cortejo with the most extreme jealousy, on the other hand she is most rigid in her attentions to him; for all those who are in this situation never give any other answer to the advances of strangers who are either indiscreet or ignorant of the customs of the country than contemptuous silence or haughty disdain. Thus in all the tertullas every cortejo is placed beside his female friend, nor can it be denied, that this servile restraint contributes greatly to give a coldness and a sameness to society.

In speaking however of the multiplicity of unhappy marriages among the Spaniards, I do not mean to exclude all exceptions. But whoever observes with attention the interior of families, will easily convince himself that happy marriages, which are everywhere rare, are still more so in this country. And where can the women receive that instruction which they ought to have or acquire just
notions

notions of their duties and destinations? All their education consists in a knowledge of a system of dogmas and ceremonies, to which is given the name of religion, and in cultivating a few external accomplishments, such as dancing, embroidery, and playing the guitar. To them marriage is a state of idleness and of pleasure. It is on the husband that all the cares of the house and of marketing fall, and in the first and middling classes it is even very rare to see a mother nurse her own children. All the journals in the great towns, as Madrid, Cadiz, Malaga, Valencia, Barcelona, &c. are full of advertisements of nurses wanted or offering their services, and an express condition is often inserted that the child is to be *taken away*, a custom, which though unknown among our german compatriots is very general both here and in France.

It is true that in Spain women were formerly in a state of the most abject slavery, inasmuch that since the general civilization of Europe spanish jealousy has become proverbial; but in progress of time the manners of Spain, running from one extreme to the other, are almost become more free than in any other country. Women pay and receive visits, form their tertullas at will, go to public fêtes without consulting their husbands, spend the income of their dowries as they please, and demand besides a certain proportion of pin-money, which is stipulated in their marriage articles. In a word

word they not only know how to assert their rights, but enforce their pretensions with the utmost rigour. They also combine together with a kind of esprit de corps, by means of which the slightest infringement of common usage is resented as an attack or an injury done to the whole sex.

These ill-assorted marriages sometimes produce the most horrid acts of revenge. I will relate one of the most recent examples, which took place during my residence at Madrid.

Doña Antonia, a charming woman about 29 years of age at most, was married to a merchant, a man of a mild temper, but capricious and of a weak constitution. This lady had always lived a very retired life, till a young man from Valencia, who came to study the law at Madrid, was recommended to her husband, and thus had access to her. Doña Antonia was pleased with his person, which procured him her favour, and all the privileges attached to it. The husband however perceived their intimacy, and by means of the offers and honourable means he employed succeeded in dismissing the young man, without affording Doña Antonia an opportunity of opposing the measure.

The letters however of Doña Antonia pursued her lover wherever he went, and love and revenge rendered them so eloquent, that the young man some months after broke his word and returned secretly to Madrid. He then renewed his inter-views

views with her at a private house, and his passion daily increased. At length the time arrived, that Antonia ventured to communicate to him a plan, she had long since formed, of assassinating her husband, and offered him on that condition her hand and her fortune. Don Juan shuddered with horror at the proposal, begged her to abandon the idea, showing her the dreadful consequences of so black an action, which he absolutely refused to perpetrate. Hereupon at first she treated him with the profoundest contempt, and then gave herself up to all the extremes that could be suggested by despair. She employed alternately menaces, prayers, and imprecations, then recurred to all the artifices that revenge or love could contrive, till at length Don Juan consented, and the death of the husband was resolved. They were engaged in contriving the means of affecting this, when the following circumstance occurred to hasten its execution.

Doña Antonia had presented one of her watches to Don Juan, but her husband missing it, she accused the cook of having stolen it, and under that pretext discharged her. The husband however meeting the woman upbraided her with her conduct, but she justified herself by revealing to him the whole secret. He therefore brought her home, concealed her in an alcove, called his wife, and made the pretended theft the topic of conversation.

fation. The remainder of this interview may easily be imagined. And now all was lost, and nothing but the death of her husband could save her. The grief of the husband for the infidelity of his wife brought on a fever, and he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. It was therefore determined to send all the servants out on the following Sunday, and leave the patient alone. The opening the door of the balcony was the signal agreed on, and thus the plot was executed. The lover entered the apartment with a poniard in his hand, fell upon the sick man, gave him several stabs in the belly, and made his escape. But the unfortunate husband calling for help, a young girl who was with her aunt Doña Antonia heard him. The noise of Don Juan in escaping also attracted her attention, as she ran to the apartment of her uncle, whom she found weltering in his blood, and immediately called her aunt. It may easily be conceived that the latter did not fail to cry out for help too, and to feign the deepest despair. Meanwhile the young man had gained the gate of Toledo, and was going to quit Madrid, when he recollected he had no money: he therefore turned back, and went to his apartment to get some, but strongly impressed with the embarrassment in which he imagined the object of his love to be, he went to a woman of his acquaintance, and there waited to receive some tidings of her.

Two days passed on, the report of this affassination spread over Madrid, and in the interval the person who was in the secret of their connection revealed it to her confessor, who advised her to go and inform the alcalde-mayor. The suspicion was confirmed by an intercepted letter, and the culprits were arrested. Don Juan immediately confessed, and Doña Antonia, who had at first denied her crime, was convicted. The prosecution continued four months, after which they were both condemned and sentenced to suffer death. All the interest and the most considerable offers were made in vain. At first Doña Antonia flew in a rage, when she was informed that her lover had confessed, and loaded him with reproaches and with abuse; but in her last moments her love seemed to be renewed with increased ardour, and when her sentence was read to her she asked, "Y Don Juan tendra la misma fuerte?"—"And will Don John suffer the same fate?"—which being answered in the affirmative, she replied, "Pues señores la siento mucho mas que la mia"—"I am much more grieved, gentlemen, for him than for myself,"—and immediately fainted.

The day of execution at length arrived, for which a scaffold had been erected in the Plaza-mayor. The two culprits, having received the sacrament in the chapel of the Dominicans, were conducted to execution by the confraternity del Refugio.

Refugio. They were both dressed in black, and Doña Antonia wept. She would have embraced her lover for the last time, but he turned away his head, till the confessor at length reconciled them. She had begged as a favour to be strangled first, but the sentence was that both should be executed at the same moment. They were each on a separate seat. Don Juan fainted at the moment when the cord was put round him, but Doña Antonia sat with great decency, casting her eyes upon her lover. They were dispatched in about a minute.

It must here be remarked, that in Spain there is a difference between strangling (*dar garotes*) and hanging (*ahorcar*), in the former of which a wheel is used, which turns a cord across a beam, before which the criminal sits.

According to custom the bodies remained exposed in the same state till sunset. Twelve candles of yellow wax burned near them on black stands, and some of the executioner's attendants kept guard. The whole square swarmed with people from four in the morning, and continued so throughout the day. The observations and judgments of the spectators all bore the stamp of the national character. The faces of the deceased being black in consequence of the reflux of blood during the suffocation, the people of course attributed this to the violence the devil had done to their souls.

They compared the two countenances. The men made excuses for Don Juan, and the women took up the defence of Doña Antonia. The majority pitied their unhappy fate. This probably it was, that induced a curate some days after to say in his sermon, "that he knew for certain, that Madrid contained thousands of women, one half of whom had been guilty of similar crimes, and the other meditated the perpetration of them." I am willing to hope, that the pious pastor in his zeal somewhat exaggerated, yet it is certain that the Spanish women are too often led by the manners of the country to rid themselves of their husbands by poison or any other method. But let us quit these gloomy ideas, and say something of their dress.

The national costume of the women when they go out, consists of a petticoat called *basquiña*, thrown over that worn at home, and a kind of veil called *mantilla*. The former is black or very dark brown, or the latter black or white, and in small towns sometimes red or green. The *basquiñas* are generally silk trimmed with single, double, or triple flounces very broad and adorned with silk tassels. They are open in front, being tied with ribands, and are only closed below. The *mantillas*, made of casimir from Silesia, Saxony, or England, are generally adorned with embroidery or vandyked trimmings, especially the black, which are