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at cards beneath our window. My informant could not tell me whether the murderers were likely to suffer for their crime. The fact of one of them being a stranger rendered it probable; but if they had money to put into the hands of an *escribano* or notary, to fee him and the judges who would be called to decide upon the case, or to buy an escape, or, as a last resort, if they could procure the interposition of the clergy, they might yet go unpunished.

The diligence was to leave Valencia at noon for Madrid. Finding that there was yet half an hour of idle time to be got rid of, I wandered to the cathedral to pass once more through its aisles, and then ascended to the top of the antique tower called Miquelet, to take a farewell look at Valencia and its environs. The *campanero* was getting ready to ring for the midday mass; and I therefore found the tower gate open, and a person who was familiar with every object of the landscape ready to answer my inquiries. The city upon which I now looked down gained nothing from this point of view. The irregular roofs of all the buildings, public and private, were covered with rude tiles; and the streets, now seen collectively as in a map, shocked the eye by their want of regularity. As the sight gradually extended its circle, it took in objects that were more agreeable: the verdant

Glorieta, with its trees and fountains; the Gate of the Cid, and the numerous avenues leading to the capital; the five bridges of the Guadalaviar, and the promenades which skirt its banks. These were enclosed in that wide expanse of verdure, interspersed every where with villages and farm-houses, to which the Spaniards have given the glowing name of Huerta de Valencia, the orchard of Valencia, whose fertility had no other bounds but the sea and mountains.

By the time I had regained the office of the diligence, the bells of the cathedral and of the many churches and convents of Valencia were tolling for noon. The coach was ready in the street, and the superintendent, way-bill in hand, was calling over the names of the passengers, and assigning to each his seat for the journey. I had taken a corner of the cabriolet, and found the adjoining one occupied by a Spanish officer, a colonel of *caçadores*, who had a pair of horse pistols in the coach pocket beside him, with his sabre clothed in buckskin, and standing upright in the corner to keep sentry over them. He had on a red jacket worked with gold lace, over which was an ample cloak of blue, lined with red velvet, and on his heels a pair of long brass spurs that were continually incommoding him during the journey. His *schako* was hung up overhead and replaced by a light bonnet of blue cloth,

adorned in front with a gold *fleur de lis*, the common badge of the Bourbons. He had a fair round face, and well nurtured mustaches, and appeared to me a very young man to be a colonel. Indeed his whole appearance indicated more familiarity with the drawing-room than with the stir and strife incident to his profession. I afterwards found he was a *conde*, or count; and having thus been born to the military life, as alone worthy of his rank, had gradually grown into a grade which in France can only be reached over many a field of battle. He was, however, on the whole a very agreeable travelling companion, and when he was not engaged with a musty book on cavalry, or I with my map, or dictionary and grammar of the language, we gossiped together throughout the journey. In the interior were two passengers, besides one of the proprietors of the diligence, a wary old Catalan, who was performing a tour of observation through the line, to look into the state of the teams, of the inns where the coach stopped, and of other matters relating to the service of the company. He carried with him a small blank book, bound with parchment, and a portable inkhorn, with a couple of superannuated pens in it. These materials for authorship he would produce every night after supper, and, spreading them out amid the wreck of the repast, proceed to write up his journal. The rotunda con-

tained one solitary occupant, a candidate for the priesthood, who was going to pursue his studies in Alcala. This was one of the fast-talking youths who had shared in our disaster near the Ebro.

With these five persons for travelling companions, and a good-natured Catalan, called Lorenzo, for a mayoral, we turned our backs upon Valencia, and took our course to the south-west, in the direction of San Felipe. As on the approach to the city from the other side, our road now lay through cultivated and well-watered fields, which at the same time were planted with orchards of every kind of fruit, and especially the mulberry, olive, and algarroba. On the left we passed the Albufera of Valencia, a fine lake which abounds in fish and water-fowl. The neighbouring country is entirely laid out in rice, of which such a quantity is produced, that the share of the king, who claims sixteen *per cent.* as proprietor, and probably receives much less, is worth annually near fifty thousand dollars. This princely estate belonged, during the short reign of King Joseph, to Marshal Suchet, who commanded the French forces in this part of Spain, and was almost the only one of his countrymen who promoted successfully the cause of Napoleon, and was at the same time able to win the affections of the Spaniards. This distinguished general lost his estate on the restoration of the Bour-

bons, but preserved the title of Duke of Albufera, which, with the peerage conferred by Louis XVIII., has lately devolved upon his son. In the afternoon we came to a small stream which flowed under a few scattering algarroba trees, whose foliage, as well as the grass that grew upon its banks, seemed to catch new verdure from the fertilizing element. Here a party of travellers had halted to make a rude meal upon the bread and sausages which they had brought with them, whilst their mules and asses were likewise refreshing themselves along the margin of the brook.

When the sun was sinking in the west, we began to ascend the mountains, which seemed to grow more formidable as we approached them, winding occasionally through narrow and concealed gorges, or crossing an eminence which overlooked a wide expanse of the rich plains below and of the more distant Mediterranean. At the summit we came in sight of Mogente, while on the left were seen the turrets of San Felipe. This city was called Jativa by the Moors, and was once famous for its manufactures, particularly of paper, which, if I mistake not, it claims the honor of inventing; an invention, in its effects upon the progress of civilization, not unworthy of being compared to that of printing itself. In the war of succession between the French and Austrian pretenders to the vacant

throne of Spain; Jativa was so unfortunate as to espouse the cause which proved unsuccessful. Philip V., when he at length got possession of the place, was so greatly exasperated against the inhabitants, that he caused it to be demolished, and in its stead founded a city to which he gave the renovating name of his patron saint, San Felipe. Another honor claimed by San Felipe, and it is indeed a proud one, is, that it gave birth to the distinguished painter, Joseph Ribera, whom, for his diminutive size, the Italians christened *Spagnoletto*. On the road which leads to San Felipe is a small bridge, thrown over a torrent in which a widowed mother had the hard fortune to lose her only son. Making an honorable exception to the unworthy rule, that misery loves company, she caused this bridge to be erected, that no other mother might suffer like herself. It still bears the name of the Widow's Bridge, or, in the more melodious language of the country, Puente de la Viuda.

At sunset we arrived at a *venta*, or solitary inn, which lay at a short distance from Mogente. We had journeyed forty-eight miles, and, instead of going in a direct line towards Madrid, had been making a right angle to its direction from Valencia, and, to look on the map, were not a jot nearer our destination than when we started. So much for communications in Spain. In the *venta* we found

a German merchant, who had come from Alicante to take passage with us to Madrid. He proved an agreeable companion, and brought his share of amusement to our already pleasant little party. When supper was over, and our passports had been returned by the intendant of police, each hurried to his bed, in order to improve the few hours that were to intervene before we should renew our journey.

The next day we were called at an early hour, and by three o'clock were already in motion. There was a keen wind from the north-west; and as we were going in that direction, it drove into the crannies of the cabriolet, and produced the withering sensation of the most intense cold, which to me was the more severe that I had no great coat. My companion had rolled himself up in his ample cloak until nothing but his cap was visible, and seemed to defy the weather. Seeing that the mayoral had a variety of sheepskins and blankets under him, I procured from him the warm fleecy skin of a merino, which I rolled closely round my torpid feet. Thus partially relieved, I sought the support of the corner, and was soon asleep.

When the morning came, we no longer beheld the vineyards and fruit trees of Valencia, or an expanse of sea and mountains. On reaching the summit of the mountains near Mogente, we had

entered on that vast level region which forms the greater part of the two Castiles, and lies near two thousand feet above the level of the sea; an elevated plain in the midst of the Peninsula. Nothing can be more unqualified than the gloomy character of this plain. When we first entered it, a solemn group of olives might occasionally be seen, sheltered by a slight inequality of the surface of the country; but in advancing, these too disappeared, until the monotony at last became perfect and pervading.

The utter destitution of trees in La Mancha, and the almost equal deficiency of them in the other provinces which form the central regions of Spain, is attributed partly to the flat, unsheltered nature of the country, and the dryness of the climate, but chiefly to a prejudice which the inhabitants have entertained from time immemorial against them, as being the means of attracting and sheltering birds, those busy pilferers. After having long since stripped the country of its trees, the Castilian, instead of creating nurseries for their restoration, has such an abhorrence for every thing of the kind, that he will even prevent the establishment of them along the high roads, by wounding those which the government has been at the expense of planting there. In consequence of their proscription in the interior of Spain, it has been remarked, that the soil, scorched by a powerful sun,

with no trees to moderate its force or attract humidity, has gradually lost its streams and fountains, of which nothing now remains but empty ravines, to mark the forgotten sources of former fertility.

The greater part of this country is, however, susceptible of being rendered productive, and especially of furnishing wheat and wine of the finest quality; but its population is so dwindled, and has so partial an interest in the produce of the soil, which is monopolized by an inactive clergy and nobility, that agriculture is on the worst possible footing. The system of manuring is not generally practised; and thus, while three fourths of the country remain fallow, the remainder only produces a scanty crop of grain or potatoes. The great distance between the towns, too, and the insecurity of life and property, which prevents the farmers from living each isolated on the land which he cultivates, are additional checks to agriculture and population. We frequently travelled eight or ten miles without finding a single habitation on this road, one of the most important in Spain, and which, perhaps, was a Roman way in the time of Cæsar. When, too, after hours of rapid travelling, we at length came to a town, nothing could be more gloomy than its appearance. As there were neither hills nor forests intervening to obstruct the view, it could be seen a long way off, with its ill-

fashioned towers projecting out of a gloomy group of houses plastered over with clay, which, being of the color of the soil, were only distinguished from it by rising above the cheerless horizon. At the entrance of each town was a gate for receiving the duties on all the articles which passed, and in the centre of it a square, round which were the different buildings of the ayuntamiento, or municipality, of the posada, of the butcher, baker, tailor, cobbler, and of the village surgeon or barber, living at the sign of a bleeding arm and leg, flanked by the helmet of Mambrino. Most of these towns exhibited strong symptoms of decline. Many houses were abandoned, with their roofs fallen in; and those which continued tenanted had but a cheerless look; while, as a key to this desolation, the master of each might be seen, listless and unoccupied, enveloped in a tattered cloak, and moping like a statue within the doorway. It was, besides, the season of sadness and decaying nature. There were no cattle, no pasture; and the single harvest of the farmer having already been gathered, nothing but a dusty and faded stubble remained upon the soil, to attest that it had once been productive. I had at length arrived in a country where forests and the feathered songsters who find their home in them were alike proscribed. As I looked round on the dismal expanse, unvaried

by either tree or bush, I was at a loss to imagine upon what the inhabitants could subsist, unless, indeed, it was on the recollections of the past, or upon the poetic associations which Cervantes has fastened to their soil. How different all this from the streams, the trees, and the gardens we had left behind us in the Huerta!

On reaching this mountain plain, the change in character of the country was even surpassed by the change in the climate. The day before, we had basked at Valencia in a summer's sun, tempered by Mediterranean breezes; whereas here we were met by a cold wind, which rushed unchecked over the wild monotonous plains, and seemed to freeze one's blood. It was indeed cold; there could be no mistake about it; for we found ice in several places, long after the sun had risen, though it was only the fourth of November.

This sudden change of climate in so short a distance calls for a corresponding change in the popular costume. Besides a waistcoat and jacket of cloth covered with abundance of silver buttons, the inhabitant usually wears a jacket of skin, with the wool outwards, which once warmed the back of some black merino; or, instead of this, an ample cloak of brown, the right fold of which is thrown over the left shoulder with a Roman air. The head is covered with a pointed cap of black velvet,

the ends of which being drawn down over the ears, leave exposed a forehead which is usually high, and features which are always manly. Instead of the primitive braga of the Valencian, we now find tight breeches, sustained above the hips by a red sash, and fastened the whole way down the outside of the thigh by bell buttons. In the place of the naked leg and hempen sandal, are woollen stockings, stout shoes, well shod with nails, and gaiters of leather curiously embroidered. These are fastened at the top with a gay-coloured string, and not buttoned the whole way up, but left open for the purpose of displaying a muscular calf, and to produce that jaunty air which pleases the fancy of a Spaniard. The poorer people, instead of shoes and stockings, had their feet simply wrapped in bits of old cloth or blanket, and covered with skins bound to the foot with a thong.

The inhabitants of this central region speak the pure Castilian tongue, unadulterated by foreign idioms, or provincial pronunciation, and in all its native simplicity and beauty. They are of larger size and stouter conformation than the half-clad Valencians, but are perhaps inferior to them in that symmetry of limb, which the latter possess to an equal extent with the aboriginal Americans. They are stigmatized by strangers as being proud, grave, inactive, and silent, more ignorant and more

attached to their antique prejudices than those of their nation, who, living in the neighbourhood of the sea, have gained something by commercial intercourse. Be this as it may, I could not help admiring the unbent form and lofty bearing with which those poor fellows strode forward, enveloped in threadbare cloaks, their feet bound in sandals of untanned leather, disdainingly to ask the alms they so evidently needed, or to betray any sense of inferiority to those who were better apparelled than themselves; nor could I avoid the conclusion that, if the Castilian be fallen from his proud rank among the people of Europe, we must not seek the cause of this abasement in the man himself, but in the institutions which have crushed him.

The road over this monstrous region was almost as lonely as the surrounding country. Occasionally, indeed, we could see a large covered waggon, miles ahead of us, rising like a house at the end of the road, and drawn by a string of mules as long as the train of our diligence. One that we passed had pots and kettles and chairs suspended about it, as if a family were moving, whilst beside it were four or five servants, armed with fowling-pieces. Our colonel at once recognised their livery, and, putting down the coach-window, waved his handkerchief to the travellers. One of the servants soon overtook us, and, jumping to the box of the mayoral, rode

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awhile with us, answering the inquiries of our colonel, "*Como esta la Marquesa?*" and a thousand others, all ending with *Marquesa*. A marchioness! thought I—perhaps the wife of a *grande*, making a nine days' journey in a wagon, from Valencia to Madrid! At other times we overtook groups of dusty mules and asses, loaded with sacks of wheat or skins of wine, and driven by fellows in coats of sheepskin. They were usually walking, to work off the cold. Once we saw them stopping by turns to drink wine from a leathern bottle, the drinker looking steadfastly towards the heavens, like Sancho, in the adventure of the wood. An envious glance of our mayoral to the upraised bottle was a sufficient hint to these simple roadsters, and one of them came running with it beside us, to make a tender, which was sure not to be rejected. Early in the morning we met a half-naked muleteer of Valencia, bestriding one of a string of mules, returning homeward. He seemed to have been baffled in his calculations, and prematurely overtaken by the cold, like Napoleon in Russia; for, rolling his blanket tightly about him, and drawing up his legs, so as to bring them under the broad folds of his linen bragas, he hurried his mules forward, eager to escape from the unfriendly climate.

Having journeyed sixteen miles, we came to

Almansa, in the kingdom of Murcia, over a corner of which the road passes to Madrid. This old city derives its celebrity from the bloody battle fought in its neighbourhood, in the beginning of the last century, between the forces of the Archduke Pretender and the Marshal Duke of Berwick. The signal victory achieved by the latter decided the dispute of succession, and secured the Spanish crown to the grandson of Louis XIV. The family of this illustrious son of James II. continues in Spain to the present day, enjoying the highest honors. Just before reaching Almansa, we came to an inconsiderable pyramid, erected upon the site of the battle, which it is every way unworthy to commemorate.

Our arrival at Almansa was most welcome to all of us; and the diligence had scarce paused in front of the inn where we were to eat our breakfast, before we all abandoned it, descending carefully, lest our legs, which were brittle with the cold and torpor, should break under us; and when fairly on the ground we hobbled with one accord to seek out the kitchen of the posada. By the smoke circulating throughout the building we soon found the place of which we were in search. The kitchen was a square room, with a funnel roof, having a large hole at the top for the escape of the smoke. In the middle of the earthen floor was a large fire of brushwood,

blazing and sending forth volumes of smoke, that either circulated in the room or sought the aperture above. Round this primitive fireplace was a close ring of tall Murcians and Castilians, or bare-legged Valencians, whose fine forms and strongly-marked features were brought into increased relief by the glare of the fire. At one side of the room was a dresser of mason-work connected with the wall, which contained small furnaces heated with charcoal. Here was an old dame, with three or four buxom daughters, preparing our breakfast, which I discovered was to consist, among other things, of eggs fried in oil and the universal puchero. The arrival of the diligence had accelerated matters, so that I happened to come up just at the interesting moment when the old woman was holding the pot in both hands, and turning its contents into an immense dish of glazed earthen ware. First would come a piece of beef, then a slice of bacon, next the leg, thigh, and foot of a chicken jumping out in a hurry, and presently a whole shower of garbanzos. I said not a word, for fear of disturbing the operation; but rubbing my hands and snuffing up the odor, I bethought myself of my cold feet, and joined the group that was huddled closely about the fire. The circle at once made room for me; but unfortunately I was on the smoky side, and, before I had even begun to thaw, my eyes were suffused

with tears. It is the province of tears to excite pity. A stout Manchego who stood near, compassionating my suffering, grasped my arm and pulled me into his place, taking mine in its stead. I would have remonstrated, but he shook his finger, as if it were all one to him, and said, "*No le hace.*"

Leaving Almansa at ten, we journeyed forward over a dull and level country until sunset, when we arrived at the considerable town of Albacete, which boasts some rough manufactures in steel and iron, and an annual fair in September, which is one of the most frequented in Spain. Having reposed until three in the morning, we once more set forward. The cold was not less severe than the morning before; but my system had become a little hardened to it, and besides my former travelling companion, the student in the rotunda, had lent me his black uniform cloak, which he had replaced by a heavier one of brown cloth. To be sure, if it were not for the name, I might as well have covered myself with a cobweb; for this apology for a cloak was, from old age and much brushing, quite as thin as paper, and had doubtless served in the family of the young man for several generations of *estudiantes*. It was, furthermore, very narrow in the skirts, and my vain endeavours to roll myself up in it furnished abundant amusement to my companions, who would fain have persuaded me to put

on the cocked hat of the student, to complete the metamorphosis of the Anglo-Americano.

From Albacete we went to El Provencio, in the province of Cuenca, which, with those of Toledo and Madrid, through which the remainder of our road lay, form part of New Castile. Cuenca is an arid and sterile region, the most desert in the whole Peninsula. The streets of El Provencio were strewn with the yellow leaves of the saffron, of which large quantities are raised in the neighbourhood. This plant is prepared in the form of a powder, which serves as a dye for the coarse goods made in the country, and is likewise universally used in cooking, to season the soup and puchero. Leaving El Provencio, after breakfast, as was our custom, we all went to sleep. When we had advanced about twenty miles, I was startled by an unusual noise, and, on looking round, found that it proceeded from ten or twelve windmills that were drawn up on the top of a ridge on either side of the road before us. They seemed stationed there to dispute the passage of the place, a circumstance which, doubtless, suggested to Cervantes the rare adventure of the windmills; for these which now flapped their heavy arms in defiance at us were no other than the giants of Don Quixote. Having left them behind, we came unhurt in sight of El Toboso—a place not less famous than the Troy of

Homer and of Virgil *. This considerable village lay a league or more to the left of the road, with a single tower and some dingy houses rising above the plain. I looked in vain for the grove in which the sorrowful knight awaited the return of Sancho, who had gone to Toboso to beg an audience of the Dulcinea whom he had never seen. I took it for granted that the wood had sprung up for the express accommodation of the poet, for during the whole day's ride I do not remember to have seen a single tree.

* A single fact, found in the delightful Memoirs of Rocca, whilst it shows how universal is the fame of Cervantes, displays also the benign influence of letters in awakening the kinder sympathies of our nature, and stripping even war of its sternness. It reminds me of what I have somewhere read of an Athenian army, defeated and made captive in Sicily. The prisoners were ordered to be put to death; but, out of reverence for Euripides, such of his countrymen as could repeat his verses were spared.

"If Don Quixote was of no service to widows and orphans whilst alive, his memory at least protected the country of the imaginary Dulcinea from some of the horrors of war. When our soldiers discovered a woman at the window, they cried out, '*Voila Dulcinea!*' Instead of flying before us as elsewhere, the inhabitants crowded to see us pass; and the names of Don Quixote and Dulcinea became a friendly watchword and a bond of union."

Don Quixote is written indifferently with an *x* or *j*. Both these letters take the pronunciation of *h* before a vowel; a guttural pronunciation, which, doubtless, derives its origin from the Saracens.

The country through which we were now passing was consecrated by the oddest associations, though itself a dull, unvaried waste. Every thing that met my eye furnished matter of amusement. Near Toboso we saw an immense flock of wild pigeons, blackening the field on which they had alighted. Our guides frightened them from their resting-place, and they kept alternatively flying and alighting before us for an hour. These whimsical birds would, doubtless, have furnished La Mancha's knight with an excellent adventure. When within a league of Quintanar de la Orden, and with the town in sight, we descried three horsemen in the road before us, apparently awaiting our arrival. As we came up, they appeared to be accoutred and armed, each according to his taste, but all had steel sabres and carabines, which hung at the side of their saddles behind them. One of them had a second carabine, or rather fowling-piece, on the other side; and as we approached, we beheld smaller weapons, such as pistols, long knives, and dirks, sticking through their belts or lodged at the saddlebow. I quickly prepared the pistol which the colonel had lent me, and, when he had done the same, I thought that if Don Quixote had been near to aid us, the contest would not have been so unequal. When alongside of them, the faces of these fellows exhibited scars and slashes, partially covered with

whiskers and mustaches confounded together; and the glare of their eyes was at the same time fearless and stealthy, like that of the tiger. But there was no cause for alarm. These fellows, whatever they might once have been, were no robbers; for, beside the red cockade, which showed they were true servants of Ferdinand, each wore a broad shoulder-belt with a plate of brass in front, and on it engraven *Real Diligencia*.

These fellows, instead of intending to plunder us, had come to prevent others from doing so; for which service they had received a daily salary from the company, ever since about three months before, when the diligence had been robbed on its way to Valencia, almost in sight of Quintanar. There were several other situations through which we had already been escorted since the commencement of our journey; but hitherto the guards had been soldiers of the royal army, such as had accompanied us occasionally in coming from Barcelona. It chanced that these troopers belonged to the very regiment of horse of which my companion was colonel; but as they lived dispersed in the villages over a large extent of country, they had never seen him before. It was curious enough to hear him occasionally addressing those who rode beside us, and telling them "*Soy su coronel*," "I am your colonel," showing, at the same time, as if by acci-

dent, the three bands of gold lace which bound the cuffs of his jacket, and which in Spain mark the rank of all officers above a captain; for none of higher rank wear epaulettes. Indeed he would usually turn back his cloak to expose its red velvet lining, and project his arms negligently out of the window, or raise them to curl his mustaches, whenever he entered a village; and this he now did as we were whirled rapidly into Quintanar.

Just before reaching the gate we had halted to take up two children, a boy and a girl, who had come out to meet us, and seemed dressed for the occasion. They were the children of our mayoral Lorenzo, who had lately come with his family from Catalonia to keep a posada in Quintanar, and to be one of the conductors of the diligence. Having kissed each as he took it up, and placed one on each side of him, he smacked his whip, as if with contentment, and kept looking first at one and then at the other the whole way to the door of the posada. I saw that there could be good feelings under the red cap of Catalonia.

The noise of our entry into the little town brought into the street all those who had nothing better to do, as well as such stable-boys, serving-maids, and others as had a more immediate concern in our arrival. Among them was a large and fine-looking woman, who withdrew within the door.

way of the inn when the diligence halted, and there received Lorenzo, and in such a way as showed she could be no other than his wife. Here was an end to all services from our mayoral; so leaving him, Æneas like, to tell over his toils and receive consolation, we descended with one accord to make the most of our momentary home.

Most of the inns we had hitherto come to had been established under the immediate patronage of the Catalan company. They were in consequence well kept, and, though in a homely way, were wanting in no comfort that a reasonable traveller could ask for, but possessed many that I was not prepared to find in a Spanish posada. With none, however, was this so much the case as with the one we now entered. The building itself did not seem to have been originally intended for an inn; for, contrary to the usual custom in Spanish posadas, the dwellings of man and beast, of men and mules, were completely separate. In the better days of Quintanar, it had more probably been the family mansion of a race of hidalgos. The large door on the street opened upon a vestibule, leading to a square court, which had in the centre the dry basin of what had once been a fountain, and was surrounded by light pillars of marble, behind which were an upper and lower corridor. Along both sides of the vestibule were stone benches, which,

as well as every other part of the building, had been newly whitewashed. Here were basins of glazed earthenware and pitchers of water, with a clean towel of coarse linen for each passenger, hanging from nails against the wall. Having paused here to get rid of the dust which we had collected during the day, we next sought out the kitchen, which was in an entirely different style from the one in which we had warmed ourselves at Almansa. The cooking operations were, indeed, performed over charcoal furnaces, much in the same way; but instead of the rude roof and bonfire in the middle of the apartment, there was here an immense fireplace, occupying the whole of one end of the room, and which called strongly to my mind a kitchen chimney I had seen more than a year before in the old chateau of the Count de Dunois, the appendage, in times gone by, of baronial hospitality. At each side of the large aperture were benches incorporated with the wall, and which, being within the chimney itself, and covered with *esparto*, formed delightful sofas for the chilly and fatigued traveller. Here then did we bestow ourselves, to await contentedly and even overlook the preparations for our evening repast; and, as we inhaled the well-savored odor that arose from it, we chatted sociably and cheerfully among ourselves, or exchanged a complacent word with the Castilian

damsels who were performing so near us their well-ordered operations.

The evening had set in cold, and the cheerful blazing of our fire offered an attraction which brought together many of the worthies of Quintanar. The ill-favored members of our escort, now divested of every thing but spurs and sword-belt, were among the number. They were to accompany us the next morning the whole of the first stage beyond the village, and were talking over in monosyllables, with Lorenzo, the preparations for our departure. Wherever we had hitherto stopped, the robbery of the diligence near the Ebro had furnished a fruitful and anxious subject of discussion. A robbery of the diligence, attended with murder, was not so common an occurrence in the country but that it was looked to with interest; particularly by our party, which, being similarly situated with the persons who met with the adventure, was liable to a similar interruption. Our student of the rotunda, calling up the rhetoric he had learned in Barcelona, was ever ready to give a colored picture of the transaction; whilst I, as a witness, was called on to add my testimony, or, in the absence of the young man, to furnish, myself, the particulars. The escort too, drawing inferences of what might be from what had been, were no less interested than ourselves. Besides, they had

heard that a noted robber of Quintanar, not less cunning than bold, had disappeared from his home, and that several armed men had been seen in the morning, by a muleteer, in the direction of Ocaña. This was matter for reflection, and Lorenzo, after gazing awhile upon the quiet comforts of our fireside, and on his yet handsome wife, as she busied herself in sending off our supper to an adjoining room, seemed to think that things would not be the worse for a little delay in our departure the next morning; for when he had glanced round, to see that there were none near who should not hear it, he named four o'clock as the hour for starting.

The escort continued still to linger awhile beside the fireplace. They had many complaints to make of the insufficiency of their pay, many against their want of proper protection from the authorities. A year before, they had repulsed an attack made against the diligence by five robbers; for, having killed the horse of one of them, the fellows made off, carrying with them their dismounted companion. The horse was at once recognised to have belonged to a man in Quintanar, who had been at the head of most of the robberies committed in the country for a long while, and who was the very same one of whom they were now in dread. The suspected person was found badly bruised in his bed, and was

of course imprisoned; but, having brought many persons to swear that at the time of the attack he was sick at home in Quintanar, he was released after a short detention. The fellow neither lacked money nor friends. He pursued robbery as a regular trade, and was actually getting together a little estate. "*Es hombre pequeñito,*" said the narrator, "*pero el hombre mas malo que hay en el mundo.*"—"He is a little man, but the worst fellow in the world." What, however, they most complained of was, that a cloak and some arms which they found with the horse, to the value of twenty dollars or more, had been seized upon by the justice, and either retained or appropriated by the members of the tribunal; "Because," they said, "the matter was not yet adjusted, and these tangible objects were *el cuerpo del delito*—the body of the offence." In this way, after having met the enemy and stood fire, the shoes and skin of the dead horse, which they had sold for sixty reals, were the only fruits of their victory.

This conversation, and the disagreeable reflections and conjectures to which it gave rise, were at length interrupted by the announcement of supper, and the past and future were soon forgotten amid the substantial realities of a well-filled board. Our supper-room was adjacent to the kitchen, and its arrangements showed the same spirit of order and

neatness with the other apartments. The tile floor was every where covered with mats, and the table, in the centre of it, was furnished with as many covers as passengers, and at each a clean napkin and silver fork, after the French fashion. Beneath the table was a brasero, or brass pan, filled with burning charcoal, which had been kindled in the open air, and kept there until the gas had escaped. The brasero was well burnished, and stood in a frame of mahogany or cedar, upon which each of us placed his feet, so that the outstretched legs of our party formed a fence, which, together with the table, retained the heat effectually. Supper over, we dropped off one by one, and sought the common bedroom of our party, situated at the opposite side of our court, with a complete carpeting of straw, and a clean cot for each, placed at regular intervals along the apartment. The conversation which had commenced in the kitchen and was kept up at the supper-table still continued to be carried on by a scattering sentence, first from one and then another of the party, as he drew the clothes more closely about him, or turned over in his bed, nor had it entirely subsided when I fell asleep.

Our journey the next day commenced at four o'clock, as had been already concerted; and I found, on going to the diligence, that the seat between

the colonel and myself was to be occupied by a hale, well-made young woman, who had come the evening before from El Toboso and was going to Madrid. When the colonel had taken his place, which was farthest from the door, I put both hands to her waist to help her up, and, estimating the solidity of her body, prepared to make a strong effort. But she little needed any such assistance; for a vigorous spring took her from my grasp, and brought her to the seat in the cabriolet. As she shot suddenly away from me, I was reminded in more ways than one of the baffled Don Quixote, when Dulcinea leaped through his fingers to the back of her *borrico*.

Our ride to Ocaña was effected without interruption. Such, however, was not the case with the diligence on its return to Valencia, about a week afterwards. It was stopped by a strong party, and with no little advantage to the robbers; for there happened to be in it an Englishman, who ignorant, doubtless, of the danger, and of the express injunction of the Company against carrying a large sum of money, had with him nearly a thousand dollars, and a watch of some value. This prize stimulated the band to new exertions, and during the winter the Valencia coach was plundered nearly a dozen times. Nor did Lorenzo

always pass clear. I met him one day in the street at Madrid, with a long face, that told me of his misfortune ere he had given its history.

Ocaña is as old and ruinous in appearance as any other city in Castile. I went forth with the student, while breakfast was preparing, to look at the public square with its colonnades and anti-quoted balconies. Thence we went to a large reservoir of water in the outskirts of the town, where part of the inhabitants supply themselves, and where the women wash clothes in stone troughs prepared for the purpose. The place was thronged with donkeys, coming and going with earthen jars suspended in wooden frames upon their backs, and conducted by lads mounted behind the load on the very end of the animal, which was urged on with a cry of "*Arre, borrico!*" and guided by the touch of a staff, first on one side of the head, then on the other. There were many young women gathered about the stone basins, kneeling down with their clothes tucked under them, laughing and chatting with each other, crying out in answer to the salutation of a lad of their acquaintance who had come for water, or singing *seguidillas* and wild love-songs of Andalusia. The level of the town in the neighbourhood of the reservoir seemed to be raised with the course of centuries; for I saw several subterranean houses, now inhabited, which seemed to have

been once on a level with the street. Ocaña is celebrated in the history of the late Peninsular war for a decisive battle fought in the neighbourhood, in opposition to the wish of Wellington, and in which the Spaniards were completely beaten.

On leaving Ocaña, the eye is still fatigued with a weary and monotonous waste. As you approach Aranjuez, the face of the country assumes a white and dusty appearance, as of a soil that has long been superannuated and worn out. A rapid descent down a hill, partaking of the gloomy character of the plain above, brought us in sight of the Tajo Dorado—the Golden Tagus of the poets, winding along its deep sheltered bed, in the direction of Toledo. As we passed into the wide street of Aranjuez, on our right hand was the unfinished arena for bull-fights, on the left the residence of the Spanish kings, consisting of palaces, churches, and barracks for the soldiery, all bound together by a succession of colonnades; before us opened a wide square, studded with statues, and enlivened by fountains of marble; the Tagus flowed beyond. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge of a single arch and of great elegance, and then entered an alley surrounded on every side by lofty trees, which concealed the palaces of Aranjuez from view ere I had time for a second glance. But there was that which recompensed me for the loss. Instead of the

naked plains of Castile, we were now surrounded by noble trees that had not yet lost their foliage; we passed through meadows that were still flowered and verdant, and were cheered by the singing of birds and by the flow of water.

This state of things was too good to last long. It ceased when we reached the sandy banks of the Jarama, the larger half of the Tagus, and which only awaits the assistance of man to cover its shores with equal fertility. Here is one of the noblest bridges in Europe, built of beautifully hewn stone, with high walks for foot passengers, and parapets at the sides, in which the stones are arranged to resemble panels. In the war of independence, the English blew up the road over one of the arches, to check the pursuit of the French. The communication was, doubtless, immediately re-established in the centre; but the parapets and sidewalks remain prostrate at the bottom of the river, though the king and court have made their annual passage of the bridge every spring since the restoration of the Bourbons.

Having crossed the Jarama, we ascended its western bank by a noble road which makes repeated angles to overcome the abruptness of the declivity. Arrived at the top, we still retained for a few moments in view the verdant groves of Aranjuez, so different from the unvaried plain that spread

out before us, and whose monotony was but slightly relieved by the dreary chain of Guadarrama. As we receded, however, from the brink of the ravine, which the Tagus had fashioned for its bed, the level ground we stood on seemed to reach over and combine itself with the kindred plains of Ocaña, swallowing up the verdant valley from which we had just emerged, and which had intervened, like an episode, to qualify the monotony of our journey.

The mountains of Guadarrama form the boundary of New and Old Castile; and it is in the former kingdom, and on the last expiring declivity of these mountains, that the city of Madrid is situated. This noble chain grew as we advanced into bolder perspective, lifting its crests highest immediately before us, and gradually declining to the north-east and south-west, until it blended with the horizon in the opposite directions of Arragon and Estremadura. Having passed a hermitage which a devotee from America had perched upon the pinnacle of an insulated hill, we at length caught sight of the capital, rising above the intervening valley of the Manzanares.

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Our first view of Madrid was extremely imposing. It offered a compact mass, crowned every where with countless domes of temples and palaces, upon which the setting sun sent his rays obliquely, and which conveyed, in a high degree, the idea of

magnificence and splendor. Nor was this effect diminished as we advanced; for the cupolas first seen grew into still greater pre-eminence, whilst others at each instant rose above the confusion. At the distance of half a league from the city, we were met by a carriage drawn by two mules. It halted opposite us, and an officer got down to inquire, on the part of some ladies who were in it, for a female friend whom they were expecting from Valencia. There was none such in the diligence. She had announced her arrival, and these friends, who had come forth to meet her, as is the amiable custom of the country, looked disappointed and anxious. After a short consultation, their carriage turned about and followed ours in the direction of the city. Soon after we came to the small stream of Manzanares, one of the confluent of the Jarama, and upon whose north-eastern bank Madrid is situated. This river, taking its course through mountains, is liable to frequent inundations, and it is to obviate the inconveniences which these might occasion, that it is here crossed by the fine bridge of Toledo, which would do honor to the Hudson or the Danube. When we crossed it, one of its nine noble arches would have been sufficient to allow the passage of the Manzanares; for it flows in a narrow bed of shingle, in the middle of the ravine. The rest was abandoned to a light growth of grass,

which some sheep were cropping quietly. A few women in the neighbourhood of the arches were gathering together the clothes which had been drying on the grass; whilst others, having already done so, were moving slowly with bundles on their heads in the direction of the city. The Manzanares was seen doubtless in the same dwindled state by the person, whoever he was, who first took occasion to remark, that he had seen many fine rivers that wanted a bridge, but that here was a fine bridge sadly in want of a river.

Beyond the bridge was a wide road, leading up a gradual ascent to the splendid portal of Toledo. It was thronged by carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, returning to the shelter and security of their homes. We left them to pursue their course, and, taking an avenue that led to the right, in order to avoid the narrow streets of the ancient city, we passed the fairy palace and garden of Casino, and came to the old gate of Atocha. Here our passports were taken to be sent to the police, and in another minute we were within the walls of Madrid and in the capital of Spain. It was already dark, but as we drove rapidly forward, my companion showed me the large building of the Hospital General on the left; on the right was the Garden of Plants, and the wide alley of trees through which we drove was the now deserted

walk of the Prado. Thence, passing along the broad street of Alcala, we were set down in the court-yard of the post-house. Having taken leave of my good-hearted travelling companions, and rewarded the kind attentions of Lorenzo, I put my trunk upon the back of a Gallego, and soon after found myself at home in the Fonda de Malta, in the calle or street del Caballero de Gracia.



Costums of Madrid.

CHAPTER V.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Accommodations for the Traveller in Madrid.—Don Diego the Impurificado.—A Walk in the Street of Alcala.—The Gate of the Sun.—A Review.—Don Valentin Carnehueso.—His Gacetas and Diarios.—His Person and Politeness.—His Daughter.—His House and Household.—His Mode of Life.

ONE of my first objects on arriving in Madrid was to seek winter quarters, which should combine the essentials of personal comfort with favorable circumstances for learning the language. These were not so easily found; for though the Spaniards have no less than six different and well-sounding names to express the various degrees between a hotel and a tavern, yet Madrid is so seldom visited by foreigners, that it is but ill provided for their accommodation. In the way of hotels, the Fonda de Malta is one of the best in the place; and yet the room in which I passed the first two days of my stay in Madrid had but a single small window, which looked on the wall of a neighbouring house. There were but two chairs, one for my trunk, the other for myself; these, with a bed in an alcove at one

end of the room, comprised the whole of the furniture. There was no table, no looking-glass, no carpet, and no fire-place, though there had already been ice, and my window was so placed that it had never seen the sun. There was nothing, in short, beside the bed and two chairs, and the grated window, and dark walls terminated overhead by naked beams, and below by a cold tile floor. What would have become of me I know not, if I had not been taken from this cell on the third day, and moved into a large apartment at the front of the house, where the sun shone in gloriously, and which, besides, had a sofa and half a dozen straw-bottomed chairs, a straw mat which covered the whole floor, a table with crooked legs, and even a mirror! As for meals, public tables are unknown in Spain, and doubtless have been unknown for centuries; for men here are unwilling to trust themselves to the convivialities of the table, except in the society of friends. It is the custom for each party or person to eat alone, and in the lower part of our fonda was a public coffee-room for this purpose, which I used to resort to, in preference to remaining in my room. It was fitted up with much elegance, having marble tables, mirrors with lamps before them, columns with gilt capitals, a pretty woman placed in an elevated situation to keep order, and sometimes a band of music.

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Though this mode of living was tolerable, yet it would not have been so for a whole winter. On inquiry I was told that there were *casas de alquiler*, or houses to be let, in Madrid, in which a person might rent a whole habitation, and hire or buy furniture to please himself, and be served by a domestic of his own; likewise, that there were other establishments called *casas de huespede*, or boarding houses, kept by families, who, having more room than they had occasion for, were in the habit of receiving one or more lodgers, who took their meals at the common table, or were furnished apart. I determined at once for a *casa de huespede*, as according better with means that were rather limited; and because the intercourse of a family would be more favorable to the acquisition of the language. This done, the next thing was to find a place that would suit me, and I was yet pondering over the matter on the sixth day of my arrival, when I was interrupted by the announcement of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who came, recommended by a friend, to give lessons in Spanish. As I saw a great deal of this man during my stay in Madrid, it may not be amiss to give some account of him.

Don Diego Redondo, as he was called, by his own right, and Moreno, as he was also called from the name of his wife, was a native of Cordova, who had resided some years in Madrid, and who, under

the Constitution, had been employed in the office of the minister of state. On the overthrow of the Constitution he had been tossed out of his office, which had at once been taken possession of by a relation of one of the new chiefs; whilst he, not having yet undergone purification, remained in the situation of an *impurificado*. The reader is not perhaps aware, that on the return of despotism in Spain, Juntas of Purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over active in support of the Constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as come out clean from this investigation, from being *impurificados* or unpurified, become *indefinidos* or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half-pay. These *indefinidos* have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look out for a god-send, never think of seeking any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth and read the gazette, but never spend any thing; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known,

if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff color, and by their military batons, or still more readily by the huge cocked hats of oil-cloth with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

Many *impurificados* of the present day have been prevented from offering themselves for purification by the scandal of their past conduct; but a far greater number are deterred by the rapacity and corruption of the purifying tribunals. Don Diego being both a peaceable and poor man, was probably among the last class. Indeed, I was afterwards assured that he was, and that he had been repeatedly solicited by various emissaries, one of whom came from the girl of the president of the Junta, and offered, for a stipulated sum, to pave the way to his thorough purification. Whether he looked on the nominal pay of an *indefinido* as dearly purchased by an immediate expenditure, or that he never had enough money at one time to gratify official or sub-official rapacity, he still continued *impurificado*, and gained his bread the best way he could, as a copyist and instructor of the Castilian. This he was well qualified to teach, for, though he had never read a dozen books besides the *Quijote*, and was as ignorant of the past as of the future history of his country, he had, nevertheless, pur-

sued all the studies usual among his countrymen, wrote a good hand, was an excellent Latinist, and perfect master of his own language.

The dress of Don Diego had evidently assimilated itself to his fallen fortunes. His hat hung in his hand greasy and napless; his boots, from having long been strangers to blacking, were red and foxy, while his pea-green frock, which, when the cold winds descended from the Gaudarrama, served likewise as a surcoat, looked brushed to death and thread-bare. He had, nevertheless, something of a supple and jaunty air with him, showed his worked ruffles and neckcloth to the best advantage, and flourished a little walking wand with no contemptible grace. So much for his artificial man, which was after the fashion of Europe; the natural man might have bespoke a native of Africa. Though called *redondo*, or round, in his own right, he was exceedingly spare and meagre; but he better deserved the cognomen of *moreno*, or black, though he had it in right of his wife, who was of a fair complexion, for his face was strongly indicative of Moorish blood. It showed features the reverse of prominent, and very swarthy; coal-black hair and whiskers, and blacker eyes, which expressed a singular combination of natural ardor and habitual sluggishness. What my friend had said of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno was greatly in his

favor, and there was something in his appearance that strengthened my prepossession. Nor did I afterwards have reason to regret it; for though indolent and wanting in punctuality, I ever found him ready to oblige, and, on the whole, the best-natured fellow in the world. Indeed, I never knew him to be angry but on one occasion, when a servant woman at the palace shut a door in our faces. Don Diego, who was doing the honors of his country to a stranger, felt his Spanish pride grievously insulted; he flew into a terrible rage, foamed at the mouth, and called her *tunante*, or vagabond, an epithet peculiarly odious to Spanish ears, perhaps because too often merited.

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Having mentioned to Don Diego my desire to get into comfortable lodgings for the winter, he proposed that we should go at once in search of a room; so, taking our hats, away we went together. The Calle Caballero de Gracia, which we followed to its termination, conducted us into the broadest part of the street of Alcala. Here we found a number of asses which had brought lime to the city. The commodity was piled in a heap, and the owners were sitting on the bags, dozing, or singing songs, and waiting for purchasers; whilst the donkeys, covered with lime dust, were lying as motionless as the stones beneath them, or standing upon three legs with heads down and pensive.

Having turned to the right, we went in the direction of the public place called the Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, looking attentively on both sides of the balconies, to see if there were any with white papers tied to the rails to show that there was a room to be let. We found two rooms thus advertised, but the sun never shone on one of them, and the other was kept by a sour old woman, who did not seem to care whether she took in a lodger or not; so we passed on.

As we approached the Gate of the Sun, we were entangled in a drove of turkeys, which a long-legged fellow was chasing up the street of Alcala. They went gobbling good-naturedly along, pausing occasionally to glean the pavement, and unmolested by the driver, unless, indeed, any one, abusing his licence, happened to wander out of the way, when a rap on the wing from the long pole which the countryman carried would make the offender hop back to the ranks, and restore him to a sense of subjection. Seeing me look about as though I might be in want of something, the countryman caught up a well-conditioned and consequential cock, and brought him to me, holding him unceremoniously by the legs. "*Vea usted que pavo, Señor!*" "Look, sir, what a turkey!" said he. I admitted that it was a noble bird. He insisted that I should buy it, "*Para su Señora!*" I replied that I had no wife,

"*Para su Queridita!*" Not even a mistress. The cock was thrown down, took the respite in good part, and we renewed our progress.

Passing on, we came to a long row of *calesines*, a kind of gig, of grotesque Dutch figure. Many were oddly painted with the church of *Buen Suceso*, the fountain of the Sibyl, or the Virgin Mary, on the back, and were named accordingly. They were furthermore profusely studded with brass tacks, and so was the harness of the horse; usually a long-tailed Andalusian, decorated with many bells, tassels, and a long plume of red woollen, erect between his ears. As for the drivers themselves, they wore round hats, adorned with buckle, beads, and tassels; jackets and breeches of velvet; worsted stockings, and long-quartered shoes. Each had a second jacket, either drawn on over the other, or more commonly hanging negligently from the left shoulder. This was of brown cloth singularly decorated with embroidered patches of red or yellow cloth, to protect the elbows; a tree and branches of the same upon the back; and in front, instead of buttons, loops and cords, pointed with brass or silver, which were attached to strengthening pieces of red in the shape of hearts. These *caleseros* were grouped together about the doors of the *tabernas*, cracking their whips and their jokes together. Nor did they fail to make us proffers of their services, calling our

attention to the elegance of a *calesa*, and the good points of a *caballo*. The merry mood, hyperbolic language, and fantastic dress of these fellows, so greatly at variance with the habitual gravity of the Castilian, bespoke them natives of the mercurial region of Andalusia.

Leaving this row of vehicles behind, we came to the Puerta del Sol. This is an open place in the heart of Madrid, where eight of the principal streets come together, and where the city may be said to have its focus. In the centre is a fountain, from which the neighbourhood receives its supply of water. One of the forks is formed by the parish church of Buen Suceso, and the others by the post-office and a variety of shops and dwellings. In former times it was the eastern gate of the city; hence its name of Gate of the Sun; but when the court came to Madrid, the nobility who followed in its train constructed their palaces in the open place to the east, so that the Puerta del Sol, from being the extremity, became the centre of Madrid. From hence are streets leading directly to almost any place of which you may be in search; and, put yourself into any street in the extremities of the city, it is sure to discharge you here. In this way all Madrid passes daily through this centre of circulation; so that a stranger may station himself

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here and see the population of the whole capital passing, as it were, in review before him.

Here the exchange is each day held, and the trader comes to talk of his affairs; the politician, rolled in his cloak, signifies, by a shrug, a significant look, or a whisper, the news which with us would be told with the hands in the breeches' pockets, the legs striding apart, and the voice lifted up in loud declamation. Hither the *elegante* is mechanically drawn to show off the last Parisian mode; or the idle thief, enveloped in his dingy cloak, to talk to a comrade of old achievements, or to plan future crimes and depredations. Here are constantly passing flocks of sheep and droves of swine, going to the shambles; mules and asses laden with straw or charcoal, or dead kids hooked by the legs; and always on the very end of the last beast of each row, a rough clad fellow, singing out, with a grave accent on the last syllable, "*Paja! paja! carbon! cabrito!*" "Straw! straw! coals! kids!" There are, moreover, old women with oranges or pomegranates, pushing their way through the crowd, and scolding those who run against their baskets; also *aguadores* with jars of water, who deafen you with cries of "*Quien quiere agua?*" "Who wants water?" Nor do beggars fail to frequent this resort, especially the blind, who vociferate some ballad which they have

for sale, or demand alms in a peremptory tone, and in the name of Maria Santisima.

Here, too, may be seen all the costumes of Spain: the long red cap of the Catalan; the Valencian with his blanket and airy bragas, though in the midst of winter; the montera cap of the Manchego; the leathern cuirass of the Old Castilian; the trunk hose of the Leones; the coarse garb and hob-nailed shoes of the Gallego; and the round hat and embroidered finery of Andalusia. Nor does the Puerta del Sol fail to witness prouder sights than these. At one moment it is a regiment of the royal guard going to review; in the next, a trumpet sounds, and the drums of the neighbouring piquets are heard beating the call. The coaches and six approach, guarded by a splendid accompaniment. The cry of "*Los Reyes!*" passes from mouth to mouth; and the Spaniards, unrolling their cloaks and doffing their hats, give place for the absolute king. Presently a bell rings, and every voice is hushed. A long procession of men, with each a burning taper, is seen preceding a priest, who is carrying the reconciling sacrament to smooth the way for some dying sinner. Does it meet a carriage, though containing the first *grande* of Spain, the owner descends, throws himself upon his knees in the middle of the street, and offers his carriage for the conveyance of the host. "*Su Majestad!*" "His Ma-

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jesty!" to indicate the presence of the Saviour sacramentized, passes in a tremulous whisper from lip to lip. The faithful are all uncovered and kneeling; they smite their breasts with contrition, and hold down their heads, as if unworthy to look upon the Lamb.

We were yet standing in the midst of this buoyant scene of bustle and confusion, when a sturdy wretch brushed past us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. He was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, and had on a pair of boots so run down at heel that he trod rather upon the legs than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely over the eyes, scarcely allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange people in Spain, this fellow attracted my attention in an unusual degree. Not so with Don Diego. The fellow's frown seemed to forbid recognition, and he said not a word until he had been long out of sight. He at length told me that the man had once been his acquaintance, and was, like himself, a native of Cordova. He had been a captain of horse under the Constitution, and, having been a violent man, had lain long in the common prison after the return of despotism. When he at length escaped from it, Don Diego took compassion upon him, as one of his own province, and a companion in misfortune.

He allowed him to sleep in the outer room of his apartment, and even shared with him the contents of his own scanty purse. Very soon after, his lodgings were robbed of every thing they contained, and his friend came no more to share his hospitality. In a short time some darker crime forced the miscreant from Madrid, and Don Diego had not seen him for more than two years. I inquired why he did not send the police after him. He answered that the police would give him more trouble than the robber, and ended by saying, "Is it not enough that he has plundered me? would you have him take my life?"

The unpleasant reflections excited by this rencontre were soon banished by strains of music, and the clatter of advancing hoofs. The body of cavalry, which now attracted the attention of the multitude in the Puerta del Sol, and for which a passage was soon opened by the long-bearded sappers who marched in front, was a regiment of lancers of the royal guard; a beautiful and well-mounted corps in Polish uniforms, with high shakos, each bearing a lance decorated with a red and white pennon. Next came a band of some thirty musicians, playing that most beautiful piece, *Di piacer mi balza il cor*, from the *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini. I thought I had never heard any sounds so delightful: even the ardor of the horses seemed

lulled by them. Presently, however, the cadence passed into a blast far livelier than the love-song of Ninetta, and away they went at a gallop in the direction of the Prado.

Immediately behind the lancers came a regiment of cuirassiers, mounted chiefly on powerful steeds, with long sweeping tails, and manes parted in the middle, and flowing on both sides the whole width of the neck. The men were stout fine-looking fellows, encased in long jack-boots, with Grecian helmets and cuirasses of steel, on the front of which were gilded images of the sun. Their offensive weapons consisted of stout horse pistols and straight sabres of great length, from the royal armory of Toledo. There was to be a review on the Prado; and having always been fond of listening to music and looking at the soldiers, I proposed that we should see it. Don Diego was one of those ready fellows of idle mood and ample leisure who are pleased with every proposition; so we went at once in quest of the soldiery.

The review took place near the convent of Atocha. The minister of war, with a brilliant staff mounted on splendid barbs from the meadows of the Tagus or the Guadalquivir, was posted in front of the convent, and received the salutations of the passing soldiery. It was one of those bright and cloudless days so common in the elevated region of Madrid.

The sun shone full upon polished helmets, cuirasses, and sabres, or flickered round the ends of the lances; whilst the combined music of both corps, stationed at the point about which the platoons wheeled in succession, sent forth a martial melody. The display was a brilliant one, and I enjoyed it without reservation. I looked not to the extortion and misery which, among the industrious classes, must pay for this glitter and pageantry; to the cause of injustice and oppression it might be called to support; to the rapine and murder, the famine and pestilence, the thousand crimes and thousand curses that follow in the train of armies.

The corps of the royal guard has been established within a few years to supply the place of the foreign mercenaries, the Swiss and Walloon guards, formerly employed by the kings of Spain. It consists of twenty-five thousand men, at least as well equipped as those of the French royal guard; while in point of size, sinewy conformation, capacity to endure fatigue, and whatever constitutes physical excellence, the Spaniards are far superior. The officers, however, and it is they who give the tone to an army, are very inferior; for the old Spanish officers, having been almost all engaged in bringing about and sustaining the Constitution, are now generally in disgrace or banishment. Their stations in the regiments of the line are chiefly filled by low-born

men, taken from the plough-tail or the workshop, who were led by avarice or fanaticism to join the royalist guerillas at the period of the last revolution. In the royal guard they have been superseded by young nobles, who are many of them children in age, and all of them infants in experience. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive a greater disparity than exists between those old French *sabreurs*, with their long mustaches and scarred features, who have gained each advancement upon the field of battle, and these beardless nobles of the Spanish guard. Though young and inexperienced, however, these officers are spirited, fine-looking fellows. They are said to be imbued with liberal ideas, and to be only different from their predecessors of the Constitutional army in not having had an opportunity to declare their sentiments. This is the more likely to be true from their youth; for though at a more advanced age men easily adapt their opinions to the dictates of interest, yet the young mind ever leans towards truth and reason. When there is another revolution in Spain, it will doubtless be brought about by the army, which in point of intelligence is far in advance of the nation; and, though expressly created to prevent such a result, it is most likely to originate with the royal guard.

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By the time the review was over and we were

on our way back, Don Diego was very tired. He had a mode of walking on his heels with out-turned toes, which, however graceful, did not at all answer on a march. He complained bitterly of his feet, sent his bootmaker to the devil, and made a low bow at every step. I sympathized in his sufferings, offered him my arm, and helped him to carry himself back to the Puerta del Sol, from which the soldiers had drawn us. On the way he bethought himself of an old friend in the Calle Montera, who might perhaps be willing to receive a lodger. The man's name was Don Valentin Carnehueso, and the particulars of his history were strongly indicative of the character of his countrymen and of the misfortunes of his country*.

Don Valentin was a native of Logroño, in the fertile canton of Rioja. He was by birth an hidalgo, or noble in the small way, after the manner of Don Quixote, and had been of some importance in his own town, of which he was one of the *regidores*. In the political ups and downs of his country, he had several times changed his residence and occupation; was by turns a dealer in cattle, which he purchased in France or in the northern provinces of the Peninsula, to strengthen the stomachs

* It has occurred to the author that it would be safer to change the name of his host and instructor, and he has christened them accordingly.

of the combatants who disputed for the possession of Spain; or else a cloth merchant, keeping his shop in the same house where he now lived, near the Puerta del Sol. His last occupation was interrupted, according to his own account, in a very singular way. Whilst he had been regidor in Logroño, the ayuntamiento of the town became acquainted with the hiding-place in which some French troops, in retreating rapidly towards the frontier, had deposited a large quantity of plate and valuables robbed from the royal palace. On the return of Ferdinand, the account of the buried plate reached his ears; and having likewise learned that there was a man in Madrid who knew where it had been concealed, he sent at once for Don Valentin, who was the person in question. When ordered by his majesty to conduct a party to the place of concealment, he pleaded the situation of his affairs. If his shop should continue open, it would be pillaged by the clerks, who are the most unprincipled fellows, except the escribanos, to be found in Spain; and if it were shut up, he should lose both present and future custom. Besides, the other regidores, his colleagues, were yet alive, and still resided at Logroño. He entreated his majesty, therefore, not to send him from his affairs; for he was but a poor man, and had a wife and daughter. Ferdinand, in reply, promised to re-

compense all losses he might sustain by abandoning his trade, and to pay him well for the sacrifice. He ended by putting it upon his loyalty. Don Valentin was an old Castilian; so he hesitated no longer, but sold out, shut his shop, and went off to Rioja.

Whether it were owing to the small number of persons who had been in the secret, or to the sacredness with which the Spaniards regard every thing which belongs to their religion and their king, the treasure was all found untouched in the place of its concealment. It was brought safely to Madrid, Don Valentin being at the expense of transportation. He now presented his claims to government, for damages suffered by loss of trade, and for the expenses of the journey, including the subsistence of the foot soldiers, who had served as escort, which he had defrayed from his own purse. These claims were readily admitted, and an early day appointed for their liquidation. The day at length comes, but the money comes not with it. Don Valentin has an audience of the king; for no king can be more accessible than Ferdinand. He receives the royal word for the payment; for no king could be more compliant. He has many audiences, receives many promises, but no money. Meantime he lives upon hope, and the more substantial balance remaining from the sale of his stock. These were

near failing together when the year 1820 brought some relief to the misfortunes of Spain. It likewise improved the condition of Don Valentin. Taking advantage of the publicity which was allowed in Spain by the new system, he established a reading-room, where all the daily papers of the capital, and of the chief cities of Europe, were regularly received. This went on very well, until the French, who never yet came to Spain on any good errand, overthrew the Constitution. The liberty of thought and speech fell with it. Don Valentin was invited to shut up his reading-room, and he once more retired to live upon his savings, amounting to some ten or twelve hundred dollars, which he had stowed away in a secret corner of his dwelling. This was taken out, piece by piece, to meet the necessities of his family, until one day the house was entered by three robbers, who gagged the old woman, tied her to the bedstead, and then carried off, not only the earnings of Don Valentin, but silver spoons and forks, and every thing of any value, to the very finery of his daughter. This last blow laid poor Don Valentin completely on his back. All that he now did was to take the *Diario* and *Gaceta*, which his wife let out to such curious people as came to read them in the common entry of their house. This furnished the trio of which the family consisted with their daily puchero, his daughter

with silk stockings and satin shoes, to go to mass and walk on a feast-day upon the Prado, and himself with now and then his paper *cigarillo*.

By the time we had discussed the history of Don Valentin, we reached the door of his house in the Calle Montera. Nearly the whole front of the basement story was hung with cloths festooned from the lower balcony, to show the commodity that was sold within. Beside the shop was a second door opening on a long entry, about four feet in width, which led to an equally contracted staircase at the back of the house. Here we entered, and found seated within the doorway an old woman, with a woollen shawl over her head, and on her lap a bundle of *Gacetas* and *Diarios*. The whole extent of the entry was strung with a file of grave politicians, wrapped in their cloaks, as in so many sleeveless frocks, with their hands coming out indecently from beneath to hold a *Gaceta*. Don Diego begged my pardon, and went in advance to clear the way, with the cry of "*Con licencia, señores!*" The readers let their arms fall beside them, drew nigh to the wall, and turned sideways to make themselves as thin as possible. We did the same, and as, fortunately, none of us were very corpulent, we got by with little detention or difficulty, and commenced ascending a stairway, partially illuminated by embrasures, like a

Gothic tower. Let us pause to take breath during this tedious ascent up three pairs of stairs, and profit of the interval to say something of the *Diario* and *Gaceta*, which so greatly occupied the attention of the politicians below, and which contain, the first all the commercial information of the Spanish capital, the second all the literary, scientific, and political intelligence of the whole empire.

The *Diario* is a daily paper, as its name indicates. It is printed on a small quarto sheet, a good part of which is taken up with the names of the saints who have their feast on that day; as, *San Pedro Apostol y Martir*, *San Isidoro Labrador*, or *Santa Maria de la Cabeza**. Then follows an account of the churches where there are to be masses, and what troops are to be on guard at the palace, the gates, and the theatres. Next the commercial advertisements, telling where may be purchased Bayonne

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* I forget whether it was from the *Diario* of Madrid or of Barcelona that I took the following singular heading in relation to the religious ceremonies of the day. "To-morrow, being Friday, will be celebrated the feast of the glorious martyr, San Poncio, advocate and protector against bed-bugs—*abogado contra las chinches*.—There will be mass all the morning, and at seven o'clock will take place the blessing of branches and flowers, in honor of the aforesaid saint."—The branches and flowers thus blessed are doubtless found efficacious in preserving houses from these irksome tenants, and so form a convenient substitute for the troublesome care of cleanliness.

hams and Flanders butter, with a list of wagons that are taking in cargo and passengers for Valencia, Seville, or Corunia, and the names and residence of wet nurses, newly arrived from Asturias, with fresh milk and good characters.—The *Gaceta* is published three times a week, at the royal printing-office, on a piece of paper somewhat larger than a sheet of foolscap. It usually begins with an account of the health and occupation of their majesties, and is filled with extracts from foreign journals, culled and qualified to suit the meridian of Madrid; with a list of the bonds of the state creditors which have come out as prizes, that is, as being entitled to payment by the *Caja de Amortizacion*, or Sinking Fund; with replications of some old statute, condemning such as neglect to pay their tithes to the infliction of the *bastinado*; or with an edict against freemasons, devoting them to all the temporal and spiritual punishments which the throne and altar can bestow—death here, and damnation hereafter.

Meantime, we had reached the landing-place of the third story, and pulled the bell-cord which hung in the corner. Before the sound was out of the bell, we were challenged by a voice from within, crying in a sharp tone, "*Quien?*"—"Who is it?" "*Gente de paz!*"—"Peaceful people!" was the answer of Don Diego. Our professions of amity

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were not, however, sufficient, and we were reconnoitred for half a minute through a small wicket, which opened from within, and was provided with a mimic grating like the window of a convent. The man who reconnoitred us from the security of his strong-hold had no occasion to close one eye whilst he peeped with the other; for he was one-eyed, or, as the Spaniards, who have a word for every thing, express it, *tuerto*. When he had sufficiently assured himself of our looks and intentions, several bolts and latches were removed, the door was opened, and Don Valentin stood before us. He was tall, gaunt, and bony, dressed in a square-tailed coat and narrow pantaloons of brown, with a striped vest of red and yellow. The collar and ruffles of his shirt, as well as the edges of a cravat of white cambric, were elaborately embroidered, and made a singular contrast with the coarseness of his cloth. Beside him were an immense pair of stiff-backed boots with tassels, ready to supersede the slippers which he wore. Don Valentin's face was thin, wrinkled, and sallow, and was set off by black and bristly hair, which seemed to grow in all directions from sheer inveteracy.

These observations were made whilst the punctilious politeness, which distinguishes the Old Castilian, and to which the Andaluz is no stranger, was expending itself in kind inquiries after the health

of each other and family. "Como esta usted?"—"How fares your grace?" "Sin novedad para servir á usted y usted?"—"As usual, at your grace's service: and yourself?" Then followed a long list of inquiries for Doña Concha on one part, and La Florencia on the other; with the replies of, "Tan buena—tan guapa—para servir á usted;" "Equally well—famously—at your grace's service." By this time Don Valentin had discovered me in the obscurity of the doorway: so directing his eye at me, and inclining his ungainly figure, he said, with an attempt at unction, "Servidor de usted caballero," and bid us pass onward into a small saloon, of which he opened the door. When he had drawn on his boots, he followed, and, after a few more compliments, Don Diego opened the subject of our visit. Don Valentin, after a becoming pause, replied that the room we were in had served them as a saloon, and that the alcove had been the sleeping apartment of his daughter; but that if it suited me to occupy it, they would live in the *antesala* adjoining the kitchen, their daughter would move up stairs, and I should have the whole to myself. The room was every thing one could have wished in point of situation; for it overlooked the Puerta del Sol, and had a broad window fronting toward the south-east, which, from its elevation above the opposite roofs, was each morning bathed by the earliest rays of the

sun. But I did not like the look of Don Valentin, nor did I care to live under the same roof with him. So, when we rose to depart, I said I would think of the matter, secretly determining, however, to seek lodgings elsewhere.

Don Valentin accompanied us to the door, charged Don Diego with a load of *expresiones* for his family, and, as is the custom on a first visit to a Spaniard, told me that his house and all it contained was at my entire disposal. He had told us for the last time, "*Que no haya novedad! Vayan ustedes con Dios!*"—"May you meet with no accident! God be with you!"—and was holding the door for us, when we were met on the narrow landing, full in the face, by the very Doña Florencia about whom Don Diego had asked, and who had just come from mass. She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for, in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *basquina* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape

which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a ribband of the same color.

As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a color not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favorite in Andalusia, which begins,

"O no! no quiero casarme!
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera!"

"O no! I care not to marry!
'Tis better, 'tis better live single!"

We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly, perhaps, from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency. Here the matter was again talked over,

the daughter lent her counsel, and I was finally persuaded that the room and its situation were even more convenient than I at first thought, and that I could not possibly do better; so I closed with Don Diego, and agreed to his terms, which were a dollar per day for the rent of the room and for my meals*. That very afternoon I abandoned the Fonda de Malta, and moved into my new lodgings, where I determined to be pleased with every thing, and, following the prescription of Franklin's philosopher with the good and bad leg, to forget that Don Valentin was *tuerto*, and to look only at Florencia.

Being now established for the winter, it may not be amiss to give some account of the domestic economy of our little household. The apartments of Don Valentin occupied the whole of the third floor and two rooms in the garret, a third being inhabited by a young man, cadet of some noble house, who was studying for the military career. One of these rooms was appropriated by Don Valentin as a bedroom and workshop; for, like the Bourbon family, he had a turn for tinkering, and usually passed his mornings, to my no small inconvenience,

* In Madrid, lodgings are hired by the day. A tenant may abandon a house at a day's notice, but cannot be forced from it by the landlord so long as he continues to pay the stipulated rent.

in planing, hammering, and sawing, in his aerial habitation. I used sometimes to wonder, when I saw his neighbour, the cadet, lying in his bed and studying algebra in his cloak, boots, and foraging-cap—for he kept no brasero,—how he managed, with such a din beside him, to follow the train of his equations. The third room was the bed-chamber of Florencia.

On the same floor with my apartment was one inhabited by Doña Gertrudis, an Asturian lady, whose husband had been a colonel in the army, and who dared not return to Spain, whence he fled on the arrival of the French, because he had given an ultra-patriotic toast at a public dinner in the time of the Constitution. He was wandering about somewhere in America, she scarce knew where, for it was next to impossible to hear from him. This woman was a singular example of the private misery which so many revolutions and counter-revolutions have produced in Spain, and brought home to almost every family. Of three brothers who had held offices under the government, two had been obliged to fly, and were now living in England, a burden to the family estate. This, with the death of her two children, and the absence of their father, who alone could have consoled her for the loss, had so greatly preyed upon her health, that she was threatened with a cancer in the breast. Her friends

had sent her to the capital to procure better advice than could be found at Oviedo. She frequently told me her story, talked of other days, when her husband, being high in favor, had brought her to this same Madrid, taken her to court, and led her into all the gaieties of the capital. Her situation was indeed a sad one, and I pitied her from my soul.

My own room was of quadrangular form, and sufficiently large for a man of moderate size and pretensions. On the side of the street a large window, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, opened, with a double set of folding doors, upon an iron balcony. The outer doors were glazed, the inner ones were of solid wood, studded with iron, and firmly secured by a long vertical bolt. This folding window is found all over France, and the bolt which confines it is there called *espangolette*. Directly in front of the window was a recess or alcove, concealed by curtains, within which was my bed. At the bedside was a clean merino sheepskin, in addition to the mat of straw, or *esparto*, which covered the alcove and sitting-room.

The furniture consisted of a dozen rush-bottomed chairs, a chest of drawers, which Don Valentin himself had made, and where, at my request, Florencia continued to preserve her feast-day finery; and a huge table, which filled one end of the room, and

which I had at first taken for a piano. There were here but few ornaments. Two or three engravings hung about the walls, in which one of Raphael's Virgins was paired with a bad picture of hell and its torments. There was, likewise, on the bureau, a glass globe with a goldfish in it. Though the pet of Florencia, and well taken care of, this little fellow seemed weary of his prison-house; for night and day he was ever swimming round and round, as if in search of liberty. On the whole, there was about this dwelling an air of great snugness and quiet. The balcony, however, was by far the most agreeable part. There, leaning on the railing, I passed a portion of each day; for when cavalcades and processions failed, there was always abundant amusement in gazing upon the constantly circulating multitude, and in studying the varied costumes and striking manners of this peculiar people. Nor were other motives wanting to lead me to the balcony. The one immediately next my own was frequented at all hours by a young Andaluza of surpassing beauty; whilst over the way was the habitation of Letizia Cortessi, the *prima donna* of the Italian opera.

As for the occupations of our little family, they were such as are common in Spain. The first thing in the morning was to arrange and order every thing for the day. Then each took the little *higada*

of chocolate and *panecillo*, or small roll, of the delightful bread of Madrid. This meal is not taken at a table, but sitting, standing, or walking from room to room, and not unfrequently in bed. This over, each went to his peculiar occupations; the old woman, with her *Diarios* and *Gacetas*, to open her reading room in the entry; Florencia to ply her needle; and Don Valentin to play tinker overhead, having first taken out his flint and steel, and cigar and paper, to prepare his brief cigarillo, which he would smoke, with a sigh between each puff, after those days of liberty when a cigar cost two *cuartos*, instead of four. Towards noon he would roll himself in his *capa parda*—cloak of brown—and go down into the Puerta del Sol, to learn the thousand rumors which there find daily circulation. If it were a feast-day, the mass being over, he would go with his daughter to the Prado. At two, the family took its mid-day meal, consisting, beside some simple dessert, of soup and *puchero*, well seasoned with pepper, saffron, and garlic. If it had been summer, the *siesta* would have passed in sleep; but it being winter, Don Valentin took advantage of the short-lived heat to wander forth with a friend, and in the evening went to his *tertulia*, or friendly reunion. In summer, one, or even two o'clock, is the hour of retiring; but in winter it is eleven. Always the last thing, before going to bed, was to take a supper

of stewed meat and tomatos, prepared in oil, to sleep upon.

Such was the ordinary life of this humble family. Don Valentin sometimes varied it by a shooting excursion, from which he scarcely ever returned without a good store of hares and partridges. On such occasions he was followed by his faithful Pito, a fat spaniel, of very different make from his master. This Pitt or Pito, so called in honor of the British statesman, had passed through dangers in his day; for in Spain even the lives of the dogs do not pass without incident. He was one day coursing with his master in the neighbourhood of the Escorial, when they were suddenly set upon by robbers. Don Valentin was made to deliver up his gun and lie down on the ground, whilst his pockets were rifled. When, however, the robber who took the gun had turned to go away, Pito gathered courage, and seized him by the leg. The incensed ruffian turned about and levelled his piece, whilst poor Pito, well aware of the fatal power of the weapon, slunk to the side of his master. The situation of man and dog was indeed perilous; but fortunately the piece missed fire, and both were saved. Nor should I forget to say something of a cat, last and least of our household. His name was *Jazmin*, or *Jessamine*. It was only in name, however, that he differed from and was superior to other cats. Like