rival not ours in beauty, in vivacity, grace and elegance they are not to be surpassed even by the French. I regret to observe the fashionables have put aside their native mantilla (that graceful and becoming costume in which Venus had she known it would have attired herself) for the head-gear of Paris.

During the whole day, likewise you find the Puerta del Sol and the calle Alcalà thronged with a motley crowd, and in the evening there are two caffés in that street, brilliantly illuminated and crammed with some four or five hundred people eating ices and puffing away cigars. There are likewise bull-fights once a week, for those who *like* them, but the theatres are utterly deserted, and for a stranger in a large town the theatre after all is his only evening amusement. It is not indeed to be wondered at that deserted benches should be the case with the Italian Opera, for that ear shattering orchestra, those chorusses composed verily I believe of mule-drivers, judging from the appalling sound they send forth, are enough to drive any one away whose ears

can distinguish between harmony and discord; but it is to be wondered at that the comic company which displays real talent should receive no patronage from the public—yet when bull-fights rule the day how has any thing that is in the least intellectual a chance? Therefore I correct myself it is *not* to be wondered at.

Madrid is neither well paved nor lighted, nor safe to walk about in at night, if I may judge from the account of a robbery mentioned in the journals, which took place the other night in the streets at twelve o'clock. Of the lower orders I receive a very bad account from my landlord, who describes them as universally drunken and ferocious, and when I look at the countenances of the Madrilenos I give him full credit for the assertion. The vices and profligacy indeed of a corrupt court, seem depicted in the faces of all you meet with at Madrid. If you would hear the most unfavourable character of the Spaniards, I may remark once for all, you have but to direct your inquiries to one of their own countrymen as I did to my landlord. This is an observation I hear made by all the English I

meet with in Spain. What then is the character of the Spaniards you may ask me? It is difficult to give any one that shall apply to them as a nation, since the people of every province are so different from those of the one adjoining it, that they may be almost considered as an assemblage of different nations. You know I passed some years ago through a part of the Northern Provinces of Spain, and how much I admired the sober, industrious and tranquil character of the warm-hearted Biscayans and Navarrese—that at Zaragoza I found the people brutal and repulsive in their manners, and the Catalans rough, sturdy and turbulent. From my observations during the present tour, I should say the people of Cadiz were polite and civilized, of Seville equally so, with more tranquil and orderly habits, those of Granada drunken and disorderly, and these Madrilenos a perfect canaille. As to the pride, haughtiness and reserve of the Spaniard, I never met with a single instance of it. On the contrary, I should say they had too much vanity to admit of pride, that instead of being reserved they are in general a particularly

communicative, affable, loquacious people, with an exuberance of spirits that is almost overpowering to a staid taciturn Englishman like myself. Bravado, jealousy and envy are I believe very prominent features of their character universally. But you will say I am not doing justice to the Spanish character. I answer—you must draw a wide distinction in general between the people of the towns and the people of the country, the rural population. The Spanish peasantry I believe to be the finest race in Europe, both physically and morally; but the population of towns varies exceedingly, and generally speaking you may say the higher you ascend above the peasantry, up to the profligacy and corruption of the nobility and court, the lower descends the scale of moral estimation.

A word now on the political occurrences since I have been in the capital. For some days the daily report ran that Madrid was on the eve of being besieged by the Constitutional army. The city nevertheless remained in a state of perfect quietude. Torreno has now resigned and lays perdu through fear of being massacred by the

people, and Mendizabal after the premiership had been first refused by General Alava is his successor. He is a Liberal and with the Constitutional army to back him, has a chance and opportunity of carrying his liberal system into effect. My landlord, however, who is a great politician and evidently a Carlist, prognosticates he will act precisely as the worthy before him, viz. throw the public interests overboard and take the opportunity of filling his own pockets.

But let us turn to the crisis at which Mendizabal has assumed the helm—every province except Castile, governed by its self-formed junta —not a Real from all these provinces passing into the royal treasury; the Queen of Spain and Portugal, of the Indies, and Naples and Netherlands and half Europe according to her title (of Gibraltar too) being at this present moment Sovereign de facto only of Castile—a civil war raging in the North, and loyalty either to Isabella or to Don Carlos being I believe pretty equally divided. The minister may raise an army of one hundred thousand men to march against the disputer to the throne (and there are thousands

who tremble at the retaliation and reign of bigotry, which will ensue should he succeed) but can he pay and support them in such a country as Spain? The same remark applies equally to foreign mercenaries. There will be no want of such mercenaries. A general gaol delivery of Europe will supply them in abundance. But is there not a surer way of cutting up the very roots of this disastrous civil war? Restore the Biscayans and Navarrese to those hereditary rights and immunities to which they have as unquestionable a title as Christina's daughter to the throne—perform this act of tardy justice Mendizabel; you annihilate Don Carlos, and you send back the mercenaries and their General after his six weeks campaign to his longing and expecting constituents.

While I am on this subject, in order to give you some idea of the vaunted victories of the Queen's Generals, I shall transcribe an extract of a military dispatch, taken from the Madrid Gazette, August 22nd, which runs thus, "habiendo matado dos facciosos, y herido uno," &c. but I will proceed to the translation at once,

"having killed two of the rebels and wounded one, captured two mares, three fowling pieces, one hat and a nightcap"—Is not this a dispatch (one of many) worthy of a bull-fighting nation?

And now I trust a couple more letters will finish my Spanish correspondence, as I have taken my place by the Zaragoza Diligence for the 5th of October, from whence I intend to fight my way over the central road of the Pyrenees by Jaca to France. This at present is the only route open, that from Vittoria to Bayonne having long been been closed, and the other from Zaragoza to Barcelona being likewise so, since three Diligences successively have been burnt between those two towns by the Carlists.

Believe me, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER XV.

ON AN ARTICLE IN TAIT'S MAGAZINE, ON ENGLISH MANNERS, WITH SOME REMARKS ON OUR TWO UNIVERSITIES.

Athenæum Club.

DEAR SIR,

AMONG the periodicals, Leigh Hunt's Journal, I much regret to find, is discontinued. It was evidently the work of an accomplished scholar, written in a beautiful stile, candid and just in its criticisms, and wholly untainted with the "Doris amara" of politics. Why then did it not secure the patronage of the public? We have still the Literary Gazette however, which possesses many of its merits. Tait's Magazine is strongly tinctured with its own politics, certainly not mine; but "Tros Tyriusve," Radical or Tory, I am equally glad to find a good article in any of them. In his May number I glanced on one, headed Omnibusses, written in a spirit of good feeling, and commenting upon the unsociability

and neglect of politeness prevailing in our English manners.

The suspicious glance with which an unexpected civility is received, and even the occasional rudeness with which it is sometimes rejected, form a very peculiar, and no creditable feature of our sociable character, which has often struck me, and the more forcibly after a tour, I may add, on the Continent. Perhaps you will allow me to offer some few thoughts (leaving books for men) which suggest themselves to me upon this subject.

L. Bulwer, who is no ordinary writer among the crowd of authors of the present day, and a shrewd observer of manners, has, if I remember, already remarked on the unsociable turn of our middling classes. I believe I am but echoing him in assigning the reason for this. Few amongst us think it worth their while to pay attention or civility, except to rank and fortune. The middling classes then, who find "none so poor to do them reverence," are necessarily driven to this unsociable humour, or perhaps to a coarse familiarity. I hardly consider I am going too far in saying that such is in general the interested

motive which rouses us from this torpid state of indifference to politeness, that unless we happen from our station to possess an unquestionable title to deference, we almost regard such an unusual event as a treacherous design on our pockets. We can only account for so extraordinary a superfluity by some extraordinary motive; for our manners towards each other are usually so cold, supercilious, and even repulsive, that civility seems to be only the exception which proves the general rule of indifference to civility.

Sociability is best proved among equals in station; but in this case among us there seems to be a kind of repulsion, something like that between the two electricities, the negative completely preventing the contact of the positive. Some fancied superiority, either on the one or the other side, some spirit of petty rivalry or jealousy keeps us asunder. To our superiors we can bow, and with great pleasure, and show tolerable civility (some of us) towards our inferiors; but the interchange of mutual politeness (which is a very different thing from cringing servility, be it observed, and our obligation

towards all) seems a task we cannot very easily reconcile ourselves to.

A greater mixture of the different classes together, in place of that exclusive spirit which confines people of pretension to a narrow circle, in which they imbibe prejudices and learn nothing of the world at large, would be a great advantage to all.

Society! I hear the word so often repeated. What is it but a game of ambition? Double-bar and bolt your doors and everybody will be peeping for admission. Open them wide, no one will condescend to enter. Mrs. Higgins is aspiring to Lady Buggin's parties, and turning-up her nose at Mrs. Wiggins's, and Lady Buggin in her turn is as anxious to mount one step higher in the ladder of society, and to exchange cards with her betters.

Nettled though we may feel at the remarks of some Prince Puckler Muskau, or other foreign adventurer whom we court for his title, because he satirizes us for our national foibles, who can deny that it constitutes justly our national reproach? We abuse the Lords as a

body politic and cry out for their reform; in private we pay them the most subservient and superstitious reverence. If upon this they assume (and I know not whether they do so or no) who is to blame? It is we who have made them our gods, and we who offer up to them daily incense, and the divine honours they require at our hands are only those which we have acknowledged to be their due.

Some liberal lady, perhaps, exclaims against the hauteur of the aristocracy, and vents her spleen against Almacks, and yet there may be none who sigh in secret more ardently to have the opportunity to play the Toady to rank and fashion, or who would more willingly give her very ears to obtain an admission to the hated coterie in the purlieus of St. James's Street. We are all infected alike, whether we rail or whether we flatter, and we so overtax our politeness, or rather servility, in our aspirations to obtain a footing with our superiors, that we have none left to spare towards our equals or inferiors. Thus the middling classes, whom nobody thinks it worth their while to treat with common attention,

living in a state of exclusion, are driven to a solitary, rude and selfish independence. I care for nobody, since nobody cares for me. Sociality is thus driven out of the field, for what sociality can have place amidst so much aspiring ambition? Oil and vinegar would as soon unite into one compound.

Of this servility to rank our public schools would operate as some corrective, did not the two Universities spoil all afterwards. I was at one of these public schools (and I never see the lofty spire of its church without affection) how many years back, "bonæ sub regno Cynaræ," I need not inform you. It contained at that time more nobility than the whole University of Cambridge put together, to which I was sent afterwards in due time. At that school there was no line drawn between the titled and untitled; all were upon an equal footing. But when I afterwards entered the academic halls on the banks of the Cam, how was the scene changed? Here was my Lord and the Honourable dressed out like Dives, in purple, eating at the Fellows' table, who seem to appropriate to

themselves such noble company, exempted from how many attendances in chapel I remember not, treading the sacred grass-plot of the College (for to Pensioners and dogs it was holy ground not to be profaned) and entitled by right of rank in these republics of letters to an honorary degree, though they might have broken down on the pons asinorum of Euclid, or stuck at the solution of a simple equation in algebra.

But this was not all. The curule chair was reserved not only for Patrician rank, but sold even to Plebeian wealth. By Heavens! I beheld our family-grocer's son and heir, whose father was worth a plum out of his shop, as well as within it, strutting about in a silk gown all beplastered with tinsel, and treading beneath his grocer's feet the velvet turf of this sanctum sanctorum, this College grass-plot. He too, this son of a fig, was the convive of these rank and wealth honouring Fellows, and snoring, forsooth, in his bed while we Pensioners were shivering at seven o'clock in a winter's morning at chapel, listening to a reader, surnamed Pontius Pilate, because he had offered a wager that he would give

any man as far as that name in the Belief and beat him through the service, who was riding full gallop through the morning prayers.

I stop not to comment on the taste for religion inspired by so many attendances at chapel morning and evening, with some Pontius Pilate to edify us; but presuming that, though mistakenly, these attendances were meant to attain such an object, how, I ask, was it just, was it fair, was it charitable, was it Christian-like, to neglect the salvation of the nobleman's and the rich fellow-commoners' souls by so many exemptions from this sacred duty (for if it was not meant to be a sacred duty it was nothing else but the mockery of one) who just pay to the tutor double fees, and leave a piece of plate into the bargain for the benefit of the Fellows' table on their quitting College. Why, in all justice, they should have had double allowance of chapel for their double fees. Mr. Sedgewick and Mr. Whewell every now and then lay their pamphlets on the table of the University Club in defence of their alma mater. Let them answer this.

Such are our two Universities (presuming

Oxford to be the same), the schools and seats of learning, the hot-beds of sycophancy, and the nurseries of Tuft-hunters. We learn, even in "statu pupillari," to bow to rank (tribute to whom tribute is due I say, but not such gross idolatry as this) and to worship the Golden Calf. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The whole man becomes ever after infected with servility. I trust, however, that among us all, all independence of mind is not utterly dead and extinguished. I do hope to see some other article in some of our Monthlys, which are so often taken up, that shall handle this subject properly, and be confined, too, strictly to the subject, without any leaven of politics to leaven the whole mass. I trust the writer will not be sparing of his satire and ridicule, but apply the caustic to the gangrene. A quantum suff. of ridicule is sometimes more effectual than all the admonitions of the preacher, though I think, considering the misery, the petty vexations we inflict on ourselves as well as others by this foible, it might form a subject even for the pulpit.

I question not but many an idolater of rank

has laughed over the humorous story of Theodore Hook's, in his Gilbert Gurney, about his hero's boots being marked with the Prince of Orange's name, and of the overpowering civility, as well as bill, which this gave rise to at the Portsmouth inn, who never once thought how well the satire applied to himself. "Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te, fabula narratur."

Yours, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER XVI.

JOURNEY FROM MADRID TO ZARAGOZA.

Zaragoza, Oct. 8th.

DEAR SIR,

MY journey hither from Madrid has been one of rather comical adventures. We left that city by the gate Alcala, and continued to traverse a country of arable land to an extent which I had not yet seen in Spain, completely cleared of those mischievous bird-harbourers called trees, and arriving at an old town with dilapidated walls, instead of following our direct road which would have led us through the middle of it, we described the circuit round it. Perhaps our conductor remembered that the straight line is not the line of beauty—perhaps he was desirous to save our bones as well as his own from the jolting we should have experienced from some execrable pavement within. After a sight of this town, and a couple of villages, during a short journey of thirty-five miles, we arrived at Guadalaxara

to sup and stretch ourselves in bed for a couple of hours.

At two on the following morning we were all reseated in the Diligence, waiting the appearance of the very mainspring of the machine and the conductor of the whole enterprize, namely, the Mayoral. A dozen of voices were shouting Bernardo all over the town. Where does he lodge cried out one? Nobody knew. What can have become of him, another? Nobody could imagine. The watchman was sent in search of him with his lantern. All in vain. Bernardo might have stole back to Madrid on some pressing business, might be dead, determined not to awake—one thing alone was certain: Bernardo was not forthcoming.

After a full hour's swearing, noise and confusion, which must have awaked every sleeper in the town slept he never so soundly, off we started at length without our conductor Bernardo; and after having been dragged slowly up a steep street, the pavement of which could never have been repaired since the Christian æra, we arrived at the town gate, where alas! a second trial of

patience awaited us. We found the porter buried surely in the soundest sleep that ever closed mortal eyes. Such a knocking at his door for twenty minutes, such a thumping, such a hollaing, such a swearing, before we could unkennel him; at length we broke his "bands of sleep asunder," and he got up and open'd the gate. "Es una conseguenza del desorden general;" this is a consequence of the general disorder in which the country is, exclaimed a Spaniard, who at Guadalaxara had taken his seat by me in the Berlina.

This my new companion, however, I must now introduce to you. He was an American Spaniard, a native of Cuba (as I afterwards learnt from him), and perhaps the most complaining and grumbling of the sons of Adam, and certainly he was in a country which was well calculated to call forth this his favourite propensity—but barring this humour, he was a very lively and intelligent fellow-traveller, and spoke the French language with the purity of a Frenchman—but more of him hereafter.

Shortly after leaving Guadalaxara we com-

menced the ascent of the highest and dreariest Sierra of mountains in the whole interior of Spain, an uninterrupted chain, which we scarcely quitted through the whole of the journey to Zaragoza. The inhabitants of the few wretched villages we passed through seemed to live wholly without employment, as they issued forth from their hovels, men, women, and children, to enjoy the spectacle of a passing carriage. These isolated mountaineers manage, however, as the conductor, that is he who had now undertaken the office, informed us to live more comfortably than we should have given them credit for. They sow their crops such as are necessary for their subsistence, and have always a "buen puchero," such was the term he employed, simmering by their fire side.

At about three o'clock we had reached the highest part of these mountains, and had just harnessed fresh mules to our vehicle at a wretched village, when the war of elements burst upon us, thunder, hail, and rain. This war of elements had but just expended itself after two hours' continuance, when we arrived at

a wide and swollen mountain-torrent intersecting the road. Bridge there was none. The postilion, however, who was dispatched to sound the depth reported favourably, and in we plunged—but scarce had the hind wheels of the unwieldy machine fairly entered within the stream than it came to a stand-still. If oaths and vociferation, and bastinadoing the mules during the two hours we remained imprisoned in our island Diligence could have helped us forward, we had surely not long remained thus embourbés, for the successor of Bernardo bestowed them all most plentifully as he sat grinning on his seat with impotent rage, after the manner of his countrymen, who never once think of applying their shoulder to the wheel, till they have first fully exhausted their lungs. Nobody having any thing to suggest to the blockhead in this predicament, I ventured to whisper in his ear, to send for more mules to the next post-house to assist the rest, advice for which, though at the time, he returned me a very ungracious answer, at the end of two hours he thought fit to adopt.

You may imagine that my fellow companion,

the hero of Cuba, had here a fine field for the indulgence of his grumbling propensities. I know not which was the most hurried and rapid, the mountain stream that was flowing by us, or the stream of his complaints, but certainly his was the loudest and the least musical, and the more overflowing of the two, for not confined to the immediate cause that had called it forth, it swept over its boundaries, and carried every thing before it, Spain past and present, its customs, manners, inhabitants, whether high or low, rich or poor, court, nobility, army, clergy and commonalty, in one universal torrent of abuse. As this was the third act of our comico-tragical day's journey (and there was a fourth in store for him) I could almost have imagined that they were ordained, these multiplied mischances of the day, as so many light judgments upon my friend for his querulous humour.

Two hours of incarceration had now elapsed: the stream had been gradually subsiding, and had left a dry spot round the Diligence. At the suggestion of the Mayoral we alighted, as had done the other passengers in the hinder part of

the Diligence, and directed our steps towards a path which he said would lead us to a foot-bridge, by which we might cross the stream, and walk to the next post-house, while he was engaged in dragging the carriage out of the bed of the torrent by the help of fresh mules, which he had at last bethought himself of sending for. Having reached the spot to which he had directed us, this promised foot-bridge we discovered to be nothing more than a stone trough or aqueduct, which about three feet wide, five hundred in length, and some fifty in height, conveyed a canal of water across the torrent. Here awaiting us was a fellow without shoes or stockings to carry us across on his back. Don Diego, for such was the name of my fellow-traveller, looking rather shy at such an adventure, as well he might, for he was considerably heavier than the bare-legged fellow who stood stooping his back to receive him, I who you know am a very light specimen of the John Bull tribe, mounted the shoulders of this human Bucephalus; but scarce five yards had we proceeded ere I would at the moment have given all I was worth to stand on my own

legs where stood the amazed Don Diego. My nag, perhaps from the singularity of the situation, or from the awkward way in which I bestrode him, with my cloak flapping and waving about in the wind, was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and under the influence of this began to reel and totter under me with such a ricketty kind of motion, that I expected every instant to be precipitated over the side of the aqueduct into the torrent beneath. Not more tightly embraces the oak, the ivy, nor faster stick bricks to mortar, than I clasped and hugged my ragged friend, my sides all the while keeping time involuntarily with the movements of his horrid fit of cachinnation. I need hardly observe that he carried me over safe, or I should not have been here to tell the tale, or that when he set me down it was with my heart in my mouth.

Having been thus happily landed on the other bank, I commenced wending my way to the next post-house, under the guidance of a ragged fellow armed with a bayonet stuck on a pole (one of the guardians and scarecrows of a neighbouring vine-