

tainment of this sort is cheap and easy to find. You have but to look at the newspapers, or cast a glance at the intelligence-office which is wafered up, in manuscript, on the back wall of the post-office building, and you will find paradises of the kind tempting you by the score. “*No hay niños,*” — there are no children about the house, — say some of them ; and with such a recommendation, and balconies on the sunny side, what more in reason could you crave ?

Alas ! reason, like most elementary substances, is rarely to be found in a pure state. Custom, somehow or other, manages to keep up a sort of chemical combination with it. People will wear boots and shoes, if they can get them, notwithstanding the “annoyance and vexation, astonishment and surprise,” with which Mr. Urquhart regards so abnormal a condition of the extremities. Travellers who have become viciously accustomed to fires and carpets in cold weather, and are not prepared to appreciate a mixture of the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms, in one pot, for dinner, will seek to accommodate their prejudices, though ever so unreasonable. I do not mean to say that they are right, and Spaniards wrong ; for Adam’s unsophisticated palate might perhaps have found in turtle-soup and *patés de foie gras* much less of the eternal fitness, than in the wildest *gazpacho* that Iberian peasant ever supped. I only suggest it as a fact, that tastes differ.

Until of late years, the number of foreigners visiting Madrid would hardly have justified any extensive or costly preparation for their special entertainment. Even now they are so few, in comparison with the throngs

which fill the other capitals of Europe, that it would be altogether unreasonable for them to expect such a reception as elsewhere is afforded them. Indeed, in Spain itself I found no city, among those I visited upon the coast or near it, which was not greatly in advance of Madrid, in the particular referred to. Barcelona, Cadiz, Seville, and especially Malaga, were beyond comparison better provided. Nevertheless, with a little patience and the aid of a friend's experience, one may still be comfortable in Madrid, — nay, and have luxury too, if he be willing to pay for it. At the *table d'hôte* of the Vizcaina, in the magnificent house of Cordero, which occupies the site of the once famous convent of San Felipe el Real, on the Calle Mayor, there may be found excellent society for those who speak French or Spanish, and a modified nationality of diet which has carried comfort to the bosom of many a wayfarer. Of restaurants, there are of course many, some of them indifferent, but the greater part very bad. The *café* of L'Hardi, immortalized by Dumas for its "*nourriture honorable*," still nourishes as honorably as in the days of the royal nuptials, and the Fonda de San Luis, in the Calle de la Montera, may almost be said to herald the day when, as in the land of its saintly patron, cookery will be a fine art and keep a Muse of its own!

Quiet people, who propose residing at Madrid for any length of time, and prefer having things more under their control than the *restaurant* or the *table d'hôte* will allow, may do so satisfactorily now, without much trouble. Excellent apartments, with comfortable fireplaces and all other desirable appointments, are beginning to be offered for rent in the most agreeable and

convenient quarters of the city. With a good servant, commanded at his peril to overlook the household and keep vigils over your flesh-pots as a knight over his virgin armor, you may live and prosper, at one of these establishments, as well as a man need hope to do away from home. My first experience was at the corner of the Calle Mayor and the Calle del Correo, with a range of five balconies looking upon the Puerta del Sol, and in the very heart of all that was lively and bright to be heard and seen. Not a pageant but passed that way, — not a gallant regiment that went to post or to parade, but favored me with the sound of its trumpets and the glitter of its arms. Work and sleep, however, are sometimes as needful as hearing and seeing, and in such a locality I found it somewhat difficult to pay proper attention to either. The noises of the day were by no means careful to close their accounts at midnight, and it was painfully early, indeed, when the bells of the goats and the clatter of the milk-venders in the street below me would begin to insist that it was morning. There were other good reasons too for change, more potent than even distraction and unrest. In the sketches of my former experience in Spain, I endeavored to contribute something towards removing the popular prejudice that the garlic-crop is the chief staple of the Peninsula. I even went so far as to say, that the esculent in question had never once crossed my own particular path, during a three months' excursion of no very limited range. In sack-cloth and ashes I must now confess, that, having gone farther, I fared worse; and that, although my original observation was correct, so far as the customs of

the better classes are concerned and the general experience of a traveller who frequents the best inns in the best towns, there is, nevertheless, garlic to be found within even the sacred precincts of the court! The amiable Dolores, in whose balconies I gloried, did vow and plight her Andalusian faith that she despised the aromatic poison, and would not suffer it to pass her threshold; but there are certain of the senses which sometimes overpower even faith, and I shall ever believe that, had Dolores been Pandora, *tocino y ajo*, bacon and garlic, would have been found at the bottom of her box. I changed my quarters accordingly to No. 1 of the Calle de Pontejos, in the same vast building, and there, on the first floor, fronting on a quiet street, with all the sunshine that I needed, excellent apartments, a good landlord, and a most desirable location, I spent a pleasant winter and some portion of a bright and cheerful spring. If Don Jose, the *prendero* of the Calle del Correo, should be living when the reader arrives at Madrid, let him be sent for straightways, and if there be room in his house let the reader install himself at once, and ask questions afterwards, if he has a mind.

There is no lack of good servants, or at all events of good material for servants, anywhere in Spain. Honesty, fidelity, and that best of courtesies which springs from self-respect and gives dignity to the humblest station, are characteristics which mark them, as a class, to an extent of which I believe no other country furnishes an example. As a consequence, — perhaps, in some degree, a cause, — in no country is the relation of servants and their employers made so agreeable by

respectful and affectionate familiarity. This remark applies to all ranks, without exception, and there is something in the innate and peculiar politeness and high tone belonging to the national character, among even the humblest and least educated, which prevents the usual ill effects of that sort of freedom elsewhere.

Madrid is too much of a capital to be without the proper supply of thieving valets. Intriguing masters are abundant, and "like master, like man." Nevertheless, good servants may be found there readily, and at moderate wages, provided the traveller be able to speak to them in their own language. Those who possess any familiarity with foreign tongues are very few, and of course command higher salaries. Of English scarce any of them know any thing. Out of Madrid and the commercial cities, it is extremely difficult, indeed, to find attendants whose acquirements go beyond the Castilian and their native dialect, and this must be added to the thousand other reasons which continually thrust themselves upon a traveller of any intelligence, to convince him, that, without at least a fair acquaintance with the language of the country, it is utterly impossible for any one to visit it, with any prospect of comprehending or enjoying it, except in the most superficial and unsatisfactory manner. I am more firmly impressed than ever, since my second visit to Spain, with the conviction that ignorance in this particular is the chief source of the thousand ridiculous and romantic misrepresentations, of which that country has been made the victim, more frequently than any other; and upon which foreign — especially English and American — opinion in regard to her customs and laws, her

morals and religion, is so largely and erroneously founded. "What say you, then," says Nerissa, "to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?" "You know," replies Portia, "I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English." To this passage the learned Warburton, with characteristic acuteness, appends a note, informing us that it is "a satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in our author's time." Alas! Shakspeare wrote for all times, and there are Faulconbridges who never saw England!

III.

FOUNDATION, LOCALITY, CLIMATE, DRESS, HEALTH, &c. OF
MADRID.

It is not easy to fathom the reasons of kings or women, — at least so says an ancient, if not wise, saw. To express any opinion upon the latter branch of the subject would be altogether extrajudicial and unnecessary here ; but the selection, or rather the creation, of Madrid as the capital of Spain, may be taken as a fair argument to support the anti-royal phase of the proverb. Some say that Charles the Fifth laid the foundation of its greatness, from a fondness he contracted for it during a residence which cured him of the ague. If so, posterity has certainly paid dear for what would now be accomplished, probably, by a three days' course of quinine. Philip the Second, whose exquisite taste in such matters is further exemplified by the charming site of the Escorial, inherited, it is likely, the imperial liver and predilections, for he fixed his court at Madrid, in 1560. Forty years later, Philip the Third translated the royal residence to Valladolid, but weighty interests and in-

fluences were so wielded as to compel his return after a five years' absence. From that time to the present Madrid has been, emphatically, *la Corte*, the Court, and nothing else. For its elevation to that dignity there is not, nor has there ever been given, that I am aware, one plausible reason, except that its position is, to a certain degree, central. Undoubtedly this would be the best of reasons, if the centrality were any thing but a matter of measurement, — if the location, in reference to industry, commerce, or agriculture, exercised any centripetal or other favorable influence whatever. The top of a mountain in the midst of a fertile plain would be eminently central, and the Grand Lama might like it for a sacred residence ; yet it would be an up-hill sort of business, to prove that it ought to be chosen, for its centrality, as the site of a metropolis.

Madrid has no commerce, nor the means of any. Its inhabitants must eat and wear clothing, and the materials therefor must pass the walls, within which they must set in motion, well or ill, certain departments of necessary industry. Beyond this, no trade enters or abides, and there is none at all that passes out. The Manzanares, which trickles by the city, has scarce water enough to furnish even a court poet with materials for any thing exceeding the limits of an epigram. The surrounding country is barren and arid, sparsely populated, and without attraction of any sort ; so that, on the whole, whatever there is in Madrid of population, wealth, industry, or power is altogether factitious. It is the capital, because it was made so, and it is only populous, wealthy, industrious, or powerful, because it is the capital. If it be four thousand and

nineteen years old, as we have the official authority of the *Guia de Forasteros* of 1850 for saying, we must admit that few places have profited as little by age; and if all the Chaldeans and Phœnicians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, whom the antiquaries suppose to have busied themselves with its name, gave half as much attention to its education, it has certainly a sad account to settle for neglected opportunities. The advantages which it has enjoyed, within the range of authentic chronology, would have made of fair Seville an imperial city such as Europe scarcely knows, or have built up again at Cordova the magnificence of Abderrahman's proudest day.

I have said, that when we entered Madrid it was enveloped in a thick fog. This was considered extraordinary, and especially so because it lasted about a week, during which one might have imagined himself in London, but for the fact that the Madrid mists appeared to be legitimately derived from pure water; whereas the corresponding commodity in the British capital has, to an unfamiliar eye, the appearance and density of highly vaporized molasses. Whatever defects there may be in the winter atmosphere of Madrid, humidity and obscurity form generally no part of them. I have nowhere seen, except in the United States, and there only during the prevalence of the coldest winds from the northwest, any thing to equal the pervading clearness and splendor of the Madrid sky, and the transparency of its air. As a general thing, it lacks, like ours, the soft and genial tints of the Italian heavens, yet often, when the sun was going down, I have stood in the gay avenues of the Retiro, or on the high grounds near the gate of

Alcalá, and have seen the many cross-crowned spires and towers of the city bathed in a light so golden, with a background of such deep and various purple, roseate, and crimson, that I have almost doubted whether even Naples could boast of any thing more gorgeous.

It would be well if as much could be said in favor of the climate as of the sky. When Spain is spoken of with us, most people, without any particular reflection, have an idea immediately presented to them of a far southern country, with clustering vines and perfumed orange-groves. I was frequently congratulated, before I left home, upon the delightful opportunity I should have of spending my winter in so mild a climate as that of Madrid. A pleasant fancy, truly!

The Spanish capital is in a latitude two degrees or thereabouts higher than that of Washington, and stands upon the Platform of Castile, at an elevation (Madoz tells us) of two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea. The rarity of the atmosphere produced by this latter cause would be quite sufficient of itself, under ordinary circumstances, to make new, if not unpleasant, impressions upon unfamiliar lungs and nerves. I thought — though it may have been fancy — that at all times I perceived a tenuity and pungency about it to which I was unaccustomed. But this is not the worst by a great deal. From any unobstructed point of view within the city or about it, you notice that the horizon towards the north and west is encircled by the high and snowy mountains of Somosierra and Guadarrama. To the blasts which roll down from these latter hills, and even more to the still and subtle influence of their cold proximity, is the fatal insalubrity of the situ-

ation to be chiefly traced. When the wind blows from that quarter, every one is in terror, and no man is deemed prudent who ventures into the street without covering his chest and throat, and especially his mouth, with the *embozo* of his cloak. You may walk for squares without seeing any more of the human face divine, than a sort of zone, bounded on the north at the eyebrows by a hat-brim, and on the south by a horizontal strip of velvet cloak-facing, running perpendicular to the bridge of the nose. I very early satisfied myself — whether justly or not I will not dogmatically say — that the frequent *pulmonías* (or pneumonias), which were so fatal at such times, might be the result, in a great measure, of this practice, by means of which the lungs were accustomed only to the obstructed inhalation of warm air, and rendered sensible, in a ten-fold degree, to any accidental or necessary exposure. That, without any particular robustness of health, and certainly without having especially avoided opening my mouth in any wind or weather, I am now alive and story-telling, may go, as a fact, for what it is worth, to sustain my notion. Fashion, I think, is fast working a practical revolution in the habits of the people on this point, which could not be produced, one might safely swear, by a century of mere medical disquisition or other manner of preaching. Cloaks are going rapidly out of vogue, and the *beau monde* generally have handed themselves over to the undraped dominion of the French overcoat. On windy days, when the *pulmonía* is supposed to be whistling around every corner and dancing in the deserted *plazas*, the more daringly elegant attempt a compromise between their love of

Paris and their fear of death, by the use of a large, separate fur collar, covering the whole neck and jaws, and giving a most top-heavy and ludicrous appearance to the scanty and skirt-denied *paletot*. Here and there, one of fashion's most reckless desperadoes may be seen without even this bungling and ungraceful protection, so that I think the days of the *embozo's* popularity as a life-preserver may be fairly said to be numbered. Unless, however, the police of the city be improved in sundry unsavory particulars, to which every traveller's reminiscences will point him at once, the popularity of the *embozo* may still be prolonged, by transferring its protecting folds from the mouth, which needs them not, to the nose, which needs them greatly.

But it is the still, small voice from the mountains, and not the loud breath of the tempest, which bears the fatal message oftenest. Bright and apparently bland as the weather may be, during the winter or the spring, you have but to remove yourself for a moment from the direct influence of the sun's rays, to experience the most marked and unwholesome difference of temperature. Sunshine and shade, town and country, day and night, seem to belong, severally, to different climates. The clothing which oppresses you on your way to the Prado, an hour before sunset, is too light for comfort when you return in the dusk, and as you enter the sheltered portal of one of the huge houses which are now so numerous, you long, at midday, for the cloak which would have nearly stifled you upon the street.

Almost every one has heard of the proverb, which says that "the air of Madrid will kill a man, but not

put out a candle." Many of the Madrileños think that there is something in the composition of their atmosphere, independently of its rarity and temperature, which entitles it to this bad name; but the same reproach, it strikes me, would apply, with greater or less force, to the air of any city so closely fenced about by snowy mountains. I remember to have noticed precisely the same characteristics — to a diminished degree, perhaps — in the climate of Florence. It was like a voyage from Indus to the Pole, to pass from the glowing sunshine of the early spring, upon the Cascine or the Lungo l' Arno, to the cold, still, collapsing influence of the narrow, unsunned streets. No doubt the memories of older and better travellers will shiver over similar experiences. But whether Madrid be peculiar or not in the quality of its air, there can be no doubt about the insalubrity of its climate. The young die very young, and numerously; the vigorous years of life are in great peril, always, from every variety of inflammatory disease; and age comes on with rapid pace, and many ills, to the most of those who linger. Nervous disorders are a staple commodity. Apoplexies were of more frequent occurrence, it seemed to me, than in any bills of mortality I had ever seen. Even when the thermometer indicated but a moderate winter temperature, — the freezing point or thereabouts, — there was something so penetrating in the air, — so searching within doors and without, — that it seemed far colder than a temperature many degrees lower anywhere else. The *pulmonía* then walked alike at noon-day and in darkness; nor were its arrows aimed at humanity alone. The horse-guards at the palace, whose

fine appointments and gallant chargers attracted so much attention, were dispensed with in midwinter, — their horses dying almost nightly from this terrible and rapid scourge. Late in the spring, when I visited the royal stables, a beautiful stallion was shivering with the death-agony, and they told me his disease was *pulmonía*.

If I am asked how it is possible that king, minister, and noble can so far overcome the inborn mortal dread of dissolution, as to live thus ever in the valley of its shadow, I do not know that I can give a more satisfactory reply than the stereotyped Spanish extinguisher upon impertinent or inconvenient curiosity, — *Quien sabe?* Who knows? In the superb apartments of one of the most luxurious palaces of Europe, — surrounded by every guard and fence which human skill and care can build up against fleshly ills, — it is perhaps not difficult to understand how royalty can bring itself to bear the risks, of which it knows and feels comparatively little. While winter is still lingering in Madrid, their Majesties can seek the early fragrance of an almost Andalusian spring, among the groves and fountains of beautiful Aranjuez. When summer burns the blood of all sojourners in the capital, their Majesties find health and vigor in the mountain freshness of La Granja. To those who have not such resources, the honors and profits of their several pursuits supply some compensation, I suppose, for perils such as they encounter. “Where the king is,” says the Castilian proverb, “there is the court.” Where there is grain to be trodden out, and in a somewhat unmuzzled manner besides, the oxen are apt to congregate. So long as Madrid shall be

the fountain and reservoir of favor, the *pulmonías fulminantes* will thunder in vain, as they have thundered long, to keep the thirsty from going up to drink. And who can think it strange? A residence in Paris will extinguish a race in three generations, and yet numberless families go there and become extinct. Half a generation will usually answer the same purpose, quite as effectually, among the golden Golgothas of California, and yet we have not heard, for all that, that the Golgothas are lacking skulls!

IV.

PUERTA DEL SOL. — PUBLIC HABITS OF THE MADRILEÑOS. —
THE PRADO. — EQUIPAGES. — HORSEMEN. — ATOCHA
WALK. — WOMEN OF MADRID.

WHOSOEVER desires to know any thing of Madrid, or the people that live in it, must make himself acquainted, at once, with La Puerta del Sol, — the Gate of the Sun. It is not worth while to be at all mythological on the subject, for the Puerta is itself no gate, nor has it any appurtenance whatever to remind you of Aurora's rosy fingers. It is neither more nor less than a central, open *plaza*, — not very large nor elegant, — into which nine or ten of the chief streets discharge their crowds. A congress of cab-horses are the only representatives of Apollo's radiant steeds, and the beautiful Hours have for their sole abiding-place the dial of a large clock, in the church front of Nuestra Señora del Buen Suceso. The graceless, though fashionable, temple to which the clock belongs, and the tall, stilted façade of the Casa de Correos, are the only and poor substitutes for the "*flam-mantia mænia mundi*." The sun, however, — out of gratitude, I suppose, for the complimentary use of his

name, — shines with peculiar good-will upon his Puerta, and there is no knowing the amount of fire-wood, or rather of charcoal, which is thus saved to the gossips of Madrid. The Prado, though a beautiful and genial walk, is too far out of town for lounging or midday access, and too extensive for that cosy contact which your genuine tattler loves. The Plaza de Oriente, down by the palace, is also too far from the centre, and receives, besides, in rather too direct a manner, the breezes from the Guadarrama Mountains, whose grand white summits furnish it with so superb a prospect. But the Puerta del Sol is as accessible as it is warm, and no true Madrileño can he be, who does not bask away, within its teeming precincts, the largest portion of his daylight life. Even when the sun has gone down, and there is no moon to take up the wondrous tales which are always being told there, the tall gas-lamp, in the centre of the *plaza*, holds a cloak-wrapped court of its own; so that to have passed through the Puerta del Sol when there was no one about it to speak or to listen, a man must have kept later hours than her Majesty's watchmen, and more faithful vigils, by far. There must, of necessity, be a great deal of gossip in every capital, where there is nothing to do but to govern, to intrigue, and be amused. Madrid being of that class of capitals, preëminently, is as full of scandal as the sewing society of a village in a highly moral neighborhood. The Puerta is the great condenser of all its small-talk, — its *mentidero general*, or general lie-factory, — and cannot, with such functions, afford to be, for many moments, empty or disengaged.

I have taken other occasion to touch upon the fond-

ness of the Spaniards for out-door life. Madrid exhibits this, as it does the most of their peculiarities, in a very extreme point of view. The inhabitants — the *gente fina*, at all events — are no very early risers. It lacks but little of noon when the most of them have broken their fast and are ready for their daily occupations, if they have any. If you call familiarly upon a gentleman, about twelve, it is probable his servant will tell you, — not that he has gone to his business, or indeed anywhere in particular, — but that “*ha ido su merced á la calle*,” — his worship has gone into the street! The particularity of this information reminds you, at first, of the testamentary liberality of the Irish gentleman, who left his son a million, and the wide world to make it in, but a short experience teaches you that it is little less than a specific direction to the Puerta del Sol. There, from an early hour, laborers in search of hire have been watching for customers, — venders of all manner of pet dogs and small wares have been clattering and chaffering, — newsmen have been crying their tidings, and selling to all who have been fools enough to buy. There, too, there are a hundred chances to one that you find your friend, in the midst of a group, at the foot of the Calle de la Montera, puffing with enthusiastic energy at his cigar, while he devours, or pours into ears as greedy as his own, the last rumors of a ministerial catastrophe or the freshest developments of social transgression. The length of time that he will pass where you find him will depend entirely upon the amount of gossip to be had. His daily labors, be they what they may, and especially if he be an *empleado*, — a placeman, — as almost every body is,

are matters of but little concern, and indefinite susceptibility of postponement. As, however, the Puerta is not precisely fashionable until somewhat later in the afternoon, it is probable he will proceed, after a moderate instalment of discourse, to refresh the place of his business with the light of his countenance. How much of his time, if he be in a public office, will be spent in lighting and relighting his accustomed succession of *cigarritos*, and increasing his own and the official stock of exciting information, the initiated can tell, and may, if they choose. Not many hours, however, will have elapsed, before the foot of the Montera shall see him again, in the midst of still shorter *paletots* and yellower gloves than those that were visible in the less consecrated moments of his morning visit.

As the time for the parade upon the Prado comes on, — an hour at least before the setting of the sun, when the weather is moderate enough to permit it, — the Puerta del Sol begins to give up its gayest and most gallant loungers. The church of Buen Suceso occupies the extremity of the acute angle formed by the streets of Alcalá and San Geronimo, both of which, issuing from the Puerta, strike the Prado at different points. The larger portion of the crowd passes up the Alcalá, which is one of the stateliest and most noble avenues I have seen, — wide at its commencement, and increasing in width and beauty, until, crossing the Prado and passing alongside the Retiro gardens, it reaches the city walls, at the superb triumphal arch known as the Gate of Alcalá. The Carrera de San Geronimo, however, is the line of march for the more choice and exclusive spirits, who linger for a moment, in passing,

at the *café* of L'Hardi, to derange their digestion with dear confectionery, and fortify themselves, by a glass of muscatel, against the toils of the walk and the perilous onslaught of unmerciful bright eyes.

The Prado has been often described, and I shall only say of it, that it extends along the whole eastern side of the city, from the Gate of Recoletos, up to the Gate and Convent of Atocha. In that part of it, called the Salon, which lies between the streets of Alcalá and San Geronimo, directly facing the monument to the heroes of the *Dos de Mayo* (May 2d, 1808), it was fashionable for all the world to congregate, during the earlier weeks of the season. I have often seen it so full, of a bright afternoon, that

“ Those navigators must be able seamen ”

who could find a channel through it. While the pedestrians, thus packed at such close quarters, went through the pedetentous performance which is called “ walking,” in Spain, the long broad avenue which runs through the whole Prado was lined with gay equipages and equestrians. One would think, from Mr. Ford's description of the “ antediluvian carriages, with ridiculous coachmen and grotesque footmen to match,” that Madrid was a sort of Pompeii of coaches, under whose crust of lava or ashes there was nothing to be found, in the way of a conveyance, of much later date than Pliny the elder. The learned licenciado, Don Pedro Fernandez Navarrete, in his *Conservacion de Monarquias*, expressed his fears to the council of Philip the Third, that the kingdom might share the fate of the house of Jacob, according to the proph-

et Isaiah, "because the land was full of horses, neither was there any end of the chariots." I should fully concur with Mr. Ford in thinking, that to scourge the Peninsula generally for excessive luxury in coaches would be a mysterious, and, to human eyes, a rather severe dispensation. But I am bound to say, on the other hand, that in the capital I think the manifestation of elegance and good taste in equipages was general and striking. A few days after my arrival, I witnessed the funeral of the Conde de Oñate, a grandee of Spain, which took place from his palace in the Calle Mayor, nearly opposite my lodgings. The display of coaches, horses, and liveries was most ample and magnificent; quite as much so, I am sure, as any similar occasion would have elicited in London or Paris. It is no great compliment, perhaps, to the Madrileños to say this, for nearly all their finest carriages are of English or French manufacture, principally the latter; but be that as it may, the fact is as I state it. Such, indeed, is now the rage for coaches in Madrid, that sorrowful is the dame of note who does not own one. They appear to think, as the good Navarrete and his voucher, Trogus Pompeius, allege, that "not to ride about and be seen is to confess themselves ill-favored." A friend, who had certainly no wish to slander his native land, informed me, that there were persons, to his knowledge, in Madrid, who reduced themselves to the extremity of hiring their table and bed linen, in order to keep coaches for the evening ride upon the Prado! Pride and poverty, alas! are companions, it seems, everywhere.

But whatever may be said of the vehicles, I do not

wonder that an Englishman should be in peril of his life from laughing at the horsemen. The horses, for the most part, though often pretty, are under-sized, and it seems to be taken for granted that, if they are fat and sleek, there is nothing more required, unless it can be managed that they be spotted or piebald, like the charger of Mr. Briggs, in Punch, which had been taught to take a seat when he heard music. Their natural paces are completely destroyed by vicious education, and every ribbon-tailed little fellow of them will canter, in magnificent attitudes, such as a horse was never made to assume, except by the Spanish *picadores* — and the illustrious David, when he painted Napoleon on the Alps. Indeed no class of animals, that I know of, have greater reason than the Spanish riding-horses to feel under personal obligations to the attraction of gravitation. But for that potent check, there would be no visible reason why, between the horizontal impetus communicated from behind and the perpendicular motion they are taught to give to the fore legs, they should not pass off, on the diagonal of forces, to meet the renowned Clavileño among the Pleiades.

As the spring came on, and with it more genial weather, the Salon gradually lost its popularity, and the walk between the Gate and Convent of Atocha became the rendezvous of all that was elegant and attractive in Madrid. There is nothing very remarkable in that part of the Prado. On the left, as you face the convent, there is a long, bold hill, which, though surmounted by a pretty little astronomical observatory, is barren and repulsive, like all the hills along the

Manzanares. On the right extends the city wall, which is as graceless in appearance as it would be insignificant for any serious purpose of defence. The right was the fashionable side for pedestrians. Under the shadow of the wall some little grass had been able to keep itself alive, and the proprietors of chairs had taken advantage of the green carpet to make the public comfortable there at a *cuarto* apiece. After walking till you were tired, you would take a seat for a while. A charity match-bearer, from the poor-house of San Bernardino, would immediately present himself, with his badge upon his hat to show you his authority, and his box at his belt to receive your contribution. It is the privilege, perhaps the monopoly, of the poor old fellows, to light cigars upon the public walks, and it does not enter into their imaginations to conceive that you can sit down for five minutes without needing their services.

When you are comfortably arranged, either with or without your *cigarrito*, you must be hard to please, if you do not find blessed occupation for your eyes, as long as the daylight lasts. In their handsome open carriages — moving at the slowest, most convenient pace for observation, or walking slowly, in bright groups, before you, or sitting in groups just as bright around you — are as many of Eve's fairest daughters as in the longest day of the year you ever saw before, or are likely again to see. In other parts of Spain the women, beautiful as they may be, have their peculiar, unvarying, provincial type. In Madrid, though the "dark side" of loveliness is that which you most generally see, there is nevertheless, in that, extreme variety.