

Paris Oct. 14. 1858

Dear Sister

The Mayers left this morning for London & I shall miss them very much. They took my notes No 29 addressed to you also a package for my drawer, and a separate note for Isaac. Before leaving the country they settled 300 dollars a year on a Mr Shadle, who had no particular claim upon them, but was born in the same village with old Mr Mayer, and was generally invited to take a drive with them on Sunday & spend the day. On a small salary of in an insurance office he had attained the age of 62 and a wretched old age of destitution was staring him in the face. His sorrowful look has often interested my sympathies. In this state of things, just as they were about leaving Geneva, the kindly old man was suddenly delighted with this pension of 600 florins annually for life. A rather account of his joy and gratitude will delight you all. During with Mr Vincent a few days ago I saw two sons of John Welch at table, whom I recognized as some of that family by their appearance. The landlord of the house told me that common workmen & labourers in Paris now receive from $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs for the best to lower for those ^{who are} less efficient. The best masons and Carpenters have 5 francs per day and Apprentices at such trades about 3f. There is abundant employment for all. These ~~wages are~~ labourers board themselves. Two years ago he knew women in the South of France to reap from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M. for 6 sous (about 5 cents) per day, but were boarded, Bread their chief food probably, and for wine they receive what is called piquen or picket, that is made like our water cider, by pouring water on the grape pomice, after the wine is expressed therefrom. I have seen men taking notes in the streets apparently of the Hacks, and thought they were counting what passed a certain point, but I find their business is to walk about town and take note of the number hour and locality of such vehicles.

These are reported at the offices of the owners, who are thereby enabled to hold a check upon the villain (then propagated or at least sustained) on the part of their drivers, who of course give an account of their fares, but it seems also of the routes on which they carried them, and may always justly apprehend that any fare kept by them may happen to be on one of the routes of which a note ~~is~~ made. There is much complaint in Paris of the Hackmen, and I doubt if they are much better than ours in New York.

Night before last at 11, Duke of Malacoff's marriage was announced by cannon. A dozen were in the room when I happened to be. All of these were in suspense, more or less expectant of some possibility of some less pacific cause, although the suggestion was at once made respecting the marriage. I don't doubt this is a fair specimen of the feeling in France upon this subject, as well as out of it. Weddings among the common people of Paris appear to be occasions for a trip of the whole party to the Bois de Boulogne - Day before yesterday while walking in that park I met 3 distinct sets, and was told they would retire there from to feast at some coffee in the city. The Paris Coffees are countless but appear to be generally pretty full and often crowded. The men I hear go there to smoke pipe & light at home as well as to drink while the richer go for amusement finding dominos & coffee sufficient 365 evenings of the year. The weather is cooler than with us especially at midday - I wear my shawl generally, we have had fire in the parlour several days, and many of the trees are already leafless. I think our November days (not nights perhaps) are usually warmer than these here of October. We had strawberries here since April - I see green figs in market, & grapes I suppose will soon become comparatively scarce, the vintage is over. At the Palais they are moving the orange trees (there are great numbers of them at the Luxembourg Palace as well as at the others; some hundred) into the orangeries or green houses, but dahlias are yet untouched, wood, well seasoned, is sold at 48 Frank a ton. Billets are sold at 1/2

a remarkable proportion, but not the two. (3)
green pear string beans & are yet plenty in market.
I visited the various museums of Natural
history to day at the Garden of Plants. Their
superiority to some others I have seen does
not strike me. A most remarkable Orang
from the Gabon, about 6 feet high must have
been powerful enough to be a match for 3
men in fair fight - his weight must have
been over 200 lb. Great fossil eggs from Mad
agascar, over 1 foot long that must have weighed
about 16 or 18 lb each. The shells as thick as good
tea cups - The shells entire of pretty form & bored
to show the structure - A quartz crystal from
the Vallais of some 1500 lb weight: a meteorite
of pure malleable iron (apparently) from the
Province of Kasa, that must weigh fully a Ton.
I never saw so much of handling things in the
museums, as also of paintings ~~or~~ in the Galleries
as in France. Taking a position between one
and a painting he is standing near to see
is also a very constant occurrence on all
parts of the Continent, especially by thoughtless
Frenchmen, whenever you happen to find them.
This applies to sitting at the fire as well, and
I have noticed the English very often appear
to be quite ignorant of the etiquette of the
fire side in this particular; of course not
the well bred among them. In the grounds of
the Garden of Plants I saw to day the first
"Tree Box" that I ever saw that had attained
the size of a tree - This specimen is about 18
feet high, with trunk 6 inches diameter and 9
feet before it branches. The top is a well spread
grapeful tree very like in form a red cherry
tree of large size. A letter from R. E. Appthorp
to day, he is in Berlin for the winter. Rain is
constantly threatened but a great drought still
prevails. The Appthorps send their kind regards to you & ^{have}
15th Visited Hotel Clery a nice old house now
kept as one of those toy repositories so common to
the governments & palaces of Europe. Some interesting
relics of the past are there, but I saw nothing to
warrant the accounts I have heard of the wonders
of the place. Thence to the college of the Sorbonne
near by. It seems to be an university. Free lectures

are delivered there on all college topics. The dome (4
of the Chapel is handsome. Thence to the Foyer
where in the museum of the Sovereigns I saw
that of Napoleon hat worn by him at St. Helena,
very much worn, cracked and greasy.
The garden in the garden ~~of the Tuilleries~~ by the
Palace is very fine. I noticed the same in
some portions of Bois de Boulogne, but the climate
of France does not sustain it; continual wa-
tering is practiced. I find it is not uncommon
in good houses in Paris (and I suppose it is
common wherever the "flat system" of renting
prevails) to have the garrets divided into countless
little rooms not much bigger than a double
kitchen. These are let at very low rates to indi-
viduals and small families, who have a little
charcoal & a pauper a tier & cook for themselves.
My chamber is only 7 by 13 & I find such are next
to me occupied as I state. The people are quiet,
and my next neighbour has a canary bird.
The Apthorp in their letter desire to be par-
ticularly remembered to you & Grace
16th to the manufactory of Gobelins tapestry.
Interesting and beautiful work but only a
very laborious way of producing the effect of
painting on canvas. The powerful effect
of combination of full colours on worsted
is very remarkable. One room appropriated
to colouring materials is equal to jewelry in
effect. The establishment covers a good deal
of ground. I saw only men at work & not
more than 15 or so at the tapestry. They
use a sort of bobbin, not needles. Their
wages are very small I hear, but they are
pensioned in old age. In all the departments
I visited some 40 men may be seen.
A large establishment for puffing can bark
into cakes for fuel is close by it. Thence to the
Garden of Plants. For a quiet walk I best
like the grounds of the Luxembourg. The Dahlias
and roses are very abundant in flower there.
The weather has moderated & to day at noon
quite warm enough, for walk in the shade
preferable to the sun.
17th. Went by Rail 5 miles to St. Denis to see where
the mob scattered to the wind the bones of tyrants.

The interior of the Cathedral is pleasing. Down in the Crypt we find the old royal monuments restored with a yellow stone that does well enough for the eyes to lie about. There are plenty of Beggars in the town, walked to the Montmartre. The ~~hill~~ hill overlooks all Paris and might easily be converted into one of its most pleasant localities. Near by it I saw on a little board shanty of a shop 14 feet square "Liquidation Serieuse" the plan appeared to have less than 200 dollars worth of goods. One a one story house not over 16 feet square in large letters is "Atelier Vaste" a most ludicrous announcement apparently, but I believe it must have related to some other building. Paris on the North of Seine is much finer than that portion of it on the South. As is the same case in London. There are several "reform churches" so called in Paris. They are Protestant and I hear ^{are} crowded. There is also a French Unitarian church. All Priests & Parsons I am told are paid by Government. In a catholic church to day, I saw a child christened, but it read as if very much dissatisfied with its name, or the mode of receiving it. An Irish gentleman here informs me that the poor children who were driven by the Famine of '46 to the Poor house in Ireland are all comparatively dwarfs. This fact is attributed to their change of diet on that occasion to Indian meal, which was probably very generally spoiled ~~before it was~~ in crossing the Atlantic. He also says in Ireland it is cheaper to burn coal than to use their own wood which it costs more to ~~prepare~~ cut & split for the fire, than to buy coal. I see the best English coal is offered here in Bags, at 57 Frank's per Ton - about 11 dollars. I see on the American Omnibus Rail way, that soldiers are carried to the various points thereon at less (on an average) than one half the price charged to others for the same service. 18th. The weather continues very fine, more golden, as is the light of our Indian Summer, but still very similar to ~~the~~ our weather of that season. I hear that in summer heat the Asphalt pavements may be felt to yield under the feet. I notice however that they are evidently increasing in use, and they are now using it for the ^{but especially, compared from that of the side walk,} carriage ways also, in a few streets. Macadamizing, instead of being left when new, for horses to shy and passengers to dread, in and about Paris, is rolled immediately into a hard smooth surface by means of a very heavy ~~iron~~ machine consisting of an Iron Rolling Cylinder about 6 feet in diameter and 3 1/2 feet wide on the surface or periphery.

attached to this is a long frame, loaded with about 5 Tons of Stone. The surface of the stone is sprinkled with a sort of gravelly earth and also with water, during the rolling which is accomplished with eight stout horses.

19th - Visited the ~~great~~ famous porcelain establishment at Sevres 5 miles from Paris close to St. Cloud. The building is over 200 feet front and 4 stories high, but the workmen appear to be few, a large portion of the room being appropriated to the vast collection of models and a sort of museum where specimens of the Pottery of every corner of the globe, savage as well as civilized, are exhibited. Two or three large apartments are also devoted to exhibition of specimens of the Sevres ware. This pleased me more than all the fine rooms of all the Palaces I have visited. If I had fortune I believe I should invest some fabulous amount in these exquisitely neat and elegant "dishes". I believe I have felt no particular wish to purchase or possess before since I have been on the Continent, excepting a great musical box in the Pann establishement at Rome. That was not otherwise attractive than in its notes. I walked in the grounds of St. Cloud & found some tall Elm & Horse Chestnuts on the flat next the river, but so closely planted that though large they are far from being fine trees. The day has been cool, ~~and~~ the fall of the leaf is in an advanced stage. The acuturn tents though not brilliant are very pretty and the South side of the Seine about St. Cloud & Sevres reminds me of Charming Richmond on Thames. This evening I attended the Italian Opera. Some of the solo quite charmed me and I confess the scenes & spectacle made me sigh a moment for Italy despite its bigotry and all other sorts of filth. The first Chiffoniers I have noticed here were at Bologna to day - with a little stick armed with a sharp iron ~~rod~~ "they pick up bits of paper ~~with~~ and deposit them in a basket hanging on their backs, without stooping, as fast as a hen eats corn. There were two boys who appeared to enjoy each other talk over a heap of rubbish as much as if it had been a cup of wine. They worked at the same heap as if their interests were in perfect harmony.

20th, Saw a grand map at the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas - 5 or 6 Paces and a girl held high "Pou wow" over a coffin draped with ~~flowers~~ bearing several coronets.

This evening, to Baron Dupoté's lecture on Mesmerism, some of the subjects (volunteers from an audience of about 60 persons) on whom he experimented were very interesting. I met one of the Personal Guard of the Emperor, an officer of gentlemanly manners, he is a spiritual medium and has relations with the Emperor, who lately through him held a long converse with Louis Philippe whom he (Napoleon) had expressed a desire to see. One of the subjects to night took to attitude as if in Tableau Vivant.

The first she appeared, exuded in grace and majesty and superhuman expression, all of nature or art I ever before beheld. She changed from one thing to another in the same manner with dissolving views, at length she expressed from all smiles & beauty became one of displeasure, disgust contempt &c. &c. Her eyes were closed, yet retained great expression, they are large & protuberant when shut. Baron Dupoté succeeded in magnetizing about 1/2 of the number of persons of both sexes on whom he experimented.

21st To the Hotel de Ville (City Hall of Paris) a fine building outside and very rich & gaudy within, rooms very handsome but like most generally look out with little light. The Public buildings of Paris I think are generally very good - none of them decided failures - There are a great many barracks for the troops, some of the new ones handsome structures. The number of soldiers in Paris must be very great. There is also a city Police of fine looking and very civil men as those of London, who stand every where in their cocked hats & swords. Having obtained the visa of our Consul for 100 and a protection one of the Spanish Ministers, I found it was also necessary to go to the city police of Paris. At the Prefecture it passed through the hands of 5 persons each of whom stamped or wrote something upon my passport and one of them had some questions to ask. Napoleon tries hard to save his life. I am now presumed to be sufficiently harmless to let me in to the dominions of her aunt Christian Majesty of Spain (The number date & description of persons &c were all copied from my Passport) who I think ought to demand the Murrillo Marshal Bull

Stole, under pretext of war, from her dominions. This picture was bought at his auction (after his death) for 123,000 dollars and now adorns the gallery of the Louvre - The virgin is the only figure, and her face is lovely as can be well imagined. There are beside some 30 or 40 little cherubs. The Canvas is scarcely 5 by 7 feet. Close by it hangs a beautiful Belpheustra. The liberality of the French government in admitting all strangers to its galleries and to many of those pleasures denied to its own citizens is very striking.

22^d To the Arterian well bored 1700 feet deep. The iron pipe lining it, appears to be 10 inches diameter - The water finds its fountain level at 104 feet above the surface of the earth, and is afforded at the rate of 3,400,000 litres per 24 hours, about 850,000 gallons per 24 hours. The water ^{effervesces very much with} contains about 50 degrees of Atmospheric air is quite tepid and very clear, but contains Iron and sulphur. It appears to be tartlet to my palate - Common glass subjected to a shower of it for 48 hours, becomes superficially but substantially of deep amber colour, & pretty. In the middle of the Boulevard Invalides ~~is~~ ^{is} about 150 yards off stand a beautiful Iron column, spirally embraided with Iron stairs. This column is hollow, and the structure hand some - The water is soon to be led from the ~~Wells~~ ^{Wells} to it, and also to a small reservoir in the dome of the Pantheon, for distribution to the city. Another well, already 1500 feet deep, is being bored on the other side of the river. The one I visited is in the midst of the great Slaughter house (a sort of Paris Smithfield) just outside the city walls. All the animals are stunned before they are bled - a small aperture is made in the skin near one of the fore feet, into which a bellows nose is introduced by which the animal is diluted in such a manner that the skin is pulled easily off without the use of a knife further than for the purpose of cutting the scars to start from. I am told they are pounded first also to break the lips - but in so disagreeable a scene I did not stop to see if this was the case - Some sheep were

undergoing the process of flaying while I was (9)
there, which was so easily done that they were
not even suspended for the purpose. This estab-
lishment, neither in extent nor style will at all
compare to the grand affair of the "New Smithfield"
in London suburbs.

25th yesterday I went to the Hippodrome
saw some pretty horses & costumes of riders, but
rather tedious. I like the music however
the french, they select a great many pretty
and plaintive pieces at their exhibitions &c.
There is none other in Europe that I like so well,
a balloon went up as usual ^(on Sunday) with 2 men in it,
there is much gingerbread & poor looking on the stands
in the streets of Paris. No European cake that I
have seen compare with American. I saw a
steamer in the Seine last evening that appeared
to have no wheels, but seen with great racket
by a chain in the bottom of the river, that
came in at her bow and passed over her
stem, by which ~~she~~ her steam engine
hailed her about 7 miles an hour, down
stream. I found by the list at Mueson's
(where is the greatest number of papers, American
& English I have any where seen on the continent)
Mrs G. W. Wales, Mrs S. M., Mrs Coy (Society Chem)
and several other acquaintances are here, but
I shall have no time to visit them. For the same
reason I have not seen Seward and others -
During the last 9 days the sun has not shone
in Paris, though there is sun mighty
fog often, closed all the time intervening
during the day - This I hear is the character of
late October in Paris - I have staid as long
as I durst, seen every thing, and glad to leave.
The climate does not at all suit my health
for some reason, though most of the weather
has been very fine. Today is a little cool
again, but not at all cold. The agreeable
folk people here I find are the mother
& sister and brother of the polite officer of
the English ~~steam~~ (guano) Green steamer
Boxer whom I met on his quarter deck
at Galatz last December. Strawberry is at
dinner to day - Red alpers, as all have been in Paris

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I came to day from Paris by train, about ~~7~~¹³⁰ miles, as far as Etampes there is considerable forest and the country somewhat hilly, but thereafter, with the exception of a few ridges, the entire route to this is almost a plain. On a large portion of this, ~~as~~ far south as Orleans, are very large farms apparently conducted on the Scotch plan, with similar buildings on a smaller scale and inferior in style. They plough with horses and nearly all is under tillage. A year but is raised considerably & I saw fine sheep with shepherd dogs. Stacks of hay and grain are quite frequent but destitute of the rust red and golden colour of the Scotch, nor 1/8th of the number. Excepting the Seine & the Loire & are tributary of the latter, I have not seen a pond or a brook to day. We come to the Loire at Blois; it is leveed 10 or 12 feet high on each bank to preserve the rich alluvial of the valley from flood. On the top of these levees is a carriage road. For many miles about Orleans is a vast vineyard, and the quantity of red wine in 40 or 50 gallon casks at the various Rail Stations is immense. No one in the cars appears to drink any thing else, very many carry a bottle, and children a year old or so only, drink first the same. We were visiting some *Sanfoin* near Paris. The fruit there has made about the same progress it generally has with us in R. I. at this season. Sycamore maples are partly green - There is much *Tamarisk*, only a little turned, but the grape is half stripped, ^{of its foliage} excepting one kind that is now a most beautiful crimson. I saw a *Sumac* (ours) as beautifully crimson as I ever saw one in America - There is much *Paulonia* in France, though so recently introduced from India. An apple tree full of red fruit was equal to any thing of the sort, but covered with probably 25 bushels, though the trees are usually small here. I ate but one apple in Paris, it was

very large, tender and excellent, cherries (11
are common & large Peach trees common
to be common at Blois. I have seen very
fine Plum trees yet in France. The Lombard
Poplar is tall and now yellow with frost.
They often plant 6 or 8 close together in a bunch
with remarkably fine effect. The Italian
also abounds every where with its myrtle,
much more so and at one place much very
large yew (English) in a cutting and some
of it in flower. Some of the abundant Mullen
in flower; great sulphur coloured flowers, beautiful
In the numerous station gardens are rows of kinds
some of them fine. The finest Chrysanthemums I
ever saw, beautiful Dahlias, Marigolds &c
The fields are without fences, but the rail
has a thorn hedge on each side all the way.
The track is double as I believe all are in France
The switches ^{guard houses & telegraph poles} are numbered, on the weight. This
system is carried to a great extent in France.
The trees on Champs Elysees, big & small, have a
piece of lead in them with the number of the
tree. The arches of the Colonnade of Rue Revoli
are numbered. The houses of Paris are numbered
odd & even sides of the street like ours. There
is insurance against Railway accidents, same
as in England. Ravens, Magpies and Sparrows
are seen and the 2 last very numerous. I
saw 2 small hawks and one very large one.
Papal serval very fine French Chateaux, the
style of which with their concealed towers &c &c
I think very fine. 3 or 4 old towers and one
old round castle on the road, or near it.
I find the Phœnix hotel here excellent. The
butter of Paris appears to be good yet I find
myself always using very little of it. I think
its flavour is rather great than good, at
least not at all fine. The fog continues.
This is the 10th day. Orleans & Tours have each 40,000
people - We had fire in Paris the last 10 or 12 days and
read it here. Delightful grapes & sea musk here.
at dinner. I saw many tall chimneys at Orleans
and was told they were of cotton mills.

27th - went to the Cathedral a rather fine (12
old affair, & saw a couple married there
5 or 6 parts present. Their stupid ~~process~~
process of which I got heartily tired, sufficed
~~to~~ further them two tight enough to quarrel
very properly in less time than the ceremony
occupied (more than one hour) for in
the midst of all their promises they were
rather an unpromising looking couple.
One of our justices of the Peace could have
done the thing quite as well in two minutes
and for one tenth the cost, yes for less
than the coach whip like wax candles
that were used on this occasion will come
to. Town appears to be a place of ^{many} old
ruined churches & monasteries. You will
the people know where their oppressors
~~decide~~ come ^{about}. The first crush is at the
doors of the Priests in any revolution.
Here is the true test of what the popular
faith really is in regard to the religion
that is proposed - for them, and their
curse. The Church of England would fare
only as much better as her people are
more intelligent than some of the masses
of the continent. In the United States
the institution would probably be safe
in its own senility. The Loch is evidently
subject to great freshets. The bridges over
its bed are over 1200 feet long, but the
water is now low. A few barges of 50 or
60 tons with masts lie along the shore.
Hundreds of washerwomen at their vocations
are by its water. Only think, all the clothes
of the continent are washed in cold water.
The opposite side of the river is a very
poor ridge with a ~~strait~~ by the water, but
wood & hills above. The old parts of the
town are filthy, with very narrow streets &
picturesque with low houses & high gables. ~~The~~
~~most~~ state is used for roofs, and is the
most & smoothest I ever saw. It looks
as if it had been cut out of paste boards.

The houses are of soft stone like that of Paris on some islands in the river I saw beautiful English robins, Terns, Grebes & waders. The new Patrons of Tours are built with very nice houses & good streets, and not crowded but built loosely with low houses. The stone does not harden with time. I see them finishing up the fronts of old houses by planing the stone with common carpenter planes, just as they are used on board. Roofs here are nearly all slate. St. Urbain in market, at the wedding in the cathedral to day were about 200 persons. I was in a position to see the faces of most, but scarce ⁱⁿ one countenance could I observe much more elevation than in those of monkeys. Most of the religious publications of France I hear are printed at Tours. There a delightful red radishes ^{a marble statue of Las Cases, Napoleon's physician, is here.} size and much the shape, of the red vessels of our sweet Briar. Of these Rue beds Germans make a nice sauce. Fennel is put in water in which field chestnuts are boiled, to give them a fine flavour. I am feasting on the nice french potatoes and think they are lighter and better ~~only~~ marked only with a fork as suggested by Mr. Holcomb.

150,000 people in Bordeaux October 28. 58 came by rail to day from Tours about 200 miles, through a country much like Jersey, every inch of it interesting undulating in pretty slopes and valleys, and often very charming - It looks as if it must abound in game, I saw partridges frequently, and one woodpecker about the size our Spunkled one of the corn fields (the Flicker) with a red crown, and back of pretty green. a great deal of oak cypress and wood, English walnut and one region of forests of chestnuts fine trees planted like orchard. The farms are generally small I think, though nearly all the people live in ^{the wife} small stone houses in the villages. The walnuts sell dead at 2 cts per lb. by the quantity and great quantities go to Engl and as does the best of every thing they see. A sort of Prune that weigh 12 to the pound goes to Queen Victoria, I hear. Wild clematis

abound and also Ferns, Blackberries do of 14
Course, and our Society. The flowers in the
station gardens are very brilliant & beautiful.
They make the detentions sources of pleasure,
when will we have them in America. Clean
and pretty streams are frequent after passing
Poitiers. Several fine Chateaux, and a very
fine ruin of an old abbey. There is no want
of scattering trees and wood the whole way.
Vineyards are abundant. Oxen are at the
plough. Frequent patches of Jerusalem artichokes
Indian corn & a little Sorghum. Some Indian
corn planted late, & very small but in Daples
is being cut for green feed. In one place fresh
cut grass was in cock, for hay I suppose.
Broom & tall heath plenty, and goose often -
goose I find is indigenous. I saw a few brown
blepsoms & considerable of the geese is in flower,
~~with~~ Tall ferns all just killed, but the
vines and trees in this region are only touched
and some oaks yet as green as ever. Cat tail
grows luxuriantly. I saw what I took to be
the sea side Pine in forest, "Pinus maritima".
This side of Angoulême which is a fine looking
town on a ridge with beautiful stream &
woody valley at its base. The Peach is very
abundant this side of that town also, and
a few plum trees, & plenty of Apple trees,
small shrub Juniper is seen. Much poultry
all the route. Chickens, Geese, Turkeys, the
had Turkey 2 or 3 times a week at Paris,
but too early for them to be very good. In about
an hour before sunset the sun shone, for
the first time since the 18th Inst.
Rail travelling in France is about the same
price with the Parliamentary trains in England
but do not go over $\frac{2}{3}$ as fast, at least the
omnibus trains, that take here 3 elapses of paper.
The French Government I hear has a share in all
the rail ways. French Hotels are rather cheaper
than English unless you want a fire, and do
very well in mild weather. I am told that
course linen sheets, napkins &c are washed
in hot water and dyed made of oak ashes.

Articles of dress at all times, are washed (13)
in cold water with soap, because they are
less injured than in hot water. Drunkenness
I hear is on the increase in France, particularly
in Paris - They say it has arisen from the short
crop of wine which has induced the sale of bad
mixed strong stuff sold for wine. But the
grape this year is more abundant than ever
known almost. I try to say in the evening
before yesterday I took my seat by a Frenchman
who spoke English, and this evening, to day by one
who not only speaks English so that I look him
for an Englishman, but does not drink wine.
The first was a sailor, the second a Tailor and
a most intelligent & sensible man, speaks
Spanish & German also. I found him versed
in all topics that I named, a strong re-
publican & knew many American sea Captains
to whom he has met at Bordeaux & made
clothes for. He says the Emperor has the rep-
utation of raising a deputy the senate
sometimes to favour a favourite speculation.
He has surrounded himself with loans and
desperate Corsicans, whom the other republic-
ans & would cut to pieces in a revolution.
I saw no firms except that of Rue de la Vierge, I saw
Goths frequently. At this Hotel (Richelieu) the can-
dles are each marked with the number of the
chamber to which they are appropriated. There
is a bell in my room here, exceptional in France
I have not seen a glass of water taken by a nation in
France, and scarcely in any wine country, but
much beer is drunk in most of them.

29th - Bordeaux is a fine town with many
noble streets and fine houses both old & new
of Stone (almost always) with slate or tile roofs.
The Cathedral is a fine building with inside and
out and there is a handsome monument with
his statue of Cardinal Cheverus (who was
at Boston many years) died in 1836 aged 68.
The face has a fine expression well executed.
At the church St. Michael in a cellar under an
old tower I saw about 50 human bodies that
have apparently been exposed in a preserved state
dry and ghastly - Bones of others lay at their
feet in quantities. In a public square

opportunities to each other, stand recently
 erected statues of Montaigne and Montague
 both of whom lived not far from Bordeaux,
 another square near by is a beautiful garden
 with water and some old trees. In this lovely
 place are great beds of Heliotrope, also of
 scarlet sage all in full bloom. Then there
 are others 50 or 100 feet long full of these
 mixed also with other flowers, beautiful to see,
 also great beds of counette, fine dahlias of
 every hue, all in bloom. Several pretty foun-
 tains are in the town also. A Fair is being held,
~~at~~ in the square. Magnolia grandiflora
 is in the public garden, though the Garonne is
 sometimes full of ice. The red scarlet geranium
 is among the flowers. It grows out down all the
 winter in Ireland. Pomgranates are plenty
 in market - also cockles & oysters, The latter
 are very flat & salt & powdered, then,
 Red wine is always before me in France, but
 I have not used 2 bottles of it, that however
 has made my feet a little tender, so that a
 man accented me in the street to day and
 took some pains to let me know he was a
 corn doctor. A few came up who appeared to
 be desirous to contract for my coat. Several
 other propositions that I could not comprehend
 have been made me to day. Only last night
 as I was walking into various coffee houses to see
 them, I was congratulating myself on not
 being continually asked on entering, what I
 would have, as is the custom elsewhere,
 The Garonne is a noble river ~~at~~ fully
 1300 feet wide spanned by a massive bridge
 of brick on 17 arches - Its waters are now very
 turbid with mud from the rain in the Pyre-
 nnees, but it is sometimes clear. The stream
 is rapid (4 miles per hour I think) on the
 ebb tide. The rise is 20 feet in spring tides
 and 15 or 16 feet ordinarily. The opposite
 shore is beautiful with trees on a ridge
 and at the ~~bottom~~ lower end of the town the
 river makes a short turn, which gives it
 the appearance of a lake. The town is 60
 miles from the sea, the water is fresh, & ships

of 2000 tons come up - There are now lying in the stream (generally in pairs & set up to 4 or 5 side by side) about 125 ships 80 brigs and as many smaller craft, beside some 25 Steamers. The scene is very interesting. on the wide quay Logwood & American spirits or whiskey lie in fearful contiguity with Brandy and claret, as if they had entered into league for the extirpation of all the consumers of the two latter beverages. Great quantities of Peaches in boxes are waiting for lighters to take them to the ships. I went into a glass factory where the claret bottles are made, and to an Iron works where chain cables are made. The Iron for the links is bent cold to a C by a strong machine. The lower part of houses in Bordeaux are built up a few feet with harder quality of the same stone with the rest, but the latter is so soft that the blocks are rolled over with hooks, as are cotton bales, it is softer than loaf sugar I think, I am told the government pays the Coach & Rail way the difference they make in Soldier's fare, and that they pay same as others unless they are moving by government order or service. My hotel here is a very good one, and the cheapest I have seen out of Scotland & Norway & Sweden, and more so than any I have seen in a large town. I notice they copy particulars from my passport on the register; By government order doubtless. At particular towns in various continental countries they do so. A great many donkeys are here abouts, and a statue of Napoleon 3^d stands near here (Equestrian) who will pass for one the moment he has to flee France.

Bayonne 30th 10th Mo 58

By rail about 115 miles (a single track) from Bordeaux. All the way is sand and the first 90 miles a plain without even a village and very few scattering houses even. It is ^{all} a country of Pine Forest interspersed with occasional oak patches, reminding me of the country between Charleston S.C. and Augusta. There are also extensive tracts of land only covered with heath & considerable grass & Brown. The forest abounds in them also, and this side of Day a town about 30 miles from here the Gorse abounds as in England and the country is yellow with its opening flowers. In the same locality are also Forests of Cork Trees, none are over 1 foot diameter but those of only 3 inches the over-

are peeled. Much of the Pine forest is evidently (18
planted and 2 or 3 hundred acres of trees about 5 or
6 feet high have been destroyed by fire from the loco
motor in two spots. The wood looks almost as "fat"
as that of North Carolina and is all tapped for
turpentine by scarifying the bark in strips from 5 to
10 feet long from the point, and about 4 inches wide.
The large trees have several of these on their trunks,
on the great 90 mile plain are some very small
huts thatched with heath not a tree near them.
I could see no limit to this plain, it is the famous
"Sander" or a part of it. Most of the houses however are
of stone & roofed with tile, some of the new ones are brick
covered with stone. One large one story house is nicely
built of stone and ~~covered~~ roofed with tile.
Some rocks & magpies a small hawk and an Eagle were
all the bird life I saw. There might be millions of Grouse,
I saw a flock of Lapwings however, moles contrain get a
living on these sands. The pines are ^{2 or 3} kinds, but I think
many of the clearings - The leaves of all are long
and the cones half as large as those of the North Carolina.
At day the country undulates and becomes very pretty, but
still a sand & pine country to Bayonne, Indian
corn is the principal crop, & a very small one it is,
I saw a woman diving a load of cast, Turneps
are planted in heaps of earth about as big as a cast
load would make - probably turnips which suit them.
Pumpkins are abundantly planted so in Europe, in
great heaps as big as half a hay stack, Women
do much at the stations & watch houses, holding the
signals blow, horn for starting etc. Near here I saw
a sort of Myrtle wood, I think Pittosporum. Papperts
demanded at the station. A few miles below here I
got a glimpse of the Bay of Biscay near by, but I was
so nearly on a level I could not see much, but the sea
appeared to break mainly on the beach. The day is bright
but cold, a very heavy white frost this morning and I saw
no such weather in Sable Island last year up to the
first of November. The Pyrenees are in full view
just south of the town. All the people of France
appear to enjoy good bread same as do the English,
but not the Scotch. Several punts were in the train,
They appear to move about a good deal, but for peo-
ple who are supposed to be educated I have found
them exceedingly ignorant in ~~many~~ quite a few
particulars of the cases in which circumstances have
given me any chance of judging. The express
trains of France take only first class passengers and
some other trains take only first and second class.
I saw fine large ones at Bordeaux but they all

Small here and drawn by the horns as at Providence, (19)
They also work cows here - The donkeys of Bayonne are
the ugliest and humblest looking of all I have seen.
The mark countenance of this animal is laughable
when we remember the real strength & spirit he is
capable of manifesting. There is an old Cathedral
here of large size with a fine interior where some
old stained glass has managed to miss the popular
fury which destroyed it generally in France. I was
told in Rome they were preparing to blow up St. Peter's
in 1848 - A great loss, but a small consideration
to that of the freedom it is so instrumental in
ever crushing. Oak wood appears to be very
abundant here and must be cheap, but the
poor of France go to the stables in winter to spin
that they may avail themselves of the heat of the
cattle there. A winter without a fire is
one of the greatest of privations to us who never
heard of being without it securely, in America,
we lay grapes, chestnuts, walnuts, pumpkins
apples pears hazelnuts &c &c are abundant in the
market & fine vegetables. Bayonne is a ^{walled} place
of fortifications the town and environs show them
on all hands. The surrounding country is very
pretty, hills valleys trees, villas &c, while the
adorn a beautiful ^{rapid} clean salt stream

850 feet wide spanned by a fine stone
bridge gives freshness and effort to all.
Some 22 Bays and a couple of Steamers lie at
the quay.

31st, Walked down the river to the mouth. The
survey along the (little bay about it is) river is
much like that below Fields point from Providence
to Natick, but has no rocks. Pretty little vales
half marshy where estuaries brighten among
the grass with pure water fresh from the sea,
and hills with wood rising therefrom as
with us about Wakefield &c &c. I passed
through a pine barren more than a mile
to the shore. The Turpentine is secured as
it descends the denuded portions of the tree
to little holes in the ground at the root. In a
great many instances ^{earthen} vessels like pint
sized flower pots are suspended to the tree

and receive the resin from a metallic cup fitted in the trunk for the purpose, when the sap does not flow straight, but inclines to the bark as it does in a crooked tree (and in fact in many that are not so apparently very perverted) it is guided back by inserting the shell of cuttle fish obliquely.



Sap is not now flowing. For half a mile along the Adour at its mouth, on each side is a heavy wall and on South side a wooden break water of open work timber, projects into the sea. Great reefs are there to help in vessels. The mouth is narrow and quite a sea was breaking all across it, on a bar. A man was fishing at the extremity of the breakwater, & caught a 1 1/2 lb fish ~~little~~ much like our weak fish or Scuratey. But one solitary viper was to be seen during the 3 hours I spent on the beach, there was not a shell, a bird or even a sea urchin on the shore, save half a handful of rocks used. I saw two flocks of sea coots, and an eagle but not a gull, even beside - The tufted Lark is a little back from the shore, I enclose some delightfully high odoured Chamomile growing on the beach with yellow flowers, one kind like the Amaranth indeed. I also shall send seed, I enclose some varieties of beautiful pinks from the shore also, one kind white, the sweetest time imaginable & straight grass abundantly also & the purple Autumn Crocus now in bloom. The beach will do to drive on at low tide, Back of the tide table it is very wide & 1000 of acres are thinly thatched with pine boughs so one cannot walk out the paths that are left, without treading on them, they are matted down with peat & sand, and young pines are coming up which otherwise would be blown out the ground by the sand drifting from the roots - as far as I could see North is a pine forest over the Sands, coming down to within 300 yds of water. I suppose the Sands back of our benches might be remarkably

and profitably appropriated, some 200 yds from the water is a ridge (apparently artificial in part) running a mile or two parallel with the shore, about 15 feet high

The side of this ridge from the water sea about 40 or 50 feet wide is a very well - a slight fence 3 1/2 feet high on top the ridge, made of corn stalks thatched to eaves with faggots for posts, helps further to protect from the sea another fence is at the bottom & then cross fences at short intervals - The soil is dry sand - Apuragus is also planted in them and very vigorous pears just up, for early next spring I suppose (we had strawberries at dinner to day) Tamarack cuttings are stuck out (about 6 inches deep) in the sand all exposed to the sea, but are growing well apparently regardless of sea wind & salt. One small pond is behind the beach, but they are rare in Europe, though almost always concomitant with beaches in America. An interesting question & difference, for geologists. The breakwater is not 3 miles from town. I walked nearly 3 miles on the beach & shore to Barretts a famous watering place, small town of new houses - with fine great rocks in the sea just just off from the beach. The emperor's new house is modest enough for a rich English iron master, pleasantly situated with a lot of some 30 acres fresh planted with evergreens. The fence is just like that of the Keep 15 acre lot in South New Port but not half so well made, or neat. Just south of it on a chalk cliff stands a beautiful light house, I think 150 feet high. A mile back the old beach shingle 100 feet higher than the sea has a rich black soil, ^{usually} from 1 to 3 feet deep, apparently all formed by decay of heath & grass now abundant all over this region. I returned to Bayonne from Barretts by the beautiful walk in the road of about 3 1/2 miles, a cheery & cheerful

22
turky, seventy, of green hills, slopes and
valleys, whitened with good dulleys and
fenced like farms in England & America,
half the hours on the road to let, many
more on the way & county folks appeared
to hear it & roll a sort of 9 pins to. Bygones
are not wanting either, though they pretend
to want. The fattest clap I see in Europe,
Figs & ^{the Prunella} ~~Prunella~~ & other fruit are here, though
judging from present weather, they cannot be
long. I never saw such sharp air at noon
in October before - and not from the Pyrenees
which frame the south side of the landraper
beautifully, but from the North west, off
the sea - a very slight breeze too, after 2
P.M., I took off my shawl, but had to resume
it by sunset, which was a pretty one.
I took my ticket to day for Madrid, a Poleman
was at the office to demand passports, I am
told they even penetrate to the state rooms of
kings in republics (at the various parts of
France) about to leave. I thought I had
arranged all this in Paris, but the American
& Spanish Consul & Bayonne Police wise
are all necessary. To Madrid is 56 hours,
distance 275 miles - Coupe seat is \$31.60
Burlin or 2 at \$26.32. This I took. The Cabriolet
(on top) is 21.05 the best or good as any (but too
cold in the mountain air now I apprehend) and
the rear inside where persons sit as in an
omnibus is 18.96. The dearest fare I ever heard
of. Although there are 3 lines, the distance is
92 Spanish leagues I believe this will be 365 miles.
The grape and nut trees are quite green here, the
grape vines on the beach are yellow but not shed
much. The day has been very bright - The women
of Bayonne are as handsome as those I saw in the
South west of France. I believe I forgot to men-
tion the very fine specimen (of horns at least) of
the fossil Irish Elk in one of the museums of the
Garden of Plants in Paris - The one in Philadelphia
is mounted to great advantage and appears
to be a finer specimen than this one. The hotel
here has a very kind host and servants & fair table,

300,000 people in Madrid 11 mo 3, 58 (23)

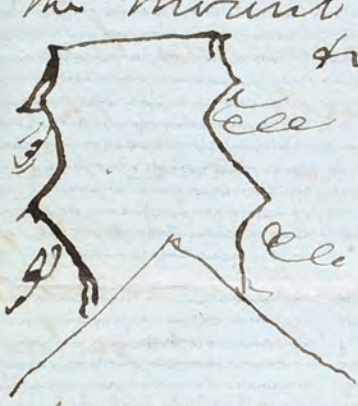
I left Bayonne on the first outfit arriving here
in 61 hours, driving like John nearly all the way
on a very fine Alacadam road, that is generally
planted with ^{Sycamore maple, yew & other} Elm, Poplar, Cottonwood, Walnut
and a few hard chestnuts, generally pollarded &
if not very long standing - I dare to say it is not
so good a road or so generally planted as we are
most moderate - but every thing seems to grow
well or ~~at~~ get toward the capital from the
North - Our team at start was 5 horses, but
on entering Spain it increased to as many as
11 mules sometimes, mixed up with a horse or
two. Every thing had bells, but none bits except the
horse ridden by the muleteer - We had a driver
beside, and another fellow I often saw on foot
whose office appeared to be to rally our mules
~~behind~~ the front behind the carriage with
furious onslaught on the whole caravan. How
he managed to keep up I could not see unless
he got into the rear apartment that has a door
like an omnibus. The teams & men were changed
every 10 miles (about) and on two occasions over
the Pyrenees we had 2 mules on the tongue and
8 little oxen ahead of them, up the steep places
but even there they often galloped on the easier
slopes - The grades of the Pyrenees are generally
very moderate and the mules (which are nearly
always black) went flying over them likeimps.
These animals are all shorn the upper half of
them (longitudinally divided) mane and all
nearly as much as broad cloth, with some ornamental
designs left in higher parts about the
flanks - We met hundreds of people coming from
a fair the second day, many mounted on mules
that fled at the approach of our wheels as if
they had never seen one of their fellow creatures
before - they took to the fields in all directions
many of them entirely regardless of the efforts of their
masters who appeared to laugh over the matter
with admirable good nature. The asses were
generally sensible enough to keep the road. The

steep used by the pedestrians is a set of very (24
light wooden shoes, ugly but safe & not liable
to slip under the foot. We soon passed a small
water (about 150 acres) in a deep narrow bowl of a
valley - the only lake I have seen in France.
The white houses gleamed through the early twilight
in the distance with almost phosphoric effect.
So white are they in that delightful region
about Bayonne. We were soon on the sea shore
then at Irun the frontier where our passports
were examined by the French authorities, and then
both passports & ^{and 2 frank charges for each passport} Bayonne, by the Spanish, on passing
the bridge over the little stream that divides
the two Kingdoms. In Spain our team walked
very slowly over every bridge even those of stone
not 20 feet wide, and also through the streets
(however wide) of every town, even of the meanest
wood village. The first town after Irun is San
Cayete, famous for pivots in time of war.
Its harbour is not much larger than Pau neck
Pond (say 300 acres) and its connexion with the
sea like that of the pond alluded to - not
1000 ft wide about a mile long between rocks
near by perpendicular & nearly 800 feet high,
at the sea end, several rocks lie outside
as if to protect it from the surf. In this manner
shaded place ships of the line may easily
enter. It is fortified of course. A few miles
further we stopped at St. M. (Thron for Bayonne)
to breakfast, where I was charged 3 frank for tea
and bread & butter which I had at Bayonne
for 1 frank, the dearest & cheapest I have seen
in Europe and only about 40 miles apart.
The diligence stops but twice a day for meals,
about one hour each time, again I had the good
fortune to find a Frenchman speaking English, he
only went to Bordeaux, but a very kind agreeable man
a ship captain & merchant, had been ment in the
East Indies. He says this cold weather is very uncom-
mon. The heat has been also remarkable & contin-
ued in Bordeaux (when he left) until 9 days ago.
The best bread I have seen in France was at Bordeaux

But there is nothing like the bread of English rural (25
districts and Upper Austria except the Pennsylvania,
St Sebastian has a little lake harbour too and the
place is walled & fortified apparently impregnable.
Not far from there I saw two boys playing on a ball alley
at five, before sun rise, I do not often make such
remarkable discoveries at that hour, I also saw near
this place the first wild Bulfinch I have seen anywhere,
2 or 3 Gulls were flying about the harbour, but not a vepel
in this or that of de Papez. My french friend says they use
Sticks of fat kept in the "Sander" but off from the Rail way
They can see their sheep so much better with them & walk
faster seems to be his idea of the reason of their use, I should
think in the heat they must be very dangerous, but some
when I saw a boy & girl running down hill on a pave-
ment of cobbles stone, with sticks fastened on so that a fall
would have been almost surely fatal, or worse, Our
conductor (he goes the whole journey) appeared to be engaged in
smuggling & had peeped the frontier with the goods I saw him
peep out the coach window, my friend said he had
heard ~~that~~ search was intended at St Sebastian which
he was then eluding, A villainous looking fellow ~~was~~
is too, He says the frontier towns live upon such traffic
into both countries - Bayonne is a very rich place, the
people go much abroad but always return with their
accumulations to die there, The great Cathedral is
undergoing extensive repairs by the bounty of one merchant,
A Frenchman to visit any part of his own country
has to pay government 2 francs for Passport, and as
all the towns charge excise on articles entered therein
for sale, his baggage must be delayed for search where-
ever he stops, For a passport to cross the frontier he
pays 10 francs (2 dollars nearly) beside the cost of Visa,
(generally 1 dollar more) of the consul to whose country
he departs. I suppose it is not more favourable in
other countries where passports are required, Then the
countries visited often have their charges to make, at
least the Spanish authorities charged 2 francs on each
passport, So this frenchman only to go one days journey had
to pay 3,40 cents for passport, beside the charge for visa he will
doubtless have to pay to get back again to his own country,
to say nothing of delay & trouble, a person arriving in
in a town is often unavoidably detained a day to get
his passport arranged, This will very often happen unless he
is accustomed to the regulations, or very much on the alert
and much trouble and expense is often incurred for
want of it, An American, ^{met} had to wait 2 days at the fron-
tier of Switzerland and a short time since, while his passport went
by mail to Berne for a Visa for ~~St~~ Sardinia though he

was only going to ~~for~~ crop about 10 miles of that country. I have had the good luck to now have ^{such} any delay on account of papers, but must have had I think, in case I had been moving rapidly. A few hours from San Sebastian we commence the ascent of the Pyrenees. The grade is generally easy and about three hours are required from the base to summit. The country continues very agreeable with green farms and scattered farm houses. The tillage is good and consists chiefly of Indian Corn ^{cabage} & great quantities of turnips. I think the flat kind. Many sheep are kept, ~~half~~ of them very black, a few goats also. Nearly to the top of the pass the farms continue and grape vines flourish upon them though there are no vineyards. These open are small, and their carts are generally on wheels of plank (no spokes or felloes) from 3 to 4 feet diameters. Apple orchards of most thrifty trees but not large are in great numbers, more than in Jersey even. Though less than in Switzerland & some other European countries, the fruit all gathered. They abound in all sorts. The Chestnuts also, though ^{the best is} ~~at~~ ^{near to the top of the mountains.} at the base the trees are quite full of them, and many not opened. High on the Pyrenees the corn seems scarcely ripe enough to be safe from frost, while at the base it is as dead as it will be next Christmas with a penic. All the way to Madrid are wild rose bushes wherever there are any kinds, and in flower north of the Pyrenees. The oak there is also quite green, though the Lombardy has shed much of its foliage. Red twigged dog wood, ^{here} Privet, Hop, and some thorns of the English kind are wild and the whole country between Bayonne & the top of the Pyrenees abounds in wood & scattering trees. I saw also a shrub with very red berries, very much like our "Speckled Alder". The common Alder of Europe abounds as generally it does. The Mediterranean cane also common. While real English gorse and a high heath ~~popper~~ ^{popper} ~~or~~ fern popper every uncultivated portion of the land, which is much. The English Ivy & clematis & blackberry & ^{with fern} Teazel, abound & I saw a few cultivated Cypress of Europe. The soil is excellent. Larks Sparrows & other small birds are numerous. Wagtails English black birds. But after leaving the frontier the houses soon become miserable in appearance, though very large & masonry built like fortresses of square blocks of stone, though often of rough rubble work, & the windows are tile, and many have little or no glass. Evidently they had none a few years ago. The windows are very small with shutters from the inside and iron gratings without them. These shutters under the influence of improvement have been enlightened with one pane of glass pretty generally. The houses are generally several stories high & often very large, for many families I suppose, besides, the barn & stable are in them. We came to a stream on which is quite a large

Cotton mill, with broken windows and (27)
a dirty thrift of looking concern, a little further
up the stream we came to a new and larger one
that looked promising. About the ^{same} stream, at the
base of the Pyrenees, I saw several Owls, and
for the first time, two of them were diving about in
the water in their peculiar manner. A very large
hawk or Eagle was soaring about. The houses have
very often gloomish eyes - and peculiar chimneys
to be found (I suppose) against the eddying wind of
the mountains above them. The smoke coming out
from under the projections. The Pyrenees



as mountains are by no means in-
teresting when I passed them - They are
not high & exhibit very little gran-
deur of ravine or cliff - ~~The~~ rail
way over them is progressing, that will
soon open Spain to the Atlantic light. The farmers
had many stacks of ferns near their houses for fuel
in the stables. The remains of only 2 or 3 old carriages
are seen between the Summit & Bayonne. I had
reason to congratulate myself on not taking the
ottoman seats, the passengers complained of their
being very uncomfortable as I suppose they must
be for any length of time. Seats in continental dilli-
gences are generally uncomfortable, and each passenger
ticket is made to designate his seat accordingly.
The villages were numerous, and in two of them I saw
"Fosfores" manufactories - ^{Grinding stones are also made from the} ~~lead.~~ ^{lead.} ~~Descending the south side~~
of the Pyrenees it became too dark to see, but I noticed
enormous houses between them and Vittoria, even
larger than the sweep. At Vittoria we are considered
to be in real Spain - It is about 30 miles from the
Pyrenees and we arrived there at nearly midnight
to our second meal that day. At light in the mor-
ning we were passing a gorge of rocks very wild & picturesque
with old fortifications on the summits of grotesque crags
of blue. The very place for bandits, a miserable village
thereby - Since forward all the way (some 250 miles)
to Madrid is a scene of the most dismal waste &
sterile desert imaginable - not a stream once in
30 miles, not a tree save those planted by the road,
and very exceptional spots near streams where
are orchards of Plums to a great extent by one, with
Pears & apples. not a green thing, the grass as dead
as winter nearly and very rarely any to be seen -
yet it is not sterile land, but productive. A
great portion of it under plough. These implements
are of wood shod at the point with a piece of iron

with a handle for one hand like that of a Carpenter
 saw. The soil is very lumpy - Their carts are on
 wheels with thick wooden tires instead of iron ones, and
 by no means round, only circular, The people are
 the poorest looking I have seen in Europe, for the Rus-
 peasant or slave is duped comfortably, these are
 not, and look poor through out - The other side of
 the pyrenees in Spain, shoes of white woven cloth nailed
 to wooden soles are common, especially for boys, but here
 they use "leggings" of skin or cloth or both and a sort of
 sandal or mocassin, with their legs bound about with
 cords like our Indians, A ragged brown monkish
 looking cloak of heavy material, leather shorts with
 sheep skin with wool outside, tied over them are the
 common dress in some parts, but every where miserable,
 A hat with wide rim and rosette on it, with another
 above it on the edge of the crown of the hat, a beribboned
 cap showing only a zone of the rim is very common.



Villages are farther apart, and more & more mis-
 erable, reminding me of those in the East, many of
 them built of huge unbaked brick, mixed with
 straw, with hovel under ground on the side hills
 for their mules, donkeys, &c - Stone crosses are not un-
 frequent by the way side (rarely seen in France when I was)
 and churches singularly large well built in fact
 grand in contrast with the the dwellings for the bodies
 of them whose spiritual welfare seems so solicitously
 consulted. The spires are low but very pretty, The
 beggars who commended with Spain soon came to
 bent us in number every time the coach stopped,
 after leaving San Sebastian, I noticed the knocker
 of many of the doors was on the door post or frame
 & not on the door. At one town we were overhauled
 by Police who looked as much like brigands as well
 could be & did not behave much better, I thought.
 One fellow (not of them I presume) demanded of me
 half a frank for Police service. I called the con-
 ductor, who at first appeared to favour his demand
 but ended by cursing him. Children very ragged,
 and people sit in sun to be warm under hilllocks &c.
 Small birds are numerous & I saw a dozen small
 hawk & as many large ones (some of which were probably Eagles)
 from bay of Pyrenees to the Adrid. The much used carts
 generally drawn by 6 mules, are numerous on the road
 (all going or coming from Madrid apparently) and
 are well and strongly made, and loaded under the
 wheels as well as above. The carts & waggons of Europe
 generally have a hanging platform under them like a
 hanging shelf, on which small articles are placed, but
 these are regular portions of the capacity for load, and
 made like the rest of packing of nap - so the cart body

is rather a parcel of bags in a sort of frame work. (29)
Spain from the foot of Pyrenus to Madrid is of this
character growing worse to the capital. It seems like
a great plain ~~or desert~~ rather unequally so
to be sure, a desert intersected with spurs of moun-
tains, more sterile still. These mountains are only
very high hills, I think I saw none after the Pyrenus
as much as 1500 feet above the general level of the
country. The hills in the portions of the country are very
fine specimens, large & black & white in colour.
Chickens are common, but I noticed only one flock of
Turkeys. Shrub Juniper and a sort of shrub cedar with
evergreen bushes and the Spanish live oak covered some
extensive spots some hundred of acres in a place.
The first Olive trees I saw are about 20 miles North
of Madrid, and the vineyard commenced in the
same region. There is however a small district
of vineyard about 20 miles South of Burgos. But
nothing but the few spots of trees alluviate in the
least the desert like aspect of the country.
There is a distinct horizon of rocky country much
like the rock farm on a very large scale, where
are several herds of fawns, whose fawns are washed
in lots just like our New England water. They get rich
spots among the open spaces of the rocks. This is not
~~very~~⁵⁰ miles North of Madrid, and there about I
saw the Merino sheep. Not a gentleman's horse in
the country is seen until near say 15 miles from
Madrid, then look new, and are brought into being
apparently by the rail way now building North from
here & running close by them. On a ridge of rocks
for miles there is a line of ruined towers for
~~two to 4 or 5 miles apart~~, watch towers in old
times I suppose. Not a carriage of pleasure or
a gentleman did I see from the Bay of Biscay to
Madrid (300 miles and over) save in ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
two or three larger towns we passed, and here close
to the city. One region of barren hills just north
of the Rocky farm like district, is very like the hills
North of Judge Wadsworth, on a large scale. The sun
set last night left a peculiar and beautiful crimson
on the horizon, softening down to amber above, and lasted
a long time. The night was cold and I saw thin
ice on a rock this morning. A great deal of the
slope of the hills on the plain country I speak of
lies in very singular little ridges not over 3 to 10 feet
high like the folds of the skin of a Rhinoceros. I could
suggest no theory for it, but hope to hear of one

Sometimes these ridges lay in shape of horse shoes, and in one instance forming about 15 acres of fine sloping land. The ridge being at an angle of about 70 degrees with the earth & 6 to 10 feet high. Not of rock which sometimes form similar ridges with us - Madrid lies in a valley and approaching it I saw mud struck from the hill above with its numerous spires & domes that make a fine sight of the city and a vile place of Spain and every country they so much infect. I think Spain is even viler than Italy, thus far, Vehicles take the left hand in the road and in Madrid I found our long team walked slowly while others of ~~left~~ hawks & drove on the trot. A great Caralascar passed me on my walk this afternoon of 3 large coaches 6 horses in one, 6 mules in another, and followed by some 30 horsemen, all going at a rapid rate, with men mounted in front with drawn swords clearing the way. I suppose it was the royal family & suite. There is one blessing in Spain at least, very little cracking of whips. Over the great extent of good land the people live in villages & appear as comfortable as the Bedouin Arabs - but this side of Pyrennes have I seen the least attention to any garden of flowers or trees or other evidence of any sentiment of refined character - Shepherd's eye poets & a Spanish shepherd, and his inhabitants. He is himself a sphere, a world, a place of refuge. At Burgos we stopped an hour close by the famous Cathedral. Its interior filled me with wonder, but it is rather wonderful than fine, ~~though~~ upon the whole, though portions of it certainly are beautiful. Its great treasure is a paucity of Michel Angelo which did not particularly strike me, though I passed before it without knowing it was his. Two artists were copying. I saw a load of bituminous coal at Burgos, must have been carted far. The fuel of Spain is chiefly such bushes and roots as grow on the barren uncultivated hill sides, at least between the south base of the Pyrennes and this city, I saw the poor creatures sitting in sunny places with their pigs lying beside them, apparently destitute of all the blessings of life but I dare say they have as much content as any body. Heavens grand reserve for the poor. There are many dry beds of torrents, but I do not think there is a stream of less than once in 30 miles, (this side the Pyrennes) and



and there scarcely lays enough to run, with (31
few exceptions. Some springs I saw were walked
about very much as the Funks and people of
Judaea do. The country reminds me much
of the ~~sterile~~ country in parts of Palestine
and is generally reddish in colour of soil
like the deserts East of Jerusalem producing
similar shrubs; and also much like the
mountainous desert of Egypt about Cairo.
Strange to say what may be considered the basis
(at least in appearance) in species, are the
more sterile spots that are not cultivated
& are left to shrubs & trees. In one place
where this was being prepared for tillage, I ob-
served every tree was being cleared off, and I
suppose the destruction of them so general, is
to be attributed to the same stingy narrow
mindedness that destroys them so universally
in our own country, though not so completely
as here. I forgot to mention that the Cathedral
at Beyza is very large, and most elaborately
decorated chiefly with carving in the interior.
It contains many large chapels & generally in
different styles. One awfully gilded, at least
~~filled~~ of Gilding. The only well I looked into
was at one of the isolated stables in this wilder-
ness country - It appeared to be a sort of deep
cistern, the water was 40 feet down at least,
a little girl was hauling up water by a hand
rope. The great stable of mules I found a
nice warm place. I did not suffer with
cold however, having learned that 3 shirts
are quite equal to a great coat & easily car-
ried. With these on and my shawl I kept
quite tolerably comfortable though sitting still
for 60 hours. Fortunately I do not fatigue so long
as I can sit without being cold, but I find there
is some sort of exhaustion after such a journey,
so I left my poppat at the diligence office
here, and my shawl in a hack. The hackman
discovered it and sent it by the pater to me. My
poppat was held till I called for it, a boy
whom I had picked out for an honest fellow to
carry my sack to a boarding house to which I was

recommended by the Super Felteplace, whom I visited at Marseilles, facting to find the way gave me up to a hack. He declined receiving his half from K until urged, though I thought at first he desired more. On getting to the house I found it full. Thy Kesty sent a servant to the Hotel perinacular with my sack and self - On getting in to the street I found the boy had followed on, evidently to see if I was all safe (having I suppose inquired the way by the card I had shown him he knew the place) and desired my servant to give him the baggage. He walked to the hotel trying to explain something to me I could not understand, but from his manner I supposed he desired me to know he had been glad I had gotten along so, at last. The servant refused compensation for his trouble also, probably an honest compliance with the intention of his master. Then facts speak well for the Spanish of Madrid, though I saw nothing in the way that promised it. At one of the extortionate inns (The Inns are better than I had been led to suppose I should find them, and in one of the tables was laid with almost English neatness and in all I found the silver forks nearly or quite clean) the pepper and salt were in two sacred hearts of silver basins fixed, as the rule is, fastened on to a standard by having which both lids raised by a most clumsy winding of a chain. I left my keys at a diligence office in Nice, but have not a single article since I have been in Europe, not even my patience so often as I would have expected. Every body smokes cigarettes or cigars. I saw a boy, a muleteer, break up a part of a cigar and make a cigarette of it, without looking at the paper in which he folded the broken tobacco. An accomplishment may a gentleman would envy. The people in the route, all wide with the halter, neither better nor worse. The Spaniards in the country are the only people I have seen in Europe, excepting the Turks, Greeks & some tribes of Ruspian & perhaps Italians, ~~but~~ in Europe who are noticeably darker in complexion than our own people. In Madrid the difference is scarcely observable, I think.

4th. The day has been mild and I have enjoyed Madrid very much. I visited the gallery which open all day to strangers on exhibiting their passports & registering their names country & Hotel, as in Paris. On coming out the don keeper gratefully delivered the gratuity I offered him. I have seen nothing equal to the first apartment of this extensive gallery. It appears to me Murillo disdains all other artists entirely in his delineations of infancy youth, and the graver aspects of human maturity of years. He must have had higher conceptions of the beauties of character than other artists, at least of his time. I plead guilty to enthusiasm without judgment in relation to him to be sure, but I wonder when I look at his works than any body else ever tried in the same direction since. Raphael under most of them are comparatively mere animals to those almost superhuman efforts of this extraordinary man. Some of Velasquez are very striking and another Murillo exhibit it's a share of the same high inspiration that evidently animated his namesake. Others in this room of Spanish art are very striking, but by the side of the great master who could have a fair chance. There are more Titians ^{about twenty} & Genies & Raphael and some other eminent ^{Paul Veronese} masters in this gallery than I ever saw in any other. Salvator, Rosa, Claude Lorraine, St. Pourpain, are here also and some of them in numbers. Tintoretto ^{et cetera}. Rembrandt also by whom it appears the royalties of France were not the only dealers of his day. The government of all I have seen of "Cranaech" is here, a royal hunt in which a lake is filled (as if crowded with fish) with struggling stags & dogs therein at them. Moreover the Lake is ~~filled~~ ~~and~~ not a green shot wide. Then at convenient distances are thick shrubby trees, behind each of which stands a king or his uncle or cousin, firing with crop bows at the

pound up, half drowned helpless beasts -
 Royal Sport to be seen, and characteristic
 a last supper represents a roast pig before
 the barrow, meant I suppose for a lamb,
 an admiral of the art would be well repaid
 a visit to Madrid in the gallery of Spanish
 artists alone or even all together, I should
 think. Madrid is apparently chiefly built of
 brick stuccoed & roofs of tile. There are some
 very noble streets, with wide side walks, but
 the carriage ways I found very rough riding
 upon, yesterday. On a height within the walls
 & back of the gallery is a great public park
 where among other things are more than 100
 acres of almond orchard, but the fruit is hard
 shelled & bitter, but this is on the ungrafted
 trees, which were probably left on that account.
 Considerable Italian Cypress is lately planted.
 The walks are very extensive, an observatory is
 on the edge of the ground, and a square pond
 very stiff and unnatural, but refreshing,
 nevertheless - From this height is a partial
 view of the city & a general one of the surrounding
 country - It is not unlike the Campagna
 around Rome, and the mountain on the north
 some 20 miles distant, a little like the
 Appennines there, but no approach to their
 beauty. The rail Road to Alicante & Toledo
 is plainly before the place. I am surprised
 to see Camels here, as beasts of burden, saw
 4 this afternoon - My hotel "Peninsula" is
 on the great street Alcala, near the Prado
 which is the centre of interest here, and a very
 fine wide avenue or avenue of trees with
 fountains &c. the Champs Elysees of the city.
 In the park I saw several wells or cisterns,
 where water is drawn by stone jars on a wheel
 as in Egypt. The master of this hotel speaks
 English well, so does his daughter, and several
 of the servants, and a gentleness when I acceded
 in the streets to day assured me in my own tongue.
 The Hotel is rather soiled, but the parks are
 clean. The cooking is chiefly in oil and I
 like it pretty well. The Spaniard is preferable

I think, and also the French out of Paris, (35
for I found it greasy with butter there, especially
the vegetables. That in the provinces seemed to
be far better. Here the butter and tea^{fish} are
bad - the bread good, and I like wine
very well, a sort of claret, Party stuff.
The grapes are round, and, fully ripe, amber in
colour; very sweet but a little tough in
skin and pulp both, which I have not before
found in European grapes. The landlord & servants
are very kind and attentive. At Bayonne
the Spinach was sweetened with sugar and
I thought it a very great improvement.
From a walk in the Park, I saw a windmill in
the distance, but when in the Don, that much
divided but I think ~~one~~ of the nobles of all re-
corded names. There is a moral grandeur about
him which I fear few of the patriarcal ^{king} who
have been so unfortunately set up as examples
of human excellence, had very little conception
of. In the gallery here are many copyists busily
engaged. I think in the various galleries of Europe
there must 2 or 3 thousand constantly engaged in
this kind of art alone - and probably half that
number of Photographers taking copies & views of
various sorts in Europe. The whole and all soon
be brought to every man's door. I hear much of
a sort of singing or chanting here by servants &c
that is just like that of the Turks and people of the
East or who chanting their prayers, which they
do at ~~particular~~ hours where ever they may happen to be,
and disagreeable enough it is. Whittier live here also.
I have had but little opportunity yet, to judge, but
it seems to me the Spaniards have far less cour-
tesy of manner than any other people I have
seen whatever. It may however be only man-
ner. Under my window is a large Fig tree &
3 or 4 great Stone jars either one of which would
hold 4 or 5 of the 40 thieves, and as much
plunder as they could be likely to get in most
of Spain that I have yet seen. Saw to day a
large dog I took to be a blood hound; he
was muzzled & came at me with bellow
but soon began to play with me as if he
thought he had found an old acquaintance.

Nov 5th, To the Galleries again, there are (36
nearly 2000 pictures, by the number on them,
and it appears to me must be the finest
gallery in the world. There is only one Murillo,
I was misled by the initials one picture.
Murillo has been dead since 1682, (177 yrs)
yet most of his paintings are nearly as fresh
as new. There are more of Rubens here
than in the Louvre. I have heard somewhere
that Spain during the influx of American
gold, bought a great many fine works of
art, I believe it is unlawful now to sell
a Murillo from the country. Several
copies are here also + one at least of
Gizyoni, and 2 or 3 of Brill, but not his
but I think. The finest Claude I have
ever seen is one of several here by that
master. There are 2 Landscapes by Murillo
the only ones I ever saw of his, + I should
think fine pictures, a very remarkably
fine Belphegora by Leonard di Vinci, it
is wonderful. I do not see any of Murillo's
poor boys eating grapes + which are the
subjects of most of his painting, I have seen
else where. There are very few crucifixions +
not so many saints as I should have expected
in a country where crawling into some sub-
terranean hole to spend a life amidst dragons
+ flying ^{bees} devils, in contemplation of some old
skull ~~and~~ and a single book, constituted
the highest aim and end of human existence.
There is a most wonderful blind boy by D. Velasquez,
Wandyke abound in the galleries.
A good deal of improvement is being made in
Madrid. They are building as large + fine mint,
mostly of brick, but considerable granite. That
is exactly like ours of Quincy in colour and I
think in composition; there is Hornblende in it,
a well I saw digging is over 50 feet deep, yet
dry as a rats bottle. The sides stand perfectly
well though the soil appears a mixture of
coarse sand and a little clay all the way down.
A long deep trench is digging in the Prado,

I am confident one of our labourers (37)
accomplishes quite as much as 6 of these,
all dirt is shove in grass baskets that hold about
1½ pecks - ~~The~~ man digging a hole to plant
a tree in fills one of these baskets with a most
awkward implement made like our spade
but heavy like a hoe. He then lifts it up and
puts the earth out of the hole. In the ditch in
many instances a man worked by the edge
of this basket, which he emptied not one
half so far from the digger as an American
would cast it from his shovel as he dug it,
yet then follows work like horses employed
with some I saw in Rome - Some of the Iron
lamp posts are made to represent large candle
sticks & proportionate candles, while the gas
jets from the summit. The dining chairs at
this hotel are of Iron, on the table are little
cupidant men in china. There are in front
the table full of tooth picks, and look like
Buchenolian St Sebastian's, and in common
with other paints appear to encourage disgusting
practices. America is sadly distressed with this
horrid custom from Europe where it is uni-
versal. Here I often see a meal begin
with the detestable habit, when at table,
Smoking and fish commence about the
middle of the dinner. Fish are as unclean
on the table ~~in~~ the continent as they are in the
sea with us - Some of the guests dine with their
hats and caps on, and spit on the floor at
liberty, but this latter is very common in Europe
and what is worse, it is no uncommon thing to
see a fellow at dinner, hold his full spread
handkerchief perpendicularly over the table,
a foot or two from his face, and spit at it
with ~~an~~ ~~energy~~ of annoyance one would think
could only be due to the insult of an enemy's
flay. With the exception of our South west, for
every act of ill breeding at one of our hotel tables
there will be 10 at least ~~in~~ the continent.
And this too under circumstances so widely
different and against our side, where people
of all climes travel and go to our good and every

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lent hotels, while here it is only persons of the superior classes we ever meet at a respectable hotel. In what constitutes more external courtesy and gentleness of demeanour (and there are a great deal to be sure) continentals are much in advance of us, but in good breeding far behind, as to taking possession of all about them by hideous roaring they are pleased to consider unexcusable, they are altogether more outrageous than Americans and more than half as bad in what they do. The ~~English~~ British are the only quiet people in Europe. Our vices of Avarice (and they are terrible enough) exceed those of the people of this continent. But it must be remembered that in America the hope of getting rich is free to all as well as the evils of its consequences, while here all respect of pecuniary property is denied the great mass of the people. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that the general tone of morals in America is greatly more elevated than on this side, where indeed, excepting in Britain, they appear to be taken but little into consideration, so far as I have been able to discover. I believe in England the commercial classes are more honourable than with us, at least more straight forward & honest in intention, while in point of manner & refinement they are far inferior. Aristocratic institutions must contribute very much to these differences, and in France at least, when I hear the custom even among small shop keepers is almost universal, to send out their infants, often at a week old, to nurse, into the country, must be exceedingly prejudicial, (Two persons who have been nursed by the same foster mother, call themselves nourish brothers or sisters) while on the other hand I am told those who are kept at home fare but little better. Such is the disparity of the common people from whom nurses must be taken, a striking illustration of the retributive element in all injustice and mismanagement. I went to day to see the Royal Palace. It is small, but I think the handsomest ^{Royal residence} in Europe. The architecture of the ~~new~~ part of the Tuilleries built by Napoleon third, is rich but

not finer. This apparently new, of a yellowish (39
stone, Roman architecture, 3 stories high, about
440 feet square beside a wing from one cor-
ner about 100 feet long. It stands about a
quarter of a mile from Manzanares, and
some 150 feet above it, with walks, garden and
trees between. From its terrace the view of them
(though only a hundred acres or less) is refresh-
ing amidst the sterile hills that form the
rest of the view beyond the river. As I was pa-
cing the river front I was stopped by the sen-
tinel who had just run from the Guard house
to meet me from ~~the~~ box, of course I deserted
but another fellow was sent from the guard
house to send me back the way I came, although
I had passed the Palace front. This act appeared
to me to be very malignant and without
provocation. A soldier at Athens showed a
similar spirit and a coachman in Sar-
denia near Cambray was not very civil,
but these are all the cases of the kind I remem-
ber to have met with. I have measured the
Royal palaces of every Capital in Europe, save
that of Lisbon but never before found any
objection. I presume this act arose from mere
Sottish ignorance. Beside the Palace I do not
see a single building worth a minute attention,
though there are many large & substantial ones.
There is no Cathedral but multitudes of churches
which generally have small domes. Their interiors
abound in altars, and though not fine are
rendered pleasing by a richness in arches that often
support several little domes in the same edifice.
In one church to day I saw service at 5 separate
altars at the same time. There is not a mon-
ument in the city that I can see worth any thing -
but it has 2 or 3 wide streets and many pleasant walks
that render it a pleasant city enough. There
two rather finely decorated fountains in the
Prado St German, Water deities &c. A large
botanical garden adjoins the park, and I
find another park outside the new mint,

Nov 6. Went again to the Palace, from the (40
terrace I observed in the valley below an appearance
as of a Glacier, or skin ice over a ^{shallow} rapid
stream on stony bottom. It proved to be the
drying wash (for it rained yesterday & fine to day)
on the lens, extending fully 1 mile by the river,
"What a sight" to set before the King! I descended
to the river, the view of the Palace thence is very
beautiful - The sandy bed of the "Mangyanan"
is nearly 200 feet wide, and the stream
runs about in the midst, carrying not twice
as much water as flows over the waterfield
wheels in Mangyanan. Very low, the rainy
season I hear commences about middle
of December. The little stream is entirely
soap seed. Every foot of both sides of it,
for fully 1/4 of a mile is occupied by the
washwomen. By its bank stands 2 or 3
hundred fine European Plane trees, On one
edge of them stand about 50 of our Plane
or Buttonwood. These latter all very much
afflicted with the disease (I doubt not they
are 60 or 70 years old) which killed so many
of ours, and one of them is dead. The fruit
has killed the leaves of ours, and only stayed
those of the European, so that I could not
distinguish the trees & thence them by disease.
They however all stand in one line. The
Palace is surrounded by very mean shabby old
houses, outside its small garden, but towards
the Mangyanan there are none - The city does
not go quite to the river. Returning home I saw
many farmers & market folk, with horses, mules
& bullocks, and near 100 ox carts, 1 per cattle
to each drawn by a yoke or stick fastened on
the horns. A flock of goats were going toward town,
one half the carts, perhaps, had the clewmay
wheels with one set of fellows fastened on the other
by way of wooden tire. The Oxen were in hand of
evil drivers I noticed. Mut dogs here flee at
approach of strangers as if badly used. Visited
several churches - I have seen none so well attended,
men as well as women though nearly all of the lower
order - In several I saw from 30 to 60 persons, even

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man, and generally appearing very devout, I think the Catholics generally seem to in church, but here ~~even~~ the better class and even the Priests manifest it as the rule & not the exception, At the door of one sat many persons with charity boxes for ~~which~~ the church I thought, a few beggars sit on the side walks with guitars, which they only touch in the slightest manner, scarcely audibly & without tune - They do not ask verbally I think but appear to be modest & deserving compassion. The druggist shops are generally neat every where, but here I see some Grocers shops almost equally so & handsomely arranged. - I saw some sheep with black noses & knees much like some of the highland races. Beside the Galleries & Palace Madua has but little to show I have seen all of it and intended to go to the Escorial day after tomorrow. But I hear it is not larger than the Palace here, and is only a convent at least, and 30 miles North of this - I think I shall give it up. The Lord (who is a Banker in Andalusia & only comes up here occasionally) advises me by no means to go. He is a very kind man. The charge here is per day as with us - 8 francs, beside the candles for chambers. Every dish is an experiment with me & generally very good. The olives are larger than robins egg & finer I ever saw. Yesterday we had very fine dried salt cod fish. The corking I am told is more frank than Spanish. There being no garlic & not much oil in it. The market is well supplied with every thing, I saw a fine lot of wood cock to day - Ground nuts, Walnuts, apples, pears, very large green ones and very large green round smooth muskmellons & good, also the ~~thin~~ ~~riced~~ water melon with the very thin & deep green rind, we call the black Spanish, that is so very sweet & all core, but it grows twice as large with us. Grapes in 1 to 1 1/2 bunches are abundant. The Silver Poplar is common in Spain. I have seen no better corking than that I have been accustomed to in America, & I suppose for that reason. Over me you are a match for every thing in that line, I have no doubt. As to coffee I have heard so much of, I have seen none (except the black) to compare to ours, by my taste. The milk in a great deal of Europe would spoil a gutter it is so rank. Often it makes tea almost intolerable. The Turkish black coffee is excellent in the wilderness, although

it is thick - may a woman sold here as we
 sell cherubots - The Castanea appears to be the
 food of the people to a great extent, but I see them
 with nice looking bread also, a great deal of mud
 is in mean streets where horse stench is wonderfully
 expressive of the purity of their religion & government,
 but many rail ways are now in progress that will
 do more in 10 years than church ever did, in way
 of human advancement. One English contractor has
 8000 men at work on one of the lines. Coal is already
 being found in various sections of Spain, I find
 an English merchant here from Bordeaux, when he
 is engaged in timber trade, and supply in rail
 sleepers from the pins of the Landes, to every part of
 Spain - It is found he says that saturation with
 coal oil from gas works (which cost only 6cts per
 gallon in England) prevents them many years, to be
 forced in by steam pressure, in iron cylinders.
 The oil has to be refined first, yielding a material
 (fluid) that is worth as much for fuel as the coal
 that it took to produce it, beside a residue of
 Pitch, as coke is said also to be worth as much as
 the coke it takes to make it, for generation of heat,
 it would seem the best original coal is ~~the~~ the in
 efficiency by the division, beside the value of the oil
 & pitch derived from the operation.

7th went to see the "Pallazza Toro" the bull ring,
 a large circus with seats for some 10000 people,
 a small round Roman amphitheatre. The price of
 the seats is from 25 cts to 1.50, according to location. The
 season is just over, last week, commonly about April.
 It seems 3 or 4 horns are generally killed on each
 exhibition - but very few ones are selected for the
 purpose. The Queen attends and gives the Key of the
 gate that lets in the bull. From all accounts the scene
 must be most horrible and disgusting. I saw
 the Royal equestrian ~~out~~ out again today.

I saw a "Playya Toro" at St. Sebastian, large but of
 wood. - The weather is cool except in the full
 sun of midday. The charge for fire at the hotel
 is one dollar per day - I see no Spanish Dollars,
 they even 5 frank pieces of silver, and gold pieces of
 100 Reals - ~~about~~ 5 dollars - The present Real is not
 Real - it is only ~~about~~ 5 cts - They have 2 1/2 frank
 pieces & I think also of one frank - Copper even for
~~cents~~ 1/2 real value down to
 The frank has very small copper but I rarely saw any

of up denomination than a sou, the 20th of 43
a Frank. They have here the old ounce and
half ounce gold pieces also - doubtless I think,
I hear the cry of the city watch at night very
like that of those in Turkoish towns, The women
are, many of them, very handsome indeed,
The French & Sardinian 5 frank silver pieces are as
current here as their own - value 19 Reals or 95cts
The 100 real gold pieces are taking the place of the
old gold denomination - & are just 5 dollars.
A Frenchman is here from Paris who makes
there, Iron chains & Bridlebits - It seems that
the Iron chains in the Public grounds of Paris are
his, he lets them to those who take charge of collect-
ing the price of the use of them, and is trying
to make arrangements with the authorities here
to supply the public grounds of Madrid, and
intends going to London on the same ^{sort of} errand.
There are Spanish dollars here but I have yet seen none.
The Pine trees of the Landes afford annually on
an average about 10cts each in turpentine, when
tapped for that purpose - One half of this goes to
the proprietor the other half to the man who taps
the trees. The wood of the wine boxes we get
from Bordeaux, comes from the Landes.
8 To day has been bright but cold Madrid lies
about 2400 feet above the sea & is about same
latitude as Rome & Constantinople. Its climate
is considered a bad one. In the Botanic garden
to day I noticed the Cypripedium were some-
what fringed, I see by the labels there that the
round topped forest (fringed in that form) so
much seen on the continent, is "~~Parasol Steacia~~"
"Parasol Steacia". The Cypripedium is there, and
their grow on southern slopes here, but they
are not common & the fig tree in the Landryfe
under my window is the second I have seen
in Madrid. In the very wide street on
which this hotel stands, the diligence with
its 10 mules ~~is~~ allowed to trot, I saw a pair
of black sheep humped in a nice little
carriage, drawing 3 children. Within the
museum. it has a nice collection of mineral-
ogy - a moderate of Natural history generally,

attached is a gallery - 4 stuccos are (44)
here, considered the best in Madrid, they
did not strike me so, but the scene of
Sunday healing the sick is extremely pleasing.

Toledo 11m 9. 58

I came this morning about 55 miles by rail
from Madrid. The fare is lower than usual
2d class 26 reals, about 12.5 ct. The cars
are poor - track single & rough, fuel
coke, speed about 25 miles per hour. The
bridges are generally of wood, NOT a single
modern stone is on the way, no villa, even
about Madrid - I saw a dozen large hawks
and several smaller ones, indicating many
small birds, Sparrows abound & others, plenty of
Magpies & I saw a flock of Lapwings, a most interesting
bird. There is ^{also 2 water witchers!} a tree excepting on the bank
of Tago where are some nice tracts of wood, chiefly oak,
and also groves of wild Silver Poplar still green but
bit bitten. Apples & Pear orchards & some peaches also.

The same duration that characterizes North of Madrid
continues, but there are many vineyards. The vines
are short stumps a foot or two high, from the pruned
of which, are each year produced the new fruit
bearing branches, & sustained by sticks. There are
likewise on these barren looking miles, many
olive groves which are planted (each tree) separately
distinct from the mass to contrast with the gray
surface (or red often) around it, looking where
nothing else is green, beautifully so at a distance.
Considerable stubbing & Hazel are also in the Valley.
Water is raised from the river and wells for irrigation
on the same sort of wheel which the Egyptians use.

There are numbers of sheep, some of the flocks consisting
of nearly all black. Many lambs a few weeks old.
People are ploughing with mules & a sharp stick defended
with iron, and sowing grain. Digging potatoes also.
The chick weed is here but I miss big grass for a long
time. The country looks as if it had been a prairie
of clay, washed into inequalities by flood. There is
plenty of rock nevertheless. All the way from the Pyrenees
we see flat table elevation far above the rest of the country
which I think must have been there from. We passed
a number of towns large churches in
all of them, besides isolated ones on
many hills, that I suppose were convents

until they are happily suppura - nearly all the (40)
chambers I have seen in the same town have appendages
that appear to have been for accommodation of monks &c.
we came from the station in an omnibus drawn by
3 miserable rickshaw horses driven by two fellows who
barged them with cudgels to make them trot up the hill
on which Toledo is elevated far above the Tago that
winds among rocks & rocky hills, half around it.
On entering the Hotel an old man dropped as if he
were about to start for Greenland accented me, I took
him for a stranger but he proved to be the host, I had
breakfast of tea, bread & butter, Now the house is
scrupulously clean, for a wonder, and the table d'hôte
laid, but the butter that looked like a lump of
annatto, came furnished on a piece of paper that
had apparently been cut from an ~~old~~ ancient book,
but that could not hurt it. But the bread was
good, very fine, and calling for olives I found them
an excellent substitute for the yellow mutton I dared
not even to taste. One other guest was at the table,
I think a regular boarder, a fellow who looked
as if he had just come from the field with an ~~old~~
one arm in a sling and an old bag slung over his
shoulder, proved to be the waiter and his napkin;
and a very obsequious fellow. He amused himself
when he had nothing else to do, and that was nearly
all the time, by breaking bread and dipping it in
the gravy that was in the other guest's plate, occasionally
taking therefrom with his fingers, a bit of meat to
give a fuller flavour not forgetting to fill & drink
off the guest's wine glass, several times. The two of
them had to agree as well as the same dish as two
well trained dogs. I shall depart as early as cir-
cumstances will admit. The water is brought to town
in stone jars on mules, I suppose it is too high & rocky
to admit of wells. The town appears to have about 15000
people, and to be miserable in all respects, save in
the edifices of the institution that makes it so. These
are every where, and often very good buildings. The town
is full of them. The streets are miserably ^{crooked &} narrow, up and
down steep hills very roughly paved with cobble stones,
excepting where the natural rock supplies their place.
I see some tombs in these chambers, some so old that tenants
very likely have forgotten they ever died - The place
is unique to me, but looks more like some Eastern town
than any thing else I have seen in Europe. Its streets
most of them mere mule paths, are nevertheless full
of sculptured & pilastered door ways of very old date,

and a fine building apparently an academy with many granite columns of Ionic order has lately been built apparently. From mathematics, up to morals, and down to the principles of their faith are taught there. Many old mason arches and gateways especially in the gates of the city are seen. The great thing is the Cathedral, I have never seen such an one. The exterior is not much, but the grandeur of column and simple pointed arch of 5 parallel orders within, exceed all I have ever seen of the sort. This is 400 feet by 200 within, and though St Peter at Rome is so much greater this has some decided superlatives to it to help compensate. The beautifully arched cloisters attached are also of large extent. Some of the chapels are exceedingly elaborate but mostly with most laudable designs and execution so far as the figures go, though there are some pretty things in white marble. There are several paintings that look well in the gloom at least. The stained glass is abundant, and very beautiful, but apparently new. The great shafts 10 feet diameter that support the arches that crown the middle aisle, are bent in ward toward the summit, as if they were lead, but every thing appears to be sovera nevertheless. I think I have often noticed this in old black iron columns. I suppose each joint in the masonry yields a very little, so that no fracture is apparent, though the elevation be considerable. The roof is simply of tile & slate, & open nothing remarkable. The doors are best with beggars. The Tago is in a rocky ravine here & has ^{not larger than our} pretty green water. It is dammed for mills as the town is for all sorts of fifth besides an archbishop who has a palace here by the grand cathedral. I see our old Spanish Potarons (20cts piece) in circulation but no 6 1/4 or 12 1/2 ct pieces. There are silver reals (5cts) and 2 real pieces 10cts. The 2 real pieces I think we used to pass in the United States.

Alicante 11 mo 11. 58

Left Toledo by rail yesterday morning & came some 300 miles to this place. The same level, tules, chert waste continues all the way from Madrid, with here a stream and very much waste land, where I saw some thousands of sheep, nearly all black. Not a fence is seen, and the rail way is only protected by shepherds & hounds or some sheep & cattle, a rather small, for I saw no cattle. Beggars (children chiefly) appeared at the cars, at some of the stations. On the plain occasionally were isolated conical peaks, some of them very handsome, a long line of mountains could be seen

South west of us. In one place (by "Tempejere") I 47
saw 7 windmills, and on the little hills, about and near
Alcazar, I counted 40. They are of stone, the ruin of
an old castle, or tower is seen in a few instances,
belong to this and Madrid. In two or three of these, very
romantically crowning a sharp peak. The towns are
not very numerous, and some of them much resemble
Silesia and other miserable Turkish towns on Danube,
but are not so wretched to be sure. There are some
districts of extensive vineyard, some olive orchards, and
this side Alcazar we go 2 or 3 miles through a sort of
forest of them, apparently wild, there are very much
thicketed from the roots & form thickets there. I there
saw 3 beautiful long wing'd medium sized gulls, perhaps
blown from the sea for all day we had a gale of wind
with some rain, I saw 3 or 4 black birds I took for rooks
in a field, but they do not like poor land, and I have
seen but few in Spain, though small birds (Sparrows &c)
are very abundant, in flocks. When they find shelter
seems a mystery. I saw a little Indian corn in a field,
Soldiers are numerous, but less so than in general
on the continent I think. The Government thus gratify them
rather against their own people, under pretence of fear of
foreign foes. They thus keep their people so poor at home
that many of them are glad to accept the miserable situa-
tion of the soldiers in the army that keeps them so,
illy "Hotel Napeen" is next the theatre & is clean, and better
than the average I have seen on the continent. The *traca* is
good, *soy* is a sort of bread I called for, made I suppose
in the *servants*. It is like light coloured rye & and of the
but kind I have ever eaten. The olives are small & black
a delightful substitute for those in *tolu* & *canerid*
butter. I ate 11 of them at breakfast & desisted
then only from prudential considerations. The
figs are black as tar & sweet as honey. The grapes
large (oval white Malaga) crisp as if iced with sugar
candy, and delightful. Dates in oil (that I took for
acorns) are on table but I do not like them. Fresh figs and
other fruits are in market. The town has 25,000 people and is
built chiefly of stone with tile roof - The stone cuts like chalk,
almost. The streets are narrow and unparade. There
has been 3 or 4 days rain and they are very muddy &
often difficult to cross. Rain here is unusual, and
the 3 or 4 days it has now lasted, is a remarkable thing.
The *habloun* is fenced from the sea by a mole of heavy stone
& has no support, unless a high head land North
and South of it, that are several miles off may help
keep off the sea, and I should think they could not.

2 cliff of yellow rock hangs high over the town (48)
with picturesque walls of fatness upon its sides &
summit, about 12 miles 60 high, and 100 schones
& smaller craft lie within the mole, and I am
told there are many fewer than usual, some are
English colliers. I find the 4 camels I saw in
elladria are exceptional, they belong to some public
place there but are used for burthen. There is
very little cutting on the rail way from this to
elladria (I find it is 89 leagues) and the Spanish
tray to be about 3 miles, instead of 17 1/2 to the degree,
but it is difficult to get at these things in Europe,
rarely over 10 feet, and even then only through hills etc.
The last 60 or 70 miles however is more hilly, but
I could not see much of this, for the night had
come, I never saw a country of less fertility in
manner, or even so little civility as Spain. I
speak of the map, of course gentlemen are very
much the same in every land. A courier would
be useful to me in Spain, but I can get along very
well without. From all I hear of them, they generally
cheat even worse than the Spaniards are inclined to,
and so far as I have had opportunity to observe,
those who employ them appear often to be even
more dependent on them, so much so as to accept
their dictation as almost binding. This bearing
I have often thought would be considered very in-
tolerable, and those otherwise appear to form the
exceptions of the rule. The view back of the town
is very wild, with many fine peaks of the
mountain near the coast, some 2 to 3 thousand
feet high, apparently. The climate is mild
but I find a shawl acceptable, there being
no sun there. My wish is to buy modern clothes
I must a pleasant Norwegian
think of women aspect
here, who lives in New York who will take
this to Mr. H. Neuman to go to forward to
your ally regard to the Thayers, Pells, the Birk
head family, the Murren and my friends generally.
I shall go to Oram and Algeria in a day or two,
returning to Malaga & thence by Seibon to
London, at least so I think, who have no very
fixed plan of movement. I hope to be in London
by New Year - You affectionately believe I am.

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