

Madrid. Monday S.L.
Sept. 25th 1873.



SHR

Dear C.

We are still in the midst of war and rumors of war, plots and conspiracies. — Since I last wrote the explosion of the powder magazine (I refer you to Pape's letter of which I take up the thread) has been strongly suspected, if not proved, to have been intended as the signal of an insurrection, tho in justice to the conspirators it is stated that it was intended to take place at night — this was the Friday night on which Sarraez adopted such strong measures of precaution at the Puerta del Sol, and kept the garrison under arms until day break — No outbreak occurred until the thundering noise of the explosion shook the city, when armed groups appeared simultaneously in several squares, but were immediately dispersed by the troops — arrests of several distinguished individuals were made shortly after, and the city has been since that time apparently quiet — I believe it is only on the surface however, and that underneath there is a bitter, hostile feeling suppressed and kept down by a strong force, and the active energy of Sarraez. — The Moderados say that these plots originate in some of the high offices of the govt., which shows what a sense of insecurity, and uncertainty exists in

every quarter:

From Catalonia the news is uncertain; one account states that Prim and the Govt. troops had defeated the insurgents under Sureda, taking many prisoners, and had returned again to Barcelona, where the Junta wished to capitulate: this however had been refused, and it was supposed no mercy would be shown: whichever party succeeds they are by this time bitter enough to make bloody work when the fight is over, and indeed orders to enforce the utmost rigor of the (law?) have been issued by the Ministry - In Saragossa the insurgents are said to be quarrelling among themselves, but as this comes from ministerial papers it is much suspected and as in the mean time the mails are stopped, ordinary sources of information are cut off. - On the other hand Espartero's most devoted friends are at both ends of the country; some in Gibraltar, preparing a rising in the Serrania or wild mountain district of Ronda; others along the frontier of the Pyrenees and the baths, ready to drop in as the scale turns in his favor or at all events against the present incumbents. - Thus you see, there's no lack of matter for the gossip, which Spaniards are most thoroughly.

Many, many thanks for your gay and happy letter. - a faithful picture, no doubt of your frame of mind: there is certainly some bright peculiar influence about Paris, which while it enhances the pleasures, seems to me, to make the troubles of life pass away more lightly here, than elsewhere. - how I regret the loss of this last summer ^{time}, which appears to have been

as pleasantly passed as the most favored of its predecessors! - I can't join you tho in your regret at the summer's having passed, - for my own part, tho I enjoy it too, this month and the next (at home) console me fully for the flight of the dog days, and I agree with Uncle Geoffrey in his beautiful "autumnal reflections," when he prefers the glorious autumn and the "calm fruition of the labors of the past," (i.e. other people's labor) to the luxuriance of summer, "teeming with immature abundance." - In more prosaic phrase; I prefer an autumn peppin to unripe fruit, and a bright October day to a scorching August sun.

I have been taken hold of by an ancient Diplomatist here, who I believe has been mentioned before by me: the Chevalier D'alborge, representative of His Danish Majesty, ^(75 years of age &) a most active old gentleman in his way; of the Baron Stettelburg order, without the Baron's bad points: since Mrs Lett's departure he has installed me in her place, except that instead of being the victor, I am the victor & he thinks proper to be very kind and all that, dines me, and visits me, and occasionally when I am caught out on the soil, he treasures me up under his wing, and we drive about among Dukes and Marquises, until I am bewildered with the old names, old pictures, and still older houses, which pass before my eyes as in a magic lantern: D'alborge knows and is known by every body, and is a general favorite from his kind heart and charitable disposition: his greatest fault with me is his ~~dilection~~ desire to be well with all, which I hold to be impossible without making improper sacrifices; - however I must not enlarge upon this at present as I dine with him tomorrow with a small party of six

and twenty; the cream of Spanish nobility; a very grand and I suspect
stupid affair of which he has explained to me all the arrangements:

I have not yet heard from Mr. J. at Paris, tho he must
have arrived there 8 or 10 days since - he loves the journey to Bordeaux
so well that I cannot suppose he has been delayed by illness

"Point de raillerie" about Mr. Livingston, who has been too
kind to me, not to deserve a great deal of that short-lived feeling called

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(for Mrs. E. A. Schuyler)

19 Laight Street

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U. S.

Received
5th Oct. 3

1843.

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gratitude on my part. I scorn your insinuation about "presentable youth" &
"Poles & Rudes" - without being in the banale phrase a "femme in compromise"; you &
all the world do her great injustice without knowing her, or only knowing the worst
sides for which a bad education is much to blame - I heard among the English
& Foreigners terrible accounts of her savagery both to men & women; yet in spite
of it, there were two or three cases among the latter, in which she had inspired
a "grande passion", which delirated itself in the funniest & most sentimental
French style imaginable - Good night, the mail closes in half an hour;
the last in time for the steamer of the 5th Oct. - Love to Aunt & the Chicks -
and all kind things to George & Robert: Thine A. A. * SHR