

Seville April 22^d 1829.

omit

My very good little Natalie, daughter of our
Beloved Mother



I always thought you one of the most
amiable little girls in the world, and
your kindness in writing to me proves it.
I have written so many letters to the family
within this post or two that I have
scarcely any more news to tell. You
must ask Catiche for some wonderful
but true accounts which I have given
her of an old Moorish castle and
fountain not far from Seville; and
I will relate to you another little story
no less true, which you may tell her
in return.

Not far from the country house where
I ~~at~~ lived last summer, there is a
very poor shabby little village, situated
among olive fields, and at some short

distance, on the banks of a small stream that runs into the Guadalquivir, are the ruins of an ancient Spanish country seat, that no doubt was a very grand and gay house in old times. The people of the village used to tell strange stories about this old country seat, as how that it used to be lighted up sometimes as if there were some great fire going on, and the sound of carriages would be heard rattling to and from it, as if all the fine people of the country were visiting there; yet the next morning it would remain a mere mass of broken walls and roofless chambers; with nothing but bats and owls and lizards inhabiting it.

Once upon a time, one fine moonlight night, a poor man of the village was driving along the road with a waggon ~~full~~ laden with sheaves of wheat, when just as he came near the ruined gate way of the old country seat whir-r-r-r out drove a great coach, all gilded and

painted like the old coaches that you see driven by the old Spanish grandees, with a little stool dangling behind. The coach was drawn by six mules; the coachman and foot men were dressed with cocked hats and old fashioned liveries. The carriage came rattling and rumbling along and filled up the whole road. ~~with~~ The poor waggoner called out to the coachman to drive a little on one side so that they might pass each other conveniently. The coachman made no reply, but kept on until he came close up to the  ^{SHR} wagon when he stopped. The wagoner again entreated him to make a little space for him to drive by. The coachman remained silent. It was in vain the poor wagoner remonstrated: "You will make me lose my time and labour. The people I work for will be angry and turn me off." - no reply. Every time the wagoner spoke, a pale old gentleman in a bag wig, of Mitaine, who had the grave look of an ancient Spanish hidalgo, poked his head out of the coach window, looked at

laden with sheaves of wheat, when just
as he came near the ruined gate way
of the old country seat whir-r-r-r. out
drove a great coach, all gilded and

John Spoke, a pale do gentleman in a
bag wig of Mitaine, who had the grave look
of an ancient Spanish hidalgo, poked his
head out of the coach window, looked at

the waggoner and then drew in his head again without saying a word. The poor waggoner now lost all patience and swore that if the coachman did not make way for him he would strike his horses. Still there was no reply. Upon this he ran forward and, brandishing his whip, gave a lash to the coach horses, when, in the twinkling of an eye, horses, coach, coachman, footmen, and the old hidalgo in the bag wig vanished from his sight.