

Saturday Morning May 6.th 1843.

My dearest Mr.:

I cannot let the Couriers set off this evening without a few words for you to thank you for the nice letters I have had, and some of which I have not yet acknowledged, and for those which are to come: you must give me choice pictures of every growing and creeping thing about Nevin, and especially the flowers and fruit trees, whether near the house in the gravery or the garden.

I have been during a part of the morning, office hunting! and for whom do you suppose? — Not myself certainly, for the husband of the "plump little Dolores," Manuel Molina, Don Antonio's nephew — Hearing that his old friend of the Alhambra was in a high place at Madrid, he wrote some time since to say that he was afraid of losing his post of Doctor to a Military Station, which produced him 25 cents (5 reals) a day! — Don Spring being unwell, I made the application to the high authority, and was assured that no change should be made — afterwards however an inferior authority diminished the pay 5 cents per diem, and this induced ^{Molina} him to make the journey to see his friend, and recover the former ^{sum} — I believe I have succeeded in placing him in a better situation than before, so that he may return to his wife with

My present mood: I shall brighten with the sun to-morrow, and if not with-
join letters the next day — I'm a son to Mama & Angel: your idea will be out
when you read this: over a month paid: how much letters you are

a happy heart - I think of the magnificent salary of 80 Dollars a year and yet upon this with something more from his profession he has maintained a family: The "weekly bills" must be small affairs in such a ménage:

We have within two days chilly, overcast weather, not very favorable to Uncle Geoffrey's advancement, but making the Country around us unusually green and bright: in general they have no spring: at one jump the Winter passes into summer, and the leaves are hardly out, before they are scorched and scorched ~~by~~ a burning sun: - the roses and all flowers are exquisite; and I was called a few moments ago to see a braguet from Matt Scott to W. A. which would have done honor to "Locust Grove".

Already departures are making and in about a month we shall lose the cream of the good Society - Mad: Alluquerque will probably be off to the Sea Coast at Saint Sebastian - the Scotts go to Paris in two or three weeks - W. Aston shortly after to Andalusia; and then they say to England to be replaced by Lord Mahon; W. O'Brien our Banker's wife, a very pleasant sort of woman who entertains a good deal, and so on to the end of the Chapter - With respect to "Notre autoor" I have made up my mind that he must depart at least for a time to a more bracing, invigorating air and shall not leave him at rest until he screws up his courage to this resolution -

Young Master Brewster has written to me from Marselles just before leaving in a steamer for Naples: delighted of course by contrast with every thing in France, which after one is accustomed to Spanish suns and discomforts, appears an earthly paradise: He had met the famous traveller Sir Joseph Laffan, and they went along very lovingly together if you

see any of his family. Tell them that on the 3rd May he was to leave Naples in a steamer on an excursion round Sicily to return on the 24th -

Our crisis still continues, and we begin ^{to be} very tired of the same; in the opinion of the learned, unless something is done before long there will be all sorts of trouble for which the materials are scattered every where in great abundance - In the interval the papers are scandalized at the constant ~~recurrence~~ recurrence of robberies and assassinations which now that I'm used to them, do not attract my attention unless they ~~are~~ are unusually daring - Last week for instance the Esfette of the French Embassy with all our precious letters, red ink at the Post about 8 miles from Madrid that he would be attacked and accordingly reinforced his escort: Sure enough 16 men well armed gave him battle, and after a sharp skirmish were ~~beaten~~ off - he was not so fortunate about 100 miles on when ^{the guard} was overpowered, the Courier rifled of every thing and the ~~Esfette~~ ~~only~~ escaped, from the appearance of a Diligence coming toward the scene of action - A Spanish paper having mentioned that a party of 8 men armed with blunderbusses (trabucos) had stopped at 7 or 8 in the Evl a lady & gentleman in the Plaza de la Constitution (as much a thoroughfare as Broadway before the Astor House) Galynani published the account and improved it by saying that the Gens were the real culprits as he had it, "a party of armed trabucos" -

Saturday Evening: The weather is dreadful, showers, wind, and wild clouds: one of those days which at times would have tempted me out in stout boots and great coat to ramble about: here we stay in the house and read until we grow a little ^{pale} and then read again - W. Irving goes to bed as soon as he returns from his ride, and I think I shall follow his example to-morrow, and play the malade imaginaire for a day or

two - Two days^{ago} I visited (first time) a magnificent collection of coins
and medals - probably the first in the world - there are 150,000 and one
collection, perfect of the Roman Emperors comprising between one & two thou.
and Gold coins: the only Caracalla in the world: - It was interesting to see the
coins of Alex: & his father Philip who made such good or bad use of them:
the oldest are some coins of the Celtiberians, who occupied this country long before
the Roman invasion - the legends are not yet decyphered, and have puzzled anti:

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Miss M. Anne Dr.

Good:



quarries - I was very much surprised to learn from the Director, that Roman
copper coins to the value of a million Dollars were yet in circulation in Spain,
they are commonly called "ochavos" worth about a farthing and so numerous
that you may acquire them at any time by changing a quarter of a Dollar -
I enriched this otherwise perfect collection with some Yankee Silver coins
Dimes quarters &c., which were put in my hands on board the good St
Nicholas on our way down the Bay and in so doing did violence to my
feelings "dans l'intérêt des arts: -

Goodbye - I have written a letter dull as the day and