

to read on in the morning - Martin Philip P. May thanks his queer reputation for saving his bones, which deems to be well covered for more than one quarter - Mr. J. has read me his letter and I am perfectly disgusted with him: set us pass over this disagreeable subject which I have

My dear Mr. M. the
SHR

Madrid Saturday Ev. April 15th 43.

about an hour and a half ago in a heavy shower I arrived in this heroic city from my excursion to Toledo and ~~arriving~~: I begin with the beginning and not the end however, I must tell you that it was decided at the ~~Commencement~~ Commencement of his week that on Thursday morning at 4, Breckinridge should set off for Barcelona and comes I myself to Toledo: This you will imagine made quite a stir in a small family - All day Wednesday was occupied in preparations for Cassin's departure who is always a guest of an hour too late - I carried him about to make his farewell visit in the Ev. and at 12: we left the English Embassy to settle his accounts for the day: this occupied us until 3: when I threw myself on a bed for half an hour at the end of which he came into my room to shake my hand for the last time: at 4. our Shay, a large looking barouche or caleche appeared, with a long strip of mixed mules, horses scarcely to be distinguished in the grey of the morning - about an hour we rattled off to another part of the town to pick up D'Albuquerque, bells jingling, the "Zaque" rattling along side and occasionally stirring up the lagging Court with a long and formidable whip: our complement of four inside, Brazil, Belgian, and the U. S. represented by the two young gentlemen being completely wedded forth by the Gate & Bridge of Toledo having for escort M. Mercier of the French Embassy in the Gay Mayo, New Gallesia - The road to Toledo about 50 miles lay through a very uninteresting country: Spanish in the

most extreme degree: a little after ten down we saw from a high point
the old town of Toledo, and entered the gates by the light of a full moon
"round as my shield": - Without exaggeration few cities have affected me so
much at the first entrance: The streets are so steep and narrow that
carriages do not enter them: we left ours therefore outside the town and
and ascended a very steep hill to the hotel: the view was splendid as
we pushed in succession through heavy dark gateways, Roman, Gothic,
Moorish and Spanish, having all the while at our side a steep precipice
with projecting angles of the wall, and towers roaring and glistening
in the moon light far below - Our Inn was directly under the old
Alcazar; the palace fortress of the Kings of all nations who have
held the place; and even the fatigue & hunger after a long tedious ride
had no effect on me to keep me in the house - Thursday was given
to the lions: The Cathedral with its splendid ceremonies of the holy week
so much talked of, did not I confess answer my expectations: the waxlights
and the ~~lighted~~ flaming cross before the "Monuments" as they call the high
Altar with its relics and sacred images were very fine, but the procession
were not much, and the music not at all: The Church itself is very
fine and as rich as gold, and jewels can make it; you know this too was
possession of immense wealth: Prescott I believe gives the amount of the
revenue, and besides all this the Spanish monarchs overwhelmed it with
presents: - after much difficulty we were shown the treasury where are
preserved the articles of immense value, both for their workmanship and
the materials of which they are composed: one becomes quite satiated
with the sight of so many diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds &c
&c: - There was a robe of the Virgin: a semicircle; at least 10 feet
in diameter encrusted in beautiful designs with pearls and almost
stiff with other precious stones; some of very great size; the whole surface
being covered with them: - I should never finish if I attempted to go
through with the list; and indeed I am never very "aficionado" for them

things which but that it is better to do the lions I should never take the
trouble to seek for: - Another Church "San Juan de los Reyes" built
by Isabella & Ferdinand or the "Reyes Catolicos" as they are always called here,
interested me much more: It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture and
is ornamented on the outside with the chains which were found upon the
Christian captives liberated at the taking of Granada: Have you a good idea
of the position of this City of Toledo? - I don't believe you have, and I
will make an effort to give you one; it is certainly a curious place and
interesting in every way: The Tago after rambling very quietly ^{through a} ~~the way~~
beautiful & fertile valley approaches a rugged chain of hills; ^{apparently probably by the way?} till a passage
was left somewhat contracted around the promontory which advances into
the valley; but not content with this, the river forces a passage thro a
narrow & narrow glen, where it is contracted to one fifth of its former
width and foams & boils along most fiercely; after making nearly
a circle and approaching the spot at which it first entered the gorge
it glides away quietly as before, thro a pleasant and rich valley and
proceeds peacefully towards the ocean. the rocky peninsula then cut
off from its neighbours is the site of Toledo; it rises about 500 feet
above the river and is a very respectable specimen of the sublime in
scenery: The Alcazar I have mentioned crowns the top of the rock &
before the days of "villanous Altheia" was a fortress of immense
strength: as it exists at present, it exhibits as I have said a mixture
of Roman, Moorish Gothic & Spanish architecture, and tho greatly shrunken
from its original dimensions was gay & lively during our visit; owing to the
holy week which it has become lately the fashion to spend there: we
found the Countess Montijo, Duchess of Benwick, Duke of Alba, and a Spanish
- Count of Marquis &c &c

Don D'Albuquerque with his unwearied habit of tur:
- every night into day was as much at a loss as a bat in the sunshine - of
course he did not go to bed the night before our departure, and every
night of our journey was lost to him as he was obliged to go to bed about

Madrid 15th Feb

The hour in day usually begin I could not sleep in consequence. We left
bleeds yesterday afternoon and went up the valley of the Tago to Aranjuez.
To an inhabitant of Madrid the wood & water, made it appear like a
paradise and I enjoyed the ride exceedingly, especially as we approached
the royal palace and entered a superb avenue of elms five or five miles
in length: at this point the yellow moon with much complaisance
appeared thro the tree tops and gave us a fine view of the park and the
old chateau: I was up at 6 this morning and before 9. had with the
young Noyan, walked several miles thro the Royal Gardens of immense
extent & beauty: the vegetation is as rich here as in any part of the world
and what is still more remarkable altho the trees & bushes are not
trimmed into fantastic shapes, the whole is kept in beautiful order:
The river flows over an ~~off~~ artificial cascade just under the palace
windows where it divides into two branches: one running so close to the
wall that you may fish from the balconies; the other sweeping around
and forming an island of hundreds of acres, as rich and beautiful
as the finest trees and shrubs, statues and fountains can make it. I
sat down on the marble walls which confine the river and enjoyed the
singing of the nightingales and the freshness and beauty of every thing
around me: I shall return a little later in the season, and hope
to persuade Uncle George to accompany me: Versailles and all other royal
"sitios" I have seen do not compare with this at least during the spring.

We left at 10. I reached Madrid a little after five - the water
pouring down after we entered the city; when we encountered the little green
returning from her drive with a drenched escort:

Mr. Irving is going on well but acknowledges that it is not
very pleasant to be all alone in this large house: This idea troubled me on
the journey. tho it was his own request that I should go: - I found a note
from Mrs. Storrow full of thanks and gratitude for my care of her dear
good uncle, and a letter from Carroll Livingston at Pau; expressing his
desire to see me in the Pyrenees this summer. ✨

I had the very great enjoyment to receive your letter of the
15th & 16th March and paper of the last of Feb which I took with me