

Madrid Monday Morning
Jan: 23rd 1893.



I wrote my dear mother a long letter to Papa last week, and today I take advantage of an English messenger to send a few more last words in the frames of the #4. - On out of patience with the ^{Company} by the ship, for not despatching two every month in stead of one during the winter, but as our friend the Great Western starts again on the 1st Feb. 4, the gap in our steam communication will be partly filled.

And just for your & Angel's movements: I imagine you about these days leading a very quiet, rational life, at home reading a great deal, and whenever you can, pushing out to the sailing out well muffled to trudge over snow and ice with the little dogs for escort - I suppose moreover, that you will exchange in a few days this still life, for a comfortable quarter at St. Patrick, and a dip into the gaieties of the City and that this sheet will be received there. You are in town. I shall sooner come to see you at the Hotel and other places, so that you must be careful not to forget me altogether during this gay period: say a kind word in season to my fair friends and of Mrs. Family. I live in the neighborhood, tell them that the "very young man", now somewhat older felt very sorry that with all his efforts, he could not say "Good bye" to a certain uncertainty I had almost said "Farewell" to them.

The last letters from home were gloomy enough, and you may be sure that I have felt the various misdeeds of our friends a great deal more than I have in the midst of them. We dwell and dwell upon them, until by dint of turning and twisting them, we assume a thousand diabolical shapes, and we are then uneasy at

the productions of our own imaginations - to day we looked for letters by the packet of the 10 of this month; but there have been such storms of rain and winds in England & France that the mails are all behind hand. Paris and Bordeaux are threatened with a deluge, and the Channel has been almost impassable.

Our old Westminster brought us news to Dec. 20th, and this shocking affair of Mr. Hencars son: Mr. Irving has been quite unhappy with this new adventure of poor Mitchell, to whom all the tragedies in the Navy seem to be allotted.

We are leading the same quiet domestic life, and the days slide away without incidents. It sometimes astonishes me that four men kind can be so very orderly. Uncle Geoffrey is perhaps the most dissipated, and is coming with the representative of Denmark, familiarly called 'Old Dalborgo' who is supposed to be so on these points, and is the most indefatigably social creature I ever met. He invites every body & is ready to serve every body, and having a most amiable disposition is everywhere a favorite: he lives, moves, and has his being in the society, and is the most perfect specimen of his genus, I have encountered.

The two young attaches, which do close to the Legation, that in the House & office, that is impossible to drag them into society save in the way of dinners: partly from ~~their~~ timidity and in part from not having the language they lack all my powers of stirring up and have not visited, I believe, in a Spanish family since their arrival: Brevoort is full of knowledge, graceful & ornamental, but appears like his papa, to want the disposition to make the most of it: Hector of Goshen, Mr. Irving's young friend, is a quiet well-checked little man, who will make a sturdy sensible farmer on his fathers horsemans in that fertile country - He is by no means of the material of which Diplomats are made, and in all respects is the opposite of the easy gentlemanlike idlers, who hang about the other Legations here.

Uncle Geoffrey continues in the same unvaried health and

amiability: his is the happiest constitution physical & moral, and tho now and then he is bothered with little matters, which other men would slide easily over, yet these troubles pass away quickly and leave him calm and bright as ever.

For my particular self, I am reading much more than at home, and in especial the laws & documents of the U.S. with which we are well provided. I hope to ~~return~~ ^{return} ready for Congress or the Courts, or any other situation, in which such knowledge may be useful: In the way of stirring up in light literature, I try a little bit of French & Spanish: Letters, Memoirs & not often novels.

As I have said we pass our evenings quietly at home, and generally rouse Uncle Jeffrey after his first nap, with a rubber of Whist which he seems to take to very kindly - The opera has almost gone out in snuff; Sublime advent seems more doubtful, and all the prima donnas have been ill in consequence. I go to the other theatres about once a week, generally to meet / meet, little Mrs. Scott, by request: who carries on a perpetual war against Old Time, and in spite of being pelted, and cornered, and all the means and appliances of rich & luxurious combats find it hard work to gain the victory.

On Sunday Evg. Mad. Victoria, the wife of the Legation receiver, and the Diplomats, meet ~~at~~ ^{at} Buena Vista, where are to be found plenty of Ministers vis, & out; but very few of the 'blue blood', which affects to look down upon this parvenue Grande. Among the prettiest girls are two daughters of M. de Ferrer, who was minister of State a year since - one has the prettiest eyes imaginable - last night it was very pleasant - I had several talks with Schasters in the Courice of the Evg. and like his frank manly bearing - he looks the determined soldier, which he is and tho he is not an 'esprit fort, ni fort bien cultivé', has the good sense not to venture beyond his depth: his wife tho not born a Duchess, looks and acts it every inch, and receives her guests admirably - she played 'rigodons', which you call cotillions, in which Mad. Albiguerque, and another horrified protestant, resolutely refused to have any part, it being bad enough to look on at

such an enormity: but how how people don't know what sin they commit - On Sunday morning I go to the Chapel Royal, where the music is exquisite and while the priests are chanting forth in Latin: I say my prayers in plain English. I begin to suspect that I am becoming in practice a "Puseyite," for I find that I am most agreeably affected by the Catholic accessories, music, decorations, incense &c. - I have only been once (at Gibraltar) in a Protestant church since the month of May; it seems to me however that I have not lost by being

Stamford
 Madrid
 Jan 7. 23.
 1843

Miss Hamilton
 New York



MS.

[442H]

thrown upon my own resources: at least I hope not. -
 Did I tell you I had a nice letter from Aunt Rebecca, which I have not yet acknowledged? - I don't believe there is any change to be effected in my absence, which can surprise me so much as this one.
 We have amusing accounts from Paris of our friends the Joneses: in spite of all their efforts they make very little progress among the great folks of the Faubourg; Morn affords them little help or encouragement, and M^r Moulton positively insults them by calling in for a moment, an