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The Journal of John Waldie Theatre Commentaries, 1799-1830

Title

The Journal of John Waldie Theatre Commentaries, 1799-1830: no. 30 [Journal 43] April 20-July 30, 1819

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/82k0j18c>

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Publication Date

2008-06-18

[Box 4]

no.30 [Journal 43]

April 20-July 30, 1819.

Travels in France, Spain, Italy & Germany, 1818-1820 (vol.2).

Travels in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany

in the years 1818, 1819, and 1820.

Vol. 2^d

[20. April. 1819]

Bordeaux

Returning from the Circle, where I had been reading, I found at the door of our Hotel M. Didier (aide de camp to Maréchal Macdonald), who is at present l'amant de M^{lle} George and residing with her here. We had met two days ago at Talma's lodgings and I was very glad to take advantage of that circumstance to enter into conversation with him. We were soon joined by M^{lle} George, who was going to walk out with him. He introduced me to her, and she was kind enough to ask me to call on them, which I promised to do. She is a most elegant and lovely woman, and of most fascinating manners.

Mr. Hedley called for Christie and me, and we found the Ladies ready in a boat near the bridge. Soon after 12 we were all set to go up the river to Mr. Hedley's country house. The day was lovely. The scenery of the river is lively

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and pleasing: a five broad expanse of water nearly covered by barges and boats, high woody banks with villas and churches on the north side, and on the south side high trees and a walk on a flat shore with villas, vineyards, and willows. We landed for a few minutes at Mr. Hedley's neat villa, where there is a good garden and vineyard and which will soon be very comfortable and convenient (he has only lately taken it). We then continued our voyage up the river with the tide beyond Port Neuf, a village on the north side. There are many islands and the river winds nobly, We went up about 12 miles north of Bordeaux and then

descended to Mr. Hedley's villa, where we dined -- and walked about the gardens. We returned in the evening and were delighted with the effect of a most splendid deep red evening sky, the masts of the ships rising against it, the stillness of the water, and of the evening air, and the incessant and brilliant flashes of lightning.

[21. April. 1819]

... I called on M. Didier and M^{lle} George, who are a most charming pair -- she is most elegant, simple, natural, beautiful, unaffected, and charming -- and he very animated and polite. They asked me to sup with them this evening after the play.

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... [Christie and I] went to the play and had good places in the musical orchestra -- the house was crammed. Nothing could exceed the perfection of the representation of OEdipe. Talma was great indeed -- but yet M^{lle} George's powerful nature and soul and fine physiognomy and feeling outdid him. Her acting of Jocaste was most strong and impressive, yet natural, easy, and full of feeling -- it did not give me so much the idea of misery as the acting of Duchesnois in the same part -- but it was more affecting, more touching -- her voice, eyes, and beauty are really irresistible. She is in her style of acting very like Mrs. Siddons, and the tones of her voice often remind me of that perfection of theatrical genius and powers. I never saw any scene more effectively done than the whole of the 4th act -- it was indeed horrifying -- her death was admirably managed. The play went off with an effect and ensemble most delightful -- its horrors are truly dreadful, yet irresistibly interesting. Talma and M^{lle} George were loudly called for at the end of the

play and appeared together on the stage amid shouts of applause. After the play, we had Crispin rival de son maitre, which is sufficiently droll and was tolerably done.

... I went to sup with M^{lle} George and M. Didier, where were Talma and Mad. Talma, Mr. Attersol, two French Gentlemen, and M^{lle} George cadette. We had much theatrical and political talk, and I was delighted with M^{lle} George's elegance, playfulness, and good nature. Talma is very intelligent, sensible, well informed, and conversible.

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... I took leave of M^{lle} George à la Française, which was very kind of her and very agreeable -- for she is indeed a most lovely woman.

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[25. April. 1819] Toulouse

... The facade of the Hotel de Ville, which includes the new Theatre, is very long and regular -- Ionian -- but heavy and in bad taste. It is situated in a good square, the Place Royale. ... After dinner we went to the Theatre, and got excellent places all premier close to the stage, as the Société in the parquet appeared rather mauvaise -- we were next two very conversible, animated, and agreeable men with whom we had much theatrical talk. Brueys et Palaprat, a historical anecdote of a Duke de Vendome who visited these two authors in disguise and relieved them, was first done -- it was peu de chose, but well acted. Next, Le Prisonnier, a beautiful opera, music of Della Maria. Madame Valroi in the Mother has a charming voice and is an excellent actress. She has been long a celebrated première chanteuse, but being old has now taken the premières duenes. Leroux, the tenor or Éleveur as it is called in France, is a pleasing actor and good looking but not very powerful singer.

We had next 4 Germans who sing without music --

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in perfect harmony. They sung the 2 Tyroleans, Saper Bramate, a scene of Mozart, a French air, an Italian quartett, &c. -- very perfect harmony -- much like the 4 women of Interlachen and Brientz. Their performance was received with much applause -- the French enjoy any thing musical -- and here they are very animated and very musical -- and there are more rich people here than in any town in France out of Paris. The last piece was the Vaudeville of Le Dîner de Madelon, comic but not worth detail. The 2 old men and Madelon were both capital, and it went off with great effect. On the whole the Theatre is very preferrable to Bordeaux in point of actors -- but, tho' nearly as large within, is not so well adapted for hearing, and the proscenium is too high, but it is light and handsome and quite fresh, new, and neat -- and was well filled with better company than one usually sees on a Sunday. Toulouse seems a very pleasant place, and I should have no objection to make a longer stay in it -- than we have time to do.

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[26. April. 1819]

... Christie and I went to the play, which was not quite so full as last night. We got next a pleasant old man who is Director of the Postes here -- and was long in the Austrian Service. He had some office at Breda and knew Dr. Clarke ... a very clever old man, who speaks German and Italian and understands English, having spent some time in London. He was joined by 2 of the Singers who sung last night, whom he had known in Vienna -- one a very pleasant man -- we had much musical chat. The first piece was Nanie by Voltaire -- the sentimental and oft repeated situation of nobleman in love with servant girl,

breaking previous bonds with an arrogant Baronne, and taking Nanine as his bride, only to discover on the eve of their bliss a letter to another man -- who turns out to be her long absent father. The 2^d piece, L'Opera Comique, with very pretty music by Della Maria. Neither were well done and the Theatre is so ill constructed I did not hear much of them. After these we had the wonderful leaps and tumbling of M. Mahier, whom I saw at Bordeaux some days since.

[27. April. 1819]

I called on Mr. Kemble with Talma's message, and was received with much politeness. We had a long and pleasant theatrical conversation, and he (after the first beginning, when he is rather stiff) is really very clever and animated, yet retaining the same tone of voice so peculiar, and to me so familiar, on the stage. I sat along time and was sorry to take leave.

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[29. April. 1819]

... We breakfasted and set off in a droska (the 2 Blankenhagens, Christie, and I) to go to St. Feriol. The road is good, being part of the road to Alby and Rodez, places celebrated in the Procès about Fualdes murder by the atrocities of Bastide and Femme Bancal and the equivocations

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of Madame Manson. ... We crossed the Montagne Noire; arriving at the highest part of the ridge the road crosses, we had a most noble view of the Pyrenees in very great length with 2 or 3 very high summits, pointed. This view of them, about 60 miles off, is much the same as that of the Alps seen before arriving at Schaffhausen -- but the Pyrenees are not so much broken and varied, tho' equally white with eternal snows. The day was very clear, and the long white wall behind us was truly grand.

[30. April. 1819]

... We ... went to the spectacle and had good places in the orchestra and saw *La Métromanie*, a celebrated and admirably written play of Piron, in which the *Marié* of making verses is well ridiculed. *Le Métromane* was not well done, but the older *Métromane* was most comic by Jovery -- and the *Soubrette* was very good. Altogether it was not ill acted.

... I found Mr. Kemble's card and heard he had called twice, but it is impossible for us to stay longer here, we have so much before us.

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[1. May. 1819]

I have now lived 38 years in the World, and I fear to little purpose, tho' I hope to no great evil, but I am much better in my health than I was 6 months since. I began my 39th year en voyage, as today we left Toulouse.

... We breakfasted with our first Carcassone Friend, M. Casimir de Romanis, who is still here and leaves Toulouse in a few days to go to Brussels, where he is to be married to a lady of his own age, rich, and to whom he is much attached -- but, having nothing to do till he receives some letters he expects here, he is going to disguise himself as a Shawl Merchant and go to the house of a young American lady

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whom he admires, and thus get acquainted with her and commence an intrigue, if she is so disposed. This is a common and convenient plan and not likely to compromise the lady's reputation, if she chooses to listen to him -- which is not unlikely, as he is very lively, comic, and good looking.

... I called and took leave of Mr. Kemble, who said he should be most happy to see me again.

[5. May. 1819] Pyrenees

... We stopped $3/4$ of an hour and then rode on to the Tourmalet, which we mounted by a very steep but not bad road, so far as to allow us to have a noble view of the whole Pic du Midi, quite close to it. I regretted we could not pass the Col and descend to Barreges. ... We saw in descending the fine Cascade of Tramazique, which is a beautiful fall (of about 70 feet, very dashing, and with dark pines around it) of the Adour. We descended and turned off the road to the hamlet of Artigries, and mounting a little on the opposite side had a noble view of the Cascade de Acret, which falls in one entire sheet at least 90 feet in a hollow worn by the water in a limestone rock, which rises most finely each side the top of the fall. The whole height of the rock I should think above 120 feet and the fall above 90. It is also ornamented with pines, and near it are some beautiful blue flowers of the finest blue I ever saw, like violets and convolvulus but larger than either. Also quantities of rhododendron in flower. In front of this exquisite fall the

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Pic du midi rises nobly on the opposite side, and far behind it to the east the brilliant white but sunny summits of the Montagne Rouge. Altogether the scenery in the upper part of the vale, or rather at its end, is truly grand, and the lower part is a pleasing mixture of the sublime and beautiful.

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[7. May. 1819]

... the whole ascent is about 8 miles to the mountain Lake of Gaubé, which is at the foot of the eternally covered-with-snow Vignemale, one of the highest points of the Pyrenees. ... A fine cascade comes from a rocky gorge on the left -- we turned to the right, up the gorge of the Bidalere, and soon

got among enormous granite fragments and hills most grotesque, the sides covered with pines, the tops with snow. ... On our right all the way was the Gave du Vignemale, which forms 4 very grand cascades -- the first is Mahora, which has not much height, but the whole stream falls finely at once -- the next, Ceriset, is the finest and is in two divisions, one above the other,

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yet much to one side and connected by a sudden bend of the river caused by the hardness of the rocks. Here we saw a fine rainbow. The cascade of Busca is very high, in one sheet, and truly grand. We came to a spot where the gorge divides into two -- here is a wooden bridge over the river, and below is a very fine cascade called Cascade du Pont d'Espagne, a gorge or col by which one may get into Arragon in summer. We turned to the left and after some more steep climbing, always with enormous precipices to the right and left, we arrived at the Lake, which is well worth so long a journey. It is not a mile long nor half a mile wide, of an oval irregular shape, surrounded with stupendously high mountains, the Vignemale covered to the edge of the Lake with thick snow at the southern extremity. I never saw water so clear, and it is very deep, but the bottom was plain -- it is like glass, and in the stillness of a very blue sky with no wind, and reflecting the snow, rocks, and pines, I never saw a more exquisite solitude.

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... We left Caunterets before 12, and returned down its lovely valley to Pierre-fitte, whence we turned up the valley of the Gave, which soon becomes so narrow there is only the road and the river winding continually among enormous cliffs, higher I think than any I ever saw before -- it exceeds in romantic

grandeur even the Italian side of the Simplon. The river rolls often lost to view, engulfed in rocks -- the precipices are bare and woody alternately -- and it is a perfect solitude.

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[8. May. 1819]

... A fine bridge, where the road up the valley crosses the Gave, was carried off by the torrent almost a year ago and the new one is not yeat passable for horses, so we had to go by a most precipitous and frightful path which lead round a dreadful rock with at least 500 feet below and as many above and at last led us down to a temporary wooden bridge over the Gave, just above which we rejoined the usual route, which is seen enfoncé between two opposing rocks, and the river is quite lost in a narrow abyss, and the road winds along very narrow and tremendously high precipices, the valley being a perfect gorge, yet very winding -- the river is twice crossed by wooden bridges. The valley widens before we get to Gédre, where is the last or first douane of France -- here also joins the river, a fine dashing torrent, the Gave de Heas, which forms a kind of subterranean passage called a grotto, close to Gédre, just before it passes under the bridge and previous to its junction with the Gave. Up the valley of Heas is a fine cirque, and it is one way of getting up to Mont Perdu -- but the usual way is by Gavarnie and the Brèche de Roland. A very steep ascent led us beyond Gédre to the "Chaos," as it is called, a tremendous collection of huge blocks of stone -- the general size of which are about as large as our house at Newcastle -- all tumbled together for half a mile, and the road winds amongst and sometimes under some of them. After this real Chaos, the vale

(which for sometime had been nothing but rocky

mountains each side and rocks all round) becomes wider and has some meadows and trees. At last we arrived at the Village and Inn of Gavarnie, the last in France. Near Gédre we had our first view of the grand ledge of rocks covered with eternal snows behind Gavarnie and which are called the Marboré, the Brèche de Roland, and the Port d'Espagne -- and to the latter there is a difficult track from Gavarnie which is passable for 3 or 4 months in summer, but no one has yet been -- from it there is a descent into Arragon -- and the Spanish shepherds in summer come on the rocks above Garnie with their sheep, as there is more grass than on their side. We stopped half an hour at the Inn to give the horses corn, and then set out to go to the base of the grand ledge of mountains.

... Its circular form, joined to its enormous perpendicular height,

makes it, I think, the most extraordinary place I ever saw. One or two avalanches, but small, fell while we were looking at it. We rode back to the Inn wishing it were possible to get to the Brèche de Roland, whence is a fine view of Spain and from whence to go up to Mont Perdu they go along the Spanish side, which is sloping and not difficult -- but the snow will make the Brèche de Roland inaccessible for at least a month more.

[9. May. 1819]

... In my account of Gavarnie yesterday I quite forgot the interesting fact of its mountains being the scene of the fictions of Ariosto. This makes them classic as well as sublime.

[19. May. 1819]

Burgos

... the City of Burgos (once the Capital of the Kingdom of Castile) ... stands chiefly on the plain but with its Castle (of which the fortifications were destroyed by the French) on the sides and summit of the hill behind the town. The Castle is quite a ruin. The Cathedral spires are very numerous and rich -- it has a very richly worked centre tower and two at the west end surmounted by spiral open work very complicated & fine -- also fine pinnacles and minarets -- and is altogether a most noble object. The river Arlanzon, over which are two good bridges, flows past Burgos. Close to the river and where once stood a part of the walls are now four elegant horses of stone in a row, with a railed promenade in front, and two very handsome gates into the town, one in the gothic style and ornamented with the statues of 4 gothic Christian and 4 Moorish Kings. In front of the river also are 4 very handsome

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statues of four Kings of Castile, and in a small garden between them and the river is the monument to the famous Don Rodriguez Diaz de Bivar, the celebrated Cid, who was born here and died here. His monument was removed from the Cathedral by the French. ... We went to the Cathedral. It is a vast edifice in the form of a Cross, with chapels all round, cloisters and 2 sacristys, vestry, &c. In the sacristy we saw several portraits of the Archbishops, a trunk of the Cid's, and in the vestry 6 or 7 good large pictures by Murillo of the history of the Virgin, to whom the Cathedral is dedicated. The most splendid, the largest and most elegant Chapel is that of the Duque de Frias -- it is of exquisite light gothic proportions. There is another,

more modern and splendid -- but the interior of the Church is one of the richest I ever saw, divided into four by fine bronze rails, the choir large and most richly carved with all the history of the Old and New Testaments -- the windows are of very fine painted glass -- and there is the most elaborate carving in stone all over the Church. There are no chairs and the floor is covered entirely with mats. The grand Altar is splendid with gold and silver. It is altogether most magnificent and kept in highest order and more massy and sombre than the Italian churches. It is a sort

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of medium style between them and the English -- faulty in architecture, as it is too much a medley, but the general effect is most imposing and grand.

... Offlin, Christie, and I went to the play. ... It is a very neat little Theatre. The comedy was "Los Caprichos de Amor y Celos" by Tirso de Molino, and seemed to be but indifferently acted, tho' one of the women had some talent, with much vulgarity. It was rapid and full of changes of dress and scene -- just like the comedies we have in England where the scene is in Spain. The quarrelling between the Lover and his Mistress, both jealous of each other, is very good. It is a lively piece, and I begin to understand already -- and to balbucir all I want at the Inn, &c., tho' do not get so much practice as I expected, as Offlin speaks English and French so well he asks for all we want. We have really been most fortunate in companions. Don Antonio de Leon has much humour and his singing is in the highest finished Italian style, tho' his voice is not good.

[20. May. 1819]

... At Gamonal, a small village on the plain near Burgos (which we passed yesterday) was fought one of the greatest battles at the beginning of the Spanish contest. 150,000 French commnaded by Napoleon gained the victory -- and went on to Madrid. Part of the city as well as the Castle of Burgos was then destroyed. Burgos was formerly much more populous, but now as not above 10,000 inhabitants.

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Babon

... we found an Inn by no means promising -- but got 2 bedrooms and 4 beds, such as they were -- as did the contents of two other vetturino carriages which joined us at Burgos, so we are now a cavalcade and perhaps safer. I see no disposition to steal in the Inns -- but yet there is not evidently the same confidence as in France. It is lucky there is always a great space adjoining the stable, which with this remise occupies always the ground floor of a Spanish Inn, so the carriages are locked up.

We had quite a spectacle here to amuse us -- a group of peasants, 9 (one an old man played the clown) and dressed like the morris dancers in England, performed dances with sticks in their hands, keeping time to the music of a bagpipe, very ill played. They then performed a dance, folding ribbons attached to a stick round it, each holding one in his hand, and then unforlding it again -- but what amused me most was the history of David and Goliath -- the King was acted by one, the Courtiers by 5, and the Giant and David by 2 others -- all the Courtiers were killed by Goliath -- then David came in a peasant's hat and jacket like a Shepherd, and offered to kill the Giant -- the

King made a speech, offering his Daughter and half his Kingdom if he succeeded -- Goliath was killed with a sling in due form and the Clown always took care to strike the combatants. Altogether it was very curious. After it the performers and

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the peasants of the Village, male and female, danced all together -- but very heavily and without grace -- yet they seemed to enjoy themselves. The Priest of the Village looked on and many peasants. None danced without asking his leave. He seemed quite arbitrary. A very beautiful girl, a Biscayan, danced well and had a charming air and complexion and manner that with good dress and habitude would soon be perfect. She was very interesting.

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[24. May. 1819] Madrid

... Our first morning in Madrid was spent at the douane, where after two hours of tediousness we got the carriage, books, and dressing box carried off, paying a second small duty for the carriage. The books were examined by a Priest, who let them all pass except the small prayer book given me by Maria, which he said was not to be allowed -- no person in Spain must pray except in Latin and that according to the rules of the Catholic Church. I told him it was prayers and a form of liturgy copied from the Catholic Liturgy, and that it was given me by my Sister. He said the Tribunal of the Inquisition would not allow any body the use of such a book. I was sorry to lose it, tho' of no value (being a very shabby cheap edition), but as the gift of my dear Maria -- who lamented she had not at the time I left her a better copy. It was lucky she had not, since it was to fall into the clutches of the Inquisition. The Chef de Douane and Offlin (who joined me at the end of my troubles) both tried all they could to get the old Priest to give it up, but he was obstinate.

After this business was over and we had all our things at home, Offlin went with Christie and me to the Corrida de Toros here. Every Monday there are two exhibitions of Bull baiting. It is a large circular building of wood and plaster just outside the gate of Alcala. The fighting had been some-time begun, but we got very good places. The circus is formed with boxes at the top filled with Ladies and Gentlemen, and below them second boxes -- in front of these is the circular amphitheatre, and below it the interior passage of the arena, into which are two entrances for the bulls, horses, and men. The whole place was nearly filled -- it holds about 80,000 -- there were many elegant women in the upper boxes. Just behind one of the gates is the Royal box, but none of the Royal family were there. Two bulls had been killed before we arrived. We saw 4 dispatched. The shouts of the people, their animation and enjoyment of so savage a scene, and the fumes of tobacco, notwithstanding the circus being of course open at top, were horrid. About 14 or 15 very active well made men, with bags behind their heads, jackets, black breeches and white stockings, are on foot, and 2 men on horseback with flat hats, lances, and their legs well cased in thick yellow leather. The bull is turned out, the pedestrians attack him at first only with scarfs of various colors, which enrages him --

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the horsemen run at him and stick the lance at his head -- then the signal is given by the Corregidor (whose box is on one side of the King's) to attack the bull with the banderillas or arrows ornamented with feathered ribbons of various colors -- and the men shew great dexterity in running across the arena and darting

the arrow into the neck of the bull, and then adroitly avoiding him. Sometimes the animal is so enraged as to pursue them over the fence into the passage behind, but by stopping the passage by the entrance door of the arena being held across it, the animal turns into the arena again -- the most horrid part is when the horsemen after trying to stick the bull turn their horse round, in doing which the bull often gores and kills the horse and overthrows both man and horse -- 2 or 3 men had a near escape with their lives -- and the leg of one was bruised and wounded -- 3 horses were killed and their bowels fell out -- only two men on horseback are at once in the arena. Some of the bulls, especially the last we saw, were noble animals. The Corregidor gives the signal for killing each bull, and the men have the post of doing it in turns: for those that are active and dexterous enough, it is done by plunging a sword in the spine of the neck -- if not done previously by the horsemen with the lance between the

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horns -- the feathered arrows are only meant to enrage the animal. There is some grace in the running of the men and their leaping over the paling to save themselves -- but the whole spectacle is so disgusting I cannot conceive how any people not absolutely barbarous can tolerate it. Racing, cockfighting, and boxing are nothing to this. The only excuse for it is that its profits support all the hospitals in Madrid -- but charity is too dear if it is to be purchased by the cultivation of a taste for barbarity. After it was over we walked about a little with Offlin on the noble expanse of the Prado. We went again at 4 to the Bullfight, when the

same scene recommenced and the arena was again deluged with the blood of bulls and horses, and perhaps of men. The dead horses and bulls are dragged off by 3 mules harnessed very splendidly with bells attached -- and the trumpets sound when the bull enters, when the signal is given for his death, and when he is killed. Our object in going again in the evening was to see the entrance of the Equestrian and Pedestrian Combatants, who come out in a sort of procession and flourish about the arena. We only staid to see one poor animal dispatched, who killed a horse before he was finished. We then took our leave of the Corrida de Toros -- hoping never to be obliged to witness again a scene so horrid & revolting,

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so devoid of any one requisite for pleasure. Many Priests were there -- perhaps the very one who took my prayer book, and who thinks there is less sin in sacrificing animals to amuse the barbarious passions of men, than in praying to Heaven in a modern language.

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[26. May. 1819]

... Offlin called on us soon after 6, and we paraded the Prado and the Buen Retiro, where were lots of people on foot and in carriages mostly of the better order. We went to a café and had some good ice, and then to the Teatro del Príncipe, a very ugly plain unornamented building inside and not half the size of Covent Garden. Here we saw the opera of El Collado Verberoso -- a Lady who has become a Countess, after being in low life and has two low-lived Lovers and an Officer -- it ends in her taking the Officer after the others have played tricks on each other and she on them -- it was droll -- but acted with no humour. Madame Lorenza Correa is the chief singer -- she

is not young, but a fine woman -- rather cold in manners, as indeed they all are -- the tone of her voice is not good, but she has much execution and is a fine musician. The music by Generali is pretty and agreeably put together, but by no means new -- quite Italian -- and the language suits with the Italian music exactly. The 3 lovers all sung well, especially Lorpi, a fine basso. On the whole I was very much pleased both with the

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orchestra and singing -- the acting was very bad -- the spectators quiet and cold, and gave applause judiciously now and then -- it was full, but not crowded -- all the seats (except the boxes) are numbered as in Italy, and they are comfortable arm chairs in the parquet where we were. At the end of the first act of the opera, a female dancer performed La Chuchería, a famous Spanish solo dance with castanets -- the gestures are very indecent and not graceful -- but the accompaniment of the castanets, well done, is very pretty -- the action of the dance is slow.

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[27. May. 1819]

... We dined and walked on the Prado and in the Buen Retiro. At the entrance to the latter from the Prado are the remains of the old palace, which with a great part of the garden was destroyed in the first attack of the French on Madrid -- the garden suffered much also when the English were encamped near it on this side of Madrid. A great part of the old part of it is still untouched, and the trees, tho' not large, are thick and shady, and peopled with such a quantity of nightingales, it is really delightful. Their song is so clear, shrill, and sweet, and by so many singing together the finest chords are often made. The bird is small and brown -- but the verdure of the trees, the soft clear singing, and the clean air and sky are really delightful.

[29. May. 1819]

... We had ice, &c., at a café, and then wen to the Teatro de la Cruz. Las Trampas de Gariglio, a farce just like the Cheats of Scapin, Otway's or Molière's -- the greatest merit of it was its shortness. To that succeeded the ballet of Cupid and Psyche, which was very ill done, both in point of scenery and dancing -- tho' Madame Le Breton danced and acted with some grace in Psyche. The rest were bad.

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[5. June. 1819]

... Sir Henry [Wellesley] introduced me to the Neopolitan Ambassador and the Austrian charge d'affairs, Count Brunetti, a most pleasing and elegant Florentine of charming manners. Also I met the Duque de Saval and Marquis de Sonza. I followed Sir Henry into the reception room. He went first, the others followed. We found the King, Don Carlos, the Infanta, Don Francisco, la Infanta, and the Cardinal Nuncio of the Pope. They all stood, and then all went round to each of us talking to every body -- all said some civil things to me, asking how long I had been here, how I liked Spain, where I was going, &c. The King praised Andalusia, and said I should find much prettier girls there than at Madrid, &c. The King and Don Francisco are far the most intelligent in manners. The former is very blunt but frank and civil and very like an honest country farmer. The Cardinal is sensible, elegant, and fine-looking, about 50. The King coarse and clumsy, but not ill-looking. The Infanta Don Carlos is very plain but affable, Don Francisco has a pleasing unaffected manner, and is very like Christie in face, but much more insignificant in figure, and also with a red mark on his cheek.

... Christie and I went to the Teatro de la Cruz to see El Convidado de Piedra (Le Festin de Pierre), a very ancient Spanish piece and the origin of all the

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plays, operas, and pantomimes, which every nation in Europe has adopted in some form from this story -- Mozart's Don Juan is the most celebrated -- and Molière's Festin de Pierre is also great -- but this, the original by Moreto, is very interesting and effective. The Ghost come to sup with Don Juan but, instead of dragging him to Hell, goes quietly away after some conversation and asks him to supper in return -- which the other accepts -- and after various other crimes, goes to fulfill his engagement. The Statue descends the table and lights comes from the interior of the sepulchre -- all black, 2 Spectres bring the supper, which are emblems of death on dishes. The Ghost and Don Juan sit, the latter asks for the cup -- it is served by the Spectres and is filled with fire. The Ghost asks Don Juan after supper to give him his hand, which he does, and the Ghost presses his heart -- he feels the horrors of death and repentance and dies. The supper scene here is much more striking than our scene of Hell and Devils tormenting him. We had after that a most beautiful Spanish Bolero, most elegantly danced with castanets by a man and woman -- she handsome, elegant, and a lovely dancer -- it is a beautiful dance and without so much affectation as they give it in England.

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[7. June. 1819]

... We made a visit to the Duquesa de Rivas and "la hermosa Candelaria" -- they shewed us a good painting by the younger brother of la Candelaria of Phedra declaring her passion to Hypolitus -- but tho' it is elegant, Phedra is too cold --

Hypolitus is natural and his face expresses modesty, astonishment, and aversion very finely -- for the production of an amateur it is very good. The two figures are the size of life: she sitting and taking his hand, he standing and looking down. Offlin came after dinner -- we read a little Spanish, and then walked in the Botanic Garden, Retiro, and Prado.

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[19. June. 1819]

... The road from Toledo to Madrid is truly tiresome. ... There are a few straggling villages on the road, each of which has one or two churches, and I am sure I counted 30 churches standing alone on the bare and uninhabited tracts around, so that between Madrid and Toledo there are very nearly as many churches as houses. I read Gil Blas a great part of the way. I wondered where Don Alfonso could find an elegant quinta to shelter himself and his horse from a storm -- and it seems equally impossible to find a young Lady of rank between Madrid and Toledo, as there is no house for any such person to live in.

We dined at 7, and soon after 8 went to the Teatro del Príncipe to see a new ballet. The first piece was a farce in one act called Las Citas, full of locking up in closets and other such novelties. The Spanish actors and actress are truly noisy and vulgar, and have no humour or vivacity. The ballet was on the subject of Lucretia, and Madame Milanie Breton danced very

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elegantly -- the rest were bad -- tho' there was some good fighting. Tarquin was very quiet, and Lucretia handsome -- but the machinery, scenery, &c., is below any thing I have seen any where.

[22. June. 1819]

... Offlin called and accompanied us to the Palace to see its art treasures, which we had an Order from the Maggiordomo sent us by the Duchess de Rivas. We were admitted without trouble and the Concierge shewed us all thro' the state apartments, the anterooms, and the private rooms of the King, of the Infanta Don Carlos and his wife Donna Maria Francisco, and also those of Donna Carlota, newly come from Naples.

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... Altogether the Palace is certainly by far the finest I ever saw in its interior decorations. Highly pleased, we went to thank the Duquesa de Rivas and M^{lle} Candelaria for getting us the commission, which is now very difficult, and is often refused.

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... Christie and I went to the Teatro de la Cruz, where a few nights ago was brought out a new opera by Portogallo, L'Oro non compra amore -- a Baron buying a peasant's wife and dressing her up in his Castle -- very silly of course -- the music in some parts beautiful -- especially two charming airs of great originality, execution, variety, and effect, one in each act -- both by Lorenza Correa, whose voice, tho' not at first a pleasant tone, is so flexible, and she is such a capital musician, that her singing is delightful. She had two capital duets with her husband, the Peasant, whose singing (bass) was also good -- his name is Lopez. The tenor is tolerable. The whole of the first act is good -- the second is very inferior indeed.

[27. June. 1819]

La Mancha

... Near Ocaña (on its south side) the French gained a great battle early in the Spanish War, which opened their way into Andalusia. Nearly 30,000 Spaniards were defeated by a small French force. The country is high and flat, but better cultivated than in Castile proper -- olives and corn in abundance -- to the west high walls. At La Guardia the steep hills are so perforated with houses, doors, windows, and chimneys it is most curious. Here, as at Ocaña, are some remains of old Castles -- and near La Guardia are several windmills, the first we have seen in Spain. There are many in La Mancha, and they remind one strongly of Don Quixote's adventures, which were entirely comprised in this province.

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[28. June. 1819]

... There was the remains of a ruined quinta. ... At this place is a barriere -- it was destroyed almost entirely as well as the next village of Villa Harta in the beginning of the war, during the march of the French into Andalusia. Villa Harta is a wretched place -- the people very civil, however, and the women with long waists and short petticoats quite Dutch. Toboso is in a different part of La Mancha, but I fancy Dulcinea must have been of the same thick square shape as the other women here. ... We stopped at the solitary venta of Quesada, famous as the scene of the first night

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watch of Don Quixote to qualify him for a Knight of Chivalry -- here also he saw the Lady of no doubtful character, whose wrongs he set out the next day to redress -- and would not let anybody come near her. There is a deep well here called El Pozo de Don Quixote, which is curious in another point of view, being the

water of the Guadiana, which river flows 7 leagues under ground, entering at a place called Lugaro Nuevo, and issuing 3 leagues westward of this venta, at another place of which I have forgot the name. One of the men in the house told me all this, and seemed much pleased that I enquired after Don Quixote, whose name and history are well know to all the peasants inhabiting this Theatre of his great exploits.

[3. July. 1819]

Cordova

Waldie: tXLIII, 210

... We called on the Duke de Rivas and the Chevalier de Saavedra, both brothers to the charming Candelaria, and the younger not unlike her. We had a most kind reception from them,

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both unaffected pleasant men. The younger, animated and well informed, talked much of the drama and national literature, and begged my opinion of Scott and Byron and English theatre. The elder cultivates his own property here, and is very fond of farming, and seems to understand it. The Chevalier is Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons and President of the Military Court of Andalusia at Seville. He shewed us a pleasing picture and very like of La Candelaria -- by himself, also a large one of Socrates and Alcibiades very well done by him. There were some other tolerable pictures, but none of much note. They shewed us some fine Andalusian horses -- Cordova is the most celebrated place for a fine breed of horses in Spain.

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... The Duke and Chevalier accompanied us to our Inn and sat a long time. They gave us amusing accounts of the hunting of wild bulls here by men on horseback with javelins. They have a uniform for it much like that of the Picadors of Madrid, which they shewed us. It is richly

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embroidered and very handsome. The wild boars are hunted as usual by driving them into a circle of dogs and mean and rousing them by trumpets. In the woody hills of the Sierra Morena, which extend far, even west of this, are lots of bears and wolves, which often do much mischief to the Cattle. In the evening we took another circle of the Mosque, in which by calculation we made out only 800 pillars, tho' we were told 1000. There are

40 in length and 20 in breadth, nearly. The vistas they make by so many aisles crossing each other are really grand. It is a pity the floor is only of shabby bricks. We went to the Paseo, or public walk, outside the Gate of Mondova. Some trees and seats and high ground, a fine view of the woody hills of the Sierra Morena and of the extensive cultivated vale of the Guadalquivir. We saw very few people and only few carriages. The streets of Cardova are only narrow lanes and truly tiresome and dull -- yet it contains a number of rich people. The Duke de Rivas is rich, but so fond of hunting and managing his farms, he has never left Spain, tho' I dare say he is at least 35. The Colonel is much younger, and is very anxious to travel as soon as he can get disengaged from his Military duties.

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[8. July. 1819] Seville

... Christie and I went to the play. The Theatre is old and low, but very smart and neat -- and more genteel people than we saw at Madrid at the spectacle. El Sueño was a lively and well acted little piece, to which succeeded El Califa de Bagdad with Boildieu's music and translated from the French -- it was well got up, and the orchestra not much inferior to Madrid -- but the singing for screaming out of tune and ugly women exceeded any thing bad I ever heard.

[11. July. 1819]

Cadiz

... We went to the Theatre, to which from the Plaza de St. Antonio leads the fine wide street of La Calle Ancha. It was very full -- it is by far the most elegant we have yet seen in Spain -- the painting of the house is tasteful and elegant -- it is much larger than those of Madrid and forms a fine horseshoe of 5 tiers. The first piece of La Florentina was just over. We then had a beautiful ballet called Pizarro in Quito, in which a Spanish Officer puts a Peruvian Princess into a dungeon and she is let out by Pizarro -- the entrance to the dungeon is a trap in the stage -- the scene changes and the same 2 persons are seen winding down a spiral stair from the roof of the stage to the dungeon below. It is very clever and the same deception of persons as in the Petit Chaperon at Feydeau. The

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dancing by Cozzero & Pontret, the 2 men, was good, but the best were the 2 women, Zuattrini and another. The dresses and scenery, ensemble, dances, &c., were very superior indeed to what we have seen at Madrid.

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[12. July, 1819]

... This evening we went early to Senora Oxcula, where were near 30 -- and a great deal of good music. She sings well, with great taste and execution -- her voice is not as good as it has been -- her daughter, only 13, has a fine strong voice and sung the pretty air of "Ah no non quiero las armas" with great expression and effect -- also several others -- but the best of the music was the inimitable playing of Don Jose de Ruvillo, a pupil of Bontempo, who is

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quite a master of the pianoforte and played Rossini's Overtures, &c., with wonderful precision, brilliancy, force, and spirit.

[13. July. 1819]

... Christie and I went to the Theatre, which was well filled. We saw the opera of Marc Antonio, music of Pavesi, which I saw 2 years ago at Rome, the chief part by George Bellocchi now in London. Here it was done by Senora Bonita Morena, a good actress and with a very flexible fine contralto voice. Her Sister played the young Lover, which is written for a treble voice, as the Lady is a contralto. Old Marc Antonio was good, and the others tolerable. On the whole the opera

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was better done than those of Madrid, tho' the principal Lady here is very inferior to La Correa, and the music, tho' some parts are very pleasing, and it is a laughable piece, is on the whole very commonplace.

[25. July. 1819]

Malaga

Waldie: tXLIII, 269

... We then called on M. de Roos, the Prussian Consul. ... a very elegant man, and his wife a most lively agreeable Spaniar not above 40: yet she has a son of 24, now at some baths near here. They introduced us to their second son, a youth of 19 and one of the most pleasing young men I have seen. He has passed a year in England, some time in France, and 5 years in Germany where he was educated. He played and sung on the pianoforte in a most perfect style of execution, feeling, and expression, and with a good bass voice sung some airs of Beethoven, Mozart, and Méhul in German, French, and Italian admirably. He and I sung some duets, which were much liked. They

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asked us to come in the evening & accompany them to a Society, which we were glad to accept of, as, tho' there is a theatre to-night, it will be too hot and the family and house of M. De Roos are by much the first here.

... We went to M. De Roos's at 8, where we found 10 or 12 people. M. & Madame de Roos and Henrique de Roos, the Danish Consul M. Schone, M. de Mainvielle, a very pleasant man ... who has been some time in England, &c. The Danish Consul sings agreeably, He and Henrique de Roos and I sung several things with good effect. We then went in a body of 12 or 14 to the house of Madame de Mainvielle, mother of M. de Mainvielle, where was a party of near 50, a Montez table, and music. ... Henrique de Roos played some waltzes and they waltzed and danced Spanish country dances, which are not unlike English as they stand up in the same way, but the music is slower. They are very graceful

and pretty. ... Henrique played the Overture to Don Juan, & to Figaro, and the finale of Don Juan's first act, and the first act of *Così fan tutti* with great effect. What pleased me more, as it was quite new, were some capital songs he sung from the opera of *Le Chateau des Coleurs*, a German opera by Kühlen of which I never heard before, but the music is exquisite, the accompaniments are most rich and varied. He also played and sung several beautiful songs of Beethoven, all new to me -- that of Adelaide is, I think, one of the most exquisite compositions I ever heard. His playing and singing are chaste, but very forcible and expressive, and with great power.