

the miserable, its divine origin would have been proved; superstition and other evils arising from the abuse of it, must on this account be pardoned and forgotten.

At Toledo the traveller may also admire the remains of an ingenious machine, formerly invented by the Italian *Juanelo*, to raise the waters of the Tagus into the city. Near these ruins are some others still more ancient, which must have formed part of an aqueduct destined to convey water to the height of the Alcazar, from springs which are seven or eight leagues from Toledo; a legacy at once useful and magnificent, by which the Romans have marked their residence in more than one place in Spain. We also recognise, in the environs of the city, the traces of one of their ancient roads, and the remains of a circus.

Thus, in their turns, have the Romans, the Arabs, the Goths, and the Spaniards under Charles the fifth, contributed to the embellishment of Toledo. We cannot say so much for the modern Spaniards. Houses unoccupied, magnificent buildings falling into decay, few or no manufactures, a population reduced from 200,000 souls to 25,000, the environs naked and barren; such is the melancholy picture presented to the eye of the traveller, whom the reputation of Toledo has attracted within its walls. Under the last reign, besides

the steps taken by the archbishop to inure the inhabitants to labour, he made some successful efforts to rescue their city from universal decay. The polished sword-blades of Toledo were once renowned for their temper and durability. Charles III. built an edifice of great dimensions for their manufacture upon a large scale; and trials have been made, which promise that the modern citizens of Toledo will soon restore to this branch of industry its ancient reputation.

They would never forgive me were I to pass over in silence their *cigarrales*, or small country houses, which have some resemblance to the *bastides* of Marseilles, only they are less ornamented and less numerous. Here, in the heat of the dog-days, they retire after dinner to seek coolness and repose in the shade of the orchards; but they cannot reach them, without the sweat running down their brows, as they traverse the scorching soil of some burnt-up meadow, or climb some rugged hill. And yet these are the gardens of Eden to the inhabitants of Toledo.

I shall now proceed to other objects, which, from being in the environs, or at a short distance only from the capital, deserve the attention of travellers.

At the *Casa del Campo*, an ancient pleasure-house of the kings of Spain, which is only se-

parated from the new palace by the Mançanares, strangers will find large trees, some good pictures, and a fine equestrian statue of Philip III.

Villa-Viciosa, three great leagues from Madrid, is another royal residence to which Ferdinand VI. was much attached, but it has been abandoned by his successors.

San Fernando, another village at the same distance, has enjoyed a few years of celebrity on account of the cloth manufactures formerly established there. They have been transferred to Guadalaxara; but the cloths still preserve their ancient name. San Fernando, formerly animated by the presence of industry, now resounds with the impure voices of those unfortunate beings whom the police of Madrid has snatched from vice, to condemn them to a life of penitence. Twenty years ago this was the *Abbeville* of Spain. It is now the *Salpêtrière*.

Three leagues also from Madrid, there is a place less known, but more deserving of being so. It is called *Loeches*. Here are buried some chefs-d'œuvres unknown to the Spaniards themselves. The church of a small convent of nuns, founded by the Count Duke d'Olivarez, contains six capital pictures by Rubens, of the largest dimensions, and of the most magical effect. The principal piece is an allegorical

representation of the triumph of religion. It decorates the high altar, and combines all the beauties, and even the defects, which characterise its author; richness of composition, brilliancy of colouring, liveliness of expression, and carelessness of design. After this picture, the most striking is that in which Elijah is represented standing in the desert, at the moment when an angel appears to strengthen and encourage him.

Another object of curiosity, perhaps still less known to the Spaniards themselves, is to be found in the heart of the mountains of Old Castile, four or five leagues from the Escorial. It is a monument which has puzzled several antiquarians, and which bears the name of *Toros de Guisando*. Guisando is a convent of Hieronymites, placed mid-way in a chain of broken precipices, where, according to an ancient tradition, the sons of Pompey were defeated by the partizans of Cæsar, and where the conquerors sacrificed a hundred bulls, placing four of these animals in stone upon the theatre of their victory. Another tradition asserts, that these pretended bulls are elephants, and that they attest the passage of the Carthaginians, who have, in fact, left the clumsy effigies of these animals in several parts of Spain. But do the figures in question represent bulls or elephants? This is a question I tried to decide several years ago,

in concert with three strangers as curious as myself. We found, in a vineyard belonging to the convent of Guisando, four enormous blocks of a hard stone, similar to granite. They appeared to us so shapeless, that we were rather inclined to regard them as a *lusus naturæ*, than as productions of art. On considering them more closely, we thought we could guess at the intention of the sculptor, but the effects of his chisel have almost entirely disappeared under the file of time: no traces are left of the horns of the bull, or the proboscis of the elephant. The form of the ears, however, seems to indicate this last animal rather than the former; but the contours of the shoulders and flanks are so worn away, that we durst not judge from their appearance. In short, after an hour's consideration, we left the question undecided. We were almost ashamed of our fruitless journey. We ascended towards the monastery which overhangs this hieroglyphical monument. Here, at least, we found that no doubts were entertained as to the interpretation to be given on the subject. The first of the two traditions is consigned to posterity upon a plate, where we read distinctly the Latin inscription engraved upon the flanks of one of the blocks, and of which hardly any traces are to be discovered upon the original. The principal inscription is: *Bellum Cesaris et patriæ ex magna parte cen-*

fectum fuit ; S. et Cn. Pompeii filiis hic in agro Bastetano profligatis. Another: *Exercitus victor, hostibus effusus.* They sufficiently indicate that the object of these monuments is to celebrate a victory over the sons of Pompey. It remains to be ascertained if this territory be the *Ager Bastetanus*, and to reconcile this version with the authority of the historians who place the defeat of Pompey's party in Andalusia.

The good Hieronymites, jealous of the reputation of their soil, found us an answer to all this; and that nothing might be wanting to produce conviction, they shewed us the caverns where the sons of Pompey sought a refuge after their defeat, and where they were put to death. Immediately afterwards they observed, that these very asylums of the martyrs of liberty, afforded a refuge fourteen centuries afterwards to the martyrs of repentance, and we were obliged to listen to the history of the retreat of the founders of their order to the bottom of these caverns, with the detail of their austerities, and to look at the traces of their footsteps.

The *toros de Guisando*, of which many people, even at Madrid, do not know the reality, are frequently introduced into familiar conversation to express, in a burlesque manner, the courage of a man capable of facing the greatest dangers; and in this sense, the phrase is put into

the mouth of one of the heroes of Cervantes. When I said, upon my return, that I had seen and touched these famous bulls, I was regarded as a most extraordinary personage. The illusion vanished when I described the enemies I had approached.

There is another district further from Madrid, which occupies a still more distinguished place than the *Toros de Guisando*, in the fabulous history of Spain: this is the Battuécas, to which Montesquieu alludes in his *Lettres Persanes*, when he says, that the Spaniards have in their own kingdom, whole provinces with which they are unacquainted. According to old traditions, the religion, language, and manners of the Spaniards were unknown in the Battuécas. In neighbouring villages had been heard extraordinary voices; shepherds were afraid to lead their flocks to the place. Could any thing more be wanted to proclaim it the retreat of demons, or at least of some savage people? Every one related the history and particulars of it in his own way. The Battuécas furnished additional food for the gloomy imaginations of the Spaniards: they shone in their plays and romances; and Moreri did not disdain to give some of these ridiculous tales a place in his dictionary.

Father Feijoo, an enlightened monk, was one of the first who combated these absurdities with success. From his inquiries, and from

my own journey to the *Battuécas*, it appears, that they are two uncultivated vallies, scarcely a league in length, and so narrow, so hermetically closed on all sides, that the sun scarcely ever shines there in winter. This small district is remarkable for its groups of rocks curiously shaped, for the variety of the trees, the windings of the small river which waters these vallies, for the excavations of the mountains, and the quantity of animals of all kinds for which they serve as an asylum. The only human habitation which deserves to be remarked, is a convent of barefooted Carmelites, whose cells are almost buried beneath the rocks which overhang, and by the trees which shade them. We may make the tour of Europe without finding a place so well adapted for the asylum of silence and of peace. This district, which is almost inaccessible, and entirely out of the road to any town, is completely unfrequented. The few inquisitive persons who present themselves here, are regarded as eccentrics by the peaceful inhabitants, who cannot conceive the motives which brought them hither. Their territory, which they seldom or never leave, is situated in the bishoprick of Soria, eight leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, and fourteen from Salamanca.

Avila and *Alcala* are also two cities not far from Madrid, which a traveller may be inclined to visit, on account of their reputation.

Avila is situated upon an eminence, nearly twenty leagues from the capital. Its thick walls, its towers, its Alcazar, and the dome of the old Gothic cathedral, give it an imposing appearance at a distance. But it would be difficult to exaggerate its state of depopulation and poverty. The absence of a great number of landed proprietors, who have removed to other places, and have left their estates to stewards, is the principal cause of its decline. At the beginning of last century it had a manufacture of cloth, which has fallen into decay, and which the council of Castile has in vain attempted to revive. In 1789, however, two Englishmen, expert in the manufacture of cotton cloths, were attracted to Spain. In order to be near the sea, they were desirous to settle in Galicia or Catalonia. But the Spaniards wished them to be near the court, and they were obliged to settle at *Avila*, in the edifice occupied for some years by the military school, since transferred to Port Santa Maria. Their outset was not promising. They found the strongest prejudices existing against them at *Avila*. The people threatened to stone them. The priests succeeded in making the common people believe that these heretics devoured catholic children. Those who did not absolutely persecute, at least shunned them. The peasants of the neighbourhood made a great circuit rather than pass near their house. Gradually, however, these

prejudices vanished. People were accustomed to see them, and they began to restore abundance to the province. In 1792, more than 700 persons were employed in their manufactory, or its dependencies, and there was no longer a single pauper in Avila. I saw these two Englishmen presented at court, in 1792, and their reception was such as in some degree to make amends for the persecutions of fanaticism and of ignorance. But ought we not to complain of a government which has such enemies to contend against, when it enters upon useful enterprises? At a distance we judge too much from results, without calculating upon obstacles. Hence that severity which closely approaches to injustice.*

Alcala keeps up its reputation a little better than Avila. The six leagues which separate it from Madrid are pleasant; after the first, we find the village of *Canillejas*, in the midst of orchards and gardens; a real phenomenon in the environs of Madrid. A league further on we cross the Henares by a fine stone bridge, and we leave upon its right *Leganes*, one of the quarters of the regiment of Walloon Guards;

* These manufactories at Avila have passed into other hands, but have gained nothing by the change. The management was given to Bettancourt, the eminent French mechanist, whose activity embraces too many objects to descend to the minutiae of a manufactory. This establishment, which promised so much at its outset, is now almost annihilated.

Vicalvaro, which has always a detachment of the regiment of Spanish guards, and *San Fernando*.

On the other side of the Henares, begins a fine sloping bank, and we perceive the town of Torrejon, beyond which is another stone bridge over the Tojote, a small river, which in summer scarcely deserves the name of a brook. A little lower down it flows into the Henares, which winds in a picturesque manner, as it approaches Alcala, and its banks are shaded with trees.

The Henares, from which Alcala takes its surname, runs at some distance from this city, at the foot of a range of craggy hills. Alcala is still surrounded by walls. It is very narrow in proportion to its length, but is well built and clean: although it contains many churches and convents, and has few other branches of industry than the culture of its fields, which produce excellent wheat, it has not, like many other towns of Castile, the repulsive appearances of poverty. Its university would scarcely deserve to be named, if it had not been founded by Cardinal Ximenes. In order to prepare the famous edition of the Bible, known among churchmen by the name of *Biblia Complutensis*, he invited hither some true scholars, who have had but very few successors worthy of the reputation which Alcala thus acquired.

CHAP. II.

Route from Madrid to Saragossa. Arragon and its Cortès. New Canal of Arragon. Road from Lerida.

ALCALA is upon the road from Madrid to Saragossa, a considerable city of Spain, which I visited in 1792, in order to examine more closely, the wonders I had heard respecting the canal of Arragon. Thither I shall now conduct my readers, and make them acquainted at the same time with the canal and the province, which it is intended to benefit.

Four leagues further than Alcala is the interesting city of Guadalaxara, seated upon an eminence, a little beyond the Henares. A fine road afterwards leads us to the miserable village of Torrija; thence to *Grajanejos*, the soil is barren and stony, and the road very bad in rainy weather. From the top of the hill upon which this town is situated, you enjoy the prospect of a small valley, very narrow, but beautiful and cultivated like a garden. This is the most picturesque point of view in the journey. But after passing *Grajanejos*, we have to traverse a most gloomy and naked country until

we come to Bujarraval, a miserable village surrounded by rocks, two leagues from Sigüenza. The appearance of this country grows still worse as you proceed by an abrupt and stony descent, to the bottom of a dale, where on the banks of a rivulet is situated *Fuencaliente*, another village belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi, whose chief residence is in front, upon the summit of one of the circular mountains forming this valley. Here, some fine houses, verdure, and fields of hemp, which are prolonged through the valley, give an agreeable refreshment to the eye. Meadows covered with cattle and well cultivated plains, now conduct the traveller to the hamlet of *Londares*; a league beyond which we find a village lately built under the direction of the bishop of Sigüenza; for, throughout all Spain, the prelates stand at the head of the benefactors of their country. A little further, on the summit of a mountain, is an old castle, worthy of the most flourishing era of the feudal system. No doubt it had formerly a military destination. At present it is one of the peaceful appendages to the bishopric of Sigüenza.

From *Londares* to *Arcos*, the road is intersected by abrupt windings and broken precipices, passing through a terrific country which is the north-eastern extremity of New Castile. *Arcos*, a miserable town, but finely situated, is

the last in the province, and one of the thirteen belonging to the Duke de Medina Celi. For the three leagues which separate it from *Monreal*, another wretched town in ruins and the first upon entering Arragon, the country and roads are equally frightful; we must however except the approaches to *Huerta*, a village belonging to a monastery of Bernardines, who have produced around them an appearance of affluence, a luxuriant cultivation, and plenty of trees: the difference is always very striking in Spain between the possessions of ecclesiastics and those of rich lay proprietors, and which is easily accounted for, by the constant residence of the former, and the perpetual absence of the latter. This monastery contains some remarkable tombs, and among others, those of several French gentlemen who came with the constable du Guesclin to the assistance of Henri de Transtamare. The traveller who wishes to pass a few hours in visiting these curiosities, will have reason to praise the hospitality of the monks, and will find at their table sufficient to make amends for the wretched appearance of the country.

Monreal belongs to the family of Ariza, whose principal seat is a league further off. The old family castle is on an eminence, at the bottom of which they have an elegant modern residence. The river *Xalon*, which we shall so

often meet with, flows very near it, enlivening and embellishing the neighbourhood where it forms a cascade. We cross the Xalon by a handsome bridge. The scenery here is worthy of the traveller's pencil.

On leaving Monreal, we find a rapid descent, after which, the road is very good as far as *Cetina*. From this village to Bubberca we have two long leagues of a charming road, between two rows of hills. At the foot of those on the right, the Xalon waters a valley in high cultivation. Half way on, we pass this river by a small stone bridge, and proceed along it to Bubberca, a village in a picturesque situation in the midst of rocky eminences.

From this place to Calatayud, we change horses once at *Ateca*, a village surrounded with fertile vineyards. I advise travellers who stop at *Ateca* to ask for a kind of wine called *Cerñana*; in colour it is something like the eyes of a partridge, its taste is mild and pleasant, and will make amends for the black, thick wine, which they will meet with in this part of Arragon to the very gates of Saragossa, and which is the most poisonous beverage ever given to human beings.

After leaving *Ateca*, the valley becomes broader, but is still fertile; it is watered by the Xalon, the road following the windings of that

river at a distance along the hills. I have not seen a more agreeable country in Spain than this valley, which is cultivated with the greatest care from Cetina to Calatayud.

Branches have been cut from the Xalon in a very simple way, which diffuse its benefits over all the adjacent lands through which they pass; and you must not come to this charming valley to seek proofs of indolence or want of ingenuity in the Spaniards.

Half a league before you reach Calatayud, commences a chain of rugged and uncouth rocks which somewhat disfigure the pleasing landscape. This city itself, is as it were incruited in the midst of these rocks. The most agreeable part of it is situated at their foot, and overlooks a valley towards the south, of considerable breadth, adjacent to the town.

The productions of this rich valley, are corn, wine, vegetables, and particularly hemp, a great quantity of which is exported to Old Castile, but still more to Bilboa and St. Sebastian. This hemp is used for cordage for the royal navy; and it is purchased by commissaries stationed at Calatayud for the purpose.

No oil is produced in this neighbourhood. There are, however, twelve or thirteen soapworks at Calatayud, which send great quantities of their commodities to Castile: they procure their barilla from the eastern part of Arragon.

The city is not what it was formerly: it contains scarcely 1500 houses, but to make amends there are ten parish churches and fifteen convents, some of which are remarkable, from their magnificent appearance and prodigious size. Calatayud and Tarraçona have one bishop for both, who resides at the latter place. The former is very near the scite of the ancient Bilbilis, the birth-place of Martial.

Half a league before we reach Calatayud, the Xalon receives the Xiloca, which then loses its name, although Lopez, the principal geographer of Modern Spain, gives it that appellation until it falls into the Ebro. I think it best to follow the custom of the country, and the opinion of Abbé Ponz, in this respect.

The country is extremely unequal from Calatayud to the gates of *Fresno*, situated in a pleasant and well-cultivated valley. After having ascended some eminences, we have before us the town of *Almunia*, surrounded to a great distance by vineyards, olive and fig-trees, interspersed with fields of hemp and maize; part of M. d'Aranda's estates lie in this beautiful country. This fine scenery continues to the distance of a league beyond *Almunia*; but afterwards we see nothing but heath and a very naked country, extending to the miserable *Venta de la Romera*, and even to the very entrance of *Saragossa*.

Half a league beyond the last stage but one (the *Muela*) we begin to have a view of this celebrated city in the midst of a beautiful and extensive plain upon the right bank of the Ebro.

We shall not pretend to enumerate the sacred edifices contained in Saragossa; the most remarkable are the two cathedrals; one of them is called the church *de la Seu*, and is of a majestic simplicity; the other, is famous in Spain, and even throughout the Catholic world, as *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*, and even Cardinal de Retz has not scrupled to dedicate some pages of his Memoirs to an account of it.* It is a large

* The following is the passage alluded to in Retz's Memoirs. 'This same attendant upon the viceroy shewed me every thing remarkable at Saragossa. I was always concealed, as I have already said, under the name of the Marquis de Saint Florent. But he never reflected that *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*, could not be seen under this title. This miraculous image is never shewn but to sovereigns and cardinals. The Marquis de Saint Florent was neither the one nor the other; so that when they saw me in the balustrade with a close-bodied black velvet coat and a cravat, the multitude collected from all parts of the town, at the sound of the bell, which is tolled for this ceremony only, thought I was the King of England (Charles II.) There were, I think, more than two hundred carriages full of ladies, who paid me a thousand compliments, and which I answered like one who could not speak good Spanish. This church is beautiful of itself, but in addition to this the ornaments and riches of it are immense and the treasure magnificent. They here shewed me a man, who was employed in lighting the lamps, which are in prodigious numbers, and they told me this man

gloomy edifice, crowded with ornaments in a wretched taste, although rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century. But the miraculous image, around which there is not a single one of the *ex voto's*, or silver lamps, mentioned by the cardinal, is in a modern chapel formed by superb marble columns of the Corinthian order. The devotion of the Arragonese could not pay less homage to the pious tradition which records the appearance of the Virgin to St. James, in order to impart her wishes to him, that her image should be placed in a temple on this bank of the Ebro.

The arches of the rebuilt part of this church have been recently painted in fresco, by the two brothers, Bayen, and Don Francisco Goya, all three natives of Saragossa.

To add another trait to the history of human stupidity, we must descend into a cavern of the church of *Santa Engracia*. Here are deposited the ashes of a crowd of martyrs immolated

was seen seven years ago at the door of the church with only one leg: I saw him now with two. The dean and all the canons assured me that the whole city had seen him and that if I waited two days longer I might converse with more than 20,000 country people who had seen him as well as those in the city. He had recovered his leg, they said, by rubbing himself with the oil of these lamps. Once a year this pretended miracle, is celebrated by an immense concourse, and it is true that at a day's journey from Saragossa, I found the high road covered with people of all descriptions running to this pious festival.'

by persecuting emperors. Silver lamps burn there day and night in honour of them; but the smoke which they emit does not blacken the roof. And in order to prove this to the curious, they shew the roof, which, although very low, is certainly not smoked. They invite those who seem still to entertain doubts to put a piece of white paper over one of these lamps. I tried this experiment, and I must confess, I saw, or thought I saw that my paper was not blackened. I had still my doubts, but I took care to conceal them from my bigotted conductors. I was however, tempted to say to them: God has not thought proper to work any striking miracle to accelerate the end of the French Revolution, or to calm the passions which it has roused, and do you think that he would condescend to perform here, a miracle as obscure as your cavern, and useless as your own existence?

I shall call the attention of my readers with more pleasure, to the new *Casa de la Misericordia*; the building of which was finished in 1792. It stands close by the old one, and does equal honour to the intelligence and to the patriotism of Don Ramon Pignatelli. Young persons of both sexes, who are without work and without friends, here find subsistence and employment. They wind silk, spin, and card

wool; the latter is a valuable production for the country, although of inferior quality. They also weave some coarse woollen cloths, camblets, and even silks. Of 700 persons contained in this building, more than one half work for the manufacturers of the city: for it was the opinion of its wise founder, whom Arragon and Spain have now lost, that without this expedient, the manufactures of charitable foundations would retard rather than promote industry. There are besides at Saragossa some manufactories, with the productions of which several regiments are clothed.

Saragossa has an academy of fine arts, an insignificant university, and a patriotic society. The latter deserves every encomium. It encourages every branch of industry, and particularly new plantations. It has established schools for mathematics and commerce. Don Martin Goyecochea, one of its members, some years ago, founded a school for drawing at his own expense. Saragossa, in a word, is gradually awaking from her long lethargy, and is rendering herself worthy to be the capital of the fine kingdom of Arragon.

Arragon was formerly more populous than at present. A great number of its towns and villages have entirely disappeared. Its population is now reduced to 614,060 inhabitants, of which number Saragossa contains 42,600. Ar-

ragon has made an honourable figure in the history of free governments.* Although the royal dignity was hereditary, the title of every new king was confirmed by the states, and no sovereign could mount the throne without swearing to maintain their privileges. In order to balance the authority of the sovereign, they had established a magistrate by the name of the *Justicia Mayor*, who was accountable to the states only for his conduct. At the inauguration of the king this supreme magistrate was seated upon an elevated tribunal, with his head covered. The king appeared before him uncovered, and on his knees took an oath to govern according to the laws. It was then that the proclamation, so often quoted of late years, was pronounced in the name of the Aragonese: *Nos que valemus tanto como vos, os hacemos nuestro rey y Señor con tal que guardéis nuestros fueros y libertades; SI NO, NO.* 'We who are each of us as good as you are, have received you for our king and lord, on condition that you maintain our rights and liberties; IF NOT, NOT.'

The admiration inspired at first by the recollection of this imposing ceremony is a little weakened, when we learn that it is not so much before the people or their representatives

* See Adams on the American Constitution.

that the king thus humbled himself, as before an assembly of nobles (*ricos hombres*) who were indebted for their estates to the force of arms. At first, twelve of the ancient families only were admitted into this assembly, but gradually they increased in number, and were divided into *superior* and *inferior* nobility. In this meeting of the states, the clergy were represented by prelates, and the large cities by deputies. But the mechanics, artisans, and shopkeepers, were excluded from the rank of citizens. Thus the commonalty was very imperfectly represented; but the assembly thus constituted made laws for the whole nation. The *Justicia Mayor* was the only barrier opposed by turns to the usurpations of the *cortes* of Arragon, and to those of the king. But at length, the prelates became the devoted slaves of the monarch; the deputies from the cities were frequently corrupted; and the king, by successively increasing the number of his partisans in these two orders, swayed the nobility, and became what he is at present, an absolute monarch. There still existed, however, a shadow of the *Cortes* of Arragon. In 1702, Philip V. in a moment of embarrassment assembled them, as well as those of Catalonia, who had not been assembled for two centuries. The young queen presided over the *Cortes* of Arragon in the king's absence. She found that they would

scarcely listen to her applications, and with great difficulty obtained 100,000 crowns.

The success of Philip V. and the resistance opposed to him by these two provinces, made them lose their feeble claims to his regard. They were treated as conquered provinces; and of their *cortes* nothing now remains except the ruins, of which we have spoken in another place. The court of Madrid, however, is not even at this day, entirely freed from the alarm inspired by Arragon and Catalonia, peopled with inhabitants of a splenetic cast, and extremely difficult to mould to the yoke of despotism. At present, all those who are not absolutely devoted to the Bourbon dynasty are considered as belonging to the *Arragonese faction*, or discontented party; and it is to these salutary fears of the crown, that the Arragonese and Catalonians are indebted for the respect shewn by foreigners to a constitution, which no longer exists except in their regrets.

Arragon contains several cities which deserve to be mentioned after Saragossa.

Huesca, which is twelve leagues from it, is situated in a district remarkable for its fertility.

Tarraçona, thirteen great leagues from Saragossa, is in the midst of a district well supplied with wood and water.

Terruel is situated between Saragossa and

Valencia. Its name recalls the adventures of two lovers, who are introduced into one of the most affecting Spanish dramas,* and whose ashes are preserved with religious respect in one of the churches of this city.

The small river Turia, before it reaches Terruel, passes through Albarracin, traversing and fertilizing a beautiful plain which extends beyond that place.

Daroca, situated upon one of the roads from Madrid to Saragossa, deserves also to be named. Placed at the foot of the mountains, and on the banks of the Xiloca, it is exposed to frequent inundations. To preserve it, if possible, from this evil, a subterraneous passage has been dug, 780 yards in length, in order to give a vent to the waters which menace it. The banks of the Xiloca are unusually fertile in every kind of fruit, and produce hemp of an excellent quality in abundance.

The chief riches of Arragon consist in its oil, which is mild, nutritive, and of an excellent flavour. There are several olive mills in Saragossa. One of the most remarkable belongs to a worthy patriot, whose name we have already mentioned, Don Martin Goyecochea. To him the proprietors of olive plantations who

* *Los Amantes de Terruel*, an old heroic, or tragi-comic drama, which, although full of extravagancies, like most of the dramatic compositions of that age, is not without interest.

have no mills, bring their olives. This gentleman has combined under his own roof, every thing which is necessary for the country people, who come to borrow the use of his mill. His establishment proves what can be done by an individual even in Spain, if he has the good of mankind at heart. I remarked, with pleasure, that the twenty or thirty workmen employed in this mill were all Frenchmen, who came annually, about the month of December, from our southern provinces. The Spaniards themselves confess that their own workmen would make bad substitutes for these strangers, who are not less remarkable for their good conduct than for their intelligence. In other mills, however, Spanish workmen are employed. At Monte Torrero, a spot near the city, which has been recently levelled and planted with vines and olives, there is a mill for the olives produced by the lands bordering on the canal of Arragon, or for those paid as tribute by such proprietors whose grounds it supplies with water.

We shall here give some details respecting this canal, the principal object of my visit to Arragon. It passes within half a league of Saragossa, at the foot of *Monte Torrero*. Here are magazines where corn, timber for building, iron, and other utensils, are deposited. These edifices, remarkable for their convenience and

solidity, contribute much to embellish the canal. It was here that I embarked in a yacht, in order to visit six fine locks, which are a great league below Saragossa. Half a league higher up there are four more, which succeed each other on its leaving a large basin, where we embark in order to ascend to its source.

Having been introduced to Don Ramon Pignatelli, the real founder of this canal, one of the master-pieces of Spanish industry, I obtained, through him, the means of making this little voyage with much personal convenience, and with great advantage in point of information. I set off at eight o'clock in the morning, in a large bark, under the auspices of Don Juan Payas, director of the canal. At noon we stopped at the most remarkable place, being where the canal is carried by an aqueduct of hewn stone, 710 fathoms in length, over the river Xalon, which pursues its course under this stupendous piece of masonry. This was the most expensive part of the canal, having cost nearly thirteen millions of reals. We slept at the *Canaleta*, another point worthy of attention. The old canal for watering the soil, cut from the Xalon, coming from the west, here takes its course through the midst of a stone bridge built over the new canal, and after having thus crossed it proceeds eastward towards *Lucena*.

Next day we admired the works at Gallur, a village upon a barren eminence, on the banks of the Ebro, which approaches very close to the canal at this place. The inequality and roughness of the ground which it has to flow through here, has necessarily occasioned some very extensive works. A little lower down, the canal is carried by a tunnel of masonry through some very high hills, but this work is not modern. Under Charles the Fifth, the first founder of the canal of Arragon, this part of it was under ground. It has since only been exposed to view.

Half a league lower down than Gallur we perceive the Ebro, and in the back ground, beyond its left bank, the village of Tauste, which gives its name to a canal completely modern. That which we are now describing, and which is properly the imperial canal, was begun under Charles the Fifth, who, being distracted by his restless ambition, was obliged to suspend its further execution, and it was not again thought of until 1770. From this period it has made but slow progress, and perhaps would have made none at all, had it not been for the extraordinary perseverance of Don Ramon Pignatelli. At its approach to the Bocal, or the spot where the canal commences, it is separated into two branches by a small island. On the right is the old canal of Charles the Fifth,

that on the left being the modern one. Soon after we pass under the bridge of Formigales, on approaching which the modern canal grows wider, and presents a superb sheet of water. It is under this bridge, of a single arch, that we find the first outlet of the canal. (*Almenara de Desague.*)

There are, or will be, five bridges over the canal between Gallur and the Bocal. They are at first built of wood, but afterwards of brick.

Two leagues from the Bocal, after having passed the old castle of Mallen, we enter the kingdom of Navarre. Here the canal commands a vast plain planted with vegetables and maize.

Below Formigales, we find the bridge of Valverde, the boundary of Arragon on this side. We afterwards arrive at the Bocal, which is a short quarter of a league beyond Formigales.

Here the Ebro, restrained by a dyke 118 fathoms long by seventeen broad, enters the bed of the canal by eleven inlets, but which never supply it with water all at once, and close to which the new palace has been built. From one of the fronts of this edifice, we have a view of the fine sheet of water formed within the dyke, and on our right a cascade.

On the first floor are apartments for the governor of the establishment, which were not finished until 1782; the adjoining edifices are

magazines for timber, planks, and iron work. The inn which is spacious, clean, and kept by a native of Thoulouse, the chapel and the old castle are a quarter of a league further near the bridge of Formigales.

When we have examined this canal in all its details; when we have seen how every thing has been provided for, every thing well conceived and well executed; when we find that to this great enterprize must be added several other monuments or establishments scattered throughout modern Spain, it is impossible to retain against its inhabitants the unfavourable prejudices still cherished by a great part of Europe, and not to admit, that if they act slowly, they at least act with intelligence, and execute their projects with solidity, and even with magnificence.

The canal of Arragon seems to combine all these qualities, and its utility is already attested by an experience of more than twenty years. In the month of August 1792, it yielded two million of reals, more than one half of which was devoted to the payment of the workmen; and the balance was to be set apart for the continuation of the work. The sources of this revenue are the produce of a tract of ground several fathoms broad on each of its banks, besides contributions in kind levied upon all the fields near which it passes. Those which were