the note at his official residence, and was requested to return at an hour appointed, when I was to obtain an audience. The functions of a *gefe politico* answer to those of no provincial functionary in England, or any other constitutional state—he has more authority even than a Préfet in France. He represents the monarchical power, with this difference, that he is uncontrolled by parliament within the limits of his province. Although not charged with the military administration, he can direct and dispose of the armed force; besides being a sort of local home minister and police magistrate; in fact, the factotum or *âme damnée* of the Cromwell of the moment, with whom he is in direct and constant communication on the affairs of his district.

I was at Valladolid during the regency of Espartero, when the cue given to these functionaries, relative to the *surveillance* of foreigners was very anti-French, and favourable to England. Now in the eyes of a *gens-d'armes* every one is a thief until he can bring proof to the contrary, just as by the jurisprudence of certain continental countries, every accused is presumed criminal—just as every one who comes to a Jew is presumed by him to have old clothes to sell, or money to borrow. Thus, owing to the nature of the duties of the Governor of Valladolid, every foreigner who met

his eye, was a Frenchman, and an *intrigant*, until he should prove the reverse.

Not being aware of this at the time, I had drawn up my petition in French. On my return for the answer, my reception was any thing but encouraging. The excessive politeness of the Spaniard was totally lost sight of, and I perceived a moody-looking, motionless official, seated at a desk, with his hat resting on his eyebrows, and apparently studying a newspaper. I stood in the middle of the room for two or three minutes unnoticed; after which, deigning to lift his head, the personage inquired in a gruff tone, why I did not open my cloak. I was not as yet acquainted with the Spanish custom of drawing the end of the cloak from off the left shoulder, on entering a room. I therefore only half understood the question, and, being determined, at whatever price, to see San Pablo, I took off my cloak, laid it on a chair, and returned to face the official. "I took the liberty of requesting your permission to view the ancient monastery of San Pablo."—"And, pray, what is your reason for wishing to see San Pablo?"—"Curiosity."—"Oh, that is all, is it!"—"I own likewise, that, had I found that the interior corresponded, in point of architectural merit, with the façade, I might have presumed to wish to sketch it, and carry away the drawing in my port-

manteau."—"Oh, no doubt—very great merit. You are a Frenchman?"—"I beg your pardon, only an Englishman."—"You! an Englishman!!" No answer. "And pray, from what part of England do you come?" I declined the county, parish, and house.

These English expressions, which I had expected would come upon his ear, with the same familiarity as if they had been Ethiopian or Chinese, produced a sudden revolution in my favour. The Solomon became immediately sensible of the extreme tact he had been displaying. Addressing me in perfect English, he proceeded to throw the blame of my brutal reception on the unfortunate state of his country. "All the French," he said, "who come here, come with the intention of intriguing and doing us harm. You wrote to me in French, and that was the cause of my error. The monastery is now a prison; I will give you an order to view it, but you will not find it an agreeable scene, it is full of criminals in chains." And he proceeded to prepare the order.

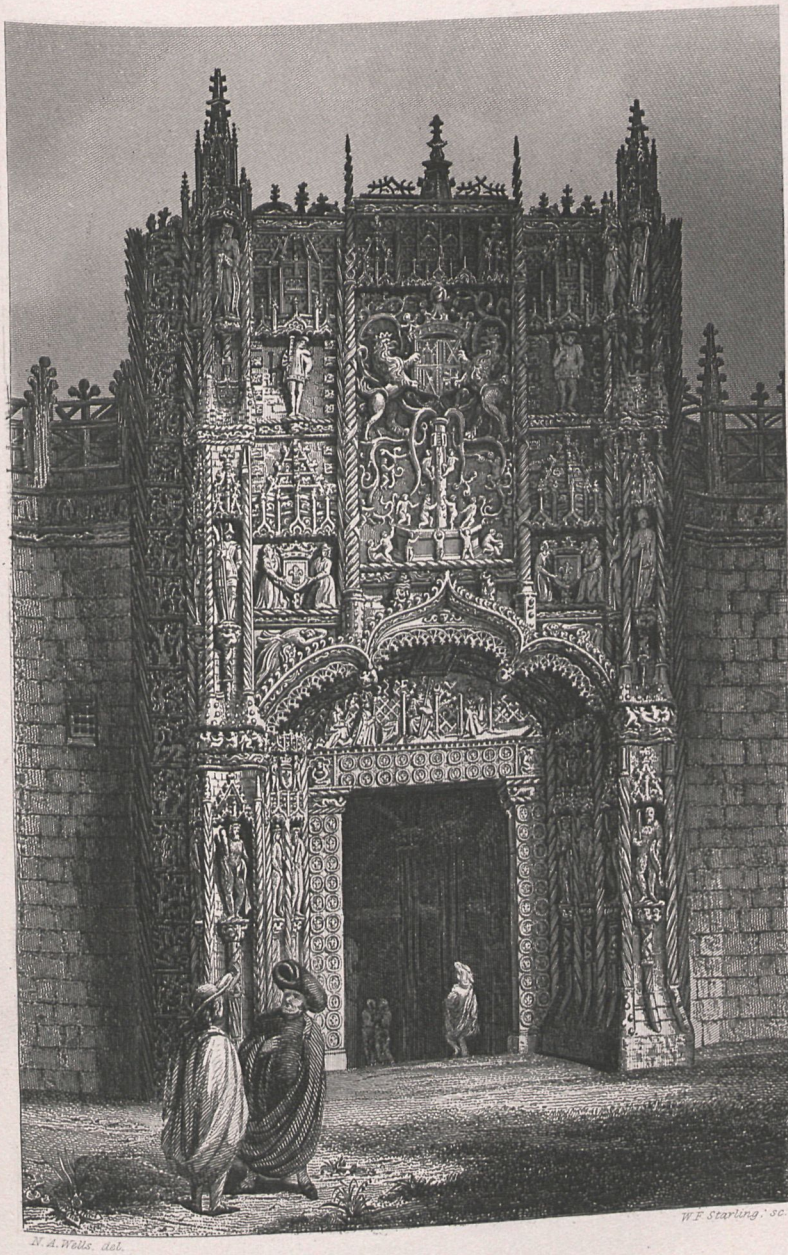
Not having recovered the compliment of being taken for a conspirator; nor admiring the civilisation of the governor of a province, who supposed that all the thirty-four millions of French, must be *intrigants*, I received his civilities in silence, took the order, and my departure. The most curious part

of the affair was, that I had no passport at the time, having lost it on the road. Had my suspicious interrogator ascertained this before making the discovery that I was English, I should inevitably have been treated to more of San Pablo than I desired, or than would have been required for drawing it in detail.

The adjoining building is smaller, and with less pretension to magnificence is filled with details far more elaborate and curious. The Gothic architecture, like the Greek, assumed as a base and principle of decoration the imitation of the supposed primitive abodes of rudest invention. The Greek version of the idea is characterised by all the grace and finished elegance peculiar to its inventors; while the same principle in the hands of the framers of Gothic architecture, gave birth to a style less pure and less refined; but bolder, more true to its origin, and capable of more varied application. In both cases may be traced the imitation of the trunks of trees; but it is only in the Gothic style that the branches are added, and that instances are found of the representation of the knots and the bark. In this architecture, the caverns of the interior of mountains are evidently intended by the deep, multiplied, and diminishing arches, which form the entrances of cathedrals; and the rugged exterior of the rocky mass,

which might enclose such a primæval abode, is imaged in the uneven and pinnacled walls.

The façade of the college of San Gregorio, adjoining San Pablo, furnishes an example of the Gothic decoration brought back to its starting point. The tree is here in its state of nature; and contributes its trunk, branches, leaves, and its handfuls of twigs bound together. A grove is represented, composed of strippling stems, the branches of some of which, united and bound together, curve over, and form a broad arch, which encloses the door-way. At each side is a row of hairy savages, each holding in one hand a club resting on the ground, and in the other an armorial shield. The intervals of the sculpture are covered with tracery, representing entwined twigs, like basket-work. Over the door is a stone fourteen feet long by three in height, covered with *fleurs-de-lis* on a ground of wicker-work, producing the effect of muslin. Immediately over the arch is a large flower-pot, in which is planted a pomegranate tree. Its branches spread on either side and bear fruit, besides a quantity of little Cupids, which cling to them in all directions. In the upper part they enclose a large armorial escutcheon, with lions for supporters. The arms are those of the founder of the college, Alonzo de Burgos, Bishop of Palencia. On either side of this design, and separated respec-



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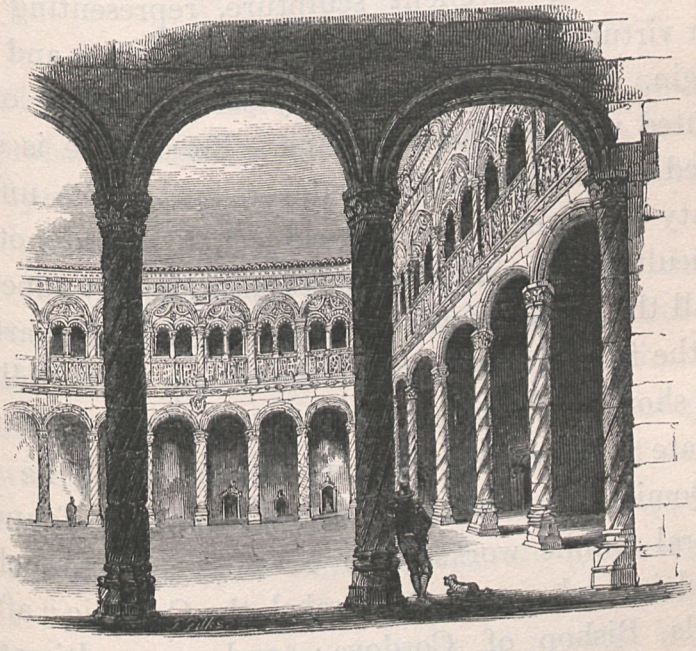
FAÇADE OF SAN GREGORIO, VALLADOLID.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington St. 1851.

tively by stems of slight trees, are compartments containing armed warriors in niches, and armorial shields. All the ornaments I have enumerated cover the façade up to its summit, along which project entwined branches and sticks, represented as broken off at different lengths.

The court of this edifice is as elaborately ornamented as the façade, but it was executed at a much



COURT OF SAN GREGORIO. VALLADOLID.

later period, and belongs to the renaissance. The pillars are extremely elegant and uncommon. The doorway of the library is well worthy of notice; also

that of the refectory. The college of San Gregorio was, in its day, the most distinguished in Spain. Such was the reputation it had acquired, that the being announced as having studied there was a sufficient certificate for the proficiency of a professor in science and erudition. It is still a college, but no longer enjoys the same exclusive renown. In the centre of the chapel is the tomb of the founder, covered with excellent sculpture, representing the four virtues, and the figures of three saints and the Virgin. It is surrounded by a balustrade ornamented with elaborate carving. Berruguete is supposed to have been the sculptor, but in the uncertainty which exists on the subject, it would not be difficult to make a better guess, as it is very superior to all the works I have seen attributed to that artist. At the foot of the statue of the bishop is the following short inscription, "Operibus credite." To this prelate was due the façade of San Pablo; he was a Dominican monk at Burgos, where he founded several public works. He became confessor, chief chaplain, and preacher to Isabel the Catholic: afterwards Bishop of Cordova; and was ultimately translated to the see of Palencia. He received the sobriquet of Fray Mortero, as some say from the form of his face, added to the unpopularity which he shared with the two other favorites of Ferdinand

and Isabella,—the Duke of Maqueda, and Cardinal Ximenes, with whom he figured in a popular triplet which at that period circulated throughout Spain,

> Cardenas, el Cardenal,
> Con el padre Fray Mortero,
> Fraen el reyno al retortero.

which may be freely translated thus:

> What with his Grace the Cardinal,
> With Cardenas, and Father Mortar,—
> Spain calls aloud for quarter! quarter!"

The concise inscription seen on the tomb, was probably meant as an answer to this satire, and to the injurious opinion generally received respecting his character.

I returned from Toledo by way of Madrid and Saragoza. The diligence track from Toledo to Madrid was in a worse state than at the time of my arrival: a circumstance by no means surprising, since what with the wear and tear of carts and carriages, aided by that of the elements, and unopposed by human labour, it must deteriorate gradually until it becomes impassable. Since my last visit to the Museo the equestrian portrait of Charles the Fifth by Titian has been restored. It was in so degraded a condition that the lower half, containing the foreground and the horses' legs, presented scarcely a distinguishable object. It has been handled with

care and talent, and, in its present position in the centre of the gallery, it now disputes the palm with the Spasimo, and is worth the journey to Madrid, were there nothing else to be seen there. I paid another visit to the Saint Elizabeth in the Academy, and to the Museum of Natural History, contained in the upper floor of the same building. This gallery boasts the possession of an unique curiosity; the entire skeleton of a Megatherion strides over the well-furnished tables of one of the largest rooms. I believe an idea of this gigantic animal can nowhere else be formed. The head must have measured about the dimensions of an elephant's body.

From Castile into Aragon the descent is continual, and the difference of climate is easily perceptible. Vineyards here climb the mountains, and the plains abound with olive-grounds, which are literally forests, and in which the plants attain to the growth of those of Andalucia. In corresponding proportion to the improving country, complaints are heard of its population. Murders and robberies form the subject of conversations; and certain towns are selected as more especially *mal-composées*, for the head-quarters of strong bodies of *guardia civile*: without which precaution travelling would here be attended with no small peril. This state of things is attributed partly to the disorganising effects of the

recent civil war, which raged with peculiar violence in this province. The same causes have operated less strongly in the adjoining Basque provinces, from their having to act on a population of a different character,—colder, more industrious, and more pacifically disposed, and without the desperate sternness and vindictive temper of the Aragonese.

The inhabitants of this province differ in costume and appearance from the rest of the Spaniards. Immediately on setting foot on the Aragonese territory, you are struck by the view of some peasant at the road-side: his black broad-brimmed hat, — waistcoat, breeches, and stockings all of the same hue, varied only by the broad *faja*, or sash of purple, make his tall erect figure almost pass for that of a Presbyterian clergyman, cultivating his Highland garden. The natives of Aragon have not the vivacity and polished talkativeness of the Andalucian and other Spaniards; they are reserved, slow, and less prompt to engage in conversation, and often abrupt and blunt in their replies. These qualities are not, however, carried so far as to silence the continual chatter of the interior of a Spanish diligence. Spanish travelling opens the sluices of communicativeness even of an Aragonese, as it would those of the denizens of a first class vehicle of a Great Western train, were they exposed during a short time to its vicissitudes.

However philosophers may explain the phenomenon, it is certain that the talkativeness of travellers augments in an inverse ratio to their comforts. The Spaniards complain of the silence of a French diligence; while, to a Frenchman, the occupants of the luxurious corners of an English railroad conveyance, must appear to be afflicted with dumbness.

Saragoza is one of the least attractive of Spanish towns. Its situation is as flat and uninteresting as its streets are ugly and monotonous. The ancient palace of the sovereigns of Aragon is now the Ayuntamiento. It would form, in the present day, but a sorry residence for a private individual, although it presents externally a massive and imposing aspect. Its interior is almost entirely sacrificed to an immense hall, called now the Lonja. It is a Gothic room, containing two rows of pillars, supporting a groined ceiling. It is used for numerous assemblies, elections, and sometimes for the carnival balls. The ancient Cathedral of La Seu is a gothic edifice, of great beauty internally; but the natives are still prouder of the more modern church called Nuestra Señora del Pilar,—an immense building in the Italian style, erected for the accommodation of a statue of the Virgin found on the spot, standing on a pillar. This image is the object of peculiar veneration.

After leaving Saragoza you are soon in the Basque provinces. The first considerable town is Tudela in Navarre; and here we were strongly impressed with the unbusinesslike nature of the Spaniard. This people, thoroughly good-natured and indefatigable in rendering a service, when the necessity arises for application to occupations of daily routine appear to exercise less intelligence than some other nations. It is probably owing to this cause that at Madrid the anterooms of the Foreign Office, situated in the palace, are, at four in the afternoon, the scene of much novelty and animation. In a town measuring no more than a mile and a half in each direction, the inexperienced stranger usually puts off to the last day of his stay the business of procuring his passport, and he is taken by surprise on finding it to be the most busy day of all. Little did he expect that the four or five *visas* will not be obtained in less than forty-eight hours: and he pays for his place in the diligence or mail (always paid in advance) several days before. It is consequently worth while to attend in person at the Secretary of State's office, in search of one's passport, in order to witness the scene.

The hour for the delivery of these inevitable documents, coincides with the shutting up for the day of all the embassies: so that those which