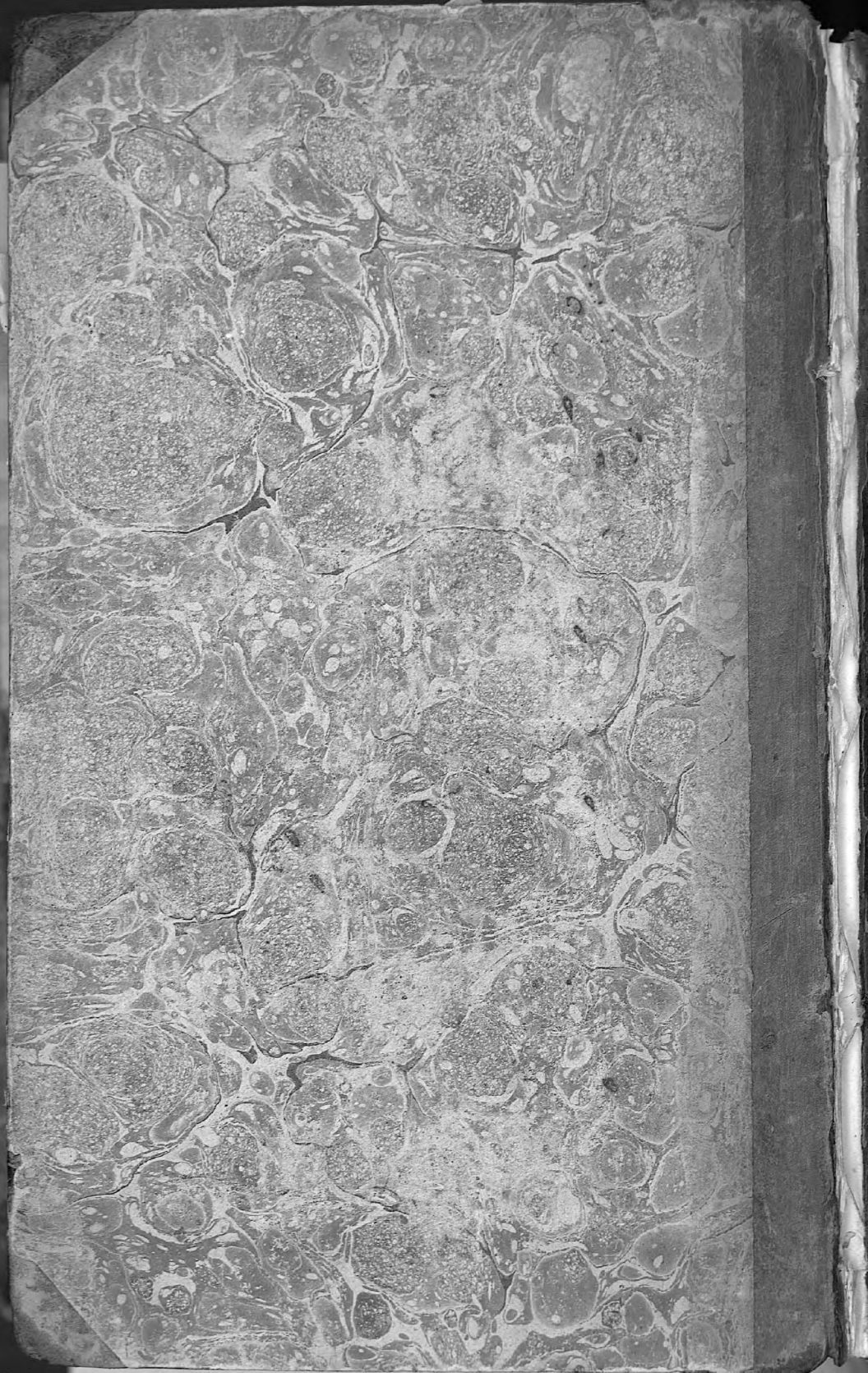




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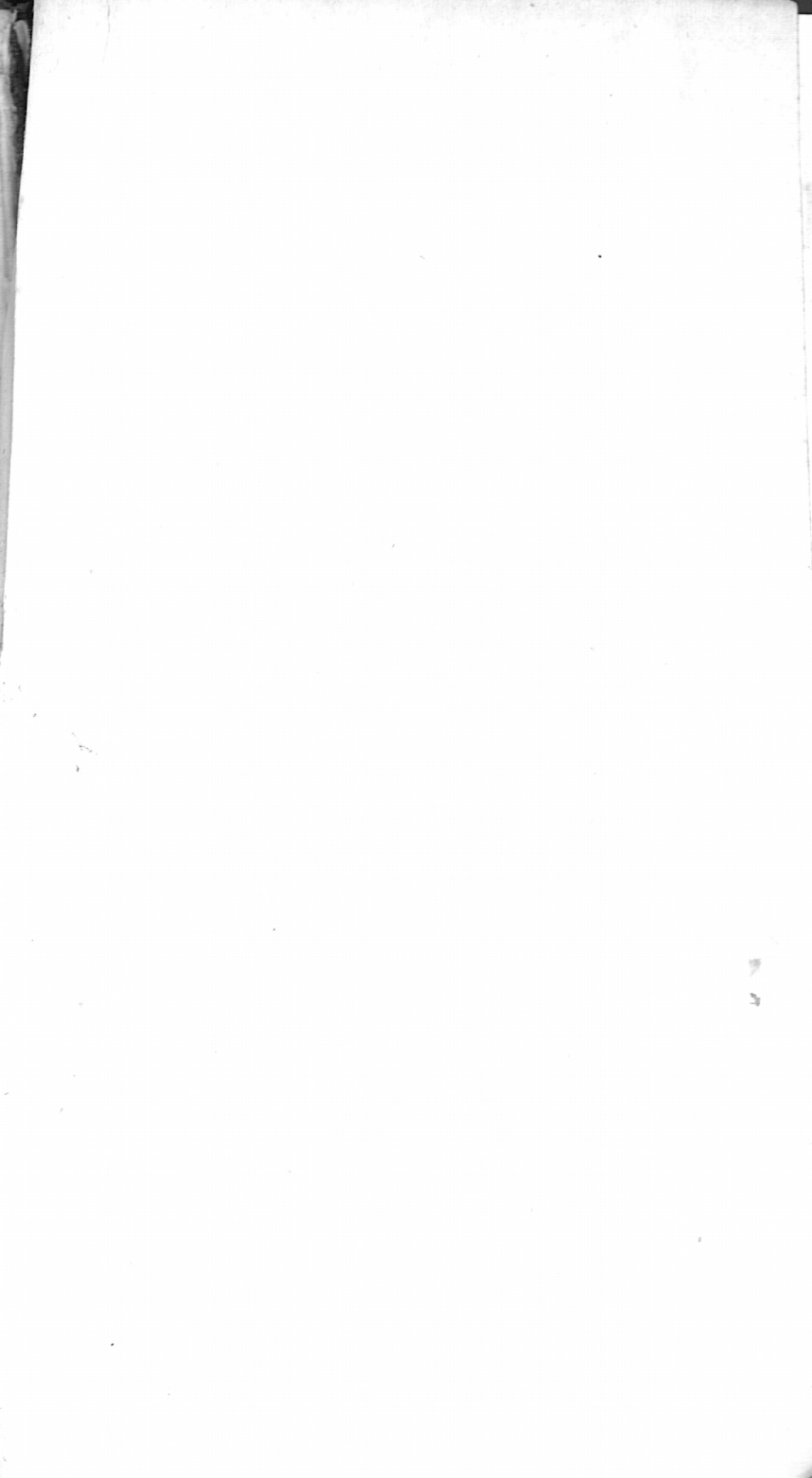
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 of  
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S P A I N:

CONTAINING  
A NEW, ACCURATE, AND COMPREHENSIVE VIEW  
OF THE  
PRESENT STATE OF THAT COUNTRY.

BY THE  
CHEVALIER DE BOURGOANNE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
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ESSAYS ON SPAIN  
O F  
M. PEYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWELVE COPPER-PLATES.

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VOLUME I.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,  
PATER-NOSTER-ROW, 1789.





# ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

THOUGH the public is already in possession of the remarks of several travellers on Spain, they none of them can make any pretensions to preclude the present work, the author of which has principally directed his inquiries to a subject which, though highly interesting, perhaps the most interesting of any that can engage the attention of a traveller, has been less attended to by former writers on this country; I mean the present state of its civil government, trade, and manufactures. The long stay of the Chevalier de Bourgoanne in Spain\* has enabled him to treat these

\* The Chevalier, we have been informed, was secretary to the French embassy at the court of Spain; and resides at present at Hamburgh, as French minister to the Circle of Lower Saxony.

vi      ADVERTISEMENT.

subjects more at large, and more accurately, than any who have preceded him; not to mention that the accounts here given, independent of their unquestionable fidelity, are much the most modern.

To render this work still more complete, an additional volume has been added, consisting of very copious extracts from the *Essays on, or Travels in, Spain*, of M. Peyron; a late work of considerable merit, which has never yet appeared in English. Such descriptions of places as had already been described in the preceding volumes, inventories of paintings, the whole, or at least the principal, of which had before been noticed, are, as may be supposed, omitted. Thus also the chapters on the inquisition, the bull-fights, and the Spanish sheep, are omitted, because they contain little more than what may be found in the work of M. de Bourgoanne. The greatest part, however, of what is most interesting and novel in the *Travels*

ADVERTISEMENT.      vii

vels of M. Peyron is retained; the account of the Alhambra and its inscriptions, in particular, will be found so full and compleat as to be no improper supplement to Mr. Swinburn's description of that noble monument of Moorish antiquity.

The translator has only to add, that, with respect to the performance of his part of what is here presented to the reader, he aspires to no other praise but that of having rendered the sense of his original with fidelity, and, he flatters himself, with perspicuity. He has indulged himself in very few liberties; but has endeavoured to give a just copy of the manner, as well as faithfully to preserve the meaning of his author.

A HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

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## P R E F A C E.

IF it is difficult, not to say impossible, for even an impartial historian always to discover the truth, to unravel the complicated details, or clearly to explain the obscure causes of the events he relates, even of those to which he has himself been a witness; how much more difficult must it be for the writer of travels sufficiently to guard against error, or combat prejudice; especially if, as is commonly the case, after hastily traversing countries entirely unknown to him, he undertakes to give a faithful account of the manners, arts, sciences, virtues, vices, and a thousand other physical and moral characteristics which distinguish a people of whose language he is, perhaps, totally ignorant, or at best has but an imperfect knowledge?

Several

Several descriptions of Spain have appeared within these few years. The Effays of M. Peyron, the Travels of Mr. Twiss, and, especially, those of Mr. Swinburn, certainly contain many interesting and accurate observations; but the author of the following work, who has resided many years in Spain, while he pays all possible respect to the abilities of these writers, thinks himself justified in asserting that no acuteness or penetration can compensate for the short stay they made in a country which can only be known by a long and intimate intercourse with the various classes of its inhabitants, and a perfect acquaintance with their language and manners.

The Spanish nation has almost constantly been treated by the generality of travellers with a severity of censure extremely displeasing to  
all

all those who possess a real knowledge of its true character. Not that the following work is to be considered as either a professed eulogium, or an apology. An eulogium is ever suspicious: we know well that many deductions are always to be made from every thing which appears under such a form: it is frequently only the exaggerated tribute of gratitude, or the mean adulation of self-interest. The author, indeed, frankly confesses that he has found it necessary to be upon his guard against the former of these motives; but the latter cannot exist, as all connexion between him and the country of which he writes has entirely ceased. As to an apology, he is well persuaded that it can never convince prejudice, and that it would be superfluous to readers of understanding, whose judgment  
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can only be influenced by indisputable facts.

The present work, therefore, is not written either indiscriminately to praise, or obstinately to defend the Spanish nation. It must not be forgotten, likewise, that it was not originally intended for the public eye, though certain reasons, which it is not necessary here to specify, have induced the writer to yield to the sollicitations of friendship. We may therefore, perhaps, rather expect to find in it impartiality and truth, as far, at least, as it was in the power of the author to discover what was truth.



J. Gory Sculp.

- 1. Isle of Pheasants.
- 2. Spanish Custom-house.
- 3. French Custom-house.

## FERRY of the BIDASSOA.

- 4. Road from St. Jean de Luz.
- 5. River Bidassoa.
- 6. First houses of the Town of Trun.



THE  
PRESENT STATE  
OF  
SPAIN.

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**I**N the year 1782, I conceived the design of making a journey into Spain, a country, concerning which, I had heard so many contradictory accounts; which formerly was of such distinguished eminence among the powers of Europe, and which still possesses considerable weight in the balance of its various states; a country with which we are but little acquainted, though well deserving to be better known.

When I passed the Bidassoa, I determined to leave my private as well as national prejudices, with all my indeterminate ideas of the people I was about to visit on the bank, and endeavoured to forget, as much as possible, every thing I had heard or read concerning Spain, so that on my arriving at Irun, the first Spanish town, my mind, with respect to all I had read or heard concerning this country, might have been compared to the *rosa tabula* of the schoolmen.

My intention is to give a plain relation, devoid of acrimony or enthusiasm, of every thing of which I still preserve the impression. Instead of taking post-horses from Bayonne to Orogne, which is five leagues distant from the former, and two from the frontiers, I exchanged my carriage, as most travellers do, for a vehicle not very elegant, called, by the Spaniards, *Coche de Colleras*, and which, till we are used to it, excites many alarming apprehensions. This carriage is rather strong than commodious, and drawn by six mules, to which the  
voice

voice of the conductors serves either as a spur or bridle. On seeing them fastened to each other as well as to the shafts, with simple cords, and their straggling manner of going, as if without any kind of guidance, in the crooked, uneven, and frequently unbeaten roads of Spain, the traveller imagines himself entirely abandoned to the care of Providence; but on the appearance of the least danger, a single word from the chief muleteer, who is called *Mayoral*, is sufficient to govern and direct these docile animals. If their ardor abates, the *Zagal*, who is his postillion, jumps from the shafts, where he is stationed as a sentinel, animates them with his voice and whip, runs for some time by their side, and then returns to his post, where he remains until called forth by the same or some similar circumstance to repeat his services. This vigilance of the two conductors soon relieves the traveller from his fears, who, notwithstanding, remains astonished that more accidents do not happen from so awkward a manner of travelling. He reconciles

himself, however, more easily to this than to the Spanish inns. Their inconveniences have, perhaps, been exaggerated, as it generally happens when ill-humour guides the pen; but the truth is, that they are in general without any good accommodation; travellers are badly lodged and served; and those who wish for a tolerable repast, must themselves solicit the aid of the butcher, baker, and grocer. In this respect, however, there has, within these few years, been a change for the better. I have met with some tolerable inns, especially in the principal cities. The present minister, who extends his beneficent attention to every thing which can benefit the kingdom, is at this moment forming a plan for the improvement of inns in general, and its completion is impatiently expected. To carry such a plan into effect, will be more difficult in Spain than in any other nation, because the abuses to be reformed proceed from the manners, customs, prejudices, and, in some measure, from the constitution of the country. These obstacles

cles are not of such a magnitude as to abate the zeal of the Count de Florida Blanca; they will only render his success more honourable. The execution of his plan was for some years retarded by the war, but he now means to consecrate the leisure and savings of peace to the accomplishment of his purpose.

These few remarks upon inns will certainly be sufficient. I will not fatigue the reader with observations upon so beaten a subject.

I was familiarized to my perilous equipage by the time I arrived at the frontier of the two kingdoms. The boundary of these is the Bidassoa, a river famous in the political history of Louis XIV. from the island which it forms at a small distance to the right of the place where the river is passed, and called the Island of Pheasants. The important interview between Cardinal Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, occasioned it to receive the name of the Island of Conference. It is not a



quarter of a league in circumference, is entirely uninhabited, and almost barren; it owes its fame, like many persons of moderate talents, to a fortunate circumstance.

As soon as the traveller has passed this island, he finds himself in Spain. Some of my enthusiastic countrymen will tell you, that the moment they set their feet on the other side of the river, the horizon and soil are changed; that they breathe another air, and feel the influence of a foreign climate. Forgive them the idle fancy; Nature, which sports with our geographical divisions, when they are marked by great rivers, or even by arms of the sea, preserves, notwithstanding the change of denomination, a striking similitude between the two opposite banks; it would be the same thing to her did the rivulet of Bidassoa divide the meadow of a private individual. The banks resemble each other; if the traveller remove from them a few leagues on either side, he will, whether he be a Frenchman or not, prefer the district which  
leads

leads him from Bayonne to that which conducts him to it. The difference also between the last roads of France and those at the entrance of Spain, is in favour of the latter. The roads of Biscay may be said to be among the finest in Europe. Few countries laboured, in this respect, under greater difficulties. Biscay, which joins the Pyrenees, seems to be an extensive continuation of these mountains to the borders of Castile. In tracing a road there were considerable descents to diminish, precipices to avoid, and high summits to turn with address. Such ground required all the art which can be displayed in the construction of roads. The three provinces (*Guipuscoa, Vizcaya, and Alava*) of which Biscay is composed, and which, with respect to their private concerns, form three distinct little states, joined their efforts to accomplish this end, as is usual with them when their common interest is in question: Nature has not been prodigal to them in her gifts. Guipuscoa, and Vizcaya are unprovided with corn, and are supplied with it by

Alava, which with that only resource is almost as well peopled as the other two. The three provinces of Biscay are the asylum of liberty and industry, and this is the great cause of their common prosperity; for what miracles may not be wrought by these two sisters who usually go hand in hand? In crossing Biscay, we perceive that their presence has given animation to every object; nothing can be more delightful than the hills; nothing more chearful than the cultivated valleys. For thirty leagues, the distance between the Bidassoa and Vittoria, not a quarter of an hour passes but the traveller discovers some village or hamlet. The towns of Villafranca, Villareal and Mondragon; have the air of independence and plenty. What a difference in the aspect of this country and that of the neighbouring province! I am far from wishing to throw ridicule on the Castilians, whose virtues I esteem; but they are silent and melancholy; they bear in their austere and fallow visages the marks of lassitude and poverty. The Biscayans have  
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a different complexion, and quite another air of countenance and character. Free, lively, and hospitable; they seem to enjoy their happiness, and wish to communicate it to those who come among them. I shall long remember what happened to us at Villafranca. We arrived there early, the weather was fine, and we wandered on the outside of the town, amusing ourselves with observing the varieties of its cultivation. Several groups of peasants in different parts of the orchards engaged our attention; we also excited theirs. A moment of mutual curiosity caused us to approach each other. My travelling companion spoke Spanish with great facility; he knew, as well as myself, that that language bore no resemblance to that of the Biscayans; but we could not imagine that in a province so long subjected to Spain, the language of the sovereign was unknown: and that it was necessary to have recourse to the primitive tongue. We gave these good people to understand that we wished to taste their fruit. They immediately strove who should be the first