

painter knew how to give to his figures, with that vigour and correctness of design to which he sometimes sacrificed the graces.

The cathedral is almost opposite one of the three bridges which cross the Arlançon. On the other side this bridge in a suburb, is to be found a miraculous image, which is better known, and attracts more curiosity than the picture of Michael Angelo. It is preserved in an obscure chapel, crowded with *ex votis* and silver lamps. Strangers are introduced with a mysterious pomp, which has something imposing in it, even to people not superstitiously inclined. The venerable crucifix is concealed behind three curtains, which are drawn aside one after another with an affected slowness and solemnity, which still adds to the religious effect. The vulgar believe that the beard of the image still grows: devotees ascribe several miracles to it; but unprejudiced eyes see nothing extraordinary about it.

Burgos is the birth-place of two celebrated captains, whose fame is not confined to Spain, Ferdinand Gonzales and the *Cid Campeador*. In the time of Charles the fifth, a triumphal arch of very good taste was erected in memory of the former; and latterly Burgos has paid the same tribute to the *Cid*, by raising a monument upon the spot where his house is supposed to have stood. The Spaniards deserve admiration for the honor they do to the memory of their heroes, of whom

they speak with the same reverence that a ruined nation does of its ancient opulence ; perhaps we may rather say of the Spaniards, that they mention their ancestors with that tone of ardor which proves, that the sentiment of what is grand and beautiful, although it may have disappeared for a long interval, is not yet extinguished among them, and that they only wait for occasion to celebrate its renovation.

The New Square of Burgos, surrounded by uniform houses, but small and paltry in their appearance, deserves to be mentioned, only because they have placed a pedestrian statue of Charles III. in bronze in the centre : it is badly designed, and worse executed. We should not remark it on this account, were it not almost the only monument of the kind in Spain. The Spaniards, devoted as they are in general to their Sovereigns, have been less prodigal of this kind of homage than most other nations.

If the interior of Burgos creates unpleasant ideas in the mind of the traveller, its environs at least are embellished and fertilized by the waters of the Arlançon. This river meanders through luxuriant meadows, and it has to boast of three very fine stone bridges within half a league of each other ; it washes the walls of two remarkable edifices, situated lower down than the city : one of them is the monastery of *Las Huelgas*, a convent for ladies, whose abbess has

considerable privileges, and a jurisdiction resembling that of a petty sovereign; the other is the *Hospital del Rey*, remarkable for its neatness and the healthiness of its situation. The Spaniards may give lessons to the most polished nations by these monuments of charity. A cruel prejudice has not yet taught them to fear that the wretched will ever look with repugnance at an asylum opening its gates to alleviate their sufferings.

There is also near Burgos an edifice worthy of the curiosity of the traveller; it is the *Chartreuse de Miraflores*, where King John II, and his Queen have tombs erected to them, magnificent at least from their materials, and where there are some pictures remarkable for their gaudy colouring.

In the environs of Burgos there are plenty of trees as ornaments for its avenues and promenades; but there is a great scarcity of fuel in this country, which is besides one of the coldest in Spain; a scarcity severely felt in almost all the interior part of the kingdom. It began to attract the attention of government in 1753. An ordonnance of the Council of Castile enjoined each inhabitant of the country to plant five trees, but the execution of the order was intrusted to men without intelligence. It seemed as if surrounded by penal enactments, yet the object of the government was not obtained. In some places malice, in others prejudice, particularly throughout Old Castile, dictated an

insinuation that the trees attracted birds and other destroyers of grain ; in many places improper attempts rendered the measure inefficacious ; here trees which began to succeed were cut down by the passengers, while in other districts they were transplanted from a soil in which they flourished to another where they perished for want of care ; almost every where the ordonnance was neglected. At length, towards the latter end of the reign of Charles III, recourse was had to the most efficacious of measures, that of example: the King himself, in the environs of Madrid and at his palaces ; the Infanta Don Gabriel, in his grand priory of Malta ; many grandees of Spain, and rich individuals, in what they call their estates ; some patriotic societies, prelates, and even *Curés* ; all were animated by that public spirit which enjoys by anticipation those benefits of which we lay the foundation without being able to profit by them ourselves ; all exclaimed, like the old man in La Fontaine : “ *Our great-grand-children will be indebted to us for this shade.*” They proceeded to rear plantations upon a better scale, out of the reach of the devastations of passengers, and particularly of animals ; and already do a few orchards and clumps of trees interrupt the monotony of the horizon, enlivening with a little verdure the parched and naked soil of La Mancha and the two Castiles.

The Arlançon is once more met with, after

leaving Burgos, nor is it lost sight of until we come to Villadrigo, a miserable village, although agreeably situated upon the right bank, at the bottom of a vast plain, upon which some wretched vineyards are scattered. We afterwards arrive at the Pisuerga, another small river which flows from north to south, the waters of which were meant to be incorporated with the canal of Castile, projected and commenced under Ferdinand VI, and afterwards almost entirely abandoned, to the great prejudice of Old Castile, to which it was of importance for the carriage and increase of its produce. It was to have commenced at Segovia, coasted along the Eresma, which flows into the Douro, and then northwards towards Reynosa, receiving the waters of the rivulets upon its route. It is only 20 leagues from Reynosa to the port of Saint-Andero. A fine road was made here, which would have facilitated the improvements intended for Old Castile, but which will be in ruins ere the canal be finished. In 1792 the grand road upon which I travelled from Irun terminated at the village of Estepar; it has since been carried several leagues beyond Valladolid.

On the banks of the Pisuerga, and after having passed two rugged mountains, the bases of which are washed by this river, we find Quintana de la Puente, near a stone bridge with 18 arches; afterwards Torquemada, one of the dirtiest and

most miserable places in Spain; at the entrance into which we again pass the Pisuerga upon another bridge of 26 arches, very solid, and recently in a great measure rebuilt; we then see the village of Magaz, near which the Arlanza joins the Arlançon; a little further on, at the approach of the Dueñas, these two rivers are united to the Pisuerga, and then to the Carrion. It is the junction of these four rivers which, under the continued name of Pisuerga, skirts Valladolid, before falling into the Douro or Duero. Were it not for the banks of the Pisuerga, marked here and there by clumps of trees, there would be few landscapes more dismal or more monotonous than the route between Villadrigo and Dueñas. Before we ascend the eminence upon which this last town is situated, we remark on the left a large convent of Benedictines, called San Isidro, in front of which is a new road begun in 1784 by the intendant of Palencia, and one of the best perhaps in Europe.

This road, undertaken when the project was scarcely entered upon of rendering the grand route of France practicable, was constructed at the expence of the neighbouring communes, and may serve as a model to other countries. It proves, as M. Turgot had formerly done in Limousin, that an intendant may, in some circumstances, be extremely useful. I shall add

that it also proves, perhaps, that a superintendant, continued for some time in office, is better able than any temporary administrator, however well chosen, to carry into execution plans of a certain extent, and to bring into action that activity, and that desire of approbation, which alone can secure success, and even to exercise that economy which will admit of multiplying useful enterprizes.

Palencia is indebted for other embellishments, and for other ameliorations, to the cares of the intendant of the province, aided by the chapter of the diocese. Situated in the centre of a country renowned for its fertility (*la Tierra de Campos*), like many other provinces, it has greatly fallen from its ancient splendor, and is now only remarkable by the dirtiness of its streets, the magnificence of its cathedral, and its manufactures of woollen coverlets, flannels and serges, which are in full activity.

Dueñas, which is only two leagues from Palencia, although agreeably situated, is nevertheless one of the most remarkable places in this route for its dirty and gloomy appearance. Some years ago it could boast of an inn which travellers delighted to cite as an exception from the general rule: that which the diligence stops at is, on the contrary, one of the most inconvenient in Spain. Dueñas, however, is not without some appearance of industry. Besides other articles, they manu-

facture here a species of wine tuns, which are the only casks used in the country.

After having descended the hills of Dueñas, we traverse the most naked and uninteresting country in the world, until we come within sight of Valladolid. The steeples of this city are discovered on leaving Cabezon, and its large stone bridge. On this side Valladolid appears to advantage, having an avenue of approach half a league in length, which has cross walks, and serves as a promenade.

In 1777, the first time I saw this city, I was disgusted with the filthiness which every where appeared, by which all the senses were in turn attacked. Eight years afterwards I was less so, and in 1792 I found Valladolid, not only much cleaner, but greatly embellished. They have lately formed some agreeable plantations along the Pisuerga, upon the square called the *Campo Grande*, situated at one of the extremities of this city, remarkable for its immense size, and the thirteen churches which may be reckoned within its walls.

Valladolid has another very regular square, with three rows of balconies, where it is asserted that 24,000 persons may be seated. I judged of its capaciousness when, travelling for the first time in Spain, I arrived at Valladolid precisely at the moment when they were celebrating a bull fight, an event which occurs only

once in three years. An amateur could not have been more fortunate. I was struck with the prodigious concourse of the curious which this *fête* attracted from several leagues around. The celebrated *Torreador Pepehillo*, whom I afterwards met with so often, had been sent for on purpose from Madrid. He did homage to the ambassador whom I accompanied by immolating several bulls, a respect commonly paid to persons of quality; each of these bloody tributes was a signal for several pieces of gold being thrown from the box of the *corregidor* in which we were seated upon the theatre of *Pepehillo's* exploits; he had certainly no need of this encouragement, for I never saw him more adroit or more fortunate.* Every thing in this scene, which lasted nearly three hours, the spectacle, the kind of reception we experienced, the dress, the manners, and the language, all was new to us. At the end of the *fête*, the lodge of the *corregidor* was transformed into a hall *de refresco*. Glasses of water, chocolate, and sweetmeats of all sorts and colours were handed about; we were at a loss how to avoid the obliging importunities with which we were overwhelmed; and gestures rather than language expressed our gratitude.

* He perished, however, in 1802, having been literally torn in pieces by a bull which was destined to fall a victim to his dexterity.

This exhibition gave us a strong idea of the affability of the Castilians, and of their taste for delicacies.

Valladolid, among other remarkable churches, has that of the Dominicans, and of Saint Benedict, which have to boast of the kind of beauty peculiar to almost all the sacred edifices in Spain; that is to say, they are spacious, and filled with altars surcharged with decorations and gilding; they besides contain some tombs of white marble, sculptured with admirable care. The works of sculpture, whether in wood or marble, in groups or in bas-relief, may be referred to the era of the restoration of the arts in Spain, an age which produced Juan de Juni, Berraguete, Becerro, and other artists little known beyond the Peninsula, but who would have done honour to more enlightened times. The new cathedral of Valladolid is described by the Abbé Pons as a splendid monument. I saw nothing in it but a mass of brown dirty-coloured stones, a doric order of the worst kind, which reigns in pilasters around the nave, a high wall which forms the back of the choir, and conceals from those who enter it the view of the rest of the church. The good Abbé, who travelled in the character of an amateur artist, frequently lavishes eulogium and criticism upon objects undeserving of both.

Valladolid is one of the most considerable cities in Spain; it is the residence of a bishop, the seat

of an university, of a patriotic society, of one of the seven great colleges of the kingdom, and of one of the supreme tribunals which are called *Cancilleria*; and notwithstanding this it does not contain more than 20,000 inhabitants. In the time of Charles the Fifth they amounted to 100,000. There were to be found in it all the necessaries of life, besides an active industry and commerce; but indolence, and the enormous multiplication of priests and monks have made all these advantages disappear. The court which was sometimes fixed there, having been finally established at Madrid under the reign of Phillip III, carried in its train all the opulent families. On every side were to be seen houses abandoned by their inhabitants, and mouldering into ruins; nothing now remains of its former opulence but a prodigious number of sacred edifices. Out of the town, in spite of the fertility of a country adapted for every kind of culture, and abounding in rivers, all is nakedness and misery: within the city, the same baneful want of industry is observable. The only manufactures which have an appearance of success, are those of woollen cloths. The goldsmiths and jewellers have acquired renown, and they deserved it; there are still a great number of them in one of the most frequented places of the city, but these are not above mediocrity.

It has been attempted within these few years

to rouse Valladolid from the state of lethargy into which it has fallen. A school for drawing, and an academy of mathematics were established; several of the streets were improved by the establishment of a police; its environs by promenades and by plantations of chesnut trees. On coming out of *Campo Grande* where new alleys have been lately planted, there are two leagues of excellent road towards Madrid, and eight towards Palencia, through a naked country; for the scarcity of wood which forced Philip III to abandon Valladolid, has even increased since his time.

The admirers of the fine arts go a league out of this city to the convent of Fuensaldagne to see three pictures by Rubens, which may be compared on account of the freshness of their colours with any thing he ever produced. Simancas, which is still the principal depot of the archives of the monarchy, is only two leagues from Valladolid.

Madder is successfully cultivated in a part of its environs, as well as in the provinces of Burgos and of Segovia, in the Asturias, Andalusia, Arragon and Catalonia. This plant, which is well known to be peculiarly adapted to the climate of Spain, did not attract the attention of government until 1742. Its culture, in which considerable progress has been already made, produces to Spain a saving of ten millions of reals, which she for-

merly paid to the Dutch. The madder of Spain is better and cheaper than that of any other country. Foreigners begin to appreciate its value; and even during the American war the English brought it from *Medina del Campo*, and from *Ciudad Rodrigo*, by the ports of Portugal. This new branch of industry is so much the more valuable, as the indigo manufactures are daily increasing in several parts of Spain: and in order to encourage the [cultivation of madder in the year 1782, a tax of forty-two reals on each quintal of foreign madder was imposed.

That part of Castile which lies on the right in going from Burgos to Segovia, is a deserted country, and rarely visited by the modern traveller; it contains, however, two cities which deserve a particular mention, were it only for the sake of contrasting their present state with their past prosperity.

Medina de Rio Seco, formerly celebrated by its manufactures, is reduced from a population of about thirty thousand souls to fourteen hundred houses. Its fairs were such a source of opulence, that the Spaniards surnamed it *Indian Chica*, the Little Indies. Nothing now remains but the ruins of its castle, which was strongly, but unsuccessfully, besieged by Henri de Transtamare, in his war against the king, Don Pedro.

A more poignant subject of regret is to be found in another city of the same name, Medina del Campo. Formerly the residence of several monarchs, the theatre of great events, and of very extensive commerce, peopled with sixty or seventy thousand souls, it cannot now boast of above a thousand houses. Its celebrated fairs, its commerce in bills of exchange, its great depôt for the cloths of Segovia, the beauty of its edifices, the neatness of its streets; all these have ceased to exist, except in the annals of history. That which the ravages of accumulated ages, joined to the calamities of those long and terrible wars which overturn whole empires, has scarcely produced upon ancient cities which have enjoyed some renown; two centuries of idleness and of bad administration have effected upon Medina del Campo, and some other cities in Spain. Time seems to have flown with tenfold rapidity over them; and from the depth of the tomb, in which they are as it were swallowed up, we almost believe their splendor to have been contemporary with that of Persepolis and Palmyra. An example, unique perhaps in the history of Europe!—a subject worthy the profound cogitations of her philosophers.

Next to the churches, which the opulent and the slothful so largely contribute to keep in repair, the finest edifice of Medina del Campo is the Shambles. Philip the Third, whose extrava-

gant enterprises contributed so much to the degeneration of Spain, has left this city at least a monument of his good will.

The two Medinas bring us in contact with the kingdom of Leon, of which we shall say a few words before resuming the route to Segovia.

This country is one of the most parched and desert belonging to Spain. Upon the road from Palencia to Leon, its capital, we meet with the canal of Campos, commenced under the administration of Ensenada, and destined to reanimate Castile and the kingdom of Leon; as yet there are but twelve leagues completed, and that in two separate places of six leagues each in extent. It was intended to flow into the Douro by Palencia and Dueñas; but it was interrupted for a long time, resumed by the minister Florida Blanca, and once more abandoned for enterprises of more magnitude indeed, but perhaps less useful. It is not by such oscillations in national improvements that the regeneration of an empire is effected.

Leon, a city pleasantly situated, important also when the kingdom bearing its name was united to the crown of Castile, has not a population exceeding fifteen hundred inhabitants, for which there are thirteen churches and nine convents. Its environs are fertile, however, and embellished with plantations. It has some cloth manufactories, which have not full employment

throughout the year, and even of these a part has lately fallen into decay.

Salamanca, the second city in the kingdom of Leon, deserves more particularly to be mentioned.

Attracted by the reputation of this city, so famous in romances, and in the history of Spanish literature, I visited it during my first residence in Spain. The court was then at St. Ildefonso, a distance of twenty-seven leagues from Salamanca.

Although the Spaniards themselves, and particularly the Abbé Pons, complain of the depopulation of this part of Spain, I did not perceive it in my journey. I remarked, for instance, that in the environs of Arevalo we could discover twelve villages from one point of view. All this district, although naked and poor, is yet fertile, and even well cultivated, because the estates and farms are not so extensive here as in several other provinces of Spain.

After having passed Segovia, of which we shall presently speak, I arrived at Santa Maria de Nieva, a village of six hundred houses, possessing the singular privilege of having a bull fight every year, which attracts all the amateurs in its vicinity.

From the eminence on which it is placed we discover a fine country, if we can say so much of a vast district which has neither running waters, verdure, nor country houses; and which

only presents the dismally uniform aspect of immense fields of wheat.

After passing a fir wood, the country again becomes naked and perfectly uniform. In spite of its aridity, it is extremely well cultivated to the gates of Arevalo, a town which must have been formerly a very considerable city. Its massive gate leads to a bridge, the solidity of which may brave the ravages of torrents, and almost those of time. This double monument does not seem undeserving of one of those pompous inscriptions of which the Spaniards are so lavish. It informs the traveller, that the communes for thirty leagues around contributed towards its erection. In the interior of Arevalo is seen, with a surprise mixed with disgust, remains of antique columns, upon which miserable barracks and half rotten balconies are supported. The clergy alone preserve their riches in the midst of the poverty which surrounds them.

From Arevalo to Peñaranda, the country abounds with fertile and well cultivated plains. Their inhabitants, however, are not the less free from indigence: reduced, like the greater part of the population in the interior of Spain, to the enjoyments of pure necessity, they disdain those of convenience. Deprived of all communication with strangers, and of objects of comparison, they seem to have neither the desire nor the knowledge of the comforts of life. It never

occurs to them to ornament their estates. A garden of potherbs is to them an object of luxury, which their parsimony denies. Indolence subjects them to privations, and habituation to privations encourages indolence in its turn; and in this state they must remain until roads, bridges, canals, and the more easy means of carriage, have made them acquainted with the advantages of commerce. Travellers, who judge of the Spaniards from such specimens as these, ought to be excused for treating them a little harshly.

We are reconciled to this country on entering Peñaranda, a pretty little town, consisting of about one thousand houses. It contains also some architectural ruins, which prove that it was formerly more considerable.

Its inhabitants have great confidence in a miraculous image of the Virgin. Without its assistance they are convinced they must frequently have fallen into serious misfortunes. Happy illusions, which modern philosophy has the cruelty to turn into ridicule, and which it is, perhaps, necessary to keep up for the consolation of the poor, even where vigilant and enlightened authority retains the means of suppressing the abuses of superstition! These illusions are certainly innocent; they are even valuable, had they no other effect than that of nourishing in the breast of the unfortunate, sentiments of patience or of hope!—the inhabitants of Peñaranda, like those of most of the

Spanish provinces, seemed to me to stand in need of these two resources. They are loaded with taxes: they gain with much toil the little they possess, and their distress stifles their industry. Their landlords, who are sometimes even ignorant of the geographical situation of their estates, by abandoning the management of them to stewards, treasurers, and alcaldes, not unfrequently draw upon themselves the execration of those beings, who perhaps would bless them if they saw their real superiors residing among them.

I shall not quit Peñaranda without saying that its inn is perhaps the neatest and the most commodious I have seen in Spain. Contrary to the usage of the country I found the landlord complaisant, and he was willing to furnish me with some provisions.

I afterwards traversed a district where they assured me there were herds of cows, the male calves of which were destitute of horns. The fact at that time appeared absurd. I began to believe it, however, when I learnt that in our own days Dr. Johnson, in returning from the Hebrides, found some oxen without horns, near Auchinleck in Scotland. I have also learnt that there are whole breeds of them in Norway between Christiana and Frederickshall; that they also exist in England; and I even saw in a field near Altona, a bull of one of these breeds, which assuredly did not seem to have been of a degene-

rated breed, as some travellers suppose, who have met with similar animals.* We may even presume that the ancients were aware of this singularity, since Tacitus says, in speaking of the Germans: *Ne armentis quidem suus honos aut gloria frontis.*

Whatever may be the truth respecting the existence of these animals without horns near Peñaranda, I learned that the labourers there had at least some means of acquiring competence; I found that the greatest part of the cows were farmed out to them upon the simple condition of giving the proprietor the fourth or thereabouts of the crop, taking the whole expence of cultivation upon themselves. It is consolatory to meet with this valuable class of men sometimes, profiting by the disinterestedness, if not by the carelessness of their landlords; but these examples are as rare in Spain as in any other country.

From Peñaranda, after having passed Ventosa, a miserable village upon an eminence, I arrived at the town of Huerta, where I observed for the first time, a custom which is in many respects worthy of imitation. I found affixed to the door of the inn a placard, in which the Alcalde prescribes to

* In the spring of 1800, I found near Altona, several descendants of this bull provided with horns, although their progenitor never had any; a phenomenon which is certainly not new.

the hostess the manner in which she is to treat strangers, with the price she may charge for their lodging, entertainment of their cattle, &c. Thus far there is nothing unreasonable; but the foresight of the placard proceeds to forbid the landlady to "*keep pigs or poultry, to allow any forbidden games to be played, and to receive armed men and women of a loose description.*" From such restrictions as these, which without benefiting morality destroy every comfort and convenience, Spain will long have to regret the want of good inns; while those of a contrary description must banish the distinguished traveller, however, in other respects, the country may be inviting.

On leaving Huerta, the towers of Salamanca are distinctly seen. At a certain distance, the position of this city upon the banks of the Tormès, is very picturesque; and if the country was less naked, it would resemble that around Tours. For one half of the road I traversed one of these waste pasturages, known by the name of *Valdios*, which are but too common in Spain, but not covered with that brilliant verdure which forms the finest ornaments of the fields. A large herd of bulls, all horned, were feeding in this meadow. I was then in one of the districts which supply the *arenæ* of Valladolid and Madrid. After having frequently witnessed their bloody conflicts, it was not without emotion I saw myself

surrounded by these courageous animals; but they were at liberty; they were not provoked, and they seemed to have laid aside their cruel ferocity. Nature has formed but very few of her creatures to be wicked. Some become so, when they have received her commands to feed or to defend themselves. Do men always wait for these powerful motives, ere they delight in seeing the agonies of an irritated bull, or the fury of the tiger?

On entering Salamanca, dirty, narrow, and ill-peopled streets would bespeak it to be one of the most gloomy cities of Europe; and it will easily be believed that its population, formerly numerous, is reduced to two thousand eight hundred houses; but we are greatly surprised upon arriving at its modern square, equally remarkable for the neatness and regularity of its architecture. It is adorned with three rows of balconies, which follow each other without interruption. Ninety arcades form its foot-pavement. In the intervals between the arches are placed medallions of the most illustrious persons Spain has to boast of. On one side is to be seen all the kings of Castile, up to the reign of Charles III.; on the other, those of the best known Spanish heroes, as Bernard del Carpio Gonsalvo de Cordova, and Ferdinand Cortez. The niches on the eastern side are still empty. Will these be soon filled?

The cathedral of Salamanca, although con-

temporary with the age of Leo X., is in bad taste; the boldness of its nave, however, and the finish of its Gothic ornaments, make it one of the most remarkable edifices in Spain. When we know that Salamanca, besides this cathedral, has twenty-seven parish churches, twenty-five convents for men, and fourteen for ladies, we need not be astonished at its poverty or depopulation.

Until the reign of Philip the Third the reputation of the university attracted students, not only from all parts of Spain and Portugal, but also from France, Italy, England, and Spanish America. This celebrity has a little declined, although, according to the last form which was given to it by the Council of Castile, the university of Salamanca has still sixty-one professorships, and a college for the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages; and although it has to boast of some eminent professors, who are occupied in pursuing, into its most mystical labyrinths, the pretended philosophy of Aristotle.

Another establishment, more modern than the university of Salamanca, and more celebrated in our days, is that of the Great Colleges, or *Colegios Mayores*. There are in Spain seven houses of education which bear this name, and Salamanca alone contains four of them.

These edifices are at least astonishing from their mass. The most ancient, that of St. Bartholo-

mew, has been recently rebuilt; its façade and principal court deserve the attention of the connoisseur.

It contains a rich library of manuscripts. Several eminent scholars have issued from it; such as Alphonso Tostado,* whose immense erudition and prodigious fertility of genius, still serve as a proverb among the modern Spaniards.

In the midst of the crowd of sacred edifices which Salamanca contains, I was recommended to visit the church of the Dominicans, the façade of the Augustins, and the church of San Marcos.

In the first I remarked a Gothic façade, wrought with much care, a vast nave, and chapels richly decorated; but I sought in vain for the beautiful pictures which had been so highly extolled. The roof of the choir is painted in fresco by Palomino, who, in writing the lives of the Spanish painters, has given lectures on the fine arts. It appears that, at Salamanca at least, he has not added example to precept.

Instead of chef-d'œuvres in painting, I was shewn an immense magazine of relics. They pathetically invited me to touch them with my rosary, but I was not provided with this characteristic of Spanish catholicism. It was necessary to make up for the want of it, however, by at

* When it is intended to give an idea of the fertility of a writer, they say in Spanish, *Ha escrito mas que el Tostado*: "He has written more than Tostado."

least paying the tribute of respect, of which an example was given me by all present, and which it would have been, perhaps, dangerous to refuse: I mean bending the knee before these venerated objects.

I shall not enumerate all the sacred treasures which were passed in review before me. I cannot omit mentioning, however, the Bible of the famous anti-pope Benedict XIII., who was born in Spain, and deposed by the Council of Constance. "I beseech you," said our conductor, "do not confound him with a pope of the same name, who belonged to the order of the Dominicans, and who was the true pope." Thus it is with all countries and conditions: like Moliere, they say: *Vous êtes Orfevre. M. Josse.*

I saw nothing remarkable in the gate of the Augustins, but the ornaments with which it is loaded. It faces a castle or palace of the Duke of Alva, part of whose estates is situated in the neighbourhood of Salamanca. These *estates* and *castles* seem to feel the continual absence of their lords; a reflection which a tour in Spain will suggest at every step. While the opulent proprietors do not enliven their domains, at least by their occasional presence, the patriotic societies, the establishment of manufactures, the encouragements to draining, and a thousand other salutary measures will only be vain palliatives of the evils which have been for

two centuries undermining the Spanish monarchy. It is, perhaps, one of the inconveniences of a monarchical form of government, when the sovereign has more vain-glory than true wisdom. He draws around him, by lavishing his favours, all those who can add to the splendor of his throne, or who might endanger his security by the exercise of their power, or the display of their luxury, at a distance from the court. His vanity prompts him to wish that they should only shine for him, and through him. His jealousy trembles lest they should exhibit their splendor out of the royal presence. Such was the system of Richelieu. Such has been that of the kings of Spain since the days of Charles the fifth. They have gained the stability of their own power at the expence of the prosperity of their country.

The third church, of which so much has been said, is the old college of the Jesuits, now given to a fraternity of regular canons, under the name of the church of *San Marcos*. It has nothing remarkable, except a magnificent portico of the Corinthian order. The old seminary of the Jesuits was devoted, in 1778, to the education of thirty young ecclesiastics. The ceremony of their admission has been represented in a fine picture by Bayeux, one of the most eminent pupils of Mengs.

Before quitting Salamanca, an ancient Roman bridge of twenty-seven arches is worthy of inspec-

tion, over which, at an outlet of the city, the traveller must pass the small river Tormès.

Seven or eight leagues to the northward of Salamanca, and upon the right bank of the Douro, is Zamora, which, although situated in the old kingdom of Leon, has been for a long time the seat of the military government of old Castile; it is not however the more opulent on that account.

Fifteen or eighteen leagues to the south-east of Salamanca, and not far from the Douro, is a walled town, formerly flourishing, situated in a country adapted to every kind of culture, but at present poor, depopulated, and without industry. Roads almost impassable on every side, vestiges of many destroyed villages, the worst inns in Spain, are objects the traveller must expect on approaching Ciudad-Rodrigo.

I presume I have now said enough upon the ancient kingdom of Leon, to prevent any person from undertaking a journey to it. Let us return to the route from Burgos to Segovia.

Eight leagues of a sandy waste separate Valladolid from Oviedo. In this route there is no verdure, except a dismal forest of pines and some brushwood. Half way we pass through Valdestillas, a town with two hundred inhabitants. I lodged there, in 1792, with a farmer, whose vanity and consequence would have made him an excellent character in a comedy. His nobility, he

told me, was incontestible. He shewed me the proof contained in a kind of brevêt, which his grandfather, transplanted from Biscay into this place, had obtained from the chancery of Valladolid; for these tribunals have, among other functions, the right of pronouncing upon the validity of titles of nobility, and to expedite in consequence a certificate, which is called *executoria*. There is even in each of them a chamber allotted solely to this description of business, and which for that reason is called *sala de hijos dalgo* (literally, "son of something"); an expression corrupted into *hidalgo*, which in Spanish is equivalent to *noble*. My illustrious host did not omit to tell me that there were at Valdestillas, twenty inhabitants, *hidalgos* like himself, but who *had not their papers so well in order*. He did not scruple, however, to entertain me with an account of the revenues of *his master's* estate, which, like many others in the same neighbourhood produced wine in abundance. A *nobleman*, who owns any other *master* than the King! it is so, however, in Spain, as well in other countries; vanity reconciles itself extremely well with meanness. No other circumstance than the above could have induced me to mention the name of Valdestillas.

Olmedo is situated upon an eminence, in the midst of a boundless plain, except towards the north, where some scattered hills appear. This place formerly strong, has still a thick wall

for about three quarters of a league in extent. Its interior announces a ruined city, destitute of population and of industry, and exhibiting symptoms of degradation and misery. Seven churches and seven convents, some brick-kilns, some kitchen-gardens under the shade of the old walls, compose the whole fortune of the inhabitants.

From Olmedo there is a road to Madrid or to Segovia, according as we turn to the right or to the left. In the former case, after having passed through seven or eight miserable villages, we halt at Sanchidrian, one of the stations of the diligences, where, in 1792, I found a very decent inn. The road, which was always bad until we reach Sanchidrian, is afterwards in excellent order all the way to Madrid, that is to say, for the space of fifteen leagues. But until we arrive at Guadarrama, it runs through one of the most savage countries in Europe, being the rocky district separating Old and New Castile. In this gloomy journey, before clearing the most uncouth part of these enormous mountains, we stop a short time in a new hotel, called the *Diversorio de San Rafael*. A little farther on is the village of Villacastin, where the country begins to grow more sterile and rocky. Upon attaining the summit of the hills we discover the vast plains of New Castile. Soon afterwards we meet with an office where travellers pay a toll for keep-

ing up the road. We afterwards descend a long hill, which conducts to the town of Guadarrama.

We are then little more than seven leagues from Madrid, and perceive on the right, two leagues forward, the celebrated convent of the Escorial. The castle of St. Ildefonso is seven leagues from this. It is situated at the foot, and on the other side of the chain of mountains we have quitted, which are prolonged by sinuosities on the left. There is nothing else about Guadarrama that announces it to be near the capital, and two of the residences of the kings of Spain. To see the distribution and the nakedness of its inns, one would say, that Spain is only frequented by pilgrims and muleteers. But before entering upon this city, we shall resume the route of Segovia, which we quitted at Olmedo.

Eleven leagues separate these two places. This district is, perhaps, the poorest and the most depopulated of any in Spain. We pass through several large towns, however; such as San Giuste, and Santa Maria de Nieva, which have been mentioned already. We perceive at a distance the towers of the castle of Segovia, and the steeples of the cathedral (See plate I.). The patience of the traveller is nearly exhausted before he arrives at the spot. How many windings before he reaches the square of Segovia! On approaching he sees, on the right, an old castle, at the summit of a rugged precipice. On the