

reservoirs at the foot of the mountain. One of them is allotted solely to the fountain of Diana. The larger which is emphatically called *El Mar*, is a very pretty lake, which with the hanging woods and a small building on the edge, forms a very pleasing subject for a landscape painter.

On our return to our lodgings, we were not a little entertained with the modest request of a friar, just alighted with some company from a carriage. He desired we would order the water-works to be played off again immediately for them, as it had not been possible for them to arrive in time to go into the gardens with us, and they intended travelling that night as far as Segovia. It was with great difficulty we could convince him, that it was a thing not to be done that evening, for want of time, and that the keepers would expect a very handsome present, if they set them agoing without orders from court.

Below the town is the manufactory of plate-glass belonging to the crown, carried on under the direction of Mr. Dowling; two hundred and eighty men are employed. The largest plate they have made is one hundred and twenty-six Spanish inches long; the small pieces are sold in looking-glasses all over the kingdom; but I am told the king makes no great profit by it; however it is a very material point to be able to supply his

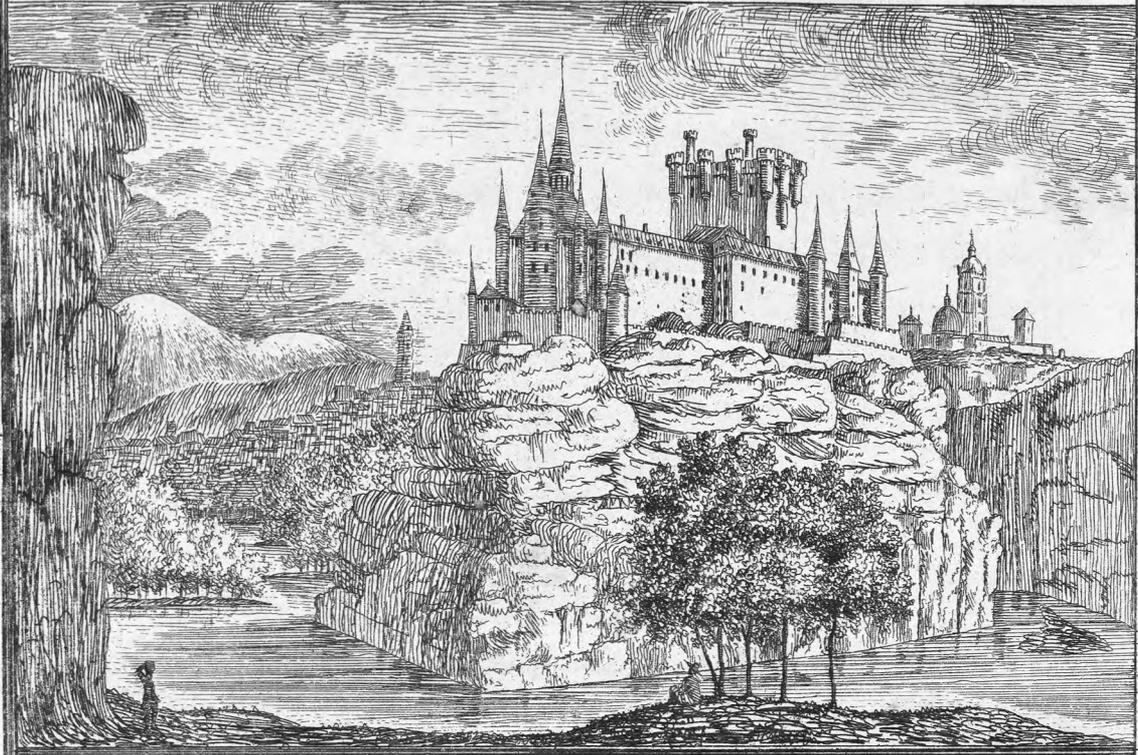
subjects with a good commodity, and to keep in the country a large sum of money that heretofore went out annually to purchase it from strangers. They also make bottles and drinking-glasses; and are now busy erecting very spacious new furnaces to enlarge the works. To provide fuel for the fires, they have put the pine-woods under proper regulations and stated falls: twenty-seven mule loads of fir-wood are consumed every day; and four loads cost the king, including all the expences of cutting and bringing down from the mountains, about forty reals.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Saint Jean de Luz, June 19, 1776.

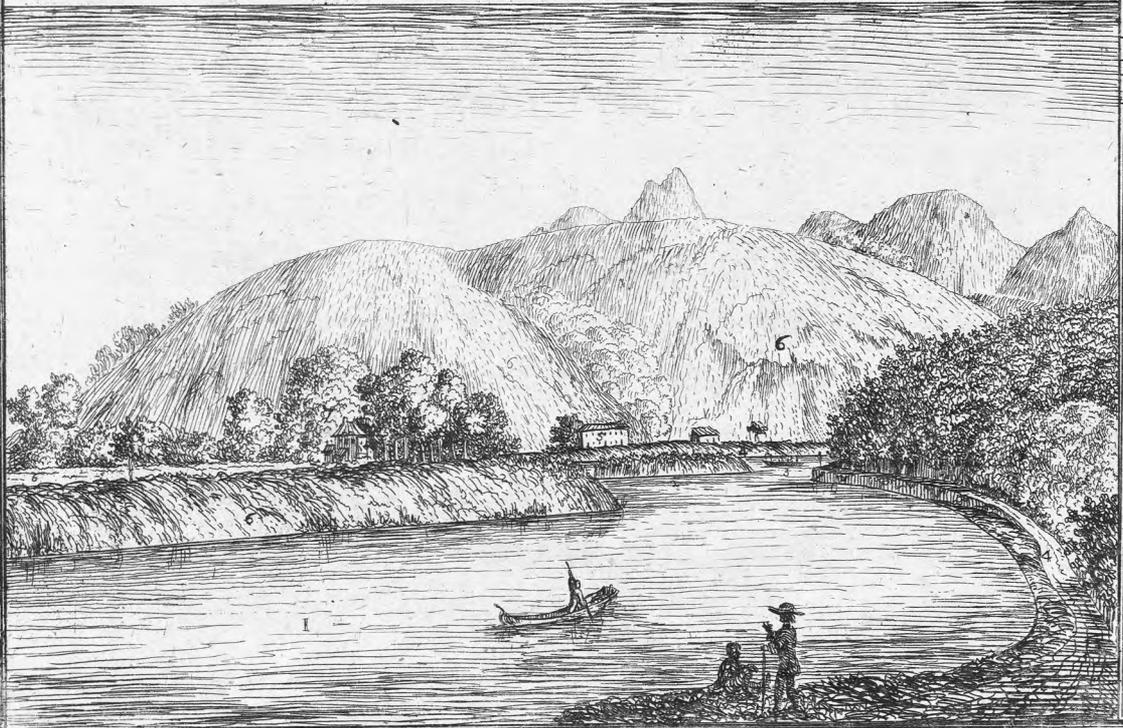
THE first object in Segovia that attracts the eye, is the Aqueduct; as the road from Saint Ildefonso runs near it a considerable way through the suburbs. It is perfectly well preserved, and does not seem leaky in any part. From the first low arches to the reservoir in the town, its length is two thousand four hundred Spanish feet; its greatest height (in the Plaza del Azo-
bejo

Castle of Segovia.



J. G. Del. & sc. 1776

Passage of the Bidasoa.



1. River Bidasoa. 2. Island of Conferences 1659. 3. Passage. 4. Spain. 5. Spanish custom-house. 6. France. 7. French custom-house.



bejo at the foot of the walls) is one hundred and four; it is there composed of a double row of arches, built of large square stones without mortar, and over them a hollow wall of coarser materials for the channel of the water, covered with large oblong flags. Of the lower range of arcades, which are fifteen feet wide by sixty-five high, there are forty-two. The upper arches are one hundred and nineteen in number; their height twenty-seven Spanish feet, their breadth seventeen; the transversal thickness or depth of the piers eight feet. This Aqueduct is not only an admirable monument of antiquity for its solidity and good mason's work, which have withstood the violence of so many barbarians, and the inclemencies of the seasons during so many ages, but also wonderfully beautiful and light in its design. I do not think the Pont du Gard equal to it in elegance of proportions. Antiquaries have not agreed upon the epocha of its erection; some attribute it to the time of Trajan, and others are willing for the honour of their country to give the credit to Hercules. The Romans certainly were the builders of it, but no inscription leads to the knowledge of the precise period of their empire, in which it was constructed: perhaps a person accustomed for years to study among the ruins of Rome, the different modes of building adopted in different ages by that people, might be able from an inspection of the
stone-

stone-work, to determine the æra. It is likely to remain in its present state as long as Segovia exists; for the situation of that city on a dry rock renders this supply a thing of indispensable necessity.

The Cathedral, dedicated to *Nicestra señora de la Paz*, is one of the handsomest churches in Spain, in the latest Gothic manner. The inside is majestic, and remarkably clear of the embarrassments of altars and chapels so common throughout the kingdom. The high altar is rich and shewy.

The Alcazar, or Castle, stands in one of the finest positions possible, on a rock rising above the open country; a very pretty river washes the foot of the precipice, and the city lies admirably well on each side on the brow of the hill; the declivity is woody, and the banks charmingly rural; the snowy mountains, and dark forests of Saint Ildefonso, compose an awful back-ground to the picture. Towards the town there is a large court before the great outward tower, which you are as well acquainted with as I am; the prison of *Gil Blas* is so well described by *Le Sage*, that the subject requires no farther explanation. The rest of the buildings form an antique palace, which has seldom been inhabited by any but prisoners since the reign of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, who were much attached to this situation. There are some magnificent halls in it, with
much

much gilding in the ceilings, in a semi-barbarous taste. All the kings of Spain are seated in state along the cornice of the great saloon; I know not whether they are like the princes whose names they bear, but if that resemblance be wanting, I am sure they have no other merit to claim. The royal apartments are now occupied by a college of young gentlemen cadets, educated at the king's expence in all the sciences requisite for forming an engineer. The grand master of the ordnance resides at Segovia, which is the head establishment of the Spanish artillery.

Another court of the palace is allotted as a prison to eleven Algerine Reis, or captains of ships. Their crews work in the arsenal of Carthagen. These Turks are very handsome portly figures, with clean looks, and well-combed beards; they are well treated, and left to themselves. Most of their time is spent in conversation, walking up and down a long gallery, smoking, and playing at chess, except when they go down at stated hours to fetch water for their own use. Confinement apart, their lives pass in ease and tranquillity. As soon as they saw us walking about the court, they immediately knew us to be Englishmen, most of them having been several times at Gibraltar, and being well acquainted with the British character of face; it being the hour of fetching water, and the door open, they
flocked

flocked about us with great demonstrations of joy, and tears of pleasure starting into every eye. They kissed our hands, and called us *Ingles buens bueno Amigos*, over and over again, with difficulty prevailing upon themselves to leave us to go about their work at the well. My man S. G. by our orders, followed one of the principal men among them, and in lingua Franca, which indeed is the common jumble of tongues he makes use of at all times, gave him an account of the Spanish defeat before Algiers. They had heard of the preparations for the expedition, and had been much cast down with the thoughts of it, but had begun to entertain some hopes of a miscarriage, as many months had elapsed since they knew of the departure of the fleet, and not a syllable concerning its success had dropped from any of their guards. The venerable old Musulman raised his hands to heaven, and seemed to look upon the pains and irksomeness of slavery, to be more than repaid by the exquisite sensations he enjoyed in this happy moment. When his informant added, that the Algerines had lost a great number of camels, the Turk turned upon him with a, "What talk ye to me of Camels? had they killed thousands of them, there would still remain enough, and the beasts themselves must be proud of dying to save their country." After shaking them all by the hand, and leaving a present to
buy

buy tobacco, we took our leave of our *allies*, who followed us down the portico with longing eyes and a thousand benedictions; which, if their prophet has any jurisdiction over the roads, will preserve us from overturns and broken limbs.

The mint is below the Alcazar, a large building, the most ancient place of coinage in the kingdom. The machines for melting, stamping, and milling the coin, are worked by water. I believe that of Seville has at present more business, as being nearer the source of riches, the port of Cadiz, where the lingots of America are landed.

The unevenness of the crown of the hill, gives a wild look to this city. Most of the streets are crooked and dirty; the houses wooden and very wretched: nor do the inhabitants appear much the richer for their cloth manufactory. Indeed it is not in a very flourishing condition; but what cloth they make is very fine.

The country hereabouts has the reputation of being the best for feeding the kind of sheep that gives the celebrated wool; but as those flocks wander over many other parts of the kingdom, and are not bred here, I do not see any right Segovia has to this exclusive claim. A small quantity of it is manufactured in the country, and through mismanagement, laziness, or lack of hands, the greatest part of the wool is carried to

France; and, at Orleans and other places, made up into caps and cloths, many of which return to Spain for sale.

The country grew sandy as we advanced into Old Castille. In general it is extremely open, but now and then we came to woods of pine-trees, especially near the rivers. It appears much better land, and more populous, than New Castille, for the villages stand pretty thick in most parts of it. At Villa de Santa Cruz, the only thing we remarked was a cow's tail, in which the hostess stuck her combs; as this was the first instance we had met with of a custom which prevailed in Sancho Pança's time, and was of such service in furnishing the barber with a false beard, we took particular notice of it. You know how fond I am of the fat fellow, and how happy I must be to find any thing that explains and exemplifies the traits of his inimitable history.

Olmedo, which I think is a place that occurs in Gil Blas, is a ruined town in a fine plain, rich in corn and pasturage, in droves of brood mares, and flocks of black sheep; some pine woods, in one of which is a grand monastery of Bernardines, bound the horizon very agreeably. We slept on the tenth at Hornillo, a small village on the river Aldaya, the banks of which are prettily wooded, and form many interesting points of view.

The

The next morning we came through a very sandy tract of forest land, to a hill from which we discovered the plains of Valladolid, and the course of the Duero; a fine river, that falls into the ocean at Porto, in the kingdom of Portugal. Beyond a chain of bare white hills, at one of their angles, stands the town of Simancas, where, in 938, was gained that signal victory over the Moors, which gave rise, as is pretended, to the voto de Santiago. The archives of the realm were deposited, by Philip the second, in the castle of Simancas, where they still remain. Valladolid is a very large rambling city, full of edifices; which, during the reign of Philip the third, who made it his constant residence, were the palace of his great officers and nobility. Being abandoned by their owners, who have followed the court in all its different emigrations, they are fallen to decay, and exhibit a picture of the utmost desolation: the palace of the king is so ruined, that I could with difficulty find any body to shew me the spot where Philip had resided. The private houses are ill-built and ugly. The great square, some streets built upon porticos, many colleges and convents, are still grand, and denote something of the magnificence of a place that had been long honoured with the presence of its monarch; but in general, Valladolid has the appearance of having been run up in a hurry

to receive the court, and that it was meant to be rebuilt afterwards at leisure, of more durable materials than bad brick and mud, the composition of most of its present houses. The Dominican convent, a gothic edifice, is the most remarkable in the city. The university is in the last stage of a decline, and trade and manufactures at as low an ebb. It is melancholy to behold the poverty and misery painted in the meagre faces, and displayed in the tattered garments of the common people; the women go quite bare-headed.

We passed the river Puisferga at Cabeçon, which has the reputation of producing the best wine in the province. The soil is clay mixed with sand, and most of it planted with vines. The hills are composed of strata of clay and marle; great scarcity of wood; but a much more chearful look in the country than in any part of New Castille: the number of small towns or large villages rather considerable; on most of the hills, ruined towers and remains of ancient castles. We travelled up the Puisferga for many miles, through a broad vale, bare of trees, but tolerably well cultivated; we crossed and recrossed the river several times; the largest bridge is near Torquemada, of twenty-two arches. The houses hereabouts are built with pieces of clay squared and baked in the sun, but their concoction is very imperfect.

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