





BURGOANNE'S
TRAVELS
IN SPAIN



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T R A V E L S
I N
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,
COPIOUS EXTRACTS
FROM THE
ESSAYS ON SPAIN
O F
M. P E Y R O N.

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWELVE COPPER-PLATES.

VOLUME III.

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THE
PRESENT STATE
OF
SPAIN.

The following Sheets are translated from the *Essais sur l'Espagne* of M. Peyron: as they contain nearly the whole of that Work, it has been thought proper to prefix the Author's Introduction.

INTRODUCTION.

MOST men see things in a manner peculiar to themselves; the same object presents itself under different appearances to the eye of the observer; and until he has remarked them all, he cannot say he is really acquainted with it. If this principle be true in any respect, it is undoubtedly so when applied to travels. The fluctuation of commerce, the

encouragement or neglect of letters and arts, or a minister more or less able, are so many causes of a visible change in public affairs. Manners become corrupted; vice and foreign luxury increase with knowledge, and in the space of a few years the face and character of a nation are changed. Monuments even, by which only travellers are but too frequently attracted, fall into ruin; these are succeeded by others, and insatiable curiosity never wants for food.

We have already several accounts of Travels in Spain. Father Labat, Colmenar, Madame Dunois, M. de Silhouette, a monk from Lombardy, and Mr. Barretti, have passed through and described several of the provinces of that vast monarchy, and given some idea of the manners and character of the Spanish nation.

A Spaniard now living, and having seen nothing but the paintings, churches and antiquities of some of the principal cities,

cities, has already written several volumes upon those subjects. The reverend author, the Abbé Pons, possesses a considerable knowledge of the fine arts, and judges of them like an *amateur* and an able critic. His book was my only guide in the cities of which it gives a description; but the author makes no observation upon manners, customs and laws. Were it necessary to apologize for his work, it might be urged that he wrote for his countrymen; and that his chief aim was to give them a knowledge of the different kinds of national monuments they possess. He wished by this means to rouse the Spaniards from that indolence with which they are reproached, and the more so, as it is not natural to them to improve the national taste and revive the love of the arts. His wishes and efforts, therefore, deserve the highest eulogium.

How was it possible for him to speak of abuses? In this case he must have gone to the source, and founded the depth of

an abyss enveloped in a sacred obscurity and dangerous to descend. He contemplated it from afar, and was sorry, perhaps in his heart, not to be able to remove every obstacle to his progress. How often must he have sighed in describing so many churches in which the richest and most abundant treasures are buried ! He has, however, ventured to put into the mouth of an old man, one of his friends, a few words to the following effect :

“ Would not the excessive donations
“ to convents, those whims of devotion,
“ gratified at such an enormous expence,
“ be better employed in constructing
“ roads and bridges ? This would be
“ doubly consecrating them to public
“ utility, as the people who live in a vi-
“ cious poverty would then find employ-
“ ment for their time. Works of real
“ piety are useful to mankind, and not
“ confined to pampering a few selfish
“ and ignorant hermits.” The observa-
tion is just, full of sentiment, and dis-
covers

covers the zeal with which the author was animated.

Father Labat, with much wit and judgment, is not always to be depended upon; he generalizes too much certain particular customs observable in a family, and applies them to the whole nation. He says the Spaniards, men, women and children, go without hats, and have their heads shaved to facilitate perspiration. The monk deceives us, or customs are greatly changed. A Spaniard never goes out without a broad hat. His hair, which he does not cut off, is contained in a piece of silk network, called *Redezilla*. The women wear a veil over the same envelop for the hair. The Spaniards are known to be much attached to their hats, which are heavier, broader and more warm than ours; they were the occasion of an infurrection in Madrid, and the capital is the only place where the King has been able to prohibit them. The French are indisputably the people who make the least use of hats.

Colmenar, diffuse and dull, and fatiguing to read, is not always exact. He makes no scruple to repeat passages and reflections from his own work, wherever he thinks them necessary, without even changing a word. After reading his *Delices*, and having made the tour of Spain, it requires no great penetration to discover that a great part of his travels were performed in the closet. Notwithstanding this he is still one of the best Spanish guides.

The public are also acquainted with the letters of an English Lady to a female friend in Paris, written about a century ago, upon Spain, and in which the fair authoress aims much more to excite and gratify the emotions of the heart than to exercise her wit and judgment. She, however, does not want discernment, nor that kind of erudition proper to her sex; but as a woman of feeling, and taking the title of an English Lady, she seems mostly attached to adventures of love and sentiment, which, for her, are undoubtedly

doubtedly more in character than decyphering ancient inscriptions, or fatiguing her eyes, formed to inspire the tenderest passions, upon stones and marble almost destroyed by time. Her work is amusing and instructive, and contains many characteristics of the Spaniards of the present age; but since the letters were written, the nation has changed, and is, perhaps, become less interesting than Madame Dunois described it to be in her time.

When the book of the Lombard Monk appeared, the Spaniards complained of his satire and want of sincerity. Government endeavoured to get the work prohibited in Italy, but failed in the attempt. I think this was unmerited, and am far from being of opinion that Spain had reason to be offended. The work of Father Caymo is full of information relative to the fine arts: he was really a connoisseur, but his travels were confined to a very small portion of Spain. He has justly blamed certain

customs and superstitions; and the Abbé Pons has not answered him by saying the Italians are as much to be censured on the same account. The whole world is the country of a traveller; and the reverend Lombard would have censured in Italy what he blamed in Spain.

If Father Caymo be alive, I am of opinion he is not well satisfied with his translator. Besides his having injudiciously curtailed several parts of the work, he has frequently rendered in bad French the pure and elegant Italian of the original. The monk is indeed to be accused of rather too much partiality for his own nation; but he has certainly both taste and judgment joined to great erudition. He has written upon England and Portugal also, but the translator has not thought proper to make these works known.

M. de Silhouette was very young when he travelled post through Spain; he scarcely mentions the cities through which

which he passed, and when he does he names them inaccurately. He made his tour in three months in the year 1729. I do not believe he had any great opinion of his work, or that he ever thought it would convey much information to his reader.

Mr. Baretti, whose letters to his brothers have lately been translated, in which he describes his journey from England to Italy, passing through Portugal and Spain, is advantageously known in the literary world by works in which he has given proofs of wit and judgment as well as philosophy. The man of information as well as the observer of acute discernment appears in his letters; but as he wrote them by way of relaxation from the fatigues of travelling, most objects were alike to him; he sought after such as might enliven his mind and his pen. The voluptuous dances at which he was present, in an inn at Badajoz, and the portrait of his amiable *Pauline*, are descriptions full of liveliness and sentiment;

ment; but he seems frequently to enter into too minute details, which could not be interesting except to his own family.

However estimable and instructive all these travels may be, and two or three others I have not mentioned because they are less considerable. Spain is not yet well known, nor do I flatter myself with the idea of being able to give a complete description of it. I propose the observations I have made in travelling through that kingdom as simple essays, and shall endeavor to present the objects in the manner they appeared to me.

I am aware of the difficulty of my undertaking, and it, perhaps, behoves me to follow the advice of Fontenelle, and shut my hand if I have really found the truth. Men like not to see it in front; and various means are necessary to gain it admission. Great delicacy is required in the choice of expression, that self-love may not be mortified. If the historian be impeded in his progress by hu-
mane

mane considerations, for a long time, and even ages after the events he relates, what must be the situation of the traveller, whose pen is confined to present objects, and who dares to judge of nations and men in power as well as of received and deeply rooted abuses? He proceeds tremblingly, because every step he takes furrounds him with enemies. He cannot always flatter; and it would not be worth while to quit his native country for the purpose of basely applauding, in a foreign clime, that which is repugnant to reason and not unfrequently to humanity.

It would undoubtedly be much better not to write, and that a traveller should go in pursuit of knowledge for his own satisfaction; but in such a case the powerful incentive of being useful would be wanting. His observations would be so negligently made, as but seldom to discover the truth; and having found much amusement for his eyes, and but little for his mind, he would return home with
his

his head full of phantoms, like that of a child who has passed several hours before a magic lanthorn.

Be not offended, brave and generous Spaniards, from whom I have received so many open marks of friendship; do not blame me if, sometimes, carried away by my subject, blinded by my national prejudices, or tempted by a liberty of thinking yet unknown amongst you, I have seen, with an evil eye, certain of your received manners, customs and institutions, and the laws which tyrannise over you. Let my excuse be found in the love of truth and the frankness of my character.

I shall speak of monuments also, and with my own thoughts upon them give those of others. My intention is to relate and describe, and but very seldom to judge. I shall conduct my reader to the several cities through which I have passed, and there point out to him what appeared to me most worthy of attention,

admi-

admiration, or censure. In order to give him some relaxation from the fatigue of travelling, I shall communicate to him my ideas on legislation, commerce, manners and customs, as they may arise from the subject, without aiming at any other order or plan throughout the whole work. I do not mean to go provided with a square and compass to take the height of steeples, and give the exact dimensions of churches, but I shall not so far subject myself to this prohibition as not to measure any: my intention is to introduce some variety into the too great uniformity of a travelling journal.

GENERAL VIEW OF ANCIENT
AND MODERN SPAIN.

WERE not a research after etymologies equally fruitless, disgusting and fatiguing, I would willingly dedicate some time and paper to a long dissertation on the different names given to Spain, repeating what the ancients, before me, have said of them, and call to the recollection of my reader the appellations of *Iberus*, *Hispalis*, *Hesperus*, *Tubal*, and the *Rabbits*, the Phœnician name for which, *Sepana*, was, we have been told, the root of that of Spain. But the proofs of this illustrious origin would not at present be well received, and but little regard would be paid to my extensive erudition, since facts are generally allowed to be much preferable to words.

Spain is placed by nature in the most happy situation: surrounded by seas and mountains, she enjoys a temperature of
climate

climate the most conducive to health, and the most favourable to pleasure. The kingdom contains immense riches; gold, precious stones, and iron, still more useful, wait but for the hand of the workman to recompence his labours. The soil, without requiring a fatiguing cultivation, is naturally fertile, and produces every necessary of life: the men who inhabited it were, according to historians, robust and warlike. By what means, then, has this vast monarchy, which could never be subjugated by want, so often become the prey of its neighbours? The solution of this curious problem must be sought in the intestine wars of the colonists and the native inhabitants. This country, unfortunate by the beneficence of nature, was long a scene of bloodshed, and ever disputed and envied. These seem to have been the unhappy consequences of its mild and fertile climate, which became the nursery of rival and inimical nations.

Spain is bounded on the north by the Pyrenees, which separate it from France; on the east by the Mediterranean, on the south by the Straights of Gibraltar, and on the west by Portugal and the Atlantic Ocean: it is upwards of two hundred and sixty leagues in length, from the south-west to the north-east, and a hundred and seventy leagues in breadth.

The highest mountains of Spain are the Pyrenees, which extend from the Ocean to the Mediterranean. The mountains of Oca, those of Guadarrama, which separate the two Castiles, and the Sierra Morena which borders upon Andalusia, and seems to render it inaccessible to the rest of the kingdom.

This peninsula is watered by many very considerable rivers: these are upwards of an hundred and fifty in number; but the most distinguished by their extent, breadth and depth, in a word, those which in their course swallow up the others, and afterwards empty their waters

ters into the sea, are the Ebro, the Guadalquivir, the Tagus, the Guadiana, the Douro, the Guadalaviar, and the Segura. In giving a description of each province, I shall have occasion to speak of the rivers by which they are watered, and to fix the place of their source, and that where they are received into the ocean.

Spain, from its position, climate and fertility, has been the victim of hostile nations. The Phœnicians are the first of which we find traces in history. This people, to whom commerce taught philosophy, landed upon the coasts of Spain, and their first settlement was, it is said, at Cadiz. The native savages did not think themselves sufficiently powerful to repel the new comers, or these, at first, treated them with mildness, and thereby gained their esteem and admiration, and were even aided by them in some of their first enterprizes. The Phœnicians founded a colony upon that coast which nature

ture had marked out to become the center of commerce. The neighbouring savages soon received laws, which were presently followed by their natural consequences, manners, habits and morals. Thus commerce possesses the means of ennobling itself, and covers, with a respectable veil, the interest by which it is animated. The Phœnicians, at first, made several voyages with the consent of the natives: they acquired, in exchange for their merchandize, certain portions of land which they were desirous to occupy, and the first years of this alliance were for them equally peaceful and lucrative; but becoming more avaricious, and the old inhabitants better understanding their true interests, they soon stained with blood a country inhabited by people whom they were come to civilise. However, if it be true that men are rendered more happy by being enlightened, the Phœnicians became the first benefactors and legislators of Spain. Their settlements extended to the south-

ern coasts, and into the country as far as Cordova.

Much about the same time, the Greeks or Phœnicians, after having founded Marfeilles, went to Spain and planted there several colonies; they possessed a part of the kingdoms of Valencia and Catalonia; their settlements were afterwards extended to Arragon; and, according to Strabo, as far as Galicia.

The Carthaginians, not less desirous of profit and of plunder, and being merchants and navigators as well as their rivals, thought proper to dispute with them a soil less scorched and more fertile than that of Africa; they also founded colonies, but not without first having shed much blood.

The ancient inhabitants having but few other wants than those of nature, and not discovering their future tyrants in the new colonists, who came from all

quarters into their country, amused themselves with hunting, fishing, and peacefully drinking the milk of their flocks. Possessing but little knowledge of commerce and navigation, they left the care and profits of these, and with them all disputes, to the Greeks and the Carthaginians.

But the wars between these people were not of long duration, because commerce loves tranquillity, and endeavours to repel violence without aiming at military fame. All their quarrels would have been terminated by a solid peace; Greeks, Carthaginians and Phœnicians would tranquilly have exchanged their commodities and dug into the earth in search of its valuable metals, had Rome seen without envy the aggrandisement and success of her rival. In the present age, England, Holland and France, work, from Cadiz, the mines of Peru, and these nations although jealous of each other, go, in this respect, hand-in-hand, and
think

think of nothing but the profits arising from their enterprize.

The Romans took the first opportunity of driving the Carthaginians from Spain. This kingdom became the theatre of two of the most famous wars of antiquity. By the first, which lasted twenty-four years, Rome obliged Carthage to cede to her a part of her conquests; and by the second, which continued but for seventeen years, Carthage was entirely stripped of her possessions and her power.

The Spaniards, wholly civilised, if a part of Asturia and the mountains of Biscay, into which the Roman arms penetrated with difficulty, be excepted, then breathed only peace and a love of arts and letters; the country became as famous by its artists, and the magnificent cities with which it was decorated, as by its immense riches, and the dissensions of those by whom it was governed: it