

over their ragged apparel, and conduct you to a church or two, where they cannot give you the least satisfactory information concerning its antiquities or curiosities. This is literally the case at Toledo: but to make amends, they lead you to a hole in a pillar, where the host was hidden all the time that the Saracens were in possession of the city, though the whole fabric has been built from the ground since the expulsion of the Moors; for Saint Ferdinand laid the first stone of the present church in 1226. They also shew you the stone on which the Virgin Mary stood, when she came to pay a visit to Saint Ildephonfus, and which is worn through by the fingers of the pilgrims. Ask them any thing about the Mosarabic chapel, and what is done there, they will tell you, as they did us, that mass is said there in Greek. That you may not accuse me of being as barren of instruction as our conductors, I shall put together the chief points wherein the <sup>30</sup> Mosarabic rite differs from that of the Roman missal. The former liturgy was constantly used by the church of Spain, down to the pontificate of Gregory the seventh, in the eleventh century: it had been confirmed by several Spanish councils, commented upon and illustrated by Saint Isidore of Seville: but the policy of the court of

<sup>30</sup> The Mosarabic rite is so called from its having been observed by the Christians that remained in the provinces conquered by the Arabians.

Rome, and its influence over the mind of Alphonfus the sixth, who had lately conquered Toledo, overcame the obstinate attachment of the Spanish clergy. Notwithstanding the prowess of the Mosarabic champion, who came off victorious in the fight (for it was agreed to try the merits of the two liturgies by single combat) notwithstanding the flames were not more indulgent to the Roman than to the Gothic ritual, when, in hopes of a decisive miracle, the two books were thrown into the fire before the king, notwithstanding the clamours raised by the natives, the ancient rite was abrogated in the greater part of the kingdom. It subsisted in six parishes of Toledo as late as the fifteenth century, but is now restrained to the single chapel of St. Eustatiá, in the cathedral, where Cardinal Ximenes, unwilling that his church should lose all remembrance of its ancient forms, made a foundation for thirteen priests and three clerks, who officiate every morning according to the Mosarabic manner.

In essentials this ritual agrees perfectly with Rome, but in many outward forms differs widely. I suspect it varied much more in its original state; for it is hardly credible the dispute could have been so obstinately maintained for such trifling deviations as what now subsist. But indeed that would not amount to an undeniable proof; we know that the church has always  
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looked upon the resistance to its authority to be of more consequence than the difference in outward ceremonies.

The prayers before mass are not the same; not always the same portions of scripture read on the same festivals. In the Roman missal are two lessons, one from the Old Testament or the Epistles, and one from the Gospels: the Mozarabic gives three, one from the Old Testament, another from the Epistles, and a third from the Gospels. The Romans say the creed before the offertory, the others after the consecration.

Toledo has lain in the route of most of those travellers that have written on Spain; and in them you will find ample accounts of every thing remarkable. As I hate repetitions, and would willingly avoid them whenever it is possible, give me leave to refer you to the works of those gentlemen. One circumstance only I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of acquainting you with, though I make no doubt but it is an anecdote to be met with in twenty books of travels. In the convent of St. Francis, founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, the first novice received was Ximenes, who, in the course of the same reign, rose to be cardinal, archbishop of Toledo, and prime minister of Spain. His history, as well as that of Don Juan de Padilla, have lately acquired redoubled lustre from the pen of Dr. Robertson; in whose  
admirable

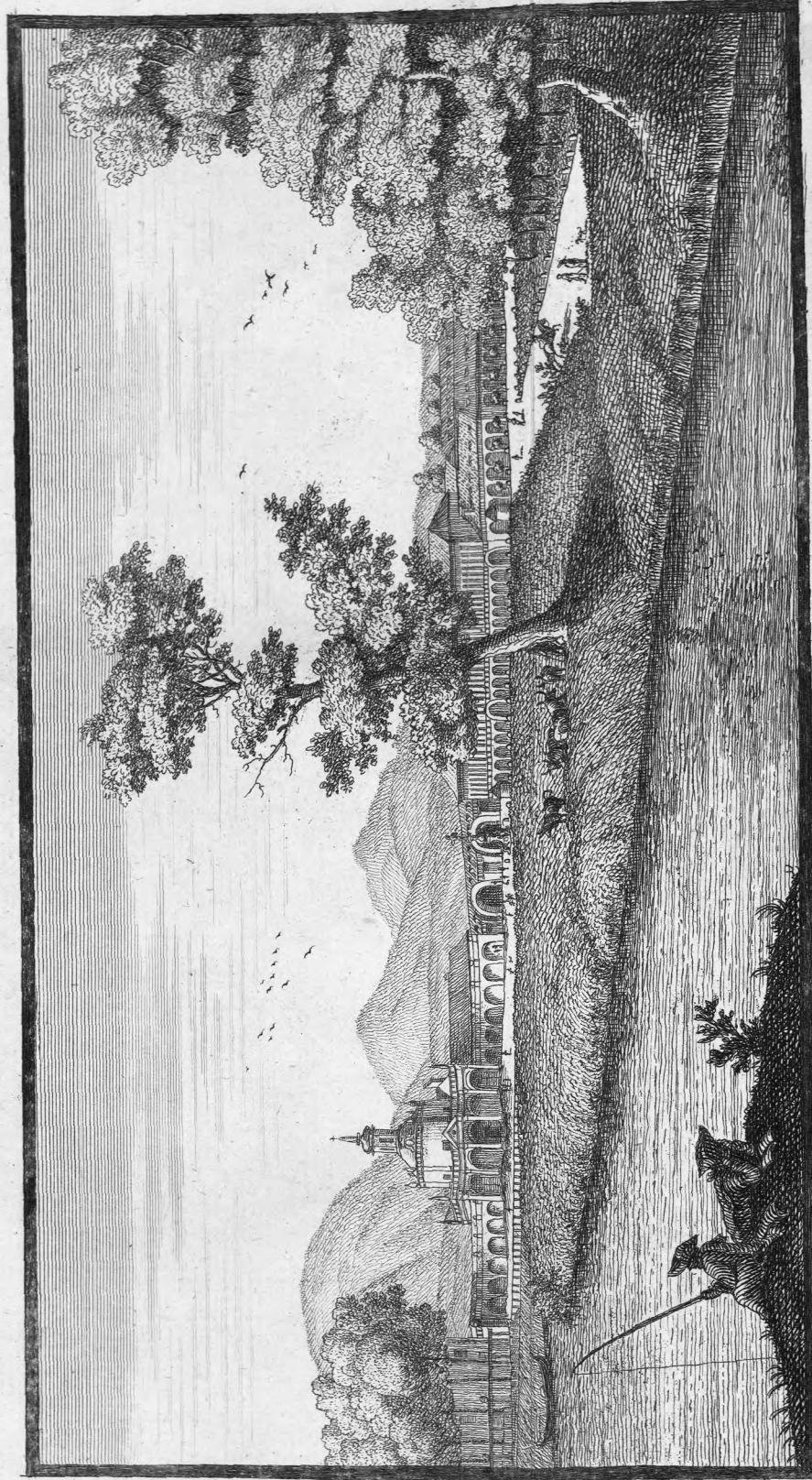
admirable life of Charles the fifth is to be found every necessary information relative to the revolt of Toledo.

From the ancient capital of New Castille to within half a league of Madrid, the present seat of government, the roads are as bad as in any part of the kingdom, and the country extremely ugly. I do not imagine the most pitiful city in the peninsula can cut a more despicable figure than this metropolis of all the Spains does from the opposite hills, as you approach it on the south side; neither tree, villa, nor garden, until you arrive at the avenues of the town; the corn-fields run up close to the houses; in short, the whole landscape round you is the barest and most melancholy I ever beheld: but as soon as the trees of the walks shut out the prospect of the neighbouring country, the appearance of Madrid is grand and lively; noble streets, good houses, and excellent pavement, as clean as it once was dirty.

The court is absent from Madrid, so that our stay here will be no longer than will be sufficient to rest ourselves, and get our things put in order for our appearance at Aranjuez.

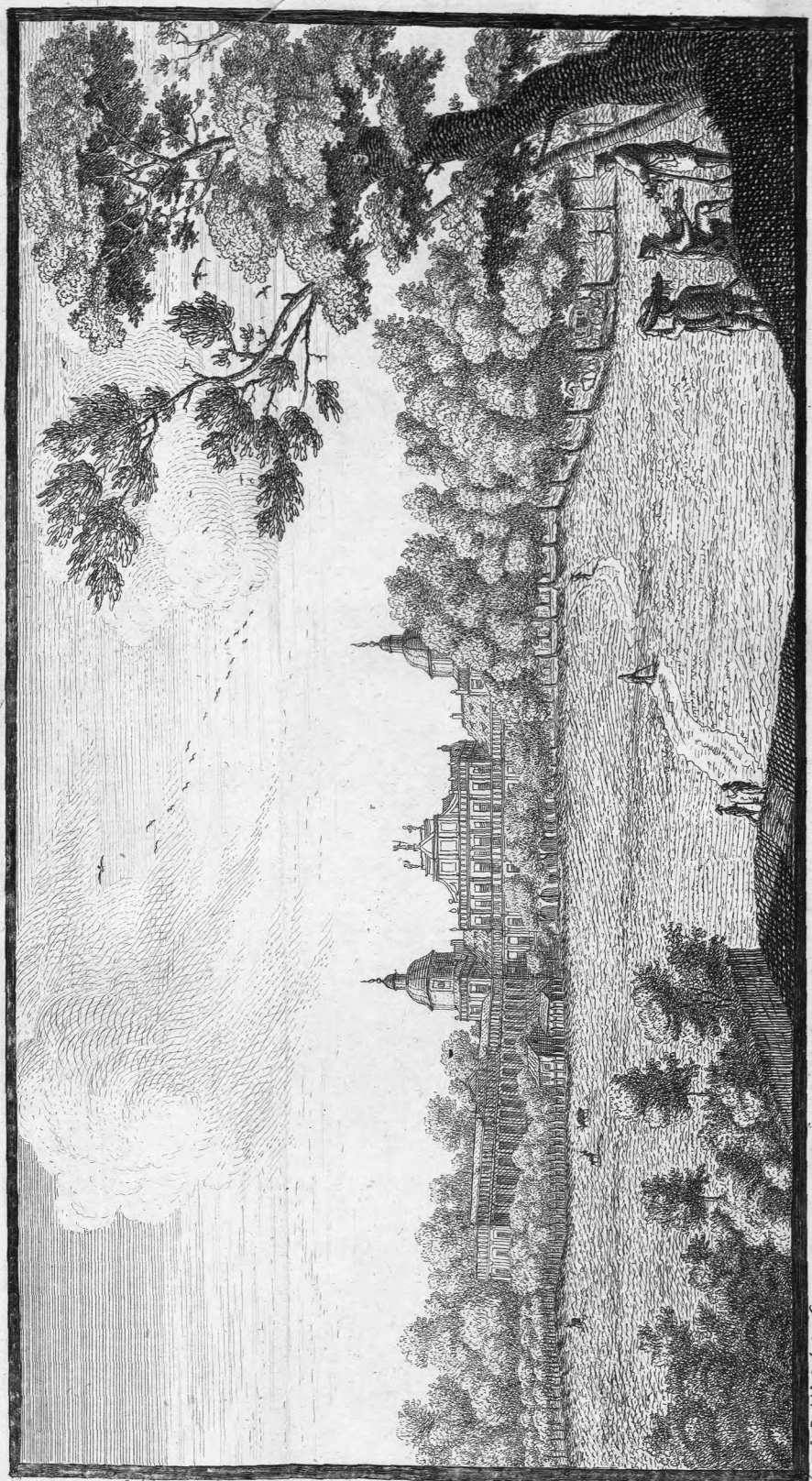
LETTER





H. S. del. & sculp. 1776.

ARANJUEZ



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Palace of ARANJUEZ.

## L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Aranjuez, May 3d, 1776.

**T**HIS place is twenty miles from Madrid; the road to it extremely fine; but the trees planted on each side are as yet too young to shut out the abominable country it passes through. The present king made it at the vast expence of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. The new bridge over the Xarama, at the descent into the plain, is very long and grand.

Aranjuez has great beauties, and would please you much; for here are numberless avenues of aged elms on a perfect level; green banks to rest upon, near a fine meandering river; fountains and shady groves; plenty of milk and butter, and vegetables in great perfection.

The situation of this place renders it one of the most agreeable residences I know belonging to a sovereign prince. It stands in a very large plain, surrounded with bare hills, which to be sure, are excessively ugly; but they seldom appear, being very well hidden by the noble rows of trees that extend across the flat in every direction. The compartments between the avenues are

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railed off, and laid down in pasture and meadow, for the supply of the large dairy of cows established here by the present king. That part of the vale which stretches out towards the east is left in a ruder state, and, except some few fields of corn, is mostly forest-land, through which the Tagus winds in a deep shady bed. The walks and rides along the banks, through the venerable groves, and under the majestic elms that overhang the roads, are luxuries unknown to the rest of Spain. The beauties of the scenery are enhanced by the flocks of many-coloured birds that flutter and sing on the boughs, by the herds of deer, which amount to no less than seven thousand head, and by the droves of buffaloes, sheep, cows, and brood mares, that wander uncontrouled through all these woods. The wild boars are frequently seen in the evenings in the streets of the town.

The finest avenue, called the *Calle dela Reyna*, is three miles long, quite strait from the palace gate, crossing the Tagus twice before it loses itself in the thickets, where some noble spreading elms and weeping poplars hang beautifully over the deep still pool. Near this road is a flower-garden for the spring, laid out with great taste by Mr. Wall during his ministry. The gay variety of flowers at this time of year is particularly pleasing to the eye; but its beauty soon fades  
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on the approach of summer. As the weather grows hot, the company that chooses to walk retires to a garden in an island of the Tagus, on the north side of the palace. This is an heavenly place, cut into various walks and circular lawns, which in their primitive state may have been very stiff and formal; but in the course of a century, Nature has obliterated the regular forms of art; the trees have swelled out beyond the line traced for them, and destroyed the enfilade, by advancing into the walks, or retiring from them. The sweet flowering shrubs, instead of being clipped and kept down, have been allowed to shoot up into trees, and hang over the statues and fountains they were originally meant to serve as humble fences to. The jet-d'eau's dash up among the trees, and add fresh verdure to the leaves. The terraces and balustrades built along the river, are now overgrown with roses, and other luxuriant bushes, hanging down into the stream, which is darkened by the large trees growing on the opposite banks. Many of the statues, groupes, and fountains, are handsome, some masterly, the works of Algardi: all are placed in charming points of view, either in open circular spots, at a distance from the trees, or else in gloomy arbours, and retired angles of the wood.

The west front of the palace is handsome: two new wings, which are to be brought out from the main

body, will increase its bulk, but, I am afraid, will not add much to its beauty. The first part of the building was erected by Philip the second, who purchased the estate, planted many of the avenues, and, in order to extend his chace, or to indulge his splenetic disposition, had all the vines that grew on the hills rooted up. By that means he drove away the inhabitants, and rendered the environs of his villa a perfect desert. These hills are full of springs, that throw up large quantities of a strong purgative salt.

The apartments are good, but contain no great number of paintings or statues. There is an Annunciation in the chapel, by Titian, and Mengs has painted some holy subjects in the bed-chamber, and an allegorical piece of Time and Pleasure, in the ceiling of the theatre. In a Franciscan church lately finished, the picture of San Pasqual, by the same hand, is much admired.

The town or village formerly consisted of the palace, its offices, and a few miserable huts, where the embassadors, and the attendants of the court, endeavoured to lodge themselves, as well as they could, but always very uncomfortably; many of the habitations were vaults half under ground. What determined the king to build a new town, and to embellish the environs, was an accident that happened at the nuncio's; a coach  
broke