













A  
J O U R N E Y

F R O M

L O N D O N T O G E N O A ,

T H R O U G H

E N G L A N D , P O R T U G A L , S P A I N ,

and F R A N C E .

By J O S E P H B A R E T T I ,

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal  
Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

V O L . I V .

L O N D O N ,

Printed for T. D A V I E S , in Ruffel-Street, Covent-  
Garden ; and L. D A V I S , in Holborn,

M D C C L X X ,

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JOURNAL

OF

LONDON

AND

ENGLAND, PORTUGAL, SPAIN,

AND FRANCE.

By JOSEPH BARRETT,

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal  
Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

VOL. IV.

LONDON,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Pall-mall; and  
GARDNER, and J. DAVIES, in Strand.

1794.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY



B235  
v.4

---

---

L E T T E R L X X .

*Desarts not frightful. A Nota Bene and a Digression. Fine faces in Biscay. Great coquettes. Knowledge of languages in women. Landes of Bourdeaux. Pais de Bigorre. Filles Gasconnes and Filles Basquoises. Biscayans, not beggars, and why. Many of them at Madrid. They retire to their country. Not so the gentry of Scotland and Savoy. Well-looking houses in Biscay. Dialects of the Bascuenze. Laramendi's works. Bascuenze-library small enough. An Irish merchant at Bilbao. Terrifying hills. Wisdom of mules. Town of Orduña, Peña of Orduña, and river Orduña. - Iron Manufactories. Cha-*

VOL. IV.

B

colin

colin of Serranos. *A tool like an H, and its use.* Lino, *Turkey-corn, goats-cheese and milk, small cattle, few sheep, and good pork. Trees annually planted.* Angullas. *Orduña and Bilbao's fine situations. Inconveniencies in Spain. No new edicts, no new laws, no tax-gatherers. Arrival of an Italian singer. The quibbles of Spanish Capuchins.*

Fraga, Oct. 24, 1760.

**Y**ESTERDAY we crossed a small defart, and this day another. But do not imagine a Spanish defart to be any thing of the frightful kind, like those of Libia, full of tygers and lions, hyenas and serpents. The defarts of this country are nothing but tracts of land, generally formed of a compact gravel, that produce nothing but rosemary, thyme, sage, rue, spike, and other such odoriferous shrubs, in so great abundance, as to furnish the inhabitants with what  
fuel

fuel they want. You may well think, that travelling through such tracts, especially after a light shower; as it was my case this morning, cannot but prove delightful, because of the fragrance exhaling all around.

Having gone through the two small villages of *Peñalba* and *Candasmos*, we stopped to dine at the *Venta de Fraga*, about five leagues from *Bujalaróz*; then came to sup and sleep at *Fraga*, which is two leagues distant from that *venta*. These two last leagues are woody and cultivated, because of the river *Cinque* or *Cinca*, which sends out many streams to the right and left.

The pleasantness of the road was still increased by the talk of my friend the Canon, whose company I like every hour more. As yesterday he had mentioned the principality, or *seigniory*, of Biscay, and promised to say something of the language and character of the inhabitants, I put him in mind of it. What

follows is the substance of what I learned of him upon this subject.

N. B. Some years after the date of these letters (as I said in another place) I went a second time to Madrid, and took *Biscay* and *Navarre* in my way. To make a long stay in either was not in my power: yet I neglected not to observe well the land I crossed, and informed myself of the language and manners of the inhabitants as accurately, as a slow journey on a mule would permit, besides tarrying one day in one place, and another in another, wherever I thought that a short stop might be conducive to my being apprised of any thing worth the telling. My reader therefore must give me leave to sink the account I had from the *Canon of Siguenza*, and take in the stead the following

#### DIGRESSION.

‘ The people of Biscay and Navarre  
 ‘ are in general as well limbed as any  
 ‘ of the petty nations that live on  
 ‘ our Apennines: yet no where on the  
 ‘ Apennines have I seen so many hand-  
 ‘ some women as in Biscay, where almost  
 ‘ every posada offered at least one beau-  
 ‘ tiful face; nor have I as yet forgotten  
 ‘ three

‘ three sisters at *Ortéz* [a small town  
 ‘ about four leagues from *Pampeluna*]  
 ‘ whom I thought worth a kingdom  
 ‘ a-piece. ‘Tis pity however, that the  
 ‘ sex throughout Biscay have the reputa-  
 ‘ tion of being the arrantest coquettes in  
 ‘ the world. Besides my own observa-  
 ‘ tions on their general character, I have  
 ‘ been told by their own men in the  
 ‘ jollity of converse, that most women  
 ‘ throughout the seigniory will ogle, and  
 ‘ whisper, and smile, and flatter, and  
 ‘ elbow sily, and squeeze your hand, to  
 ‘ draw a present from you if possible,  
 ‘ and without intending the least return.  
 ‘ Both the married and unmarried will  
 ‘ thus endeavour to trick any traveller.

‘ Many Biscayan women of the lower  
 ‘ fort, while very young, go to service  
 ‘ in the neighbouring provinces, where  
 ‘ their habiliment and hair-dress, prettily  
 ‘ peculiar, render them distinguishable  
 ‘ at the first glance. There are numbers  
 ‘ of them at *Bayonne*, and throughout

‘ the *Païs \* de Bigorre*. I cannot for-  
 ‘ bear to tell, that at an inn of *Bayonne*,  
 ‘ where I stopped three or four days, I  
 ‘ met with two Biscayan maids, who,  
 ‘ besides their own *Bascuenze*, could  
 ‘ speak, and very intelligibly, the *French*  
 ‘ and *Spanish*, together with the *Gascoon*  
 ‘ *dialect* that is spoken there, and under-  
 ‘ stood throughout the *Landes of Bour-*  
 ‘ *deaux* and the *Païs de Bigorre*. The  
 ‘ necessity that forces the females of Bis-  
 ‘ cay to know more than one language,  
 ‘ is far from impairing their beauty, as  
 ‘ no new language can be learned with-  
 ‘ out acquiring new ideas; and the more  
 ‘ ideas a woman has, the more agreeable

\* *The French call Païs de Bigorre a tract of country*  
*which lies between the Landes de Bourdeaux and the*  
*Pirenees. The Landes of Bourdeaux are divided into*  
*Grandes Landes and Petites Landes. The Grandes*  
*extend almost from Bourdeaux to Bayonne one way,*  
*and the Petites another way, still between those two*  
*towns. Both the Grandes and Petites Landes are*  
*sandy tracts scarcely inhabited: yet the Petites are less*  
*barren than the Grandes.*

‘ she will be. But the Biscayan wenches  
 ‘ turn their natural, as well as their ac-  
 ‘ quired powers, to no other purpose but  
 ‘ that of coquetry, and the more agree-  
 ‘ able they know themselves to be, the  
 ‘ more they expect from every man who  
 ‘ covets their converse; for ever alluring,  
 ‘ for ever kindling hope, and for ever  
 ‘ disappointing.

‘ It is a general custom throughout the  
 ‘ southern parts of France to have female  
 ‘ servants at the inns as well as in private  
 ‘ families; and it is that custom that  
 ‘ draws into the different parts of *Gas-*  
 ‘ *cony* and *Guyenne* a multitude of women  
 ‘ from Biscay, as in both those countries  
 ‘ they are sure of being preferred to the  
 ‘ natives by most masters and mistresses.  
 ‘ The *filles Gasconnes*; that is, the *Gas-*  
 ‘ *coon female servants*, are in general short  
 ‘ and clumsy, with broad, tawny, and  
 ‘ unmeaning faces; whereas the *filles*  
 ‘ *Basquoises* are almost all of a good size,  
 ‘ and well shaped, with lively black eyes

and clear complexions, and a smartness  
 about them that is attracting. Then  
 the manners of the *Gasconnes* are coarse  
 and impudent, and they scruple not to  
 throw themselves at once into the power  
 of him, who will have them for the  
 smallest sum; whereas the *Basquoises* are  
 shy and scrupulous, and will go no far-  
 ther than wheedling and cajoling, only  
 wanting to put together some hundreds  
 of livres to go back to their country  
 to marry. I must however say, that  
 the *filles Basquoises* who resort most to  
 the French side of the Pirenees, are for  
 the greatest part natives of that tract of  
 Biscay which belongs to the crown of  
 France. A young woman from Spanish  
 Biscay, is not called *fille Basquoise* by  
 the French; but *fille Biscayenne*, or  
*fille de la Biscaye*; and these like better  
 to go to service in *Navarre* and *Old*  
*Castile*, than in any part of *Guyenne* or  
*Gascony*.

With



' With regard to the men of Biscay,  
 ' it is commonly said in Spain, as well  
 ' as in France, that they will rather steal  
 ' than beg; not that they are remarkable  
 ' for thieving, but because they scorn  
 ' begging. They have a tradition in  
 ' Biscay, and the other provinces where  
 ' the *Bascuenze* is spoken, that one of  
 ' their ancient kings declared them all  
 ' *Hidalgos*; and this is the reason, that  
 ' no *Biscayan*, *Guipuscoan*, or *Alavan*  
 ' will degrade himself by asking alms.  
 ' This however is not quite the case with  
 ' the *Navarrans*, as you meet in that  
 ' kingdom with many of both sexes,  
 ' who disdain not to beg; but wait for  
 ' you on the high roads, holding up  
 ' wooden crucifixes and saints, which  
 ' they would fain induce you to kiss, as  
 ' it is the practice in several other pro-  
 ' vinces of Spain, most especially *Estre-*  
 ' *madura*.

' I have been told, that, proportion of  
 ' extent considered, there are at Madrid  
 ' more

' more natives of Biscay, than of any  
 ' other Spanish province; and that no  
 ' Biscayan goes to seek for an employ-  
 ' ment to that capital, but what is sure  
 ' of finding one. Besides that at Madrid  
 ' the notion is general, that the Biscayans  
 ' are more knowing and active than other  
 ' Spaniards; the Biscayans stand by each  
 ' other vigorously wherever they meet  
 ' out of their own province, and pro-  
 ' mote each other's interest by a kind of  
 ' tacit confederacy. They say in Eng-  
 ' land, that this is in a good measure the  
 ' case with the Scots; and I know  
 ' that in Piedmont the Savoyards keep  
 ' strongly knitted to each other; but as  
 ' soon as the Biscayans have acquired  
 ' some fortune at Madrid, they quit the  
 ' place and retire to their own dear  
 ' mountains, and there build themselves  
 ' good houses, and live the remainder  
 ' of their days in ease and comfort;  
 ' whereas the Savoyards, when once  
 ' settled in Piedmont, think no more of  
 ' the

‘ the western side of Mount Cenis, ex-  
 ‘ cept they are porters, chimney-sweep-  
 ‘ ers, and marmote-showers. Nor is  
 ‘ the case much different with the Scots  
 ‘ when they have once got root in any  
 ‘ country, especially in England, where  
 ‘ most of them will do any thing, rather  
 ‘ than go back to their homes. This is  
 ‘ at least what every Englishman will tell  
 ‘ you as soon as you mention the subject;  
 ‘ and the numbers of Scots to be met  
 ‘ throughout England do not belie the  
 ‘ observation: but both the English and  
 ‘ the Piedmontese do honour against their  
 ‘ will both to the Scots and Savoyards  
 ‘ when they reproach them with their  
 ‘ supporting each other out of their own  
 ‘ countries. Instead of a reproach, I  
 ‘ take this to be a commendation.

‘ The perpetual return of the Bis-  
 ‘ cayans to the places of their nativity,  
 ‘ is the cause that one sees, even on  
 ‘ the roughest mountains, a great many  
 ‘ houses that are very well built, with  
 ‘ panes

‘ panes of glasses to their windows, and  
 ‘ with neat window-shutters painted yel-  
 ‘ low or green: a sight that I never had  
 ‘ in any of the petty towns and villages  
 ‘ I crossed in various parts of that large  
 ‘ kingdom, though I travelled little less  
 ‘ than two thousand miles about it.  
 ‘ What sort of conveniencies the Bif-  
 ‘ cayans have within doors, I cannot tell,  
 ‘ because I have entered very few: yet  
 ‘ the outward appearance of their houses  
 ‘ will make any body think favourably  
 ‘ of the inward.

‘ The Biscayan language, or *Bascuenze*,  
 ‘ as they call it, according to the idea  
 ‘ that I have been able to form of it,  
 ‘ must be divided at least into three  
 ‘ dialects; of which the first, or mother-  
 ‘ tongue, must be called *Biscayan*, the  
 ‘ second *Navarran*, and the third *Basque*.

‘ The *Biscayan dialect*, or mother-  
 ‘ tongue, I take to be that, which is  
 ‘ spoken through that part of Biscay, the  
 ‘ inhabitants of which consider the town  
 ‘ of

‘ of *Bilbao*, or rather that of *Orduña*, to  
 ‘ be their capital. The chief seat of this  
 ‘ dialect, or tongue, I take to be that,  
 ‘ which is spoken in either of those  
 ‘ towns, only six leagues distant from  
 ‘ each other.

‘ The *Navarran dialect* I call that,  
 ‘ which is spoken through the best part  
 ‘ of the little kingdom of *Navarre*: and  
 ‘ as *Pampeluna* is the capital of that  
 ‘ kingdom, it is to be supposed that the  
 ‘ purest *Navarran* is spoken at *Pampe-*  
 ‘ *luna*.

‘ The *Basque dialect* I term that, which  
 ‘ is spoken through that tract of country,  
 ‘ called *Pais de Basque* by the French,  
 ‘ to whom it belongs. That *Pais* is  
 ‘ chiefly formed by thirty three villages  
 ‘ and their territories, all subject to the  
 ‘ spiritual jurisdiction of the bishoprick  
 ‘ of *Bayonne*. And as the most consider-  
 ‘ able of those thirty three villages is *San*  
 ‘ *Juan de Luz*, there, I suppose, the best  
 ‘ *Basque* is spoken, the chief people of

‘ the *Pais de Basque* residing in that vil-  
 ‘ lage, which the French term a *bourg*  
 ‘ or *ville*, to give it some pre-eminence  
 ‘ over the rest of those villages.

‘ I am however sensible that this divi-  
 ‘ sion of the Biscayan language into three  
 ‘ principal dialects, or into a mother-  
 ‘ tongue and two dialects, cannot be  
 ‘ looked upon as exact. There are the  
 ‘ speeches of *Guipúscoa* and *Alava*, which  
 ‘ seem to have as good a claim to the  
 ‘ denomination of dialects as the *Na-*  
 ‘ *varran* and *Basque*, because, like these  
 ‘ two, they deviate much from the  
 ‘ mother-tongue, and have some pecu-  
 ‘ liarities of their own in their respective  
 ‘ constructions. Nay, father *Laramendi*  
 ‘ (of whom anon) divides the Biscayan  
 ‘ tongue into three dialects as well as I;  
 ‘ but with this material difference, that  
 ‘ he calls the first *Guipúscoan*, the second  
 ‘ *Biscayan*, and the third *Navarran*,  
 ‘ totally omitting the *Basque* and the  
 ‘ *Alavan*. But why the chief dialect,

‘ or

‘ or mother-tongue, is to be called *Gui-*  
 ‘ *púskoan* rather than *Biscayan*, I cannot  
 ‘ tell. I have several reasons to suspect  
 ‘ the good father of partiality in his  
 ‘ division, and think, that, as he was  
 ‘ himself a native of Guipúskoá, he  
 ‘ chose at his peril to give the post of  
 ‘ honour to the language of his pro-  
 ‘ vince. He ought however not to have  
 ‘ excluded the *Basque* from his division,  
 ‘ since it is a sub-division of the *Bascu-*  
 ‘ *enze*, full as remarkable and distinct as  
 ‘ the *Navarran*, or perhaps more. But  
 ‘ why did he not take into his division  
 ‘ the speech used in the small province  
 ‘ of *Alava*? He says himself of that  
 ‘ speech, that *it participates of all the*  
 ‘ *Bascuenze dialects more or less contracted*  
 ‘ *and varied, “ participa de todos ellos,*  
 ‘ *mas o menos sincopados y variados.”* If  
 ‘ the *Alavan* speech deserves this cha-  
 ‘ racter, father *Laramendi* ought to have  
 ‘ ranked it amongst the dialects of the  
 ‘ *Bascuenze*.

‘ It is however of no great moment  
 ‘ whether we adopt *Laramendi’s* division,  
 ‘ or mine, or any other, as the Biscayan  
 ‘ language is perhaps not known at pre-  
 ‘ sent to ten people born out of the  
 ‘ triangle mentioned in the preceding  
 ‘ letter. ’Tis true, that the Biscayans,  
 ‘ Navarrans, Guipuscoans, A’lavans, and  
 ‘ Basques, make use of their respective  
 ‘ dialects in epistolary correspondence :  
 ‘ yet no man of parts and learning ever  
 ‘ meddled with Biscayan in prose or  
 ‘ verse, except a very few natives, if  
 ‘ one can judge by the books that exist  
 ‘ in this language. I have hunted after  
 ‘ such books wherever I found that any  
 ‘ could be got ; but my collection, after  
 ‘ all my pains, has proved so very small,  
 ‘ that it is scarce worth mentioning.  
 ‘ However, for the satisfaction of literary  
 ‘ curiosity, a page or two may very  
 ‘ excusably be expended upon this sub-  
 ‘ ject.

‘ The



' The most capital *Bascuenze*-work is  
 ' doubtless the folio *Dictionary*, compiled  
 ' by the above-named father *Laramendi*,  
 ' a Jesuit. The dictionary bears the title  
 ' of *Trilingue*, because it runs in *Bascu-*  
 ' *enze*, *Castilian*, and *Latin*. As it has  
 ' been printed only once, it is now be-  
 ' come so scarce, that I could not find a  
 ' copy of it any where, much to my dis-  
 ' appointment, as I am informed that its  
 ' preface, though penned in a most turgid  
 ' strain, contains a great deal of rare  
 ' erudition.

' Next the *Dictionary* comes the *Gram-*  
 ' *mar*, composed by the same author,  
 ' and oddly intitled *El imposible vencido*,  
 ' "*The impossibility conquered.*" In that  
 ' grammar the *Bascuenze* is explained by  
 ' the *Castilian*. I am told it has gone  
 ' through several editions. I have that,  
 ' which was printed at Salamanca, in  
 ' 1729, and have repeatedly looked into  
 ' it; but not yet to any purpose. In  
 ' the *prologo*, or preface, it is said, that

‘ *el Bascuenze es una lengua que congenia*  
 ‘ *poco con las otras, “ the genius of the*  
 ‘ *Biscayan bears no great affinity to that of*  
 ‘ *other languages ;”* and my reader will  
 ‘ easily give credit to this assertion, when  
 ‘ he is told, that you say in Spanish, for  
 ‘ instance, that BREAD is good *para*  
 ‘ *aquel que lo come, “ for him who eats it ;”*  
 ‘ which phrase is rendered in the Bif-  
 ‘ cayan language by one word only :  
 ‘ *jatenduenarentzat*. But, though this  
 ‘ is only one word, says father *Lara-*  
 ‘ *mendi*, we must consider it as a com-  
 ‘ pound of several ; as *jaten* stands for  
 ‘ the verb *comér* ; *du* for the accusative  
 ‘ *lo* ; *en* or *end* for the relative *que* ; and  
 ‘ *arentzat* for the pronoun *aquél* followed  
 ‘ by the article *para*.

‘ How easily a language thus con-  
 ‘ structed is to be learned, this only spe-  
 ‘ cimen may possibly give an idea. But,  
 ‘ were it ever so easy, no great profici-  
 ‘ ency could be made in it by studying  
 ‘ it out of the country where it is spoken,

' as, besides *Laramendi's Dictionary* and  
 ' *Grammar*, the number of books printed  
 ' in *Bascuenze* is, as I said, quite incon-  
 ' siderable. Eleven small volumes of  
 ' *Spiritual Discourses and Pious Medita-*  
 ' *tions*, a translation of *Kempis's Imitation*  
 ' *of Christ*; another translation of *Scupoli's*  
 ' *Spiritual Combat*, a short *Catechism*,  
 ' about half a dozen small *Collections of*  
 ' *Prayers* in prose, and of *Spiritual Songs*  
 ' in verse, are almost the only works to  
 ' be found printed in this language. I  
 ' leave my reader to judge whether it  
 ' would be possible to learn it out of the  
 ' country by means of the small portion  
 ' of it, that is contained in so limited a  
 ' library. But, was it even possible,  
 ' would it be worth the while?

' I remember to have once read in an  
 ' English *Magazine* an account of an  
 ' Irish Priest, who, travelling through  
 ' Biscay, could make shift with his Irish  
 ' tongue, to understand the Biscayans  
 ' and be understood by them. But whe-

‘ther the author of that account im-  
 ‘posed upon the public or not, let the  
 ‘reader determine by the help of the  
 ‘following transcription of the Lord’s-  
 ‘Prayer in *Biscayan* and *Irish*. I divide it  
 ‘into sentences, that any body may with  
 ‘the greater ease judge by the eye, whe-  
 ‘ther there is any affinity between the  
 ‘two tongues.

I.

*Pater noster qui es in cœlis sanctificetur  
 nomen tuum.*

BISCAYAN.

Gure Aita ceruetant zarena erabil be-  
 bedi sainduqui zure icena.

IRISH.

Ar Nahir ata ere neave guh neavfiar  
 thanem.

2.

*Adveniat regnum tuum.*

BISCAYAN.

Ethor bedi zure errefuma.

IRISH.

IRISH.

Gudhaga de riaught

3.

*Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cælo et in terra.*

BISCAYAN.

Eguin bedi zure borondatea ceruam bezala luream ere.

IRISH.

Gu nahium de heil ar dallugh marr thainter ere neave.

4.

*Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodiè.*

BISCAYAN.

Iguzu egon gure eguneco og uia.

IRISH.

Thourdune nughe ar-naran leahule.

5.

*Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.*

BISCAYAN.

Eta barkhua detzagutzu gure corrac.

IRISH.

Moughune are veigha.

6.

*Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.*

BISCAYAN.

Guc gure gana zordun direnei bark-  
hatcem deruztegun bezala.

IRISH.

Marvoughimon yare vieghuna fane.

7.

*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*

BISCAYAN.

Eta ezgaitzatzula utz tentamendutan  
erorcera.

IRISH.

Na leaghshine a caghue.

8.

*Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.*

BISCAYAN.

Aitcitic beguira gaitzatzu gaicetic.  
Halabiz.

IRISH.

IRISH.

Agh cere shen onululkt baigh marson a  
hearna. Amen.

‘ At the end of his Grammar father  
‘ *Laramendi* gives a few specimens of  
‘ *Biscayan Poetry*, which to him appear  
‘ very fine things; and such they may be  
‘ for what I. know to the contrary; but  
‘ his Spanish translations of them, give  
‘ but a very indifferent idea of the  
‘ originals. I see by the last syllables of  
‘ the Biscayan verses, that the Biscayan  
‘ poets make use of *assonancies* as well as  
‘ *rhymes* in their versification. Which of  
‘ the two have a better effect, I cannot  
‘ determine: it is however not impro-  
‘ bable, but that the *assonancies* were  
‘ adopted by the Biscayans in humble  
‘ imitation of the Spaniards.

‘ Both in Biscay and Navarre I have  
‘ listened to the songs as well as the  
‘ speech of the people, and thought the  
‘ sound of both dialects full as harmo-

' nious as those of Castile and Tuscany.  
 ' Both Navarrans and Biscayans pro-  
 ' nounce every letter very distinctly, and  
 ' mark the cadence of each line so well,  
 ' when they recite verses, as to render it  
 ' sensible even to those who do not  
 ' understand their language. Yet *Mr.*  
 ' *John Farrel*, an elderly Irish merchant,  
 ' who has resided in Biscay ever since he  
 ' was a boy, and with whom I travelled  
 ' from *Bilbao* to *San Sebastián*, told me  
 ' that the Biscayan language is coarse  
 ' and indelicate in its expressions, though  
 ' clear and sonorous to the ear, whatever  
 ' father *Laramendi* may say in praise of  
 ' its elegance in the prefaces to his *Dic-*  
 ' *tionary* and *Grammar*: nor does *Mr.*  
 ' *Farrel's* assertion clash with common  
 ' sense, as a language not cultivated by  
 ' numerous writers, must of necessity be  
 ' to a certain degree unpolished and  
 ' savage.

' As to the country, in which this  
 ' language is spoken, it is mountainous  
 ' through-



' throughout, as it lies in the very heart  
 ' of the Pirenees. Several were the  
 ' frightful hills that I mounted and de-  
 ' scended, both in Biscay and Navarre.  
 ' Some of their tops seemed to me quite  
 ' as high as our Mount-Cenis, especially,  
 ' one between *Berroéta* and *Lanz*, about  
 ' mid-way between *Bayonne* and *Pam-*  
 ' *peluna*. On the summit of it, which  
 ' is quite flat the space of about a mile,  
 ' a wind, impregnated with frozen par-  
 ' ticles of snow, blew so furiously, that  
 ' I thought it would throw me and my  
 ' mule down at every step. But it was  
 ' then the middle of December, and no  
 ' wonder if it blew hard. Yet a hill  
 ' still worse was that called *La Peña*  
 ' *Vieja*, (*the old mountain*) near the town  
 ' of *Orduña*. I descended that *Peña*  
 ' during the night, and in February,  
 ' along a broken zig-zag path covered  
 ' with snow. The path ran along the  
 ' edges of such steep precipices during  
 ' the first league, that would have made  
 ' the

‘ the hair of many stand an end. Yet  
 ‘ trusting to the mule, and never touch-  
 ‘ ing the bridle, I came down safe. The  
 ‘ mules are very careful how they go;  
 ‘ and will stop, and prick their ears,  
 ‘ and look how the ground lies in all  
 ‘ dangerous passes; nor will they ad-  
 ‘ vance a step without being sure of the  
 ‘ next. They march with safety, even  
 ‘ in the night. Nature has given them  
 ‘ such good eyes, as can guide them in  
 ‘ the thickest darkness; and of this I  
 ‘ have been myself a witness many a  
 ‘ time, not only in the Pirenees, but  
 ‘ also in the Alps and Apennines.

‘ However, notwithstanding their high  
 ‘ and frightful tops, few parts of Spain  
 ‘ (and I might say of Europe) are so  
 ‘ well inhabited as Biscay and Navarre,  
 ‘ proportion of ground considered. You  
 ‘ see in both provinces houses and cots  
 ‘ thick-scattered round the highest places,  
 ‘ and in many vallies the villages and  
 ‘ hamlets are within sight of each  
 ‘ other.

‘ other. I counted above forty along  
 ‘ the small river called *Orduña* from the  
 ‘ town of that name; which town, as  
 ‘ I said, lies at the foot of the frightful  
 ‘ *Peña Vieja*. The river *Orduña* is  
 ‘ formed by many springs, which issue  
 ‘ out of the *Peña*, and other neighbour-  
 ‘ ing hills, and runs along a valley,  
 ‘ which reaches from the town of *Or-*  
 ‘ *duña* to that of *Bilbao*, forming so  
 ‘ many cascades between those two  
 ‘ places (only six leagues distant from  
 ‘ each other) that it is not navigable for  
 ‘ any boats great or small.

‘ Although the road along that river  
 ‘ proved very bad in many places, yet I  
 ‘ never went an equal length of ground  
 ‘ with more pleasure. Every step of-  
 ‘ fered a new landscape of inexpressible  
 ‘ beauty, and the frequent tumblings of  
 ‘ that water delighted the sight. Both  
 ‘ banks of the river seem the seat of  
 ‘ fertility, and are in a manner covered  
 ‘ with habitations. The people there  
 ‘ have

' have taken advantage of those many  
 ' cascades, and even formed several arti-  
 ' ficial ones with strong dikes across the  
 ' stream. By the side of every cascade  
 ' they have erected engines, by which  
 ' they carry on various manufactures,  
 ' especially that of iron, as several of  
 ' the neighbouring hills yield it in the  
 ' greatest abundance.

' Many of those hills produce a light  
 ' sort of wine, which is the most palat-  
 ' able that ever I drank any where, par-  
 ' ticularly that of *Orduña*, and still more  
 ' that of *Serráos*, an inconsiderable vil-  
 ' lage by the sea-side, about mid-way  
 ' between *Bilbao* and *San Sebastián*. The  
 ' natives call that wine *Chacolin*, to dis-  
 ' tinguish it from their other kinds of  
 ' wine. I wonder as it lies so convenient  
 ' for transportation, that it is not car-  
 ' ried all away to England, where, that  
 ' of *Serráos* in particular, would be  
 ' liked as well as *Champaign*, of whose  
 ' qualities it partakes. It is pleasing in  
 ' many

‘ many parts of Biscay to see vineyards  
 ‘ and corn-fields hanging reciprocally over  
 ‘ each other on the sloping sides of many  
 ‘ hills. As it is not practicable to make  
 ‘ use of oxen or horses in the cultivation  
 ‘ of those steep sides, the corn-fields  
 ‘ there are not ploughed as in other  
 ‘ countries, but the soil is turned up  
 ‘ by men and women with an iron-tool  
 ‘ that is formed after the manner of an  
 ‘ H, the lateral bars of which are about  
 ‘ two foot long, and sharp-pointed at  
 ‘ the lower extremities. They grasp the  
 ‘ crossing bar of the H with both hands,  
 ‘ thrust it by main force into the ground  
 ‘ some inches deep; then pull it down-  
 ‘ wards towards themselves by the upper  
 ‘ extremities; and thus is the surface of  
 ‘ every field broken and turned up.

‘ You may well imagine, that this  
 ‘ manner of cultivation is very laborious.  
 ‘ I have seen numbers of men and women  
 ‘ at this work. They place themselves  
 ‘ many together in a row, each with his  
 ‘ tool

‘ tool in hand. They all thrust at once  
 ‘ the tool into the ground, all pulled at  
 ‘ once, and all gradually advanced to the  
 ‘ opposite side of the field. When the  
 ‘ soil is thus turned up, they break the  
 ‘ clods with iron-spades, and form the  
 ‘ furrows, which in due time are to  
 ‘ reward their diligence and labour.

‘ As to their vines, they are neither  
 ‘ bigger, nor higher, than those of Bur-  
 ‘ gundy and the upper Monferrat. I  
 ‘ mean that they are scarcely three foot  
 ‘ high, and each is tied with twigs to a  
 ‘ stake fixed in the ground.

‘ Besides wheat and grapes, the Bis-  
 ‘ cayans and Navarrans have also many  
 ‘ fields sowed with what in Italy is  
 ‘ called *Lino*; that is, a short kind of  
 ‘ flax, which yields very delicate fla-  
 ‘ ments. They have likewise much Tur-  
 ‘ key-corn, of which they make bread.  
 ‘ Fruit, legumes, and pot-herbs, they  
 ‘ have every where in the greatest plenty.  
 ‘ The highest and wildest parts abound  
 ‘ in

‘ in chesnuts of the very best sort. Oxen  
 ‘ throughout both provinces, are neither  
 ‘ common, nor of a large size; but they  
 ‘ have innumerable goats, and make  
 ‘ cheese and butter of their milk. Sheep  
 ‘ I did not see many, but abundance of  
 ‘ swine in many parts; and pork is there  
 ‘ as good as any where in Italy, the  
 ‘ swine being fed with sweet acorns and  
 ‘ chesnuts.

‘ Fuel is plentiful throughout the coun-  
 ‘ try, as the upper parts of the hills are  
 ‘ immensely woody. Every body may  
 ‘ go and cut what fuel he needs; but that  
 ‘ it may never grow scarce, they have a  
 ‘ custom of going once a year on a stated  
 ‘ day, the house-keepers and grown men  
 ‘ all together, up into the woods they  
 ‘ have cut, and there each man plants  
 ‘ two young trees which he has taken  
 ‘ with him from the nursery in his own  
 ‘ garden. When the trees are all thus  
 ‘ planted, they dance merrily round a  
 ‘ large *pellejo* or *leather-bag* full of wine;  
 ‘ then

‘ then drink it, and return back to their  
 ‘ homes. The institutor of that kind of  
 ‘ feast has certainly been a great bene-  
 ‘ factor to his country.

‘ The sea renders fish pretty plentiful  
 ‘ some leagues within land ; and at *Bilbao*  
 ‘ they have a kind called *Angullas*, which  
 ‘ in my opinion is the nicest dainty pro-  
 ‘ duced by the ocean. This fish is as  
 ‘ white as milk, and so very small, that  
 ‘ you may put two or three dozen at once  
 ‘ into your mouth. The Biscayans fry it  
 ‘ in oil, and squeeze a lemon over. It  
 ‘ is so plenty, as to be within the pur-  
 ‘ chase of the poorest man. Boats are  
 ‘ easily filled with *Angullas* by the fisher-  
 ‘ men all along the river *Orduña* below  
 ‘ Bilbao down to the sea, which is four  
 ‘ or five miles distant. During that  
 ‘ space, the river has no cascades ; so  
 ‘ that there it is navigable, and admits  
 ‘ of merchant-ships up to the fine bridge,  
 ‘ that joins Bilbao with its suburb.

‘ That



' That I might get some information  
 ' about the Biscayan language, I staid  
 ' three or four days in the town of *Or-*  
 ' *duna*, as I was coming from Old Castile  
 ' towards France. From *Orduna* I came  
 ' along the river-side the space of five  
 ' leagues, and rode the sixth to *Bilbao*  
 ' over some hills very high, but verdant  
 ' and woody. No towns that ever I saw,  
 ' are more pleasantly situated than those  
 ' two. Such fertile sides of hills by  
 ' them both! Such a valley! Such a  
 ' pretty stream as that river! And such  
 ' a soft climate even in the height of  
 ' winter! I shall never see the like  
 ' again!

' *Bilbao* is a very well built town, that  
 ' contains above twenty thousand inha-  
 ' bitants. Many churches there, are of  
 ' free-stone, as well as many houses.  
 ' The townsmen have more public walks  
 ' than they need, all bordered with high  
 ' trees. But the town of *Orduna* has  
 ' nothing very remarkable, except its

' romantic situation, though it has the  
 ' honour, as I said, of being the capital  
 ' of the province. I saw but few houses  
 ' there with glass-panes to their win-  
 ' dows, whereas at Bilbao every house  
 ' has that convenience. The custom  
 ' of not having glass-panes to the win-  
 ' dows, but only shutters, renders a  
 ' journey through many parts of the  
 ' Spanish kingdom very disagreeable to a  
 ' poor traveller, most especially in winter,  
 ' as the wind will enter at night through  
 ' the chinks and holes of the shutters  
 ' into his bed-room, and render his rest  
 ' most uncomfortable, as has often been  
 ' my case.

' Add to this inconvenience, that of  
 ' having in numberless *ventas* and *posadas*  
 ' only one fire-place, situated in the  
 ' middle of what they call the kitchen;  
 ' which is generally a large room without  
 ' windows, with a cleft or hole at top,  
 ' through which a dim light comes in,  
 ' and the smoke goes out, after it has

‘ almost blinded you, and added to the  
 ‘ blackness of the walls.

‘ In those dark kitchens, and round  
 ‘ those fire-places, every traveller, who  
 ‘ does not chuse to starve with cold, must  
 ‘ sit in winter on a wooden-bench or  
 ‘ three-legged stool, though he was a  
 ‘ prince, in company with the posadero  
 ‘ and his family, with every muleteer,  
 ‘ peasant, beggar, or any other person  
 ‘ that happens to be at the posada, while  
 ‘ the maids are boiling the \* *Pochéro*,  
 ‘ and frying the *Abadejo*. Squeamish  
 ‘ people would be apt to think it a great  
 ‘ hardship to be forced to sit in such a  
 ‘ dirty circle; but as for me I always  
 ‘ found it the best part of the day, as by  
 ‘ that means I had better opportunities  
 ‘ than I would otherwise have had, of  
 ‘ enjoying discourses and characters not

\* *Pochéro* is a mess of chick-peas and French-beans boiled in oil with onions or garlick, and *Abadejo* is stock-fish fried in oil.

' to be enjoyed out of those assemblies.  
 ' I clapped the faces of the little boys,  
 ' kissed the little girls, shook hands with  
 ' the maidens, called every old man fa-  
 ' ther, and every old woman mother ;  
 ' asked every body his name, gave snuff  
 ' to all, and made all drink out of my  
 ' *borracho*. Thus I generally put them  
 ' all in good humour, together with my-  
 ' self ; which procured me the best place  
 ' by the fire-side, and whatever little  
 ' conveniencies the people could afford ;  
 ' nor is it possible to go a journey  
 ' through the kingdom of Spain with any  
 ' sort of satisfaction, without using such  
 ' arts, and without setting every body to  
 ' chat, sing, or dance as soon as you  
 ' alight at any place.

' I must not omit to say, that the Bis-  
 ' cayans and Guipuscoans pay no sort of  
 ' taxes. The seignory, or lordship,  
 ' which comprehends both Guipuscoa  
 ' and Biscay, makes only a voluntary gift  
 ' to the king of Spain when pressed by  
 ' a war.

‘ a war. Few are the nations in Europe,  
 ‘ that can boast of such a privilege. One  
 ‘ would think, that life must be passed  
 ‘ very agreeably in a part of the world  
 ‘ made very beautiful by nature, as all  
 ‘ Biscay is, and where people are not per-  
 ‘ petually plagued with new ordinances,  
 ‘ new edicts, new laws, new nonsense  
 ‘ every day. We read in history, that  
 ‘ the French have several times invaded  
 ‘ that lordship, seigniory, or principality,  
 ‘ (call it as you will) and attempted to  
 ‘ make themselves masters of it; but  
 ‘ were always bravely repulsed by the  
 ‘ inhabitants without any great assistance  
 ‘ from Spanish armies: and no wonder  
 ‘ if they will fight hard in defence of  
 ‘ their mountains and vallies, where they  
 ‘ enjoy such a felicity, as that of never  
 ‘ seeing the odious face of a tax-gatherer.  
 ‘ Let us now end the *Digression*, and re-  
 ‘ turn to *Fraga*.’

The Canon and I were going to sit down to supper, when Batiste rushed

hastily in, to tell me, that *Signor Cornacchini* was just alighted from his chaise, and was coming up stairs. I suppose you know *Cornacchini*, as he has sung many seasons at Turin. I saw him once in London, whither he had been called to sing at the opera. We scarcely knew each other's face; yet one is always glad to meet with people in remote places, of whom one knows something. I sent *Batiste* to desire his company to supper. He stared to hear that I was there, as my name was not quite unknown to him. Our slight knowledge of each other we presently improved into familiarity. He has lived these last six years at Madrid, and is now going back home, loaded with the dubloons got in that capital. We have already agreed to go as far as Genoa together. At Genoa we shall part: he for Milan, and I for Turin. Though an Eunuch, he seems not to want sense. I question not, but we shall do very well together in the same vehicle

from

from Barcelona to Genoa. I hope he will forget the high price that gentle ladies have hitherto set upon his pretty voice, and that he will warble away for nothing during the journey. As he speaks Spanish quite fluently, and looks soft and respectful, my Canon gave no sign of that antipathy, which prevails much in this country against *los castrones Italianos*, “the Italian goats,” as they term such personages; so that our supper proved very chearful.

While we were at it, two Capuchin Friars came in to beg our charity. “What, said I, can I give you my good fathers? You do not touch money, and I am not at home to order you some bread, or wine, or any thing else.”

’Tis true, answered the most aged of the two, that we do not touch money: but if you will give any, the *posadero* shall receive it for us.

“ This is an expedient, said I, that,  
 “ I own, I had never thought on. But  
 “ how can you reconcile it with the  
 “ chief rule of your institute? Did not  
 “ the blessed St. Francis order you never  
 “ to receive money?”

The blessed faint, replied the father,  
 did order us not to touch it; and that we  
 never do: but he has not forbid us to  
 have others to receive it for us.

“ You have more wit, said I, than  
 “ our Capuchins of Italy, who never  
 “ were able to make such distinctions.  
 “ Our Capuchins neither touch money  
 “ themselves, nor delegate others to re-  
 “ ceive it. But will you give me leave,  
 “ reverend father, to tell you, that the  
 “ construction you put on St. Francis’  
 “ order, looks no better than a quibble?  
 “ If you are to be allowed the liberty of  
 “ having money touched by others for  
 “ your own use, the faint’s command  
 “ was childish and ridiculous. Did he  
 “ think it a sin to finger a piece of  
 “ money?



“ money? If he thought so, he was  
 “ certainly wrong, since Christ himself  
 “ touched Cæsar’s coin. Then, what  
 “ difference could St. Francis make be-  
 “ tween touching a piece of metal, a  
 “ piece of wood, a piece of any thing?  
 “ However, the saint cannot be sup-  
 “ posed to have been so simple and  
 “ absurd, as to fancy that the mere  
 “ touching of any inanimated matter  
 “ was sinful; therefore when he so-  
 “ lemnly forbade you to touch money,  
 “ he could mean nothing else, but that  
 “ you should abstain from the use of it,  
 “ that you might be *the poor of Christ*  
 “ in the strictest sense of the word. But  
 “ that you conform to the saint’s  
 “ mandates, your desiring me to give  
 “ money for you to the *posadero*, is no  
 “ very great proof.”

Necessity has no law, answered the  
 Friar, without losing his temper. If our  
 Spaniards would give Capuchins all that  
 they want, as I suppose the Italians do,

we should probably do as the Capuchins of Italy. But as we do not receive from our people enough to keep us from starving, we must not only beg of every stranger that goes by, but even send many members of our community to beg in foreign provinces. But, sir, added he smiling, I only came here to ask your alms in obedience to my superior's commands, and not to debate about St. Francis' injunctions. My superior forbids me to dispute with any body that wears not a religious coat; and so you will give me leave to decline entering into controversy.

“ But has your superior, said I, forbidden you, to drink ? ”

He only orders us to be temperate, said the Friar; and if you give us leave, we will *hazer uftedes a brindis* (*drink your good healths*) and go about our business, as it is already too late for us to be out of our convent.

L E T-

## L E T T E R LXXI.

*Don Diego again. An Irish officer. Acceptable news. Irish regiments. A fine country. An odd picture. Singing and dancing.*

Mollerúfa, Oct. 25, 1760.

**T**O-DAY we made a push, and travelled little less than ten leagues; so that we have overtaken Don Diego Martinez and his family, much to our reciprocal satisfaction.

Early this morning we left Aragon behind us, and entered Catalonia, as *Fraga* is the last Aragonian town on this side of Spain, and *Alcaráz* (three leagues from *Fraga*) the first Catalonian village. We baited at *Alcaráz*, and went to dine at *Lérida*; a town much revered by antiquarians, who say that it was once one of the most important places in the Roman empire. At present it is but small and ill-built; considerable only for  
its

its fortifications, and for a citadel seated on an eminence, which was besieged in vain during the long and bloody war, which gave the kingdom of Spain to a French prince.

The garrison kept at Lerida seems very numerous. Being stopped at the gate I entered, and being desired to give an account of myself, according to the ordinary custom in fortified places, I was pleased to find that the officer, who put to me the usual questions, was an Irishman. I guessed him to be such by his pronounciation, and answered him in English, much to his surprize. From him I heard, that the English have made themselves masters of all *Canada* in North-America. These will prove interesting news to many, and I hope, when I go back to England, to find the price of beaver-hats much lowered. 'Tis one of the advantages I expect from the English conquest. The French have really managed the present war in a miserable

ferable manner, considering the vast forces they can raise. But they have had their period of success, and been a sufficient while the first people in Europe. I am glad to hear that they leave room for another nation to come in; that at last the wheel begins moving, and going round again with some degree of swiftness.

The Irish officer, who questioned me at the above gate, belongs to one of the three Irish regiments the king of Spain keeps in his service. But though those three regiments are called Irish, they are not composed of Irishmen alone. Any man of any nation, except a Spaniard, is admitted in them as a soldier, and only the officers must be natives of Ireland or Great Britain.

At Lerida we made but a short stay, that we might reach this place to-night; so that, I had not time to give a look at some decayed Roman antiquities there and in its neighbourhood. The space we  
crossed

crossed from *Alcaráz* to this *Mollerúsa*, is inconceivably fine. There are rivulets and canals that moisten the land in different directions, and you see all along, either well cultivated fields or extensive vineyards, with olive, mulberry, plum, almond-trees in numberless orchards that have no enclosures of any kind. The pomegranates of this country are famous over Spain as well as the figs; and I am assured, that the more we shall advance towards Barcelona, the better we shall find the country.

Don Diego and his lady, a most musical pair, were much pleased to see their old acquaintance *Cornacchini*, and would have us all sit down with them to supper. When that was over, *Cornacchini* snatched a guittar out of the hands of a fellow who stood by, and sung to it a Spanish *Tunadilla* with incomparable suavity. His playing and singing brought presently a group of figures about him, not to be represented in one picture but by the

the joint powers of *Titian* and *Calotte*. Let me sketch that picture to you with the pen, since I cannot with a pencil. The middle of it is taken up by *Cornacchini* in a languishing posture, as the words of the *Tunadilla* require. On his right there is the Corregidor and his lady, with your brother, who has Pepina in his lap. On the left there is my fat Canon, with two Augustine-Friars who are not lean, and another ecclesiastick. Then all about you see Pepina's nurse, the Corregidor's servants, my sturdy Batiste, the Canon's clown, the Posadero with his wife and children, half a dozen Calefferos with their shoes made of rope, and one half of the inhabitants of Mollerusa, some in rags, some barefooted, all silent, all looking at *Cornacchini*, and all hanging on his lips, just as the Carthaginians did on those of Eneas when he was rehearsing his dismal tale to the widow of Sicheus. But can you be so stupid, as not to guess that a most violent dancing followed *Cornacchini's*

*chini's* singing? Upon my word, we made a merry night of it, and did not break company till one in the morning, though it had been resolved at supper, that we should all set out together at four; that is, within two hours, as I see by my watch, it is now two. I will go and throw myself upon a bed without undressing, that I may be ready at the caleféro's call.

## L E T T E R LXXII.

*Too many fleas. Fare you well, Señor Don Diego. Visit paid to an university. Manners and dress of the students in it. A fine road, and a good Venta. No broken pate.*

Venta del Violino, Oct. 26, 1760.

**A**S I told you last night, I threw myself on a bed as soon as I had done scribbling, but the fleas of *Mollerúsa* are of so fierce a kind, and have such formidable powers of penetration, that I could not stand them a quarter of an hour.

This



This is one of the greatest inconveniencies that men must inevitably suffer, who travel in Spain, where there is scarce one bed in ten (I mean at the *Ventas* and *Posadas*) that is quite free from those tormenting vermin. The people of the house were still up in the kitchen, and to them I went, and chatter'd away the short time I was to stay there. As none of my fellow-travellers had undress'd, they were all ready for their chocolate against four; and at four exactly we all got into our voitures. Don Diego's trotting mules were soon out of sight. About ten we reached *Cervera*, having gone at the rate of a league an hour, and without stopping at any of the villages we met within that space. At *Cervera* I dined hastily, then ran to Don Diego's house, to take my leave of him and his good lady. I found them at dinner with some of the principal gentlemen of *Cervéra*. After an hour's conversation, I made my bow, and left them, not without some concern, on my

side at least. Travellers ought never to familiarize themselves much with amiable people, if they would spare themselves many disagreeable sensations. But then, what pleasure would there be in travelling? The fact is, that, whether we stay at home, or go abroad, there is no pleasure of any kind, that soon or late is not followed by some pain.

As I was going to Don Diego along a fine street, I saw a considerable stone-building, and asked of a shop-keeper what it was. *The university*, answer'd the man. I must, thought I, give a look at it on my coming back; and so I did, though not at all to my satisfaction, because, as I enter'd at the gate, my ears were horribly saluted by a most infernal hissing of two or three hundred young men, who were walking under the high porticos that surround its ample court-yard.

What can this be? said I, stopping short on the upper step. The hissing mixed with cries encreas'd in a moment at a  
dreadful

dreadful rate. In short, the meaning of it was, that the gentlemen never suffer any body to enter their university without a previous leave begg'd by a message to some of them. I had taken off my hat as I enter'd, but that it seems, will not do with their *Señorias*. I cannot say how I looked on the sudden hearing of such an uproar. They made me start back and take to my heels, not only with their hisses and cries, but, what was more efficacious, with stones that some of their most vigorous hands flung at my head. It was lucky I was not hit, and I wonder how I escaped unhurt. I was soon out of harm's way, as none attempted to follow me in the street.

Such is the reception I met at the noble university of Cervera, the glorious seat of the Catalonian muses. A fine specimen of the studies pursued there by the Catalonian youth at the expence of their king, who, as I am told, pays yearly some thousand doubloons in salaries to their instruc-

tors. Yet, in my humble opinion, his majesty would do better to send both the students and professors to tug at the oar in the galleys at Barcelona. The galley-masters' whips might possibly teach them sooner the theory and practice of that humanity, which ought to be the chief characteristick of scholars, and without which studies are pernicious. That young students should be so infamously brutal, as they are there, it is not impossible to conceive. Young men are apt to be thoughtless and whimsical, and a few bad ones will soon spoil a large number, if they are not watch'd. But that their professors suffer the exertion of such an infamous brutality, and have it not suppressed, is what would make me place them at the head of the benches in a galley. My honest Canon blushes patriotically at my adventure, and, I think, with very sufficient reason.

To this account of my visit to that university I can only add, that the student's  
 dress

dress is uniform, and consists of an ample black cloak that reaches the ground, with a large flapped hat over their other vestments.

We left *Cervera* at three in the afternoon, and came to this *Venta del Violino* to pass the night. The road from that town to this *Venta* is very fine, having been but lately made on occasion of the king going to Madrid in his way from Naples. I shall have a better bed to night than I had at *Mollerúfa*, this being the best *Venta* I have as yet seen in Spain. It is newly built, and very well furnished. I am glad that I go to bed without a broken head, which would have proved pretty inconvenient in this part of the world, as you may easily conceive.

## L E T T E R LXXIII.

Dante's journey. *A famous sanctuary in Spain, the history of its origin, and its romantic situation. Batiste's observations.*

Piera, Oct. 27, 1760.

MY journey from *Lisbon* to *Mérida*, from *Mérida* to *Fraga*, and from *Fraga* to this *Piera*, might in some measure be compared to Dante's poetical journey through *Hell*, *Purgatory*, and *Paradise*. The country from *Cervera* to this place is formed by an uninterrupted chain of hills and dales, the amenity of which is beyond description. Were the rest of Spain so fertile and populous as this part of Catalonia, no kingdom in the world would come up to it.

The village of *Igualada*, where we dined, is as well built as any I ever saw in Italy or England; and I might say the same of all those we left behind yesterday and to day.

There

There are at *Igualada* several paper-mills on an artificial canal, and a manufactory of woollen cloth, in which I counted about forty looms. From thence I intended to let Batiste proceed with the Canon to Barcelona, and take a trip on mule-back to the convent of *Monferrate*, which is but a few leagues out of my way; but a north-wind blew so cold and so fierce the whole morning, that it made me drop the thought, as I am not cloathed warmly enough to encounter the cold of the mountain where that convent is, and was unwilling to open my trunk for a thicker dress. Had the weather continued mild, you should have been regaled with an account of an hermitage, which, as I can gather from several eye-witnesses, might cope for its singularity with that of the *Cork-Convent* in Portugal.

There is a sanctuary at *Monferrate*, which is no less famous in Spain than that of *Loretto* in Italy. I must apprise you of the origin of that sanctuary, near

in the same terms as I had it from the Canon.

“ About the middle of the ninth cen-  
 “ tury, when Catalonia was governed by  
 “ its own sovereigns with the title of  
 “ counts, there was one of them who  
 “ had an only daughter no less beautiful  
 “ than good.

“ That princess had scarce reached  
 “ fourteen, when she took into her head  
 “ to turn hermits; nor was it in the  
 “ power of her father’s remonstrances,  
 “ her mother’s tears, her lover’s sighs,  
 “ and the people’s intreaties, to make her  
 “ change so strange a resolution. She  
 “ gave orders for a cell to be built in the  
 “ wildest part of the mountain now call-  
 “ ed *Monferrate*, where she retired quite  
 “ alone to lead a life of prayer and pen-  
 “ nance, feeding upon acorns and berries,  
 “ and drinking of the limpid stream.

“ On the same mountain, and at no  
 “ great distance from the royal maiden’s  
 “ abode, there lived a hermit called *Gua-*  
*rino,*



“ *rino*, who, though in the prime of  
 “ youth, had already gone through so  
 “ many voluntary austerities and suffer-  
 “ ings, that he was reputed to be as great  
 “ a saint as St. Jerom, St. Hilary, or St.  
 “ Macarius?

“ The devil, as you may well think,  
 “ did not look upon this pair with a fa-  
 “ vourable eye. He was afraid lest their  
 “ virtue should prove contagious, and re-  
 “ solved to oppose its effects. To obtain  
 “ his wicked end, he tempted *Guarino* to  
 “ go and pay a visit to the princess, un-  
 “ der the notion of encouraging her, and  
 “ be encouraged himself, to persevere in  
 “ their holy course of life. The visits by  
 “ degrees grew more frequent than was  
 “ necessary. The consequence of them  
 “ was, that the devil’s scheme took  
 “ place, and the princess began to swell  
 “ about the hips, to the immense grief  
 “ of the poor hermit, who now saw him-  
 “ self in the imminent danger of losing  
 a re-

“ a reputation for sanctity, which he had  
 “ laboured hard to acquire. *bad dnoy*

“ *Abyssus abyssum invocat.* What did  
 “ the wicked *Guarino* do, in order to  
 “ hide his wicked sin? Alas! he cut the  
 “ young lady’s throat, and secretly buried  
 “ her body under a heap of stones!

“ The dreadful feat being atchieved,  
 “ *Guarino* went on in his wonted course,  
 “ and continued a while to impose him-  
 “ self for a saint upon the few inhabitants  
 “ of the wilderness. But his crime,  
 “ though it escaped the notice of others,  
 “ never could escape his own; and the  
 “ consciousness of it tormented him so  
 “ much and so incessantly, that, unable  
 “ to bear it, he resolved at last, to take a  
 “ a journey to Rome, to confess himself  
 “ to the Pope, and sue for that absolu-  
 “ tion which, he thought, never could  
 “ be granted him by any body but his  
 “ Holiness.

“ The Pope’s hair stood an end upon  
 “ hearing of so horrible a crime, and told

“ *Guarino*

“ *Guarino*, that it was not to be expiated  
 “ but by going back to his hermitage  
 “ quite naked and upon four, like a  
 “ beast; adding that he was never to at-  
 “ tempt walking in an erect posture  
 “ again, until he received a positive com-  
 “ mand from heaven to do so.

“ The injunction was hard; yet *Gua-*  
 “ *rino* complied with it. He stripped  
 “ and began his journey back to Monfer-  
 “ rate. In a little time his hair grew so  
 “ long all about his body, that he look’d  
 “ rather like a bear, than like a human  
 “ creature.

“ Thus did *Guarino* crawl about for  
 “ some years, avoiding as much as he  
 “ could the few habitations that were in  
 “ the mountain, hiding himself in a ca-  
 “ vern by day, and going only towards  
 “ night in search of food.

“ It happened one day, that the count  
 “ of Catalonia, father to the murder’d  
 “ young lady, being upon a hunting  
 “ match, saw *Guarino* as he attempted to  
 “ clamber

“ clamber over a cliff to get at some wild  
 “ roots. The sight of so extraordinary a  
 “ monster made the prince approach in  
 “ order to attack it; but finding it was  
 “ not so wild as he had conceived at first  
 “ fight, and that it suffered two or three  
 “ blows in a most humble posture, he  
 “ ordered his attendants to chain it, and  
 “ carry it to Barcelona, where he used to  
 “ keep it in his own apartment, feeding  
 “ it with crusts and bones as he was at  
 “ dinner, and often diverting himself  
 “ and his courtiers by kicking it about,  
 “ and making it continually play a thou-  
 “ sand anticks.

“ This kind of life proved much more  
 “ hard and mortifying to *Guarino*, than  
 “ that of wandering about the mountains.  
 “ Yet he bore it with such perfect pa-  
 “ tience and resignation, that at last it  
 “ atoned for his crime. One day as the  
 “ count was at his dinner, and the mon-  
 “ ster by him, a tremendous voice re-  
 “ sounded from on high, that said, *Rise*

“ up

“ up *Guarino*, rise up: thy sin is forgiven.

“ The poor penitent, who had long  
 “ wish'd in vain for such a command,  
 “ stood presently upon two, and turning  
 “ his eyes up to heaven, spoke a prayer  
 “ of thanks with audible voice and fervent  
 “ emotion.

“ You may well imagine the surprize  
 “ both of the count and his attendants  
 “ at this unexpected adventure. Having  
 “ thus broken his septennial silence,  
 “ *Guarino* related with a flood of tears  
 “ his whole story to the thunder-struck  
 “ sovereign, and implored a pardon  
 “ which was easily granted. The count  
 “ ordered him to be wash'd and cloathed;  
 “ then went with him to the mountain  
 “ in search of the place where his unhappy  
 “ daughter had been murdered,  
 “ with an intention to give her remains  
 “ a more decent burial than they had  
 “ had from her pitiless lover. When lo!  
 “ miracle upon miracle! They found the  
 “ princess alive just by the place where

“ she

“ she had received the wound, which was  
 “ still open, and the blood still stream-  
 “ ing down her breast to the ground.

“ Who will attempt to tell the mixed  
 “ grief and joy of a father at such a sight!  
 “ He had her taken directly to her cell,  
 “ where a surgeon soon cured her. It is  
 “ needless to tell, that she had repented  
 “ time enough the sins committed with  
 “ *Guarino*, and recommended herself so  
 “ fervorously to the Virgin Mary at the  
 “ time he drew his knife upon her, that  
 “ the Virgin Mary took pity on her, and  
 “ preserved her life in that wonderful  
 “ manner.

“ As soon as the princess was restored  
 “ to her former health, she ordered a  
 “ church and convent to be erected on  
 “ the very spot where *Guarino* had treat-  
 “ ed her so barbarously. The church she  
 “ dedicated to her patroness, not only  
 “ for the favour received, but also because  
 “ a most miraculous image of her had  
 “ been found concealed just about that  
 “ time.

“ time in one of the many hollows, that  
 “ are about the mountain.

“ As to the convent, the princess  
 “ begg’d of her father that it should be  
 “ given to the Benedictine monks, who  
 “ have successively been in possession of  
 “ it from that time to this day.” And  
 thus ends the history of the miraculous  
*Nuestra Señora de Monserrate*.

That mountain I had in sight on my  
 left hand during this whole day. It is a  
 long ridge, that makes the oddest ap-  
 pearance at a distance, showing many  
 broken hills of several sizes, some of  
 which must offer very tremendous per-  
 pendicular precipices on each of their  
 sides. The highest of those hills deno-  
 minates the whole ridge, that divides Ca-  
 talonia in two pretty equal parts. The  
 church and convent lie towards the foot  
 of that high hill, and from thence, up  
 through a most craggy winding path, you  
 reach the summit of it, visiting in your  
 way several little hermitages formed on

the various brows of the cliffs, and finding a monk in each hermitage. By the Canon's account, the various prospects from those hermitages must be no less awful than picturesque. People of all conditions continually go from all parts of the catholic world, but most particularly from the several provinces of Spain, to visit that sanctuary, which holds as great a treasure, they say, as that at *Loretto*, if not a greater. The monks, who are above a hundred, use open hospitality to every body that goes there, be who it will, having a large income for the purpose, besides that the order is continually sending some of its members not only into the neighbouring provinces, but even into the most distant parts of the kingdom, in quest of alms for the sanctuary. It is however customary for the rich that visit it, to make some return in money to the monks for their entertainment, and the poor only are allowed to live there for nothing during three days. The whole  
business



business in short, is managed at *Monferate* just as it is at *Loretto*, and there are some days in the year set a part for the celebration of solemn festivals, that draw thousands of people to visit the place, whom the monks take care to furnish with sufficient victuals and accommodations during those days.

Many are the fruitful valleys that one meets between those frightful hills; and numberless springs from the rocks join not far from the convent to form a small river called *Lobregat*, the water of which is reckoned the most salubrious in Catalonia.

The territory of *Piera*, which I chose to cross a foot towards evening, is inexpressibly fine, but I will not tire you with descriptions, that would be repeated at every step. I have just had a very good supper, and I see that the bed is clean and soft; therefore I quit the pen, and undress.

A POSTSCRIPT to please Batiste, who tells me, that, having alighted to drink at *Fuente de la Reyna*, a village about a league from hence, he has been told, that many of the houses there, are well supplied with water by means of brass-cocks fixed in one of the walls of the ground-floor rooms; and he assures me, that he saw himself one of those cocks at the inn where he drank. Pray, Monsieur, says Batiste, don't fail to note this down, saying that I made the observation, and not you. Thus your brothers, when they come to read your letters, shall see that I was not an idle servant, but help'd my master as much as I could.

Batiste's desire is too just not to be complied with, and I will also add, that at *Valbona*, (another village about half a league off) he has filled the *Borracho* with a wine, that I think equal, if not preferable, to the best Syracuse I ever tasted. The honest fellow knows very well what  
 he

he is about, when good wine is to be had. The villages we crossed to day, were at so short a distance from each other, as by the help of some exaggeration one might say, that this day's journey was performed through a single village.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

*Industry and activity of the Catalonian rusticks. Their piety. A heavy poll. A steep hill. Vines formed into festoons. Streets narrow, but well paved.*

Barcelona, Oct. 28, 1760.

**T**HOSE who charge the Spaniards with idleness, ought at least to make an exception in favour of the Catalonian rusticks, whom I found this morning at work by moon-light in the fields, as I walked out of *Piera* by four o'clock.

How, said I, does it happen, that these people are so diligent in quitting

their beds, and rise so early for such a purpose? Surely the fellows get up thus betimes to their labours, that they may avoid fatiguing themselves during the burning hours of the noon.

See how travellers are quick in finding out the reason of things! I had scarce formed the thought, when I laughed at my ill-natured sagacity, as I recollected that the weather was then so cold, that the mid-day hours could not prove troublesome to the husbandmen. Let therefore the honest fellows have the praise they so well deserve of an activity and industry, which is perhaps not to be matched any where.

Nor is that activity the only quality in them that merits my commendation. Their piety has likewise a just claim to it, as I heard them loudly recite their prayers while they busied themselves with their lopping-knives about their vines and mulberry-trees.

I have

I have been at times an early riser myself in several countries, most especially when on a journey. But although the peasantry of every country be in general very ready to get up betimes to their works, yet I never observed them any where to rise so early, as I find them to do in the neighbourhood of *Piera*. My good Canon assures me, that the Aragonians do not yield much to the Catalans in this particular; yet he owns that the Catalans are the most active people throughout Spain, and assigns a good reason for it. The reason is, says he, that, from the age of fifteen to sixty, the poor Catalans are obliged to pay a capitation of \* forty four reals annually, besides their quota of the taxes that are laid in common on all subjects. That heavy capitation, continues the Canon, was laid on the Catalans by *Philip V*, to punish them for their obsti-

\* *About twelve shillings English money.*

nate adherence to his competitor *Charles* in the long succession-war as they call it.

See what the little get by meddling in the contests of the great! The common people of Catalonia, and the peasantry especially, had surely no need of concerning themselves about the succession, as, whoever conquered, they were still to continue under an uncontrolled government. But the multitude was always foolish throughout the world, and is always made a tool to carry points that concern them but very little, or very remotely: nor will they ever be persuaded, that with respect to them, it matters but very little how and by whom they are governed. Instead of holding their peace, and playing merely the spectators, as some other Spaniards did upon that occasion; instead of leaving the two princes to fight it out as well as they could, the silly Catalans listened to the seducive voice of numerous emissaries from Austria and from England, who

who made them believe they would all be rich, all happy, all glorious, if Charles could prevail. The effect of such promises was, that the poor fellows quitted their ploughs and their looms, took up swords and firelocks, and marched bravely against Philip, declaring that they would have a German king, and not a French one.

But what availed their declarations and their fighting! Philip prevailed, because the Germans could do but little for Charles; and the English, who had long supported him powerfully, grew at last tired of it, and dropped him. Deserted and given up by the allies of Charles, the wretched Catalans were considered by the victor as rebels and traitors. Many of them had fallen in war; but they were now hanged, beheaded, sent to the galleys, and harassed and tormented in other various ways. Then a capitation was laid upon them, and entailed upon their posterity, who

are now forced to get up long before the sun to earn it, and atone for the great folly of their forefathers. *Tuas res age* is the best general advice that prudence can give ; and if every Catalan, instead of *Biva el Rey Don Carlos*, had said to himself and to his countrymen *tuas res age*, they might have prevented the great calamities that overtook them for the want of such an advice.

In the neighbourhood of *Piera* there is an eminent hill, the southern side of which is so steep, that people are obliged to lay hold of ropes fixed to strong poles, in order to keep themselves upright while they stalk from vine to vine to pluck the grapes that cover all that side. Should they trust themselves there without the help of those ropes, the least remissness of attention in stepping, might cause a very mischievous tumble. I wonder how people could take it into their heads to plant vines on so inconvenient a spot: but the trouble of the  
vintagers



vintagers is very well repaid by the goodness of those grapes, which yield the most excellent wine that is drank in Catalonia.

About noon we reached a little village called *Molin de Reys*, where *Don Miguel de Vallejo*, brother to my friend the Canon, was waiting for his arrival, having been previously informed that the Canon would be there against dinner-time.

*Don Miguel* had come thither in a coach and four, and had brought two more gentlemen with him. In an instant we became the best friends in the world, and dined chearfully together. After dinner they trotted off, after having got a promise that *Cornacchini* and I, shall dine with them to-morrow. I walked leisurely the best part from *Molin de Reys* to this town, with a prospect sufficiently fine all around me, to put any body in mind of the Elysian fields. It consisted of an endless continuation of

vines

vines supported by mulberry-trees regularly planted, the vine-branches so disposed, as to form rich festoons from one tree to the other. I have seen such festooned vineyards in some parts of Italy, especially in the dutchies of Mantua and Modena, with this only difference from the Catalonian fashion, that, instead of mulberry-trees, the Modenese and Mantuan vines are supported by elms.

Think how rich the Catalonian soil must be, that affords nourishment not only to those vines and mulberries, but also to the wheat that is sowed under their shade! Nay, there are vineyards in this country, in which, after the corn-crop, they get another of some other grain. What a delightful object to the eyes of the honest husbandman to see so much fertility come thus forth to reward his well-spent labours!

During a good mile from the town the road lies perfectly even and straight, and is bordered on each side by orange and  
mulberry

mulberry trees alternately planted. Their product, I am told, makes a part of the governor's income.

Barcelona is not three full miles in circumference, has a strong fortification all round, and a fine citadel adjoining. The streets, all paved with flat stones, are so narrow for the greatest part, as not to admit of two voitures a-breast. However, those who keep coaches and chariots are so very few, that no narrow street is embarrassed by their concourse. I intend to stay here a couple of days; but have no hopes of telling you any thing interesting during the interval, as I do not understand the language of this people.

L E T.

## L E T T E R LXXV.

*Situation, climate, and price of things at Barcelona. Its harbour, square, and citadel.*

Barcelona, Oct. 29, 1760.

**T**HIS is the best built town I have as yet seen in Spain, and more than sufficiently decorated with palaces, churches, and other edifices, some of which would be considered as magnificent even in cities of the greatest name.

The situation of Barcelona cannot be more advantageous, having the sea before, a fine hill on one side, and a plain behind moistened by a number of little streams, which are easily made subservient to the purposes of agriculture and manufactures.

No climate is pleasanter or healthier than this, says the British consul, who has resided here a good number of years. Frequent breezes ventilate the air in summer,

mer, and the little snow that falls in winter, seldom keeps a whole night unmelted on the ground. I leave you to imagine, adds the consul, how delicious the spring and autumn must be where the summer and winter prove thus temperate and agreeable.

The surprizing fertility of the country around, supplies these inhabitants with the greatest plenty of provisions; and although money circulates pretty freely amongst them by means of their commerce and manufactures, yet all the necessaries of life are as cheap here as in any of the most inland towns. Three pounds of good bread cost no more than a real, as does the quantity of wine that would fill two bottles. Butcher's meat sells for less than half a real the pound of sixteen ounces; and a dozen of pigeons, or a couple of the best fowl, or a full grown turkey, may be had for little more than three reals. Oil, which is an article of great consumption here, as it is in all other

other popish countries, sells also near as cheap as wine; and pulse, herbage, and fruit, together with sea-fish of various kinds, abound at such a rate the whole year round, that none needs to fear starving who can but earn one réal within the four and twenty hours. Fuel seems to be the only thing that is not cheap in proportion to the rest: but little of it is wanting where the mildness of the climate requires almost no domestick firing out of the kitchen.

The harbour of this town, though sufficiently large, is not deep enough to receive any war-ships; and the shallowness of its water is caused by the great quantities of sand continually driven in by the sea.

'Tis true that there are engines constantly playing to clear off that sand: yet all that those engines can do, is to keep the bason in such a state, as to admit of merchant ships not exceeding four or five hundred tons burthen.

The mouth of the harbour is secured by various batteries placed on the lower and fortified parts of a promontory, which lies on the right of the harbour as you go out, and has a full command both of the harbour and the town. *Mongiovick* is the name of that promontory, on the summit of which, as I am told, there are still some moulder'd remains of a lighthouse that was erected by the Romans.

Of the four gates that the town has, there are two on the sea-side, at one of which people go out, but must come in at the other. A good contrivance to facilitate the inspection of whatever is not to be introduced without the previous paying of the custom-duties.

Within the town and just by the play-house, there is a large square called *La Rambla*, where on summer-evenings people of both sexes resort to walk and confabulate until supper-time, and often during the best part of the night, as it is the general custom in all the hot parts of Spain,

Spain, where every town has a square, or at least a street, dedicated to such evening conversation.

The citadel already mentioned is so well kept in repair, that it looks as if it had been but lately built, though it is near two centuries old. 'Tis a large and regular hexagon, with cuvettes in the ditches, and demilunes on every curtain, besides some advanced works on the side of the country, which are all mined. It has long had the reputation of being as strong a fortress as the very strongest in Flanders: but like all citadels that are too large, and lie on a flat ground, it requires little less than an army to defend it; and you know what a dreadful inconvenience attends numerous garrisons, which are soon starved when the enemy has once possessed himself of the country around.



## LETTER LXXVI.

*A new town: Las Minas and Gages are  
two brave men.*

Barcelona, Oct. 30, 1760.

COMMERCE has of late years been here thriving at such a rate, and causing such an exorbitant addition of inhabitants, that the government, unwilling to enlarge Barcelona at the expence of its surrounding fortifications, yet desirous to assist an encrease of population which might have been checked for want of room, order'd that a new town should be built about a mile distant from this.

What name this new town is to have, seems not yet determined. Some call it *la Ciudad Nueva*, some *Barcelona la Nueva*, and some *Barceloneta*. I suppose that its limits will depend on the concurrence of builders and settlers, who will contract or enlarge the present outline, which encloses an oblong square, half a mile on

one side, and three quarters of a mile on the other.

It gives pleasure to see the pretty uniformity of what is already built, as the parts of every house run parallel from end to end of every street. No house has more than two stories, besides the ground-floor; and the streets are wide enough to admit of two and even three vehicles abreast. The outside of every house is cover'd with white plaister, which, as it was laid on very smooth, shines like marble but half polished. Yet the glare proves not offensive, because the inter-columniations are coloured with a pale red, and the window-shutters (all outwardly placed) are painted green.

On condition that they conform to that plan of strict uniformity, and provided they be Catholics, strangers are admitted, indistinctly with the natives, to build there as many houses as they chuse; and, as well as the natives, they have

have the soil for nothing and for ever, upon which they chuse to build.

To this advantage you may add two more: that of naturalizing themselves by such means, without any other formality, and of having the faith of government pledged that they shall never pay any ground-rent, nor other tax whatever, on account of any building, whether house, storehouse, or of any other kind that they may there erect.

The renowned Marquis *de las Minas*, who has been some years governor of this principality, gives himself no rest in forwarding the building of this new town: and such have been his efforts, that it contains already three thousand inhabitants, amongst whom there are not a few who are merchants and traders of considerable note.

Besides the pecuniary assistance that the generous marquis has afforded to some in the building of their houses, and the various sums lent without interest to

others, in order to enable them to settle there, he has also laid out several thousands of (a) doubloons (not less than twenty thousand) in erecting a most magnificent church, which is to serve the new town as cathedral. Many parts of that church are of white marble, especially the front, which is not wanting in pillars, statues, and other costly ornaments. A noble fellow that *Las Minas*, and much more estimable for the lofty spirit which makes him forward that work, than for the generalship which render'd him formidable in Italy during the last war! I cannot help remarking, that the two very generals who chiefly commanded in that war against us and the Germans, happen at this present time to prove the two greatest benefactors of this country, as *Las Minas* is building a new town in Catalonia, while *Gages* is making new roads throughout Navarre.

(a) *A doubloon is about fifteen shillings English money.*

## L E T T E R LXXVII.

*Knives fastened to the tables. Various manufactures. Plenty of Taylors, and why. A coach hired.*

Barcelona, Oct. 31, 1760.

**T**HE additional tax of forty four reals, was not the only punishment inflicted on the Catalans for their siding with the competitor of Philip V. The use of all sorts of weapons was interdicted them, and with so much rigour, that they not only were forbidden under the most severe penalties to carry a knife in their pockets, but they were not even permitted to have more than one at table; and that one they were also commanded to secure to the table itself by a long chain, for the use of carving and cutting when at their meals.

It is probable that the Catalans did not fail to submit to this odd law while it was new. But as the government has had no reason this long while to suspect

them of disaffection, no body now cares what knives they carry in their pockets, nor how many they have on their boards. However, the custom still continues amongst the lower classes, and at the *posadas* and *ventas*, to have a large carving-knife fastened to an iron chain; the chain nailed to the table-corner.

Far from being disaffected to the present government, the Catalans seem quite enamoured of their king; and for no bad reason, as his majesty forgave the principality every *maravedi* of the arrears that were due to the royal treasury, on the day that he landed on this shore from Naples. Those arrears had gone on encreasing during three or four years when the harvests had not proved plentiful, and amounted to little less than two hundred thousand pounds sterling at his majesty's arrival. To remit such a sum was an act of munificence, which, as it was accompanied by many gracious words, quite won him the hearts of these people; and

all

all traces of past sufferings and past resentments seem now intirely obliterated.

As Cadiz is the most flourishing town the Spaniards have on the Ocean, so is Barcelona on the Mediterranean. Many are the manufactures that are here carried on with a spirit not much known in other parts of Spain; and the most considerable of them I take to be that of firelocks and pistols, of which these armourers make enough to furnish near the whole kingdom, besides the vast numbers shipped off for the Spanish dominions in the new world. I am even assured that the Neapolitan troops are supplied with such weapons from this town, in consequence of the regulations made by this king before he placed his son upon the throne that he quitted for this.

Next to the fire-arms manufacture comes that of edged weapons, razors included, with whatever comes under the denomination of steel-ware. The blades of Barcelona have the reputation of being

little inferior to those of Toledo; and the razors made here, I prefer to those of England, now I have tried them sufficiently; though not for their beauty or fineness, but only for their make, as they do quicker execution upon a strong beard, in consequence of their being broader and heavier than the English razors.

The manufacture of woolen blankets is also one of the most considerable. No less than eighty thousand of them are yearly exported to various nations. The Italians buy about six thousand a year for their share. This I have been told at *Don Miguel's* by a gentleman, who has some inspection over the trade and manufactures of this town.

It is needless to mention the Barcelona-handkerchiefs, as they are known throughout Italy full as well as those of *Vigevano*. Some of these handkerchiefs were shown me, that sell for eighty, and even a hundred reals a-piece; and I own  
that



that I never saw any thing finer of the kind. The best that come from the East-Indies are but indifferent when compared to the best that are made here.

Few towns, in proportion to their extent, abound with so many taylor's as Barcelona, because the greater part of the cloathing for the Spanish troops, both in Spain and beyond sea, is made here.

At the request of *Don Miguel* I have been permitted to visit the *Tarazána*; that is, the arsenal, or dock, in which they build but very few ships, and of the inferior sizes only. But it is there that the king of Spain has his greatest foundery for great guns, and there is cast almost all the cannon the kingdom wants, besides what is sent to America. Many are also the military stores that are provided in that arsenal, both for the sea and land service; but the enumeration would be long and tedious.

'Tis now near noon, and *Cornacchini* calls me to dinner that we may be gone this afternoon, and advance some leagues homewards before it is night. In partnership with an Andalusian clergyman who goes to Rome, we have hired a coach that is to carry us so far as *Antibes* for \* five and twenty doubloons. Six female mules are to draw it, and two stout fellows to lead it. *Batiste* and *Cornacchini's* servant shall ride on the coach box; and considering what a quantity of luggage we carry, together with the distance between *Antibes* and *Barcelona*, I think we go very cheap. The clergyman has no servant, and but a small portmanteau; therefore we have agreed that he shall pay but a trifle. We would even have given him his passage for the mere pleasure of his company, if he had been willing to accept of it. As yet we are perfect strangers

\* Little more than eighteen pounds English money.

to each other, as he came to us from another inn, to know whether we could make room for him in the coach. He looks rather cloudy than serene, nor do we expect that he will prove so agreeable as my Canon of Siguenza. However I hope, with *Cornacchini's* assistance, to make him prove social and merry, whatever his looks may forebode.

I have nothing to add with regard to Barcelona, but that the *locanda*, or inn, called *la Fonda*, is by much the best I have as yet been in since I left London. 'Tis kept by an honest Milanese, who deals largely in wine, and exports quantities to several parts of Europe. His wine-vaults are one of the greatest curiosities in this town. He made me pay at the rate of fourteen reals a day for a good dinner, a good supper, and a good bed. I don't think he has gained a real by the bargain.

L E T-

## L E T T E R LXXVIII.

*Politeness of custom-men. Manner of travelling in Catalonia. Catalonian buskins. Names of the she-mules.*

Lináz, or Linaréz, Oct. 31, at night, 1760.

**A**MONGST the benefactors of mankind I venerate none so much as him who invented the letters of the alphabet. By the easy means of about two dozen of signs, to acquaint even the unborn with whatever we see, hear, think, and do; 'tis a wonderful art! Blessed be the memory of him who found it.

In that art I have long laboured to acquire the reputation of a skilful man, and am unwilling to believe that my endeavours have proved entirely vain. But grant my powers of combining those two dozen of signs, to be ever so prodigious, yet it would not be possible to  
form

form a good letter with the account of what I heard, saw, thought, or did between the town of *Barcelona*, and the village of *Lináz*, as I neither saw, nor heard, nor thought, nor did any thing deserving the least alphabetical decoration: and I would spare you the trouble of reading that account, were it not for that kind of obligation I am now under, to keep up to the usual method of daily writing whenever I have a quarter of an hour to spare.

We left *Barcelona* a little after one. At the gate we came out, the custommen relied upon our word that we had nothing customable amongst our things, and civilly exempted us from the vexation of seeing our trunks discomposed. It is said in several itineraries through Spain, that travellers are insolently treated by that sort of people, to the end that they may extort what ought not to be extorted: but whatever may have been the practice of former times, I may  
now

now aver the contrary from my own experience at five Spanish custom-houses; that is, at Badajóz, Toledo, Madrid, Zaragoza, and Barcelona.

Our mules did not cease trotting and galloping, till at six we reached this village of *Lindz*. The country we crossed is all beautiful and thickly inhabited by poultry and swine, as well as by men. We ran little less than seven leagues in about five hours. I must tell you how our two muleteers manage this journey. One of them sits on the coach-box, not to hold any rein or bridle, which are no parts of the beasts' accoutrement, but only to lash them with a long whip, and hoot, and cry, and frighten them straight onwards, while the other does the same as he runs a-foot like a desperado. Each mule has been made acquainted with her own name by dint of blows, as I take it; and it is surprising to see how each of them is obedient to the voices of our conductors,

and with what promptitude each quickens or slackens her pace, and conforms to the march of the rest the instant she is bid.

Having enjoyed his feat for about a mile, or a mile and a half, the fellow jumps down; and his companion springs up into it, with a nimbleness that would do honour to a cat. Such is to be their alternate exercise during the journey. They both wear light jackets and thin trowsers, and have their feet adorned with the Catalonian buskin, which is formed of a piece of leather wrapped round the foot, and tied over the ankles in a manner, that appears odd enough to an unaccustomed eye. I shall walk but very little through France if the fellows go every day the pace they went this afternoon; and shall of course have but very little to write, as he that runs instead of walking, cannot see much, though he had the eyes of Argus.

Here

Here you have the names of our she-mules. *Roxa, Fea, Mohina, Parda, Chica, Raposa.*

### L E T T E R LXXIX.

*The great mountains are in sight. An adventure which makes room for some political considerations.*

Puentemayór, Nov. 1, 1760.

**F**OR the first time in my life I was to-day admitted into the noble presence of the Pirenean mountains, an honour I had longed for these many years, as I often heard that their eminencies were the only rivals their highnesses the Alps ever had in Europe.

The nearer I have been approaching those tremendous hills ever since I crossed the river *Cinca*, the more I have found the people courteous and respectful. Almost every man I look at, pulls off his hat, and every she drops me a curtesy.



curtesy. No muleteer, no pedlar, no rustick do I see at his victuals in the inns I enter, but will point serene to the dish before him, and beg of me to partake of his meal if he catches my eye stopping but an instant upon what he is eating, or when I express the usual wish, that much good may it do him.

Having dined at a place called *Las Mallorquinas*, we crossed *Girona* towards evening, and came to this village of *Pontemayór* to sleep.

*Girona* is a large and fortified town, that seems full of people. It has some fine public walks out of the gates, and a territory that appears delightful. This is all I can tell you of *Girona*, as we did only cross it without alighting: but we met with a small adventure there, that I judge to be well worth recording.

As we entered at the gate, an officer of the garrison who kept guard there, bid us with a pretty insolent tone of voice to produce our passports, putting

on a most ill-humoured frown while he asked us the customary questions about our respective qualities, and affecting to stare us in the face with a look of contempt that every one of us thought to be tolerably odious.

Strange, that any body should be so wrong-headed, as to make himself disagreeable without a shadow of provocation, and prove offensive to no manner of purpose! Yet there are mortals in this world, who will behave with such unaccountable grossness for no other apparent reason, but to have you informed, that they are worthless and hateful brutes, and dare to show that they are such.

My officer was the second shocking Spaniard I have as yet met in Spain. Do you remember the old Colonel at \* *San Pedro*? That Colonel was the first. However the most beastly of the two was undoubtedly the officer, who, be-

\* See letter XLII.

sides his absurd rudeness to us, took the liberty to give a kick to one of our muleteers, and for no other reason but because he betrayed some impatience at our being detained there longer than the reading of our passports required while night was approaching, and we had still two leagues to go.

The insolence of that officer, considered together with that of the old Colonel at *San Pedro*, makes me think, that much military overbearing takes place in this country, as it does in many other: in our dear Piedmont, for instance, where the formidable sons of Mars often assume the privilege of being insolent to the lower classes, and treating them arbitrarily with total impunity.

What a difference between those countries and the glorious isle of Great Britain, where neither Colonel nor Captain, nor indeed any person of any rank whatsoever, dares to treat the meanest plebeian with such indignity as that of the *Girona-*

officer to our muleteer, or the *San Pedro*-Colonel to our calefferos !

So far, you will say, the English are much better off, than the Spaniards and the Piedmontese ; and so far the constitution of their government ought to be that of every government. But every medal has its reverse, as we phrase it ; and by way of counterballance to that advantage, the English labour under a disadvantage, to which a Spaniard and a Piedmontese could no more be reconciled, than an Englishman to the arbitrary behaviour of a Spanish officer to a Spanish muleteer.

The disadvantage I mean, is, that the lower classes in England make by much too light of the higher, and seem to have no reverence for what in all countries is considered and termed the better sort. The English populace will too often force even a lord to give a silly cry in favour of this and that candidate at an election, and tumble a gentleman into the mud,

or

or fling dirt at his coach, or break his windows, upon their coming to the knowledge that such a gentleman is not of the party, which mere chance, or fondness for noise, or some such other potent cause, has made them espouse the day or the week before. The English populace will stop the vehicle of a lady going to a mask, and force her with a most arbitrary violence to uncover her face, that they may look at her: a piece of rudeness that nothing could reconcile mankind to, but the fondest partiality to national abuses and irregularities when grown inveterate. What signifies enumerating instances of the contemptuous irreverence, with which the high in England are treated by the low? Too many might be produced, that would make a Spaniard shudder as much as I did at the brutal conduct of the officer of to-day.

Such is the natural perverseness of human nature, that it will never be possi-

ble for human wisdom to strike out a set of laws, sufficient to contain both the great and the small within just limits, and keep government equidistant from the rocks of tyranny and the shallows of licentiousness. Trust the better sort with any portion of arbitrary power, and you render them haughty and oppressive: but on the other hand, what will be the consequence if you shorten the distance between the great and the small by means of laws of a levelling tendency, and thus attempt to allay the natural bitterness of the life that the poor multitude must lead? That same poor multitude will soon turn daring in this case; will prove untoward and disrespectful; and will even be tyrannical on many and many occasions. Which of the two evils will you decide to be the lighter? The insolence of the great to the small, or that of the small to the great?

*Bastiano*, said I to the Muleteer while we were at supper, I must give you  
thanks

thanks for your prudence in putting up with the brutality of the Captain at *Girona*. Had you resented it, who knows how the soldiers upon guard would have treated us all, and how long they would have detained us there !

For my part, interrupted Batiste with fury, had the officer used me as he has *Bastiano*, I would have given him *un coup de pistolet*.

*Hablas como loco*, quoth Bastiano.

Batiste, said I, your friend Bastiano says, that *you talk like a fool*. But pray, *Monsieur le Bravache*, what pistol would you have made use of to kill the officer? Have you forgotten, that at *Zaragoza* you lost the only one we had, since its fellow was stolen from us by the soldiers at *Talavera*? But look here, my friend *Bastiano*. I say, that I approve very much of your calm conduct at *Girona*, for which *el Señor Cornacchini* and I have resolved to make you this small present. By your prudence you saved us some

trouble : You therefore deserve some acknowledgment from us. Continue to behave like yourself to the end of our journey, avoid with the utmost care to bring yourself or us into any squabble, and we shall not forget you and your companion when at *Antibes*. Nor do you mind this silly Frenchman, who will swagger, and vapour, and cleave mountains, because he has none of your manly good sense and christian coolness.

This short exhortation, which I thought necessary at the eve of entering France, will, I hope, have a good effect on the mind of two fellows, whom I have already taken notice to be actuated by national antipathy ; a thing that no traveller ought to have himself, nor suffer any of his people to show at anyrate.



## L E T T E R LXXX.

*An inn burnt down. Passage through the  
Pireneans performed by moon-light. Ar-  
rival at Perpignan.*

Fitou, Nov. 3, 1760.

**Y**esterday at five in the afternoon we reached *La Jonquiera*, a poor village, and the last on this side Spain. An hour after we crossed an inconsiderable river over a bridge, one half of which belongs to Spain, and the other to France. From that bridge we went up a most difficult ascent, and within another hour had an imperfect view of a fortress called *Bellegarde*, which they say is impregnable because it is unapproachable. If it is really unapproachable, it must be impregnable without doubt.

Not far from that fortress we stopped on a small flat, amidst some cliffs as  
high

high as the highest steeples. There our Muleteers had told us we should get an excellent supper, and have very good beds. But, as ill luck would have it, the Inn, where these blessings waited for our arrival, had been accidentally set on fire about a week ago, and nearly burnt down to the ground; so that the good supper we were to have, was limited to some bread and cheese: and as for beds, we contrived one in a room without ceiling, and placed our gentle Musician in it, as the most delicate person in company, on condition that he should sing us a song before he fell asleep: then we laid ourselves down in the same room, and without undressing, upon some bundles of straw, which were procured from a neighbouring stable.

At four in the morning I awaked, and as my couch was none of the most inviting, I did not choose to give a turn on the other side, but got up and stole away to another roofless place, which  
but

but a week ago was called the kitchen. The poor undone landlord was there with his wife and son, making some breakfast ready for the Muleteers. The lad I desired to come and show me the way, as I intended walking to the next town, and there wait for my company. The moon, though much on the decline, shone bright enough on many summits to afford a sufficient glimmering for me to form an idea of the alternate fastnesses and precipices, through which the road has been contrived, so ample and convenient as if it had been struck out in the midst of a plain. The expence of that road must have been very considerable.

It is not possible to express my gloomy satisfaction as I was walking along the immense majesty of those tremendous hills; nor can I tell the vast, but broken thoughts, that swarmed in my brains, surrounded as I was by the amplitude of that silence. Some sensation of the same  
 inex-

inexpressible kind I had felt when the kingdom of England became a spot scarcely discernible, and an immane undulation strove to drive out of my mind every image but that of water.

It was broad day when I reached the village of *Boulou*, half distracted by a canine hunger, which I think would soon have turned into rage, if an inn-keeper had not immediately assisted me with some food. 'Tis surprising how the powers of digestion are quickened by the sharp air of high mountains : and with the effects of that air I have been so long acquainted, that I was inexcusable not to put a piece of bread in my pocket.

Thus was my passage performed across the Pirenees, which, throughout their long chain, are no where so narrow as between *la Jonquiera's* bridge, and the village of *Boulou* ; the intermediate distance being only three leagues. How pleased I should be to have it in my  
power

power to walk over every part of them, as I did from the burnt inn to *Boulou*, and make myself thoroughly acquainted with their nature and productions; and, what would prove still more satisfactory, with the several speeches and modes of life of their several inhabitants! A complete account of those mountains from sea to sea, would in my opinion prove one of the most entertaining that ever was written: but *non omnia possumus omnes*, and the desires and schemes of every man, always go much beyond his powers.

Spain at last is fairly left behind, and I shall soon be so far from it, as not even to see the loftier tops of those hills, which divide it from France. But before I get at any greater distance from those enormous masses, let me speak a few words more of the Spaniards, and take myself to task for the opinion I long entertained of them before I undertook this journey.

Upon the credit of several books I had long fancied, that nothing was to be found throughout so vast a kingdom, but slothfulness and superstition, strongly connected with haughtiness and impertinence. I had read that the Spanish Grandees and higher Gentry, were so strangely educated, as to think it a shameful derogation from their quality to apply to any kind of study; therefore, that ignorance extended even so far in the greatest part of them, as perfect inability to read their own books, and that they would not even deign to know the different values of their own coins.

Amongst their people of the second or middle ranks, I had read that study was not held in total aversion, but that nine in ten of them used to wear large spectacles even within their own doors, that people might be thus cheated into a belief of their great knowledge, which was to be supposed as acquired at the expence of a good part of their sight : And

as to their lower classes I could almost have taken my oath, that there was not one man in a thousand endowed with ingenuity enough to make a button; nor did I expect to find any of their rusticks so far skilled in country-business, as to know how to dung a field, open a ditch, rear a cow, or lop a willow.

Such, or nearly such, are the notions that they will form, who shall give implicit faith to the greater part of the books written by itinerant authors about Spain and its inhabitants. You will see how far I can now conform to those notions, when you shall have read my present Journal, and considered what degree of probability accompanies my accounts. I hope you will have no reason to say, that they were penn'd by prejudice, by bigotry, and by impertinence.

The coach came to *Boulou* just as I had done my breakfast, and the custom-house-men were ready to search our port-manteaus, or rather to get some little

money to exempt us from their search. According to the French practice, we had leaden seals affixed to each of our portmanteaus; by which means travellers are enabled to cross all France if they chuse, without receiving any further molestation at the other custom-houses, except they break off those seals.

We then trotted to the town of *Perpignan*, which is the capital of *Roussillon*, of which I can say nothing, as we did not enter it, but stopp'd to dine at an inn in the suburb. It is surrounded with fortification, and has a citadel on a neighbouring eminence, where they show a centry-box on the corner of a bastion, down which the Emperor Charles V, going once alone the nightly round, tumbled a soldier into the ditch, as he found him sleeping on his post, and stood centry himself until the guard came to relieve him.

I wanted to give a look to the Cathedral of *Perpignan*, which I am told is



one of the largest Gothick buildings they have in France, but had not time.

During the afternoon we travelled along the finest road that ever was cut through any country, and reached this *Fitou* as the sun was going down. The Speech used in *Roussillon* is as hard to understand as the Catalonian, and at the inn at Perpignan there was not a soul that could speak either French or Spanish.

## L E T T E R LXXXI.

*A new method adopted. Light mention made of several places.*

Beziers, Nov. 4, 1760.

**T**HOUGH I am still nine or ten hundred miles from home; yet the daily accounts of my journey you must consider at an end, as we do not stop any where long enough for me to cast my eyes about, and make inquiries. France

moreover has been visited by so many travellers, and every part of it so often and so minutely described, that it would be very difficult for me to discover new subjects for observation, and make new additions to what may be found in books, if I had even leisure to inspect and to examine, especially as I am quite ignorant of the speeches both of Roussillon and Languedoc.

I intend therefore to forbear for several nights my customary scribbling, and continue idle until I meet with any thing that I may conceive to be worth a letter. However I shall set down the names of the places we shall progressively see, and even make some slight remark upon some of them, just as it shall happen, rather by way of memorandum to myself, than with the usual view of conveying any sort of information to you. Here is the first specimen of the new method I intend to follow in the prosecution of my itinerary.

Nov. 4. We dined at *Narbonne*, and supped at *Beziers*.

*Narbonne*, a considerable town, is parted in two by an artificial Canal, that was cut out of the river *Aude*. The canal bears Boats that can carry thirty and even forty tuns. By means of those Boats the inhabitants of *Narbonne* can drive some trade, as their Canal communicates both with the sea, and with the renowned great *Canal of Languedoc*.

The curiosities at *Narbonne* are, the Cathedral, the Archbishop's palace, a College termed *the Seminary*, and I know not what else. But what I thought most remarkable, were the short petticoats of the women, which scarcely reached below their knees. Our Andalusian Companion seemed quite shock'd at such a fashion. The situation of *Narbonne* is a disgustful bottom surrounded by hills that are reckoned pleasant and fertile.

*Beziers*, a small town, is seated on an eminence, from which many fine pro-

spects are commanded. I saw nothing in it any way remarkable, except a clumsy stone-statue representing a stout fellow, who, in the days of *La Pucelle* defeated alone an army of Englishmen.

Nov. 5. Dined at *Pezenás*, or at *Pezenásque*, and supped at *Gigean*. *Gigean* is nothing. *Pezenás* is a small town, as pleasantly situated as you can imagine. There is *la Grange des prés* just by the town, which they say, is the finest house in Languedoc, and belongs to a Prince of the blood who never goes to see it.

Nov. 6. Dined at *Montpellier*, and supped at *Pont de Lunél*.

*Montpellier* is called in Latin *Mons puellarum*, "the hill of the maidens," because it was built near an Hermitage inhabited by some holy maidens. But our modern maidens (say the wits of *Montpellier*) think little of holiness and much of science; and are generally so knowing, as to have little left to learn *le jour de leurs noces*.

The town, irregular and ugly, swarms with Apothecaries, Distillers, Chymists, and Quacks of all kinds, who fill the world with Alkermes, Mithridate, Theriac, Waters, Oils, Syrups, Effences, Pomatums, Perfumes, and other such drugs. It is said that the junior Scaliger gave the preference to Montpellier above all other towns in France, for the pleasantness of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the sociableness of its inhabitants. I have nothing to say to the two first qualifications of Montpellier: but how could its inhabitants be considered very sociable just at a time, when Calvinism and Discord raged most among them, and caused numberless scenes of blood throughout Languedoc?

The environs of *Pont de Lunel* produce a Muscadel-wine, that has a reputation.

*Nov. 7.* Went by *Nimes* in the morning, saw [from the coach] a side of its

Amphitheatre, dined at *Tarascon*, and supped at *St. Remy*.

The inhabitants of *Tarascon* say, that their town is so named from a serpent called *Tarasca*, which was kept tame by *Sancta Martha*, Sister to *St. Mary Magdalen*. In Spain they call *Tarasca* an imaginary great serpent, as also a huge wooden giant which precedes some of their processions on holy days. The town of *Tarascon* and that of *Boucquire* face each other, and the River Rhone runs betwixt. They are joined by a bridge.

*Nov. 8.* Dined at *Orgon*, and supped at *Lambéz*, or *Lambesc*.

Both small towns, and both belonging to the *Count de Brionne*, a great French Lord, who lives at Paris.

*Nov. 9.* Dined at *La Puisiere*, and supped at *St. Maximin*.

At *St. Maximin* a good number of holy relics is preserved in a subterraneous Chapel of a Church dedicated to the Saint who gave his name to the town.

The

The following are the most capital among those relics.

*A Vial said to be filled with the blood of our Saviour, that was gathered on mount Calvary by Mary Magdalen, and brought into this part of the world by herself.*

*Mary Magdalen's head, wanting but one tooth, which was stole by an Archbishop, and carried to Toulouse.*

*Both elbows of Sancta Martha, Sister to Mary Magdalen, with whom she came to live in Provence after our Saviour's death, accompanied by St. Maximin, who was one of the seventy Disciples.*

*The arm-bones and ribs of the chaste Susanna, cum multis aliis.*

Though it was quite dark when we reached *St. Maximin*, yet the Andalusian Priest, and I prevailed upon a Dominican Friar to show us that Church. It is much larger than any we have in Turin, as far as I could judge through the darkness imperfectly broken by the light of a lanthorn we had with us, and of two

or three lamps hanging lighted before as many altars.

Are you sure (said I to the Friar) that these relics are genuine ?

*Tout le monde ici* (answer'd the Friar) *le croit comme un article de foi.* "Every body here believes it as an article of faith."

The staple-commodity of *Saint Maximin*, as at *Loretto*, are chaplets of glass-beads, which the women of the place oblige strangers to buy, whether they have a mind to it, or not. A number of those women entered my room at the inn, and forced a rosary upon me, in spite of my teeth. However, the expence was but a few *liards*, and they flatter'd me for a louis-d'or at least, to come at that little money.

*Nov. 10.* A most heavy rain troubled us the whole day, and overflowed the road in such a manner, that we had been in danger if we had not hired several peasants to support the coach, and  
keep



keep it upright in several places. We had a bad dinner at *Bagnoles*, and a worse supper at *Luc*.

## L E T T E R LXXXII.

*A spot once favoured by Cesar. An Andalusian epicurean, and a learned inn-keeper.*

Frejus, Nov. 11, 1760.

**T**HE rain has continued so hard ever since we left *St. Maximin*, that it kept us till twelve this morning quite shut up in that wretched inn at *Luc*. At twelve the sky turning somewhat clear, we set out and went six leagues without stopping, which brought us to this small town of *Frejus*. A great part of the road was perfectly overflowed, which, as I am told, is always the case whenever it rains during a whole day, because of the many torrents that jointly descend from the neighbouring hills: so that, we were obliged again to have peasants with

with

with us, some to wade through the waters and show the way to the mule-teers, some to keep by our side and support the coach in case of accident. It would otherwise not have been possible to go onwards without running the danger of an overfet.

Mine host of *Frejus*, who piques himself upon his literature, showed me his books while supper was making ready, and informed me, that in this town there are the remains of an amphitheatre and of an aqueduct, both built, as it is thought, by Julius Cesar, who resided here a while, and gave his name to the place, calling it *Forum Julii*, which in time degenerated into *Frejus*. Cesar, continues the learned inn-keeper, used to keep here a large fleet, as *Forum Julii* was in his days a sea-port-town, and not a poor *bourg*, as it is at present. The sea has long been withdrawing from us, and is now half a league off; so that vines and olive-trees are now growing  
on

on the very spot, where *Triremes* and *Quinqueremes* used once to ride at anchor.

It was quite dark when we alighted: therefore, instead of going to give a look to those ancient remains, we set down to eat a modern supper, which *Cornacchini* and I thought quite excellent. But what we think excellent is called execrable by our Andalusian companion, who seems to have been born with an unconquerable abhorrence to turbot and pigeons. He could taste of neither, because neither the pigeons nor the turbot were seasoned with that nice salt-butter the Andalusians get in large barrels from Flanders. Poor man! He has led a most penitent life ever since we entered France, where it is impossible to have chick-peas boiled with onion, stock-fish stewed in oil with garlick, and rotten olives by way of desert. So various are the appetites of men, that what is thought a dainty by one, seems poison

to another. Thanks to my kind star that gave me a true traveller's palate: a palate universal, which is afraid of nothing that can honestly bear the name of food. Let it be but dinner-time, and I care not a fig for the difference between macaroni and roast-beef, herring and frogs, the olla and the sourcroust: a very cosmopolite on the article of filling one's belly.

### L E T T E R LXXXIII.

*Remains of an aqueduct. Wisdom of the Romans. The Madroño. The isle of St. Marguerite. Situation of Antibes.*

Antibes, Nov. 12, 1760.

**H**AVING left Frejus this morning by break of day, we soon saw on each side of the road a great many broken remains of the Roman aqueduct mentioned yesterday by our learned antiquarian the inn-keeper. There is something that looks both rural and majestic  
in

in those remains, richly clad with shrubs and weeds of different kinds, and especially with overgrown ivy.

That aqueduct, as it appears by its ruins, extended a great way over the country, and carried the water of some distant spring or river, the traces of which are not now to be found. That was one of the most laudable provisions of the Romans, to build a great many works of that kind throughout their vast empire, that they might spread fertility far and near. Thus they removed barrenness even from the most stubborn desarts, nor did any land remain uncultivated wherever it could be moistened by means of an aqueduct: and that is the reason, as I take it, that Spain in their time contained many millions more than it does in our days, as the soil, fecundated by various waters branching over all its provinces, produced food enough to maintain much larger numbers than it does at present. The same  
may

may be said of several other regions, which were in those days the pride of the world, as history tells us, and lie now little less than depopulated. The acquisition of the best province in France, would possibly not add so much to the intrinsic power of Spain, as an aqueduct like that at Segovia, extending through the internal parts of the kingdom for only fifty leagues.

About three miles from Frejus we began to ascend several successive and encreasing eminencies during two hours; then descended for two hours more, which brought us to the small town of *Cannes*, where we halted to dine. It is not possible to give a true idea of the beauty of those hills, partly cultivated and partly wild. 'Tis a delicious tract, that offers numberless romantic prospects. Amongst the various plants and shrubs that grow spontaneously on all sides of those hills, the most remarkable is a kind of laurel, which produces a  
 most

most beautiful berry, about as big as a nut, of a form perfectly globular, pea-green when unripe, and scarlet-red when full-grown. Its rind is full of speckles, like a strawberry, and you cannot imagine how charming it looks when in the glory of perfect maturity. I am ignorant of its name, having never seen it before. Our clergyman says it is quite common all over the hills of Andalusia, where they call it *Madroño*, and adds, that the vulgar there have a notion the eating much of it would make one drunk. Yet I eat about a dozen without perceiving any such effect; but found it tasteless as well as harmless. Was this plant introduced in domestic gardens, it would prove no small embellishment at this time of the year.

From the windows of the inn at *Cannes*, we saw the small *Isle of Sainte Marguerite*, defended by a fortress, in which many state-criminals have ended  
 4 their

their days in wretched confinement. After dinner, following the shore, we came to this town of *Antibes*, and at the gate we entered, were obliged to give a very strict account of ourselves to an officer deputed for the purpose of examining every goer and comer in this time of suspicion, as some English ships have appeared near the *Isles of Hieres*, and given a hot alarm to this whole coast.

*Antibes* is situated on a neck of land, which runs out into the sea, and becomes a kind of peninsula. The open sea breaks against its southern side: on the western is a large bay, in which any fleet may ride safe against the landwinds: the eastern side, which looks towards *Nice*, is formed into a very good harbour by the help of a long mole built with large stones; and a chain of hills surrounds the town on the north.

Those hills are very fruitful, and yield vast quantities of the best wine and  
oil;



oil; but they have so absolute a command over the town, as would render its spacious fortifications of little use, was Antibes vigorously besieged by land. A battery of only twenty guns, would, I think, demolish in a very few days the three great bastions on that side, in spite of the high cavaliers over them, and the castle with four small bastions that has been erected opposite to the harbour. I am surpris'd how in the late war, the German troops, in conjunction with ours, missed the taking of it after having been for several days in possession of those hills. I suppose that the want of proper artillery caused the miscarriage of that enterprize.

Our baggage has been just now taken on board a felucca which we have hired for *Genoa*, and the governor has promised us our passports and certificates of health against to-morrow. Please God that the wind may cease during this night, together with the heavy rain that

has accompanied us from *Cannes* to this place. I am impatient to row away for *Nice*, and tread upon Italian ground. We might easily be there by to-morrow-night, as the passage is not sixteen miles over. But a mighty storm, which has been raging these four and twenty hours, may possibly keep us here some days; nor was it possible for us to go by land, as news were brought here this morning, that the bridge over the river *Var*, which separates our king's dominions from France, has been broken last night by a most impetuous flood from the mountains.

## L E T T E R LXXXIV.

*A short, but frightful navigation. A dangerous cobbler. Timely assistance. Montalban and Villafranca. A fine valley. Simplicity of a youth from St. Remo.*

Nice, Nov. 14, 1760.

I Have been once or twice in danger of my life on my various rambles through several countries, but never yet have seen death stare me so full in the face as yesterday in the afternoon after we had left *Antibes*, and while we were making for *Nice* in a felucca, which was rowed by twelve men.

It was near noon when we got out of that harbour, the wind having abated much of that violence with which it had raged the whole night long. 'Tis true that the sea ran still very high, and that *Padrón Antonio*, the master of the felucca, was of opinion it would be better not to set out until it was quite

appeased: but an absurd fit of impatience made me insist on our departure, and foolishly bribe his consent to my desire by means of an additional *Louis-d'or*.

We had not gone quite four miles; when a most furious *Libeccio*, or south-wind, came upon us, rolling such waves against the land, as made our men look thoughtful, and row on in the saddest silence.

I will not make my page magnificent with a description of the storm in which we were taken, and by which we expected every moment to be overwhelmed. It is enough to say, that by tugging hard for three hours, and endeavouring to keep our distance from the shore, we arrived in sight of *Nice*. By the help of my spying-glass I saw the sides of the harbour there thronged with people, who, as I was told afterwards, stood gazing at us, all persuaded that we should soon break against a rock called

*the Cobler, (il Ciabattino)* which lies about half a mile from the harbour, as they saw that the wind drove us forcibly towards it, and that we had not a sufficient number of hands to carry ourselves out of the direction in which we were.

But what made our case look past all hope, was, that those people, unable to conceive how any body could be so daring as to leave *Antibes* during that perverse weather, took it into their heads that we could not be but a part of the crew of some *Barbary*-pirate separated by some accident from our ship. Upon this supposition they imagined that we had resolved to make for the land at all events, and abandon ourselves to an inevitable captivity, rather than to perish by keeping in so small a boat at an untenable distance from the shore.

With this conceit, which presently prevailed amongst them all, none of them entertained for a while the least

thought of putting off to our assistance, as they would otherwise have done if they had had any means of guessing that we were not what they took us to be. Considered therefore as a small number of African robbers, we were left to our own shifts, because it is always taken for granted all along this coast, that the *Barbary*-pirates constantly carry the plague on board; and upon that presumption no body will ever venture out in their favour, whenever it happens (which is but seldom) that any small bark of theirs is seen at any little distance in such distress as we were; no body being willing to subject himself to a tedious quarantine, which would be inevitable, were they only to speak to any bark not provided with a *certificate of health*, and especially to one belonging to any of the piratical nations.

*Padron Antonio*, who guessed at all this, had but very faint hopes of deliverance from his danger; yet stood waving

waving his hat as soon as he thought that we might be seen from shore, and thus endeavoured to bring some body to his succour. But the foulness of the weather, and the rising and falling of the waves, would not for a while permit the people on shore to have a full sight of us, which kept them long from stirring in our behalf, and we were all the time approaching very fast toward that place that was to be our unavoidable destruction. It pleased God at last, that they could distinguish our European dresses, especially Cornacchini's red coat trimmed with some gold. The instant they were certain we were not Africans, a bark with four and twenty rowers put out towards us, and our men who saw them coming, recovered heart enough to tug harder and harder, to keep the felucca from running so fast as it did against that ugly *Cobler*. The bark reached us when we were not forty yards from our mortal enemy. The end of a rope was flung

to us, which we luckily caught at the first throw, and presently fastened round our mast. Had we missed it, we had been undone the next minute. Our deliverers rowed furiously back the way they had come, and their force, joined to ours, dragg'd us instantly away from the terrible rock. We rush'd into the mouth of the harbour tied to each other, to the great surprisè of several hundred spectators, whose clamour, cries, and joy were very great as we went in. The Health-Officers were solicitous in their inspection of our Certificates, and presently permitted us to set foot upon land. The multitude crowded about us, some shaking hands with us, some embracing and kissing us, some chiding *Padron Antonio* for his leaving *Antibes* on so frightful a day, and all congratulating us upon our wonderful escape. We were carried in sedans to the nearest inn, and put immediately to bed, as, besides the fright,



we had been utterly discomposed by the great agitation of the water, which had made us all most piteously sea-sick. The Andalusian Clergyman and Batiste, looked like senseless spectres: Cornacchini and his servant had both vomited blood; and I could stand no longer on my legs. However, after two hour's rest we found ourselves so well recovered, that we could swallow some broth: then fell into a sleep, which for my part was not very quiet, as the hateful image of the foaming *Cobler* never would cease to present itself to my imagination.

This morning, as we were at breakfast, we received a visit from some of our stout deliverers, who in their own and their companions' name, congratulated us upon our happy escape. Cornacchini and I made them such a present, as convinced them we were thankful for the activity they had exerted in our favour; and wished it had been in our  
power

power to bestow a still greater reward. They appeared perfectly satisfied as it was: but as to our good Andalusian, I am sorry to say, that his goodness *begins not at the hands*, as we phrase it; and it is in vain the Pope reminds us with the inscription on his coin, that *melius est dare quam accipere*. The man is very meek and very humble: He mutters prayers almost the whole day long, and should be very glad to have us join with him in reciting rosaries and litanies; but liberality I have not yet found out to be one of his virtues, though, as to gratitude, he cannot in the present case be charged with the want of, because the sea-sickness had tormented him so much during the danger, that he was quite insensible of it, nor is he willing to take our word for it, as he would be something the poorer by believing. I should not chuse him for my travelling companion in a journey round the world, notwithstanding his great holiness.

This

This day has been very fine, and the sun has shone very bright: yet the sea not being quite so smooth as we could wish, we did not think proper to take to our Felucca, especially as all our throats are still very sore from our strainings in vomiting. I went on a mule this morning up a high hill opposite to the town, to give a look to the *Castle of Montalban* situated on its top. One might well call it a square tower, rather than a fortress, as it has no bastions, nor such deep ditches as a Fortress ought to have. Yet the difficulty of going up to it, makes it be considered as a strong one; and it was with a considerable loss of men that the French took it in the last war. On the east side of it, and much below it on the sea-shore, there is the citadel, the town, and the harbour of *Villafranca*, all commanded by that small thing, *Montalban's Castle*. The valley betwixt *Montalban* and *Nice* is one of the pleasantest

fantest that can be seen, thickly planted with olive and fruit-trees, and full of habitations; chiefly country-houses belonging to the people of *Nice*. *Nice* had formerly another fortress adjoining, which having fallen after a long and bloody siege into the hands of the French, was not only dismantled by order of Luis XIV, but the stones that formed its walls carried away to *Antibes*, and employed in augmenting its fortifications. That King of warlike memory, play'd us many such tricks, and destroyed no less than ten of the Citadels we had then in various parts of our King's dominions. Yet we have been ever since building so many new ones, that whenever the French shall take it into their heads to come upon us, we shall always find them business enough.

The air of *Nice* and the hills that environ it, is considered as one of the very best for consumptive people to breath. This notion, which I suppose supported  
by

by experience, is the cause that many strangers afflicted with that disorder, resort here from time to time. But *Nice* is so ugly a town, and affords so small a number of amusements, that nothing, I think, but the desire of preserving life, could induce me to come and live here.

We dined *à table ronde* to-day with some gentlefolks that are just come from *St. Remo*, a town on this coast which belongs to the Genoese. Amongst them there was a young man, whose sweet manners did not escape my notice, and I made him my companion during the afternoon in a long walk. As we were returning to the inn, talking of our Italian Poets, in which he seems tolerably well versed, he stopped his words short, and stood looking with a remarkable surprize at a coach, that was going by from the town towards the harbour.

Are you acquainted, said I, with the ladies in that coach, that you gaze upon them so intently ?

And is that, answered he, what you call a coach ?

To be sure, said I : but did you never see one before ?

Never in my life, said he ; as I never yet quitted my native place ; and this is the first step that I have taken out of it. I am come with my parents to fetch a relation, who is to go back with us to *St. Remo*.

Though the coach was a very plain one, yet as we saw it stop, and the Ladies in it get out to walk, we went to inspect it, and I explained to him the use of its parts as well and as minutely as I could, very much to his satisfaction. I had never thought before that there could be a man in Italy who had reached the age of twenty, and yet never seen a coach.

From

From this town I might as well go over the great hill of *Tenda*, and through *Cuneo* and *Raconigi* to Turin: but there is too much snow already on that hill, as I am told; therefore shall stick to the scheme of coasting it along with *Padron Antonio* as far as Genoa, and find my way home from thence through *Alexandria* and *Casál*. 'Tis a longer way, but less difficult.

## L E T T E R LXXXV.

*Gunpowder under water. Nice no great rival to Genoa and Leghorn. Spanish veracity, French lies, and French urbanity.*

Monaco, Nov. 15, 1760.

I Spent almost the whole morning in looking at some workmen employed in breaking a rock that lies almost in the middle of the harbour of *Nice*. Tho' that

that rock is quite hidden under water, yet they have a method there of boring holes into it about a span deep, as I was told, and filling them with gunpowder. As that operation is incessantly repeated, and the gunpowder lighted by means of a tube as soon as a hole is made and filled, the rock will soon be shattered all to pieces, and the harbour rendered capable of admitting larger ships than it does at present, which of course will encrease the trade of the town, that has been declared a free port not many years ago.

*Nice* however will never be a formidable rival to the two neighbouring free-port-towns of *Genoa* and *Leghorn*, whatever privileges the sovereign may heap upon it, because of the long chain of steep mountains that lie on the back of it, and make the carriage of merchandizes too dear to and from Piedmont, and the other dominions of our King: nor has the County of *Nice* any commodities



modities of its own in such abundance, as to furnish a considerable trading-stock to its inhabitants, except oil and wine, which yet, though excellent in their respective kinds, are not in quantities large enough to afford cargoes for many merchantships.

About three this afternoon, the sea being quite calm, we rowed out from *Nice* for this *Monaco*, turning round a cape that juts so far into the sea, as to treble the distance between the two towns by water, which by land and over the hills is only three miles.

It was so late when we got here, that we could not go up to see the town, which is built on the elevated crest of a barren promontory; but were obliged to take our quarters at an inn by the harbour's side. If we do not set out too early to-morrow, I shall probably tell you something more of this place: but mean while, by way of lengthening this night's letter, and of filling up half an ]

VOL. IV.                    L                    hour,

hour, let me take a retrospection of the country I have crossed since I quitted the Pirenees, and, like a true Traveller, descant a little upon the most observable qualities of its inhabitants.

I have often heard it repeated, that the French are naturally a chearful people; and this notion prevails so much amongst us, that I am almost afraid lest I expose myself to your ridicule by contradiction. But am I not intitled to speak my opinion upon this subject as much as any of my travelling predecessors, after having crossed the kingdom in various directions, and made some stay at different times both in its Capital and in other parts of it?

It may proceed from want of sagacity, but indeed I never was able to discover so universal a propension to hilarity in the people of France as is generally pretended, and such as may entitle them to the appellation of chearful by way of characteristick.

There is to be sure a difference easily observable between the French I have seen this fortnight past, and those who live in the opposite Provinces. The Languedocians and Provincials have certainly upon the whole such countenances, as bespeak a greater flow of spirits, than, for instance, the Normans and the Picardians. Yet that the French in general are in reality more chearful by nature than their neighbours, is not discoverable by external demonstration ; and were I asked my opinion about the superiority in this particular between the Spaniards and them, I should not hesitate a moment to say, that the Spaniards have it by many degrees, as I have seen them actuated by it much oftener than the French.

Travel through Spain, as I have lately done ; and, at night at least, 'tis ten to one that you alight at a house, where people disclose their chearfulness by singing and dancing ; and those must un-

doubtedly be reckoned most chearful who show it most. Almost every creature in Spain can handle a guittar and the castanets, and there is not one in a hundred but can shake his heels at the sound. The *Fandango* and the *Seguedilla*, which are their national dances, you see danced every day, every where, and by every body; whereas the national dance of the French, which may be the *Minuet* for what I know, you may cross their country backwards and forwards twenty times, and scarcely ever meet with a circle of peafants and people of the lower classes practising it; nor have they any musical instrument univerfally in vogue in any part of the kingdom, except in Provence, the only province in which you see with some sort of frequency the rustick assemblies roused up to chearfulness by the *Fifre* and the *Tambourin*.

If the acts that are oftenest repeated by the greatest number in any country,  
are

are to be deemed as characteristical of the nation that inhabits it, I should be tempted to say, that one of the most remarkable characteristicks of the French, at least of the bulk of them; that is, of the inferior classes, is rather lying than chearfulness. It is no less astonishing than offensive to see how much this paultry vice prevails amongst them in all those parts of their kingdom that I have visited. Go to buy any thing at any shop, and you may be sure that the shopman, his wife, his son, his daughter, his apprentice, his man, his maid, every soul about him, will swear *upon honour, upon faith, or upon truth*, that the thing you want costs him *twenty*, though he will let you have it for *ten*, if you have but the patience to let him lower the price, which he will do in a few minutes. The most frivolous enquiry is generally answered with a lye at an inn or the post-house; and never once did I sit at any *table ronde*,

but I was forced to take notice, that even people who looked like gentlemen by their tupees and ruffles, were tainted with this vice. 'Tis true that their ordinary lies are of the petty and uselefs kind; but still they are lies to all intents and purposes, and commonly so very glaring, as the tellers must be sensible it is impossible for the grossest credulity to swallow them for truths: yet such long strings of them have I seen reciprocally exchanged during a dinner, and delivered with such a serenity of impudence, as is unexampled in any other country, so far as I have as yet carried my observations.

That the number of petty liars is great in every country, no body will deny who has watched mankind with any degree of attention. But I must say thus much in honour of the Spaniards, that they have a greater regard for truth than any nation I have as yet visited. They have it proverbial, that *el Español no dice mentira*, “The Spaniard tells no  
“ lie;”

“*lie* ;” and by much the greatest part of them stick to the proverb, as far as I could see in my present journey.

But that you may not conclude, from the severity of my remark about this characteristick of the French, that my long stay in England has infected me with that foolish antipathy towards them, which is there so universal ; I must tell you, that, as the world goes, I am far from thinking the French more disagreeable than any other nation. Their lying to be sure creates a disgust in travellers that could never be overcome, was it not overbalanced by many good qualities, which prevail throughout France in a greater degree than in any other of the countries I have as yet seen.

The reputation that the French have of being the most polished nation in Europe, I think is very well deserved by that universal complaisance, officiousness, and respect which they constantly prac-

tise both amongst themselves and to any foreigner that visits their country. There is a pliancy in their manners, a study to please, a readiness to be pleased, an apparent desire of being useful, that contributes much to make a man pass the day with ease and satisfaction. The French can caress you without affection, can flatter you without esteem, and can serve you without the least view to their own interest; and all this they will do with a freedom, with a promptitude, and above all with such a show of kindness, that must captivate the most shy, and put in good humour the most peevish.

How canst thou admire the French (you will be apt to say) for such qualities as these? For a goodness that is not goodness, as it has not its source in their hearts and their judgment?

Fair and softly, my dear friends, and be not hasty to condemn without first hearing



hearing what I have to say in support of my admiration, and even approbation of French manners.

You will easily allow, I suppose, that such is the infirmity of human nature, as not to leave a possibility, even to the most honest, to love a great many with any great degree of ardour, and to act with respect to numbers in consequence of a true impulse of love.

This granted, I think myself in the right when I say, that the French are to be much valued on account of their general character of politeness, or urbanity, call it as you like best. What can they do more, than act with all mankind near as well as any body would with his bosom-friend? Am I not to be more thankful for a kindness bestowed upon me without any previous reason, than for one extorted in a manner by friendship, expectation, real merit, or some other such powerful motive? And is it not very humane to treat an utter stranger with

with

with a goodness, which, though not derived from true love, yet answers the same, or nearly the same purpose, and makes me nearly as happy for the time? A very wretched world this would be, were no body to be kindly treated but in consequence of known merit and previous love! The French nation has therefore a very just claim to my respect and praise, whose individuals have so strong an habit of urbanity, as to be kind to any body, without troubling themselves about scrupulous distinctions of merit and defect, and consulting only the general interest of mankind.

## L E T T E R LXXXVI.

*A dwarfish kingdom, and its contents.*

Monaco, Nov. 16, 1760.

**T**HIS is a stormy season, and by a storm which has raged the whole day, we have been kept here in spite of ourselves: yet I am very glad it did  
not

not catch us at sea like the last, the terror of which has scarcely had time to subside. The wind has now abated much of its fury, and the sky is grown clear again; but we must see the waves quite flat before we dare to venture out in so small a thing as our felucca.

This delay has put it in my power to tell you something of this place, which I had otherwise left unobserved.

*Monaco*, as I told you yesterday, is seated on a rock so barren, that it has given rise to the rhymed saying,

*Son Monaco sopr' uno scoglio :*

*Non semino, e non ricoglio :*

*Eppure mangiar voglio.*

In English, “*I am Monaco seated on a rock. Neither do I sow, nor gather any thing; yet I will not starve.*” The last line seems to reflect commendation on the industry of the inhabitants.

The principality, of which *Monaco* is the capital, lies between a ridge of mountains

mountains little less than perpendicular, the highest parts of which are quite naked ; but the lowest are almost always green, being moistened by droppings from the rocks, and overshadowed by numberless trees, amongst which are the olive and the lemon, besides a few vines scattered here and there.

The state extends something less than seven miles from *Monaco* eastward, and is not quite a mile broad where it is broadest. The town of *Monaco* might easily be insulated by cutting off a small neck, which joins it to the land. It is fortified and garrisoned by a French battalion. I cannot conceive what need this prince has for soldiers, whose commander is not dependant on his orders. Neither our king, nor the Genoese, who are his only neighbours, ever laid any claim to his diminutive empire, nor can ever think it worth while to take it from him. Should that once be the case, with regard to our king especially,

of

of what use would that garrison be? The town and the whole principality would soon be reduced, as the high parts of the mountain belong to the county of *Nice*, and from thence *Monaco* might be pelted into a surrender.

This morning by break of day I went to pay my visit to that small metropolis, ascending a steep path paved with bricks, which cannot be trod but by men and asses. Horses and mules are forbid it, least they should spoil it with their shoes.

You may well think that my visit was soon ended, as the town contains but little more than two hundred small houses, which form four or five short streets. I had been told last night, that there was no gallows, as the inhabitants never commit any crime worth hanging. But one part of the assertion did not prove true, and one of the first objects that presented on one of the ramparts, was a pair of gallows built with bricks.

bricks. However, they were in a most ruinous condition, and it appears that they have not been fit for service these many years.

The two principal buildings in the town (besides the prince's palace) are two churches, one of which has a nunnery, where about a dozen girls are boarded by as many nuns. Both edifices are proportionate to the town, and one would rather call them little chapels.

As to the prince's palace, it is a fabrick which would not disgrace any town in Italy. The walls on the outside are painted, and represent soldiers clad in iron-armor. The air of Monaco is so pure, that it has not damaged those figures, though they have been painted this century at least. I am told that there are several grand apartments in it, very nobly furnished and decorated with some pictures by our most famed masters. As it stands on the brink of a high rock, you have from its windows an  
 extensive

extensive prospect of the sea, as well as over the dominions of its owner.

*Monaco*, however, is not the only town in these dominions. There is *Mentone* on the further extremity of the country, which is a much larger town than *Monaco* itself, and contains above a thousand inhabitants more. At *Mentone* the prince has another palace, besides a country-house by the village of *Roccabruna*, which stands mid-way between *Mentone* and *Monaco*.

The present sovereign, who lives in France, and is a duke and peer of that realm under the title of *Valentinois*, comes from time to time to pay a visit to his subjects here, and you cannot imagine how he makes them happy whenever he comes. No subjects love their prince more than these, and with very good reason, as he never lays any tax on them. The only one they have, is the thirteenth part of their annual product; and as it is at their option to pay it either in kind or

in

in money, you may well see that it cannot prove heavy.

The whole principality being but four miles square, one would be apt to imagine that the thirteenth part of its produce must form but a very indifferent income: yet it is a fact that such income amounts to no less than a hundred thousand French livres. So great is the difference between such lands as ours about Turin and this territory. Twenty of our acres there, are not worth one here, because these produce olive-trees, each of which is worth a field sown with corn or with any thing else.

The produce of that narrow superficies, with the addition of what is supplied by the sea, and by some little traffick, maintains all the inhabitants of this small corner of the world, none of whom has a needy look, though none can be termed rich; the richest burgeses in *Monaco*, as I am told, possessing but forty pounds income. Yet their number amounts to six thousand;



thousands ; that is, two in *Monaco*, three in *Mentone*, about five hundred in *Roccambruna*, and as many scattered about in houses and cots.

The coins here current, are the French, the Piedmontese, and the Genoese, besides their own. Of this I have by me a *liard*, a *sou*, and a *pièce de douze sous*. The *liard* and the *sou* are of copper, and the *pièce* is of silver. This *pièce* has on one side the prince's effigy with the words round *D. G. Prin. Monoeci*; that is, " *by the grace of God Prince of Monaco*. The prince's arms occupy the reverse with the legend round, *Dux Valent. Per. Franciæ*; that is, " *Duke of Valentinois* " *Peer of France*." I am told that there is also the *Piece of four and twenty sous* of silver, and the *gold pistole*, which is worth *four and twenty French livres*: but these two I could not procure, because no coin is here so scarce as their own, the prince having no mint, and being obliged to

have it made in France, which he has not chosen to do these many years.

As the rain has lasted the whole morning, I was obliged to make use of an umbrella in my walk over the greatest part of this state. That walk I performed along a fine coach-road the prince has lately caused to be made from *Monaco* to *Mentone*, close by the sea-shore, for the convenience of his princess, who, when she is here, rides in the only coach that ever was seen in the country. Between them both they have a guard of twenty men dressed in scarlet trimmed with silver, and in that number consists the whole of his army. As to his navy, it is somewhat more considerable, being composed of two barks, or ships, call them as you list, one of which carries forty men armed with muskets and cutlasses, the other three score men with eight swivels. A pigmy force, you will say: yet it is sufficient to put under contribution every thing that swims in sight; and there is

no bark nor ship of inferior force, that would dare to row or sail in those seas without paying a certain small tax, which this prince has an acknowledged right to levy towards the maintenance of the several lights he keeps along the shore for the convenience of navigation. Our felucca, which is armed only with half a dozen rusty knives just able to slice a loaf, could not escape paying the tax, and *Padron Antonio* was obliged to disburse twenty French *sous* as he entered this port, which might with more propriety be termed a pond, if it had not one of its sides open to the sea that supplies it with a shallow water.

I suppose you will smile at this account, as it is almost impossible to refrain upon hearing of things of the dwarfish kind. But how proud would you be, were you absolute sovereign of any empire ever so diminutive? Contemptible as this of Monaco may appear when compared with that of the ancient Romans,

Affyrians, or Macedonians, yet not even the greatest mind will be apt to think it so, upon turning a moment to the numberless millions that are not possessed of a single span of this globe's superficies; and I have already told you, that the superficies of this empire is more than a span since it is near four miles square.

But jesting aside, there are few tracts of land that rejoice the sight so much as this. This soil, covered with a variety of plants, forms a fine contrast with the barren cliffs that border it on one side, and with the wide liquid expanse that runs along on the other; and there is a brook that falls down the mountain near *Roccabruna*, which one could gaze upon with pleasure for more than half an hour.

But I hear a centinel from the rampart cry out *Prenez garde à vous*; and I must *prendre garde à moi* and go to bed, as the night is already far advanced.

I ought not to omit saying, that the language of this people is an odd dialect, half Provencial and half Genoese. Yet a great many of them speak French, which is taught them by the soldiers of the garrison. The university of *Monaco* is comprised in a grammar-school. I have not had time to inform myself of the laws of the country, and the manner in which justice is administered.

### L E T T E R LXXXVII.

*A chapel singularly adorned. No adventure at sea. Sea-geese. Anchises carrying Eneas. Bite not with feeble teeth. Modest women.*

St. Remo, Nov. 17, 1760.

**T**HE air was so quiet this morning, the sky so clear, and the sea so gentle, that we rowed away from *Monaco* by seven o'clock, after having heard a mass in a chapel about half a mile

distant from the inn. The inside of that chapel is oddly adorned with chains, fetters, swords, sabres, cutlasses, firelocks, and pistols, hung there by way of *Ex Voto's*. It is dedicated to *Santa Divota*, a holy dame, whose name I don't remember to have read in the *Roman Martyrology*. She is the patroness of the little monarchy, and is very miraculous, as all saints are in little places: witness those many instruments of misery and death in her chapel, which by her powerful intercession did no hurt to those who hung them there.

As we coasted along close to the land, we saw *Lete*, a pretty village, just by the town of *Ventimiglia*, the episcopal jurisdiction of which extends over some part of the county of *Nice*, though belonging to a different sovereign.

At *Lete*, which is not two miles from *Mentone*, begins the country of the *Genoese*. *Ventimiglia* is surrounded with fortification, but in so feeble a manner, that

that in the last war our troops took it in less than a week.

We arrived here at three in the afternoon. As *St. Remo* has no harbour, the felucca was run aground upon a sandy bank, and our mariners carried us ashore on their shoulders. Thus ended this day's navigation, which was only forty miles, attended by no adventure good or bad, except that of finding a fir-tree, which *Padron Antonio* guesses to have been rooted out and carried down the mountains by the *Ventimiglia*-river, that has been much swelled by the late rains, and rendered very impetuous.

We saw the track of that river, extending a full mile from the shore; and we distinguished its water from that of the sea by its progressive motion, but still more by the great quantity of moss, leaves, and broken boughs that covered it. A multitude of *Oche d'acqua*, or *Sea-geese*, hovered over that track, and plunged to peck, I know not what kind

of food. The *Oca d' acqua* is a fine bird, as far as I could see, and has its name from the resemblance it bears to a common goose. Had we had a musket, we might easily have killed some. They are very good eating, says *Padron Antonio*. When he took me up to carry me on shore, he put me in mind of a picture, that would contrast very well with that of Eneas carrying his aged father, because *Padron Antonio* is about as old as I suppose Anchises was when his son ran away with him from the burning town, and I am probably not older than the Trojan hero. Excuse the comparison between a hero and your brother, as I must write whatever comes uppermost when the argument proves scanty.

*St. Remo* is one of the most pleasing places on the Ligurian coast. Upon the whole it is well built, and makes a fine appearance from the sea. They say that it has above twelve thousand inhabitants, whose chief revenue chiefly arises from  
the



the sale of their oranges and lemons, which grow on the hills round the town. A thousand of them generally fell on the spot for two Genoese livres, (eighteen pence sterling) and I leave you to judge of the quantities that must be sold to support a place so populous: nor is it permitted them to send any out of the country, that do not pass through an iron-ring, which the magistrates produce at the time of the gathering. Those that have outgrown the ring, are supposed to be too ripe for transportation.

Amongst the houses of *St. Remo* the most showy is one belonging to the family of the *Boria's*, the most opulent in the town. That house is so large, that it contains just as many windows as there are days in the year when it is not bissextile. At least the inhabitants tell you so; and I took their word for it, rather than to be at the trouble of counting them. A strange whim of the gentleman who caused it to be built. Should the government

government lay a window-tax as it does in  
 England, his heirs would probably think  
 it advantageous to demolish it. They  
 say that he had a brother, who took  
 great pains to know the exact number of  
 confessionals that are in the churches at  
 Rome. 'Tis difficult to determine who  
 was the idler of the two. While dinner  
 was making ready at the inn, I went  
 to take a tour through the town, and  
 the best thing I saw in it was a little  
 church belonging to the nuns of the order  
 of *the Visitation*. It has three altars  
 made of the finest marbles. The church  
 of the Jesuits is also very pretty, and  
 neatly ornamented. In a garden I saw  
 many palm-trees, which make a pleasing  
 appearance with their variegated leaves:  
 but the climate is not hot enough to  
 make them produce dates as in Africa.  
 The people of *St. Remo* have long  
 enjoyed the privilege of furnishing Rome  
 with palms on Palm-sunday, and are  
 under an engagement to send a cargo  
 thither

thither every year. Should they fail once, the privilege would be forfeited: but as long as they fulfil the engagement, the privilege is to be exclusive, which brings them some thousand of \* *Scudi* every year.

Between the town and the sea-shore the Genoese have lately built a small fortress to bridle this people, who not long ago took into their heads to revolt against the republick, on pretence that their liberties were encroached upon, and a tax laid, which, as they pretended, the republick had no right to levy. But the consequence of their revolt proved fatal to many of them, that were taken and sent to the gallies. A body of Genoese troops soon subdued them, and obliged several of the most opulent inhabitants to quit the country, who left their patrimony behind to be confiscated. The outlaws are now soliciting redress at

\* *A Scudo is about five shillings sterling.*

Vienna; but will probably find none, as their town and territory is too inconsiderable to attract the attention of that court. They have now found by woeful experience, that they would have done better to keep quiet and pay the tax, which the republick could not help laying, after it had been exhausted by us and the Germans in the last war. Before we attempt to show our teeth, we ought in prudence to feel them, and see whether they are strong enough to bite to any purpose; but this is what this people did not think of; which has rendered their condition much worse than it would otherwise have been, as the new fortress will for ever empower their masters to act as they shall think proper, and without much minding ancient liberties and worn-out rights.

In spight however of their late misfortunes, I have scarcely seen any where a people look so well as this. Their habiliments are in general very clean,  
and

and I admire much the head-dress of their women, which consists of nothing else but a red silk riband about two inches broad, tied round the head, and formed into a large knot over the forehead. The hair they wear in hanging tresses, combed very clean. Though the fashion is simple, it gives the handsome an air of alertness, and many of them are handsome. An honest lemon-merchant, to whom my little friend at *Nice* gave me a line of recommendation, told me, that there are no women in the world so modest and so good as these; and I am inclined to believe him when I consider that luxury, the great parent of vice, has not yet found her way hither, nor is likely ever to find it, as *St. Remo* and its territory are encompassed on one side by the sea, and on the other by a rugged mountain; so that they stand in a manner separated from the rest of the world.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

*A felucca set a-float. Few people helped to their proper stations. Tonadilla's sung. A long chain of habitations. A strong fortress.*

Savona, Nov. 18, 1760.

**Y**ESTERDAY, after we had been carried ashore on our mariners' shoulders, the felucca was likewise dragged out of the water, lest a nightly swell of the sea should damage it, or carry it away. This morning therefore it was necessary to set it afloat before our departure: but the manner of performing that operation offered an object so very picturesque, that I could not forbear regretting my want of skill in the art of drawing, which kept me from making a very fine sketch. Imagine some of our Argonauts stooping down to excavate the sand before the felucca with their own hands for want of shovels,

shovels, that it might find an easy passage to the water; others putting planks and rollers under it to facilitate its sliding; some running their brawny shoulders and backs against its sides, some their heads, some their hips; all helping, all straining every nerve and muscle to effect their purpose. Their different ages, their contrasted attitudes, their distortions, the grinning faces they made while labouring thus hard, seemed to call for a picture, that would be well worth the vigorous pencil of my friend *Cipriani*. I wish he had been there; and indeed I wish him to be wherever I am.

While I stood gazing at our mariners thus violently employed, it came into my head that the satisfaction of a felucca would be very great, could a felucca but think, and be susceptible of satisfaction.

A felucca (thought I) is only serviceable when it is in the water: and that

it may be placed where it is of use, see how many hands are eager to afford their help ! Is it not a great cause of satisfaction to be thus efficaciously assisted, that we may be in the very place where we may prove useful ? But why is this so seldom the case with men ? Few, very few, are the men, who ever find willing and powerful hands to push them into those stations, in which they would prove of the greatest service to their fellow-creatures. Be thy abilities ever so great, never art thou forcibly placed where thou oughtest to be. In vain has nature given thee powers sufficient to be a poet or a physician, an historian or a statesman : thou art obliged to direct a plough, or carry a musket, or ride behind in a livery, or do still some meaner thing, because no body thought of helping thee, and thrusting thee into thy proper element !

'Tis needless to tell you how far I carried this speculation, as you may  
plunge



plunge into it yourselves now I have given you the hint, and push it so far as it will go. Yet think you how few they are, within the circle of your own observations, who ever were helped to stations suitable to their natural parts and powers. It is my opinion you will scarcely find one, who ever had the good luck that our felucca has had this morning.

We had not rowed a mile from *St. Remo*, when a soft breeze from the west made our men lay down their oars, and spread a sail, by which means we went thirty miles in little more than three hours. Thirty more remained to *Savona*; but an odious calm succeeding about noon, the poor fellows were again obliged to tug hard till sun-set. Had we not had Cornacchini with us, so slow a navigation would have proved irksome enough: but he has bought a guittar at *Nice*, and beguiles the tedious hours by playing and finging. No body that ever

I heard, warbles better *sotto voce* than Cornacchini; and the numberless *Sigue-dillas* and *Tonadillas*, which he has learned in Spain, have quite won him the heart of our grave Andalusian. I think I have already told you, that a *Tonadilla* is an odd sort of musical composition, partly sung in various measures, and partly spoken: but those couplets that are spoken, must be pronounced so, that the tone of the voice be concordant with the sound. Italy has no musick, that ever I heard, so truly joyous as a *Tonadilla*.

Besides this diversion I had also that of surveying the coast as we went along, as we did not chuse to lose sight of it for fear of a sudden change of the weather in this unsettled season. We would have it in our power to land whenever we should think it proper, as the memory of the cruel Cobler is still fresh in our minds. The world cannot boast of a more delightful country than the Ligurian state. It consists of nothing along

this coast, but of rocks and cliffs when viewed from the sea ; but all so covered with incessant vegetation, as to be for ever green. I proposed to count the towns and villages from *Ventimiglia* down to *Genoa*, but soon lost my reckoning because of their number. The whole coast looks little less than a continued town, so many are the inhabitants along it. Beginning in particular at *Porto Maurizio*, and ending at *Oneglia*, the populousness is beyond belief, as within that space, which is only five miles in length, upon a breadth of four miles, there are no less than forty villages, besides those two towns.

We landed here at *Savona* when the sun was just setting, as I said above, and went to lodge at a very good inn without the walls. If the weather continues quiet, we shall be gone to-morrow early, and without entering its gates ; but without regret on my side, as I have already seen it some years ago. *Savona* is,

next *Genoa*, the largest town of the republick. It had formerly a very capacious and safe harbour, that was in good measure filled up, and rendered unfit to receive large ships, because it deprived that of *Genoa* of too great a part of its trade. The *Savonese* still grumble at the injury they have suffered by the spoiling of their harbour : but, suppose that their town was the seat of power, instead of *Genoa*, how long do you think that the *Genoa*-harbour would subsist? It was interest, and not malignity, that induced the *Genoese* to order the destruction of the harbour of *Savona* : but interest always carries a malignant aspect, when backed by power to the prejudice of others, and it is as natural for the *Savona*-people to hate that aspect, as it is natural for their lords at *Genoa* to make the most of their power.

*Savona* is commanded by a citadel, the walls and ditches of which have been hewn out of the rock : yet in the last war

war our troops took it easily. But as soon as our king had it in his possession, and hopes given him that he should keep it for ever, he ordered the *Chevalier Pinto*, who had conducted the siege, to fortify it to the best of his skill. The brave engineer reformed its numerous irregularities, raised its walls with an overwork, deepened its ditches, and in short put it in such a condition, that it is now thought impregnable. I wish it was, together with all the fortresses in Europe, that sovereigns might think no more of war and of invading each other's dominions.

The town of *Savona* contains no less than thirty thousand inhabitants, besides the five or six thousand in its suburbs; and it is one of the best built we have in Italy, abounding with noble houses, large churches, ample hospitals, and other kinds of public edifices. It has a fertile territory, several miles broad, and extending seven miles within land to a

huge mountain, which I ascended once in two hours, riding on a mule. It was then winter-time, as it is now; and I have not yet forgot that I have suffered much in that journey. The wind blew so violent on the top of that mountain, that I was obliged to alight in various narrow passes, for fear of being thrown down the precipices. What a horrible thing to travel over the cliffs of *Mezzanótt*, *Malavsin*, and *Cartóx* in stormy weather, as was then my case! 'Tis a long chain of mountains, the northern sides of which were then covered with sheets of frozen snow several miles broad. This is the reason, that I abstain from taking the road through the *High Monferrat*, and stifle the desire of seeing for the present our numerous relations and friends in various parts of that province. I know that my unexpected appearance amongst them would prove delightful, and am sure they would exhaust many a cask to make me welcome. But the  
 season

season is by much too severe on their side for me to quit the felucca. I shall see them next spring, and without putting myself to any great inconvenience.

## L E T T E R LXXXIX.

*The lies of the inn-keepers at Genoa.  
The last stage.*

Genoa, Nov. 18, 1760.

WE came here from *Savona* in less than five hours, befriended by a gale of wind that seemed to blow by our own order. The horizon was so bright by the time we approached this harbour, that we could leisurely enjoy the noble prospect a while, and take the whole town at one glance. What a magnificent semicircle! Nothing, they say, can match it, but *Naples* and *Constantinople*. I had seen *Genoa* many times, but this day it has pleased and surprised

me full as much as ever. 'Tis really a glorious town.

Within these ten years that I have been absent, I find the Genoese have added two light-houses to their harbour, by means of which its entrance on a dark night has been rendered much safer. I could not refrain a sigh on turning my eyes to those light-houses, as I recollected that they were built upon occasion of the loss of a ship, in which a friend of mine was cast away. Poor *Guido Riviera!* We shall recite no more verses together!

Having showed our certificates of health at the out-house, we rowed forward to the landing place, where several inn-keepers waited for us to offer their service.

We will go to *Santa Marta*, said *Cornacchini* to them: please therefore not to importune us with your clamour.

That



That inn, answered one of them, has unluckily been burned down not a month ago: and so, good sirs, you may as well come to the *Croce di Malta*, where you will find good accommodations, and as kind a reception as any where else.

Had I been alone, I should have fallen into the snare of the smooth-tongued fellow. But Cornacchini, who knows better than I, insisted on our going to *Santa Marta*, and would only promise to be the fellow's guest in case we should find no lodging there.

But, said I, why will you be at the trouble of going to an inn that is no more?

Because, said he, I am sure that this man is a liar, and the inn not burnt down.

The reply was pretty smart: yet gave no offence. - The fellow, instead of showing resentment, only persisted in his assertion, and swore to it so positively and with such an air of candour, that I  
knew

knew not what to make of it: nor was it without reluctance that I yielded to Cornacchini's advice, and went to *Santa Marta*.

Cornacchini's guess proved true; and on our arrival there I should have exclaimed long against the matchless impudence of the scoundrel, had not another scoundrel stopped me short. The *Santa Marta*-man made me forbear exclaiming, by telling me, that he was not at all surpris'd at the man's lie. I have myself, said he, burnt down his inn so many times, that he would be a great fool if he missed the opportunity of burning mine whenever he can. It is our common practice, added the wretch with the greatest sang-froid, to burn each other in this manner. Every body must endeavour to draw the water to his own mill.

Your practice, said I, is very laudable, no doubt. Yet 'tis pity you are not all sent to exercise it in a galley.

Psaw,

Pshaw, pshaw, replied the man: do not be out of humour with our frolicks. We will treat you very well.

I made haste to *Signor Paolo Celestia*, a worthy friend of mine, who has resided some years in England as minister of the republic, and married there a most amiable Englishwoman. Neither of them expected to see me, as they had had no intimation of my coming. With them, and some other old acquaintance, I passed a very agreeable evening. They would fain have persuaded me to stay here a few days: but I know that you must begin to be apprehensive of some accident, as I have been much longer about this journey than I proposed: besides that the vicinity of my native home makes me impatient of further delays. I shall therefore take post to-morrow by break of day, and hope to be with you at sun-set. After so long and happy a journey, we must to-morrow night sing together in  
the

the full humility of our hearts, *Agimus tibi gratias, omnipotens Deus, pro universis beneficiis tuis, qui vivis et regnas in secula seculorum.*

**The END of the JOURNEY from LONDON  
to GENOA.**

## AN APPENDIX

*For the instruction of those who intend to travel to Madrid by land.*

EVERY body knows, that there is no entering Spain from any part of France, but by crossing the Pirenees.

The roads through those mountains go under two different denominations with the Spaniards. Those which admit of wheel-carriages, they call *Camino de Ruedas*; and *Camino de Herradura* they term those, which are too narrow for such vehicles. A *Camino de Herradura* is generally travelled on a mule. Couriers only run it out on horseback, changing horses at different stages.

The best *Camino de Ruedas* through those mountains, is certainly that which I have described in the foregoing letters. But to spare my reader the trouble of tracing it out of them, I give it here again, beginning at *Perpignan*, which  
is

is the chief town in the province of *Roussillon*.

The ROAD  
From *Perpignan* to *Madrid*.

	No. of leagues
From <i>Perpignan</i> to <i>Boulou</i> - -	5
From <i>Boulou</i> to <i>Bellegarde</i> - -	1
From <i>Bellegarde</i> to <i>Fonquiera</i> , which is the first place in Spain - -	1
From <i>Fonquiera</i> to <i>Hostal Nuevo</i> - -	2
From <i>Hostal Nuevo</i> to <i>Figuieras</i> - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Figuieras</i> to <i>Santa Locaya</i> - -	1
<i>Here you cross a river on a boat.</i>	
From <i>Santa Locaya</i> to <i>Bascara</i> - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Bascara</i> to <i>Villa de Muls</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Villa de Muls</i> to <i>Medina</i> - -	2
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Medina</i> to <i>Girona</i> - -	1
From <i>Girona</i> to <i>Hostal de Ceba</i> - -	1
From <i>Hostal de Ceba</i> to <i>Las Mallorquinas</i> - -	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Las Mallorquinas</i> to <i>Hostalrich</i> - -	2
From <i>Hostalrich</i> to <i>Batlora</i> - -	1
From <i>Batlora</i> to <i>Sanseloni</i> - -	1
From <i>Sanseloni</i> to <i>Linarez</i> - -	2
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Linarez</i> to <i>La Roca</i> - -	1
From <i>La Roca</i> to <i>Monmelò</i> - -	1
From <i>Monmelò</i> to <i>Los Hostals</i> - -	1

	No. of leagues
Brought over 29	
From <i>Los Hostals</i> to <i>Moncada</i>	- 1
From <i>Moncada</i> to <i>Sant' Andrés</i>	- 1
From <i>Sant' Andrés</i> to BARCELLONA	- 1
From BARCELLONA to <i>Hospitalet</i>	- 1
From <i>Hospitalet</i> to <i>San Feliu</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>San Feliu</i> to <i>Molin de Reys</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Molin de Reys</i> to <i>Sant' Andrea</i>	- 1
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Sant' Andrea</i> to <i>Martorel</i>	- 1
From <i>Martorel</i> to <i>La Veguda</i>	- 1
From <i>La Veguda</i> to <i>Maquesa</i>	- 1
From <i>Maquesa</i> to <i>Piera</i>	- 1
From <i>Piera</i> to <i>Valbona</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Valbona</i> to <i>Puente de la Reyna</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>A river waded.</i>	
From <i>Puente de la Reyna</i> to <i>La Pobra</i>	- 1
<i>The above river waded again.</i>	
From <i>La Pobra</i> to <i>Villanoba</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Villanoba</i> to <i>Igualada</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Igualada</i> to <i>Yorba</i>	- 1
From <i>Yorba</i> to <i>Meson del Gancho</i>	- 1
From <i>Meson del Gancho</i> to <i>Santa Maria</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Santa Maria</i> to <i>Porcarifes</i>	- $1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Porcarifes</i> to <i>Meson Nuevo de Monmaneu</i>	- $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Meson Nuevo</i> to <i>Hostalets</i>	- $1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Hostalets</i> to CERBERA	- 1

---

Carried over 49

---

	No. of leagues
Brought over 49	
From CERBERA to <i>Curullada</i>	1
From <i>Curullada</i> to <i>Tarrega</i>	1
From <i>Tarrega</i> to <i>Villagrafa</i>	1
From <i>Villagrafa</i> to <i>Belpuch</i>	1
From <i>Belpuch</i> to <i>Gomez</i>	1
From <i>Gomez</i> to <i>Mollerusa</i>	1
From <i>Mollerusa</i> to <i>Belloch</i>	2
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Belloch</i> to LERIDA	2
From LERIDA to <i>Alcaraz</i> , which is the last town in Catalonia	2
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Alcaraz</i> to FRAGA, which is the first town in Aragon	3
From FRAGA to <i>Venta de Fraga</i>	2
From <i>Venta de Fraga</i> to <i>Candasnos</i>	2
From <i>Candasnos</i> to <i>Peñalba</i>	1½
From <i>Peñalba</i> to <i>Bujalaroz</i>	1½
From <i>Bujalaroz</i> to <i>Venta de Santa Lucia</i>	3
From <i>Venta de Santa Lucia</i> to <i>Osera</i>	2
From <i>Osera</i> to <i>Villafranca de Ebro</i>	2
From <i>Villafranca</i> to <i>Alfajarin</i>	1
From <i>Alfajarin</i> to <i>Puebla de Alfinden</i>	1
<i>Two rivers crossed over bridges; that is, the Gallego, and the Ebro or Hebro.</i>	
From <i>Puebla</i> to ZARAGOZZA	3
From ZARAGOZZA to <i>Santa Fé</i>	1
<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>	
Carried over 84	
<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>	



	Brought over	No. of leagues
From <i>Santa Fé</i> to <i>Maria</i>	-	1
From <i>Maria</i> to <i>Venta de Martorita</i>	-	1
From <i>Venta de Martorita</i> to <i>Venta de Mazota</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Venta de Mazota</i> to <i>La Muela</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>La Muela</i> to <i>Longares</i>	-	3
From <i>Longares</i> to <i>Cariñena</i>	-	1
From <i>Cariñena</i> to <i>Venta de San Martin</i>	-	2
From <i>Venta de San Martin</i> to <i>Maynar</i>	-	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Maynar</i> to <i>Retascon</i>	-	1
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>		
From <i>Retascon</i> to <i>DAROCA</i>	-	1
From <i>DAROCA</i> to <i>Uféd</i> , which is the last town in <i>Aragon</i>	-	2
From <i>Uféd</i> to <i>Embid</i>	-	3
From <i>Embid</i> to <i>Tortuera</i>	-	1
From <i>Tortuera</i> to <i>Tartanedo</i>	-	2
From <i>Tartanedo</i> to <i>Concha</i>	-	1
From <i>Concha</i> to <i>Anchuela del Campo</i> , which is the last town in the district called <i>El</i> <i>Partido de Molina</i>	-	1
From <i>Anchuela del Campo</i> to <i>Barbacil</i>	-	2
From <i>Barbacil</i> to <i>Maranchon</i>	-	1
From <i>Maranchon</i> to <i>Aquilarejo</i>	-	2
From <i>Aquilarejo</i> to <i>Alcolea</i> , which is the last town in the province or district called <i>De</i> <i>Soria</i>	-	1
From <i>Alcolea</i> to <i>Torremocha</i>	-	2
From <i>Torremocha</i> to <i>Algora</i>	-	1

	Brought over	No. of leagues
	115	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Algora</i> to <i>Grajanejos</i>	-	4
From <i>Grajanejos</i> to <i>Triqueque</i>	-	2
From <i>Triqueque</i> to <i>Torrija</i>	-	1
From <i>Torrija</i> to <i>Valdenoches</i>	-	2
From <i>Valdenoches</i> to <i>GUADALAXARA</i>	-	1
<p><i>A river crossed over a bridge. At that bridge the District (or Partido) de Guadalupe ends, and that of Alcárria begins.</i></p>		
From <i>GUADALAXARA</i> to <i>Venta de San Juan</i>		2
From <i>Venta de San Juan</i> to <i>Venta de Meco</i>		1
From <i>Venta de Meco</i> to <i>ALCALA' de Henarez</i> , which is the first town in <i>New Castile</i>		1
<p><i>Two small rivers waded.</i></p>		
From <i>ALCALA'</i> to <i>Torrejón de Ardóz</i>	-	2
<p><i>Another small river waded.</i></p>		
From <i>Torrejón de Ardóz</i> to <i>Puente de Viveros</i>		1
From <i>Puente de Viveros</i> to <i>Rejas</i>	-	1
From <i>Rejas</i> to <i>Alameda</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Alameda</i> to <i>Canillejas</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
<p><i>A small river waded.</i></p>		
From <i>Canillejas</i> to <i>MADRID</i> .	-	1
		<hr/>
Total of leagues from <i>Perpignan</i> to <i>Madrid</i>		135 $\frac{1}{2}$
		<hr/>

It is notorious, that there is no going post through any part of Spain in a wheel-carriage, but only on horseback, after

after the manner of the couriers. A courier told me in Spain, that there are no better horses in Europe for the purpose of riding post than those in Spain. Few gentlemen however would chuse to go in that manner; and he, who intends to go the above, or any other Spanish road, and does not chuse to ride on horseback, must either have his own carriage, and hire mules or horses to it, or hire both a carriage and mules at *Perpignan*, where this may always be done. Those who go the journey with their own voitures, will find it costly, as the calefferos or muleteers must in that case come back from *Madrid* to *Perpignan* to fetch their chaises; and it is plain that they must be paid both for the going and coming; which would not be the case if they took their chaises or coaches along with them, and have a chance left of bringing back some other traveller. The expence of a pair of mules and a man, will generally amount to twelve or thirteen shillings a

day, going at the rate of ten or eleven leagues. If you want to go faster, you must pay three or four shillings a day more; as in that case your conductors will be at the additional expence of changing mules at *Barcelona* and *Zaragoza*.

There are two other great roads, or *Caminos de Ruedas* through the *Pirenees*. One is from *Bayonne* to *Pamplona*; the other from *Bayonne* to *Vittoria*. *Bayonne* is the last considerable town in France on the side of *Biscay*; *Pamplona* is the capital of *Navarre*; and *Vittoria* (if I am not mistaken) is the chief town in the small province of *Alava*.

### The ROAD

#### From *Bayonne* to *Pamplona*.

	No. of leagues
From BAYONNE to <i>Mediondo</i> - - -	4
From <i>Mediondo</i> to <i>San Juan Pie de Puerto</i>	4
From <i>San Juan</i> to <i>Roncesvalles</i> - - -	4
From <i>Roncesvalles</i> to <i>Burguete</i> - - -	2
	<hr/>
Carried over	14
	<hr/>

	Brought over	No. of leagues
	14	
From <i>Burguete</i> to <i>Espinar</i>	-	1
From <i>Espinar</i> to <i>Escaret</i>	-	1
From <i>Escaret</i> to <i>Zubiri</i>	-	1
From <i>Zubiri</i> to <i>Verdey</i>	-	1
From <i>Verdey</i> to <i>Garfuená</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Garfuená</i> to <i>Ancholit</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Ancholit</i> to <i>Irot</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Irot</i> to <i>Zabaldica</i>	-	1
From <i>Zabaldica</i> to <i>Ugarte</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Ugarte</i> to <i>Villalva</i>	-	1
From <i>Villalva</i> to PAMPLONA	-	1

---

Total of leagues from *Bayonne* to *Pamplona* 23

---

Many parts of this last road are very bad. Between *San Juan Pie de Puerto* and *Roncesvalles* there is a frightful declivity on the French side of a mountain, which cannot be descended in a coach without the assistance of four pair of oxen; that is, one pair to lead the coach, and the other three to hold it up behind, that it may go down slowly.

The country about *Roncesvalles* and *San Juan* is rocky for many leagues on all

sides: yet no tract in Europe has been taken more notice of in ancient romances and poems, nor any battle so often described, as that of *Roncesvalles*, in which *Orlando* and all the *Peers of France* lost their lives. In the small church of the poor village of *Roncesvalles* the brave *Orlando's* remains were buried, and part of his armour or weapons preserved during many ages. The people of the country tell you so.

### The ROAD

#### From *Bayonne* to *Vittoria*.

	No. of leagues
From BAYONNE to the river <i>Bidassoa</i> , called <i>Beovia</i> by the Spaniards - -	6
From that river to <i>Irun</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Irun</i> to SAN SEBASTIAN - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From SAN SEBASTIAN to <i>Urnieta</i> - -	1
From <i>Urnieta</i> to <i>Anduaein</i> - -	2
From <i>Anduaein</i> to <i>Villabona</i> - -	1
From <i>Villabona</i> to <i>Irure</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Irure</i> to <i>Tolosa</i> - -	1
From <i>Tolosa</i> to <i>Alégria</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Alégria</i> to <i>Castarieta</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
Carried over	$14\frac{1}{2}$

	Brought over	No. of leagues
	14	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Castarieta</i> to <i>Legorrieta</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Legorrieta</i> to <i>Villafranca</i>	-	1
From <i>Villafranca</i> to <i>Segura</i>	-	2
From <i>Segura</i> to <i>Segama</i>	-	1
From <i>Segama</i> to <i>Galarreta</i>	-	3
From <i>Galarreta</i> to <i>Luzurriaga</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Luzurriaga</i> to <i>Heredia</i>	-	1
From <i>Heredia</i> to <i>Audicana</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Audicana</i> to <i>Arbului</i>	-	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Arbului</i> to <i>La Raza</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>La Raza</i> to <i>Lorriaga</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Lorriaga</i> to VITTORIA	-	1
Total of leagues from <i>Bayonne</i> to <i>Vittoria</i>		<u>27</u> $\frac{1}{2}$

At Vittoria you are quite out of the Pyrenees, and may continue your journey to *Madrid* through *La Puebla* and *Miranda de Ebro* to *Ameyugo*, a small town which is eight leagues from *Vittoria*. I shall soon note down the road from *Madrid* to *Ameyugo*, and tell a few particularities of the road itself, having gone it myself so late as February 1769. Let me first give you that from *Bayonne* to *Madrid*,

which I went in December 1768, taking *Pamplona* in my way, and not *Vittoria*, though I knew before-hand, that, by crossing the Pirenees where I did, I was to meet with greater inconveniencies than by going the other way. But of inconveniencies on a journey I never thought much, and went that *Camino de Herradura* for no better reason but that few travellers chuse to do so, and because I imagined that it would afford a description not to be found in any book.

### The ROAD

#### From *Bayonne* to *Pamplona*.

	No. of leaguz
From BAYONNE to <i>Ostariz</i> - -	2
From <i>Ostariz</i> to <i>Añoá</i> - -	2
From <i>Añoá</i> to <i>Maya</i> - -	2
From <i>Maya</i> to <i>Berroeta</i> - -	2
From <i>Berroeta</i> to <i>Lanz</i> - -	2
From <i>Lanz</i> to <i>Ortiz</i> - -	2
From <i>Ortiz</i> to PAMPLONA - -	2
<hr/>	
Total of leaguz from <i>Bayonne</i> to <i>Pamplona</i>	14
<hr/>	

I was



I was four days in going the above fourteen leagues, and found the road bad enough in several places to frighten any timorous person. But the devil is not so black as he is painted, and I went through it as through a garden. At *Bayonne* I met with a company of three gentlemen and two ladies who were going to *Pamplona* that same way, and joined with them; but made an agreement before we set out, that the first of us who should utter the least complaint against the road, the weather, or the accommodations, should defray the whole company during the remainder of the journey. This whimsical bargain kept us all very chearful, as, instead of complaining, we were all solicitous to praise most what was most offensive. Thus the wind that troubled us on the highest tops, we termed a gentle breeze; called the snowy weather sun-shine; fed upon imaginary capons, green-peas, and pine-apples, and slept upon seven silk matrasse.

matrasses like so many Spanish queens, though our beds were as hard as rocks.

We left *Bayonne* at noon, and went to sleep at *Añoá*. The road was called excellent during those four leagues, especially wherever we waded through a deep mire, as we did in several places. However, the country throughout was most romantically beautiful, and numberless trees still preserved their verdure in spite of the advanced season. The posada at *Añoá* proved much better than I expected, as we found there an ample supper and clean beds, and the evening was beguiled with asking the names of various things in the *Basque Language* of the people in the posada. I will here note down a few for the sake of the Linguist that may happen to read this account.

*God*, Ghinquá.

*Man*, Ghissoná.

*Woman*, Emaстаquiá.

*Yes*,

*Yes, sir, Bai yauna.*

*No, sir, Es yauna.*

*Yes, madam, Bai andriá*

*No, madam, Es andriá.*

*The Sun, Igosquíá.*

*The Moon, Ilarguíá*

*The Stars, Issarac.*

*A House, Achié.*

*A Dog, Sciaccourá.*

*A Cat, Catoúya.*

*A Rat, Arrotoúina.*

*A Horse, Sammariá.*

*A Mule, Mandoá.*

*An Ass, Astoá.*

*An Ox, Illiá.*

*A Cow, Behiá.*

*A Sheep, Scicchirroá.*

*A Hog, Scerriá.*

*A Wolf, Otscioá.*

*Bread, Oghiá.*

*Wine, Arnoá.*

*Meat, Arraghiá.*

*Fish, Arraína.*

*The head, Borrouva.*

- The nose, Sudurra.*  
*The mouth, Ahóa.*  
*The tongue, Mihía.*  
*The hand, Escouva.*  
*A Boy, Mutíla.*  
*A Girl, Nescáchia.*  
*Fire, Shouva.*  
*Water, Aurá or Urá.*  
*Air, Airía.*  
*Earth, Loura or Lura.*  
*The Sky or Heaven, Serrúa.*  
*Father, Aità.*  
*Mother, Ama.*  
*Son, Seméa.*  
*Daughter, Alavá.*  
*Uncle, Offáva.*  
*Aunt, Izeba.*  
*Cousin, } Iloba.*  
*Nephew, }*  
*A Maid-Servant, Neseatoá.*  
*A married Man, Ghiffonà escondoá.*  
*A married Woman, Andriá escondoá.*

Whoever

Whoever is possessed of Laramendi's *Dictionary of the Biscayan language*, may by means of these few words give a guess as to the difference between the *Biscayan* and *Basque*.

On the second day we dined at *Maya*, having in the morning left behind us the small town or village of *Ordac*, which is the first place in Spain. The first thing that struck me on entering the Spanish dominions was a noble convent that contains twenty two monks. The good fathers have more than sufficient revenues in the neighbourhood; yet, as I was told, have found means to procure the hatred of every body round them, because they have of late started many pretensions to some lands, that have long been reckoned as commons.

At *Maya* we dined round a fire, that was lighted in the midst of a small room. The smoke was very troublesome; but in consequence of our agreement we called it a perfume. The posadero gave  
us

us fowls newly killed, some pork that was eatable, some salt-fish, cheefe, and roasted chesnuts, and made us only pay *fifteen sous* a piece. The bread was coarse, but savoury, and the wine would have been excellent if it had been a few months older.

Before sun-set we reached *Berroeta*, where we had a supper plentiful enough, but horrible rooms and very hard beds. In the morning we had gone up a steep and broken hill during three hours; and we crossed a wide plain in the afternoon that produces much wheat and flax, and is planted in several parts with apple-trees, out of which the inhabitants make a cyder tolerably good. That ascent in the morning we found planted on every side with trees of various kinds, especially oaks and chesnut-trees. There was nobody at *Berroeta* that could understand Spanish, except a little sprightly girl. She obliged us with several *Basque*-songs, the airs of which I did not dislike.

There

There I bought of a peasant *The Imitation of Christ*, translated into Biscayan from the Latin of *A Kempis* by a priest of *St. Jean de Luz* called *Abbot Chouno*. That abbot died not long ago, and left behind so good a name, that he goes now by the appellation of *the Saint*. The people at *Berroeta* assure you very seriously, that, when he died, all the bells at *St. Jean de Luz* rang miraculously of themselves.

They burn at *Berroeta* great quantities of the stalks of Turkey-corn, which shows that they have much of that grain. They make bread with the flower of it, besides a kind of hasty pudding, like the Italian *polenta*. With the leaves of that plant they fill the bags under the bed-matresses; and as those leaves are in a manner elastick, they take off some part of the harshness of the matresses themselves, which are filled with tow instead of down or wool. You can scarcely have any conception of the

clum-

cumfiness of their house-furniture. Their tables are nothing else but an ill-hewn and thick oaken board supported by four poles, and their chairs may be called an abridgment of their tables. A large and ill-made image, which they term a *Nuestra Señora*, is commonly the chief ornament of every bed-room. Their spoons and forks are made of box-wood, like those of our Capuchin-friars, and you may be sure that the handles of their knives are not of silver. The use of a pair of bellows is unknown, at the *posadas* at least; and the women fan the fire with their aprons in a very dexterous manner. Candles at *Berroeta* they had none, but made use of copper-lamps filled with a kind of train-oil, as they do in Lapland.

As we rose from our beds in the morning of the third day, we saw that it had snowed the whole night: yet we set out about seven, and successively ascended several high hills during two hours



Hours, leaving to the mules the care of finding the road, which the snow did not permit us to see. Between nine and ten we found ourselves on a stony plain, about half a league over, as far as I could judge. The crossing of it proved quite distressful, as the wind blew so cold and violent, that it stopped the mules from time to time. However, we crossed it happily in about an hour, with our faces wrapped up in our handkerchiefs, and reached the opposite declivity without having been blown several leagues off, as we all expected. Another hour brought us to *Lanz*, half frozen. I never went two such bad leagues in my life, and thought it impossible for our two ladies to see the end of them without complaining: yet they bore it out as stoutly as the best of us, and cried to us several times, that that plain was *El jardin de los Pireneos*, "the garden of the Pirenees."

At *Lanz* we had but a very indifferent dinner. It only consisted of some *Abadejo*, or *salt fish*, stewed in oil: but we devoured it greedily, as the air had given us all a most ravenous appetite. We went two leagues further in the afternoon, crossing a forest planted with the largest oaks that I have as yet seen any where. The king of Spain might have a very fine navy out of that forest, if it was not for the many high hills between it and the sea. We reached *Ortiz* at night, found the posada very good upon comparing it with the three preceding, had a plentiful supper, and tolerable beds. Some of the people at that posada could speak a little Castilian, especially the posadera's three daughters, very tall and handsome girls, extremely courteous and willing to oblige their guests. We were all in love with them, and they with us, and we passed a good part of the night chatting, singing, and drinking.

The

The territory of *Ortiz*, which reaches a league round, was all green, and the air there quite as mild and temperate as in England in the best spring-days. 'Tis astonishing how the climate changed for the better in a few hours.

The fourth day we went but two leagues in the morning and reached *Pamplona* by dinner-time. The romantick beauty of those two leagues is not to be described. The road, which runs through the bottom of successive valleys, was bordered on each side by hedges of myrtle during the best part. Several rills moisten those vallies, and give them all that is produced by the greatest fertility. Not far from *Ortiz* begins a river, which has an artificial canal by its side, the water of which is diverted to distant fields and meadows, and the country is filled all round with habitations.

Thus did I cross the Pirenean mountains on that side of Spain. The lodg-

ings along them are generally such as any squeamish person will loath: yet for my part I wondered they were not worse, considering that almost no traveller of any note ever goes that road, but only some poor muleteers, who care little for the elegancies of life, eat any thing, and sleep any where. However I took notice in some of the villages of some houses that appeared neatly built, with green shutters on the outside of their windows; nor do the inhabitants commonly content themselves with rags, but wear very clean clothes, the men wrapping themselves up in ample dark cloaks as they walk about, and the women having fine silk handkerchiefs on their necks, with narrow sleeves close to the wrist, their double tresses falling down their shoulders interwoven with large ribbands of various colours. You may easily imagine that the inhabitants throughout that tract are very ignorant, as they live in a manner separated from the rest of the world,

world, neither understanding, nor being understood by the few people that happen to cross their country from time to time, because of their language. Yet they want neither sprightliness nor good humour, as far as I could judge by the eye. They seem to enjoy life contentedly enough, and quite as well as those who are possessed of all its blessings.

My travelling company dropped me at *Pamplona*, where I hired a chaise for *Madrid*.

### The ROAD

#### From *Pamplona* to *Madrid*.

	No. of leagues
From PAMPLONA to <i>Venta Vieja</i>	- 1
From <i>Venta Vieja</i> to <i>Venta del Piojo</i>	- 2
From <i>Venta del Piojo</i> to <i>Mendivil</i>	- 1
From <i>Mendivil</i> to <i>Barasuaein</i>	- 1
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Barasuaein</i> to TAFALLA	- 1
From TAFALLA to <i>Venta del Morillete</i>	- 3
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Venta del Morillete</i> to <i>Caparroso</i>	- 1
P 3	Carried over 10

	No. of leagues
Brought over	10
From <i>Caparroso</i> to <i>Baltierra</i> - -	3
<i>The river Ebro crossed in a boat.</i>	
From <i>Baltierra</i> to <i>Venta de Castejon</i> -	1
From <i>Venta de Castejon</i> to <i>Cintruénigo</i> -	3
<i>Not far from Cintruénigo the kingdom of Navarre ends, and that of Old-Castile begins.</i>	
From <i>Cintruénigo</i> to <i>Venta del Postacillo</i> -	2
From <i>Venta del Postacillo</i> to <i>A'GREDA</i> -	2
From <i>A'GREDA</i> to <i>Hinojosa</i> - -	3
From <i>Hinojosa</i> to <i>Almenár</i> - -	2
From <i>Almenár</i> to <i>Tapuela</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Tapuela</i> to <i>Zamarcon</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Zamarcon</i> to <i>Almaray</i> - -	2
From <i>Almaray</i> to <i>Almanzan</i> - -	2
From <i>Almanzan</i> to <i>Almantiga</i> - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Almantiga</i> to <i>Cobertolada</i> -	1
From <i>Cobertolada</i> to <i>Villasayas</i> -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Villasayas</i> to <i>Barahona</i> - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Barahona</i> to <i>Paredes</i> - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Paredes</i> to <i>Venta de Rio Frio</i> -	3
From <i>Venta de Rio Frio</i> to <i>Rio Frio</i> -	$\frac{1}{2}$
<i>Here we enter New Castile.</i>	
From <i>Rio Frio</i> to <i>Rebollosa</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Rebollosa</i> to <i>Jirueque</i> - -	$2\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Jirueque</i> to <i>Jadraque</i> - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
Carried over	45

	Brought over	No. of leagues
	45	
From <i>Jadraque</i> to <i>Casas de Galindo</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Casas de Galindo</i> to <i>Padilla</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Padilla</i> to <i>Hita</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Hita</i> to <i>Sopetran</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
<i>The above river crossed again in a ferry-boat.</i>		
From <i>Sopetran</i> to <i>Heras</i>	-	1
From <i>Heras</i> to <i>Hontanar</i>	-	1
From <i>Hontanar</i> to <i>Marchamalo</i>	-	1
From <i>Marchamalo</i> to <i>Aloera</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Aloera</i> to <i>Azuqueca</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Azuqueca</i> to <i>Venta de Meco</i>	-	2
From <i>Venta de Meco</i> to <i>ALCALA' de Henares</i>	-	1
From <i>ALCALA'</i> to <i>MADRID.</i>	-	6
Total of leagues from <i>Pamplona</i> to <i>Madrid</i>		60

### Some account of the above road.

*Pamplona*, or *Pampeluna*, though but a small town, has a citadel, a square, and some public walks, that deserve the notice of a traveller. The cathedral of it is Gothick, and has its front oddly ornamented with the representation of cats, pigs, monkeys, and other animals, thrown into various burlesque attitudes.

The sight of that front called back to my mind the church of the Benedictine monks at *Bourdeaux*, which was built, as they pretend, by Henry II of England when the English possessed Guyenne. That church has three gates; and the arches over the two lateral ones exhibit many small naked figures of men and women placed in such postures, as it is not fit to tell. The Gothick architects had often very whimsical ideas, as I have observed in many parts. The number of inhabitants at *Pamplona* amounts to no more than seven thousand, though it is the capital of a kingdom, the title of which is thought worth wearing by two of the greatest monarchs in the world.

*December 16, 1768.*

I left *Pamplona* about noon, and went to *Tafalla* to sleep.

When Navarre had its own kings, and before it belonged to Spain, *Tafalla* was a town of some note, and had a university. At present it contains nothing



thing remarkable, that I could see but a *posada*, which is one of the best I have found in Spain. The Biscayan language ceases entirely there, and the Spanish begins. Both at *Pamplona* and *Tafalla* I was somewhat troubled by the flies. You may judge of the mildness of the climate by such a circumstance at such a time of the year. The country between the two towns is chiefly sowed with corn, and is flat throughout. The high mountains that surround that plain on all sides, offer a coup-d'oeuil very magnificent.

*December 17.*

Dined at *Caparroso*, and supped at *Baltierra*, or *Voltierra*.

The road in the morning ran through a barren plain, and through a fertile one in the afternoon. Both at *Baltierra* and *Caparroso* they burn great quantities of rosemary by way of fuel, which perfumes their kitchens sweetly, and an ass-load of it costs but a *redl*, or three-pence

pence English. I asked a handsome young woman at *Caparroso* whether she was married, and was answered in the negative. Don't you wish to be married, replied a by-stander. *El desseo no falta*, said she sternly, *mas los hombres buenos faltan*. "Desire is not wanting; but "good men are wanting." I liked the precision of the expression, and took it down in my memorandum-book.

*Caparroso* is a place famous throughout Spain for a breed of *Perdigueros*, or *Setting-dogs*, that are reckoned the best in the kingdom.

December 18.

I went in the morning along a defart that produces nothing but thyme, and here and there a plant of rosemary; crossed the river *Ebro* in a boat; dined at *Cintruénigo*, and supped at the *Venta del Portacillo*, or *de Cervera*, as others call it.

*Cintruénigo*, a village in a very rural situation, is surrounded with fine vineyards

yards and olive-groves. I never saw such fine olive-trees any where, and had no idea of their ever growing so large and high, as they do in that neighbourhood. Walking about while dinner was making ready, I saw many men on those trees striking down the olives, that were gathered beneath by women and children in wicker-baskets, and successively carried home.

The olives there, when full ripe, are of a bluish colour, and emit a fine crimson-coloured liquor when gently squeezed. I tried that liquor with the tip of the tongue. It has an offensive taste, and a nauseous smell, together with a caustical quality, that would soon raise a blister on the roughest skin. 'Tis surprising how such a matter can turn sweet and inoffensive, when flowing from under a press after a short fermentation.

At dinner I had some excellent mutton, an omelet sauced with oil instead

of butter, and some purple-grapes as good as fresh, the grains of which were of a size uncommonly large. In the room where I dined, there was a wooden St. Francis, or St. Anthony, as big as the life, with a wooden child in his arms, not quite a span in length. The disproportion was absurd; but the women of the *posada* seemed not aware of it, and courtesied to it with great reverence every time they crossed the room, and the men pulled off their hats and bowed.

The *Venta del Portacillo* is the very worst lodging that ever I was in. Travellers must take care to avoid it, if possible, especially at night, because the few rooms in it are so loathsome, as I would not permit my dog to sleep in them. 'Tis not necessary to tell what makes them loathsome. There I passed the night sitting and dozing in my chaise in company with my *calessero*, who has a right to sleep in it every night, and chuses

chuses to do so, rather than lie on the bare ground in the stables, as the muleteers generally do, wrapped up in the coverings of their mules. The supper that was offered me there, was of a piece with the lodging, as it consisted of some chopped goat-flesh, fried in an iron-pan with some rank bacon, the strange mess highly seasoned with garlick, onions, and pepper. A delicate ragout, I assure you; and yet a band of muleteers fell upon it very bravely. For my part I soaked some bread in chocolate, and called it an evening breakfast.

That venta stands alone in a bottom of a rocky valley. I beguiled the evening chatting with those muleteers by the fire-side in a dark kitchen on the ground-floor, that was paved with pebbles of various sizes. No frolicksome coquettish girls there, as in many other parts of *Navarre*, and in the *Pais de Basque*. Only two ugly women, both out of humour with their husbands,

with their guests, with their cats, and with themselves. I was glad when the morning appeared.

The whole road from *Pamplona* to *Venta del Portacillo*, is as broad and as fine as any in France. The brave General Gages, late viceroy of Navarre, had it made a few years ago. He intended to have all the roads throughout his government enlarged and repaired; but death hindered the laudable scheme from having its effect. He forced the peasants to work at that road by turns, as they do in France; but, to keep them from grumbling, distributed so much of his money to them, that he beggared himself, and died quite poor. A noble monument was erected to him at the public expence in a church at *Pamplona*. 'Tis pity that all the viceroys, and governors of provinces throughout Spain, are not actuated by the same noble spirit.

*December*

December 19.

Dined at *A'greda*, and supped at *Hinojosa*.

From the *Venta del Portacillo* to *A'greda*, the road was stony, and very bad, and still worse from *A'greda* to *Hinojosa*, up a steep hill, that goes by the name of *Monte Madero*. I had another hill in sight the whole day, that is called *La Sierra de Mayo*, whose elevated top is covered with everlasting snow, like the highest summits in the Alps.

*A'greda* is an ugly town built on the side of an eminence. I never saw streets so ill-paved and inconvenient: but its territory looks fertile, and offers many romantick prospects. The inhabitants bear great devotion to a female saint, called *Mary of A'greda*, of whom they tell too many idle and absurd stories. 'Tis strange how *Padre Fray Ximenes de Samaniégo* could venture upon the tales he has invented, to honour that country-woman of his, in the life that he has written

written of her. I never read a more ridiculous book, which is alone sufficient to warrant the French proverb levelled at great liars: *Il est menteur comme la Vie d'un Saint.*

The walls of the rooms in the posada at *Agreda*, are chalked with much verse and prose. I ran with my eye over part of it, and never saw such a medley of nonsensical piety and nonsensical ribaldry.

Travellers are obliged at *Agreda* to go to a public office to procure a *Guia*, or *Passport*, for themselves and their baggage. Such *Guias* are granted *gratis*; and the gentleman who gave me mine, used me with great civility, after having quitted his dinner to write it out.

*Hinojosa* is a poor village built on the summit of a hill. The people at the posada treated me kindly, and did their best to accommodate me at night, filling a mattrass on purpose with new straw. They all wondered at my writing with a *pluma de palo sin tinta*, “ a wooden pen without



“ *without ink;*” so they termed my pencil; and the good-natured *posadera* seemed much affected by my great generosity in presenting her son with one, after having taught him to sharpen it. None of them had any idea of it, and all inspected it very attentively, to my no small diversion. In several other parts of Spain, and in the *Pais de Basque* I found also many people that wondered at the uncommon ingenuity of such a thing as a pencil.

December 20.

Dined at *Almaray*, and supped at *Almazán*.

From *Hinojosa* to *Almaray* the country abounds with springs to such a degree, that they render the road almost impassable; and it was by an unremitting continuation of efforts, that the mules dragged the chaise out of the numerous bogs. Both at *Almaray* and at *Almazán* the *posadas* are very bad. Bad bread,

bad wine, bad victuals, bad rooms, and bad beds.

December 21.

Dined at *Barahona*, commonly pronounced *Barauna*, and supped at *Rio Frio*.

*Barahona* has got the whimsical appellation of *Lugar de Brujas*, "The witches' town." When you read in a Spanish play of a *Barahona-woman*, remember that it means an old witch, an old hag, an old sorceress. 'Tis one of the standing jests of the Spanish nation, of which I have not yet been able to trace the origin. *Doctor Aldrete* in his Spanish Etymologies only says, under the word *BARAHONA*, that *en este campo ay fama de juntarse los brujos y las brujas a sus abominaciones, llevados por ministerio de el demonio*: "In this territory, they say, "witches of either sex join to carry on "their abominations, assisted by the devil." To these words he adds with a gravity very

very necessary in Spain, *Es hablilla, y no ay que darle credito*, “ ’Tis a fable that  
 “ must not be credited.”

Though the sun shone very bright without doors, yet we could not see each other in the kitchen at the *posada*, because it has been so contrived that it has no other light, except what comes in at a small hole in the cieling, through which the smoke of the chimney finds its way out with much difficulty. By the fire of that kitchen I dined with a Spanish officer upon some hard eggs and *pimentón*, or *pickled Spanish-pepper*. The officer revenged himself of the meagre fare by plaguing the old *posadera* with a thousand jests on the old women of the place, and made her so angry that she loaded him with the grossest abuse, to the no small diversion of some soldiers he had with him, who laughed very heartily: I never heard a more comical dialogue.

My supper at *Rio Frio* was little better than my dinner at *Barahona*; but I had a merry dance by the table at which I ate, and that made the evening agreeable enough. I slept at night in a room without windows, and in a very short bed, which was worse. The Castilians, as well as the Navarrans, are in general pretty tall; yet both in Navarre and Castile the beds are so short, that a man of ordinary size cannot lie extended.

As I was coming along in the morning I met with three men who were going a-foot to *Madrid*. I walked a while with them after having granted them the permission of putting their *capas* or *cloaks*, in my chaise, which proved troublesome in walking. Besides his *capa* one of them put also down his hat; but placed it so carelessly, that it dropped unperceived and was lost. *Alabado sea el Santissimo*, (*praise to the most Holy*) said the poor fellow the moment he was aware of his  
 misfor-

misfortune: and spoke the words so feelingly, and gave such a look of resignation, that it went to my very heart. Upon such an occasion an Englishman would have uttered an oath rather than an ejaculation: but the Spaniards are far from being so addicted to swearing and cursing as the English. Sudden recollection, and humble patience in adversities that cannot be helped, are virtues, as far as I have observed, much oftener practised in Spain, than in any other christian country. My caleffero in the most difficult passes, seldom or never lost his temper, but exerted himself vigorously in supporting the chaise and encouraging the mules, which he never cursed, but only called them Demonios when he thought that they did not obey him with the promptitude he expected.

*December 22.*

Dined at *Jadraque* and supped at *Pardilla*.

The morning-ride was six full hours through a mountainous country, some parts of which were covered with several kinds of overgrown trees, and some cultivated and sowed with wheat. It is observable in Spain, that the ploughing husbandman does not make his furrows so straight and even as they do in England and in Italy. This kind of rustick negligence prevails much in the corn-fields that I have seen to-day.

At *Jadraque* I sent for a barber to put my head a little in order; but he sent me word that he could not come, because the sun was so fine that it was pity not to enjoy it after the many days of cloudy weather they have had. Did you ever hear of such a heliotrope? No man of any vother nation would have thought of such a reason for his forbearing to get a penny upon occasion.

Not far from *Padilla* I saw a woman selling apples by the weight. Her  
scales

scales were two small wicker-baskets; the beam a stick; and the baskets hung on packthread. I thought the invention very simple.

December 23.

Dined at *Hontanár*, and supped at *Aloéra*, or *La Louera*; a poor posada at one place, and a poorer at the other. However, at *Aloéra* I was well entertained with some extempore *Siguedillas* by two pretty girls, who would not at parting permit me to kiss them but on the forehead, though one was but ten and the other eleven years old.

December 24.

Crossed *Alcalá de Henarez* before day break; had a decent dinner at *Torrejon de Ardóz*, and reached Madrid in the evening. At the *Puente de Viveros*, on the wall of a small and indifferent house, occupied by a man who receives a small toll from those who cross the *Puente* or *Bridge*, I read this inscription. *Hizo esta obra siendo corregidor de la villa de*

*Madrid el Senor Don Alonzo Perez Delgado.* That is, “ *This work was done by Don Alonzo Perez Delgado while chief-magistrate at Madrid.*” I like very well the simplicity of the style in this inscription; but cannot help thinking it somewhat ridiculous, that a chief magistrate should be so eager after fame, as to wish to have his name transmitted to posterity upon the account of so inconsiderable a thing as that toll-man’s house.

Thus was my journey from *Bayonne* to *Madrid* happily ended, though performed in the most unfavourable season, through difficult mountains, and across regions, the inhabitants of which are as yet much inferior to other nations with respect to the knowledge of the conveniencies of life. In *Old Castile* especially, that inferiority begins at the art of building, which, amongst the indispensable arts, must be considered as the most indispensable. The entrance into an *Old Castilian’s* house is commonly

2

through



through his stable, which, as you may easily imagine, causes a dirtiness in every part of it, that it is not possible to remove. Few houses have more than one story over the ground-floor, and it is not uncommon to find two or three rooms in one house, that have no windows at all, and receive only a little light, either from the door, or from a hole opened in the cieling. The inner-side of their walls differs not from the outside, having no kind of inner covering of plaister, boards, paper, or any thing else; and their floors are no better than their walls, consisting only of a layer of bricks, sometimes of pebbles, kept together by a mortar so ill-composed, that it crumbles soon into dust, and leaves the bricks and pebbles loose; which is also the case with regard to their stair-cases, that in general seem to have been contrived on purpose to dislocate the climbers' neck, as their steps are made unequal, some high and some low; so that

that you must be careful how you go up and down. And yet, many of those houses, poorly built as they are, have their front decorated with the arms of the owner, carved in stone, and fixed over the gate or door.

Under-ground cellars are not much in fashion throughout *Old Castile*, and I saw no fire-place in any house, but that which belonged to the kitchen. At that fire-place every traveller must sit in winter with the posadero's family, and almost always with a croud of muleteers, ass-drivers, and rusticks of all generations, every man smoaking his *Cigarro*; that is, a little tobacco wrapped up in a paper, which serves him instead of a pipe.

At the posadas you must often eat your dinner and your supper upon no other table than your own knees, or sitting astride on a bench; and you may well think, that people who want tables and chairs, want also many other pieces of house-furniture, especially table-linen,

and

and bed-linen, and that what little furniture they have is far from being fine or skilfully contrived. To the use of a candlestick and candles they are utter strangers almost every where; and their common lights are a kind of iron-cups filled with bad oil or other greasy matter, which they hang, by a short iron-handle or chain, to a nail under the chimney, or place on a stool, or on the ground, just as it happens; and I have already said, that in many places they have neither spoons nor forks, but what are made of box-wood. The doors of their rooms (some of which have no door at all) seem generally to have been contrived without the assistance of the carpenter or the locksmith; so that there is scarcely one but what may easily be forced open with a light push. But the security of a good door and a strong lock, is not much wanted in a country, in which there is but little worth stealing, and where, of course, people are not in

the

the habit of appropriating to themselves what belongs to others. It will nevertheless be always prudent in a traveller, to take care of what he has, and not put temptations in the way of people; especially as the posadero's are not answerable in any part of Spain for any thing, that happens to be stolen from strangers.

The men's dress from *Pamplona* to *Madrid*, is the common European, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches; but over it, the *Old Castilians* and *Navarrans*, like most other Spaniards, wear the *Capa*, which I have already described; nor does the habit of their women differ from that which is used in the other Spanish provinces, except that their petticoats are generally green.

Both the *Navarrans* and *Old Castilians* are a tall breed, and seem in general to be very robust. The greatest part have lively black eyes, and the best noses that can be seen; nor is their complexion so tawny

tawny as that of the *New Castilians* and *Estremadurans*.

On your alighting at a posada you are scarce welcomed by any body belonging to it, nor does any body there take the least notice of you until you call for something. By this kind of neglect, proud travellers are apt to be provoked; and they will fret, and talk big, and make others uneasy as well as themselves by storming and scolding. But what is customary cannot easily be helped, and all nations have their peculiar ways. The Spaniards seem to think, that there is no need to offer their services until they are called upon. Let me therefore recommend the useful method of keeping quiet, and of talking and acting with civility and cheerfulness. By sticking to it myself, I always brought masters and servants about me in a few minutes, and seldom had reason to blame them for rudeness or want of attention. Sufficient experience has taught me, that people  
of

of that class are easily rendered kind and officious, and that a stranger may soon have as many attendants at his beck, as there are persons in a posada, the roughest muleteers not excepted; with whom by the by, I never hesitated a moment to eat and drink, and exchange repartees if occasion offered; and always was the better for so doing, as otherwise I should have often been obliged to keep in a corner by myself, and have no body to talk to. The muleteers in Spain are not the smallest part of the nation, and I have been assured that there are many of them who possess considerable riches. You meet with large gangs of them on every road, and hear them at a distance by means of the *Cencerro*, which is an odd kind of large bell, hung by the side of one of the mules whenever there is a number. Let me now come to speak a little of Madrid.

The

The entrance by the Alcalà gate into Madrid, offers a very noble prospect, as a sloping street begins there, which is about half a mile in length, and quite as broad as the broadest in London, with many good and large houses and other kinds of edifices on each side of it. It was a pleasing surprize to me to see it free from filth, which was far from being the case when I first saw it eight years before.

In Madrid I put up at the *Fontana d'Oro*, which is reckoned the best inn in the town: but though I was tolerably well lodged in it, and civilly entertained, yet, as it was my intention to spend the whole carnival there, I thought fit to remove to a private apartment: and it may not be improper, for the information of travellers, to say, that at that inn they made me pay at the rate of six reals a day for the use of two rooms, ten reals for my dinner, and eight reals for my supper. The expence at the private

8

apartment:

apartment was somewhat greater; but my rooms were also larger, and more decently furnished. Adding eight or nine reals a day to a *Valet de Place*, and thirty for the hire of a chariot, the necessary expence of a foreigner of a private condition will amount in *Madrid* to about four *pesos duros* a day, and I have already said that a *peso duro* is equivalent to five shillings sterling.

During the two months I stayed in that town, it may easily be guessed, that, having once written an account of a former journey through the Spanish kingdom, I was very busy in procuring such information, as might enable me to rectify that work, and encrease it in such a manner, as to warrant a future publication. With this view I frequented all places of public resort, and endeavoured to the utmost after the company of the natives, as well as that of the strangers who had resided there any time: and such was my good luck, that, though  
my



my friend Don Felix d' Abreu was no more, yet I found other friends and acquaintance who in a few days introduced me to a good number of people of various ranks and professions; so that, besides passing that short interval to my full satisfaction, I had also the expected means of correcting several mistakes that had slipped in the former narrative of my journey, and of augmenting it with a considerable number, as I think, of interesting particularities, by which I hope that my reader will be better enabled to form some just idea of the Spanish nation, than if I had launched into their manners and customs professedly, as too many travellers before me have dared to do, not much to their honour, in my opinion.

Of the Spanish language and Spanish literature, I have already said in the foregoing letters whatever I had to say. I will only add with regard to the Spanish stage, that I was not pleased so much

as I expected at the representation of their tragedies and comedies. The practice of their actors in uttering their frequent octosyllables so deliberately as they do, proved rather disgustful to my ear than otherwise, and made me often wish that they would go on with somewhat more of briskness and rapidity. However, I must not attribute my little pleasure to the insufficiency of the actors I happened to hear; much less to any intrinsic defect in the Spanish versification. The reason of my disgust must be my want of being accustomed to their manner of pronouncing their verses on the stage.

I might likewise say, that their comedians disappointed me with their manner of acting, as much as they did with that of pronounciation; and, to speak my own sensations, I thought they carried look and gesticulation to extravagance in tragedy, and to caricature in comedy. But this judgment must likewise

wife go for little, if for any thing; and I only record it here as a warning to travelling foreigners not to be so quick as they generally are in their decisions. I have not yet forgot the premature accounts I gave to my Italian friends of the inimitable Garrick on my first arrival in London, for which I have afterwards most miserably blushed many a time. My hasty verdict against him, and some other British actors, keeps me from saying more at present of the Spanish; and were I to pass only a twelvemonth in Madrid, it is more than probable I should be reconciled both to the utterance and action of those, whom Spanish audiences unanimously reckon to be good performers.

The Spaniards have a kind of musical dramas, which they call *Zarzuelas burlescas*. With these dramas I was not only pleased, but thought them much better entertainments than our Italian comic operas. The music of an *Opera*

*Buffa* is perhaps more *learned* (as Frenchmen term it) than that of a *Zarzuela burlesca*; and so far the advantage may be on our side, for aught I know: but on the other hand our dramas of that kind are such detestable rhapsodies of unmeaning nonsense and beastly vulgarity, that no excellence of music can ever compensate the grossness of the composition: whereas in the *Zarzuelas* of the Spaniards, the composer is not at the whole expence of an audience's pleasure, the author endeavours to share the honour of the performance. This at least was the case in one, intitled *Las Segadoras* (*the Corn-reapers*) exhibited at Madrid in 1768, by *Don Ramón de la Cruz*, and set to musick by *Don Antonio Rodriguez de Hira*. Some scenes of that piece had their full proportion of insipidity, as I thought: but the rusticity of the Spanish peasants was naturally painted throughout; and only the *Cavallero de Madrid* with his affected *Criada* seemed

seemed to depart from truth; nor did the actors think only of their shakes and cadences, as is generally the case with ours; but expressed the words according to their meaning, and with a propriety unknown to the greatest part of ours, who too often mistake grimace for expression, buffoonery for liveliness, and downright meretricious impudence for gracefulness and animation.

The play-houses in Madrid have their peculiarity of disposition like those of England, France, and Italy. These are the parts of a Spanish play-house with regard to the spectators: *El PATIO*, *la LUNETTA*, *las GRADAS*, *la CAZUELA*, *la TERTULIA*, *los APOSENTO*s, and *los ALOSEROS*. I must explain you these terms.

*El PATIO.*

Thus they call *the Pit*, to which no female is admitted. It has no seats, and only the meaner people resort there.

*La LUNETTA.*

'Tis a *Cloſe* betwixt the *Orcheſtra* and the *Patio*, that contains two or three benches for gentlemen only.

*Las GRADAS.*

These are ſome *ranges of ſteps*, which run on the right and left of the *Patio*, amphitheatrically diſpoſed. Gentlemen ſit there as well as in the *Luneta*.

*La CAZUELA.*

'Tis a kind of *Gallery* that fronts the ſtage, and the place allowed to ordinary women. No man is admitted there.

*The TERTULIA.*

'Tis another *Gallery* over the *Cazuela*. Both the *Cazuela* and the *Tertulia* have benches riſing gradually backward. The *Tertulia* was once the place where the religious ſat to ſee the *Autos Sacramentales*: but ſince the repreſenting of them was prohibited, it is become a place for any body to ſit in.

*Los APOSENTOS.*

Thus they call *the Boxes*, of which there are three ranges. The boxes that form the first range (and the second *salvo errore*) are called *Aposentos principales*, and are supposed to be occupied by people of rank. Each box is ample enough to contain eight or ten people. A box is commonly hired only for a night, and a company of ladies and gentlemen sit in it promiscuously.

*Los ALOSEROS.*

Thus they call the two corner-boxes on each side the stage, and adjoining to the *Gradas*. One of them is appropriated to an *Alcalde de Corte*, or officer of the police, who is present at the representation to keep good order. The rank of that personage is one of the most respectable, and so high, that the next promotion commonly raises him to the royal council of Castile, which is the great council of the state.

I have not much to say in commendation of this disposition of a play-house, as it does not offer a very brilliant Coup-d'oeil. Besides that the Spaniards, like the Italians, are too sparing of lights for their pit and boxes, the *Aposentos principales* stand so very high over the *Gradas*, that a man must have very good eyes to distinguish the ladies' faces from any part of the house. Nor must you expect any great satisfaction from looking at the women in the *Cazuela*, who keep their heads covered with their *Mantillas*. Then he who is not used to the sight must be disgusted at the night-caps, which many a man in the *Tertulia* puts on during the performance, as it is not customary to keep one's hat on in a play-house.

A Spanish audience never makes the least noise before the beginning of the play, as the English do, nor are orange-wenchers, or any body else permitted to stun the company with their hideous cries.



cries. The husbands, or *othe cortejos*, take upon themselves the trouble of furnishing the ladies in their company with fruit and sweetmeats, of which they have generally a pocket-full, and a servant is commonly kept without, or within the box, that they may send him to fetch *rinfrescos* when they are wanted.

The Spanish ladies, like those of Italy, receive visits in their boxes, and there converse in as loud a tone as they think proper, without fear of being checked by any arrogant voice bidding silence. The Spaniards are too polite, ever to find fault with what the ladies are pleased to do. 'Tis needless to tell, that each division in a Spanish play-house has its particular price. A small part of every play-house-revenue, is appropriated to the maintenance of some hospital.

I wish that to this trifling account, I could join that of the political system pursued in the government of the kingdom. But the shortness of the time I spent

spent in Spain, and the hurry of the carnival in Madrid, did not permit me to collect so much information as to warrant my launching into such a subject. I can therefore only say, that during the time I was in that town, I heard of no kind of disturbance, public or private; which universal quiet is to be attributed to the several excellent regulations made since the accession of the present king to the throne, and most particularly since the revolt that drove the haughty *Squillace* out of the kingdom. As to the general government of the kingdom itself, I have had it from creditable people, that the king's finances are at present much more economically administered, than they ever were since the days of Philip II; that the navy, though not in a very formidable state, is not at all neglected; and that the army amounts to little less than a hundred thousand men well dressed, well paid, and well disciplined.

To provide that army with good artillery-officers and skilful engineers, the king has lately instituted a military school at *Segovia*, to which no *cavallero cadete* (*young gentleman*) is admitted, who has not, among other, the following qualifications,

1. *Ha de ser Hijodalgo notorio, limpio de sangre y de oficios mecanicos por ambas lineas.*
2. *Ha de saber leer y escribir.*
3. *Ha de ser de buena traza y disposicion personal.*
4. *Ha de ser de doze años cumplidos, hasta quinze no cumplidos.*

In English.

1. " He must be born of a gentleman  
 " publicly known to be such ; bear  
 " no consanguinity with Moriscos  
 " nor Jews, and be related to no  
 " mechanicks by father or mother.
2. " He

2. " He must be able to read and write.
3. " He must have a good look and a  
" good constitution.
4. " He must not be younger than  
" twelve, nor older than fifteen."

The book, out of which I have extracted and abridged these singular articles, is a small octavo neatly printed, and intitled *ORDENANZA de S. M. para el Real Colegio de Cavalleros Cadetes de Segovia*, MDCCLXVIII. It contains the rules of that institution digested under twelve *titulos* or chapters; and will in time be considered by Biblioplists as a rare curiosity, as only twelve copies of it have been printed, of which my good luck made me obtain one as a present.

I have now said all I had to say of Madrid: yet before I quit it the second time, I beg leave to transcribe here out of my memorandum-book a few trifles and petty facts, which, collectively taken, may possibly assist more in forming a  
true

true idea of the Spanish nation, than more elaborate remarks and disquisitions.

A banker's lady told me, that she never masked, nor went to any public ball. Why, madam? *Because*, said she, *I know my own temper, and will not risk the affection I owe my husband.* What would a light Frenchman have replied?

A young gentleman insisted on my placing myself by his sister in her coach, and would forcibly sit backwards. Why do you do so, said I in the usual strain of ceremony. *Because*, said he, *our religion orders us to be respectful to our superiors; and he is always my superior who knows more than I.* I did not expect such a reply from a lad of eighteen, and of the highest quality.

As I was upon my departure from Madrid, a lady asked me which road I intended to take in my return home. Through Old Castile and Biscay, said I. *Do you take Burgos in your way?* Yes, madam, because I want to see that celebrated

brated cathedral. *You shall see what is still better*, answered she. And what is it, madam? *El milagrosissimo Christo Santo*, replied the lady; meaning a wooden crucifix which is reckoned the most miraculous of any crucifix in Spain.

What are you a doing, said I to my landlady as I came to dinner. *I was reciting my rosary while waiting for your coming*, said she.

A shoe-maker brought me a pair of shoes some days later than he had promised; and as I reproached him with idleness in his business, he answered with great composure: *No me falatr  una hora para morir*, "I shall always find time enough to die," meaning that it matters little how our time is suffered to elapse, since the diligent must die as well as the idle.

As a servant stood looking at a picture, I asked him whom it represented. *Santo Ydelfonso*, said he. Who was Santo Ydelfonso? *Chaplain to the Queen of Heaven.*

*ven.* And did he say mass before her, as the king's chaplain before the king? *Who ever doubted that,* replied the man very seriously.

A lady told me, that a Peruvian gentleman just come from his country, wanted to force a piece of money into her hand in her own house by way of token of the pleasure she had given him with a song she had sung; and that he was so affronted at her refusing it, that he quitted her in a pet, telling the company in an angry tone as he was going, that the ladies of *Lima* are as rich as those of *Madrid*, yet have not the rudeness to refuse any pledge of admiration.

It is said, that, when a Spanish lady goes to pay the visit of condolence to her who has lost her husband or other near relation, she is received by the mourner in a room hung with black, and lighted only with one candle. Not a word is spoke by the visiter nor by the visited on such an occasion; but both keep

wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs every other moment for about an hour.

Many authors and editors have the custom in Spain to dedicate books to the Almighty, to his Angels, to his Saints, and even to those of their images that are in reputation of being miraculous. A volume of Calderon's *Autos Sacramentales* is by a printer dedicated to the *Patriarca San Juan de Dios*, though he was no Patriarch at all, but a bookseller of *Grenada*, as the dedicatory letter informs us, who in a fit of devotion threw into the fire all the books he had in his shop, those of piety only excepted. That *San Juan* (or *St. John*) was the founder of an order which professes ignorance. It was natural for a man who burnt his books, to think of forming such an institution.

When the edict was published in *Madrid*, that commanded every man to cock up his hat, the whole town was filled with



with murmurs and discontent. Many a stranger laughed then, and laughs still, at the Spaniards for their not submitting with pleasure to a more becoming fashion: yet we ought to consider how natural it is for mankind to hate innovations, even when they are for the better. Suppose that the French, or any other European nation, wearing cocked hats, were ordered to uncock them, do you think they would submit without reluctance?

I come now to the description of the road I took in coming out of Spain the second time.

### The ROAD

From MADRID to BAYONNE, through  
*Burgos, Bilbao, and St. Sebastian.*

	No. of leagues
From MADRID to <i>Alcovendas</i> - -	3
From <i>Alcovendas</i> to <i>San Agustin</i> - -	3
	<hr/>
Vol. IV. S Carried over	6
	<hr/>

Brought over 6

*A river crossed over a bridge.*

From <i>San Agustin</i> to the <i>Venta de Pedrezuela</i>			1 $\frac{1}{2}$
From that <i>Venta</i> to <i>Cavanillas</i>	-	-	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Cavanillas</i> to <i>La Cabrera</i>	-	-	1
From <i>La Cabrera</i> to <i>Lozoyuela</i>	-	-	1

*A small river waded.*

From <i>Lozoyuela</i> to <i>Buytrago</i>	-	-	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Buytrago</i> to <i>Robregordo</i>	-	-	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Robregordo</i> to <i>Somosierra</i>	-	-	1 $\frac{1}{2}$

From *Somosierra* to the *Venta de Juanilla*, which  
is the last place in New Castile.

From that <i>Venta</i> to <i>Cerecillo</i>	-	-	1
From <i>Cerecillo</i> to <i>Castillejo</i>	-	-	1

*A small river waded.*

From <i>Castillejo</i> to <i>Boceguillas</i>	-	-	2
From <i>Boceguillas</i> to <i>Fresnillo de Fuente</i>	-	-	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Fresnillo</i> to <i>Carabia</i>	-	-	1
From <i>Carabia</i> to <i>Honrubia</i>	-	-	2

*A river crossed over a bridge.*

From <i>Honrubia</i> to <i>La Pardilla</i>	-	-	1
From <i>La Pardilla</i> to <i>Milagros</i>	-	-	1

*A river crossed over a bridge.*

From <i>Milagros</i> to <i>Fuentespina</i>	-	-	1
From <i>Fuentespina</i> to <i>Aranda de Duero</i>	-	-	1

*A river crossed over a bridge.*

From <i>Aranda</i> to <i>Gumiel de Izam</i>	-	-	2
---	---	---	---

*Another river crossed over a bridge.*

Carried over 30

	Brought over	No. of leagues
From <i>Gumiel</i> to <i>Bahabon</i>	-	2
From <i>Bahabon</i> to the <i>Venta del Frayle</i>	-	1
From that <i>Venta</i> to the <i>Venta del Juncioso</i>	-	1
From the <i>Venta del Juncioso</i> to <i>Lerma</i>	-	1
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>		
From <i>Lerma</i> to <i>Villarmazo</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Villarmazo</i> to <i>Madrigallejo</i>	-	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Madrigallejo</i> to <i>Cogollos</i>	-	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Cogollos</i> to <i>Sarrazin</i>	-	1
From <i>Sarrazin</i> to BURGOS	-	$1\frac{1}{2}$
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>		
From BURGOS to <i>Gamonál</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Gamonál</i> to <i>Villafria</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Villafria</i> to <i>Rubena</i>	-	1
From <i>Rubena</i> to <i>Quintanapalla</i>	-	1
From <i>Quintanapalla</i> to the <i>Monasterio de Rodillas</i>	-	1
From the <i>Monasterio</i> to <i>Santa Olalla</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Santa Olalla</i> to <i>Quintanavides</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Quintanavides</i> to <i>Castil de Peones</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Castil de Peones</i> to <i>Pradano</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Pradano</i> to <i>Bribiesca</i>	-	1
From <i>Bribiesca</i> to the <i>Venta de Cameno</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From that <i>Venta</i> to <i>Cubo</i>	-	2
From <i>Cubo</i> to <i>Santa Maria</i>	-	$\frac{1}{2}$
From <i>Santa Maria</i> to <i>Pancorvo</i>	-	1
From <i>Pancorvo</i> to <i>Santa Gadéa</i>	-	3
S 2	Carried over	55

	No. of leagues
Brought over	55
<i>The river Ebro crossed over a bridge called</i>	
Puente de la Rad.	
From Santa Gadéa to Berguenda - -	1
From Berguenda to the Venta Blanca - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From the Venta Blanca to Espejo - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
<i>A River crossed over a Bridge.</i>	
From Espejo to the Venta del Monte - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From the Venta del Monte to Osma - -	1
From Osma to Berberaña, which is the last place in Old Castile - - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From Berberaña to the Venta de la Peña -	1
From that Venta to Orduña, the first town in Biscay - - - -	1
<i>Not far from Orduña you cross over a bridge the Rio de Saracho, by many called Rio de Orduña from the town by which it runs.</i>	
From Orduña to Amurrio - - -	1
From Amurrio to Luyando - - -	1
From Luyando to Lodio - - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From Lodio to Areta - - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From Areta to Miravalles - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From Miravalles to Arrigoriaga - - -	1
From Arrigoriaga to the Venta Alta - - -	1
From the Venta Alta to BILBAO. - - -	$\frac{1}{2}$
From BILBAO to Gualdacana - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From Gualdacana to Zornosa - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$
From Zornosa to Duranga - - -	1

	No. of leagues.
Brought over	72
From <i>Durango</i> to <i>Saldivar</i>	2
From <i>Saldivar</i> to <i>Eybar</i>	1
From <i>Eybar</i> to <i>Eygobarre</i>	1
From <i>Eygobarre</i> to <i>Maudara</i>	1
From <i>Maudara</i> to <i>Zumaya</i>	1
From <i>Zumaya</i> to <i>Gueteria</i>	1
<i>A river crossed over a bridge.</i>	
From <i>Gueteria</i> to <i>Saraos</i> or <i>Saras</i>	1
From <i>Saraos</i> to <i>Orrio</i>	1
<i>Another river crossed in a boat.</i>	
From <i>Orrio</i> to <i>San SEBASTIAN</i>	1
From <i>San SEBASTIAN</i> to <i>Irun</i>	1½
<i>A river crossed in a boat.</i>	
From <i>Irun</i> to <i>Orogne</i> , which is the first town in France	1½
From <i>Orogne</i> to <i>St. Jean de Luz</i>	1
From <i>St. Jean de Luz</i> to <i>Bidars</i>	2
From <i>Bridars</i> to <i>Bayonne</i>	2
<hr/>	
Total of leagues from <i>Madrid</i> to <i>BAYONNE</i>	92
<hr/>	

### An Account of the above ROAD.

Having been apprised before hand, that many parts of the above road would prove difficult, and absolutely impassable for any wheel-carriage, I thought proper

to hire in Madrid, a couple of mules, one for myself, the other for my baggage, of a muleteer who was going to Bilbao with nine more, some of which had their loads, and some were to have them as they returned from Bilbao to Madrid. The Muleteer, whom I soon found to be a very honest and hearty man, mounted one of the nine, and his two servants, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, had an eye upon the whole cavalcade. With them I left Madrid on

*February 19, 1769, in the afternoon.*

We went only as far as *Alcovendas*, a poor village that consists of forty or fifty *Chozas*, as the Spaniards call them; that is, *mean thatched Cottages*. I have already mentioned that village in LETTER LIX. The three leagues from Madrid to *Alcovendas* afford not a span of cultivated land, and the country is one of the most dreary spots I have seen in Spain.

Though *Alcovendas* is only three leagues from the metropolis, yet the Po-

sadero had nothing to give us for supper, except *Bacallao*. But I did not expect better fare, as it was now the beginning of Lent. My second mule not being overloaded, I might easily have brought provisions along, which I could have recruited in all populous places, and have lived upon fowls, hams, and other good things, both morning and evening. But besides, that by so doing, I should have been shunned and detested as a perverse infidel, what right had I to scandalize any body, and feed highly in the faces of people during a time, in which it is their firm belief, that meager-eating and abstinence are necessary to obtain salvation?

At *Alcovendas* we met with two young Biscayans, who were going to Bilbao like myself. They hired one of the nine mules, and agreed between themselves to ride on it by turns. I liked their thrifty scheme, and had reason to be pleased with them during the journey. One of them was by trade a barber, the other a carpenter. Each was

armed with a fire-lock; and it seems that it is a rule with the Biscayans never to travel far without that weapon. By means of kind words, and paying only two or three \* *Azumbres* extraordinary every day, I had them both at my disposal during the journey, together with the muleteer and his two men.

My bed at *Alcovendas* was as narrow, short, and hard, as all are throughout Spain in the *Posadas*. The *Posadero's* christian name was *Deo Gratias*, and his wife *Conceptionita*, a diminutive of *Conception*. Did you ever hear of such strange names? They put me in mind of *Kyrie* and *Eleyson*, the two formidable knights, whose achievements are recorded in an old Italian book of chivalry.

February 20.

Dined at the *Venta de Pedrezuela*, and supped at *Lozoyuela*.

This morning, as I was getting upon

\* I have already said that an *Azumbre* is a wine measure which contains about a quart.



my mule at *Alcovendas*, the bells of two or three small villages in sight began to ring most noisily. It was a call on the people within hearing, to go and beat the bushes about the neighbouring forest of the *Pardo* for the purpose mentioned in letter LIX.

Having rode about a league from *Alcovendas*, the Biscayans and I entered the forest, as that was our shorter way to *San Agustín*. There we were to rejoin our muleteers, who were taking a larger compass, because no body is permitted to cross it with beasts of burthen. I had seen that forest eight years before, and was not displeas'd to see it again. A finer one I have never seen. It is chiefly compos'd of *Encinas*, very properly call'd *Green Oaks* by the English, as their leaves never lose their verdure. There are millions of them in a space of fourteen or fifteen miles in circumference, and their acorns are more than sufficient to feed its numberless inhabitants.

You know how the writers of chivalry

ry have always been fond of making forests the constant scenes of adventures. It would have been strange if I had crossed so large a one, without meeting with any; therefore I expected at every step, to see some beautiful damsel pop out suddenly from behind a cluster of trees, throw herself down from her milk-white palfrey, kneel before me, and ask me a boon. But as some unkind necromancer would have it, instead of a fair damsel or princess, we met with an ugly fellow, who informed us in a most arrogant tone, that the guns of my two companions were forfeited, as they had contravened the law, which orders that nobody shall carry a gun through a royal forest.

You may well imagine that my poor Biscayans turned pale at the intimation, having nothing to say for themselves. But just as the *Guardia* was going to seize upon their guns, it came into my head that I had my Spanish passport in my pocket, and recollected that it was expressly

expresly order'd in it to all his majesty's subjects to let my worship go his way *con sus armas* "with his arms."

*What are you doing*, cried I to the fellow with the most imperious tone I could fetch; *How dare you to take away the weapons of my attendants, when this passport orders you to let me go unmolested with my arms wherever I please? Read here if you can read, and learn your duty better.*

As good luck would have it, the fellow could spell with tolerable facility; and finding that the passport was positive as to the carrying of *armas* by myself or servants, he abated much of his peremptoriness, and began to talk in a milder strain. To shorten the story, it cost me but a few reals to make him give up his resolution of seeing us before the *Alcalde* at *San Agustin*, and turn another way. It seems that the guns would not have become his property in case of confiscation; therefore he was very glad to pock-

et a little silver, and quitted us in good humour, after having admonished us to unload them directly, lest we should meet with some other *Guardia* more troublesome than himself. Thus ended the adventure, and you may well imagine that the gratitude of the Biscayans proved afterwards proportionate to the service I had done them, and that the barber would never have a farthing for the care he took of my chin during the journey.

By way of dinner at the *Venta de Pedrezuela*, we could only have a couple of *Sardinas* a-piece; and *Pilchard* is the English for *Sardina*. But at *Lozoyuela*, which we reached as the night was far advanced, besides some hard eggs, we had a large omelet seasoned with oil instead of butter, with the addition of a salad made of raw onions, which my keen appetite made me think the best thing I ever eat.

From the above *Venta* to *Lozoyuela*,  
the

the country grew mountainous as we went on, but appeared much more fertile than from *Madrid* to the *Venta*. At *Lozoyuela* I slept in my cloaths on a heap of straw, in a room so small, dark, and dirty, that you would have thought it a proper place for a malefactor.

I must not forget, that not far from a village called *La Cabrera*, I saw a gallows by the side of the road, that had a large knife stuck into the cross bar at top; and was informed that the lord of the manor has there a right to hang and quarter any villain, when convicted of having committed a robbery on the highway within his lands. That right which many of the great nobility have in various parts of the two Castiles, is called *El Derecho de Horca y Cuchillo*, "the right of gallows and knife."

From *Madrid* to *La Cabrera* we had some mountains in view on our left hand, the tops of which were covered with snow. The *Escuriál* is within those mountains,

mountains, thirteen leagues distant from Madrid. The snow had fallen this winter so abundantly about that celebrated place, as to render the road from Madrid almost impassable. Adding that reason to the pleasant life I led in Madrid, I neglected to go and see it, for which, I own, I am almost ashamed. To go twice from *London* to *Madrid*, and not step to the *Escuriál* is really unpardonable. But I intend to go a third journey on purpose, if I can ever contrive it.

February 21.

Dined at *Somosierra*, and supped at *Castillejo*.

This morning we crossed the town of *Buitrago*, built on an eminence amidst several broken hills. Not a century ago *Buitrago* boasted of a noble castle very well worth a visit from a traveller. Madam d' Aunoys mentioned it in her *Relation du Voyage d' Espagne*, and in her usual style of a novel, described some pictures

pictures she saw in its apartments. As far as I could judge from without, that poor castle is at present in a declining condition; and if its inner parts are like the outer, there will be an end of it in a little time, which will be a great pity, considering the extreme beauty of its situation, for the country it commands, seems to be quite as fertile as it is romantick.

From *Buitrago* to *Somosierra* through a very stony and difficult road we ascended several hills covered with snow. *Somosierra*, though a very indifferent village, denominates that long chain of high and rugged mountains which divide the *two Castiles*. There we could scarce find any thing to eat, besides bread and onions. While we were at dinner, a young fellow came to us with a dead wolf in his arms, which he laid at my feet. “ Behold the beast (said he with an air of triumph) that shall do you no harm in your journey through our  
 “ moun-

“ mountains. See what a set of ivory  
 “ teeth! See what terrible jaws and  
 “ fangs! I killed it last night just by  
 “ my cot, and he shall eat no more of  
 “ my kids, *si el baron San Antonio serà*  
 “ *servido,*” “ *if it pleases Saint Anthony.*”

I did not dislike the oratory of the man, and treated him as every benefactor to mankind ought to be treated, with much respect and kindness. Though the beast was none of the largest, yet the look of it was sufficiently ugly to make one chuse to see it dead rather than alive. Our Alpine wolves are generally brown, but that was of a dirty kind of white, covered with short hair, that stood straight all about the body. When a man is so lucky as to kill one, his fortune is somewhat the better for it, because a sum of money (a hundred reals, if I am not mistaken) are paid him by the corporation of his town, besides what is got from private people by showing it about, as no body will refuse



refuse a copper-coin at least, as a reward to his bravery.

Between *Buitrago* and *Somosierra*, at a place called *La Puente de las Fuentes*, there is a stony *cuesta*, or ascent so very steep, that it was all our mules could do to mount it without tumbling. A strange *Camino de Ruedas*, thought I: but how any wheel-carriage can be dragged up that pass by any two mules, is what I cannot conceive. I suppose that a chaise is there taken to pieces, as they do at the foot of *Mount Cenis* in Savoy, and carried up disjointed by the peasants in the neighbourhood.

From *Somosierra* to *Castilejo* the road was quite hidden by a snow about a foot thick, which had fallen the night before on some other that was already there. I never went three leagues worse than those, as the road lies across several broken hills, covered all along with large broken stones that lie loose about, and make the mules stumble at every

step. 'Tis lucky that a mule has this good quality, that he never falls but on his knees, and, if you will but let him alone, he gets upon his legs presently. My companions stopping at the *Venta de Juanilla* to drink, I was so imprudent as to go forwards alone: but had not advanced a mile when my mule pricked up his ears on a sudden, snorted three or four times, and before I was aware of the cause of his fear, threw himself off the track, down the rocky bank of a small torrent. The bank was six or seven foot high, and quite perpendicular. I wonder how I kept in the saddle, and how he could fall on his four without breaking two or three at least. The jerk he gave in the leap made me see a dog at his heels. Full as I was of the idea of the wolf, I thought the dog a wolf, and drew my hanger in an instant. The sun shone bright, and the flashing of the blade, as I supposed, frightened him back: but seeing me wade along the  
 torrent,

torrent, he returned the same way and ran straight forwards towards *Castillejo*.

Mean while I was in the torrent, and did not see how I could regain the road because of the great height and steepness of its banks. I had nothing to do but encourage my mule onwards through the stream; and so I did during an hour, with the water up to the mule's knees. At last I saw a cluster of houses about half a mile before me, found a place to get out of the torrent, and reached them just as my company was coming. It was the village of *Cerecillo*, where I saw the rascally cur that had frightened both my mule and me, and put our necks in no inconsiderable danger, besides puzzling much my muleteer, who could not possibly conceive what was become of me, as he had not seen the fresh footsteps of my mule for two thirds of a league from *Cerecillo*.

The Road from *Cerecillo* to *Castillejo* was far from good: but I could see it, and

was glad that we were now quite out of the snow. 'Tis a most uncomfortable thing to go along any road that one cannot see, when it happens to be rugged and difficult. It is true that a mule used to it smells it surely out, be it ever so narrow, and the snow ever so deep: yet that only diminishes the pain, and one is still vexed to travel in that manner, quite at the discretion of a beast. We naturally hate to be in their power, be they quadrupeds or bipeds.

I have seen no inconsiderable number of bad villages in many parts of Spain, but *Castillejo* I thought the worst of them all. The road through it would be a deep bog in winter, if it was not for the many cartloads of large stones and pebbles thrown along it. Those stones and pebbles are not cemented together, though two or three foot deep. Imagine what a firm footing both mules and men must find on a road made after that manner. It was worse than to wade through  
the

the torrent. I alighted at the posada, while the muleteer went a little forward to put up at some stables, leaving me and the Biscayans to shift for ourselves. The posada we found to consist but of one room, besides the smoaky kitchen. A room, did I say? It was a nasty hole, that contained two nasty couches, one of which was occupied by a poor old man, who (as I heard afterwards) died that same night. To take our quarters there was utterly impossible. What shall we do, said I to the honest Biscayans. Let us go and see if we can find a better place for love or money. In the street, or the road, (name it what you please) we met with a priest, who informed us that there was an old woman in the village, called the *Tia Phelipa* (*my aunt Philip*) who would give us a good night's lodging, if commanded by the *Alcalde*; otherwise not, as no body can be so far prejudicial to the posaderos, as to keep lodging houses, because the

posadaros pay a tax for keeping theirs; and if travellers were not to go to them on the pretence that their posadas are bad, the poor rogues would starve, and be ruined. Well then: we went to the *Alcalde*, a well-looking old peasant, who presently granted my petition, and not only permitted me to go to *Tia Phelipa*, but came himself to show me the house, and delivered her his orders in person that she should treat me well, because I was a *Hidalgo*, said he, that had a passport from the secretary of state.

The good *Tia*, her son, and her son's wife, made us very welcome, and prepared us as good a supper as was possible to have in such a place. We cannot fast to-night, said I to the *Tia*, because we have had but a very sorry dinner at *Somosierra*. Never fear, said she; I will give you the best supper you ever ate in your life: and the supper consisted in the usual mess of *dry beans* boiled in oil, the usual *bacallao* stewed  
in

in oil, the usual *sardinias* more salt than brine, the usual *oily omelet*, with only the addition of some *escabeche*; that is, some river-fish pickled with vinegar, sugar, and garlick, together with some *walnuts* and *dry grapes* by way of desert.

Just as we had done eating this Sardanapalian supper, the *Alcalde* returned with the priest, to see how *Tia Phelipa* had treated us. Thank you, thank you, *Senor Alcalde*: *Tia Phelipa* is the best woman in Castile. But pray, *Señor Cura*, won't you sit down? Here is to you both. Reach them the pitcher, good *Tia*. *Liquida \* non frangunt*, *Señor Cura*, and the weather is very cold. The pitcher, though pretty large, showed its bottom two or three times, and a couple of hours were past very merrily. It was near twelve when they left us. The *Tia's* beds were clean, and tolerably

\* *Liquida non frangunt jejunium*; that is, you may drink on a fast-day, though you may not eat.

soft. I had a good night's rest, and forgot the snow, the dog, and the torrent.

*February 22.*

We dined at *La Honrubia*, and supped at *Aranda de Duero*. I saw nothing extraordinary to-day, but the village of *Fuentespina*, which contains above a hundred houses. At a distance it makes a good appearance, because of the cupolas that many of those houses have by way of roofs; but both the roof and the walls of almost every house are of mud, laid very thick, lest, as I suppose, the rain should wash them away too soon. The territory of *Fuentespina* is almost all taken up with vineyards. *Aranda* is a considerable town, as it contains fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants. The *Duero*, by which it is distinguished from another town in Spain of the same name, is a beautiful river; but not navigable.

It was at *Aranda* that I took notice of a custom the muleteers have, of touch-



ing a loaf with their right hands as they cross themselves when they say grace after supper. It is the want of holy water that makes them touch the bread in its room. The custom extends to all the lower class of the Spanish people, who have a kind of veneration for bread.

*Aranda* has belonged to the crown ever since a king of Spain said this rhyme,

*Aranda de Duero*

*Por mi te quiero;*

That is, *Aranda by the Duero, I will have thee be mine.* The inhabitants seem proud of their belonging to the king rather than to any other lord. The *posada* at *Aranda* is very bad, though it goes by the pompous name of *the Countess*, "*posada de la Condesa.*"

February 23.

We dined at the *Venta del Frayle*, and supped at *Villarmazo*. Nothing but eggs at noon, and eggs again at night.

Coming

Coming out of *Aranda* I saw the land laid out in vineyards during a league. The cheapness of wine, both at *Aranda* and *Fuenteispina*, is almost incredible. With no more than fifty reals in a tolerable year, a family of six people in each place may buy as much of it as they commonly drink in a twelvemonth; and that is about the quantity of three English hogheads. Many a man in England will drink that money in an hour.

The *Venta del Frayle*, a wretched house, forms about the sixth part of a wretched hamlet, which, together with its territory, belongs to the Benedictine monks. One of the *Padres*, an elderly man, lives in that hamlet as factor to his order, and may without impropriety, be termed *the Pope of the place*, as he exercises a temporal as well as a spiritual authority over the inhabitants, whose number amounts to about forty, women and children included. The petty tyrant obliges them all to hear his own mass every

every

every day, and at the hour he pleases; will not suffer them to confess to any but himself; and never would remit any of them a real of their rent ever since he went to live there, though he knows them to be wretchedly poor. Despotism cannot easily be carried further. I happened to ask what people the good father had at home. No body but a *Calentador*, answered a neighbour silyly. A *Calentador* means a *Warming-pan*; and the title is never bestowed upon old women by the jocular Spaniards.

There are few spots prettier than that small monastical kingdom. 'Tis a green flat, about a mile over, moistened by a most limpid stream, that descends from a neighbouring hill quite cover'd with trees. In summer it must be delightful to live there.

Reaching *Lerma* by five in the afternoon, and thinking it still too early to halt, I chose to push half a league further to *Villarmazo*, though I knew that my

6

company,

company, which I had left behind, intended to pass the night in *Lerma*. It may possibly be thought ridiculous, yet I cannot help telling it, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail on my mule to go that half league. The sturdy animal, long accustomed to stop at *Lerma* whenever he went that way, forced me to use the spur every moment to keep him a going. He would have stopp'd at every step, turned his head towards *Lerma*, and bray'd with all his might in a most angry tone. Mules as well as better folks have their habits, which are not easily to be conquer'd when they are grown too obstinate.

By *Lerma*, which is as considerable a town as *Aranda*, there is a castle that travellers go to see. It is the country seat of a principal grandee, whose name I have forgot. Almost all the houses in the town belong for the most part to that same grandee; but few of them are worth much, as they are almost all built with  
wood

wood and mud, like those of *Aranda*. The country between the *Venta del Frayle* and *Lerma*, is a desolate heath, through which the road is bad enough, even for mules; and a wheel-carriage in winter, could scarcely be dragged out of the frequent bogs.

*February 24.*

We breakfasted at *Cogollos* on a scanty mess of *garavanzos* boiled in oil as usual, and supped at *Burgos*, the capital of *Old Castile*.

This was a hard day's journey, though very short, because of the execrable road, violent wind, incessant rain, and a freezing cold, that *matava las manos* (*killed the hands*) as my Biscayans phrased it. About two in the afternoon I reached the miserable village of *Sarazin*, and there was obliged to run for shelter into a peasant's house, because of the rain that poured intolerably fast. The house was crowded with people, especially women, sitting round a fire that filled the room  
with

with a thick smoke. It diverted me much to see them all chearfully pinching each other by way of pastime. A fat and grey-headed Dominican friar, who had seen me go by his convent, came after me, and courteously brought me a couple of good apples with a bit of excellent bread, which was far from unwelcome. I sent to a neighbouring house for wine, made him and the whole company drink repeatedly, and passed there a couple of hours with much satisfaction, in spite of the smoke, that made my eyes red. It was six when I entered *Burgos*.

February 25.

We passed the whole day at *Burgos*. The Welchman *Udal ap Rhys*, in his ACCOUNT of the most remarkable places and curiosities in Spain and Portugal, calls *Burgos* a large town, and says, that it has many fine squares adorned with fountains, many handsome buildings, and some palaces. Yet I will be so bold as to say,  
that

that *Burgos* is a small town, very ill built, very dirty, and containing only one square surrounded with wretched houses. Its cathedral and the archiepiscopal palace are the only edifices that deserve attention. They are both Gothic, and both huge enough; the cathedral especially, which contains fourteen or fifteen chapels and a sacristy very grandly adorned. It would require a volume to register the riches that some of those chapels contain. In the middle of the church there is an enclosed sanctuary, made after the manner of the *Holy Chapel* at *Loretto*, which was built long after the church, as one may see by the style of its architecture, which is of the Corinthian order. That sanctuary contains a miraculous crucifix, or *Christo*, as they call it there; yet not quite so miraculous as another that is in the church of the Augustines. In the church of the Trinitarians there is a third, miraculous likewise.

Without

Without the town there are some public walks very pleasant, as they overlook a romantick landscape beautified by the rapid and noisy river *Arlanzón*, which is crossed over by a stone-bridge very well built.

An industrious Frenchman has just set up a coffee-house with a billiard-table in Burgos. The novelty of the thing attracts much company there, and all the young idlers of the town live in a manner at that coffee-house. To avoid the frequent quarrels that arose at first between them and the Frenchman, the governor, who makes it a point to patronize the new establishment, has lately published an edict, which I will transcribe and translate for its singularity.



TARIFA del precio aque se venderan los generos en el Caffé Francés, y lo que se pagará por cada partida de trucos y villár con approvation de la justicia.

	Reales.	Maravedis.
Una Taza de cafee de Moka con el azucar que cadauno quisiere, poner, aunque sea con leche - -	1	
Una Taza con leche, ò sin ella	1	
Una Gicara de buen chocolate, con leche, ò sin ella, y con pan correspondiente tostado - -	1	
Un Baso de quartillo de Babaduesa, con Jarave de Capilér, con leche, ò sin ella - -	1	17
Una copa de qualquier licor, ò espiritu de Francia - -	1	
Cada Botella de vino estrangero se pagará segun su calidad		
Una libra de Dulces de Francia	12	
Cada Bollito para tomar chocolate		24
Si es doble - -	1	14
VOL. IV. U		Una

	R.	M.
<i>Una Baraja de Naypes para juegos permitidos de noche con luces</i>	4	
<i>Idem, una usada que esté limpia</i>	3	
<i>Idem, una nueva de dia</i>	3	
<i>Idem, una usada</i>	2	17

*Quien rompiere Ficara (above it is spelled Gicara,) Taza, Vaso (above it is spelled Baso,) ú otra cosa, lo pagará por su justo precio. Se jugará hasta las diez de la noche, pues no permite mas el Señor intendente corregidor.*

In English.

“ *A Tariff of the prices at which  
 “ the things at the French coffee-  
 “ house are to be sold, together  
 “ with what is to be paid for  
 “ every game at billiards, as set-  
 “ tled by government.*

“ *A dish of Moka-coffee with as  
 “ much sugar as any body chuses,  
 “ though it be with milk*

I

“ *A dish*

	R.	M.
“ A dish of tea, with or with-		
“ out milk - - -	I	
“ A dish of good chocolate, with		
“ or without milk, with its due		
“ proportion of toasted bread -	I	
A glass of Capillaire, with or		
without milk - - -	I	17
Any French dram - -	I	
Each bottle of foreign wine shall		
be paid for according to its quality.		
A pound of French sweet-meats	12	
A chocolate-cake - -		24
If double - - -	I	14
A new pack of cards to play at		
lawful games by night and with		
lights - - -		4
An old pack, but clean -		3
A new pack, by day -		3
An old pack - - -	2	17

Whoever shall break a cup, glass,  
or other thing, shall pay its just  
price. Playing shall last till ten at

night, as the civil magistrate forbids the continuation of it beyond that hour.

The reader may take notice, that, by some unaccountable oversight, the price to be paid for playing at billiards, has been intirely omitted, though announced in the title of this Tariff.

There are three or four posadas at *Burgos*, two of which are reckoned good, after the manner of the country. I had a passable room and tolerable fare in that where I put up. They call it *La posada del Marqués*. But the landlady there, is one of the most detestable old women in Spain. She would beat her little children for nothing several times a day, and scold and curse every body and every thing, even while she was muttering over her beads. She asked me during a short interval of good humour whither I was going. To England, said I: *Inglaterra mala Tierra*, answered she; that is, “*England is a* “*wicked country.*” How do you know that,

that, *Señora*? I know, she replied, that they are wicked Hereticks there, that ought all to be drowned. Why so? *Para que la casta se pierda*, “that the breed “may be lost,” replied the ugly wretch. One of her maids, a young woman about twenty, is what they term a *Beáta*; that is a girl who has made a vow never to wear a gown, but what is made of a coarse woollen stuff of an ash-colour. Yet her vow does not interfere with her coarse gallantry, as far as I could guess.

The Mendicant Friars, and even some of those who are not Mendicant, have a custom in several parts of Spain, and at *Burgos* especially, to watch the arrival of strangers at the *posadas*, in order to put them under contribution, which they effect by asking alms for the sake of a crucifix, a virgin, or some saint, which they produce from under their garments.

Some Posaderos, who have often had occasion to observe how much the generality of travellers dislike such kind of visits, will not permit the importunate fathers to enter their doors, but make them wait without, and only give them leave to send in their images, which are often returned with a mere compliment, a traveller being then more at liberty to refuse the request, as the beggar is not present, to whose habit and profession it always looks indecent to deny a small piece of money. For my part however, I was never much displeas'd at their admission; and their stories of fevers, head-achs, and other distempers miraculously cured by their images, seem'd always to me a sufficient equivalent to a *real*. Were you to give credit to what they all say, there are none of their images but perform an incredible number of *milagros portentosos*: yet ask any Spaniard if he has ever seen a miracle performed; and it is a hundred to one but he answers in  
the

the negative: but his imagination easily runs away with him, and he is still persuaded that every image is miraculous, as his mind has been crammed with that notion ever since the day he was born. Notwithstanding this, I cannot help being of opinion that, sooner or later, the friars will break their bows by overstraining them, and that what has already happened in many countries, will likewise happen in Spain, if measures are not taken to check their boldness in abusing the credulity of the vulgar. I know that the vulgar may be kept long in the fold of superstition; but let them watch the enclosure with unremitting vigilance, and take the greatest care that it be no where broken; or they are undone, as they have been in those countries which they call heretical. In whatever subjection they may keep the lower ranks, one of their orders has lately found by woeful experience, that the higher are no longer to be made fools of; and of the lower

ranks themselves I have myself seen some, who looked irreverently at the *Piel del Gran Lagarto*; that is, at the *skin of an Alligator* stuffed with straw, which the Augustines have in their church at *Burgos*. The animal, to whom it belonged, at the intercession of one of their Saints, is said to have vomited up a man alive, after having kept him in his belly, I know not how many days.

*February 26.*

I set out from *Burgos* at eleven in the morning, reached *Quintanapalla* at two, and there dined upon raw leeks and salt; but supped well at *Castil de Peónes*, at the house of my muleteer who lives there. His two daughters, very tall and comely girls, who had previous intelligence of an *Hidalgo* coming home with their father, gave us a treat, that consisted of some fresh-water-fish, an omelet made with butter at my desire, instead of oil, some *escabeche* of their own pickling, and other things. It is not the custom  
among



among the common people of Spain (as far as I have seen) for daughters to sit with their fathers and brothers at table : yet I insisted upon their giving us their company, which was granted after some struggle, and thus was the evening spent very agreeably. The propriety of behaviour in women of the lower class, has often astonished me in Spain. A great many of them seem to be polite by nature ; and my Muleteer's daughters bore their part in the conversation at supper with a gentleness and modesty, that would have captivated a savage. Had I met with them in any house at Madrid, I should not have found them to be rustick girls by their manners. The female dress from *Quintanavides* to *Berberaña*, which is the last town in *Old Castile* on the side of *Biscay*, continues to be the old Spanish dress, and consists of a robe, generally brown, that runs close to the neck and wrists, with several cuts along the sleeves from the shoulder to the elbow, and a  
broad

broad girdle buckled round the waist. I think it a dress very becoming and most advantageous to a fine shape. They form their long hair into a twist which hangs behind, and cover their heads with a *Montera*, or black felt-cap, that gives the young people a very smart air. The Muleteer's house was far from containing any thing elegant ; but I did not perceive in it any want of rustick conveniencies. His kitchen had a good stock of copper-pans, pewter-dishes, and earthen-plates. His table-linen, though coarse, was clean, and his beds and bed-coverings of a decent size, a thing not common in the *Pofadas*. He had even two silver-spoons laid upon the table, and informed me with a true fatherly satisfaction, that they belonged to his daughters, who had earned one a piece by their spinning. The Surgeon of the place, a well behaved gentleman-like peasant, supped with us, and contributed his share to the general joy of the company, by singing some songs to

the guittar. From him I learnt, that in most villages of *Old Castile* the first person is the *Curate*, the second is the *Alcalde*, and the third the *Surgeon*. The income of the last of these consists of a *Fanéga*, or Bushel, of corn, from every house-keeper; which, on a general computation amounts at *Castil de Peones*, to almost four *reals*, or a shilling a day. In return for this salary, the Surgeon is obliged to shave every body that wears a hairy chin, bleed and cup all who want it, and play the physician upon small occasions, though his prescriptions seldom go beyond recommending abstinence, warm water, and a bed perfumed with rosemary. The *Alcalde*, or Mayor, is chosen by the corporation from amongst the more substantial inhabitants, and his office lasts a year. His profits are considerable. The curacy at *Castil de Peones* brings no less than six thousand *reals* which makes something more than seventy pounds sterling; an enormous sum in such a place. I asked what fort of

a Curate

a Curate they had, and was answer'd much to his honour, and that he distributes all he can spare amongst his poorer parishioners. *Gracias á Dios*, said the Surgeon, *nuestro buen Cura es bastante Letrado, y tiene mas de cien Libros*, “ thank “ God, our good Curate is sufficiently “ learned, and is possessed of above a “ hundred books.”

February 27.

We dined at *Pancorvo*, and supped at *Ameyugo*.

There are two roads from *Castil de Peones* to *Pancorvo*, one of *ruedas* through the town of *Bribiesca*, the other of *herradura* through a dreary common about three leagues in length. This last is about a league longer than the other; yet we took that, because the former was impassable, the rain having filled it with mire. Not far from *Castil* we mounted a difficult ascent, and crossed the common. One of the Biscayans and I, trotted away to *Pancorvo* and reached it about

about three in the afternoon, which was a ride of seven long leagues, the three last so very bad, that our mules were often in the mud up to their bellies.

At *Pancorvo* a very civil *Posadera* gave us a tolerable dinner, and you must have learned by this time what a tolerable dinner means. She would fain have engaged us to stay the night, and I was much inclined to do so, being fatigued with my long ride: but our company overtaking us, the Muleteer insisted on our pushing so far as *Berguenda*, which was four leagues further. This I absolutely refused, my weary limbs not being able to go so far. After a short altercation we agreed to go and sleep at *Ameyugo*, which is but a league and a half from *Pancorvo*. *Ameyugo* was about half a league out of the main road; yet it advanced us a league. It is through *Ameyugo* that the traveller goes, who will cross the *Pireneans* between *Vittoria* and *Bayonne*; as  
from

from *Ameyugo* you go to *Miranda de Ebro*; from *Miranda* to *La Puebla*; from *La Puebla* to *Vittoria*; and so to *Bayonne*, returning by the same road that I have noted p. 198 and 199 of this volume.

We were about three hours in going from *Pancorvo* to *Ameyugo*, as part of the road was covered with a layer of pebbles about two foot deep, and thrown at random upon it, to render it practicable in winter across many sloughs. Those pebbles lying loose, make it impossible for the mules to march along with a steady pace, and their irregular motions fatigue an unaccustomed rider more than one would be apt to imagine.

Not far from *Ameyugo* we found the highway running through a valley formed by *riscos* and *peñas*, as the Spaniards call them; that is, by naked rocks and cliffs of enormous sizes, many of which are as high as the highest towers. They appeared with a dreadful kind of majesty  
on

on each side the road during half a league, and some of them hung over it in such a manner, as if they were going to fall down upon the passenger. Should any of them ever break and tumble, it would require the labour of thousands to clear the passage from the fragments.

We reached *Ameyugo* two hours after sun-set, half perished with cold; but found so good a fire at the *Posada*, that it soon restored us the use of our limbs. There are large groves of fir-trees amongst the *riscos* and *peñas* in the neighbourhood, which furnish the inhabitants with plenty of fuel. A fire made of fir-wood casts a smell somewhat too strong; yet not disagreeable. At *Ameyugo* a couple of roasted apples were my supper, and, being quite tired, went to bed in a room that had not even shutters to the windows; yet, placing myself under a heap of coverings, I slept very comfortably and without interruption till six the next morning.

February 28.

We dined at *Espejo*, and supped at *Orduña*.

In all my travels I never had a day's journey so fatiguing as this, and was sixteen hours on mule-back, though we went but ten leagues. The face of the country from *Ameyugo* to *Espejo* looked delightful, nor was I displeas'd with the prospect round *Osma*; and so far the road was tolerable. But from *Osma* to *Berberaña* it runs across a ground, that might not improperly be termed *the summit of a mountainous rock cut smooth and aslant*. I wondered how the mules could keep their footing upon a declivity so hard and sloping. Yet the difficulty and danger of going over it was next to nothing when compar'd to what we met from *Berberaña* to the *Venta de la Peña*, that is, to a lodging house which stands alone on the top of the high *Peña*, or mountain, which divides Old Castile from Biscay. Between *Berberaña* and that *Venta* there

is



is the side of a hill succeeded by such an uneven plain, as I know not well how to describe. The ground is there of so soft a nature, that it yields and sinks under the hoofs of the mules, a few of whom going in a row one after the other, are sufficient to form a deep track ; yet so narrow, that it soon becomes next to an impossibility for the next mules that pass that way to keep in it. This natural quality of the ground obliges the muleteers to look about for some place that has not been newly trodden ; and their incessant varying their course down the side of the hill, and over the plain, has filled both with numberless paths, that lie in various directions, intersect each other, and chequer the ground in a strange manner.

It is surprising to see during a league how the mules step short every now and then, examining how they shall advance, and endeavouring to avoid the innumerable stumbling places along that treacherous ground. Had *Des Cartes* ever

travelled that road, he would presently have been convinced that a mule, when put to it, has as much wit as a philosopher, is sensible of danger, and takes his precautions to avoid it. Every now and then mine could not avoid kneeling down, as well as his companions; but the muleteers had already warned me not to touch the bridle when that happened, but leave him to himself; and I conformed strictly to their injunctions, as otherwise I had probably thrown him on his side, and occasioned some great mischief both to the poor animal and to myself. However I must say that the heavy rains, fallen some days before, had rendered the way much worse than we should have found it after an interval of dry weather.

It was near ten at night when we reached the *Venta*, where we expected to find some rest after the fatigue of crossing that plain: but, as ill-luck would have it, there was neither room for us, nor for our mules, because a large  
gang

gang of muleteers had already taken possession of it; so that, we were obliged to go three leagues further to *Orduña*, as there was no place nearer.

The road from the *Venta* to *Orduña* begins with a pass about ten feet wide, and two hundred long, which is cut thro' a rock, and is supposed to have been a work of the Romans. The sides of that pass are about thirty foot high, as far as I could judge through the obscurity of the night, and appeared quite perpendicular. At the issue of the pass a descent begins, much steeper as I thought, than any of those on each side the *Mount Cenis*, or any other mountain I ever crossed before. We came down that steepness along a path made in a zig-zag way. The zig-zags were very short at beginning, and the narrow path so close to the edges of a precipice, that woe to us who were riding, if any of our mules had missed a single step. This was horrible; and the snow that

covered the top of the mountain, did not mend the matter, as it rendered the ground slippery, though on the other hand, it afforded some light. However, as we advanced, the zig-zags lengthened, the path enlarged gradually, and the ground became clear of the snow; so that, after the first half league there was no further danger to be apprehended from the precipices, and in about four hours we found ourselves below the frightful mountain, marched along a stony plain for an hour more, and happily reached *Orduña* by three o'clock in the morning.

'Tis needless to say, that I was half dead with weariness and cold when we reached the posada. Without assistance I had not been able to alight from my mule; but assistance was not wanting, thanks to the good people of that house, who did all they could to restore me and my companions to the use of our limbs. My companions the Biscayans, I mean; because

because as to the muleteer and his two men, they had kept themselves warm with walking all the way by our sides, and holding the mules by their halters; besides they are stout mortals, used to go through the greatest fatigues, and to encounter all sort of weathers from their childhood.

The posada at *Orduña* was luckily one of the best I met with in Spain, and I got a bed in it tolerably soft, which was what I wanted most. However, I found myself still so weary in the morning when the muleteer came to receive my orders for our departure, that I could scarcely stir. I therefore discharged him presently, that I might not retard his setting out; and came to a short resolution to stop there two or three days, not only with an intention to rest, but also to see whether I could obtain any kind of interesting information with regard to the language, learning, and antiquities of Biscay, of which *Orduña* is considered as the capital town.

Together with the muleteer and his men, my friend the barber quitted me; but the carpenter desired that he might stay to be my interpreter, and I thankfully accepted his offer.

I have already imparted to the reader in the foregoing letters what little knowledge I have been able to pick up at Orduña, and in some other parts, with respect to the Bascuenze-language. I have taken likewise some little notice of the nature of the country, and said something of the ways and manners of the inhabitants. My accounts of Biscay, and of the other Spanish provinces I have visited, are far from having the degree of perfection that every sensible man could wish; but I have done what I could, and he gives much who gives all that he can give. Some other traveller, better provided with money, sense, and activity than I, may hereafter undertake the same journey, and render this account of mine useless, by producing a more distinct  
and

and comprehensive narration. As for me, I have nothing else to add, but that in a few years the way from *Bilbao* to *Madrid* will be rendered more easy and pleasant than I found it, as the Biscayans are actually making a noble road, which is to go from *Bilbao* to *Osma*, without crossing over the horrible *Peña* of *Orduña*, and the not less dangerous territory of *Berberana*.

I have nothing else to add, but that in  
 a few years the way from London to the  
 West will be rendered more easy and plea-  
 sant than I found it in the diligences we  
 recently making a little tour, which is to  
 go from London to Paris, with a view  
 over the horrible ruin of the city, and  
 the most dangerous territory of the  
 world.

INDEX



---

---

# I N D E X

TO THE

F I R S T V O L U M E.

## L E T T E R I.

- N**O T I C E given of the departure, Page 1  
L. II. People in the stage coach. Salis-  
bury and its Cathedral. Militia. Bone-  
lace and ducking-stool at Honiton. Love whence  
arising, 3  
L. III. Fine dressing not blameable. Fifty broken  
noses. A promise to write trifles, 13  
L. IV. Manufactures of serges and tapestry. Fa-  
ther Norbert and his workmen from France, 17  
L. V. A man of war and a dock visited, 22  
E. VI. Fortifications. Mount Edgcombe. An  
habitation fit for Jean-Jaques. An antiqua-  
rian and his daughter, 27  
L. VII. Petty tyranny scarcely avoidable. Inces-  
sant rain, 39  
L. VIII. Chivalry-books. Variations of speech:  
Tin, gold, and coal-mines in Italy. Why should  
we work hard? 43  
L. IX. Pilchards. Packet-boats, and last fare-  
well to England, 53  
L. X. Sea-sickness. Monsieur or the dog. Nei-  
ther fight nor storm. Englishmen mending, 57  
L. XI.

# I N D E X.

- L. XI. *Acquaintance contracted at sea. A bag-pipe. Juno's and Venus's,* 76
- L. XII. *Tediousness. Vain efforts to drive it away,* 72
- L. XIII. *A Bonito and Flying-fish. Sea-voyages. Machinery in Epic Poets,* 78
- L. XIV. *Life led in a Packet. The beneficial effects of a dinner. Several thousand reis are no riches,* 85
- L. XV. *Beauty of a night at sea. Three ships pursuing,* 92
- L. XVI. *A hole in the cabin web and what for,* 95
- L. XVII. *Vain-wishes, or castle-building. Study hard. Pronunciation how attained. The rock, the rock,* 100
- L. XVIII. *Navigation ended. Batiste and Kelly. Plunge or pay. Banks of the Tagus,* 107
- L. XIX. *Pretty Polly's marriage. Bull fight at Campo Pequeno. Lusitanian pick-pockets. Dwarfish men and women,* 117
- L. XX. *Effects of the earthquake. A city not to be rebuilt in haste,* 137
- L. XXI. *The laying of a fundamental stone. A patriarchal pomp. Pied-horses,* 150
- L. XXII. *Another fine prospect. Rhyme and blank-verse. Heavenly life at the Jeronimites. Banks of the Tagus again. Sowing of salt,* 163
- L. XXIII. *A specimen of poetical style. An aqueduct,* 178
- L. XXIV. *Lapidation performed in a valley. Good workers,* 184
- L. XXV. *Good nuns. A scheme for rendering girls still more amiable. Heroism of a young lady,* 191
- L. XXVI.

# I N D E X.

- L. XXVI. *Italian Capuchins. Odd fishes,* 201
- L. XXVII. *A short excursion. Sad accommodations. Thanks to Aurora,* 212
- L. XXVIII. *Promontorium Lunæ. Holes, and Holes, and Holes again. An odd evening walk. A chearful dinner. Coins dropp'd to a Mary Magdalen for a very good reason,* 218
- L. XXIX. *Vast many teeth a going in a great house. Genealogical books. The excellence of a circular figure. Gallantry of a devout King,* 230
- L. XXX. *No learning in a second life. Ignorance of knowing men. Organs and Clock-work. Moorish ornaments,* 248
- L. XXXI. *People forbidden to talk. Robbers and not murthurers. Concussion from east to west. Barraca's. Blacks and their progenies. Jews and their perverseness. Creaking of wheels,* 260
- L. XXXII. *An ignorant dialogue. Parade of knowledge. Jesuits way of teaching,* 281
- L. XXXIII. *Fleas, rats, and other conveniencies. Love in one place and liberty in another. Devotion here and devotion there,* 293

I N D E X.

# I N D E X

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

## LETTER XXXIV.

- S***LOWNESS of mules. Yago and Dom Manuelo. A desert. Estallages, alias Stables. Female coyness. The conquering barber. Fools and thieves,* Page 1
- L. XXXV.** *An adventure in a wilderness. Names of great towns. Usefulness of lyes. An honest curate. Pack-saddle-stuff to invite sleep,* 13
- L. XXXVI.** *No botanist. Masquerades and their various wit. Pictures drawn with the pen. Pretty dancing. A proclamation,* 20
- L. XXXVII.** *A military custom. Whiskers. A palace. No travellers expected. A hog-sty. Fine dancing and fine eyes,* 35
- L. XXXVIII.** *Love-matters, white cows, a cardinal, an old friend and a Portuguese letter,* 50
- L. XXXIX.** *A lesson to itinerant writers,* 74
- L. XL.** *A sketch of the adventures of a Lady. Come to see the watch. Talaverolan Poetry,* 81
- L. XLI.** *Tediousness of uniformity. Leander. Melon-seeds. General Muza,* 89
- L. XLII.** *An odd Colonel and a kind Curate. Boys and girls jumping at my quartillos,* 95
- L. XLIII.** *Heaps of stones with crosses. An odd way of composing inscriptions. A brave English girl,* 107
- 2
- L. XLVI.**

# I N D E X.

- L. XLIV. *A tumble-down-bill.* Borracho or Bota, 114
- L. XLV. *Much to be seen.* Countries most fertile in authors. The question of the edict discussed. Would they cut canals. Virtue wants a rub. Alms-boxes. Sweet-smelling plants. Goats and sheep. No wheat-land, 117
- L. XLVI. *Marked by mistake XXXIX.* Flat ground again. Holy friars and pretty girls. Chewing of acorns. An odd organ. Widows lighting candles. Stuff and stuff when I have nothing else, 134
- L. XLVII. *Hogs in numbers.* A Spanish Countess. A fellow still sober, and the pistol lost, 142
- L. XLVIII. *Another ugly affair.* Silk and earthen manufactures. A dialogue with a Corregidor, and a new Caleffero, 158
- L. XLIX. *Extempore poetry.* Observations upon travelling gentlemen. Towns grow thicker, 178
- L. L. *A Cathedral grand and rich.* An Alcazar. The Mozarabic rite. Ximenes's deeds. Abulcachim's history. A brass-giant in a cave. A Synagogue. Charles V and Navagero, 196
- L. LI. *Political meditations,* 221
- L. LII. *A charming spot.* The Jardinier Scavant. Busts ancient and modern. Ladies well behaved. A Theatre. The adventures of the green bird. A pretty village, 230
- L. LIII. *Trifles, such as travel, and such as life supply,* 250
- L. LIV. *A stinking town that gives strangers the head-ach.* Locanda means an Inn. Instructions to travellers who happen not to be overloaded with money, 254
- L. LV.

# I N D E X.

- L. LV. *A cunning queen. The palace almost finished. Confidence in priests. A vast many pictures, and why. Missals like Atlas's. Neither grave, nor over-civil, nor reserved, nor jealous. A Tertulia is a pretty thing. Leave alla Spagnuola. Rice a la Valenciana* 271
- L. LVI. *Churches, convents, nunneries, hospitals. Queen Barbara's chief passions. Basquina and Mantilla. Capas and Sombreros. Santa Hermandad. Lists of prohibited books.* 300
- 

# I N D E X

TO THE

T H I R D V O L U M E.

L E T T E R L V I I.

*ALL men alike. Booksellers and printers. Character of the Spanish language. Spanish Dictionary. Spanish Etymologist. Góngora, Lope de Vega, and Calderon. Autos Sacramentales and Loas. The devil in various Plays. The devil turned preacher. Augustin Moreto. Not acts, but days. Unities little minded. Sainete, Zarzuela, Entremés, and Moci-ganga. The Parish-clerk. Translations of the Classicks, and books of Chivalry. Quevedo, Feyjoo,*

# I N D E X.

- Feyjoo, De L' Isla, and his Fray Gerundio. Casiri's Account of Arabick books. Juan and Ulloa. Lopez. Public Libraries, 1
- L. LVIII. *A rich town and why. A long conversation with a Lady. Via Crucis. Año's, Estrecho's, and Santo's. An affecting separation of friends.* 92
- L. LIX. *Royal Academy of painting. A fee refused. The private life of a great king. Farinelli the famous singer. Women sitting before a royal palace. Mules instead of horses to carriages. Harmlessness of the lower people. Jubilados, Calesin, and other matters,* 115
- L. LX. *Blind men singing and playing. The Majo's dress. Carnival diversions. A description of the new Amphitheatre. Three hundred couples dancing at a time. Strange effect of the Fandango. Phrases of address. Guardias de Corps. Guardias Alabarderos. Garrison of Madrid. Tables of the poor. Tables of the rich. Fish from Valencia. Wood for fuel and charcoal. Premature marriages, and why. Burials. Pictures exhibited by preachers. Gripes and bad teeth,* 149
- L. LXI. *Squares in every town to fight bulls in. Cruelty inherent in man. A charitable woman. Small chapels by the side of high roads. Colleges ruined, or going to ruin,* 176
- L. LXII. *Productions of some Spanish provinces. The life of a muleteer. River Nares. Cloth manufactory at Guadalaxara. A French Cook. Hermita in a Valley with an Inscription on it, &c.* 189
- L. LXIII. *A dialogue between a traveller and an ass-driver. The urbanity of a grandee The highest*

# I N D E X.

- highest top in Spain. Cheap rent of houses,* 200
- L. LXIV. *by mistake marked LXI. Good accounts not to be written from small places. Industrious country-women. Some extempore singing. No such thing among the Arabs,* 213
- L. LXV. *Many ruined castles, and why. A French pilgrim. Absurd waste of wax. A Spanish Eunuch,* 219
- L. LXVI. *Barren country. Shrubs that serve for fuel. A Pochero. A lonely place. English and Spanish dogs. A plant of thyme pluck'd up, and why. Don Diego, and his little daughter. Garnache, an excellent wine,* 227
- L. LXVII. *Sheep-walks in Spain. A vulgar error in Piedmont about mutton. Don Diego's manner of travelling. Simplicity of the few inhabitants at Maria. A new acquaintance from Siguenza. A monarch's supposed schemes. Idleness of people's hopes under a new reign. A gate missed. Two cathedrals in a town. The ugly adventures of Antonio Perez. Observations on imperfect rhyming,* 239
- L. LXVIII. *Ugliness miraculous, with a guess at the reason of it. Particoloured tiles. Slow travelling advantageous. Churches and other buildings at Zaragoza. Pictures representing martyrs. Spanish and Piedmontese Lawyers not to be admired. Painted statues. The idle and the poor equally resort to noted sanctuaries. A country-lays kissed by surprise. Blank verse and Assonancies, &c.* 274
- L. LXIX. *Wisdom of travel-writers. Character of the Aragonians. Ambition and Interest, how called by the Spaniards. Dancing a harmless pastime. People work that can work. Sun and land*



# I N D E X.

*land nearly useless without water. Industry of the Biscayans and Asturians. Why Aragon is more fertile than New Castile. Arrieros, and their manner of life. Variety of pronunciations. The Canon is right in my opinion. Satyrical and bucolic poets, why not hurtful, though they lye. A small desert. The rent of a Venta. Virtue ill-lodged. Knitting women.* 291

---

# I N D E X

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

LETTER LXX.

**D**ESARTS not frightful. *A Nota Bene and a Digression. Fine faces in Biscay. Great Coquettes. Knowledge of Languages in women. Landes of Bourdeaux. Pais de Bigorre. Filles Gasconnes and Filles Basquoises. Biscayans not beggars, and why Many of them at Madrid. They retire to their country. Not so the gentry of Scotland or Savoy. Well-looking houses in Biscay. Dialects of the Bascuenze. Laramendi's Works. Bascuenze-library small enough. An Irish Merchant at Bilbao. Terrifying hills. Wisdom of mules. Town of Orduña, Peña of Orduña, and River Orduña. Iron Manufactories. Chacolin of Serrao. A tool like an H, and its use. Lino, turkey corn, goats-cheese and milk, small cattle, few sheep, and good pork. Trees*  
 VOL. IV. Y annually

# I N D E X.

- annually planted. Angullas. Orduña and Bilbao's fine situations. Inconveniencies in Spain. No new edicts, no new laws, no tax-gatherers. Arrival of an Italian singer. The quibbles of Spanish Capuckins,* page 1
- L. LXXI. *Don Diego again. An Irish Officer. Acceptable news. Irish regiments. A fine country. An odd Picture. Singing and dancing.* 43
- L. LXXII. *Too many fleas. Fare you well, Señor Don Diego. Visit paid to an University. Manners and dress of the Students in it. A fine road and a good Venta. No broken pate,* 48
- L. LXXIII. *Dante's Journey. The most famous Sanctuary in Spain, the history of its origin, and romanticalness of its situation. Batiste's observations,* 54
- L. LXXIV. *Industry and activity of rusticks. Their piety. A heavy poll. A steep hill. Vines formed into festoons. Streets narrow, but well paved,* 67
- L. LXXV. *Situation, climate, and price of things at Barcelona. Its harbour, square, and citadel,* 76
- L. LXXVI. *A new town. Las Minas and Gages are two brave men,* 81
- L. LXXVII. *Knives fastened to the tables. Various manufactures. Plenty of Taylors, and why. A coach hired,* 85
- L. LXXVIII. *Politeness of Custom-men. Manner of travelling in Catalonia. Catalonian Buskins. Names of the She-mules,* 92
- L. LXXIX. *The great mountains are in sight. An adventure which makes room for some political considerations. A cool Christian,* 96
- L. LXXX.

# I N D E X.

- L. LXXX. *An Inn burnt down. Passage through the Pireneans performed by moon-light. Arrival at Perpignan,* 105
- L. LXXXI. *A new method adopted. Light mention made of several places,* 113
- L. LXXXII. *A spot once favoured by Cesar. An Andalusian Epicurean, and a learned Innkeeper,* 121
- L. LXXXIII. *Remains of an Aqueduct. Wisdom of the Romans. The Madroño. The Isle of St. Marguerite. Situation of Antibes,* 124
- L. LXXXIV. *A short but frightful navigation. A dangerous Cobler. Timely assistance. Montalban and Villafranca. A fine Valley. Simplicity of a youth from St. Remo,* 131
- L. LXXXV. *Gunpowder under water. Nice no great rival to Genoa and Leghorn. Spanish veracity, French lies, and French urbanity,* 143
- L. LXXXVI. *A dwarfish Empire and its contents,* 154
- L. LXXXVII. *The Chapel singularly adorned. No adventure at sea. Sea geese. Anchises carrying Eneas. Bite not with feeble teeth. Modest women,* 165
- L. LXXXVIII. *A felucca set afloat. Few people help'd to their proper stations. Tonadilla's sung. A long chain of habitations. A strong fortress,* 174
- L. LXXXIX. *The lies of the inn-keepers at Genoa. The last stage,* 183
- An APPENDIX for the instruction of those who go the journey to Madrid by land,* 189
- The road from Perpignan to Madrid,* 190
- The road from Bayonne to Vittoria,* 198
- The road from Bayonne to Pamplona,* 200
- A few Basque-words explained,* 202

I N D E X.

<i>The road from Pamplona to Madrid,</i>	
<i>Description of a Spanish play-house,</i>	245
<i>Military school at Segovia,</i>	251
<i>The road from Madrid to Bayonne,</i>	<i>through</i>
<i>Burgos, Bilbao, and St. Sebastian,</i>	257
<i>A wolf that was no wolf,</i>	274
<i>The mules smell out a road,</i>	276
<i>My aunt Philip,</i>	277
<i>Another Pope at Venta del Frayle,</i>	282
<i>A Calentador is not an old woman,</i>	283
<i>Get no bad habits,</i>	284
<i>Courtesy of a friar,</i>	286
<i>Udal ap Rhys,</i>	idem.
<i>Burgos' cathedral,</i>	287
<i>A coffee-house tariff,</i>	289
<i>An old wicked woman,</i>	292
<i>A Beata,</i>	293
<i>Friars upon the watch,</i>	idem.
<i>Their stories about images,</i>	294
<i>They will break their bows by overstraining them,</i>	295
<i>The alligator's skin,</i>	296
<i>A plentiful supper,</i>	idem.
<i>A couple of rustick maidens,</i>	297
<i>Old Spanish dress,</i>	idem.
<i>Ranks in a Spanish village,</i>	299
<i>A learned curate,</i>	300
<i>Road from Ameyugo to Vittoria,</i>	302
<i>Riscos and Peñas near Ameyugo,</i>	idem.
<i>A fire made of fir wood,</i>	303
<i>A fatiguing day's journey,</i>	304
<i>Mules have some wit,</i>	306
<i>The descent from the Peña of Orduña,</i>	307
<i>The appendix concluded,</i>	310



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

LIBRARY  
REC'D LD-URL  
OCT 25 1983

OCT 14 1983

315



3 1158 00870 6144

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 004 063 4

