

have made choice of the most comfortable room in the monastery. Although in Spain, and only the beginning of September, a stove was lighted; benches, and even some stuffed chairs, were scattered here and there. The windows look over the garden and fish-ponds, from which, on meagre days, the worthy fathers contrive to eke out a repast; and the walls of the hall are adorned by some most choice pictures by Peregrini, Guercino, Titian, Guido; among others, a half-clothed Magdalen, by Titian,—scarcely a suitable study for these holy men; and, “Magdalen at the Feet of Jesus,” ascribed to Correggio, but which Mengs, in his notices of the life and works of Correggio, supposes to have been left imperfect by that master, and to have been finished by another hand: but it is, at all events, a charming picture.

From the *Sala Prioral*, we went to the *Iglesia Vieja*, which is remarkable only on account of its pictures; among which, is one of Raphael: and from the *Iglesia Vieja*, I was next conducted through the cloisters, also adorned with pictures, to the great Library. This is a magnificent room; the ceilings in fresco, by

Peregrini and Carducho, represent the progress of the sciences; the floor is of chequered grey and white marble; and the finest and rarest woods encase the windows, the doors, and the books. The library is more curious than extensive; it does not contain more than 24,000 volumes, but many of these are scarce; and among others, they shew a copy of the Apocalypse of St. John, with a commentary, and illuminated borders, and the devotional exercises of Charles V., &c. The day was almost spent before I reached the library; the light streamed but dimly through the deep windows; and the portraits of Charles, and his son,—the gloomy-minded founder of the monastery,—frowned darkly from the walls. It was too late to examine the Manuscript Library; and making an appointment with Father Buendia for the morning, I left the Escorial for the Posada, where I had ordered a bed, and a late dinner. I was offered both refreshments and a bed, in the monastery; but having a better opinion of the dinner I had ordered than of a supper in the refectory, (for it chanced to be Friday), I forced an excuse upon the reverend father.

Although it was almost night within the Escorial, I found day without. It was yet too early to expect dinner at the Posada; and therefore, skirting the small straggling village of *San Lorenzo*, I climbed up among the defiles and ridges of the sierra that forms the background to the monastery and its tributary village. The sun had already set, and dusk was creeping over the distant landscape; and, excepting the vast and magnificent building below, there was scarcely a trace of human existence, for a ridge of the sierra shut out the little village of San Lorenzo: and the only sound I heard, was the bell from the monastery. To me, there is nothing poetic in a convent bell; it only reminds me of bigotry and ignorance, absurd penance, or sinful hypocrisy. It was almost dark before I reached the Posada, where I had the pleasure of passing an agreeable evening with M. Feder, whom I have spoken of already, and must always speak of, as a learned and an amiable man.

Next morning, I again claimed the good offices of Father Buendia, and was conducted by him to "the Tomb of the Kings;" per-

haps the most magnificent sepulchre in the world. It is impossible to conceive any thing more gorgeous than this mausoleum: the descent is by a deep staircase, underneath the great altar of the church; the walls of the staircase being entirely of blood-jasper, of the utmost beauty and polish. The mausoleum itself is circular; the walls are of jasper, and black marble: and in rows, one over another, are ranged the coffins of the kings of Spain. They are all here, these masters of a hemisphere! a little dust in these gorgeous urns, is all that remains of the mighty kings whose deeds fill volumes—of Charles, who kept the world in a flame, and left it for a cloister,—of Philip, for whose ambition and crimes it was too narrow. Death certainly owns no other palace like this. The queens of Spain are not all here; only those who have given birth to an heir to the throne. There are eight kings, and eight queens, on opposite sides of the mausoleum; and a splendid urn stands empty and open, destined to receive the present inheritor of the throne, who, when he visits the Escorial, never fails to enter his tomb, there to receive, if not to profit by, a lesson upon the

duties of kings, and the common destinies of all. A lamp, always burning, is suspended from the centre of the mausoleum, giving just sufficient light to make legible the names of its owners, inscribed in gold letters upon a bronze tablet. I did not enter the Pantheon of the Infantas, which contains no fewer than fifty-nine urns.

From the mausoleum, I was conducted to the Manuscript library, which is far more valuable than the other. Although, previous to the conflagration in 1671, it contained many more treasures than it does now, it is still one of the most valuable manuscript libraries in Europe. The number of manuscripts yet preserved there, exceeds 4000; nearly one half of the whole being Arabic, and the rest in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and the vulgar tongues. I shall name a very few of the most remarkable. There are two copies of the Iliad, of the tenth and twelfth centuries; but these are not scarce; and indeed, a very great number of the manuscripts are copies of originals preserved in the libraries of Italy. There are many fine and ancient Bibles, particularly in Greek; and one Latin copy of the Gospels,

of the eleventh century. There are two books of ancient councils, in Gothic characters, and illuminated; the one of the year 976, called the *Codigo Vigilano*, because written by a monk called *Vigilia*; the other of the year 994, written by a priest named *Velasco*. A very ancient *Koran* is also shewn; and a work of some value, written in six large volumes, as it is said by the command of Philip II., upon the *Revenues and Statistics of Spain*. But the most ancient manuscript is one of poetry, written in the *Longobardic*, and dated as far back as the ninth century. The Arabic manuscripts are also many and curious; and the manner in which these came into the hands of the Spaniards was accidental. *Pedro de Lara* being at sea, met some vessels carrying the equipage of the Moorish king *Zidian*: these vessels he fought with, and took; and found among other precious things, more than three thousand Arabic manuscripts. The Moorish king, subsequently offered sixty thousand ducats for their restitution; but the overture was rejected, and restitution was promised only on condition that the whole of the Christian captives should be released; but

this demand not being complied with, the manuscripts were sent to the Escorial.

The monks of the Escorial live too much at their ease to acquire habits of study. The monks in the olden time were not altogether useless; for to their industry and perseverance we owe the preservation and multiplication of many of the most esteemed authors of antiquity: but the friars of the present day have sadly degenerated; they make no use of the treasures which their convents contain; and of this truth, the monks of the Escorial afford a lamentable example. A gentleman with whom I am acquainted, and who passed the whole of every day during three months in the library of the Escorial, assured me that all that time, not one friar ever entered to ask for, or examine a book. I am acquainted with another proof of the ignorance or idleness of the monks of the Escorial. A literary society in one of the German states, being desirous of publishing the works of the elder Pliny, and believing that some assistance might be obtained from the library of the Escorial, applied to the Spanish government upon the subject; and orders were accordingly given to the libra-

rian of the Escorial, to search, and to report upon the works of Pliny contained in the library. An answer was given, that it contained no complete or useful work of Pliny,—but only an abbreviation. A literary gentleman, however, from the same German state, having obtained access to the library for other purposes, found two perfect copies of Pliny's Natural History. It is scarcely possible to suppose that the librarian could have been ignorant of the existence of these; and the only alternative therefore is, that he denied any knowledge of them, from the dread of receiving some command that might interfere with his love of idleness.

At present there are one hundred monks in the monastery of the Escorial; and from all that I could learn, they have no great reason to complain of their lot. The order of St. Gerónimo, to which they belong, is not one of the strict orders: it allows a good table and uninterrupted rest; and prescribes few fasts, and probably no penance. Each monk has at least two apartments, and a small kitchen where a little *refresco* may be prepared at any time, without troubling the cooks below. There are

many fine terraces round the building, and a tolerably shady garden, where the fathers have the benefit of air, without hard exercise; and in the fish ponds, there is an inexhaustible source of amusement, in which the king, when he visits the Escorial, condescends to join every day after dinner. I saw no monk, who did not seem contented; and although with the opportunities which they enjoy, they are both idle and ignorant, I found them tolerably well informed upon common topics, and greatly interested in the news of the day. It would seem, however, that they have not much access to know what passes in the world; for one of their number preferred a request to me, that before leaving Madrid, I would write him a letter containing the latest news from France, and from the frontier: scarcely any one but a monk dared have made such a request; but the friars are a privileged class.

The palace adjoining the monastery, is scarcely worth a visit after seeing the magnificence of the latter: any where else, it would be a splendid edifice. I merely walked through the apartments. Altogether, although the Escorial be scarcely entitled to the appellation

of the ninth wonder of the world ; it is confessedly the most wonderful edifice in Europe, whether in dimensions or riches. To give some better idea of these, than a general description can convey, I shall add the following short enumeration.

In the Escorial, there are fifty-one bells ; forty-eight wine cellars ; eighty staircases ; seventy-three fountains ; eight organs ; twelve thousand windows and doors ; and eighteen hundred and sixty rooms. There are fifteen hundred and sixty oil paintings ; and the frescos, if all brought together, would form a square of eleven hundred feet. The circumference of the building, is 4800 feet—nearly three quarters of a mile.

From a book kept in the monastery, containing an account of the sums expended on the building, &c., I made the following extracts, which may be esteemed by some, as curious. The mason-work of the monastery cost 5,512,054 reals ; the marbles, porphyries, and jasper employed on the church, cost 5,343,825 reals ; the labour of placing each square on the floor, thirteen reals ; the painting of the church, including the frescos of Jordan,

291,270 reals ; the organs 295,997 reals ; the workmanship of the choir (the king having presented the wood) 266,200 reals ; the two hundred and sixteen volumes used in the choir, 493,284 reals ; the whole of the bronze railings 556,828 reals ; the wood, lead, bells and gilding of the church, 3,200,000 reals ; the paintings of the library, 199,822 reals ; the ornaments of the sacristy, 4,400,000 reals ; the materials of the mausoleum, 1,826,031 reals. This is but a very small part of the cost of the edifice, because here are none of the gold and silver ornaments, urns, or precious stones ; none of the bronze, except the railings ; none of the oil paintings ; nor almost any part of the workmanship. I have stated the cost in reals, as it appears in the book ; but any of the sums divided by 100, will give the value in pounds sterling nearly, though not precisely.

After having seen all that merits observation in the interior of the building, I walked over the terraces and gardens, where I met many of the holy fathers taking their evening promenade, several with segars in their mouths ; and then leaving the garden, I extended my walk

to a country house which the present king built and adorned: there is nothing regal about the place, excepting a picture of his majesty.

My intention being to pass the Sierra Guadarrama to visit St. Ildefonso and Segovia, I inquired for a mule at the village where I slept; but the price demanded was so exorbitant—no less than six dollars each day, besides the maintenance of the guide—that I resolved to save the expense altogether, by being a pedestrian, and my own guide. This determination, I however kept to myself, because it is never prudent in Spain, to publish an intention of making a solitary journey.

Next morning, I left the Escorial at the earliest dawn; and following the only road I saw leading to the North, I soon found myself ascending among the ridges of the Sierra. The sun rose when I had walked about an hour. The morning was fresh, and even chill; but the sky was blue and cloudless, the sunshine bright, and the air bracing and elastic; the road, too, became more interesting as I ascended higher,—entering into the heart of the mountain, and abounding in those mountain views, which have so many charms be-

yond the dull monotony of a plain. I did not meet a single traveller during the first three hours; and I passed three crosses, one of them recording a murder committed so lately as the year 1828, upon a merchant of Segovia. About four leagues from the Escorial, I passed a small house, situated in a little hollow, at a short distance from the road; and although I should have been glad to rest awhile, and take what refreshment the house afforded, its situation was so solitary, and the scenery around so desolate, that I judged it safer to continue my journey. Shortly after passing this house, I reached the Puerto de Fuenfria, the summit of the Sierra; taking its name, "Pass of the Cold Fountain," from some icy springs that bubble near; from one of which I took a long and refreshing draught. The scenery here is of the wildest description. The mountain is full of deep cuts and ravines, most of them the courses of winter torrents; aged and stunted pines hang upon their edges, and are strewn upon the brown acclivities around; while bare, huge, misshapen rocks project over the path, and often force it to skirt the brink of giddy and undefended precipices.

When the Pass lays open the view to the north of the Sierra, the prospect is fine and extensive; but anxious to reach St. Ildefonso, I scarcely paused to survey it; and in less than two hours more, I delivered my letter to Don Mateo Frates, governor of the palace.

The palace of St. Ildefonso, or as it is more commonly called in Spain, La Granja, was built by Philip V., who undoubtedly made a better choice than his predecessor, the founder of the Escorial; for if a cool breeze is any where to be found in Spain during the heat of summer, it is at St. Ildefonso that it must be sought. It is placed in a spot where the mountains fall back, leaving a recess sheltered from the hot air of the south, and from much of its sun; but exposed to whatever breeze may be wafted from the north. The immediate acclivity towards the south, is occupied by the garden, which, although somewhat formal in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace, is full of shade and coolness. Almost every one has heard of the waters of La Granja; these were politely offered to be displayed for my amusement; but artificial water-works have no great charms for me; and besides, when

we see the fountains, it is not difficult to fancy the play of the waters. I have no doubt, however, that the effect is striking; and during the heats of summer, so many jets must produce an agreeable influence upon the surrounding atmosphere. The fountains and falls are innumerable; one of them, Fame seated on Pegasus, raises a jet to the height of one hundred and thirty-two feet; and in another spot, called the Plazuela de las ocho Calles, eight fountains unite, forming a beautiful and chaste temple of the Ionic order, adorned by columns of white marble. The expense of constructing the garden of La Granja has been enormous; it has generally been computed to amount to upwards of seven millions sterling.

The principal front of the palace faces the garden; it is one hundred and eighty yards long, and in every respect palace-like; but it struck me as being too large, too formal, and too fine, to be in perfect keeping with the surrounding scenery; the wild defiles of the Sierra Guadarrama required a different kind of palace. The interior is in every thing regal;

and is adorned by some choice works of the first masters; though many which formerly belonged to this palace have been removed to the Madrid museum.

In speaking of St. Ildefonso, let me not omit to mention the renowned manufactory of mirrors; which are, at all events, the largest, if not the finest in the world. The mould in which the largest are made, is thirteen feet and a half one way, seven feet nine inches the other, and six inches deep. Some of the mirrors made at St. Ildefonso, have found their way into most of the royal palaces of Europe.

I supped luxuriously upon venison, and accepted a bed in the palace; but before retiring to it, I had the pleasure of partaking of a bottle of *Val de Peñas* from the king's cellar. This is a wine of which no idea can be formed, judging of it by the samples commonly found either in the public or private houses of Madrid. Like many other of the Spanish wines, it requires age to mellow it; and it has besides most commonly acquired, less or more, a peculiar flavour from the skins in which

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al de
Peñas

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it is brought from La Mancha. The king's wine is no doubt carried in some other fashion.

Segovia is only two leagues from La Granja, and I had intended to have been there to an early breakfast; but whether it be that one sleeps sounder in a palace than elsewhere; or that Val de Peñas is of a soporific quality, it is certain, that in place of awaking as usual before day-break, half the mountain was bathed in sunbeams when I looked out of my window. I found a good breakfast of coffee and its adjuncts (a rare luxury in Spain) waiting me below; and I also found that a horse and a servant were in readiness to facilitate my transport to Segovia. I would willingly have dispensed with this kindness; for although I have no objection to a horse, guides and attendants of every kind are my abhorrence; but there was no escape,—and I left La Granja mounted and escorted.

The road betwixt La Granja and Segovia, is particularly pleasing: it lies along the ridges of the Sierra,—ascending and descending, and catching every moment charming views both of mountain scenery, and of a more cul-

tivated and living landscape. The morning was beautiful, even for Spain, where all the mornings are beautiful; and I went no faster on my royal charger than if I had been on foot,—often pausing to admire the surrounding prospects: these did not rise into the sublime, nor could they be classed with the beautiful or the romantic; but they were varied and agreeable—soothing and exhilarating by turns: deep silent valleys, running up into the mountains, spotted with pine, and covered with the enamel of beauteous heaths; streams, glancing like liquid silver, or spreading over little hollows, gleaming like mirrors set in a rugged frame; smooth knolls, grown over with aromatic plants and flowering shrubs; and herds of gentle deer, raising their heads, advancing at a short run, and then stopping to gaze at me as I passed by. These deer, however, so beautiful to look at, are a scourge to this part of the country, which is in most parts susceptible of cultivation; and which, but for the license allowed these favourite animals, might yield an abundant produce.

The first sight of the celebrated aqueduct disappointed me; because it merges imper-

ceptibly among the houses ; but if contemplated in its individual parts, and followed throughout its range, it rises into that consequence which has been universally accorded to it. It contains no fewer than one hundred and fifty-nine arches ; its length is seven hundred and fifty yards ; and the height, in crossing the valley, is ninety-five feet. I will not, however, avow an enthusiasm which I did not feel. The celebrated aqueduct of Segovia failed to make so strong an impression upon me as the *Pont de Garde*, near Nismes. This I must ever look upon as one of the most majestic and striking relics of antiquity now extant.

I regret that I was tempted to avail myself of an opportunity of returning to Madrid, which left me too little time to devote to Segovia. I arrived in Segovia about mid-day, and chanced to learn that a *gallero*, on springs, would leave Segovia next morning, at four o'clock, and reach Madrid the same day. To walk once from the Escorial to Segovia, was rather desirable than otherwise, but a repetition of the walk would have been tedious ;

and as no other conveyance was likely to leave Segovia for some days, I agreed to be the fifth passenger, and had therefore only a few hours to devote to Segovia. But this time sufficed for the aqueduct, the cathedral, and the alcazar. The cathedral did not strike me as being particularly interesting; and with the recollection which I now have before me, of Toledo and Seville, the cathedral of Segovia seems scarcely worth a notice. The Alcazar pleased me more; but this too, after subsequently seeing the Alhambra of Granada, appears insignificant.

Segovia is a decayed city, like most of the other cities of Spain; and if considered with reference to its former opulence and consequence, its decay is the more striking. Two hundred years ago, the cloth manufactory of Segovia gave employment to 34,000 hands, and consumed nearly 25,000 quintals of wool; fifty years ago, these were reduced to a sixth part; and now, the manufactory is in a state of perfect abeyance, the trade having been chiefly transferred to the kingdom of Valencia. In this city, of twenty-five parishes, and con-

taining twenty-one convents, the inhabitants scarcely reach ten thousand.

The Posada in Segovia, I found remarkably bad; and the posadero seemed resolved to give at least a fictitious value to his articles, by the high price which he set upon them. As I was to leave Segovia at the early hour of four, I called for la cuenta before going to bed; and to my astonishment, three dollars were demanded for my stewed rabbit, and a room so full of mosquitos that I spent half the night in planning warfare, and the other in executing slaughter. I told him no one would travel in his country, if all the innkeepers charged travellers as he did,—such charges would ruin any body. And now the secret of his exorbitant demand came out. “Oh, but,” said he, “poor travellers don’t ride upon the king’s horses, escorted by the king’s servants;” and so my royal bearer, and his royal attendant, cost me two dollars. I paid my money, and consoled myself with thinking that it was probably the last time I might bear a resemblance to majesty.

At the appointed hour I took my place in

the gallero, smarting with mosquito bites, and glad to rest from the work of destruction; and after a drive along a road which I already knew, I found myself in my apartment in the Calle de la Madelina a little after dusk.



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CHAPTER XI.

TOLEDO.

Journey from Madrid; Proofs of the backwardness of Spain; Appearance of the Country; Spanish Mule-driving; a Venta; First View of Toledo; Toledo Recreations and Society; Remains of Former Grandeur, and Proofs of Present Decay; Picturesque Views; the Tagus; Intricacy of Toledo; Bigotry and Priestcraft; Reasons for the Prevalence of Religious Bigotry in Toledo; Proofs of Bigotry; Aspect of the Population; the Cathedral and its Riches; Scene in the Cathedral; the Alcazar; Historical Retrospect; Praiseworthy Institutions of the Archbishop Lorenzana; the University; Toledo Sword Manufactory; the Franciscan Convent; Return to Madrid.

A few weeks before I visited Toledo, a public conveyance had been for the first time established between that city and the capital. This conveyance left Madrid every alternate day, and partook of the double nature of a

waggon, and of a diligence: externally, it was a waggon; but seats within, and glass windows, entitled it to the rank of a diligence. I took my place in this vehicle, at four in the morning, after having stumbled over more than one person lying asleep on the pavement, in groping my way through the streets from my lodgings to the waggon office.

It is a striking commentary upon the backward state of Spain, and the general want of enterprise that distinguishes both the government and the people, that there should be no road from the capital, to the largest city lying within a hundred miles of it—the ancient metropolis of Spain; and yet such is the fact: for although the conveyance I speak of makes its way from Madrid to Toledo, a distance of nearly sixty miles, in about fifteen hours, it travels over any thing but a road, with the exception of the first ten miles from Madrid: after this, there is sometimes a visible track, and sometimes none; most commonly, we passed over wide sands; at other times over ploughed fields, or meadows; and it was not until we arrived within half a league of Toledo, that we again found a road.

The country between Madrid and Toledo, I need scarcely say, is ill peopled and ill cultivated; for it is all a part of the same arid plain that stretches on every side around the capital; and which is bounded on this side, by the Tagus. The whole of the way to Toledo, I passed through only four inconsiderable villages; and saw two others at a distance. A great part of the land is uncultivated, covered with furze and aromatic plants; but here and there some corn land is to be seen, and I noticed one or two ploughs in the fields; these were worked by two mules and one man, and seemed only to scratch the soil. The great curse of every part of Castile, is want of water; in this journey of sixty miles, I passed only two insignificant brooks,—so very insignificant, that a child might have dammed up either of them in a few minutes with stones and sand: in fact, from the Douro to the Tagus, there is not a stream ancle deep, unless when swoln by sudden floods.

I was much amused in this journey, by the manner of driving our diligence. We had seven excellent mules, which carried us the

whole way; and these were managed in the true Spanish mode, which does not admit of postilions. Two men sit in front; one always keeps his place, holding the reins, and guiding the two nearest mules; the other leaps from his seat every few minutes, runs alongside the mules, applies two or three lashes to each, gets them into a gallop, and as they pass by, he lays hold of the tail of the hindermost mule, and whisks into his place, where he remains until the laziness of the mules, or a piece of level ground, again calls him into activity. The sagacity of the mules struck me as most extraordinary; after being put into a gallop, the three front mules were left entirely to themselves; and yet they unerringly discovered the best track; avoided the greatest inequalities; and made their turnings with the utmost precision.

We stopped some time before mid-day at a venta, to refresh the mules, the muleteers, and the travellers; who, besides myself, consisted of three priests and one woman, the wife of a tradesman in Toledo. This was one of those ventas of which I had often heard, but had not yet seen—where, in reply to the question,

“ what have you got to eat ? ” you are answered, “ whatever you have brought with you. ” For my part, I had brought nothing ; but the *clerigos* had provided well against the assaults of the flesh ; and a cold stew of various fowls and bacon being produced by them, and heated by the mistress of the *venta*, we made a hearty and comfortable dinner ; and then continued our journey.

Toledo is seen about a league before reaching it ; and, with the exception of Granada, its situation is the most striking of any city in Spain. Its fine irregular line of buildings cover the summit and the upper part of a hill of considerable elevation ; behind which, the dark romantic range of the Toledo mountains forms a majestic back-ground. Even at this distance, Toledo is evidently no city of yesterday ; for besides the innumerable towers of its convents, churches, and stupendous cathedral—the metropolitan of Spain—the outline is broken by other buildings of a more grotesque, or more massive form ; while here and there, the still greater irregularity of the outline points to ages too remote, to have left to

modern times any other legacy than their ruins. Toledo was still illuminated by the setting sun when I caught the first view of it; but before arriving under its walls, all was dusky, excepting the summits of the mountains behind; these still wore the purple light of evening; and the meanderings of the Tagus, flowing westward, were also visible beneath those bright orange tints that are peculiar to Spanish skies.

I had no sooner secured a bed in the posada, than I went to deliver my letters; these were, one to a gentleman, an employée, holding a situation in the finance; the other to a prebendary, librarian of the cathedral. I was received with the greatest civility by both; and after taking chocolate with the former, I accompanied him to the castle, to be present at what was considered quite an event in Toledo: this chanced to be the king's birthday; and in honour of it, the band of royalist volunteers paraded the principal streets by torch light; and so monotonous a thing is life in Toledo, that this occurrence produced quite a sensation. It was scarcely possible to force one's way through the narrow streets, which

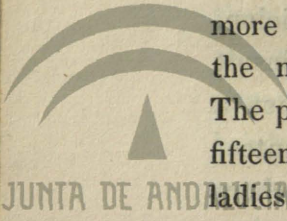
were filled with a dense mass of people, almost entirely men; for the ancient Spanish customs still attach to Toledo too much, to sanction there the liberty which foreign usage has conferred upon the women in most of the other Spanish towns.

I must not omit a trifling fact, that throws some light upon the state of feeling in Toledo. I had purchased a grey hat in Paris, and had worn it constantly in Spain; and although I had heard in Madrid that the wearers of white hats were looked upon with suspicion, I had never suffered any interruption or insult in consequence, excepting now and then a scrutinizing look from some royalist volunteer or police agent. But the gentleman to whom I was recommended in Toledo, would not permit me to go into the street in a grey hat; he said he could not answer for my safety; and while I remained in Toledo, he was so kind as to equip me with a small round, high-crowned hat, almost the only kind worn by its inhabitants.

The same evening that I arrived in Toledo, I was presented at a tertulia, which is the sole

recreation of the inhabitants; for there is no public diversion of any kind: formerly there was a theatre; but the canon, who was then at the head of the university, obtained a royal order to suppress it, and it has remained closed ever since. Bull-fights even are forbidden in this priest-ridden city; so that unless processions of Saints and Virgins are to be considered an amusement, the inhabitants have positively no resource but in the tertulia. Nowhere are Spanish customs seen more pure than in Toledo; and nowhere is the monotony of the tertulia more striking. The party assembled about nine,—there were fifteen persons present, about one half of them ladies. The sole amusement was talking, and some of the party playing *basto* for a very low stake; and after a glass of *agua fresca*, the party separated about eleven. In Toledo a certain circle agrees to form a tertulia: one house is selected, where it is to be held,—the most central, perhaps, or the most convenient; and the same individuals assemble at the same house, and at the same hour, every day throughout the year! This is Toledo society.

1830
no theatre
in Toledo
Spain
Sept
Andalusia



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The morning after my arrival in Toledo, I rose early, anxious to see this ancient and truly Spanish city; and crossing the *Plaza Real*, which, at the early hour of six, resounded with the ringing of the blacksmith's hammers, whose shops half monopolise the square, I followed the widest street that presented itself; and after a steep descent, I found myself at the eastern extremity of the town, and on the bridge over the Tagus. It is impossible to walk a step in Toledo, or to turn the eye in any direction, without perceiving the remains of former grandeur, and the proofs of present decay: ruins are every where seen,—some, the vestiges of empires past away, and whose remains are crumbling into nothingness,—the empires of Carthage and of Rome: other vestiges,—those of an empire equally fallen, but more visible, in the greater perfection of its monuments,—the Empire of the Moors: and still another class of ruins,—those more recent emblems that record the decay of the Spanish monarchy through the lapse of a hundred and fifty years. Past magnificence and present poverty are every where written in a hundred forms, and in legible characters. But all this;

although offering to the reflecting mind an impressive example of the "sic transit gloria mundi," gives to Toledo much of its peculiar interest in the eye of a stranger; and adds to the picturesque and striking character of the views presented from every quarter. Few of these are finer than the view of this remarkable city and its environs, from the bridge over the Tagus, where my morning walk conducted me.

The Alcazar, that immense pile, once the residence of Moors, and subsequently of the kings of Spain, forms one corner of the city. The irregular and picturesque line of buildings, at least one half of them convents, each with its tower, and terrace, and hanging garden, stretches along the summit of the hill, towards the West; while strewing the sides of the steep acclivity, and mingled with the convent gardens, are seen the remains of the Roman walls that once entirely inclosed the city, and that even yet, are in many places nearly perfect. Withdrawing the eye from Toledo, and looking across the bridge, an elevated rocky mount presents itself, crowned with the ruins of a Moorish castle; and leaning on the

parapet, and looking towards the South, the river is seen far below, flowing in a deep rocky channel, one of its banks being the hill upon which the city stands,—and the other, the North front of the Toledo mountains. The peculiar situation of Toledo is best understood from this point. The river Tagus, coming from the westward, flows directly towards the north-east corner of the city; and in place of continuing to flow in the same direction—by which it would leave the city and its hill upon the left,—it makes a sudden turn, sweeps behind the city and its hill, and in front of the Toledo mountains,—and after describing three parts of a circle, it re-appears at the opposite corner, and continues its course towards the west. The course of the Tagus is singular; the Sierra de Albarracin, where it rises, is no more than eighty miles from the Mediterranean, in a straight line across Valencia; but the Tagus, taking an opposite direction, runs a course of nearly six hundred miles to the Atlantic,—traversing the interior of Spain, passing into Portugal, and forming the glory and the riches of its capital. It would be no difficult matter, to render the Tagus navigable

from Toledo to the sea, a distance of between four and five hundred miles; the passage was attempted in the winter of 1829, by a boat from Toledo, and succeeded, the boat having arrived safely at Lisbon; but this could not have been done at any other season; because in dry weather, the water is in many places almost wholly diverted from its natural channel, for the use of the mills that have been erected upon its banks.

I endeavoured to find my way from the bridge to the posada by a different road,—but this was an attempt of some difficulty. I believe there is no town in Europe in which it is so difficult to find ones way, as in Toledo: the streets are innumerable; few of them are more than three yards wide; they are steep, tortuous and short, constantly branching off at acute angles, so that all idea of direction is soon lost; and there are no open spaces from which some prominent object may be taken as a guide. A gentleman who had resided fourteen years in Toledo, told me that he was not acquainted with half of the streets; and that it was no unusual occurrence to lose himself, in endeavouring to find near cuts from one

place to another. Although I arrived at the posada two hours later than I expected, I had nothing to regret in the delay; my mistakes having carried me through parts of the town which I might not otherwise have had an opportunity of seeing.

Walking through Toledo, there is a subject of more melancholy reflection than that which arises from the vestiges of former greatness; I mean, the abundant proofs of bigotry and ignorance that are gathered at every step. There is no city of Spain so entirely given up to the domination of the priests and friars, as Toledo; because there is no other city in which these form so large a portion of the population, or where the riches of the religious bodies are so preponderating. Toledo, it is believed, once contained 200,000 inhabitants; forty or fifty years ago, it contained, according to the writers of those days, about 30,000; at this day, its inhabitants do not exceed 16 or 17,000; but throughout this progressive decay, the convents and churches, the priests and friars, have continued undiminished: the cathedral is still served by its forty canons, and fifty prebendaries, and fifty chaplains; the thirty-

eight parish churches and chapels, have still their curates, and their assistants, and their many dependents; and the thirty-six convents and monasteries, have yet their compliment of friars and nuns. The revenues, indeed, of all these religious bodies, have suffered some diminution during the last fifty years; but this diminution has been nothing in comparison with the decrease in the resources of all the other classes of inhabitants. The revenues of the archbishop amounted fifty years ago, to seven millions of reals, (70,000*l.* sterling); at present they do not exceed four millions of reals, (40,000*l.* sterling): the incomes of the canons amounted, at the former period, to at least eighty thousand reals (or 800*l.* sterling); now, they scarcely reach one half of this sum: all these diminutions are the result of the fall in the price of corn, in which their revenues are computed. But the incomes of the curates of the parishes are still more reduced, many of the parishes having entirely fallen into decay: there are some, in which there are not now twenty inhabited houses; so that the curates of these, are in a state of absolute destitution. The revenues of the convents have of course

suffered a diminution proportionate to that which has affected the church. But notwithstanding this decrease in the revenues of the religious bodies, these are still sufficiently great, to create an overwhelming interest in a city whose inhabitants scarcely quadruple the number of those who live by these revenues. In fact the whole city, with the exception of the government employées, lives by these revenues. Many are directly benefited by their collection, their management, and by the husbandry of the land that produces them ; while their disbursement must necessarily benefit every class of men who administer either to the necessities, or the luxuries of life. But besides the effect which self-interest has in supporting the influence of priestcraft in Toledo, other reasons may be assigned for its preponderance.

The geographical position of Toledo is highly favourable to the success of this jugglery ; for, with sufficient resources in the territory that lies along the Tagus, and with no passable road or navigation of any kind to other towns, the inhabitants have scarcely any intercourse with strangers,—none whatever with foreigners.

The immense number of priests and friars, also, who may all be considered spies upon the lives of the inhabitants; and the great and secret influence of the archbishop, cannot fail to act as obstacles to the progress of information, both by reading and conversation: and, indeed, there is in Toledo a species of religious *espionnage*, which is, in fact, a remnant of the Inquisition: certain friars call every Monday morning, at every house, to receive the certificates of confession which have been given to the inmates, if they have confessed the day before. And I must not omit to mention, as another cause of the preponderance of priestly influence in Toledo, the greater correctness exhibited in the lives of the religious orders in this city, than in the other cities of Spain; and the larger alms given by the convents. With the exception of some whispers respecting the canons and prebendaries, who were said to be remarkable for the number of infant nephews, nieces, and cousins, whom they had humanely taken under their fatherly protection, I heard not one insinuation against any other of the religious orders.

The great respect, or rather veneration, in which the religious bodies,—especially the friars,—are held in Toledo, as well as many other proofs of the bigotry of the inhabitants, are every where visible. A Franciscan friar, or any monk belonging to one of the poor and self-denying orders, receives some obeisance from every one, as he passes along the street; even the portly canon or prebendary, who bears about with him the evidences of self-indulgence in place of self-denial, receives some token of respect: every shop is provided with a saint in a niche, to bless its gains; and upon every second or third door, a paper is seen with these words printed upon it,—*Maria Santa Purissima, sin Pecado concebida.* In the respect too which is paid by the inhabitants to religious processions, abundant proof is afforded of the superstition that still clings to the people of Toledo. I happened to be in the neighbourhood of the Carmelite convent when the procession of St. Theresa issued from it. This is the patron saint of the convent, and her image was carried through the streets; followed by a multitude of friars: it is considered a mark of devotion, to carry a

lighted candle upon such occasions ; and I noticed many persons bearing candles, who, by their dress and general appearance, must have belonged to the middle classes. In the open court in front of the convent, there were not less than 2,000 persons collected ; and when the image was carried past, I did not see a single individual in any other position than upon his knees.

Another time, walking in the neighbourhood of the city, on the road, or rather track, across the mountains, I observed two university students, seventeen or eighteen years of age, busily employed in collecting stones, and laying them upon a cross erected by the wayside in commemoration of a murder,—and with each stone muttering a prayer. I did not, at that time, understand the meaning of this strange occupation ; but I afterwards learned, that in virtue of some ancient papal authority, a certain indulgence is granted for every stone laid on the cross of a murdered man, if accompanied by a prayer.

The general aspect of the population of Toledo is intensely Spanish ; there is no admixture of foreign, or even of modern innova-

tion, to be seen. Men of all ranks wear the cloak; and the small round, high-crowned, Spanish hat, is worn not only by the peasantry, but almost universally, by persons of all classes. Among the women, no colours are to be seen; black is the universal dress; and scarcely any one enters a church unveiled. Largely as the friars enter into the street population of Madrid, they enter far more largely into that of Toledo. In Madrid they are spread over a greater surface. In Toledo, the only lounge is the Plaza Real; and there, at certain hours, particularly about two o'clock, it seems almost like a convent hall of recreation, and a sacristy of a cathedral united; for canons, and prebendaries, and curates, and twenty different orders of friars, are seen standing in groups, strolling under the piazzas, or seated upon benches, refreshing themselves with melons or grapes. There cannot be a more perfect realization of the conception of "fat, contented ignorance," than the Plaza Real of Toledo presents every day after dinner. Not many poor are to be seen among the population of Toledo; it has now dwindled down to that point, at which the wants of the

church, the university, and the convents, can sustain it: beyond this number there are few; and those few are supported by church and convent alms: the only beggars I saw, were three or four women, who sat at the gate of the cathedral.

I was not long in Toledo before visiting its cathedral, which has no rival but the cathedral of Seville, in its claims to be the greatest and the most magnificent of Gothic temples. All the cathedrals I had ever before seen, shrunk into insignificance when I entered the cathedral of Toledo. The following are the dimensions of this majestic pile. The interior of the church is four hundred and eight feet long, and two hundred and six feet wide; and the height of the aisles is one hundred and sixty feet. The columns that run along the aisles are forty-five feet round: there are sixty-eight painted windows; and surrounding the choir, and the Altar Major, there are one hundred and fifty-six marble and porphyry pillars. I was not able to see the *Precioidades* the first day I went to the cathedral: to be so specially favoured, a separate order was required; and I returned accordingly the

following morning by appointment. I do not mean to enumerate the different articles that compose the riches of the cathedral of Toledo—the richest in the world—but I shall mention a very few of the most remarkable. I saw the Virgin's mantle,—one mass of precious stones, especially pearls, of which there must have been thousands, if not millions: I saw many images of pure gold, studded with precious stones: I saw the Virgin's crown, also of pure gold, but entirely covered with the largest and most brilliant jewels,—sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; and surmounted by an emerald of most extraordinary size and beauty; the image which upon high days is arrayed in all this finery, is of silver. There is another room, called the *custodia*, in which I saw innumerable urns of pure gold, most of them studded with precious stones; and which contain relics: these I did not ask to see, but I was informed that there are few saints in the calendar, of whom this the relicary of Toledo does not contain something. The value of the gold and silver might be easily ascertained; but the value of jewels is more

capricious : I was told, however, that every article is inventoried and valued, in a book kept for that purpose; and although my informant did not state to me the precise amount noted in the book, he said it exceeded forty millions of ducats (10,000,000*l.* sterling) : whether the value of the relics be included in this estimate, I cannot tell. This is a melancholy waste of property; and when, in connexion with this, we view the deplorable condition of Spain, we naturally inquire whether the judicious employment of this wealth could materially better that condition. Undoubtedly it might accomplish much; and had the whole inert wealth of Spain been directed a hundred years ago into useful channels, Spain would at this day have been a more enlightened and a more flourishing country; but Spain could never have been made one continued garden, as some writers have supposed; because the wealth of the world could never charge Castilian skies with rain-clouds; force springs to bubble from sandy deserts; or clothe with soil, the rocky Sierras that half cover the Peninsula.

The wealth of the cathedral of Toledo had

a narrow escape from the rapacity of the French : upon their approach, the archbishop—not the present, but the last archbishop—carried away the whole of the portable articles to Cadiz, and thus saved them : the heavier articles remained in their places ; and the French when they took possession of Toledo, asked one fourth part of their value ; but a much less sum was offered, and accepted, viz. 90 arrobas, or 2250 lbs. of silver—a mere trifle, scarcely equalling the value of one of the precious stones.

But the preciocidades, and marbles, and porphyries, and paintings, are not, in my eyes, the most interesting features of the cathedral of Toledo : its immensity, its grandeur, are its glories. The lofty and majestic aisles—the massive and far-stretching columns of a temple like this, seem almost to shadow forth the imperishable nature of the religion whose sanctuary they adorn and uphold. The longer we contemplate the vastness and majesty around, the mind is more and more filled with awe, and lifted from the insignificance of life to a sense of the greatness and solemn gran-

deur of eternity ; we are filled with enthusiasm and admiration,—enthusiasm the more lofty, because it is mingled with religion ; and admiration the more profound, since it is mixed with astonishment, that so frail a creature as man should be able to perpetuate his memory for ever. While I remained in Toledo, I spent a part of every day in the cathedral ; and every evening, about sunset, I strolled through the aisles. These visits will not soon be forgotten, for it is but rarely that life gathers such subjects of remembrance. The last evening I remained in Toledo, I walked into the cathedral sometime after sunset,—it was the latest visit I had made to it : the interior was all wrapped in deep dusk ;—the lofty aisles stretched darkly beyond, only shewn by a solitary lamp burning before the shrine of some inferior saint,—its ineffectual light dimly falling athwart the gloom ; the painted windows had ceased to throw their gorgeous hues within,—but a speckled and faintly-coloured gleam fell upon the upper part of the columns. Two candles burnt before the Altar Major ; and in the distance, at the farthest extremity of the church, a bright red

blaze flashed across the aisle, and between the massive pillars,—throwing their broad shadows across the marble-chequered floor of the church : this was the chapel of the miraculous image, lighted up with an infinity of tapers,—and the only sound to be heard, save my own footstep, was the distant hum of prayer from the many devotees prostrated before her shrine. Here and there, as I walked through the aisles, I saw a solitary kneeler at the altar of a favourite saint ; and at some of the remotest and obscurest spots, a cloaked caballero was waiting for good or for evil.

I dedicated my second morning in Toledo to the Alcazar, one of the most striking objects in the city, from almost whatever quarter it is viewed. This massive fabric was once the residence of the Moorish kings, and more lately of the Castilian sovereigns. It was in the reign of Charles V. that the present south and north fronts were erected, the former by Herrera. The whole building is now in a state of decay,—these magnificent fronts are falling into ruin ; and the inside of the edifice is no longer habitable ; one wing only, which is still entire, is used as a prison. When Toledo

ceased to be the metropolis of Spain, the Alcazar was converted into a workhouse, and more lately it was employed as a silk manufactory. The archbishop undertook the establishment of this from humane motives, but the undertaking proved a failure; and it is probable that the Alcazar will now be delivered over to the hand of time.

Among other parts of the Alcazar, I visited the vaults, which are of immense extent, and open to the public, but are put to no use whatever: in one of the vaults, a party of gipsies had made their quarters; they had lighted a large fire, around which some lay sleeping; and one woman was employed in cooking. The grotesque and ragged figures of the gipsies, and the high vault illuminated by the red flare, reminded me of the strong lights, and picturesque groups of the Spanish painters.

Standing in front of the Alcazar, with the terrace which overlooks the city and the surrounding country—with ruins of Roman walls, and Moorish castles at my feet—and with the palace of three races of kings behind; it was impossible to avoid a retrospect of the past history of this remarkable city. More than

two centuries before the birth of Christ, Toledo was added by Hannibal to the empire of the Carthagenians; and after being subsequently a part of the Roman empire, it was wrested from the dominion of Rome, by Eurico, king of the Goths, in the year 467. It continued subject to the Gothic line nearly two hundred and fifty years; when the Moors, after having subdued the greater part of Spain, and reduced most of the principal cities, invested Toledo, and captured it in 714. In the year 1085, after Toledo had remained under the sovereignty of the Moors between three and four hundred years, Alonzo VI., and Rodrigo Diaz—the Cid, expelled the Moors from its walls; and from that period, until the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, Toledo was alternately a stronghold of the Castilians, and of the Moors. And, even after the settlement of Spain, it became the head of an insurrection, which convulsed Castile during twenty-two years; whose object was, to restrict the privileges of the nobles, and, in fact, to re-model in many respects the constitution of Castile: but, in the year 1522, Toledo submitted to the crown; and since that period, its history has

been only remarkable as recording in successive steps of decay, the gradual decline of the Spanish monarchy.

But, although Toledo is chiefly interesting, for its monuments of past glory and prosperity, it is not without some excellent and flourishing institutions even at this day. All of this kind that Toledo possesses, is the work of the late Archbishop Lorenzana, a man of very opposite character from the prelate who, at present wields the sceptre of the church. Lorenzana was an able man, and an excellent ecclesiastic; and gave practical evidence of his goodness in the many excellent institutions which he founded. Among these, I was particularly pleased with the lunatic asylum,—a noble edifice, and perfect in all its arrangements. The spectacles revealed in a mad-house, are never agreeable; but they are sometimes interesting, and here, there were several of this character. I was conducted to the cell of one person, whose insanity arose from erroneous views of religion. The walls were entirely covered with drawings in chalk, executed with great spirit, and representing funerals, tombs, death heads, devils, religious

processions, priests, and ceremonies. Another, certainly a most interesting object, I saw in the large hall, where the inoffensive maniacs are permitted to be at large; this was a middle-aged woman, seated upon the ledge of the window, her eyes intently fixed upon the sky; she was a native of a village on the coast of Murcia, which had been destroyed by the earthquake the autumn before: she had been at a neighbouring hamlet selling dates; and on her return to her village, she had seen her home, and with it, her children, swallowed up: she had never spoken from that hour, and all day long she sat on the window ledge of this hall gazing upon the sky; and every day the strength of two persons was required to take her from the window to dinner. I shall only mention one other individual, whose case is interesting, as throwing light upon Spanish morals and justice. This was also a woman, but in her perfect senses; she had lived with her aunt, who was housekeeper to a canon in Toledo; and the canon had seduced her. Instigated by revenge, or hatred, she afterwards cut his throat during the night; and the public authorities, unwilling to expose

the affair, by bringing her to trial, ascribed the act to a fit of madness, and sent her to the asylum.

The handsome edifice now occupied by the university, is another act of Lorenzana. The University of Toledo dates its origin from the time of the Moors; and was revived after their expulsion, in the year 1529. At present, it is chiefly celebrated as a law university; the number of students on its books, at the time I visited Toledo, was rather more than seven hundred; and I was informed that nine-tenths of these were law students, and that, of the remaining tenth, only *eight* were students of the theological classes. When speaking of the education of members of the liberal professions, I detailed the course of study required of the law student in this university.

Lorenzana also established a college for girls, chiefly the children of officers and employées; here they are well educated in every useful and ornamental branch of education—and here they may remain all their lives, at the charge of government, if they neither marry, nor choose to go into a convent. By a fundamental rule laid down by the founder,

a small dowry is given to every one who marries, but nothing is given to carry into a convent. Formerly, there used to be tertulias here every evening, at which the students of the university were welcome visitors; but the entrée of the colegio is now forbidden to all students, even to those who reside in Toledo with their families. When I visited this institution, there were twenty-seven young ladies: ten had been married the year before; and I understand, very few disappoint the intentions of the founder by going into convents.

From all antiquity the Spaniards have been celebrated for the manufacture of steel arms; and a "Toledo blade" long has been, and still is, an expression implying excellence. The celebrated sword manufactory, to which I walked one afternoon, lies about three quarters of a league from the city, close to the river, which is required for working the machinery. It is a building of extraordinary extent, comprising within it not only the forges, workshops, and depositories of arms; but also accommodations of every kind for those employed in the manufactory, who, in former

times, were extremely numerous. I visited every part of the establishment, and saw the progress of the manufactory throughout all its stages. The flexibility and excellent temper of the blades are surprising; there are two trials which each blade must undergo before it be pronounced sound,—the trial of flexibility, and the trial of temper. In the former it is thrust against a plate on the wall, and bent into an arc, at least three parts of a circle. In the second, it is struck edgeways upon a leaden table, with the whole force which can be given by a powerful man, holding it with both hands. The blades are polished upon a wheel of walnut wood; and when finished, are certainly beautiful specimens of the art.

The manufactory once employed many hundred hands; but it has long been on the decline; and at present, only fifty workmen are required; these finish about eight thousand swords in the year. They work by piece, and make about one hundred reals per week (20s.), and some of the most industrious workmen, twenty-four reals more. Before the separation of the colonies, twenty-five more workmen were employed. They generally

keep a stock three years in advance; but owing to the recent and unexpected equipment of two regiments of guards, the number of swords when I walked through the magazine, was only twenty thousand.

Returning to the city from the manufactory, I visited the Franciscan convent; once an immense pile, but now partly in ruins,—the effect of war. It is still however a fine building, and of great extent; and the alms of the devout have been so liberally bestowed, that I found them busily employed in raising a new and magnificent edifice upon the ruins of that which had been destroyed. Finding the gate of the convent open, I walked in, and ascending a stair, reached the dormitory of the monks without any one questioning me. The Franciscans do not earn their reputation for self-denying sanctity, without working for it. Judging by the cells which I saw in this convent, I may say, that if their comforts by day, are no greater than those provided for night, their lives are truly lives of penance and mortification. Near to the Franciscan convent are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre; but even these remains are fast disappearing.

I had spent five days in Toledo greatly to my satisfaction. From both of the gentlemen to whom I had carried introductions, I received constant civilities: with the one, I drank chocolate every evening, and found in his son an admirable cicerone,—in himself, an intelligent companion,—and in his wife and daughter, obliging and delightful triflers. From the other (the prebendary), I received the unusual compliment of being invited to dinner,—a dinner, as Dr. Johnson would have said, such as was fit to invite a man to eat. The chief dish was a roasted ham, which I had never before seen,—but which I beg to recommend to the attention of all who are not above the enjoyment of dining well. This is not an unusual dish in Spain, when it is intended to treat a guest well. I had afterwards, at Valencia, the pleasure of having my recollection of the prebendary's dinner agreeably refreshed.

I had now gratified my curiosity at Toledo, and proposed returning to Madrid by the same conveyance that had brought me; but I found that it was all engaged by churchmen; and that another extra conveyance was also engaged by them: a canon had died, and half the clergy

of Toledo were going to Madrid to sue for his place. I obtained a seat in a *galera*, in which there were five priests, and I was much amused with the freedom and good humour with which they spoke of their pretensions and hopes; and upon this occasion, these were more than usually uncertain, because no one knew with whom the patronage lay. The appointment of canons to the cathedral of Toledo is shared between the king and the archbishop; seven months in the year belong to the king, and five to the archbishop. This was the first canon who had died during the seven months that belong to the king; but the patronage of the last appointment, about two months before, which had belonged to the archbishop, had been ceded by him to the king for some particular reason, in the understanding however that the first vacancy, during the next seven months, should be filled up by the archbishop; but the question was, whether his majesty would recollect his royal promise. For my part, I heartily wished he might; for among the five candidates who were my companions, one only seemed to stand in need of a better served table than he was accustomed

to,—and he, as the muleteer told me, was a distant relation of the archbishop; but perhaps it was as likely that the archbishop might forget his relation, as that the king might forget his promise.

Either our mules were less sagacious, or our drivers less expert than those entrusted with the care of the galera that had brought me to Toledo; for, descending a steep sand-bank, about two leagues from the city, the conversation of the clerigos was suddenly and disagreeably interrupted by the vehicle being thrown over. The sand, however, was so deep that no one sustained any injury; and after the little delay occasioned by putting the galera upright, the journey and the conversation were resumed together, and we reached Madrid without any farther hindrance.

END OF VOL. I.