was with us) the boatmen happen to be absent, those smitten *ripe ulterioris amore* may ford the stream just below the town to the r., *probatum est.* Ruined Galisteo, with its castle and long lines of battlemented walls, which conceal the town, looks imposing. The palace belonging to the Arcos family, contains a most superb patio with open galleries and granite columns, a fine staircase, and medallions of the time of Charles V.; it is sadly abandoned. Observe also outside the walls a fantastic convent with 2 brick towers and a handsome portal. Here the Gerte joins the Alagon. The noble bridge was built in 1546 by the Conde de Osorio; 3 L. over undulating hills lead to Placencia, but make a détour to Malpartida to see the glorious Parroquia. It was designed in 1551 by Pedro de Ezquerre; the façade is grand and classical. Observe the cornice and candelabra, the granite statues of St. Peter and Paul; the interior was completed in 1603. The sculpture of the chief Reto is by Agustín Castaño, 1622. The fine materials of this church came from the quarry near the town *de los cinco hermanos.* A long league leads to beautiful Placencia, placed on the last knoll which descends from a snow-clad sierra.

PLACENCIA is girdled by the Xerte; the two valleys from the snow-capped Sierras de Bejar and de la Vera are bosoms of beauty and plenty; that to the N.W. is called El Valle, that opposite La Vera, ver ibi purpura et perpetuum. The picturesque town is defended by crumbling walls and semicircular towers, with a ruined Alcazar to the N. and a long connecting line of aqueduct. Placencia, seen from outside, is indeed most pleasing on all sides: here river, rock, and mountain,—city, castle, and aqueduct, combine to enchant the artist, under a heaven of purest ultra marine; the best points are from the granite-strewed hill, opposite the Puerta del Postigo. The valley to the S.W. is charming, and the bridges artistic. The families of Monroy, and especially that of Carvajal, have done much for this city. Consult *Historia y Anales de Placencia,* Alonzo Fernandez, folio, Madrid, 1627.

Here, according to some, stood the Roman Ambraicia, and on *Ambroz,* its deserted site, Alonzo VIII., in 1190, founded the city, which he called, in the nomenclature of that devout age, "Ut Deo Placet:" the *Een-shallah,* the *"Si Dios Quiere,* the "If the Lord so will." It was made a bishopric, suffragan to Santiago, and rose to be a flourishing town. Now it is decayed, and scarcely contains 6000 souls; it never recovered the sack of Aug., 1809, when Cuesta, by neglecting the Duke’s repeated request, omitted to secure the passes of Baños and Pareales, and thus let Soult come down on Talavera, and neutralize that hard-fought day. Placencia was plundered by him, en passant, without mercy. The ornate Gothic cathedral is unfortunately unfinished. The older one occupied the site of the Jesuits’ convent, and being too small, this was begun in 1498. The Capilla Mayor was commenced by Juan de Alava; subsequently Diego de Siloe and Alonzo de Covarubbias were employed. The S. entrance is noble and solid. Observe the windows and plateresque façade and candelabra: the Berruguete *Puerta del Enlosedo* to the N. is grand and serious, with Julio Romanolike granite medallions and arms of Charles V. and the Carvajals. The interior of 3 naves is unfinished. The *Sillón del Coro* was carved in 1520 by Rodrigo Aleman, and is most elaborate, although somewhat tedesque, with the sacred and profane, serious and ridiculous, incongruously jumbled together. Observe the two stalls near the Coro alto, and the Gothic spire: Aleman also carved the throne of the bishop, and the confessional of the Penetencario. The Retablo of the high altar and statues are by the great Gregorio Hernandez, 1626. The chief subject is the Assumption of the Virgin,
to which Assumption this cathedral is dedicated; the gaudy colours and gilding, and frittered drapery, are unpleasing, but it is a grand whole. The 

Reja is a masterpiece of 3n. Bautia. Celma, 1604; here the Assumption figures again. The finest pictures once here have disappeared. Those by Fro. Ricci, in the altar major, have been retouched. The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Rubens, has been stolen, and the Nativity, by Velazquez, was accidentally burnt with the chapter-house in April, 1832. These pictures were the gift of the Bishop Juan Lozano: observe among the fine sepulchres that of the kneeling prelate Pedro Ponce de Leon, obit 1573, in the Berruguete style. The portal to the Sacristía is in rich plateresque, and near this a noble staircase leads to the roof.

The Bishop Pedro de Carvajal is buried in the Se. Nicolas; this Placentian family rose high in the church, under the Valencian Borgia Popes; one lies buried in Se. Croce at Rome. In the Monjas de Se. Ildefonso is the noble tomb of Cristobal de Villalba, armed and kneeling. In Se. Vicente is the armed effigy of Martin Nieto, 1597, and one of the finest things in Estremadura; near this Dominican convent is la Casa de las Bovedas, built for the Ma. de Mirabel in 1550. Observe the patio and pillars; the saloons were painted in fresco with the wars of Charles V. In the cloistered terrace, el Pensil, were arranged some antiquities, found at Capara and elsewhere, and inter alia a colossal foot. The superb armoury has been stolen: in the Casa de los Vargas are some other antiquities, principally inscriptions of no interest, but the invaders pillaged both these houses.

Two miles W. of Placencia, at Na. Se. de Fuente Dueñas, is the ruin of a Roman sepulchre. From Placencia there is a wild but picturesque ride to Avila, 26 L., by the Puerto de Tornavacas. The angler and artist, who have leisure, should at least make an excursion to the Puerto, 8 L., up the charming valley of the Xerte, which winds amid fruit and verdure, walled in on each side by the snow-capped Sierras de Bejár and Vera: he might put up at Cabezuela, distant 6 L.

ROUTE LVIII.—PLACENCIA TO TALAVERA DE LA REINA.

Those who wish to know what a despoblado and dehesa mean may ride this rough route, 14 L. The Puerto de la Serrana, whence robbers spy the traveller, is distant 3 L.; hence to San Carlos, 2 L., near which the Tietar enters the Tagus; the latter is crossed by a noble bridge built by Juan de Carvajal, and hence called Puente del Cardenal. The castle now seen about 2 miles below, is that of Monfrague, Monsfragorum; hence to Torrejon el Rubio, and crossing the Vid over a good bridge, through a country given up to game and rabbits, and then again crossing the Monte and Masasca by stone bridges, all the work of the cardinal, we reach Aldea del Obispo, and the oak woods in which Pizarro fed his pigs. Crossing the Tojos by another bridge, Trujillo terminates this wild ride.

ROUTE LIX.—PLACENCIA TO TALAVERA DE LA REINA.

Those who are fond of fishing, shooting, sketching, geologizing, and botanizing, may ride this line, visiting Se. Yuste, and thence taking a local guide over the dehesas, either to Miravete to the r., or to Talavera to the l.; but whether going to Madrid, or on to Salamanca, let none fail making the excursion from Placencia to this memorable convent to which Charles V. retired. It lies on the S.W. slope of the Sierra de Vera, distant 7 L. from Placencia, and about a 7 hours' pleasant ride.

Cross the Xerte and ascend the steep Calzones, thence through olives and vineyards to the Vera or valley, which is some 9 L. in extent; after 4 L. of
dehesas y matos the road ascends to the l. to Pasaron, a picturesque old town of Prout-like houses, toppling balconies hanging over a brawling brook. Observe a palace of the Arcos family. The road next clammers up a steep hill, amid fruit trees of every kind. As we rode on our cheerful companions were groups of sunburnt daughters of labour, whose only dower was health and cheerfulness, who were carrying on their heads in baskets the frugal dinner of the vine-dressers. Springy and elastic was their sandaled step, unfettered by shoe or stocking, and light-hearted their laugh and song, the chorus of the sheer gaiety of youth full of health and void of care. These pretty creatures, although they did not know it, were performing an opera ballet in action and costume: how gay their short sayas of serges red, green, and yellow; how primitive the cross on their bosoms, how graceful the pannello on their heads: thus they tript wantonly away under the long leaved chestnuts. Now the beautiful Vera expands, with the yellow line of the Badajoz road running across the cistus-clad distance to Miravete: soon the Jeronimit convet appears to the l. nestling in woods about half-way up the mountain, which shelters devotion from the wind. Below is the farm Magdalena, where in the worst case the night may be passed; ascend to the monastery, keeping close to a long wall. This Spanish Spalatro, to which the gout-worn empire-sick Charles retired to barter crowns for rosaries away, was founded in 1404, on the site where a covert of 14 Gothic bishops had been killed at one fell swoop by the Moors. Charles sent his son Philip (when on his way to England to marry our amiable Mary) to inspect this place, which he had years before noted as a nest for his old age; he himself planned, when in Flanders, the additional buildings, which were erected by Antonio de Villa Castin, and they lie to the warm S.W. of the chapel; but on the 9th of August, 1509, dies carbone notanda, 200 of Soul's foragers clambered up and pillaged and burnt the convent, leaving it a blackened roofless ruin. The precious archives were then consumed, all except one volume of documents, written in 1620 by Fray Luis de Sª. Maria. This the prior was consulting about some rights disputed by the Cesacos peasants, and seeing the enemy threw it into some bushes. That book he lent us to read; now it no doubt is lost.

Here we met also Fray Alonzo Cavallero, an aged monk, who took the cowl Oct. 17, 1778, and remembered Ponz and his visit. The convent is entered by the walnut-tree under which Charles used to sit, and which even then was called El nogal grande. Passing to the Botica, all the few vases which escaped the French were carried off in 1820, by one Morales, a liberal apothecary, for his own shop in Garandilla. The granite-built chapel, from its thick walls, resisted the fire of the invaders, thus saving the imperial quarter to be finally gutted by the constitutionalists: a door to the r. of the altar opened to Charles's room, whence he came out to attend divine service: his bedroom, where he died, has a window through which, when ill, he could see the elevation of the Host. Here hung the Gloria of Titian, which, in his will, he directed to be placed wherever his body was, and which was moved with it to the Escorial. Philip II., however, sent a copy to Sª. Yuste, which was carried off to Texada by the patriots, in 1823; when the monks returned, they were too poor even to pay for bringing it back. The Coro Alto was carved in a quaint tedesque style by Rodrigo Aleman: in a vault below the high altar is the rude chest in which the Emperor's body was kept 16 years, until removed in 1574.

He built only 4 rooms, each, as usual, with large fire-places, for he was a gouty and phlegmatic Fleming. From the projecting alcoves the views are delicious. At the W. end is a pillared gallery, La Plaza del Palacio, over-
hanging a private garden; and connected with it is a raised archway, el Puente, by which the emperor went down: below is the sundial, erected for him by Juanuelo Turriano (see Toledo). He was brought here by the Emperor, who was fond of mechanical experiments: the stone step by which he mounted his horse yet remains, and here he was seated when he felt the first approach of death, as an inscription records: "Su Magestad el Emperador Don Carlos quinto Nuestro Señor, en este lugar estaba asentado cuando le dió el mal, a los treinta y uno de Agosto a las quatro de la tarde: falleció a los 24 [?] de Septembre a las dos y media de la mañana año de No. S. 1558." He arrived there, Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1557, at one in the afternoon, and died Sept. 21 of the next year, of premature old age, and dropping like the ripe fruit from the shaken tree. He gave the convent nothing but the honour of his company: his major-domo Luis de Quixada (who was afterward killed by the Moriscos, near Granada) having of course, stripped the rooms of everything portable. Philip II. came here again in 1570, and remained two days: he refused to sleep in the room where his father died. Guardando el respeto al aposento en que murió sa padre, no queriendo dormir sino en el retrete, del mismo aposento, y tan estrecho que apenas cabe una cama pequeña. So it was recorded in the old book; Δευτα γερ κοιναι, και αποχυμενων λεοντες. He, too, did little for the monks, and when they begged of him, replied, "You never could have had my father here a year without feathering your nest."

The larger pleasure grounds lay on the other side; nature has now resumed her sway, yet many a flower shows that once a garden smiled. A myrtle and box edge leads to El cedador de Betlem (Bethlehem): this exquisite gem of a cinque-cento summer house remained perfect until destroyed like Abadia and Aranjuez, by Soult's anti-horticultural troops.

Charles lived here half like a monk and half like a retired country gentleman (see Monserrat, p. 497): although strictly attentive to his religious duties, he amused himself with his flowers, rides, mechanical experiments, and his young son, Don Juan of Austria. The ex-Emperor was sadly plagued by the villagers of Cuacos, quasi kacos, a sad set, who, then as always ill-conditioned, poached his trout in the Garganta la olla, drove away his milk-cows, and threw stones at the future hero of Lepanto, for climbing up their cherry-trees. His was no morbid unsocial misanthropy, but a true weariness of the world with which he had done, and a wish to be at rest; he sedulously avoided all allusion to politics: neither was he in his dotage, although enfeebled in health from gout; his ambition and passions were subdued, but not his relish for intellectual and innocent recreations. He brought with him his old servants, who knew his wants and ways, and whose faces he knew: he had his book, his ride, his hobby, experiments, and his prayers; he had friends, some to tell his sorrows and divide them, others to impart his joys to and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy. Phlegmatic and melancholy he was by constitution and from the inherited taint of his mother; but the story of his having had the funeral service said over himself while alive, is untrue: no record or tradition of the kind existed among the monks. Philip II., who feared his father might repent of his resignation, and wish, again to resume the crown, kept a spy here, who daily reported to Secretary Vasquez every minute circumstance. The original letters, once in the Salesas at Madrid, were incorporated by Tomas Gonzalez in a work on this Retirada, which unfortunately is not yet printed. The ruin commenced by the French was completed by the Liberals of Cuacos; who, July 4, 1821, came and stole
everything; they kept horses in the church, and made the Emperor’s room a place for silk-worms. Recent sequestrations have again destroyed what the poor monks had partially restored, and chaos is come again.

Never again will it be the lot of traveller to be welcomed, like ourselves, by these worthy men, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens, with the goodnatured garrulous brotherhood: at nightfall supper was laid for all the monks together at a long board, but the prior and procurador had a small table set apart in an alcove, where, “bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I sat an honoured guest;” as the windows were thrown wide open, to admit the cool thyme-scented breeze, the eye in the clear evening swept over the boundless valley, and the nightingale sang sweetly in the neglected orange garden, to the bright stars reflected like diamonds in the black tank below us; how often had Charles looked out on a stilly eye on this selfsame and unchanged scene where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hand all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed, in the chamber where the emperor breathed his last. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary insignificant stranger; long ere daybreak next morning I was awakened by a pale monk, and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted, and the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sunburnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent; when the service was concluded, all bowed a last farewell to the altar on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace; the morning was grey and the mountain air keen, nor was it until the sun had risen high that the carol of the light-hearted maidens dispelled the cowl, and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history.

ROUTE LX.—PLACENCIA TO SALAMANCA.

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<th>Villar</th>
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<td>Aldea Nueva</td>
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<td>Baños</td>
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<td>Pedro mingo</td>
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<td>Fuente Roble</td>
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<td>Monte Rubio</td>
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<td>Salamanca</td>
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This is the direct road, but by no means the one to take: at Aldea Nueva the Roman road from Merida is crossed, and remains of its pavement and abandoned bridges everywhere may be traced. Baños is so called from its hot sulphur baths. This town is beautifully situated, with its pretty river Ambros; the belfry of the St. Maria is fine; the wines excellent; about 1 L. up is the Puerto or pass in the Sierra, which divides Estremadura from Old Castile; here Sir Robert Wilson with a few undisciplined Portuguese made a bold stand against the French coming down from Gallicia and Oporto, while the Spanish troops abandoned the position without firing a shot. Thus Soult was enabled to reach the rear of the English at Talavera, which he never could have done had Cuesta attended to the Duke’s urgent request to man these impregnable passes. The obstinate blockhead only sent a force the very day the French were at Bejar; but manaña is the curse of Iberia, and such are the Socorros de España, tarde o nunca, “late or never.”

Bejar is another of the steep fresh towns of the Sierra: pop. about 8000. Its situation is extremely picturesque, and the river Cuero del Hombre fertilizes the environs. The alcazar of the Duque is a striking object, with a fine classical patio and fountain; the views from it are splendid. It was gutted by the French, when the pictures and remarkable armoury disappeared. Near Bejar, Feb. 20, 1813, Monsr. Foy re-
ceived a complete beating from Lord Hill. At Calzada, 4 L. from Salamanca, the Roman road is again crossed, and the vestiges deserve notice. Another route to Salamanca passes through Ciudad Rodrigo.

ROUTE LXI.—PLACENCIA TO CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Abadia ..... 7
Lagunilla ..... 2 9
Herguijuela ..... 5 14
Batuecas ..... 3 17
Alberca ..... 3 20
Mallo ..... 15 25
Tenebron ..... 3 28
Ciudad Rodrigo ..... 3 28

This circuitous route by Ciudad Rodrigo abounds with interest, especially to the lover of angling and mountain scenery; it is sprinkled moreover with Roman antiquities, including the Batuecas and Ciudad Rodrigo. Although seldom visited by foreigners or natives, this détour is strongly recommended to future travellers; attend to the provend, as the accommodation is very alpine. The leagues to Alberca are given approximatively; they are very long, and the country intricate; take a local guide. On leaving Placencia ascend to the Nª. Sª. del Puerto, whence the view is superb, and thence to Oliva, 2 L. In the court-yard of the count’s house are some Roman military stones. The costume of the peasants now changes: the males wear leather jerkins, open at the arms; the females short serge petticoats of greens, reds, and yellows, with handkerchiefs on their heads. About one L. on is Capara, the site, say some, of the Roman town of Ambracia, but now a solitary farm. To the l. near it is a Roman bridge of 4 arches, quite uninjured. Masses of granite ruins lie to the l., and in a lonely road tangled with creepers is a noble Roman granite gateway, or arch; each of the four sides has an open entrance, about twelve feet wide: the centred dome is falling in from decay. On each front which faces the road are two pillars without capitals, and between them and the pilasters of the arch are remains of pedestals on which statues once stood. The upper portion has been stripped of its facings. After this the route continues alongside of the Roman road to Salamanca. The solid convex paving and raised footpath are in excellent preservation, save that wild oaks grow out, a proof of long absence of traffic. The muleteers creep along a broken track by the side, ashamed to tread on the mighty causeway. The whole route has been traced by Velazquez and others. (See Laborde, fol. edition, xi. 131.)

Abadia is a wretched hamlet, prettily situated on the Ambroz at the head of the valley under the Sierra de Bejar: here is a square-built palace of the Duque de Alba, once an “abbey” of the Templars, and some massy walls, battlements, and horseshoe arches may be traced in the more modern work. The alterations were made by the “Great Alva,” who is held by foreigners to be a bloody bigot, and by Spaniards to be a true soldier of his King and faith; for the Moorish spirit of the Spaniard of that age was devotion to the Kalif, and propagandism of creed by fire and sword: all foes to the crown and church were to be exterminated. Fernando Alvarez de Toledo was born in 1508, and was sent into the Low Countries by Philip II., the champion of the Papacy, and who preferred to have no subjects at all, rather than to have heretics for subjects: Alva was president of a junta of blood and venganza, under which some 18,000 persons were butchered. The Protestants at last cast off the iron yoke of Spain, and Alva was recalled in 1573; having failed, he was disgraced, and after four years’ seclusion, he was summoned by Philip II. for the expedition into Portugal, which he conquered in two weeks. Alva died in 1583. Raumur has shown (Lett. xvi.) that Alva, probably foreseeing failure, unwillingly went into the Low Countries, for he accepted the command with tears, and pressed for a recall. Let us
hope that he shrank from being an executioner, for certainly he had that love of poetry and nature which indicates some tenderness, and shines like a vein of silver in the rough granite; his tutor was Boscain, the Petrarch of Spain, and friend of Garcilazo de Vega; his protégé was Lope de Vega, one of the few Spaniards who ever joyed in flowers and gardens; he took him into his house and persuaded him to write a pastoral, instead of an arma virumque cano epic. To this loop-hole of a retreat the old soldier, more tired of a king and country's ingratitude, than of war's alarms, retired as Xenophon did to Scyllus, and passed his time like him in study, combining the healthy sports of the field with the recreations of social hospitality (Diog. Laert. ii. 52). So the great Conde reposed under his laurels at Chantilly, solaced with the society of Boileau and Racine.

The gardens of Abadia were the joy and delight of Alva; he decorated them with fountains and terraces, with statues and marbles wrought at Florence in 1555 by Fr. Camilani; after his death his buildings and gardens were deserted, and left to the common neglect of the residences of Spanish absentees (see Ponz, viii. 18). The last blow was given by Soult, whose foragers ravaged the gardens, breaking down balustrades and ornaments, and mutilating the Italian sculpture; some few fragments have since been collected together, among them a head of Trajan. The enclosed gardens were divided into two portions, an upper and lower: an inclined plane leads to a myrtle-overgrown spot where the duke loved to sit. The fountain, once supported by marble statues, is now dry, and the ground is strewn with broken sculpture, which glists, bleaching amid the weeds, the "thorns and thistles," the curse and legacy of the enemy; then also a statue of Andromeda and a small sleeping Cupid were fractured. In the under garden a cypress near a ruined pavi-

lion rises sadly out of the corn, for now it is ploughed up by the resident steward.

The Venta at Abadia is wretched; it will be better to apply for a bed at the palace. The next day is a very long ride. Start before daybreak and ascend to Lagunilla 2 L.; and then through a wood of gigantic chestnuts to Val de Nieve; the streamlet divides Leon from Estremadura, and is crossed and recrossed until it joins the Alagon; ascending again in 2 hours to Herguijuela—observe the cereneros or singular cloth mantillas and silver clasps of the women—next either pass to Soto Serrano, or avoid it by cutting off to the l. to Mestas 2 L., a sickly miserable place, hanging with its cypresses over a sweet trout-stream. The fishing in these localities is excellent, especially in the Rio Batuecas, the Cabezudo, Cuerpo del Hombre, tributaries of the Alagon.

The road now continues for an hour and half, up and down purple Scotch-like hills, covered with heath and aromatic shrubs; the district on the r. bank of the Alagon is called the Hoja or Tierra de las Jurdes, a name derived by some from Gurdus, an old Spanish word, which, according to Seneca, a Spaniard, signified "doltish stupid;" but were this etymology true, many other localities would have been so called in the central regions of Spain. The streams which flow into the Alagon abound in fine trout.

The wild road soon turns to the r., and ascends the course of the Rio Batuecas into a most alpine gorge; soon the monastery is seen to the l. nestled below in a sheltered nook, with its white belfry, rising amid pines, chestnuts, and cypresses. This convent, with its gardens and hermitages, is not now what it was before recent reforms—a refuge to travellers, a light of religion and civilization in this benighted district. The valley and the whole of Las Jurdes were believed, even by the wise men of Salamanca, although only 14 L. off, to be haunted by demons and
inhabited by pagans. In 1599, Garzia Galarza, Bishop of Coria, in granting leave to found a convent, rejoiced that "the devil would be then kicked out by the discalceate Carmelites." Much of this nonsense about the Batuecas was credited by Montesquieu, quoted by Moreri, and made a novel by Mad. de Genlis, whereat the Spaniards, who hate to be thought unlike other Europeans, took dire offence, and published grave refutations (see Southey’s Letters, i. 250; Dillon, 4; and Ponz, vii. 201). These popular errors had been cleared away by Padre Feijoo (Teatro Critico, iv. 241). Be the case of expelling his satanic majesty as it may, the Carmelites civilized the valley: they founded a school for the peasants, and a lodging for all wayfarers. — 16 hermitages were reared on picturesque eminences. These and the wonders of alpine nature were duly pointed out by the good fathers: now all is at an end (compare Monserrat, p. 496). To this valley of Rasselas, far removed from everything connected with the world, state prisoners were sometimes sent and forgotten; and lonely indeed is this mountain-enclosed nook, it has nothing to do with the world of cities, from which it is far away. Here nature, silent amidst her grandest forms, suggests retirement and repose, which seem associated with the localities, præsentiorum aspicimus Deum!

The name Batuecas, by those who see Greek in everything, has been derived from Batvs, because the valley lies deep in a funnel of hills; so do many others, without being called Batuecas; and it would be as reason able to derive our town Deal from δηλος, because the sea is there open and clear, or Leith from ληθη, because the Scotch in it forget their own interests.

The valley is about 3 miles long by 2 wide, and is girdled by mountains, of which La Peña de Francia is the loftiest and wildest; on this "high place," is a Santuario or chapel to the Virgin, which is visited by thousands on the 8th of every September. It will scarcely now be worth while to descend to the desolate convent; as the Hospederia is closed and the kitchen fire put out. Continue therefore the steep road to the r., a fine alpine ride over the Reventon, which leads to Alberca 1 L., a dark, dingy, dirty hamlet, with prison-like houses, partly built in granite, and wood and plaster work; hence an uninteresting country, with the flat table-lands of central Spain stretching to the r., brings us into the province of Salamanca, one of the six into which the ancient kingdom of Leon was divided.

For Ciudad Rodrigo, see p. 561, and thence to Salamanca, R. lxiii.
E. Targett.
Chaplain: Lenton.

English Service at 11 at Church.
Murillo Square. Plaza de Murillo.