

sonation of Romanism, then threatened by the Reformation, for he clearly saw *civil* reform and liberty were coupled, like twin sisters, with *religious* reformation. In him religion was modified by the genius of the man and his country; thus, while his idiosyncrasy was cold, phlegmatic, suspicious, timid, and arbitrary, that of Spaniards breathed the fierce intolerance and propagandism by the sword of the Moslem; a sincere believer, he accounted it rather as a favour done to his victims, if by torturing or burning their mortal bodies he could save their souls; he was reckless of worldly consequences, and preferred to have no subjects at all, rather than millions who should be heretics.

Philip was of a delicate constitution, naturally indolent, and without any inclination for bodily exercise or martial deeds: he lacked the great king qualities of his father; weak in body and timid in mind, in exterior a Fleming, in haughty deportment a Spaniard, his suspicions and averseness to being seen grew upon him as he waxed older, then he became more and more silent, priding himself on concealing his thoughts; he rarely laughed, and never so heartily as on receiving the news of the St. Bartholomew massacre; he had much application, and loved doing business himself, but seldom made real progress, as he shrank from decisions, and thought that when he had gained time he had gained everything; yet his great boast was that he at the foot of a mountain and with a bit of paper could make himself obeyed in the old world and the new.

The building itself was altogether a mistake; the selection as a site for state business was ill-chosen, while to raise a convent when monks had done their work as pioneers of civilization was an anachronism: again, the enormous expense absorbed sums which would have covered the peninsula with a net-work of roads and canals, of which there were just as too few as there were of convents too many. The Escorial also tended to fix the residence of the court at Madrid, the bane of Spain. Thus

injurious from the beginning to the end, this useless colossal pile totters to its fall, a thing to point a moral and adorn a tale: Non in aliâ re *damnosior* quam ædificando, was the just remark of Suetonius, when speculating on the costly buildings of Nero (In Vit. 30). Vast and useless as the pyramids, the Escorial is too big to be moved even by the slaves of the lamp, even had they been imps of Spain. It might, indeed, supposing it were three times as large, be made the new poor-law union of the Peninsula. The Escorial will disappoint many, for expectations have been too highly raised: but this is the penalty which the credulous hope of travellers must pay, who will go on expecting too much, in spite of illusion-dispelling experience. Yet happy the frame of mind which always hopes, always believes; and woe unto him who comes into the Castiles without some poetry, some romance, to gild the harshness and discomforts which here too often characterise the reality.

As a political personage Philip himself was a failure; under him the short-lived clay-footed colossus of Spanish power began to give way; he quarrelled also with England—his greatest error—lost his invincible armada and the Low Countries; yet what a position was his, had he been equal to the moment! Ferdinand and Isabella had beaten down the Moor at home, while Charles V. had humbled France and was master of Lombardy; in quiet possession of peace and power, Philip might have been a legislator and a benefactor to his country: he might have given Spain a code of laws, covered her with a net-work of roads and canals, and fixed the capital at Lisbon instead of Madrid. All of this he sacrificed to fight the battles of the Vatican, to be her banker, executioner, and builder of this convent: but whatever his faults, which partly were the result of his political position and the spirit of his age, he at least was a true patron of art and artists; he discovered or created talent to execute his mighty works; his biography, attempted by the poor pedant professor Watson and

by Evaristo San Miguel, has yet to be really written, and it will soon appear from the pen of Mr. Prescott, who assuredly will do justice to his splendid subject.

Before leaving the Escorial, clamber up to the *Silla del Rey*, distant about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. This is the rude seat formed of 2 or 3 flattened boulders, from whence Philip II. used to contemplate the progress of his buildings. Around grow oaks and deciduous ashes. The view, on a stilly summer's eve, is pleasant. Visit also the parks and plantations, which contrast agreeably with the desert beyond them; and just look at the *Casa del Príncipe de abajo*, a miniature country house, too small indeed to live in, and yet too large to wear at a watch-chain: it was built by Juan de Villanueva for Charles IV. when prince, and like that at Aranjuez, is the plaything of a spoilt infant. It is expensively ornamented with marble marqueterie, gimcracks, arabesques, and with poor portraits of the ignoble-looking Spanish Bourbons. The cabinet pictures are second-rate; they were formed for the rising Mæcenas by his French and Italian valets! The *Casa del Príncipe de arriba*, a paltry maisonnette, was built by the booby infant Don Gabriel. The gardens are pretty, and form with the neighbouring walks a favourite evening summer promenade; for the *Escorial* is frequented by many who fly from the scorching summer heats of Madrid to its cooler groves: the difference of the thermometer Réaumur often reaches seven degrees. Official men place their families here, and come over on the Saturdays, returning on Monday; many *galeras* and coaches are put on during the season.

A noble road winds from the Escorial over the Guadarrama chain amid immemorial pines and firs to *San Ildefonso*. The scenery is splendid offering, a jumble of mountain and rock with glorious pines flinging their wild arms fantastically athwart the precipices. It was constructed at a reckless expense for the personal convenience of the King: it is occasionally blocked up by winter snows. After passing

the *puerto*, we descend into the village or royal *sitio*, in which the court always passed the hot months of July, August, and September. The *fonda de la Vizcaina* is permanently open; others close with the season; during it, an excellent inn, *Fonda de la Granja*, is kept by Juan Athané, in the *Casa de Infantes*, part of the detached buildings of the palace; this inn is convenient for those wishing to see *Segovia*, which is only 2 L. off, and a pleasant hour's drive. Mine host has been a courier, and understands the kitchen and cellar.

The difference of temperature between la Granja and Madrid in August is as 68 to 83 Fahr. This cool castle in the air is, say the Castilians, a worthy *château* of the king of Spain: as he is the first and loftiest of all earthly sovereigns, so his abode soars nearest to heaven: the elevation of his residence at least cannot be doubted, as the palace is placed on the N.W. range of the Sierra, some 3840 feet above the level of the sea, and thus, in the same latitude as Naples, stands higher than the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The localities are truly alpine; around on all sides are rocks, forests, and crystal streams, and above towers *la Peñalara*, rising, according to some, above 8500 feet. While *nature* is truly Spanish, here *art* is entirely French; for the one-ideal founder Philip V. could conceive no other excellence but that of Marly and Versailles. In reserve and bigotry this king was a Philip II., and his hypochondriac shyness drove him into retirement, wanting nothing but his mass-book and wife, and thus he became a puppet in her and her confessor's hands. He was no sooner fixed on the Spanish throne than he meditated its abdication, always harbouring, like Henry III. in Poland, a secret wish to return and reign in beloved France: it chanced that while hunting at Valsain in 1720 he observed this *granja*, then a *grange* or farm-house of the Segovian monks of *La Parral*; he bought the site of them, and here he died, July 9, 1746, and here he is buried, carrying his hatred to Austrian recollections even to the

grave. He would not associate with their ashes even in the Panteon of the Escorial, a building which in common with everything Spanish he slighted. What a change and contrast from the wild Spanish Sierra, to a French château, from the stern pine wood to the gilded Carousel railing; but this was the fatal reign when nationalism was effaced by French opinions, language, customs, and alliances.

First visit the *Colegiata*, built from a design of Teodoro Ardemans or Ardemán, in the form of a Latin cross. On each side are the royal pews or *tribunas*, enclosed with glass. The dome, pendentives, and ceilings, are painted in fresco by those academical twins of common-place, Bayeu and Maella: the white stucco is picked out with gilding; the *retablo* is composed of fine jaspers with red pillars from Cabra. The altar was made at Naples by Solimena. The tabernacle is of rich *Lapis Lazuli*. The Virgin has a right royal wardrobe; the grand relic is the *Baculo* of St. Isabel of Hungary, held by Christina, whilst giving birth to Isabel II. The founder is buried in a chapel which lies to the W. of the high altar, to which a door communicates, but it is usually entered by the Sacristy; the tomb of Philip V. and his wife Isabella Farnese, with medallions, and Fame, Charity, and other ornaments in vile taste, are the works of Messrs. Pitué and Dumandré, "awful in simplicity" according to M. Bourgoïn. The palace, a thing of the foreigner, looks as if it had been moved by the slaves of the lamp from the bald levels of the Seine to a wild Spanish sierra: this sensual, theatrical, French château, is, in truth, the antithesis of the proud, gloomy Escorial, on which it turns its back. A portion of the old *Granja* is still preserved near the *Fuente*, for the building is a thing of expedients and patchwork, and so far is a thing of Spain. A long line of railing, like that of the Carousel at Paris, divides three sides of a square. The centre body with a dome is destined to the royal family, and the wings appropriated to their suites, guards, and offices. The façade fronts the garden,

and is cheerful, although over windowed and looking like a long Corinthian conservatory. The poorish saloons above and below were once filled with paintings and antiques, among which were the marbles of Christina of Sweden, purchased for Spain by Camillo Rosconi. After having been long neglected, they were carted out to Madrid by Ferdinand VII., when he restored and refurnished the palace with his favourite modern trumpery. The royal apartments are light, airy, and agreeable, without being magnificent, and in them strange events have taken place. Here, in January, 1724, Philip V. abdicated the crown, which he resumed in the next August at the death of his son. He was urged to become once more a king, by his wife, who was very soon weary of private life: here, in 1783, Charles III. received the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) when on his way to take Gibraltar, which he did not do. Here, August 18, 1796, the minion Godoy signed the famous and fatal treaty by which Spain was virtually handed over to revolutionised France.

Here Ferdinand VII., Sept. 18, 1832, revoked the decree by which he had abolished the Salic law, and declared his daughter Isabel, born Oct 10, 1830, to be heiress to the crown; an act which cursed his ever ill fated country with civil wars and a disputed succession. The secret history is as follows: *Don Carlos*, his brother and heir presumptive, was married to a Portuguese princess, between whom and her sister *La Beira*, a deadly palace war was waged by *Carlota*, born at Naples, the intriguing wife of *Don Francisco de Paula*, a younger and not a very sapient brother of the king. When Ferdinand married Christina, the Neapolitan coterie gained so much on the Portuguese one, that on the queen's pregnancy being declared, *Carlota*, in order to oust the Beira's children, induced Tadeo Calomarde, the minister of justice, to suggest this change to the uxorious king; the degree was smuggled through the royal closet without the knowledge of the other ministers: thus Ferdinand deprived his

brother Carlos of his birthright, that brother who had been the friend of his youth and the companion of his French captivity, and who had refused in 1827 to assist in his dethronement. — *Cosas de España.*

In the autumn of 1832 Ferdinand fell dangerously ill in this same palace; and his death during an attack of lethargy was actually announced to the Emperor of Russia by Monsieur D'Oubril, his plenipotentiary; the succession of Carlos was then quite certain; his reign might indeed have been leaden and that of a King Log, but it would have been one of slow yet certain improvement, for all the nonsense about his restoring the Inquisition, &c. was a thing of unscrupulous party tirade. Carlos, although devoid of common talent, and fitter to lose than win a crown, was at least a man of honour and principle, rare qualities in a Spanish court. Christina at this crisis had no party whatever, so she herself drew up a revocation of the decree, which was signed, Sept. 18, by the guided hand of the unconscious testator; this second act was managed by the royal confessor and Alcuia, the principal mover being Calomarde again, who now undid his former work, in his terror at the certain *venjanza* which the Portuguese faction would have taken; Antonini, the Neapolitan ambassador, confirmed his apprehensions and urged Christina to save herself. Ferdinand two days afterwards recovered by a miracle, for Carlos had not caused him to be smothered as Tiberius was. Carlota, who was at Seville, on hearing of the revocation hurried back day and night, and welcomed Calomarde with blows and Billingsgate. As the king regained strength, the queen recovered courage, until, on Oct. 31, the revocation was revoked, Christina denying her own work, and throwing the whole blame of the past on Calomarde, who was forthwith turned out of office and Spain. The king, still weak, now delegated his authority to his wife, who had nursed him most tenderly; and she instantly created a party by displacing all ultra Royalists

and Carlists, and by substituting men favourable to moderate reforms. Ferdinand died Sept. 29, 1833; then ensued the terrible civil wars which have rent and impoverished poor Spain.

This self-same palace, as if by poetical justice, became the theatre of another tragedy by which Christina in her turn was deprived of her royal rights: here, Aug. 12, 1836, intimidated by rude soldiery, headed by one Garcia, a serjeant, she was compelled to proclaim the Cadiz democratical constitution of 1812. The secret underplot of this intrigue was to bring about a change of the conservative ministry into one ultra-radical, and the final result, as might be expected, was the downfall and exile of the queen regent and the restoration of things as they were.

The gardens of the palace are among the finest in Spain; the grand walk in front, called the *parterre* (for everything here in name and style is French), looks over flowers, water, and mountains; here the fruits of spring ripen in Autumn: as everything is artificial the cost was enormous, reaching to 45 million piastres, the precise sum in which Philip V. died indebted. These debts his son Ferdinand VI. refused to pay, fortified by the opinions of Spanish theologians, who countenanced the orthodoxy of repudiation; thus while those palaces in Spain which the Austrian kings began, are unfinished, those which their Bourbon successors raised, are not paid for. To form these gardens rocks were levelled and hollowed to admit pipes of fountains and roots of trees, whose soil was brought up from the plains. The earth requires to be constantly renewed, and even then the vegetation is dwarf-like; but despots delight in enriching favourites without merit, and their felicity contrasts with the people's misery. The yoke of building-kings is grievous, and especially when, as St. Simon said of Louis XIV. and his Versailles, "Il se plut à tyranniser la nature." Thus Nero, in the words of Tacitus (An. xv. 42), *usus et patriæ ruinis*, employing architects, quibus ingenium et audacia

erat, etiam quæ natura denegavisset per artem tentare.

San Ildefonso after all was but an imitation, and Delille, in praising its gardens justly remarked, "Philippe défait son ayeul et retraçait la France." Although smaller, the gardens of this *Versailles en Español* are far more real than their type; pure genuine water is their charm, which here is no turbid puddle forced up by a wooden waterwork, but a crystal distillation, fresh from a mountain almbic; the *Cascada Cenador* is a grand falling sheet, which under the sun of Castile glitters like melted silver; it is supplied from a large pond or reservoir above, which, as at Aranjuez, is modestly termed *el Mar*,\* the ocean, like that of Nero, *Stagnum maris instar* (Suet. 31). In honest old England, where people have a notion what the sea is, and call things by their right names, this pond might be stretched into a lake.

The gardens, in which art rivals nature, are divided into the *altos y bajos*, high and low; they are laid out in a formal style, being planted in avenues, with a labyrinth, and decked with marble vases, and statuary. Their ornate and highly artificial character contrast with the wild hills, rocks, pines, and nature around. There are 26 fountains; the most admired are, *los Baños de Diana*, *la Latona* or *las Ranas*, *la Corrida de Caballos*, the *two Cascadas*, *el Canastillo*, *los Vientos*, *la Andromeda*, *la Pomona*, and *el Neptuno*, at which, says Mons. Bourgoïn, genius presides, and where the egotist read Virgil and quoted "Quos ego." The *Fama* is the most famous, and shoots up water 130 feet high (?). The fountains play on the first Sundays of the summer months, on great festivals, and royal birth or saint days, when the traveller should visit this spot. The chief statues are the Apollo and Daphne, Lucretia, Bacchus, America, Ceres and Milon; they are poor and second-rate, full of theatrical swagger and unnatural attitude; they are, however, vastly admired by Span-

\* *Mar* is celtic for a lake.

iards, who have very little fine marble sculpture; and possibly are thought more of because the work of foreigners, to wit, of Messrs. Carlier, Pitué, Dumandré, and Bousseau, and M. Fremin, a Phidias in frogs; but their countrymen are transcendental turncocks, and feel all the poetry and power of water in gardens, if not in bedrooms; Philip V. employed French, just as Philip II. patronised Italian artists. Consult for details the guide-book by Santos Martinez Sedeño, re-edited by A. G. Somorrostro.

Charles III. came every year to *La Granja* to fish and shoot, and as his second hobby was the forcing manufactures, he here set up *la Calandria*, a sort of factory to make linen, luckily now broken up. He also founded *la Fabrica de Cristales*, to make glass and pottery: these royal playthings, exotics, like the trees in the gardens, have never flourished in an artificial soil. Conducted on a royal scale of loss, it became a hotbed of jobbing and robbing, in which *Directors* made fortunes out of the public purse. This establishment was founded chiefly because one Thevart in 1688 had formed a similar one at Versailles: meanwhile here even the sand has to be brought from Segovia, while the expense of transport and breakage of mirrors alone consumed every chance of profit.

Excursions may be made to the nursery-gardens of *Robledo* and *Colmenar*, and to the *Quinta de Quitapesares*, the Sans Souci of Christina, an anodyne for her sorrow, which butter-making contributed to banish, and which is said also to have been the scene where this modern Dido first met the Æneas Muñoz. Visit also *Valsain*, Val Sabin, the vale of Savins, distant 1 L. This, an ancient hunting-seat of the crown, was inhabited by Philip V. during the building of *La Granja*: but now it is almost a ruin, having been left unrepaired since a fire. The trout in the *Eresma* are excellent: 2 L. on is *Rio Frio*, where Isabel, widow of Philip V., began a palace, which she neither finished nor paid for. It is a fine architectural

shell, with a noble staircase and granite pillars.

Those returning to Madrid on horseback may, after seeing Segovia, make an excursion to *El Paular*, the once wealthy Carthusian convent on the opposite side of the Guadarrama. It is 2 L. from La Granja by *el Reventon*, or "the cleft," a pass which crosses directly over the glorious ridge, with the grand *Peñalara* rising to the r. about 8500 feet: when this route is snowed up, there is a circuitous one to the convent, which overlooks the pleasant valley of the trout-stream Lozoya. The edifice was raised by John I. to carry out a vow made by his father Henry II., while campaigning in France. The *Capilla de los Reyes* was built in 1390, by Alonso Rodrigo, and the church in 1433-40, by a Segovian Moor, named Abderahman: since its suppression the paintings by Carducho have been removed to the new *Museo* at Madrid. The exquisite *retablo* was wrought at Genoa, and of the same period was the *silleria del coro*. There is a fine sepulchre of one of the Frias family, and an outrageous churrigueresque *trasparente* erected in 1724. The ceilings are painted by the feeble Palomino. But the Paular convent, converted into a Belgian glass-manufactory, is no longer what it was (see Ponz, x. 69), when the monks, lords of all around, were paper-makers and breeders of sheep on a large scale; their hospitality was commensurate, as all strangers were lodged, fed, and welcomed; now their kitchen fire is put out, and their gardens of fruit and flowers are encumbered with weeds. From thence follow the river, and rejoin the high road at *Buitrago* (see R. 115).

Descending from *La Granja* into the plains, we soon reach the ancient and most striking city of Segovia. The old inn, *el Meson Grande*, on the plaza, was long one of the worst in all Spain: this *grand hotel*, a genuine specimen of a Castilian khan, has now been superseded by the more modernised *Parador de las Diligencias*. There is also the *Posada de los Caballeros*.

SEGOVIA is of Iberian name and origin, *seca* and *sego* being a common

prefix: Humboldt (Urb. 188) enumerates no less than 22 instances; while *Briga*, "town," is a still commoner termination: consult for historical details '*El glorioso San Frutos*,' Lorenzo Calvete, Valladolid, 4to. 1610; '*Historia*,' &c., Diego Colmenares, fol. Mad. This is one of the best Spanish county histories. There are two editions, 1637, 1640: the latter is the best. '*Viaje Artístico*,' Isidoro Bosarte, 8vo., Mad. 1804; '*El Acueducto*,' Andrez Gomez de Somorostro, fol. Mad. 1820; '*Esp. Sag.*' viii., and Ponz., '*Viage*,' x. The local tutelar is *San Frutos*. See the '*Poema*' with his Life by F. de Leon Tapia, 8vo., Mad. 1623: and the '*Discurso Historico*' of his *Patronato*, by Gaspar Ibañez de Segovia, 4to., Zar. 1666.

The long city, with its narrow irregular streets, stands on the rocky knoll which rises E. and W. in a valley, with the Alcazar perched on the W. point. It is girdled to the N. by the trout stream Eresma, which is joined below the Alcazar by the *clamorous* rivulet *el Clamores*; the banks of these streams, wooded and pretty, contrast with the bleak and barren hills. The strong town is encircled by very picturesque dilapidated old walls with round towers, built by Alonso VI., which are seen to great advantage from the hill of the Calvario: it is altogether a first-rate specimen of an old-fashioned Castilian city, with quaint houses, balconies, and a Prout-like *plaza*, but much decayed and daily decaying. It is very cold, being above 3300 feet above the sea; the population, once exceeding 30,000, having dwindled to less than 9000. It is still the see of a bishop, suffragan to Toledo.

According to Colmenares, Tubal first peopled Spain, then Hercules founded Segovia; in due time Hispan erected the *bridge*, as they call the aqueduct, although it brings water over men, not men over water. The city bears "*el Puente*" on its shield, with one of the heads of Pompey's sons looking over it. This Roman work, from its resemblance to the masonry of Alcantara and Merida, was

probably erected by Trajan, but neither Segovia nor its aqueduct are mentioned by the ancients, with whom such mighty works seem to have been things of course. As the steep-banked rivers below the town are difficult of access, and their waters are not very wholesome, the pure stream of the *Rio Frio* was thus brought from the *Sierra Fonfria*, distant 3 L. The aqueduct begins near San Gabriel, and makes many bends in its progress, to give stability and to break the water current. It runs 216 feet to the first angle, then 462 feet to the second at *La Concepcion*, then 325 feet to the third at *San Francisco*, and then 937 feet to the city wall. Some portions are comparatively modern, although they are so admirably repaired, that it is not easy to distinguish the new work from the old. This aqueduct, respected by the Goths, was broken down in 1071 by the Moors of Toledo, who sacked Segovia and destroyed 35 arches. It remained in ruin until Aug. 26, 1483, when Isabella employed in its repairs a monk of the Parral convent, one Juan Escovedo; this architect born in the Asturias, about 1547, and the son of a mere carpenter, had the good taste to imitate the model before him, and therefore was the first to restore the Græco-Romano style in Spain: when he went to Seville to report the completion of the repairs, Isabella gave him for his fee all the wood work of the scaffoldings. See for curious particulars '*Historia de la Orden de San Geronimo*,' José de Sigüenza, iv. 40.

The new work is intermixed with the old, and occurs chiefly near the angles of *la Concepcion* and *San Francisco*. Escovedo also built the bridges over the *Eresma*. The aqueduct commences with single arches which rise higher as the dip of the ground deepens, the upper tier are uniform of the line; until they become double. Those of the three central are the highest, being 102 feet. This noble work is constructed of granite without cement or mortar; and, like other similar erections of the Romans, unites simplicity, proportion, solidity, and utility, and

its grandeur is rather the result of these qualities than of the intention of the architect. An inscription formerly ran between the tiers of the central arches, and the learned strive in vain to make out what the words were, guessing from the holes which remain for the pins of the bronze letters which have been extracted. The niche here above, which is supposed to have held a statue of Trajan, is now filled with a decayed image of a saint which looks like a putrifying corpse. According to some antiquarians the aqueduct was built by one *Licinius*, but the unlearned people call it *el Puente del Diablo*, "the devil's bridge," because his Satanic majesty was in love with a *Segoviana*, and offered his services to her in return for her favours; she, tired of going up and down hill to fetch water, promised to consent, provided he would build an aqueduct in one night, which he did. One stone, however, having been found wanting, the church decided the contract to be void, and so the hard-working wicked one was done, as is generally the case with the fore-igners and heretics who labour in vain in this orthodox land of ingratitude. The lower classes of Spaniards think the devil very clever, and *Sabe mucho, un punto mas del Diablo*, is a delicate compliment. It is in vain to talk to them about Trajan, &c.; they prefer the devil as a Pontifex maximus. But whatever surpasses the limited means and knowledge of the vulgar is attributed to supernatural agency and called a miracle: compare *Los Milagros* of Merida: so the Arabs hold the pyramids to be the work of genii, the jin (*Jonios*), (Conde, i. 46), and thus in England the author of evil gets the credit of works of public utility, bridges, dykes, punch bowls, and bowling-greens: but if history is to be credited, churchmen have ever been the true pontifices, and this bridge might also be called *El puente del Monje* (Juan Escovedo), as that in Cardigan has for a second name that of *Pont y Monach*. Thus an option is given to travellers to choose a monk or devil according to their tastes.

The aqueduct, be its author who it

may, is well seen from *San Juan*, in its beautiful perspective, overtopping the pigmy town. The grandest point is from the corner of the *Calle de Gascos*, but the stones have suffered from houses having been built up against the arches, and have been discoloured by chimney smoke and drips from the *Cerbatanas*, or gutters and pipes. A plan was in vain proposed in 1803 to Charles IV. to remove all these unsightly causes of injury. However, in Sept. 1806, the carriage of the pregnant ambassador of Sweden having upset by these encroachments, whereby she had a miscarriage, the king ordered the arches to be cleared; so the hovel-encumbered *Piazza del Popolo* at Rome was cleared by Alexander VI., to facilitate the entry of Christina of Sweden. It was intended to have opened the whole of the *Plaza del Azoguejo* (*zog, zog, socio*, from the Arabic *Suk*, a place), and thus to have made a grand square with the aqueduct on one side exposed in all its unveiled majesty. The French invasion marred the scheme of questionable artificial amelioration, for the very irregularity and meanness of the buildings around render the aqueduct the emphatic feature, as it soars larger and nobler by the force of contrast.

Older than the aqueduct is a rude statue either of Hercules or of a hunter with a boar's head, which is embedded in the staircase wall of a tower in *Santo Domingo el real*. In this tower some most curious old frescoes with Arabic inscriptions were discovered, much in the style of the painting in the *Alhambra* (p. 311). This convent, once called *la Casa de Hercules*, was given to the nuns in 1513. The antique has been whitewashed, and is now despised. Nothing more is known of its origin, than of two of the *Toros de Guisando* breed (see p. 743), which remained exposed to street injury. The larger was called *el Marrano* de Piedra, the smaller *la Marrana* or sow, the sex being assumed. In 774 the word *Marrano* signified *excommunicated*, possibly from the old *Maranatha* (anathema), and as it was first used against the Jews, it at last became synonymous with the pig.

Next visit the cathedral, a noble florid Gothic pile, built of beautiful warm-coloured stone, which is seen to great advantage from the curious old irregular *plaza*. It is one of the finest in Spain and deserves great attention; like our Bath church of 1522, it was the last of the pure *gothic* cathedrals: that style died like a dolphin, setting as a southern sun in all its glories, without twilight or decrepitude; the square tower, crowned with a cupola, rises 330 feet high, having been lowered 22 feet from fears of lightning. Ascend it, as the panorama over the city, gardens, convents, gigantic aqueduct, and mountain distances, is superb. The older cathedral was almost destroyed by the reformers on *Comuneros* in May 1520, who commenced business by pulling down churches, hanging the authorities, plundering the rich, and by burning houses for the public good. A few relics were saved in the *Alcazar*, which stood out against the mob; after the rebellion was put down, the bones of the tutelar *San Frutos* were brought out, whereupon *La Modorilla*, or loss of common sense, an epidemic generated by the popular excesses, ceased.

The new building was begun in 1525 by Juan Gil de Ontañon and his son Rodrigo, their beautiful cathedral at Salamanca (see p. 519) having been chosen as a model; the colour of the stone is delicious. The W. front of the exterior is perhaps somewhat bald and unornamented, while the E. end is over crocketed, and the pinnacles small; the interior, however, is light and very striking from the simple, bold, and well-arranged designs of the arches and vaulting; most of the windows are filled with stained glass of fine colours. Look at the silver *custodia* and church plate, and at a chalice wrought in the D'Arphe style, given by a Duque de Albuquerque. The high altar is enclosed by lofty iron railings relieved by gilding, somewhat after the exquisite *purposes* of the Certosa of Pavia. The great *retablo*, composed of precious marbles, was put up for Charles III. by Lieut.-Gen. Sabatini. The *trascoro* is enriched with the

salmon-coloured marbles of which the beautiful diamond-formed pavement is partly composed. The ancient sepulchral tombs were carted out and lumbered up near the entrance. Among them is—or was—the last memorial to Rodrigo Gil, obt. 1577. Near the gate of the tutelar San Frutos in the *C. de la Piedad* is a magnificent *retablo* by Juni, designed in all his daring manner of 1571. In this Deposition from the Cross the figures are larger than life, and the sentiment is the profound and terrible grief of the Virgin. This grand work gives an idea of what the painted sculpture of Spain was, when placed in its original position, and with all the *intention* of the artist, and *not* in the jumble of the *disjecta membra* of a Museo. (See p. 570.)

The once fine S<sup>o</sup>. Thomas by Alonso Sanchez Coello, 1578, was repainted in 1845 by one Mariano Quintapanilla, sent here by the R. *academy*! This executioner has put his name—the mark of the beast—on the victimised picture.

The cheerful Gothic cloisters belonged to the former cathedral; they were taken down, and put up again by Juan Campero in 1524, a triumph of art. Among the sepulchres observe that of Diego de Covarrubias, obt. 1576. The fine prelate with closed eyes and clasped hands is arrayed in pontificalibus. Remark also the tomb of the Infante Don Pedro, son of Henrique II. He was let fall from the window of the Alcazar in 1366 by his nurse. Judging from his statue, he must have been a fine baby for nine years old. Here also lies Maria del Salto, a frail beautiful Jewess by creed, but a Christian in heart; she was about to be cast from a rock (see next page) for adultery, when she invoked the Virgin, who visibly appeared and let her down gently. She was then baptized Maria del Salto, of the *Leap*, became a saint, and died in 1237. See Colmenares, ch<sup>r</sup>. 21.

The Alcazar in which Gil Blas was confined, for Le Sage like Cervantes has given an historical and local habitation to the airy nothings of fancy, rises like the prow of Segovia over

the waters-meet below. The great keep is studded with those bartizans or turrets at the angles which are so common in Castilian castles, but the slate and French-like roofs in other portions mar the effect. The building was originally Moorish, and was magnificently repaired in 1452-58 by Henrique IV., who resided and kept his treasures in it. At his death the governor André de Cabrera, husband of Beatrice de Bobadilla, the early friend of Isabella, held the fortress and money for her, and thereby much contributed to her accession to the throne. From this Alcazar, Dec. 13, 1474, she proceeded in state and was proclaimed Queen of Castile. In 1746 the Segovian mob rose against this Cabrera, when the queen rode out among them alone, like our Richard II. from the Tower, and at once awed the Jack Cades by her presence of mind and majesty. Charles V., pleased with the Alcazar's resistance to the *Comuneros* in 1520, kept it up, and his son Philip II. redecorated the saloons. The tower was converted into a state prison by Philip V., who confined in it the Dutch charlatan Ripperda, who had risen from nothing to be premier. The Alcazar was ceded to the crown in 1764 by the hereditary *Alcaide*, the Conde de Chinchon, whose ancestor had so hospitably welcomed in it our Charles I. He lodged there Wednesday, 13th Sept. 1623, and supped, says the record, on "certaine trouts of extraordinary greatness." The castle palace was at last made into an artillery college, and being one of the few in Spain which the French did not destroy, remains as a specimen of what so many others were before their fatal invasion. The general character is Gotho-Moorish: the ceilings and cornices and friezes are splendidly gilt, especially these in the *Sala de Trono* and *Sala de Recibimiento*: the inscriptions in one room give the names of many kings and queens from Catalina, 1412, down to Philip II., 1592, whose shield quarters the arms of England in right of his wife, our Mary, which it delighted our Charles I. to see. In the *Sala de los Reyes* (from the window of

which the *infante* was let fall) are some singular statues of Spanish kings, which were begun by Alonso IX., continued in 1442 by Henrique IV., and added to in 1587 by Philip II. The inscriptions were prepared in 1595 by Garibay the historian, Philip himself correcting the rough copies. The *Pieza del Cordon* is a singular trunk-headed saloon in which Alonso *el Sabio* ventured to doubt the sun's moving round the earth; thereupon his astronomical studies were interrupted by a flash of lightning, in memorial of which, and as a warning for the future, the rope of St. Francis was modelled and put up. The king wore the original as a penance. Full details will be found in the tract of Alonso de Ribadeneyra, p. 7 to 30. The chapel contains some fine arabesques: the views from the windows are striking, although not quite so floral and picturesque as represented to Gil Blas by the governor, who somewhat over-coloured things for the honour of Castile.

Descending next to the Eresma by *Puerta Castellana*, look up at the quaint Alcazar from the *Fuencisla*, near the *Clamores*, now doubly clamorous from chattering washerwomen, the Naiades of the rustling stream. The cliff above *Fuencisla*, Fons stillans, was called *La Peña grajera*, because the crows nested there to peck the bodies of criminals cast down from this Tarpeian rock. The cypress opposite the *Carmelitas descalzas* marks the spot where Maria del Salto—Mary Jump—lighted unhurt; and in the chapel is the identical image of the Virgin which saved her. This image was miraculously concealed during the time the Moors possessed Segovia, but re-appeared on this site when the Christians recovered the town, and thereupon the convent was built and richly endowed. See the pictures in the *retablo*, by F. Camilo. For this tutelar Virgin consult the '*Historia y Origen*,' by F. Fr<sup>o</sup>. de Sn. Marcos. 4to. Mad., 1692.

Now turn to the l. up the valley of the Eresma to the *Casa de Moneda*, or the mint, which was founded by Alonso VII.; it was rebuilt by Henrique IV. in 1455, and repaired and fitted with

German machinery by Philip II. in 1586. Formerly all the national coinage was struck here, as the river afforded water-power, while the strong adjoining *Alcazar* formed a safe treasury: in 1730 the gold and silver coinage was transferred to Madrid: now nothing is struck but copper and for this coinage Segovia is ill-selected, as the distance is so great to Rio Tinto, from whence the metal is brought. Adjoining on a slope is *la Vera Cruz*, a very curious church, built in 1204 by the Templars, but now going to ruin: observe the angular forms and the square tower. Notice also the zigzag and billet posterns at the W. doorway; the curious chapel built on the model of the Holy Sepulchre. An inscription on the S. entrance marks the ides of April, æra 1246.

Higher up is the *Parral*, a once wealthy Jeronimite convent, which nestles under a barren rock amid *vines* and *gardens*; hence its name and the proverb, *Las huertas del Parral, paraíso terrenal*. It was built in 1494, by Juan Gallego: observe the portal, once most interesting; the superb *coro* was raised in 1494, by Juan de Ruesga; the walnut *silleria* was elaborately carved in 1526, by Bartolomé Fernandez; the *retablo mayor* was painted in 1526, by Diego de Urbian, for the Pacheco family; one of whom Juan, the celebrated Marques de Villena, founded this convent on the site of a celebrated duel where, *asi cuenta la historia*, he defeated three antagonists. The once superb white marble sepulchres of Juan and his wife Maria, kneeling with an attendant, have been barbarously treated. The cloister and ceilings of the library and refectory are worth notice; the tower was raised 29 ft. in 1529, by Juan Campero: in 1848 pigs were kept in the chapels.

The *Museo Provincial* is placed in the episcopal palace opposite *San Esteban*: look at its tower; it contains mere rubbish, consisting principally of bad and damaged portraits of monks and nuns, with representations of their legends and miracles; some of the Latin couplets under the portraits

afford ludicrous specimens of monkish invention, style, and prosody. Segovia, however, itself is a museum to the antiquarian ecclesiologist; observe the *Santa Cruz*, or Dominican convent, which was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, as the *tanto monta* motto indicates; the *reja* and *retablo* were given in 1557, by Philip II. In *San Juan* are the tombs of many of the Segovian *Conquistadores* of Madrid; e. g. Diez Sanz, Fernan Garcia, etc. Here also lies the historian of Segovia, Colmenares, ob. Jan. 29, 1651. The portal of *San Martin* is curious; observe the tombs of Don Rodrigo in armour, and of Gonzalo Herrera and of his wife: the architect may look at a pretty *arímez* window in the *Casa de Segovia*; at the bishop's palace, notice the granite front and figures of Hercules: observe also the tower in the *Plaza de San Esteban*, with the Saxon arches, capacious capitals, and open *corredor*, in the church in which Juan Sanchez de Zuazo is buried (see p. 141). The *Puerta de Santiago* is Moorish; the granite portals and peculiar Toledan ball ornaments prevail in Segovia; the gate of *San Andres* is quite a picture.

Segovia was entered by the French, under Gen. Frere, June 7, 1808, who, notwithstanding no sort of resistance was made, sacked it, à la *Medellin*; for he too, like his model, Victor, began life as a drummer boy. See, for sad details, Schepeler, i. 424. The city's prosperity depended on its staple, wool, but then the flocks were eaten up by the wolf, and now only a few poor cloth manufactories languish in the suburb *San Lorenzo*. In 1829 some improved machinery was introduced, which the hand-loom weavers destroyed. The *Cabañas*, or sheep-flocks of Segovia, furnished the fleeces, and the *Eresma* offered a peculiar water for washing the wool: for *Merinos* and the *Mesta*, see p. 463. The sheep-washings and shearings were formerly the grand attractions of the place; the vast flocks of the monks of the Escorial, el Paular, and other proprietors, were driven in May into large *Esquileos*, or quadrangles of two stories, over which a "Factor" presided.

First, the sheep went into the *Sudadero*, and when well sweated had their legs tied by *Ligadores*, who handed them over to the shearers, each of whom could clip from 8 to 10 sheep a day. When shorn, the animals next were taken to the *Empegadero*, to be tarred and branded; after which the whole lot were looked over by the *Capatazes*, or head shepherds, when the old and useless were selected for the butcher; those spared were carefully attended to, as being liable to take cold after the shearing, and die. During all these processes, food and drink were plentifully carried about to all employed, by persons called *Echavinos*. The wool is sorted by *Recibidores*, and the bad, *las cardas*, set aside. The *pila*, or produce, if sold at once, was then weighed, or if destined to be washed is sent to the *Lavadero*. There are three different classes of wool, which are determined by an appraiser, the *Apartador*, of whom there is a guild at Segovia. The value has fallen off since the invasion, from 8 to 3; then, too, many barns and buildings were destroyed, which, from want of capital, have never been restored; the subsequent loss of South America completed the ruin. The common cloth made here was coarse, but strong; a little, however, of a finer sort, called *bicuña*, from a sort of *Guanaco* or South American goat, was made for the rich clergy, with a soft nap; now those customers have ceased. The extent, however, of the former boasted commerce must be somewhat discounted, for the real staples were coarse *Xergas* (Arabicé *Xercas*) serges and *Paños pardos*: these, in the time of Juan II., sold only for 40 maravedis the yard, while cloth of Florence fetched 167, and the fine scarlet of London 400; in fact, the home manufactures were only used by the poor, and for servants' liveries, while the rich then, as now, imported everything of a better quality from abroad. Yet anti-manufacturing Spain prides herself in the order of the Golden *Fleece*, forgetting that it was established by the good Duke of Burgundy, to mark his preference for his rich, manufacturing, intelligent towns, over

a poor, proud, indolent and ignorant feudal nobility—a feeling diametrically opposed to genuine Spanish notions. *Pecus*, unde *Pecunia*, was the secret of the power of Bruges and Ghent, and the *Golden Fleece*, the symbol of the commercial Argonauts, became, like our *Woolsack*, the “canting” charge of a woollen staple. Again, strictly speaking, Spain has small right to this order, which passed with the Low Countries to Austria. Nevertheless, having lost the substance she clings to the form, for neither nations nor individuals like to relinquish even the semblance of title or power.

There is a direct road from Madrid to Segovia by *La Granja*, 15 L., which leaves the Escorial to the l.; it is often impassable during winter from the snow, when the lower road by *San Rafael* is taken, 17 L.; in summer a diligence runs backwards and forwards, starting from *El Meson de los Huevos*. Those who wish to visit *El Paular* may rejoin the high road to Madrid at *Buitrago*, a very ancient walled town on the trout-stream *Lozoya*, which is destined to supply the capital: pop. about 400. 5 L. from hence, on the road to *Guadalajara*, is *Uceda*, another most ancient but now decayed walled town on the *Jarama*, pop. 700, where also there is good trout-fishing. *Uceda* was once an important city, and its castle has been the prison of eminent men; in it *Ximenez* was confined by *Carillo*, Archbishop of Toledo, who resented his acceptance of his bit of patronage, the arch-priesthood of *Uceda*, given him at Rome in 1473 by Paul II. The obstinate *Ximenez* refused to succumb, and after six years’ resistance succeeded in keeping the benefice. Here again the Great Duke of Alva, after his failure in the Low Countries, was banished by Philip II. until his services were required to conquer Portugal. Near *Uceda*, in a mountain defile, is the hamlet *Patones*, in which during the Moorish dominion a Christian population lived unmolested, secure in their obscurity. They elected among themselves a sovereign, or rather a sheikh, and the title of *Rey*

Spain.—II.

de *Patones*, “king of big ducks,” became hereditary in the family of *Prieto*; but when the real monarch came to live close by at Madrid, the *Patonese*, from a sense of the ludicrous contrast, dethroned their titular, and simply entitled him *Justicia*, “the Justice.” Near *Prieto* is a stalactical grotto called *la Cueva de Requerillo*.

ROUTE 102.—SEGOVIA TO ARANDA.

|                            |   |        |
|----------------------------|---|--------|
| Basardilla .....           | 2 | †      |
| Cubillo .....              | 2 | † .. 5 |
| San Pedro de Gaillos ..... | 2 | .. 7   |
| Sepulveda .....            | 1 | .. 8   |
| Boceguillas .....          | 2 | .. 10  |
| Aranda .....               | 7 | .. 17  |

This route is altogether uninteresting. *Sepulveda*, one of the most ancient of Castilian towns, is now much decayed: pop. under 1600. It is pleasantly placed on the confluence of the *Duraton* and *Castillo*, under the hills, with gardens, *alamedas*, and pastures. It was recovered from the Moors by the Conde Fernan Gonzalez in 913, who granted it municipal rights. These *Fueros de Sepulveda*, from their well-considered provisions and precedence in point of time, became the models of many of the earliest charters of Spanish cities.

For *Aranda del Duero*, see p. 840.

Those who are going to France from Madrid will do well to go round by Segovia and Valladolid through Burgos.

EXCURSIONS FROM MADRID—continued.

None should fail to visit *Toledo*, the imperial capital of the Goths, and *Aranjuez*, the happy valley of Castile. Those who are going to Valencia should thence pass on to *Cuenca* and *Albarracin*; and even those who return to Madrid, if they have time, are advised to make the detour by *Cuenca*, *Teruel*, the baths of *Sacedon* and *Guadalajara* (see Index).

ROUTE 103.—MADRID TO TOLEDO.

|                         |        |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Getafe .....            | 2      |
| Venta de Torrejon ..... | 2 .. 4 |
| Illescas .....          | 2 .. 6 |
| Yunco .....             | 1 .. 7 |

2 M