

plans and views by Domingo de Aguirre.

ARANJUEZ—*ara jovis*—was originally, in the 14th century, the summer residence of Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, *Maestre de Santiago*. It became a royal property when the mastership was merged in the crown under Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles V., in 1536, made it a shooting-villa, and Philip II. employed Herrera to construct additional buildings. Much, however, was burnt by a fire, and more taken down by Philip V., who rebuilt the place *à la Française*, which Ferdinand VII. finished. There the court resides every spring until June, when the place ceases to be pleasant or healthy, as the heats act upon the waters, and fill the air with fever and ague—the *sitio* might and ought indeed to be better drained—then royalty departs, leaving the villages to dullness, and pestilence. The opening, however, of the rail to Madrid will benefit Aranjuez by more visitors.

According to Castilians, the fresh valley of Aranjuez, placed 1500 ft. above the sea, is a second Tempe, and, while the *Escorial* is the triumph of art, this is that of nature; and certainly, to those born amid the silent, treeless, arid Castiles, this place of water-brooks, gardens, singing-birds, and verdure, which suspends the irritation of the desert Castiles, is a happy change, although in England the place would not be thought so much of. It is a thing of this land of contrasts and anomalies; thus, as if in a spirit of contradiction, while at Madrid there was a fine palace without a garden, here there was a fine garden without a palace, as the edifice has small pretensions to royal magnificence. The gardens, when laid out by Philip II., were such as Velazquez painted (see Museo, Nos. 145, 540); but the present French *château* was completed by Charles IV., the most drivelling of Spanish Bourbons: again, it was frequently plundered by the invaders under Sout, Victor, and others, for whose "vandalic devastations" see Miñano, i. 238. They converted the gardens into a wilderness, and made the palace a home for owls;

yet our Duke, even when far away, at Villatoro, wrote immediately to Hill, who was about to occupy Aranjuez, "Take care that the officers and troops respect the king's houses and gardens" (Disp. Sept. 20, 1812). So Marlborough, when advancing a conqueror into France, after Malplaquet, "ordered Fenelon's house to be spared."

Aranjuez, during the *Jornada* or royal season, used to contain 20,000 persons in a crowded and expensive discomfort: but when the court was absent, it dwindled down to 3500, and became, like other untenanted Sans Soucis, the whims of despots, dull as an empty theatre when the play is played out. In olden times the accommodations were iniquitous, for even the deipnosophist diplomats lived in troglodyte houses, and burrowed in the hillsides, after the local rabbit-like style of these wretched localities (see p. 245). At a subterranean dinner, however, given by the Nuncio, a cart broke through and announced itself as an *entrée* for the nonce; whereupon the Italian Grimaldi, minister to Charles III., who had before been at the Hague, planned a sort of Dutch town, with avenues in the street, and thus as completely changed the village, as his celebrated namesake, the clown, would have done in a pantomime.

There is not much to be seen or done at Aranjuez, since even the gaieties of the season were dull without being decent, intrigue, political and otherwise, being the engrossing business, and Mammon and Venus the idols. Here the Evil One always found something to do for the idlest, most ignorant, and most profligate courtiers of Europe. Here, as the French lady said of Versailles, "Outre la passion, je n'ai jamais vu de chose plus triste." "Que ne puisse-je vous donner (wrote Madame de Maintenon (une idée des grands! de l'ennui qui les dévore—de la peine qu'ils ont à remplir leurs journées." If that could be predicated of the brilliant society of Louis XIV., how much truer must it be of the dull routine of the unsocial Spanish court! *Escotes* or picnics occasionally flou-

rished, in which the *grandees*, appropriately mounted on asses, performed *Boricadas* in the woods, occasionally after Don Quixote's fashion; for when a *Madrileño* on pleasure bent gets among real trees, he goes *loco*, or as mad as a March hare—*dulce est desipere in loco*.

Aranjuez has a noble *Plaza de Toros*, a tolerable theatre, and a telegraph, which was set up to amuse Ferdinand VII., whose passion was to hear something new. It is said that the first message which he sent to the grave council of Castile at Madrid, was "A nun has been brought to bed of twins;" the immediate answer was, "Had it been a monk, that would have been news." On a hill to the l. going to Ocaña is a pond, here called, as usual (see p. 766), the *sea*—*el mar de Ontigola*. But many Spanish geese become swans in their magnificent misnomers.

The beloved Ferdinand did not by any means renounce the good old recreations of his royal ancestors, for he never missed *Herradura*, to which he took his wives and delicate maids of honour, just as Philip IV. did his. The cream of the *funcion* was seeing an operation performed on young bulls, which fitted them for the plough. The term *Herradura* is derived from the branding cattle with a hot iron, *Ferradura á ferro*, which is of Oriental origin, and was introduced by the Saracens into France, and is still called *la Ferrade* at Camargue near Arles. It also prevailed in Spain among the Goths (San Isidoro, 'Or.' xx. 16). The royal breeding establishments near Aranjuez, like those near Cordova, were destroyed by the invaders, but restored by Ferdinand VII.: visit the royal stables; there are some fine *Padres y Garañones* for breeding from mares and asses: the females are allowed to wander at liberty over a district of great extent. This establishment was renewed in 1849, and promises well. English sires, dams, and grooms, were introduced.

The palace is placed near the Tagus, at the Madrid end of the village, or rather the "metropolis of Flora," as the natives say. A bald *Plaza de San Antonio*, a sort of French *Place du*

Carrousel, with a *corredor* and iron railing, affords space for dust and glare. The interior of the palace contains some bad pictures, and fresco ceilings by Jordan, Mengs, Maella, the poor Courado Bayeu, and others, which are no better. Here again we have all the bad taste of Ferdinand VII. displayed in gilt balustrades, French clocks, &c. Notice, however, a pretty chapel, with a picture by Titian—an annunciation—given by the artist to Charles V. China fanciers should particularly examine the porcelain *gabinete*, fitted up by Charles III., with fine specimens of a large size in high relief of the *Capo di Monte* ware of Naples, introduced by him to the *Ruen Retiro* fabric: look also at the room in imitation of *Las Dos Hermanas* of the Alhambra. The mirrors and marqueterie of this palace are fine. The look-out on the gardens over the *parterre*, the *jardines del Principe, y de la isla*, with its shady avenues of oriental planes and cascade, is charming. Here all the trees in Castile seem collected as a Cortes of all the nightingales of Spain; and how sweet, after the songless, arid desert, is "the melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, and the pleasing fall of water running violently." The gardener will take the visitor round the lions of the *Isla*; one of the fountains was painted by Velazquez, but is not now to be recognised: the others are fine, and play on great holidays and royal birthdays. The best objects to observe are the *Puerta del Sol*, the Fountain of the Swan, the *Cascada*, Labyrinth, Swiss mountain, Neptune, Ceres, Bacchus, and the Tritons; in a word, here Nereids, Naiads, and Dryads might sport, while Flora and Pomona looked on. The elms brought from England by Philip II. grow magnificently under this combined heat and moisture. They were the first introduced, says Evelyn, into Spain, where from their rareness they are as much admired as palm-trees are by us. One of them is shown, a gigantic tree, some 90 feet in girth.

The *Casa del Labrador*, or labourer's cottage, is another plaything of that

silly Charles IV. (see p. 763). It is richly fitted up with china, marbles, tapestries, and platina inlaid cabinets. The *Florera* or *Jardín Ingles*, the *English* garden, as all foreigners call any irregular place without order and with weeds, was laid out by Richard Wall, an *Irishman*.

It was at Aranjuez, March 19, 1808, that Charles IV., in order to save his wife's minion, Godoy, abdicated the crown in favour of Ferdinand VII. Toreno prints all the disgraceful letters written by him and his wife, the proud monarchs of Castile! to Murat, their "very dear brother!" to Murat, who a few years before had been a pot-house waiter, and who, in six weeks afterwards, deluged their capital with Spanish blood. Godoy, a vile tool of Buonaparte, was thus saved, in order to consummate his guilt and folly, by signing with Duroc, at Bayonne, the transfer of Spain to France, stipulating only, mean to the last, for filthy lucre and pensions.

For the road to *Madrid* see p. 246; a railroad—thanks to English heads and hands—was begun May 4, 1846, which will in due time be carried to Cadiz, Alicante, and Valencia. Meantime many a civilized Castilian, pointing at this *bit*, enquires proudly and patronisingly of the travelling Briton, Have you got these advantages in England? For the communications south see R. 9. Those who have leisure will do well to strike off to *Ocaña* at *Yepes*, 6 L., *Posada del Sol*; look at the pictures by Tristan in the parish church, and *Tarancon*, 8 L., and thence make for *Cuenca*, returning to Madrid by any of the several routes, which will be pointed out in their places.

MADRID TO VALENCIA.

There are two routes; one, the old one and circuitous, passes by *Almansa* through *Albacete*, to which the rail is now open, the other runs directly through *Cuenca*. The *Camino real*, which branches off at *Albacete* for *Murcia*, and at *Almansa* for *Alicante*, is for the greater portion uninteresting, while the excursion to *Cuenca*, al-

though too few travellers make it, abounds with most things that the artist, antiquarian, angler, and geologist can desire.

ROUTE 105.—MADRID TO VALENCIA.

Angeles	2
Espartinas	3½ .. 5½
Aranjuez	2½ .. 8
Ocaña	2 .. 10
Villatobas	2½ .. 12½
Corral de Almaguer	3 .. 15½
Quintanar de la Orden	3½ .. 19
Mota del Cuervo	2 .. 21
Pedernoso	1½ .. 22½
Pedroñeras	1 .. 23½
Provencio	2 .. 25½
Venta del Pinar	2 .. 27½
Minaya	2 .. 29½
Roda	2½ .. 32
Gineta	2½ .. 34½
Albacete	2½ .. 37
Pozo de la Peña	2½ .. 39½
Villar	3 .. 42½
Bonete	2½ .. 45
Almansa	3½ .. 48½
Venta del Puerto	2 .. 50½
Venta de Mojente	3 .. 53½
Venta del Conde	3 .. 56½
Alberique	2 .. 58½
Alcudia	1½ .. 60
Alginete	1 .. 61
Catarroja	3 .. 64
Valencia	1 .. 65

There has long been much talk about a rail from Madrid to Valencia. It is to branch off from the line to *Alicante* at *Albacete*, and was opened to that place in March, 1855. Meantime the 65 leagues are equivalent to 76½ post ones. For the route to *Ocaña*, see p. 245, after which the high road branches off to the l., continuing over a dreary, treeless, salitrose, poverty-stricken country of corn and saffron which extends almost to *Almansa*. *El Corral* contains some 4000 hard-working agriculturists: soon the river *Rianzares* is crossed, from which Queen Christina's husband Señor Muñoz took his ducal title, and next is passed the *Guijuela*, both tributaries of the Guadiana. Now we quit New Castile, and enter into dreary *La Mancha* at *Quintanar de la Orden*, pop. 5000, where if you are riding you may sleep at the *Parador de las Diligencias*. To the r. lies *Toboso*, the country of *Dulcinea*, and those bald steppes of which genius has clothed every por-

tion with immortal interest, even to the windmills grouped about *la Mota*. The salitrose swampy plains between *Minaya* and *Albacete* were drained by Charles IV., who employed as his engineer one John Smith, a gentleman not easily identified. Thus the air is rendered less unwholesome, and the marshes more fertile; but all improvements ceased when the invasion began, as these districts were mercilessly ravaged both by Moncey and Caulaincourt. Just before reaching *Gineta* a corner of Murcia is entered.

Albacete, *Abula*, owing to its central position, from whence roads and rails branch to Aragon, Murcia, Valencia, and Madrid, is a place of great traffic, and is a town of locomotives, from the English rail, the French dilly, to the Spanish donkey. Pop. 13,000. The *Parador de la Diligencia* is the best inn: the *paradores* and *mesones* are numerous and large, for the bipeds, quadrupeds, and wheel-carriages that rest here are countless. The "vast plain," Arabic *Al-baset*, is very fertile, being irrigated by the *Christina* canal, which tends to the increase of corn and saffron, while the undrained swamps produce fevers, agues, and mosquitos. Another element of prosperity is its *audiencia*, or high court of appeal, which was carved in 1834 out of the once monopolizing *chancillería* of Granada: the jurisdiction extends over about a million souls.

Albacete is called the Sheffield of Spain, as *Châtelherault* is of France; but everything is by comparison, and the coarse cutlery turned out in each, at whose make and material an English artisan smiles, perfectly answers native ideas and wants. The object of a Spanish knife is to "chip bread and kill a man," and our readers are advised to have as little to do with them as may be. The *puñal* or *cuchillo*, like the fan of the high-bred Andaluza, is part and parcel of all Spaniards of the lower class. Few are ever without this weapon of offence and defence, which is fashioned like a woman's tongue, being long, sharp, and pointed. The test of a bad knife is, that it won't cut a stick, but will cut a finger,

Cuchillo malo, corta el dedo y no el palo.

This knife, the precise *daga* of the Iberians, is the national weapon: hence *Guerra á Cuchillo* is the modern war-cry, "Castile expects that every knife this day will do its duty;" and such in fact was the truly Spanish war defiance which was returned at Zaragoza to the French summons to capitulate. This "long double-edged" tool is either stuck, as the old dagger used to be, in the sash, or is worn in the breeches' side-pocket, or like the Greek heroes wore their *παρμηνοια*, down the "right thigh" (Judges iii. 16); and so the anelace in Chaucer bore "a Sheffield thwitel in his hose," just as the *Manolas*, or Amazons of Madrid, *las de Cuchillo en liga*, have the reputation of concealing a small knife—steel traps set here—in the garter of their right leg (*honi soit qui mal y pense*); for it long has been a notion that making a start with the left leg foremost boded ill-luck. This female trinket is also called a *puñalico* and *higueta*; the latter word strictly speaking, means a "petticoat bustle;" all these weapons, a sort of *Skein Dhu*, are Scotch cousins to the Mattucashlash dirk, which the Highlanders carried in their armpits: a feminine *puñalico* now before us has the motto, *Sirbo á una dama*, I serve a lady—Ich dien. Gentlemen's knives have also what Shakspeare calls their "cutler poetry;" this is also a Moorish custom, for, in what appeared to be a mere scrolly ornament on a modern Albacete *cuchillo*, these Arabic words have been read—"With the help of Allah! I hope to kill my enemy." As the mottos of swords are various, so those on knives abound, couched in an humbler tone; e. g. *Soy de mi Dueño y Señor*, "I am the property of my lord and master." They say also—

"*Cuando esta vibora pica
No hay remedio en la botica,*"—

when this viper stings, there's no remedy in any apothecary's shop. When the *Sistema*, or *constitucion* of 1820, was put down, royalist knives were inscribed *Peleo á gusto matando negros*,

and on the reverse, *Muero por mi Rey*, "I die for my king; killing blacks is my delight." The words *Negros* and *Carboneros* have long been applied in Spain to political *blackguards*.

The term *navaja* means any blade, from a razor to a penknife, that shuts into a handle: the *navajas* of Guadix, which rival the *puñales* of Albacete, have frequently a *muelle* or catch by which the long pointed blade is fixed, and thus become a dagger or hand bayonet. The click which the cold steel makes when sharply caught in its catch, produces on Spanish ears the same pleasing sensation which the cocking a pistol does on ours. These spring and catch tools, always prohibited by law, have always been made, sold, and used openly. The gipsies, being great hole-in-corner men and cutpurses, since the times of the *Rinconetes y Cortadillos* of Cervantes, and the patrons also of slang, and flashmen, have furnished many *cant* names to the knife, e. g. *glandi*, *chulo*, *churri* (*charri* is pure Hindee for a knife). *La Serdanie*, *Cachas*, *dos puñales á una vez*; the Catalans call the instrument *el gannivete*, *canif*. It is termed in playful metaphor *la tia*, my aunt; *corta pluma*, a penknife; *monda dientes*, a tooth-pick; the best makers are generally well known. Thus Sancho Panza, when he hears that Montesinos had pierced a heart with a *puñal*, exclaims at once, "Then it was made by Ramon Hozes of Seville." The handles are adorned in a barbaric semi-oriental style, often with much inlaid work, mother-of-pearl and coarse niello. There is a murderous, business-like intention in the shape, which runs to a point like a shark or a pirate felucca. A Spanish cutler, when praising his wares, will say, *Es bueno para matar*, "This is a capital article for killing." So the *navajas del santo oleo* kill a man dead before he can receive extreme unction.

However unskilled the regular surgeons and *Sangrados* may be in anatomy and the practice of the scalpel, the universal people know exactly how to use their knife, and where to plant its blow; nor is there any mistake, for the

wound, although not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, "will serve." It is not unseldom given after the treacherous fashion of their Oriental and Iberian ancestors, by a stab behind, of which the ancients were so fearful, "*impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos*" (Geor. iii. 408), and it is planted "under the fifth rib," and "one blow" is enough (2 Sam. xx. 10). The blade, like the cognate Arkansas or Bowie knife of the Yankees, will "rip up a man right away," or like a ripe melon, as Sancho says (Don Quix. ii. 32), or drill him until a surgeon can see through his body. As practice makes perfect, a true *Baratero*, is able to jerk his *navaja* into a door across the room, as surely and quickly as a good shot does a rifle-ball; a Spaniard, when armed with his *cuchillo* for attack, and with his *capa* for defence, is truly formidable and classical. Many of the murders in Spain must be attributed to the *readiness* of the weapon, which is always at hand when the blood is on fire: thus, where an unarmed Englishman closes his fist, a Spaniard opens his knife. Man, again, in this hot climate, is very inflammable and combustible; a small spark explodes the dry powder, which ignites less readily in damp England. No wonder, therefore, that the blow of this rascally instrument, a true *puñalada de picaro*, becomes fatal in jealous broils, when the lower classes light their anger at the torch of the furies, and prefer using to speaking daggers: then the thrust goes home, *vitamque in vulnere ponit*. In jealous broils, which are not unfrequent, the common punishment is gashing the peccant one's cheek, which is called "marking," or painting—*Ya estas señalada*, *Ya estas pintado*, *picaro!* In legal language, *pintado por la justicia* means branded as a rogue; in baker's lingo, "*pan pintado*," signifies bread ornamented with crosses and gashes. "*Mira que te pego*, *mira que te mato*," are fondling or furious expressions of a *Maja* to a *Majo*. The Seville phrase was "*Mira que te pinto un jabeque*;" "take care that I don't draw you a xebeck" (the sharp Mediterranean felucca). "They jest at wounds who never felt a scar," but

whenever this *jabeque* has really been inflicted, the patient, not having the face to show him or herself, and ashamed of the stigma, is naturally anxious to recover a good character and skin, the one cosmetic to remove such superfluous marks, in Philip IV.'s time, was cat's grease :—

— *El sebo unto de gato,
Que en cara defienda los señales.*

In process of time, as science advanced, this was superseded by *Unto del Ombre*, or man's grease. Our estimable friend Don Nicolas Molero, a surgeon in high practice at Seville, assured us that previously to the French invasion, he had often prepared this cataleptic specific, which used to be sold for its weight in gold; but having been adulterated with spermaceti by unprincipled empirics, it fell into disrepute. The sovereign remedy of the ancients, the Parmecity of Dr. Eros, a famous quack, is mentioned by Martial (x. 56, 6). Consult him also on plasters. (*Splenia*, ii. 29, 10.) The receipt of the Alabastrum which Venus gave to Phaon, has puzzled the learned Burmann no less than that of the balsam of Fierabras has the modern commentators of Don Quixote. The kindness of Don Nicolas furnished us with the ingredients of this *pommade divine*, rather than *mortale*. "Take a man in full health who has been just killed, the fresher the better, pare off the fat round the heart, melt it over a slow fire, clarify, and put it in a cool place for use." The number of religious festivals in Spain, combined with the sun, wine, and women, have always ensured a supply of fine subjects.

The *Campo de Montiel*, the Cave of Montesinos, and Don Quixote's country (see p. 243), lie to the W. of *Albacete*. A carriage-road, 19 L., leads to Manzanares, through *Osa de Montiel*. *Albacete*, from its central position, became the head-quarters of *Espartero* in 1843, and there he lingered in inaction all July, while *Narvaez* boldly marched on Madrid, and the Regent's own familiar friend hurried to betray him.

After leaving *Albacete* the road branches from *Pozo de la Peña* to

Murcia (see R. 32), continuing on to Valencia, over an undulating country. To the l., distant about 2 L., *Chinchilla* rises on an abrupt scarp hill, girdled by poor modern walls, built in 1837 out of the older ones, and crowned by a castle, which offers a fine specimen of a mediæval hill fort. From *Chinchilla* another road (R. 35) branches down to *Alicante*, through the hills of *Villena*, which gladden the eye of the plain-sick traveller. *Almansa* is well built and tolerably flourishing. Inn, *Parador de las Diligencias*. Pop. 8500. The *Vega* is irrigated, and many of the ague-breeding swamps have been drained, especially those of *Salahar* and *San Benito*. The *Pantano* of *Albufera* is a fine reservoir of water, here an element of incredible fertility under this almost African sun. Near *Almansa* was decided, April 25, 1707, one of the few battles in which the French have ever beaten the English; and here, as at Fontenoi, traitors fought against their country and for its enemy. The French were commanded by an *Englishman*, by Berwick, natural son of James II., and nephew to Marlborough, and therefore of a good soldier breed; while the English were commanded by a *Frenchman*, one Henri de Ruvigny, an adventurer, created Earl of Galway by William III., and one who was always "eager to fight campal battles," which he never did except to be beaten. The English at the critical moment were deserted by their Spanish allies, who, as at Barrosa, Albuera, Talavera, &c., left them to bear the whole brunt. Again, the battle, like that of Albuera, ought never to have been fought at all, for even Peterborough, whose whole system was daring and aggressive, had now urged a Fabian defensive campaign. Lord Galway also was for a defensive campaign, but he had express orders from home to fight, and did so against his own opinion. He was opposed by Stanhope, who was talked over by the Spaniard Marques de las Minas, just as Beresford was at Albuera by Castaños. The allies numbered only 12,000 foot and 5000 cavalry: the French exceeded 30,000, and they moreover

were fresh and ready, while the English were "marched and counter-marched," as at Barrosa, and brought to the field weary and starving. The day was chiefly lost by the cowardice of the Portuguese General Atalaya. The French victory was complete, but their laurels were stained by the ferocious sack of Xativa and breach of every plighted capitulation. Orleans (the Regent subsequently) arrived too late for the battle, and thus lost a chance of wiping out his previous disgraces before Turin in 1706. A short mile from *Almansa* is a paltry obelisk, which marks the site of this most important battle, and which is commensurate with Spanish governmental ingratitude; and small indeed is the mention now made by Paez and Co. of the brave French who did the work, as the glory is claimed for *Nosotros*.

Crossing the *Puerto* we descend to the pleasant Valencian coast by charming defiles. Passing *Mogente* to the l. the villages increase, heaven and earth are changed, all is gay and genial, with one continued garden of graceful rice-plant and palm-tree. *Alberique* is proverbial for a fertility that knows no repose, it is a *Tierra de Dios*—*trigo ayer y hoy arroz*, a land of God where rice to-day succeeds to the corn of yesterday. Now we turn our backs on the bald, central table-lands, on the dull *Paño pardo*, *Montera*, and mud cottage, and welcome the sparkling Valencian, with his oriental and particoloured garment, gaudy and glittering as the sun and flowers of his province. *Alberique* is surrounded with *acequias*, canals, by which the rivers are drained. The road is crossed by the *acequia del Rey*, which flows into the *Albufera* lake, and with the *Jucar* and its tributaries isolates a remarkable rice tract. The raised causeway passes on through sunken irrigated plots of ground, which teem with fertility agues, and mosquitos. There are several routes from Madrid to Cuenca; one runs by the plains (R. 110), another by the mineral baths and mountains (R. 109), and another communicates with Valencia, which we now proceed to describe.

ROUTE 106.—MADRID TO VALENCIA
BY CUENCA.

Bacia Madrid	3	
Perales de Tajuña	3	.. 6
Fuentedueña	3½	.. 9½
Tarancon	3	.. 12½
Huelbes	2	.. 14½
Carrascosa	2	.. 16½
Horcajada	2	.. 18½
Cabrejas	3	.. 21½
Albaladejito	3	.. 24½
Cuenca	1	.. 25½
Fuentes	3	.. 28½
Reillo	2	.. 30½
Arguisuelas	2	.. 32½
Cardenete	2½	.. 35
Camporobres	3	.. 38
Utiel	3	.. 41
Requena	2	.. 43
Siete aguas	3	.. 46
Venta de Buñol	2	.. 48
Chiva	2	.. 50
Venta de Pozos	2	.. 52
Valencia	3	.. 55

Cuenca, one of the most picturesque cities in Spain, rivals *Ronda* and *Toledo*; in natural beauty the site is most romantic, the artistical objects numerous; the fishing, botany, and geology are well deserving notice. The Spaniards will endeavour to dissuade travellers from going to this "tumbledown mediæval unmodernised city,"—*aquí no hay nada,—no tiene nada digno de verse*; let not any of our amateur readers be thus misled, but set forth on the most interesting tour to Cuenca, its mountains *Alarcon* and *Minglanilla*, whence the distance to Valencia is easy. As mules and horses are not easily procured at *Cuenca*, from whence this excursion must be ridden, perhaps it will be as well to hire them at Madrid, and send them on, and mount them at *Cuenca*; the diligence from Madrid stops the first night at *Tarancon*. Travellers pressed for time might secure their places four or five days beforehand, and employ the interval by going over to *Toledo* by *Illescas*, see it, next make for *Aranjuez*, and then ride 7 L. to *Fuentedueña*, and take up the diligence.

The sportsman and artist may also go round by the *Baños del Sitio Real de la Isabela*, taking the *gondola*, which gets there in 16 hours, and thence make, with his rod, gun, and brushes, over the wild mountains to Cuenca.

The country to *Cuenca*, in common

with the central table-land of the Peninsula, although uninteresting, produces much corn and saffron. After leaving *Vallecas* and *Bacia Madrid* the Jarama is crossed a little above its junction with the Manzanares. The dreary character of the vicinity of Madrid begins to diminish near *Arganda*, with its new suspension bridge, olives, vines, and corn-fields; the excellent red wine made here, is much drunk in the capital, where it passes for *Valdepeñas*. *Perales* lies in a rich valley watered by the *Tajuña*, which, coming down from the Sierra de Solorio, joins the Henares. Crossing it we enter *Villarejo*, which has a fine ruined castle; the Gothic parish church contains some pictures by Pedro Orrente; thence crossing the Tagus over a desolate country to *Fuente-vedueña*, with its new suspension bridge and Moorish castle; another monotonous track, with here and there some of Don Quixote's windmills, leads to *Tarancon*, where the *Parador de las Diligencias* is tolerable; pop. 4700. It is situated in a plain on the banks of the *Rianzares*, which gives a ducal title to Queen Christina's husband Muñoz; this Godoy of the day was born at *Tarancon*, his father keeping a tobacco *estanco*. He and Christina here have built a grand palace. This town is one of some traffic, being in the middle of many cross communications. The W. façade of the fine parish church retains its ancient and minute Gothic ornaments, but the N. was modernized into the Ionic order in the time of Philip II. The country now resumes its desolation, and the villages are scanty, and the population ill clad, over-worked, and poverty-stricken.

Ucles (pop. about 1500) lies 2 L. from *Tarancon*, amid gardens and *Alamedas* watered by the *Bedija*; on a hill above, towers the once enormous magnificent convent, now going to decay; and once belonging to the order of Santiago, of which *Ucles* was the first *encomienda*, and the abbot was mitred; it was founded in 1174, on the site of a Moorish *alcazar*, of which *la torre Albarrana* was preserved in the new edifice. It commands a superb view. The E. façade is built in the

Berruguete style, the N. and W. in the classical, the S. in bad *churrigueresque*. The chapel was raised in 1600, in the simple *Herrera* style. *Ucles* is a fatal site in all Spanish annals, for here, in 1100, Sancho, the son of Alonso VI., was defeated and killed by the infidel, whereby his father's heart was broken; see the affecting account in *Mariana* (x. 5); the fatal spot is still called *Sicuentes*, from the six counts killed there: again, here, Jan. 13, 1809, Victor routed the miserable *Venegas*, who had advanced from *Tarancon* to surprise the French, who to his surprise turned on him, whereupon he fled at once to *Ucles*, and occupied the strong hill; but no sooner did the enemy begin to ascend it than the Spanish army, left half fed and half armed, and discouraged by their unworthy chiefs, turned and ran, *Venegas* setting the example, and surviving for fresh disgraces at *Almonacid*; then Victor treated *Ucles á la Medellin* (see p. 477)—he harnessed the clergy and respectable inhabitants, and made them drag up the hill, like beasts of burden, whatever articles of their property could not be carried off, in order to make a "*feu de joie*" in honour of his victory; next sixty prisoners were slaughtered on the shambles, which was facetiously selected by this *tigre singe* for the appropriate butchery. Victor then marched the survivors to Madrid, causing all who dropped on the road from hunger or fatigue to be shot on the spot. *Toreno* (viii.), *Southey* (xviii.), *Schepeler* (ii. 151), and *Madoz* (xv. 203), enter into appalling details; *Schepeler* compares Victor to *Tamerlane*, "*sorti au berceau avec le signe du sang.*" The amiable *Monsieur de Rocca* honestly records and laments the horrors which he then witnessed.

Near *Ucles*, 2 short L., at *Cabeza del Griego*, are some neglected Roman remains, the supposed site of ancient *Munda* and *Cartima* (for details, with plans, see '*Mem. Acad. His.*' iii. 170; and '*Esp. Sag.*' xlii. 332).

Quitting *Tarancon*, the elevated table-land broken, however, by undulations with swamps in the hollows, continues to *Horcajada*, a true *hanging* place.

Now the hills are covered with pines and oaks, and we ascend a *puerto* or pass over the highest ridge, from whence the waters descend E. and W. Crossing the Jucar after *Albaladejito*, the country becomes picturesque; and after threading a planted defile, rock-built scrambling *Cuenca* is entered over its ancient bridge. There is a decent inn, *Parador de San Francisco*, and another, *Posada del Sol*, in the suburb on the road to Minglanilla. Sportsmen who venture into the wild hills should take a local guide and attend to the provend. The rivers near *Cuenca* are *muy castigados*; go therefore into the mountains where they are less poached, and where deer-stalkers may do some business.

CUENCA, *Concha*, lies indeed a hill-girt shell, and is the capital of its mountainous district, being itself about 3400 feet above the level of the sea. The chains to the N.E. are continuations of the Cantabrian range, which serpentine through Spain by Burgos, Oca, Montcayo, Molina de Aragon, and Albarracin. The fine forests called *los pinares de Cuenca* are proverbial, and rival those of *Soria*. The squirrels, *Ardillas*, eaten here as *delicacies*, have a smack of the pine tree. The scenery in these immemorial woods and rocks is *Salvator-Rosa*-like, while the lakes and streams contain trout, and the hills abound in curious botany and geology, yet to be properly investigated.

These localities in the 15th and 16th centuries were densely peopled with busy rich traders in its staple, wool; now, it is so poverty stricken that scarcely 300 souls to the square league are to be numbered, while *Cuenca*, its capital, barely contains 6000 inhabitants. The mountains, *montes orospedani*, were the fastnesses of the brave Celtiberians, who waged a desperate *Guerilla* contest against the Romans, just as Juan de Zerecedo did during the War of the Succession, and the *Empecinado* in our times carried on against the French, by whom many were the sackings of *Cuenca*; the first and most fatal was by Caulaincourt, who was sent by Savary to relieve

Moncey after his failure before *Valencia*. His troops entered July 3, 1808; the clergy, who came out in their sacred dresses to welcome them, with flags of truce, were fired on and butchered; for the details, which exceeded, says Schepeler, "*les horreurs ordinaires*," see his *History* (i. 148), and see Madoz (vii. 241). Caulaincourt's private spoil in church plate was enormous, for he had the glorious *custodia* moved to his quarters, and there broken up into portable pieces; nevertheless this gentleman was afterwards made by Buonaparte *gouverneur de ses pages*; this Mentor, having taught their young ideas to shoot, was sent by Nemesis to his account by a bullet at *Moscuca*, Sept. 7, 1812. *Cuenca* was again sacked by Gen. Hugo (the ravager of *Avila*) June 17, 1810, and again, April 22, 1811, by La Houssaye, the spoiler of *Escorial* and *Toledo*—"all honourable men" and practised in pillage. The town was once celebrated for its splendid silver-work, and the family of the *Becerriles* were here what the *D'Arphes* were to *Leon*, or, as in *Italy*, *Foppa* (*Caradosso*) of *Milan*, was to *Cellini* of *Florence*. *Alonso* and *Francisco Becerril* both lived at *Cuenca* early in 1500, and by them was exquisitely wrought the once glorious *custodia*, in 1528-46, and described at length by *Ponz*. iii. 73; which, with other splendid crosses, chalices, &c., were plundered by *Caulaincourt*, whose wholesale sacrilege created such a national indignation that *Joseph*, the very day on which he entered *Madrid*, decreed their replacement at the cost of the Government. It need not be said that not an ounce was ever restored: but the paper read well at *Paris*; nay, his imperial and royal majesty king *Joseph*, while penning it, was himself busy with *Ferdinand's* plate-chests, which he soon carried off. (See *Toreno*, iv.)

Cuenca is romantically situated on a peak about half-way between *Madrid* and *Valencia*, on the confluence of the *Jucar* and *Huecar*, and between the heights *San Cristobal* and *el Socorro*; for details consult '*Poliencomio de Cuenca*,' *Petrus de Solera Reynoso*, 4to. *Cuenca*, 1624; and '*La Historia*,

Juan Pablo Martir Rizo, folio, Mad. 1629, a curious volume, which also contains portraits of the *Mendozas*, long its governors; refer also to '*Hechos de Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza*,' Chr. Suarez de Figueroa, 4to. Mad. 1613.

According to Rizo the city was founded on the very same day and at the very same hour that Rome was. In honest truth, however, Cuenca is purely Moorish, and like Ronda, Alhama, and Alarcon, is built on a river-isolated rock. It was given in 1106 by Ben Abet, king of Seville, as part of the portion of Zaida his daughter, when she became the wife of Alonso VI. The inhabitants, however, rebelled at the transfer, and the city was retaken by Alonso VIII., Sept. 26, 1177. The campaign is detailed by Mariana (xi. 14), who records how Alonso VIII. was in want of everything at the critical moment: the site of his camp of starvation is still shown at *Fuentes del Rey*. See also the ballad '*En esa Ciudad de Burgos*' (Duran, iv. 207). The town was captured at last by a stratagem, devised by a Christian slave inside, one Martin Alhaxa (*buena alhaja de criado*), who led out his Moorish master's *merinos*, as if to pasture, but then gave them to his hungry countrymen. These wolves having eaten the animals, put on their fleeces, and were taken back on all fours, being let into *Cuenca* by a small still-existing postern in the walls: from this strange flock sprang most of the *hidalgo* families of *Cuenca*, e. g. the Albornoz, Alarcon, Cabrera, Carrillo, Salazar, &c.

Cuenca, once celebrated alike for arts, literature, and manufactories, now only retains its picturesque position, which no Caulaincourt could either carry off or destroy; the beautiful Huecar and Jucar (*sucro*, the sweet waters, *aguas dulces*) still come down through defiles spanned with bridges, and planted with charming walks, mills, and poplars, placed there for the artist; above topples the pyramidal eagle's-nest town, with its old walls and towers, and houses hanging over the precipices and barren rocks, which enhance the charm of the fer-

tile valleys, the *Hoces*, below. From the suburb the town rises in terraces, as it were, of tier above tier, roof above roof, up to the plaza and cathedral, which occupy almost the only level space, for the streets are steep, tortuous, and narrow, and everything that a British Baker-street is not.

Fully to appreciate the beauty of *Cuenca* the following tour may be taken. Proceed to the bridge of *San Anton*, which crosses the pretty Jucar at the western end of the town. Descend to the path which passes under one of the arches, and then keep along up the rt. bank of the river; just below the bridge, is a ruined weir by which the waters were dammed up, in order to fill the stream as it passed under the cliff on which the town stands; but now it is but a small brawling torrent running over an uneven bed; the colour of the water is beautifully clear, with a slight greenish tint. Passing the cope of poplars and white-leaved aspens, above on the rt. rises rock-built *Cuenca*. Continue the walk on to the bridge *Las Escalas*, which crosses the Jucar at the other end of the town, and sketch it if you will, for it consists only of timber-beams, laid upon stone piers; but, before going over it, ascend further up the rt. bank, look back on the town and into the valley. Next cross the bridge, and ascend a zigzag pathway cut in the rock to the little *alameda*, which looks like a shelf squeezed in at the angle of the town; from thence is a striking view of the valley; continue along the pathway that leads to the summit of the ridge at the end of which the town is built; cross the table-ground until you look down upon the valley of the Huecar; about a quarter of a mile from *Cuenca*, some steps cut in the rock lead down to a spring or streamlet which finds its way down the slopes by a devious course into the Huecar; thus irrigating numerous gardens filled with fine vegetables and fruit-trees, and feeding the creepers which mantle luxuriously the crags and stones. The pathway which leads down to the bottom of the happy *Rasselas* valley, runs just beyond a tank where

picturesque washerwomen congregate, forming artistical groups and colours. The Huecar is but a brook, from being so much bled, *sangrado* or drained off to water the gardens on the low ground near it, and is so darkened by sewers, &c., that when it reaches the Jucar it is little better—*con perdon sea dicho*—than a Fleet ditch. As we descend observe the beautiful views of the bridge and convent of San Pablo, perched on a precipice, with the surrounding cliffs, rocks, and mountains; keeping a path which conducts to the level of the bridge, cross it to the Dominican monastery; this viaduct, worthy of the Romans, which rivals in height and solidity the arches of Merida, Alcantara, and Segovia, rises 150 feet, 350 long, connecting the broken *riscos* or rocks. It is reared on colossal piers, and was built in 1523 for the convenience of the monks by Francisco de Luna, at the cost of the Canon Juan de Pozo. Allowed to get out of repair, it has been most bunglingly mended; examine the E. face of the pier nearest the city; the modern parapet, negligently built within its original position, is considered here a very proper restoration; thus only mules and foot passengers can pass where two carriages could formerly, and, what is worse, the approaching decay of the whole bridge is accelerated. The façade of *San Pablo* has unfortunately been modernised with a most absurd portal. The *retablo* of the high altar is composed of the richest jaspers; the order is Corinthian. The figures of three monks are placed between the pillars in the divisions. The interior of the church is simple; two bold semicircular arches form each side of the nave, each recess containing a chapel; the groining of the roof is good; the stones are pointed or marked by yellows and gilding.

Returning over the bridge and ascending into the town you soon reach the plaza and cathedral; the first stone was laid in 1177 by Alonso VIII., who removed to this new bishopric the ancient sees of Valera and Arcos. It was consecrated by the fighting prelate Don Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada; the

style of the edifice is simple and severe Gothic with a semicircular E. termination. The façade fronting the Plaza was modernised in 1664-9 by a blunderer named Josef Arroyo, according to the order of the blundering chapter, which once was very rich in cash, although miserably poor in good taste. These Goths also painted the interior *yellow*, picked out with black; white at least would have been more appropriate, in imitation of the cathedral at Siena, and in compliment to Diego de Mendoza, a Cuencan, who then ruled so long in that city, and who now is buried in this cathedral. Of his great family was Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, fourth Marques of Cañete, the hero of the Araucanian war, which forms the subject of the Epic of Spain by Ercilla. See '*Los Hechos*,' &c., by Suarez de Figueroa, 4to., Mad., 1613.

Walk to the transept, and look around, and especially at the fine painted windows and the circular sweep. The absis behind the high altar is very striking, and the mazes of columns intersect each other quite orientally and recalling the Mezquita of Cordova; the arches, semi-Moorish and semi-Gothic, spring from a bold cornice, which projects beyond the heads of the lower columns. The ornate semi-Moorish arch which forms the entrance to the high altar springs from corbels, or, to speak more correctly, from excrescences of the capitals; and a similar oriental form is preserved in the arches at the W. end of the cathedral, but they are turned from the heads of the piers in the common plan of Gothic construction. The *coro*, placed as usual in the centre, was unfortunately modernised and spoilt by Bishop Florez, of whose vile period are the organs and jasper pulpit; the splendid *reja*, however, and the eagle letter, or *facistol*, are of the olden time, and are masterpieces of Hernando de Arenas, 1557. The original *retablo* was removed in the last century in order to make place for the present high altar, which is indeed as fine as jaspers can make it; although classical in style, it is stamped with the aca-

demical commonplace of its designer, Ventura Rodriguez, obit. 1785. The statue of the Virgin was sculptured in Genoa; the *trasparente* or heavy pile at the back of the altar, the boast of Cuenca, where it is preferred to the fine old cinque-cento art, is dedicated to San Julian, once Bishop of Cuenca, who passed most of his time in making wicker-baskets, and who, with San Onorato, is the honoured tutelard of this city. The jaspers are very rich, and the bronze capitals costly; the green columns were brought from the *Barranco de San Juan* at Granada. The *urna*, with the statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, were wrought at Carrara, in 1758, by Francisco Vergara, a Valencian settled in Italy. The cost of transport from Alicante was enormous: but they are academical commonplace inanities, without life, soul, or sentiment. As Cuenca is placed in a jasper district, the cathedral is naturally adorned with this costly material; all the chapels deserve notice; look particularly at the *artesonado* roof in the long, low *capilla honda*, behind the high altar, and nearly opposite the *trasparente*. Beginning, therefore, from the W. door at the third chapel to the rt., observe the portal and *reja* of the glorious *Capilla de los Apostoles*, which is built in rich plateresque, with a Gothic-ribbed ceiling of a most beautiful stone from the neighbouring quarries of Arcos. Passing the classical retablo, observe a smaller altar of the time of Philip II., with a much-venerated image of *la Virgen de la Salud*. Advancing near the gate to the bishop's palace is the *Capilla de San Martin*, with a good altar and carvings, and four remarkable sepulchres of the early prelates, Juan Fañez, a descendant of the Fidas Achates of the Cid, and those of Lopez, Pedro Lorenzo, and Garcia. The plateresque portal or entrance into the cloisters rises 28 feet high, and was wrought in Arcos stone by Xamete in 1546-50, and, as is inscribed on labels, at the cost of the Bishop Sebastian Ramirez, obt. 1536: see his tomb. Some suppose this Xamete to have been a Moor, in-

ferring so from the name *Xamete*—Achmed—at all events he must have studied in the Cellini schools of Italy, and ranks as a rival of Berruguete and Damian Forment; this arch is a thing of the age, when the revived arts of paganism wrestled with Christianity even in the churches: here we have saints and harpies, lions, virgins, tritons, vases, flowers, allegorical virtues, &c., all jumbled together, but forming in the aggregate a whole of great richness and cinque-cento effect; all, alas! has been sadly mutilated and whitewashed. It must once have been superb. The architect will remark a peculiar construction of arch; the fluted columns of support rest on brackets let into the wall, the lower portions of the ornamental work much injured.

The cloisters are in a different style, having been built in 1577-83, by Juan Andrea Rodi, with the fine stone from the neighbouring quarries of *la Hoz*. The simple *Doric* of Herrera was then in vogue, which contrasts with the pseudo-classical frieze at the E. end, the work of another hand and period. Next observe the burial-chapel of the Mendozas, in form a Greek cross with a cupola, while the Corinthian high altar is adorned with paintings and sculpture: the monuments enriched with jaspers and arched niches are ranged around: observe that with marble columns of Doña Inez, and that of Diego Hurtado, viceroy of Siena, obt. 1566. From the cloisters you may ascend to the *Secretaria*; the view from the *muralla* of the cathedral is charming.

Next visit *la Capilla de Nuestra Señora del Sagrario*, with its superb jaspers, and observe the miraculous image which aided Alonso in his victories. The exquisite façade to the *Sala Capitular* is worthy of Xamete; notice, in this gem of the cathedral, an arch of the richest plateresque, which displays a marvellous power and variety of invention. The admirable walnut doors, carved with St. Peter, St. Paul, and Adoration of the Kings, are attributed to Berruguete, but the Transfiguration is by

an inferior hand; they are in good preservation; the walnut *silleria* is also excellent. The chapel of *San Juan* was founded by the Canon Juan de Barreda, and has a fine Corinthian *reja*, with cherubs and armorial shields. The *Capilla de Santa Elena*, opposite the *trasparente*, has a beautiful portal and good walnut *retablo*. On the l. side of the cathedral is the shabby little chapel of *San Juan Bautista*, with paintings in the *retablo* by Cristobal Garcia Salmeron, who, born in 1603, became pupil of Orrente, and adopted Bassano's style, especially in his Nativity, the Baptist preaching, and in our Saviour mocked, above it. Observe the *reja* in the chapel of the Muñoz family. The *Capilla de los Caballeros*, so called from the tombs of the Albornoz family, although it somewhat encumbers the body of the cathedral, is very remarkable; the door is such as becomes the entrance of a chamber of death, being ornamented with a celebrated stone skeleton; read the inscription, *Sacellum militum*, &c. The *reja* is excellent, so likewise are the two windows at the E. end, which are richly painted and decorated with armorial blazons. The fine pictures, in the *retablo* of the date 1526, were given by the Prothonotary Gomez Carrillo de Albornoz, who had lived long in Italy; they are painted in pannel by Hernando Yañez, an able artist, whose works are very rare in Spain; he is said to have been a pupil of Raphael, but his style is more Florentine than Roman. The chapel, however, is dark, and the pictures blackened by smoke; observe the Crucifixion; the Adoration of Kings—the Mother and Child are quite Raffaelesque. Among the many grand sepulchres notice that of the great Cardinal, Gil Carrillo Albornoz, and friend of the gallant Alonso XI., whose Life has been written by Baltazar Parreño, '*Historia de los Hechos*,' &c., 8vo., Tol., 1566, and also by Juan Gines de Sepulveda, 4to., Bolonia, 1612. Observe also the tomb of his mother, Teresa de Luna, and the fine military figure to the l. of the high altar. There are other works by Xamete in the chapels of San Fabian,

San Sebastian, San Mateo, and San Lorenzo.

Near the cathedral is the bishop's palace, with a portal of mixed Gothic, and a fine saloon inside called from the tutelar *el de San Julian*, which with the rest of the house the invaders pillaged completely. Many of the oldest parish churches are built on the walls, and thereby add to their irregular and picturesque effect. The interiors have for the most part been sadly modernised by the once rich clergy, who tortured their fine woods into churrigueresque and gilt gingerbread; in that dedicated to *San Juan Bautista* are the once beautiful and now cruelly-neglected tombs of the Montemayors: one is dated 1462, another in the plateresque taste of 1523 is enriched with the recumbent figure of Don Juan in sacerdotal costume.

The curious old *Casas Solares*, or family mansions of the *Conquistadores*, are now desolate, and their armorials remain over the portals like hatchments of the dead: the interiors were gutted by the French. Many of these houses are picturesquely built over the declivities, such as the Alcazar of the *Mendoza*s, which towers over the Jucar: observe the houses of the Priego and Carrillo families, and some others in the *Calle de Correduria*. The now unused mint was built in 1664 by Josef de Arroyo. The Franciscan convent was erected in the twelfth century by the Templars. The position of the *Carmelitas Dezcaldas* hanging over rock and river is fine, so also is that of *San Pedro de Alcantara*, which is placed near the Jucar outside the town. Cuenca once was remarkable for its colleges, printing-presses, manufactories, arts, sciences, and industry, all of which was so utterly swept away by the invaders as to make the historian Toreno (xx.), wonder how a nation so civilized and humane could select for destruction the works of Spanish piety and learning.

Cuenca, in its good old times, produced great men of varied excellence. Among her worthies may be named Mendoza and Gil Albornoz, generals and prelates; the artists Becerril, Xa-