

mete, Yañez, and Mora, the best pupil of Herrera. Here were born Figuerola, the poet, and Alonso de Ojeda, the friend of Columbus; and last, not least, Lope de Barrientos, the book-burner (see p. 526). The city bears for arms, "gules, a sacramental chalice, with a star of eight rays argent." For excursions and lateral routes see next page.

Continuing the route from Madrid to Valencia from p. 806, we reach *Fuentes*, or Fountains, which lies in a dip much subject to inundations of the *Río de las Moscas*. On this river Villaviciosa wrote his epic *La Mosquea*, and which, as far as its name goes, will delight fly-fishers, but there are few fish. *Reillo*, of Roman foundation, has a ruined castle on the heights. *Cardenete*, a larger hamlet, stands near the Guarzun and Cabriel, which flow under the ridge that divides this basin from that of the Jucar. Its old castle was built by one of the great Moya family, whose marquise lay to the N. between the rivers Cabriel and Alfambra. *Utiel* has communications with the extraordinary salt-mines at Minglanilla through Caudete, the route passing over the Contreras ridge, a wild, broken, and pine-clad country abounding in game. *Requena* is a large town, pleasantly situated in a well-irrigated *Vega*, and once the key of the position: inn in the Calle del Peso. Pop. nearly 10,000. A diligence runs to Valencia. The parish churches, *San Salvador* and *Santa Maria*, have good Gothic façades. The road now enters the *Cabrerías* or *Cabrillas* range, which separates Castile from Valencia. The heights are covered with dwarf pines, the valleys watered by clear streams, of which the rivulets of Buñol, Yato, and Macastre flow into the Requena, itself a tributary of the Jucar. Near the *Venta de Siete Aguas* we enter the charming province of Valencia, by a broken defile of ascents and descents, and intersected by streams. From the heights of the *Cabrillas* the sunny plains open, studded with sparkling farms and villages, placed in a scene of fertility without rival; in the distance are the hills

above Denia, and the blue sea girdle. Not far from *Buñol*, which lies under the *Cabrillas*, are some stalactical caves, called *las Maravillas*, or the Marvels. *Chiva* used to be notorious for *mala gente*. Emerging from the hills and passing the wooded plain del *Quart*, a change comes over vegetation, and we behold the carob, pistachio, the mulberry, the drooping palm, and tall whispering canes. We now enter the *Huerta* of Valencia, the paradise of the Moors; thus passing from the desert of the hills into a land of promise overflowing with oil and wine.

ROUTE 107.—CUENCA TO VALENCIA
BY MINGLANILLA.

Valera de Arriba	5	
Buenache de Alarcon	1	6
Alarcon	3	9
Villanueva de la Jara	3	12
Iniesta	3	15
Minglanilla	2	17
Villagorda	3	20
Requena	5	25
Valencia	12	37

This wild bridle-road—attend to the provend—is full of interest to the artist, angler, and geologist. As horses and mules are not easily procured at Cuenca, secure them as soon as possible: there is a shorter cut to *Minglanilla*, but then you miss picturesque *Alarcon*, which no artist or archæologist ought to do; it runs over bad roads through pine-woods by *Campillo 11 L.*, where there are two tolerable *posadas*; those, however, who find this too long a day's ride, may sleep the first night at *Almodavar del Pinos*, 8 L.; from *Campillo de Altobuey* to *Minglanilla* are 3 L. The route may be shortened by avoiding *Almodavar*, and turning off to the l. through the forest about half a mile after having passed *Navarrido*, and then proceeding to *Monte Agudo*—posada wretched—and *Paracuellos* 9 L.; at the latter is a clean *posada* kept by an old soldier Spaniard. *Paracuellos* may be easily reached on horseback the evening of the day you leave *Cuenca*, 9 L.; start however early. Then if you set out, á la *madrugada*, from *Paracuellos* the next morning, you can reach *Minglanilla* in time to see the mines that

day. At *Monte Agudo* there is an old castle crowning its pointed conical hill, and just before entering *Paracuellos* is another fine ruin on the l. standing on a spur of a hill, which is surrounded by others clad with woods. The main road through *Almodavar* is rejoined about 7 or 8 miles before reaching *Minglanilla*.

Artists and those who have time will do better to pursue R. 107 and go round by *Alarcon*, fording the *rio Moscas*, for, as the natives say, *flies* do not want bridges: *Valera*, a see under the Goths, pop. 1500, has a ruined castle and some degraded antiquities: at *Buenache* the cave may be visited (see p. 815); thence to *Alarcon*, so called, some say, from *Alaricon*, the city of Alaric the Goth. Pop. about 800. This most picturesque and true Moorish city is built like a miniature Toledo, on a craggy peninsula, hemmed around by the Jucar; it can only be entered from a narrow neck of land to the E., which has been likened to the handle of a frying-pan, a comparison more apposite than elegant. The land approach is still guarded by ruined Moorish towers and an *Alcazar*; the crumbling walls, gates, and bridges, the steep ascent into the town, with the gardens, water-mills, defiles, and river below, other choice bits for the artist. This now decayed, but once important town, still contains five noble parish churches, whose richness contrasts with the present poverty. The *Santa Maria* has a façade of the time of Charles V., with a Gothic interior. The *San Juan* has a Doric front, and has or had a splendid custodia, made by Christobal Becerril, 1575. The façade of the *Trinidad* is ornamented with arms and scroll-work of the best time of Ferdinand and Isabella, but the inside has been modernised: *Santiago* has an ancient portal with the mounted tutelary; in *Santo Domingo de Silos* is a good classical high altar. *Alarcon* was taken from the Moors in 1177 by Fernan Martinez Zevallos, whose descendants hence bore the title of *Señores de Alarcon*; and it was to Hernando, one of them, that François I. was delivered in charge after the defeat at Pavia. His

commentaries, '*Los Hechos*,' &c., fol. Mad. 1665, with a fine portrait, are truly chivalrous and interesting. This city, in July, 1195, was the scene of such a tremendous battle between the Moors and Alonso VIII. of Castile, that the year became a date among the former, *Anu-l-Alark*.

Villanueva de la Jara is placed, as its name implies, in a region of *cistus*: *Iniesta* (broom) indicates on its slope a similar botanical position. Indeed these desolate districts are covered with rich aromatic underwood, in which the bee and *ferax natura* delight and multiply. The *parroquia* at *Iniesta* is fine; the portico and Doric façade of the *Casa del Ayuntamiento* is good. Pop. 3500. 2 L. E. is a sanctuary of the Virgin of Consolation, in a sweet spot, much visited by pilgrims every September 21.

Minglanilla: *Posada del Sol*. Pop. about 1900. The salt-mine lies N.E. from the village, in the bottom of a deep dell in the hills, and is rather a quarry of salt than a mine, for the mineral is a pure deposit; it may be compared on a smaller scale to the salt-mines at *Wieliczka*, near *Cracow*, or to *Metzkaya Zastchita*, near *Orenburg*, in *Russia*. It seems to be inexhaustible; the working affords occupation to the neighbourhood. A permission to visit the place is readily granted. The walk in and out will take an hour, or at least 20 minutes each journey: you must calculate on $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 hours for the whole excursion. It is worth while to pay for some torches, as when lighted up, the subterranean galleries sparkle like *Aladdin* caverns of jewels, and by placing them in different spots the extent of the shafts is best perceived: you descend by a staircase recently made, some 300 feet, where the most interesting parts of the mine occur. Within the few last years the works have been carried on in a regular and scientific manner; large halls have been formed which resemble lofty crypts, with roofs rising to pointed arches; the sides are cut into massy square piers, between which open arches leading into other aisles: the

effect is that of a darkened cathedral. Many vast halls are being formed in the solid salt by knocking away the floors of the galleries above, and thus throwing the two stories into one: the usual level is about 300 feet from the surface, but there are galleries much below that, although not worked now. The mine has been excavated since the time of the Romans, whose shafts were narrow, and by no means so economical or well ventilated as the present system of hollowing out spacious openings. The salt is as hard as crystal, insomuch that a beam inserted horizontally into their walls to the depth of 6 inches would support almost any weight. It is cut with pickaxes and with difficulty: when in block it seems almost black in colour, and only appears white where water, having perforated through the roof, forms stalactites. It is exceedingly pure: very small quantities of prussiate of copper are occasionally found in it. The salt lies in one enormous block, and not in scattered strata as at Hallein. The mine is usually worked during 3 months, December, January, and February; the miners during the rest of the year find a livelihood by agricultural employment: they are paid by piece-work, about one cuarto the arroba. The average annual quantity is about 50,000 fanegas, but it merely goes to supply the demands of the neighbourhood, from the want of roads and means of transport. There is a large storehouse near *Minglanilla*.

On quitting the village and continuing Rte. 107, the road crosses over the wild *Contreras* ridges amid most picturesque rocks and mountains, into a wooded game country, and so on 2 L. to the *Cabriel*, which joins the river *Jucar* near *Cofruentes* (confluentes-Coblentz): thence it descends into a plain leading through *Utiel* to *Requena* 3 L.; among the pines and rocks occur bits of wild and wooded scenery worthy of *Salvator Rosa*.

Those who, having made the *Cuenca* tour, wish to visit *Murcia* before going to *Valencia*, must regain the high *Madrid* road at *Almansa*, and then proceed S. by Rte. 32.

ROUTE 108.—CUENCA TO SAN CLEMENTE.

Valdeganga	3
Valverde	3 .. 6
Cañavete	3 .. 9
San Clemente	3 .. 12

The route is uninteresting, the villages look ruined, and the districts thinly peopled and poverty-stricken, for few portions of Spain were more often or more truculently ravaged by the invaders, especially under *La Fontaine*, *Victor*, and *Frere*. See, for sad details, *Schep*. iii. 118.

EXCURSIONS NEAR CUENCA.

These are numerous and full of attraction for the geologist, lover of lakes, angler, and sportsman: nowhere is the deer-stalker more likely to pick up a stag or two than in the woods about *Val de Cabras*, which he may make his head quarters: there is no *posada*, but he can be lodged at a private house at the end of the town. In our time you might inquire for *Miguel Alvarez* or *Luis de Moral*, who are active fellows and not unskilled in woodcraft; if there is venison in the neighbourhood they will bring him in sight of it; if not, he will be sure to fall in with some in the mountains near the *Nacimiento del Tajo* (see R. 109), about 5 L. off: he may make his rough head-quarters at *Poyatos*, near the river *Escabas*: attend to the provend. At *Buenache*, 2 L., in its pine-clad valley, is the singular *Cueva del Judío*, and at *Ballesteros*, 2 L. south of *Cuenca*, is a black loch called *la Laguna Negra*, which is said to have a subterranean communication with that of *Fuentes*, some cattle drowned in one having reappeared in the other. Another lake, called *el Poço Ayrón*, *Pozo Ayrón*, distant 1 L. from *Almarcha*, is said to be bottomless. There a *Don Buesso*, according to legend, threw in 24 of his mistresses stark naked, one of whom pulled him in after her. These waters have neither fish nor mermaids in them nevertheless. Near *Montalvo*, 5 L. from *Cuenca*, with its old

castle, is another lake, which however has a bottom and is shallow; the winter wild-fowl shooting on it is first-rate. Visit the stalactical cave called *la Cueva de Petro Cotillas* (taking torches), which lies about 3 L. up the delicious valley of the Huecar, near *La Cierva*, where fine violet jaspers are found. The waters of the Huecar possess a peculiarly fertilizing quality, as its garden fringes evince. The whole route to *Palomera*, 2 L., in its valley, is ever verdurous from perennial fountains, by which Cuenca is well supplied with water; and set in action by an excellent hydraulist in 1538, named Juan Velez. The *Fuente del Frayle*, near *Palomera*, is more worthy of an Egeria than an illote friar. The mills on these streams, the pines and rocks covered with wild flowers, are truly picturesque.

The botanist and angler will on another day ascend the Jucar, although the fish are shy from eternal poaching. The valley soon widens and becomes quite Swiss-like; about a mile up are the *Fuentes del Rey*, where Alonso was encamped: above this, a clear trout-stream waters the plain, having issued from its mountain sources. 2 L. on is the *Val de Cabras*, famous for pines, which floated down the Tagus to *Aranjuez* in order to supply Madrid with building timber. The *Pinus Halepensis*, called *Alvar* by the woodmen, is very abundant. $1\frac{1}{2}$ L. higher up is *Uña*, 5 L. from Cuenca, with its *laguna*, or lake, which being preserved is well stocked with trout; on it is a movable island (?). Near here are some coal-mines, one of which is of a fine jet or *azabache*. Those who wish to extend their geological or piscatory pursuits into the mountains, and return to Madrid, may take the following line:—

ROUTE 109.—CUENCA TO MADRID BY SACEDON.

Buenache de la Sierra	2	
Beamud	3	.. 5
Tragacete	3	.. 8
Checa	5	.. 13
Peralejos	2½	.. 15½
Cueva del Hierro	2	.. 17½
Beteta	1	.. 18½
Canizares	2	.. 20½
Priego	2	.. 22½

Val de Olivas	2	.. 24½
Alcócer	2	.. 26½
Sacedon	2	.. 28½
Auñon	2	.. 30½
Tendilla	3½	.. 34
La Armilla	2	.. 36
Santorcaz	3½	.. 39½
Los Hueros	2½	.. 42
Puente de Viveros	1	.. 43
Madrid	3	.. 46

The mountain portion of this route is a wild bridle-road, and almost without accommodation, especially the first 13 L.; take, therefore, a guide, and attend to the provend. At *Buenache* the purple jaspers vie with those of yellow and purple which are found at the *Hoya de Machado*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ L. E. of Cuenca, where visit the *Cueva del Judío*.

Tragacete, pop. about 800, and the only halting-place for the first night, lies below an eminence in a valley girt with hills, and watered by the Jucar, which rises near it; here are found rock crystals. The next day's ride plunges into the gnarled and tangled *sierras* of *Albarracín* and *Molina de Aragón*; crossing the *Cerro de San Felipe* at *Fuente Garcia*, which is their nucleus, the Tagus rises in its snow-girt cradle from a small fountain, *el pie izquierdo*: the situation is romantic. The valley is hemmed in with the mountains and the *Muela de San Juan*, or the jaw of St. John, on the heights of which snow remains for eight months of the year. The Tagus flows W., whilst on the opposite ridge rises the *Cabriel*, a tributary of the Jucar, both excellent trout-streams. These central mountain alembics furnish many other rivers besides the Tagus. The *Turia* or *Guadalaviar*, *Wada-l-abyadh*, "the white river," rises in the *Muela de San Juan* and flows to Valencia; the *Mesa*, a fine trout-stream, rises opposite in the *Fuentes de Jarava* and flows into *Molina de Aragón*, and then into the Tagus. Among other good fishing rivers is the *Escabas*, which rises in the *Cerro Canales*, near *Tragacete*, and flows by *Priego* to join the *Guadiela*. The evidences of volcanic action are everywhere manifest, for many lakes are formed out of previous craters, such as those of *Barbagada*, *Mintrosa*, *Cabdete*, and *Valmoro*.

Leaving *Tragacete*, cross the *Cerro de San Felipe* into the broken country and pine-woods of *Checa*, pop. 1200, which is prettily situated on the *Ca-brilla*. The old ruin the *Castil-Griegos*, on its hill-peak, and rocky country, is worth sketching and exploring; thence to *Tremedal*, which lies to the r. near *Orihuela*, long famous for its pilgrim shrine and heaven-descended image. The French, under Henriad, sacked *Orihuela*, Nov. 25, 1809, and blew up the sanctuary, but the image was concealed by a peasant, and, after the destroyers retired, was brought back in pomp, and its escape on that occasion has ever since been considered a new miracle (*Toreno* x.). Picturesque *Pe-ralejos de las Truchas*, a name which makes the trout-fisher's mouth water, is a good halting-place. Now we enter the mineral-water district: when at *Beteta* visit *la Cueva de los Griegos*, whose dripping waters have a petrifying quality; at *Los Baños de Rosal* is a warm ferruginous rose-tinted spring, with a fountain of sweet water, which issues from underneath the hermitage of this Virgin of the *rosebush*. The waters have been analysed: see '*Noticias*,' 4to., Domingo Garcia Fernandez, Mad. 1787.

Beteta—Arabicè "Splendid"—and on its hill where it cannot be hid, still preserves portions of its Moorish walls and alcazar. The chief baths are at *Solan de Cabras*, now called a *real sitio*, as it has been visited by Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII., for whose accommodation a road was made up the rugged valley. The locality is oval in form and enclosed by pine-clad hills and watered by the *Cuervo*, a good trout-stream and tributary to the *Guadiela*. The mineral spring rises under the hill *Rebollar*, and the baths are close by; that patronised by royalty is dedicated to San Joaquin. Early in the 16th century some shepherds observed their goats, *Cabras*, dipping themselves when afflicted with cutaneous complaints, and, by following their beasts' example, discovered the secret. The bathing season is from June 15 to Sept. 15, when

waters are used both internally and externally: their taste is subacid, with a mean heat of 17° above zero, Réaumur. They are slightly unctuous to the touch, as containing petroleum, and also hydro-chlorates of soda and magnesia, combined with carbonic acid gas. From these baths there is a carriageable road to *Madrid*; they may also be approached from *Cuenca* by a shorter route than this just described; it is only 10 L., and runs through *Priego*, 7 L., where there is a large and tolerable *posada*. Pop. about 1100. The place is beautifully situated on an eminence above the trout-stream *Escabas*, near which are also many *montes y dehesas* that abound with stags and game, especially the district near the truly sequestered *Desierto*, a convent founded by Charles III. *Priego*, seated at the foot of the Sierra, combines the productions of hill and plain, and is a good quarter for the artist and sportsman. The bread, mutton, and wines are excellent and cheap, but the peasantry are poverty-stricken amid this plenty. It has a ruined castle, an old Gothic church, and a new one begun by Miguel Lopez, with a rustic belfry in the Brunelleschi style. The botany is highly interesting; near it the beautiful *Trabaque* flows into the *Guadiela*, when the united clear sea-green waters wind into the *Tagus* through red sandstone rocks, with charming artistical bridges and mills. After passing decayed *Alcocer* the country alters in character, and we quit the basin of the *Guadiela*, and strike across to *Sacedon*, pop. 1200; it is placed in a picturesque hill-girt valley on the clear *Tagus*, with a well-built imposing church. The warm baths, the ancient *Thermida*, are much frequented in the season from June to September by the sickly *Madrid*ños, when a gondola of the *Carsi y Ferrer* Company goes backwards and forwards in sixteen hours. The waters were analysed in 1801, and are described in a treatise published that year at *Madrid* by *Villalpanda*. Consult also the treatises of *Santoyo*, 4to. Mad. 1759; and the translation, by *Mariano Pizzi*

y Frangeschi, of the curious *tratado* written in Arabic by Agmer ben Abdalla, a Toledan physician, 4to., Mad. 1761, Manuel de B. S. Castellanos. The principal ingredients are muriate of chalk and magnesia; the mineralogy in the vicinity is curious. Certain crystals are found here marked with oxides of iron, and called *pedras de San Isidro* after the patron of Madrid. Ferdinand VII. created a small bathing-town near the spring, which is now called *el Real Sitio de la Isabela*.

About 7 L. to the l. lies *Huete*. *Parador de las Diligencias*. Pop. about 2500. This once flourishing place is placed in a hill-girt plain, with the ruins of a castle on a peak. The *plaza del Reloj*, with its clock-tower, is used for bull-fighting. *Huete* is a city of ill fame, since the proverb says, *Huete, miralo y vete*; look at it and begone; and here, in 1706, the baggage of Lord Peterborough was plundered by the villagers, who also butchered some English prisoners; thereupon our general took the place, but, in spite of just provocation, mercy being the badge of true British nobility, our Victor neither burnt it, nor ravaged the plain, à la *Medellin* or *Ucles*; he merely ascended to the convent, into which all the women had taken refuge from our doubly gallant countryman's apprehended vengeance, not to see the *retablo* or carvings by *Becerra*, but on the pretence of making a fortification, and "really only to have a peep at the pretty cowering covey." Peterborough after this retired from Spain, disgusted at her thankless government: his irritated feelings were thus tersely but harshly expressed in a letter to "old Sarah:" "The most disagreeable country in the world is Spain, her officers the greatest robbers, her soldiers the greatest cowards. The only tolerable thing is your sex, and that is attended with the greatest dangers."—(Mahon, v. 214.)

Quitting *Sacedon* we enter some wild pine-clad defiles and after the narrow rocky pass, the *Boca del Infierno*, emerge into the gorge of the Tagus, which is crossed at the *Puente de Auñon*;

thence through oak and olive-clad table-land, into a deep valley with a sweetly-situated convent, to *Tendilla*, pop. 800, now decayed, but once the stronghold of the mighty *Mendozas*, whose ruined alcazar, with good portal and towers, still frowns right feudally. The first *Alcaide* ever appointed of the *Alhambra* took his title from this town. Madrid lies 12 L. distant. Those who have not seen *Guadalajara* and *Alcalá de Henares* may return by R. 114, or they may proceed to *Arenaña*, 1 L., across the *Tajuna* to *Orche*, 1 L., perched on a notch of the hills, with its steep streets. Consult its '*Historia*,' Juan Talamanco, 4to. Mad. 1748. This book, full of monkish miracles and local nonsense worthy of the darkest age, contains curious details of Stanhope's campaigns. Hence, 2 L., over corn land, to *Guadalajara*, which is long seen from afar. The ride from *Cuenca* takes some 10 hours. There is a shorter route from *Cuenca* to Madrid by the plains and over a wild upland and woodland country abounding in game.

ROUTE 110.—CUENCA TO MADRID VIA GUADALAJARA.

Leaving *Cuenca* by the Madrid road, at about 1 mile turn to r., and then over undulating corn plains reach *Aloes*, $\frac{1}{2}$ L.; thence to *Chillaron*, $\frac{3}{4}$ L., and to *Fuentes claras*, $1\frac{1}{4}$ on an eminence. Keep now to r. to *Soloja*, 1 L., thence to *Culébras*, 1 L., where you can dine and rest; the church is nicely situated in the centre of the village on a terraced height; thence to *Villarejo da Espartel*, 2 L., *Villalba*, 2 L., and so on to *S^a Isabela*, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and *Sacedon*, $1\frac{1}{2}$, a long ride of 10 or 11 hours. Those who are proceeding from *Cuenca* either to *Valencia* or *Zaragoza*, and wish to visit portions of these geological mountains and piscatory valleys, should make for *Teruel*, from whence roads diverge into *Aragon* and *Valencia*, which, although they do not strictly come into this section, may for convenience' sake be now described.

ROUTE 111.—CUENCA TO TERUEL.

Buenache	3	
Tragacete	5	.. 8
Frias	3½	.. 11½
Albarracin	3	.. 14½
Venta de Falantre	2½	.. 17
Teruel	2½	.. 19½

Attend to the provend, and take a local guide, for the country is wild, and the roads rough and intricate, but they lead into districts the joy of the sportsman and geologist, who is earnestly requested to forward his notes to Mr. Murray for the benefit of future travellers. This country, a portion of the Idubedan chain, is of a truly alpine character; the roads are rough and wild, the pine-forests tangled, the fossils and petrifications infinite. It is the mountain alembic or source of many rivers. The *muela de San Juan*, the highest peak, rises some 5280 ft. For the route to *Tragacete*, see p. 816. *Albarracin*, the city of Aben Razin, is a wild mountain town—pop. under 2000—and built, with its cathedral, beneath an eminence on which the older city stood, as its walls and ruins denote. The broken *Barranco* of the Guadalaviar is picturesque; here the winter's snows and cold are severe. The districts are thinly peopled with a pastoral peasantry, who breed sheep of a small size, but which furnish good wool and excellent cutlets. The pine-woods provide fuel for numerous *ferrierias* or smithies, in which the abundant iron ores are as rudely smelted as in the days of the Celtiberians. The air is scented far and wide with the perfume of wild flowers—the advertisements by which Flora attracts her tiny-winged customers for no biped botanist has ever investigated these neglected sweets. The honey is delicious, and *Moya*, with the hills near the Cabriel, are the Hymettus of Spain; from hence probably came the mel excellente hispanicum, which is lauded by Petr. Arbitr (66).

Teruel, situated in Aragon, is the chief town of its province; pop. about 7000; the *posada* in the *C. de los Ricos Hombres* is tolerable. Seen from afar, with its old walls, gates, and Aragonese

towers, the city has an imposing look; it rises above its well-wooded *Vega* on the Turia, which is here joined by the Alfambra, a river fertile in fossils, and both are good fishing-streams. The interior of the town is solid and gloomy. The cathedral, raised to a see in 1577, is dark and much disfigured by stucco and churrigueresque. The Corinthian stalls in the quire are good, and still better is the cinque-cento *retablo*, a noble work by Gabriel Yoli, a French sculptor, who flourished here about 1538. Observe also the portal and columns of the splendid *Capilla de la Epifania*; to the r. of the transept is a picture of the eleven thousand Virgins, by Antonio Bisquert, 1628, a rare Valencian artist, by whom is a *retablo* in the Capilla de los Reyes. The *reja del coro* is fine; look also at the *custodia*. The bishop's palace has a grand *patio*, although the upper *corredor* offends from having more pillars than the under ones, which thus are placed on crowns of the arches. In the *Parroquia de San Pedro* is another fine *retablo* by Yoli, with pictures of the tutelars, San Joaquin and Santa Teresa, by Bisquert. All those whose hearts have ever been touched by the tender flame should visit the cloisters, in which are preserved the remains of the "lovers of Teruel," so familiar to readers of Spanish plays. The names of these Peninsular Heloisa and Abelard were Isabel de Segura and Juan Diego Martinez de Marcilla. They died in 1217, and their skeletons, the grand lion of *Teruel*, were brought here in 1708. See '*Los Amantes de Teruel*,' by Perez de Montalban; ditto Juan Yaque de Salas, 8vo. Val. 1616.

In the church of *Santiago* is a *retablo* and a fine dead Christ by Bisquert, who evidently formed his eclectic style on Ribalta, the Carraccis, and Sebastian del Piombo: Bisquert died in 1646 from grief that Francisco Ximenez should have been chosen instead of himself to paint the "Adoration of the Kings" in the cathedral. His works are very rare, scarcely known in Spain, and absolutely unknown out of it. The *San Salvador* contains a marvellous image, *el Cristo de las tres manos*—the

Cerberus of antiquity had three heads—and a huge skeleton, greatly prayed to and looked at by the natives.

The former *Colegio de Jesuitas*, now the *Seminario Auxiliar*, is a fine building. Look carefully at the aqueduct, *los Arcos de Teruel*, which is worthy of the Romans in form, intention, and solidity. It was raised in 1555–60 by a most skilful French architect named Pierres Bedel. The antiquarian should notice the Moorish watch-tower San Martin, near the gate *Andaquilla*, and the other tower called the *Lombadera*, to the N. of the city. *Teruel* bears for arms its river, a bull (*Toro*, Teruel), and a star above it.

We are now in the centre of the volcano-disturbed nucleus. At *Caudete*, pop. 600, on its slope over a pretty Vega, and *Concud*, 1 L., are some of the largest bone deposits in Europe, which, as they have only been meagrely mentioned by Bowles, now clamour loudly for a Dr. Buckland. The bones are found in every possible state, fossil and otherwise, and it has been conjectured, from the number of human remains, that some great battle must have been fought here: the *Cueva Rubia*, a Kirkdale on a large scale, deserves particular investigation. The town and all the districts were sacked by Suchet, who spared neither church nor cottage, age nor sex.

ROUTE 112.—TERUEL TO CALATAYUD.

Caudete	2
Villarquemada	2 .. 4
Torremocha	2 .. 6
Villafranca del Campo	2 .. 8
Monreal del Campo	2 ...10
Camin real	1 .. 11
Calamocha	2 .. 13
Vaguena	3 .. 16
Daroca	2 .. 18
Retascon	1 .. 19
Miedes	3 .. 22
Belmonte	2 .. 24
Calatayud	2 .. 26

This was the old Roman road from Tarragona to Bilbilis, and that taken by Martial (x. 104); nor are matters much changed, as you may “perhaps” (forsitan, as he says) be able to do the same distance in a *coche* in the same time that he did. By this line Ferdinand VII.

came down to Valencia on his return from his captivity in France. At *Daroca*, April 11, 1814, he heard of the downfall of Buonaparte, and forthwith meditated upsetting the Cortes, an act to which, had he been anything loth, which he was not, the nation itself would have driven him. Sick of the incapacity and profligacy of its misrulers and their paper constitutions, and desponding in all their nostrums, Spain rushed headlong into the arms of a legitimate chief, and, flying from petty tyrants, welcomed even a despotism, in which it saw *power*, hoping under its safeguard to find peace and protection; but such ever has been and will be the *tabula post naufragium*, the great rock in a weary land. This despotism is but the *χειροκρατία*, which Polybius (iv. 46) considered the consequence and Euthanasia of democracy. Spain, in welcoming back the Bourbons, resembled Rome when leaping into the absolutism of Tiberius, who, like Ferdinand, despised his slaves, “Oh homines ad servitutem paratos.” (Tacit. ‘An.’ iii. 65). The grandes set the example of putting on legitimate chains—all hastened, to use the words of the same philosopher (An. i. 2, 7), “ruere in servitium; consules, patres, eques, quanto quis illustrius, tanto magis falsi ac festinantes,—lacrimas, gaudium, questus, adulationes miscebant.”

This was a reaction, which transpyrenean penny-a-liners and wonderers, who knew nothing of Spain and Spaniards, have not yet got over: they have never ceased to denounce Ferdinand as a Nero and monster; but he was only the head of the serpent, whose progress is forced by its tail. “If the king should return,” foresaw the Duke (Disp. Sept. 3, 1813), “he will overturn the whole fabric if he has any spirit;” and he did.

After crossing the bone and fossil district, the road follows the Jiloca, which rises near *Celda*, a hamlet, whose *parroquia* contains an excellent plateresque *retablo*. *Monreal* (pop. 1500) was founded in 1120 by Alonso I. of Arragon, as a check upon *Daroca*, which he did not take from the Moors until two years after. *Daroca* (pop.

2200) has a decent *posada*. The name *Dar-Auca* indicates more clearly that it was once the *Douar* or residence of the tribe of *Auca*, than, as some say, of a Roman family of that name; now it is the chief place of the fertile basin of the Jiloca, and of a district abounding in corn and wine. The position is very picturesque, placed in a hill-girt valley, around which rise eminences defended by Moorish walls, old castles, and crenelated towers; these follow the irregular declivities, and command charming views. *Daroca*, lying as it were in a funnel, is much liable to inundations; hence a *gran mina* or tunnel has been cut, by which an outlet is afforded to the swollen waters; the passage, when dry, is used also as a *rambla*, or road. This work of truly Roman utility and magnificence was executed in 1560 by Pierres Bedel, the same able Frenchman who raised the Teruel aqueduct. The tunnel is 2340 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, and 24 ft. high.

But *Daroca* boasts of other marvels than this. First comes *La Rueda*, or mill-wheel, which during an inundation at night of the 14th of July, 1575, rolled away of its own accord, and broke open the city gates, thereby letting out the waters and saving the townsfolk, for the watchmen and wardens were fast asleep. This piece of good luck happened very appropriately on the day of San *Buenaventura*, whereupon the good wheel, worthy of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, was enclosed as a relic in the *Calle Mayor*. The second marvel was the stone man, the petrified body of one Pedro Bisagra, which was placed in *La Trinidad*, with a basket on its arm. This fossil, when alive, was in the habit of stealing grapes, and, being once caught flagrante delicto, denied the fact, adding that he hoped, if he told a lie, that *los Santos Corporales* would turn him into stone, which they forthwith did; the culprit in the saxeous change lost two-thirds of his original height, contracting like a shut-up telescope. The Pagans omitted as unworthy of history the legend of the Nauplian ass, who was turned into stone for biting vine branches. (Paus. ii. 38. 3.)

Spain.—II.

The third marvel of Daroca is *los Santos Corporales*, or, as they are here called, *el Santo Misterio*, which are preserved in the *Colegiata*. This fine Gothic church, built by Juan II. of Arragon, who died in 1479, was altered in 1587 by Juan Marrón, who wrought the Corinthian portal and the bas-relief of the *misterio*. The tower is much older, having been raised in 1441 by the queen of Alonso V. The Doric chapel in which the relics are guarded has a cinquecento *retablo*, with black marble Salomonic columns, and an Ascension of the Virgin sculptured in 1682 by Francisco Franco. The reader who wishes for all the authentic details of the legend must consult '*La Historia de los Corporales*,' Gaspar Miguel de la Cueva, 8vo., Alcalá, 1553. The tale soon went into a second edition, 8vo., Zaragoza, 1590; see also '*Historia del Divino Misterio*,' Diego Dormer, duo., Zaragoza, 1635; '*Disertacion Historica*,' Dr. Gil Lissa y Guevara, 4to., Zaragoza, 1690; '*Historia*,' Man. Ortigas, 4to., Zaragoza, 1645; the '*Rasgo*' of Moya, p. 113; '*Coronica de España*,' Beuther, Valencia, 1604, ii. 42. The authentic facts briefly stated are as follows:—In 1239, one Don Berenguer Dentenza was besieging the castle of Chio, near Bellus, in Valencia, when 20,000, some say 30,000, Moors came to its relief, whereupon this Spanish Dentatus sallied forth with five men-of-arms to drive them back. The curate of Daroca had previously consecrated six *hostias*, but before the party could communicate, the infidels attacked them; thereupon the priest ran away, but first he wrapped the six wafers up in their *Corporales*, or napkins (Anglicè, *corporax*), and threw them into some bushes. The six Spaniards, as usual in these tales and times, defeated the multitudinous Moors, and, when the coast was clear, the curate reappeared, looked for and found his *Corporales*. They now contained, instead of six wafers, six bits of bleeding flesh, by which miracle the mystery of transubstantiation was incontestably proved. But now the five soldiers—corporals?—wanted each to secure the treasure in

the corporax, and the question was thus decided:—They were put in a box, and placed on the curate's mule, it being agreed that wherever the beast halted, there the *Corporales* should remain for good. The mule returned alone to Daroca, although more than 100 miles off, and over mountains without roads, and knelt down at his master's parish church: his rude portrait, carved in marble, is still shown. From that moment offerings poured in, whereby many souls were saved, and the church much enriched.

Daroca blazons on its shield "*six Hostias*," thus eclipsing Galicia and Lugo. It assumed these bearings in lieu of its former honourable distinction, six geese, the canting *Ocas*; and it asserts in its motto—*non facet talitur in omni orbe*—that this miracle is the only one and singular. There were no Handbooks in their days; since few pious papal frauds are more in the plural number: compare the event at Bolsena, the bleeding wafers at Gorcum, and the St. Sacrament des Miracles at Bruxelles. This local miracle, by a happy coincidence, occurred, in fact, much about the time that a *Hostia* bled at Viterbo, whereby Urban VI. was induced, in 1263, to institute the festival of Corpus Christi, whose presence thus locally and corporeally in the wafer was doubly proved; and no Christian country has offered more wonderful evidences of the great fact than Spain; thus at *Ivorra*, near *Castelfolit*, the grand relic is called *Lo Sant dupte*, the holy *doubt*, not *dupe*, because in the 12th century the curate, having consecrated the wafer, *doubted* whether it contained mortal blood, whereupon so much gushed out that the altar was inundated, and the cloth by which it was wiped up became relics (see Ponz. xiv. 152). Again, at Valencia, when a church was burnt down, it was found that a *Corporax* remained quite unconsumed, and the asbestic relic naturally became an object of universal veneration.

If our readers will turn to Leon, p. 552, to Lugo, p. 591, to the Escorial, p. 757, they will see how great is the

worship and adoration paid in Spain to the *Santa Forma*, or consecrated host; but to those who sincerely believe in transubstantiation, this adoration must be the necessary consequence; for here the Saviour is locally present in the flesh, and not in his glorified body, in which alone, as being an immortal Spirit, he truly exists, and in such a glory, as at the transfiguration and as at calling of St. Paul, mortal eye may not behold.

The doctrine of transubstantiation was first invented about 831, but it soon died away, until the 11th century, when it was revived and finally established in 1215 at the fourth Lateran Council, from which all Protestants, and with perfect reason, dissent. Thus the very institution which the divine founder of Christianity meant to be the symbol of common membership with him, and of a religious fellowship of all mankind among each other, has been perverted by Rome into the test and touchstone of religious separation. It is impossible to understand Spanish fine art and customs, without some notion of the manner in which the Gospel record of the Sacrament is here systematically set at nought. Here spirituality has been altogether corporealised, and the letter and meaning of the institution departed from. First of all no "*bread is broken*," but a stamped wafer substituted; next, the cup of which "*drink ye all*" was the command, is denied to the laity. The Saviour, in the institution of this solemn commemoration, replaced the paschal lamb of the Passover of the old law by a more touching memorial, in remembrance of himself, and when the new perfect revelation was complete. The Spaniard, however, prefers using the consecrated elements in the old Pagan acceptance of *Hostia*, a living victim offered in *sacrifice*, which contradicts the evidence of our senses, and would lead even a poor Pagan to exclaim again, "*Ecquam tam amentem esse putas qui illud quo vescatur Deum esse credat?*" (Cicero, 'N. D.' iii. 16).

It is obvious, if the people can be made to believe that the priest has the power, at his own good pleasure, to

call down the Deity from heaven and carry him in his hands, that this invocator and minister must rise above common humanity. Accordingly, when all kneel to the elevated host, they in reality kneel to the priest, who, standing on the raised altar, looks indeed down on the inferior flock beneath him; and in order to rivet this pre-eminence outside of the church as well as inside, the law of John I., 1387, declares that all persons *shall* kneel at its presence, even Jews or Moors (see lib. i. tit. 1, ley 2). The wafer is spoken of, and treated as God himself, as "*Su Majestad*;" and its presence is announced by a bell, at which all must bend the knee, as we have often seen done at Seville, even when a river so wide as the Guadalquivir flowed between, and also during dinner at a captain-general's, when all rose and knelt at the balconies. The populace, on hearing the ringing, cry out, "*Dios, Dios*," and uncover; hence the proverb, "*Al Rey viendolo, á Dios oyendolo*." This homage is paid to the king on *seeing* him—to God on *hearing* him; but the Protestant traveller will do well never to offend the weaker brethren by refusing to join in the universal bowing to that name at which all may well bow; indeed, a few years ago a recusant would have been torn to pieces by the mob. It is usual whenever the host is being carried to a dying person, that the persons in the first carriage it meets should descend and make room for the priest, a custom to which royalty ostentatiously conforms. Again on every Easter Monday the host is taken in a magnificent procession to the houses of those sick, *los impedidos*, who had been *hindered* from communicating in the church; then the streets are tapestrified as if for the passage of the sovereign, while the priest, bearing the *Viril*, rides in triumph in a gilt coach, attended by the chief inhabitants, and looks out complacently on the multitude, who kneel on each side, crossing themselves and beating their breasts most orientally (Herod. ii. 40, Larcher's note, and Luke, xviii. 13). When the medical men have done their worst, and even relics prove in vain,

then the host, now termed *el viatico*, is given to the patient, with a ceremony, noise, &c., which generally removes him to a better world.

The abuses and profanation to which this *transubstantiation* daily leads in Spain can scarcely be alluded to. First a credence table is ready to *test* God's blood, as by it the Dominicans poisoned the emperor Henry III., whence the Pontiff himself drinks it through a reed. Again, at every bull-fight the priest attends with the consecrated wafer, in case it may be required for any fatally wounded, it being taken away again if not wanted. Again, the lord mayor's show procession of the wafer on Corpus Christi Day is *the* sight of many towns; and as such is brought out at other times to amuse royalty (see p. 364). These remarks might be infinitely extended, but the subject is one which Protestants scarcely can venture to approach, however much familiarity and the lowering tendencies of materializing the spiritual may have accustomed Spaniards to behold, and even to jest at such lamentable desecrations. This miracle has done good service to high art—witness Raphael's grand picture of its coming off at *Bolsena*.

Daroca has six other parish churches. Visit *Santiago*, whose façade is handsome, while inside is a picture of the battle of *Clavijo*, by Ambrosio Plano, a native artist. Daroca and the whole district were dreadfully ravaged in Nov. 1809, by the invaders under Clopicki; and yet Ferdinand VII., when restored by England, selected this place to give a hurried proof of his gratitude, even before he reached Madrid; so he here issued a decree directing the day of *San José* to be particularly celebrated, in order to "*purify*" immaculate Spain from the taint of heretics, meaning his English deliverers; and, not contented with this, he soon re-established the "*Holy Tribunal*," professedly for the same reasons and object. There is a local history of Daroca, '*Antigüedades*,' Cristobal Nuñez y Quilez, 4to., Zaragoza, 1691, and another by Orrios.

The botanist in these parts will find

a wide and hitherto almost uninvestigated field; the fruit is excellent, especially the pears called *pera pan* and *cuero de dama*, and the *camuesa* apple. South of *Daroca*, in the plain of *Bello* and by the road side, is its brackish lake *la Gallocanta*, near which *barilla*, saxifrage, and other salitrose plants abound. The waters of this lake *Gallocanta* rose Sept. 11, 1854, and overflowed the causeway and walls of *Daroca*, the tunnel proved insufficient; the country below was devastated, and the fountain of *San Pedro* carried away, the wonderful Wheel and Corporales to the contrary notwithstanding. Beyond it lies *Villar del Saz*, where there are iron-mines which furnish for *Calatayud* (see Rte. 114) a mineral of immemorial celebrity. Those who do not wish to go to *Calatayud* may cut across 16 L. by *Cariñena* (pop. 3400), in whose cereal *campo* the fine wines *el ojo de gallo* and *blanco imperial* are grown, which form the usual beverages of Zaragoza. Those who are pressed for time may leave out *Daroca* altogether, by turning off at *Lechajo*.

Molina de Aragon lies 9 L. S.W. of *Daroca*; pop. 3500. It is the capital of its *Señorio*, or Lordship, conquered in 1129 by *Alonso el batallador*, and incorporated with the Castilian crown by the marriage of the heiress Maria with *Sancho el Bravo* in 1293, and the king is entitled the *Señor*. The city lies with a S. aspect on a castle-crowned slope over the Gallo, an excellent trout-stream, and is protected by its ancient walls and alcazar from the N. winds. Near the city are hydro-sulphuric mineral baths. The whole of this district was mercilessly ravaged by the invaders in Nov. 1810, when three parts of the unhappy city were burnt, and all the neighbouring villages sacked; the French remembered and revenged the ancient hatred evinced by these districts to their ancestors, which was manifested again in 1808. This country was ceded to *Du Guesclin* and his "*compagnies des pillards*" (see *Navarrete*), by *Henrique II.*, in recompense for their services in enabling him to dethrone his brother; but, impatient of the iron yoke of

French dictation, the people rose against their new masters, and implored the aid of *Pedro IV.* of *Aragon*. The name of *Du Guesclin*—this French *Cid*—was long used in Spain as a bugbear to frighten naughty children, just as those of *Chandos* and *Malbrook* were in France, or that of our *Richard Cœur de Lion*—*Melec Ric*—was in Palestine. He was born in Brittany about 1320. The name, properly written, was either *Glazequin* or *Chaquin*: see his curious *Chronique* by *Cavelier*, of the 14th century, edited by *E. Charrière*, 2 vols. 4to. Paris, 1839. This metrical account, in some 30,000 verses, may be compared to the *Poema del Cid*, and the lives and histories of individuals were then equivalent to *general history*. Consult also '*Historia*' by *Diego de Castrejon y Fonseca*, duo. Mad. 1641; '*Antigüedad del Señorío de Molina*,' *Diego Sanchez Porto Carrero*, Mad. 1641; '*Molina Vindicada*,' *Antonio Moreno*, 4to. Mad. 1762.

ROUTE 113.—TERUEL TO VALENCIA.

Puebla de Valverde	3
Sarrion	2½ .. 5½
Barracas	3½ .. 9
Jerica	3 .. 12
Segorbe	2 .. 14
Torres torres	3 .. 17
Murviedro	2 .. 19
Albalat	2 .. 21
Valencia	2 .. 23

Valverde, placed on a chilly eminence, contains 1500 souls. The Ionic portal to the parroquia is of the date 1591. *Sarrion* has a mineral fountain, called *la Escalerueta*. Crossing the rugged *Javalambre* chain, leaving the *Peña Golosa* to the l., is *Alventoso* on its rocky wind-blown knoll, placed over a dip well watered by the confluents of the *Mijares*, thence over a wild, rough country we enter the province of Valencia at *Barracas*, whose hills, as well as those of *La Pina*, abound in game. Soon descending into the pleasant fertile *Huertas* of *Jerica*, cold *Aragon* is exchanged for genial *Valencia*. *Jerica* (*Jericho*), pop. 3000, with a ruined castle, is placed under a slope on the banks of the *Palancia*, which is here crossed by a good bridge, built in 1570 by *Juan de Muñatones*, bishop

of Segorbe. Many Roman inscriptions are found in this district. The *parroquia* has an elaborate stone portal; hence to *Segorbe* (see Index).

ROUTE 114.—MADRID TO ZARAGOZA.

Puente de Viveros	3
Alcalá de Henares	2½ .. 5½
Venta de Meco	1½ .. 7
Guadalajara	3 .. 10
Torija	3 .. 13
Grajanejos	3 .. 16
Almadrones	2½ .. 18½
Torremocha	3 .. 21½
Bujarrabal	2½ .. 24
Lodares	2½ .. 26½
Arcos de Medinaceli	2½ .. 29
Huerta	2 .. 31
Monreal de Ariza	1 .. 32
Cetina	2 .. 34
Alama	1 .. 35
Bubierca	1 .. 36
Ateca	2 .. 38
Calatayud	2 .. 40
Frasno	3 .. 43
Almunia	3 .. 46
Venta de la Ramera	3 .. 49
Muela	2 .. 51
Garrapinillos	2 .. 53
Zaragoza	2 .. 55

There is some talk of a railroad between Madrid and Zaragoza, to be carried on to Barcelona; meanwhile the old and most uninteresting *camino real* is taken by the diligence. There are also minor branch diligences, which run from Madrid to *Alcalá* and *Guadalajara*, the two places the most worth seeing; the traveller therefore might visit them first, having previously secured a place in the Zaragozaan diligence, to be taken up at Guadalajara; the *Paradores de las Diligencias* are throughout the best inns. Those who have leisure might visit *Sigüenza* and *Medinaceli*, diverging from Guadalajara, and taking up the Zaragoza road at *Huerta*.

After leaving Madrid, and before crossing the Jarama, to the l. is *la Alameda*, one of the few villas near this capital, and here the late Condesa Duquesa de Osuna expended *un dineral* in creating an oasis in the desert (see p. 739). Crossing the Jarama, to the r. is *Torrejon de Ardoz*, where Don Hernando Muñoz was born, his father keeping an *Estanco* or tobacco shop; this fortunate youth served in the body-guard of Ferd. VII., where

his black whiskers and muscular proportions attracted the gracious notice of the fair Christina, who, at her royal husband's death, raised him to her bed, and created him Duke of Rianzares: *intrepido es amor y de todo sale vencedor*.

Again, at Ardoz in July, 1843, the first act of the eventful drama of Espartero's career was brought to a conclusion: here the *valientes* of Narvaez encountered the *valientes* of Zurbano, and having smoked prodigies of cigars at each other, and exchanged infinite vollies of *ajos* and execratory missiles, "fraternized," and sheathed their terrific swords; then Narvaez became the dictator, and ruled in his stead—more fortunate than Cæsar, because raised without any loss of precious life, at least on the field of battle, for "black" blood was copiously enough shed on the scaffold. Thus a bargain battle finished what the traitor convention of Vergara began. The conqueror was raised to the title of Duque. In estimating martial *ducal* titles on the other side of the British channel, the safe rule will be to adopt the meaning attached to other conventional words; take, for example, the phrase "worth a million:" that signifies, in England, of pounds sterling; in France, of francs (9½*d.*); and in Spain, where the bathos is complete, *reales*, of which one hundred go to our pound; and so with dukes, which Ferdinand and his successors made by the dozen, and Buonaparte by scores at a time; while England, the unconquered by sea or land, only created two in a century and a half—Marlborough and Wellington. So Nelson, who triumphed at the Nile, *died* a viscount, while M. Decrès, who was beaten there, and fled, lived to be a *Duc et Pair*.

A bald dreary country continues to *Alcalá de Henares*, "the castle of the river;" Arabicè *el Nahr*, which this once flourishing university bears on its shield for arms. Inn, *Parador de las Diligencias*. The place looks imposing when seen from afar, from its walls, conical roofs, and towers, but inside all is decay; pop. under 6000: the town has a theatre, a *Plaza de Toros*, and two pretty *alamedas* called *el Sal* and *el Chorillo*. Many changes