

have taken place since the suppression of convents, some of which have become schools for cavalry instead of classics. The old city, *Alcalá el Viejo*, was built on the *Cerro de San Julian del Viso*, and was called *Complutum*, quasi *confluvium*, from the junction of rivers. It was taken by Alonso VI., who was encouraged by a vision of the Cross in the air, which was seen by the Archb. Bernardo, a sharp-sighted Frenchman, to whom the monarch granted all the lands near the site of his vision; the place soon grew under the fostering protection of the Toledan primates, and indeed is their creation. Bernardo built a hermitage on the hill of *la Vera Cruz*, "the true cross," to which a *retablo* was given in 1492 by Pedro Gumiel. This worthy architect of *Alcalá* is generally called the honourable, *el Honrado*, because his works never exceeded his estimates; and all who to their cost have dabbled in brick and mortar, raw materials of ruination, will visit this good man's memorial; take him for all in all, they ne'er will see his like again, in Spain or out of it: even Solomon, the wisest of men and greatest of builders, was out in his reckoning to the tune of 720,000*l.*, which he borrowed of a friend (1 Kings ix. 11). The Archb. Tenorio erected the wall and bridge in 1389; but the greatest benefactor was Cardinal Ximenez, or Cisneros as he is generally called by Spaniards, who, having been educated here, remembered in his day of power, the school of his obscure youth, and raised it in 1510 to be a university, as Wolsey, imitating him, did Ipswich. He endowed it most magnificently, but the funds have been sadly sequestered and robbed. It once had 19 colleges and 38 churches, and was so amply provided, that Erasmus perpetrated a pun on *Complutum* by calling it *Πανπλουτον*, from the abundance of wealth, and the "*cumplimiento*" of all learning; and here at least were born Antonio Solis, the historian of S. America, and the immortal Cervantes, who was baptised in the Sa. Maria, Oct. 9, 1547, and an inscription is placed over his natal house.

Ximenez, disgusted at Ferdinand's suspicious ingratitude, retired to Alcalá after the conquest of Oran, and devoted his time and income to his new buildings. During his regency he amassed much treasure, with all of which, when Charles V. reached Spain, he endowed his university, saying, "Had an angel asked me for it before my sovereign's arrival, I should have thought him a devil; and should he ask me again for it now, I should think so still." Alcalá became to Salamanca, what Cambridge is to Oxford; and François I., who, when a prisoner, spent here three days of continual festival, being welcomed by 11,000 students, remarked that "one Spanish monk had done what it would have taken a line of kings in France to accomplish." The celebrated Polyglot Bible was printed (in 6 vols. folio, 1514-15) here, hence it is called the Complutensian. Ximenez, its projector, spared neither pains nor cost, and lived to see the last sheet in type; but after his death Leo X., warned by Card. Pole of the danger to which the Tiara might be exposed, in thus letting the people "search the Scriptures," delayed the publication until 1522, and then limited it to 600 copies. The expense of the edition exceeded the then most enormous sum of 52,000 ducats; three copies only were printed on vellum, one for the Vatican and one for Alcalá now moved to Madrid; the third, once Pinelli's and Macarthy's, was bought at Mr. Hibbert's by Mr. Standish for 522*l.*, bequeathed to Louis Philippe, and is now in the fine library of the Duc d'Aumale at Twickenham: the text, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Chaldaic, is not very highly esteemed by Biblical critics; the MSS. have, say some, come to a sad end. According to German authority, in 1784 Professor Moldenhauer went to Alcalá to consult one of the early MS. gospels. He in vain inquired of the heads of colleges and fellows, who, like their brethren at Salamanca, were contented to suck their alma mater, in lazy enjoyment of undisputed possession, and knew nothing about manuscripts, and not much more about anything else. At Alcalá

books were destined to support worms, whose bellies may well fatten on exploded nonsense, for the *Index expurgatorius* had taken pretty good care to keep out of Spanish libraries the works best worth reading. Our German at last discovered that the librarian, about thirty-five years before, when wanting room for some modern trash, had sold the parchments to one *Toryo*, a sad radical and fire-work maker, who used them up for rocket-cases. The sale of the items was entered in the official accounts, "como membranas inútiles," and the quantity sold was so great that it was paid for at separate times. But all this thing of Spain is denied, and we believe with reason, by Puig Blanc, in his 'Opusculos;' and see 'Biblical Review,' xv. 186. Certain, however, it is that recently, and during the civil wars, cart-loads of conventual deeds and mediæval parchments have been sold the glue-makers, who looked to this source for a supply of raw material. Thus the only adhesive element in unamalgamating Spain is obtained at the cost of her literature and antiquities.

Yet this land of anomalies and contradictions was among the first to translate the Bible, which now its churchmen the most forbid, as, since they have departed from its letter and spirit, the book condemns them. They pretend, imitating the Moslem's refusal to print the Koran, that the rendering it thus common would derogate from its sanctity. Borrow, in his graphic 'Bible in Spain,' has shown the deadly hostility of the priests to the inspired volume, which they burn as the Pagan pontiffs of old Rome did the rituals of antagonistic creeds (Livy, xxxix. 16). So the lies of man are substituted for the truth of God.

Inspect, as we have so often done, any Spanish religious library, or open any of the books of devotion furnished by confessors to women and the many, they will mostly be found to be either mariolatrous fallacies, idle legends, and lives of monks, false alike in history, chronology, and geography, as in morals and religion; but "woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that

put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter" (Isa. v. 20). Can it be wondered at, since the truth has so long been systematically withheld, and Spaniards forbidden and unable to "search the Scriptures," that at present there should only be two classes, either *infidels*, who live in a cold negation of all religious truth, and reason with Voltaire, that in order to be really enlightened it is necessary to believe nothing—or *bigots* who swallow greedily the stones that have been given them for bread? The former class are on the increase among the upper and middling ranks, for, as Aristotle said, errors when exploded and falling into contempt, drag truth down with them; since men, when they discover the cheats of what has been long practised on them, in resentment against the abuses of superstition, war against real religion, and doubt everything; nor have they anything better to fall back on than this dreary, heartless infidelity, as there is no *via media*, no Protestantism, no Bible in Spain.

Alcalá is now a poor and ignorant place, for the removal of the university to Madrid—Oxford to Gower Street—has completed its literary ruin, so the place is turned into a cavalry station! It is a shadow of the past, and latterly has been left in sad abandon. Visit the *Colegio mayor de San Ildefonso*, which Ximenez began in *Tapia*, and, when Ferdinand objected to the humble material, replied, that it became him, a creature of dust, to leave marble for his successors. Hence the inscription, "Olim lutea nunc marmorea." The *San Ildefonso* was recently sold to one *Quinto*, who began pulling it down for the sake of the materials. When the body of Ximenez was found, the corporation bought the desecrated walls back, with an intention of preserving the site as a sepulchre for their former benefactor.

Designed by Pedro Gumiel, the original university was finished in 1533 by Rodrigo Gil. The façade of three stories with statues is constructed with marble of a beautiful ivory colour, with a grey granite basement: the cordon of St. Francis is symbolic of

the founder's name and order. There are three *patios*; in the Doric, Ionic, and Berruguete style; that called *el Trilingue* was completed in 1557. The chapel, built by Gil de Ontañon, is magnificent; here the rich Gothic is tintured with Moorish decoration, *azulejos y lienzos*. Observe the fretted arches under a matchless *artesonado* ceiling, with ribbed panels and alhambra stars. The founder lies buried before the elaborate *retablo*; his effigy, clad in pontificalibus, reposes on a most superb raised *urna*, the masterpiece of Dominico el Fiorentino. The epitaph records the great commissions of this Friar, General, Viceroy, and Cardinal. The *reja*, or balustrade was wrought by the Vergaras, father and son, 1566-73. The rich cinquecento ornaments struggle between Pagan and Christian devices: examine it well, although the inscription invites the traveller to admire the virtues of the deceased in preference. The *Paraninfo*, the grand saloon, or hall of former ceremonials (so called from the professor who presented candidates for degrees), is sadly degraded; look at the exquisite plateresque upper galleries; the lacunares of the *artesonado* roof are very rich. Ximenez died at Roa, near Valladolid, Nov. 8, 1517, in his eighty-first year, broken-hearted at the ingratitude which Charles V. showed, like his grandfather, towards an old and faithful minister. He was a stern reformer, and bigoted persecutor of Jew and Moor; but none can doubt his honesty of purpose, however mistaken his policy. Some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices arise from the most honourable principles; where prejudices are caught up from bad passions, the worst men feel intervals of remorse to soften and disperse them; but when they arise from a generous though mistaken source, they are hugged closer to the bosom, and the kindest and most compassionate natures feel a pleasure in fostering a blind and unjust resentment. For the life and deeds of this great prelate consult '*De Rebus Gestis*,' A. Gomez de Castro, fol., Alcalá, 1569; '*Compendio de la Vida*,' Eugenio de Robles,

4to., Toledo, 1604. It contains the Cardinal's best portrait in *profile*, a position which was adopted by our Wolsey, a great imitator of Ximenez. The '*Archetyppo de Virtudes*,' another biography, by Pedro de Quintanilla, fol., Palermo, 1653, has a full-length portrait, also in profile: see also '*Hist. de Toledo*,' T. T. Vargas, l. v., ch. 4.

The episcopal palace, with square towers and leaden spires, on which many primates have laboured, is still unfinished; it occupies the site of the old alcazar, of which a massive tower yet remains; the plain, solid exterior contrasts with the beautiful courts and decorations inside, wrought in a warm-coloured marble. The windows of the first *patio* resemble those by Berruguete in the *alcazar* of Toledo; the second *patio* is plateresque, with rich cornices and balustrades, and was built by the primates Fonseca and Tavera: the exquisite plateresque staircase and façade to the garden deserve notice. Alcalá was repeatedly sacked by the French; hence the churches and convents are now plateless, pictureless, and desolate. In the *San Diego* is the grand sepulchre and recumbent statue of the primate Alonso de Carrillo, obt. 1482. The principal church, *el Magistral*, is Gothic; the great portal is very beautiful. It has an excellent *reja* by Juan Frances, and elaborate *silleria del coro*; here lies Pedro Gumiel, *el honrado*, now forgotten and dishonoured.

The tutelar saints of Alcalá are *Justo* and *Pastor*, who were put to death Aug. 6, 306, when aged seven and nine years. The stone on which they were executed still bears the impression of their knees, as may be seen at *El Paredon del Milagro*, about 2 m. from the town. When the Moors invaded Alcalá the bones of these young martyrs were carried off to Huesca, and were brought back in pomp by Philip II. Ribadeneyra (ii. 444) gives all details; see also Prudentius (Per. iv. 41); consult also '*Vida y Martyrio*,' A. Morales, Alcalá, 1568; '*Monumentos de los S. M. Justo y Pastor*,' J. F. Andres Uztarroz, Zaragoza, 8vo. 1644. A poor museo has been formed at *Guadalajara* out of rubbish from suppressed convents. For

local history consult '*Historia, &c., de Comphuto*,' Miguel de Portilla y Esquivel, 2 vols. 4to., Alcalá, 1725-28.

Two L. S. is *Loeches*. This hamlet rises on a gentle eminence out of undulating corn plains; at the north end cluster the *Carmelitas*, Palace, and the Dominican convent to which the Conde Duque retired when disgraced by Philip IV. Observe the cypress grove. The façade of the church, built in the Herrera style, is decorated with the statue of the Virgin, and with the arms of the *Conde Duque*, on a large scale. The interior is very plain. Here he wrote, under the signature of Nicandro, that famous vindication of his policy, which completed his ruin, for he was sent, by way of reply, in banishment to Toro. There he died in 1643, haunted as he thought by a spectre,—say, rather by the ghost of Spain, whose greatness he had murdered. He was buried in this convent's chapel, which he had adorned with ten pictures by Rubens, but which disappeared after this wise: In 1807 Mr. Wallis, agent of the picture-dealer Buchanan, bargained with the nuns to buy six of them for 600*l*. Meanwhile the French arrived, and Sebastiani agreed to remove them by force, he having two for his fee—the lion's share; he selected among them the *Triumph of Religion*—certainly not of the eighth commandment—which is now in the Louvre, having been sold by him for 30,000 francs to the French government. In order to save the others, Wallis placed them in the house of M. Bourke, the Danish minister, who unluckily was himself a dealer in virtù, and by whom they were sold for 10,000*l*. to Lord Grosvenor: thus Mr. Buchanan lost both cash and pictures (see his '*Memoirs of Painting*,' ii. 222, which give curious details how collections were formed with English gold, Corsican brass, and French iron). Sebastiani, in 1814, at the *Restoration*, when matters looked rather awkward, offered to Sir John Brackenbury to sell his *collection* of seventy-three pictures for 11,000*l*., and they were proposed to George IV.; but he was unable to buy them, from having spent all his loose cash in feasting the

allied sovereigns: many were purchased by Messrs. Watson Taylor and Alexander Baring.

The frames of the stolen pictures remain empty, *Hiatus maximé defendendus*. A copy of an Assumption hangs in an altar opposite the latticed tribune of the Duque, which communicated with his palace. All Sebastiani's pickings and stealings are blinked by M. Maison.

To the r. of *Loeches*, and about 2 L. from Alcalá, is *Corpa*, famed for its hunger-provoking waters. Morales ('*Ant. de España*,' 57) relates how a labourer sat down one fine Monday with his week's provision of bread, and forthwith ate his daily loaf, and then washed it down at the spring; but the more he drank the more he ate, until the seven loaves were gone; hence it is called *la fuente de siete hogazas*. Other divines say that the rustic had eaten all his seven loaves at once, and, feeling considerably distended, drank of the waters, and immediately digested the whole mass. Read this, ye aldermen of London, with what appetite ye may.

Leaving Alcalá, the bald plains continue to *Guadalajara* (*Wádá-l-ha-jarah*), "the river of stones," which are now-a-days more liberally bestowed in these cereal plains than loaves. This river, the Henares, is crossed by a bridge, built in 1758, on Roman foundations. The town, especially when seen from San Antonio, outside the walls, rises in a fine jagged outline with crumbling battlements, while the gardens of the Mendoza palace hang over a wild ravine. Inside, however, it is dull and poverty-stricken; pop. about 5000. The *posadas* are bad; that of the diligence is the least so.

Guadalajara was reconquered from the Moors by Alvar Fañez de Minaya, whose mounted effigy the city bears for its arms. The readers of old ballads will be familiar with this relative and right hand of the Cid, to whom he gave his precious swords (Duran, v. 154). Alvar was a fierce *guerrillero* of that exterminating age, and, like his master, spared neither age nor sex, hewing the infidel to pieces; hence the Moorish annalists never mention the

name "Albarhanis" without adding, "May God destroy him" (Moh: D., ii., ap. 32). The feudal lords of *Guadalajara* were the Mendozas, the Mecenasa family of the Peninsula. Visit their palace, built in 1461, in which the great Cardinal Mendoza, rex tertius, died. The style is quaint, and of a sort of transition from the Moro-Gotho to the cinque-cento; the capricious barbaric designs are coarsely executed, yet as a whole it is strange and striking. The façade is studded with projecting knobs, while an ample armorial shield with satyrs for supporters crowns the portal: high above runs an elegant row of Moorish windows, from whence François I. beheld the tournament given him by the Duque de Infantado, whose magnificent hospitality is described by eye-witnesses (see '*Hechos de Alarcon*,' x. 302, fol. Mad., 1665; and '*Historia de Pescara*,' viii. ch. 3, Zaragoza, 1562). The then duke lived in almost royal state; his retinue, body-guard, &c., are detailed by Navagiero (p. 7). On entering the house the *patio* is singularly rich and rare, albeit not of the correctest taste; over the arcades are strange sculptured lions, with heads like hedgehogs, and a profusion of scrolls and shields, and the ball ornament. All is now the abomination of desolation: the rooms of state are partitioned with *tapique*. It is melancholy to walk through this palace, where past splendour struggles with present decay. The splendid *artesonado* ceilings, being out of reach, mock with their gilded magnificence the indigent misery of the walls below, and the *azulejos* retain their Primiticcio designs. In a room upstairs some neglected portraits of the grim Mendozas frown flapping in their frames. Observe the ceilings in a saloon which overlooks the garden, and another which bears the arms of England, with the Tudor badges and supporters. The *Sala de Linajes*, once the saloon of the genealogies of the proud Mendoza, was long ago converted into a magazine. Observe the huge chimney-pieces, and especially that in the long gallery, which François I. so much admired, and Nuñez de Castro

has described in bad verses. This palace was completely gutted by the republican invaders, who resented the hospitality shown to even their *own king* in his hour of need, and as it is a thing of times past never to return, will never be itself again.

Next visit *San Francisco*, with its simple imposing outside. It was cruelly ill used in the civil wars, having been turned into a fortress, as it commands the town; founded in 1200 by Doña Berenguela for the Templars, it was rebuilt in 1393 by the Admiral Mendoza. Observe in the *Capilla de los Dávalos* a sweet statue of a sleeping female, holding the cordon of the tutelar: here youth and beauty have met with an untimely end, cut off in their prime.

Now descend into the *Panteon*, where reposed the ashes of the Mendozas, the brave, the pious, the learned, and the magnificent. The sepulchre, worthy of their goodness and greatness, rivalled in rich marbles those of the Medici at Florence and of the Escorial. Begun in 1696, and finished in 1720, at the then enormous cost of 180,000*l.*, it contained twenty-eight tombs, and among them that of the duke who had befriended François I.; but his ashes, in 1809, were cast to the wind by the invaders, who made bullets out of the leaden coffins, unplumbing the dead to destroy the living. They next broke the precious marbles into pieces. Infantado after their expulsion long left the vault purposely unrestored, as a mute but eloquent record of revolutionary philanthropy. The Duke was personally obnoxious to the French because a true Spanish patriot. He was appointed commander-in-chief Dec. 2, 1808, after the miserable La Peña had been defeated before the town, which was then dreadfully sacked by Marshal Bessières.

Near the Mendoza palace is a pseudo-Moorish brick building, which was converted by the invaders into a battery, and since into a prison: opposite is the college of engineers, once a royal manufactory, a French scheme of Philip V., who wished to force Spain, a naturally agricultural country,

into making bad and dear wares. Here all the merino fleeces of Spain were to be wrought into cloth for nothing less than the supply of the whole world; but all this ended in more cry than wool: *mucho ruido y pocas nueces*. Bolstered up from 1757 to 1784 by Charles III., or rather by Florida Blanca, at an enormous loss, it became such a hotbed of robbery, jobbery, disorder, and mismanagement, that the minister Wall, an Irishman, contrived to decoy over one Thomas Bevan, from Melksham in Wiltshire, to set the machinery and matters to right, which he did, and then the Spaniards left the poor foreigner, when his task was accomplished, to die of a broken heart at the failure of every grand promise which had been made to him. Compare the treatment of Mr. Wetherall at Seville (p. 208). This establishment was gutted and ruined by the invaders, but Ferdinand VII., on his restoration, restored this ruinous concern, as he did the Inquisition, for deep indeed have the Colbert maxims sunk into every Bourbon heart.

Next visit the *Plaza de Santa Maria*, and observe the picturesque arcades of *San Miguel*, once a mosque, with its colonnaded entrance, round buttress pillars with pointed heads, horseshoe arches, machicolations, and herring-bone patterns under the roof. The church of *San Esteban* has the Toledan circular absis and rows of arches on the exterior, and presents a curious jumble of styles. Alfar Fañez the Cid's right-hand companion in 79 battles, lies buried inside, with many other ancient knights of good family. In the *museo*, amid some bad pictures, observe the fine tomb of Doña A. de Mendoza, brought from the convent of Lupiana. The *Casas Consistoriales*, built in 1585, have a good gallery and balcony. There is a *Historia*, &c., of Guadalajara, collected partly by Fernando Pecha, a Jesuit, but published under the name of Alonso Nuñez de Castro, fol. Mad. 1633; consult also '*Antigüedad de Guadalajara*,' Balr. Campusano, fol. Mad. 1661.

About 2 L. from Guadalajara, and

on the road to *Cuenca*, is *Lupiana*, with its celebrated, now degraded, monastery of *San Bartolomé*; this was the first founded in Spain for the order of St. Jerome, and was the work of Diego Martinez in 1330; the fine Gothic cloisters were built in 1472 by the Primate Carillo; the fine church was raised by Herrera; the grand chamber, in which the general chapters were held, by Mora in 1598. At *Hien de la Encina* (9 L.) are some silver mines. The *San Cecilio*, a very rich one, is worked by a foreign company of principally English proprietors.

From *Guadalajara* the traveller may visit the baths of *Trillo*; there is a diligence, see *Sigüenza*, and then take up the road to Zaragoza at *Lodares*; there is also a talk of a road from *Guadalajara* to *Logroño*. Quitting the former, at about 2 L. E. of *Toriya* are the plains of *Briguega*, or the *Alcarria*, Arabicè a place of farms, or *alquerias*. This fine pastoral and wheat district was originally a vast lake, which was separated by the Guadarrama chain from the *Tierra de Campos* in Old Castile. The freshwater basin is composed of rich red marl and loam, and is irrigated by streams which flow into the *Tajuna*. The district is elevated some 4200 feet above the level of the sea. The aromatic shrubs of the hills render the honey very fine, while the wines of *Poyos* are excellent.

Brihuega, Centobriga, is an old and once walled city of 4500 souls. Here, Dec. 9, 1710, Vendôme defeated Stanhope, whose decided victories over the French at Almenara and Zaragoza had recovered Madrid, as Salamanca did in our times. His slow and heavy German allies having, however, neglected to secure the communications between Portugal by Alcaraz, Vendôme seized the opening, and advanced from Talavera on Madrid with greatly superior forces, just as Soult did from Hellin. Thus the allies were forced to fall back on Catalonia, as the Duke of Wellington was on Portugal. The selfish booby Austrian Charles, led the retreat, carrying off all the cavalry with him as his escort, and thereby de-

prising the army of all means of obtaining intelligence and watching the enemy. The allies divided into three bodies, the Portuguese taking the centre, the Germans the r., and the English the l. They all proceeded over-leisurely, and were pounced upon quite unawares by the dashing Vendôme, who wisely made his first attack against the little English band, which then, as in our times, was, to use Stanhope's words, "the salt which seasoned the whole." Vendôme had more than 20,000 men, while Stanhope had scarcely 5500, with no cavalry and very scanty ammunition. He instantly sent off to Staremburg, who, although distant only a few hours' march, now, when minutes were winged with destinies, was tortoise-like two days in coming up, thus occasioning his ally and himself to be defeated in detail. Stanhope resisted the French as long as his powder lasted; he then capitulated on most honourable terms, which Vendôme stained his great glory by shamefully violating. The next morning, that is, the day after the fair, the lumbering Staremburg reached *Villaviciosa*, distant about 1 L., with 13,000 men, and fought so gallantly that Vendôme at one time meditated a retreat on *Torija*; thus, had these slow allies only marched a little quicker, and joined Stanhope in time, the French must have been destroyed. Night came on, leaving the battle undecided, but on the morning Staremburg retreated, and reached Barcelona with only 7000 men.

Four L. from *Brihuega* through *Solanillos*, is *Trillo*, a town of 800 inhabitants, near the Tagus; it possesses excellent hydrosulfat mineral baths, which are much frequented from June 15 to September 15 by the sickly Madrileños. The baths are situated about a mile from *Trillo*, by a pretty walk on the wooded river bank; one called *la Piscina*, is destined for lepers; and there is also a hospital in which the poor are received—and most poorly. The equally frequented baths of *Sacedon* lie a few L. S. of *Trillo*.

At *Almadrones* the road branches to the l. to *Sigüenza* in old Castile, 4 L.;

few visit this decayed city, which, however, contains a cathedral full of magnificent art. Pop. about 4500. This, the chief town of a district possessing fine plains and plenty of water, might, with proper cultivation and roads, be made the granary of Spain. *Sigüenza* was built, it is said, by fugitives from Saguntum; but the site of the Celtiberian *Segontia*, Seguncia, was distant about two miles, and is still called *Villa Vieja*. *Sigüenza*, once an important frontier town of Castile and Arragon, was reconquered in 1086 by Alonso VI., and still retains portions of its ancient walls and gates; built in the shape of an amphitheatre on the side of a hill, sloping down the valley of the Henares, the upper town is steep, with its height crowned by the episcopal palace or *alcazar*, for the bishop was once señor or lord of *Sigüenza*. The Gothic cathedral, a fine substantial edifice, has a simple façade between two towers, with a medallion of the Virgin giving the *Casulla* to San Ildefonso, placed over the central portal; descending into the interior, the twenty-four noble clustered piers which support the middle and highest of the three naves are striking. The much-admired *trascoro*, with red and black marbles, was raised in 1685 by Bishop Bravo, to receive an image of the Virgin which had been miraculously preserved from the Moors. The rich Gothic *silleria del coro* was carved in 1490; the huge organs are of much later date. The simple and classical *retablo* of the high altar is composed of three tiers of the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite Orders, and was with the bas-reliefs raised in 1613 by Bishop Mateo de Burgos. The statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity deserve notice. Among the many tombs of prelates in the *presbiterio*, remark, near the door of the *sagrario*, the recumbent effigy of the first bishop, the Frenchman Bernardo, afterwards the celebrated Primate of Toledo; he was killed in a battle near the Tagus, and however indifferent to truth or the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, was at least a gallant soldier. The portion of the transept in which are the

relics of *Santa Librada*, the patroness of the city, is elaborately architectural. See her Life, '*Discurso de la Vida, &c. de Santa Librada*,' Diego E. Gonz, Chantos y Ullauri, 4to. Mad. 1806. Observe the details of the *retablo* and the niche in which her body reposes; above is a sculpture in which she ascends to heaven, and nothing that minute labour and gilding can effect has been spared. The founder, the Bishop Fadrique of Portugal, kneels in a highly-wrought niche near his work.

The chapel of *Santa Catalina*, near the door which opens to the market-place, contains flags taken from the English in 1589. Observe a delicate plateresque portal and *reja*, and some superb sepulchres with recumbent figures; e.g. of Martin Vasquez de Sosa; Sancha, his wife; Martin Vasquez de Arce, 1486; and a fine armed knight of Santiago. Notice that of the bishop of Canaria, Fernando de Arce, obiit 1522, by whom some of the others to his ancestors were raised; it is truly Berruguete, with statues of children, shields, and cinque-cento decoration, amid which the prelate lies at full-length on the *urna*. Another sepulchre of older date fills the centre of this assemblage of monumental art. How impressive, how Christian is the sentiment here! There is no aping the pagan costume of antiquity, but everything speaks Spain and the period, the gallant crusader, the pious prelate, lie stretched on the bed of death, yet the clasped hands, now that sword and crosier are laid aside, indicate hope, faith, and confidence in another life. The *retablo* is churrigueresque, but the original one is put up in the *sacristia* with an excellent but much-injured Florentine picture of the Crucifixion. The adjoining *Capilla de San Francisco Xavier* has also a plateresque portal, and in the semicircular chapel is the tomb of Bishop Bravo, with a fine crucifix. The portal to the *sacristia* or *sagrario* is in best plateresque, and in the same style is the wood carving inside, while the *relicario* is filled with statuary and minute sculpture, and the *reja* is excellent. The

glorious church plate disappeared during the war of the invasion. The Gothic cloisters, with delicate windows and enrichments, were finished in 1507 by Cardinal Bernardo Carvajal, and were paved in the last century by Bishop Bullon, who disfigured the general character with his coat of arms. Examine, however, the doors and contiguous chapels.

The Geronomite *Colegio* was founded by one of the Medinaceli family, who lies buried in the transept, obiit 1488. Observe the tomb of Bishop Bartolome de Risova, obiit 1657, and the classical cloister of Tuscan and Doric. Sigüenza has pleasant walks on the river banks, which were laid out by Bishop Diaz de la Guerra, for the bishops have been signal benefactors to their city. They raised the aqueduct, which crosses a glen below their palace, and supplies the town, and is a work of truly Roman intention, solidity, utility, and grandeur. It was at *Sigüenza*, Nov. 30, 1808, that Castaños, after his defeat at Tudela, surrendered his command to La Peña of Barrosa infamy; then the hero of Bailen, who never had won a victory except by that accident, from being the idol of Spain, became at once an object of popular scorn. Consult '*Catalogo Saguntino y Anales de Sigüenza*,' José Renales Carrascal, 4to. Mad. 1742. This estimable author wrote the miracles of Santa Wilgeforte, a patroness of Sigüenza, and an account of a woman who had nine children at one birth. '*Las Nueve Infantas*,' 4to. Mad. 1736.

The road to Zaragoza may be rejoined at *Lodares*, passing first to *Medinaceli*, 4 L. This is not a "city of heaven," either metaphorically or really, but simply the "city of Selim;" it was once the strong frontier hold of a Moor of that name, and, accordingly, the scene of many conflicts between both the Moors against themselves and against the Christians. Here, on Monday, Aug. 7, 1002, died the celebrated Al-Mansúr, "the victorious," the Cid of the Moors, and the most terrible enemy of the Christians. Mohammed Ibn Abi *Aâmir* was born Oct. 28, 938, near Algeciras; at first a letter-writer at

the gate of the palace at Cordova, then the *Kâteb* or secretary of Sobha, the mother of Hishem II., he rose to be *Amir* by a long tissue of intrigues, treacheries, and murders, truly Oriental and Spanish. He next became the *Hageb*, or Maire du Palais, and in reality the master of the puppet Sultan. He waged deadly war against the Christians, proclaiming a "holy crusade," or *Algihad*, every year, when his raids or *talas*, eatings up and razzias of Galicia, even exceeded those of modern invaders. He also, like Sout and Massena, took authors, his Borys and Pelets, with him to vilify his opponents, and glorify his own honour, mercy, and goodness. He was buried in the dust of fifty campaigns, for after every battle he used to shake off the soil from his garments into a chest carried about with him for that last purpose. (Consult 'Moh. Dyn.' ii. lib. vi.). Mons. Viardot, 'Essai sur les Mores en Espagne' (i. 110), has made of Al-Mansúr a hero of a romance, thus upsetting and unsettling history as his shallow countryman Florian did with Gonzalo de Cordova, and as the inaccurate Châteaubriand charlatanised the Abencerrage. Mons. Reinaud ('Inv. des Sarrasins,' p. 217), a really critical writer, cautions his readers against M. Viardot's ultra-French polish.

Medinaceli, now the terrestrial home of some 1600 chilly mortals, is built beneath a steep eminence over the trout-stream *Jalon*, and gives the ducal title to the great family of Cerdas, the rightful heir to the crown; for Fernando, called *la Cerda*, from a peculiar tuft or bristle, the eldest son of Alonso el Sabio, died during his father's lifetime, leaving two children by Blanche of Bourbon, who were dispossessed in 1284 by their uncle Sancho el Bravo (Mariana, xiv. 7). The learned Jesuit was not aware how ancient an Iberian custom this succession of brothers to the exclusion of nephews was; (see Livy, xxviii. 21). It was introduced into Spain in all probability by the Carthaginians, as the rule prevailed in Numidia (Livy, xxix. 29). The dispossessed dukes of Medinaceli long continued at every new coronation to

claim the crown and to be fined a small sum pro formâ. Their petty capital has a *Colegiata*, a dilapidated palace with a good Doric courtyard, and the remains of a Roman arch. The city was taken from the Moors in 1083, by Alvar Fañez de Minaya, whose mounted effigy it blazons for its arms.

At *Arcos* we cross the *Jalon*, and soon entering Aragon bid adieu to the Castiles at *Huerta*, a garden; but a very little green makes an oasis in a desert. It is a poor town, nipped and chilled by the winds of the bleak *Moncayo* mountains; however, it possesses, or rather possessed, one of the finest Bernardine monasteries in all Spain, built on the site of a palace of Alonso VIII. in 1142-7, and the scene of his *fabled* loves with the dark-eyed Jewess Rachel, of her tragical death, and his bitter repentance. Part of his stables remain, having been converted into a granary; but the whole edifice has been altered from time to time and much injured by modern bad taste. There are two noble cloisters; that with a double colonnade is most elegant; the pointed Gothic below contrasts with the round arches above. This convent was the burial-place of many ancient knights of the 13th and 14th centuries, who died fighting the Moor, e.g. the Finajosas, Perez, Martinez, Manriques, Montuengas, Muñoz, and others, whose Froissart epitaphs are preserved by Ponz (xiii. 54). The *silleria de coro*, full of Berruguete and cinque-cento caprice, is most elegant; observe the stall of the abbot. Near the high altar was buried Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada, the warlike primate who fought at *Las Navas de Tolosa*: his ashes have been moved to Toledo. The church was formerly painted with representations of that decisive victory. This prelate chronicled the events himself, and his actual MS. was long preserved here, but that and the once excellent library has shared the fate of most in Spain. The bulk was sold in 1836 to a local butcher, who boasted that he had cleared 600*l.* by retailing the leaves as waste paper! Among the remarkable personages buried here is *el Santo Sacerdote*, Martin de Finajoja; also many of the

French legionaries who came to aid Henrique II. against Don Pedro. This monastery deserves a careful inspection.

Aragon is entered at *Ariza*, a name said to be derived from the Basque *Ari-za*, abundance of sheep. It is a miserable place, retaining some of its former mud walls and fortifications. Hence following the *Jalon*, is *Alhama*, placed under a noble rock above the river; distant 2 L. are the baths, the Roman *Aquæ Bilbilitanæ*, which are frequented from June to September. Thence passing *Bubierca*, *Voberca*, to *Ateca*, a town of 2000 souls, conquered from the Moors by the *Cid*, and a tower on the Valencian road still bears his name. About 10 miles off, at the monastery of *Piedra*, a fine thing with a grand altar-piece, are some striking cascades; that called *la Cola del Caballo*, "the horse's tail," is 300 feet high.

Calatayud is the second town of Aragon, but is dull and decaying. The diligence inn, *Parador de las Diligencias de Llover*. The city has an imposing look, imbedded among rocks, and with a noble castle. The hills are grey, hungry, barren, scaly, and crumbling, as are the ruined edifices which are built out of them and among them. This city, now dilapidated and dull, is of Moorish origin, as the Arabic name implies, being the "Castle of Ayub," of Job, the nephew of Musa, who, to construct his new frontier town, used up the remains of ancient *Bilbilis* as a quarry; that old Iberian city lay about 2 miles E. at *Bambola*, and was celebrated for being the birthplace of Martial and the site of a victory gained, u.c. 680, by Quintus Metellus over Sertorius. It was also renowned for its superior steel and streams, "*aquis et armis nobilem*" (Mart. i. 50, 4), for *equis* is an incorrect reading. These waters were those of the *Jalon*, "*Armorum Salo temperata*" (Mart. iv. 55, 11). See also Justin (xliv. 2), and Pliny (N. H. xxxiv. 14). The fourteen medals coined at *Bilbilis* are enumerated by Florez (M. i. 169). Modern *Calatayud* must closely resemble ancient *Bilbilis* as described by Martial

(x. 103); it is cold and cheerless, being exposed to the blasts of the dreaded *Moncayo*, *mons Caunus*, *Calvus*. This bald *Sierra*, a peeled mass of schiste, slaty rocks and limestone, divides the basins of the *Ebro* and *Duero*, and, being a detached elevation, catches the clouds, and remains to this day the dwelling of *Æolus* and *Pulmonia*, as in the days of Martial (i. 50, 5), who dreaded "*sterilem Caunum cum nivibus*."

Martial himself, although an Aragonese by birth, was in truth rather an *Andaluz gracioso*. He went to Rome, where he neglected business, took to writing epigrams, and composing *Seguidillas* like his countrymen *Salas* and *Quevedo*. The characteristics of his style are well summed up by his friend Pliny in his 'Epistles' (iii. 21), as partaking *salis et fellis*, of salt *sal andaluza*, and gall, and dirt might have been added; but ancient ballad-mongers were frank and open in their expressions, nor was there then any inquisitor to force them into decency and an outward observance of *les convenances*. What the ancient *Seguidillas* were may be inferred from the specimen quoted by Suetonius (Cæs. 49), *Gallias Cæsar subegit*, etc.; but those who will look into the '*Cancionero de Burlas, Madrid, por Luis Sanchez*,' i. e. printed in London, by Pickering, will see the Spanish muse in tolerable *déshabille*. Martial toadied Domitian when alive, by whom he was knighted, but the *caballero* abused the emperor when dead. He took disgust at being neglected by Trajan, his *paisano*, and returned to Spain after 35 years absence; whence he wrote an account of his mode of life to Juvenal, and which, rude as it was when compared to the luxuries of Rome, he preferred, or asserted that he preferred, exclaiming like a true Spaniard, who is wretched out of Spain, *sic me vivere, sic juvat perire* (xii. 18).

Calatayud (Pop. about 7000) is a genuine Aragonese city; and now the peculiar soffits and carved projecting rafters of roofs commence, and the Castilian *quinta* gives place to the *torre*, and the dingy *paño pardo* to blue and yellow velveteens. The town is cheap,

as the environs, being well irrigated by the Jalon and Jiloca, are full of pastures, fruit, and vegetables; the hemp is equal to that of Granada. The city has also a theatre, a *plaza de toros*, and some pretty alamedas. In the *alta* or upper portion, still called *La Moreria*, are many caves in the rocky hill once inhabited by Moors. Visit the ruined *Castillo del Reloj*.

There are two *Colegiatas*. One, *el Santo Sepulcro*, was built in 1141, and originally belonged to the Templars; the altar of the *sepulcro* is made of marbles of the province. The second, *la de Santa Maria*, once a mosque, has an elegant cinquecento portal, erected in 1528, by Juan de Talavera, and Esteban Veray; it has a lofty belfry, but the interior is less good, having been disfigured with gilt statues and stucco-work of bad taste. There are a few second-rate pictures by Aragonese artists. The pavement, put down in 1639, is of a marble called *Claraboya*, which resembles the *Parian*; the belfry is octangular, as is common in Aragon and Catalonia. The Dominican convent has a glorious *patio* with three galleries rising one above another: observe a portion of the exterior enriched with pseudo-Moorish work like the prisons at Guadalajara, although, when closely examined, it is defective in design and execution; seen, however, from afar, it is rich and striking. The city arms are truly Celtiberian, "a man mounted without stirrups and armed with a lance:" such a charge occurs constantly on the old coins. A cross has been placed in his other hand, and the motto "*Bibilis Augusta*" subjoined. Consult the local histories, '*Tratado del Patronato*,' Miguel Martinez del Villar, 4to., Zaragoza, 1598; and '*Elogio*,' by Jeronimo Escnela; Alcalá, 1661. Near Calatayud and *el camino de la Soledad* are some curious stalactical caves. For the country towards *Teruel*, and communications with *Valencia* and *Cuenca*, see Rtes. 111, 112.

Leaving *Calatayud* the vineyards commence; the red wines made in the *campo de Cariñena*, which lies some 10 L. to the N.E., are among the best

in Aragon. *Almunia* is prettily placed amid gardens, cypresses, and olives, with a richly ornamented octangular belfry. Now the fine road continues over dreary plains and chalky mountains to *Muela*, whence Zaragoza, with its thin lofty *torres*, forms the emphatic feature of a magnificent panorama, backed by the shadowy Pyrenees, and sweet is the prospect, the gardens, olive-groves, and vineyards, after the wilderness left behind: for Zaragoza and Aragon, see Sect. xiii.

ROUTE 115.—MADRID TO BURGOS.

Fuencarral	1
Alcobendas	2 .. 3
San Augustin	3½ .. 6½
Cabanillas	3 .. 9½
Lozoyuela	2½ .. 12
Buitrago	1½ .. 13½
Somosierra	3 .. 16½
Castillejo	3 .. 19½
Fresnillo	2½ .. 22
Onrubia	2½ .. 24½
Aranda de Duero	3½ .. 28
Gumiel de Izan	2 .. 30
Bahabon	2 .. 32
Lerma	3 .. 35
Madrigalejo	2½ .. 37½
Sarracin	3 .. 40½
Burgos	2 .. 42½

It is in contemplation to make a more direct road through *Soria*, *Logroño*, and *Pamplona*, by which a great elbow, of some 18 L., will be avoided, and all passing by *Burgos* omitted; meanwhile, R. 116 is the high road to France, and the one the most travelled in Spain: those who take it in their own carriages will find relays of post-horses at the different *paradas*; but this course is rarely adopted. The journey is performed by many mails, diligences, and public conveyances. The route is most wearisome, as the road is sadly out of repair and the towns most miserable; the *Paradores* of the diligences are tolerable. The *Sillas Correo* or mail is the best mode of travelling, because the quickest; and happy the man who can sleep, dislocating ruts permitting, from Madrid to Burgos, after which the country gets more interesting. We strongly advise all who have not seen the *Escorial*, *Segovia*, and *Valladolid*, to make for Burgos by going through those places.

The desert begins on quitting the gate of Bilboa and the mud walls of Madrid; once outside them the miserable people and country look as if they were all in Chancery. At windblown *Fuencarral*, to the rt. of *Chamartin*, is an old mansion of the Mendoza family, now the Duke of Osuna's, in which Buonaparte lodged from Dec. 2, 1808, until Dec. 22; and here, Dec. 3, he received the Madrid deputation headed by the traitor Morla; a fear of the Spanish knife retaliatory of the *Dos de Maio*, made him shy of living in the capital: here, Oct. 6, 1846, the Duc de Montpensier breakfasted before entering Madrid on his ill-omened marriage with the infanta, which, by estranging England, caused the loss of a crown to Louis Philippe, and of a character to Guizot.

San Agustin, although among the last stages to a city which its townfolk consider to be the first stage to heaven, is anything but the *Civitas Dei* of the ancient father whose name it bears. This wretched place never has recovered from the ill-usage of the invaders after Dupont's defeat at Bailen. The whole line of road to Burgos was then ravaged, "harvests of wheat were eaten up, flocks and herds, vines and fig-trees, and the fenced cities impoverished;" nothing escaped them, for they robbed even beggars, and those even Spanish beggars. Nothing was too small for a rapacity inherited from Brennus, qui tantum quod invenerit, latit. (St. Jer. ad Dem. de v. p. 3). The unarmed villagers in vain applied to Marshal Monecy for protection; he forbade them to extinguish the flames with which he burned their homes, and they were left to water the ashes with their tears (Schep. i. 448). Savary escaped the popular fury disguised as a servant, following the respectable example of Nero (Suet. 48), and setting one to his master, Buonaparte, at Orgon, who, thus disguised, slipped through, when Joseph made off among the first, he who the day only before the battle of Bailen had entered Madrid as its sovereign, thus creeping like a moth into the ermine of Castile; now he fled, "oh, vice of kings! oh, cutpurse of the empire!"

having first plundered Ferdinand's plate-chests (*Toreno iv.*), as he did his picture galleries at a subsequent flight; but his Imperial Majesty began life as the clerk of an attorney. Of a kind disposition, Joseph was but a poor red-tapist at best; equal perhaps for the office of an old Bourbon king of Spain, but quite unfit for a Buonaparte. In the same July, 35 years afterwards, this usurper died an exile at Florence, leaving sundry millions. But this *Key intruso, Pepe*, began life as a pettifogger, and at a time when

L'on a vu des commis, mis
Comme des princes;
Qui d'hier sont venus, nus
De leurs provinces.

Poor *Pepe* thought himself a second Napoleon, although treated as a non-entity by his imperial and imperious brother. Marshal Soult almost ignored his existence: while Napoleon considered Soult la meilleure tête militaire, Joseph (*Mém. x. 395.*) held him to be *l'homme coupable des malheurs d'Espagne*: but the French cause was really paralysed by the dissemination of rival generals; by the decimation of their armies, scattered in separate commands, and busied in the pursuit of phantom partisans. Thus the Duke, with a mere handful of men, was enabled to beat them one after another. The Buonapartists also, from being accustomed to salve over their beatings, by doubling the English numbers, ended in believing their own lie, and imagined the Duke's troops to be really much more numerous than they were. Buonaparte himself never was so deceived; he knew, thanks to the English press, our exact numbers and movements. But he never could drive this into the heads of his generals in Spain; and *superiority of numbers* is an excuse so grateful to humbled vanity, that an angel from Heaven will never convince the French. Thus even in 1854, the editor of Joseph's Memoirs sums up the Spanish campaigns with such balderdash as this:—"Lord Wellington ne lutta jamais dans cette campagne contre des forces supérieures!—Qu'il obtint des succès et evita des revers, par des causes

autres que la supériorité de son génie et celle de la valeur de ses troupes!"

Dreary now becomes the face of nature, the heat in summer is terrific; green as a colour, and water as a liquid, are curiosities; it is just the place to send a patient to who is afflicted with hydrophobia: however, at *Cabrenillas* and *Lozoyuela* the spurs of the Somosierra range commence, and the desert gets cooler; the peasants, few and poor, are clad in *pañó pardo*, their waistcoats are cut open at the chest, and they wear *monteras* as in miserable *La Mancha*; the women on holidays put on picturesque boddices laced in front; their children are swathed up like mummies. For *Buitrago*, *Uceda*, the trout-fishing, and *Patones*, see p. 773.

The pass or *puerto* over the Somosierra is the natural gate and defence of Madrid, and was strongly occupied by the patriots with 16 cannon, Nov. 30, 1808. "Their misconduct," says Napier (iv. 2), "can hardly be paralleled in the annals of war; it is indeed almost incredible to those acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by 12,000 men, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped; the charge of the Poles, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly foolish, but, taken as the result of Buonaparte's sagacious estimate of the real value of Spanish troops, was a felicitous example of intuitive genius. The Spaniards ran in every direction. The appearance of a French patrol terrified the vile cowards, who halted near Segovia, and the multitude fled again to Talavera, and there consummated their intolerable villany by murdering San Juan, their unfortunate general, and fixing his mangled body to a tree, after which, dispersing, they carried dishonour and fear into their respective provinces."

To murder* unsuccessful generals

* The Spanish Goths used this *dulcem vim* in order to make their chiefs take, not relinquish, command. Thus Wamba was informed,

is an old Punic and Iberian habit, and frequently torture was added (App. 'B. H.' 309, 312; Justin, xxii. 7). Similar examples occurred constantly during the Peninsular and recent civil wars, and were the wild justice, the revenge taken by the ill-used soldier for long years of misgovernment and deception. The *Juntas* and generals in their stilty speeches and bombast proclamations held out to their troops that they were invincible; no wonder, therefore, when the day of battle and the first charge of the tremendous French dissipated the illusion, that the half-starving, ill-equipped soldiers, embittered by disappointment and defeat, should attribute the, to them, astounding reverse, to their chiefs, or put them to death as having purposely sold and betrayed everything to the enemy. Certainly, as Napier says, the *collective* misconduct of the regular armies of Spain was in painful contradiction to the valour of the *individuals* of whom they consisted, and scarcely a battle was fought during the whole war in which this sad fact was not demonstrated; but truth and justice also require that the real culprits should bear the blame and dishonour, and not the *people of Spain* or the *nation at large*; and we have always in common fairness pointed out this important distinction: the personal bravery and nice feeling of honour of the *individual* Spaniard is unrivalled. The real incubus was a vile government and unworthy chiefs: see Ocaña, p. 245, and Almonacid, p. 799. "Always bear in mind," writes the just Duke (Disp. April 16, 1813), "their total inefficiency, their total want of everything that can keep them together as armies." Had the Spaniards been placed like the Portuguese under English officers, and also well clothed and armed, with "pocket and belly" wants provided for, they, too, would have become the "fighting cocks of the army." "Our own troops," says the Duke, "always fight, but the influence of regular pay is seriously felt on their conduct, their

"Nisi consensus te nobis modo promittas gladii modo mucrone trucandum te scias."—'Esp. Sag.' vi. 535.