

poor, though the retablo is ornamented with four jasper columns. Before the grand altar was a beautiful custodia of silver, so bright that at a distance it looked like crystal. It is very exquisitely executed, and was resting on an elegant gilt car, for the procession of Corpus Domini to-morrow. The stalls in the choir are carved, to correspond with the pointed architecture of the church; and the pulpit is of marble, with some pretty *bas-reliefs*, and looks well. The west front of the choir is unusually handsome; the statues which adorn it tolerable, and the marbles extremely rich and beautiful.

In the Capilla de la Pieta is a Dead Christ, by Juan de Juni, surrounded by six figures, some of which are very fine; but the Magdalene, with both arms spread out, is not good. The garments of these figures are painted with the richness of Paul Veronese.

The pavement of the cathedral is of black, white and salmon-coloured marbles, diamond pattern, and very handsome. In the room leading into the cloisters is a fine tomb of Diego de Cavarrubias, ob. 1576; the expression of the venerable prelate is very grand. The cloisters belonged to the old cathedral, and having been pulled down, were put up again in 1524, when the present building was begun; but no one would suppose that they had been disturbed. There is a curious ancient painting, much injured,

but not badly executed, representing Maria Saltos, a frail Jewess, sentenced for adultery to be flung from a rock ; and having invoked the Virgin, she is represented in a halo of glory coming to her assistance, as Maria is falling to the ground. Her tomb is underneath the painting.

In a room adjoining the cloisters we saw the sepulchre of Don Pedro, the son of Henry II., who fell from a window of the Alcazar, in 1366. His little hands are folded on his sword, which lies between his legs ; but the gilding which covered the sarcophagus is now nearly worn off.

The Sala Capitular contains a richly-decorated roof, a neat chapel, and a good portrait of St. Carlo Boromeo praying before a Dead Christ. The frescoes in this room are chalky, and very bad. Over the altar of the chapel is an excellent painting on marble, representing the Adoration of the Magi ; the figures and horses are very good, and the colouring excellent.

The tower of the cathedral is three hundred and twenty feet high ; and the cathedral itself being built on the top of a hill, it has a fine effect at a distance.

We then went to the Alcazar, and from the terrace had an extensive view. We saw the Parral, once a wealthy Jeronomite convent ; but the Governor now keeps the key, and it is a bother of hours to get into it ; they say it contains some fine tombs,

and the tower is picturesque. We saw also the Casa de Moneda, where the national coinage used to be struck ; and the church of Villa Crux, built in 1204 by the Templars, with its circular arched entrance—the most ancient church in Segovia.

The Alcazar itself—the prison of Gil Blas—is the great object of attraction, built on a rock, rising precipitately above the river, with a high roof and round towers with spires, but the extremely picturesque tower, with its twelve turrets, is best worth attention. The walls are covered with a Moorish circular decoration, which relieves the dead space. The Alcazar is now an artillery college, and we had great difficulty in obtaining permission to see the throne and the reception rooms, the roofs of which are Moorish and magnificently gilt ; the different ornaments, columns and stalactite decorations are extremely rich.

We then went to the tower of San Esteban, which is ornamented with five rows of arches, some pointed and others circular ; and at the foot of it is an open corridor, with Saxon arches resting on double columns with enormous capitals. The church of San Martin has also an open corridor, with similar columns and very curious capitals, and some of the circular arches, with Saxon ornaments, are still remaining. In the interior is a fine old tomb of a knight in armour, Don Roderigo del Rio, and the tomb of Gonzalo Herrera and his wife is also curious.

Last but not least of the sights of Segovia is the magnificent aqueduct, one of the finest Roman remains in Spain. Mariana says Toledo was founded by Hispalo, and the aqueduct also built by him; but he adds, more probably by Trajan, or at least it was erected in the time of his reign. Compared to the flimsy, tumble-down, though picturesque houses around it, one would imagine this to be the work of giants. It is perfectly simple, yet from the immense size and the correct proportions, there is an imposing grandeur about it, which is truly magnificent.

There are no buildings near to the Pont du Gard and the aqueduct of Tarragona, and therefore there is nothing to compare them with, except the still higher hills adjoining; but here, in the centre of low houses, arches of such a prodigious height may well be thought by a superstitious people to be the work of the devil; and we cannot be surprised at their being incredulous at Trajan having had anything to do with their erection. The grey granite stones are some of them very large, and no cement is used. There are two rows of arches, the lower row alone varying in height as the aqueduct spans the valley. It is this part which is so very picturesque and so very grand—bustling rising upon bustle, the centre arches of the lower row being above a hundred feet from the ground, and the views through them are strikingly picturesque of

the curious old buildings with wood-work in the front, like some of our ancient farms in England, and houses over corridors, almost tumbling down, and propped up with a singular variety of rustic columns. The view of the Parish of San Salvador from one point is very remarkable, with the picturesque tower of San Just with its circular arches; and beyond the grand aqueduct, the eternal monument of Roman power, and the Prout-like groups of houses, the fine range of the Guadarrama rises proudly, covered with snow.

We had a delightful ramble over this picturesque old city; every street is a picture, and deserves visiting over and over again. The Plaza de la Constitucion and all about the Plaza de la Merced, beneath the aqueduct, are charming, there is nothing like them in Spain. The inn at Segovia is also of the time of the Moors. The tower has a machicolated battlement, and the walls are covered with Moorish ornaments. Our dinner was good, and though the rooms have not a pleasant appearance, the beds were clean.

We were told at Segovia we should go to St. Raphael, the nearest point to Segovia on the road from Madrid to Valladolid. The unsettled state of the weather had induced us to abandon our visit to Avila, and we now unfortunately gave up seeing the waters playing at La Granja, and the procession of Corpus Christi, which, even in this

small town, would have been worth staying for, and shortened our stay in Segovia, thinking that on the great *fête* day we should be certain to find places in the diligence to Valladolid.

We started at five o'clock in a *coche de coleras*—a kind of rustic Lord Mayor's coach, with a great many glass windows, and the wood part formerly gaily painted; but time had almost destroyed the decorations, or it would have looked much grander than the equipages in the fine painting by Velasquez in the National Gallery, which in form it rather resembled. Our team consisted of three mules. In two hours we passed the village of Obro, two and a half leagues from Segovia; the country uninteresting, but the views extremely wild and extensive. Our route lay amongst boulders of grey granite, and sometimes we were jolted considerably in crossing them, to the great danger of our rickety old carriage; and often the streams had torn up the road, and it was difficult to pass. I was surprised at their asking me at Segovia an apparently exorbitant price for one day's journey, especially as there was a lively competition for the job; but the danger to the frail vehicle on such a road as this was, no doubt, taken into consideration.

We arrived at ten o'clock at St. Raphael, situate on a plain adjoining some pretty rocky hills, clothed with pines. We there found that we had been misinformed at Segovia; and that the diligence, in-

stead of passing at eleven, would not arrive until four in the afternoon. The landlord informed us that there was no doubt we should find places, and unfortunately we allowed our coach to return to Segovia. We waited patiently, and got a miserable dinner; but great was our disappointment when we found the diligence was quite full. We then regretted we had not driven or ridden to Olmedo, ten leagues from Segovia; and we should then have only had eight leagues to go to Valladolid. They said we should have no chance of finding places in the courier; and our disgust was not a little increased, finding towards night bugs crawling on the walls. Taking advantage of our difficulty, they asked an ounce (£3 7s.) each for horses without saddles, or a tolerable substitute for them, to Olmedo, one of two days' journey to Valladolid; and the men who made the offer had a bad appearance, and seemed quite capable of helping themselves to any other ounces we might have in our possession. Rather than submit to this imposition, being more than ten times what they ought to have asked, or take the chance of next day's diligence, and, in either case, be obliged to pass a night with the bugs, I hailed a galera which was passing; and we got in at nine o'clock at night, agreeing with the mayoral that he should stop the courier at midnight, and we should quit him if there was room.

Our travelling companions in the galera proved

to be two of the rudest, though decently dressed, Spaniards I ever met with, unwilling to yield half of our fair share of the conveyance. One had his mother, who made herself as comfortable as she could, stretching herself out, and taking twice the space she was entitled to; and the other had his wife, and a sickly child who was almost always crying. These were not the only passengers, for I heard in the night an extraordinary noise, not quite human, and yet I could not make out what it was; when over me bounded a big animal, which turned out to be a huge dog, vomiting from having eaten too much supper, or from the motion of the cart jogging down the hills, enough to make anything sick. The galera has often a dog sleeping in the loose net underneath, between the wheels, to protect it from marauders, but this one belonged to the Spaniards, and was apparently unaccustomed to travelling.

When the courier passed us, every place was full, so there was no chance of relief from our prison. At a little after daylight we stopped at a venta, where all our fellow-travellers took a glass of raw aniseed brandy and a piece of bread, which lasted them till their eleven o'clock breakfast; and then such messes they eat as English eyes rarely beheld. We got some eggs, the never-failing resource in Spain.

We arrived at Olmedo at six o'clock, and reposed

there in a decent posada until midnight. No horses or better vehicle was to be got there, and the road being excellent and the motion of the galera bearable, we would not risk waiting for the diligence, which, as it turned out, was full again when it passed. We had an unpleasant night of it. One of the Spaniards stretching out his legs, disturbed me continually; and at last in removing his feet, less softly perhaps than I had done three times before, I knocked off his shoe. He awoke, and finding it gone, thought I had pitched it out of the galera, as he certainly deserved, flew into a furious rage, and being supported by his friend, would have attempted some violence, if I had not shown him the muzzle of a pocket-pistol I carry in my pocket, which calmed him wonderfully.

We were glad to arrive at nine o'clock at Valladolid, and escape from the galera—"Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère." It is a great drawback to travelling in Spain, that there is no posting, and so few public conveyances, that it is dangerous to run the risk of finding seats; and yet it is impossible, in making a tour of this description, to say when one will be at a certain place, and, therefore, useless to take them before leaving Madrid. We ought to have taken the old coach from Segovia to Valladolid, although such slow travelling, not quicker than on horseback, is wretched work in such an uninteresting country as

Castile. From St. Raphael to Valladolid, we saw nothing but flat, uninteresting plains, badly cultivated; wretched crops and mud-built villages, occasionally a little relieved by distant views of mountains.

Some of the women near St. Raphael and towards Valladolid wear yellow, others crimson petticoats, and very large straw bonnets; and we met occasionally picturesque groups of Galicians, migrating, for the summer months, to earn a few hard dollars, to make their mountain-homes more comfortable; and some Maragatos, from the hills near Astorga, with slouching hats, leathern jackets and belts, and black breeches, made very full to the knees, and tight below, like the Nizam costume in Egypt and Turkey.

CHAPTER XIII.

VALLADOLID CATHEDRAL—UNIVERSITY—LA ANTIGUA—LOS AGUSTINOS—DESCALZAS REALES—PARROQUIA DE LA MAGDALENA—LAS HUELGAS—SANTA MARIA DE LAS ANGUSTIAS—THE PALACE OF PHILIP III.—SAN PABLO—COLEGIO DE SAN GREGORIO—SAN LORENZO—SANTA CRUZ—THE ENGLISH COLLEGE—THE MUSEUM—STREETS AND SHOPS—PROMENADES—EXCURSION TO SIMANCAS.

VALLADOLID was called by the Moors Beled Walid, and was often the favourite residence of sovereigns, especially of John II. and Charles V. Since Madrid was made the metropolis, it does not appear to have declined so much in wealth and prosperity as other cities in Spain, the population being now twenty-four thousand, nearly half the number it contained in the days of its prosperity. What time had spared, the French invasion effected; and immense treasures of art and splendid architectural buildings were plundered or destroyed; and although the town appears to be reviving, the confiscation of the Church property will prevent the

restoration of many buildings far too beautiful and too interesting to be allowed to perish entirely; but it is probable that measure may ultimately be more beneficial to Valladolid than many other cities in Spain, which do not possess so much capital, industry and enterprise, and such a rich neighbourhood.

The appearance of Valladolid is anything but imposing at a distance, and does not, like Toledo, convey the idea of having been, at any time, an important place — the residence of princes, the capital of the empire. The entrance through the Campo Grande, a wide open space, surrounded with large buildings, convents and palaces, is, however, fine; and soon the picturesque appearance of the plaza and other streets, kindles an interest which the exterior of the city does not promise.

When there is a cathedral, everybody begins with that. The *façade* is simple and elegant, if it were not for three churrigueresque ornaments on the upper part, which injure the simplicity of the design. Four half-Doric columns ornament the lower part. Herrera's plan was to have had four towers, but only one was completed, which fell nine years ago. The interior is simple, and yet grand. Four noble arches on each side, divide the church into three aisles. The beautiful grey stone is whitewashed here and there, which injures the effect; yet still it is fine, and proves how much more imposing are correct architectural proportions

than gorgeous gilding and tasteless, over-ornamental decorations.

The rail before the choir is handsome, but too lofty; and near the high altar was a gilt car, used in the procession of the Corpus Domini, and on it a silver custodia, executed by Juan d'Arphe, and considered his master-piece. The largest figures are Adam and Eve, under a tree in front; the face of Eve is not well executed, but Adam's is much better. The smaller *bas-reliefs*, representing various Biblical subjects, have all the delicacy of Benvenuto Cellini; and this custodia exhibits greater simplicity than usual, fewer plateresque decorations, the beautiful fluted Doric and Ionic columns not being destroyed by an overabundance of ornaments. The Assumption, over the high altar, by Zacarias Velasquez, is not particularly good, but the Virgin's attitude is fine. There is a Transfiguration, by Luca Giordano, in one of the chapels, which is not bad, especially the Apostles in the foreground; and in a chapel on the right, on entering, are two interesting tombs, one of the founder of the church, a good-looking old gentleman and his lady, both kneeling, with hands clasped; opposite to him is a reverend prelate, in the same attitude.

The best painting in the church is a Crucifixion. Our Saviour and also the thieves are cleverly drawn; the Virgin weeping is very well done, and the figures

in the foreground are fine, though somewhat exaggerated.

The great curiosity of the cathedral is el Cristo de la Cepa (the Christ of the Vine Stock), preserved in a beautiful small silver custodia, with spiral columns; a Christian and a Jew disputing in a vineyard about the Divinity of Christ—the Jew said, “I will believe you, when the Messiah comes out of this vine.” The image, it is said, instantly appeared, and was given to the convent in 1415 by the Primate of Toledo. It is about eight inches long. The head of Christ has certainly a human appearance, but with long, rough hair, whiskers and beard; and below the head is the resemblance of a body, resting upon a gilt hoof; and above our Saviour is a piece of the tree.

The University is vilely churrigueresque, though the animals on the columns in front are rather quaint.

The church called the Antigua was built in the eleventh century, and has a tower ornamented with three rows of arches, two of which are Saxon. The architecture of the interior is not remarkable. The altar or retablo, carved on wood, and painted by Juni, is very fine. The knees of the Christ on the Cross are raised too high, but beneath is a grand group, with the Virgin swooning with agony. St. Ann in a niche below is very good; also the figures on each side, St. Lucia and St. Barbara, especially

the latter. The large Apostles beneath are excellent, and several of the small *bas-reliefs*, which cover the rest of the retablo, are well executed; but some of the figures are exaggerated in their attitudes, though very many of the heads are exceedingly fine. There is also an image of the Virgin, which is not bad.

In the chapel of the Cancellaria are some curious old paintings of Saints, with gold glories around their heads, which are well worth observing. The figure of an old man resting on his staff is excellent.

The *façade* of the Agustinos, now a ruin, is good, but the capitals are too heavy. The portal of San Benito, with its pointed arches and Doric pilasters, is fine. This once-splendid convent is now a barrack. A soldier observing me looking at it, and writing a line on my tablets, called out the guard, and ordered me to stand. An officer soon appeared, who happened to have a few grains more sense than many of his countrymen in this strange land, and even blushed for the absurdity, when I made a joke of the mischief I had committed; otherwise I might have experienced the misery of a Spanish prison, as many have done for this offence. La Aduana Vieja has a neat Corinthian portal, and a tower on each side.

The church of the Descalzas Reales contains a fine Corinthian retablo. The paintings above the grand altar, of the Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin, are by Matias Blasco, who painted here

early in the seventeenth century. The Virgin in the Coronation is very beautiful, and the figures in the foreground of the Assumption are excellent for their drawing and also colouring. Some of the others are good specimens of Vincencio Carducci, especially the Annunciation, the Flight into Egypt, and the Marriage of Joseph. The Virgin in the Annunciation is a well-drawn figure, full of expression; and certainly these are the best paintings I have seen of this master, exhibiting considerable boldness in the drawing, and great breadth of colouring. Santa Clara, the Madonna and Child, and the Saints below, are by Arsenio Mascagni, and are powerfully drawn, but not well coloured.

The church, called La Parroquia de la Magdalena, built in 1570, consists of one aisle, with a finely-groined roof. The Corinthian retablo is considered the master-piece of Esteban Jordan, a sculptor also in the service of Philip II. The carved figures of the Apostles below are very good, and the Transfiguration in the centre remarkably well done. The Ascension of the Virgin above the altar is beautiful; and another figure of the Madonna is excellent. Opposite the altar is an interesting tomb, also by Jordan, of the Bishop-founder, Pedro de Gasca, who was sent by Charles V. to restrain the excesses of Pizarro. He is represented lying in his robes, with his book and crosier in his

arms; the head is well executed, but his countenance is not expressive of the best temper in the world, such as he is said to have possessed.

Gasca was one of the most remarkable men Spain ever produced. With only a staff in his hand—without an army, fleet, or money—he went out as President of Peru, at a period that portion of the New World was in open rebellion, under Gonzalo Pizarro; and in four years, by an extraordinary suavity of manners, great common sense, and an union of tact and firmness, he recovered an empire almost lost to the Spanish throne, restored the poor Indians to comparative freedom, and returned home with a fleet laden with treasure for the Emperor, but as poor himself as he went, having even rejected presents of plate and immense sums of gold from the grateful Indians and colonists, satisfied with the reward that had been promised him of a mitre in his native land.*

In an adjoining chapel is a carved figure of a Magdalene, which is very well done.

In the church De las Huelgas Reales the retablo is by Hernandez, and very fine. The Assumption of the Virgin, at the top, is good; the Ascension, beneath the latter, is truly exquisite—so much beauty and such deep expression—the cherubs are also delicately and charmingly carved. St. Bernard

* See Prescott's Peru, vol. II, p. 201.

on his knees, with his hands stretched out, receiving our Saviour from the Cross, is admirable. The other Saints are well executed, especially St. John. The Adoration of the Kings is the best of the paintings, said to be by Zuccaro; but they are hard, and the colouring not good. Opposite the grand altar is an imposing alabaster tomb of the foundress, Maria de Molina, wife of Sancho el Bravo. She lies at full length, with her hands clasped together, on a sarcophagus, ornamented with coats of arms and figures.

In the Chapel del Christo there are some Apostles, on a gold ground, which are not bad; the shadow of the figures is painted on the gilding.

In the interior of the church of Santa Maria de las Angustias there is a simple elegant retablo, by Juan de Juni, with a splendid group, representing the Annunciation in the centre, fine figures of Saints on each side, and a beautiful Pieta above; the Apostles below are also good. Coloured statuary, executed by such men as Juni and Hernandez, is certainly very effective in its proper place. Under a showy tabernacle is the Señora de los Cuchillos, so called from the seven swords piercing her heart, executed, as the sulky custode says, by Hernandez, but it is quite like the style of Juni; and undoubtedly, according to all authorities, by that master. The head is remarkably fine, and full of feeling; an agony of grief could not be more powerfully depicted. There are two figures of the Magdalene

and a St. John, which are likewise by Hernandez; and also a tolerable Christ at the Column. The paintings around the tabernacle of the Dolorosa are not bad.

The Palace, once the residence of Philip III., and now of the Infante Francisco d'Assis, contains a small patio, with the capitals of the columns all different; and a large court. There are figures with good *bas-reliefs* and busts over them, some with crowns, and all intended for Spanish Sovereigns. The large patio is ornamented with Doric and Ionic capitals, but the effect is injured by being built up. The staircase and interior are not worth seeing.

The *façade* of the church of San Pablo, rebuilt in 1463, by the celebrated Cardinal Juan Torquemada, Inquisidor of Seville, is extremely rich; consisting of a fine elliptical arch, with Gothic pinnacles on each side, over it a circular window; and every portion of the *façade*, even the columns, covered with sculptures and decorations, with the arms of the Duke of Lerma above.

The *façade* of the Colegio de San Gregorio adjoining, founded in 1488, has also a rich, but not so good a portal, though more curious from the subjects, consisting of trees and strange figures in armour. An interesting and fine cornice runs along the extent of the building, decorated with heads, festoons, and cherubs. The entrance-door into the Colegio is admirably finished; and in the first court, which

is ornamented with columns, there is an exquisite window over the entrance. The cornices, heads and figures of the different doors you pass through are all beautiful. The cloisters are the finest in Spain, and truly splendid, but certainly of a later period than the *façade*. On the ground floor are elegant lofty spiral columns, with neat capitals, supporting circular arches, above which a massive carved chain runs around the court. The spiral columns on the first floor, also sustaining similar arches, are shorter, and between each is a handsome balustrade; resting on this are beautiful little columns, supporting small double arches; most elaborate sculpture of fruit, angels, and ornaments, filling up the rest of the arch. The decorations are rich, the effect magnificent, and in good taste. Several of the rooms on the ground floor still retain their artesonado roofs, and the staircase is splendid, especially the ceiling. The doors and windows of the upper gallery are very beautiful; and the roof of the principal suite of rooms, consisting of a long chamber, with a small one at each end, once separated only by plate-glass partitions, is magnificent, and gives a princely idea of this once-renowned Colegio.

In the church of San Lorenzo is a painting representing a procession, bearing an image of the Virgin to Maria, Queen of Philip III. The Virgin de las Candelas is a beautifully carved and painted

figure, by Hernandez. The expression of the Madonna and the Child in her arms is charming, but her hand is injured. There is also a good Holy Family, by the same artist, the drapery admirable, St. Joseph's head fine, and the Child Jesus, standing between Joseph and the Virgin, is extremely well executed.

The exterior of the church of Santa Cruz is in a rough state, but is simple and good, though I should doubt its being by Herrera, to whom it is attributed. The interior is elegant, and is really a little museum of the works of Hernandez, being filled with his painted sculptures. The first on the left is Christ's entrance into Jerusalem on an ass, with the colt following. The three figures in front, little less than the size of life, strewing their garments in the way, are very good, although their costumes are Spanish. The three behind, with olive-branches, have dresses rather more Oriental. Our Saviour's appropriate garment is covered with a splendid black velvet dress, embroidered with gold, and one has to raise it up to see that it is not the taste of the artist. The next is now the Virgin del Carmen, formerly de Candelas, and also very good. There is a soft expression about the faces of the Madonna and Child, particularly the latter, which is very beautiful, and her drapery is excellent. The third scene is Christ in the Garden: Our Saviour is a noble figure; the angel with the cup is also

good, though not pretty. The *Ecce Homo* is fine, but a less pleasing subject.

The next, on the other side of the church, is Christ at the Column, rather bloody, but not offensively so, and remarkably well done. The great genius and talent of the sculptor is shown more in this than in any of the others. It is coloured naturally, though brownish, and is truly magnificent. The last representation is the Deposition from the Cross, which is also very grand; St. Joseph and St. Matthew are taking Christ down, whilst St. John, a noble figure with an admirable expression, is looking up. The Magdalene is fine, and also the Virgin seated in agony. In the background, at the foot of the Cross, is a soldier with a hammer. All these figures are as large as life and wonderfully executed. The interior of the church of San Miguel is handsome, with good Corinthian pilasters. The retablo is very beautiful, and contains some good sculpture; the Adoration of the Kings and the Circumcision are the best. The Palace of a Duke, opposite to it, is worth observing.

The English College is a singular establishment to find in such a country as this; the chapel is neat, but contains no works of art. There are now six English students, and they generally stay five or six years; and being educated to be priests, at a small expense, they are seldom from the upper classes. The very courteous rector, who

