

the great CARDINAL XIMENES, also by *Borgoña*. The face is sharp and drawn, full of power and intelligence, but somewhat Jewish in type, as if the Cardinal was not altogether free from the imputation of "mala sangre," that terrible blot on the escutcheon of a Spaniard.

Ximenes was Prime Minister to Ferdinand and Isabella, and Regent of Spain during the minority of their grandson Charles the V. He was brought to the notice of the Queen by Mendoza who appointed him her confessor. He at first declined the office saying that "the cloister not the court was his sphere." Isabella however would not permit him to refuse. On the death of Mendoza in 1494, the Queen offered Ximenes the Primacy, but he would not accept it, till forced to do so by Pope Alexander VI.*

As Archbishop, Ximenes was still an ascetic—beneath his robes of state he wore hair cloth; his food was of the coarsest kind; his bed the bare ground; and according to the strictest rule of his order he lived a Franciscan monk. As Prime Minister and as Regent, his policy was to repress the power of the nobles, and raise that of the crown, and this he accomplished by giving the third estate some share in the Government.

On the death of Ferdinand, there was some hesitation on the part of the Castilians to acknowledge Charles as king, his crazy † mother, Queen Juana, being alive. Their opposition was met with firmness by Ximenes, who announced that he should at once proclaim Charles in Madrid, and that he doubted not every other city in the kingdom would follow the example. The discontented nobles, taken by surprise, crowded to his palace, and fiercely demanded by what authority he had ventured to act thus. Ximenes calmly shewed them the will of Ferdinand, confirmed by Charles, and then, leading them to a window,

* Alexander Borgia, the Pope who three years after this date burnt Savonarola at the stake in the great Piazza de' Signori at Florence. This Pope was a Spaniard by birth.

† Was "crazy Jane" really crazy? It appears certain that she had during her long sad life some intervals of reason, and we must remember that both her father Ferdinand and her son Charles V. were interested in exaggerating her mental incapacity. Both in turn held the powers, which were her's by right.

pointed to a strong body of well armed troops beneath, "These are the powers," said he, "which I have received from the king; with these I govern Castile; and with these I *will* govern it 'till the king, your master and mine, takes possession of the kingdom."

It was in vain that Ximenes urged Charles to repair to Spain; he lingered on in the Netherlands for a year after the death of his grandfather Ferdinand. On his arrival in the peninsula, Charles repaid his minister's devotion with ingratitude. The primate was too ill to complete the journey he had undertaken to meet the king, and wrote, entreating an interview.

Charles, influenced by his Flemish advisers, coldly declined it, and sent the primate to his diocese for repose. This was a death blow to the proud but conscientious old man. He died (1517) a few hours after receiving his dismissal, — "the only prime minister mentioned in history whom his contemporaries revered as a saint."

To Ximenes Spain owes the fresh impulse given at this time to learning. It was he who founded and endowed the university at Alcala, and revived the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages, long fallen into neglect. When Francis I. was a prisoner in Spain, he visited this university, and exclaimed, "Behold what this Spanish monk has done! he has accomplished in a lifetime what it would have taken a whole line of kings to accomplish in France!"*

From this Spanish University issued forth his Polyglot Bible, in the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, and Latin text, so that through Ximenes Spain was possessed of an edition of the New Testament in the original Greek, two years before the Greek Testament of Erasmus made all Europe ring with his fame.†

* Alcala is now dismantled. At this university, ten years after the death of Ximenes, Ignatius Loyola studied, and was imprisoned by the authorities for his heretical teaching.

† The New Testament of Ximenes was *printed* in 1514, that of Erasmus in 1516, that of Luther in 1522. The *publication* however of Ximenes' Bible was delayed till 1522, and the number of copies restricted to 600, by order of Leo X., to whom it was dedicated. The original MSS., purchased at so much cost to Ximenes for the completion of this great work, were actually sold as waste paper to a maker of fireworks by a librarian of Alcala in the last century.

Ximenes and Erasmus gave to the learned what Luther gave to the people: the Scriptures could now be read in the original languages, and in pure Latin. When the last volume of his Bible was brought to Ximenes he gave thanks to God, "that in a time of much need he had been allowed to lay open to the world the fountain head of Christ's holy religion, from whence a far purer stream of theology might be drawn than from any other source." Then, turning to his attendants, he said, "I glory more in the completion of this work than in any other act of my administration."

It would be well if the record could have stopped here, but Ximenes—not unlike other excellent men of that and every succeeding age—was intolerant, and intolerance led to cruel persecution: many hundreds were burnt at the stake during the eleven years that he held the office of Grand Inquisitor.

The next portrait to be observed is that of THE BLACK FRIAR, Bartolomé Carranza de Miranda. (*By Luis de Carbajal.**)

Carranza was a Dominican monk and archbishop of Toledo in the time of Charles V. and Philip II.

As confessor to Philip, he had accompanied him to England, and was there given the name of the Black Friar, partly from his Dominican habit, and partly as a term of odium, from the belief that his influence with Queen Mary had sent many martyrs to Smithfield, and amongst them Cranmer.

It was Carranza who attended † Charles V. on his death-bed; his was the harsh voice which, it has been said, grated on the musical ear of the dying Emperor; but other ears were there eager to find occasion of offence in the words uttered by the Primate. Carranza advanced towards the couch on which the Emperor lay, in a sombre room hung with black cloth. Charles was conscious, but breathing with difficulty. In his hand, crippled by gout, he held the Crucifix of his dead wife. With hoarse voice, made hoarser by emotion,

* Carbajal was an artist of the school of Toledo, born in 1534. He was in much repute with Philip II., who employed him at the Escorial.

† See "Cloister Life of Charles V."

the Primate repeated the psalm appointed by the Church: "Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord; If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities, who shall abide it? but with Thee there is merciful forgiveness;"—then, when the penitential psalm was ended, Carranza knelt down and, pointing to the Crucifix, exclaimed, in accents of deep earnestness, "Behold Him Who died for us all; there is no more sin; all is forgiven!" "Ay, Jesus," fervently responded the Emperor, and, with that One Only Name upon his lips, the death struggle ended, and he passed into the spirit world.

Such were the words fresh from the heart, which forced themselves from Carranza's lips at that supreme moment: words deemed heretical, and pregnant with mischief by Regla, Charles's confessor, who at once reported them to Carranza's enemy the Grand Inquisitor Valdés.

At midnight, some few months afterwards, the Archbishop was roused from his sleep, dragged from his bed, and conveyed to a prison at Valladolid, no man venturing to interfere in his favor. For seven years the Primate of Spain languished in a dungeon of the Spanish Inquisition. Pius V. then ordered him to be sent to Rome for examination.

Eleven more years followed of imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo; another Pope filled the chair of St. Peter; then at length came the day of the Pope's judgment.

No hand was outstretched to give support; no eye dared show pity, as with feeble step and bent frame the Spanish Archbishop approached and knelt before the footstool of Gregory XIII.; waiting in patient submission the judgment of one claiming to be Christ's vicar upon earth. The judgment pronounced him to be "infected with Lutheran doctrines."

Tears forced their way to the eyes of Carranza as the words fell on his ear: they were as a death knell to every hope. The sentence followed, "confinement for five more years, and abjuration of sixteen of his written opinions." He rose from his knees, and returned to his prison. A few more days and the Black Friar was free: death had released him from the grasp of the Inquisition.

We will only glance at the portrait of the ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

He doffed the robes of an archbishop that he might become the husband of the Infanta, Clara Eugenia Isabella, to whom Philip II. gave the Netherlands as a marriage portion.

Let us pass on to the portrait of the

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP SANDOVAL.

(By *Tristan.*)

In his picture this Prelate holds with dignity the pastoral staff, but in his life his chief claim to respect rests on his having been the patron of Cervantes. His title of archbishop, and his cardinal's hat, were derived from his near relationship to the Duke of Lerma, the all-powerful prime minister of Philip III., to whom Philip on his accession resigned every royal prerogative.

Sandoval was the duke's uncle, and the duke, to whom everything was a matter of traffic, having* abstracted 20,000 a year from the archiepiscopal revenues,† confided the archbishopric to his uncle.

To Sandoval, conjointly with Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia, belongs the disgrace of having urged, and supported by every means in their power, that barbarous and insane act—the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain. This event took place in 1607. The crime of the Moors was their wealth. The indefatigable industry by which their wealth was acquired was guilt in the eyes of the slothful nation, whose sons would neither dig nor work with their hands. Field labour was regarded by them as degradation. “Am I a dog that I should do this thing?” was the spirit of the orthodox Spaniard. The Moors had submitted to be baptized, but zealous churchmen looked with suspicion upon their forced conversion, and five hundred thousand Moors were hunted down and forced to quit the shores of Spain. They were the most skilful husbandmen, the cleverest mechanics in the land, and with them departed

* See Motley's “United Netherlands.”

† A still more strange appropriation of the revenues of this See was made in the time of Charles V., when they were charged with a pension in favour of Cardinal Wolsey.

the agricultural prosperity of Spain. Howell* says in his letters—"Spain is grown thinner since the expulsion of the Moors, and not so full of corn, for these Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the craggy hills, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but to go with his ass to the market and buy corn of the Moors." Cardinal Sandoval and Philip IV. died about the same time.

This portrait is by Luis Tristan, a painter of the school of Toledo in the sixteenth century, and of sufficient note to have been selected by Velazquez in his early years as a master worthy of imitation.

Tristan was a pupil of El Greco, whom he is thought to have surpassed as a colourist. On one occasion Tristan was commissioned to execute a painting for a convent in the neighbourhood of Toledo: El Greco having recommended his pupil as equal to the task. The monks were satisfied with the picture, but by no means satisfied with the price. El Greco was called in as arbitrator. On looking at the picture he turned to Tristan, and with anger demanded how he ventured to depreciate his talent by asking only 200 ducats for what was worth at least 500. He then ordered him to take the painting home, as he himself would pay down that sum for it! The monks hastened to make excuses, and Tristan's work was amply rewarded.

Leaving the sumptuous winter chapter-house, with its painted walls and marvellous ceiling of Moorish work, we retraced our steps to the nave, where we were met and accosted by our old French acquaintance; "Monsieur, permettez moi de vous montrer un monument qui est vraiment admirable!" He then conducted us to the north transept, and pointed out a large marble slab, perfectly plain, let into the pavement, on which these words were inscribed:—

"HIC JACET
PULVIS
CINIS
ET NIHIL."

* Howell was in Spain at the time of the visit of our Prince Charles to the court of Philip IV.

“ Que c'est beau ! que c'est simple ! et en même temps grandiose,” ejaculated the old Frenchman ; but whose was the tomb ?

Beneath this severely simple stone rests the body of CARDINAL PUERTO CARRERO, Archbishop of Toledo ; Prime Minister to Charles II., and prime mover in the intrigue which placed a Bourbon Prince on the throne of Spain.

King Charles the II. was the last of his race in the male line, and the choice of a successor lay between an Austrian, and a French Prince, both descended from Spanish Infantas. Philip of Anjou* was nearer in blood than the Archduke Charles, but his claim was weakened by an act of renunciation. The Court was divided, and all Europe waited the result with anxiety.

It was in truth a subtle question. French influence was strong, but the succession really depended on Charles's will, and Charles clung desperately to the House of Austria. Things were in this uncertain state when Puerto Carrero became Prime Minister.

The Cardinal was devoted to Louis XIV., and he so wrought upon the feeble mind of Charles, urging and threatening him with spiritual terrors, that the dying King, after much resistance, yielded to priestly and Papal influence. Bursting into tears, he signed the will made by the Cardinal, which gave to Philip of Anjou the whole of the Spanish possessions, and the war of succession which followed was not able to set that will aside. The battle of Almanza maintained Philip V. on the throne of Spain, but it was Cardinal Puerto Carrero who placed him there. This great church dignitary, described by Lord Macaulay as “ a politician made out of an impious priest,” lived to be 80 : he died quite suddenly, and his epitaph is but a fitting conclusion to his history.

Before leaving the Cathedral we were shown the

* Philip of Anjou was grandson of Charles's sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV. The Archduke Charles was grandson to the Infanta Maria (so long wooed by our Prince Charles), wife of the Emperor Ferdinand, and aunt to Charles II. Both Louis XIV. and the Emperor Leopold (Father of the Archduke), were grandsons of Philip III. Louis was descended from the eldest sister, Leopold from the younger.

silver Cross of Mendoza, a relic which filled us with interest, as having been raised over the tower of the Alhambra, when Granada was taken by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492.

From the Cathedral a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, built by Ferdinand and Isabella in the fifteenth century, and intended originally to be their burial place. It was here that Ximenes, not long released from captivity, entered upon his noviciate as a Franciscan monk, having determined to forsake for ever the busy scenes of life, and devote himself to prayer and meditation, a determination which he was not permitted to carry into effect. There is something almost *sensational* in the first sight of this Church. On its walls are suspended the chains of Christian captives released by Ferdinand and Isabella from Moorish dungeons; and these votive offerings of the dead, clinging like ivy to the decayed walls, add to the melancholy which here steals over the mind.

Between dreary rocks and sandstones the Tagus winds its way beneath, till it is spanned by the bridge of St. Martin; beyond the bridge rise desolate ruins; whilst here and there green patches of pasture land contrast with the grey hills in the distance. But the whole scene is indescribably mournful.

The old Frenchman at this moment joined us, exclaiming "Ces tons durs, grisatres, cet aspect désert! tout me rappelle la terre Sainte! The old Frenchman had given expression to our thoughts. Jerusalem in her sadness and solitude had risen before the mind, and the range of hills, overlooking the plain, seemed to our fancy as the mountains of Moab.

The bridge of St. Martin, with its one grand arch, has an anecdote connected with it worth relating. When the first bridge was built, the architect perceived when too late, that the centre was weak, and must give way as soon as the supports were removed. To one faithful ear alone did he confide his grief: that ear was his wife's. With ready invention she devised a plan which would save her husband's reputation. She set fire to the supports, the bridge fell, and its fall was attributed to

an accidental fire. The present bridge rose in its stead.

The door of SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES was now open, and we entered.

Could Ferdinand and Isabella behold the Church which they founded, they would weep for very sorrow at its desolation! Bereft of all its splendour, it has nothing within its walls but the beautiful lacework galleries, where the king and queen were wont to attend mass, and on which are yet visible the arms of Castile and Aragon in rich tracery, and the royal initials intertwined. Part of the convent is now turned into a Museo, containing a heap of rubbish. The cloisters, beautiful in their decay, were far more attractive—nature combining with art to delight the eye; double violets, lilac trees, and syringa filled the centre quadrangle, growing in wild confusion, and perfuming the air with their sweetness; whilst from the arches hung festoons of ivy, interlacing the sculptured fretwork, and striving for mastery over the creeping vine and shady leaf of the fig-tree.

On leaving SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES we walked towards the bridge of San Martin. Our guide pointed out to our notice a small ruin in the distance on the banks of the river. "La Cava" is the name of this ruin, and as the loss of a kingdom is connected with it, we must briefly give the story of DON RODERICK. He was the last of the Gothic Kings, and a Christian: his wife was the beautiful Zara, an Algerine Princess, converted to the true faith. Among the nobles who crowded to Toledo, to pay homage to King Roderick, was one Count Julian, Governor of Ceuta, a fortress often threatened by Moorish foes. Eager to prove his fidelity to the Crown, Julian, on his departure for his post, confided his young daughter Florinda to the guardianship of the Queen, as the best pledge of his loyalty. One summer's day the King entered the apartments of the Queen in this palace of "La Cava," overhanging the river's bank. The voice of mirth and song fell on his ear, and from a window he looked down upon an inner court of marble, with a cool fountain playing in the

midst, and beheld the Queen's maidens, who like fairy nymphs danced around the sparkling jet. He was infatuated by the beauty of Florinda, Count Julian's daughter, and remorse came when too late.

Count Julian, that he might wreak vengeance on the betrayer of his child, betrayed his King and country into the hands of the African Moors, in the year of our Lord 712, and Roderick, "the last of the Goths" was slain in battle. The first Moorish possession in the land was a rock at the entrance of the great inland sea; the Moorish standard was planted there by Taric; and he called it by his name "Gibel Taric," or the Mountain of Taric. Moor and Spaniard have long ceased to hold the rock. British troops have guarded it since 1704, when the Moor's ancient stronghold became an English possession, but the name of "Gibel Taric" clings to it still, and lingers in the sound of "Gibraltar."*

Wearied by our long walk, we now retraced our steps through the narrow streets. As we passed along our attention was excited by the artistic form of the large water jugs which we saw here in common use, and which in England, from the softness and richness of their colouring, we should regard as ornamental pottery.

In Toledo the true Spanish fashions hold their own. Every passer by was enveloped in the national black or brown, and every balcony and latticed window possessed its palm branch, blessed by episcopal hands some few weeks back. Suddenly a shout of derision rent the air, and looking up we found that we were beneath the balcony of a college, and the "Viageros" in their unorthodox costume were hooted without mercy, the beggar children joining in the diversion, casting pebbles at the English señor who refused to bestow alms. The ecclesiastical city now seemed to us hostile as well as mournful, and we hurried on to the inn.

There is one feature in Spanish fondas, which appears

* Gibraltar was taken by Sir George Rooke in the reign of Queen Anne, and is the sole memorial left to England of the War of the Succession.

to have existed without amendment for the last two centuries, as Madame d'Aulnoy, in her amusing *Memoirs of the Court of Charles II.*, tells us that in all the inns in her day "you enter into the stable, and from thence to your chamber." The *Fonda de Lino* offers, at the present day, no exception to this rule, and you have to thread your way to the staircase through omnibuses and horses, mules and muleteers, dogs and beggars, all congregated together on the ground floor.

Ascending the staircase, we found ourselves in a corridor covered with gay matting, and lined with benches. At one end sat some "caballeros," muffled up in cloaks, displaying for sale blades and daggers of choice Toledo steel, worthless pictures, and antiquities; and there also sat our English maids, monuments of patience, guarding our hand-bags, and cloaks and wraps, with watchful vigilance.

After a long interval, we were shown our apartments, and were agreeably surprised, as each room looked clean, though scantily furnished.*

We were now ushered into the dining-room. Strange, rough-looking men sat at the centre table, "sombros" unremoved from their heads, and cigars unremoved from their mouths during the repast. Their meal was no sooner over than a guitar was produced, and a sallow-cheeked Spaniard, grave and sedate, attired in "capa," as well as "sombroso," for the evening was cold, commenced singing, accompanying himself on the guitar: his auditors, with equal gravity, beating time with loud clappings of the hand as his voice ceased. It was past eleven when our baggage arrived from Madrid, and we were able at last to retire for the night.

The next morning we set forth early with our guide, for we had much to see before leaving Toledo in the evening.

Our first visit was to an ancient Church of the Visigoths, afterwards transformed into a Moorish mosque,

* The appearance of cleanliness in Spain is often deceptive, and should not prevent the use of Keating's powder.

but now again a Christian Church, and called CRISTO DE LA LUZ.

A legend of the Cid comes before us. As he rode by the side of the King through the streets of the city newly conquered from the Moors, his faithful charger halted and knelt before this mosque. The name of "Bavieca" among chargers—like that of the Cid among champions—has been handed down to honour. The sagacious animal needed neither bit nor bridle; the voice of the master sufficed; and when, according to the legend, the dumb beast moved by some high instinct, bent the knee before this building, loud voices from the Christian host shouted "Down with the wall—some holy relic lies buried there!" and quick and fast fell the bricks beneath the blows of Christian warriors. Then from the breach they had made issued a stream of light, and they beheld a Crucifix hidden for long ages—Christian Goths having walled up the symbol of their faith when the Moslems first became possessed of the city. From this legend the Church derives its name.

A solemn mass was said in the presence of Alonso VI. and his brave knights, and the shield of the Christian King still hangs suspended from the roof as a thank-offering. The Crucifix of the legend is likewise shown; and, for the honour of Christian symbolism, we could wish it were again immured.

Passing the Moorish tower of San Roman, with its quaint belfry, tiled roof, and rugged walls—still showing the rude holes made by scaffold-poles in its erection—we came to another Moorish building, the Church of

SAN TOMÉ. The great object of interest here is a picture by *El Greco* of the interment of Count Orgaz.

Theotocupuli, or El Greco, was (as his name denotes) a Greek, who, in the sixteenth century, made Toledo his home, and adorned the city with his works. The lantern and dome of the Mozarabic Chapel in the Cathedral are his workmanship, and the picture in the Church of San Tomé is considered his masterpiece in painting. San Tomé was rebuilt by Count Orgaz, and in this Church is his burial-place.

The picture represents St. Stephen and St. Augustine placing the soldier in his grave. Priests and friars, friends and mourners, are grouped around the dead knight clad in his armour, whilst above is seen the entrance of the soul of the deceased into heaven.

From San Tomé we made our way to EL TRANSITO or SAN BENITO, once a synagogue, built by a Jew of the name of Samuel Levi, treasurer to Pedro the Cruel. Levi was sincerely attached to the King, and had served him faithfully in troublous times; but his treasurer's wealth was dearer to Pedro than his friendship, and to obtain it, the King cast his Jewish friend into prison, where he was miserably tortured, and died on the rack. His gold and jewels were then confiscated and placed in the royal treasury. On the walls of this ancient synagogue an inscription yet remains, dating from the time of its erection, in which poor Levi records the gracious acts of Pedro, and the happy years which he had spent in the service of his royal friend!

SANTA MARIA LA BIANCA.—A few minutes' walk from San Benito brings you to this old Jewish synagogue, now a degraded Christian Church. Some acquaintance with Jewish history in Spain greatly adds to the interest with which the traveller approaches these old synagogues. Indeed, they need this to produce any deep impression, as externally they are devoid of architectural beauty, and within they strike the eye at first sight as strange anomalies, being partly Moorish, partly Jewish, and partly Christian.

Toledo was at one time almost entirely inhabited by Jews; the chosen people had settled in Spain—the ancient TARSHISH of the Bible—before either Romans or Goths; and as an Apostle has drawn a distinction, telling us that the Jews of Berea were “more noble than those of Thessalonica,” so history records that the Spanish Jews were of a higher order than those of other lands.

When the flight from Palestine took place “Tarshish” was the desired haven sought by the Jewish people.