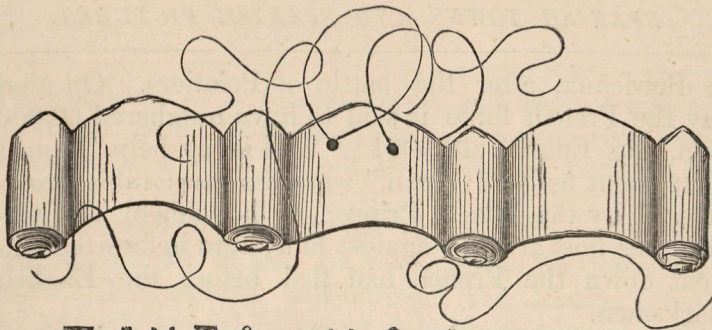


# MAP OF SPAIN





ТАНТО МОНТА

## SPANISH TOWNS AND SPANISH PICTURES.

---

*April, 1869.*

From PARIS to ANGOULÊME is an easy journey of nine hours ; and to find at one's journey's end a comfortable old-fashioned inn with charges moderate, such as the "Hôtel des Postes," is a luxury not to be overrated in these days of railway hotels, with their monster establishments and monstrous prices.

---

From ANGOULÊME to BORDEAUX, four hours. All are acquainted with Bordeaux as a great commercial city, the second seaport in France ; but possibly some English travellers may have forgotten the fact that through the marriage of our Henry II. with Eleanor, heiress of Guienne (1152), the town of Bordeaux was for nearly 300 years in the possession of England. This fact, however, once restored to the memory, the interest of Bordeaux is increased tenfold.

One visits with pride the fine old cathedral of St. André, built by the English. One goes back in thought to the days, when Edward the Black Prince and his beautiful wife Joan ("the fair maid of Kent") held their court here, on the banks of the broad waters of the Garonne. Proud days were those for England, when the French king, John, was brought a prisoner

to Bordeaux, after the battle of Poitiers. On that day the French force is said to have numbered 60,000 men, the English 10,000! "God is my help, I must fight them as best I can," were the memorable words uttered by the Black Prince, as he beheld the tremendous host arrayed against him; and before the sun went down the French had fled before the English marksmen.

As we are going into Spain, it is interesting to note how closely linked together are the histories of Spain and England. Here at Bordeaux, mention may be made of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile: he had at one time been betrothed to Joan, the sister of the Black Prince, but her untimely death put an end to the proposed marriage. Pedro's cruelties brought on a civil war in Spain; the French, under Du Guesclin, espoused the cause of Henry of Transtamarre (the King's half brother); and Pedro, defeated and dethroned, fled with his daughters to the Court of the Black Prince at Bordeaux.

Edward took up arms in his defence, and accompanied by his brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, marched an army into Spain, defeated the French and Spanish forces at Navarrete, and reinstated Pedro on his throne. The Black Prince returned to Bordeaux, wasted in health and crippled in means, through his generous interference. The ungrateful Pedro had "failed him in all his engagements," and the only result to England of this interference, was the marriage of John of Gaunt with Constance, the eldest daughter of Pedro: through which marriage, in after years, the Duke set up an idle claim to the Crown of Spain. It is worthy of note, that the great Spanish Queen, whose protection of Columbus gave a new world to Spain, was descended, both on the father's and the mother's side, from "Old John of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster."

---

From BORDEAUX to BAYONNE, the distance is short. In four hours you are in the old fortified town, full

of associations of our great Duke, and the passage of the Adour: three short hours more, and you are at San Sebastian, you have crossed the Bidassoa, you are in Spain.

Our Prince Charles, in his eagerness to meet the Spanish Infanta, is said to have danced for joy when he and Buckingham had crossed the frontier; and though such an exhibition of delight, as that of "the sweet boys," is forbidden in these days of express trains, yet, who that loves travelling, has not felt a thrill of pleasure and excitement, as he finds himself in a new and beautiful country; its past teeming with romance and historical interest, its present unsettled and disturbed, giving a tinge of adventure to his travels, which is never unwelcome to any Englishman—from Prince Charles downward.

Although only three hours from Bayonne, the change from France to Spain is immediately felt; French will no longer help you; you must speak Spanish, or you must have a servant who can. At San Sebastian we made our first acquaintance with Spanish Hotels, and their very commendable system of charging so much per head per day—saving the traveller much trouble, and all doubt as to expense.

Here Spanish chocolate is first tasted, thick as Turkish coffee, followed by the indispensable glass of water. According to Madame de Motteville, chocolate was "*le grand régal d'Espagne*" at the time of the marriage of the "*grand Monarque*" with the Infanta Maria Theresa, and it certainly continues so to this day. Here your eye catches sight of the Spanish cloak flung gracefully over the shoulder, giving a look of dignity to the most ragged; and rags abound.

The first Spanish Church that is visited has a strange effect upon the mind, and though the specimen at San Sebastian is but a poor one, it nevertheless puts to flight all preconceived notions of the interior of a Church. The first thing that strikes you is the gorgeous Altarpiece, or "*Retablo*," filling up the whole of the east end to the very roof. It is not that you admire it, rather the reverse; but this mass of burnished gold has a strange barbaric effect; its magnificence contrasts with

the absence of ornament elsewhere; and then the open space, without seats of any kind, has a novel aspect to English travellers, even if it possess no other charm.

You have a grand view of the Bay of Biscay from the heights above the town, and as we turned to look at the graves of the English soldiers who fell here during the Peninsular War, our English eyes rested gratefully on the rich tufts of primroses, blooming even more vigorously amongst these graves-stones than in our own hedge-rows.

---

From SAN SEBASTIAN to BURGOS.—Nine hours by the morning train. The road for some hours is through very grand scenery. On each side rises a snowy range of mountains, whilst groves of pollarded oaks chesnuts and walnuts skirt the slopes of the valley: mountain streams, gurgling and foaming, fall over the rocks through which the road passes, and then disappear amidst the furze and wild broom now putting forth their golden blossom.

We had a Frenchman as one of our fellow-travellers, not to be mistaken in his politeness, asking our permission before smoking his very mild cigarette; whereas Spaniards puff and smoke in the railway carriages, at the table d'hôte, everywhere without mercy. "Vous choisissez un assez mauvais moment pour votre voyage en Espagne, Monsieur," he soon began; "tout est incertain dans ce moment, et d'un jour à l'autre il faut nous attendre à une guerre civile." This tone of warning was not new, but with the Bidassoa behind us, we were in no mood to go back.

The Carlists were strong in these Northern Provinces; and every day men were being arrested, with arms secreted about them. The railroad passes by the village where the Carlist chief Zumalacarregui was born, and even Spanish heads were thrust out of the windows, with something of excitement, to see the birth-place of the man whose death was the extinction of the Carlist hopes in 1839. Our French fellow-traveller, who had long resided in Spain, gave us an interesting account of party feeling in the country—the

disappointment felt by all classes at the refusal of Don Fernando of Portugal to accept the proffered throne; the personal liking for the Queen, whilst her advisers are detested; the unpopularity of the Duc de Montpensier; the probable Republic, to be followed by a Constitutional Monarchy in the person of the Prince of the Asturias. This was the view he took, and possibly a just one, of Spanish politics.

After reaching Miranda and passing through innumerable tunnels cut through the rocks, the road becomes as dreary as possible; nothing but an arid waste, most tedious to traverse. At length we had the welcome sight of the Cathedral spires of Burgos, rising like the masts of a vessel on the horizon, and we bade farewell to our fellow traveller, and made our way to the Fonda Rafaela.

---

Here, at Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile, began our initiation into Spanish fare. Alas! for those who favour not garlic, and to whom rancid oil is objectionable, who had read of the adulteration of Spanish wines for the English market, but knew not what cause they had for gratitude till for the first time they tasted here the *pure* "Val de Peñas."

The cold, as the evening wore on, was intense, and a Spanish Fonda provides only against summer heat—neither stove nor fireplace, only a small brasier in the centre of a large room, whereby we could hope to obtain any warmth: we stirred the white ashes incessantly, but all in vain, heat there was none.

The next morning we set forth to visit the Cathedral. Burgos itself is disappointing, with its muddy river Arlanzon, and its dreary desolate look of decayed grandeur. Not so however its fine old Gothic Cathedral, from which six centuries have taken no beauty, and to which, in 1487, a superb chapel was added, so elaborate in decoration as to be considered by a great modern authority "the richest example of Spanish art of the 15th century."

The Cathedral was founded by Ferdinand III., and the first stone was laid by the saintly king and his

English bishop in 1221. Bishop Maurice came originally to Spain in the suite of the Princess Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II., on the occasion of her marriage with Alfonso VIII.: he became Bishop of Burgos, and his monument lies in the centre of the choir. Massive columns support the nave, forming a sharp contrast to the slender pilasters in the triforium above; but the interior of this, and of almost all Spanish churches, is spoilt by the "coro" which walls up the centre, and impedes all view of the length of the church. At the east end is a high screen, or "reja" as it is called, of iron work; and behind the High Altar, with its Retablo rising so as to hide the form of the apse, is the before-mentioned magnificent chapel of the Constable of Castile, by John of Cologne; where lie in sculptured effigy the Constable Velasco and his wife, with a pet dog reposing at the wife's feet.

It is curious to observe the rapid slope of the ground on which the Church is built. So rapid is it that as you stand on the floor below, the door on the north side is some 15 feet above your head, and the Church is consequently entered by a flight of marble steps inside, whilst the south door is reached by another steep flight of steps from without. This south entrance is especially beautiful, with the sculptured figure of Bishop Maurice as its support—a true pillar of the church.

It was within the Cathedral,\* close to this beautiful door, that the Governor of Burgos received the first blow from his cruel assailants. Staggering back, the blood streaming from his wounds, he leant for a moment against the inner door, and then attempted to make his escape, but his brutal murderers pursued him, striking him repeatedly on the head, and at length thrust him down the steps outside this gate, where he expired—the mitred statue of the good bishop looking down upon the sacrilegious act. The Governor had been for some hours in the Cathedral, taking a list of its treasures for the government, when the mob (stirred up by evil reports), rushed into the Church to prevent its supposed spoliation.

\* January 25th, 1869.

Here, in an old room out of the sacristy, is the first relic that meets you of "The Cid"—Rodrigo Diaz, El Cid Campeador, the champion of Spain, the mythical hero of the 11th century. The relic is a leathern trunk, encased with iron, once filled with sand, but believed to be full of gold, by those to whom, in a time of sore need it was pledged by the Cid. Let not the stern moralist turn away in wonder and disgust that such a relic should find place in this Christian Church; but rather let him learn from Spanish ballad how the Cid repaid his debt, with 600 marks in good ringing coin, for he whose prowess was the theme of Spanish song stooped not to defraud. In the Church of San Pedro de Cardeña, five miles from Burgos, was solemnised the marriage between the Cid and the beautiful Ximena; and at Burgos was the youthful bride left to weep and lament the long absences of the bridegroom during the war with the Moors. To tear himself from his Ximena was "like tearing the nail from the flesh;" but with resolute brow the faithful knight hurried to the camp at the command of his King. From Burgos we must change the scene to Valencia, which with his good sword the Cid conquered from the infidel. At Valencia Ximena and her Campeador held sway for long years; but at length came the hour of parting—that last parting; and he (the Campeador) knew full well that he was dying, and that the foe was surrounding the city walls. How tender then was his care for her he loved! how full of faith in that Higher care which would protect when he was no longer there! "God has promised," that was enough. Sadly he looked on his trusty swords, "Tizona" and "Colada," saying, as he strove once more to lift them, "What will ye do without me?" His favourite horse "Bavieca" must be led to him: he would stroke yet once again the soft neck of his faithful charger, which had borne him so bravely to battle.

How touching those last words to Ximena, "No paid mourners shall follow me; the tears of my wife will suffice;" and with that, the brave loving spirit fled. He would not that the Moslem should know that Ximena had lost her Cid—Valencia her Campeador.



Clad in armour, therefore, the red cross on his breast, "Bavioca" must carry him forth; his sword "Tizona" firmly fixed to his mailed hand; his banner waving before him; his Knights on each side; armed followers behind; so would he, even in death, put the infidel to flight, and defend his faithful Ximena. At sight of him, the Moslem fled, and Ximena veiled from head to foot came forth through the Moorish gate of the city to follow her Campeador back to Burgos; to the home of their early love, to the Church where he had willed to be buried, and where she would ere long be laid at his side.

In San Pedro de Cardeña is the tomb of the Cid and his Ximena, and, close beside the Convent gate, two elms of lofty stature mark the grave of the faithful "Bavioca." Such is in poor prose, the story of the Cid—though the romance is spoilt by the fact of an empty tomb at San Pedro de Cardeña, and a glass case in the Town Hall at Burgos which holds the ashes of the dead.

CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES.—Crossing the muddy river, a short drive brings you to the Miraflores. Here are the tombs of John II., and Isabella his wife, King and Queen of Castile, both descended from John of Gaunt. They are monuments of rare beauty by Maestro Gil de Siloé, erected in the 15th century by Isabella la Católica, to the memory of her father and mother. Another fine monument by the hand of the same sculptor is that of Alfonso, the young brother of Isabella, whose death placed her next in succession to the throne; beautiful also is the Retablo, on either side of which are kneeling figures of the King and Queen, with the Crucifix in the midst.

In the following century we are told that Philip II., vain and self-complacent in thought of the Escorial, came to the Cartuja to view these monuments, and compare the work of Maestro Gil de Siloé with the magnificence of his new-made Tomb house—He saw, and turned away, muttering, "We at the Escorial have done nothing!"

This Church is of the same period as the Constable's chapel in the Cathedral, and was designed by the same German architect, John of Cologne. In the convent our guide pointed out to us the statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order in the eleventh century, who fled from the world, having beheld, it is said, in strange vision, "the just judgment of God." The statue is the work of Pereyra; it is carved in wood, life-size; the hands folded meekly on the white robe; the white cowl thrown back, revealing a face of calm thought and dignity.

Before 1837, when the monasteries were suppressed throughout Spain, the number of monks here amounted to thirty-three; now only three are left in charge.

A large cloister surrounds their dwellings, and by the side of each door is a small hatchway, through which their food is supplied to them, solitude and silence being their rule, except on Sundays and festivals. One of the brothers gladly conducted us over the building. Two small rooms, opening on an enclosed garden and cloister, were formerly allotted to each Carthusian monk: this plot of ground it was his duty to cultivate. A winding stair led to the oratory above, by the side of which was his dormitory, both looking on the patch of ground below. Peaceful and placid seemed this little dwelling, withdrawn from the noise and bustle of life; but though a monk's cell shuts out the visible world and its distractions, it holds *within* "the dark shadow upon life's sunshine," and *self*, with stealthy steps follows the recluse, disturbing his peace, even as that of other men. We lingered some time in the quiet cell, looking at the deserted garden, so mournful now, covered with weeds and rank herbage. Culture of the ground, stern labour, formed a prominent feature in the discipline of St. Bruno. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," such was the teaching of the founder of the Carthusians, and marvellous were the results at the Grande Chartreuse, their first monastery, where the wilderness was made to "blossom as the rose," but the spirit of St. Bruno ceased to govern at the Miraflores—and monk and garden are alike degraded. Is it, as some would affirm, that the just judgment of God from which



St. Bruno fled in his early youth, has fallen upon the Order which he founded? or is it that the *heart* of the gourd which he planted—that which once gave life and vigour to the plant—became cankered, and so it withered away, cumbering the ground, where once it stood, a stately tree, “bringing forth fruit?”

“LAS HUELGAS.” Retracing our steps we now drove to “Las Huelgas,” which is about a mile beyond Burgos—the Arlanzon still dividing us from the old capital of Castile. On entering the gateway of Las Huelgas, we found ourselves in a small village, through which we drove to the Church. Simple, pure and unornate in style, the charm of this Abbey is great to all lovers of early Gothic. Again an English name meets us on the threshold—that of Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II., sister of Richard Cœur de Lion, to please whom Alonzo VIII., her husband, founded this Cistercian convent in the 12th century. Why, we ask ourselves, was it that the choice of Eleanor fell upon this order? Was it from a special veneration for the great St. Bernard, the monk of Cisteaux and preacher of the second Crusade, who was but a few years dead, and lately canonized? or was it the remembrance of fair Cistercian abbeys in England which directed the choice of our English Princess?

Here Edward I., betrothed to a Spanish Eleanor (to whose memory so many beautiful crosses were raised in England), received knighthood from the hands of Alfonso the Wise, her father; and at this Abbey another English Edward rested after his victory at Navarrete\*—incidents small in themselves, but which keep alive our English interest in Spanish history.

Through an iron screen you look upon the nave; a grand nave—set apart for the white robed Cistercian

\* The Black Prince celebrated Easter at Burgos, where he remained three weeks. When Pedro the Cruel would have cast himself at his feet, giving him thanks for having achieved the victory, the Prince would not suffer him, but said, “Sire, render your thanks to God, for to Him alone belongs the praise; the victory comes from Him, not from me.”

nuns ; one of whom appeared gliding down the aisle, and with kind gentle face, asking no question as to our creed, extended a hand to us through the grating.

BURGOS to VALLADOLID. Leaving Burgos by the afternoon train, we reached Valladolid in four hours and a-half, and found clean good rooms and an English fire-place at the Fonda de Paris. Who can describe Spanish beggars? As we left Burgos they swarmed around us. At the station,—as we took our tickets,—whilst the baggage was weighed,—whilst the train waited,—they were there pressing upon us, climbing up the steps of the carriage, thrusting before us hideous deformities, maimed hands and arms, poor miserable beings, repulsive, but not to be repulsed. In vain we looked another way,—in vain we shut the carriage windows,—tap tap-tap on the glass, “Señora—Señorita,” in tones loud, and more loud; then a more vehement stroke, more violent gesticulations; and this ceased not till the train moved on, and we found at Valladolid another set pursuing us up the staircase to the very door of our room in the hotel. When will those words “To beg I am ashamed” become applicable in Spain?

In appearance Valladolid is far more important and flourishing than Burgos, where everything, from the sluggish river to the once busy city, seems to tell of stagnation.

Valladolid, like sombre Burgos, was once the capital, but was rejected by Philip II., who removed his Court to Madrid.

The Plaza Mayor is the centre of interest here. It is a picturesque old Plaza, with colonnades and gay shops. Caballeros, in brown cloaks and slouched hats, were pacing up and down, slow and sedate, sunning themselves in the April sun: observant, too, of “Viageros,” whose un-Spanish costume was attractive to the beggars, as honey to the flies.

In this Plaza Mayor, under a summer sky in 1452, Alvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago, Constable of Castile, favourite and Prime Minister of John II., died on the scaffold. For five-and-thirty years this Spanish