than a Court), withered like a flower, till at last she was glad to hide her sorrow in the silence of the grave.

There was something very touching in the frequent quoting of passages of Scripture. Each sarcophagus is inscribed with some word of hope, such as "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord"—a consolation as precious to those of higher as of humbler birth. As in Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard,

> "Many a holy text around is strewn
> That teach the rustic moralist to die,"

so here the royal as well as the rustic moralist is "taught to die" by words of faith, which alone can support king or prince or peasant in a dying hour.

While many of these illustrious names appear in one larger Mortuary Chapel, there are smaller chapels for others, more or less near kindred to royalty. In one of these is a warrior's tomb, which bears a great name—that of Don John of Austria, the illegitimate son of Charles the Fifth, who, if not reckoned among hereditary princes, was greater than them all, as he was the hero of Lepanto, the victory which destroyed the Turkish fleet in the Mediterranean, and proved a fatal blow to the Moslem power.

As we thus pass slowly from tomb to tomb, our interest is wound up to a pitch that prepares us for a further descent into the earth. We are apprised that we are about to enter a still more imposing burial-place, by the richly-colored marbles and the long flight of steps lined with walls of jasper, by which we go down to the silent chamber in which none but kings and queens repose. This is the Pantheon, the first glance at which shows us that it has been modelled after the Chapel of the Medici in Florence. It is much smaller, being only thirty-six feet in diameter by thirty-eight feet high; but the plan is the same—that of an octagon—and both have the same

style of decoration in the dark, polished marbles, which give them a kind of solemn splendor.

Of the eight sides, one is taken up by the heavy door, and the one opposite by an altar, which divides the kings from the queens, the former being on the right, and the latter on the left. All the dead are encased in coffins of black marble, placed one above another, like the bodies in the Catacombs. This treatment of the royal dead seems hardly in accord with their dignity. Think of the great Emperor Charles the Fifth being laid on a shelf! Yet so it is. But for all that, one cannot repress a feeling akin to awe at sight of the black sarcophagus in which they keep his bones. It lies at the top, so that standing on the pavement, we look up to it; and how can we help thinking of the exalted station of him who lies there; of all he was and did; of the battles he fought and the victories he won: how he captured the King of France at the Battle of Pavia, and brought him a prisoner to Madrid? Nor could a Protestant forget that this is the man before whom Luther stood at the Diet of Worms, and made the immortal defence, whose last words still ring in the hearts of Germany and of the Protestant world: "Here I take my stand: I cannot do otherwise. God help me!" Those two men—Charles and Luther—were the two great figures of the sixteenth century. At Worms they met and parted, and never met again. Luther was delivered out of the jaws of the lion, and Charles was enraged that he had let him escape, and to the last day of his life did not cease to regret that he had not burned the man he had promised to protect! The sacredness of a royal oath was nothing to the service he might thus have rendered to the Church. And now as history passes judgment on the two men who on that day stood face to face, it places the intrepid Monk far above the treacherous King.

Under Charles the Fifth rests the body of his son, Philip the Second, followed in order by Philip the Third and Philip the Fourth, after which come the Charleses.

At the head of another tier of kings lies Ferdinand VII., beneath whom is an empty sarcophagus for his daughter, Isabella the Second, waiting till she departs out of this life, when it will be opened to receive her. According to the Spanish order of dignity, even sex is disregarded in the assignments to these royal tombs. Thus Isabella, when she comes to be gathered to her fathers, will be placed among the kings, while her husband, Don Francisco de Assisi, who is only a king-consort, will be placed among queens!

Below the niche reserved for Isabella, is that in which already lies the body of her son, the late King Alfonso. It must have been an impressive scene when this young prince was borne to his rest. He was buried with a conformity to ancient usage which could have had no parallel anywhere else in the world, and the very story of which (as told me by one who knows all the actors in the august ceremonial) recalls the pomp and state of the Middle Ages. According to the old Spanish custom, the death of a king is not recognized till certain formalities have been observed. He may be lying in his coffin, but he is a monarch still, and must be approached with the reverence due to majesty. All these forms of respect were punctiliously observed while the body of Alfonso was lying in state in the Palace, and when it was removed to the Escorial. Here the procession is formed at the foot of the hill, and moves slowly upward to the Monastery, where the funeral car stops before the principal door. But the door is shut, and even the King cannot enter unannounced. A spiritual warder stands at the gates of the tomb, and a voice from within cries, "Who would enter here?"

"Alfonso XII.," is the reply, at which the door is thrown open, and the funeral cortége (which includes all that is most illustrious in birth or rank in Spain) enters within the consecrated walls. Here it pauses on the pavement, while only three—the Prior of the Monastery, the Chamberlain of the Palace, and the Minister of Grace and Justice—descend the long flight of steps to the Pantheon below, where the King is laid on a table, surrounded by the silent forms of the royal dead. *He* is not dead, at least not officially dead, and cannot be till, as one may say, he gives his own royal assent. And so, when the bearers have laid him down and retired, and all is hushed and still, the Lord Chamberlain lifts the heavy cloth of gold, unlocks the coffin and raises the glass, and looks once more upon the face of his late master. Perhaps the King will recognize this last act of devotion. So at least his servant would seem to think a possibility, since, kneeling down, he cries three times in the ear that is still open, though the eye be closed, "Senor! Senor! Senor!" and waits for a few moments; peradventure he may receive at least some faint and whispered reply; but hearing none, he rises to his feet, and exclaims, as if with wonder and surprise, "His Majesty does not answer! Then indeed the King is dead!" and locking again the coffin, he hands the keys to the Prior, and taking in his hand the wand of office, breaks it over the silent dust, as a token of a power that has ceased to be; and then they slowly ascend the marble steps, having laid another Spanish monarch in the burial-place of kings.

All this is very impressive, and yet, apart from such occasional ceremonials, the Pantheon is a dreary place in which to sleep one's last sleep. It is far under ground, where not a ray of light ever penetrates. The very thought of this utter darkness fills one with creeping

horror. De Amicis says that when he visited the Pantheon, the guide tried his nerves by extinguishing the light, so that he was left in total darkness. The feeling that he had at that moment I can understand, for I once had the same, on that memorable midnight when I found myself in the heart of the Great Pyramid. It was as if I were entombed, buried alive in a mountain of rock, from which I should nevermore come forth to see the light of day and breathe the air of heaven.

I do not wonder that the gentle Mercedes shuddered at the thought of a resting-place so dark and cold, and begged them not to lay her here. Poor young thing! She loved the sunshine, and so they laid her in a chapel of the church above, where the light streaming through the windows would rest upon her tomb, and friends could come and cover it with flowers.

No doubt the selection of the place for the Pantheon was determined by religious considerations, for it is right under the high altar in the church, which must have been from a feeling, not less real because vague and dim, that as the daily sacrifice was offered for the quick and dead, some blessing might descend on their sleeping dust and their departed souls.

But if the Pantheon be not the chamber where we would sleep, it is a place where we may learn some useful lessons for the life that remains to us on the earth. We have been among dead men's bones, and we find them to be none the less dead because they are the bones of kings. Death is a mighty disenchanter, and few are the names which do not lose when they who bore them are no longer among the living. In the Museum at Madrid is a painting of Charles the Fifth on horseback, clad in full armor, as he rode before his army at the battle of Muhlberg. On the field he looked every inch a king. But how appears he

now? A few years since, when the Emperor of Brazil visited the Escorial, the coffin was opened and the face uncovered. They even permitted photographs to be taken, which are sold to-day in the shops of Madrid. It is a ghastly figure. The lower jaw has fallen down, so that the mouth is wide open, like that of an idiot. And this is all that is left of that Imperial countenance "whose bend did awe the world"!

But it is not the common lot of mortality that is to be cast up in the face of a dead king. What was his life? What use did he make of his power? Was he a benefactor of his race? Spanish historians may count it enough that he was a Catholic King to make him both great and good. So he judged himself, and as such fondly believed that he was a special object of Divine regard. In the Museum at Madrid is a large canvas on which the most distinguished painter of his age has made an apotheosis of this pair of kings, Charles and Philip, representing them on their knees, in the attitude of prayer, encompassed by angels, who are bearing them up to heaven into the presence of the Father and the Son (the Spirit is indicated by a dove hovering between them), who bend from above to welcome them to "everlasting joy and felicity." Could anything be imagined more illustrative of the colossal pride of this Emperor, who had so long been looked up to as a god by his fellow-mortals, that he really thought the heavens would bow to receive his proud and selfish soul. This elaborate painting (the very idea of which is so absurd that nothing but the genius of Titian saves it from being ridiculous) was the favorite picture of Charles the Fifth, who kept it always before his eye at Yuste, and left a special command that it should be hung over his grave, as it was for many years until his body was removed to the Escorial.

And yet this man who saw himself ascending to heaven in the company of angels, might rather have looked to meeting the army of the dead whom he had sent to untimely graves. He had spent his life in wars; he had shed rivers of blood, and might well have feared to meet those whom he had sent into the eternal world before him. It is thus that the old Hebrew prophet pictures an ancient destroyer of his race descending into the shades: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee." . . . "They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed cities; that opened not the house of his prisoners?"

Every word of this were as fitly addressed to Charles the Fifth as to the King of Babylon. He too might be arrayed before a tribunal of the dead, of the patriots whom he sent to the scaffold, and the martyrs whom he burned at the stake. And if all the unburied slain whose bones he scattered on the battle-fields of Europe, were to rise up like a cloud in the air, he would not indeed find himself alone in the other world; but instead of being attended by the angelic host, would be followed by a very different host, that would drag him down to the Eternal Darkness.

When we had left the Pantheon, and come up to the light of day, there was yet time to get one more look at the Escorial from a distance; and taking a carriage, we drove out to the seat of Philip the Second on the mountain side. The grounds in the rear of the Palace are not unpleasant: for here the trees, sheltered from the winds, have grown so as to form a grove, which is a favorite resort for excursion parties from Madrid in the heat of

Summer, where they can spend a day in the delightful shade. But as we pass beyond, the mountain becomes more rugged. Climbing up the boulder, I took my seat in the very niche in the rock hewn out for the King, and looked round on the same scene on which he had looked a thousand times. It was a raw wintry day. The mountains were covered with snow. Yet bleak and bare and cold as was the landscape, it was but a faint image of the desolation caused by that wicked reign. Nature can work no such ruin as may be wrought by the pride and self-will of man when clothed with absolute power. Such is the lesson of the Escorial, which has stood among these mountains for three hundred years, and may stand till the globe itself shall melt. Let it stand as a lesson and a warning—a colossal monument of the ages of tyranny and bigotry, which, we trust, have passed away forever from the earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CITY OF TOLEDO.

When we exchange Madrid for Toledo, we come to a city which was once the capital of Spain, but which is in every respect a contrast to the capital we have left behind. In three hours we have passed from New Spain to Old Spain. Madrid is a new city, not indeed in the American sense—not new as Chicago is new, for it is more than three hundred years old—but new as compared with cities that date from the time of the Romans.

In one respect the approach to Toledo is not unlike that to Rome, for it is along the course of a rapid river that, when swollen by rains (at other times it is said that its color is a beautiful deep green), might be called the Yellow Tagus, for the same reason that the Romans spoke of the Yellow Tiber, this being colored by the soil which it brings from the Spanish mountains, as the Tiber brings the same from the Apennines. But here the relation of the river to the city is much more close, for while the Tiber flows through Rome, dividing it in twain, the Tagus puts its arms around Toledo as in a loving embrace.

Nothing can be more striking than the first view of Toledo from a distance. It is at once "a city set on a hill"

and "founded on a rock," the hill being a mass of granite that rises proudly above the river and the plain, the effect of which is greatly increased by its being crested with a long line of battlements. It is very grand, but perhaps some practical American, straining both eyes and neck to look up to the height which he is to climb, might ask "What did they put a town up there for, when they had all this 'river bottom' to build on, with its 'fine water privileges'?" This is a very sensible question: *how* sensible the Romans proved by the fact that they *did* build, not on the height, but on the plain. The city on a hill was founded not by the Romans, but by their successors, the Goths; and why *they* built there, might be answered in changing slightly the observation of a French officer on the famous charge at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but it is not war!". Here we should say "It is magnificent, and it *is* war." That is what the site was chosen for: because its "munition of rocks" made it a natural fortress. The Romans built in the plain, because their legions were strong enough to defend a city that was not fortified. But the Goths came from the North, where Feudal chiefs, who were little better than robbers, were wont to immure themselves behind thick walls, from which to sally out and attack cities; and so they built castles in Spain, as they had built them on the Danube and the Rhine.

But leaving the question of position till we are inside the walls, we set our faces towards the castellated city. At the very first step we are on the track of the Romans, for the bridge by which we cross the Tagus, though not built by Roman hands (for it has been rebuilt several times since their day), still stands on the very spot which they chose for it, resting on the same cliffs, and spanning, with the same Roman arches, the same deep gorge, and the same rushing river. From the further bank commences

the ascent, and here one's blood stirs more quickly as he mounts the winding road and looks over the parapet to the wide landscape, made up of plain and mountain and river.

A lady of Madrid who accompanied Dean Stanley to Toledo, tells me that he was struck with its resemblance in position to Jerusalem, each being on a high plateau, and cut off by deep gorges from the surrounding country. Toledo, however, presents a much bolder front than Jerusalem, when the latter is approached (as it is by most travellers) by the Jaffa gate, though the holy city regains in majesty when the pilgrim comes up from the valley of the Jordan, and gets his first view from the Mount of Olives. We had hardly reached the upper level of Toledo, when we came to a stand, for we found ourselves in streets so intricate and aimless that we had to take a guide, who led us through a succession of narrow passages, and even across the floor of the Cathedral, as a short cut to a place of meeting with Mr. Stroebel, who, kind as he always is, had gone down to Toledo the night before to be on hand to show us the city. We found him at the *pension* of the sisters Figuerroa, two Spanish ladies, who have lived in the same house forty years, rarely, if ever, venturing so far away as Madrid ; and here, screened behind a trellis covered with vines, and a little garden of orange trees, we took our twelve o'clock breakfast, and then, submitting gratefully to the guidance of our most intelligent as well as enthusiastic conductor, sallied out to see Toledo.

Our commander, with the practiced eye that knows how to take things in their proper order, led us first of all to the highest point of the city, the Mount Zion of this Jerusalem, which commands the most complete survey, not only of what is within the walls, but of the country round. On this height stands the Alcazar, which has done double duty, as Palace and Fortress, from the old Moorish times.

Enlarged by Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, it was occupied by both before the capital was removed to Madrid. But it has had a hard fate. From being the palace of kings, it has been reduced to being a sort of alms-house, or workshop for the poor, and barracks for soldiers; and has been twice burnt: by the Dutch in the War of the Succession at the beginning of the last century; and by the French at the beginning of this. After such vicissitudes of fortune it lay waste for years, but at last seemed to have found its proper office, when the rubbish was cleared away, and it was converted into a Military Academy, the West Point of Spain, where six hundred cadets were in training to become officers in the Spanish army. Such it was the day we saw it. But ill fortune seems to pursue it still, for in three weeks after our visit it was burned again! This is discouraging, but as the walls are of great strength, it may once more rise from its ashes [it is already being rebuilt]; but if it were in ruins, one thing fire cannot destroy: the magnificent view for which, if for nothing else, a traveller will always wish to stand here and take a sweep round the horizon.

Descending from the Alcazar, we pass out of one of the city gates, across the beautiful Alameda—the resort of the people of Toledo on Summer nights—to a great Hospital founded by a Cardinal who was the Primate here three hundred and fifty years ago, and who has left something better than the memory of his ecclesiastical dignities, in this noble monument of his beneficence.

Returning along the hill, we move with slow steps, for the view is too enchanting to be passed in haste. Here let us sit on these stones, that have fallen from some old ruin, and feast our eyes on the scene below! Yonder the yellow Tagus winds through the plain. There on its banks the old Roman city stood. You can see the outline

of the ancient amphitheatre. If the gladiators who fought in it were to come to life again, and wished to prepare for the combat, they would not have far to go to provide themselves with weapons, for only a mile away stands the arsenal for making the famous Toledo blades. But to return to where we are, this brow of the hill was once lined with palaces and convents, all of which have disappeared; and it seems as if it were in mockery of departed greatness, that now the only building of large proportions which is fully occupied, is a Lunatic Asylum, whose inmates, screaming from their barred windows, might be the infuriated ghosts of once proud Toledons, wildly lamenting over the loss of what is gone forever!

Turning from this to within the city, we come to the great Franciscan Convent of San Juan de los Reyes, built by Ferdinand and Isabella to commemorate a victory, the outer wall of which is "decorated" with the chains of Christian captives, which were struck from the limbs of those who had been taken by the Barbary pirates and held as slaves, and were liberated by Charles V. when he conquered Tunis. One cannot repress a thrill at the sight of these rusted manacles of prisoners and captives, but the satisfaction is marred by one regret, that rulers who knew by the experience of their kindred in the faith how bitter was such captivity, had not learned the virtue of toleration: but truth compels the admission that the Moors, oppressors as they may have been in Africa, were in Spain more tolerant than the Catholic kings.

Convents are not ordinarily inviting to a stranger, but this has one great attraction in its Cloisters. If complete retirement from the world, even to not looking on the face of nature, could be made tolerable, it would be in a retreat like this—a place of silence, broken only by the murmuring fountain or the voice of prayer, but in which,

as the solitary monk walked up and down these "cool, sequestered shades," he had before his eye columns carved in the most graceful forms, wreathed and festooned with vines and flowers: what is most beautiful in nature being reproduced in what is most exquisite in art. I do not quite understand how this luxuriant decoration should be suited to the severe life of monks, who have vowed a renunciation which, carried to its utmost limit, would seem to require that they should sternly refuse "the delight of the eyes" as well as "the pride of life." But it is not ours to discuss the philosophy of these things: it is enough that the beauty is here, carved in stone; and that (as it is now being restored at infinite labor, but with perfect taste) it is likely to remain to be the delight of many generations.

With the great number of churches that Toledo has to show, it is a diversion to be introduced to a couple of synagogues, which remind us that this was long a favorite city of the Jews. Indeed they had a tradition that it was founded by captives returning from Babylon. But no sacred associations could protect them from persecution. A Jew seemed lawful prey, whom it was doing God service to despoil, if not to destroy. One of this unhappy race was the treasurer of Peter the Cruel, whom he served faithfully, but as he was thrifty and prospered himself, his royal master thought it the readiest way to dispose of him to torture poor Levi till he surrendered all his worldly goods, and then to kill him to make an end of the business. Ferdinand and Isabella, not content with expelling the Moors, next turned against the Jews, issuing an edict that no one of that ancient people who was unbaptized, should be permitted to live in Spain—a decree as foolish as it was cruel, as it offered a premium to hypocrisy, since those who had no conscience would not scruple at baptism or any other test, while the hoary Israelites, who clung to

the faith of their fathers, were driven out without mercy. By this expulsion Spain lost 170,000 of its best population, who carried with them a large part of the industry and wealth of the kingdom. This banishment bore with especial severity on Toledo: for the Jews were among its richest inhabitants, and many historians date from this suicidal decree the beginning of its decline. Sad indeed was the fate of this persecuted race. As they went forth from the gates of the city which they believed had been founded by their ancestors, they must have felt that the time of their captivity had come again, and that they had once more, as an outcast people, to hang their harps upon the willows, since they were again to know the bitterness of exile.

In this rapid walk around Toledo, we have reserved to the last its greatest sight, the Cathedral, which is the special admiration of Castelar, as the most perfect specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. I once asked him if he did not think it the most beautiful in Spain, to which he instantly replied, "It is the most beautiful in the world!" at the same time throwing up his hands and raising his eyes, as if he were at that moment looking up into its soaring arches, and listening to strains of unearthly music; and then he went off into one of those rhapsodies in which he is wont to indulge, in which whatever he loves or admires is glorified with all the splendor of his imagination.

It is to be regretted that what is so truly grand, cannot be seen in its full majesty from without. But the Cathedral has no *distance* to give it proper effect. It is so shut in by the narrow streets, that one can have little idea of its greatness, even when under its very walls.

But we lift the leathern curtain and step within the door, and all criticism is hushed in such a presence. As we entered, it was the hour of vespers, which we would not disturb by walking about, and so we stood for some

minutes, and then stole softly across the pavement to a chapel in a corner, separated from the rest of the Cathedral, to listen to another service, which has a history that dates back not only to the time of the Moors, but of the Goths, who had established themselves in Toledo before the Moors had crossed the Straits of Gibraltar. Here they celebrated Christian worship according to an ancient ritual which has been described as "the connecting link between the rites of the Eastern [or Greek] and Western [or Roman] Church." When at last they were overpowered by the Moorish invaders, one of the conditions of surrender was that they should have full liberty of worship according to their faith. The ritual thus retained under Moslem protection, was called the Mozarabic rite. The pledge of the conquerors was faithfully kept, so that for three hundred and fifty years Toledo witnessed the strange spectacle of churches standing side by side with mosques, and Christian worship celebrated within sound of the voice of the muezzin from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer. But when Toledo was reconquered, the new masters were less tolerant than their predecessors, and demanded that the churches should give up their ancient ritual, and adopt a later one that had been duly "revised and improved" by Rome. The Toledons refused, and the dispute waxed so warm, that the parties actually attempted to decide it by personal combat between two champions chosen for the purpose, and again by the "trial by fire," with the usual result that the party which lost found some excuse for refusing to abide by the result; and so the controversy might have remained unsettled, had not Cardinal Ximenes afterwards taken hold of it with his strong hand, and decided (perhaps not unwilling to show his independence of Rome, for Spanish kings and cardinals sometimes

snubbed the Pope himself) that the churches of Toledo should have the right to worship God according to the way of their fathers, and even left an endowment for the perpetual celebration of their cherished ritual. It was this to which we were now to listen. As we entered the chapel, a number of priests (perhaps a dozen) were chanting it with voices loud and lusty, that showed that they were not to be silenced. It was a sight to encourage the hope of Spanish independence in things temporal as well as ecclesiastical.

But we must return to the Cathedral, where the vespers are still in progress. Unwilling to disturb them by movement or even by whispers, we sat down on the projecting base of a column, that we might at once see and listen. Looking round, we took in the grand proportions of the interior, of which mere figures—such as that it is four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide—can give little idea. But take a single object. This column at the foot of which I am sitting, seems to me like one of the Big Trees of California, and yet it is not ungraceful, for this enormous girth is balanced by a corresponding height. In the loftiness of the Cathedral, it seems as if its builders had designed, if it must be shut in on the ground, that it should at least find space in the air; and so they carried it up and up till it soared high above all the roofs of the city, and caught the light from every quarter, from the rising and the setting sun.

Sitting here and looking up and around, I think how many human lives have gone into the rearing of this majestic pile. Begun in 1227, it was more than two and a half centuries in building, during which the people of Toledo, and of all Spain, watched its rising walls. In this time men were born, grew old and died, leaving the work to their children, who took it up and carried it on all *their*