horizon. Of course the ascent is full of difficulties, to overcome which calls for all the resources of modern engineering. The road, which has been built by a French company, is constructed with the same thoroughness and skill which distinguish the great roads of France. But it has to make innumerable twists and turns to find the easiest path, and even then is often driven to bay, to escape from which it has to plunge into the bowels of the earth. Near the top we pass through a great number of tunnels—fourteen between two stations—some of them very long. These times of darkness interfere sadly with our sight-seeing; but as we rush through them into light, we turn this way and that, enraptured with the views that are opened into the gorges beneath, and over the mountain-tops, which take on such rosy tints as they catch the last rays of the setting sun, that they seem "glorious as the gates of heaven," and then turn to glittering white as the moonlight streams down their breasts of snow.

After a seven hours' ride, we drew into the station of the old city of Burgos, and bundling into a rickety carriage, rattled away over a bridge, and under the arch of Santa Maria, built in honor of the Emperor Charles V., to the Hotel del Norte, which, though put down in all the guide-books as the best in the place, had a cheerless look without, and was not more attractive within. The floors were of brick, and when we were taken up two or three flights of stairs, and through narrow passages, into small and stuffy rooms, we had to confess that this was not altogether home-like. My companion, who was used to the Spanish ways, took his little den without a word. But not so with the newly-imported American, to whom the rooms had a mouldy air, as if they had been inhabited by generations of Spaniards, whose ghosts were even now fluttering in the dingy curtains and counterpanes; and who,

alike for his rest of body and peace of mind, would fain have something better. The resources of Spanish inns are not great, but at least the people are polite to those who recognize the Castilian pride, and address them with proper respect. Therefore I made my humble petition to the landlady (who seemed really desirous to make us comfortable, if she only knew how), as if she were a Serene Highness, to give me a larger room, whereupon she led the way to one, which, if not exactly in the style of a baronial hall, was at least a great improvement on the first, and which, best of all, had an open fire-place, in which (as the small boys were sent to bring wood) I soon had a blazing fire, the most potent means to brighten dull surroundings. Having made a clean and wholesome atmosphere, I asked for but one thing more, *a cot*, for I could not go back to the close, narrow bedroom ; and the good people hunted about till they found a small iron bedstead, that had perhaps done duty in the old Spanish wars, on which I could lie down "like a warrior taking his rest" before his camp-fire.

Having thus provided for a comfortable night, I threw open the shutters of a large window, and stepped out upon a little balcony. Although it was but eleven o'clock, the streets were quiet, save the watchman calling the hour, with the invocation "Ave Maria sanctissima," and the moonlight rested on a silent, sleeping city. Close to us was one of the greatest cathedrals in Spain, and, as it stood on the slope of a hill, and was below us, I was on a level with the roof, which was pinnacled with spires and arches, so airy and delicate that it all seemed like some heavenly vision that would float away in the moonlight. Farther away rose a hill hundreds of feet high, crowned with a castle a thousand years old, once the city's glory and defence, which had borne its part in innumerable wars, down

to the last siege by Wellington. These two ancient piles, the Castle and the Cathedral, standing over against each other, are types of the Gothic civilization. Such an hour in the heart of Old Spain pays for a long journey, and put me in a pleasant mood for the night ; so that when at last I lay down on my little cot, and the light of the dying embers cast shadows on the walls, I sank into a half-slumber through which floated dreams of a past in which history was romance and romance became history.

The next morning, as soon as we had time to look about us, we found that we were in one of the historic cities of Spain. Burgos lies on a broad plain nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and has been a notable city from the earliest days of the Spanish monarchy. Indeed before there was any United Spain, it was the capital of Old Castile, the very name of which in Spanish (Castilla) indicates that it was full of castles, held by brave warrior-knights, whose prowess in those days was the wonder of Christendom. Castile was the first part of Spain which shook off the yoke of the Moors, against whom it was led by the Cid, who was a native of Burgos. Here he was born in 1026, and was married in the old Castle ; and though he died in Valencia, it was his wish that he should be brought back to his birthplace to be buried. At that time Castile was a separate kingdom, and so remained until it was united with Leon, and afterwards with Arragon, which was accomplished only by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

How real and true a hero the Cid was, it would be difficult to say, as his deeds have been so magnified that he appears more like a god of mythology than a man of woman born. How much of this grand figure really belonged to the original, nobody knows. As Achilles and Agamemnon are known to us, not by authentic history,

but by the Iliad of Homer, so this Spanish Achilles is known chiefly through the Poem of the Cid, published in 1200, and the Chronicle of the Cid, in the century after—a Chronicle filled with traditions of his valor in songs and ballads, many of which Southey has rendered into English verse. No doubt he was a brave soldier, and fought stoutly in the war against the Moors, whom he hated with perfect hatred, if that be a virtue. But it is not necessary to believe that he rode into Burgos on his favorite horse, and clad in a full suit of mail, *after he was dead;* nor that, when a Jew approached his dead body to offer it some indignity, it lifted a mailed hand and felled him to the earth!

If all the stories they tell of him were true, they would not be much to his honor. In the Cathedral is suspended on the wall a coffer which served him as a camp-chest, and of which it is said that, when his finances were at a low ebb, he filled it with stones, representing the heavy weight as concealed treasure, and on this security borrowed money of a Jew, exacting a promise that the chest should not be opened till the debt was paid, as in due time it was, when the lid was raised and the deceit exposed. This story is gravely told by the Spanish historians, as if it were a proof of the marvellous shrewdness of their hero, seeming not to reflect that they exalt his cunning at the expense of his truth and honor.

However, we must not sit in critical judgment on a hero of romance, whose deeds have been chronicled in song, and whose valor has been a national tradition for seven centuries. Let Spain have her idols, as we keep ours.

All that Burgos now has to show of the Cid are his bones, which are kept in the Town Hall, in a chest under glass, with a partition to separate them from the bones of his wife, over which a traveller may moralize after the style of the grave-digger in Hamlet. These bones have partly

crumbled into dust. The conqueror Time has ground the Cid, as he grinds ordinary human beings, very small; and he who made the infidels to tremble as he rode his war-horse over the field of battle, trampling them down, is but a soft, fine powder, which would be blown away if it were not kept in a bottle! Such is the end of all human glory:

> "Cæsar dead and turned to clay
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But the great attraction of this old Spanish city is the Cathedral. Some travellers would say it is the *only* attraction, so much does it overshadow all others. Indeed we might almost describe Burgos as a Cathedral with a town thrown in, so completely is the latter dwarfed and dwindled by that central mass of towers that rises above it, and draws the eyes of all beholders to its glorious self. To me it had a special interest as being the first of those great Spanish Cathedrals, to see which had been one chief object of my visit to Spain. These have a character of their own, different from those of France, Italy, or Germany. Before I left America, Chief Justice Daly prepared for me an *itineraire*, in which he spoke of the Cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville, as "the three finest in Spain, and *therefore* the three finest *Gothic* Cathedrals in Europe." To the first of these we were now to be introduced.

Before entering, let us take a walk around it: for it would be almost irreverent to rush into such a presence without some preparation both of the eye and the mind. In approaching it, we observe (as we have often had occasion to observe elsewhere on the Continent) how much the impression of the most magnificent architecture is impaired by the want of proper position. To the grandest effect of a building designed to endure for ages, it ought to stand on a hill, like the Parthenon; or in large grounds, which give it the presence and the dignity that become a king.

It should have ample space around it, as we give space to a mighty elm or oak, the glory of the forest, that it may spread its arms abroad "to all the winds that blow."

The position of Burgos did not admit of much, unless the Cathedral were placed outside of the town. Although the country round is a plain, the city is built on sloping ground, between the river which flows on one side of it, and the hill on which stands the old Castle on the other. Here the space is necessarily somewhat confined, so that the Cathedral is hemmed in by narrow streets, and is on such a slope that while its front opens on a little plaza above their level, the rear actually abuts against a hill; so that in entering from that side, one has to descend a staircase to the pavement. Such infelicities of position would be quite enough to *kill* any ordinary structure. And yet—*and yet*—the Cathedral of Burgos is so vast in its proportions, that *it can stand anything.* No matter though the bustling streets come up to its very doors, like the waves of the sea to the foot of a mighty cliff, still it lifts its head unmoved by the tumult and raging below, while it soars and soars to the sky. And so, as we stand at the foot of the towers and look up, we feel very, very small, and they seem very, very high.

But with all this, the greatest impression is not from without, but from within. In this respect the Spanish cathedrals differ from the Italian, at least from those in Florence, where the famous Duomo, the unveiling of whose new façade has excited such enthusiasm in Italy, has one great defect. Externally it is one of the grandest Cathedrals in Europe. As you stand in front of it, with the Campanile at its side, or walk round it, and measure its walls—how far they reach and how high they rise!—and look up to the dome of Brunelleschi, more vast than that which Michael Angelo built over St. Peter's at Rome, you

are quite overwhelmed. And yet this great building, the pride of Florence, in its interior is so badly cut up in its arrangement of pillars and arches, that it looks smaller than from without and is far less imposing. And even Santa Croce,

> "Within whose holy precincts lie
> Ashes that make it holier,"

depends for its interest chiefly on its monuments. Travellers visit it, not to see one of the ecclesiastical wonders of Italy, but chiefly to look upon the tombs of Dante and Michael Angelo.

To all this the Spanish Cathedrals offer a striking contrast. Their interiors are perfect. Vast as they are, they are so admirably proportioned that immensity never becomes monstrosity. "The length, the breadth, and the height" are, if not "equal," yet perfectly measured the one to the other. To this should be added the effect of color: for while the Florentine churches have interiors as bare and cold as those of a monastery, the Spanish Cathedrals are all aglow with the light of stained-glass windows, while the numerous altars are illumined and glorified by paintings of the old Spanish masters. With the architecture and the color together, the effect is of a majesty that can hardly be described. When Edward Everett Hale had spent an hour or two in the Cathedral of Burgos, he could only say, "It is wonderful: I have seen nothing like it." He adds indeed, "It is not so large as Cologne, but the finish is perfect." In his mind the greater vastness of the one was more than balanced by the exquisite beauty of the other.

As we entered, the morning service was begun, and worshippers were kneeling between the choir and the high altar. This open space, where the transept crosses the nave, is directly under the dome, which rises above it to a

height of nearly two hundred feet. It was a very striking scene, in which the lights and shadows seemed to be responsive to the rising and falling of the voices, and the hearts even of strangers rose and fell as they turned their eyes, now to the dim vault above, and now to the kneeling worshippers below.

Here for the first time I observed what is peculiar to the Spanish Cathedrals, the introduction of the choir, or "coro," in the centre of the church, which mars greatly the architectural effect. Yet it has its compensation : for as the worship is in the centre, the circling waves of sound roll into every side chapel (there are fourteen of them) ; so that not only the crowd that kneels before the high altar, but the poorest and humblest worshipper who may seek a refuge from every eye, that he may pour out his heart before God, may still hear the words of faith and hope to bear up his soul to heaven.

When the service was ended, we turned from listening to seeing, and tried to take in the majesty that was around us in the stately columns which stood like a grove of the cedars of Lebanon, whose branches touching overhead made the lofty arches that bore up the mighty roof of this forest of stone.

After this general survey, we made the round of the side chapels, each of which deserves a separate study, as they are not only rich in precious marbles and other costly decorations, but many of them have a historical interest, as connected with old Castilian families, whose names and deeds live in Spanish song and story. Every Spanish Cathedral is a kind of Westminster Abbey—a place of burial for the great of former generations. Here they lie —the sculptured forms that rest above their sepulchres representing them as they were in the days of life : the bishop in his robes, with his hands folded on his breast ;

and the knight in his armor, but who will never go forth to battle again. In these memorials of the past, one may read the history of Spain. An illustration of this we have in the Chapel of the Constable of Castile, which, though not one of the side chapels, is a part of the Cathedral. He was a warrior of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and entered Granada at their side. As in all these old Spanish heroes war was always mingled with religion, we have here not only his sword and helmet and coat-of-mail, but the ivory crucifix which he bore with him on his campaigns, and the sacramental vessels with which he had mass celebrated on the field of battle. His wars are over now, and here, with his beloved wife by his side, he has slept the long sleep of four hundred years. With the Catholic idea in regard to the state of the dead, it seemed fitting that they should rest in the place of constant prayer : for I found that worship was going on in some part of the Cathedral almost without ceasing ; that while the high altar was vacant and the choir was empty, in some of the chapels masses were being said by the side of the tombs, and "the daily sacrifice" was offered for the quick and dead.

Next to the Cathedral, the object of greatest interest in Burgos is a Carthusian Monastery a couple of miles from the city, which was founded four hundred years ago by Queen Isabella. Taking a carriage with two strapping mules, we crossed the river, on the other side of which is the Alameda, a park planted with elms, which furnishes a delightful retreat for the people of the city in the heat of Summer. It is a pretty drive through the long avenue lined with trees. On the right are large barracks, with quarters for six regiments of mounted artillery. As we were enjoying the beauty of this rural suburb of Burgos, we perceived that we were an object of attention to a

swarm of beggars, who had fixed their hungry eyes upon us. One burly fellow trotted beside the carriage for a mile, determined to be "in at the death" whenever we should come to a halt. As we rode up to the Monastery (which stands in a noble position on the top of a hill, commanding an extensive view of the country) we found the outer court filled with another troop of the noble army of beggars, lying in wait for the coming of the foreigner, the only escape from whom was to get inside as quickly as possible.

Ringing at the gate for admission, a small grated window was drawn aside, revealing the cowled face of a monk, who, to our request for admission, replied by asking "If there were any ladies in the party?" as if the presence of one of the sex would be dangerous to his soul. Being assured that there were none, the key was turned, and the heavy door swung open, and we found ourselves in a long corridor, through which we followed our guide, who was habited in the Carthusian dress, a frock of coarse white flannel, with a cowl over his closely shaven head, although the rules of his order did not forbid him to wear a very respectable and rather handsome beard. Otherwise he was a plain-looking friar (he told us he was but a lay-brother), who, if he had been put to work at some humble industry, might have made an honest living. These lay-brothers perform the menial offices of the place. One of them we saw, with a cowl over his head, sweeping out the corridor! Our conductor was not much above the same level. However, humble as he was, he had sufficient intelligence to serve as a guide.

The Monastery was begun by the father of Isabella, King John II., in 1442, and after his death was completed in his honor by his illustrious daughter, and here both father and mother are buried in the church before the

high altar, in a tomb of which Hare says: "Their gorgeous alabaster monument is perhaps the most perfectly glorious tomb in the world." I observed that the monk, whether awed by its magnificence or by the sacredness of the place, spoke in a whisper. On one side of this pompous sepulchre is one of less pretension, to their son Alfonso, whose early death left open to his sister Isabella the pathway to a throne. These tender memories of course made the place very sacred to the gentle and devout Queen, who came here often to pray at the tombs of her beloved dead.

In another room hangs on the wall a painting of scenes in the life of our Lord, which is made with leaves to fold up like a screen, and is the veritable one that was carried by Ferdinand and Isabella in their wars, and placed on an altar in the camp when they would celebrate military mass in the midst of their armies.

All this was exceedingly interesting, but I began to grow curious about the Monastery, not as it was four hundred years ago, but as it is to-day; and with American inquisitiveness, ventured to ask:

"How many brothers are here now?"

The answer was made plain to the eye as well as to the ear, when the monk took us to what was the oldest part of the building which had been the chapel, but as the Monastery grew in size, had been turned into a refectory. This was on a scale that indicated a large number of inmates; it might have served for two hundred; but the poor monk sadly confessed that their numbers were now reduced to twenty-seven!

Next I advanced to more direct inquiries:

"What do you *do* here, good father?" "How do you spend your time?" and "What supports the Monastery?" For I remembered that the Carthusian Order, founded by Saint Bruno in 1086, was one of the strictest Orders in the

Church, subject to stern rules of labor, requiring them to *work* as well as to pray; so that the Carthusian monks were famous agriculturists. Hence I thought it not intrusive to inquire if this rigid discipline were still kept up; if this Monastery were conducted according to the original rules of the Order.

The answer said nothing of agriculture or any other industry. As to their means of support, the monk confessed that their supplies were rather low; but such as they were, they were derived from two sources—gifts, which were few, and masses for the dead, which were *paid for*, that the souls of the dead might be delivered from purgatory!

"And what are your hours of devotion?"

"From eight o'clock in the morning to nine, and from three to four in the afternoon"; besides which they are roused from their slumbers at night to pray, which they begin at half past ten, and continue till half past two: thus making two hours in the day-time and four at night, six in all, just one-fourth of the twenty-four hours!

What a volume of prayer is this to be going up without ceasing, day and night, like a cloud of incense, before God! Such is our first thought, but I fear that, if we could be present at these nightly vigils, we should be disenchanted; that, instead of a company of worshippers rapt in devotion, we should find only a couple of dozen tired, sleepy monks, droning out their prayers to the echo of the walls of stone. So I found it at Mount Sinai, and I have no reason to think it different here.

"Might we be permitted to see the rooms of the monks?" He hesitated a little at this, but finally showed us one which was probably of the better class, as he said "it would be for a priest who performed mass." But it was as naked and cheerless as a prison cell, with stone

floor and bare walls. In the corner was a little opening in which the wretched occupant could light a few coals to keep himself from perishing with the Winter's cold. Here he lived apart from his brethren, not even taking his meals in the refectory, but alone, his scanty portion being brought to him by one of the servants of the convent, and placed at a hole in the wall, through which it was drawn in as it might be by a convict behind the bars. Overhead was a niche in which he slept, where was a piece of coarse sacking filled with straw, and a low shelf of stone on which he might place a crucifix and a candle, and a stone step on which he could kneel and say his prayers. Here lived the Carthusian monk, immured as in a dungeon, thinking to gain heaven by making earth a hell!

As we came out we met a young brother with a pleasant face, who had a basket of bread which he had cut in pieces, to serve to the poor, who were already gathered round the door waiting for their daily dole. This office of charity is the only one which redeems the monastery from the just reproach of utter uselessness, and even this is a very doubtful good, as the giving of alms to the beggars at their gates only increases the hungry horde, and thus swells to vaster proportions the pauperism which already rests as a terrible incubus on the life of Spain.

Making our acknowledgments to our conductor, and slipping a coin into his hand (which he did not refuse, like the brother in the monastery at the house of Ignatius Loyola), we took our leave. As the door opened, the beggars made a rush, not for the door or the basket of bread, but for us, whining and moaning and begging pitifully for alms. So combined was the attack, that it required some effort to make our way to the carriage. Once in our seats, I tossed a handful of coppers to the crowd, at which one and all, men and women and little children,

made a dive, tumbling over one another in their eagerness for a few pennies.

Such is the great Carthusian Monastery of Burgos, founded by Queen Isabella, and which to her was sacred as a family mausoleum. But when she died she was not buried here beside her father and mother, but in Granada, which had witnessed the conquest of the Moors. Since her day it has no longer served as a royal burying place. The Spanish Kings will not have it even as a sepulchre. Its occupation is gone, so that we can but ask, as we take our departure, What is it good for *now?* Of what use is it to any human being?

These Carthusians are not like the brave monks who keep guard at the Hospices on the summits of the Simplon and the Great Saint Bernard to succor lost travellers: nor even like the Brothers of the Miserecordia, who may be seen in the streets of Florence, or Naples, with covered faces, making visits to the sick, or burying the dead: they only exist to keep up an old shrine of devotion. Such a system is out of place in the nineteenth century: it has served its purpose, and now its last and best use is to die. The life of solitude and seclusion, even if it be a life of prayer, is not that which best fulfils the purpose for which we were sent into the world. The cell and the dungeon are the work of men; the sunshine, the light and the air, are the gift of God.

CHAPTER VI.

INTRODUCTION TO THE CAPITAL.

The traveller who comes to Spain to see the country at its best—to enjoy both the scenery and the climate in perfection—should defer his coming till the Spring. Or if he comes in Winter, let him begin in the South, for which he might sail from New York directly to the Mediterranean, and land at Gibraltar. He will then enter by Andalusia, where the climate differs little from that of the African coast on the other side of the Straits. In Seville the air is as soft and balmy as on the Riviera, and palms are growing in the open air; and in the early Spring he will find the nightingales singing in the woods of the Alhambra. Thence he can move northward by easy stages to Cordova, Toledo, and Madrid, where he will find the capital in its glory in the month of May, and some time in June he may cross the Pyrenees.

But if his object be not so much to see beautiful landscapes and bask in the southern sun, as to study the government and people, he may find it as well to come, as I have done, in Winter. For Madrid especially, this is in some respects the best season: for if the trees are not in full leaf, and the parks look bare and desolate, it has other

attractions as the capital of the country. The Queen is here; the Court is here; the Cabinet is here; the Cortes is in session; and this is the centre of the political life of the nation. Nor of that only: it is the time of the year when all the schools have resumed their course, and students throng the streets; when the University is open, and the professors are in their studies and their laboratories. Thus all that is most distinguished in the literary and scientific, as well as the political, world of Spain is now gathered within its capital.

I have been here a fortnight, and have come to feel quite at home. I have become accustomed to the Spanish ways, even to the ringing of bells, by which I am awakened every morning, which reminds me that I am in a Catholic country. The streets have grown familiar. We are in the centre of everything on the Puerta del Sol, on which fronts the Hotel de la Paix. This is the heart of Madrid, the central point of the spider's web, from which radiate all the principal streets, and the tramways (!)—that American invention which has made its way into every capital in Europe. The Puerta del Sol is not only the geographical centre of the city, but the centre of its life, the place where its heart beats, into which all streams pour and from which they flow. Hither flock the gossip-loving Madrilenos on Summer nights to exchange the news of the day by the pale light of the moon; to talk over the political situation; to discuss with the same eagerness the last bull-fight or the last émeute, or the prospect of another. And hither too they flock on Winter days as well as on Summer nights, though now they wrap their cloaks about them to protect them against the cold, and also as a costume peculiarly befitting their Spanish dignity. Mingling in this bustling crowd, or even looking down upon it from our windows, we begin to feel as if we were a part of it:

for even though we may not understand the language, we can catch a few words, and perceive in some degree the peculiar temper of this people, so full of pride, in which they overtop any other in Europe; haughty and reserved, and yet all aglow with a suppressed fire, which may flame out at any moment in a duel or an insurrection.

An American ought to feel at home in Spain, as it is the country to which is due the discovery of his own, and as from the earliest date the relations of the two have been most intimate. I have had a new sense of this, since I spent an hour with Christopher Columbus, the lineal descendant of the great discoverer, and who inherits his title with his immortal name. The late Secretary of Legation, to whom I am indebted, as are many of my countrymen, for courtesies in Madrid, took me to see the Duke of Veragua, for that is the title which he bears. As he entered the room, he saluted us with great warmth, and at once seized my hat!—a motion which I gently resisted; but as he still held it, I had to submit. My friend told me afterwards that this was a mark of Spanish courtesy: for had my host permitted me to sit hat in hand, it would seem to imply that he regarded me as a stranger, who had come to make a brief and formal call; whereas when he took it from me, and laid it aside with due Castilian gravity, it signified that he wished me to regard myself as at home, and that (to use the Spanish phrase) "his house was mine." I am sorry to say that it was not much of a hat: for it had been sadly battered out of shape in knocking about on land and sea; but I thought it acquired a certain dignity from having been held in the hands of Christopher Columbus, and would have kept it as an heirloom in the family, had not a higher authority than mine condemned it as unworthy to cover my poor head, so that it had to go to the bourne from which no hat returns.