

far more the appearance of a tomb intended for them "that have no hope," than "a gate of death" leading to a joyful resurrection. It is the very place to have inspired those lines of Gray, which, though professedly written amid the comparatively cheerful associations of a sunshiny English churchyard, are fraught with the influences that hover around this royal charnel-house.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—

* * * * *

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

The vault contains twenty-six niches, most of them being tenanted by the dust and ashes of kings, and such of their queens, as had sons to ascend the throne, none others being admissible into this last stronghold of Spanish etiquette, where even in death the proprieties are strictly observed by the separation of the sexes, the males lying on one side, and the females on the other. The first niche is allotted to Charles V., the earliest occupant of this grim abode, his remains having been brought here

from Yuste. His son is the next to find a tomb within the walls of his own foundation, and then, in historical order, follows the long succession of Austrian and Bourbon nonentities, elevated by Spanish ceremonial almost to the rank of demigods, only to come at last to the common end of all men.

St. Simon gives a curious account of two other sepulchral chambers, which we did not see. "In a separate place near, but not on the same floor, and resembling a library, the bodies of children, and queens, who have had no posterity, are ranged. A third place, a sort of antechamber to the last named, is called 'a rotting-room.' In this third room nothing is to be seen except four bare walls, with a table in the middle. The walls being very thick, openings are made in them, where the bodies are placed; each body has an opening to itself, which is afterwards walled up. When it is thought the corpse has been walled up sufficiently long to be free from odour, the wall is opened, the body taken out, and put in a coffin, which allows a portion of it to be seen towards the feet. This coffin is then covered with a rich stuff, and carried into the adjoining room."

All that is usually shown of the Escorial we saw, the greater part, however, I must confess, with very little interest. What pleased us most were the royal apartments, very pleasant sunny rooms, of moderate, habitable size, simply furnished in general, with here and there some article, a cabinet, or piece of marqueterie, of regal costliness. Some of the rooms contained a few good pictures, while many were hung with the finest tapestry I ever saw, chiefly of Spanish manufacture, and representing for the most part hunting and shooting subjects, full of animation, and admirably coloured.

I was particularly interested in the Sala des Batallas, "the Gallery of Battles," a long corridor opening upon one of the patios, so called because its walls are covered with battle-pieces, in fresco, the most conspicuous being the engagement of La Higuera, where the Spaniards, under Alvaro de Luna, defeated the Moors, in June, 1431. It is curious to observe, that in this painting both Christians and Infidels are represented as fighting under the crescent, that having been the "canting" crest of De Luna, borne by him on account of his family name, for Luna signifies "the moon" in Spanish as well as in Latin.

This fresco, copied, it is said, from an older one found in the Alcazar at Segovia, is well worth studying, on account of its costumes, armour, and other details. The battles of Pavia, St. Quentin, and Lepanto, with many famous sieges in the Netherlands, are delineated on a large scale, and had not the inexorable necessity of going the entire round of sight-seeing prevented me, I would gladly have spent some time in becoming fully acquainted with these most interesting illustrations of history.

By way of refreshment after lionizing that huge building, we longed to turn out upon the terraces, where the sun was shining most attractively, but this was not allowed.

We were much struck with the parterres of box-wood, in geometrical patterns, into which the terraces are laid out. The box having attained a height of two or three feet is kept carefully trimmed on the top, and at the sides, and with its evergreen foliage glistening in the sunshine, an excellent effect is produced, making one insensible to the absence of flowers.

Altogether the exterior of the Escorial, with its gardens and surrounding scenery, pleased us much more than any portion of its interior; during a fine autumn it would be a very pleasant

place to stay at, and there are many excursions to be made in the neighbouring mountains, which I longed to explore.

Both our time, and powers of endurance, were now exhausted, and after a hasty luncheon we set off for Madrid, where we arrived early enough to dine, and spend a very pleasant evening, with Mr. Augustus Lumley, the Secretary to the Embassy.

CHAPTER XV.

OCTOBER 22nd. In spite of all the kindness and hospitality received from our countrymen at Madrid, we were not at last altogether sorry to leave, as the weather had broken up, the streets were deluged with daily torrents of rain, and chilling blasts from the Guadarrama mountains assailed us at every turn. In going south we hoped for sunnier skies, and looked forward with great delight to our ride through "the untrodden ways," of wild Estremadura. Provision for the journey had been laid in from the stores of the Café l'Hardy, and a pair of formidable-looking panniers were filled to the brim, with a miscellaneous cargo of tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, wine, cannisters of preserved meat, and soup, patés and hams, with a supplement of tea and coffee pots, tin jugs, knives, forks, and spoons. To our inexperienced eyes

these preparations seemed altogether extravagant, and the high prices, which make Madrid the most expensive capital in Europe, swelled the bill to an amount not pleasant to contemplate. A week's travel, however, convinced us that if any error had been committed in the commissariat department, it was certainly not on the side of excess; and many a time and oft, while wending our way through *dehesas* and *despoblados*, where edibles are unknown, did we wish some beneficent fairy would transport us for a couple of hours to the well-replenished café of the Calle de San Geronimo, that we might turn to account our newly-acquired experience, by doubling our original supplies, and by adding a few items, which seldom find a place in carpet-bag or portmanteau of a tourist, though by no means superfluous to travellers in the Peninsula.

The rail conveyed us to Toledo, where we proposed taking to the saddle, and riding by Yuste, Placentia, and Merida, to Seville. Spanish railways do not excel in speed, and we were more than three hours in doing about forty miles. The country is a mere lifeless expanse of arid plain, till you come to the royal domain of Aranjuez, on the banks of the Tagus, which

is pretty and well wooded. Here the court spends part of the spring.

Toledo is very strikingly situated on a cluster of granite hills (of course since Rome set the fashion they are called seven), through whose bosom the Tagus has cloven a deep ravine-like channel surrounding three sides of the town. It was now a brimming turbid stream, after the late rains. I never saw any large town which gave me more the idea of compression than Toledo, as if, after its completion, some unheard-of power had forced it into half its original compass. Its streets never run straight ahead, but turn and twist in all directions, after the fashion of eastern towns, and have more the appearance of slits and crevices between the houses, than of open thoroughfares. On the land-side it is still encircled by Moorish walls, and as on our way into the town we passed under a tower with gate and portcullis yet entire, and pierced by a most graceful horseshoe arch, we seemed to be at once carried back to the days of old, when the Moor was master there. It was not at all what I had expected to see, exhibiting few characteristics of a peaceful cathedral town, the see of a Primate, and the centre of ecclesiastical affairs to a great kingdom. The houses

have almost the look of fortified dwellings, and the streets are far better contrived for keeping out an enemy, than for giving peaceable citizens a free passage to and fro on their lawful avocations. In fact had we not known it was Toledo, it would have been easy to imagine we were entering some frontier town among the mountains, whose gates were for ever hearing "the din of battle bray." It is a most uncomfortable place to go about; if you walk, your feet are tortured by vile pavement; if you venture to take a carriage, a rare sight at Toledo, your nervous system is shaken to pieces. The only vehicle we saw was the omnibus, that conveyed us from the station, and its course through the streets, as it dashed madly round corners, and darted up steep slopes of pavement, more nearly resembled the jerks and hops of a cracker, than the sedate movements common to omnibuses in other parts of the world.

The town is crowded with objects of interest to the ecclesiologist, antiquarian, student of history, architect, and artist; out of which ordinary visitors find a difficulty in making a selection. We were, however, happily spared this perplexity, in having Mr. Sykes for our companion, who has not only quite the gift

of finding out what is best worth seeing, combined with a thorough love of Art, but having spent a day there the week before, he consequently knew how to employ our limited time to the best advantage. Few places can boast such an interesting array of religious buildings, Jewish, Moorish, and Christian ; and, as we visited one after another, we could only long for more leisure, and a larger share of that inexhaustible energy and zeal, so indispensable for conscientious sight-seeing.

Our first visit was to the well-known synagogues. Judging from the general character of these buildings, the Toledan Jews must have been a very prosperous community, and it is a singular circumstance in the history of a people, who in most countries have been politically so uninfluential, that upon two occasions they were the means of changing the ownership of the city—in April, 712, when they opened the gates to the Moors under Tarik Ibn Zeyyad ; and again, May 25, 1085, when they admitted Alonzo VI. One of these synagogues, now called Santa Maria La Blanca, dates, it is said, from the ninth century, and, being the work of a Moorish architect, is built in his native style. It consists of a nave

and double aisles on each side, formed by rows of horse-shoe arches, rising from short massive columns with arabesque capitals. Above the keystone of each central row of arches, a blank unpierced arcade runs the whole length of the nave; the east end contains a recess, which used to be the Holy of Holies. What interested me most of all was the wooden roof, not only as being composed of cedars of Lebanon, but from being the first of the kind I ever remember to have seen on the Continent, where, as every one knows, vaulted roofs are well-nigh universal, wooden ones being almost confined to England. Fergusson remarks that the Spanish Arabs never seem to have paid attention to vaulting in stone and similar material, but usually constructed their roofs of wood, painted and carved, or of stucco. The other synagogue, called *El Transito*, is simply an oblong room of considerable dimensions, which, in its artesonado roof and cornices, retains traces of gorgeous ornamentation, with latticed galleries for women let into the side-wall, about half-way between the floor and the ceiling. This was built "at the sole expense" of a Jewish millionaire, Samuel Levi, treasurer to Pedro the Cruel.

We now varied the routine of sight-seeing,

and walked to the top of the highest hill within the walls, which is crowned with the shell of a fine palace in the Renaissance style, built chiefly by Charles V., and completed by his son. It is called the Alcazar, having been erected on the site of the old Moorish palace, of which, as far as we could discover, no remains exist. The situation is truly regal. Throned on a platform of rock, far above every surrounding object, it commands Toledo, "the crown of Spain, and the light of the whole world," as old chronicles style the city, and overlooks the broad stream of the Tagus, as it sweeps downward towards the plain. The proportions of the palace are magnificent, and the grand staircase, on which it is said no fewer than three architects were employed at different times, has "ample room and verge enough" to admit a coach and six. The façade is enriched with medallions, containing heads, figures, and other ornaments of the cinque-cento style. On the side next the Tagus are some of the finest machioliations I ever saw, projecting from the surface of the wall with a depth and boldness, that produced admirable effects of light and shade; these are probably the remains of some building erected after the capture of the place

in 1085. The view across the stern-looking hills, that hem in the river, forcibly reminded both Lord Portarlington and Mr. Sykes of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem; indeed their recollections of eastern travel are constantly awakened by the scenes through which we are now passing.

On descending the hill, we went to the splendid Franciscan convent, San Juan de los Reyes, founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, to commemorate their victory at Toro over Alonzo of Portugal, in 1476. Fergusson calls this building the gem of that age, assigning to it the same position in Spanish pointed architecture, that Henry VII.'s chapel occupies in English, with even greater richness of detail. The portal was erected by Philip II. On the outside of the church, at the east end, hang hundreds of iron chains, taken from the limbs of the Christian captives found in Granada, when it was surrendered by Boabdil in 1492, and in their present position they may well be regarded both as thank-offerings to God, and as emblems of conquest. The whole building suffered fearfully during the French occupation, and wears now a most dismal air of desolation and neglect. Indeed, I must confess, no part gave

me so much pleasure as the cloisters, which, in their former glory, must have been an enchanting retreat; even now they are invested with a peculiar attractiveness, and we spent a most pleasant hour within their precincts, while reposing from the fatigues of sight-seeing, and eating fruit under the shade of vine and fig-tree.

But, after all, the pride of Toledo is the Cathedral, which is indeed "glorious within," not merely from the beauty of its architecture, but from what in the present day is much more rare, the profuse magnificence of its decorations and furniture, in retablos, painted glass, sculpture, wood-carving, plate, and ornamental iron-work. The wood-carving of the choir alone would occupy days to examine it worthily; every stall is a study, and we turned from panel and moulding, and miserere, with a feeling of utter helplessness at our inability to master the myriad marvels that surrounded us on every side. Then there were "glorious tomes, bound in half-inch oak, or chestnut, armed and knobbed, and studded with wrought brass or silver, scaled tortoise-fashion with metallic lappets, and bound together by the hogskin back, relics of boars that had fattened themselves plentifully

in great forests of ilex and cork-tree; volumes that have initials of marvellous splendour, with flowers and fruitage curling down the side of the page, or symbolizing in their very pattern the meaning of the Epistle, or Gospel, which they prelude."

The Retablo, a species of Reredos in wood, carved and richly ornamented with gilding and colour, which seems peculiar to Spain, is here a perfect concentration of beauty: though unfortunately from the great height to which it runs, and the "dim religious light" that pervades the whole interior of the Cathedral, some portions of the five compartments into which it is divided were almost invisible. These run from base to summit, and each contains three subjects from the principal events in our Lord's life. Executed in 1500, it is a masterpiece of art, and I longed first of all to illuminate it with a flood of light sufficiently powerful to reveal its minutest details, and then to have it photographed for the benefit of dear friends at home.

At the back of the choir runs a series of most elaborate Gothic screens three tiers high, extending (no doubt) all round originally; behind the altar, however, they have been cut

away to make room for a trumpery modern monument. There are besides some exquisite bits of the best pointed period, particularly an arcade running along the transepts, which would be an ornament to any building, and a triforium round the choir, with a sculptured figure under each arch, which Fergusson notices as an instance of a very natural tendency in Spanish architects, to introduce Moorish features into their designs.

The Cathedral consists, as usual in Spain, of a double choir, with transepts, nave, and double aisles on each side, to which are attached several chapels of most sumptuous description.

None of them, however, exceed in interest the Mozarabic chapel, built and endowed by Cardinal Ximenes, in 1512, for the daily use of the Mozarabic Liturgy, the original communion-service of Spain. It is said to take its name from *Must-Arab*, being used by persons, who mixed with, and tried to imitate the Arab, that is, the Spanish Christians, who under Moorish rule enjoyed full toleration of their religion, having as many as six Churches in Toledo alone. This Liturgy, which Palmer derives from the ancient Gallican, is written in Latin, and is copious enough to fill two folios.

Its construction is very peculiar, differing widely from most of the Western Liturgies, especially from the Roman and Ambrosian, being highly poetical, full of antithesis, which sometimes becomes almost rhetorical, and with whole passages that read very much like portions of sermons introduced where prayers might be looked for; it abounds moreover with adaptations from Scripture, especially from the Psalter.

Ford says it was re-established by Ximenes, "to give the Vatican a hint, that Spain had not forgotten her former spiritual independence." This is extremely probable, and one cannot imagine a more legitimate mode of protesting against Roman usurpation, than the restoration of this ancient ritual, which is still used every day in the Mozarabic Chapel at Toledo, in compliance with the terms of the Cardinal's endowment. But it seems to me, that another motive of a more private nature may have exercised additional influence upon the Cardinal's mind, in his restoration of that ritual, and as the whole subject of Liturgies is beginning to attract attention, I may be permitted to notice the point more at length.

The religious services of the Spanish Chris-

tians, received, as we have seen, no material interruption from their Moorish conquerors; and in modern phrase, they were still allowed to worship God according to their own conscience. But the Roman See, having succeeded during Charlemagne's reign in substituting the Roman Liturgy for the Gallican, attempted to introduce it into Spain also, in place of the native Mozarabic ritual, which is known to have existed as early as the sixth century. This attempt succeeded in Aragon about 1060; but in Castile and Leon not till 1074, when, through the influence of Gregory the Seventh, Alphonso the Sixth decreed the abolition of the Mozarabic Liturgy, very much against the wishes of both clergy and people; in fact he did not effect the introduction of the Roman Liturgy, till he had threatened its opponents with confiscation and death. It would appear that Roderic Ximenes was then Archbishop of Toledo, and in his history he relates how, while everyone lamented and wept over the loss of their ancient ritual, which even the Infidels had spared, it passed into a proverb, *Quo Volunt Reges, Vadunt Leges*, which may be paraphrased, "What the King willeth, that the law filleth."

Now, from utter ignorance of Spanish genealogy, I cannot say that both these Archbishops, though bearing the same name, belonged to the great family of Cisneros; if they did, as I will venture to surmise until better informed, do we not here discover an additional motive for the pains taken by the great Cardinal to ensure the perpetual preservation of the ancient national Liturgy?

The Cathedral contains painted glass of exquisite beauty, filling every window, if my memory does not deceive me, and we saw it precisely at the moment for setting off its effect to the highest advantage. It was late on a Sunday afternoon, and darkness was gradually stealing over the whole interior, so that you could hardly discern the dusky forms that passed silently to and fro over the marble floor. The windows alone stood out bright and glorious, in luminous contrast to the general gloom; and as the beams of the westering sun came streaming through, lighting up the forms of Apostle and Martyr, Bishop and King, while the sweet sounds of the Vesper chant floated around us, we seemed to be gazing on some heavenly vision.

The principal inn at Toledo having a repu-