

speedily, and much less vexatiously, in a well-appointed diligence; an hour might then be given to the interesting old city of Toro, with its really magnificent *Colegiata*, and the palace of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and one would be saved from many incontinent speculations upon the doings of the officials at the Zamora and Salamanca termini between the hours of 9 A.M. and 6 P.M.

Zamora, save for the ecclesiologist, possesses but slight importance. He, however, ought to visit it, being content, for the sake of its curious monuments, to brave the most uncomfortable night and day he will in all probability be called upon to pass in Spain.

And, if he has a care beyond architectural or monumental interest, he will find something more about the old place. Its situation, and the views of the surrounding landscape which are to be obtained from its rocky eminence, are both striking and beautiful. The city covers the crest of a long, tongue-shaped hill almost girdled by the lordly Douro, and approached on the south side by a picturesque old bridge of sixteen finely-pointed arches. Just at the tongue's tip rises the mosque-like cathedral, cresting and dominating and dwarfing the town, even as the latter seems to dominate the flat surrounding country.

Zamora, '*la bien cercada*,' the old *Ocellum Dueri*—calyx of the Douro—has a history dating from time almost without date. In later days, from its commanding position, it was ever a coveted spot during the endless wars that raged around it from the seventh to the tenth

century, taken and retaken by Moor and Christian, added finally to the Crown of Castile and Leon by the Cid some twenty-seven years before his death, and entrusted presently to the episcopal jurisdiction of his faithful follower and confessor Gerónimo. This Gerónimo, or Gerónimo Visquio, was a Frenchman, a native of Périgord, and to some very strongly developed warlike characteristics—which we might expect to find in a devoted follower of the Cid—would seem to have joined an equal ardour in ecclesiastical building, with, naturally, a predilection for French forms. He had already commenced his great cathedral, the *Vieja*, at Salamanca, and no sooner had he well entered upon his functions in the resuscitated see of Zamora than he set about endowing the little city with a like worthy Mother church.

And both here and at Salamanca, as will be seen presently, he did right good work, though at Zamora the hand of time, and the more cruel hand of the unappreciative restorer, have gone far to destroy all perfection. The cathedral consists of nave, side aisles, apsidal *capilla mayor*, and shallow transepts, with a domed lantern over the crossing. The nave, transepts, and *cimborio*, with the Romanesque steeple at the north-west angle, are the only portions of the old foundation left. All the rest—the choir, cloisters, chapels, and hideous north entrance—is either restoration or late addition.

Small in actual dimension, the interior is remarkably satisfactory from its fineness of proportion, and simple,

massive work. The *coro* is placed in the usual blocking-up position west of the crossing, but considerable pains seem to have been taken, by lightening the west screen with two graceful elliptical doorways, and enriching it with very delicate and good work, to make this always unsightly element as unobjectionable as possible. Perhaps the most beautiful point of all is the noble treatment of the central dome. The common faults of flatness, baldness, poverty of design, and ill-judged admission of light, are one and all perfectly overcome by the arcaded stage introduced below, by the exquisite dormer windows on the cardinal sides, and the richly-worked angle turrets that give at once needed strength and relief.

The chapels at the west end, all late additions, contain some sufficiently noteworthy objects. In that of San Juan is a most curious tomb of one of the early canons, Juan de Grado. More curious, perhaps, than beautiful; for, while the recumbent figure of the canon is thoroughly excellent, the richly-decorated canopy, and the genealogical tree of the Blessed Virgin, with effigies of various royal personages, betray that leaning to heraldic design and over-elaboration of work which invaded and spoiled so much good work in Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the next chapel to the north—*del Cardenal*—there is an exceedingly fine retable by Gallegos, painted towards the close of the fifteenth century, and representing, in its six divisions, the baptism and crucifixion of our Lord, the death of St. John, the descent of the Virgin to San Ildefonso and

his endowment with the miraculous chasuble, the discovery of the remains of the Toledan saint Leocadia, and their adoration. In the sacristy opening out of this chapel are some curious old paintings—half-length figures of the apostles, some battlefields, interesting for detail and costume, and full too of power, and, finally, a very sweet and dignified Virgin and Child.

Some of the interior fittings of this noble church well repay careful study, chiefly perhaps the *silleria* of the Coro. The thirty-eight half-length figures of Old Testament worthies carved upon the panels of the lower range of stalls, with scrolls in their hands connecting them with New Testament history, if somewhat rude in execution, and not true to character, are nevertheless most interesting as an example of careful, high-souled art, and as affording an insight into the ingenious and scholarly research of the times. Of finer design and finish are the full-length figures of bishops, saints, and martyrs on the panels of the upper stalls. The lectern hard by, the delicately-wrought iron pulpits at the north-west and south-west angles of the Capilla Mayor, and the fine fifteenth-century *rejas*, too, are hardly less notable.

It is not the least pleasant feature of Zamora Cathedral that one's quiet investigations may be pursued without being disturbed by any ear-torturing musical performance. Both mass and vespers are carefully and reverently sung, and the organ accompaniment, though of course of the usual florid style so

opposed to English ideas, is really good—*is* organ-playing.

The exterior is very nearly thoroughly bad. The exterior of most Spanish cathedrals is poor—bald—but this is positively repelling in its patchwork of styles and handicraft. Only the grand Romanesque tower is worth looking at, and the rich façade of the south transept. The latter is entirely satisfactory. It consists of a fine Romanesque doorway, with three bold jamb-shafts carrying a four-ordered arch, which, for simple, massive, and withal delicate treatment, is almost unique. At the sides are two smaller, blank doorways, with good sculpturing in archivolt and tympanum, and over all runs a bold arcade of five recessed arches.

There is little else to detain one in Zamora, excepting always the old Templars' Church of La Magdalena, now unused, and fast falling into disrepair. The exterior, of ornate Romanesque work, is perhaps the best part of the interesting old building. The general effect of the bare interior, after the beautiful south portal, the fine rose window, and the promising eastern apses, can hardly fail to be disappointing. But there is a good stone pulpit against the north wall, very elegantly poised upon a single pedestal, and there are two remarkable chapels at the entrance to the chancel, in the form of canopied tombs, with fine carving and moulding of the columns which enclose them. And, above all, there is a strange piece of thirteenth-century work near the aforementioned pulpit—the tomb of some unknown *Marquesa*. It

needed, indeed, thirteenth-century devotion, strong in its simplicity, to carry out worthily the somewhat ambitious representation of a dear departed lying in bed, while the soul is carried up to heaven by angels. And it is perhaps as well here that inevitable rudeness of workmanship, and a not-to-be-misunderstood undercurrent of power and religious fervour, place the main subject above the region of criticism. The rest of the work—the twisted shafts, and the carving of the capitals and canopy—is not at all rude, but shows very remarkably how much can be done upon absurdly limited ground.

La Magdalena stands back in the main street running up from the eastern gate of the city to the cathedral. Almost opposite, and also standing back a little from the road, is the cruelly-restored church of San Ildefonso, called also San Pedro, from the crown and keys over the northern entrance. It is chiefly remarkable for the enormous width of its vaulted span, and for the recessed chamber over the high altar, wherein are deposited the much venerated remains of San Ildefonso and San Atilaon. One is not left in much doubt as to their whereabouts, for over the arch, in letters of blazing gold upon a blue ground, runs the inscription—“*Aquí se elevaron los cuerpos de S. Ildefonso y S. Atilaon a 26 de Mayo 1496.*”

And now, if there is an hour or so to spare before the evening train elects to crawl back to Medina del Campo, coming out of San Pedro we may descend to the river-side, peeping into the two fine Romanesque churches of

Santa Maria de la Horta and San Leonardo. Passing from thence by the picturesque bridge, and the shallows over which the spread-out Douro rushes impetuously onward to the sea, we may turn aside for a few moments into diminutive San Claudio—the oldest church of the city, and yet without its walls—and admire its solid single nave, its quaintly-carved capitals and *abaci*, and its choice collection of human skulls and crossbones. And then the hill must be faced again, by the ruined palace of Doña Urraca, Saint Ferdinand's ill-fated daughter, and by the rose-planted Paseo of San Martin, to the Plaza Mayor, with its seemingly always wrangling—but only in seeming—groups of brightly-dressed peasantry, and its pretty tower of San Vicente standing out clear and purely cut against the darkening blue sky.

And so back to the “Mugbiest” of junctions, and a refreshing wait of five hours, before the early and only train starts to accomplish in another five hours the forty-two miles that intervene between Medina del Campo and Salamanca.

Salamanca is a disappointing place, and yet one that should on no account be missed, however difficult to compass. Disappointing, because, while its first appearance is as imposing as fine buildings and noble situation can make it, one becomes hour by hour more and more sick of inferior, meretricious art-work, and of the fearful squalor and ruin of the whole city. There are only three things that unfailingly please and satisfy one,

the Cathedral Vieja, the Plaza Mayor, and the unwonted excellence of 'La Burgalesa.'

Not that Salamanca does not abound in beautiful and interesting bits and records. Undoubtedly it does. A week may very well be spent in wandering up and down its narrow, tortuous, ill-paved lanes, and in and out of its multitude of grandiose buildings. But it will be a week of humiliation and sorrow rather than delight, and chiefly of profitable contemplation of faults. It is well that the three refuges are always open;—the old cathedral for glorious, uncorrupted art, the Plaza Mayor for interest and beguilement, and 'La Burgalesa' for creature comforts, and honest, simple Spanish sociability and kindness.

What a past the old place has had! Dominated—generally ravaged—by Romans, Goths, Moors, Spaniards, and finally by neighbourly French, who half ruined the city seventy years ago, every successive master has left his footmarks behind him, and Salamanca lies to-day as one spent by the storms that have devastated her. As far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century the first seat of Spanish learning was here, and, under the special patronage of that Alonso El Sabio, who, like our own King James I., never said a foolish thing or did a wise one, students flocked to the colleges from all parts of the civilised world. In the fourteenth century over 10,000 names were upon the books of the university, while the city was of such importance that she represented in Córtes 500 other towns and 1400 villages.

Then came the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that were to all the rest of Europe pre-eminently the time of awakening—of grasping hold of truth, power, light—but to Spain, in her invulnerable pride and fanaticism, one long blight. And the life ebbed away slowly but surely from her great literary centre. By the close of the fifteenth century Salamanca could boast of but 5000 students, and, though she held her own during the next two hundred years, the numbers fell to 2594 as the highest total of the eighteenth century, while the devastating wars of the early days of the nineteenth finally sealed her ruin. By 1812 the number of students had dwindled to 35, and though, under enlightened government, the total is now about 600, the sun of Salamanca has probably set for ever, owing to the rivalry of the provincial colleges—whose degrees are of equal value to those of the mother university—and to the withdrawal of revenues and endowments by a needy Imperial Government.

And so, with the exception of the University proper, the Jesuitas, and the Irish College, all the splendid groups of buildings that were once the home of the world's best science are either devoted to other purposes, or going straight to rack and ruin. The first-named forms naturally the great attraction of Salamanca. It consists of a great mass of Renaissance and plateresque buildings, lying to the north-west of the cathedral, and forming one side of the plaza, but with its finer façade in the Calle de Libreros behind. The decorative work

of this famous façade—late fifteenth century—is certainly most wonderful, though far too elaborate and given over to the vice of heraldry to be really satisfactory. The ingenious and far-fetched inscription is worth reproducing—οἱ βασιλεῖς τῇ ἐγκυκλοπαιδείᾳ αὐτῇ τοῖς βασιλεῦσι (the kings to the university, this to the kings). The first patio, or 'quad,' is decidedly poor, though picturesque enough when enlivened by groups of students pacing up and down between their lecture-hours, or passing from class-room to class-room. At the south side of this patio, however, there is one of the finest Renaissance staircases conceivable, second only to the grand flight in the Vera Cruz Hospital at Toledo. It leads to the upper story of the range of buildings—particularly to the great university library—and, splendid as it is, must yield the palm of beauty to the portal of the library itself, so appropriately set off by the rich *artesonado* ceiling of the corridor.

Within this portal there is something better than goldsmith's work. The library is a really admirable one containing some 80,000 volumes, and 1200 *incunables* and MSS., many of them of priceless value. There is the *Libro de las Mugerres célebres del Antiguo y Nuevo Testamento*, by Alvaro de Luna, Juan the Second's great minister, the Wolsey of the fifteenth century; a Hebrew Bible of the same period, interleaved and annotated by Padre Ciruelo, some time *Catedrático* of the university; a Vulgate of the thirteenth century, with the most exquisite initial letters; a Breviary of the fourteenth

century; the absurd old *Libros de la Providencia*; a fifteenth-century MS. translation of Seneca's works; *Varias obras ineditas de Alfonso Ortiz, abogado de los Reyes Católicos, con appuntos acerca de la muerte del Principe don Juan*, 1496; Aristophanes's *Comedias*, 1498. All these and a host of others, together with numerous chained MSS., ancient letters, and records of all sorts, are willingly shown to an inquiring visitor who has the fortune to insinuate himself into the good graces of the pleasant chief librarian. The noble reading-room, absolutely free to all comers, is not the least gratifying part of this right royal establishment, and bears testimony to the quickened life of the university.

The chapel, in the corridor close by, is worth a visit, though sadly modernised. For there is a very lovely fourteenth-century *sagrario*, with delicate *pedra de avatar* columns, to be seen here, and an authentic letter from St. Ferdinand, dated April 7, 1280. Then, in a recess on the south side, there is an urn containing the precious remains of the Fray Luis whose statue occupies the place of honour in the plaza outside, and concerning whom we shall meet with a strange record down below, in the patio. Both here, too, and in the neighbouring *salas*, the curious may inspect a wonderful amount of gorgeousness in the way of marble floors and embroidered benches, rich curtains, and delicately-carved furniture. So much so that it is a positive relief to descend from the succession of magnificent things to the cell-like class-rooms of the older university buildings. Cell-like

indeed, and all the more so from sharp contrast; but good work was done in these dingy places, in company with bare boards and whitewash. Here is the "*Deciamos ayer*," the old lecture-room of the Fray Luis de Leon, whose writings we may have come across in the library, and whose ashes rest in the chapel above. The good brother was a notable man of his day, a foremost professor in the university when it was still a Mecca to the learned world, and a man, too, who had strong convictions concerning the iniquities of some of the 'powers that were,' and did not hesitate to use strong language in denouncing them. Naturally he was enormously beloved by all his following, and when, after being imprisoned for sixteen years by the Great Inquisition, he resumed his work in the schools, all Salamanca flocked to hear him, with the morbid expectation of fire from heaven being called down upon the heads of his persecutors. But Fray Luis was not a man of that small stamp. He ascended the rostrum—that same rickety old pulpit, now standing against the wall—from which, sixteen years before, he had been dragged off to prison, looked round quietly upon his eager audience, and, beginning "*Deciamos ayer*"—"we were saying yesterday"—proceeded with the old interrupted lecture as if he had merely been called out of the room for a few minutes, and had been obliged to defer a portion of his remarks till the following day.

It is but a step from these old class-rooms to the New Cathedral, but, in one sense, just about as long a

step as could be taken. Most sore indeed are the revulsions of feeling caused by this wonderful erection. At first sight one is amazed at the infinite delicacy of some of its florid Gothic and Renaissance work—for example, in the sculptures about the great west and north doorways. Then, as one walks round the exterior, the unfaillingly poor carrying out of great ideas, the bungling of fine lines, and the trumpery character of the ornamentation administer a severe blow to all really artistic notions, with a final result of perfect nausea and unchristian feeling when one lands down upon the open plaza in front of San Estéban—from whence alone a good view westwards can be obtained—and looks up at the great staring square east end, and bald, mill-like windows.

Presently one enters by the west door, and is infinitely impressed and solemnised by the splendid proportions of the interior, the grace and harmony of its lines, and the unity of its Gothic style. Impressed, too, by the excellence of some of the detail—the fine stained glass, for example, and the delicate lace-work of the double plateresque gallery that runs round in front of the windows. And thenceforward there is nought but disappointment in store. Nearly all the detail is just about as bad as it could be, from the blue-and-gold capitals, and the rosette-studded roof, down to such boasted pieces of gingerbread as the *Capilla Dorada*, with its lovely array of little sinners on gilt pedestals, picked out in blue and gold. One is constantly haunted,

too, by the lack of vista round the east end, in just the grand church—grand in conception, and grand in the lavish sums of money poured out upon it—that, perhaps above all others in Spain, would have repaid this piece of foresight. Finally, the side chapels fail to fulfil their promise of interesting and beautiful things, and the services are as excruciating as they are persistent, overridden by an organist who declines for a moment to lose sight of the fact that he has almost unlimited free reed power at his command. Upon the whole, Salamanca Great Cathedral must be pronounced *par excellence* the barren fig-tree of the country. There is a degree of savage delight to be obtained by turning into the *Capilla del Carmen* at the east end—where, by the way, are the remains of the Bishop Gerónimo whose work we have already met with at Zamora—and looking at the sublimely ugly and rude crucifix which used to be carried at the Cid's side in battle. The way in which the figure upon the cross is turning up its nose at all the tawdriness around it, and wrapping itself up in complacent contemplation of a great past, is simply inimitable.

But what a legitimate and comforting relief to go half-way along the south aisle, and turn down the broad flight of steps into that grandest monument of this same Bishop Gerónimo, his Catedral Vieja! It is a sudden transition from unrest to peace, from a wrangle with self-assertive weakness into the commanding, quietening presence of silent omnipotence. Small in actual

dimensions, simply noble in plan and proportion, instinct with truest art down to the smallest detail, the Old Cathedral of Salamanca is very nearly outside the pale of either praise or carping criticism. In it the student of historical record or human vicissitude on the one hand, of artful design or delicate loving handicraft on the other, may spend hour after hour, and day after day, with ever-increasing satisfaction and healthful experience.

Beyond the main general effect of this noble work, and a study of its broader details, some careful notice should be taken of its accessories, which are both beautiful in themselves and full of touching record. First, there is the great fourteenth-century retablo, fitted to, instead of disfiguring or concealing, the lines of the nave and the curve of the apse, and panelled with fifty-five scriptural subjects, devotional in treatment, sober and rich in colouring. The delicate architectural framework surrounding each panel is only a shade less noteworthy than the subject-matter itself. Then, turning aside into the chapel to the right of the apse, one is faced by a tiny old organ, still in occasional use, of the rudest possible construction, but with a remarkably fine 'Assumption' upon its gilded and carved front, the figures being full of life and vigour. No less worthy of study are the tombs surrounding the south transept, and in the cloister opening out of it. The cloister itself is modernised to a regrettable extent, but there is some good old work left in it yet, and its chapels mostly

retain their ancient features. In the first on the left, the Capilla de Talavera—an oddly-constructed square room with octagonal roof and Moorish dome—the time-honoured Muzarabic ritual is still occasionally performed. This Muzarabic, or ‘mixed with the Arabic,’ service, not at all interesting from a musical point of view, is nevertheless a very wonderful echo of the old days, and the old struggles between Christian and Moor. Its home and history, however, are not here, but in the Cathedral and Zocodover of Toledo. There it was that the people wrung from their conquerors the permission to use their ancient ritual unmolested, and there it bears a daily testimony to a noble tolerance, and faithful observance of pledges, to which the Christian Church has ever so miserably failed to attain.

Next to the Capilla Mozarabe is the chapel of Santa Barbara, built by Bishop Juan Lucero about the middle of the fourteenth century. Here, up to 1842, was held the Convocation Day of Salamanca University; and in this dismallest of cells the student who was about to ‘dispute’ in the schools was shut up for twenty-four hours, with a sentinel at the door, to think out his subject in cold blood!

Turning out of Santa Barbara, and keeping to the left, we come, first, upon the old Sala Capitular, with its quaint and lovely furniture, and especially the old *sillas* used in the Councils—from which, among many other evil *dicta*, was pronounced null and void the marriage of Pedro the Cruel with the ill-fated Blanche

of Bourbon—and then upon the *Sala de Consilios y Canto*, rich in very delicate Gothic work. And then comes what is generally held to be the gem of all, the Chapel of San Bartolomé—very much over-praised, surely. There are some fine points about it, no doubt; but it is too diminutive for its ambitious design—its square west end and eastern apse, and its cathedral-like roof. The tombs of the Anaya family, too, by which the chapel is literally occupied, are only obtrusive, and hardly worthy of notice. Save one—one that is awful in its solemnity. In a dark corner lie Costanza de Anaya, in simple nun's dress, and her husband Gutierrez de Monray. Nothing can be more impressive than the very presence of death stamped upon these wonderful effigies. Standing here one loses sight of everything trivial or objectionable in the surroundings, and can even turn and look with equanimity at the horrible monument to the lady's brother, the archiepiscopal founder of the chapel, which takes up something more than the place of honour in front of the high altar. The lady's *brother*, be it noted, not son, as the guide-books say.

Close by the Catedral Vieja, not three minutes' walk in an easterly direction, stands the better known church of San Estéban, noteworthy alike for its faults and its excellencies. The great western portal is a fine specimen of the decorative artist's work, and there is no lack of life in the manifold figures wherewith it is enriched. The interior of the church too, as seen from

under the dark elliptical western arch, with the strong light cunningly concentrated eastwards, is most impressive and dignified. Particularly if one happens to go in during some musical performance and appreciates the wonderful sonority of the building,—sonority, without echo, so good that even voices out of tune, and a harmonium badly played can have a strange, sweet, *ad captandum* effect. But presently the over-elaboration and over-decoration of the place pall dreadfully—especially the great Churrigueresque retablos, though about these hovers the pretty tradition that their blazing gold was a grateful offering made by one Christopher Columbus, the firstfruits of his New World discoveries. His memory, too, lends interest to the neighbouring convent and cloisters, for here he made his home from 1484 to 1486, when he was fighting for royal patronage of his schemes, and received the support and countenance of the Salamanca Dominicans.

There is little else to be seen in Salamanca—let the books say what they will. Nothing, that is to say, but a few vexatiously isolated things. There is Ribera's wonderfully lovely *Concepcion* in the otherwise disappointing church of the Agustinas Recoletas.\* There are the fair portal and choir roof of Santi Spíritu—an establishment of the third Order of Santiago, and refuge for noble women whose husbands were ab-

\* Beyond all comparison the finest example in Spain of this usually forbidding master. In its soft and tender beauty it is altogether unlike Ribera.

sent upon their country's service. There is the little Romanesque church of San Marcos; the Casa de las Conchas, with its delicate rejas and wonderful, shell-studded façade; and the Casa Salinas, with the gallery of its patio supported upon bold and finely-carved projecting figures of the Italian school.

And there is always the picturesque Plaza Mayor. It is really absurd how one comes back to this central bit of Salamanca life with pleasure and relief. There is nothing about it distinctively worthy of praise, and yet altogether it forms about as pleasant a promenade as can be found anywhere. The perfection of its shape, the warm creamy tint of its uniform houses, its broad, comfortable pavement—an inexpressible relief to feet tortured by the simply diabolical paving of the streets—its unfailing greenery and flowers, and its picturesque groups of happy animated country folk and students, altogether make it a sort of *home*—a place of comfort and relaxation—that is as welcome as it is needed.

#### IV.

#### *AVILA.*

It is well known how intensely difficult, how almost impossible, it is for a denizen of the busy world, surrounded by all the lightfulness and certain knowledge which fence him in from the dominion of prejudice, passion, and, alas! faith, to arrive at any real sympathy with the past, or with the lives and purposes of some of those old reformers of the world to whom he owes a great and unrecognised debt. It is a wonderful help, if one wishes to attain to such an experience, to sojourn for a while in some place where the wheels of progress move so slowly that yesterday is only just receding into twilight, and both its lights and its shadows are still clearly determinable.

Such places are not difficult to find in Spain, and perhaps none answer the purpose better than Avila, the home of the at any rate saint-like Teresa, Spain's lady patroness, and the home too, even now, of just some such admixture of dense ignorance of the world and world-wide learning, of brutality and gentleness, of carelessness of life and supremest selfishness, as in the old times tended to personify ideas and idealise