him who travels in search of such treasure—there is offered a store of literary wealth which will well repay the taking out of a special permit for studying purposes. A good deal of needless sneering has been indulged in at the seemingly ostentatious display of the faces of the books instead of the edges. The arrangement, however, has simply been adopted in order to preserve the actual MSS., by facilitating reference to the printed copies. Down the long room there runs the usual array of interesting rarities in show-cases. There are the *devocionários* of Isabel la Católica, Carlos Quinto, Felipe Tercero, and the Doña Marguerita; a Virgil of the fifteenth century and a psalter of the thirteenth, an Alcoran dated 1594, a *Vigilanus* of the tenth century, and, most curious of all perhaps, the far-famed eleventh-century *Codice de Oro*, or the four Gospels written in letters of gold, and consuming about eighteen pounds weight of the precious metal.

Everything so far has been of one type, savouring rather of the convent than of the palace, and in some respects infinitely forbidding. It is impossible to imagine a warm life peopling these great cold corridors, or anything like human passions stirring within the cell-like rooms. The very gardens upon which we may have looked out from time to time seem oppressed by the dead formality which overshadows them. But there is a real palace side of the picture, to which half an hour may be devoted. Indeed, there are two royal residences, each of a very distinct type. There is the

founder's own palace, and the founder's palace as converted by Charles III.

The latter hardly merits description. A frightfully dull set of rooms, originally whitewashed, and boasting only of a *faïence* dado by way of adornment, one cannot help wishing here, as in the Panteon, that Philip's wishes and ideas concerning this world had been more duly respected. But, after a couple of hundred years of uneventful life, the place was taken in hand by Charles III., and under his rule, and that of his successor, a marvellous transformation was effected. The walls were hung with tapestries from the Santa Barbara factory at Madrid, worked after designs by Teniers and Goya, and the whole suite of apartments was refurnished in the gaudily weak style of a century ago, with the natural result of making dulness hideous, at an untold expense.

But Philip's own sanctum is more satisfactory. Access is gained to it from the upper palace by an appalling length of cold, vaulted passage. There are but two rooms. The first looks out upon the Patio de Los Evangelistas, and contains a few rude chairs, an ivory *Descent from the Cross*, a globe, and a strange relic of Carlos Quinto, in the shape of an old piece of tapestry. Here for fourteen years sat and plotted the being who almost realised his boast of governing two worlds from the foot of a mountain, and with two inches of paper. And if these four whitewashed walls could tell out the experiences that the fourteen years

brought in as net result of all that plotting—all the disappointment, all the remorse, all the unconquerable efforts of will—they would make us surely more gentle than we usually are in our judgment of the man—yes! inscrutable barbarian as he was.

The inner room is the small apartment already noted from the church, looking directly upon the Altar Mayor and the kneeling figures of Charles V. and his family. Here the king sat during the celebration of mass, when he was not in his place among the monks up in the coro; and here he died, upon the 13th of September 1598, clasping the same crucifix which had been his father's consolation during his last hours, and attended by his favourite children—Philip, who succeeded him, and Clara Eugenia, daughter of the "Queen of Peace and Goodness," whose portrait by Sancho Coello and Gonzalez will have become familiar to us in the Museo. His policy had been a wrong one, and he knew it at his death—knew that he had brought a memory of unloving upon himself, and a legacy of dismemberment upon his nation, even while he had worked so hard to establish his dynasty, and to consolidate his huge possessions. He had been wondrously patient, self-denying, careful; neither depressed by evil fortune, nor carried away by fair winds; shrewd and far-seeing in the choice and management of his servants, and a prince whose ears were ever open to the cry of the distressed. And yet the end was nought but darkness and disappointment. For Philip II. was born and bred in the school

of dissimulation, and so all men distrusted him: he was the slave of a too powerful will, and so fell into all the thousand pitfalls prepared for unaided judgment: he was a man without bowels of compassion, and so his very children shrank from him: he was a fanatic in religion, and thereby shut against himself the doors of heavenly consolation which he laboured so mightily to close to such as ventured to differ from him in faith.

It is pleasant to escape from the oppression of this ungainly convent, and seek out the *Silla del Rey*, the little rocky eminence from which the king used to overlook the slowly rising building. The Paseo de las Arenitas must be taken, running past the western, or church, façade. There is a right kingly road from here —kingly in comparison with most Spanish *carreteras*— which leads first over soft grass land, and then winds up for a mile or so through a stretch of very fine oak coppice. This is a favourite resort of the Escorialites and Madrilenians upon summer evenings, and then presents quite a gay scene. At all seasons, however, it is pretty —the one really pretty feature in the whole landscape. At the top some boulders lie strewn about upon the hillside, and, by means of a series of roughly-hewn steps, we may climb to three rude *sillas*, or chairs, formed in the surface of one of the great rocks. There is not, fortunately, a very good view of the Escorial from here, but quite enough to fill one's mind with a never-to-be-forgotten vision of the exceeding ugliness of the building, with its cold, gray, prison-house aspect, its hard and

ungraceful lines, and its eleven thousand factory-like little windows. And all the rest is splendid—the luxuriant foreground, the sweep of the purple sierra, and the vast brown plain that, from here, looks only reposeful, and neither barren nor savage. Philip could have inspected his work better from the steep ridge just behind the village, but it is a blessing that for once a softer spirit of self-indulgence seized him. For his *Silla* yields a delightful antidote to the day's gloom which he inflicts upon visitors to his old Geronymite home.

VIII.

TOLEDO.

A CITY which never had rest until it entered into the tomb.

Not just that *quasi*-tomb—that species of purgatorial Hades—into which all great cities and nations seem, for their sins, to have to descend for a while, retaining, however, such a spark of being that, like the olive tree blighted by a severe wintry blast, and cut down that it may shoot forth again in six or seven years' time, they come forth and take up once more the running of life. No;—utterly wearied and swept was Toledo by the successive waves of strife, rapine, and misfortune that for generations rolled over her with unpitying fierceness; so swept, so blighted, that when the end came it was for her an end indeed.

Blighted, but not destroyed. There is the old Toledo yet, simply fossilised—a theatre with the actors gone and the scenery left. But the curtain will never be drawn up again, or the music recommence. Rome may play the wanton with each succeeding age, and deck herself out in obedience to every passing fashion, but Toledo——? She is at least faithful to the dead

Past. The liveliest imagination cannot picture her as a creature of to-day, a receptive pupil of nineteenth-century science and improvement. And so she keeps her old ways:—her old tongue, thank Heaven! knowing nothing of the mixed dialects and slang that mark off progress; her old narrow streets and solid buildings, that are so beautifully fitted for defence, intrigue, and shelter, and would spell ruin to any enterprising company that should attempt to adapt them to the requirements of the new life that has come into the world. So she has been poked at—twice—by inquisitive, bustling railroads, without the slightest electrifying result. So she retains her old *Soko*, and will have nought to do with the correct *Plaza de la Constitucion*, her old stern inconveniences, and her old traditions. And so—strangest of all the outcomes of fossilisation—you may hear the old superstitious religion talked over with just the old habits of thought; and, if you put any question relating to the beings and doings of the outside world, probably the only reply will be a sigh, and shake of the head, with a resigned "*Ah, Señor, no sé decir á Vd.*"

A badly used, a misunderstood city. And, as in the case of most badly used and misunderstood organisms, the fault lies first with herself. As folk say nowadays, she does not "show herself friendly." Ah well! perhaps there is a little too much show in the friendliness of the present generation, framing a friendlikeness that is a shockingly false presentment. And poor old

swept Toledo and Show have very little to do with one another. Still it is a fact, and in some ways a misfortune. She neither welcomes the coming nor speeds the parting guest,—unless she happens to know him, and like him. Therefore the majority of that great army of martyrs who, for some occult reason of vanity or novelty-seeking, come to "do" Spain, without caring to appreciate what is good and beautiful, or, being able to grumble in decent Castilian at what is bad, keep the grandest—the most characteristic—of the ancient cities of the Peninsula at arm's length; while the majority of the thoughtful few who are attracted to it just run down from Madrid by the early morning train, and return in time for dinner.

To the first, of course, Toledo is a sealed book; and to the second she is not much else. What can a man learn, in half a day, of a city that presents him with a perfected epitome of the principal arts, religions, and race-lives which have dominated the world during the last two thousand years? If he is possessed of more than the average amount of conscientiousness he studies his handbooks diligently all the way down, and pumps into his brain a wonderful account of how the Roman succeeded the Jew, and the Goth the Roman; how the Goth was thrust forth by the Moor, and the Moor, when his day was accomplished, gave way to the late, re-formed Spaniard; how the city, which was generally an empire and world to itself, had pretty nearly filled up its volume before England

had begun to write anything upon the pages of history but infantile wailings; and how each of these succeeding races has left its marks and monuments behind it for his careful inspection in six hours!

He realises something of the hopelessness of his task, and rather wishes himself back at Madrid. Still he sticks manfully to his resolution, engages a parrot-like guide the moment he arrives—even foregoes lunch, perhaps—and works away in heat and dust and a verily strange land till the welcome hour of four o'clock—the hour of dismissal—arrives. With what result? If he is asked in six months' time what Toledo is like, and if he is honest, he will reply, "Toledo?—Ah, let me see—oh, it is a place where there is a splendid cathedral, and an old Alcázar, but I have only a dim notion of it. You see there are so many splendid cathedrals and old Alcázars in Spain, and I had so little time at my disposal, that I get a little mixed among them all."

That is not the way to see the place. Let a week at least be devoted to it, even if it means some hard living and discomfort, or the omission of some other points in an already too long programme. Let guide-books, as far as possible, be put away—only used for purposes of necessary reference—and with them let us put away the idea of mastering every name and fact we may come across. Let us take a few slices of history, not as a medicine, nor yet as a mere jumble of dates and appellations, but as the doings and sayings

and hours of flesh-and-blood folks who have been our fellows and leaders; and even cultivate a weak regard for tales and traditions which, if not very true, have nevertheless a considerable grain of truth in them—if not true as traditions, are magnificently true as parables, and altogether good to know.

At the end we shall not have seen everything—of course—not all even that might have been brought before us; but what will have been seen will be understood, and will dwell in heart and mind for a very long day. And, best of all—better than any amount of mere dry knowledge—there may be a product of reverent and right method of treading other old world ways, and a widened sympathy with the human nature that, with its vices and virtues, its ignorance and its struggling after light, has furnished the world for us, and is, after all, (horrible thought!) on about the same level to-day in Regent Street as in the grim old Calle del Comercio, or in the days when the infamies of a Don Roderick let in the tide of Moorish invasion upon his devoted country.

Toledo presents exceptional opportunities for weaving epoch with epoch, cause with effect, fact with tradition, because, comparatively speaking, so little has been destroyed or renovated; and so the records and links that bind all together stand out, still, in a way that is impossible in cities which have been born again, and where a green new life has overgrown and choked out the old.

The cathedral may very well be made a sort of daily starting-point for an hour or so, taking it section by section, and along with other buildings its companions or offshoots. For the attempt to grasp in any hasty or wholesale fashion this the *iglesia primada* of Spain—and surely, upon safer evidence than a possible authorisation of the blessed Virgin, of the world!—leaves one at the same time confused by, and unable to appreciate its grandeur. And not only is a slow process of assimilation always advisable for those who are unaccustomed at home to find greatness of conception combined with rich and excellent detail, but it is especially necessary in the case of Toledo Cathedral, which has none of the *ad captandum* effect of many of the great Continental churches, but yet will grow upon one more than these. It is enough at a first visit to try and comprehend the plan and really lordly dimensions of the building as a whole; to take a stand here and there and allow the eye simply to travel from column to column, vault to vault, line to line, and realise that, rich and perfect as every portion evidently is at the barest glance, the fabric itself—the mere shell—is astonishingly grand in both proportion and scale.

Nor is it just the vastness and scope of conception that recommend themselves presently to the appreciative soul. No less touching—especially in a building which has passed through so many hands, alike in shaping, perfecting, and preserving—are the restful unity of style, the noble devotion of purpose, the fitness and yet sim-

plicity of every department and arrangement. It is fortunate—if not a result of rare and precious thoughtfulness—that, owing to the immense width of the five aisles, the size of the people's nave, and the comparatively low *trascoro*, there is but little to impede a general view of the noble interior, and so the eye can wander with almost perfect satisfaction over nave, choir and transept, and round the cunningly-contrived double aisles of the chevet. It is all beautifully simple in outline, and yet abundantly fitted to every need of ritual; all massive and strong, yet infinitely delicate in treatment, and enriched, without being for a moment overburdened, by subtlest ornamentation.

The identity of the prime architect is shrouded in some mystery. It is only certain that there have been architects and masters many, and almost as many minds; that there was a church here from the earliest Christian eras—let us try to believe that the Blessed Virgin did really worship here during her lifetime; that for some three centuries—from the beginning of the thirteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth—the present building was being slowly raised and perfected, and perhaps beautified during yet another hundred years; that it has been alternately mosque and Christian temple; and that, withal, it presents no appreciable contradictions, but is as typically vigorous and pure in its glorious thirteenth-century Gothic, as it is unspoiled by any sentiment save of religious devotion and purpose.

The noting of points such as these, with a walk round

the in-no-way-remarkable exterior—an exterior which forms, in its mixed and debased styles, a wonderful contrast to all the rest—will very amply fill up a before-breakfast visit. And then some buildings of the same Christian character may be studied—San Juan de los Reyes, for example, which stands on the western skirt of the city, overlooking the river just where it is spanned by the bridge of San Martín, and the dreary *cigarrales* beyond. 'Los Reyes' were of course those most Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom the church owes its foundation as a thank-offering for their victory at Toro over the Portuguese upholder of Doña Juana's pretensions to the crown of Castile.

In one respect San Juan is very unlike the cathedral. The latter is neither known nor appreciated, while this much-boasted piece of florid Gothic by no means comes up to either its promise or its repute. The exterior is bald to repulsiveness, and is anything but relieved by its barbaric adornment of chains taken from the Christian captives found in Granada, and by Covarubbias' over-elaborated portal. The interior is extremely impressive at first sight—simple and pure as El Parral at Segovia—until one walks forward, and finds it debased by the egoistical display of heraldic devices which persistently spoiled so much good late fifteenth and early sixteenth century work. The cloisters, lying to the south, and now the Museo de la Provincia, are very much better—that is to say, are untouched—and have, moreover, a very pretty natural adornment in the way

of creepers. But one's interest in San Juan is short-lived, and centres chiefly in the records to be met with of the ambitious Cardinal Ximenez—more correctly Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros—who here spent such portion of his busy unrestful life as could be spared from the slightly varied tasks of keeping princely consciences, conquering and converting the Moors, founding religious orders and universities, preserving something like peace amidst the turbulent nobles of a too proud court, and anon preparing his great Complutensian bible. Returning in his later, leisure hours, what strange thoughts the man must have had of the early days he had passed here, when the church was being finished, and when, a young novice, he had dreamed of bidding adieu to a world that was then distasteful to him, and devoting himself solely to a life of contemplation and prayer!

There is another and very peculiar phase of Christian art to be examined here, after having noted how and why the Moorish influences which were everywhere dominant during a great portion of the time when the cathedral was being built and perfected, were zealously, and with strange completeness, kept at bay by the Christian workers thereon. There is a series of buildings in which Saracenic models were designedly, and with the happiest results, allowed to leaven and modify Gothic forms. The best examples are presented by the churches of Santa Leocadia, Santo Tomé, San Roman, and San Pedro Mártir.

Beyond their Moresque character, chiefly visible now in their steeples, there is not much good work left in any of these buildings, so mercilessly have they been treated by the unsympathetic hands of modern renovation. But such original bits as can be picked out here and there are very lovely; the mixture of styles is most noteworthy, and in nearly every case there are adjuncts of history or association to interest the inquiring visitor. Santa Leocadia lies just without the walls, at the foot of the slope leading down from the Puerta del Cambron, and so only a few minutes' walk from San Juan de los Reyes. This old basilica, or some portion of it at any rate, dates back as far as the fourth century, when Saint Leocadia, one of Toledo's tutelars, was martyred hard by, at the command of the emperor Dacian. Altered and adorned in the seventh century by the Archbishop Eladio, it became a favourite place of interment of the Gothic kings and notables of the day;—among others of the great San Ildefonso, who received within its walls one of the manifold marks of favour which Heaven vouchsafed to him, in the shape of a visit from Saint Leocadia herself, who came to convey to him the expression of the Blessed Virgin's gratitude for his devotion to her cause. The prelate was celebrating mass at the time, before King Recesvinto, and had the presence of mind to cut off a piece of the heavenly messenger's robe, still to be seen in the relicario of the cathedral. The church goes now more commonly by the name of Cristo de la Vega, from the odd crucifix which stands upon

the high altar, about which float endless miraculous stories.

There is another of these real-haired and ghastly Christs in a chapel at the end of the north aisle of San Pedro Mártir; and here may be studied too, besides some interesting architectural details, a most remarkable array of ancient tombs—of the beautiful, "malograda" Doña Maria Orozco (*malograda* because, a notable beauty, she was cut off at the age of twenty-one), of Don Pedro de Ayala, mayor-domo to Philip II., and of various members of the Ayala family. The church itself is completely spoiled, but its Moresque tower is in excellent preservation, and of great value.

Finer still, however, because of its better proportions, is the steeple of the neighbouring church of San Roman. This was probably one of the half-dozen mosques secured to the Moors for their worship by Alonso VI. when, at the close of the eleventh century, the city was once more handed over to the Spanish rule. The tower dates only from the rebuilding of the edifice by Estéban de Illan, who lived in the Casa de Mesa close by, and who was honoured after death in rather a singular manner, by immortalization upon the roof of the entrance to San Ildefonso's chapel in the cathedral.

How extraordinarily rich, alike in art and historical association are these chokingly narrow streets! As we come out of San Roman there stands almost opposite the exquisitely-sculptured plateresque portal of the convent of San Clemente; a few steps down the street to the left

is the hospital attached to San Pedro Mártir—formerly the conventual buildings—with its noble patio and double tier of balustraded galleries, the original cloisters of the church. Just on the other side of San Clemente is the Plazuela de Padilla, with its tales of the Comuneros * and their misguided patriotism. In front of San Roman, too, is the already-mentioned Casa de Mesa, with its delicate and still perfect arabesques, and its quaint mixture of Gothic and Moorish design, while on all sides there are the grand old Toledan houses, each with its distinctive and characteristic merit—here a wonderfully wrought and artistic garnishing of iron-work, there a patio, tempting in its quiet coolness, or bright with flowers and greenery. All this within the radius of a stone's cast, and no solitary sample of the treasures which the ancient city can produce.

And so again to the cathedral, for a study of its chapels, in all their wonderful beauty of detail and interesting record. The Capilla Mayor, the work of

* *Comuneros*, from the *Comunidades*, or towns, of Castile. The rebellion set on foot by these men aimed rather at securing a charter of civil and religious privilege than at simply resisting—as is sometimes stated—the heavy taxation imposed by Charles V. in order to carry on his wars in Italy and the Low Countries. Juan de Padilla, the leader, was the scion of a very good Toledan family, and some time military governor of Zaragoza. The movement was crushed on the field of Villalar, 23d April 1521, where Padilla was taken prisoner, and where also he was beheaded upon the following day. His noble wife, Doña Maria de Pacheco, who figures largely in Spanish romances, tried to revive the cause after her husband's death, and succeeded in holding Toledo for some months against the royalist troops. Finally, however, she was forced to flee into Portugal, where she died in 1522.

Archbishop Tenorio and Cardinal Ximenez, is, as it ought to be, the most noteworthy. There is here a striking example of how this great church has been perfected in the most piecemeal manner, and yet—rare fortune!—nearly always been improved by alteration. Originally—indeed up to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella—the capilla mayor occupied the place of the present Crossing, and behind it was the chapel of the Reyes Viejos, with the tombs of its founder, Sancho El Bravo, Alonso VII., Sancho El Deseado, the Infante Don Pedro (son of Alonso XI.), Sancho Capelo King of Portugal, and other illustrious mortals. Ximenez, of whose ecclesiastical building propensities we have already seen something, obtained permission from King Ferdinand to throw this chapel into the plan of the cathedral proper, and carried out his bold improvement with perfectly happy results. The old thirteenth-century work of the apse, spoiled now to some extent by the hideous Churriguerresque work on the east side, made a fit setting for all the glorious gems of art with which the *sanctum sanctorum* was adorned, the rich and yet sober Gothic retablo, the exquisite mosaic pavement with its jasper steps, Villalpando's superb reja, and the bronze plateresque pulpits which stand at the north-west and south-west angles. The main proportions of the cathedral, too, must have been enormously improved by the addition, while the long array of mighty dead left undisturbed around the altar, and a still mightier array of embalmed memories, bestowed

an ever fresh sacredness upon the spot. Ximenez himself, the master spirit of the place, does not rest here, but his greater contemporary—almost patron—Mendoza, Tertius Rex with, or rather ruler over, Ferdinand and Isabella, lies on the gospel side. When one thinks of the lives of these men—men such as Tenorio, Mendoza, Ximenez, Alvaro de Luna, or their successor and imitator Porto Carrero, whose proudly servile epitaph of "*hic jacet pulvis, cinis et nihil*" arrests attention in the aisle close by, one ceases to be surprised at the so-called ingratitude of their masters that made the ups and downs in their ways that we wot of, and only marvels at the patience with which their yoke was borne, or how the land could hold any two of them at the same time.

Alvaro de Luna, the great Constable of Castile, and chief minister of Juan II., has his own chapel of Santiago, on the south-east of the capilla mayor. A most lovely place it is, of good fifteenth-century Gothic. The alabaster monuments of the founders are grievously mutilated, but are still very fine, and in admirable keeping with the design of the chapel. Like many other great folk the constable and his wife had prepared their final resting-places during the lifetime of the former, in the shape of delicately-wrought bronze tombs, but, when disgrace overtook the proud family, these were broken up, and eventually converted by Villalpando into the two pulpits which have been noticed above—a transformation for

which, thanks to Villalpando, one cannot be altogether sorry.

The master of Don Alvaro, Juan II., lies, as we have seen, in the Cartuja de Miraflores, near Burgos, but he has his record here, too, in the beautiful Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos, the entrance to which is close by El Condestable.

But the show is endless. There is the elaborate Capilla de San Ildefonso, behind the high altar, the richest of all the chapels—as becomes the memory of the holy man to whose special favour with the Virgin Toledo owes her primacy. There are the neighbouring sacristies and Sala Capitular, endowed with pictures by Borgoña, Tristan, Bassano, and Bellini, and a bewildering array of church-plate and holy relics—Alonso Cano's exquisite image of St. Francis, too, and Arfe's famous Gothic *custodia*. There is the chapel of Santa Lucia, too often passed by, and yet most delicate in its pretty Gothic lines and strangely admixed decoration of Moorish arabesque. Notable too, for the sake of its associations, is the Muzarabic chapel near the great western entrance, where the ritual which kept the Christian faith alive through the long centuries of Moorish domination is still performed each morning, and where are some frescoes by Borgoña, interesting for detail of costume.

And, behind all these chapels and sanctuaries, there yet remain to be seen the Coro, with all its fine sculpture, decoration, and furniture; the revered Señora