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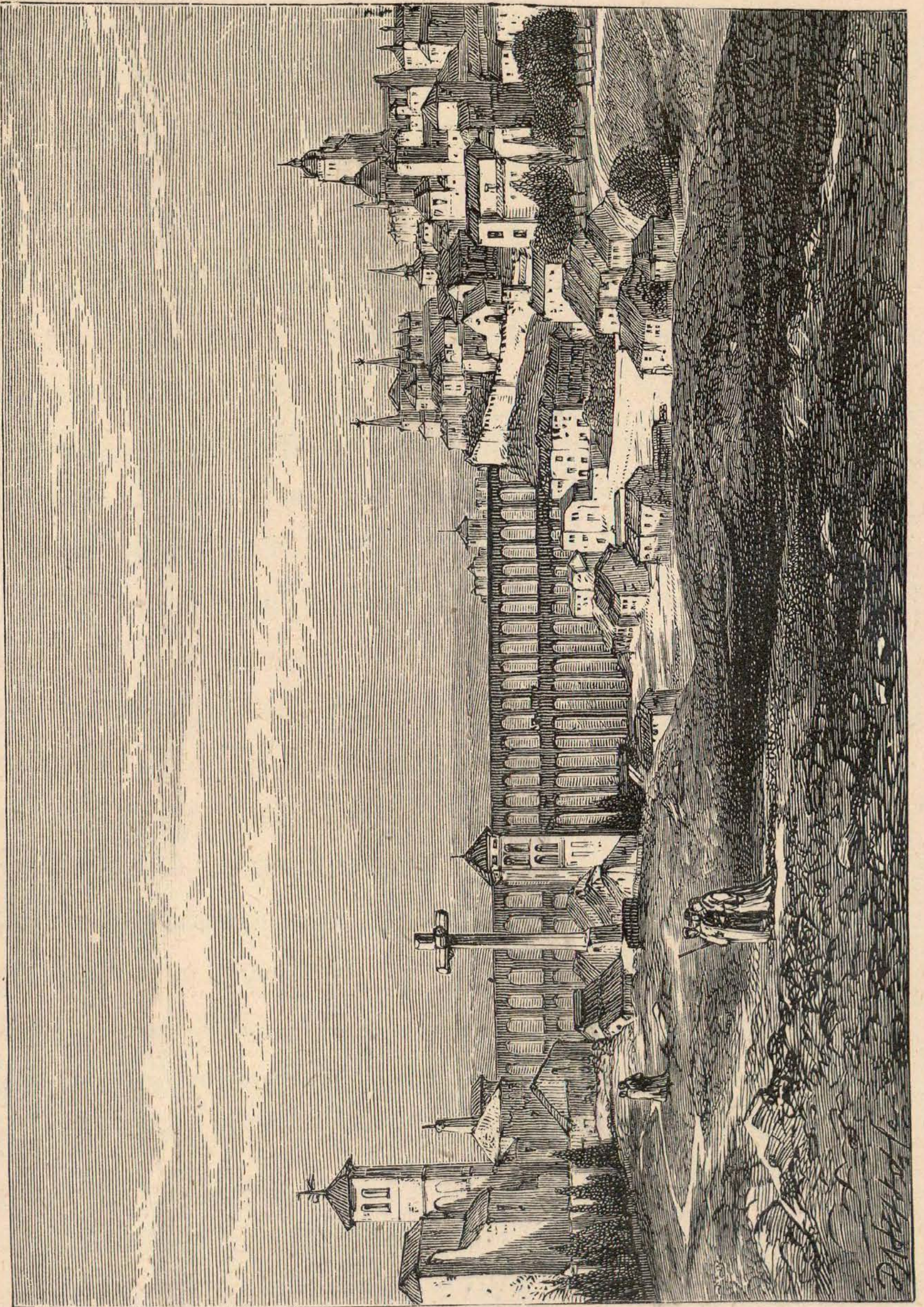
SEGOVIA AND AVILA.

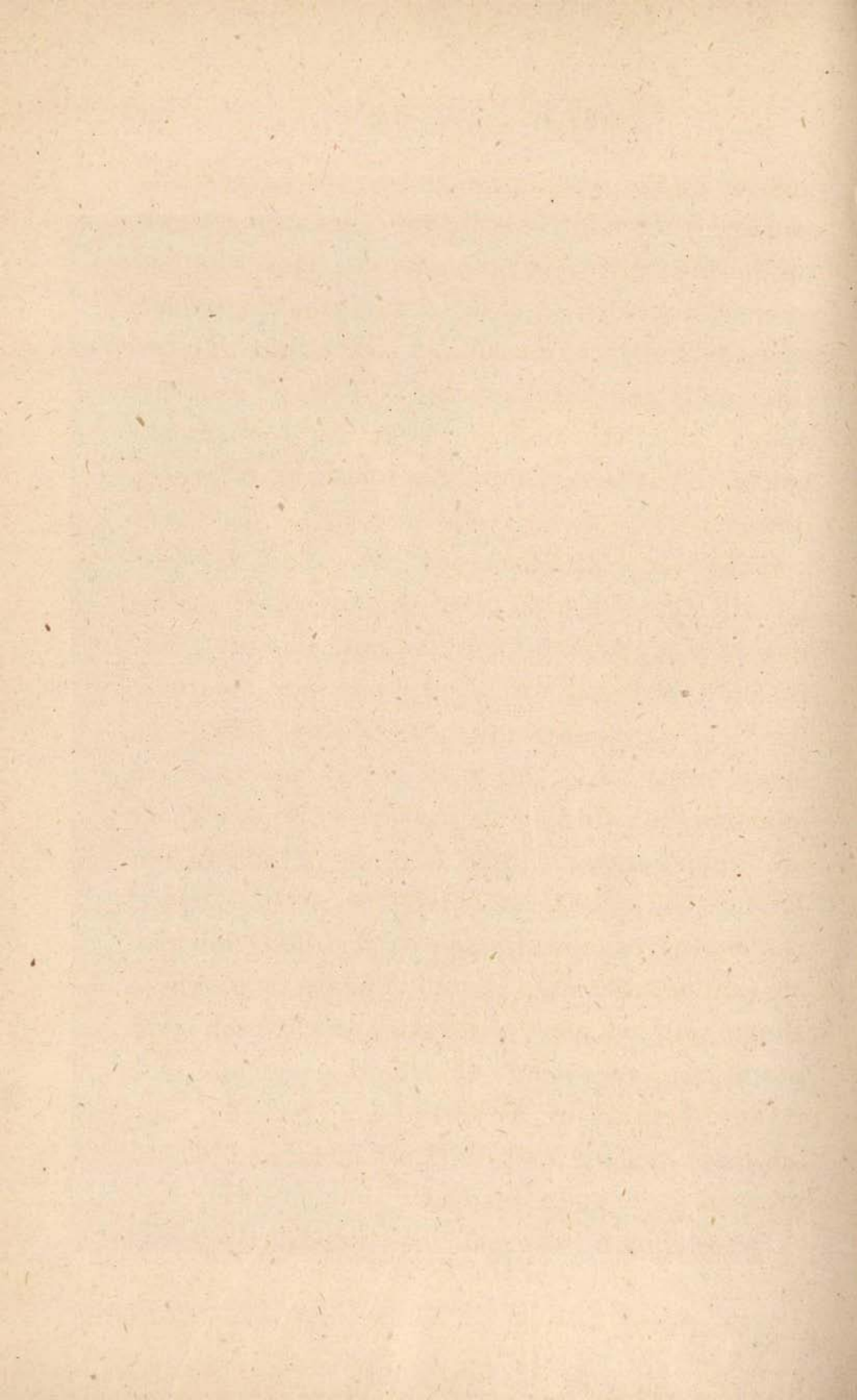
AVILA, *May 4.*

I N a central situation in all the principal Spanish towns is an office ("Administracion") where you can not only take your railway ticket, but also tickets for a diligence to any town off the main line, from the station with which it is connected; and at the same time you can register your luggage through to your final destination. Here, in spite of many warnings from Madrid friends that we should be either blocked out by the snow, or carried off by the Carlists, we took our tickets for Segovia, and joined its diligence at the Vilalba station, an hour's journey from Madrid on the Northern Railway.

We had been quite unprepared for the magnificence of the Guadarrama mountains which we had to cross, and which are certainly more striking

than even the Sierra Nevada. The ascent begins soon after leaving Vilalba, and is truly alpine, the road soon passing from the region of pines into that of snow, through which it had been cut, but which rose on either side in high walls, far above the top of the diligence, and, near the summit, to a height of fifteen feet. The descent was somewhat perilous, especially when we had to meet some heavily laden timber waggons in the narrow passage; but we reached the plains in safety, and, after traversing many miles of dismal country, saw Segovia rising against a faint pink sky, crowning a hill steep in itself, but from a distance scarcely seeming to rise above the level of the high surrounding uplands, from which it is separated by deep ravines. It is an especially Spanish scene, as you look upon the crowded town with its churches, towers, and red-roofed houses, piled one upon another, from a foreground of desolate moorland, where foaming mountain brooks dance and sparkle, through the pale grey rocks and burnt grass. Some old Romanesque churches occupy a rising ground to the right, and, as you turn the corner below them, you see the huge Roman aqueduct of Trajan striding across the hollow, and uniting the town with a populous





suburb by its two tiers of arches. Beneath these you enter the main street of the city,—which winds up the hill beneath double gateways, and is full of interest from the beautiful ajimez windows which vary the surface of its mediæval houses,—into the principal square, all aflame with colour and costume, upon which the cathedral and the dark brown balconies of the wonderful old houses look grimly down.

If the reader will share our first walk in Segovia, he will descend with us to the aqueduct, which, like so many high bridges, the poor cheated Devil is said to have built in exchange for the soul of a fair Segoviana, who outwitted him by finding one stone missing in the work when she came to examine it. Turning to the left from hence, we are in the gorge, not bare, like that of Toledo, but bright with the fresh foliage of April. Here, nestling under the turfy slopes, are the Dominican convent and beautiful church of Santa Cruz, whose simple gothic nave is entered by a rich flamboyant portal well-deserving of attention; while the “*Tanto-Monta*” of Ferdinand and Isabella, with all their badges and devices, is formed into a graceful frieze under the roof.

Descending a steep path below the convent and

crossing a bridge, we enter a pretty alameda filled with willows and poplars, where the rushing river Eresma is perfectly lined by washerwomen, whose red and yellow dresses, gay as so many tulips, are reflected in its waters. While we are looking at them, one begins to sing, and the strain is taken up the whole way down the river bank, till the air rings with their choruses. It is now a verse from the Noche Buena, which tells how when the Virgin rested under an olive-tree during her flight into Egypt, the very leaves turned round to look at the newly-born one :—

“La Virgen quiso sentarse
A la sombra de un olivo
Y las hojas se volvieron
A ver al recién nacido.”

Now a song more poetical in idea than in rhythm, which narrates how the Virgin laid aside her blue robe to wear mourning for her son :—

“La Virgen se subió al cielo
Y dejó su manto azul,
Que cambió por uno negro
Para el luto de Jesús.”

At the end of the Alameda rises the great Geronymite monastery of El Parral, built in 1494 by the Marquis de Villena, in commemoration of

a duel on its site, in which he overcame three antagonists at once. The building was gutted in the early Carlist wars, and has been closed since, but Don Ramón, the kindly old President of the Archæological Society, who spends much of his time there, invited us to pass the afternoon with him, and under his guidance we saw its numerous cloisters, its refectory with a richly wrought pulpit for the reader, its beautiful plateresque halls and staircase, its sacristia full of colour and picturesqueness, and, above all, its glorious church, abandoned and neglected, but still one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical buildings in Spain. It is entered from the west *under* the coro of 1494, which is like a wide gallery, with a beautiful Gothic rail of black marble. The carved stalls have been pulled down and carried off to San Francisco at Madrid, and many of the altars are removed, but the principal retablo remains, and is a grand work of Diego de Urbian in 1526. On either side of it stand the lofty plateresque monuments of the founder and his wife, and near the side door is the exquisite Gothic tomb of Doña Juana, daughter of King Ramiro of Leon. All this Don Ramón exhibited with the most kindly Spanish courtesy, illustrating

it with a picturesque detail of legendary lore. The only part we could not admire was the room opening out of the cloister, which he had fitted up as a Pantheon, removing to it all the monuments of great citizens of Segovia from their rightful resting-places in the parish churches.

From El Parral, Don Ramón took us by a charming field walk to the Vera Cruz, built in 1204, by Honorius II., in imitation of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which he had seen at Jerusalem. Around it rose the little town of Miraflores, but now all the houses have disappeared, and the old brown octagonal church, with its threefold apse and tall tower, stands forlorn and desolate on the barren rocks. In the interior is a raised chapel, occupying the upper story of what seems like a huge central pillar, and is supposed to indicate the site of the sepulchre. Two varieties of crosses mark its walls, for from "*Messieurs les Templiers*," said Don Ramón, it passed to "*les Messieurs de S. Jean*." A beautiful reliquary remains, which once contained a fragment of the true Cross brought by the founder.

Deeper in the valley, beyond Vera Cruz, is the great convent which contains the tutelar of Segovia,

Nuestra Señora de Fuencisla. From the abrupt cliff above it, criminals were thrown down, and a chapel and cypress mark the spot whence Santa Maria del Salto, a converted Jewess, took the fatal leap uninjured, when pushed over by her former co-religionists. Close by, the Eresma is joined by the mountain-brook Clamores, and from the narrow path which overhangs the river is the most striking view of the Alcazar, the magnificent castle in which the great Isabella took refuge, and whence she went forth to be proclaimed Queen of Castile. Here, in a great cave in the rock, live many poor homeless old men and women, who club together for their miserable subsistence, and sleep like wild beasts in this open-mouthed den. The smallest charity draws forth a shower of blessings, such as "God will pay your worship," "May God keep you and all your brothers," "May the Blessed Virgin walk with you in all your ways," and, from a blind man, "May Santa Lucia" (the patroness of eyes—she plucked out her own to preserve her virginity) "watch over the eyes of your worship."

We may ascend the hill by the Alcazar, but, alas! it now no longer contains anything to visit, for it was turned into a military college, and the

students set fire to it and burnt it utterly in 1862, in the hope that they would thereby be moved to Madrid, and, what is worst of all, got off unpunished, being for the most part sons of high personages, and, in Spain, the poor only suffer the penalty of their misdeeds. It is now a mere shell of crumbling wall, but most picturesque. Constantly repeated in its decorations is the "Tanto Monta" of Ferdinand and Isabella, which is sometimes ascribed to the jealousy of Ferdinand, sometimes to their mutual affection. Not only the coin, but all their furniture and books were stamped with their devices, his being a yoke and hers a sheaf of arrows. It was common in married life, says Oviedo, for each party to take a device whose initial corresponded with that of the name of the other, as was the case with the "jùgo" and "flechas."

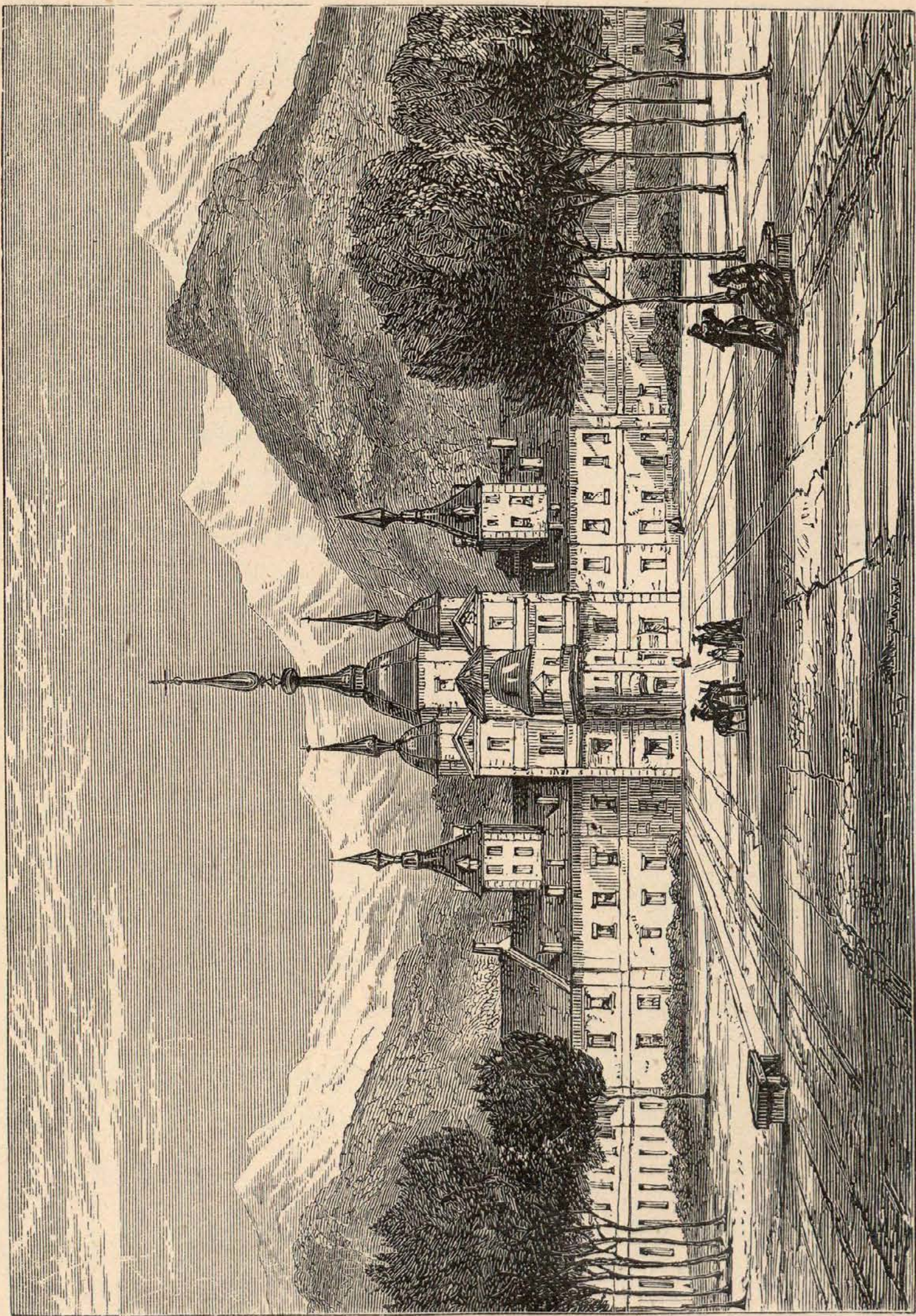
From the Alcazar, glancing at the noble tower of San Esteban, a few steps bring us to the cathedral, which, begun in 1525, is the last of the fine gothic cathedrals of Spain, and was built by the architects of Salamanca, of which it is partly a copy. In simplicity and general effect, the interior is perhaps unequalled in the Peninsula. Two cathedrals existed before this, and from the last of these, which stood close to the Alcazar, the

present cloisters, which are amazingly lofty, were moved stone for stone. It was before the altar of the cathedral of Segovia, that Isabella the Catholic (Dec. 13, 1474) prostrated herself, after she had been declared Queen of Castile, and returning thanks to the Almighty for the protection hitherto afforded her, implored Him to enlighten her future counsels, that she might discharge the high trust reposed in her with equity and wisdom.

The last day of our all too short week at Segovia, we drove out six miles to San Ildefonso, where Philip V., in the last century, was charmed with a mountain grange while hunting, and built the palace of La Granja at a height of 3,840 feet, just under the snowy Guadarrama. In spite of the abuse in Ford and other guide-books, it is a most truly charming place, and the Alpine freshness, which lasts throughout the summer, and an excellent inn ("Europeo") with a French cuisine (oh, the relief from the oil and garlic of Spain!), render it additionally attractive. Long avenues lead up to a grille like that of the Place du Carrousel, whence you look down between lines of buildings appropriated to the ministers, the canons, and the offices of the court, to the palace itself, which is an old French château, in the style of Rambouillet,

transported into the mountain-scenery of Spain. In the centre is the church where Philip V. and his queen are buried. Their apartments contain little of importance, but are hung with the beautiful silk embroidery which is to be seen in all the Spanish palaces, and are comfortable and attractive. Among the strange historical scenes which they have witnessed are the abdication of the founder in favour of his son Louis I., and his resumption of the crown, to which he was forced by his ambitious wife, on that son's death. Also they contain the little table at which Christina the Queen Regent was sitting when the three serjeants climbed in at the window, and forced her to sign her abdication.

There is an odd but picturesque contrast between the old château, with its pointed roofs and girouettes, standing in trim parterres of clipped yew and box, and the grand mountain-ranges behind, where the snow, perfectly pure and unbroken towards the summits, gradually meets and blends with the dark fir-woods. The intervening space is occupied by the so-called gardens, no cultivated flowers, but exquisite soft sylvan scenery, long avenues edged with holm-beech and shaded by tall oaks and elms, and endless little walks



PALACE OF LA GRANJA.

winding through woods carpeted with violets and periwinkles—"Las Lagrimas de Jesu Christo," as the Spaniards poetically call them. In all the openings of the woods are statues, and fountains supplied by the fresh crystal streams which are seen in the distance falling in natural cascades from the high mountains; and, in front of the palace, is a great artificial waterfall, one sheet of silver, tumbling through the green woods, over a series of marble declivities, which perhaps will not bear detailed criticism, but whose general effect is one of great sylvan loveliness, of a mixture of art and nature which recalls the mythical ages of fauns and dryads, and the backgrounds of many old Italian pictures. Altogether, La Granja should on no account be unvisited, and the idler may be most happily idle there.

It is necessary to return to Vilalba to take tickets for Avila, which is a place far less known than it deserves, though it is on the central line of railway. As Spanish hotels go, the little inn of the "Dos de Majo" is excellent, and is kept by an Englishman and his daughter. On all sides the town is surrounded by a tawny desert, over whose arid plains numbers of grey boulders are scattered,

like flocks of sheep. The circuit of the walls is complete, and so small, that most, even of the mediæval buildings, are outside it. These comprise a wonderful collection of churches of the greatest interest to the archæologist. San Vicente, founded 313, contains a thirteenth century shrine of that saint, who was not the famous deacon of Zaragoza, but another of the same name, also martyred under Dacian, because he stamped upon an altar of Jupiter and left the marks of his feet there. His body was guarded by a serpent, which attacked a rich Jew who came to mock at it, and made him vow to build this church if he escaped with his life. Like the Bocca della Verità at Rome, the hole out of which the snake came was long a spot for adjuration, he who took the oath putting his hand into it, so that the snake (which did attack Bishop Vilches under these circumstances in 1458) might bite him if he swore falsely.

Following the outside of the walls from hence, we reach a tiny Romanesque church on the river side, standing in a little weedy enclosure with three stone crosses. It is always closed now, and in spite of the disagreeable extortionate Cerberus who guards it, the keys must be obtained, for the sake of seeing the beautiful touching monument of

its patron, the bishop San Segundo. He is said to have pushed a Moor over the battlements of the neighbouring tower with his own hands, a deed of prowess which will always render him popular as a Spanish saint, but which does not seem consistent with the expression of his penitent kneeling figure rapt in an ecstasy of prayer.

Another glorious monument is that, in San Tomas, of Prince Juan, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. The church in which he is buried was one of the favourite foundations of the Catholic sovereigns, who frequently resided in the palace-convent which is attached to it. It was in one of the rooms which may still be seen in this building, that Isabella was induced to give her written sanction to the proceedings of the Inquisition. Here also she devoted herself to the education of Prince Juan, heir of the united Spanish monarchies. Ten youths, selected from the sons of the chief nobles, were brought to reside with him in the palace, five of his own age and five older, that emulation might stimulate him to greater diligence in his studies; and a mimic council was formed to deliberate on matters of government and public policy, over which the prince presided, in order that he might be early initiated into his important

future duties. A brilliant scholar, an accomplished linguist and musician, beautiful in person, and endowed with the most amiable, generous, and winning of characters, he grew up the delight of his parents, and the idol of their people. In March, 1497, being then in his twentieth year, he was married at Burgos to Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, with whom he had every prospect of happiness. As soon as his marriage festivities were concluded, he retired with his bride to Salamanca, while his parents proceeded to be present at another marriage, that of their daughter Isabella to the king of Portugal, at Valencia de Alcantara. While there, they received the news of the alarming illness of their son. Ferdinand hastened with all possible speed to his side, leaving Isabella to follow by slower stages. When he arrived, the Prince was dying. At first the unhappy father strove to cheer him with hopes he could not himself feel, but Juan checked him, telling him that he could not be deceived, that he was prepared to leave a world which at the best was filled with vanity and trouble, and that his only prayer was that his parents might be able to feel the same resignation which he himself experienced. He died October 4, 1497, before Isabella

could arrive. Great alarm was felt as to the effect which the terrible tidings might have upon her, but she evinced the same fortitude which sustained her in every other adversity, and the young Prince's tutor, Peter Martyr, records that she only replied to the fatal intelligence in the words of Scripture—"The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His name!"

The exquisite sleeping figure of Prince Juan, the most touching of sepulchral effigies, lies with folded hands, and features smiling in death, upon a marble altar-tomb. The coro, which is placed above an elliptical arch at the western entrance, still retains the two splendidly carved stalls, which his parents ever afterwards occupied at mass, close to the gallery rail, that they might look down meanwhile upon the image of their child. They were dressed in sackcloth, which was substituted in this great calamity for the white serge hitherto worn as royal mourning; and Peter Martyr vividly describes how, as they sate, the eyes of one would seek those of the other, and cause a fresh outburst of grief—though, he adds, they would "cease to be human, and would have been harder than adamant, had they not felt what they had lost."

With the extraordinary disregard of historical

relics which prevails in Spain, the rough boys of the town were allowed, till a few years ago, to come into this deserted church at will, and amuse themselves by breaking off and selling the delicate ornaments of the tomb. It is wonderful that the figure itself should remain uninjured. Now it is protected by a coarse deal railing. Near that of their master, in a side chapel, is the beautiful tomb of his favourite attendants, Juan Davila and Juana Velazquez. The cloisters, courts, and staircases, rich with ball-flower ornament, remain, though unused and neglected, the same as when they witnessed the heart-broken grief of their founders.

The other churches of Avila are so interesting that one seems to have no enthusiasm left for the cathedral. Yet it is exceedingly curious, being more than half a fortress, built by Garcia de Estrella in 1107. Its eastern apse, projecting over the city wall, is machicolated and fortified like a castle. In its high tower storks build, and stand undisturbed for hours on the top of its pinnacles, as if they were petrified there, their beautiful white plumage glittering against the deep blue sky. The interior is very impressive, with tall dark gothic arches, and glorious stained windows. The

retablo, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, has pictures by Berreguete and Borgoña.

The streets of Avila are full of very curious old houses, perfectly unchanged from mediæval times. In the courtyard of one of them are several of the extraordinary stone pigs, called *Toros de Guisando*, which are believed to have been idols of the primitive inhabitants. A few houses are richly decorated and very magnificent. But the greater part, even of the oldest and noblest families, are of most simple character. The general arrangement is the same. Over the entrance is a huge sculptured shield of arms, generally much stained by weather and gilded by lichen. Above it projects a stone balcony almost always occupied by some of the pet quails, which make the air resound with their strange cry, and which are great favourites all over the north of Spain, where they are called *reclamos*, being taken out by sportsmen, when their cry, always incessant, attracts others of the same breed.

The principal entrance leads into a vast hall, on either side of which are large doors opening into chambers which are never used except in the great events of a human life, a birth, a marriage, or a burial. On the opposite side of the hall is another

door which communicates with the body of the house (*Cuerpo de casa*), and facing it a door leading to a gallery which opens upon a spacious yard, in which are the bakehouse, the oven, the hay-lofts, in short all the domestic offices, with a separate entrance. On either side of this door, in the "*Cuerpo di casa*," are two great chambers, one being the kitchen of the masters, the other that of the servants. In the first, in which no cooking takes place, and which might more properly be called a dining-hall, is an enormous chimney, whose opening occupies the whole face of one wall. Here in winter a huge fire is perpetually burning, in which whole trees are consumed. On either side low benches covered with wool cushions are fixed against the walls. In holes made in the walls, called *vasares*, are symmetrically arranged large vases full of water; besides these are displayed on shelves a collection of *bucares* (a peculiar drinking jug) of different sizes and shapes. In the tiled kitchen of the servants all the work of the house is done. On either side of the "*Cuerpo di casa*" are the doors of the dwelling rooms, which generally look upon a garden supplied with a few flowers, a great many medicinal herbs, and some vegetables. These inner chambers generally have glass win-

dows, whilst the rooms which look upon the streets have only shutters.

In a house of this kind, in one of the fashionable streets in Avila, was born, March 28, 1515, Doña Teresa de Cepede, who was destined to be the most extraordinary woman of her age and country, and who is not unnaturally regarded by Roman Catholics as having been raised up, together with St. Ignatius Loyola, to give new life to their religion, in the sixteenth century, when it was suffering so much from the inroads of Protestantism. Her father, Don Alphonso Sanchez de Cepede, was a man of most virtuous and holy life, her mother Doña Beatrix Ahumada, was also pious, but, quaintly adds her historian, "was too much given to reading romances." The tendencies of both were repeated in their daughter Teresa, who was one of twelve children. In her earliest childhood she was devoted to reading the lives of the saints and martyrs, and at eight years old escaped from home, and was captured by her uncle, setting off with her little brother Rodrigo to the land of the Moors, in the hope of being martyred by them. What affected these children most in their reading, was that the happiness of the blessed was for ever, the punishment of the damned for ever.—"*For*

ever," they used to exclaim, clasping each other's little hands, and looking in each other's faces, "*for ever!*" Their great desire was to become hermits, and they tried to build for themselves little hermitages in the garden, which they never were able to finish.

Upon her mother's death, when she was twelve years old, Teresa got possession of her library of novels, which are said greatly to have perverted her mind, and filled her with the desire of admiration and thought of her personal appearance. Her father became so alarmed at the change in her, that he placed her for a time in the Augustinian convent at Avila, where she was at first perfectly miserable, but became reconciled by the kindness and protection of a devout nun, who never ceased to bring before her, with meaning views, the text, "Many are called, but few chosen." This so worked upon her vanity, that she determined to become a nun, and, though her father absolutely refused his consent, took the veil in the Carmelite convent of Avila in her twentieth year.

Here for twenty years her mind was never at rest. "On one side," she writes, "I was called as it were by God, on the other I was tempted by regrets for the world. I wished to combine my

aspirations towards heaven with my earthly sympathies, and I found that this was impossible; I fell—I rose, only to fall again; I had neither the peaceful satisfaction of a soul reconciled with God, nor could I taste the pleasures which the world offered me. . . . At length God had pity upon me. I read in the temptations of St. Augustine how he was tried and tempted, and how at length he conquered.” The difficulties of Teresa in a religious life were increased, partly by her ill-health, and partly by the lax rules of the convent, which allowed her to receive constant visits from secular and worldly persons. Thus, after she had been persuaded by her confessor, no longer to be content with vocal devotion, but constantly to converse with God in mental prayer, and when through the force of prayer her character became changed, it was the first object of her heart to save others from the dangers to which she had been herself exposed in a religious life, and to bring about a reform of the Carmelite Order. Assisted by the inhabitants of her native place, she founded a new convent at Avila, which she dedicated to St. Joseph, and, upon its success, proceeded to found in turn seventeen convents for women and fifteen for men in different towns of Spain. These she usually began to build

with scarcely any funds whatever. It is narrated of her that she arrived at Toledo to found a convent with only four ducats, and that, when people remonstrated, she said, "Teresa and four ducats can do nothing, but God, Teresa, and four ducats can do anything." Unhappily the mortifications she imposed upon herself, the constant state of self-meditation in which she lived, and the flatteries of the priests who surrounded her, worked her mind into a state of religious enthusiasm which bordered upon insanity. At one time she affirmed that an angel, in corporeal form, had pierced her through the bowels with a tangible dart tipped with fire to inflame them with the love of God. At another time, while repeating the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus," she believed that she heard a voice from heaven announcing to her that she should no more hold conversation with men but with angels. She was frequently in a state of ecstasy, in which her body is believed to have been lifted from the ground, while her voice held communion with invisible spirits.

Gradually, however, as years grew upon her, these mystic fancies seem to have cleared away, leaving her with the simplicity and truth of a mind purified by prayer. She used to say that "Our

Lord is a great lover of humility because He is the great lover of truth, and humility is a certain truth, by which we know how little we are, and that we have no good of ourselves." Speaking of the succours she received from the world in her various undertakings, she said, "I perceive clearly that they are all no better than so many twigs of dried rosemary, and that there is no leaning upon them: for upon the least weight of contradiction pressing upon them, they are presently broken. I have learned this by experience, that the true remedy against our falling is to lean on the Cross, and to trust only in Him who was fastened to it."

Teresa lived till her sixty-eighth year. As her health became feebler she wrote, "It seems to me there is no reason why I should live except to suffer, and accordingly this is what I ask with most earnestness from my God. Sometimes I say to Him with my whole heart, 'Lord, either to die or to suffer, I ask nothing else for myself.' It comforts me also to hear the clock strike; for so methinks I draw a little nearer to the seeing of God, since one hour more of my life is passed." She was seized with her last illness in the house of the Duchess of Alva, but was moved to her own convent at Avila, where she died October 4, 1582,

her last words being those of the Miserere, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

She has left many written works—some for the guidance of her nuns, others addressed to the whole Catholic Church. The great object of them all is to enforce the importance and power of prayer, both active and passive. Love—the love of God—was the mainspring of her every idea. Hell, she only thought of as the place where there is no love." Of Satan she said, "Poor wretch, he cannot love." Among her many passionate outpourings is one

"TO JESUS CHRIST, CRUCIFIED.

"That which makes me love Thee, my God, is not the heaven which Thou hast promised me; nor is it the hell full of terrors which makes me desire not to offend Thee.

"That which influences me is Thine own self, O God; that which influences me is the sight of Thee upon the cross, nailed and insulted! That which influences me is the sight of the wounds in Thy body, of the pangs of Thy death.

"Thy love, in fact, is what influences me; and to such a degree that I could love Thee all the same if there were no heaven; and if there were no hell I would fear Thee no less.

"Give me nothing in return for this my love for Thee; for were I not to hope what I am longing for I should love Thee as well as I do now."

Mrs. Jameson truly observes that "what was strong, beautiful, true, and earnest, was in Teresa

herself; what was morbid, miserable, and mistaken was the result of the influences around her."

In her convent at Avila the nuns never now sit in the stalls during mass, but only upon the steps, because they believe that when Teresa was present, the stalls were occupied by angels. In the adjoining chapel is her shrine, occupying the spot where Bishop Yopez relates that as she was about to receive the communion from Bishop Mendoza, she was lifted from the ground in a rapture, higher than the gates, through which (according to the custom in nunneries) the Sacrament was to be given to her, and clinging to the rails, prayed, "Lord, suffer not, for such a favour, a wicked woman to pass for virtuous," after which she was permitted to descend. In the garden is an apple-tree, planted by Teresa, whose fruit is supposed to be good for every species of female disorder.

XIII.

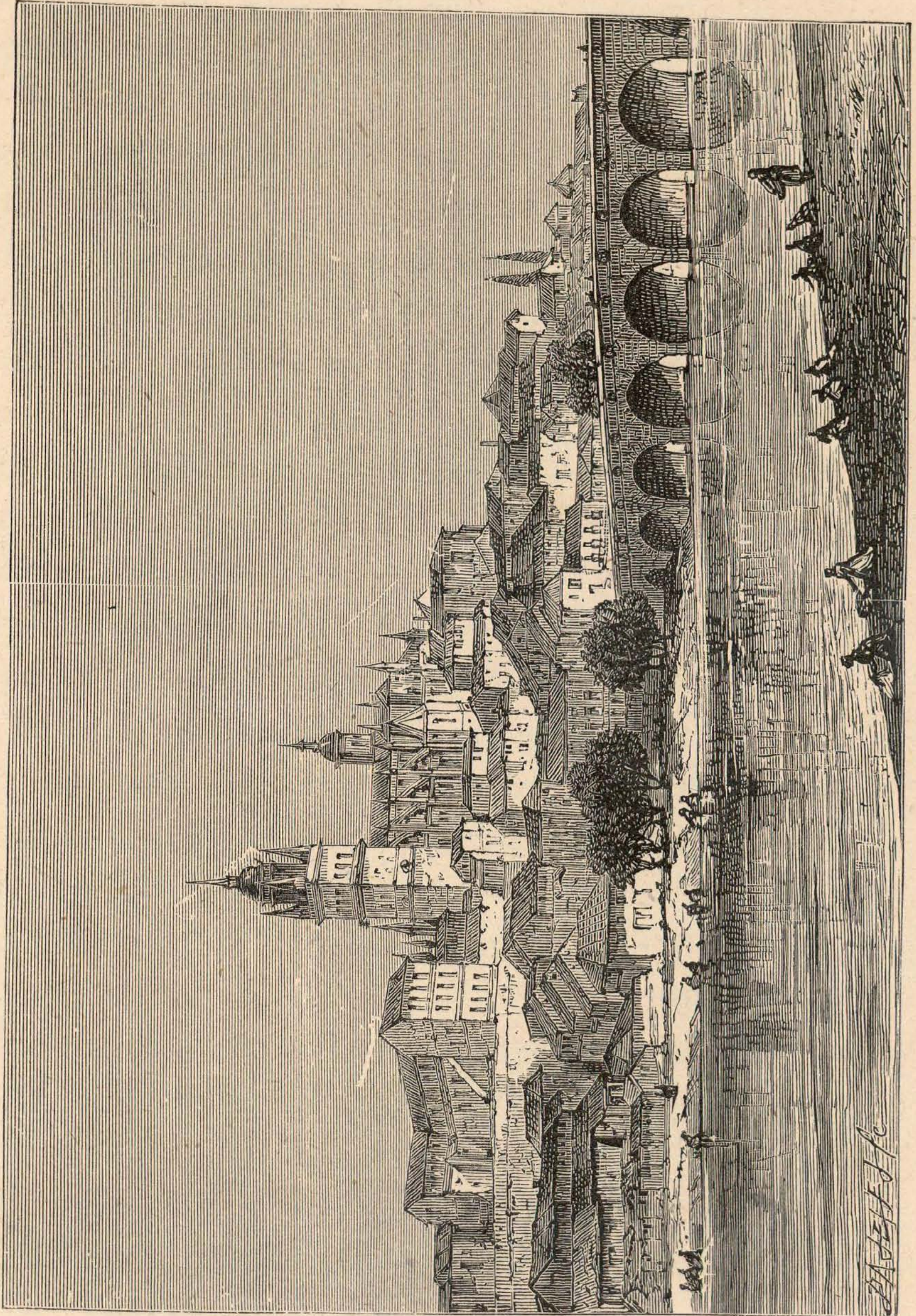
SALAMANCA, VALLADOLID, AND BURGOS.

IT is a long tedious journey by diligence from Avila to Salamanca. We left Avila at midnight, guided by lanthorns down the tortuous streets from the hotel to the place where the diligence was waiting to be packed, amid much vociferation of greedy porters, and whining of the innumerable beggars, who are quite as alert by night as by day, if there is a chance of a stranger falling a prey to them. It was a bitterly cold night (May 5th), and the wind poured cruelly in through the many cracks in the rickety old berlina as we traversed the hideous, arid, treeless plains, which even the pale moonlight failed to beautify. Day broke, and hour after hour passed wearily on, till about ten A.M. came the welcome sight of a bright yellow cathedral and town rising

on the horizon, and we soon began to skirt the blue river Tormes which flows beneath its walls.

Salamanca once possessed twenty-five colleges, twenty-five churches, twenty-five convents, twenty-five professors, and twenty-five arches of its bridge; but the last alone remain intact,—colleges, churches, convents, and professorships have alike fallen; their destruction, begun by the French, having been finished by the law, which was made for the sake of plunder under Queen Isabella II., that no corporate body could hold any property. The university, which boasted above ten thousand students in the fourteenth century, has now little more than one thousand, and the splendid collegiate buildings, palaces worthy of the Corso of Rome or the Grand Canal of Venice, are either in ruins or let out to poor families, with the exception of San Bartolomé, which is turned into the house of the civil governor, and El Arzobispo, whose beautiful *cinque-cento* buildings are now given up to the Irish college. This formerly was situated in another part of the town: it contains only nine students now, but the original foundation was magnificent, and bore witness to the anxiety of its founder Philip II. to spite his sister-in-law Elizabeth of England. Day by day

Salamanca becomes more entirely a city of ruins, and presents much the same appearance which Oxford would do were its revenues all stolen by the Government, and Christ-Church, Merton, Magdalen, University, &c., abandoned to the rats and owls. The few students who remain are lodged in private houses in the town, and go up for their "classes" to the building of the University proper, which answers to that called "the Schools" at Oxford, and has a gorgeous plateresque front and a curious Convocation House. The little square behind it, surrounded by collegiate buildings, is much like one of our college "quads." In its centre is a statue of the ecclesiastical poet Fra Luiz de Leon, who is numbered with Cervantes, Saavedra, and Cardinal Ximenes amongst the eminent students of the University. The Library contains many original letters of his, together with a splendid collection of MSS., chiefly brought from confiscated monasteries, and a large number of printed books of the fifteenth century. A volume of the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty-seven languages, ordered by the first Napoleon, is exhibited with great pride by the librarian. The Reading-room is used by natives of Salamanca to a degree which shames the more populous Oxford;



PAZETA J. C.

a day seldom passes without as many as ninety students availing themselves of it.

The university buildings face the cathedral, which was begun in 1513. Its florid Gothic is excessively rich in detail, but wanting in general effect, and the brilliant yellow colour of its stone annuls all appearance of antiquity: the interior, however, would be exceedingly magnificent, if it were not so sadly blocked up by the coro. In one of the chapels the Musarabic ritual has been continued, as at Toledo. A few pictures deserve notice, especially those by Luiz de Morales, who here merits his epithet of "the Spanish Perugino," and those by the rare master Fernando Gallegos, who was a native of Salamanca, where he died in 1550. From the north aisle one passes into a second and older cathedral, built in 1102 by the famous Bishop Geronimo, the confessor of the Cid, who fought by his side in all his battles, and supported his dead body in its final ride from Valencia to San Pedro de Cerdeña. He is buried here, and above his tomb hung for five hundred years "El Christo de las Batallas," the famous bronze crucifix of the Cid, which he always carried with him. This has now disappeared, and is not to be found even in the Relicario, but the canons

know of the hiding-place, where, in this age of church-robbery, it has been secreted. The tomb of Geronimo was opened in 1606, when it is affirmed that the body of the holy warrior smelt truly delicious. The retablo, which follows the curved form of the apse in the old cathedral, contains a number of paintings interesting from the poetical character of their subjects. In that on—"Angels came and ministered to Him"—a table-cloth spread with food is held by several angels before the Saviour in the wilderness, while others kneeling present fruit and a cup of wine. The exterior of this church is half a fortress, and gave it the epithet of "*Fortis Salamantina*:" the vaulted lanthorn has a low crocketed spire and a scalloped stone roof.

From the cathedral, San Esteban is approached by the Calle del Colon, a memorial of Christopher Columbus and his residence in the neighbouring Dominican convent, whose friars under Deza the Inquisitor upheld him and his scheme, when the doctors of the university found it to be "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of government." In gratitude for the hospitalities he received from the Dominicans, Columbus used the first virgin gold imported

from the New World in gilding the retablo of their church, and most gorgeous is still its appearance, as seen from under the dark elliptical arch of the coro, through which the church is entered with such effect, leaving the view unbroken towards the high-altar—as at El Parral, and San Tomas of Avila. The western exterior is a labyrinth of plateresque gothic decoration, like that of the university.

In the little convent of Las Duenas close by, Santa Teresa had one of her famous visions, when she came hither to found the convent of her own Order outside the gates. In this and all the other convents of Salamanca, the nuns are now reduced to a state of absolute starvation. The principal of their dowries, which according to rule was given by their parents in the same way in which a marriage portion is bestowed, was confiscated by the government of Isabella, and the interest, which they were promised during their lives, has never been paid by that of Amadeo. It has been necessary to make collections at the church doors in order to supply these unfortunate ladies with bread. While the nuns have been left to starve, the conventual buildings of the monks have for the most part been pulled down, to the destruction of many

precious architectural memorials. Even the splendid decorations of the windows and staircases have been sold for the value of the material, aristocratic families refusing to purchase them, from the fear of being supposed to recognise, even in the most distant way, these acts of vandalism. Great indeed is the fall of religious bodies in Spain!—only forty years ago the Dominicans of Salamanca had relays of mules constantly running between their town and Santander, in order that they might have their fish constantly fresh from the sea.

The Plaza Mayor, surrounded by arcaded galleries, has the reputation of being the finest square in Spain, but is surrounded by shops such as the back streets of Bermondsey and Whitechapel would be ashamed of, and by day wears a most forlorn and deserted appearance. In the evening all the few remaining students congregate there and enliven it a little, marching up and down proudly in their ragged cloaks, arm-in-arm, and puffing their eternal cigarritos. There is no place where pride in rags is so splendidly exhibited as at Salamanca. Madame d'Aulnois narrates that one day looking out of a window, she saw a woman selling small pieces of fresh salmon and calling upon all the passers-by to buy of her. A poor

shoemaker came and asked for a pound of her salmon. "You do not hesitate about the price," she said, "because you think it is cheap, but you are mistaken, it costs a crown the pound." The shoemaker, insulted at her doubting him, said in an angry tone, "If it had been cheap, one pound would have been enough for me, but, since it is dear, I wish for three"—and he immediately gave her three crowns and walked away twirling his moustache and glowering at the spectators, though the three crowns were all that he had in the world, the earnings of his whole week, and the next day he, his wife, and his little children would fast on something less than bread and water. This was in 1643; but Spain never changes, and scenes of the same character might be witnessed any day in Salamanca. It is the want of regard for this Spanish amour-propre which makes the generality of English travellers so unpopular in Spain. Théophile Gautier narrates that an Englishman travelling from Seville to Xeres, not understanding that a distinction of classes was unknown at such times, sent his driver to dine in the kitchen of the inn where they halted. The driver, who in his heart thought that he would have been doing great honour to a heretic by

sitting at the same table with him, concealed his indignation at the time, but in the middle of the road, three or four leagues from Xeres, in a horrible desert full of bogs and brambles, pushed the Englishman out of the carriage, and cried out, as he whipped on his horse, "My Lord, you did not find me worthy to sit at your table; and I, Don Jose Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, find you too bad company to occupy a seat in my carriage. Good night."

Travellers in early spring will observe the quantities of pet lambs in the streets of Salamanca, generally decorated with bunches of red worsted. By a curious custom a general slaughter of these takes place on Good Friday upon the doorsteps—the little creatures being executed by their own mistresses, who stab them in the throat.

The inn at Salamanca, La Burgalesca, is quite excellent, and is kept by very honest deserving people, so that in the dearth of good inns in the Peninsula, it forms a great attraction to the place.

A woeful drive of six hours across a barren wilderness brought us from Salamanca to Zamora. No single object of interest varied the monotony of the way, except a stork's nest on a low campanile

in a village we passed through, on which the mother stood imperturbably feeding her young, while the heavy diligence rolled by, almost within reach. At length, beyond the Douro, rose, on a steep though low hillside, the houses and churches of Zamora, ending on the left in the cathedral, which is of most mosque-like appearance, and we entered the town by a long low gate-defended bridge of seventeen pointed arches.

There is no inn in Zamora, and it is almost impossible to obtain any food there. Nothing could we find except bon-bons and some very aged sponge-cakes, so that before evening hunger fairly drove us away. There is not much to see. One long narrow street winds along the heights—passing on the way the interesting little Romanesque church of La Magdalena, and a dusty alameda planted with coronella—to the cathedral, which is of the twelfth century, with a curious dome, much like that of the old cathedral at Salamanca. The coro contains a beautiful carved lectern, and is surrounded with magnificent stall-work decorated by figures of Old Testament saints, bearing scrolls with legends referring to our Lord. There are some interesting tombs. From the little platform below the cathedral is a striking view

upon the Douro rushing immediately beneath the rocks upon which it is built, and then over the wide desolate Africa-like plains broken only by boulders of grey rock. We sate down to draw upon the steep bank above the river, but our doing so in time of Carlist alarms excited quite a commotion in the city, and we were soon pounced upon by a policeman and carried off, followed by a mob of people, for examination, but our passports proving satisfactory, we were speedily released.

The Carlist troubles were now at their climax, and as the railway to the Asturias was cut in twenty-five places, we were reluctantly compelled to give up for the time visiting that most interesting corner of Spain, and also the cathedral of Leon. We were not even able to linger at Toro and its curious *colegiata*, but hastened on to the safer Valladolid. We joined the main-line of railway at Medina del Campo, but it was too dark to see its curious walls. Here the great Isabella died, November 26, 1504. Hence, on the day of her death, Peter Martyr wrote to the Archbishop of Granada, "My hand falls powerless by my side for very sorrow. The world has lost its noblest ornament; a loss to be deplored not only by

Spain, which she has so long carried forward in the career of glory, but by every nation in Christendom; for she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know none of her sex, in ancient or modern times, who, in my judgment, is at all to be named with this incomparable woman."

It was midnight when we reached Valladolid and were guided by a boy through the long dark alameda of the Campo Grande, and up the wide streets to our inn.

Valladolid, which was the capital of Castile under Juan II., and one of the most flourishing cities of Spain under Charles V. and Philip II., has been a mere wreck of its former self since the French invasion, in which many of its most important buildings were destroyed. Its situation is dreary in the extreme, in a barren dusty plain quite devoid of natural beauty. Two small rivers, the Pisuerga and the Esqueva, meet under its walls and water its flat ugly gardens. The great Plaza is vast and imposing; the cathedral, the work of Herrera (1585), is imposing too, and grand in its outlines, but intensely bare and cold. Near it stands the beautiful church of Santa Maria l'Antigua, with a

picturesque western steeple of the twelfth century and a ruined cloister, and there are several other churches where the architect will find interesting *bits*. All travellers, however, should visit San Pablo, a Dominican convent rebuilt in 1463 by Cardinal Torquemada, who had been one of its monks and was the ferocious confessor of Isabella the Catholic, from whom he extorted a promise that she would devote herself "to the extirpation of heresy for the glory of God and the exaltation of the Catholic faith." Under his influence *Autos da fé* frequently took place in the Plaza Mayor of Valladolid, attended by the Court then, as bull-fights have been in late years, and in which the victims were arrayed in yellow shirts painted with flames and figures of devils. Torquemada, however, was also a great patron of art and literature, and the inscription "Operibus credite," in reference to the splendour of the buildings which he founded here, was repeated round his tomb. This monument was destroyed by the French, but the façade of San Pablo is still a miracle of labyrinthine gothic tracery quite splendid of its kind, and so is the neighbouring façade of San Gregorio, founded in 1488 by Bishop Alonzo of Burgos. Close by is the curious old house in which Philip II. was born.

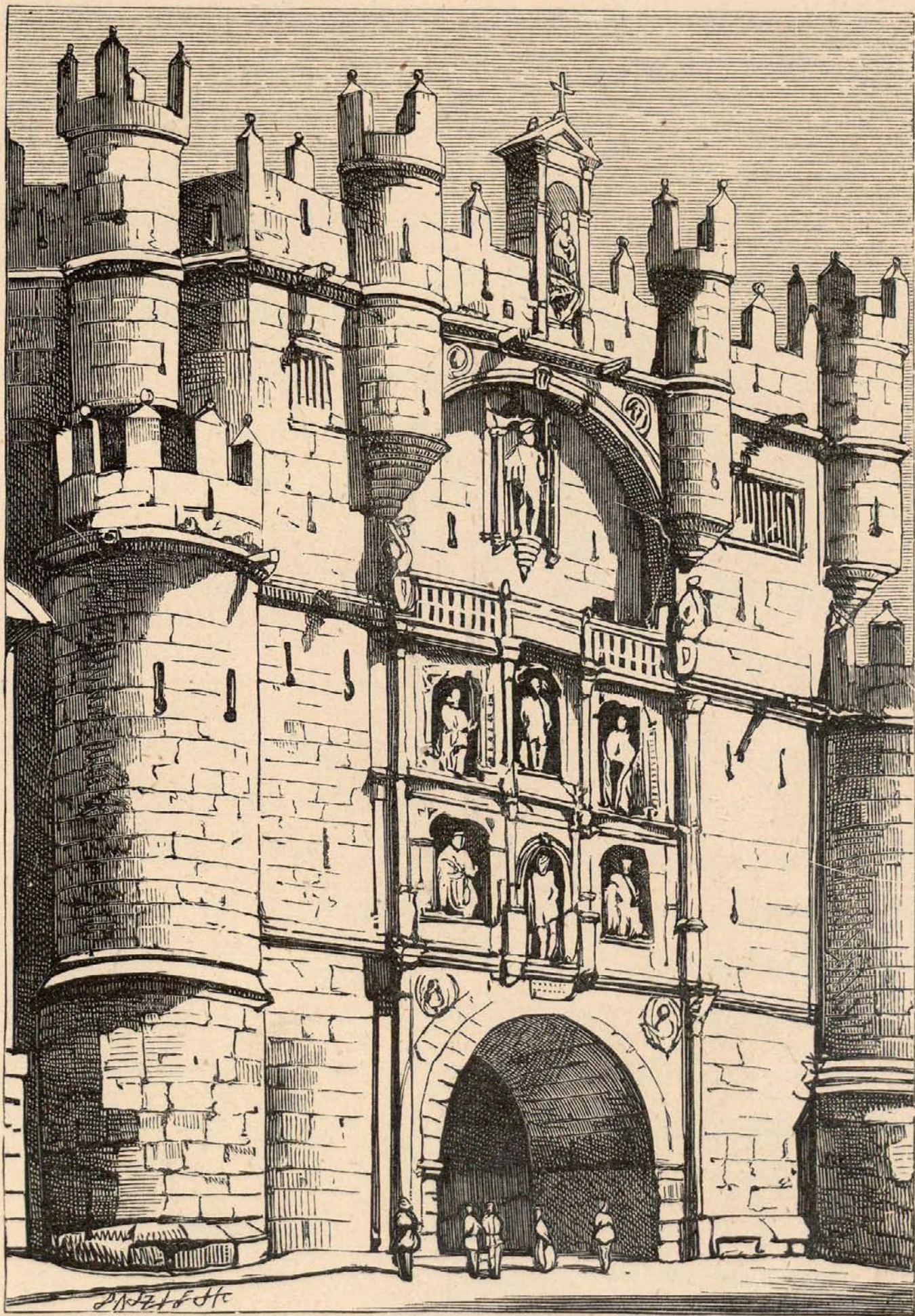
The Museo must be visited, for, though its upper story is filled with atrocious rubbish, pictorial art in wood is nowhere so well represented as in the collection of figures which occupies the ground floor. The best of these are from the hands of the violent Juan de Juni, remarkable for his knowledge of anatomy when it was generally unknown in Spain, or from those of the gentle Gregorio Hernandez (1566—1636), who, like Fra Angelico and Juanes, devoted himself to religious subjects, and never began to work without preparing his mind by prayer. At the end of the principal gallery, which is surrounded by the beautiful choir stalls of San Benito, are the splendid bronze effigies of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, by Pompeo Leoni, removed from San Pablo.

We were at Valladolid on Ascension Day, upon which, at the hour of mass, all the leaves upon the trees are supposed to fold themselves one upon the other in the form of the Cross, out of very devotion and reverence.

Terribly hot in the height of summer, we found Valladolid insupportably cold in the middle of May, and were glad to hurry on to Burgos, where, however, the climate was even more Siberian.

From being the first place generally visited in Spain, Burgos has been greatly overrated by most travellers. It is not a picturesque place, and its new houses and white quays along the banks of the Arlanzon have the look of a very inferior Bordeaux. A fine old gateway is jammed in between insignificant modern buildings, and even the cathedral is so hemmed in that it is difficult to obtain any good near view of the exterior. As Burgos is on the high-road, and almost all foreigners halt there, the innkeepers are more extortionate than elsewhere, and it is necessary to make a very strict bargain on entering the hotels.

We spent the whole of our first day at Burgos in an excursion to the tomb of the Cid, from which travellers are strangely dissuaded by Murray's hand-book, but which is exceedingly curious and interesting. The road follows a long alameda by the banks of the Arlanzon for about two miles, and then ascends a hill to the convent of Miraflores, which looks at a distance as Eton chapel would look if placed on a bare wind-stricken height. The church and convent were completed in 1488 by Isabella the Catholic in memory of her father Juan II., and her beloved mother Isabella, to whom she was so tenderly attached that she insisted on



ARCO DE SANTA MARIA, BURGOS.

making it a condition of her marriage settlement that her husband should always treat her mother with proper respect. Their gorgeous alabaster monument by Gil de Siloe stands before the high altar, and is perhaps the most perfectly glorious tomb in the world. On one side is another beautiful monument to their son Alonzo, whose early death conferred the crown upon Isabella. The convent is almost deserted now, only three monks remain, tottering with old age, and so poor that they with difficulty find any soup to give to the still more wretched beggars who hover round their gates.

It is a most desolate drive from hence to San Pedro de Cerdeña, the beloved home of the Cid, whither he desired that he might be taken with his last breath. There is no road, but a mere track marked by stones across the sweeping platforms of the hill-tops, covered with burnt yellow turf which took fine effects of colour in the shifting lights and shadows of a showery day. More and more desolate does the country become: not a tree, not even the smallest shrub is to be seen, till you reach the edge of a hollow in the hills, where the vast monastery of San Pedro rises in a grim solitude, backed by jagged purple mountains with snow-

covered tops. As a first or a last view in Spain, nothing can be more characteristic of the fallen grandeur of the country in its splendid ruin.

Over the gate of the palace convent stands the mutilated figure of the Cid on horseback riding over the prostrate Moors. The building is massive and solemn to a degree, but almost entirely deserted. A woman and a filthy priest are its only inhabitants. The priest herds his pigs through the greater part of the day, and in the early morning he says mass in the grand conventual church. "Have you any congregation?" we asked. "Only the woman," he replied.

Across a courtyard overgrown with nettles, the priest led us to the tomb of the Cid, which was erected by Alonzo el Sabio in 1272. It occupies the centre of a chapel, surrounded by the shields of his friends and followers. On the high altar tomb are the effigies of the Cid and his faithful wife Ximena, whom on his death-bed he commended to the care of One mightier than himself, with the oft-repeated words, "God has promised." Around his tomb rest in peace, his son, his two daughters, Elvira, Queen of Navarre, and Maria Sol, Queen of Arragon, with their husbands, and his principal chieftains; but the Cid's own body has

been carried off to Burgos, where it is preserved in a wooden box in the town-hall! Around the tomb is the epitaph,—

“Belliger, invictus, famosus Marte triumphis,
Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus.”

The Cid is so well known by his appellation of the sheikh or chieftain, that his own name Rodrigo Ruy Diaz is scarcely remembered. His story is, however, better preserved than that of any other person of his time, his deeds of war which made him so terrible to his enemies, and his many deeds of generosity and kindness to his friends, the poor, and the Church, having been handed down in a hundred ballads and mediæval romances. With him, almost all the chroniclers mention his faithful steed Bavioca, which was present at his death-bed, and wept great tears over his dying master. Upon it, the dead body of the Cid was borne hither from Valencia, held upright in his armour, and with his good sword Tisona fixed firmly in his hand, with which, says the legend, he, though dead, knocked down a Jew who audaciously plucked him by the beard. Here, near his master, Bavioca is buried, under a mound shaded by two elm-trees, according to the will of the Cid, who wrote, “When ye bury Bavioca, dig deep, for shameful thing it were,

that he should be eaten by curs, who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors."

It was his hatred of the Moors which first attracted the Cid to the convent of San Pedro, where, in 872, two hundred monks were massacred by the Moor Zephe, monks from whose holy bodies blood always issued afresh on the anniversary of their execution. This miracle was confirmed as authentic by Pope Sixtus IV. in 1473, and, though some heretics affirm that it afterwards ceased, the priest who shows the convent evidently believes that it is still in full force, and marvels that his visitors should find the tomb of a warrior more interesting than the gaudy shrine of such sanguineous martyrs.

There is nothing to be told of the vast cathedral of Burgos, which has not been already narrated by O'Shea and by the original Ford. It is tremendous in size, beautiful in parts, but never, I think, very striking as a whole. Some distance out of Burgos, in an opposite direction from Miraflores, near the green avenues of the Arlanzon, is the beautiful convent of Las Huelgas, founded for the Cistercians by the wife of Alonzo VIII., Eleanor of England, daughter of Henry II., and sister of Richard Cœur de Lion. Through the

grille which divides its splendid church, you look upon the choir, whose stalls, during service-time, are occupied by picturesque white robed Cistercian nuns—a beautiful picture which remains stamped upon the mind long after that of the arches and pillars has faded away.

The railway from Burgos to the Bidassoa passes through Vittoria and St. Sebastian, but except the latter, which generally forms an excursion from Biarritz, offers nothing which need arrest a traveller, beyond the manners and proverbs of the Basque population, and their language, which an old Basque woman assured one of our friends was not only the best, but by far the oldest language in the world—in fact it was that which Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise. As we sped along, the banks of the railway were constantly occupied by the picturesque Carlist troops, and, at many of the principal stations, Carlist regiments were drawn up, in their scarlet Basque caps and sashes, but offered us no annoyance. We arrived safely at Irun, and there took leave of Spain, with the feeling that great and frequent as had been the discomforts of our travels there, in the afterglow only the rosy tints would predominate and the annoyances fade into shadow. Here also I will

take leave of my reader, with the expression which a Spanish traveller knows better than any other—with which every passer-by salutes him, with which every beggar wishes him farewell—"Vaya Usted con Dios."

THE END.



£10



