half veiled. Under the somewhat studied grace and the half smile you feel the shrewd ability of the statesman. On his receding forehead is all the Austrian pride, and in the projecting lower jaw all the Flemish tenacity.

Opposite the father is the son. Titian painted Philip II. in his early manhood, at eighteen or twenty years of age. The prince is also dressed in court costume; a thin, slender, and stiff figure. His hair is short and light, his complexion pale; the eyes prominent, cold, and harsh. The marked feature of his physiognomy is his mouth, which is thick and sensual, imperious and contemptuous. The forehead is fine; but there is no sign of youth in the face—the expression is gloomy and haughty. It is a mask of marble.

In the Madrid Gallery you may see another portrait of Philip II., not by Titian, but by Pantoja, which represents the king at the age of about forty years. The portrait of Pantoja is not wanting in finesse; the painter seems to have wished to soften his terrible model, and has wreathed his lips with a kind of smile, which, after all, is not very reassuring. For under the heavier outlines of age you see the same face of wax or marble, the same cold, fixed gaze. We must note only some characteristic details: the king holds in his hand a large beaded rosary, and wears on his head a black velvet cap. Before this ghastly figure, clad wholly in black, one stops to ask whether it is a king we look upon, a monk, or an inquisitor.

Two large pictures by Titian attract our gaze from afar. They are a couple of those canvasses which critics conventionally call Venuses, and which represent beautiful women, lying on their bed, naked and asleep. Gilded and luminous

these, in which the voluptuous and somewhat pagan genius of the Renaissance shines conspicuous, and which, I imagine, must be greatly astonished to find themselves astray among the austere or ascetic pictures of the Spanish school. And, in truth, they have not long filled their present places. Purchased by Philip IV., they remained until the end of the last century under a triple lock, as obscene objects. Two or three revolutions had to take place before these *chefs-d'œuvre* regained the light of day.

Let me also particularize a "Salome carrying the Head of St. John Baptist." It is only a half-length strictly, but a splendid one. The head is slightly inclined backwards, the arms are upraised to carry the bleeding trophy. What elegance! What a haughty gesture! What a light upon those arms, which one would say to be shaped of marble gilded by the sun!

By its side is a vast allegorical composition which was painted by Titian, in commemoration of the victory of Lepanto. We know that this victory was won in 1572, and as Titian was born in 1477, he must have been ninety-five years of age when he painted this picture. Yet, from the vigour of the touch, and the splendour of the colouring, one would say it was the work of a young man. What men were these artists of the Renaissance, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Michel Angelo! Souls of fire in bodies of iron!

Of Paolo Veronese I can mention but one or two specimens, a "Susannah," and an "Infant Jesus among the Doctors"—the latter a beautiful composition, in which the heads are very noble, and the painter has displayed all the splendours of his palette;—of Tintoretto, some portraits of incredible energy;

and a "Sea Fight," full of fury, and distinguished by a female figure which I think I can still see, her dishevelled locks intertwined with pearls, the head, of a strange and extraordinary beauty, turned aside.

The Flemish and Dutch schools are not less well represented at Madrid than the Italian. Rembrandt has but one portrait; it is enough to say that it is worthy of him. Van

QUEEN ARTEMISIA.—REMBRANDT.

Dyck, besides some little ecclesiastical subjects, has four or five portraits, which are certainly among his finest. Of Rubens, we must note also some magnificent portraits, and among an enormous number of pictures of every size, some hostelry interiors which are equal to his greatest compositions. Here are *kermesses*, village-dances, of a verve, gaiety, movement, and colour which are truly admirable; there nymphs and satyrs; and, especially, his "Garden of Love," representing an assemblage of young men and women, seated,

or frolicking under leafy shadows. Rubens has infused into this picture not only his own dazzling colour, but something of the grace of Albano.

And what shall we say of the minor Flemings? Of Teniers, Wouvermans, Ruysdael? Of the first alone there are seventy-six pictures at Madrid, and some of these the most important and charming he has ever painted. I remarked three "Temptations of St. Antony," a favourite subject with the painter, in which his grotesque imagination has run riot; "interiors" of a marvellous finish; kermesses and village-festivals; finally, a series of comic scenes—the "Monkey Sculptors," the "Monkey Amateurs"—of the keenest expression and the finest touch. A contemporary French artist —Decamps—seems to have been inspired by these little masterpieces in one of his most popular pictures.

The French school I have not even named. It would be unpardonable, however, to forget it; for if it does but occupy a small space in the Madrid Museum, it certainly occupies it nobly. Only two names represent it: Poussin and Claude Lorraine. The former has some excellent pictures (the "Hunt of Meleager," among others, and a "Young Warrior Crowned by Victory"); excellent, not in colour certainly, but in composition and the grandest style. The second has five or six incomparable landscapes; two, among others, in the Isabella Saloon, representing a Sunrise and a Sunset. The Louvre has nothing, and there are but a few pictures in the world, which can be held to surpass it. Claude Lorraine is the greatest of landscape artists.* Others have been happy in seizing certain aspects of nature; Ruysdael excelled in ren-

* [May we not claim an equal rank for Turner?]

dering the freshness of the forests and the waters; Poussin, the solemnity and majesty of great horizons. Claude alone knew how to express all the harmonies of nature and all its

ST. PAUL THE HERMIT.—AFTER RIBERA.

magnificences. As it has been said that Velasquez painted the air, so we may affirm of Claude that he painted the light; not a conventional, but the true, pure, and limpid light; and hence it is that better than any other artist he has expressed the supreme poetry of nature.

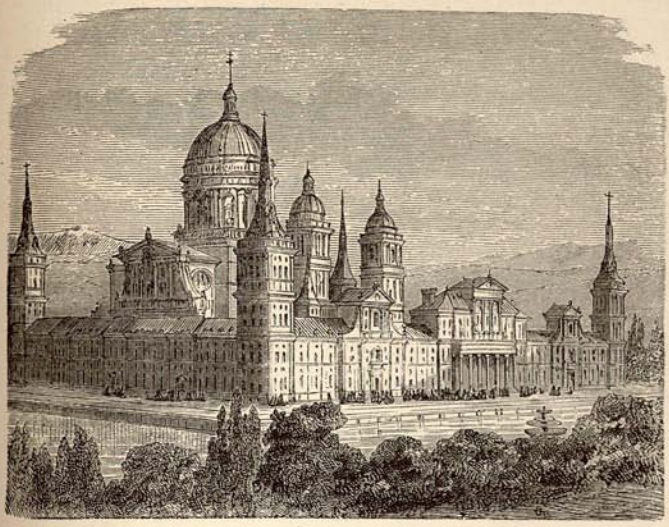
XIV.

Episodes of Spanish History.

THE ESCORIAL—PHILIP II.—CONSPIRACY OF DON CARLOS—A CAPITAL EXECUTION UNDER PHILIP II.

To have a son set your decrees at nought.

SHAKSPEARE.



THE ESCORIAL.

XIV.

LET it be remembered that the Escorial is only fifteen leagues from Madrid. It is now-a-days one of the stations of the North of Spain Railway. As it was our design to return to France by this route, it would be our first stage. The second would be Avila, and the third Burgos.

The railway station is at the gate of Madrid, in the valley of the Manzanarès. The Toledo bridge is visible from it, a heavy monument, overloaded with ornament, which owes its renown, I think, chiefly to Victor Hugo's ballad. One can

also catch sight of the royal palace, whose principal front faces the valley. The first glance is favourable; the lines of the edifice are not deficient in grandeur, and its mass is imposing. But when more closely examined, we find that the architecture is meagre and badly proportioned: some of the windows are too narrow, others too low; the pilasters are strangled. The attic was formerly surmounted by colossal statues; these have been removed, and transported to the little garden in the rear of the palace; a grievous error, for in their former lofty position they could not, fortunately, be very well seen!

In the spring-time of the year, the valley of the Manzanarès is fresh and smiling. The river-banks are covered with trees; the slopes of the hills are decked with verdure. But in the month of June this spring-time decoration disappears; the river, or, to speak more correctly, the torrent, has run dry; the valley is nothing better than a ravine sown with stones and covered with dust. Thanks to the rainy season which we had enjoyed, I could congratulate myself, as few travellers can, on having seen water in the Manzanarès.

Almost immediately upon emerging from this little valley, we plunged into the desert. Vast and slightly undulating plains, bristling with rocks, among which some clumps of wild shrubs flourish, extend far beyond the range of sight. At rare intervals a village shows itself, surrounded by poorly cultivated fields.

At the extremity of the plain, and on the lowest spur of the Guadarrama, is situated the Escorial. One may well ask why a sovereign conceived the strange idea of erecting in this desolate country his pleasure palace. But remember that

this sovereign was Philip II., whose pleasure palace would necessarily be a convent.

It is known to everybody that Philip II. erected this colossal monument in commemoration of the battle of St. Quentin, which he won against the French, August 10th, 1557. When I say "he," I mean his general, Philibert-Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, for Philip II. never in person gained a battle. He was only four leagues distant on the day the great fight took place, but had not yet appeared in the camp. It is said that he felt somewhat humiliated at having been absent from a battle which was fought so near at hand. The aged Charles V., crippled with gout as he was, would never have held himself so prudently aloof. But it seems as if of the rare qualities of the father Nature made two parts, and gave one to each son: to Don John of Austria his brilliant valour; to Philip his ambition and political activity, if not his genius. At all events, it is certain that the latter was a poor soldier. He loved neither horses nor arms. Charles V. did his best to have him instructed by the Flemish knights in the exercises of chivalry, but he could not make him a knight. In the tournament he was timid and inexpert. The only time that he appeared, in Flanders, at a passage of arms, he received a blow on the head from a cavalier's lance, which carried him to the ground, and he was borne away in a swoon.

The day on which the victory of St. Quentin was gained was the feast of St. Lawrence. Philip was anxious that the monastery he erected should be dignified with the name of St. Lawrence of the Escorial; in honour of the saint, and to commemorate the instrument of his martyrdom, he insisted that it should assume the outline of a gridiron! The architect,

Herrera, a man of talent, humoured his royal fancy, though, assuredly, it was not fitted to inspire the genius of an artist. He contrived to execute what has been felicitously called "a rebus of architecture." The building is in the form of an immense parallelogram of about 650 feet in length on either side; a multitude of transversal galleries crossing it at right angles represent the gridiron bars! The hand is formed by the royal apartments, which are attached in a block to the centre of one of the façades. The feet are figured by the towers placed at the four angles.

In my opinion, too much praise has been lavished on the Escorial. The Spaniards, prone to exaggeration in all their utterances, call it, quite simply, the eighth Wonder of the World. But though the material is fine (the whole is built of granite), the general character is gray, dull, and heavy. Were it not for the cupola, one would say it was a huge barrack or prison. It is vast, and yet not grand; it is immense, and yet not imposing—a prodigious accumulation of stones, and nothing more. Externally, high walls, quite naked, and pierced with narrow windows; internally, narrow courts, surrounded by low, damp cloisters; gloomy corridors which cross one another *ad infinitum*, and do not even produce the effect of long perspectives. Low arched vaults, frequently so low that you can enter them only in a stooping posture; no ornament; not a column, not a sculpture, not a carving, to break up the monotony of these interminable gray walls; the naked granite, everywhere the granite, nothing but granite! It descends from these vaults like a mantle of ice, and freezes you to the very marrow. One's soul is chilled and saddened; the mind, so to speak, is oppressed and crushed under these heavy masses.

The sentiment experienced by the spectator is not that of the enthusiasm which leads to devotion, nor that of the tranquillity which life-weary spirits seek in cloistered shades; it is the cold of the grave.

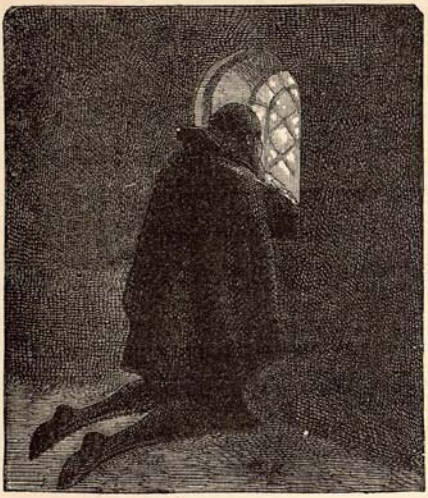
The very chapel has this melancholy character. Its form is that of a Greek cross. The central cupola rests upon four huge square pillars. Here the edifice derives a certain air of grandeur from the severity of the lines; but the gray tint of the granite on every side, and the nakedness and dryness of the style, still invest it with a frozen aspect.

Beneath the high altar is the funeral chapel of the Spanish kings, strangely enough designated by the truly pagan name of the Pantheon. On descending into it, each visitor is provided with a torch. You enter it through a corridor paved with marble; the walls and roof are faced with marble. The chapel, octagonal in form, is still more richly decorated; everywhere it glows and sparkles with incrustations of porphyry, jasper, and agate. The mortal remains of the Spanish sovereigns are inclosed in gilded sarcophagi of marble; these sarcophagi are ranged in niches which ascend from the ground to the chapel roof. Lit up by the light of torches, the whole scene is indescribably luxurious and dazzling.

This sepulchre, whose boastful magnificence reminds one of the rock-tombs of the ancient Egyptian kings, was begun by Philip II., and completed by his successors. Previously, the Spanish kings had been buried at Granada. Philip II. willed, however, that the Escorial should become the mausoleum of his race. In 1574 he transferred thither the body of his father, which, since his death in 1558, had lain interred in the monastery of Yuste. At the same time he removed the coffins of his grandmother, Joanna surnamed the Mad, of his

first wife, Marie of Portugal, of his children, and his sisters. Five years later, Don John of Austria took his place by the side of his illustrious father.

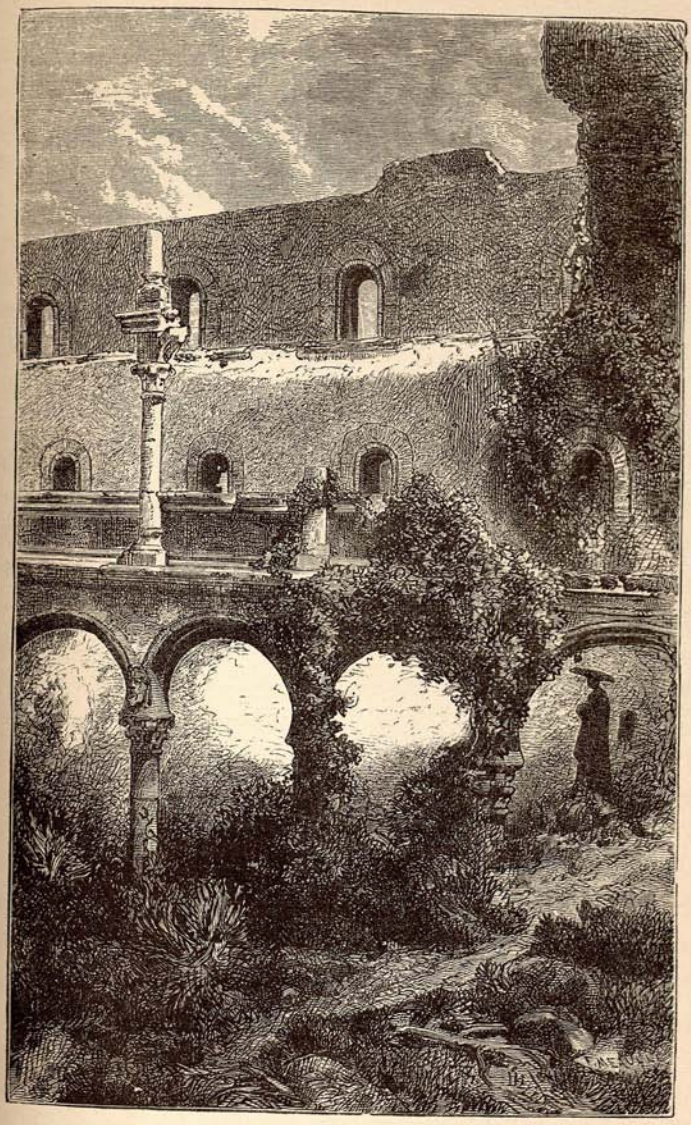
The royal apartments are mean; they form one suite of low narrow saloons, of faded and dilapidated chambers. The rich collections of pictures which formerly adorned them has been transported to the Museum of Madrid. The only curious objects in this part of the palace are the working-cabinet and bedroom of Philip II. These are two gloomy cells, about six square feet in area, and with low ceilings; the walls are quite naked, and open like alcoves on a long saloon. Behind the cabinet is a tiny oratory, which looks into the choir of the church through a narrow window; here the king, without any inconvenience, could assist at the divine service. Here, on the 13th of September 1598, at the age of seventy, he died, worn out by pleasure and business, overwhelmed with infirmities, tortured by the gout, and undermined for three years by a slow fever.*



PHILIP II. IN HIS ORATORY.

The convent of St. Lawrence of the Escorial was bestowed by Philip II. on the Hieronymites, one of the richest and most considerable religious orders in the Peninsula. This

* Mignet, "Antonio Perez," pp. 261–268.



THE CLOISTERS OF THE ESCORIAL.

order, placed under the protection of St. Jerome and the rule of St. Augustine, occupied itself with science and agriculture. Charles V. had held it in great esteem ; it was to one of its houses, at Yuste, in Estremadura, that he had retired upon his abdication. Philip II. continued to its monks the favour which they had enjoyed under his father. But now the monastery is deserted, not a foot treads the cloister, no prayers ascend in the church. And we must acknowledge that, from a poetical and picturesque point of view, the monument suffers. One would prefer to see the white robe of some pious cenobite wandering through the still arcades. As it is, the body is without a soul ; the monastery, a melancholy and oppressive ruin. Spain, as I suppose everybody knows, suppressed in 1834 all its monasteries ; only the nunneries were excepted, and, by a special act of favour, two or three houses of Jesuit missionaries. Such is the extraordinary whirligig of human affairs : Philip II. wished to govern Spain like a convent ; three centuries later, Spain burns the convents, and drives out the monks.

One memory alone, and a single name, fills the deserted halls and the gloomy corridors of this gigantic palace ; it is the memory, the name of Philip II.

The monument is made in the image of the man ; it bears his impress, and reproduces his character written upon every stone. Just as Versailles faithfully represents Louis XIV., the Escorial represents Philip II. As we ramble through each long gallery and desolate hall, his sinister figure seems to dog our steps. The mind cannot get rid of it.

Attempts have been made to paint Philip II. as a great king, a great statesman ; he has been represented as the type

of the Spanish character, as the loftiest personification of the Spanish royalty. But these are so many paradoxes.

Kings must be judged by the results of their policy; the measure of the man and the value of his system are shown by the event. Whoever estimates Philip II. from this point of view, will not conceive of him any very high idea.

When Charles V., after thirty years of prodigious activity, satiated with glory, and oppressed with infirmities, voluntarily descended from the throne to seek repose in the solitude of Yuste, his immense dominions were divided in twain: the empire remained with the German branch of the House of Austria; the Spanish monarchy fell to the lot of Philip II. But reduced as was the power of the latter by this partition, and spent as it was by the despotic genius of the great Emperor, it was still the richest, the vastest, and the most formidable monarchy of Europe.

Forty years later, when Philip II. expired, where was Spain? She had lost half the Low Countries; her marine was weakened, her finances were exhausted. The colossal enterprises undertaken by Philip II., nearly all of them chimerical, had been nearly all unfortunate. He captured Tunis, but was driven from it in the following year. His attack upon England was repulsed; and the Invincible Armada, scattered by the English ships, was destroyed by the tempest. Drake and Essex bombarded and plundered Cadiz. He expended enormous sums on the maintenance of the League in France, and in endeavouring to seat his daughter on the throne of the Valois: the League was conquered, and the French throne fell to Henri Quatre. The victory of Lepanto itself was sterile: and at the beginning of

the seventeenth century, the preponderance in the European political system had passed from Spain to France.

An immense authority and prestige; armies hitherto invincible; a fleet of a thousand ships; generals of approved genius, like the Duke of Alba, Don Juan of Austria, the Duke of Parma, the Marquis Spinola; the mines of the New World,

WRECK OF THE ARMADA

which annually poured into the Spanish treasury eleven millions of piastres;—all this was given to Philip II., and after forty years of the most absolute despotism, Philip II. bequeathed to his country a decay which has never since been checked. Is this the history of a great king and a great policy?

Compare him with his predecessors, and you will find him inferior to all of them; he had neither the ability of Ferdinand,

his grandfather, nor the generous and chivalrous soul of Isabella, nor the political genius and brilliant qualities of Charles V. His was a slow and narrow mind, more laborious than comprehensive, more industrious than capable; at once haughty and timid, irresolute and obstinate. A contemporary has made the remark that Charles V. conducted himself in all things according to his own judgment, and that Philip II. was always guided by the opinions of others. His hesitations, therefore, were infinite, and his decisions nearly always dilatory.

Any superiority on the part of others immediately provoked his jealousy, and the merest suspicion was sufficient to destroy those who thought themselves most certain of his favour. But he gave no warning of his wrath and his vengeance. "With him," says a historian of the time, energetically, "the smile was not far from the knife." *

He looked upon himself as invested upon earth with a providential mission. To maintain in his dominions, at all hazards, political and religious unity, was the task imposed upon him, as he believed, by the Divine will. Never doubting but that the lives of his subjects wholly belonged to him, he coldly disposed of them with a tranquillity of conscience which was perfectly frightful.

We might admire this force of conviction, this energy of will, if they had not exhibited themselves in such terrible massacres. But the energy of conviction will not suffice to absolve these wrongs done to humanity. They, too, were men of conviction who, on St. Bartholomew's night, and with the applause of Philip II., stabbed and shot and hacked the

* "Unos le llamaban prudente, otros severo, porque su riso y cuchillo eran confines."—*Cabrera, quoted by Prescott.*

unfortunate Huguenots; Calvin was "convinced" when he burned Servetus at an auto-da-fé of far more hideous character than any of Torquemada's; and they were "convinced," the fanatics who, two centuries later, under the pretence of saving the country, covered France with scaffolds. All tyrannies invoke the same excuse.

And this man it has been proposed to accept as a type of the Spanish character. To do so is to calumniate a great nation. He had, it is true, the pride and cruelty of the Spanish character; he had neither its courage, its generosity, its nobleness, nor chivalrous spirit. Nay, more; no man in the world has more largely contributed to falsify the moral sense of the Spanish people, and to develop the violent instincts of their nature, by inoculating them with fanaticism.

There have been tyrants more impetuous, and, perhaps, more sanguinary; there have been none more odious: for he was cold in his cruelties, without wrath, without passion, and, to attain his object, thought all means allowable. In that iron soul no human feeling had survived. Malevolent and mistrustful, loving no one and deceiving everybody, astute, seeking revenge with a slow implacable obstinacy, and esteeming as valueless the lives of men; the most frightful fact about this tyrant was the obstinacy of his conviction, and his confidence in his own infallibility had so far obliterated his conscience as to render him inaccessible to all remorse. He shed blood tranquilly. "Tiberius felt remorse, but Philip II. was insensible to it." *

Do you think that this man has been slandered? The death of his son, Don Carlos, has been imputed to him; and

* Laboulaye, "Etudes morales et politiques."

it seems certain that the death of Don Carlos was not the result of a crime. "One lends only to the rich," says the proverb.

A lamentable story is that of Don Carlos, the descendant of so many kings, the presumptive heir to the most brilliant throne in the world, dying a desperate death at twenty-three years of age, as a state-prisoner in his own father's palace. The secret of this mysterious and tragical destiny was long unknown. The imagination of historians and poets has run riot in a thousand suppositions, a thousand curious fancies. A kind of poetical myth has accreted round the name of Don Carlos. He has been converted into a hero of romance. Some have charged him with a guilty love for his step-mother, Elizabeth of France, third wife of Philip II.; others have attributed to him sentiments favourable to the Protestants. And finally, Schiller, not content with accepting the tradition of his love for Elizabeth, has depicted him as a hero of chivalric generosity, and even, by a strange anachronism, as a kind of philosopher imbued with ideas of liberty and reform which, assuredly, were foreign to an Infante of Spain, a grandson of Charles V.

All this is false. Authentic documents, published a few years ago, enable us at length to remove this history from the region of romance.

Don Carlos, son of Marie of Portugal, the first wife of Philip II., was born at Valladolid, on the 9th of July 1545.

Weak and diseased, he showed from infancy a strange irregular character, a violent disposition, fierce and cruel instincts. A firm and yet gentle superintendence might easily have controlled these inauspicious qualities; but his father

never showed to him aught but a hard and austere countenance. Periodical fevers, and a fall which rendered necessary the operation of trepanning, rendered his humour still more contrary. He became subject to terrible fits of passion. Anecdotes are related of him which reveal at once a cruel nature and an ill-regulated brain. When a child, he amused himself with roasting alive the hares caught by the hunters. When a man, he loved to traverse the streets at night, and, as Brantôme says, "à ribler le pavé," and to insult the women. In one of his nocturnal exhibitions, it chanced that a pot of water was emptied upon his head from an upper window. Carlos, in a burst of fury, on his return to the palace, ordered his guards to set fire to the house. The officer who received the cruel mandate durst not openly disobey it, but reported to the prince that he had seen a priest, with the holy sacrament, entering the habitation. Before a sacrilege Don Carlos recoiled.

When I was in Spain, says Brantôme, I was told that his bootmaker, on one occasion, had brought him home a pair of badly made boots. The prince had them cut up into little pieces, and fried like slices of beef, and then made the bootmaker eat them, thus prepared, in his presence.*

Obviously, these were indications of mental disorder. Madness was the hereditary disease in the family of Don Carlos. His great grandmother, the mother of Charles V., has preserved in history the name of Joanna the Mad. His aunt, the princess Joanna, sister of Philip II., was eccentric and strange throughout her life. In this frail and infirm offshoot of a

* "Moy estant en Espagne, il me fut fait un conte de luy, que son cordonnier luy avoit fait une paire de bottes très-mal faites ; il les fit mettre en petites pièces, et friscasser comme tripes de bœuf, et les luy fit manger toutes devant luy, en sa chambre, de cette façon."—*Brantôme.*

race already worn out, the same malady displayed itself in a more violent form.

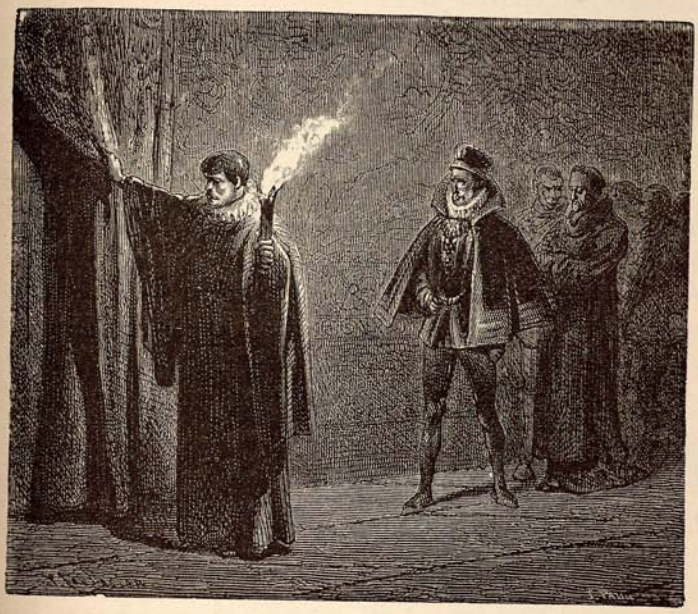
Philip, always hard and cold, even towards his family, had attempted to subdue this irascible character by a severe discipline. He succeeded only in inspiring his son with a fear which was soon turned into aversion, and then into a profound hatred. Exasperated by the severities of which he was the victim, surrounded by spies and keepers, not knowing whom to trust, struggling vainly under his father's iron hand, the unfortunate young man plunged deeper every day into a furious insanity.

More than once he had conceived the project of flying from Spain. A peculiar circumstance revived in him the desire. The Flemings were growing restless under the despotism of Spain; the announcement of the establishment of the Inquisition excited a formidable resistance. Two influential nobles, the Marquis of Berghes and the Baron of Montigny, had been despatched to Spain to present respectful remonstrances to Philip II. Montigny, informed of the disposition and projects of the Infante, contrived to enter into secret relations with him. But Philip II. soon discovered the intrigue, and saw its danger. With his habitual dissimulation and slowness, he deceived Montigny by his fine words, and kept him in Spain. Then, suddenly, in the month of October 1567, he caused him to be arrested, and shut up in the castle of Segovia.

As for Don Carlos, the king had for some time indulged him with the hope of being sent to the Low Countries. Furious at seeing the Duke of Alva sent in his place, the Infante began to think seriously of taking to flight. On the 17th of January 1568, he had commanded post-horses to be ready at the Escorial; had procured a large sum of money; and his pre-

parations were all completed, when, on the night of the 18th, Philip II., who had hourly received intelligence of his movements, resolved to secure his person. An eye-witness, Cabrera, usher of the chamber to Don Carlos, has left us a circumstantial recital of this dramatic scene.

It was eleven o'clock in the evening. Philip issued from



A NOCTURNAL PROCESSION.

his cabinet, followed by Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio of Toledo, and Luis Quijada. He was without sword and without guards, and wore his ordinary costume. Before him marched Don Diego de Acuña, carrying a torch ; behind two of the *huissiers* of his cabinet, provided with nails and hammers. The sombre retinue

marched silently, stifling the sound of their footsteps under the deserted arches of the palace. Having arrived at the door of the prince's apartment, Ruy Gomez opened it with his major-domo's key. The Infante was lying on his bed, with his back to the door, conversing with his officers. Philip II., before he was seen, contrived to remove the sword and dagger suspended to the canopy of the bed. When Don Carlos, turning round, beheld his father's gloomy and severe countenance, in a paroxysm of fear he sprang from his couch, exclaiming,—"What wants your majesty? My liberty or my life?" —"Neither the one nor the other," replied the king; "be calm." But the prince, mad with terror and despair, would hear nothing; he ran towards the chimney, and would fain have flung himself into the fire. Then he fell at his father's feet, demanding death as a favour. Philip, still impassible, ordered him to retire to his bed, adding, "What I do is for your good."

At a sign from the king, the Count of Lerme and Gomez entered the wardrobe closet, and removed the prince's arquebuses and pistols. Meanwhile, the two *huissiers* nailed down the windows. This done, Philip summoned the officers charged with the custody of the palace, and said: "I order you to guard the Prince of Spain. You will execute whatever orders are given by the Duke of Feria, to whose care I entrust him." The Duke of Feria was captain of the guards.

This strange event Philip II. made known to Spain and Europe in terms of intentional obscurity and vagueness. The pride of the father and the king shrank from acknowledging the simple truth, and therefore he spoke of the reasons of State, and the interest of the Church and his king-

dom, which had led the king "to sacrifice his own flesh and blood in the person of his only son." Only a few confidents of the king, like the Duke of Alva, were entrusted with the secret, and it is through this correspondence alone,—published a few years since,—that the true causes of the event have been made public. Even the foreign ambassadors were scarcely allowed to suspect the Infante's mental derangement. At court, the rumour ran that he had conspired against his father; a supposition as ill-founded as those which have since been promulgated.

Don Carlos, confined to one of his suite of chambers, was doomed to the strictest captivity. His windows, as we have said, were nailed and barred. Even the fastenings of the grates were removed, lest he should attempt his own life. The meat supplied for his meals was all cut up, and not a knife appeared on his table. Day and night two gentlemen and two servants watched over him, with directions not to lose sight of him for a single moment. A couple of halberdiers, at each door, permitted no one to enter without an order from the king. Not a message from without was suffered to reach him; he was completely isolated from the outer world.

We may easily imagine the effect so rigorous a captivity and so entire a seclusion would produce on that irascible nature and diseased brain. At first the prince broke out into excesses of furious rage against his father; these ceased only to give place to fits of despair. The want of exercise and the intense heat of summer soon rekindled the fever and increased the delirium. Violent changes of regimen more and more affected his health. Devoured at one and the same time by the internal fever, and by the ardour of a burning

climate, he abandoned himself to all kinds of excesses. Sometimes he wholly refused nourishment; at other times he ate enormous quantities of fruit, and drank largely of iced water. He walked with his feet bare in his chamber flooded with water, and kept constantly in his bed a bath full of snow.

Such a mode of life could not be long in destroying a debilitated constitution. Philip II. is accused of having poisoned his son; nothing proves it. But did he suffer the latter to commit suicide?

Towards the end of June the fever was redoubled, and dysentery broke out, accompanied with vomitings. Don Carlos died on the 24th of July 1568. The details recorded of his last moments prove that he saw his end approach with entire calmness, and in full possession of his intellect; a fact which would almost justify us in believing that his malady was rather an intermittent nervous disease than actual *dementia*.

[If a document discovered by the late Mr. Bergenroth at Simancas may be credited, the fate of Don Carlos was singularly tragical. Avila, its author, represents the king as accusing his son of high treason before a secret tribunal, by which he is declared guilty, and sentenced to death (February 21st). The sentence is confirmed by Philip, and carried out under the following circumstances:—*

"The next night the judges and witnesses went to the room of the prince, whom they found in bed, and who seemed to be surprised. As there was no clerk, Vargas (the president of the tribunal) read to him the sentence. The prince was frightened, and exclaimed, 'Is there no help?' 'No,' answered Vargas; 'the king has already signed.' The prince broke out into lamentations. 'It is impossible!' he exclaimed, 'that my father pushes things to such extremes. I want to see him. Go and ask him to come; he will perhaps nullify the sentence.' The prince broke out into tears. Those who were present were moved. Escovedo (the prince's counsel) went to inform Philip of the wishes of his son. Philip answered that he would not see him, because he had already delivered him into the hands of justice, and the judgment was just. Although the sentence must be executed, he forgave him. When Escovedo came back with this answer, the prince was in despair. Those who were present comforted him, and the prince, being a young man of high spirits, became calmer. 'When

[* Cartwright's "Gustave Bergenroth: a Memorial Sketch," pp. 201–204.]

am I to be executed?' he asked. Vargas answered, 'In three days.' The prince begged to be executed on the spot, or next day at latest. As he wished to be left alone, all, with the exception of the confessor, went to inform the king of his demand. The king granted it.

"In the original Spanish then follow the conversations of the confessor with the prince. The prince declared that he had the intention to do justice to the Flemish, who against all reason and justice were oppressed; to which declaration the confessor did not return any answer. The prince asked him to declare to the king that the queen was entirely innocent. Next day the prince dined little and heartily. After dinner came Vargas, Antonio-Perez, and Escovedo, to beg his pardon and to kiss his hands. He calls them his executioners, and not his judges. When they approach him to kiss his hands, he turns away. Vargas, Perez, and Escovedo leave the room. When retiring, Vargas tells the confessor that the prince is to die at two o'clock of the night.—Preparations for death. A chapel is prepared in a contiguous room, into which the sacred vessels, &c., from the royal chapel are brought. The prince confesses. Mass is said. The prince prays with his confessor until Vargas, Perez, and Escovedo enter the room. The prince takes a crucifix from the hands of the confessor, and put it on his mouth, for it was clear he still bore very ill will towards his judges. The prince forgives his father. The confessor exhorts him to forgive also his judges, leading him slowly to the room where the execution is to take place. The prince says, 'I forgive all.'

"They enter a room where a large arm-chair is placed, surrounded by a great quantity of sawdust. The executioner stands near it with his knife. The prince is not frightened by that sight. He is seated on the chair. The executioner begs his pardon, and the prince in a gracious manner gives him his hand to kiss. The executioner ties his legs and arms with 'antas' (scarves?) of Cologne to the legs and arms of the chair; ties a bandage of black silk round his eyes, and places himself, with the knife in his hand, behind the prince. The prince says to the confessor, 'Pray for my soul.' The confessor says the credo, and the prince responds in a clear and firm voice. When he pronounces the words, 'Unico fijo'—only Son—the executioner puts his knife to his throat, and a stream of blood rushes down on the sawdust. The prince struggles little; the knife, being very sharp, had cut well. The executioner unties the corpse, wraps it in a black baize cloth, and puts it in a corner of the room. That done, Antonio-Perez flies all at once at the executioner, accusing him of having stolen the diamonds of the prince. The executioner denies, is searched, and Perez finds, in one of the folds of his dress, the diamonds. The executioner grows pale, and declares that it is witchery. Escovedo is sent to the king, and soon returns with two arquebusiers. The king, he says, has ordered that the executioner is to die on the spot, for the heinous crime of having robbed the corpse of a prince of the blood royal. The executioner confesses, protests his innocence, is led out by the soldiers into the courtyard, and two detonations of arquebuses are heard.

"That was the night of the 23rd of February 1568."]

Thus perished the grandson of Charles V.; a mournful end, in which all his contemporaries suspected an odious domestic drama, in which history has obstinately persisted in recognizing an atrocious act of vengeance or fanaticism on the part of Philip II. But we must deal justice to all men, even to Philip II. In opposing his son's flight, and retaining him as a prisoner in his palace, he exercised the incontestable right of the father and the king. But, perhaps, the unfortunate Don Carlos was treated as a State-criminal rather than as a sick man. If he were not killed, he was suffered to kill himself; and we may believe that his death was as fully a relief to the sovereign as a chagrin to the father. However this may be, Philip II., as a punishment for the obscurity in which he enveloped the event, has long borne, in the eyes of posterity, the weight of one crime the more. The first chastisement of tyrants is, to suffer the opprobrium of crimes which they have not committed. It has been frequently asserted that Don Carlos was handed over to the Grand Inquisitor. Llorente, who had an opportunity of inspecting the archives of the Holy Office, discovered nothing relative to the prince. The origin of the rumour is to be found, probably, in the famous epigrammatic reply of Philip II. to the Lutheran Carlos de Sessa, who, before mounting the scaffold, reproached him with his cruelty: "I would carry the wood with my own hands to burn my own son, were he as perverse as thou art!" *

I referred on p. 446 to Montigny, and stated the fact of his arrest. His end was more tragical even than that of Don Carlos. Upon this other episode of the history of Philip II. an unexpected light has been thrown by recently published

* "Yo trahere la leña para quemar a mi hijo, si fuere tan malo como vos."—Colmenarès, "Hist. de Segovia."—See, in reference to this painful episode, the recent work by M. Gachard, "Don Carlos and Philip II.," and that by M. Charles de Mouy.

documents; and it shows the truth to have been more horrible than history represented it.

Florent de Montmorency, Baron de Montigny, was younger brother of the Count von Horn; both were descended from a branch of the French house of Montmorency, transplanted into Flanders in the preceding century. Montigny was one of the principal nobles of the country; his fidelity to the king had never been doubtful, any more than his zeal for the Catholic faith. Philip II. had conferred upon him the Cross of the Golden Fleece, and named him Governor of Tournai.

In 1566 he was sent to Madrid by the Regent of the Low Countries, to represent to the king the wishes of the deputies. In this dangerous embassy his colleague was the Marquis de Berghes. Both were required to demand the abolition of the Inquisition, the mitigation of the edicts against heretics, and the convocation of the States General. They arrived at Madrid on the 17th of June 1566. Informed beforehand of the object of their mission, Philip dissembled his irritation, and welcomed them with affability. It was not long, however, before they discovered that their efforts would be vain, and that they had nothing to hope from the royal clemency. They then wished to return; but Philip II., acting in concert with the Duke of Alva, who had just assumed the government of Flanders, detained them by flattering words and insidious promises.

But events soon crowded headlong on one another, rendering all dissimulation useless. On the 9th of September 1567, the Duke of Alva flung into prison the Counts von Egmont and von Horn, inaugurating by this stroke of bold injustice that system of terrorism which deluged the Low Countries with blood. A month later, Montigny was arrested at

Madrid, and confined in the Alcazar of Segovia, the customary place of confinement for State-prisoners. The Marquis de Berghes had died but a short time before.

More than a year elapsed before any preparations were made to bring him to trial. Closely confined, without any news of the outer world, the unfortunate prisoner remained ignorant of the crimes imputed to him; was ignorant of the events transpiring in the Low Countries; was ignorant even of the lamentable death of his brother, who had been beheaded along with the Count von Egmont.

At length it was decided, that though still detained a prisoner in Spain, he should be tried in the Low Countries by the tribunal instituted for the investigation of State crimes; in other words, that he should be tried and condemned by the Duke of Alva. He was accused of having meditated pernicious designs against the king, of having implicated himself in the demands of the nobles against the royal authority, was charged with rebellion, conspiracy, and treason. We possess the record of Montigny's examination; it is sufficient in itself to prove his innocence. But the issue could not be doubtful.

A little more than a twelvemonth after the last interrogatory, on the 4th of March 1570, sentence of death was pronounced at Brussels by the Duke of Alva. "Your Majesty," he wrote to the king, "will wish, without doubt, that the execution should take place in Spain, *for here the thing would be difficult.*"

Philip II. was of this opinion. He dreaded lest Montigny's death should re-excite in the Low Countries the agitation which had apparently subsided. He expressed his desire, therefore, that the sentence should be carried out "with as little noise as possible."

A council was held to discuss the subject. An account of its singular deliberation is given in a confidential despatch to the Duke of Alva.

"All were of opinion that the moment was not favourable for the recommencement of bloodshed, nor for giving rise to the sentiments of pity which would have been felt, not only by the kinsmen of Montigny, but by all the natives of the Low Countries, whose discontent and murmurs would have been all the greater, because, the criminal being detained in Spain, they would not have failed to pretend that he had been sacrificed without an opportunity of defending himself juridically. The majority thought, therefore, that it would be better to give him some poisoned meat or soup, so that he might die slowly, and have time during his illness to arrange the affairs of his soul. But His Majesty has decided that in carrying out this plan an act of justice would not be done, and that it would be better for him to undergo in prison the punishment of the *garrote* (a mode of strangulation), in so secret a manner that no one should ever have any knowledge of it, but that it might be believed he had died a natural death. This resolution being come to, as the marriage of His Majesty was to take place at Segovia, His Majesty has ordered that the said Sieur de Montigny be transferred from the castle of that town to the castle of Simancas."*

Consequently, Montigny was transported to the citadel of Simancas; and on the 1st of October, a royal decree, dated from the Escorial, ordered the governor of that citadel to remit the condemned to the alcade of Valladolid, who was charged with the execution of the sentence.

Some days previously, Montigny, under a specious pretext,

* Coleccion de Documentos ineditos para la Historia de Espana. Madrid, 1844.

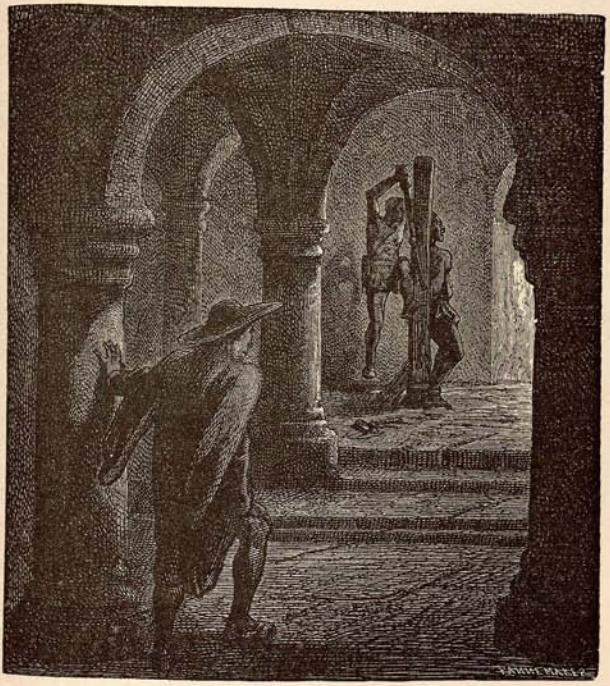
was isolated; his servants were removed; he was no longer permitted to ramble about the castle; he was kept immured in a chamber apart.

A physician from the town of Simancas was summoned to the fortress, and admitted into the secret. He spread abroad a report that the prisoner was ill, and attacked with a malignant fever. The physician visited him several times a day, and made a great display of potions and medicaments appropriate to the disease he had announced. He repeated in the town, that, judging from all appearances, Montigny would die on the seventh day.

MONTIGNY IS INFORMED OF HIS SENTENCE.

All things being thus prepared, and every detail settled beforehand between the alcade of Valladolid and the governor, on Saturday, the 14th of October, between nine and ten o'clock P.M., the alcade was secretly introduced into the citadel with a greffier, and "the person" (so say the royal instructions) "to be employed in carrying out the sentence." They entered the chamber where the prisoner lay asleep. The greffier read to him the decree, and the alcade announced that the king, out of his royal clemency, had mitigated his punishment, by ordering that the execution should not take place in public.

A priest was then introduced, and the prisoner employed himself all Saturday night and Sunday in preparing for death. He gave to the priest a small chain and a locket for his wife. He was allowed to make some final dispositions by letter or will, but on the express condition that he should speak of



MONTIGNY'S EXECUTION.

himself as of a sick man who expected to die of his disease, and that he should not attempt a single allusion to his execution.

Finally, at two o'clock A.M., on Monday, "after he had commended himself to God as long as he willed," the executioner did his office. Immediately afterwards, the greffier and

the headsman set out for Valladolid, whither they arrived before sunrise. The two latter were threatened with death if they ever uttered a word referring to the events which had transpired at Simancas. Were not Philip and his officials like assassins, who endeavour to conceal themselves after a guilty deed?

According to a not unusual custom, the body was enveloped in a monk's frock, which, being clasped at the neck, hid every trace of strangulation. In conformance with the royal in-

FUNERAL OF MONTIGNY.

structions, which had anticipated everything, and regulated the whole with the greatest detail and the strangest minuteness, the obsequies were celebrated solemnly. "Once the execution is over, and the death made public, with every precaution carried out, as recommended, that no one may know it was an act of justice, arrangements will be made for the interment, which is to take place publicly, with moderate pomp, in the order and form usual for persons of the criminal's rank,

with high mass, vigils, and other low masses in reasonable number. Nor will it be inappropriate to attire his servants in mourning."*

Official despatches were written by the government, in which the pretended illness and natural death of Montigny were related. These despatches, being sent to the Duke of Alva, were published by him in the Low Countries. But the king sent him at the same time a confidential communication. He wrote to him with his own hand on the 3rd of November:—"The affair has so well succeeded, that up to the present time everybody believes Montigny died of disease. If he really died in the Christian sentiments to which he gave expression, we may believe, perhaps, that God has had pity on his soul."

This touching solicitude of the executioner for the eternal salvation of his victim did not make him lose sight of the temporal consequences of the affair. His despatch to the Duke of Alva terminates with this significant phrase:—"It remains for you now to see that Montigny's cause is decided as if he had died a natural death, just as that of the Marquis of Berghes was determined." (The reader will understand that the king wished to obtain, by public decree, the confiscation of the estates of the condemned.) "In this way, it seems to me, we shall attain the object proposed to ourselves, since justice will have been done, but rumour and the troublesome consequences of a public execution avoided."

Philip II. evidently was well satisfied with himself. The secret had been cleverly kept. Nevertheless, the public instinct suspected something; a vague belief spread abroad that Montigny had been poisoned. But it is only of late years that

* "Instruction royale à l'alcade de Valladolid" (Royal Instructions to the Alcade of Valladolid).

the entire truth has come to light, through the publication of the secret instructions and confidential despatches. All these documents were carefully collected, and, by the king's order, preserved in the archives of Simancas. It seems as if it were his intention that posterity, at least, should not be ignorant of any circumstance of the sombre tragedy, and that it should commend his clemency, or at least admire his ability.

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

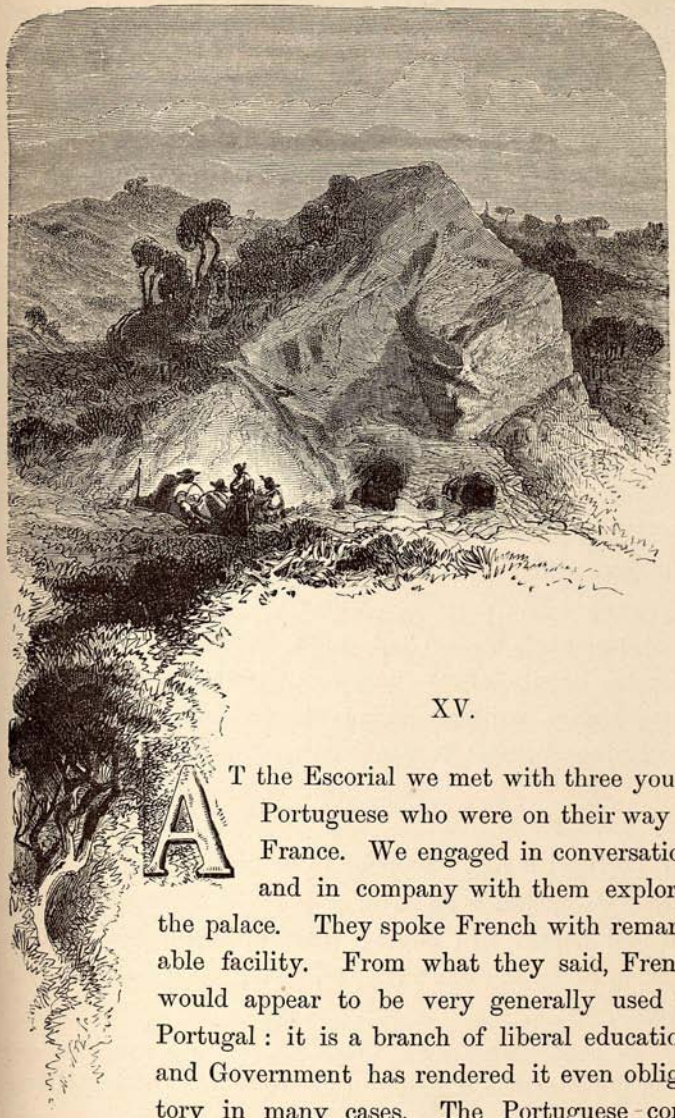
XV.

The Country of the Cid.

AVILA—ST. THERESA—BURGOS—THE CID.

Bring home the triumph of our victory.

SPENSER.



XV.

AT the Escorial we met with three young Portuguese who were on their way to France. We engaged in conversation, and in company with them explored the palace. They spoke French with remarkable facility. From what they said, French would appear to be very generally used in Portugal: it is a branch of liberal education, and Government has rendered it even obligatory in many cases. The Portuguese complained, like ourselves, of the gloomy haughtiness of the

Spaniards, and of their inhospitable ways. It is a curious circumstance : the Portuguese and Spaniards belong to the same race, their origin is common, their languages are alike, and yet at the present day they do not resemble each other in any particular. In character, in manners, in intellect, they utterly differ.

The Portuguese have neither the idleness nor the disdainful superciliousness of the Spaniards. They are active and laborious ; their manners are gentle and courteous. Their minds are open to modern ideas : they cherish a taste for learning, the desire of progress, and the love of liberty. It seems that the recollection of an odious conquest, and the bitter resentment of a bloody oppression, have stimulated this small people, and preserved them from the vices and misfortunes of their great neighbour. In recovering their independence, they escaped the despotism which has been the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Do not speak, therefore, of annexing it to Spain. Spain, always inspired with a very lofty idea of its superiority, willingly accepts the project ; persuaded that, in crushing Portugal, it would do it a great honour, —

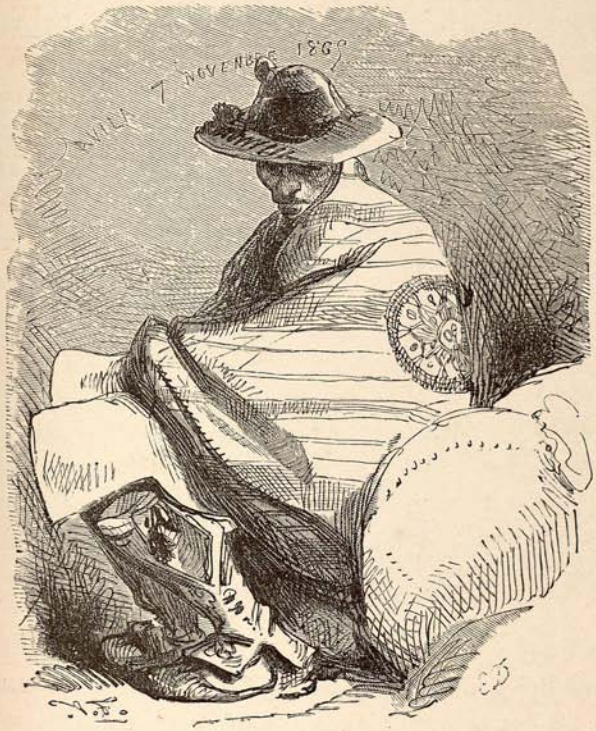
" En le croquant, beaucoup d'honneur."

But Portugal is in no humour to be devoured : and is right. Within its modest boundaries it is free and prosperous, tranquil and happy. In allying itself to Spain—or rather, in allowing Spain to absorb it—it would marry bankruptcy and anarchy.

On quitting the Escorial, we plunge into the Guadarrama. This part of the route is very picturesque. The mountains are covered with pines, maples, and evergreen oaks. We

ascend, and soon a vast horizon is unfolded before us: the eye plunges into profound valley depths, and afar rise the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra.

This country is one of the rudest and wildest in Spain.

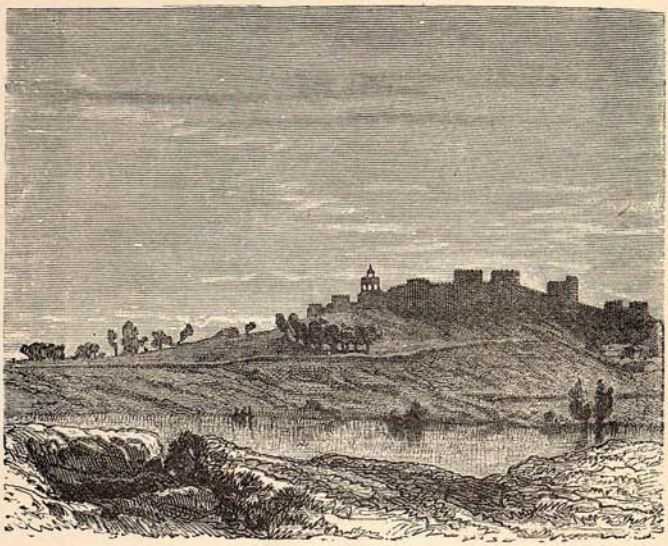


A SPANISH PEASANT.

We cross the mountain-chain in its lowest part; but towards the east the ridge bristles with sharp peaks, and is scooped out in abrupt gorges. The population is miserable and half-savage. In many localities these poor people, for want of houses and huts, inhabit burrows in the ground, like the

lairs of wild beasts. The men are tall, lanky, and of an energetic type. Their features are hard and thin ; their glances fierce and suspicious. Generally their only clothing is goats' skins.

Avila is situated on the northern declivity of the Guadarrama : it is the first town in Old Castile. Before the railroad



AVILA.

was laid down, no one visited it. Lost among the mountains, it was almost inaccessible : you could only reach it on *mule-back*—and by such roads ! We may say, without exaggeration, that the iron way, by touching at it, has as it were exhumed and revealed it to tourists. And, in truth, it is worth the trouble. Imagine a town of the thirteenth century, preserved, as we may say, "under glass." Its isolation has left it its ancient physiognomy, its mediæval character.

It seems that, so far as Avila is concerned, Time has stood still: it is now, in the days of Prim and Serrano, what it was in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

A lofty wall, pierced with nine gates, and flanked by great towers—some square, and in the Moorish style, others round, with upright pinnacles—forms around it an unbroken line of defence. This aspect of a feudal and warlike city greets you everywhere as you traverse its streets. Wholly built of granite, the town is black and sombre: the houses wear the character of fortresses; at their gates and angles the seignorial escutcheons are sculptured in stone. The windows are provided with massive gratings. The cathedral—naked and austere, half temple, half alcazar—is crowned with pinnacles. At every step we meet with convents, some of which are sumptuous edifices. Some forty years ago about two-and-twenty were counted—monasteries and nunneries—in a town of only four thousand inhabitants.

Avila is the birth-place of St. Theresa. She was born there on the 28th of March 1515, of a rich and noble family. Her father was named Alfonzo Sanchez de Cepedo.

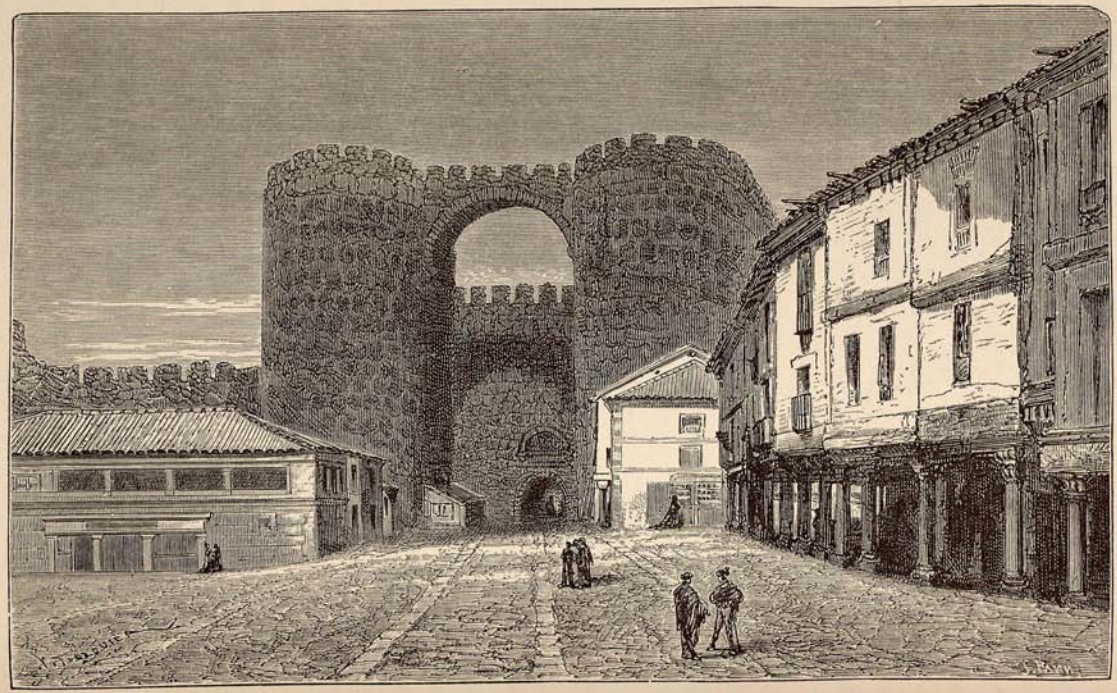
It was a time of ardent faith and romantic exaltation. Chivalry was blended with religion, and every soul in Spain seemed burning with an heroic thirst. When she was ten years of age, Theresa set out one morning with her brother (only four years old!) to seek a crown of martyrdom among the Moors. Brought back to the paternal abode, the two fugitives erected a hermitage in their garden.

As a young girl, Theresa was passionately fond of society and dress. But she still more passionately loved those romances of chivalry to which the whole of Spain was then particularly addicted. She spent the nights, as she tells

us, in their perusal ; and, in company with her brother Roderic, she even wrote one.

Afflicted at the age of twenty with a terrible nervous malady, tortured for three years by fever and paralysis, she took the resolution of renouncing the world and embracing a religious life. Once, for a while, she relapsed into her former gaieties ; but at length she wholly gave herself to God, and thenceforth her life became truly heroic. She imposed upon herself as her mission the reform of the religious house at Carmel, where she had taken the veil. Overwhelmed with infirmities, imprisoned as a vagabond, repulsed by the municipalities and the prelates, she refused to be discouraged. She wrote to Philip II. She struggled against obstacles of every kind with a perseverance, a faith, and a serenity of soul which nothing wearied. Eventually she reorganized the Carmelites of Spain ; while St. John of the Cross, inspired by her teaching, reformed the monasteries of the same religious order.

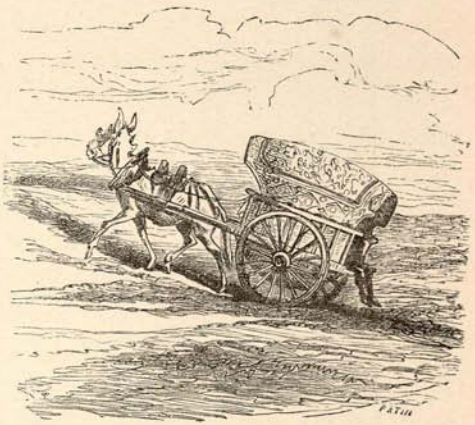
We had had some idea of paying a flying visit to Segovia. The nearest railway-station to that town is at San Chidrian. The maps indicate that from this point a road leads to Segovia ; but we had begun to have a sufficient experience of Spain to know how little confidence could be placed in its maps and railway-guides. After careful inquiries we ascertained: 1st, that the station at San Chidrian was simply a wooden barrack, planted in the midst of a desert, and guarded by two melancholy *employés ;* 2nd, that the locality so named was a mile and a half to two miles from the town, and that, if we were not prepared to abandon our baggage, we must carry it on our backs, since no vehicle of any kind was at the disposal of travellers ; 3rd, that the aforesaid San Chidrian was a



A GATE IN AVILA.

miserable hamlet, where one might well die of famine, and where the only vehicles for hiring (if any) were abominable carts, which would break every bone in our body ; and, 4th, and finally, that the road to Segovia was one of the worst in Spain, and for the greater part of its extent traversed the most melancholy wastes of sand imaginable.

These considerations made us reflect ; and having reflected, we renounced the excursion to Segovia. If any reader contemplates this tour, his best plan will be to hire a carriage at Madrid, and proceed by the San Ildefonso road.

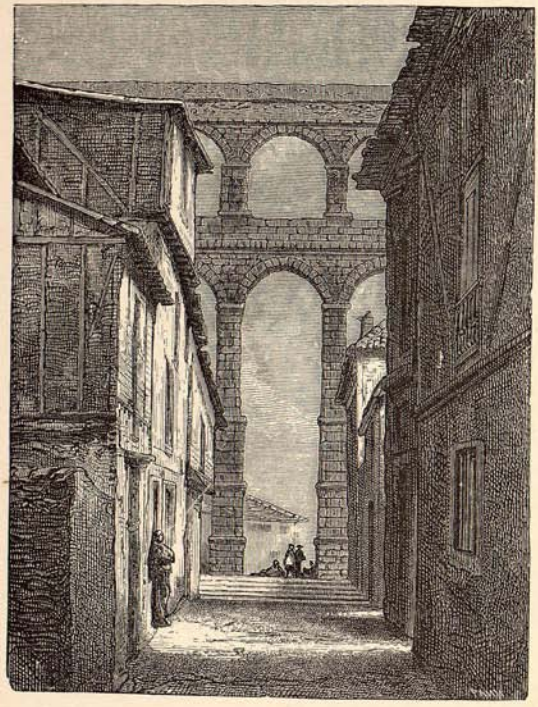


A VILLAGE CART.

In Segovia itself there is nothing remarkable: formerly rich and prosperous, it is now-a-days poor and silent. The important industry which formerly secured its celebrity, and which seems to have been due to the Moors, is apparently dead. It formerly produced twenty-five thousand pieces of cloth yearly ; it now produces scarcely two hundred. The workmen employed formerly numbered fourteen thousand ; the whole population of the town does not now exceed six thousand. The objects of interest at Segovia are : its Alcazar, a beautiful Gothic edifice, erected by Alfonzo VI., a portion of which, unfortunately, was some years since destroyed by fire; and especially its Aqueduct, a grand Roman

work, which would also have fallen into ruin long ago if its indestructible materials had not defied both Time and Spanish neglect.

From Avila to Burgos the traveller crosses Old Castile. The land is fertile : even in the deplorable condition into



A STREET IN SEGOVIA.

which Spanish agriculture has fallen, and while extensive areas remain uncultivated, there are few countries in the world which produce so much grain and of such excellent quality. But neither is there any country in the world of a gloomier and sadder appearance. The houses are few : far

beyond the range of vision stretches a bald, bare plain ; there are neither trees, hedges, nor bushes. Here and there the ground rises in low hills, with rounded shoulders ; at intervals, in the shade of little valleys, a water-course is defined by a thin belt of verdure or a row of willows. For hours you travel without any change occurring in the landscape ; it is always the same vast horizon, the same nakedness, the same monotony. And yet you see the country in the most favourable season, and under its most smiling aspect; when the crops cover it almost everywhere with freshness and greenness. But in summer it is a burning desert, like the sands of Africa ; in winter, a frozen steppe swept by the fierce northern wind.

It has not always been so stripped and naked. In the reign of Alfonso XI.,—that is, at the beginning of the fourteenth century,—the king hunted the bear and the wild boar in the forests which spread over Castile. It is probable that the prolonged wars against the Moors were one of the causes which led to the disforesting of the district. When a campaign began, both parties set to work to cut down the trees and fire the houses. Even at the present day war in Algeria is conducted on this system. But another and more powerful cause was soon added to the former, and continued its disastrous influence after *it* had terminated. I refer to the *mesta*. By this name is meant, in Spain, the right of pasturage reserved for the herds and flocks of some of the higher nobles. Owing to this exorbitant privilege, which had become a legally-sanctioned institution, innumerable flocks of sheep regularly devastated, twice a year, the pastures of the two Castiles, of Estremadura, and La Mancha: once in spring, retiring to the mountains during the summer months ; and

once in autumn, redescending into the plain to pass there the winter.

Under Charles V. and Philip II., the number of these nomadic sheep was estimated at not less than seven to eight millions. The reader, therefore, will easily understand how not only the woods, but even the very shrubs, disappeared before the teeth of these animals. They resembled the Egyptian locusts. Yet an institution so absurd and so disastrous was not abolished until about 1825. But the evil subsists, and centuries will be required for its reparation. Let us add, that it is maintained to-day by the prejudice of the peasantry, who believe that the trees injure their crops by multiplying the birds, and that the birds eat up their grain.

We reached Burgos at ten o'clock in the evening.

Few towns occupy so important a place as Burgos in the history of Spain. It was the first capital of the young national royalty when it emerged from the mountains of the Asturias; and therefore it proudly calls itself *Caput Castillæ, Madre de Reyes, Restauradora de Reinos.*

But, unfortunately, few monuments of its past glory remain. There are extant only some ruins of its old Moorish castle; a gloomy dungeon, stained with many crimes, the witness of many tragedies. Within its walls Alfonzo, surnamed the Wise, put to death his brother Fadrique; and Sancho the Brave, his brother Don Juan. There Pedro the Cruel, when only sixteen years of age, inaugurated his long series of crimes by causing Garcilasso de la Vega, the enemy of his old governor Albuquerque, to be assassinated. Garcilasso was summoned to the palace, one evening, on the king's arrival. He repaired thither next morning, in spite of a

warning received from the queen-mother. As soon as he entered the royal presence he was arrested.

"Then said Garcilasso to the king: 'My lord, in your great mercy, be pleased to allow me a confessor.'

"And he said to Ruy Fernandez de Escobar: 'Ruy Fernandez, my friend, I pray you go to Doña Leonora, my wife, and bring me the papal letter of absolution which she has.'

"And Ruy Fernandez excused himself, saying that he could not do so. And then they brought to him a priest, whom they accidentally met with.

"Garcilasso withdrew towards a small gateway opening on the street, and there began to speak with him of penitence. And the priest afterwards said that at this moment he scanned him carefully to see if he had a knife; but he had not.

"Some moments passed, and the king ordered the huissiers who guarded the prisoner to kill him. They dealt him numerous wounds, until he died.

"And the king ordered that his body should be flung into the street, which was done; and that same day, Sunday, a bull-fight was held on the place where Garcilasso's corpse was lying.

"But no one removed it from thence; and the king saw the body lying on the ground; and as the bulls dashed over it, he ordered it to be placed on a bench, where it remained throughout the day." *

The cathedral of Burgos is very celebrated. It is conspicuous from afar by its two lofty arrowy spires, which bristle with carved work, and are surrounded by a forest of

* Ayala, "Cronica del rey Don Pedro."

pinnacles and bell-turrets of marvellous lightness. Its first appearance is attractive. But when you draw nearer, the effect diminishes. By a singularity which offends, as it seems to me, against all architectural laws, the spires, overloaded with somewhat heavy ornament, are frail in construction, and, so to speak, want *body*. There is a certain indescribable want of proportion or harmony; it seems that in a monument lightness ought to be allied with a certain solidity, a certain amplitude of forms, which is the primary condition of art.

When you enter, it is still worse; the deception is complete. Your memory is full of the enthusiastic descriptions of travellers; you have dreamed of a church in the most beautiful style, one of the marvels of mediæval Christian art. Instead of this, you see an edifice of a composite or rather bastard style, a disagreeable mixture of Decorated and Renaissance Gothic. The structure is deficient in grandeur; the principal nave is mediocre; the two lateral naves are dwarfed. In the midst of the transept rises an aspiring cupola; but its circular pillars, surmounted by cornices, and its Greco-Roman pilasters, do not harmonize well with vaults in ogive. Join to this a profusion of ornaments, mouldings, and sculptures, which fatigues the eye. All this is rich, but all is doubtful taste. To sum up: the cathedral of Burgos appears to me, in majesty of outline, in beauty of *ensemble*, and in purity of style, far inferior to that of Seville, and even to that of the Seo of Saragossa.

After this, you will discover many charming details worthy of your admiration. The high altar, for example, is externally surrounded by sculptures of a marvellous richness. They are prodigies of delicacy, finish, and elegance.

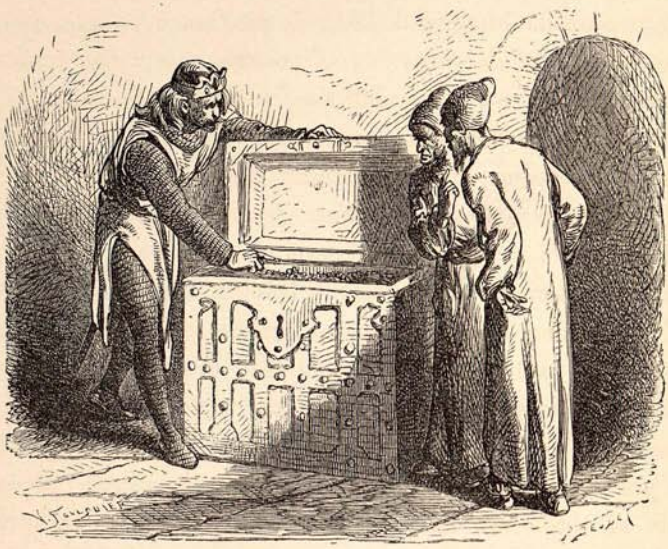
As in all other Spanish cathedrals, an enormous choir obstructs the principal nave. The effect is the more annoying because the church is not very large. It is said that the archbishop, Cardinal Puente, a man of refined taste, was desirous of demolishing this frightful construction. But the chapter opposed an invincible resistance to his revolutionary project, and the archbishop was compelled to renounce it.

In one of the chapels we were shown the famous Christ, which is made of human skin, of skin having absolutely the appearance of parchment. It is besprinkled with numerous spots of blood; and to carry the imitation of nature to an extreme, a wig of false hair is attached to its head, and upon it rests a crown of thorns. A simple wooden cross by the wayside appears to me, I own, far more impressive than this piece of gross and offensive realism.

A fine picture of the "Virgin holding the Child Jesus on her knees" is ascribed to Michel Angelo. Is it really Michel Angelo's? I think it very doubtful, although it possesses some qualities of the first order. We perceive *the claw of the lion.* If the great Florentine artist has not held the brush, he at least must have designed the Virgin's head; it is so elevated and so noble, and the Child is of so austere a divinity.

Let us forget nothing. In traversing one of the sacristies, it is well we should pause before that old oaken chest, strengthened with iron bars, worm-eaten, and half-crumbling into dust, which is attached to the wall. If tradition may be credited, it is the chest which the Cid gave as a pledge, full of sand and stones, to a couple of Jews, from whom he had borrowed a large sum of money. Exiled by the king, the hero sets out: he quits his domain of Bivar, accompanied by

sixty banners. But he must support his comrades. "Then," says the chronicle, "the Cid took aside Martin Antolinez, his nephew, and sent him to Burgos in quest of two Jews, Rachel and Bidos, with whom he had been accustomed to barter his booty; he gave orders that they should repair to his camp. Meanwhile, he took a couple of great iron-bound chests, each furnished with three locks, and so heavy that four men could



THE CID AND THE TWO JEWS.

scarcely lift one of them, even when empty. These he caused to be filled with sand, covering it with gold and precious stones. And when the Jews had come, he told them that they contained a quantity of gold, pearls, and jewels, and that, being unable to carry so heavy a burden with him, he would fain borrow, on the security of these chests, wherewithal he stood in need; adding, with amicable words, that

if he did not pay them at the expiry of a year, they should come and receive the interest. And the Jews lent him three hundred marks of gold and three hundred of silver."

The "Poem of the Cid," the oldest monument of Spanish literature, which many authorities believe to be contemporary, or nearly so, with the Campeador himself, relates this anecdote in nearly the same terms; and it does not say that its hero ever restored to the two Jews the money which he had obtained by his knavish device. It does not even appear that the poet deemed it deserving of censure. At that time, to ransom a Jew was a venial sin; to obtain his money by stratagem, was fair and honest war. Even two centuries later, the deputies of the Castilian communes could ask the royal permission to declare their Jewish creditors bankrupt. But the popular sentiment, at a later time, grew anxious to absolve its hero of a disloyalty. The Romancero relates that the Cid, when he had captured Valencia, ordered that the money he had borrowed should be returned to the two "honoured Jews." And the Cid said: "Pray them in their goodness to forgive me, inasmuch as I did what I did under the pressure of necessity. And though they think the contents of the chest to be sand, the gold of my word was really shut up therein." This last stroke is obviously modern.

Everything in Burgos speaks of the Cid; you meet with his memory at every step. According to the Chronicle, his hereditary fief was that of Bivar, or Vivar; but tradition asserts that Burgos was his birth-place. We *must* believe it, for on a pillar—marking, it is said, the site of his house—is not the following inscription written?—

En este sitio estuvo la casa y nació el año de MXXVI
Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, llamado el Cid Campeador.

[Upon this site stood the house in which was born, in the year MXXVI (1026), Roderick Diaz de Vivar, surnamed the Cid Campeador.]

There is no greater name than the Cid's in ancient Spain; it is the most brilliant of those which the heroic poetry of the Middle Ages has consecrated. But under this great name is shrouded a singularly complex figure; or, more correctly speaking, there are, in reality, several Cids, whom we must learn not to confound. The Cid of Guilhen de Castro, and of Corneille, does not resemble that of the old romances, nor, especially, that of history.

In truth, little is known of the historical Cid, legend was so soon blended with chronicle. It is even possible (the historical phenomenon is sufficiently frequent) that tradition has assembled round a single name some stories originally distinct, and attributed to one man the great deeds of many. However this may be, this Rodrigo de Bivar,—surnamed "the Cid," or "the Knight," by the Moors, and "Campeador," or "the Fighter," by the Spaniards,—appears to us in those dim shadowy times as a rude, indomitable soldier, violent and choleric, never quitting harness, living only for and upon war; a very independent and haughty vassal, with no more reverence for his God than for his king; wholly indifferent to the banner under which he fought, so that opportunity was afforded him for testing the mettle of his sword, and acquiring a rich booty. It seems, in fact,—and the circumstance, at that epoch, was not unusual among Christian knights,—that his first exploits of arms were made in the service of the Moorish kings, whence came the surname by which he is most generally known.

The Moorish chronicles extol his deeds of prowess against the Count of Barcelona and the son of Ramire.

When the Cid wished to commence a campaign, his heralds made proclamation to all desirous of taking arms and following him. If they accompanied him and survived, they gained a fair share of the spoil; if they fell in battle, they gained absolution for fighting against the infidels. His troop was more particularly employed in *algaras*, or raids in the enemy's country. He never attacked towns which could only be captured by blockade. After each combat, the plunder was thrown into the common stock, and divided. The Cid's share was one fifth; the knights received twice as much as the foot-soldiers.*

This historical Cid, of whom the ancient monuments of the eleventh and twelfth century have preserved but a few traits, we find already aggrandized and softened in the oldest romances. The coarseness of the manners, the rudeness of the characters, the exalted independence of the vassal in presence of his king, the simplicity of sentiment and language, mixed with a barbarous heroism, are still conspicuous, although the legendary recitals already overlay the primitive foundation of history. But the Cid is a better Christian; he has become the hero of national independence, the soldier of faith and fatherland, and the great conqueror of the Moors, who tremble at his name.

The popular imagination continues its work, and from the fourteenth century, in the last poetical efforts of the Romancers, the Cid has ceased to be a man, he has developed into a type. The Spanish nation is, to some extent, personified in

* See the "Poem of the Cid."

this legendary hero. It has made him after its own image, embellished and idealized. It has endowed him with every virtue; has made him the model of Christian knights—faithful to God, to his king, to his ladye-love—devoted to the Virgin and the Saints.

Eventually, the refined poesy of the Renaissance again modifies and improves upon the primitive Cid. The brutal, violent warrior gives place to a truly poetical *hidalgo*, a veritable ideal of nobility and generosity, of loyalty and honour, of courage and gallantry. This is the Cid whom the dramatic poets have brought upon the stage, giving him a language and sentiments completely modern, and, to increase the pathos, inspiring him with a love for Chimène of which no trace can be discovered in the old popular songs.

Of all these various figures, confused under one and the same name, assuredly the most curious, because it is the most real, is—not the historical Cid, of whom we know nothing positive—but the Cid of the ancient chronicles and romances. In these we may see, instead of a conventional and theatrical hero, the physiognomy of a people and an epoch.

In the romances, Rodrigo, prior to the combat in which he slays the count, knows nothing of Chimène. The mutual love, already inspired between the young hero and the young beauty—the union projected, but suddenly broken up by the insult offered to Don Diego—the heroical struggle which takes place in their souls between love and duty,—all this is the invention of the modern poet; an admirable invention, let us own, for it has created one of the most beautiful and pathetic "situations" on the French stage, and alone renders supportable the *dénouement* of Corneille's famous drama.

But in the twelfth century these delicate touches did not exist, and in the Romancero, neither Roderigo nor Chimène manifest the sentiments which, from our point of view, are so noble and exalted. In the old days men did not rank honour so high as we are now disposed to rank it. Honour, to Roderigo, consisted simply in satisfying his vengeance on the count and all belonging to him; to Chimène, in obtaining satisfaction for the wrong which Roderigo had done her by killing her father.

Listen to the complaint which Chimène addresses to the king:—

"O king, I live in grief. Each day which shines,
The man I see who my dear father slew,
Reining his fiery steed, while on his wrist
The tassel-gentle perches. Keener wrong
He seeks to inflict upon my suffering soul,
And flies his falcon at my snow-white dove,
With whose pure blood he stains my flowing robe.....
Even at my very feet he killed my page.....
Now sure I am that he who wears the crown,
And yet denies me justice, should not reign,
Nor ever more should mount his gallant steed,
Nor ever more should don his spurs of gold."

Of what does Chimène complain? Not that Roderigo has slain the count. No; Roderigo avenged the injury done to his father; it was his duty. The fight was fair; blood had washed out the stain; God had pronounced judgment by the sword. Chimène bewails the insults and the injuries inflicted on herself and her attendants.

"For if my father outrage did to his,
Right well has he avenged the wrong, and so
His honour should be satisfied. Sir king,
Permit him not to work me further ill,
For every outrage that he offers me
Is as an outrage offered to thy crown."

The king is much embarrassed. He would fain be just, but he dares not.

> "Oh, that the Lord of Heaven would strengthen me!
> If I arrest the Cid, or have him slain,
> My parliament will break out in revolt;
> And yet if justice I refuse, our God
> Will surely ask the reason."

Meanwhile the renown of Roderigo has spread far and wide. He has conquered five Moorish kings, who have owned themselves his vassals. Chimène returns to the royal court at Burgos. Kneeling before the king, she cries:—

> "'I am Chimène, the daughter of Don Gomez,—
> Don Gomez, Count of Gormaz,—whom the knight,
> Don Roderigo of Bivar, has slain.
> I come to thee, and at thy knees I bend,
> And pray that thou wilt grant me grace this day,—
> And give me for a husband Roderigo.
> Then shall I think myself a happy bride,
> For well I know he doughty deeds will do,
> And greatly will his fame extend, until
> Throughout your realm he ranks the prowest knight.'
> The king was pleased to grant the lady's prayer,
> And sent his messengers, and bade the Cid
> Attend him at his court. And Roderigo,
> When he the royal summons heard, made haste,
> And mounted Babieça."

I confess that this Chimène is much less exalted than the heroine of Corneille's famous drama. In reference to this very point one of the romances hazards a satirical flight.

> "Then spake the king. Now, mark ye what he spake:—
> 'Long have I heard it said,—and now I know
> The saying to be true,—that woman is
> Of all God's creatures strangest! Hitherto
> Chimène demanded justice,—ever justice,—
> And now she fain would wed her former foe.'"

Do not let us rail too much, however, at Chimène, and, above all, do not let us judge her from a modern point of view. Chimène, her father dead, is left without a protector. In a barbarous country, where brigandage and crime prevail, a fatherless maiden is exposed to the insults and robberies of her neighbours. The weak can live only when protected by the strong. Roderigo has made her an orphan, and it is Roderigo who must take her father's place; Roderigo, the most valiant warrior of Castile, must be her defender.

Such was the simple idea of the age in which she lived. And the romance, at a fitting place, expresses this idea in a noble and affecting manner. When the espousals are being celebrated, and he gives his hand to Chimène, and kisses her, Roderigo, looking at her with deep emotion, says:—

"Chimène! I slew thy father, but, I swear,
In fair and open battle. Man to man,
I killed him, to avenge a bitter wrong.
A man I killed, a man I give to thee;
Henceforth, I place myself at thy dispose,
And in the place of thy dead sire thou hast
A living husband, and a knight of fame."

Everywhere in the old poem the Cid bears the same violent and contentious character. He visits Rome; with all devotion he kisses the pope's hand. But in the church of St. Peter, seeing the throne of the French king placed above that of the king of Spain, he kicks it down. The Duke of Savoy reproaches him, and boasts of the power of the French sovereign. Roderigo replies:—

"'Leave thou the kings alone, sir duke, and if
Thou feelest hurt, avenge thyself on me.'"

The chronicle continues:—

"Now when the pope heard of this naughty deed,
The Cid he excommunicate; but he,
All humbly kneeling at his feet, exclaimed,
'Father, absolve me, for thou must repent
Thyself of what thou hast done.' The kindly pope,
With heart of pity, answered: 'I absolve;
But henceforth, Roderigo, in my court
Be thou a prudent and a polished knight.'"

If Roderigo shows such scant respect for the Holy Father, we need not be astonished that on occasion he treats his king with equal lack of courtesy. Alfonzo was accused, by the voice of rumour, of having caused his brother, Don Sancho of Castile, to be assassinated before Zamora, in order that he might succeed to his crown. He arrives from Toledo to be proclaimed at Burgos by the assembly of *ricos-hombres*. But, previously, he is summoned by the Cid to clear himself from the suspicion which weighs so heavily upon him, by taking, he and twelve of his knights, the judicatory oath. The scene is really beautiful.

"When the day came, and in the holy church
Of Sainte-Gadée, the king his oath would swear,
Then in his hands the Cid the gospel took,
And placed it on the altar. Next his Grace
Upon the sacred volume stretched his hands,
And listened while the Cid close questioned him:—
'King Don Alfonzo, thou dost come, to swear,
Touching the death of Sancho, late our chief,
That thou hadst neither art nor part in it;
Say, then, "I swear it," thou and all thy knights.'
And the Cid added: 'If the crime were done,
Or with thy knowledge, or at thy command,
Mayest thou the death of Sancho surely die!
And mayest thou perish by a varlet's hand,
And not by knight's or noble's! Mayest thou fall
Not by a dagger, but by villain's knife!'
To this the king, and those who sware with him,
Replied, 'Amen!'"*

* Cronica del Cid, c. lxxviii., lxxix.

We continue our extracts.

"And the Cid willed that thrice the king should swear
This solemn oath. And, on the second time,
The king changed colour. On the third, he waxed
Full wroth against the Cid. 'Thou hast done ill,'
He said, with altered voice,—'thou hast done ill,
For thou, in sign of homage, soon must kiss
Thy sovereign's hand.' Out spake the haughty Cid:
'To kiss a monarch's hand is for the Cid
No honour!'—'Shameful knight, I banish thee
From forth my realm, nor come thou back again
Until a year has numbered all its days.'
'Be it so,' said the Cid, 'and much I joy
That this should be thy first command, O king.
Thou for a year may banish me, but I
Myself will exile for another three!'"*

As a contrast to these traits of harsh and haughty manners, the romances of the Cid contain some pictures of exquisite grace and simplicity. I will cite but one example.

Chimène, in her castle at Burgos, pines after Roderigo, who is away at the wars. Many months have passed since he quitted her; she is pregnant, expects her immediate confinement, and is deeply grieved that her husband does not return. She writes to the king, Don Ferdinand:—

"To thee, my lord, the happy, good, and great,—
Chimène, thy servant, Count Locano's daughter,—
To whom a husband thou didst give that thou
Might mock at her,—sends humble salutation
From ancient Burgos, where in grief she pines:
May Heaven crown all thy projects with success!
"But by what law divine dost thou so long
Husband and wife dissever, through thy wars?
And why dost thou detain my gallant Cid,
Both day and night, for weary, weary months.
Nor leave him to me, save by some poor chance,
Once in a year?

* Romancero du Cid.

"And then, that once! With blood
He comes so covered that the sight is sorry!
And as he sleeps, locked in my fond embrace,
He stirs and quivers in his dreams—his mind
Still bent upon the battle! Dawn appears,
And spies and messengers at once begin
With urgent words to hurry him away,
Away from me, and back to War's red scene.
"And now I ask him from you with hot tears,
For in my reveries I think I own
A father and a husband; lo, I wake,
And neither is beside me! As I have
No other wealth, and you have torn me from him,
I weep him living e'en as he was dead!".....

The king's answer is charming. I regret that I cannot quote the whole of it:—

"To thee, Chimène the noble, and the wife
Of husband envied much. The king who ne'er
Found in thee aught of ill, his greeting sends,
In proof he loves thee truly.
Yet thou say'st
I am a wicked king, who parts in twain
Those whom the Church hath joined, and, selfishly,
Care little for thy griefs. Now, hadst thou learned
That I for my amours had carried off
Thy husband, thou hadst had full cause for plaint;
But since 'tis only that I claim his sword
To battle 'gainst the Moors, I wrong thee not.
Had I not placed my soldiers in his charge,
A simple lady hadst thou still remained,
And he, plain gentleman!
For what thou sayest
Of his bad sleeping, lady fair, I know not
How I the tale may credit!.....
If the Cid
Be absent when thou first art brought to bed,
It matters not, for thou shalt have thy king,
And noble gifts I promise to the child
Whom thou shalt bear. For if he be a son,
Two thousand maravedis, and a horse,
And sword I'll give him; if a daughter, she
Shall for her dowry forty golden marks
Receive, the day she's born."

Not at Burgos, but, it is said, at San Pedro de Cardeña, in a monastery built upon his own estate, the Cid was buried. So great was his renown that, after his death, the popular piety invoked him almost as a saint. The story runs, that he worked many miracles, and that he kept constant watch, clad in full armour, at the bottom of his tomb. He was seated in his chair, "the invincible conqueror of the Moors and Christians." His great white beard descended to his breast; his valiant sword Tizona hung by his side. He did not seem to be dead, but alive. One day a Jew, finding himself alone in the church, exclaimed, "This, then, is the much-lauded Cid. They say that in his lifetime no one durst touch his beard. Well, I will touch it now, and take it in my hand."

The Jew stretched out his hand; but before it profaned the hero's beard, the great Cid had grasped his sword Tizona, and drawn it three inches out of its sheath. So terrified was the Jew, that he fell back headlong in a swoon. Recovering himself, he was converted, and spent the remainder of his days like a good Christian.

I did not go, however, to San Pedro de Cardeña, which is three leagues distant from Burgos. For what purpose should I have visited it? *Cui bono?* The good Cid watches no longer in the shadows of his tomb. The sepulchre is empty, and the convent deserted. The hero's bones have been removed to Burgos, and deposited under the paltry pillar of which I have spoken, and whose inscription I have recorded. The gods have willed it!.....

We contented ourselves with visiting, at a few miles from the city, the Carthusian convent of Miraflores. Founded by King Don Juan II. of Castile, it was completed by his daughter, Isabella the Great, who employed two German

architects, John and Simon of Cologne. She erected within its precincts the mausoleums of John II., his wife Isabella of Portugal, and their son, Don Alfonzo. These tombs, of white marble, placed in the centre of the choir, are decorated with exquisite sculpture. The statues of the king and queen, recumbent on the monument, wear a calm and gentle expression. On the four fronts, and at the angles, are grouped various statuettes of evangelists, angels, doctors, monks, connected by delicate arabesque work and foliage. Anything more graceful and polished it is difficult to imagine. It is the art of the Renaissance under its most attractive aspect. The only censure one can essay is, that perhaps the ornament is in excess. The multiplicity of the details somewhat affect the grandeur of the whole. I should prefer more grandeur and sobriety.

We traversed the cloister. It is abandoned; the damp walls are covered with patches of green moss. Grass grows between the stones of the pavement. The patio resembles an uncultivated field, and has been invaded by brambles and nettles. All is dreary and desolate. One asks oneself why the few poor Carthusians who inhabited the convent were not left to die in peace? at all events, they did keep alight the lamp before the altar of the chapel. Only one was exempted from the proscription, and suffered to remain—a poor old man, who, undoubtedly, was formerly the convent-porter, and who guided us through the desolate and echoing courts. A living relic of the past, he wandered like a shadow among the ruins.

Our day at Burgos was the last day which we spent in Spain. On the morrow we took our places in the train, not to descend again until we set foot on the soil of our beloved France.

At a short distance beyond Burgos, in this direction, the country changes; the plains of Castile terminate; you see the Biscayan mountains raising their foremost summits on the horizon. At Pancorvo, they throw one of their spurs across the route. It seems as if the locomotive were about to dash its head against the impregnable wall. But we turn aside abruptly, and a breach opens in the mountain; it appears to have been split in twain by a cataclysm. To the right and left rise two lofty *aiguilles*, planted there like the pillars of a gigantic archway. Through the cutting dashes a torrent; above the torrent, passes the royal road; and above the road, sweeps the railway.

Beyond this wild and picturesque ravine a smiling landscape is unfolded, composed of graceful valleys filled with vigorous vegetation. On their sloping sides, and on the banks of the streams, are small towns and numerous villages —the houses brown, with sombre roofs, and belfries shaped like turrets. The soil is carefully cultivated; the trees reappear; vigorous oaks cover the higher grounds; fruit trees clothe the gentler declivities, and fill the vales with bloom. You have entered the Basque provinces.

In the centre of a vast plain, of the richest and most agreeable aspect, with a grand mountain-horizon, blue and vaporous, rises, on a modest eminence, the pretty little town of Vittoria. On leaving it behind us, we begin to climb the southern declivities of the Pyrenees as far as Alsasua. Thence it looks as if the train would dash headlong towards the ocean. We descend from an elevation of two thousand feet with a dizzying rapidity, sometimes under ground, sometimes on the brink of abysses.

At eight o'clock in the evening the train halts. The rail-

way officials cry, "Hendaye! Hendaye!" We are in France.

It was not without feelings of gratification that I stood once more on my native soil; and I was tempted to exclaim, like our ancestors, when they returned from a distant pilgrimage, "Health, sweet land of France!" Everything appeared to me smiling and agreeable; the railway employés were polished; the gendarmes had a paternal air; even the very custom-house officers (*douaniers*) seemed to me affable. Spain, nevertheless, is very good! But, I must own, the Spaniards have somewhat spoiled it; and, thanks to them, I return more persuaded than ever of the truth of the adage, that we always learn something by travelling, if it be only to love better our own country.

"HOME AT LAST."

INDEX.

ABDU-R-RAHMAN THE GREAT, his achievements in Spain, 105, 106.
Africa, the sea-coast of, described, 208.
Albacète, a horrible adventure at, related, 385-387.
Alcala, the town of, its university, its association with Ximenès, 61; the birth-place of Cervantes, 61, 62.
Alcazar, the, of Seville, a perfect specimen of Moorish architecture, 121; its restoration, 122; its marvellous beauty, 122-125; its historic memories, 125.
Algesiras, the bay of, described, 211.
Alhama, town of, its position described, 60; its conquest celebrated by Byron, 60, 284-286.
Alhambra, the, of Granada, the gardens of, 246-248, 251; La Torre de Justicia, 252, 253; Plaza de los Algibes, 253; Charles the First's palace, 253, 254; the Court of the Myrtles, 254, 255; the Hall of the Ambassadors, 257; the Court of Lions, 258, 261; the Pavilion of the Queen, 262; an Oriental cathedral, 267, 268; a monument to Moorish life and architecture, 295; its cupolas, 296, 299; the Hall of Judgment, 299, 300; its pictorial decorations, 300, 301; the Alhambra vase, 302; its restoration, 302, 303.
Alicante, town of, a visit to, narrated, 353, 354.
Aljaferia, the palace of, described, 49; historical associations of, 49-55.
Almaden, the silver-mines of, referred to, 184.
Alsasua, the railway station at, 22.
Alva, Duke of, his connection with the Bartholomew massacre, 13.
Andalusia, province of, its scenery described, 89, 90; its fertility, 183; its prosperity in olden times, 184; its scanty population, 185.
Andalusians, the, characteristics of, 144, 145; their laziness, 234, 235.
Andalusian women, the, their celebrity as dancers, 149, 150.
Andujar, town of, uninteresting nature of, 90.
Arabs, the, their dynasties in Cordova, 96; their masterpieces of architecture, 102, 103; their invasion of Spain, 104, 105; their treatment of the Christians, 106, 107; their aptitude for scientific discovery, 107, 108; their literature and its influence, 110; their genius for architecture characterized, 110, 111, 265-268; further traits of their civilization, 111-113; their palaces described, 256, 257; their persecutions at the hands of the Christians, 292-294; their introduction of the ceramic art into Spain, 352.
Aranjuez, town of, described, 387; its castle, 388.
Aragon, the province of, its fertile soil, and scanty population, 34, 35; its climate, 40; the Inquisition in, 47-49.
Aragonese, the, their costume described, 34, 35.
Arbuès, Pedro, of Epila, murder of, 48, 49.
Averroës, the Arabian philosopher, referred to, 96.
Avila, town of, its situation, its inaccessibility, 466, 467; described, 467; the birth-place of St. Theresa, 467.
Ayala, the chronicler, cited, 129; quoted, 475.

BALLET, the national, of Spain, a description of, 148, 149.
Barcelona, the town of, animated modern aspect of, 39.
Basque provinces, the, national characteristics of, 491, 492.
Basques, the, costume and bearing of, 13; general habits of, 19, 20.
Baylen, town of, described, 83; battle of, 85, 86.
Bayonet, the, invention of, 13.
Bayonne, town of, its streets, population, site, public buildings, and history, 13.
Belinès, coal-mines of, 184.

Bergenroth, Gustave, his researches at Simancas, 450; his life, 451.
Biarritz, the French watering-place, patronized by the Empress Eugenie, its position, 14; its sea view, 14, 17.
Bidassoa, the river, passage of, 18.
Boabdil, king of Granada, dethroned by Ferdinand, 284, 289.
Borrow, George, his distribution of Bibles amongst the Gitanos, 147.
Bourbon, Blanche de, unhappy fate of, narrated, 131-133.
Brantôme, the historian, quoted, 445.
Brèche de Roland, the, defile of, described, 33.
Browning, Robert, the poet, quoted, 208.
Bull-fights, in Spain, description of, 169-177; in Portugal, 177; under the Spanish kings, 178, 179.
Burgos, town of, its historic memories, 474, 475; its cathedral, 475-477; its associations with the Cid, 477-479.
Burns, Robert, the poet, quoted, 323.
Byron, Lord, quotations from, 9, 38, 69, 115, 151, 284-286.

Cabrera, the historian, quoted, 442.
Cadiz, town of, viewed from the sea, 200, 203; its beautiful climate, 203.
Calabria, mountains of, 14.
Calatayad, described, 59, 60.
Calderon de la Barca, the Portuguese dramatist, his services as a soldier mentioned, 68.
Callosa de Segura, the town of, landscape near, 362, 363.
Cano, Alonzo, the sculptor, his career and character, 307, 308.
Carthagena, town of, its admirable situation, 351; its ancient prosperity and present decadence, 351; its historic memories, 351-353.
Castile, New, the table-lands of, described, 60, 61.
Castile, Old, scenery of, characterized, 472, 473.
Cathedral, the, of Seville, description of, 140, 143, 144.
Cervantes, Miguel de, his birth-place, 61, 62; his popularity as a novelist, 62; the passion for romances in his time and ours, 62; his "Don Quixote" more than a satire, 64; his genius analyzed, 64-66; particulars of his career, 66, 67; his serene philosophy, and its under-current of melancholy, 68; his account of "Don Quixote's Vigil of Arms" quoted, 76, 77.
Charles II. of Spain, anecdote of, 379.
Chinchilla, waiting for the train at, 385.
Christians, the, Spanish, under Moorish rule, 106.
Cid, Romancero del, quoted, 371.
Cid, the, his connection with Murcia referred to, 370; his death, 370, 371; the story of, 477-479; his house at Burgos, 479, 480; of history, 480-482; of romance, 482-489.
Circus, the, at Seville, described, 169.
Coin, base, in the Peninsula, 13.
Colmenar, Alvarez de, the historian, quoted, 178.
Colmenarès, Don Diego de, the historian, quotations from, 292, 452.
Columbus, Christopher, the great seaman, his departure from Spain for the discovery of America, 204; his fleet enumerated, 204, 205; his embarkation, 205; his unmerited misfortunes, 205, 207; his death, 207; his only memorial, 208.
Conde, the historian of the Arabs, cited, 105.
Cordova, town of, its position, described, 95; its historical associations, 95, 96; its Moorish dynasties, 96; a "city of the dead," 96, 97; its mosque, 97-103, 117, 118; its history under the Moors, 105, 106; its library, 110.
Carlos, Don, the story of, his birth, 444; his mental disease, 445; his excesses, 446; his arrest and imprisonment 447-450; his death, 450, 451; the disputed question of his fate, 452.

De Custine, the historian, quoted, 266.
Diligence, a Spanish, described, 78; travelling in, 79.

Ebn-Jounis, his discovery of the pendulum as applied to the measurement of time, 108.
Ebro, the river, scenery in the neighbourhood of, described, 58, 59.
Elché, town of, its picturesque appearance, 354, 356.
England, pugilism in, 177, 178.
Ercilla, his poem of "La Araucana," 67.
Escorial, the, first glance at, 431, 432; its situation, 432, 433; its history, 433, 434; its architect, 434; its general appearance described, 434; the chapel, 435; the royal apartments, 436; the Convent of St. Lawrence, 436, 439; its founder, 439-443.
Escovedo, secretary to Don John of Austria, assassination of, 50, 51.
Esparto grass, Spanish traffic in, 376, 377.

Fadrique, Don, murder of, by order of Don Pedro I., detailed, 128, 129.
Ferdinand the Catholic, his capture of Pampeluna, 25; his introduction of the Inquisition into Aragon, 47-49; dethrones Boabdil, king of Granada, 284, 289.
Fontarabia, town of, its associations with the great Conde, 18; described, 18.
Francis I., his defeat at Pavia, 18.

Galley, a Spanish, described, 329, 330.
Generalife, the, at Granada, pictured, 269-272.

Gerbert, the scholar, his prelections in the Moorish schools of Spain, 108, 109.
Gibraltar, the rock of, 211, 212; siege of, 215, 216; its importance to England, 216; its fortresses and towers described, 216, 217; the Club House, 217, 218; the English garden, 219, 220.
Gibraltar, the Strait of, 210; its *atalayas* mentioned, 210, 211.
Gitanas, the, of Spain, their personal characteristics, 145; their original habitat, language, and customs, 146; their two conspicuous virtues, their treatment of the Bible, 147; of Granada, 272, 273; their appearance, 274, 277; their dances, 277; as musicians, 277, 278.
Gowrie and Jones, authors of "The Alhambra," cited, 266, 301.
Granada, town of, lower part of, described, 246; the gardens of the Alhambra, 245, 247; the Vermilion Towers, 248; the Gate of Judgment, 248; the Alhambra, 251-268; the Generalife, 269-272; the gipsies' quarter, 272-278; its beauty and salubrity, 281; under the Moors, 282; historic sketch of, 282-284; besieged by Ferdinand, 286-289; grief of the Moors at its loss, 289; the Tower of La Vela, 304; its cathedral, 306, 307; the Casa del Carbon, 308; its Moorish baths, 309, 310.
Guadalajara, town of, referred to, 61.
Guadalète, the river, the great battle fought near, in 711, 190-195.
Guadalquivir, the river, its scenery characterized, 89, 90, 93-95, 185; at Seville, 154.
Guadarrama, the, district of, described, 464-466.
Guzman the Good, his defence of Tarifa, 210.

Holy Thursday, the Catholic ceremonials of, 163-168.
Humboldt, the geographer, on the Arabs in Spain, 104, 108; cited, 105.

Inquisition, the, in Aragon, 47-49; its establishment in Seville, 154, 155; its gradual rise, 155; its collision with the Pope, 156; patronized by Charles V., 156; its eventual decadence, 159.
Irving, Washington, his account of the departure of Columbus from Palos, 205.

Jews, the expulsion of, from Spain, 292, 293.
Joanès, the painter, his works criticized, 420.
Juvenal, the poet, his reference to the castagnettes of the ballet, 150.

Koh-i-noor, diamond, the, anecdote of, 381.

Laboulaye, the author of "Etudes Morales et Politiques," quoted, 443.
La Carolina, the town of, described, 80; colonized by Don Pablo Olavidès, 80, 83.
La Carraca, the maritime arsenal of, 199.
Lamennais, the author of "Du Beau et de l'Art," quoted, 267.
La Vella, tower of, Granada, the prospect from, pictured, 304, 305.
Lisbon, famous earthquake of, its effects, 200.
Lockhart, J. G., his Spanish ballads quoted, 287.
Loja, the Moorish town of, described, 245, 246.
Lorraine, Claude, the painter, his genius criticized, 427, 428.
Loyola, Ignatius, wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, 25; his conception of the order of Jesuits, 25; his adventure with the Moor, 25, 26; as a lay preacher, 26; imprisoned by the Inquisition, 26; in Rome, 26; characterized by Lord Macaulay, 26, 27; his society a "missionary association," 27.
Lucan, the poet, his attachment to freedom, 95, 96.

Madoz, the Spanish writer, quoted, 351.
Madrid, the city of, its want of interest for the traveller, 71, 401, 402; its rise under Ximenès and Philip II., 72; an "artificial capital," 72; its general appearance described, 72, 73; its climatic extremes, 73; its museum, 74, 402, 403; its architectural glories, 402.
Malaga, town of, its custom-house, 229; seen from the harbour, 230; its interior, 230; its wealth, 230; the English cemetery, 241, 242; the Spanish cemetery, 242, 243; glimpses of, 243, 244.
Manrique, Jorge, the Spanish poet, quoted, 373.
Manzanerès, the, valley of the, 432.
Martial, the poet, his reference to the castagnettes of the ballet, 150; on the fertility of Andalusia, 184.
Merimée, Prosper, the historian of Pedro I., cited, 129.
Mesta, the, or right of pasturage, 473, 474.
Middle Ages, the intellectual darkness of, 109, 110.
Mignet, M., his account of the life of Antonio Perez, cited, 52.
Miraflores, Carthusian convent of, a visit to, recounted, 489, 490.
Mistra, Sierra de, entrance to, 61.
Montalembert, Count de, on the decay of Catholicism, 159.
Moors, the, in Spain, 102-113.—*See* Arabs.
Moriscoes, the, expulsion of, from Spain, 293, 294.
Mosque, the, of Cordova, described by M. Poitou, 97-100, 117, 118; its history, 100, 101; its masterpieces of art, 102; described by M. B. Edwards, 102, 103.
Mountaineers of Spain, costume of, 22.
Murcia, town of, described, 366, 369.

Murillo, the painter, his birth-place, 136; his fecundity of production, 136, 137; his masterpieces interpreted and criticized, 138-140, 414-417; his delicate piety, 140; his genius characterized, 413-414.
Museum of Madrid, the, its picture galleries described, 403-428.
Museum of Seville, the, described. 136.

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM, his "History of the Peninsular War," quoted, 20.
Navarrese, the, their manners and character, 24.
Newton, the author of the "Notable Historie of the Saracens," quoted, 195.
Novels, the passion for, in Cervantes' time, 62; reprobated by the Cortes in 1555, 63, 64.
Nuestra-Dama-del-Pilar, church of, Saragossa, 44, 45.

OLAVIDES, DON PABLO, colonization of La Carolina by, 83; career of, detailed, 83.
Olite, castle and neighbourhood, described, 34.
Olive oil, of Spain, 83; how extracted, 84, 85.
Orihuela, plain of, its fertility remarked, 363; town of, described, 363, 364.

PAINTING, Spanish, the great masters of, characterized, 403-420; its leading peculiarities noted, 420, 421.
Palace of the Infante, the, Saragossa, 44.
Palm-tree, the, a meditation on, 360.
Palos de Mogue, its historic connection with Columbus, 204.
Pampeluna, town of, its position, and hotels, 22, 23; its buildings and inhabitants, 23; its cathedral, 23, 24; its citadel and historical associations, 25.
Pavia, defeat of Francis I. at, 18.
Pedro, Don, the story of his crimes, 125-135; his death, 136; his assassination of Garcilasso de la Vega, 474, 475.
Perez, Antonio, secretary to Philip II., characterized, 49, 50; his connection with the assassination of Escovedo, 51, 52; his arrest, trial, condemnation, escape, and final flight to France, 51-54.
Perez de Hita, the historian, quoted, 38.
Philip II., of Spain, transports the Court to Madrid, 72; his political genius, 433; his connection with the Escorial, 439; the fortunes of Spain, under, 440, 441; his personal character, 442; his despotism, 442, 443; his treatment of Don Carlos and Montigny, 444-460.
Port of Passage, the, referred to, 20.
Portugal, the bull-fight in, characterized, 77; its relation to Spain, 464; the character of its people, 464.
Posada, dinner in a Spanish, 91, 92.
Poussin, Nicholas, his works in the Madrid gallery referred to, 427.
Prado, the, of Madrid, characterized, 73.
Prescott, W. H., the historian, quoted, 288, 289.
Prim, General, his first insurrectio 12.
Prison, inside a Spanish, 331-336.
Pronunciamientos, as obstructions to travelling, 12.
Puerta de Despeña-Perros, defile of, described, 80.
Puerta del Sol, the, of Madrid, described, 72, 73.
Puerto de Santa Maria, the town of, the prospect from, 196, 199.

RACINE, the dramatist, unfortunate death of his son, 200.
Rantaria, crenelated tower of, 20.
Raphael, the painter, his works in the Madrid museum criticized, 421-423.
Ribadeneira, Pietro, his life of Ignatius Loyola, 27.
Ribera, the painter, his genius celebrated, 417-419
"Roland, Song of," the, referred to, 33.
Roland, the Brèche de, defile of, described, 33.
Roncesvalles, supposed defeat of Charlemagne's army at, 27, 28; the old legend of, told, 28-32.
Ronda, town of, situation described, 225, 226.
Rubens, the painter, his works in the Madrid museum, noticed, 426, 427.

SAINT SIMON, the Duke of, his description of travelling in Spain in the last century, 11, 12.
San Chidrian, station at, 470, 471.
San Sebastian, town of, its position, appearance, and historical associations, 20.
Santa-Engracia, church of, Saragossa, historic memories attaching to, 55.
San Telmo, palace of, at Seville, description of, 147, 148.
Saragossa, the "heart of Spain," 39; its historical associations, 39, 40; its inhabitants, 40, 43; the Palace of the Infante, 44; the church of Nuestra-Dama-del-Pilar, 44, 45; the cathedral, 45, 46, 47; its historical associations continued, 54-57; its principal buildings and ancient history, 57; the road to Madrid, 58.
Segovia, its manufactures and objects of interest, 471, 472.
Seville, its suitability as the capital of Spain, 72; the country from Cordova to, described, 119, 120; its bright and lively aspect, 120; during Holy Week, 120, 121; its Alcazar described, 121-136; its museum, 136; its cathedral, 140-144; a tobacco manufactory, 144; the palace of San Telmo, 147, 148; a "pearl of cities," 153; evenings in, 154; its suburb of Triana, 154; the Inquisition in, 154; the houses in, 160; habits of the women in, 161, 162; Holy Thursday at, 162-168; the circus and a bull-fight at, 168-177.

Shakespeare, quotations from, 374, 429.
Shoemaker a Spanish, visit to, 341, 342; anecdote of, 342, 343.
Southey, the poet, quoted, 181, 192, 195, 213.
Spenser, the poet, quoted, 279, 461.
Spain, travelling in, in the last century, 11, 12; at the present day, 12; entered from Bayonne, 13, 14; characteristics of the scenery of the centre, 20; travelling in the interior, 20, 21; costume of the mountaineers, 22; general barrenness of the country, 34; costumes of its water-carriers and peasants, 40, 43; general characteristics of its cathedrals, 45, 46; its people, the "thirstiest upon earth," 57, 58; mountainous nature of its scenery, 58, 59; its railway stations, described, 74, 75; travelling in Spanish diligences, 78, 79; under the domination of the Moors, 95-113; in the Middle Ages, 129-131; its national ballet described, 148, 149; its general impoverishment, depopulation, and decadence lamented, 185, 186; character of its people, 186-188; its superficial civilization, 188, 189; miscarriage of justice in, 190, 336, 337; its wealth in the vine, 233; a "country where work is dishonourable," 234, 235; stormy passions of its people, 235, 236; its corrupt society, 236, 237; its local misgovernment, 237, 238; destruction of the Moorish ascendancy, 284, 294; the grandest period of its history, 292, 293; impoliteness of its people, 326; their rudeness to strangers, 327-330; their jealousy of foreigners, 340; their pride and poverty, 341; their cowardice, 344; its want of a "third estate," and general decadence, 345; its mountains, 360, 361; its prosperity in the sixteenth century, 378; its decadence in the eighteenth century, 379; causes of its decay, 380, 381; its moral declension caused by despotism, 382; re-animation of its genius, 382, 383.
St. Bartholomew's Day, the massacre of, 13.
St. Quentin, the battle of, 433.

Tagus, the, at Toledo, 388.
Tarifa, the town of, seen from the sea, 208, 209; its historic memories, 209; Moorish character of its usages, 209; its sieges, 210.
Tennyson, quoted, 249.
Theresa, St., birth-place of, 467; the story of, 467, 468.
Titian, the painter, his works in the Madrid gallery, noticed, 423-425.
Toledo, town of, its picturesque position, 388; a "city of the past," 388, 389; described, 389, 390; Santa Maria la Blanca, 391; the cathedral, 391, 392, 397; the Mozarabian chapel, 392, 393; the cloister of San Giovanni dos Reyes, 395, 396; the Alcazar of Charles V., 396; its rude climate, 397, 398.
Trench, Archbishop, his sonnet on Gibraltar, quoted, 211, 212.
Triana, the suburb of Seville described, 154.

Valencia, town of, notes on, 369, 370; the theatre of the Cid's exploits, 370, 371.
Vega, Garcilasso de la, his assassination by Don Pedro, 474, 475; as a soldier and poet, 67, 68.
Vega, Lope de, the poet, his career referred to, 68.
Velasquez, the Spanish painter, criticized, 403, 404; his finest paintings characterized, 404, 412.
Venta, a Spanish, a night in, 315, 316.
Venta de Cardenas, referred to, 75.
Veronese, Paolo, the painter, his works in the Madrid gallery noted, 425.
Viardot, the historian of the Arabs, cited, 110.
Villemain, the historian, quoted, 110.
Vittoria, town of, view from, described, 491.

Wordsworth, William, the poet, quoted, 33; his sonnets on the siege of Saragossa, 55.

Xeres, town of, its wines and its riches, 195; its appearance described, 196.
Ximenès, Cardinal, transports the seat of government to Madrid, 72; his expedition against the Moors of Oran, 351-353; his connection with Toledo, 392; his career narrated, 393-395.

Zurbaran, the painter, his genius characterized, 419.