

Hermengilde himself, by Montanés, over the high altar. The good old priest who had the care of this church lived in a little room adjoining, like a hermit in his cell, entirely devoted to painting and to the 'culte' of his patron saint. St. Gregory the Great attributes to the merits of this martyr the conversion of his brother, afterwards King Recared, the penitence of his father, and the Christianizing of the whole kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain.

From thence our travellers went on to the orphanage managed by the 'Trinitarian Sisters.' The house was built in the last century, by a charitable lady, who richly endowed it, and placed 200 children there; now, the government, without a shadow of right, has taken the whole of the funds of the institution, and allows them barely enough to purchase bread. The superior is in despair, and has scarcely the heart to go on with the work. She has diminished the number of the children, and has been obliged to curtail their food, giving them neither milk nor meat, except on great festivals. But for the intervention of the Duc de Montpensier, and other charitable persons, the whole establishment must long since have been given up. There are twenty-four sisters. The children work and embroider beautifully, and are trained to every

kind of industrial occupation. From this orphanage our party went to the Hospital for Women, managed by the sisters of the third order of St. Francis. It is one of the best hospitals in Seville. There are about 100 women, admirably kept and cared for, and a ward of old and incurable patients besides. The superior, a most motherly, loving soul, to whom every one seemed much attached, took them over every part of the building. She has a passion for cats, and beautiful 'Angoras' were seen basking in the sun on every window-sill.

This hospital, like the orphanage, is a private foundation; but the government has given notice that they mean to appropriate its funds, and the poor sisters are in terror lest their supplies should cease for their sick. It is a positive satisfaction to think that the government which has dealt in this wholesale robbery of the widow and orphan is not a bit the better for it. One feels inclined to exclaim twenty times a day: 'Thy money perish with thee!'

But of all the charitable institutions of Seville, the finest is the Caridad, a magnificent hospital, or rather 'asilo,' for poor and incurable patients, nursed and tended by the Spanish sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. It was founded in the seventeenth century, by Don Miguel de Mañara, a man

eminent for his high birth and large fortune, and one of the knights of Calatrava, an order only given to people whose quarterings showed nobility for several generations. He was in his youth the Don Juan of Seville, abandoning himself to every kind of luxury and excess, although many strange warnings were sent to him, from time to time, to arrest him in his headlong, downward course. On one occasion especially, he had followed a young and apparently beautiful figure through the streets and into the cathedral, where, regardless of the sanctity of the place, he insisted on her listening to his addresses. What was his horror, on her turning round, in answer to his repeated solicitations, when the face behind the mask proved to be that of a skèleton! So strongly was this circumstance impressed on his mind, that he caused it afterward to be painted by Valdés, and hung in the council-room of the hospital. Another time, when returning from one of his nocturnal orgies, he lost his way, and, passing by the Church of Santiago, saw, to his surprise, that the doors were open, the church lit, and a number of priests were kneeling with lighted tapers round a bier in perfect silence. He went in and asked 'whose was the funeral?' The answer of one after the other was: 'Don Miguel de

Mañara.' Thinking this a bad joke, he approached the coffin, and hastily lifted up the black pall which covered the features of the dead. To his horror, he recognized himself. This event produced a complete change in his life. He resolved to abandon his vicious courses and marry, choosing the only daughter of a noble house, as much noted for her piety as for her beauty. But God had higher designs in store for him, and after a few years, spent in the enjoyment of the purest happiness, his young wife died suddenly. In the first violence of his grief, Don Miguel thought but of escaping from the world altogether, and burying himself in a monastery. But God willed it otherwise. There was at that time, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, a little hermitage dedicated to St. George, which was the resort of a confraternity of young men who had formed themselves into brothers of charity, and devoted themselves to the care of the sick and dying poor. Don Diego Mirafuentes was their 'hermano mayor,' or chief brother, and, being an old friend of Don Miguel's, invited him to stay with him, and, by degrees, enlisted all his sympathies in their labors of love. He desired to be enrolled in their confraternity, but his reputation was so bad that the brotherhood hesitated to admit

him; and when at last they yielded, determined to put his sincerity and humility to the test by ordering him to go at once from door to door throughout Seville (where he was so well known) with the bodies of certain paupers, and to crave alms for their interment. Grace triumphed over all natural repugnance to such a task; and with his penitence had come that natural thirst for penance which made all things appear easy and light to bear, so that very soon he became the leader in all noble and charitable works.

Finding that an asylum or home was sadly needed in winter for the reception of the houseless poor, he purchased a large warehouse, which he converted into rooms for this purpose; and by dint of begging got together a few beds and necessaries, so that by the Christmas following more than 200 sick or destitute persons were here boarded and lodged. From this humble beginning arose one of the most magnificent charitable institutions in Spain. The example of Don Miguel, his burning charity, his austere self-denial, his simple faith, won all hearts. Money poured in on every side; every day fresh candidates from the highest classes pleaded for admission into the confraternity. It was necessary to draw up certain rules for



their guidance ; and this work was entrusted to Don Miguel, who had been unanimously elected as their superior. Nowhere did his wisdom, prudence, and zeal appear more strongly than in these regulations, which still form the constitutions of this noble foundation. Defining, first, the nature of their work—the seeking out and succoring the miserable, nursing the sick, burying the dead, and attending criminals to their execution—he goes on to insist on the value of personal service, both private and public ; on the humility and self-abnegation required of each brother ; that each, on entering the hospital, should forget his rank, and style himself simply ‘servant of the poor,’ kissing the hand of the oldest among the sufferers, and serving them as seeing Jesus Christ in the persons of each. The notices of certain monthly meetings and church services which formed part of the rule of the community were couched in the following terms : ‘This notice is sent you lest you should neglect these holy exercises, which may be the last at which God will allow you to assist.’ Sermons and meditations on the Passion of our Lord, and on the nearness of death and of eternity, formed the principal religious exercises of the confraternity ; in fact, the Passion is the abiding devotion of the order.

His hospital built, and his poor comfortably housed and cared for, Don Miguel turned his attention to the church, which was in ruins. A letter of his, still extant, will show the difficulties which he had to overcome in this undertaking. 'We had hoped,' he writes, 'that one of our brothers, who was rich and childless, would have given us something to begin the restoration; but he died without thinking of the church, and so vanished our golden hopes, as they always will when we put our trust in human means to accomplish God's ends. I was inclined to despond about it; when, the next morning, at eight o'clock, a poor beggar named Luis asked to speak to me. "My wife is just dead," he said. "She sold chestnuts on the Plaza, and realized a little sum of eighty ducats. To bury her I have spent thirty: fifty remain; they are all I have; but I bring them to you that you may lay the first stone of the new church. I want nothing for myself but a bit of bread, which I can always beg from door to door."' Don Miguel refused; the beggar insisted, and so the church was begun: and the story spread, and half a million of ducats were poured into the laps of the brothers; but, as Mañara added, 'the first stone was laid by God

Himself in the "little all" of the poor beggar.\* This church was filled in 1680 with the chefs-d'œuvre of Murillo and of Valdés Leal: an autograph letter from the great religious painter is still shown in the Sala Capitular of the hospital, asking to be admitted as a member of the confraternity. 'Our Saviour as a Child;' 'St. John and the Lamb;' 'San Juan de Dios with an Angel;' the 'Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes;' but, above all, 'Moses striking the Rock,' called 'La Sed,' (so admirably is *thirst* represented in the multitudès crowding round the prophet in the wilderness,) were the magnificent offerings of the new 'brother' toward the decoration of God's house and the cause of charity. Equally striking, but more painful in their choice of subjects, are the productions of Valdés, especially a 'Dead Bishop,' awful in its contrast of gorgeous robes with the visible work of the worms beneath, and of which Murillo said 'that he could not look at it without holding his nose.' Other pictures by Murillo formerly decorated these walls; but they were stolen by the French, and afterward sold to English collectors, the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Tomline being among

\* How often, when buying chestnuts of one of the old women in the Plaza of the Caridad, did the recollection of this story come into the mind of our travellers!



the purchasers. After the church, the most remarkable thing in the Caridad is the 'patio,' divided into two by a double marble colonnade. Here the poor patients sit out half the day, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers. On the wall is the following inscription, from the pen of Mañara himself, but which loses in the translation: 'This house will last as long as God shall be feared in it, and Jesus Christ be served in the persons of his poor. Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride.'

The cloisters and passages are full of texts and pious thoughts, but all associated with the two ideas ever prominent in the founder's mind—charity and death. Over what was his own cell is the following, in Spanish: 'What is it that we mean when we speak of Death? It is being free from the body of sin, and from the yoke of our passions: therefore, to live is a bitter death, and to die is a sweet life.'

The wards are charmingly large and airy, and lined with gay 'azulejos.' The kitchen is large and spacious, with a curious roof, supported by a single pillar in the middle. Over the president's chair, in the Sala Capitular, is the original portrait of Don Miguel Mañara, by his friend Valdés Leal, and, at the side, a cast taken of

his face after death, presented to the confraternity by Vicentelo de Leca. Both have the same expression of dignity and austerity, mingled with tenderness, especially about the mouth; and the features have a strong resemblance to those of the great Condé. He died on May 19, 1679, amidst the tears of the whole city, being only fifty-three years of age: but a nature such as his could not last long. A very interesting collection of his letters is still shown in the hospital, and his life has been lately admirably translated into French by M. Antoine de Latour.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart have established themselves lately in Seville, through the kindness of the Marquesa de V——, and are about to open a ladies' school—which is very much needed—on the site of a disused Franciscan convent. The archbishop has given them the large church adjoining the convent; and it was almost comical to see the three or four charming sisters, who are beginning this most useful and charitable work, singing their benediction *alone* in the vast chancel, until the building can be got ready for the reception of their pupils.

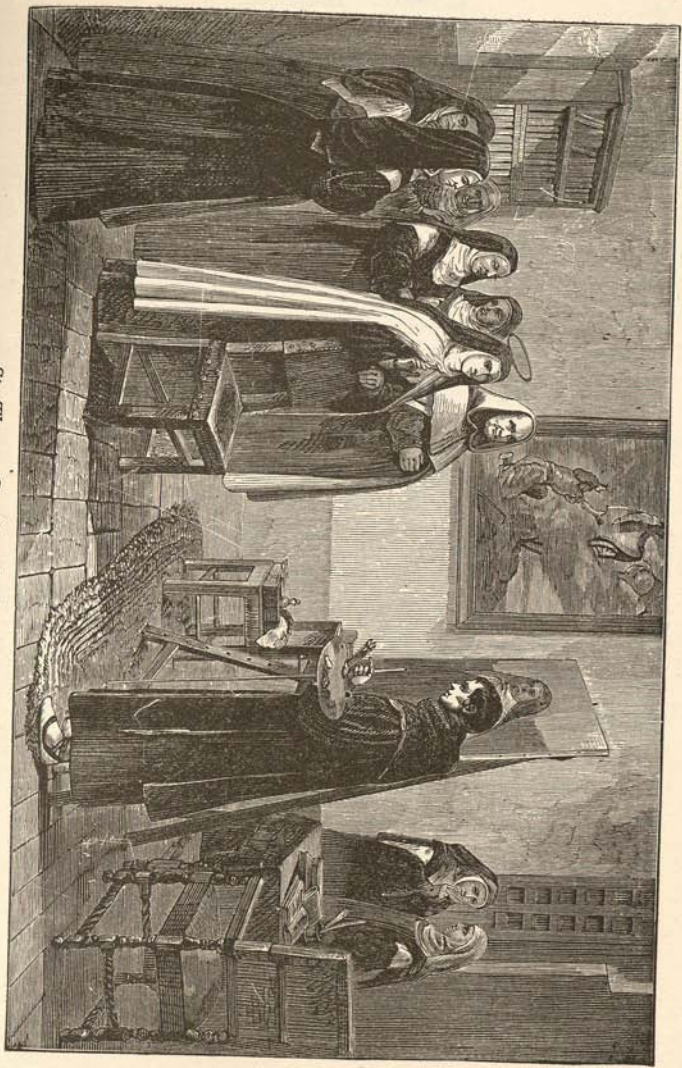
Another convent visited by the ladies of the party was that of Sta. Ines, which stands in a narrow street near the Church of St. Felipe Neri.

The great treasure of this convent is the body of *Sta. Maria Coronel*, which remains as fresh and as life-like as if she had died but yesterday. Her history is a tragical one. Pedro the Cruel, falling madly in love with her great beauty, condemned her husband, who was governor of the Balearic Islands, to an ignominious death; but then, with a refinement of cruelty, promised his pardon to his wife on condition that she would yield to his passion. Maria Coronel, preferring death to dishonor, permitted the execution of her husband, and fled for refuge to this convent, where the king, violating all rights, human and divine, pursued her. One night he penetrated into her cell. Maria, seeing no other mode of escape, seized the lamp which burnt on the table before her, and poured the boiling oil over her face, thus destroying her beauty for ever. The king, enraged and disappointed, relinquished his suit; and the poor lady lived and died in the convent. In the library of the University is an ancient MS. describing Pedro the Cruel as 'tall, fair, good-looking, and full of spirit, valor, and talent!' but his execrable deeds speak for themselves. The curious thing is, that the marks of the boiling oil are as clearly seen on Maria Coronel's face now as on the day when the heroic deed was committed. The sisters of

this convent are dressed in blue, with a long black veil, and their cloisters contain some very curious pictures and relics.

The most interesting visit, however, paid by one of the party in Seville, was to the strictly enclosed convent of Sta. Teresa, to enter which the English lady had obtained special Papal permission. Of the sorrows and perils which St. Theresa experienced in founding this house she herself speaks in writing to her niece, Mary of Ocampo: 'I assure you that of all the persecutions we have had to endure, none can bear the least comparison with what we have suffered at Seville.'\* Suffering from violent fever, calumniated by one of her own postulants, denounced to the Inquisition, persecuted incessantly by the fathers of the mitigated rule, with no prospect of buying a house, and no money for the purchase, the saint could yet find courage to add: 'Notwithstanding all these evils, my heart is

\* For both this and other quotations regarding St. Theresa's foundations, the writer is indebted to the charming life of the saint published by Hurst & Blackett in 1865, and which, from its wonderful truth and accuracy, is a perfect hand-book to any one visiting the Carmelite convents of Spain. She trusts that its author will forgive her for having, often unintentionally, used her actual expressions in speaking of places and of things, from the impossibility of their being described by an eye-witness in any other manner.



*St. Theresa Standing for her Picture.*



filled with joy. What blessed things are peace of conscience and liberty of soul! It reminds one of another occasion, when it was necessary to begin a foundation which was to cost a great deal of money, and the saint had but twopence-halfpenny. 'Never mind,' she replied, courageously, 'twopence-halfpenny and Theresa are nothing; but twopence-halfpenny and God are everything!' and the work was accomplished. In the case of the Seville house her patience and faith met with a like reward. On the Feast of the Ascension, 1576, the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the chapel of the new convent by the archbishop himself, accompanied by all his clergy, who wished to make public amends to St. Theresa and her nuns for the persecutions they had endured; and when Theresa knelt to ask for his pastoral benediction, the archbishop, in the presence of all the people, knelt to ask for hers in return, thus testifying to the high estimation in which he held her and her work.

It was this convent, untouched since those days of trial, which our visitors now entered. There are twenty-two sisters, of whom three are novices, and their rule is maintained in all its primitive severity. They keep a perpetual fast, living chiefly on the dried 'cabala,' or stockfish.

of the country, and only on festivals and at Easter-tide allowing themselves eggs and milk.

They have no beds, only a hard mattress stuffed with straw; this, with an iron lamp, a pitcher of water, a crucifix, and a discipline, constitutes the only furniture of each cell, all of which are alike. One or two common prints were pasted on the walls, and over the doors hung various little ejaculations: 'Jesu, superabundo gaudio;' 'O crux! ave, spes unica!' 'Domine, quid me vis facere?' or else a little card in Spanish, like the following, which the English lady carried off with her as a memorial:

Aplaca, mi Dios, Tu ira,  
Tu justicia y Tu rigor.  
Por los ruegos de María,  
Misericordia, Señor!

Santo Dios, Santo fuerte, Santo inmortal,  
Liberanos, Señor, de todo mal.

At the refectory, each sister has an earthenware plate and jug, with a wooden cover, an earthenware salt-cellar, and a wooden spoon. Opposite the place of the superior is a skull, the only distinction. They are allowed no linen except in sickness, and wear only a brown mantle and white serge scapular, with a black veil, which covers them from head to foot. They are rarely allowed to walk in the garden, or to go out in the corridor in the sun to warm them-



selves. Their house is like a cellar, cold and damp; and they have no fires. Even at recreation they are not allowed to sit, except on the floor; and silence is rigidly observed, except for two hours during the day. They have only five hours' sleep, not going to bed till half-past eleven, on account of the office. At eleven, one of the novices seizes the wooden clapper, (or *crecella*,) which she strikes three times, pronouncing the words: 'Praise be to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother; my sisters, let us go to matins to glorify our Lord.' Then they go to the choir, singing the *Miserere*. They are called again in the same manner at half-past four by a sister who chaunts a verse in the Psalms. At night, a sentence is pronounced aloud, to serve as meditation. It is generally this:

My sisters, think of this: a little suffering, and then an eternal recompense.

They see absolutely *no one*, receiving the Holy Communion through a slit in the wall. The English lady was the first person they had seen face to face, or with lifted veils, for twelve years. They play the organ of the chapel, which is a public one, though they themselves are entirely invisible; and they are not even allowed to see

the altar, which is concealed by a heavy black curtain, drawn across the grating looking into the church. They have an image of their great foundress, the size of life, dressed in the habit of the order, and to her they go night and morning and salute her, as to a mother. Their convent is rich in relics, beautiful pictures, and crucifixes, brought in by different religious, especially the Duchesse de Bega, who became a Carmelite about fifty years ago. But their chief treasure is an original picture of St. Theresa, for which she sat by command of the archbishop, and which has lately been photographed for the Duc de Montpensier. It is a very striking and beautiful face, but quite different from the conventional representations of the saint. When it was finished, she looked at it, and exclaimed naively: 'I did not know I was grown so old or so ugly!' There is also in this sacristy a very beautiful Morales of the 'Virgin and a Dead Christ,' and a curious portrait of Padre Garcia, the saint's confessor. Up stairs, in her own cell, they have her cloak and shoes, and the glass out of which she drank in her last illness. The stranger was courteously made to drink out of it also, and then to put on the saint's cloak, in which she was told 'to kneel and pray for her heart's desire, and it would be granted to her.'

But the most interesting thing in the convent is the collection of MSS. They have the whole of the 'Interior Mansion,' written in her own firm and beautiful handwriting, with scarcely an erasure; besides quantities of her letters and answers from St. John of the Cross, from Ven. John of Avila, from Padre Garcia, and a multitude of others. The superior is elected every three years, and the same one cannot be re-elected till three years have elapsed. They require a 'dot' of 8,000 reals, or about a hundred pounds; but their number is full, and several candidates are now waiting their turn for admission. The Government has taken what little property they once had, and gives them at the rate of a peseta (two reals) a day, so that, poor as their food is, they are often on the verge of starvation.

It was with a feeling almost of relief that the English lady found herself once more in the sunshine outside these gloomy walls; yet those who lived within them seemed cheerful and happy, and able to realize in the fullest degree, without any external aid, those mysteries of Divine love and that beauty of holiness which, to our weaker faith, would seem impossible when deprived of all sight of our Lord in His tabernacle or in His glorious creations. We are tempted to ask, Why

is it that convents of this nature are so repugnant to English taste? Every one is ready to appreciate those of the Sisters of Charity. People talk of their good deeds, of the blessing they are in the hospitals, of the advantages of united work, etc., etc.; but as for the enclosed orders, 'They wish they were all abolished.' 'What is the good of a set of women shutting themselves up and *doing nothing*?' Reader, *do* they 'do nothing?' We will not speak of the schools; of the evening classes for working women; of the preparations for first communions and confirmations; of the retreats within their sheltering walls for those of us who, wearied with this world's toil and bustle, wish to pause now and then and gain breath for the daily fight, and take stock, as it were, of our state before God. These, and other works like these, form almost invariably a very important portion of the daily occupation of the cloistered orders. But we will dismiss the thoughts of any external work, and come to the highest and noblest part of their vocation. What is it that is to 'move mountains?' What is it that over and over again, in Holy Scripture, has saved individuals, and cities, and nations? Is it not united intercessory prayer? Is it nothing to us, in the whirl and turmoil of this work-a-day life, that

holy hands should ever be lifted up for us to the Great Intercessor? Is there no *reparation* needed for the sins, and the follies, and the insults to the Majesty of God, and to His Sacraments, and to His Mother, which are ever going on in this our native country? Does it not touch the most indifferent among us to think of our self-indulgence being, as it were, atoned for by their self-denial?—our pampered appetites by their fasts and vigils? It is true that our present habits of life and thought lead to an obvious want of sympathy with such an existence. It has no public results on which we can look complacently, or which can be paraded boastfully. Everything seems waste which is not visible; and all is disappointment which is not obvious success. It is supernatural principles especially which are at a discount in modern days! Surely the time will come when we shall judge these things very differently; when our eyes will be opened like the eyes of the prophet's servant; and we shall see from what miseries, from what sorrows, we and our country have been preserved by lives like these, which save our Sodom, and avert God's righteous anger from His people.\*

\* In a simple but touching French biography of a young English lady who lately died in the convent of the 'Poor Clares' at Amiens, the writer's idea is far more beautifully expressed:

'At this hour of the night, perhaps, a young lady of the world,

One more curious establishment was visited by our party at Seville before their departure, and that was the cigar manufactory, an enormous Government establishment, occupying an immense yellow building, which looks like a palace, and employing 1,000 men and 5,000 women. The rapidity with which the cigars are turned out by those women's fingers is not the least astonishing part. The workers are almost all young, and some very beautiful. They take off their gowns and their crinolines as soon as they come in, hanging them up in a long gallery, and take the flowers out of their hair and put them in water, so that they may be fresh when they come out; and then work away in their petticoats with wonderful zeal and good humor the whole day long. The Government makes 90,000,000 reals a year from the

an uncrowned martyr to its laws and exactions, returns home exhausted with fatigue and emotion. As she glides past the convent wall and hears the bell summon the voluntary recluses to prayer, she may ask herself: "Of what use are nuns?" I will tell you. *To expiate.* After this night of enjoyment, spent at a theatre or ball, another night will come, a night of anguish and of supremest agony. You will then lie on your death-bed, face to face with that eternity you are about to enter alone and unsupported. Perhaps you dare not, cannot pray; but some one has prayed for you, and, doing violence to heaven, obtained what you were not worthy to hope for. *Such is the use of nuns.'*

profits of this establishment, though the dearest cigar made costs put twopence.

And now the sad time came for our travellers to leave Seville. In fact, the exorbitant prices of everything at the hotel made a longer stay impossible, though it was difficult to say *what* it was that they paid for; certainly *not food*; for excepting the chocolate and bread, which are invariably good throughout Spain, the dinners were uneatable, the oil rancid, the eggs stale; even 'el cocido,' the popular dish, was composed of indescribable articles, and of kids which seemed to have died a natural death. One of the party, a Belgian, exclaimed when her first dish of this so-called meat was given her at Easter: 'Vraiment, je crois que nous autres nous n'avons pas tant perdu pendant le Carême!' An establishment has lately been started by an enterprising peasant to sell milk fresh from the cow, a great luxury in Spain, where goat's milk is the universal substitute; and four very pretty Alderneys are kept, stall-fed, in a nice little dairy, 'à l'Anglaise,' at one corner of the principal square, which is both clean and tempting to strangers. At every corner of the streets, water, in cool, porous jars, is offered to the passers-by, mixed with a sugary substance looking like what is used by confectioners for 'meringues,' but which melts in the

water and leaves no trace. This is the universal beverage of every class in Spain.

There is little to tempt foreigners in the shops of Seville, and with the exception of photographs and fans, there is nothing to buy which has any particular character or 'chique' about it. The fans are beautiful, and form, in fact, one of the staple trades of the place; there is also a sweet kind of incense manufactured of flowers, mixed with resinous gums, which resembles that made at Damascus. But the ordinary contents of the shops look like the sweepings-out of all the 'quincaillerie' of the Faubourg St-Denis.

It was on a more lovely evening than usual that our travellers went, for the last time, to that glorious cathedral. The sorrow was even greater than what they had felt the year before in leaving St. Peter's: for Rome one lives in hopes of seeing again; Seville, in all human probability, never! The services were over, but the usual proportion of veiled figures knelt on the marble pavement, on which the light from those beautiful painted windows threw gorgeous colors. Never had that magnificent temple appeared more solemn or more worthy of its purpose; one realized, as one had never done before, one's own littleness and God's ineffable greatness, mercy, and love. Still they lingered, when the inexora-



ble courier came to remind them that the train was on the point of starting, and with a last prayer, which was more like a sob, our travellers left the sacred building. At the station all their kind Seville friends had assembled to bid them good-by, and to re-echo kind hopes of a speedy return; and then the train started, and the last gleam of sunshine died out on the tower of the Giralda.





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ESCURIAL AND TOLEDO.

THE journey to Madrid was uneventful. One more day was spent in Cordova; once more they visited that glorious mosque; one more day and night was spent in wearisome diligences and stifling wayside stations, and then they found themselves again established in their old comfortable quarters in the 'Puerta del Sol.'

It was a relief to think that the 'lions' of the place had been more or less visited, and that all they had to do was to return to the places of previous interest, and thoroughly enjoy them. The cold during their former visit had precluded their making any expeditions in the neighborhood, which omission they now prepared to rectify. Spending the first few days in seeing their old friends, and obtaining letters of introduction from them, our travellers resolved that their first excursion should be to the Escorial.

A railroad is now open from Madrid, which passes by the palace; so at half-past six one morning they took their places in the train, which soon carried them away from the cultivated environs of the city to a country which, for desolation, wildness, and grandeur, resembles the scenery at Nicolosi in the ascent of Etna. In the midst of this rugged mass of rocks and scrubby oak-trees the large gloomy Escorial rises up, under the shadow, as it were, of the snowy, jagged peaks of the Sierra Guadarama, which forms its background. There is a picture of it, by Rubens, in the gallery at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, which gives the best possible idea of the complete isolation of the great building itself, and of the savage character of the whole of the surrounding country.

Leaving the train, our party went to present their letters to the principal, Padre G——, who very kindly showed them everything most worth seeing in the place. It is a gigantic pile of masonry, built by Philip II. as a thanksgiving for the success of the battle of St. Quentin, and in the shape of a gridiron, being dedicated to St. Laurence, on the day of whose martyrdom the vow was made. 'He who made such a great vow, must have been in a terrible fright!' was the saying of the Duke of Braganza; and the gloomy,

cold, grey character of the whole place is but the reflex of the king's temperament. He employed the famous architect Herrera, whose genius was, however, much cramped by the king's insistence on the shape being maintained. It was finished in 1584.

The Jeronimite monks have been scattered to the winds, and the convent has been turned into a college; they have about 250 students. The church is large and solemn, but bare and uninviting, dismal and sombre, like all the rest. The choir is up stairs, with fine carved stalls, among which is that of Philip II., who always said office with the monks. The painted ceiling is by Luca Giordano. The choir-books are more than 200 in number, in virgin calf, and of gigantic size; some of them are beautifully illuminated. At the back, in a small gallery, with a window looking on the great piazza below, is the famous white marble Christ, the size of life, by Benvenuto Cellini, given to Philip II. by the Grand Duke of Florence. On certain days it is exposed to the people from the window; but wonderful as may be its anatomy, the expression is both painful and commonplace. Beneath the church is the famous crypt containing the bodies of all the kings and queens of Spain since Charles V., arranged in niches round the octa-

gonal chapel. Each niche contains a black marble sarcophagus; the kings on the right, and the queens on the left. Here mass is always said on All Souls' Day, and on the anniversaries of their deaths. The present queen came once, and looked at the empty urn waiting for her, but did not repeat the experiment. 'I have come once of my own free will,' she is supposed to have said, 'but the next time I shall be brought here without it.' It is a dismal resting-place; the damp, cold, slippery stairs by which you descend into it from the church seem to chill one's very blood, and the profound darkness, only lit up here and there by the flicker of the guide's torch, with the reverberation caused by the closing of the heavy iron door, fill the thoughts with visions of death uncheered by hope, and of a prison rather than a grave. Ascending with a feeling of positive relief to the church above, Padre G—— took them into the sacristy, which is a beautiful long, low room, with arabesque ceilings, and at the further end of which is a very fine picture by Coello, representing the apotheosis of the 'Forma,' or miraculous wafer: the heads are all portraits, and admirably executed. At the back is the little chapel or sanctuary where the 'Forma' is kept and exhibited twice a year. Charles II. erected the gorgeous

altar with the following inscription: En magni operis miraculum intra miraculum mundi, cœli miraculum consecratum. The legend states that at the battle of Gorcum, in 1525, the Zuinglian heretics scattered and trampled on the Sacred Host, *which bled*; and being gathered up and carefully preserved by the faithful, was afterward given by Rudolph II. to Philip II., which event is represented in a bas-relief. In this sacristy are also some vestments of which the embroidery is the most exquisite thing possible; the faces of the figures are like beautiful miniatures, so that it is difficult to believe they are done in needle-work.\*

But the great treasures of this church are its relics, of which the quantity is enormous. They are arranged in gigantic cupboards or 'étagères,' stretching from the floor to the ceiling, the doors of which are carefully concealed by the pictures which hang over them, above both the high altar and the two side altars at the east end. There are more than 7,000 relics, of which the most interesting are those of St. Laurence himself, (his skull, his winding-sheet, the iron bars of his gridiron, etc.,) the head of St. Hermengilde,

\* In the Dominican convent of Stone, in Staffordshire, the same exquisite work is now being reproduced; which proves that the art is not, as is generally supposed, extinct.

sent to the king from Seville, and the arm and head of St. Agatha. The reliquaries are also very beautiful, some of them of very fine cinquecento work. These are down-stairs. Up-stairs is a kind of secret chapel, where there are some things which were still more interesting to our travellers. Here are four MS. books of St. Theresa's, all written by her own hand; her 'Life,' written by command of her confessor, Padre Ibañez, with a voucher of its authenticity from him at the end; her 'Path of Perfection;' her 'Constitutions' and 'Foundations;' also her inkstand and pen. Her handwriting is more like a man's than a woman's, and is beautifully clear and firm. There is also a veil worked in a kind of crochet by St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and sent by her to St. Margaret; a beautifully illuminated Greek missal, once belonging to St. Chrysostom; a pot from Cana in Galilee; a beautifully carved ivory diptych; the body of one of the Holy Innocents, sent from Bethlehem; some exquisite ivory and coral reliquaries, etc. From the church, our party went up by a magnificent staircase to the library, which, though despoiled, like everything else, during the French invasion, still contains some invaluable books and MSS. There is an illuminated Apocalypse of the fourteenth century, most exquisitely painted on both

sides ; a very fine copy of the Koran ; many other beautiful missals ; and in a room down-stairs, not generally shown to travellers, are some thousands of manuscripts, among which are a wonderful illuminated copy of the Miracles of the Virgin, in Portuguese and Gallego, of the eleventh century, most quaint and funny in design and execution ; also a very curious illuminated book of chess problems, and other games, written by order of the king Alonso el Sabio. It is a library where one might spend days and days with ever-increasing pleasure, if it were not for the cold, which, to our travellers, fresh from the burning sun of Seville, seemed almost unendurable. The cloisters, refectory, and kitchens are all on the most magnificent scale. In the wing set aside for the private apartments of the royal family, but which they now rarely occupy, the thing most worth looking at is the tapestry, made in Madrid, at the Barbara factory, (now closed,) from drawings by Teniers and Goya. They are quite like beautiful paintings, both in expression and color, though some of the subjects and scenes are of questionable propriety. There is a suite of small rooms with beautiful inlaid doors and furniture ; a few good pictures, (among a good deal of rubbish,) especially one of Bosch, known as that of 'The Dog and the Fly;' and a very



interesting gallery or corridor, covered with frescoes, representing the taking of Granada on the one side and the battle of St. Quentin on the other, the victory of Lepanto occupying the spaces at the two ends. These frescoes are very valuable, both as portraits and as representing the costumes and arms of the period. They were said to be fac-simile copies of original drawings, done on cloths on the actual spots. That of St. Quentin was especially interesting to one of the party, whose ancestor fought there, and in whose house in England (Wilton Abbey) is still shown the armor of Ann Conétable de Montmorency, of the Duc de Montpensier, of Admiral Coligni, and of other French prisoners taken by him in that memorable battle. Beyond this gallery is the little business-room or study of Philip II., with his chair, his gouty stool, his writing-table, his well-worn letter-book, and two old pictures, one of the Seven Deadly Sins, the other an etching (of 1572) of the Virgin and Saints. Out of this tiny den is a kind of recess, with a window looking on the high altar, in which he caused his couch to be laid when he was dying. The death-struggle was prolonged for fifty-three days of almost continuous agony, during which time he went on holding in his hand the crucifix which Charles V. had when he expired, and which is

still religiously preserved. The gardens in front of this magnificent palace are very quaint and pretty, the beds being cut in a succession of terraces overlooking the plains below, and bordered with low box hedges cut in prim shapes, with straight gravel walks, beautiful fountains, and marble seats. But it is not difficult to understand why the poor queen prefers the sunny slopes of La Granja, or even the dulness of the green avenues of Aranjuez, to this gloomy pile, where the snow hardly ever melts in the cold shade of those inner courts, and where all the associations are of death in its most repulsive form. Above the Escorial, halfway up the mountain, is a rude seat of boulder stones, from whence it is said Philip II. used to watch the progress of the huge building.

Returning to the railway station, our travellers walked down the hill and through a pleasantly-wooded avenue to a little 'maisonnette' of the Infanta, built for Charles IV. when heir apparent, and containing some beautiful ivories and Wedgwoods. The gardens are pretty and bright, but the whole thing is too small to be anything but a child's toy. An accident on the line, somewhere near Avila, detained our party for six mortal hours at a wretched little wayside station, the authorities of which flatly refused to put on

a short special train, although there were a large number of passengers, in addition to our travellers, waiting, like them, to return to Madrid. But the Spanish mind cannot take in the idea of any one being in a hurry. 'Ora!' 'Mañana!' (By-and-by! To-morrow!) are the despairing words that meet one at every turn in this country. In this instance, neither horses nor carriages being procurable, by which the journey to Madrid (only twenty miles) could have been accomplished with perfect facility by road, our travellers had nothing left for it but to wait. Patience, and such sleep as could be got on a hard bench, were their only resource until one in the morning, when the night express fortunately came up, and, after some demur, agreed to take them back to Madrid.

Too tired the following day to start early again for Toledo, as they had intended, our party took advantage of the kindness of the English minister to see the queen's private library, which is in one of the wings of the large but uninteresting modern palace. The librarian good-naturedly showed them some of the rarest of his treasures; among them is a beautiful missal, bound in shagreen, with lovely enamel clasps and exquisite illuminations, which had belonged to Queen Isabella of Castile; her arms, Arragon on one

side and Castile on the other, were worked into the illuminations on the cover. There was a still older missal, illuminated in 1315, in which is found the first mention of *St. Louis* in the Kalendar. Here also are some of the first books printed in type, and a very fine MS. Greek copy of Aristotle.

Afterwards, they came to a distant room, where Dr. — found what he had long sought for in vain—a quantity of the MS. letters of Gondomar, minister from Spain to our King James I., giving an amusing and gossiping account of people and things in England at that time. In this library is also a very curious and interesting MS. life of Cardinal Wolsey.

In the evening, one of the party paid a visit to the Papal Nunzio, Monsignor B——, a very kind, clever, and agreeable man, living in a quaint old house, with a snug library, in which hangs a pretty oil painting of Tyana, a picturesque country near Barcelona, of which he is archbishop. From him, and from the venerable Monsignor S——, Bishop of Daulia, she obtained certain letters of introduction to prelates and convents, which were invaluable in her future tour, and procured for her a kind and courteous welcome wherever she went.

The following morning, after a five o'clock

mass in the beautiful little chapel of the Sisters of Charity, our travellers started for Toledo by rail, passing by the Aranjuez, the 'Sans-Souci' of the Spanish queen, where all the trees in Castile seem to be collected for her special benefit, and where the sight of the green avenues and fountains is a real refreshment after the barren and arid features of the rest of the country.

Toledo is a most curious and beautiful old town, built on seven hills, like Rome. The approach to it is by a picturesque bridge over the Tagus, which rushes through a rent in the granite mountains like a vigorous Scotch salmon-river, and encircles the walls of the ancient city as with a girdle. Passing under a fine old Moorish horse-shoe arched gateway, a modern zigzag road leads up the steep incline to the 'plaza,' out of which diverge a multitude of narrow, tortuous streets, like what in Edinburgh are called 'wynds,' as painful to walk upon as the streets of Jerusalem. However, after a vain attempt to continue in the Noah's Ark of an omnibus which had brought them up the steep hill from the station, and which grazed the walls of the houses on each side from its width, our travellers were compelled to brave the slippery stones and proceed on foot. The little inn is as primitive as all else in this quaint old town,

where everything seems to have stood still for the last five centuries. Leaving their cloaks in the only available place dignified by the name of 'Sala,' and swallowing with difficulty some very nasty coffee, they started off at once for the cathedral, which stands in the heart of the city, surrounded by convents and colleges, and with the archiepiscopal palace on the right. It is a marvel of Gothic beauty and perfection. Originally a mosque, it was rebuilt by Ferdinand, and converted by him into a Christian church, being finished in 1490. In no part of the world can anything be seen more unique, more beautiful, or more effective than the white marble screen, with its row of white angels with half-folded wings, guarding the sanctuary of the high altar, and standing out sharp and clear against the magnificent dark background formed by the arched naves and matchless painted glass, which, in depth and brilliancy of color and beauty of design, exceeds even that of Seville. 'Shall you ever forget the blue eyes of those rose-windows at Toledo?' exclaimed, months after, Dr. — to one of the party, who was dwelling with him on the wonderful beauties of this matchless temple.\* The choir is exquisitely carved, both

\* Incredible as it may seem, the guide-books state that there are no less than 750 stained glass windows in this cathedral.

above and below; the stalls divided by red marble columns. Of the seventy stalls, half are carved by Vigarny and half by Berruguete: each figure of each saint is a study in itself. The high altar is a perfect marvel of workmanship, the 'reredos' or 'retablo' representing the whole life and passion of our Lord. At the back is the wonderful marble 'trasparente,' which Ford calls an 'abomination of the seventeenth century,' but which, when the sun shines through it, is a marvel for effect of color and delicacy of workmanship. The Moorish altar still remains at which Ferdinand and Isabella heard mass after their conquest of the Saracens; and close to this altar is the spot pointed out by tradition as the one where the Virgin appeared to St. Ildefonso and placed the chasuble on his shoulders. It is veiled off, with this inscription on the pillar above: *Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.*

The fine bas-relief, representing the miracle, was executed by Vigarny. Fragments of Saracenic art peep out everywhere, especially in the Sala Capitular, or chapter room, of which the doorway is an exquisite specimen of the finest Moorish work, and the ceiling likewise. In this chapter room are two admirable portraits of Cardinal Ximenes and Cardinal Mendoza,

said to have been taken from life. The monuments in the side chapels are very fine, especially one of St. Ildefonso, whose body had been carried by the Moors to Zamora, and was there discovered by a shepherd, and brought back again; of Cardinal Mendoza; of the Constable Alvaro de Luna, and of several Spanish kings. Here also rests the body of St. Leocadia, martyred in the persecution under Diocletian, and to whom three churches in Toledo are dedicated. During the wars with the Moors her body was removed to Italy, and thence to Mons; but was brought back by Philip II. to her native city, and is now in an urn in the sacristy. At the west end of the cathedral is a very curious chapel, where the Muzarabic ritual is still used. This appears to be to the Spaniards what the Ambrosian is to the Milanese, and was established by Cardinal Ximenes. The sacristy is a real treasure-house, containing an exquisite tabernacle of gold brought by Christopher Columbus, incensories, chalices, crosses and reliquaries, in gold and enamel, and 'cristal de roche,' (some given by Louis of France,) and the missal of St. Louis, of which the illuminations are as fine as any in the Vatican. The robes, mantles, and ornaments of the Virgin are encrusted with pearls and jewels. Cardinal Mendoza removed



one side of the marble screen of the high altar to make room for his own monument. In contrast to this, is another archbishop's tomb, near the altar of the miraculous Virgin. They wanted to give him a fine carved sepulchre, and were discussing it in his presence a short time before his death. He insisted on a simple slab, with the following words: 'Here lies dust, ashes, nobody.' Close to the *bénitière* at the south entrance is a little marble slab attached to the pillar, and on it a little soft leather cushion, which had excited the curiosity of one of our party on entering. On returning for vespers, she found laid on it a fine litt'e baby, beautifully dressed, with a medal round its neck, but quite dead! One of the canons explained to her that when the parents were too poor to pay the expenses of their children's funerals, they brought the little bodies in this way for interment by the chapter. The cloisters to the north of the cathedral are very lofty and fine, and decorated with frescoes; and the doors, with their magnificent bronze bas-reliefs, in the style of the Florence baptistery, and gloriously carved portals, are on a par with all the rest. The 'Puerta del Perdon,' and the 'Puerta de los Leones,' especially, are unique in their gorgeous details, and

in the great beauty and lifelike expression of the figures.

The chapter library is in good order, and contains some very fine editions of Greek and Latin works : a Bible belonging to St. Isidore ; the works of St. Gregory ; a fine illuminated Bible given by St. Louis ; a missal of Charles V. ; a fine Talmud and Koran ; and some very interesting MSS. In the ante-room are some good pictures.

The palace of the archbishop is exactly opposite the west front of the cathedral. No one has played a more important part in the history of his country of late years than the present Archbishop of Toledo. High in the favor and counsels of the queen, he at one time determined, for political reasons, to leave Spain and settle himself in Italy, but was recalled by the voice of both queen and people, and remains, beloved and honored by all ; and although upward of eighty years of age, and rather deaf, is still a perfect lion of intellectual and physical strength. He received our travellers most kindly, and in a fatherly manner invited them to breakfast, and afterwards to be present at a private confirmation in the little chapel of his palace, at which ceremony they gladly assisted. He afterwards sent his secretary, a most clever and

agreeable person, who spoke Italian with fluency, to show the ladies the convent of St. Theresa, situated in the lower part of the town. This convent was started, like all the rest of the saint's foundations, amidst discouragements and difficulties of all kinds. The house which had been promised her before her arrival was refused through the intrigues of a relative of the donor; then the vicar-general withdrew his license; and St. Theresa began to fear that she would have to leave Toledo without accomplishing her object. Through the intervention of a poor man, however, she at last heard of a tiny lodging where she and her sisters could be received. It was a very humble place, and there was but one room in it which could be turned into a chapel; but that was duly prepared for mass, and dedicated to St. Joseph. Poor and meagre as the sanctuary was, it struck a little child who was passing by, by its bright and cared-for appearance, and she exclaimed: 'Blessed be God! how beautiful and clean it looks!' St. Theresa said directly to her sisters: 'I account myself well repaid for all the troubles which have attended this foundation by that little angel's one "Glory to God."'

Afterwards, all difficulties were smoothed; a larger house was built; and the poor Carmelites,

from being despised and rejected by all, and in want of the commonest necessaries of life, were overwhelmed with supplies of all kinds, so that one of them, in sorrow, exclaimed to St. Theresa : 'What are we to do, Mother? for now it seems that we are no longer poor!'

It was this very house which our travellers now visited, and a far cheerier and brighter one it is than that of Seville. It contains twenty-four sisters: among their treasures are the MS. copy of St. Theresa's 'Way of Perfection,' corrected by the saint herself, and with a short preface written in her own hand; a quantity of her autograph letters; a long letter from Sister Ann of St. Bartholomew; St. Theresa's seal, of which the ladies were given an impression; the habit she had worn in the house, etc., etc. But the most curious thing was the picture, painted by desire of the saint, of the death of one of the community. We will tell the story in her own words: 'One of our sisters fell dangerously ill, and I went to pray for her before the Blessed Sacrament, beseeching our Lord to give her a happy death. I then came back to her cell to stay with her, and on my entrance distinctly saw a figure like the representations of our Lord at the bed's head, with His arms outspread as if protecting her, and He said to

me: "Be assured that in like manner I will protect all the nuns who shall die in these monasteries, so that they shall not fear any temptation at the hour of death." A short time after I spoke to her, when she said to me: "Mother, what great things I am about to see!" and with these words she expired, like an angel.' St. Theresa had this subject represented in a fresco, which is still on the wall of the cell. Here also she completed the narrative of her life, now in the Escorial, by command of Padre Ibañez, and here is her breviary, with the words (which we will give in English) written by herself on the fly-leaf:

Let nothing disturb thee ;  
Let nothing affright thee ;  
All passeth away ;  
God only shall stay.  
Patience wins all.  
Who hath God needeth **nothing**,  
For God is his All.

Leaving this interesting convent, our travelers proceeded to San Juan de los Reyes, so called because built by Ferdinand and Isabella, and dedicated to St. John. It was a magnificent Gothic building; but the only thing in the church spared by the French are two exquisite 'palcos' or balconies overlooking the high altar, in the

finest Gothic carving, from whence Ferdinand and Isabella used to hear mass: their ciphers are beautifully wrought in stone underneath. Outside this church hang the chains which were taken off the Christian prisoners when they were released from the Moors. Adjoining is the convent, now deserted, and the palace of Cardinal Ximenes, of which the staircase and one long low room alone remain. But the gem of the whole are the cloisters. Never was anything half so beautiful or so delicate as the Moorish tracery and exquisite patterns of grape-vine, thistle, and acanthus, carved round each quaint-shaped arch and window and doorway. Festoons of real passion flowers, in full bloom, hung over the arches from the 'patio' in the centre, in which a few fine cypresses and pomegranates were also growing, the dark foliage standing out against the bright blue sky overhead, and beautifully contrasting with the delicate white marble tracery of this exquisite double cloister. It is a place where an artist might revel for a month.

Their guide then took them to see the synagogues, now converted into Christian churches, but originally mosques. Exquisite Saracenic carvings remain on the walls and roofs, with fine old Moorish capitals to the pillars, of their

favorite pineapple pattern, and beautiful colored 'azulejos' (tiles) on the floors and seats. Several of the private houses which they afterward visited at Toledo might literally have been taken up at Damascus and set down in this quaint old Spanish town, so identical are they in design, in decorations, and in general character. The nails on the doors are specially quaint, mostly of the shape of big mushrooms, and the knockers are also wonderful. Could the fashion once in vogue among 'fast' men in England, of wrenching such articles from the doors, be introduced into Spain, what art treasures one could get!—but scarcely anything of the sort is to be bought in Toledo. After trying in vain to swallow some of the food prepared for them at the 'fonda,' in which it was hard to say whether garlic or rancid oil most predominated, our travellers toiled again in the burning sun up the steep hill leading to the Alcazar, the ancient palace, now a ruin, but still retaining its fine old staircase and court-yard with very ancient Roman pillars. From hence there is a beautiful view of the town, of the Tagus flowing round it, and of the picturesque one-arched bridge which spans the river in the approach from Madrid, with the ruins of the older Roman bridge and forts below. The Tagus here rushes

down a rapid with a fine fall, looking like a salmon-leap, where there ought to be first-rate pools and beautiful fishing; and then flows swiftly and silently along through a grand gorge of rocks to the left. By the river-side was the Turkish water wheel, or 'sakeel,' worked by mules. The whole thing was thoroughly Eastern; and the red, barren, arid look of the rocks and of the whole surrounding country reminded one more of Syria than of anything European. Our travellers were leaning over the parapet of the little terrace-garden, looking on this glorious view, when a group of women who were sitting in the sun near the palace gates called to their guide, and asked if the lady of the party were an Englishwoman, 'as she walked so fast.' The guide replied in the affirmative. One of them answered, 'O! qué peccado! (what a pity!) I liked her face, and *yet she is an infidel.*' The guide indignantly pointed to a little crucifix which hung on a rosary by the lady's side, at which the speaker, springing from her seat, impulsively kissed both the cross and the lady. This is only a specimen of the faith of these people, who cannot understand anything Christian that is not Catholic, and confound all Protestants with Jews or Moors.\*

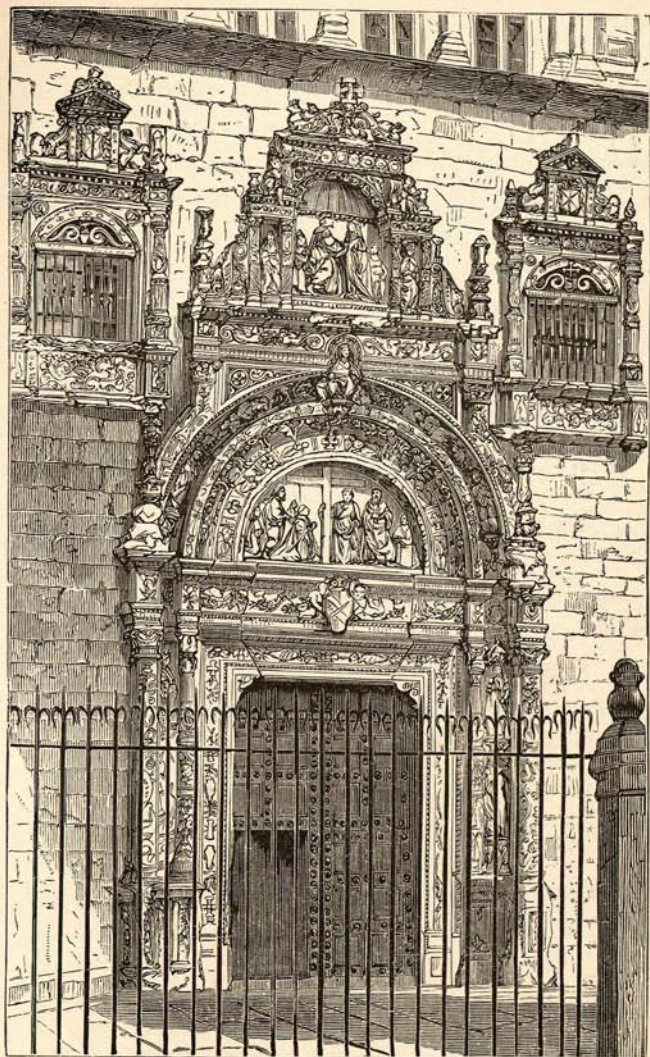
\* In one of Fernan Caballero's novels this feeling is amusing-



Going down the hill, stopping only for a few moments at a curiosity shop—where, however, nothing really old could be obtained—they came to the Church of La Cruz, built on the site of the martyrdom of St. Leocadia. It is now turned into a military college; but the magnificent Gothic portal and façade remain. The streets are as narrow and dirty in this part of the town as in the filthiest Eastern city; but at every turn

ly described. An Andalusian is telling the story of a countryman of his who had travelled in the North—“where the earth is covered with so thick a mantle of snow that sometimes people were buried under it.” “María Santísima!” said Maria, trembling. “But they are quiet people, and do not use the stiletto.” “God bless them!” exclaimed Maria. “In that land there are no olives, and they eat black bread.” “A bad land for me,” observed Ana, “for I must have the best bread, if I can’t have anything else.” “What *gaspachos* could they make without olive-oil, and with black bread?” cried Maria, horrified. “They don’t eat ‘gaspachos.’” “What *do* they eat, then?” “Potatoes and milk.” “Bien provecho y salud para el pecho!” (Much good may it do them!) “But the worst is this, Maria, that in all that land there are no monks or nuns.” “What do you say, son?” said she. “What you hear. There are few churches, and these look like unfurnished hospitals, without chapels, altars, or santissimo.” “Jesu María!” exclaimed all but Maria, who, with terror, had become like a statue. Then, after a while, she crossed her hands with joyful fervor, and exclaimed, “Ah! my son! Ah! my white bread! My church, my most Blessed Virgin, my land, my faith, my ‘*Dios Sacramentado!*’ A thousand times happier I, who was born here, and by grace Divine will die here. Thanks be to God, you did not stay in that land, my son! A land of heretics! how horrible!!”

there is a beautiful doorway, as at Cairo, through which you peep into a cool 'patio,' with its usual fountain and orange-trees; while a double cloister runs round the quadrangle, and generally a picturesque side staircase, with a beautifully carved balustrade, leading up to the cloisters above, with their delicate tracery and varied arches. The beauty of the towers and 'campanile' is also very striking. They are generally thoroughly Roman in their character, being built of that narrow brick (or rather tile) so common for the purpose in Italy, but with the horse-shoe arch: that of St. Romano is the most perfect. There is also a lovely little mosque, with a well in the court-yard near the entrance, which has now been converted into a church under the title of 'Sta. Cruz de la Luz,' with a wonderful intersection of horse-shoe arches, like a miniature of the cathedral at Cordova. Toledo certainly does not lack churches or convents; but those who served and prayed in them, where are they? The terrible want of instruction for the people, caused by the closing of all the male religious houses, which were the centre of all missionary work, is felt throughout Spain; but nowhere more than in this grand old town, which is absolutely *dead*. The children are neglected, the poor without a friend, the widow



*Church of La Cruz, Toledo.*



and orphan are desolate, and all seek in vain for a helper or a guide.

On the opposite side of the Tagus, and not far from the railway station, are the ruins of a curious old château, to which a legend is attached, so characteristic of the tone of thought of the people that it is given verbatim here.\* ‘The owner had been a bad and tyrannical man, hard and unjust to his people, selfish in his vices as in his pleasures; the only redeeming point about him was his great love for his wife, a pious, gentle, loving woman, who spent her days and nights in deploring the orgies of her husband, and praying for God’s mercy on his crimes. One winter’s night, in the midst of a terrible tempest, a knocking was heard at the castle door, and presently a servant came in and told his mistress that two monks, half dead with cold and hunger, and drenched by the pitiless storm, had lost their way, and were begging for a night’s lodging in the castle. The poor lady did not know what to do, for her husband hated the monks, and swore that none should ever cross his threshold. “The count will know nothing about it, my lady,” said the old servant, who guessed the reason of her hesitation; “I will

\* This legend has been translated by Fernan Caballero, in her ‘*Fleurs des Champs*.’

conceal them somewhere in the stable, and they will depart at break of day." The lady gave a joyful assent to the servant's proposal, and the monks were admitted. Scarcely, however, had they entered, when the sound of a huntsman's horn, the tramping of horses, and the barking of dogs, announced the return of the master. The sport had been good; and when he had changed his soiled and dripping clothes, and found himself, with his pretty wife seated opposite him, by a blazing fire, and with a well-covered table, his good humor made him almost tender toward her. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed, when he saw her sad and downcast face. "Were you frightened at the storm?—yet you see I am come home safe and sound." She did not answer. "Tell me what vexes you; I insist upon it," he continued; "and it shall not be my fault if I do not brighten that little face I love so well!" Thus encouraged, the lady replied: "I am sad, because, while we are enjoying every luxury and comfort here, others whom I know, even under this very roof, are perishing with cold and hunger." "But who are they?" exclaimed the count, with some impatience. "Two poor monks," answered the lady bravely, "who came here for shelter, and have been put in the stable without food or

firm g.' The count frowned. "Monks! Have I not told you fifty times I would never have those idle, pestilent fellows in my house?" He rang the bell. "For God's sake do not turn them out such a night as this!" exclaimed the countess. "Don't be afraid, I will keep my word," replied her husband; and so saying, he desired the servant to bring them directly into the dining-room. They appeared; and the venerable, saint-like appearance of the elder of the two priests checked the raillery on the lips of the count. He made them sit down at his table; but the religious, faithful to his mission, would not eat till he had spoken some of God's words to his host. After supper, to his wife's joy and surprise, the count conducted the monks himself to the rooms he had prepared for them, which were the best in the house; but they refused to sleep on anything but straw. The count then himself went and fetched a truss of hay, and laid it on the floor. Then suddenly breaking silence, he exclaimed: "Father, I would return as a prodigal son to my Father's house, but I feel as if it were impossible that He should forgive sins like mine." "Were your sins as numberless as the grains of sand on the sea-shore," replied the missionary, "faithful repentance, through the blood of Christ, would wash

them out. Therefore it is that the hardened sinner will have no excuse in the last day." Seized with sudden compunction, the count fell on his knees, and made a full confession of his whole life, his tears falling on the straw he had brought. A few hours later the missionary, in a dream, saw himself, as it were, carried before the tribunal of the Great Judge. In the scales of eternal justice a soul was to be weighed: it was that of the count. Satan, triumphant, placed in the scales the countless sins of his past life: the good angels veiled their faces in sorrow, and pity, and shame. Then came up his guardian angel, that spirit so patient and so watchful, so beautiful and so good, who brings tears to our eyes and repentance to our hearts, alms to our hands and prayers to our lips. He brought but a few bits of straw, wet with tears, and placed them in the opposite scale. Strange! *they weighed down all the rest.* The soul was saved. The next morning, the monk, on waking, found the castle in confusion and sorrow. He inquired the reason: its master had died in the night.'





## CHAPTER X.

### ZARAGOZA AND SEGOVIA.

THE following morning found our travellers again in Madrid, and one of them accompanied the Sisters of Charity to a beautiful tête at San Juan de Alarçon, a convent of nuns. The rest of the day was spent in the museum; and at half-past eight in the evening they started again by train for Zaragoza, which they reached at six in the morning. One of the great annoyances of Spanish travelling is, that the only good and quick trains go at night; and it is the same with the diligences. In very hot weather it may be pleasant; but in winter and in rain it is a very wretched proceeding to spend half your night in an uncomfortable carriage, and the other half waiting, perhaps for hours, at some miserable wayside station. After breakfasting in an hotel where nothing was either eatable or drinkable, our party started for the two cathe

drals. The one called the 'Seu' is a fine gloomy old Gothic building, with a magnificent 'retablo,' in very fine carving, over the high altar, and what the people call a 'media naranja' (or half-orange) dome, which is rather like the clerestory lantern of Burgos. In the sacristy was a beautiful ostensorium, with an emerald and pearl cross, a magnificent silver tabernacle of cinquecento work, another ostensorium encrusted with diamonds, a nacre 'nef,' and some fine heads of saints, in silver, with enamel collars. But at the sister cathedral, where is the famous *Virgen del Pilar*, the treasury is quite priceless. The most exquisite reliquaries in pearls, precious stones, and enamel; magnificent necklaces; earrings with gigantic pearls; coronets of diamonds; locket; pictures set in precious stones; everything which is most valuable and beautiful has been lavished on this shrine. In the outside sacristy is also an exquisite chalice, in gold and enamel, of the fifteenth century; and a very fine picture, said to be by Correggio, of the 'Ecce Homo.' The shrine of the Miraculous Virgin is thronged with worshippers, day and night; but no woman is allowed to penetrate beyond the railing, so that she is very imperfectly seen. It is a *black* figure, which is always the favorite way of representing the Blessed Virgin in Spain.

the pillar is of the purest alabaster. There is some fine 'azulejo' work in the sacristy; but the cathedral itself is ugly, and is being restored in a bad style. Our party left it rather with relief, and wandered down to the fine old bridge over the Ebro, which is here a broad and rapid stream, and amused themselves by watching the boats shooting through the piers—an operation of some danger, owing to the rapidity of the current. There is a beautiful leaning tower of old Moorish and Roman brickwork, in a side street, but which you are not allowed to ascend without a special order from the prefect. The Lonja, or Exchange, is also well worth seeing, from its beautiful deep overhanging roof. This is, in fact, the characteristic of all the old houses in Zaragoza, which is a quaint old town formed of a succession of narrow, tortuous streets, with curious old roofs, 'patios,' columns, and staircases. After having some luncheon, which was more eatable than the breakfast, our travellers took a drive outside the town, and had a beautiful view of the lower spur of the Pyrenees on the one hand, and of the towers, bridges, and minarets of the city on the other. Then they went to the public gardens, laid out by Pignatelli, the maker of the canal, which are the resort of all the people on holy-days: they were very

gay, and full of beautiful flowers. From thence they drove to the castle, or 'Aljaferia,' where there is a very curious moresque chapel still existing, though sadly in ruins. Above are the rooms occupied by Ferdinand and Isabella, and the apartment where St. Elizabeth of Portugal was born, with the font where she was baptized. The Hall of the Ambassadors is very handsome, with a glorious moresque roof, and a gallery round. The castle is now turned into a barrack; but the officers, who, with true Spanish courtesy, had accompanied the priest who was showing the rooms to our travellers, *had never seen them before themselves*. How long they had been quartered there none of our party had the courage to ask! But this is a specimen of the very little interest which appears to be taken by the Spaniards in the antiquities or art treasures of their country. Not one of them was ever to be seen in the matchless gallery of Madrid. Coming home, they visited San Pablo, a curious and beautiful subterranean church, into which you descend by a flight of steps. A service was going on, and an eloquent sermon, so that it was impossible to see the pictures well; but they appeared to be above the average. This church has a glorious tower in old Roman brickwork. The palace of the Infanta has been

converted into a school. It is the most perfect specimen of the Renaissance style of Gothic architecture, with beautiful arches, columns, staircase, and fretted roof. Exhausted with their sight-seeing, our travellers went back to their inn; agreeably surprised, however, at the vestiges of ancient beauty still left in Zaragoza, after the frightful sieges and sacking to which the city has twice been subjected.

In the evening, the Canon de V——, who had been their kind cicerone at the cathedral in the absence of the bishop, came to pay them a visit, and gave them a very interesting account of the people, and a great deal of information about the convents and religious houses in the place, especially that of the Ursulines, who have a very large educational establishment in the town. He has lately written a very interesting account of the foundress of this order.

The return to Madrid was necessarily accomplished again by night; and jaded and tired as they were the following day, our party had not the courage for any fresh expedition. One only visit was paid, which will ever remain in the memory of the lady who had the privilege. It was to Monsignor Claret, the confessor of the queen and Archbishop of Cuba, a man as re-

markable for his great personal holiness and ascetic life as for the unjust accusations of which he is continually the object. On one occasion, these unfavorable reports having reached his ears, and being only anxious to retire into the obscurity which his humility makes him love so well, he went to Rome to implore for a release from his present post; but it was refused him. Returning through France, he happened to travel with certain gentlemen, residents in Madrid, but unknown to him, as he was to them, who began to speak of all the evils, real or imaginary, which reigned in the Spanish Court, the whole of which they unhesitatingly attributed to Monsignor Claret, very much in the spirit of the old ballad against Sir Robert Peel :

Who filled the butchers' shops with big blue flies ?

He listened without a word, never attempting either excuse or justification, or betraying his identity. Struck with his saint-like manner and appearance, and likewise very much charmed with his conversation during the couple of days' journey together, the strangers begged, at parting, to know his name, expressing an earnest hope of an increased acquaintance at Madrid. He gave them his card with a smile! Let us hope they will be less hasty and more charitable

in their judgments for the future. Monsignor Claret's room in Madrid is a fair type of himself. Simple even to severity in its fittings, with no furniture but his books, and some photographs of the queen and her children, it contains one only priceless object, and that is a wooden crucifix, of the very finest Spanish workmanship, which attracted at once the attention of his visitor. 'Yes, it is very beautiful,' he replied, in answer to her words of admiration; 'and I like it because it expresses so wonderfully *victory over suffering*. Crucifixes generally represent only the painful and human, not the triumphant and Divine view of the Redemption. Here, He is truly Victor over death and hell.'

Contrary to the generally received idea, he never meddles in politics, and occupies himself entirely in devotional and literary works. One of his books, 'Camino recto y seguro para llegar al Cielo,' would rank with Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation' in suggestive and practical devotion. He keeps a perpetual fast; and when compelled by his position to dine at the palace, still keeps to his meagre fare of 'garbanzos,' or the like. He has a great gift of preaching; and when he accompanies the queen in any of her royal progresses, is generally met at each town when they arrive by earnest petitions to preach, which he

does instantly, without rest or apparent preparation, sometimes delivering four or five sermons in one day. In truth, he is always 'prepared,' by a hidden life of perpetual prayer and realization of the Unseen.

After taking leave of him and the Nunzio, and of the many other kind friends who had made their stay at Madrid so pleasant, our travellers started at eight o'clock in the evening for Villa Alba, where they were to take the diligence for Segovia. The night was clear and beautiful, and the scenery through which they passed was finer than any they had seen in Spain. At dawn they came almost suddenly on this most quaint and picturesque of cities, standing on a rocky knoll more than 3,000 feet above the sea, encircled by a rapid river, and with the most magnificent aqueduct, built by Trajan to convey the pure water of the river Frio from the neighboring sierra to the town. This aqueduct commences with single arches, which rise higher as the dip of the ground deepens, until they become double. The centre ones are 102 feet high, and the whole is built of massive blocks of granite, without cement or mortar. A succession of picturesque towers and ancient walls remain to mark the boundaries of the old Roman city.



The diligence unceremoniously turned our travellers out into the street at the bottom of the town, and left them to find their way as best they could to the little 'fonda' in the square above. It was very clean and tidy, with the box-beds opening out of the sitting-rooms, which are universal in the old-fashioned inns of Spain, and always remind one of a Highland bothie. The daughter of the house showed off her white linen with great pride, and was rather affronted because two of the party preferred going to church to trying her sheets, stoutly declaring that 'no one was yet awake, and no mass could yet be obtained.' However, on leaving her, and gently pushing open one of the low side-doors of the cathedral close by, the ladies found that the five o'clock services had begun at most of the altars, with a very fair sprinkling of peasants at each. The circular triple apse at the east end of this cathedral, from the warm color of the stone, and the beauty of its flying buttresses and Gothic pinnacles, is deservedly reckoned one of the finest in Spain. The tower also is beautiful; and the view from the cupola over the city, the fertile valleys beneath, and the snow-tipped mountains beyond, is quite unrivalled. The interior has been a good deal spoiled by modern innovations, but still contains some glori-

ous painted glass, a very fine 'retablo' by Juni of the 'Deposition from the Cross' and some curious monuments, especially one of the Infanta Don Pedro, son of Henry II., who was killed by being let fall from the window of the Alcazar by his nurse. The Gothic cloisters are also worth seeing. After service, as it was still very early, the two ladies wandered about this beautiful quaint old town, in which every house is a study for a painter, and found themselves at last at the Alameda, a public promenade on the ramparts, shaded by fine acacias, and the approach to which, on the cathedral side, is through a beautiful Moorish horse-shoe arched gateway. From thence some stone steps led them up to a most curious old Norman church, with an open cloister running round it, with beautiful circular arches and dog-toothed mouldings; opposite is a kind of Hôtel de Ville, with a fine gateway, cloistered 'patio,' and staircase carved 'à jour.' In a narrow street, a little lower down, is the exquisite Gothic façade of the Casa de Segovia, and turning to the left is another curious and beautiful church, La Vera Cruz, built by the Templars, and with a little chapel in it on the exact model of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The zigzag and billet dog-tooth mouldings round the windows and doorways are very

fine. A little higher up is the Parral, a deserted convent, with a beautiful church, richly carved portal and choir, fine monuments, cloisters, and gardens: the latter had such a reputation that they gave rise to the saying, 'Las huertas del Parral, paraiso terrenal.' Fairly tired out with sight-seeing before breakfast, the ladies climbed up again to the Plaza de la Constitucion, which was like the square of an old German town, having endlessly varied and colored houses with high roofs; and were glad to find the rest of the party awake at last, and sitting round a table with the invariably good chocolate and white bread of the country. The meal over, one of the ladies started off, with a little boy as her guide, to present her letters of introduction to the bishop, who lived in a picturesque old palace in the Plaza of San Esteban, the fine church opposite, with its beautiful tower, Saxon arches, and open cloister, being dedicated to that saint. He received his visitor with great good-nature, and instantly countersigned the Nunzio's order for her to visit the Carmelite convent of Sta. Teresa, sending his vicar-general to accompany her. This house is the original one purchased for the saint in 1574, by Doña Ana de Ximenes, who was the first lady to receive the habit in Segovia. It is dedicated to St.

Joseph, and the first mass was said in it by St. John of the Cross. The nuns maintain the reformed rule in all its austerity. They showed their visitor the saint's cell, now converted into an oratory, and also the room of St. John of the Cross, whose convent is in the valley below, just outside the walls of the town. There his body rests—that body still uncorrupted, of one of whom it has been truly said, that he was a 'cherub in wisdom and a seraph in love.' On the door of his cell is his favorite sentence:—"Pati et contemni pro Te!" "To suffer and be despised for Thee!" This convent is rich both in his letters and in those of St. Theresa. Here it was that the saint received the news of the death of her favorite brother, Laurence de Cepeda. She was quietly at work during recreation when he appeared to her; the saint, without uttering a word, put down her work and hastened to the choir to commend the departing spirit to our Lord. She had no sooner knelt before the Blessed Sacrament than an expression of intense peace and joy came over her face. Her sisters asked her the reason, and she told them that our Lord had then revealed to her the assurance that her brother was in heaven. His sudden death occurred at the very moment

when he had appeared to her in the recreation room. Over the door of her oratory are the words: 'Seek the cross;' 'Desire the cross;' and a little farther on, 'Let us teach more by works than by words.' After spending two or three hours with the sisters, the English lady was compelled reluctantly to leave them and return to her party, who were waiting for her to go with them to the Alcazar.

This palace, originally Moorish, was rebuilt by Henry IV. in the fifteenth century. It was the favorite residence of Isabella of Castile, and from thence, on the occasion of a revolution, she rode out alone, and 'by her sweetness of countenance more than by her majesty,' as the old chronicle says, 'won over the people to return to their allegiance.' Our King Charles I. lodged here also, and is recorded to have supped on certain 'troutes of extraordinary greatness,' doubtless from the beautiful stream below. At the time of the French invasion the Alcazar was turned into a military college, and these wretched students, in a freak of boyish folly, set fire to a portion of one of the rooms two years ago. The fire spread; and all that is now left of this matchless palace is a ruined shell, the façade, the beautiful Moorish towers and battlements, one or two sculptured ara-

besque ceilings, and the portcullised gateway, each and all testifying to its former greatness and splendor. Its position, perched on a steep plateau forming the western extremity of the town, is quite magnificent, and the views from the windows are glorious. Our travellers stayed a long time sitting under the shade of the orange trees in the battlemented court below, enjoying the glorious panorama at their feet and watching the setting sun as it lit up the tips of the snowy sierra which forms the background of this grand landscape; while the beautiful river Eresma flowed swiftly round the old walls, its banks occupied at that moment by groups of washerwomen in their bright picturesque dresses, singing in parts the national songs of the country. In the valley below were scattered homesteads and convents, and a group of cypresses marking the spot where, according to the legend, Maria del Salto alighted. This girl was a Jewess by birth, but secretly a Christian; and having thereby excited the anger and suspicions of her family, was accused by them of adultery, and condemned, according to the barbarous practice of those times, to be thrown from the top of the Alcazar rock. By her faith she was miraculously preserved from injury, and reached the ground in safety; a church was

built on the spot, of which the 'retablo' tells the tale.

Segovia is famous for its flocks, and for the beauty of its wool: the water of the Eresma is supposed to be admirable for washing and shearing.

Our travellers now began to think of pursuing their journey to Avila; but that was not so easy. The diligence which had brought them, flatly refused to convey them back till the following night except at a price so exorbitant that it was impossible to give it. And here, as everywhere else in Spain, you have no redress. There are no carriages whatever for hire, except in the two or three large capitals, like Madrid and Seville; and even should carriages be found, there are no horses or mules to draw them—or, at any rate, none that they choose to let out for the purpose. Such as they are, they are always reserved for the diligence; and if the latter should happen to be full, the unhappy passengers may wait for days at a wayside 'posada' until their turn comes. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary in Spain to write and make a contract for places beforehand: and to be hard-hearted when the time comes, as it almost invariably happens that you leave behind certain luckless travellers who have not adopted a similar precaution; and

the struggle for seats, and consequent overcrowding of the carriages, are renewed at every station. Making a virtue of necessity, our travellers at last made up their minds to another miserable diligence night out of bed—the fatigue of which must be felt to be thoroughly sympathized with—and spent the intervening hours of the evening in dining, and then going to a religious play, which they had seen advertised in the morning, and which was a very curious exhibition of popular taste and religious feeling. The little theatre was really very clean and tidy, and there was nothing approaching to irreverence in the representations given. A similar scene in a very different place recurred to the memory of one of the party, as having been witnessed by her in Paris, some years ago, when on a certain occasion she accompanied a somewhat stiff, puritanical old lady to the opera. A ballet was given as an entr'acte, in which the scenery was taken from the Book of Genesis, and Noah and his sons appeared just coming out of the Ark. This was too much for the good lady: 'If Noah either dances or sings,' she exclaimed, 'I'll leave the house!' The poor Segovians, trained in a different school, saw nothing incongruous in the representation of the shepherds, and the wise men, and the cave of Bethlehem: and only one



comical incident occurred, when, on a child in the pit setting up a squeal, there was a universal cry of *Where's Herod?* At ten o'clock they left their play, with its quiet and respectable little audience, and once more found themselves tightly stowed in their diligence prison for the night. The moon, however, was bright and beautiful, and enabled them to see the royal hunting-box and woods, and the rest of the fine scenery through which they passed, so that the journey was far less intolerable than usual, as is often the case when a thing has been much dreaded beforehand. At four o'clock in the morning they were turned out shivering with cold, at a wayside station, where they were to take the train to Avila; but were then told, to their dismay, by a sleepy porter, that the six o'clock train had been taken off, and that there would be none till ten the next morning, so that all hopes of arriving at Avila in time for church (and this was Sunday) were at an end. The station had no waiting-room, only a kind of corridor with two hard benches. Establishing the children on these, for the moment, with plaids and shawls, one of the party went off to some cottages at a little distance off, and asked in one of them if there were no means of getting a bedroom and some chocolate? A very civil

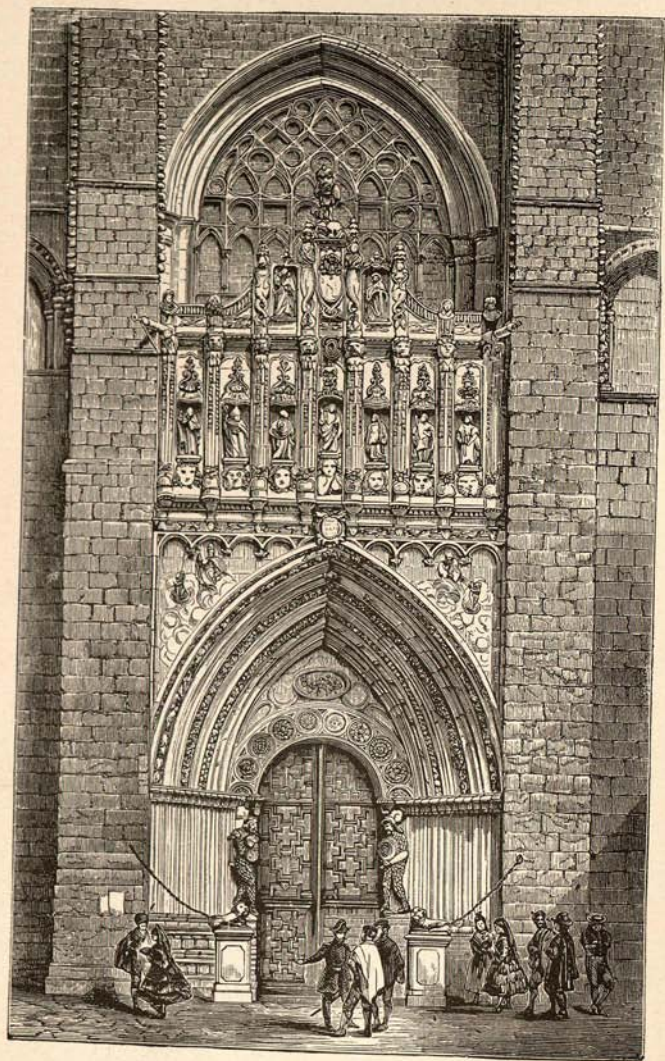
woman got up and volunteered both ; so the tired ones of the party were able to lie down for a few hours' rest in two wonderfully clean little rooms, while their breakfast was preparing. The question now arose for the others : ' Was there no church anywhere near ? ' It was answered by the people of the place in the negative. ' The station was new ; the cottages had been run up for the accommodation of the porters and people engaged on the line ; there was no village within a league or two. ' Determined, however, not to be baffled, one of the party enquired of another man, who was sleepily driving his bullocks into a neighboring field, and he replied ' that over the mountains to the left there was a village and a curé ; but that it was a long way off, and that he only went on great " fiestas. " ' It was now quite light ; the lady was strong and well ; and so she determined to make the attempt to find the church. Following the track pointed out to her by her informant, she came to a wild and beautiful mountain path, intersected by bright rushing streams, crossed by stepping-stones, the ground perfectly carpeted with wild narcissus and other spring flowers. Here and there she met a peasant tending his flock of goats, and always the courteous greeting of ' Vaya Usted con Dios ! ' or ' Dios guarde á

Usted!' as heartily given as returned. At last, on rounding a corner of the mountain, she came on a beautiful view, with the Escorial in the distance to the left; and to the right, embosomed, as it were, in a little nest among the hills, a picturesque village, with its church-tower and rushing stream and flowering fruit-trees, towards which the path evidently led. This sight gave her fresh courage; for the night journey and long walk, undertaken fasting, had nearly spent her strength. Descending the hill rapidly, she reached the village green just as the clock was striking six, and found a group of peasants, both men and women, sitting on the steps of the picturesque stone cross in the centre, opposite the church, waiting for the curé to come out of his neat little house close by to say the first mass. The arrival of the lady caused some astonishment; but, with the inborn courtesy of the people, one after the other rose and came forward, not only to greet her, but to offer her chocolate and bread. She explained that she had come for communion, and would go into the church. The old white-haired clerk ran into the house to hasten the curé, and soon a kind and venerable old man made his appearance, and asked her if she wished to see him first in the confessional. He could scarcely

### *Impressions of Spain.*

As she had been in Segovia only the night before! Finding that she was hurried to return and catch the train, he instantly gave her both mass and communion, and then sent his house-keeper to invite her to breakfast, as did one after the other of the villagers. Escaping from their hospitality with some difficulty, on the plea of the shortness of the time and the length of the way back, the English lady accepted a little loaf, for which no sort of payment would be heard of, and walked with a light heart back to the station, feeling how close is the religious tie which binds Catholics together as one family, and how beautiful is the hearty, simple hospitality of the Spanish people when untainted by contact with modern innovations and so-called progress. There was no occasion when this natural, high-bred courtesy was not shown during the four months that our travellers spent in this country; and those who, like the author of 'Over the Pyrenees into Spain,' find fault on every occasion with the manners of the people, must either have been ignorant of their language and customs, or, having no sympathy with their faith, have wounded their susceptibilities, and to a certain degree justified the rudeness of which they pretend to have been the victims.





*West Door of Cathedral, Avila.*



## CHAPTER XI.

### AVILA AND ALVA.

AFTER a clean and pientiful breakfast in the cottage, our party started by train for Avila, where they arrived at one o'clock; and having washed and dressed, found themselves at vespers at the cathedral, which is a beautiful Gothic building, begun in 1107, with a glorious western façade, a very fine circular apse at the east end, grand monuments, and magnificent painted glass. The 'retablo' over the high altar is in better taste than almost any in Spain, and contains some beautifully carved subjects, especially one of the 'Annunciation.' Both this cathedral and the cloisters are built of a peculiar shaded red and white granite, unlike any other, but which gives rather the effect of the cathedral of Sienna. After vespers, some of the party went to the archbishop's, who was absent on a confirmation tour, but had left orders that they

should be received, boarded, and lodged at his palace, and had desired his vicar-general to do the honors in his absence. This hospitality our party considered themselves too numerous to accept, and they had already found very tolerable accommodation in a little 'fonda' opposite the cathedral; but they gladly accepted the offer of his kind and courteous secretary to act as their escort, especially for the inspection of St. Theresa's house and convent on the following day.

Avila is a noble specimen of an old Castilian fortified city, teeming with curious Gothic monuments and inscriptions of the thirteenth century which, unfortunately, no one seems to care for or to be able to explain. Fragments of these are worked into every house: at every turn are quaint old basilicas with circular apses, beautiful doorways, and dog-tooth mouldings. Of these, the finest is that of S. Vincente, in a 'plaza' on the way leading to the railway station. It contains the body of St. Vincent, who suffered in the Decian persecution. His monument, on raised twisted pillars, is in the centre of the church. There is a subterranean crypt, which also contains the bodies of martyrs and several fine monuments. The tower, cloisters, and portico, with clustered columns, are beautiful;



and from the cloister there is a magnificent view over the rich 'vega' beneath, and of the unique east end of the cathedral built into the city wall.

This is almost the only place our travellers had yet seen in Spain where the women wore the old national costume. In Granada, Cordova, and Seville, the men retain their picturesque dresses; but their wives rarely do so. Here the women are all dressed in bright yellow canary-colored stuff petticoats, with red cloth 'appliquéd' in patterns, on the skirt, green or red bodices, strings of pearls, and hair in circular rolls on the side of the head, with pins across each. From the bridge, the view of the river, of the towers, (of which there are eighty-eight,) and of the grand old crenellated walls which encircle the town, is very fine. The following morning, after high mass at the cathedral, one of the party started with the vicar-general to see the house in which St. Theresa was born. On their way they passed by the beautiful palace of the Medina Cœli, which has the arms of the family (thirteen balls) over the door, and four of those curious granite rhinoceros, or 'toros,' as the people call them, found here and there in Spain, the origin of which is so disputed by the learned. There is also a curious inscription on

a bas-relief over the principal entrance, in old and quaint Spanish, the meaning of which in English would be: 'When one door shuts, another opens,' probably alluding to some family legend now forgotten.

St. Theresa was the daughter of Alonso de Cepeda and Beatrix de Ahumada, both of noble and even royal blood, and it was in their house that our party now found themselves. It is a beautiful palace, which has passed through many phases, having become, after St. Theresa's death, a Carmelite monastery; and now, since the destruction of the religious houses in Spain, a college for boys. There is a very fine church attached to it, full of beautiful marbles and frescoes; and leading out of this church is the room of Madame de Cepeda, in which Theresa was born. It has been converted into a chapel. Here are kept her bedstead, part of which was made into a cross; her rosary; her walking-stick, with a crook for the thumb; her shoes, etc., etc. Everything belonging to her, however remotely, is preserved with a veneration which it would be almost impossible to imagine out of Spain.

From thence, they went on to the convent of St. Joseph, called 'de las Madres,' being her first reformed foundation. A statue of the saint

is placed over the portal. Here, on St. Bartholomew's-day, 1562, St. Theresa saw at last the accomplishment of her prayers: here, the habit of rough serge and the veil of coarse unbleached linen were first given to the four sisters of the new reform, which was afterwards to embrace so many thousand devout and holy souls. In the church are the tombs of her favorite brother Lorenzo, and of the good bishop of Avila, Alvarez de Mendoza, through whose powerful protection this first house was started, and who chose to be buried in this humble little chapel sooner than in his own beautiful cathedral, in the hope, which was not destined to be realized, of resting near the saint. St. Peter of Alcantara's letter to this bishop, when pleading for permission for the foundation, is among the treasures contained in this convent. The superior and the sisters received their English visitor most kindly, and showed her everything. The saint's cell, now converted into an oratory; her bed; her chair; her clothes; the coffin in which her body was placed before it was removed to Alva; her jug and cup; her musical instruments; her leathern girdle; her discipline; some of her blood; a bone of her neck; her books and letters. Among the books is a folio in two volumes of St. Gregory's 'Morales,' belonging to

St. Theresa, with her notes and marks; a book written by St. John of the Cross, with annotations on a kind of 'Canzone' of Ann of St. Bartholomew; and a MS. copy of the saint's 'Foundations.' In the hermitages which she founded in the garden are some very curious pictures belonging to the saint, and some old engravings. One picture was painted by her desire, in consequence of a vision in which she saw our Lord bound to the pillar after the scourging. These hermitages were constructed so that the nuns might have less interruption in the quiet and fervency of their prayers. The well still remains in the garden, of which the water was at first so bad that they could not use it; and then, by the simple prayer of faith of these poor nuns, it pleased God so to sweeten it that it has been ever since good and sufficient for the wants of the community. Here, after all the storms and difficulties she had had to encounter, St. Theresa spent five years in comparative peace and happiness. She had thirteen sisters in this house, all of whom were endowed with such rare spiritual gifts, that the saint declared 'she was ashamed to live amongst them herself.' Yet, even here, she had much to suffer. One day, as she was ascending the steps which led to the choir, before coming,

## *Avila.*

she was suddenly thrown down, falling with violence that her nuns thought she was killed. They found, however, that only her arm was broken. According to the rough surgery of those days, the female practitioner, who had been sent for, went to work so violently to set the broken limb that the bones were dislocated. Theresa did not utter a cry, but contemplated all the time the violence with which our Lord was stretched on the cross, telling her sisters that she should have been sorry to have missed this opportunity of suffering something with patience. These steps are still shown, as also a picture representing the occurrence.

From St. Joseph's the English lady went on to the convent of the Incarnation, the house where St. Theresa made her first profession of religion, and in which more than twenty years of her life were passed. A prophecy preceded her arrival. A stranger had come to the convent a short time before, and said, 'A saint will shortly come to dwell in this house, whose name will be Theresa.' When told of this prophecy, St. Theresa, then a young and merry novice, laughingly said to a companion, who also bore the name: 'Which of us two shall be the saint?' This convent is in a beautiful situation, in a fertile valley, at a little distance from the town.

with a fine church, magnificent cloisters, and a spacious garden and orchard, watered by a clear quick-flowing stream. Among the treasures in this house are the veil and dress in which she made her first religious profession; the wooden crucifix and the infant Jesus which she always carried about with her in her travels, and used for her mass in her first foundations; her room, chair, and pictures, and quantities of letters, both of St. Theresa's and of St. John of the Cross, who was prior and confessor of the convent. One of the saint's letters is countersigned by the four nuns of the first foundation: Antonia of the Holy Ghost, Mary of the Cross, Ursula of the Saints, and Mary of St. Joseph. Here also is a very curious picture, painted by the saint's desire, of St. Peter of Alcantara as he appeared to her in a vision after his death, saying: 'My present glory, through the mercy of Christ, is the fruit of my penitence.' A few years after St. Theresa had left this house for those of her reform, that is, in 1571, she was appointed, by the provincial, superior of this convent of the Incarnation, in order to remedy the evils which existed in the house. This caused a furious storm, which was only quelled by Theresa's wonderful prudence, humility, and gentleness. The day the first chapter was held, the nuns

came in a body prepared to rebel. But in the place of the prioress, they found only a beautiful statue of the Virgin, holding the keys of the convent, and St. Theresa, addressing them as the most unworthy member of the house, only craved permission to aid them in every way in her power. As is admirably said by the clever authoress of her 'Life,' before alluded to: 'Those who had been accustomed to look upon the saint as a visionary enthusiast, were both astonished and touched by the ready presence of mind and the minute solicitude with which she regulated all the complicated worldly affairs of the community, and supplied the most trifling wants of each of its members.' The little parlor is still shown where the saint and St. John of the Cross were found raised from the ground in an ecstasy while discoursing on the love of God; which can only be explained by the saint's own words: 'It is certain that when for the love of God we empty our souls of all affection for creatures, that great God immediately fills them with himself.'

There are seventeen nuns in this house, and their veneration for the saint seems as great as that of her sisters of the reform.

Returning to the 'fonda,' and taking leave of the kind vicar-general and this most interesting



old town, our travellers started at two o'clock in the morning by diligence for Salamanca. Of course, the diligence authorities would not condescend to come up to the 'fonda' to fetch the ladies, who had no alternative but to grope their way through the streets in pitchy darkness, amidst torrents of rain, and under cut-throat-looking archways, until they reached the grimy, undesirable vehicle.

The country, after leaving Avila, is hideously flat and ugly, more like an old post-road through parts of France or Hanover than anything they had hitherto seen in Spain. Salamanca itself stands on a height, the river Tormes encircling the town, over which is thrown a very fine Roman bridge of twenty-seven arches. The diligence dragged them painfully up the steep streets and over the horribly disjointed pavement to the Plaza Mayor, the largest square in Spain, of which the façade is adorned with busts of kings, and with a colonnaded arcade all round, looking like Bologna. Here the bull-fights are held; and with more humanity than at Seville, the horses being almost invariably saved from injury. The 'posada' in the Plaza was so uninviting that our party betook themselves to a private lodging in a side street, which had been recommended to them at Avila. Here they found some very