upon it, but refused to listen to its details of public affairs, with which he said he was already acquainted.

Alba was at this time already in the Netherlands. He was soon followed thither by cardinal Caraffa, the nephew to whom Paul the Fourth entrusted the duty of driving a bargain with the king of Spain about the money or territory with which the pontifical family were to be bribed over to keep the peace,[1]—a negotiation which the greedy churchman prolonged until far into the spring. Philip received the duke with all demonstrations of favour and gratitude, and was about to appoint him to an important post in Spain. A turn in the tide of events, however, induced him to alter this resolution, and to keep him about his own person in the capacity of president of the council of war.

The emperor, on the other hand, remained unreconciled to the shameful peace with the Caraffas, nor did he ever forgive Alba his share in the transaction. The duke was anxious to ascertain his opinion of his conduct in remaining at court, and to obtain permission to visit him at Yuste; and Gaztelu was therefore privately desired by Vazquez to note whatever fell from him on these topics. But Charles would neither express his opinion, nor record the permission required, showing a disposition, when his anger had cooled, rather to avoid the subject than to forgive the duke. Only two months before his death, hearing that Philip had presented Alba with one hundred and fifty thousand ducats, he remarked that the king of Spain did more for the duke of Alba than the duke of Alba had ever done for the king of Spain.

But, on the whole, the emperor's displeasure, though very mortifying, was rather creditable to the duke. In

[1] A. Andrea: *Guerra de Roma*, &c., p. 315.

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his conduct towards the pope, Alba had exactly fulfilled his sovereign's commands, though he never approved of his policy. To kiss the toe of Paul, in the name of his master, he felt like an act of personal dishonour; and he said, even in the pontiff's presence-chamber, to some of the Italian leaders, 'Were I king of Spain, cardinal Caraffa should have gone to Bruxelles and done, on his knees, what I have done this day to the pope.'[1] The shameful homage paid, the pontiff loaded him with honours and caresses; he invited him to dinner; and he offered to make over to him all the church patronage of the holy see on his estates in Spain. But this offer Alba declined, saying that the concession and the acceptance of such a boon would be liable to suspicion, which it was better to avoid.[2] Had the emperor known of this noble act of self-denial, and of the reluctance with which his old comrade in arms had signed the treaty, he would surely have regarded him with different feelings: and, as it would have been easy for Alba to bring these facts under his notice, it is fair to conclude that he bore the undeserved blame from a sense of chivalrous honour to the king whom he served.

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For the chagrin suffered by the emperor in Italian politics, little compensation was afforded by the state of things in the north. The victory of St. Quentin, signal as it was, and important as it ought to have been, had but a slight and transitory effect upon the fortune of the war. The timid and procrastinating policy of Philip the Second had already let slip the opportunities afforded by that battle, as his blind bigotry afterwards doomed to death the gallant Egmont, whose prowess had car-

[1] A. de Castro: *The Spanish Protestant*, translated by F. Parker, sm. 8vo. London: 1851, p. 57.

[2] J. A. de Vera: *Vida del duque de Alva*, p. 73. See also chap. iii. p. 68.

ried the day. The French king had been allowed not only to rally his forces, but once more to cross the frontiers of Flanders. The duke of Nevers retook Ham; Genlis put twelve hundred Spaniards to the sword at Chaulny. Guise, burning to wipe away his disgraces in the Abruzzi and the Roman plains, suddenly appeared before Calais on the first night of the new year. Trusting to the strength of the fortifications, and to the surrounding marshes which made the place almost an island in winter, the English government had for some years past, in a spirit of fatal economy, withdrawn great part of the garrison at that season. The only approaches by land were guarded by the forts of Risbank and Newnham-bridge. These Guise attacked at night, and was master of in the morning. The roar of his artillery was heard at Dover; but a storm dispersed the squadron which put out with relief. After some days of desultory and desperate fighting, lord Wentworth struck his flag; the English troops filed off under a guard of Scottish archers; and the key of France, which, two centuries before had resisted, for eleven months, Edward the Third, fresh from Cressy, was restored in one week to the house of Valois. The honour of having first conceived and planned the enterprise belonged to the admiral Coligny, still a prisoner of war in the hands of the duke of Savoy. But Guise had nobly retrieved his laurels: and it would have been sufficient for his military glory, had he been victor only in his two sieges—the most remarkable of the age—the heroic defence of Metz, and the dashing capture of Calais. France was in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten; and loud and long were the pæans of the Parisian wits, 'replenished with scoffs and unmeasured terms against the English,' who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it

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seemed to these poetasters, a signal proof of the immemorial 'perfidy' of Albion.[1]

The news of the loss of Calais reached Valladolid at the end of January, and Yuste on the second of February. In both places they were received with little less sorrow and alarm than they had caused in London. In the exploit of Guise the emperor lamented not only a loss and an affront suffered by the nation of which his son was king, but an important accession to the strength of the most formidable neighbour of the Spanish Netherlands. The word Calais, which Mary Tudor dolefully declared to be written on her heart, was also ever on the tongue of her kinsman Charles. For days he spoke of nothing else, recurring perpetually to the sore subject, and saying that now there was nothing but the castle of Ghent between the French and Bruxelles. To his secretary Gaztelu he confessed that he had never in his life received so painful a blow; and he wrote in the most urgent terms to the princess-regent, telling her that every nerve must now be strained to raise money to repair the loss, and reinforce the king's army. The chamberlain shared his master's feelings; and in his letter on the occasion to Vazquez, severely criticised the Castillian leaders for their remissness, and prophesied that Gravelines, Nieuport, and Dunkirk, would likewise soon fall into the hands of the enemy.

As a slight consolation for the loss of Calais, came a promise of a new heir to the kingdom in the shape of a report of the pregnancy of the queen,—a pregnancy in which, however, few people believed except poor Mary herself, and which was in truth nothing more than the crisis of the dropsy, which in a few months gave her crown to Elizabeth, released her people from the hateful yoke

[1] Hollinshed: *Chronicles*, 6 vols. 4to. London: 1808, iv. 93.

of Philip, and enabled the mind of England once more to march on the noble path of civil and religious freedom.

In this gloomy time of disaster, the emperor continued to suffer from gout, which sometimes so completely disabled his fingers, that instead of signing the necessary despatches, he was obliged to seal them with a small private signet. In spite of his eider-down robes and quilts, he lay in bed shivering, and complaining of cold in his bones. His appetite was beginning to fail him, but his repasts, though diminished in quantity, were still of a quality to perplex the doctor, consisting principally of the rich fish which the patient could neither dispense with nor digest. His favourite beverage at this time was *vino bastardo*, a sweet wine made from raisins, and brought from Seville. When he got a little better, he ate, in spite of all remonstrances, some raw oysters, a rash act, upon which Quixada remarked despairingly to the secretary of state, 'Surely kings imagine that their stomachs are not made like other men's.'

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Meanwhile the queens of France and Hungary effected their meeting with their daughter and niece, the infanta Mary of Portugal. Early in January that princess arrived at Elvas in great state, attended by a gallant following of the Portuguese nobility. After some points of etiquette had been argued and adjusted, she crossed the plains of the Guadiana, and having been received in due form by a party of Spanish nobles at the border rivulet of Caya, she finally reached the longing arms of her mother. Don Antonio Puertocarrero was sent down from Valladolid to offer her the congratulations of the princess-regent, to which were added those of the emperor, the emperor having likewise received, as he passed, credentials at Yuste. At Badajoz the infanta remained for twenty days, during which time her mother and aunt exhausted all their arguments and caresses in

the attempt to induce her to settle in Spain. Queen Eleanor gave her jewels to the value of fifty thousand ducats, and queen Mary added a quantity of rich dresses and household plenishing. But her heart was sealed against the land of which she had hoped to be queen, and against the nearest and tenderest ties of her Spanish blood. She therefore remained inflexible in her determination to return to Portugal, and bade an eternal farewell to her weeping mother with no visible marks of concern. During her stay at Badajoz, however, she was careful to fulfil the laws of etiquette to the letter, and accordingly despatched Don Emanuel de Melo to present her compliments to the regent and the emperor. Her ambassador travelled with unusual magnificence, and with his cavalcade of fifty horsemen excited great stir in Quacos and at Yuste.

On the eleventh of February, the queens set out from Badajoz, and the emperor sent Gaztelu down to Truxillo to meet them on the road. But they had accomplished only three leagues of their journey, when Eleanor, who had been suffering at Badajoz with her usual asthma, and a slight attack of fever, was taken seriously ill at Talaverilla, a small ague-stricken town on a melancholy plain. Dr. Cornelio, who was in attendance, had the worst opinion of her case. Intelligence of her danger was immediately sent off to the infanta, who was still on the frontier of Portugal, but who, nevertheless, refused to set foot again in Spain. A courier was likewise despatched to Yuste, whence Quixada was ordered instantly to ride post to Talaverilla. Gaztelu, who had probably met the courier on the road, as he was going to Truxillo, arrived first, on the morning of the eighteenth of February. He found the queen sitting in her chair, panting for breath, and suffering much pain; but in full possession of her faculties, and listening with eager interest to some business of her daughter's. At six in the evening, however,

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he was hastily sent for to take leave of her; her strength was then utterly exhausted, and she was lying in a state of stupor; the bishop of Palencia standing at her side in his robes, ready to administer the last solemn rite of the church. On hearing the secretary announced, she roused herself for a moment, and said, 'Tell my brother, the emperor, that he must take care of my daughter the infanta.' With her last thoughts thus fixed upon the thankless child who had been the idol of her life, she again sank into unconsciousness; and within an hour, her loving heart had ceased to beat; and the long account of her gentle deeds, her womanly self-sacrifices, and her meekly-borne sorrows, was closed for ever. Luis de Avila, who stood by her dying bed, truly described her 'as the gentlest and most guileless creature he had ever known; and as one who left no better being in the world.' Quixada galloped into the town just in time to see her before she expired, and immediately, in a few simple lines of honest emotion, communicated the event to his master at Yuste.

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The remains of the queen were deposited at Merida, and afterwards gathered to those of her kindred at the Escorial. Her desire was that the interment should be simple and private, and the money which more sumptuous obsequies would have cost, should be given to the poor. Under her will, her undutiful daughter became her universal legatee, and inherited a vast quantity of plate, jewels, and tapestry, sundry large sums due to the queen by the crowns of France and Spain, and various lordships in Castille and Languedoc; a heritage which, with her patrimonial portion and her towns of Viseu and Torres Vedras, made her one of the greatest matches in Europe.[1] On the death of his English queen, Philip the

[1] Dam. de Goes: *Chronica do Rei D. Emanuel*, iv. fol. 84.

prudent once more turned his thoughts to his forsaken love, and for a brief moment the Portuguese infanta was again destined for the Spanish throne. A successful rival, however, again intervened in the shape of peace with France, and a young, lovely, and well-dowered daughter of Valois. Fate had marked Mary of Avis for single blessedness; and in spite of all the attempts made on her behalf, she died unmarried, a fact which Portuguese historians patriotically ascribe to her unwillingness to deprive Portugal of her splendid dowry. Her grand nephew, Don Sebastian, became heir to the residue of her fortune which remained after the completion of her splendid mausoleum, in a chapel of Our Lady of Light, and of the nunneries and other religious edifices, which she had founded with lavish piety in various parts of the kingdom.[1]

On the death of queen Eleanor, Gaztelu and Quixada set out for Yuste. Queen Mary, who was to follow them slowly, in giving them audience on their departure, was so overcome with grief for her loss, that her messages to her brother were drowned in sobs and tears. The emperor, on receiving the news, likewise wept bitterly, and displayed an emotion which he rarely felt and still more rarely permitted to be seen. For Eleanor, although her happiness never stood in the way of his policy, had ever been his favourite sister. 'There were but fifteen months,' he said, 'between us in age, and in less than that time I shall be with her once more,'—a prophecy which was exactly fulfilled. The shock increased the violence of his disorders, and his strength was so much prostrated, that Gaztelu did not venture to tell him the intelligence which had just come, that Oran was again menaced by a Turkish fleet. Nevertheless the invalid

[1] Pedro de Mariz: *Dialogos de varia historia*, sm. 8vo. Lisbon: 1594, fol. 205.

gave his orders about mourning for the household, and about the masses to be said for the deceased in the convent church. For many days he lay in bed, sometimes tossing restlessly, sometimes unable to move for pain, eating very little and sleeping still less. It was not till the end of the month that he showed any symptoms of amendment, or was able to sit up; or to taste a dried herring from Burgos with a head of garlic; or to receive visitors. Luis de Avila was one of the first inquirers who presented himself; and the emperor was much the better for seeing him. From the death-bed scene at Talaverilla, their conversation passed to war and politics, when the emperor, recurring to the loss of Calais, said that he regretted it like death itself.

The queen of Hungary arrived on the third of March, and on this occasion was lodged for some nights in the convent. Coming next morning to visit her brother, he was much affected on seeing Mary enter his room alone; and he afterwards said to Quixada, that until then he had not felt the reality of queen Eleanor's death. Observing the effect she had produced, queen Mary avoided it in future by going attended either by the chamberlain, or by Avila, or by the bishop of Palencia. The course of their genuine natural sorrow was interrupted by the official semblance of woe in the shape of Don Hernando de Roxas, sent from Valladolid to condole with the court of Lisbon, and of Dr. Bernardino de Tavora, on a similar mission from Lisbon to the courts of Valladolid and Yuste. The emperor gave audiences to both of these envoys, and found that the Portuguese brought, on the part of his queen, not only a string of decent and consolatory truisms, but some very uncomfortable intelligence of a Turkish descent on the African possessions of the house of Avis, and of the accession to

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power of a new sultan of Fez, who was likely to be troublesome both to Spain and Portugal.[1]

Queen Mary moved in a few days from Yuste to her old abode at Xarandilla. On the fifteenth of March she came to take leave of the emperor and found him again in bed, and suffering much pain from an ulcerated finger. It was the last time that they met in this world. She passed the night at Quacos, and set off next day at noon for Valladolid, preceded by Luis Quixada, who had started at dawn to provide for the evening's repose. Some months afterwards she sent some illuminated choir books to the monks of Yuste, as an offering to their church and a memorial of her visit to the convent. For Mary shared her brother's tastes, and was both a collector and a lover of works of art. Evidence of her feeling on these matters is preserved in the letter relating to a portrait of her nephew Philip, painted by Titian, and lent by her to Philip's longing bride, Mary of England, in which she displays the greatest solicitude not only that the picture should be safely and speedily returned, but that it should also be seen at a due distance, and in an advantageous light.[2]

Quixada attended the queen not solely for her convenience, but partly to communicate to the princess-regent some confidential instructions from the emperor, and partly that he might now superintend the removal of his own household from Villagarcia to Quacos. He arrived at court at noon on the nineteenth, and immediately saw the regent. His business was to explain the emperor's views as to the best means of raising money, the great end of all Spanish government, and to persuade the princess to consult queen Mary in all state

[1] Menezes: *Chronica*, p. 75.
[2] *Papiers d'état de Granvelle;* iv. p. 150.

affairs of importance, and especially on topics connected with Flanders, which she had ruled so long and so wisely. With whatever deference Juana may have received her father's financial advice, she showed no deference whatever to his second proposal. She was desirous to resign the government to her brother, but she would on no account share it with her aunt. She would not even permit Quixada to mention the emperor's wish to the council of state. She was willing that Mary's treasurer should be heard occasionally before the council; but as he was a Frenchman, and therefore not entirely to be trusted, even this concession must be cautiously used. But as to allowing the queen herself a voice as a matter of right, that, she said, she could never agree to; for Mary's temper was well known to be so imperious that were she permitted to meddle at all, she would soon make herself mistress of the whole state. Besides, when she herself was appointed regent, no such interference with her power was proposed or even contemplated; and in short, if the point were insisted on, she would resign the government.[1] The point was not insisted on, and queen Mary fixed her residence at Cigales, a hamlet near which there was a small royal seat, about two leagues from the capital, crowning a vine-clad height on the western side of the vale of the Pisuerga.

The emperor's scheme of finance seems to have been submitted by the princess to the council, for a memorial was immediately prepared by that body on the subject, and forwarded for approval to Yuste. This document suggested, as a means of raising funds, an increase in the price of salt, the sale of certain lands belonging to

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[1] Quixada to emp., 19th of March, and princess to emp., 22nd of March, 1558. Gonzalez MS.

the military orders, the sale of certain honorary offices and of patents of nobility (*hidalguias*), and the sale of acts or patents conferring legitimacy on the children of the clergy.

The inquiry into the Seville bullion case continued to drag its slow length along, with results which were submitted at intervals to the emperor. Some of the merchants, accused of being averse to the seizure of their property, having informed on each other, he advised that free pardon should be offered to all shipmasters and sailors who should give evidence leading to further discoveries. Nothing worthy of note was elicited, but the facts that there was hardly a trader in Seville who was not guilty of concealing his gold and silver; and that so great was the distrust of the royal mint, that some of the importers made quoits (*tejuelos*) of those precious metals, hoping that, in that humble disguise, they might escape the vigilance of the royal searchers.

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A proof of the straits to which the treasury was reduced is found in a fresh skirmish which took place between the self-willed grand inquisitor Valdés, and the court. Some months before the emperor had written to the princess that so soon as the body of his mother, the late queen Juana, should be considered sufficiently dry, it was to be transferred with proper state from Tordesillas to Granada, and there laid beside her husband, Philip the handsome, in the magnificent tomb of white marble, wrought by the delicate chisel of Vigarny, in the chapel-royal of the cathedral. Towards the end of March, the weather being favourable, and the royal corpse being pronounced ripe for removal, the marquess of Comares and the grand-inquisitor were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to escort it on the journey. But the prelate excused himself, on the plea that he must attend to the business of the holy

office, and to the souls of the Moriscos of Valladolid. The princess, on the other hand, not only refused to admit this excuse, but said that it was an excellent opportunity for him to visit his diocese, from which he had been long absent, and she therefore ordered him to proceed on the journey, and return by way of Seville. With this new order the archbishop flatly refused to comply, alleging that since a certain decree of the council of Trent, which had greatly extended the powers of chapters, he had been waging such a war with his canons that it was utterly impossible for him to honour them with his presence. The infanta, finding him thus stubborn, referred the matter to the council, which at once decided against the recusant. Still the archbishop held out, setting forth the hardship of his case in letters, each of which was more cool, plausible, and copious than the one before it; and at last, hinting that if he were left to choose his own time, he would go down to Granada, and find means of levying on the Moriscos there a fine of one hundred thousand ducats for the royal service. The bait took; and the insolent old churchman was left to pursue, undisturbed, his present course of cruelty and exaction at Valladolid; and another holy man was appointed to pray beside the crazy queen's coffin as it journeyed to the tomb.

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Under a course of sarsaparilla and an infusion of liquorice the emperor's health improved as the genial spring weather came on. But his attack of gout had shaken him considerably, and for many weeks painful twinges were apt to revisit his arms and knees. Nor was he so fit for exercise as he had been during the previous year, and his gun ceased to persecute the wood-pigeons in the walnut-trees. But he was still able to sit or saunter among his new parterres, bright and fragrant with vernal flowers, and to superintend the

progress of his fountain and summer-house, which were ready in summer to shed their coolness and offer their shade. To this family of pets, the queen of Portugal added in April a pair of very small Indian cats, and a parrot, gifted with wonderful faculties of speech, which soon became the favourite of the palace.

The emperor's punctual attendance, whenever his health permitted, on religious rites in church, and his fondness for finding occasion for extraordinary functions there, won him golden opinions among the friars. On each first of May, during his stay at the convent, he caused funeral honours to be celebrated for his empress with great pomp, and a liberal allowance of tapers. When he himself had completed a year of residence, some good-humoured bantering passed between him and the master of the novices, about its being now time for him to make profession: and he afterwards declared, as the friars averred, that he was prevented from taking the vows, and becoming one of themselves, only by the state of his health.

St. Blas's day, 1558, the anniversary of his arrival, was held as a festival and celebrated by masses, the *Te Deum*, a procession, and a sermon by Villalva. In the afternoon, the emperor provided a sumptuous repast for the whole convent out of doors, it being the custom of the fraternity to mark any accession to their numbers by a pic-nic. The country people of the Vera sent a quantity of partridges and kids to aid the feast, which was also enlivened by the presence of many of the Flemish retainers, male and female, from the village of Quacos. The prior provided a more permanent memorial of the day, by opening a new book for the names of brethren admitted to the convent, on the first leaf of which the emperor inscribed his name, an autograph

which was the pride of the archives until they were destroyed by the dragoons of Buonaparte.

On the first Sunday after he came to the convent, as he went to mass, he observed the friar, who was sprinkling the holy water, hesitate as he approached to be aspersed. Taking the hyssop, therefore, from his hand, he bestowed a plentiful shower upon his own face and clothes, saying, as he returned the instrument, 'This, father, is the way you must do it next time.' Another friar offering the pyx containing the holy wafer to his lips, in a similar diffident manner, he took it into his hands, and not only kissed it fervently, but applied it to his forehead and eyes with true oriental reverence.

Feasting being his greatest pleasure, he considered fasting at due times and seasons, the first of human duties; and during his last Lent in Flanders, he had specially charged the papal nuncio to grant licences for the use of meat to no member of his household, except the sick whose lives were in danger.[1] Although provided with an indulgence for eating before communion, he never availed himself of it but when suffering from extreme debility; and he always heard two masses on the days when he partook of the solemn rite. On Ash Wednesday he required his entire household, down to the meanest scullion, to communicate; and, on these occasions, he would stand on the highest step of the altar to observe if the muster was complete. He was likewise particular in causing the Flemings to be assembled for confession on the stated days when their countryman, the Flemish chaplain, came over from Xarandilla.[2]

The emperor himself usually heard mass from the

[1] *Relatione* of Badovaro. See chap. ii., p. 36, note. [2] Chap. iv. p. 89.

window of his bed-chamber, which looked into the church; but at complines he went up into the choir with the fathers, and prayed in a devout and audible voice in his tribune. During the season of Lent, which came round twice during his residence at Yuste, he regularly appeared on Fridays in his place in the choir, and, at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing the taper which he, like the rest, held in his hand, he flogged himself with such sincerity of purpose that the scourge was stained with blood, and the pious singularly edified. Some of these scourges were found, after his death, in his chamber stained with blood, and became precious heir-looms in the house of Austria, and honoured relics at the Escorial.[1] On Good Friday he went forth at the head of his household to adore the holy cross; and, although he was so infirm that he was almost carried by the men on whom he leaned, he insisted upon prostrating himself three times upon the ground, in the manner of the friars, before he approached the blessed symbol with his lips. The feast of St. Matthias he always celebrated with peculiar devotion as a day of great things in his life, being the day of his birth, his coronation, the victories of Bicocca and Pavia, and the birth of his son Don John of Austria. On this festival, therefore, he appeared at mass in a dress of ceremony, and wearing the collar of the Golden fleece, and at the offertory expressed his gratitude by a large oblation. The church was thronged with strangers, and the crowd who could not gain admittance was so great, that while one sermon proceeded within, another was pronounced outside beneath the shadow of the great walnut-tree of Yuste.

[1] They were seen and handled there in the next century by Gaspar Scioppius, as he relates in his caustic book against Strada: *Infamia Famiani*, 12mo. Amsterd.: 1663, p. 18. He adds that, being still stained with the blood of Charles, they could have 'given little pain to the backs' of the Philips, his descendants, p. 19.

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The emperor lived with the friars on terms of friendly familiarity, of which they were very proud, and his household somewhat ashamed. He always insisted on his confessor being seated in his presence, and would never listen to the entreaties of the modest divine, that he should at least be allowed to stand when the chamberlain or any one else came into the room. 'Have no care of this matter, Fray Juan,' he would say, 'since you are my father in confession, and I am equally pleased by your sitting in my presence, and by your blushing when caught in the act.' He knew all the friars by sight and by name, and frequently conversed with them, as well as with the prior; and he sometimes honoured them with his company at dinner in the refectory.[1] When the visitors of the order paid their triennial visit of inspection to Yuste, they represented to him with all respect, that his majesty himself was the only inmate of the convent with whom they had any fault to find; and they entreated him to discontinue the benefactions which he was in the habit of bestowing on the fraternity, and which it was against their rule for Jeromites to receive. One of his favourites was the lay-brother, Alonso Mudarra, who, after having filled offices of trust in the state, was now working out his own salvation as cook to the convent. This worthy had an only daughter, who did not share her father's contempt for mundane things. When she came with her husband to visit him at Yuste, emerging from among the pots in his dirtiest apron, he thus addressed her: 'Daughter, behold my gala apparel; obedience is now my pleasure and my pride; for you, with your silks and vanities, I entertain a profound pity!' So saying, he returned to his cooking, and would never see her again, an effort of holiness

[1] He dined with them on the 6th of June, St. Vincent's-day, 1557, and was observed to be in peculiarly good spirits.

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to which he appears to owe his place in the chronicles of the order.

While the emperor's servants were surprised by his familiarity with the stupid friars, the friars marvelled at his forbearance with his careless servants. They noted his patience with Adrian the cook, although it was notorious that he left the cinnamon, which his master loved, out of the dishes, whereof it was the proper seasoning: and how mildly he admonished Pelayo the baker, who, getting drunk and neglecting his oven, sent up burnt bread, which must have sorely tried the toothless gums of the emperor. Nevertheless, the old military habits of the recluse had not altogether forsaken him; and there were occasions in which he showed himself something of a martinet in enforcing the discipline of his household and the convent. Observing in his walks, or from his window, that a certain basket daily went and came between his garden and the garden of the friars, he sent for Moron, minister of the horticultural department, and caused him to institute a search, of which the result was the harmless discovery that the cepevorous Flemings were in the habit of bartering egg-plants with the friars for double rations of onions. He had also been disturbed by suspicious gatherings of young women, who stood gossiping at the convent gate, under pretence of receiving alms. At Yuste, the spirit of misogyny was less stern than it had formerly been at Mejorada, where the prior once assured queen Mary of Castille that if she opened, as she proposed, a door from her palace into the conventual choir, he and his monks would fly from their polluted abode.[1] In his secular life, Charles was accused by one contemporary[2] of fol-

[1] Fr. Pedro de la Vega: *Cronica de los frayles de Sant Hieronymo*, fol. Alcala: 1539; *black letter*, fol. xli.

[2] Badovaro. See chap. ii., p. 36, note.

lowing the ways of pious times 'before polygamy was made a sin,' and praised by another for being so severely virtuous as to shut his window when he saw a pretty woman pass along the street.[1] Here, however, he was determined that neither he himself nor his Jeromite hosts should be led into temptation. His complaint to the superior not sufficiently suppressing the evil, it was repeated to the visitors when they came their rounds. An order was then issued that the conventual dole, instead of being divided at the door, should be sent round in certain portions to the villages of the Vera, for distribution on the spot. And although it was well known that St. Jerome had sometimes miraculously let loose the lion, which always lies at his feet in his pictures, against the women who ventured themselves within his cloisters,[2] it was thought prudent to adopt more sure and secular means for their exclusion. The crier therefore went down the straggling street of Quacos, making the ungallant proclamation that any woman who should be found nearer to the convent of Yuste than a certain oratory, about two gunshots from the gate, was to be punished with a hundred lashes.

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On the third of May, 1558, the emperor received an intimation from the secretary of state that all the forms of his renunciation of the imperial crown had been gone through, and that the act against which Philip and the court had so frequently remonstrated, was now complete. He expressed the greatest delight at this intelligence, and caused Gaztelu to reply that in future he was to be addressed, not as emperor, but as a private person, and that a couple of seals, 'without crown, eagle, fleece, or other device,' were to be made and forthwith sent for his use. In this letter the usual

[1] Zenocarus: *Vita Caroli V.*, p. 268.
[2] P. de la Vega: *Cronica*, fol. xli.

heading 'the emperor,' was left out, and it was addressed to Juan Vazquez de Molina, not, as before, '*my* secretary,' but 'secretary of the council of the king, my son.' The blank seals were made and sent; but, in spite of Charles's injunctions, the princess-regent and all his other correspondents continued to address him by his ancient style and title of 'sacred Cæsarean Catholic majesty,' which indeed it would have been no less difficult than absurd to change.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE INQUISITION, ITS ALLIES AND ITS VICTIMS.

THE year 1558 is memorable in the history of Spain. In that year was decided the question whether she was to join the intellectual movement of the north, or lag behind in the old paths of mediæval faith; whether she was to be guided by the printing-press, or to hold fast by her manuscript missals. It was in that year that she felt the first distinct shock of the great moral earthquake, out of which had already come Luther and Protestantism, out of which was to come the Thirty years' war, the English commonwealth, French revolutions, and modern republics. The effect was visible and palpable, yet transient as the effect produced by the great Lisbon earthquake on the distant waters of Lochlomond. But to the powers that were it was sufficiently alarming. For some weeks a church-in-danger panic pervaded the court at Valladolid and the cloister of Yuste; and it was feared that while the most catholic king was bringing back his realm of England to the true fold, Castille herself might go astray into the howling wilderness of heresy and schism.

The harvest of church abuses into which Luther and his band thrust their sharp sickles in Germany had long been rank and rife to the south of the Pyrenees. Nor were reapers, strong, active, and earnest, wanting to the field. From the beginning of the sixteenth century, not only laymen, but even friars, priests, and dignitaries of the church, had stood forth with voice and pen to make

solemn protest against the vices of the various orders of the priesthood; against the greedy avarice and dissolute lives of monks; against the regular clergy, who preferred their hawks and hounds to their cures of souls; against oppressive prelates and chapters, who lived in open concubinage, and heaped preferment upon their bastards; and even against Rome itself, where all these iniquities were practised on an imperial scale, and whence Europe was irrigated with ecclesiastical pollution. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and during the infamous papacy of Alexander the Sixth, the disorders of the Franciscan mendicants had reached such a pitch of public scandal in Spain, that those of them who adhered to the party which was called cloisteral, in opposition to the reformed party of the observants, were suppressed by law and actually expelled from their monasteries. But although this just and necessary measure was enforced by the strong hand of Ximenes, then provincial of the order and afterwards cardinal-primate, the cowled vagabonds who, refusing to purge and live cleanly, were driven from Toledo, had the audacity to file out of the Visagra gate in long procession, headed by a crucifix, and chanting the psalm which celebrates the exodus of the people of God from the bondage of Egypt.[1] Abundant proof of the demoralized state of the Spanish clergy, regular and secular, may be found in those collections of obscene songs and poems, still preserved as curiosities in libraries, and composed chiefly in the cloister, in an age when none but churchmen were writers, and few but churchmen were readers.[2]

[1] Psalm cxiii. (in our version cxiv.): '*In exitu Israel de Egypto,*' &c. See Eugenio de Robles: *Vida del Cardenal D. Fran. Ximenesde Cisneros*, 4to. Toledo: 1604, p. 68, and Alvar. Gomez; *De rebus gestis a F. Ximenio Cisnerio:* 4to. Compluti: 1569, fol. 7.

[2] See the curious essay on this subject, by Don Luis de Usoz y Rio, prefixed to the *Cancionero de obras de Burlas*, 4to. Valencia: 1519; reprinted sm. 8vo. London: 1841.

Similar evidence, perhaps still more convincing, exists in the proverbial philosophy of Spain, that old and popular record in which each generation noted its experience, where clerical cant, greed, falsehood, gluttony, and uncleanness are so frequently lashed as to leave no doubt of the wisdom of the precept which said, 'Parson, friar, and Jew, friends like these eschew.'[1]

These evils were so monstrous and so crying, that those who denounced them enjoyed for awhile the support of popular feeling, and even the good will of the secular power. But while all good men, both lay and ecclesiastic, deplored and even denounced the wickedness of churchmen, there is no reason to believe that they were shaken in their faith in the infallible church. They abhorred the hireling shepherd, not only because he was hateful in himself, but because they loved the true fold, of which he was the danger and the disgrace. Even the Inquisition itself was no enemy to reform, and although its chief business was to keep the Jew and the Moor under the yoke of enforced Christianity, it occasionally took cognizance of the grosser cases of clerical profligacy. Under the rule of Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards pope, and of cardinal Manrique, the holy office issued a few decrees against the heresy of Luther and against the importation of heretical books into Spain. But the offenders condemned under these laws were few, and principally foreigners; and the fires were usually kindled for victims who were supposed to pray with their faces turned to the east, to deal in astrology and witchcraft, to keep the Sabbath, to circumcise their children, or to use the unchristian luxury of the bath.

It was not until near the middle of the century that the

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[1] 'Clerigo frayle, o Judio, no le tengas por amigo.' See Essay by Usoz, p. 27. cited in p. 173, note 2.

seed cast by the wayside took root in the stony ground of Castille. Then it was that Spanish pens began to be busy with translations of the Scriptures. That such translations were as yet not forbidden may be inferred from the fact, the first work of the kind, the Castillian new testament of Enzinas, printed at Antwerp in 1543, was dedicated to the emperor Charles the Fifth. In spite, however, of this judicious choice of a patron, the poor author very shortly found himself in prison at Bruxelles as a heretical perverter of the text. Notwithstanding his ill-fortune, several versions of the psalms and other sacred books, and a new testament in verse were put forth from the presses of Antwerp and Venice. Commentaries, glosses, dialogues, and other treatises of questionable orthodoxy, followed in rapid succession. Their circulation in Spain became so extensive that the inquisition interfered with fresh laws and increased severities. The stoppage of the regular traffic only piqued public curiosity, and the forbidden tracts were soon smuggled in bales by the muleteers over the mountains from Huguenot Bearn, or run in casks, by English or Dutch traders, on the shores of Andalusia. Something like public opinion began to gather and stir; strange questions were raised in the schools of Alcala and Salamanca; strange doctrines were spoken from cathedral pulpits, and whispered in monastic cloisters; and high matters of faith, which had been formerly left to the entire control of the clergy, were handled by laymen, and even by ladies, at Seville and Valladolid. No longer contented with pointing out the weather-stains and rents in the huge ecclesiastical fabric, reformers began to pry with inconvenient curiosity into the nature of its foundations. But no sooner had the first stroke fallen upon that venerable accumulation of ages than the chiefs of the black garrison

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at once saw the full extent of their danger. To them the rubbish on the surface being far more productive, was at least as sacred as the eternal rock beneath. Wisely, therefore, postponing their private differences to a fitter season of adjustment, they sallied forth upon the foe, armed with all the power of the state as well as with all the terror of the keys. The unhappy inquirers, uncertain of their own aims and plans, were not supported by any of those political chances and necessities which aided the triumph of religious reform in other lands. The battle was therefore short, the carnage terrible, and the victory so signal and decisive, that it remains to this day a source of shame or of pride to the zealots of either party, who still love the sound of the polemic trumpet. The protestant must confess that the new religion has never succeeded in eradicating the old, even amongst the freest and boldest of the Teutonic people. The catholic, on the other hand, may fairly boast, that in the Iberian peninsula the seeds of reform were crushed by Rome at once and for ever.

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What the new tenets were can hardly be made clear to us, since they were not clear to the unhappy persons who were burned for holding them. Protestant divines have assumed that these tenets were protestant, on account of the savage vengeance with which they were pursued by the church. In one feature these dead and forgotten dogmas have some interest for the philosopher, in the glimmering perception which appears in them, that tolerance is a Christian duty; that honesty in matters of belief, is of far greater moment than the actual quality of the belief; and that speculative error can never be corrected, or kept at bay, by civil punishment. Yet none of the so-called Spanish protestants have enunciated these sentiments so clearly as the Benedictine Virues in his treatise against the opinions

of Luther and Melancthon.[1] Had time been given for the new spirit of inquiry to shape itself into some definite form, it would doubtless have greatly modified the character of Spanish religion; although it is scarcely probable that it would have led the children of the south, with their warm blood and tendency to sensuous symbolism, into that track of severe and progressive speculation, into which reform conducted the people of the north. But inquiry demands time; and the church being too wise to trifle with so deadly a foe, it was strangled in the cradle by the iron gripe of the inquisitor.

It would be curious to investigate the causes to which this repressive policy owed its success; and to discover the reasons why the Spaniard thus clung to a superstition which the Hollander cast away; why the strong giant whose flag was on every sea, and whose foot was on every shore, shrank to a pigmy in the field of theological speculation. But the germs of a popular faith must be sought for far and wide in the moral and physical circumstances of a people; and it would be far beyond the scope of a biographical fragment, to analyze the mixed blood of the Spaniard, the air he breathes, the shape and soil of his beautiful land, and the texture of his national history. Suffice it, therefore, to notice two points wherein the victorious church possessed advantages in Spain, which were wanting to her in the countries where she was vanquished. The first of these was the inquisition, a police claiming unlimited jurisdiction over thought, long established, well organized, well trained, untrammelled by the forms of ordinary justice, and so habitually merciless, as to have accustomed the nation to see blood shed

[1] A. de Castro: *Spanish Protestants*, translated by T. Parker; sm. 8vo. London: 1851, p. liv., where a passage is quoted from the *Disputationes* of Virues.

like water on account of religious error. Before this terrible machinery the recruits of reform, raw, wavering, doubting, without any clear common principle or habits of combination, were swept away like the Indians of Mexico, before the cavalry and culverins of Cortes. The second advantage of the Spanish church was her intimate connexion with the national glory, and her strong hold, if not on the affections, at least on the antipathies of the people. The Moorish wars, which had been brought to a close within the memory of men still alive, had been eminently wars of religion and of race; they were domestic crusades, which had endured for eight centuries, and in which the church had led the van; and in which the knights of Castille deemed it no disloyalty to avow that they had been guided to victory rather by the cross of Christ than by the castles and lions of their beloved Isabella. Deeply significant of the spirit of the enterprise and the age was the fact, that it was the sacred cross of Toledo, the symbol of primacy borne before the grand-cardinal Mendoza, which was solemnly raised, in the sight of the Christian host, in the place of the crescent, on the red towers of the Alhambra.[1] Since that proud day, the church, once more militant under cardinal Ximenes, had carried the holy war into Africa, and gained a footing in the land of Tarik and the Saracen. All good Christians devoutly believed, with the chronicler,[2] that 'powder burned against the infidel was sweet incense to the Lord.' In Spain itself there was still a large population of Moorish blood, which made a garden of many a pleasant valley, and a fortress of many a mountain range, and which, although Chris-

[1] Pedro de Salazar: *Cronica de el gran Cardenal D. Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoça*, fol. Toledo: 1625, p. 256.

[2] Gonz. Fernandez de Oviedo; *Quincuagenas*; quoted by Prescott; *Hist. of Ferdinand and Isabella.*

tian in name, was well known to be Moslem in heart and secret practice, and to be anxiously looking to the great Turk for deliverance from thraldom. Every city, too, had its colony of Hebrews, wretches who accumulated untold wealth, eschewed pork, and continued to eat the paschal lamb. Against these domestic dangers the church kept watch and ward, doing, with the full approval of the Christian people, all that cruelty and bad faith could do to make Judaism and Islamism eternal and implacable. When the Barbary pirates sacked a village on the shores of Spain, or made a prize of a Spanish galley at sea, it was the church who sent forth those peaceful crusaders, the white-robed friars of the order of Mercy, to redeem the captives from African bondage. In Spain, therefore, heresy, or opposition to the authority of the church, was connected in the popular mind with all that was most shameful in their annals of the past, and all that was most hated and feared in the circumstances of the present, and in the prospects of the future. In northern Europe, the church had no martial achievements to boast of, and few opportunities of appearing in the beneficent character of a protector or redeemer. She was known merely in her spiritual capacity; or as a power in the state no less proud and oppressive than king or count; or as the channel through which the national riches were drained off into the papal treasury at Rome. In the north, the reformer was not merely the denouncer of ecclesiastical abuses, but the champion of the people's rights, and the redresser of their wrongs. But in Spain, the poor enthusiast, to his horror, found himself associated in popular esteem, as well as in the inquisition dungeons, with the Jew, the crucifier of babies, and the Morisco, who plotted to restore the caliphate of the west. Men's passions became so inflamed against the new doctrines, that an

instance is recorded of a wretched fanatic, who asked leave, which was joyfully granted, to light the pile whereon his young daughters were to die. Long after the excitement had passed away, a mark of the torrent remained in the proverbial phrase, in which the aspect of poverty was described as being 'ugly as the face of a heretic.'[1]

The inquisitor general, archbishop Valdés, had for some months past been watching the movement party in the church with anxiety, not unmingled with alarm. He had even applied to the pope for extended powers. In February he received a brief, in which were renewed and consolidated all the decrees ever issued by popes or councils against heresy—a document in which Paul, unable to resist the temptation of insulting Philip the Second, even while he was treating with him, conferred upon the inquisition the power of deposing from their dignities heretics of whatever degree, were they bishops, archbishops, or cardinals, dukes, kings, or emperors.[2]

The first heretic of note who was arrested at Valladolid, was Dr. Augustin Cazalla, an eminent divine who had for ten years attended Charles the Fifth in Germany and the Netherlands as his preacher, and in that capacity had distinguished himself by the force and eloquence with which he had denounced Luther and his errors. But while he saved others, the doctor himself became a castaway. Having been for some time suspected of holding the new opinions, he was arrested on the twenty-third of April, as he was going to preach beyond the walls of the city, and was lodged in the prison of the inquisition. His sister, and several other noble ladies, were likewise taken at the same time; and orders were given to search

[1] A. de Castro: *Hist. de los Protestantes Españoles*, pp. 218, 311.
[2] Llorente: *Hist. de la Inquisicion*, 8 vols. sm. 8vo. Barcelona: 1835, iii. 264.

for an important member of the party, Fray Domingo de Roxas, son of the marquess of Poza, a Dominican of high reputation for sanctity.

Notice of these events was immediately sent to Yuste. The emperor heard of them with much emotion —emotion not of pity for the probable fate of his chaplain, but of horror of the crime laid to his charge. He soon afterwards addressed two letters to the princess-regent, one a private and tender epistle, the other a public despatch to be laid before the council. In both of them he entreated her to lose no time and spare no pains to uproot the dangerous doctrine; and in the second, he advised that all who were found guilty should be punished, without any exception; and said that if the state of his health permitted, he would himself undertake any toil for the chastisement of so great a crime, and the remedy of so great an evil. Talking of the same matter with the prior of Yuste, he again expressed the same opinion and the same wish. 'Father,' said he, 'if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. For such creatures as those now in prison, however, this is not necessary, but I have written to the inquisition to burn them all, for none of them will ever become true catholics, or are worthy to live.'[1]

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His advice was taken, though not with the promptitude he desired. But the alguazils of holy office knew no repose from their labour of capturing the culprits. In a few days Fray Domingo de Roxas was taken, with several other members of the Roxas family, and several noble ladies of the family of the marquess of Alcaniçes, a branch of the great house of Henriquez. New arrestments, and new informations followed so fast upon each

[1] Sandoval, ii. p. 829.

other, that the inquisition was overwhelmed with business, and its prisons filled to overflowing. Rumours were rife of a rising among the Jews of Murcia, and of a general emigration of the Moriscos of Aragon towards the frontiers of France. The regent and her court were at their wits' ends at the dangers which were thus thickening around them.

The crafty old inquisitor-general alone rejoiced in the public panic and confusion. He was now secure from all chance of being sent to attend a royal corpse across the kingdom; of being ordered into exile amongst his refractory canons; or of being fleeced of his savings by the crown. So long as the faithful were menaced by this flood of Lutheran heresy, so long would he be the greatest man in the ark of safety—the church. He therefore took his measures rather to direct than to lull the storm. Visiting Salamanca, he made there a large seizure of bibles and other heretical books, and convened a council of doctors, with whose assistance he drew up a censure on the new doctrines, which he caused to be published in all the cities of the kingdom. In order the better to probe the seat of the disease, this zealous minister of truth sent out a number of spies to mix with the suspected Lutherans, under pretence of being inquirers or converts, and thus to make themselves acquainted with their numbers, principles, hopes, and designs. Lured to destruction by these wretches, many persons of all ranks were arrested at Toro and Zamora, Palencia and Logroño. Seville was the great southern seat of heresy, and in the neighbouring convent of St. Isidro del Campo, the Jeromite friars almost to a man were tainted with the new opinions. Valladolid, however, was the stronghold of the sect, and in spite of the odour of sanctity which surrounded the pious regent,

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the brimstone-savour of false doctrine offended the orthodox nostril in the very precincts of the palace.

So engrossed was the emperor with the subject, that he postponed to it for awhile all other affairs of state. He urged the princess to remember that the welfare of the kingdom and of the church of God was bound up in the suppression of heresy, and that therefore it demanded greater diligence and zeal than any temporal matter. He had been informed that the false teachers had been spreading their poison over the land for nearly a year; a length of time for which they could have eluded discovery only through the aid or the connivance of a great mass of the people. If it were possible, therefore, he would have their crime treated in a short and summary manner, like sedition or rebellion. The king his son had executed sharp and speedy justice upon many heretics, and even upon bishops in England; how much more, then, ought his measures to be swift and strong in his own hereditary and catholic realms? He recommended the princess to confer with Quixada, and employ him in the business according as she judged best.

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To the king in Flanders he wrote in a similar strain, insisting on the necessity of vigour and severity. And as if the letter, penned by the secretary, were not sufficiently forcible and distinct, he added this postscript in his own hand:—

'Son; the black business which has risen here has shocked me as much as you can think or suppose. You will see what I have written about it to your sister. It is essential that you write to her yourself, and that you take all the means in your power to cut out the root of the evil with rigour and rude handling. But since you are better disposed, and will assist more

warmly, than I can say or wish, I will not enlarge further thereon. Your good father Charles.'[1]

After reading this letter and postscript, Philip wrote on the margin this memorandum of a reply for the guidance of his secretary:—

'To kiss his hands for what he has already ordered in this business, and to beg that he will carry it on, and [assure him] that the same shall be done here, and [that I will take care] to advise him of what has been done up to the present time.'[2]

At the end of May, Quixada, by the emperor's order, saw the inquisitor-general, and urged on him the expediency of despatch in his dealings with heretics, and of even dispensing in their cases with the ordinary forms of his tribunal. But in this, as in everything else, archbishop Valdés would take his own way and no other. With his usual plausibility he assured the chamberlain that the roots of the disease could not be laid bare more thoroughly than by the ordinary operations of inquisitorial surgery. Besides, so many people were crying out for quick and condign punishment to fall upon the criminals, that there was every reason to hope that the greater part of the nation still stood fast in the faith. He had, however, sent for the bishop of Tarazona and the inquisitor of Cuenca to assist him in hearing cases, and would use every prudent method of shortening the proceedings.

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[1] 'Hijo; este negro negocio que aca se ha levantado, me tiene tan escandalizado cuanto lo podeis pensar y juzgar. Vos vereis lo que escribo sobre ello a vuestra hermana. Es menester que escribais y que lo procureis cortar de raiz y con mucho rigor y recio castigo. Y porque se teneis mas voluntad y asistereis de mas hervor que yo lo sabirà ni podria decir ni desear no me alargaré mas en esto. De vuestro buen padre, Carlos.'—Emperor to Philip the Second, 25th of May, 1558. Gonzalez MS.

[2] Besalle los manos por lo que en esto ha mandado y suplicarle lo lleve adelante, que de acà se hara lo mismo y avisarle de lo que se ha hecho hasta agora.

A few days later, on the second of June, the archbishop himself wrote to the emperor, and submitted to him various new measures which appeared to him likely to be useful. First of all, he would extend the holy office to Galicia, Biscay, and Asturias, provinces which had not as yet benefited by its paternal care. He next proposed to make confession and communion obligatory upon all the king's subjects, and to open a register of such persons as habitually absented themselves from those sacraments. A third suggestion was, that no schoolmaster should be allowed to exercise his calling until he had been licensed by a lay and a clerical examiner. And lastly, the book-trade was to be placed under the severest restrictions. It was to be declared unlawful to print any book without the author's and printer's names, and without the permission of the holy office, a permission which was also to be obtained before any book could be imported into the kingdom. Foreigners were to be forbidden from selling books; and Spanish books printed abroad were to be totally prohibited. Booksellers were to be compelled to hang up in their shops lists of all the books which they kept for sale. Lastly, informers were to be rewarded with the third or fourth part of the property of such persons as might be convicted through their means of breaches of any of these laws.

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Unwise, unjust, and impracticable as these measures were, it does not appear that they were so considered by the emperor, or that he withheld his approval from any of their absurd provisions. The inquisitor-general therefore proceeded to enforce them. One of his first steps was to prepare a catalogue of books prohibited by the church, which was published at Valladolid in the following year, and became the harbinger and model of the famous expurgatory index, opened by Paul the Fourth, in

which the Vatican continues to record its protest against the advancement of knowledge.[1] Thus it came to pass that Mariana and Solis, Cervantes and Calderon, were forced to wait upon the pleasure and tremble at the caprice of licenser after licenser; that the beauty, the integrity, and even the existence of some of the finest works of the human mind were so long jeoparded in the dirty hands of stupid friars. There were ages in which the church, as the sanctuary of art, and knowledge, and letters, deserved the gratitude of the world; but for the last three centuries she has striven to cancel the debt, in the noble offspring of genius which she has strangled in the birth, and in the vast fields of intellect which her dark shadow has blighted.

For a time, at least, the vigilance exercised over book-shop and library was very strict. At Yuste, Dr. Mathys had a small bible, in French and without notes, which, in these times of doubt and danger, he feared might get him into trouble. He therefore asked the secretary of state to procure him a licence to retain and read the volume. Vazquez replied that the inquisitors demurred about granting this request; and the prudent doctor, therefore, soon after intimated that he had burned the forbidden book in the presence of the emperor's confessor.

The physician judged wisely. When court ladies and Jeromite friars were attacked with the plague of heresy, and carried off to the hospitals of the inquisition, who could feel certain of escaping the epidemic, or the cure? The most catholic horror of the new doctrines was therefore professed at Yuste; and Gaztelu, reporting at the

[1] *Cathalogus librorum qui prohibentur mandato illustriss. et reverendiss. D. D. Fernandi de Valdes Hispalen. archiepis. inquisitoris generalis Hispaniæ necnon et supremi sanctæ ac generalis inquisitionis senatus. Hic anno* MDLIX. *editus Pinciæ*, 4to. of 28 leaves, or 56 pages, including title. It is extremely rare, and seems to have been unknown to Brundt. A copy is in the possession of D. Pascual de Gayangos, at Madrid.

beginning of June, that ceaseless rain had been falling for nearly twenty days, remarked, that such weather would do much damage in the country, but that the errors of Luther would do far more. The emperor was much distressed by a rumour that a son of father Borja had been arrested at Seville. He immediately wrote to the secretary of state to send him a statement of the fact, and was relieved by learning that it was not known at court. It turned out to be a fiction of the friars of Yuste, who, thinking it hard that the fold of Jerome alone should have the shame of harbouring wolves in sheep's clothing, were nothing loath to cast a stone at the austerely orthodox and rapidly rising company of Jesus. On discovering the story's source the emperor was not greatly surprised; for, said Gaztelu, 'the friars and Flemings are ever filling his ears with fables, and I myself stink in their nostrils by reason of the many lies I have brought home to them.'

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Another rumour, which was better founded, spoke of the arrest of Pompeyo Leoni, one of the royal artists. Much annoyed, the emperor applied to Vazquez for information of the crime of 'Pompeyo, son of Leoni, the sculptor who made my bust and the king's, and brought them with him to Spain in the fleet in which I myself came hither.' The secretary answered that the sculptor was in prison for maintaining certain Lutheran propositions; and that he was sentenced to appear at an auto-de-fé, and afterwards suffer a year's imprisonment in a monastery; but that the busts were in safety.

At Seville, Fray Domingo de Guzman, also a new-made prisoner, was likewise known to the emperor. Of him, however, on hearing of his arrest, Charles merely remarked that he might have been locked up as much for being an idiot as for being a heretic. A more illustrious victim of the Andalusian holy office was Constantino

Ponce de la Fuente, magistral-canon of Seville, and famous as a scholar, as a pulpit-orator, and as author of several theological works much esteemed both in Italy and Spain. He had attended the emperor in Germany as his preacher and almoner, and one of his writings was, at this time, on the imperial bookshelf at Yuste.[1] For him Charles entertained more respect, and upon hearing that he had been committed to the castle of Triana, observed, 'If Constantino be a heretic, he will prove a great one.'[2] Like Cazalla, the canon, after thundering against reform in the land of reform, had returned to Spain a reformer. His immediate 'merits,' for so the inquisition, with grim irony, called the acts or opinions which qualified a man for the stake, were certain heretical treatises in his handwriting which had been dug, with his other papers, out of a wall.

Notwithstanding the crowded state of the prisons, the inquisition did not see fit to vary, during this year, the monotony of the bull-fights by indulging the people with an auto-de-fé. The emperor was therefore dead before the unhappy clergymen, who had stood by his bed in sickness and conversed with him at table in health, were sent to expiate with their blood their speculative offences against the church. Dr. Cazalla was one of fourteen heretics who were 'relaxed,' or, in secular speech, burnt, in May, 1559, at Valladolid, before the regent and his court. Unhappily for his party and for his own fair fame, the poor chaplain behaved with a pusillanimity very rare amongst Spaniards when brought face to face with inevitable death, or amongst men who suffer for conscience sake. Denying the crime of 'dogmatizing,' as the inquisition well called preaching, he confessed that he had held heretical opinions,

[1] Sandoval, ii. 829.

[2] Chap. iv. p. 93.

and abjectly abjured them all. His tears and cries, as in his robe, painted with devils, he walked in the sad procession and stood upon the fatal stage, moved the contempt of his companions, amongst whom his brother and sister had also come calmly to die. At the price of this humiliation he obtained the grace of being strangled before he was cast into the flames. A report had spread amongst the populace that he had declared that, if his penitence and sufferings should obtain him salvation, he would appear the day after his death riding through the city on a white horse. The inquisitors, availing themselves of a rumour of which they perhaps were authors, next day turned a white horse loose in the streets, and caused it to be whispered that the steed was indeed ridden by the departed doctor, although not in such shape as to be visible to every carnal eye.[1] Fray Francisco de Roxas, amidst a band in which the shepherd and the muleteer were associated in suffering and in glory with the noble knight and the delicate lady, died bravely, in October, 1559, at Valladolid, in the presence of Philip the Second. Fray Domingo de Guzman suffered at Seville in 1560, in that auto-de-fé in which English Nicholas Burton also perished, and in which Juana Bohorques, a young mother who had been racked to death a few weeks before, was solemnly declared to have been innocent by her murderers themselves. Constantino Ponce de la Fuente, confessing to the proscribed doctrines, but refusing to name his disciples, had been thrown into a dungeon, dark and noisome as Jeremiah's pit, far below the level of the Guadalquivir, where a dysentery soon delivered him from chains and the hands of his tormentors. 'Yet did not his body,' says a churchman, writing some time

[1] A. de Castro: *Spanish Protestants*, p. 98.

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after, in the true spirit of orthodoxy, and with all the bitterness of contemporary gall,[1] 'for this escape the avenging flames.' At this same auto-de-fé of 1560, they burned the exhumed bones of Constantino, together with his effigy, modelled with some care, and imitating, with outstretched arms, the attitude in which he was wont to charm the crowds that gathered beneath his pulpit at Seville.

During the progress of the hunt after heretics Charles frequently conversed with his confessor and the prior on the subject which lay so near his heart. So keen was his hatred of the very name of heresy, that he once reproved Regla for citing, in his presence, in proof of some indifferent topic, a passage from a book by one Juan Fero, because that forgotten writer was then known to have been no catholic.[2] In looking back on the early religious troubles of his reign, it was ever his regret that he did not put Luther to death when he had him in his power. He had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word, which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect in any case which concerned his own authority alone; but he now saw that he had greatly erred in preferring the obligation of a promise to the higher duty of avenging upon that archheretic his offences against God. Had Luther been removed, he conceived that the plague might have been stayed, but now it seemed to rage with ever-increasing fury. He had some consolation, however, in recollecting how steadily he had refused to hear the points at issue between the church and the schismatics argued in his presence. At this price he had declined to purchase the support of some of the protestant princes of the

[1] Nicolas Antonio: art., *Constantino Ponce de la Fuente.*
[2] Salazar de Mendoça: *Dignidades de Castilla,* fol. Madrid: 1617, fol. 161.

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empire, when he first took the field against the Saxon and the Hessian: he had refused to buy aid at this price, even when flying with only ten horsemen before the army of duke Maurice. He knew the danger, especially for the unlearned, of parleying with heretics who had their quivers full of reasons so apt and so well ordered. Suppose one of their specious arguments had been planted in his soul, how did he know that he could ever have got it rooted out?[1] Thus did a great man misread the spirit of his time; thus did he cling, to the last, to the sophisms of blind guides who taught that crass ignorance was saving faith, and that the delectable mountains of spiritual perfection were to be climbed only by those who would walk with stopped ears and hoodwinked eyes.

In this year, cardinal Siliceo having gone to St. Ildefonso's bosom, the vacant archiepiscopal throne of Toledo became a mark for the intrigues of every ambitious churchman within the dominions of Spain. The grand-inquisitor, busy as he was with his massacre of the innocents, of course found time to urge his claim to a seventh mitre. But his niggard responses to the appeals of the needy crown were still remembered both at Bruxelles and at Yuste; so for him promotion came neither from the north nor from the west.

The golden prize was given to Fray Bartolome Carranza de Miranda, a name which stands high on the list of the Wolseys of the world, of men remembered less for the splendid heights to which they had climbed than for their sudden and signal fall. From a simple Dominican monk, Carranza had risen to be a professor at Valladolid, a leading doctor of Trent, prior of Palencia, provincial of Spain, and prime adviser of Philip the Second in that short-lived return to popery which

[1] Sandoval, ii. 829.

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Spanish churchmen loved to call the restoration of England. In England the ruthless black friar had been a mark for popular vengeance; and Oxford, Cambridge, and Lambeth long remembered how he had preached the sacrifice of the mass, how he helped to dig up the bones of Bucer, and how he had aided at the burning of Cranmer. For these services his master had rewarded him with the richest see in Christendom; and he came to Spain in the summer to take possession of his throne, little dreaming that his implacable and indefatigable rival, the inquisitor Valdés, was already preparing the indictment which was to make his primatical reign a long disgrace.

Carranza had been well known to the emperor, who had given him his first step on the ladder of promotion by sending him to display his lore and his eloquence at the council of Trent. There he acquitted himself so well, that Charles offered him, first the Peruvian bishopric of Cuzco, next the post of confessor to prince Philip, and lastly the bishopric of the Canaries. His refusal of all these dignities somewhat surprised his patron; and this surprise became displeasure when he learned that the refuser had accepted the mitre of Toledo. William, one of the emperor's barbers, related that he had heard his master say, 'When I offered Carranza the Canaries he declined it; now he takes Toledo. What are we to think of his virtue?' These feelings were doubtless fostered by his confessor, Regla, who, as a Jeromite, naturally hated a Dominican, and afterwards proved himself one of the bitterest enemies of the persecuted prelate. The truth is, that Carranza, though a priest, seems to have been an honest and unambitious man; he carried his reluctance so far beyond the bounds of decent clerical coyness as to recommend to the king three eminent rivals as better qualified than

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himself for the primacy;[1] and the great crosier was thrust by Philip into his unwilling hand, on the ground that he was of all men best fitted to keep the wolf of heresy from the door of the true fold.

The emperor had given away, in his time, too many mitres to wonder long at the worldly-mindedness of a churchman. Valdés, also, was too astute to attempt to injure his rival merely by alleging against him a vice inherent in their common cloth. He stabbed, therefore, at what was then the tenderest spot in any reputation, priestly or laic, by casting a suspicion on his orthodoxy. Before the unconscious archbishop arrived at court, the inquisitor secretly informed the regent that many of the captive heretics had made very unpleasant confessions respecting the opinions of the new primate; and that the king ought to be put on his guard against him; and he gave a glimpse into the ways of his tribunal, by adding, that although nothing substantial had yet been advanced, still, had as much been said of any other person, that person would already have been taken into custody. The infanta of course forwarded this intelligence to Yuste, and the emperor expressed a wish to hear more of the matter, desiring, however, that it should be handled with the greatest caution and reserve.

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Carranza sailed from Flanders on the twenty-fourth of June, but being detained by contrary winds on the English shore, he did not land at Laredo until the beginning of August. On the thirteenth of that month he kissed the regent's hand at Valladolid, where he resided for some weeks in great honour in the noble convent of San Pablo, with his brethren of the order of

[1] Salazar de Miranda: *Vida de Fr. Bart. de Carranza y Miranda*, 12mo. Madrid: 1788, p. 34.

St. Dominick. Caressed and consulted both by the princess and by the knot of priests who were plotting his ruin, he took his seat several times in the council of state, and also at the council board of the inquisition. To the latter tribunal he gave an account of his proceedings against heresy in Flanders, and against the Spaniards who had fled thither from spiritual justice; and he assisted the inquisitor-general with advice upon the new laws to be promulgated against the press. He was, however, desirous of proceeding to his diocese, being unwilling to break, at the outset of his episcopal career, the rules which he had laid down in his tract, written when he was a simple monk, on the residence of bishops, a tract which gained him many enemies among the hierarchy,[1] and which must have been peculiarly distasteful to the absentee of Seville. It was determined, therefore, that he should visit Yuste, as he went to Toledo, in order to lay before the emperor some evidence on the quarrel between his eldest daughter Mary and her husband, Maximilian, king of Bohemia, whom she charged with inconstancy, and wished to be parted from. This affair being referred to the decision of Charles, he was desirous of having an account of it from a prudent and impartial witness.

The war in Flanders had continued to smoulder on during the spring with few actions worthy of record, and little loss or gain to either party. At the end of April the French must have made a movement causing some alarm at Bruxelles, for on the third of May a cabinet courier, named Espinosa, was sent off by land to Spain, with a cipher-despatch concealed in his stirrup-leathers. Galloping across the enemy's country without let or

[1] *Noticia de la vida de Bart. Carranza de Miranda*, par D. M. S., 8vo. Madrid: 1845, p. 7.

hindrance, he reached Valladolid on the tenth, and was sent on by the princess to carry his news, and tell his story at Yuste. The emperor gave him a long audience, and overwhelmed him with questions about the king's measures of defence, which appeared to the old soldier to be better than usual. 'He asked,' wrote the secretary, 'more questions than were ever put to the damsel Theodora,'[1]—a Christian slave whose beauty and various erudition charmed a king of Tunis, in an old and popular Spanish tale.[2] In a few weeks, however, the duke of Guise marched upon the Moselle, and stormed the important and strongly fortified town of Thionville, putting the greater part of the garrison to the sword, and expelling the inhabitants in order to give their homes to a colony of his old clients of Metz. This loss was severely felt by the emperor, who continued to deplore it, until he was comforted by the tidings of the victory at Gravelines.

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The marechal de Thermes, governor of Calais, wishing to illustrate his new baton by some gallant service, had undertaken a foray into the Spanish Netherlands. Having carried fire and sword, rapine and rape, along a considerable length of coast, he was at last met by Egmont, near the town of Gravelines, on the banks of the Aa. The battle, fought for several hours with great obstinacy, was at last turned against the lilies by the sudden appearance of an English sailor, who mingled in the fray with all the effect of Neptune in an Homeric

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[1] 'Le hizo,' said Gaztelu, 'mas preguntas que se pudieran hacer a la donzella Theodor.'—Gaztelu to Vazquez, eighteenth of May, 1558. Gonzalez MS.

[2] The *Historia de la donzella Theodora* was a popular story, written, no one seems to know when, by one Alfonso, an Aragonese. Antonio assigns a date neither to the book nor the author. The earliest edition cited by Brunet is that of 1607. The tale was afterwards dramatized by Lope de Vega. Ticknor: *Hist. of Span. Lit.* ii. 312.

field. Cruising along the coast with twelve small vessels, admiral Milan, hearing the firing, put into the river, and galled the flank of the French with broadsides so unexpected and severe, that they were soon in headlong flight. Two hundred prisoners were reserved as curious trophies by the English tars; the greater part of the army was cut off in detail by the furious peasantry; the marechal and his chief officers fell into the hands of Egmont; and the battle, which was the last event of any importance in the war, had a considerable influence in bringing about the peace of Cateau-Cambresis in the following winter. But the emperor had, as usual, to lament the opportunities wasted by his son; and often observed, that now was the time to have invested Calais when the enemy was disheartened, the garrison weakened, and the governor taken. Luis Quixada entertained the same idea, which, however, does not appear to have struck any of the leaders in Flanders. The chamberlain was especially delighted to hear of the capture of Monsieur de Villebon, one of the marechal's lieutenants. 'I knew him very well,' he wrote to Vazquez, 'when he served under the duke of Vendome in Picardy; and when we were at Hesdin, he was quartered in a town only two or three leagues off, so that we frequently corresponded by letters. I should have taken him myself one day, had a spy given me intelligence two hours sooner. He is a man quite able to pay a ransom of twelve or fifteen thousand crowns.'[1]

Meanwhile, the dreaded navy of Solyman was again menacing the shores of Spain. Early in spring a cloud of Turkish sail had been seen so far in the west that it was thought necessary to victual and strengthen the garrison of Goleta. On the fifth of May, Don Luis de Castelvi

[1] Quixada to Vazquez, 17th August, 1558.

came to Yuste to report on the affairs of Italy, and brought with him such intelligence of a treaty which was said to be then forming between France and the pope, the Venetian and the Turk, that the emperor ordered him to proceed at once to the king at Bruxelles. In June a squadron of Algerine galleys gave chase to a line of battle ship sent by the viceroy of Sicily with further munitions to Goleta, and forced her to put back and run for Sardinia. The Turkish navy was known to be assembling at Negropont, and it was at one time supposed, though erroneously, that a French ambassador was on board, for the purpose of directing a descent on the dominions of Spain. The government of Valladolid, therefore, congratulated itself on having taken the advice of the emperor, and having sent eight thousand men and four hundred lances to Oran, under the count of Alcaudete. Towards the middle of June an Ottoman fleet of one hundred and thirty sail was descried from the watch towers of Naples; a French squadron put out to meet them with provisions; and at the end of the month the Turkish flag was flying proudly on Christian waters among the islands of Spain. Charles considered that the first point of attack was very likely to be Rosas, a Catalonian fortress on which France had long looked with a covetous eye, and he therefore urged upon the regent the importance of making its defences secure. Mustapha pacha did not long leave the matter in suspense, for, after threatening Mallorca, and finding it too strong, he steered for the smaller island of Menorca, and cast anchor, with a hundred and forty sail, before the town of Ciudadella. Landing fifteen thousand men and twenty-four pieces of cannon, he battered the place for seven days, and made several attempts to storm it; but the obstinate valour of the Menorcans would probably have baffled his efforts had

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it not been for a fire which, breaking out in the university, blew up the magazine and a great part of the town wall. The besieged then made a gallant sally, with their women, children, and wounded, hoping to cross the island to Mahon, a feat which was actually accomplished, though not without severe loss. The disappointed Turk sacked and pillaged the town, and having collected his booty and a few prisoners, put to sea the same night.[1] Taking a northerly course, he was supposed to have gone to Marseilles to water and victual his fleet.

Meanwhile, all precautions were taken to strengthen the defences of the eastern coast. Twelve hundred men were thrown into Perpignan, and Don Garcia de Toledo was sent to take the command of that important frontier post. The defence of the coast of Andalusia was entrusted to the count of Tendilla. The duke of Maqueda was ordered to exercise the closest vigilance over the Moriscos of Catalonia and Valencia, especially at Denia and Alicante; a force of five or six hundred men was appointed to guard the sierras of Espadon and Bernia, strongholds of the suspected race; and a few watch-towers were repaired and entrenched for rallying posts, strict orders being also issued to the commanders to destroy them as soon as the danger was past, lest the defences of the Christian should become offensive positions of the Moor. The emperor was much distressed at the fall of Ciudadella. His anxiety made him forget his ailments; and such was his eagerness for news, that he gave orders that he was to be called at whatever hour of the night a courier should arrive from the Mediter-

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[1] V. Mut: *Historia del reyno de Mallorca*, fol. Mallorca: 1650. Lib. x. cap. 7, p. 453, which ought to be 436, there being an error in the paging of this very rare volume from p. 69 to the end.

ranean. The alarm did not subside until the seventeenth of August, when tidings came from Catalonia that the Ottoman flag had disappeared from that part of the sea, and that Don Francisco de Cordova, son of the governor of Oran, who had been hovering on the pacha's wake with two galleys of the order of St. John reported that the fleet had at last steered for the Levant. On the same day it was also announced at Yuste that some reprisal for the damage done at Menorca had been made by the duke of Alburquerque on the infidel's most Christian brother of France, by crossing the Bidassoa and burning St. Jean de Luz.

While the Turk was thus spreading terror along the coast of Spain, and troubling the repose of Yuste, the hero who was first to quell his pride, and set bounds to the dominion of the crescent, was waging predatory war upon the orchards of Quacos. Early in July, Quixada returned from Valladolid and Villagarcia, bringing with him his wife and household, and the future victor of Lepanto. During the journey, Doña Magdalena suffered greatly from the summer heat; but she was consoled for her fatigues by the kindness and courtesy of the emperor. Immediately on her arrival, he sent one of his attendants to call upon her with presents, and to bid her welcome to her new home: and some days after, when she came to Yuste to kiss his hand, he received her with marked favour. In this visit she was doubtless attended by Don John of Austria, who passed for her page; and the emperor was said to be much pleased with the beauty and manners of his boy. But so strictly was the secret of his birth kept, that no mention of his existence is to be found in any extant correspondence between Yuste, Valladolid, and Bruxelles, during the lifetime of the emperor. Yet his real parentage was suspected in the country, probably on

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account of the attention which he met with at Yuste, and which was not likely to escape the notice of the idle and gossipping friars and Flemings. The crossbow with which the future admiral had dealt destruction amongst the sparrows and larks in the cornfields about Leganes, found ampler and nobler game in the woodlands of the Estremaduran hills. But he sometimes varied his sport by making forays upon the gardens of Quacos, which the peasants, nothing daunted by his whispered rank, resented by pelting him with stones when they caught him in their fruit trees.[1]

Early in July the emperor was alarmed by hearing of the illness of his daughter, the princess-regent, who was attacked by a fever, which prevented her attention to business for a few days. He expressed great anxiety on her account, and ordered frequent couriers to bring him intelligence of her state, which, however, was never dangerous, and soon approached convalescence. Amongst the last public measures which Juana brought under the notice of her father, was a scheme for changing the seat of government. She was in favour of a change, as she considered Valladolid neither healthy nor conveniently situated. Many members of the council of state were, however, opposed to it, 'but you know,' wrote the infanta, 'how these gentlemen prefer their ease and good lodging before all things.' Madrid appeared to her the fittest place, were it not so disliked by the king; and she also mentioned the names of Toledo, Burgos, and Guadalaxara. The plan was not executed until some years after the return of Philip to Spain. The king having agreed that Don Carlos and his tutor should be sent to Yuste, and the emperor being willing to receive them,

[1] Ponz: *Viage de España*, vii. p. 140.

the princess proposed that she should accompany her nephew thither, in order to visit her father, and confer with him on this question of the capital, and other business of state. The queen of Hungary was likewise to be of the party, it being the wish of Philip that the emperor should persuade her to return to the Low Countries, and once more assume the government. The removal of the heir-apparent, and the visit of the royal ladies to Yuste, were, however, prevented by the fatal illness of the emperor.

Another affair which weighed on the mind of the princess at this time, was a dispute between her and the council of state. A young courtier, the adelantado of Canary, after making love to one of her ladies, finally proposed for her hand, and was accepted. But failing in the performance of his promise, he met the complaint made by the fair one to the regent, by protesting that the matter was a joke, and that he had never considered it as serious. The princess, though she preferred her ladies to become brides of heaven rather than wives of mortals, was highly indignant with the lord of Canary, and caged him in the tower of Medina del Campo. The council of state here interfered, alleging that it had a right to be consulted in any similar case of imprisonment. The regent therefore remitted the affair to the emperor, entreating him, however, to decide in her favour; for it much concerned, as she conceived, the dignity of her household, that young men should not be permitted to plight their troth to her ladies, before witnesses and in her very antechamber, and then flutter off on the plea that the thing was a jest. The award of the emperor, and the after-fate of the false wooer and forsaken damsel, have not been recorded.

In the spring of this year the monotony of the conventual life at Yuste was broken by the death of the

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prior. He died at Lupiana, where he had gone to attend the chapter of his order. That chapter had elected as general the prior of Cordoba, who likewise died before the electors separated. The new general being Fray Juan de Açaloras, one of the emperor's preachers, the friars of Yuste petitioned the emperor to request him to wave his privilege, and permit them to choose their new prior. But Charles, to the great delight of his household, at once, and rather drily, refused to meddle in the matter, or to interfere with the rules of their order; and the vacant post was therefore given, in the usual way, to Fray Martin de Angulo, a monk of Guadalupe.

Don Luis de Avila was, as usual, a frequent guest at Yuste. During this year he had a law-suit in hand, regarding his jurisdiction as lieutenant of the castle of Plasencia; and he of course attempted to enlist in his cause the favour of the emperor, who would, however, say nothing until he had heard the other side of the story from the secretary of state. The grand-commander seems also to have been applying for employment; and a false report was spread in July that he had actually set out for Flanders by order of the king. The bishop of Avila paid a visit in April, which was followed in May by his translation to the wealthy see of Cordoba; and in June the bishop of Segovia offered to come and give thanks for his promotion to the archbishopric of Santiago, but was excused the journey by the emperor. Oropesa spent part of the summer at Xarandilla, where he, his brother, and his two sons, had the misfortune to be attacked with fever all at one time. The count and the other Toledos were frequently at Yuste. Garcilasso de la Vega, probably a nephew of the poet, came about the middle of August. Having been sent as ambassador to the holy see, on the accession

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of Philip the Second, the hasty old pontiff arrested him, because of a letter addressed by him to the duke of Alba, and found, or pretended to be found, by Paul in the boot-sole of an intercepted courier. This outrage had been the first signal for hostilities. The emperor's wrath with the Roman policy of Alba and Philip having cooled down, he received Garcilasso with much courtesy, questioned him minutely about Italian politics during two long audiences, listened with great interest to his relation, and afterwards said he was greatly pleased by the envoy's way of telling his story. He kept him at Yuste for ten days, and sent him to Valladolid charged with messages to the queen of Hungary, and the task of explaining her brother's reasons for desiring her return to the government of the Netherlands. This mission fulfilled, he was ordered to come back and report the queen's decision. Don Pedro Manrique, procurator to the cortes from the city of Burgos, came on the twenty-sixth of August, and was likewise graciously received, and dismissed with a letter to the king, one of the latest which the emperor signed. The last visitor who found him in health was the old count of Urueña. This grandee arrived on the night of the twenty-sixth, at ten o'clock, 'with a world of horses and servants,' for whom Quixada found it very difficult to provide lodging. The emperor received him very kindly, and the old noble took his departure immediately after having kissed hands—to be allowed to perform that ceremony being, as the chamberlain noted with wonder, 'his sole business and only request.'

Father Borja paid his last visit to Yuste this summer, probably in July or August. He came, it is said, at the request of Charles, who desired the benefit of his spiritual counsels. It was, perhaps, at this time that the emperor spoke to him of the memoirs which he had

drawn up of his journeys and campaigns.[1] They were not written, he said, for the sake of magnifying his own deeds, but for the sake of recording the truth; because he had observed in the histories of his time, that the authors erred as often from ignorance of the facts as from prejudice and passion. But he desired to know if his friend thought that a man's writing about his own actions at all, savoured too much of carnal vanity. The judgment of Borja on this case of conscience, if it were ever delivered, has not been preserved. Nor is the fate of the memoirs known. In a letter addressed to Philip the Second by Ruscelli, in 1561, they were spoken of as being in preparation for the press, and likely to be soon given to the world.[2] Brantome, at a later date, expressed an author's surprise that a literary venture so safe and so inviting, had been so long neglected by the booksellers.[3] It is not plain, therefore, that Borja is to be blamed for the loss, if indeed they are lost, of these precious commentaries of the Cæsar of Castille.

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Charles neither felt nor affected that indifference about his place in history which many remarkable men have affected, and a few, perhaps, have felt. This very year he had given a proof of the opposite sentiment. Florian de Ocampo, his veteran chronicler, was still at work, in his study at Zamora, on his general chronicle of Spain. Anxious for the preservation of the work, the emperor induced the regent to address letters to the bishop, the dean, and the corregidor of that city, requiring them, in the event of the old man's death, to

[1] Chap. iii. p. 54.
[2] Published by Belle-Forest. See Bayle's *Dictionary*, art. Charles V.
[3] Brantome: *Discours sur Charles V. Œuvres*, 8 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1787. iv. 37.

take possession of his papers, amounting to three thousand sheets, and to hold themselves responsible for their safety.[1] Similar steps were taken to preserve the writings of Sepulveda, on whom the emperor had himself urged the necessity of adopting such precautions, when he visited Yuste the year before.[2] In the work of Ocampo, Charles, although perhaps he did not know it, had no personal interest; for the good canon, purposing to write the history of his patron, had begun his chronicle at Noah's flood, and after some thirty or forty years' labour was surprised by death, while narrating the exploits of the Scipios. Sepulveda had more judiciously broken ground nearer Ghent and the last year of the last century, and so left his Latin history of the emperor completed. The fruit of Charles's foresight was therefore found after many days—in 1780, when the work was first given to the world.

Borja might, perhaps, have rejoiced in mortifying his own lust of literary fame, or even in undergoing the penance of historical slander. But he was hardly capable of advising the imperial author to put his manuscript into one of his Flemish fireplaces. In his dealings with royalty the stern Jesuit had not quite cast off,

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[1] Benito Cano, in his life of Ocampo, prefixed to the fine edition of the *Cronica*, 4to. (Madrid: 1791), gives the end of March, 1555, as the date of the chronicler's death, which date has been adopted by Rezabel in his *Bibliot. de Escritores individuos de los colegios mayores*, 4to. (Madrid: 1805, p. 234) and by Mr. Ticknor in his *Hist. of Span. Literature*, i. p. 555. But Gaztelu, in his letter in the Gonzalez MS., addressed to Vazquez on the thirtieth of May, 1558, orders precautions to be taken about the cronica of Ocampo, 'in case of the old man's death'—'*si occurria su fallecimiento, estando ya tan viejo.*' Another letter (ninth of July) suggests that the measures taken by the regent respecting Ocampo's papers should also be taken respecting Sepulveda's, *both* writers being so old. Ocampo must therefore have been alive for some time after May, 1558.

[2] Chap. vi. p. 124.

or on occasion he could resume, ways and language befitting the chamberlain's gold key. To one of the emperor's devout queries he replied in a style of courtly gallantry, which sounds strange in the mouth of father Francis the Sinner, and which would have done credit to some later Jesuit, appointed to labour in the vineyard of Versailles. Narrating the course of his penances and prayers, Charles asked him whether he could sleep in his clothes; 'for I must confess,' added he, contritely, 'that my infirmities, which prevent me from doing many things of the kind that I would gladly do, render this penance impossible in my case.' Borja, who practised every kind of self-torment, and who in early life had in one year fasted down a cubit of his girth, eluded the question by an answer no less modest than dexterous. 'Your majesty,' said he, 'cannot sleep in your clothes, because you have watched so many nights in your mail. Let us thank God that you have done better service by keeping those vigils in arms than many a cloistered monk who sleeps in his shirt of hair.'

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During his brief stay at Yuste, the Jesuit won a new ally to his cause in Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, whose mind was deeply touched by his pious walk and conversation. The seed thus sown by the way-side sprang up long afterwards in the substantial shape of three colleges built and endowed for the company by that good and devout lady. Almost a hundred years later, the fame of the third general of Jesus still lingered in the Vera. In 1650, the centenarian of Guijo used to tell how he had seen the emperor, the count of Oropesa, and father Francis in the woods between that village and Xarandilla, and point out a great tree under which they had made a repast, of which he, a loitering urchin,

had been permitted to gather up the crumbs. But of the individual aspect of that remarkable group his memory had preserved nothing for the third generation except the dark robe and the 'meek and penitent face of him whom we called the holy duke.'[1]

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[1] Cienfuegos: *Vida de F. Borja*, fol. Madrid: 1726, p. 270.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR.

DURING the spring of 1550, the emperor's health recovered from its winter's decline. At the end of March, Dr. Mathys, in his usual solemn style, informed the secretary of state that he considered his majesty well enough to leave off his sarsaparilla and liquorice-water. In May he was living as usual, and eating voraciously. His dinner began with a large dish of cherries, or of strawberries, smothered in cream and sugar; then came a highly-seasoned pasty; and next the principal dish of the repast, which was frequently a ham, or some preparation of rashers, the emperor being very fond of the staple product of bacon-curing Estremadura. 'His majesty,' said the doctor, 'considers himself in very good health, and will not hear of changing his diet or mode of living; trusting too much to the force of habit, and to the strength of his constitution, which, in bodies full of bad humours, like his, frequently breaks down suddenly, and without warning.'[1] His hands occasionally troubled him, and his fingers were sometimes ulcerated. But his chief complaint was of the heat and itching in his legs at night, which he endeavoured to relieve by sleeping with them uncovered; a measure whereby temporary ease was purchased at the expense of a chill, which crept into the upper part

[1] Mathys to Vazquez, 18th May, 1558.

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of his body, in spite of blankets and eider-down quilts. Later in the summer he had some threatenings of gout, and his appetite diminished so much, that he sometimes lived for days on bread and conserves. It is evident, however, that Quixada, an excellent judge of his master's symptoms, not only apprehended no danger, but considered that his life might be prolonged for years; else he would never have put himself to the trouble and expense of bringing his family down to Estremadura. On his arrival he reported favourably of the emperor's health, spirits, and looks. Yet Doña Magdalena had not been many weeks in her new abode at Quacos, when a bell, tolling from amongst the woods of Yuste, announced that she might prepare for her return to Villagarcia.

It was not until the ninth of August that the physician became seriously alarmed about the state of his patient. To cure the uneasy sensations in his legs at night, Charles had had recourse to cold bathing, by way of a repellant, regardless of the remonstrances of Mathys. 'I would rather,' he said, 'have a slight fever, than suffer this perpetual itching.' In vain the doctor observed that men were not allowed to choose their own maladies, and that some worse evil might happen to him if he used so dangerous a remedy. The repellant system did not answer; the patient's legs continuing to itch, and his throat being choked with phlegm. Still he was able to attend to business, and sufficiently alive to minor matters to be much annoyed at a frost which killed some melons of a peculiarly choice kind, that were ripening for his table. On the sixteenth and seventeenth of August he was seized with violent purgings and with pains in the head, which bore a suspicious resemblance to gout. But as these symptoms soon subsided, he was supposed to have caught cold by sleeping, as the nights were getting chill, with open doors and windows.

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Much illness prevailed in the Vera, and so many of the household were on the sick list, that Quixada was obliged to be at the palace at daybreak, and did not get home to Quacos till nine in the evening. The weather was very changeable and trying to delicate frames. The cold of the early part and middle of the month was succeeded by terrific storms of wind and thunder, in which twenty-seven cows were struck dead by lightning, as they pastured in the forest.

About this time, according to the historian of St. Jerome, the emperor's thoughts seemed to turn more than usual upon religion and its rites. Whenever, during his stay at Yuste, any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of his gloomy life in the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chaunt, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book.

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These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said that certainly it would; pious works done

during life being far more efficacious than when they were postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque which had served before on similar occasions was erected; and on the following day, the thirtieth of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed.[1] The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.'[2] While the solemn mass for the dead was sung he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed.

Many years before self-interment had been practised by a bishop of Liege—cardinal Erard de la Marck, Charles's ambassador to the diet during his election to the imperial throne; an example which may perhaps have led to the ceremonies at Yuste. For several years before his death, in 1528, did this prelate annually rehearse his obsequies and follow his coffin to the stately tomb which he had reared in his cathedral at Liege.[3]

[1] Gonzalez denies this, as it seems to me, on insufficient grounds, which I have discussed in the preface to these chapters.

[2] Siguença: iii., p. 201.

[3] On the tomb were these words: ERARDUS A MARKA, MORTEM HABENS RÆ OCULIS VIVENS POSUIT.—Am. de la Houssaye: *Memoires Historiques*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Amsterd.: 1722, p. 186.