The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He eat little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathys, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandilla to attend the count of Oropesa in his illness, found him, when he returned, still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the funeral service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castille. He next called for a picture of Our Lord praying in the garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love that cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless, that Mathys, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the

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great walnut-tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

The minute particulars of his last illness, which have been preserved by eye-witnesses, or by persons who had conversed with them, will be most conveniently grouped under the dates to which they belong. It was on the thirty-first of August that the fever declared itself, but after going to bed that evening, his thirst subsided, and he felt easier.

September the first.—No great change took place in his condition. But he was aware that the hand of death was upon him, and wishing to finish his will, he ordered that the secretary of state should be immediately applied to for a royal licence empowering Gaztelu to act on the occasion as a notary. Directions were at the same time given that couriers and horses should be kept in readiness along the road, to ensure dispatch in the communications between Valladolid and Yuste.

September the second.—The emperor awoke, complaining of violent thirst, and attempted to relieve it by drinking barley-water and sugar. Quixada begged leave to send for more doctors; the patient said he did not like to have many of them about him; but he at last agreed that Cornelio might be called in, from Cigales. During the day he dozed at intervals, and towards the afternoon his mind was observed to wander; but in the evening he had rallied sufficiently to confess and receive the eucharist, after which, at half-past eight, the physician took from him nine or ten ounces of very black, bad blood, which afforded considerable relief.

September the third.—He awoke refreshed, and alto-

gether rather better. At eleven he took some refreshment, and drank some wine and water, and a little beer; and then he heard Gaztelu read that part of his will which related to his household. In the afternoon he was again bled in the hand. This evening Quixada determined to pass the night in the palace, which he did not again quit while his master continued to breathe.

September the fourth.—The pain had left the emperor's head, but the fever was still high. He regretted that more blood had not been taken from him, feeling too full of it—an opinion from which the doctors dissented. During the whole day he was very restless. He had stripped off the jacket, under-waistcoat, and drawers which he usually wore in bed, and lay tossing in his shirt under a single silken coverlet; and he insisted on the door and windows of his room being kept open. He complained bitterly of thirst, which the permitted syrup-vinegar and manna seemed to aggravate rather than allay; and the doctors were obliged to allow him nine ounces of his favourite beer, which he drank eagerly, with apparent relief. Vomiting and a slight perspiration followed. Quixada was looking anxiously for Dr. Cornelio, and had sent on horses to wait on the road for his litter.

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September the fifth.—Dr. Mathys administered to the emperor a strong dose of rhubarb in three pills. He felt so much better that he gave orders that if the post-courier, who went out every afternoon at four, should meet Cornelio before he had accomplished half the journey, he was to tell him to go back. 'But,' said Quixada in his letter, 'I shall take care that he does not meet him at all, unless it be very near this place.'

September the sixth.—The patient was worse again; very feverish all day, and in the afternoon delirious; but in the evening he was easier, and again sensible.

An express arrived with a notary's licence for Gaztelu, and letters from the regent and the great officers of state full of grief for the emperor's illness. The princess was very anxious for leave to visit her father, but he would not consent to it. In the afternoon there was a storm, so violent, and accompanied with such unusual darkness, that the post could not be despatched.

September the seventh.—No change. The post sent off with a double bag.

September the eighth.—Dr. Cornelio arrived, and with him Garcilasso de la Vega. The emperor was neither better nor worse; Dr. Mathys stating the fact in a very long letter, which ended with the remark that the fever was not in itself dangerous, and might even prove beneficial, but that, the constitution of the patient considered, the result must be regarded with much doubt and apprehension. The sick man, however, was sufficiently easy and collected to receive Garcilasso, who had come laden with a heap of despatches, which were destined to remain unread; and to express the greatest satisfaction at learning that his sister, the queen of Hungary, had accepted the government of the Netherlands. Gaztelu employed the day in drawing out in due form a codicil to be added to the will. In the afternoon the wind and rain again roared round the convent, and the post was once more detained by the violence of the tempest.

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September the ninth.—The emperor remained as before. A new gloom overspread the household in consequence of tidings from Africa, that Don Martin de Cordova, count of Alcaudete, and the army of Oran, had been cut to pieces by the infidels. For many years viceroy of the Spanish dominions in Africa, and well skilled in the ways of the Moors both in policy and war, the ill-fated veteran was one of the most trusted coun-

sellors of the crown. During the spring and summer, the fortunes of a war between Hassan, pacha of Algiers, son and heir of Barbarossa, and Halif, the new king of Fez, gave him hopes of turning Moslem quarrels to Christian advantage. Mostagan, a fortified town about twelve leagues to the east of Oran, was a prize upon which his hopes had been long fixed. About the middle of August, therefore, at the head of six thousand four hundred men, and a considerable train of artillery, he marched thither, sending along the coast nine brigantines laden with munitions, and relying on promises of further aid from the king of Fez. But the expedition, which ought to have been a surprise, was ruined by the undue caution of its approach. The convoy was captured by an Algerine fleet; the Moorish ally proved faithless; the attack on Mostagan failed; and in their hasty retreat the weary, thirsty, and famished Christians were overtaken by the army of Hassan. At Mazagran the old count, who had completely lost his head, was trampled to death in the gateway by his own terrified troops, and the greater part of his army fell beneath the Turkish scimitar and the Arab spear, or was sent to row in the galleys of Algiers. His son, Don Martin de Cordova, was taken prisoner, and only a handful of fugitives escaped to tell their tale of disaster at Oran. With Alcaudete, who had been looked upon as a leader no less prudent than brave, fell many knights and nobles of Andalusia; and the fate of his expedition caused such mourning as had been unknown in Spain since the fatal day when that other Cordova, the good knight of Aguilar, fell with his gallant band in the pass of the Red Sierra.[1] Quixada and Garcilasso, friends of many

[1] L. de Marmol Carvajal: *Descripcion de Africa*, 3 tom. fol. Granada: 1573-99, ii. p. 197-9. Fr. Diego de Haedo: *Historia de Argel*, fol. Valladolid: 1612, p. 174. Don Martin de Cordova was ransomed, and lived to be governor of Oran, and to revenge his father. A. Lopez de Haro; *Nobilario de España*, 2 tom. fol. Madrid: 1622, ii. 153.

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of the victims, were greatly astonished that a commander of so much experience should have put any trust in the Punic promises of a Moor. They did not venture to break the news to the emperor, knowing how keenly he would feel the reverse suffered by his son in the land of his own glory and misfortune.[1] He therefore went to the grave unconscious of the calamity which had befallen Spain. No visible change had taken place in his condition; but he was able to hear the codicil of his will read, and to sign and seal it.

Charles had made his will on the sixth of June, 1554, at Bruxelles. The codicil, from its great length, its minuteness, and the frequent recurrence of provisions to be observed in case he died before he should see his son, there being now no hope of such a meeting, appears to have been prepared some time before. But as it was read to him ere his trembling hand affixed the last stamp of his authority, it remains as a proof that one of his latest acts was to charge Philip, by his love and allegiance, and by his hope of salvation, 'to take care that the heretics were repressed and chastised with all publicity and rigour, as their faults deserved, without respect of persons, and without regard to any plea in their favour.' The rest of the paper is filled with directions for his interment, and with a list of legacies to forty-eight servants, and many thoughtful arrangements for the comfort of those who had followed him from Flanders. Although willing to send all his protestant subjects to martyrdom, he watched with fatherly kindness over the fortunes of grooms and scullions. It is said that Fray Juan de Regla proposed that Don John of Austria should be named in the will as next heir to the crown, failing the emperor's grandchildren; but if this incredible advice were given by

[1] Chap. iii. p. 74.

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the confessor, the dying man had energy enough left to reject it with indignation.[1]

September the tenth.—He was somewhat easier, although very weak, and able to take no nourishment, except a few spoonfuls of mutton-broth. He once more received the eucharist, and confessed with great devoutness. Garcilasso was admitted to his bedside to take leave, and again was assured of the relief he felt in knowing that the Netherlands were to be governed by queen Mary. Gaztelu wrote that it was his majesty's particular desire that a safe-conduct should be immediately prepared for Dr. Cornelio and ten or twelve persons, who were to go to Flanders, but that it was to be kept secret for the present from the queen, for good and sufficient reasons. Quixada, in his letter to Vazquez, said that it would be well that orders should be sent to him for his guidance, in case it should please God to make the sickness of his majesty mortal.

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September the eleventh.—A crisis in the fever had been looked for on this day; and the doctors were of opinion that it was changing into what they called a double tertian. Don Luis de Avila came, and remained at Quacos.

September the twelfth.—The patient had passed a better night, and was able to take some food; and hopes of a recovery began to be entertained.

September the thirteenth.—These hopes faded. He was decidedly worse. Nothing would remain on his stomach, and his weakness, and the state of his pulse, greatly alarmed the two physicians. His throat was constantly choked with phlegm, which, being too feeble to expectorate, he endeavoured to remove with his finger. Letters from the regent and the queen of Hungary

[1] Salazar de Mendoça (*Dign. de Castilla*, fol. 161) says that Regla used to tell the story himself.

continued to express their wish to go to Yuste. Quixada, writing in reply, said that his majesty had always, since the beginning of his illness, been averse to this proposal, and that when he himself spoke of it again to-day, the emperor shook his head, as if to say no. Had his majesty been equal to any exertion, he would have also ventured to remind him that he ought formally to thank the queen for consenting to return to Flanders, knowing, as he did, how glad and how grateful he had been on receiving the intelligence. But in truth he was unfit not only to write, but even to dictate a letter, or to attend to any business whatsoever. If the archbishop of Toledo, therefore, was on the road to Yuste, he need not hurry himself. When he arrived, he must lodge either at a Dominican monastery, about a league off, or at Quacos; as no stranger could be put up at Yuste without the express orders of his majesty.

September the fifteenth.—Rhubarb pills had been again administered with good effect, and hope is not yet extinguished. 'But,' adds Quixada, 'you can hardly imagine how weak his majesty is. We all of us do our best to anticipate his wants; and if our blood would do him good, we would give it most joyfully.'

September the sixteenth.—The doctors considered him in a slight degree better. Avila, on the other hand, thought him hanging between life and death. A courier came from Lisbon with letters from the queen of Portugal, and to carry back news of the emperor's health. Catherine was aware of the dangerous state of her brother, and she had given great alms for the benefit of his soul, and had ordered masses to be said for him in every church in the kingdom.

September the seventeenth.—Mathys wrote that the emperor had been seized with ague fits, the cold fits lasting much longer than the hot; that he vomited

frequently and violently, 'after which his majesty lies unable to speak or move, and does not even ask for water to wash his mouth.' Gaztelu informed the secretary of state that he was no better; and that certain moneys had arrived from Seville. Quixada wrote not only to Vazquez, but to the regent and to the king. In each of the letters he said that the doctors now entertained little hope, and that the emperor's state was truly deplorable. To the king he gave a brief sketch of the codicil which had been added to the will. 'The emperor,' he wrote, 'having once expressed a desire to be buried here, and that the empress should be brought from Granada to be laid beside him, I ventured to observe that this house was not of sufficient quality to be made the resting-place of so great sovereigns; upon which he said he would leave the matter in the hands of your majesty.' The chamberlain concluded by assuring the king that in the matter he knew of—perhaps alluding to Don John—he would use every precaution in the world until his majesty came to Spain.

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September the eighteenth.—The emperor, wrote Mathys, touched nothing to-day but a little chicken broth, and some watered wine; the phlegm in his throat was very troublesome. Quixada said that he had not spoken a word for twenty-two hours; and Avila gave it as his opinion that he was certainly worse, whatever the doctors might say.

September the nineteenth.—Mathys announced that the hot and cold fits continued with great violence, and that his pulse was getting feebler and feebler. Dr. Cornelio had been ill and feverish all yesterday, and was no better to-day. At eight in the evening, Quixada wrote that a servant of the archbishop of Toledo was just come to say that the primate might be looked for immediately; but it was now of no consequence when

he arrived, as all hope of the emperor being able to attend to business was past. Called to the sick room, the writer laid his pen down, and resumed it in three-quarters of an hour. He wrote thus: 'The doctors say the fever rises and his strength sinks. Ever since noon, I have been keeping them from giving him extreme unction. They have been with me again to say it is time, but I have sent them to feel his pulse once more; and I will not allow the thing to be done until the necessity for it is quite plain. Thrice have they thus tried to bury him, as it were, and it goes to my very soul to see it.' The course of the pen was once more checked. 'I had written thus far, when the doctors came, and urged me to make haste. We have therefore given his majesty extreme unction. It seemed to me premature, but I yielded to the opinion of those who ought to know best. You will understand how I, who have served him thirty-seven years, feel at seeing him thus going. May God take him to heaven! But I say again that, to my thinking, the end will not be to-night. God be with him, and with us all! The ceremony is just now over, nine at night, Monday, September the nineteenth.'

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There were two forms of administering this crowning rite, a longer form for churchmen and a briefer one for the laity. At the request of the prior, the emperor was asked, by Quixada, which of the two he preferred, and he chose to be treated in the ecclesiastical fashion. This involved the reading of the seven penitential psalms, a litany, and several passages of scripture; through all of which the emperor made the proper responses in an audible voice. After the service was over, he appeared rather revived than exhausted by it.

September the twentieth.—During the whole of the past night he had been attended by his confessor, and by

the preacher Villalva, who frequently read aloud, at his request, passages from scripture—usually from the psalms. The psalm which he liked best was that beginning *Domine! refugium factum est nobis.*[1] Soon after day-break, he signified his wish to be left alone with his chamberlain. When the door was shut upon the retiring clergy, he said; 'Luis Quixada, I feel that I am sinking little by little, for which I thank God, since it is his will. Tell the king, my son, that I beg he will settle with my servants who have attended me to my death; that he will find some employment for William Van Male; and that he will forbid the friars of this convent to receive guests in the house.' He then expressed his great regret at not being able to confer with the archbishop of Toledo, about the affair between the king and queen of Bohemia; and said he had intended to have sent an envoy to convey his opinion of the matter to Maximilian, but had waited until he should have heard the primate's story. 'As for what he told me to say of myself,' said Quixada, in writing to Philip the Second, 'I do not repeat it, being so nearly concerned in it; and other things I will also leave untold until it pleases God to bring your majesty hither.' The emperor afterwards asked for the eucharist. Fray Juan de Regla reminded him that after having received extreme unction, that sacrament was no longer necessary. 'It may not be necessary,' said the dying man, 'but it is good company on so long a journey.' About seven in the morning, therefore, the consecrated wafer was brought from the high altar of the church, followed by the friars in solemn procession. The patient received it, with great devoutness, from the hands of his confessor; but he had great difficulty in swallowing the

[1] 'Lord!—thou hast been our refuge.'—Psalm xc. of our version.

sacred morsel, and afterwards opened his mouth, and made Quixada see if it had all gone down. In spite of his extreme weakness, he followed all the responses as usual, and repeated, with much fervour, the whole verse, *In manus tuas Domine! commendo spiritum meum; redimisti nos Domine! Deus veritatis;*[1] and he afterwards remained kneeling in his bed for some time, and uttering ejaculations in praise of the blessed sacrament, so pious and so apposite that the friars conceived them to be prompted by the Holy Ghost. He was soon, however, seized with violent vomitings; and, during the greater part of the day, lay motionless, with closed eyes, but not unconscious of what went on around him.

About noon the archbishop arrived, and was immediately admitted to the sick room, where he was recognised by the patient, who addressed a few words to him, and told him to go and repose himself. The count of Oropesa and his brother, Don Francisco, also came, although they were themselves hardly recovered from their illness. In the afternoon it was supposed that the emperor's strength was ebbing fast, and all his friends assembled at the palace. They found him perfectly calm and collected, for which he expressed great thankfulness, it having long been his dread that he might die out of his mind. A few words of consolation, touching forgiveness of sins, were at intervals addressed to him by the archbishop, words which Regla treasured up and reported to the inquisition. Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse, disagreeable voice. Hearing it on one of these occasions, the emperor gave a sign of impatience so unmistakeable, that Quixada thought it right to interpose, and whisper, 'Hush, my

[1] Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth.

lord, you are disturbing his majesty.' The primate took the hint and was silent.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathys remained by the bedside, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, 'His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour.' Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then murmuring a prayer and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for 'William.' Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the emperor leaned upon him heavily, and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing in its shadow, '*Domine, jam moritur!*' My lord, he is now dying! The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, 'The time is come: bring me the candles and the crucifix.' These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our

Lady's shrine at Monsterrate, the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, '*Ya, voy, Señor,*'—'Now, Lord, I go.' As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it up before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried '*Ay, Jesus!*' and expired.

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The clock had just struck two. In or near the chamber of death were assembled the prior, the chaplains, and Fray Pedro de Sotomayer; Quixada and Gaztelu, and the two physicians; the count of Oropesa, his brother Don Francisco, and his uncle, Don Diego, abbot of Cabañas; Don Luis de Avila, and archbishop Carranza. Don John of Austria, in his quality of page to Quixada, is likewise supposed to have witnessed the end of him whom he was afterwards so proud to call his sire. The count, the primate, the grand-commander, the doctor, the secretary, and the chamberlain, immediately retired to write letters to Valladolid. All agreed that the behaviour of the emperor on his death-bed had been most pious and edifying. Avila recorded with pride that his master had given him a look of recognition just before the final struggle. Quixada said he had died as devoutly as the queen of France, and in a

manner worthy of the 'greatest man that ever had lived, or ever would live, in the world."[1]

On the day of the emperor's death, his body was washed, anointed, and embalmed. A messenger was sent to Plasencia for two hundred yards of black cloth for hangings for the church: and that day and the next were spent in making other preparations for the funeral. On the twenty-third of September, the licentiate Murga, of Quacos, being disabled by illness, the corregidor of Plasencia, Don Pedro Osorio Zapata, arrived, and in his presence the will was read, and a certificate of the death properly drawn up and signed. The body, in a lead coffin, enclosed in a massive outer case of chestnut-wood, and covered with a black velvet pall, was then lowered through the bed-room window into the church, and placed on a canopied catafalque in front of the high altar.[2] The funeral services lasted for three days, and the monks of three neighbouring convents swelled the company of mourners, and the solemn dirges for the dead. Each day mass was said by the primate, assisted by the prior as deacon, and the prior of Granada as sub-deacon. A funeral-sermon was

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[1] 'El hombre mas principal que jamas ay o habria.' Quixada to the king: Gonzalez MS. A few particulars of the death-bed scene I have gleaned from a letter, written on the 27th of September, 1558, by one of the monks of Yuste, which forms part of the *Collecion de documentos ineditos para la historia de España*, par D. Martin Fernandez de Navarete, D. Miguel de Salva, y Don Pedro Sanz de Baranda. 8 vols. 4to. Madrid: 1842-6, vi. p. 667. The names both of the receiver and of the writer are unknown; but it is not improbable that the letter proceeded from the pen of Fray Hernando Corral; see chap. iv. p. 82.

[2] Sandoval (ii. p. 835) says that these preparations had been hardly made, when the corregidor of Plasencia arrived, with his clerks and constables, and, in spite of the friars' remonstrances, opened the coffin, in order to identify the body. This story, so improbable in itself, would not be worth mentioning but for the fact, that Sandoval professes to have been guided, in his account of the emperor at Yuste, by a paper drawn up by the prior. But as it is contradicted by the evidence of the Gonzalez MS., and not mentioned by Siguença, I have rejected it.

Another better known fable seems to be indebted for general circula-

preached on the first day, by the eloquent Villalva, who had found an occasion worthy of all his powers. By desire of Quixada the orator had kept notes, day by day, of what occurred at the imperial death-bed;[1] and these he now wrought into a discourse so impassioned, that some of the hearers declared that it made their flesh creep and their hair stand on end. Sermons were also pronounced on the second day, by Fray Luis de San Gregorio, prior of Granada, and on the third by Fray Francisco de Angulo, prior of Sta. Engracia, at Zaragoza. The imperial dust was then mingled with the common earth. 'Let my sepulture,' said the will of Charles, 'be so ordered, that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before, the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and my breast.' But the clergy present being divided in opinion as to the lawfulness of placing under the high altar a corpse not in the odour of sanctity, the matter was compromised by laying the coffin in a cavity made in the wall behind, so that it encroached on a very small portion of the holy ground.

So ended the career of Charles the Fifth, the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast

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tion to Dr. Salazar de Mendoça. In his *Dignidades de Castilla*, p. 158, he tells us that Charles, five years before his death, had caused his coffin to be made, with a winding-sheet, and other furniture of the tomb, and kept them in his bedroom, and looked at them nightly before retiring to rest. People who saw the box thought it must be filled with treasures, or important papers; and when asked about it, the emperor would smile, and say it did contain something which he valued very highly. Salazar, a Spaniard, cites as his authority a Frenchman, Pierre Gregoire of Thoulouse, who tells the story at great length in his work *De Reipublica*, 2 tom. fol. Lugduni: 1609, lib. vi. cap. iii., sect. 8, tom. i., p. 139, and says he found it, 'in oratione funebri ejus (Caroli V.) Sueuca'—a source which I have been unable to discover. Sandoval had heard it, but did not believe it.

[1] Los Santos: *Hist. de la orden de S. Geronimo*, quarta parte, fol. Madrid: 1680, p. 516.

extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth of his transatlantic empire, the sagacity of his mind, and the energy of his character, combined to render him the most famous of the successors of Charlemagne. Pre-eminently the man of his time, his name is seldom wanting to any monument of the age. He stood between the days of chivalry, which were going out, and the days of printing, which were coming in; respecting the traditions of the one, and fulfilling many of the requirements of the other. Men of the sword found him a bold cavalier; and those whose weapons were their tongues or their pens, soon learned to respect him as an astute and consummate politician. Like his ancestors, Don Jayme, or Don Sancho, with lance in rest, and shouting Santiago for Spain! he led his knights against the Moorish host, among the olives of Goleta; and even in his last campaign in Saxony, the cream-coloured genet of the emperor was ever in the van of battle, like the famous piebald charger of Turenne in later fields of the palatinate. Some historians have contrasted Charles with his more showy and perhaps more amiable rival, Francis the First, making the two monarchs the impersonations of opposite qualities and ideas; the emperor of state craft and cunning, the king of soldiership and gallantry. Francis was, no doubt, oftener to be seen glittering in armour, and adorning the pageants of royalty and war; but Charles was oftener in the trench and the field, scenes for which alone he cared to don his battered mail and shabby accoutrements. His journey across France, in order to repress the revolt of Ghent, was a finer example of daring, of a great danger deliberately braved for a great purpose, than is to be found in the story of the gay champion of the field of gold. In the council chamber he was ready to measure minds with all comers; with the northern

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envoy who claimed liberty of conscience for the protestant princes; with the magnifico who excused the perfidies of Venice; or with the still subtler priest, who stood forth in red stockings to gloze in defence of the still greater iniquities of the holy see. In the prosecution of his plans, and the maintenance of his influence, Charles shrank from no labour of mind, or fatigue of body. Where other sovereigns would have sent an ambassador, and opened a negotiation, he paid a visit, and concluded a treaty. From Groningen to Otranto, from Vienna to Cadiz, no unjust steward of the house of Austria could be sure that his misdeeds would escape detection on the spot from the keen cold eye of the indefatigable emperor. The name of Charles is connected, not only with the wars and politics, but with the peaceful arts of his time: it is linked with the graver of the Vico, the chisel of Leoni, the pencil of Titian, and the lyre of Ariosto; and as a lover and patron of art, his fame stood as high at Venice and Nuremberg as at Antwerp and Toledo.

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The admiration which was raised by the great events of his reign, was sustained to the last by the unwonted manner of its close. In our days, abdication has been so frequently the refuge of weak men, fallen in evil times, or the last shift of baffled bad men, that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation which must have been produced by the retirement of Charles. England is among the few nations of Europe to whose thrones there are no pretenders expiating in exile the sins of themselves and their sires; perhaps the sole nation whose royal house has no member who has put off, or has declined to put on, the hereditary crown. Now that the divinity which doth hedge a king has become a bowing wall and a tottering fence, it is almost impossible to look upon the solemn ceremony which was

enacted at Bruxelles with the feeling or the eyes of the sixteenth century. The act of the emperor was a thing not indeed altogether unheard of, but known only in books and distant times. The knights of the fleece, who wept on the dais, around their Cæsar, knew little more about Diocletian than was known by the farmers and clothiers who elbowed each other in the crowd below. It was only some rare student who remembered that a Theodosius and an Isaac had submitted their heads to the razor, to save their necks from the axe or the bow-string; that a Lothaire had led a hermit's life in the forest of Ardennes; that a Carloman had milked the ewes of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. Spanish history afforded several examples of abdications, but they belonged to the misty ages of the Goth, and the Castillian who was in the habit of alluding to very remote antiquity as 'the days of king Wamba,' perhaps seldom knew that the example set by that martial monarch had been followed by Bermudo, and Alonso, and Ramiro, when they, in their turns, exchanged the diadem for the cowl. The act of Charles, therefore, was fitted to strike the imagination of men, by the novelty of the occasion, by the solemnity of the circumstances, by the splendour of the abdicated crowns, and by the world-wide fame with which they had been worn.

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There can be no doubt that the emperor gave the true reasons of his retirement when, panting for breath, and unable to stand alone, he told the states of Flanders that he resigned the government because it was a burden which his shattered frame could no longer bear. He was fulfilling the plan which he had cherished for nearly twenty years. Indeed, he seems to have determined to abdicate almost at the time when he determined to reign. So powerful a mind as that of Charles, has seldom been so tardy in giving evidence of power. Until he

appeared in Italy, in 1529, the thirtieth year of his age, his strong will had been as wax in the hands of other men. Up to that time the most laborious, reserved, and inflexible of princes, was the most docile subject of his ministers. His mind ripened slowly, and his body decayed prematurely. By nature and hereditary habit a keen sportsman, in his youth he was unwearied in tracking the bear and the wolf over the hills of Toledo and Granada; and he was distinguished for his prowess against the bull and the boar.[1] Yet ere he had turned fifty, he was reduced to amuse himself by shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his garden. The hand which had wielded the lance, and curbed the charger, was so enfeebled with gout, that it was sometimes unable to break the seal of a letter. Declining fortune combined with decaying health to maintain him in that general vexation of spirit which he shared with king Solomon. His later schemes of policy and conquest ended in nothing but disaster and disgrace. The pope, the Turk, the king of France, and the protestant princes of the empire, were once more arrayed against the potentate, who, in the bright morning of his career, had imposed laws upon them all. The flight from Innsbruck avenged the cause which seemed lost at Muhlberg. While the doctors of the church assembled at Trent, in that council which had cost so much treasure and intrigue, continued their solemn quibblings, the protestant faith was spreading itself even in the dominions of the orthodox house of Hapsburg. The emperor's well-known devise, the pillars of Hercules, with the proud motto, PLUS ULTRA, for which the inventor had been rewarded

[1] *Libro de la Monteria: Discurso de G. Argote de Molina*, p. 6. Ranke's *Ottoman and Spanish Empires*, translated by Kelly. 8vo. London: 1843, p. 30.

with two mitres,[1] became the butt of the pedantic wits of France. Guise and the gallant townsmen of Metz, furnished a new reading—NON ULTRA METAS, for the motto;[2] and Paris was made merry with the suggestion that the pillars should be changed into a crab, and the words into PLUS CITRA,[3] to express the ebb of the imperial fortunes. The finances both of Spain and the other dominions of Austria were in the utmost disorder; and the lord of Mexico and Peru had been forced to beg a loan from the duke of Florence. It is no wonder, therefore, that Charles seized the first gleam of sunshine and returning calm to make for the long desired haven of refuge; that he relieved his brow of its thorny crowns as soon as he had obtained an object dear to him as a father, a politician, and a devotee, by placing his son Philip on the rival throne of the heretic Tudors.

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His habits and turn of mind made a religious house the natural place of his retreat. Like a true Castillian,

> With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
> He sought the refuge of conventual rest.

Monachism had for him the charm, vague yet powerful, such as soldiership has for the young; and he was ever fond of catching glimpses of the life which he had resolved, sooner or later, to embrace. When the empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sisla, near Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent

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[1] Luis Marliano, author of this famous device, was paid for his ingenuity, first with the bishopric of Tuy (sorely against the will of cardinal Ximenes; Alv. Gomez; *De rebus gestis*, fol. 151), and afterwards with that of Ciudad Rodrigo. Rod. Mendez Silva: *Catalago Real.* 4to. Madrid: 1656, fol. 136.

[2] Le Moyne: *De l'Art des Devises.* 4to. Paris: 1666, p. 215.

[3] Strada: *De Bello Belgico*, lib. i. 2 tom. sm. 8vo. Antwerp: 1640, i. 17.

of Mejorado, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with Jeromites, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden alleys of venerable cypress. When he held his court at Bruxelles, he was often a guest at the convent of Grœnendael; and the monks commemorated his condescension as a monarch as well as his skill as a marksman, by placing his statue in bronze on the banks of their fishpond, at a point where he had brought down a heron from an amazing height. At Alcala, when attending service in the university church, he would not occupy the throne prepared for him, but insisted on sitting with the canons, saying that he never could be better placed than among reverend and learned divines.[1]

These church predilections, coloured with religious melancholy, Charles inherited from his ancestors on both sides of the house, and transmitted to his descendants. Ferdinand the catholic was not free from them; and the emperor Maximilian was said to have entertained, in his latter days, the notable design of taking orders and getting himself chosen pope. Philip the Second was preeminently the friend of friars: in his wretched cell adjoining the church of the Escorial he lived a life of the severest asceticism; and, ever reckless of the blood of his people, he was often to be seen on his knees, reverently dusting and polishing the golden reliquaries in which he had enshrined the bones of his saints. Don John of Austria, when sickening of deferred hope of a throne, instinctively turned his thoughts to the cowl and a celestial crown. Philip the Third never missed visiting a convent when the opportunity occurred; they long remembered, at Montserrate, the devotion with which he

[1] Alf. Sanctii: *De Rebus Hispaniæ anacephaleosis.* 4to. Compluti: 1634, p. 377.

clambered to every rock-hewn cell of that romantic hermit-warren; and when the third part of Siguença's Jeromite history appeared, he sat up a whole night to read the fascinating folio.[1] Even the licentious Philip the Fourth, and the half idiot Charles the Second were careful to send the best buck or the best boar from their day's heap of game to the prior of the Escorial; and, in the true spirit of their grandsire of Yuste, they used to descend into the pantheon of their palace-convent, and muse upon death amongst the ashes of their ancestors.

Nor were the princesses of the Spanish house of Austria untinged with the religious melancholy of their race. Like queen Juana, many of them ended their days in the cloister; and a few even took the veil and wore the ring of lady abbess. Amongst these were the regent Juana and her sister, the empress Mary, with her daughter the archduchess Margaret, who refused the hand of her uncle, Philip the Second, and, as sister Margaret of the Cross, was famous for near half a century among the vestals of Madrid. The infanta Isabella, the able ruler of the Netherlands, at the death of her husband took the habit, though not the vows, of a Franciscan nun, as the habit which had been worn with so much holy distinction by ladies of her name and lineage, the Isabellas of Hungary and of Portugal.[2] The married life of queen Margaret, wife of Philip the Third, was divided between childbed and church.[3] Paris, with its pageantries and the new pleasures of bridehood and a

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[1] Porreño: *Hechos y dichos de Felipe III.* 4to. Madrid: 1723, p. 332-4.

[2] C. de Benavente: *Advertencias para Reyes.* 4to. Madrid: 1643, pp. 228, 9.

[3] See her life, *Vida y muerte de Doña Margarita de Austria,* por Diego de Guzman. 4to. Madrid: 1617.

throne, could not dispel the constitutional gloom from the young heart of Maria Teresa. 'What did you think of your reception?' asked Anne of Austria, on the evening of her arrival at the Louvre. 'I thought,' replied the queen of Louis the Fourteenth, 'of that other pageant which shall one day carry me to the tomb.'[1] The influence of Spanish blood may be seen in the declining years of Louis himself, and in the strange story of the devout Bourbon, who wore the family honours of Orleans between the profligate regent and the infamous Egalité.

To the last Charles loved his woodland nest at Yuste. It has been said that he was wont to declare that he had enjoyed there more real happiness in one day than he had derived from all his triumphs,[2] an extravagant assertion, which is nevertheless far nearer the truth than the idle tale that his retirement was a long repentance of his abdication. But the cloister, like the world, was not without its disappointments. He had escaped only from the pageantry of courts, not from the toil and excitement of public affairs. To Yuste he had come, seeking solitude and repose; but although his chamberlain complained bitterly that he had indeed found the one, his own long and laboured despatches prove that he enjoyed but little of the other. He began by attempting to confine his attention to a few matters in which he was specially interested, and which he hoped ere long to bring to a happy termination; but the circle gradually widened, and at last his anxious eye learned once more to sweep the whole horizon of Spanish policy. From the war in Flanders he would turn to the diplomacy of

[1] Fr. Juan B. de Soria: *Historia de Doña Maria Teresa de Austria, Reina de Francia.* sm. 8vo. Madrid: 1684, p. 11.

[2] Phil. Camerarii *Meditationes Historicæ.* 3 tom. 4to. Francofurti: 1602-9, i. p 210.

Italy or Portugal; and his plans for replenishing the treasury at Valladolid, were followed by remarks on the garrisons in Africa, or the signal towers along the Spanish shore. He watched the course of the vessel of state with interest as keen as if the helm were still in his own hands; and the successes and the disasters of his son affected him as if they were his own. Unfortunately, in 1557 and 1558, the disasters greatly outnumbered and outweighed the successes. On one side of the account stood the brilliant but barren victory of St. Quentin, and the less signal but better employed victory of Gravelines; on the other, there was the bullion riots at Seville, the disgraceful treaty of Rome, the loss of Calais and of Thionville, the sack of Menorca, and the outburst of heresy. He might well dread the arrival of each courier; and the destruction of the army of Oran was announced in the despatches which lay unread on his table at the time of his death.

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The prudence and moderation which generally guided his acts in the world dictated his writings at Yuste. Notwithstanding his displeasure with the Roman negotiations of Alba and the loss of Calais and Thionville, which he expressed freely enough in conversation, few traces of ruffled temper are to be found in his written remarks on these subjects. It was this caution and self-control which saved his reign from many of those disorders and scandals which disgraced the rule of his successors. The three Philips were governed by favourites and viziers, minions of fortune, who in time became her martyrs. The ministers of Charles neither rose so high nor fell so low; he never had a Perez, a Lerma, an Olivares, or a Calderon.

Perhaps the very qualities which rendered the despatches of the emperor so admirable as state papers, at the dates which they bore, and in the hands to which

they were addressed, tend to diminish their value as materials for his biography. A close reasoner, careful in analyzing facts, and subtle in penetrating motives, Charles was nevertheless one of the most tiresome writers who ever drove the quill of political or diplomatic correspondence. Heavy and redundant in style, his pictures of men and events are flat and colourless; and even in argument, his vivacity is cramped and crippled by the fence of caution and reserve which ever hedges his path. Very rarely does it happen that any spark of human feeling or passion illumines his weary records of the daily toils of power; of hopes and fears, to which a generous heart can seldom respond; of selfish intrigues and ignoble rivalries: and of all the dusty plans of an ambition which never soared above the family tree of Hapsburg.

In the cloister, Charles was no less popular than he had been in the world. In spite of his feeble health and phlegmatic temperament, in spite of his caution, which was ever suspicious, and his selfishness, which frequently made him false; in spite of his jealous love of power, and of his contempt for popular rights, there was still in his conduct and bearing that indescribable charm which wins the favour of the multitude. A little book, of no literary value, but frequently printed both in French and Flemish, sufficiently indicates in its title the qualities which coloured the popular view of his character. *The life and actions, heroic and pleasant, of the invincible emperor, Charles the Fifth,* was long a favourite chap-book in the Low Countries. It relates how he defeated Solyman the Magnificent, and how he permitted a Walloon boor to obtain judgment against him for the value of a sheep, killed by the wheels of his coach; how he rode down the Moorish horsemen at Tunis; and how he jested, like any private sportsman, with the woodmen of Soigne. A similar reputation for affability and good

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humour, heightened by the added quality of sanctity, he left behind him in the sylvan monastery of Estremadura. Doomed by royal etiquette to eat alone, he sometimes broke through the rule in favour of St. Benedict or St. Jerome. Dining in former years with the fathers of Montserrate, the prior, a rough Aragonese, ventured to tell him that he had polluted their sober board by eating flesh-meat there, a monkish pleasantry which the imperial guest won the hearts of his hosts by taking in perfectly good part.[1] At Yuste he occasionally dined in the refectory, improving the conventual cheer by the good humour of his conversation no less than by the science of his cook.

In one point alone did Charles in the cell differ widely from Charles on the throne. In the world, fanaticism had not been one of his vices; he feared the keys no more than his cousin of England, and he confronted the successor of St. Peter no less boldly than he made head against the heir of St. Louis. While he held Clement the Seventh prisoner at Rome, he permitted even at Madrid the mockery of masses for that pontiff's speedy deliverance. Against the protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics, and he frequently stayed the hand of the victorious zealots of the church. At Wittenberg he set a fine example of moderation, in forbidding the destruction of the tomb of Luther, saying that he contended with the living and not with the dead.[2] To a Venetian envoy, accredited to him at Bruxelles, in the last year of his reign, he appeared free from all taint of

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[1] *Vida que el emperador tuvo en el convento de Yuste:* in the MS. entitled *El perfecto desengaño* por el marques de Valparaiso, 1638, of which I have given an account in my preface.

[2] Juncker: *Vita Mart. Luteri*, sm. 8vo. Francofurti: 1699, p. 219. Sleidan: *De Statu relig. et reip.*, lib. xix., is cited as his authority.

polemical madness, and willing that subjects of theology should be discussed in his presence, with fair philosophical freedom.[1]

But once within the walls of Yuste, he assumed all the passions, prejudices, and superstitions of a friar. Looking back on his past life, he thanked God for the evil that he had been permitted to do in the matter of religious persecution, and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, for having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted ground whereon his strong will was paralyzed and his keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust. Protestant and philosophic historians love to relate how Charles, finding that no two of his time-pieces could be made to go alike, remarked that he had perhaps erred in spending so much blood and treasure in the hope of compelling men to a yet more impossible uniformity in the more difficult matters of religion. The antithesis of some declaimer on toleration, passing from pen to pen, has at last been placed by a Sleidan or a Jovius, more careless or unscrupulous than their fellows, as an aphorism in the mouth of the emperor himself, against whom it was probably, in the first instance, launched.[2] It would have been well for his own fame, well, perhaps, for the moral and intellectual progress of Spain, had such a sentiment been found in the table-

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[1] *Relatione* of Badovaro.

[2] I have sought in vain for the inventor of this popular fiction, of which I can find no trace in books of the sixteenth century. Strada, *De Bello Belg.*, lib. i. p. 13, speaking of the emperor's love of watchmaking and watches, adds, 'quorum videlicit rotas multo quàm fortunæ facilius temperabat;' a remark which was kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Macaulay, as the possible germ of the story. It is told in its present shape, as a well-known anecdote in Harris's *Description of the gardens of Loo*, 4to. London: 1699, p. 70-2, the earliest book in which I have met with it. Hume relates it in his *History of Queen Mary Tudor*, whence it was probably transplanted, without question, by Robertson, who, having the will and codicil of Charles before him in Sandoval, ought to have rejected it on internal evidence.

talk of the Spanish Diocletian. But it is certain that the philosophy of

him who walked
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,

was unknown, or unapproved, at Yuste, in the cloister of the Jeromite or in the cabinet of the imperial recluse.

While Charles lived and died at Yuste, no less than two aspiring pens were at work upon epic poems to commemorate his reign. Sempere, a merchant of Valencia, was first in the field, in 1560, with his *Carolea*, of which the thirty printed cantos bring the hero's history down only to his coronation at Bologna. The huge and worthless fragment was never completed.[1] In 1568, Luis Çapata, a soldier, published, likewise at Valencia, his *Carlo Famoso*, in fifty cantos, to which he had given the labour of thirteen years. He, too, commenced his rhymed annals,—for the poem was nothing more,—on a scale so colossal, that he was compelled to compress into the final canto the twelve last years of his hero's life. From this wilderness of justly neglected verse I venture to select these stanzas as a fair specimen of the poem and of the admiration with which the retirement of Charles was regarded.

Y el emperador, que antes no solia
Caber en todo el mundo de aposento,
En Yuste, en nuestra España un abadia,
Se recogio à la fin à un aposento :
Y alli (puesto en el ciel un pie) bivia,
Mas qu'en su cielo Jupiter contento,
En religion sin habito biviendo
A quantos havia monges excediendo.

Otros se han del imperio descargado,
Mas que no de virtud de miedo lleno,
Qu'en la una mano vian el hierro ayrado,
Y en el otra el vaso oculto de veneno ;
Imitando al castor, y aun tan loado
Les fue, que de su fama hoy dura el trueno,
Mas el dexo un imperio, ô caso duro,
Glorioso, dulce, en paz, quieto y seguro.

* * * *

[1] Ticknor's *Hist. of Spanish Literature*, ii. p. 456.

Carlo que como cisne su fin siente
Al niño Don Juan de Austria ante si llama,
Y le dize quien es, y de alli ausente
Se le encomienda al rey que tanto el ama:
Y hecho lo que un rey tan excellente
En tal tiempo devià, como una llama
Que le falta ya al fin el nutrimiento
Se fue agozar de Dios à su alto assierto.[1]

So Charles the emperor, whose mighty reign
The globe itself scarce held within its bound,
At Yuste, a fair abbey of our Spain,
A lowly home and quiet haven found:
Here, half his heart in heaven, did he remain,
Tranquil as Jove with sovran glories crown'd;
In all things save the hood a holy friar,
In Christian graces peerless in the choir.

Kings erst have left their sceptred state and sway,
Pale terror prompting, not calm strength of soul;
Flash'd, in their dreams, the falchion's dreadful ray,
Lurk'd, in their fears, the drug within the bowl;
(So beavers, hunted, cast their spoils away,)
Yet fame's loud tongues the noble deed extol:
But greater Charles, with glory all his own,
Resign'd a peaceful, sure, and splendid throne.

* * * * *

His end at last foreknowing, like the swan,
The emperor to his side bids quickly bring
The opening Austrian flower, his young Don John;
Reveals his birth; and to the absent king
Commends in loving wise this other son;
Then, sooth'd with holy rites, his soul takes wing,
With fitful flickering like a lamp that dies,
To God's high seat and bliss beyond the skies.

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The statement with regard to Don John is, perhaps, not wholly to be relied upon; nor is it to be wholly rejected. Çapata wrote while the events were fresh in men's memories; in his dedication to the king he challenged comparison for accuracy with any prose historian; and he professed to mark with an asterisk every

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[1] *Carlo Famoso de Don Luys Çapata.* 4to. Valencia: 1566, fol. 287.

passage in which he had ventured to embellish fact with fiction. No asterisk throws a doubt upon the incident above recorded. By the letters written from Yuste it is neither confirmed nor discredited. Quixada, De Bues, Bodart, and Philip the Second seem to have been the only persons in the secret; but during the life of the emperor, the chamberlain never alluded to it in his correspondence with the king; and even after his master's death he mentioned it, as the next chapter will show, very cautiously, very briefly, and with evident reluctance.

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Chapter X.

FINAL NOTICES OF THE COURT AND MONASTERY OF YUSTE.

CHARLES the Fifth did not leave the world without some of those portents in which his age loved to trace the influence of a remarkable death upon the operations of external nature. A comet appeared over Yuste at the beginning of his last illness, and was last seen in the night in which he died. In the spring a lily in his garden, growing beneath his windows, bore two buds, of which one flowered and faded in due course, but the other remained a bud through the summer and autumn, to the great astonishment of the gardeners and the friars. But on the night of the twentieth of September, it burst into full bloom, as an emblem of the whiteness of the parting spirit, and of the sure and certain hope of its reception into the mansions of bliss. Reverently gathered in the morning, this wondrous lily was fastened upon the black veil which covered the sacramental shrine in the conventual church, and remained there until it dropped off from decay. In the week following the obsequies, a pied bird, large as a vulture, but of a kind unknown in the Vera, perched at night on the roof of the church, exactly over the imperial grave, and disturbed the friars by barking like a dog. For five successive nights it barked there in the clear moonlight, always at the same hour, and always arriving from the east and flying away towards the west. And four years later, a holy capu-

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chin of the new world, Fray Gonçalo Mendez, as he knelt in his convent chapel at Guatemala, was blessed with a vision wherein he saw the emperor before the judgment-seat of our Lord, making his defence against the accusing demons, and with so much success that he received honourable acquittal, and was in the end borne off to heaven by the angels of light.

The codicil of the will of Charles, the only part of the document which properly belongs to his life at Yuste, is drawn up with a minuteness of detail very characteristic of the careful habits of the man. After a profession of attachment to the church, and hatred of heresy, and after the directions for his burial, which have been already noticed, he proceeds to describe a monument and altar-piece which he wished to be erected in the church of the convent, in the event of Yuste being chosen by his son for the final resting-place for his bones. The altar-piece was to be of alabaster, a copy in relief of Titian's picture of the Last Judgment, the picture on which he was gazing at the moment when he felt the first touch of death. A custodia, or sacramental tabernacle, was likewise to be made of alabaster and marble, and placed between statues of the empress and himself. These effigies were to be sculptured kneeling, with hands clasped as if in prayer, barefoot, and with uncovered heads, and clad in sheets like penitents. For further particulars he referred the king to Luis Quixada and the confessor Regla, who were fully instructed in his meaning and wishes. In case of the removal of his body, instead of the altar-piece and monument, the convent was to receive a picture for their high altar, of such kind as the king should appoint.

The emperor next expresses his concern at hearing that the pensions which he had granted to the servants whom he had dismissed at Xarandilla had been very ill

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paid, and he entreats the king to order their punctual payment for the future. He directs that the friars of Yuste, and the friars from other convents, who had been specially employed in his service as readers, preachers, musicians, or in other capacities, shall receive such gratuities as shall appear sufficient to father Regla and Quixada. To the confessor himself he bequeaths an annual pension of four hundred ducats, (about 80*l.* sterling,) and four hundred ducats in legacy. Of Quixada he twice speaks in the most affectionate terms, acknowledging his long and good services, and his willing fidelity in incurring the expense and inconvenience of removing his wife and household to Quacos. Lamenting that he has done so little to promote his interest, he earnestly recommends him to the king's favour, and leaves him a legacy of two thousand ducats, (400*l.* sterling,) and a pension of the value of his present emoluments, without mentioning the amount, until he shall be provided with a better appointment. He also desires the infanta to cause the amount of fines recovered, or that should be recovered by his attorney, from the poachers and rioters of Quacos, to be paid into the hands of a person named by the executors, for distribution amongst the poor of the village. The contents of his larder and cellar, and his stores of provisions in general, at the day of his decease, and likewise the dispensary, with its drugs and vessels, he leaves to the brotherhood of Yuste, and to the poor any money which may remain in his coffers after defraying the wages of his servants.

These are all mentioned by name, and for the most part receive pensions, except a few to whom small gratuities are given, it being explained that previous provision has been made for them. The pensions range from four hundred florins, (32*l.* sterling,) conferred on the doctor, Mathys, to ninety florins, which requite the

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services of Isabel Plantin, laundress of the table-linen. The gratuities vary from one hundred and fifty thousand maravedis, (about 45*l.* sterling,) left to the secretary Gaztelu, to seven thousand five hundred maravedis, given to Jorge de Diano, a boy employed in the workshop of Torriano. That mechanician himself being already pensioned to the amount of two hundred crowns, receives only fifteen thousand maravedis; and he is likewise reminded that he has been paid something to account on the price of a clock which is in hand, and for which his employer is content that the executors shall pay a fair valuation.

The executors of the will were Quixada, Gaztelu, and father Regla. Immediately after the obsequies they began to carry its provisions into effect. The wages of the servants were all paid in gold, and most of them took their departure to Valladolid, the Flemings being anxious to secure berths in the fleet which was then assembling at Laredo, to carry the queen of Hungary to her government in the Netherlands. The cook and some of the confectioners, recommended by Quixada, were taken into the service of the princess-regent. Amongst the friars, the executors distributed eleven hundred and ninety ducats in gratuities. The largest of these gratuities was a sum of two hundred ducats to the preacher Villalva. Fray Lorenzo de Losar received one hundred and fifty ducats, for acting as purveyor to the emperor's household: the friars from Zaragoza and Granada, who had been in attendance as preachers for three months, had forty each: Fray Marcos de Cardona, counter-bass, and an assistant in the garden of the emperor, seventy; and thirty-five were divided amongst the four relations of Fray Juan de Villamayor, who had died three months before in the post of chapel-master. Strict injunctions were laid upon the prior of

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Yuste that no one was to be permitted, under any pretext whatever, but the king's order, to lodge in the palace, which he and his fraternity were expected to keep in proper repair.

Of Don John of Austria, the sole acknowledgment of him as son of Charles the Fifth, and the only declaration of his father's intentions with regard to him, were contained in a separate paper executed at Bruxelles, on the sixth of June, 1554, and already deposited in the custody of the king.[1] By this document Charles acknowledged that he required that Geronimo—for so Don John was called—his natural son born to him in his widowhood of a German unmarried woman, should be educated in a manner befitting his rank; and he intimated his wish that he should afterwards enter one of the reformed monastic orders; provided, however, that his inclinations were not forced or even influenced in the matter. In the event of his preferring a secular career, lands of the annual value of between twenty and thirty thousand ducats, in the kingdom of Naples, were to be settled upon him and his heirs.

Quixada and Gaztelu were employed for some weeks in drawing up an inventory of the emperor's effects, and in superintending their removal to Valladolid. The regent was very minute in the instructions which she sent down for their guidance. On finding that the physician Cornelio, and some of the other attendants, had asked for the mules in the imperial stable, and that the old one-eyed pony had been actually made over to the doctor, she issued a mandate, that nothing which had been used by her father, or in his service, should be given away. She likewise required that his favourite cat and talking parrot should be sent to her; and these

[1] *Papiers de Granvelle*, iv. 496. See also chap. iii. p. 50, note.

pets were accordingly forthwith despatched to Valladolid by Quixada, in one of the imperial litters, attended by a trusty servant.[1] Doña Magdalena de Ulloa improved her spare time in Estremadura by making a pilgrimage with Don John of Austria to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and adoring beneath the galaxy of silver lamps, gifts of royal devotees, to which her companion was one day to add the brightest star, in the beautiful 'fanal' taken from the galley of the Turkish admiral at Lepanto.[2] The chamberlain and secretary had much difficulty in settling various small and unexpected claims brought against the emperor's estate by the neighbouring peasants, and supported by their friends the friars. At length, however, these quibblings were disposed of, and Quixada was able to bid farewell to Quacos[3] and to Estremadura early in the month of December.

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At Valladolid, funeral honours were performed for the emperor, in the presence of the regent and her court, in the beautiful church of the royal Benedictines. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Francisco Borja, from the text, *Ecce longavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine*, 'Lo! then would I wander afar off, and

[1] The litter in which these incongruous passengers travelled was probably that which is now preserved in the royal armoury at Madrid. Described in the catalogue (*Catalogo de la armeria real*, No. 2425, 8vo. Madrid: 1849, p. 179) as something between a black leather trunk and a Sclavonian kibitka, it is very like a large cradle. It is engraved in Jubinal: *La Armeria real de Madrid*, 2 vol. fol. Paris: s. a. ii. pl. 30. In the same armoury (*Cat.*, No. 1931, p. 121) are four iron trenchers, which belonged to the emperor's campaigning canteen, and which are caustically contrasted, in the *Hand-book for Spain*, p. 450, with the 'golden *necessaires*' left behind by the runaway Buonapartes at Vittoria and Waterloo.

[2] Fr. Gabriel de Talavera: *Historia de Na. Señora de Guadalupe*, 4to. Toledo: 1597, fol. 156.

[3] To the hon. colonel Percy, who spent some days during the last winter (1851-2) at Yuste, I am indebted for the following tradition of the Vera, picked up from the bailiff of the convent. The village of Quacos, says the legend, was originally called by the more euphonious name of Villaflor del Rey. Don John of Austria attending some rural festival

remain in the wilderness.'[1] It was filled with praise of the emperor for his pious magnanimity in taking leave of the world before the world had taken leave of him—praise which, in the mouth of a Jesuit, who had once been a wealthy grandee, must have savoured somewhat of self-glorification. Amongst other edifying reminiscences of his friend, Borja told his hearers that he had it from the lips of the deceased, that never since he was one and twenty years old, had he failed to set apart some portion of each day for inward prayer.

Solemn services were also performed for the emperor in all the convents of the order of Jerome; and the great fraternity of Guadalupe, in their noble Gothic church, displayed peculiar magnificence in honour of the imperial devotee, tow hom, when a pilgrim at the virgin's shrine thirty-two years before, the prior had granted a brief of brotherhood, whereby he was entitled to the benefit of fifty-four annual masses sung by the friars.[2] Obsequies were celebrated by the primate of Spain at Talavera and at Toledo; and Seville and Naples also distinguished themselves by the lavish loyalty of their funeral pomps.

But Bruxelles excelled all the cities of the Austrian dominion in the splendour with which she did honour

there, and getting into a quarrel with the villagers, received a blow on the head so severe, that he was carried insensible to the monastery of Yuste. The emperor, enraged at this affront, decreed that the name of the village should be changed; and, the cry of a duck striking his ear at the moment that he was devising a new appellation, he selected the word *Quacos*. This idle tale may perhaps be founded on some older tradition; but it is certain that Quacos was so called, before Charles or Don John came to Yuste, in the letters of Quixada and Gaztelu from Xarandilla. Whatever the origin of the name, there is some traditionary reproach attached to it. The inhabitants, to this day, dislike any allusion to the above story: and to speak to a native of the place, of 'Quacos *con perdon*,' 'Quacos, by your leave,' as if it were a word unfit for ears polite, is a mode of topographical teasing from which serious quarrels have been known to arise.

[1] Psalm liv. 7, in the Vulgate; or in our translation, lv. 7.

[2] Talavera: *Hist. du Guadalupe*, fol. 210.

to the emperor's memory. The ceremonies took place on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of December. The procession, in which walked Philip the Second, robed and hooded like a friar, and attended by the dukes of Brunswick and Savoy, and a host of the nobility of Spain, Germany, and the Netherlands, was two hours in passing from the palace to the church of St. Gudule. Its principal feature was a great galley, placed on a cunningly-devised ocean, which answered the double purpose of supporting some islands emblematic of the Indies, and of concealing the power which rolled the huge structure along. Faith, Hope, and Charity, were the crew of this enchanted bark; and her sides were hung with twelve paintings of Charles's principal exploits, which were further set forth in golden letter-press upon the sails of black satin. A long line of horses followed, each led by two gentlemen, and bearing on its housings the blazon of one of the states of the emperor. They were led up the aisle of the church, past the altar, and past the stalls occupied by the knights of the golden fleece. As the last horse, covered with a black footcloth, went by, the count of Bossu, one of the knights, the early playmate and dear friend of the emperor, threw himself on his knees, and remained for some time prostrate on the pavement in an agony of grief.[1] The funeral discourse was pronounced by Francis Richardot, afterwards bishop of Arras, an eminent scholar and divine, and esteemed the most eloquent preacher within the dominions of Burgundy.[2]

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[1] An elaborate account of it, with many curious plates, came from the press of Ch. Plantin. *La magnifica e somtuosa pompa funerale fatta in Burselle, il di xxix di Decembre,* MDLVIII, *nell' essequie dello invitissimo Carlo Quinto,* fol. Anversa: 1559.

[2] *Papiers de Granvelle,* iv. p. 510; v. p. 4, note. This *oraison funebre,* and those on Mary Queen of Hungary and Mary Queen of England, form a very rare volume, fol. Antwerp: 1558.

Funeral honours were also performed in most of the foreign capitals, and those at Lisbon and Rome were peculiarly splendid. They were celebrated in several places in France, after peace had been concluded between the crowns; and even our protestant Elizabeth caused a solemn dirge and mass of requiem to be sung for the emperor's soul in her abbey of Westminster.[1] It was computed that throughout Europe his obsequies were performed in upwards of three thousand churches, at a cost of six millions of ducats.[2]

The church of Yuste was merely a temporary resting-place of the imperial dead. The emperor, in his will, had confided the care of his bones to his son, expressing a wish, however, to be laid beside his wife and his parents in the cathedral of Granada, in the splendid chapel-royal, rich with the tombs and trophies of Ferdinand and Isabella. Philip, however, shivering in the rear at St. Quentin, had already vowed to St. Lawrence the great monastery which it was his after-delight to make the chief monument of the power and the piety of the house of Hapsburg. At the Escorial, therefore, he united the bones of his father and mother, and placed them, on the fourth of February, 1574, in a vault in front of the high altar, beneath the jasper shrine which yet contains their fine effigies kneeling in emblazoned mantles, and wrought in bronze by Leoni. THOU, OF THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIFTH, says the inscription, WHO SHALT SURPASS THE GLORY OF HIS ACTIONS, TAKE THIS PLACE: LET THE REST REVERENTLY

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[1] On the 24th of Dec., 1558. Queen Mary's funeral had been celebrated there on the 13th.

[2] Gregorio Leti (*Vita de Carlo V.*, 4 tom. 12mo. Amsterdam: 1700, iv. 412-3), quoting, without saying where he found it, an account of the emperor's life and death, by father Regla, says that Regla computed the number of services at 3700, while Saavedra made them only 2400.

FORBEAR.[1] The occasion of this first funeral solemnity in the new temple was marked by one of those terrific storms, which visit the bleak sierra, and which were sent, as the monks supposed, by the devil, in the hope of overthrowing the new fortress of piety.[2] A grand arch of timber, erected at the portal of the still unfinished church, was blown away before the eyes of the trembling worshippers, and its hangings of rich brocades, rent into minute shreds, were scattered far and wide over the surrounding chase. The ceremonies lasted for three days; the emperor's body, which had been brought from Yuste by the duke of Alcala and the bishop of Jaen, was once more laid in the tomb, with all the rites used at the interment of a Jeromite friar; and his funeral oration was pronounced for the second time by his favourite preacher Villalva.

Eighty years afterwards the repose of Charles was again disturbed by his great-grandson, Philip the Fourth. For thirty-three years, that prince was engaged in building the celebrated pantheon, begun by his father, Philip the Third, at the Escorial. On the sixteenth of March, 1654, the dust of the Austrian kings of Spain, and of their consorts who had continued the royal line, was translated from the plain vault of Philip the Second to this splendid sepulchral chamber. Fray Juan de Avellanada pronounced a discourse on Ezekiel's text, 'O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord!'[3]—a burst of intrepid panegyric, worthy of the audience, which, after warning future kings of Spain that they must live well if they wished to sleep by the side of the holy Philip the Second, the preacher closed

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[1] HUNC LOCUM SI QUIS POSTER. CAROLO V. HABITAM GLORIAM RERUM GESTARUM SPLENDORE SUPERAVERIS, IPSE SOLUS OCCUPATO, CETERI REVERENTER ABSTINETE.

[2] Siguença, iii. p. 569.

[3] Ezek. xxxvii. 4.

with a prayer to that glorified prince and his royal companions in bliss to become his advocates before the throne of the Almighty.[1] Each of the seven coffins was carried by three nobles and three Jeromite friars: the procession was headed by the remains of the fair Isabel of Bourbon, the first queen of Philip the Fourth, and it was closed by the dust of Charles the Fifth. After infinite splendid ceremonies, they were borne round the church in procession, and at last down the long marble staircase to their superb place of rest, which gleamed in the light of countless tapers and golden lamps, reflected from marble, and jasper, and gold, like a creation of oriental romance. The grandees who bore the coffin of Charles were the prime-minister Don Luis de Haro, the duke of Abrantes, and the marquess of Aytona. As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed to enable Philip the Fourth to come face to face with his great ancestor. The corpse was found to be quite entire, and even some sprigs of sweet thyme, folded in the winding-sheet, retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of fourscore winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro, and said, '*Cuerpo honrado*, honoured body, Don Luis.' 'Very honoured,' replied the minister; words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escorial has recorded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion.[2]

Once again, at the distance of four generations, the emperor's grave is said to have been opened by the

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[1] Los Santos: *Descripcion del Escorial*, fol. 183-4.

[2] 'Exprimiendo Su Magestad en breves palabras todo aquel sentir, à que se puede alargar la piedad christiana en caso semejante.' Los Santos: *Descrip. del Escorial*, fol. Madrid: 1657, fol. 156.

descendant of that despised Anthony of Bourbon at whose claims on Navarre Charles had scoffed, and whose posterity had wrested from the house of Austria the sceptre of Spain and the Indies. Mr. Beckford used to relate that when he was leaving Madrid, Charles the Third, as a parting civility, desired to know what favour he would accept at his hands. The boon asked and granted was leave to see the face of Charles the Fifth, in order to test the fidelity of the portraits by Titian. The finest portraits of Charles, as well as his remains, were then still at the Escorial. The marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the dead emperor. The pale brow and cheek, the slightly aquiline nose, the protruding lower jaw, the heavy Burgundian lip, and the sad and thoughtful expression, remained nearly as the Venetian had painted them, and unchanged since the eyelids had been closed by Quixada. There, too, were the sprigs of thyme, seen by Philip the Fourth, and gathered seven ages before in the woods of Yuste.[1]

Those who have read this record of the last years of Charles the Fifth may perhaps desire to know somewhat of the subsequent fortunes both of the personages who have figured in its pages, and of the convent of Yuste and its miniature palace.

Queen Mary of Hungary did not live to complete her preparations for returning to the Netherlands. Towards the close of July she had had a slight attack

[1] For this curious anecdote I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the duchess of Hamilton. He had left, unfortunately, no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date, and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered. His letters prove that he was at Madrid at the close of 1787 and in the spring of 1795. I have been unable to obtain any corroborative evidence from Spain, and therefore the story must be taken simply as told by Mr. Beckford.

of small-pox; but early in August she was sufficiently recovered to propose to accompany her niece, the princess-regent, in her visit to Yuste. Perhaps her active mind and frame, filled with an energy which astonished the slow officials at Valladolid, after a life spent in stormy councils and rapid marches, sunk under the fatigues of her enforced leisure. She died at Cigales, on the twenty-eighth of October, 1558, five weeks after the death of her brother. So passed away, in the same year, and within a few months of one another, the royal personages of the remarkable group which landed at Laredo. Sixteen years afterwards their ashes were united at the Escorial, queen Eleanor being brought from her provisional resting-place at Merida, and queen Mary, from the royal abbey of San Benito at Valladolid. Their bronze effigies, royally robed, kneel behind those of Charles and his empress, with clasped hands and prayerful faces, turned to the magnificent high altar.

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The death of Mary Tudor, queen of England and Spain, concurred, with the fortune of the war, to dispose both the French and the Spanish monarchs to peaceful counsels. Philip the prudent immediately began to look around him for an advantageous match, worthy of the matrimonial genius of Austria. After some new coquetting with the court of Portugal for the forsaken infanta, he fixed upon the beautiful Elizabeth of Valois, already betrothed to his son Don Carlos, daughter of the king of France. The duke of Alba married her, as proxy for his master, in June, 1559; and Margaret, sister of Henry the Second, at the same time gave her hand to the duke of Savoy. It was at the tournament held in honour of this double alliance, that the eye of Henry was pierced by the fatal splinter of Montgomery's lance. Pope Paul the Fourth, who had meanwhile quarrelled with the worthless nephews for whose sakes he had

set Christendom in a flame, soon followed his ally to the grave. Philip was now able to return to Spain. He arrived at Valladolid, and assumed the government on the eighth of September; and the auspicious event was celebrated by an auto-de-fé, at which the galleries and the scaffold were brilliantly filled with orthodox grandees and heretic victims. Among the courtiers appeared the count of Oropesa bearing the sword of state, the symbol of so much cruel injustice. It was at this butchery that Philip uttered the sentiment which so gladdened the hearts and strengthened the hands of the savage priesthood. Don Carlos de Sesa, one of the noblest and best of the sufferers, as he passed beneath the royal balcony, appealed to the king to know the cause for which he was sentenced to die. 'I would myself,' said Philip, 'carry the wood to burn my own son, were he a heretic like you.'[1]

The infanta Juana, princess of Brazil, relieved of her regency by the arrival of the king, and still disappointed in her hopes of obtaining the regency of Portugal, brought her brief secular career to a close at the age of twenty-three. Retiring to Madrid, she there founded a nunnery, selecting her first barefooted recluses, by the advice of father Borja, from the Franciscan convent of Santa Clara, at Gandia. Some years before, a certain holy confessor of that house, praying one night alone in the chapel, at the shrine of Our Lady of Grace, beheld seven stars glide from under the virgin's mantle, and revolve, each in its course, around the dim aisles. These stars, it was revealed to him, represented seven new convents, of which the Gandian house was to be the mother. Six of the offshoots had already sprung; the piety of the infanta now provided the last in the royal

[1] Cabrera: *D. Filipe II.* p. 236.

nunnery of Our Lady of Consolation, of which the first abbess was a Borja and aunt of the Jesuit. This convent soon became one of the finest in Madrid, and no less remarkable for its stately cloister and pleasant gardens than for the piety of its noble virgins, who for awhile had for their confessor Fray Nicolas Factor, the canonized capuchin and painter of Valencia. Here Doña Juana devoted herself, for the remainder of her days, to religious exercises, not assuming the veil, yet becoming every year more strict in her self-imposed rule of life. Her favourite relaxation was to take the air at the country palace of the Pardo, attended by a band of musicians; but even this harmless pleasure she soon abandoned as sinful. Her chief occupation was embroidering scarfs and handkerchiefs, which she likewise displayed great skill in selling at a high price to her courtly visitors for the benefit of the poor. If a confessor of reputation came to Madrid, she would go wrapped in her mantle and veil, and kneel in her turn among the crowd of penitents who flocked to his grated chair. Her joy was to enrich her convent with relics, which she enshrined in caskets of silver and gold; and in the chapel where they were kept, she made herself an oratory, which became her place of daily resort for meditation and prayer, or as a biographer called it, 'the Aranjuez of her devout pleasures, the Pardo of her spiritual delights.' But, in spite of her secluded habits, Brantome, with what truth I know not, asserts that she wished to marry Charles the Ninth of France, a prince fourteen years younger than herself, and that she felt it as a bitter disappointment when her niece, the archduchess Elizabeth, came as a bride to the Tuileries.[1] Dying after a short illness at the Escorial, in 1573, Doña

[1] Brantome: *Œuvres*, 8 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1787, ii. p. 541.

Juana was buried in her favourite convent at Madrid, five years before her son, Don Sebastian, was slain in battle by the Moors of Barbary. Shortly after her death Fray Nicolas Factor, saying a mass for her soul, beheld her in a vision, attended by St. Mary Magdalene, St. Ines, and St. Dorothea, which he took for a sign that she was already released from the pains of purgatory.[1] Her sister, the widowed empress Mary, came to Madrid, in 1580, and took up her abode in the convent of Our Lady of Consolation, where her daughter, the archduchess Margaret, took the veil, and lived, for fifty years, a burning and a shining light amongst the devout virgins of Castille.

From registering the effects of the dead emperor, Luis Quixada passed into the service of the reigning king. The letter, in which he narrated, on the thirtieth of September, the principal circumstances of the imperial death-bed to Philip, concluded with these words;—'For myself, I will not be importunate with your majesty, but only ask you to remember that I have served your father, to the best of my power, for thirty-seven years, and that I will serve you to my life's end.' Philip had an early occasion to observe the fidelity and tact with which the old soldier could fulfil a trust and keep a secret. Immediately after the death of Charles, it was whispered at Valladolid that there lived in Quixada's family a lad who was supposed to be his master's son; and the rumour reaching the ear of the regent, secretary Vazquez, by her desire, wrote confidentially to the chamberlain, to inquire if it was true. Quixada re-

[1] Christ. Moreno: *Vida de Nicolas Factor*, 4to. Barcelona: 1618, p. 178. The other particulars of the princess's life are taken from Fr. Juan Carillo, *Relacion historica de la real fundacion del monasterio de las descalzas de Sta. Clara de Madrid, de las vidas de Da. Juana de Austria, su fundadora y de la emperatriz Maria su hermana*, &c. 4to. Madrid: 1616. See also Ger. de Quintana: *Historia de Madrid*, fol. Madrid: 1629, fol. 412.

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plied that a boy, who had been committed to his care, some years before, by a friend whom he could not name, certainly resided in his house; but what reason was there for supposing that his parentage had been correctly surmised, when the emperor had mentioned his name neither in his will, nor in the codicil affixed to it? Not satisfied with this answer, Vazquez repeated the question, which was again evaded. Meanwhile, Quixada applied to the king, whom he knew to be in the secret, for instructions. He again wrote, on the thirteenth of December, from Valladolid, saying that the matter was much discussed, but that he always denied any knowledge of it, and should continue to hold the same language, even to the regent, who had hitherto had the goodness to ask no questions. Being aware, as he was, of the king's desire that nothing should be made public until he himself arrived in Spain, he had taken every precaution to insure secrecy; but he had nevertheless been careful that the boy should be educated according to his quality in life.

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From court Quixada and his wife soon retired, with Don John, to Villagarcia. When Philip the Second came to Spain, in 1559, he appointed his brother and his guardian to meet him near the neighbouring convent of San Pedro de la Espina. Quixada assembled his vassals, and rode forth in state with his charge, having first made the secret of his birth known to Doña Magdalena, and asked pardon for having so long withheld it from her. They met the king in a wild rocky glen, in the chase of Torozos, and were graciously received, Philip, who had come thither under pretext of hunting, remarking that he had never captured game which had given him so much pleasure.[1] They afterwards followed

[1] Villafañe: *Vida de Da. Magdª de Ulloa*, p. 49-50, 52.

the court to Madrid, where Quixada had an opportunity of once more signalizing his devotion to his master's son, by rescuing him from a fire, which burnt down their house in the night, before he attended to the safety of Doña Magdalena. His loss by this fire amounted to a hundred thousand ducats, besides the destruction of his family archives. His services were not neglected by the king, who made him master of the horse to the heir apparent, and president of the council of the Indies, and gave him, besides, the commanderies of Viso, El Moral, and Santa Cruz de Argamasilla, considerable benefices in the order of Calatrava.[1]

When Don Juan was sent, in 1569, to command against the Moriscos, whom Christian oppression and bad faith had driven to revolt in the Alpuxarras, the old mayordomo went with him as a military tutor, with the rank of general of infantry. Luis de Avila served in the same expedition. They were reconnoitering the strong mountain fortress of Seron, when a bold sally from the place threw the Castillians into confusion, bordering on flight. Quixada was engaged in rallying and reassuring them, when a ball from an infidel gun brought his campaigns to a close. Shot through the shoulder, he fell by the side of his pupil, from whose helmet a ball glanced as he covered the retreat of the party who bore the wounded veteran from his last field.[2] Carried to Canilles, Quixada died there on the twenty-fifth of February, 1570, in the arms of his wife, who had hastened from Madrid to nurse him.[3] Don

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[1] El Moral was worth, in 1659, 7500 ducats annually; *Journal du voyage en Espagne*, 4to. Paris: 1682, p. 369. Argamasilla had been previously held by the favourite Ruy Gomez de Silva; *Hist. de la casa de Silva*, ii., 464.

[2] Luys de Marmol Carvajal: *Historia del rebelion y castigo de los Moriscos de Granada*, fol. Malaga: 1600, fol. 195.

[3] Villafañe: *Vida de Da. Magd. de Ulloa*, p. 78.

John mourned for him as for a father, and buried him, with military honours, in the church of the Jeromite friars at Baza, whence his bones were afterwards removed to Villagarcia.

When the good Doña Magdalena left the Christian camp, Don John rode for some miles beside her litter, and embraced her tenderly when they parted. During the rest of the campaign, amidst the fatigues and anxieties of command, he seized every opportunity of writing to her; and one of his hurried letters from the field, recurring to their mutual loss, concludes with these affectionate words:—'Luis died as became him, fighting for the glory and safety of his son, and covered with immortal honour. Whatever I am, whatever I shall be, I owe to him, by whom I was formed, or rather begotten, in a nobler birth. Dear sorrowing widowed mother! I only am left to you, and to you indeed do I of right belong, for whose sake Luis died, and you have been stricken with this woe. Moderate your grief with your wonted wisdom. Would that I were near you now, to dry your tears, or mingle them with mine! Farewell dearest and most honoured mother! and pray to God to send back your son from these wars to your bosom.'[1] We may be sure Magdalena's oratory was the scene of many such prayers. Her childless widowhood was passed at her husband's house of Villagarcia, and was chiefly spent in works of charity and devotion, performed for the benefit of his soul. For her darling young prince she busied herself in occupations of a more practical and secular kind; and the hero of Lepanto wore no linen but what was fashioned by her loving hands. The filial affection with which he always

[1] Preserved in a Latin dress in *Joannis Austriaci Vita, auctore Antonio Osorio*, a MS. in the National library at Madrid, for a transcript of which I am indebted to my friend Don Pascual de Guyangos.

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regarded her is one of the most pleasing features in his wayward character and chequered history; he never came back to Spain without paying her a visit, or went to the wars without bidding her farewell.[1] When she was founding her college at Villagarcia, in 1576, he wrote to the pope's secretary to ask for the necessary licences, enforcing his request with these words:—'There is nothing I so much desire as to gratify the wish of this lady, whom I regard as my own mother.'[2] In 1577, as he took leave of her, on going to govern the Netherlands, she was seized with a presentiment of evil, and instituted daily masses for his health. Her forebodings were just; for within two years, into which had been compressed an age of toil, anxiety and mortification, he lay on his death-bed at Namur, raving, in his delirium, of battle-fields, and leaving, as his last message to the brother, who was suspected of repaying his loyal service with poison, the request that his bones might be laid near the dust of his sire at the Escorial.[3]

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Doña Magdalena's chief tie to the world was now broken. For awhile, she adopted Don John's natural daughter Anna, but she placed the child, at the age of seven years, in a convent, at Madrid, where she afterwards took the veil. Religion had then no rival in the widow's heart; and her days were passed in doing good, after the fashion prescribed by her Jesuit counsellors. For the company, she built and endowed colleges, not only at Villagarcia, but at Oviedo and Santander; and her bounty furnished many a silver chalice and paten to the rural churches of Biscay and Asturias. Her life of kindly deeds and blameless enthusiasm came

[1] Vanderhammen: *Vida de D. Juan de Austria*, fol. 292.
[2] Villafañe: *Vida de Da. Magd. de Ulloa*, p. 284.
[3] Vanderhammen: *Vida de D. Juan de Austria*, fol. 324.

to an end in 1598, when she was laid beside her lord in the collegiate church of Villagarcia. Amongst the relics of that temple, two crucifixes were held in peculiar veneration, one being that which Magdalena had pressed to her dying lips, the other a trophy rescued, by the emperor's old companion in arms, from a Moorish bonfire in the Alpuxarras.[1]

William Van Male, the amiable and scholarly gentleman of the emperor's chamber, returned to Flanders, with the slender annual pension of one hundred and fifty florins, which was to be reduced to one half on his succeeding to the keepership of the palace of Bruxelles, a post of which the king had granted him the reversion. On the seventeenth of February, 1561, Philip the Second wrote from Toledo, to the bishop of Arras, his minister in Flanders, that he had heard that Van Male was likely to write some history of his majesty, now in glory; that it was possible such a work might contain some things either untrue or unworthy of the merits of the deceased; and that therefore the bishop had better institute a search, as if for some other purpose, amongst Van Male's papers, and if any such writings were found, send it to him to Spain, that it might be burned as it deserved. The emperor's poor scholar and faithful servant was happily saved this indignity by the protecting hand of death. On the seventh of March, Arras replied from Bruxelles, that Van Male having died before the receipt of the king's letter, he himself had already taken the precaution of searching amongst his papers for historical documents or notes, but that none had been found. A good many days before his death, Van Male himself, he reported, had been observed to tear up and burn a large

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[1] Villafañe: *Vida de M. de Ulloa*, pp. 78, 443.
[2] *Papiers de Granvelle*, vi. p. 273.

quantity of papers. He had also been often heard, by his intimate friends, to lament, even with tears, how Luis Quixada, soon after the emperor's decease, had taken from him, almost by force, the memoirs which his majesty and he had composed; and to say that he hoped nevertheless one day to write, from memory, an account of his master, and that he should have already begun the work had it not been for the infirm state of his health.[1] If this report of Van Male's table-talk be true, it seems plain that the loss of the curious memoirs of Charles the Fifth, composed by himself and translated into Latin by an elegant scholar,—if indeed they are lost and not only buried in some forgotten hoard of Spanish historic lore,—may be added to the black catalogue of the misdeeds of his dull, bigoted, and cruel son. Van Male was buried in the church of St. Gudule, at Bruxelles, where his widow, Hippolyta Reynen, was laid by his side in 1579. Their epitaph praised the probity and various learning of the husband, and the piety and prudence of the wife.[2] Their son Charles considerably bettered the fortunes of the family; he was ambassador in France in 1598, and one of the negotiators of the treaty of Verviers for the archduchess infanta Isabella; their grandson, Aurelius Augustus, died in Madrid in 1662, first member of the supreme council of the Netherlands, in the service of Philip the Fourth, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew, beneath an epitaph which was a long relation of dignities and virtues.[3]

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[1] *Papiers de Granvelle*, vi. p. 291.

[2] It is cited by M. de Reiffenberg (*Lettres de G. Van Male*, p. 23), and gives Jan. 1st, 1560, as the date of Van Male's death, which M. Gachard thinks reconcileable with the date in the *Granvelle papers*, by allowing for the two ways of counting the years, from the 1st Jan. or from Easter. See the *Bulletin de l'Acad. Roy. de Bruxelles*, 11th Jan., 1845.

[3] Reiffenberg: *Lettres de G. Van Male*, pp. xxiii., xxx., xxxii.

Of Martin de Gaztelu, the prudent and painstaking secretary of the emperor, my researches have discovered no further trace, beyond the fact that he assisted at the final obsequies of his late master at the Escorial, in 1574.

From the vigils and dirges of Yuste, Fray Juan de Regla hastened to court to await the arrival of the king. Philip received him graciously and gave him a long audience, for the purpose of hearing his account of the emperor's retirement and death, and certain secrets respecting Don John of Austria, confided to him by the dying man for the ear of his successor. It may be fairly supposed that the friar discreetly suppressed his own suggestions, if, indeed, they were his, as to the alteration of the line of succession in Don John's favour: for he was commanded to remain at court as one of the executors of the emperor's will, and received an order for the payment of his pension out of the royal revenues in the see of Calahorra. He was afterwards elected prior of the Jeromite convent at Madrid, a house rich with the gifts of kings and queens, and much frequented and favoured by the royal family; and ere long, in spite of his repugnance to the custody of a royal conscience, he accepted the post of confessor to his majesty. We are assured by his panegyrist that he bore these honours with exemplary meekness and moderation, asking for favours only for his convent, and referring all petitioners who besought his influence in the closet, either to the tribunals of justice or to the ministers of state. Of his annual pension he gave one fourth to the poor of Calahorra, and the rest to his Jeromite brethren at Zaragoza. But if he were free from avarice and political intrigue, he was deeply stained with another vice of his calling. His hate was bitter and inextinguishable, and displayed itself in the eager and unscrupulous zeal

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with which he ran at the head of the pack that hunted the unfortunate archbishop Carranza into the castle of St. Angelo. He died of fever in the summer of 1574, in the rising cloisters of the Escorial.[1] During his long life he had formed a considerable collection of books, which he bequeathed, as a last token of filial love, to his mother-convent of Sta. Engracia, and which was accordingly added to its noble library, famous for literary treasures, and for the lovely prospect commanded by its grand windows, extending over the garden of the Ebro to the snowy peaks of the Pyrenees.[2]

Fray Francisco de Villalva, on the return of Philip the Second to Spain, was appointed one of his preachers, and was ever afterwards much in his confidence in ecclesiastical affairs. In framing the constitution of the convent of the Escorial, in which the Jeromites saw with exultation their ancient seats of Lupiana and Guadalupe outdone in magnificence, Villalva was constantly consulted. He was likewise employed to report on the claim of the metropolitan church of Toledo to retain a missal and breviary of its own in spite of a decree of the council of Trent; and he drew up, on this subject, a paper so learned and so lucid, that it silenced, and his friends said convinced, the successor of St. Ildefonso and his chapter of golden canons. Preaching before the king at the Escorial on Easter-day, 1575, Villalva was seized, as he descended from the pulpit, with an illness of which he died in a few days. Notwithstanding his fame as a preacher, none of his sermons appear to have found their way to the press; but as his celebrated discourse at the emperor's funeral at Yuste was handed about in manuscript, and sent both

[1] Siguença: p. iii., p. 448.
[2] Vinc. Blasco de Lanuza: *Historia de Aragon*, 2 tom. 4to. Zaragoza: 1622, i., 110.

to the regent at Valladolid and to the king at Bruxelles, it is possible that it may still survive in some of the older libraries of Spain or the Netherlands.[1]

The preacher, Fray Juan de Açaloras, was general of the order of Jerome from 1558 to 1561; he was afterwards named by the king as one of the commissioners to examine the famous propositions of archbishop Carranza; and he eventually harangued his way to the patriarchal chair and the mitre of the Canaries.[2]

Fray Juan de Santandres, the third preacher, ended his days as friar of his convent at Talavera, the chief incident and reward of his harmless and obscure life being, that it was vouchsafed to him to foretell, at some distance of time, the exact day and hour of his own death.[3]

Fray Antonio de Villacastin, the builder of the palace of Yuste, returned to his convent of La Sisla, near Toledo, and for some years performed the humbler functions of baker to the fraternity. When the building of the Escorial was commenced in 1563, he was appointed master of the works; and for forty years he superintended the execution of every detail of the mighty fabric, from the hewing of the granite by Biscayan masons, to the painting of the frescoes on wall or dome by Cambiaso or Tibaldi. His clear head, strong memory, cool temper, and sound practical knowledge enabled him to fill the post with great credit to himself, and to the general satisfaction both of those whose money he spent, and of those whose labours he directed. Philip the Second was very fond of him; being attracted at first it is said by the retiring habits of the friar, who always retreated at his approach, and was caught in the end only by a stratagem, the king following him along the top of an

[1] Los Santos: *Hist. de San Geron.* p. 515.
[2] Siguença: p. iii., 207, 370. [3] Siguença, ib. 193.

unfinished wall, which afforded no way of escape. In the course of his duties, he had his share of the hard knocks, and hair-breadth escapes, of which scaffoldings and cranes offer so many occasions. Later in life, he was afflicted with a dangerous swelling in the arm, for which the surgeon threatened amputation. But one night, as he lay awake with the pain, he felt a pair of hands rubbing and kneading the diseased limb, which forthwith began to recover, and was as sound as the other in a few days. Fray Antonio then confided the fact to the prior Siguença, who agreed with him in believing that the mysterious manipulator was none other than the blessed St. Lawrence himself. When the huge monastery was completed, the eyes of Villacastin were attacked with cataract, which, not being operated upon by the saint of the gridiron, rendered the sufferer quite blind. He died in 1603, aged ninety, and he was interred, by his own desire, beneath the cloister-pavement, at the door of the cell in which he had so long lived and laboured. In the church of the Escorial, Luca Cambiaso has introduced the pale grave face of Villacastin, very near his own, in the group on the threshold of the glory of heaven, which he painted in fresco, on the vaulted ceiling of the choir.

From Yuste, Juanelo Torriano went to Toledo, where he was employed by the corporation to supply the city with water from the Tagus, which flows beneath its rock-built walls. Of this work he had, many years before, in Italy, constructed a model, at the suggestion of his patron, the marquess del Vasto, who had come from Spain enchanted with the noble old capital, and grieving for the dearth of water which it endured, though girdled with a deep and abundant stream. The merit of the plan belonged partly to Roberto Valturio, but many improvements were added by Torriano; the water

being raised to the height of the alcazar by an ingenious combination of wheels, placed in an edifice of brick built on the margin of the river. The learned Morales left a long description of the work, or *artificio*, as it was called, and lauded it as a miracle of mechanical genius. He likewise furnished a Latin inscription for a statue of the artist, with which it was at one time intended to crown the building, and a copy of verses which conclude with these extravagant lines,—

> Aerias rupes jubet hunc transcendere; paret;
> Atque hic sideribus proximus ecce fluit.[1]
>
> He bids the Tagus scale the rocks, and lo!
> Obedient, near the stars, the waters flow.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the work was still in use, and was noticed by Quevedo in a Castillian lyric of a very different cast, in which some bantering praise is thus given to Torriano,—

> Flamenco dicen que fué
> Y sorbedor de lo puro;
> Muy mal con el agua estaba
> Que en tal trabajo la puso.[2]
>
> Juanelo, 'tis clear, was fond of his beer,
> And drank his *schnaps* neat, like a Fleming;
> No weakness or whim, for water, in him
> The lymph to such labours condemning!

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The Tagus-stream, however, soon rested from its labours; for the mechanism falling to decay was never repaired; and Toledo returned to her old Tantalus-state, and that simpler hydraulic machinery, of mules and water-jars, to which she still adheres. A few ruined brick arches on the right bank of the river, below the bridge, and immediately beneath the towers of the alcazar, are the sole remains of the work of the ingenious Lombard. He was afterwards engaged at Madrid, in making some draw-wells on an improved principle.

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[1] Morales: *Antig. de España*, fol. 92.

[2] *Itinerario desde Madrid à su torre*, Obras, 3 tom. 4to. Brussels: 1660-1. Poesias; p. 420.

But Toledo continued to be his home, and he died there, leaving a daughter behind him, in 1585, and was buried in the convent of the Carmen. The street in which he lived is still called 'the street of the wooden man,' '*calle del hombre de palo*,' in memory, says tradition, of a puppet, of his making, which used to walk daily to the archiepiscopal palace, and return laden with an allowance of bread and meat, after doing ceremonious obeisance to the donor.[1] The city of Toledo honoured Torriano with a medal, bearing his head, shaggy, bearded, and stern; on the reverse was a gushing fountain, supported on the head of a nymph, and surrounded by thirsty ancients, with the inscription, VIRTVS . NVNQVAM · DEFICIT, the mechanician's favourite motto. His bust, finely executed in marble, perhaps by Berruguete, still adorns the cabinet of natural history in the archbishop's palace at Toledo.[2] His portrait, inscribed with his name and the medal-motto, likewise hangs in the smaller cloister of the Escorial.[3]

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Father Borja continued to preach, teach, and travel with unflagging zeal and remarkable success. Soon after pronouncing the emperor's funeral sermon, he was again in Portugal, visiting his colleges at Evora, Coimbra, Braga, and Porto, and negotiating for the princess of Brazil in the affair of the regency. His holiness and his catholic enthusiasm did not, however, protect him from suspicions of heresy in the reform panic which overspread the court and church of Spain. He had communicated, it was said, with Fray Domingo de Roxas, and he was summoned by archbishop Carranza to bear witness on his behalf before the inquisition. Reports injurious to his orthodoxy and to that of the

[1] Ponz: *Viage*, i. 161-2, where the medal is engraved.
[2] J. Amador de los Rios: *Toledo Pintoresca*, 8vo. Madrid: 1845, p. 201.
[3] *Descripcion del Escorial*, sm. 8vo. Madrid: 1843, p. 225.

company for awhile shook Borja's credit with the king; and they certainly obtained for him the ill-will of the inquisitor Valdés, and for a little devotional treatise, which he had written many years before, a place in that prelate's famous catalogue of prohibited books. That such imputations should have been cast on an order of which the first rule was unqualified submission to the holy see, well exemplifies the blind fury of polemic war, in which men who confound friends with foes pretend to judge of the subtle distinctions between speculative truth and error.

Out of Spain, however, the fame of Borja was untarnished, and his influence unshaken. Called to Rome by pope Pius the Fourth, to advise on the affairs of the church, he was twice chosen vicar-general of the company, and finally, on the death of Laynez, in 1567, received the staff of Loyola. During his vigorous rule of seven years, the company lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes in every part of the globe, and in every order and condition of mankind. Jesuit politicians gained the ear of princes and prelates who had hitherto regarded the society with coldness or enmity; Jesuit scholars and thinkers, no less elegant than profound, spoke through the press in every language of Europe; Jesuit colleges, presided over by teachers the ablest that the world had yet seen, arose amid the snows of Poland and the forests of Peru; Barbary, Florida, and Brazil were watered with the blood of Jesuit martyrs; and Jesuit ministers of mercy moved amid the roar of battle on the bastions of Malta and the decks of Lepanto. Never was discipline so perfect as in the ranks of the company; never were the minds of many so skilfully combined into a single intellectual machine, developing the powers of all, yet moved by the will of one. Like Ignatius, Borja brought to his religious command much

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