

guerre civile." This tone of warning was not new, but having crossed the Bidassoa, we were in no mood to go back.

The Carlists were strong in these northern provinces, and every day men were being arrested with arms secreted about them. The railroad passes by the village where the Carlist chief, Zumalacarregui, was born, and even Spanish heads were thrust out of the windows, with something of excitement, to see the birth-place of the man whose death was the extinction of the Carlist hopes in 1839. Our French fellow-traveller, who had long resided in Spain, gave us an interesting account of party feeling in the country—the disappointment felt by all classes at the refusal of Don Fernando of Portugal to accept the proffered throne; the personal liking for the queen, whilst her advisers are detested; the unpopularity of the Duc de Montpensier; the probable republic, to be followed by a constitutional monarchy in the person of the Prince of the Asturias. This was the view he took, and possibly a just one, of Spanish politics.

After reaching Miranda and passing through innumerable tunnels cut through the rocks, the road becomes as dreary as possible; nothing but an arid waste, most tedious to traverse. At length we had the welcome sight of the Cathedral spires of Burgos, rising like the masts of a vessel on the horizon, and we bade farewell to our fellow-traveller, and made our way to the Fonda Rafaela.

Here, at Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile, began our initiation into Spanish fare. Alas! for those who favour not garlic, and to whom rancid oil is objectionable, who had read of the adulteration of Spanish wines for the English market, but knew not what cause they had for gratitude till for the first time they tasted here the *pure* "Val de Peñas."

The cold, as the evening wore on, was intense, and a Spanish Fonda provides only against summer heat—neither stove nor fireplace, only a small brasier in the centre of a large room, whereby we could hope to obtain any warmth: we stirred the white ashes incessantly, but all in vain, heat there was none.

The next morning we set forth to visit the Cathedral. Burgos itself is disappointing, with its muddy river Arlanzon, and its dreary, desolate look of decayed grandeur. Not so, however, its fine old Gothic Cathedral, from which six centuries have taken no beauty, and to which, in 1487, a superb chapel was added, so elaborate in decoration as to be considered by a great modern authority "the richest example of Spanish art of the fifteenth century."

The Cathedral was founded by Ferdinand III., and the first stone was laid by the saintly king and his English bishop in 1221. Bishop Maurice came originally to Spain in the suite of the Princess Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II., on the occasion of her marriage with Alfonso VIII.: he became Bishop of Burgos, and his monument lies in the centre of the

choir. Massive columns support the nave, forming a sharp contrast to the slender pilasters in the triforium above ; but the interior of this, and of almost all Spanish churches, is spoilt by the " coro " which walls up the centre, and impedes all view of the length of the church. At the east end is a high screen, or " reja " as it is called, of iron work ; and behind the High Altar, with its Retablo rising so as to hide the form of the apse, is the before-mentioned magnificent chapel of the Constable of Castile, by John of Cologne ; where lie in sculptured effigy the Constable Velasco and his wife, with a pet dog reposing at the wife's feet.

It is curious to observe the rapid slope of the ground on which the church is built. So rapid is it that as you stand on the floor below, the door on the north side is some fifteen feet above your head, and the church is consequently entered by a flight of marble steps inside, whilst the south door is reached by another steep flight of steps from without. This south entrance is especially beautiful, with the sculptured figure of Bishop Maurice as its support—a true pillar of the Church.

It was within the Cathedral, close to this beautiful door, that the Governor of Burgos received the first blow from his cruel assailants.* Staggering back, the blood streaming from his wounds, he leant for a moment against the inner door, and then attempted to make his escape ; but his brutal murderers pursued

* January 25th, 1869.

him, striking him repeatedly on the head, and at length thrust him down the steps outside this gate, where he expired—the mitred statue of the good bishop looking down upon the sacrilegious act. The Governor had been for some hours in the Cathedral, taking a list of its treasures for the Government, when the mob, stirred up by evil reports, rushed into the church to prevent its supposed spoliation.

Here, in an old room out of the sacristy, is the first relic that meets you of "The Cid"*—Rodrigo Diaz, El Cid Campeador, the champion of Spain, the mythical hero of the eleventh century. The relic is a leathern trunk, encased with iron, once filled with sand, but believed to be full of gold by those to whom, in a time of sore need, it was pledged by the Cid. Let not the stern moralist turn away in wonder and disgust, that such a relic should find place in this Christian church; but rather let him learn from Spanish ballad how the Cid repaid his debt with six hundred marks in good ringing coin: for he whose prowess was the theme of Spanish song stooped not to defraud. In the Church of San Pedro de Cardeña, five miles from Burgos, was solemnized the marriage between the Cid and the beautiful Ximena; and at Burgos was the youthful bride left to weep and lament the long absences of the bridegroom during the war with the Moors. To tear himself from his Ximena was "like tearing the nail from the flesh;" but with resolute brow the faithful knight hurried to

* "Cid" is the Arabic for lord, seigneur.

the camp at the command of his king. From Burgos we must change the scene to Valencia, which with his good sword the Cid conquered from the infidel. At Valencia Ximena and her Campeador held sway for long years; but at length came the hour of parting—that last parting; and he (the Campeador) knew full well that he was dying, and that the foe was surrounding the city walls. How tender then was his care for her he loved; how full of faith in that Higher care which would protect, when he was no longer there! “God has promised,” that was enough. Sadly he looked on his trusty swords, “Tizona” and “Colada,” saying, as he strove once more to lift them, “What will ye do without me?” His favourite horse “Bavieca” must be led to him; he would stroke yet once again the soft neck of his faithful charger, which had borne him so bravely to battle.

How touching those last words to Ximena, “No paid mourners shall follow me; the tears of my wife will suffice;” and with that, the brave loving spirit fled. He would not that the Moslem should know that Ximena had lost her Cid—Valencia her Campeador. Clad in armour, therefore, the red cross on his breast, “Bavieca” must carry him forth; his sword “Tizona” firmly fixed to his mailed hand; his banner waving before him; his knights on each side; armed followers behind; so would he, even in death, put the infidel to flight, and defend his faithful Ximena. At sight of him, the Moslem fled, and Ximena, veiled from head to foot, came forth through

the Moorish gate of the city to follow her Campeador back to Burgos ; to the home of their early love, to the church where he had willed to be buried, and where she would ere long be laid at his side.

In San Pedro de Cardena is the tomb of the Cid and his Ximena, and, close beside the Convent gate, two elms of lofty stature mark the grave of the faithful "Bavieca." Such is in poor prose, the story of the Cid ; though the romance is spoilt by the fact of an empty tomb at San Pedro de Cardena, and a glass case in the Town Hall at Burgos which holds the ashes of the dead.

CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES.—Crossing the muddy river, a short drive brings you to the Miraflores. Here are the tombs of John II., and Isabella his wife, King and Queen of Castile, both descended from John of Gaunt. They are monuments of rare beauty by Maestro Gil de Siloé, erected in the fifteenth century by Isabella la Catolica, to the memory of her father and mother. Another fine monument, by the hand of the same sculptor, is that of Alfonso, the young brother of Isabella, whose death placed her next in succession to the throne ; beautiful, also, is the Retablo, on either side of which are kneeling figures of the king and queen, with the Crucifix in the midst.

In the following century we are told that Philip II., vain and self-complacent in thought of the Escorial, came to the Cartuja to view these monuments, and

compare the work of Maestro Gil de Siloé with the magnificence of his new-made Tomb-house.—He saw, and turned away, muttering, “We at the Escorial have done nothing!”

This church is of the same period as the Constable's chapel in the Cathedral, and was designed by the same German architect, John of Cologne. In the convent our guide pointed out to us the statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order in the eleventh century, who fled from the world, having beheld, it is said, in strange vision, “the just judgment of God.” The statue is the work of Pereyra; it is carved in wood, life size; the hands folded meekly on the white robe; the white cowl thrown back, revealing a face of calm thought and dignity.

Before 1837, when the monasteries were suppressed throughout Spain, the number of monks here amounted to thirty-three; now only three are left in charge.

A large cloister surrounds their dwellings, and by the side of each door is a small hatchway, through which their food is supplied to them, solitude and silence being their rule, except on Sundays and festivals. One of the brothers gladly conducted us over the building. Two small rooms, opening on an enclosed garden and cloister, were formerly allotted to each Carthusian monk: this plot of ground it was his duty to cultivate. A winding stair led to the oratory above, by the side of which was his dormitory, both looking on the patch of ground below. Peaceful and placid seemed this little dwelling, with-

drawn from the noise and bustle of life; but though a monk's cell shuts out the visible world and its distractions, it holds *within* "the dark shadow upon life's sunshine," and *self*, with stealthy steps follows the recluse, disturbing his peace, even as that of other men. We lingered some time in the quiet cell, looking at the deserted garden, so mournful now, covered with weeds and rank herbage. Culture of the ground, stern labour, formed a prominent feature in the discipline of St. Bruno. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," such was the teaching of the founder of the Carthusians, and marvellous were the results at the Grande Chartreuse, their first monastery, where the wilderness was made to "blossom as the rose;" but the spirit of St. Bruno ceased to govern at the Miraflores—and monk and garden are alike degraded. Is it, as some would affirm, that the just judgment of God from which St. Bruno fled in his early youth, has fallen upon the Order which he founded? or is it that the *heart* of the gourd which he planted—that which once gave life and vigour to the plant—became cankered, and so it withered away, cumbering the ground, where once it stood, a stately tree, "bringing forth fruit?"

"LAS HUELGAS."—Retracing our steps we now drove to "Las Huelgas," which is about a mile beyond Burgos—the Arlanzon still dividing us from the old capital of Castile. On entering the gateway

of Las Huelgas, we found ourselves in a small village, through which we drove to the church. Simple, pure, and unornate in style, the charm of this Abbey is great to all lovers of early Gothic. Again an English name meets us on the threshold—that of Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II., sister of Richard Cœur de Lion, to please whom Alfonso VIII., her husband, founded this Cistercian convent in the twelfth century. Why, we ask ourselves, was it that the choice of Eleanor fell upon this order? Was it from a special veneration for the great St. Bernard, the monk of Cisteaux and preacher of the second Crusade, who was but a few years dead, and lately canonized? or was it the remembrance of fair Cistercian abbeys in England which directed the choice of our English princess?

Here Edward I., betrothed to a Spanish Eleanor (to whose memory so many beautiful crosses were raised in England), received knighthood from the hands of Alfonso the Wise, her father; and at this Abbey another English Edward rested after his victory at Navarrete*—incidents small in themselves, but which keep alive our English interest in Spanish history.

Through an iron screen you look upon the nave;

* The Black Prince celebrated Easter at Burgos (1367), where he remained three weeks. When Pedro the Cruel would have cast himself at his feet, giving him thanks for having achieved the victory, the Prince would not suffer him, but said, "Sire, render your thanks to God, for to Him alone belongs the praise; the victory comes from Him, not from me."

a grand nave—set apart for the white-robed Cistercian nuns; one of whom appeared gliding down the aisle, and with kind, gentle face, asking no questions as to our creed, extended a hand to us through the grating.

BURGOS TO VALLADOLID.—Leaving Burgos by the afternoon train, we reached Valladolid in four hours and a-half, and found clean good rooms and an English fire-place at the Fonda de Paris. Who can describe Spanish beggars? As we left Burgos they swarmed around us. At the station—as we took our tickets—whilst the baggage was weighed—whilst the train waited—they were there pressing upon us, climbing up the steps of the carriage, thrusting before us hideous deformities, maimed hands and arms, poor miserable beings, repulsive, but not to be repulsed. In vain we looked another way,—in vain we shut the carriage windows,—tap-tap-tap on the glass, “Señora—Señorita,” in tones loud and more loud; then a more vehement stroke, more violent gesticulations; and this ceased not till the train moved on, and we found at Valladolid another set pursuing us up the staircase to the very door of our room in the hotel. When will those words, “To beg I am ashamed” become applicable in Spain?

In appearance, Valladolid is far more important and flourishing than Burgos, where everything, from the sluggish river to the once busy city, seems to tell of stagnation.

Valladolid, like sombre Burgos, was once the capital, but was rejected by Philip II., who removed his court to Madrid.

The Plaza Mayor is the centre of interest here. It is a picturesque old Plaza, with colonnades and gay shops. Caballeros, in brown cloaks and slouched hats, were pacing up and down, slow and sedate, sunning themselves in the April sun: observant, too, of "Viageros," whose un-Spanish costume was attractive to the beggars, as honey to the flies.

In this Plaza Mayor, under a summer sky in 1452, Alvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago, Constable of Castile, favourite and Prime Minister of John II., died on the scaffold. For five-and-thirty years this Spanish Strafford had held despotic rule over the mind of the king, who loved him. For five-and-thirty years he had held in subjection the proud and lawless Castilian nobles, who feared him. When he went forth it was with royal state, followed by a train of knights, and with 3000 lances in his pay. Absolute in power, strong in will, the haughty Constable bore down all before him, and even scrupled not to oppose the wishes of his royal master as to whom he should wed as his second queen. Isabella of Portugal was the princess chosen by the minister; the marriage took place, and proved the death-warrant of Alvaro de Luna.

She on whom the minister's choice had fallen, and whose fair form, sculptured in alabaster, now lies by the side of her weak husband in the church of the Miraflores at Burgos, hated and feared the man who

had raised her to the throne. All her newly-acquired influence over the feeble mind of the king was exerted to bring about the disgrace of the favourite.

By nature fearless and chivalrous, Alvaro suspected no treachery, and was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the prince in whom he trusted. Condemned to die, he met his death with firmness and courage. Betrayed by his king, deserted by his followers, the once mighty Constable rode through the streets of Valladolid to the place of execution in this Plaza, meanly mounted, and wearing the coarse black dress of a criminal. Calmly he stood and looked upon the scaffold, saying, "This is the guerdon of loving and faithful service to my king;" and then, having knelt in prayer, gave himself up to the executioner.

As the axe fell, a long loud wail burst forth from the fickle crowd, struck to the heart by so brave a death, so tragical an end to so much greatness.

Valladolid was the faithful city to which Isabella la Catolica fled to avoid a marriage with the King of Portugal,* a marriage hateful to her, but favoured by her brother Henry IV. The Archbishop of Toledo, and a small body of his retainers, came to her aid, and enabled her to effect her escape to Valladolid, which opened its gates with enthusiasm to the fugitive princess.

Here she was met by Ferdinand of Aragon, to

* Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., was also a suitor for her hand.

whom she was betrothed, and who, in order to meet his bride, had passed through the territory of his enemy disguised as a servant. At Valladolid their marriage took place, and the romance which attended the early history of Isabella, still clings to her memory.* The name of Isabella la Católica, recalls to every Spaniard daring deeds of chivalry and great events, which made her reign renowned in Spanish history.

The cathedral is unsightly in architecture, and uninteresting in all respects.

We passed on quickly, therefore, to the Church of St. Maria l'Antigua, with its tall steeple of many coloured tiles—a Church attractive in outward form and beautiful within. High Mass was being celebrated, and on entering we saw before us a long line of kneeling figures; the women, in black, with veiled heads; not a chair or seat to be seen, all kneeling on the paved ground with faces bent to the earth in a posture of humble confession; the effect was most striking; even startling in its contrast to our ideas of orthodox worship in England, which are still somewhat closely connected with well-stuffed hassocks and cushioned seats.

Not far from Santa Maria l'Antigua is San Paolo, with a façade richly ornamented with heráldic devices, and coats of arms borne aloft by angels.

* In the Museo at Madrid is a curious picture by Lotto, which represents the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. He holds in his hand the ring. A cherub flutters above, bearing the symbolical yoke.

Sumptuous without, empty within, San Paolo is associated with the name of the cruel Dominican Torquemada, who, having been a monk of this convent, rebuilt the Church, and decorated it magnificently, on his accession to power as Prior of the Order of Dominicans, and head of the Inquisition in Spain. This man had been appointed confessor to Isabella la Catolica, in her early youth, and his fierce bigotry cast a dark shade upon her character.

He had extorted from her a solemn promise that should she ever become queen, "she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy for the glory of God, and exaltation of the Catholic faith."

The Jews in the newly conquered kingdom of Granada were the first victims of Torquemada's zeal. He insisted on their being expelled from the soil.

The Queen was at first inclined to waver and relent, and on one occasion she and Ferdinand having given audience to one of this persecuted race, who offered 30,000 ducats to defray the cost of the Moorish war, if banishment were not inflicted on his people, Torquemada rushed into the royal audience chamber with a Crucifix in his hand. Holding up the image of the Saviour before the Queen, he exclaimed, in hoarse accents, "Judas Iscariot sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver, you would sell Him anew for 30,000. Here He is—take Him and barter Him away;" and with these impious words the infuriated Dominican cast down the Crucifix before them and quitted the room.

Such was the man, empowered by Pope Sixtus IV.

in 1483 to frame the laws of the Spanish Inquisition, and placed by him at the head of that dread tribunal. Valladolid was often given the spectacle of an *auto de fé* by this former monk of San Paolo, and the Plaza Mayor was selected as best suited for such a ceremony. Here, arrayed in short yellow blouses (called San Benitos), on which were painted fiery flames and figures of devils; their heads made to tower high above the crowd, with the sugar-loaf cap, called "Coreza," and wearing on their breasts a red cross, the victims of savage intolerance were led out in bitter mockery, two and two, having their accusation, written on white placards, fastened round their necks—a spectacle to men and angels. Round the Plaza, lined with ecclesiastics in robes of state, moved the dismal procession, whilst priests pressed them onwards to the stake with fiendish zeal. At this horrid spectacle Christian Kings and Queens at one time assisted, and Spanish grandees claimed the right of bearing the banner of the Holy Office, as their highest privilege.

From San Paolo we made our way to San Gregorio—once a college, now a barrack. It is of the same type as San Paolo, having a façade of heraldic character, and possessing a fine quadrangle.

The Museo at Valladolid has little to detain travellers. The eye is painfully arrested by one of those wood carvings, wonderful as to execution, horrible as to subject, in which Spanish artists excel—the "Martyrdom of San Lorenzo"—a subject ever present to the mind of Philip II.

In another room is the head of St. Paul after death, —equally wonderful and equally painful.

Sight-seeing is very tiring in these Spanish towns, as there are no small carriages for hire in the streets and nothing less than an omnibus to be had at the hotels, so that after some hours spent in walking through unpaved streets, from one Church to another, our energy was considerably abated, and our mental condition best expressed in those dreary words, "*La journée est dure, mais—elle finira!*"

At length we returned to the "Fonda de Paris," and sat down to dinner very weary, but were sumptuously regaled with partridges, asparagus, and strawberries.

Early rising is a necessity in Spain,—but in attainment very difficult. The morning train leaves Valladolid at 6.30, and unless you are at the station some three-quarters of an hour before the train starts, you will probably have to leave your luggage behind you, for it is impossible to imagine any body of men so slow, or so deaf to all suggestions of haste as Spanish railway officials.

But though early rising becomes thus a necessity, it is just during the early hours in the morning, and only these, that you can sleep undisturbed—for till the day dawns, the newspaper vendors cease not their cry under your windows; the watchman also, who has passed away in other lands, still calls the hours here; and when his voice is waning in the distance, you are aroused by the notes of the guitar, followed by a serenade. Such is a night's rest at Valladolid.

VALLADOLID TO AVILA.—The journey is only six hours by the morning train. A drizzling rain had set in when we left Valladolid, making still more lugubrious the woods of Stone Pine and Ilex through which we passed. Then followed long weary miles of young wheat, till a strange wild country met our view—not a tree to be seen, nothing but huge unwieldy stones rising up over the face of the land, without a shrub to relieve the grey sand up to the Avila Station.

AVILA.—An excellent buffet, and an omnibus waiting to convey travellers to the town, distant half a mile. We caught sight now again of the snow-capped mountains, forming a fine background to the grand old city.

Our Fonda was without the walls, a very simple unpretending little inn in all respects, but perfectly fresh and clean. Here, close to the ancient Church of San Vicente, with its beautiful open cloister and martyr's shrine,—within sight of the city, with a pleasant stream winding past its walls,—we spent our first Sunday in Spain.

Avila is a city of the Middle Ages, founded in 1088, and left for the most part undisturbed up to the present time. Its granite walls, its towers, and gateways are wonderful in height and strength. The "Puerta de San Vicente" is formed by two circular towers upwards of sixty feet high, joined by an arch above, and the effect of this is most remarkable. The old city is completely surrounded by these huge walls, and the east end of the Cathedral itself forms part

(not inaptly) of the fortification. At first sight, however, of this battlemented structure, Jehu's words "What hast thou to do with peace?" seem appropriate.

The April sun was shining hotly, and the transition from sunshine to shade, when we entered the Cathedral, was painful and sepulchral, owing to the scarcity of light and the immense thickness of the walls.

It may seem an unnecessary admonition; but having been eye-witness to what took place between the Sacristan of this Cathedral and a chance visitor of the nobler sex, I would remark, for the benefit of "Nonconformists," that in this, as in all Spanish Churches, there *must* be at all times the sacrifice of an uncovered head. No skull-cap, handkerchief, or covering is tolerated. Bald-headed or aged must uncover their heads or go back. Sacrifice, not mercy, is the rule, and if any shrink from encountering this shock to the system, mental or physical, let them abstain from ecclesiastical researches in this country.

The interior of the Cathedral is very impressive, as the whole of the light appears to be collected in one portion, leaving the rest of the building in dimness and shadow. Beautiful bits of sculpture are here: amongst them, the Flight into Egypt and the Tomb of Bishop Madrigal by Berreguete, a famous Spanish sculptor of the sixteenth century, and a pupil of Michael Angelo.

The great glory of Avila in the eyes of Roman Catholics, is that it was the birthplace of St. Teresa,

the great Spanish saint of the sixteenth century. Whilst the Reformation was advancing with rapid strides throughout Germany, France, and England, the passionate ardour of two enthusiasts stayed its course in Spain. Ignatius Loyola, and St. Teresa by their fervour infused new life and vigour into a decayed system, revived the spirit of Catholicism, and reformed the discipline of their Church. The early home of St. Teresa is now converted into the Carmelite church and convent. Among her relics on the altar in the room where she was born (now a chapel) is a small representation in ivory of the Saviour scourged.

It consists of a single figure, admirable in execution, intense in feeling. This small relic, treasured up in Teresa's home, recalled to our minds a picture of the same subject by Velazquez; * but the painter has introduced a little child with clasped hands, looking with tearful awe and anguish at the Divine Form, whilst a ray of light from the Saviour falls upon the pitying child. Such a little child was the young Teresa, with a heart so touched by the Divine love, so fervent in desire to do Him service, that at the age of seven she set forth with her little brother, thinking that by "the mouth of babes" the Moors would be won to the true faith, and His praise perfected.

In her life she relates, with deep self-abasement, that her youthful piety was evanescent, and that at

* In the possession of John Savile Lumley, Esq., H.B.M.'s Minister at Brussels.

sixteen she was absorbed by thoughts of the world and its vanities. Her father was a devout man, and strove to check this worldly tendency by placing her for a time in a convent. Whilst there, the aspirations of her childhood revived, and she determined to renounce the world and become a nun. At twenty she took the veil at the Carmelite convent at Avila. For the next twenty years she tells us that her life was one not of peace but of conflict. On one side she felt called as it were by God, on the other tempted by regrets for the pleasures offered by the world. At length, however, the peace of God filled her heart, and divine charity ruled her life.

Mystical and deluded in the eyes of Protestants, none can deny that she was energetic, unwearied, and self-denying in the task of conventual reform which she imposed upon herself. Her difficulties were great, but her energy was greater. She had at first but little ecclesiastical support, but she persevered courageously in her task, in spite of opposition, poverty, and bad health, and succeeded in establishing the reformation of her Order. It is related that when she arrived at Toledo for the purpose of founding a reformed Carmelite Convent, she had but four ducats in money wherewith to commence her work.

This excited a remonstrance, but her reply was characteristic: "Teresa, and this money are indeed *nothing*, but *God*, Teresa, and four ducats can accomplish anything." Such was the faith by which she overcame every obstacle in her path, and those who have read her life cannot fail to be struck, not only

by her wonderful perseverance, but also by her gentle kindness and hatred of detraction, virtues for which she was as remarkable as for her energy. Love was the essence of religion in her eyes—that “pure and undefiled” love which annihilates selfishness. Being asked, on one occasion, what she believed was the punishment of the impenitent in another world, she replied: “Alas! they do not love.” She died in 1582, humbly repeating the verse of the 51st Psalm, “A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.” She was canonised in less than forty years after her death, and is now the second Patron Saint of Spain.

In the Dominican convent of San Tomás (without the city walls), founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, we come upon a memorial of bitter sorrow in the life of the Queen. She—who had erected glorious monuments to the memory of her father, mother, and brother at the Miraflores—had here (in 1497) to mark the burial place of her only son, Prince Juan, who died at the age of nineteen, six months after his marriage with the Princess Margaret of Austria (afterwards governess of the Netherlands). With him died Isabella’s joy, and with him “the hope of all Spain was laid low.”

His death was quickly followed by that of his sister Isabella, Queen of Portugal. It was thus that the succession fell to the lot of “Crazy Jane,” Isabella’s second daughter, married to the Archduke Philip of Austria, and the mother of Charles V.

AVILA TO THE ESCURIAL STATION.—The distance is little more than two hours by rail. The morning train leaves Avila at six. We had therefore to be called at half-past four, that we might secure places in the omnibus, which waits for no one. The railroad passes through a wild and mountainous country, intersected by numerous tunnels, and shaded by pine forests. At a few minutes after eight we reached the Escurial station, where an omnibus was waiting to convey us to the little village and “Fonda Miranda,” which we found a good resting-place for the day.

Before entering the Escurial, the *chef d'œuvre* of Herrera, we made the circuit of its external walls—their severe character harmonising well with the rugged and even savage aspect of nature around. The circumference of the building is said to be three-quarters of a mile; thirty-one years were spent in its erection; and its cost, we are told, exceeded six millions of ducats. At length, we stood before the Grand Portal, the gates of which were formerly only thrown open on two occasions—a birth or a death in the royal family—when the newly-born and the departed were carried to the Escurial. Above the gateway, with its massive columns of granite, is the statue of St. Lawrence, the patron saint, and as escutcheons are two gridirons!

Spain glories in this early martyr, Aragonese by birth, and deacon in the Christian Church of the third century, whose constancy under the most cruel torments which a Roman prefect could devise, is too

well known to need mention here. The 10th day of August is the day dedicated to St. Lawrence, and on the 10th of August, 1557, the vow was made, which led to the erection of the Escorial by Philip II.

At war with France, and destitute of his father's military genius, Philip wisely gave the command of his army to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. The town of St. Quentin was selected for attack, but it was obstinately defended by the garrison, under Coligny, the great Huguenot Admiral, afterwards massacred in Paris on the day of St. Bartholomew. The French army, under the command of the Duke of Montmorency, Constable of France, hastened to the relief of Coligny, and by a sudden attack created for awhile some confusion in the Spanish camp; but though the French general was thus successful at the onset, the fortune of the day changed, when the gallant Egmont, whose chivalrous daring made him the idol of the troops, gave the signal to advance, and by his brilliant charge at the head of the cavalry, forced the French to retire before him.*

The evening of that memorable tenth of August, saw Montmorency a prisoner in the Spanish camp, and his army totally routed.

* In less than eleven years from this date, the head of the gallant Egmont was severed from his body by order of Philip, and after being exposed for some hours on a pike, in the great square of Brussels, was packed in a box with the head of Count Horn, and sent to Madrid for the inspection of the master to whom they had rendered such important services. Count Horn had also fought for Philip on this day.

As soon as tidings of the victory reached Philip at Cambray, he hastened to the camp, armed *cap-à-pie*, proud and exultant at the success of his arms, but obstinate in his refusal to follow up the victory, though the road to Paris lay open to his army.

The whole ambition of the king, was to return to Spain, and lay the foundation of a church, a monastery, and a palace, in memory of the battle, and in honour of the Saint whose aid he had invoked—and the Escorial is all that Spain acquired by this great victory.

In England, the triumph of "that most perfect prince," whom Mary delighted to honour, was celebrated by a gorgeous procession, and a "Te Deum" at St. Paul's Cathedral, followed by ringing of bells and bonfires.

Sharp gusts of wind from the Guadarrama, made it imperative to pass on rapidly through the Portal, to the inner quadrangle. Here, as externally, is a multitude of small windows, agreeing in number, it is said, with the eleven thousand martyred virgins who accompanied St. Ursula to Cologne.* Opposite

* According to the legend, St. Ursula was a Christian, and daughter of a King of Brittany, in the fifth century. Her wisdom and beauty were such that the King of Britain sent to ask her in marriage for his son. This son, Ethereus, was a heathen, so that the father of Ursula was sore perplexed; but Ursula exhorted him not to fear, but to give his consent, on condition that Ethereus should be baptized, and for three years instructed in the Christian faith. Moreover, she required that ten English virgins should be sent "to be her fellows," and eleven thousand more gathered from all lands to bear her company. They were to be permitted to set forth in eleven ships, sailing on the wide

the Grand Entrance is another portal, over which are statues of those Jewish kings who took part in the building of the Temple.

A dark, gloomy passage has now to be traversed, and you enter with mysterious awe the great Church of the Escorial. Long is the pause made at the threshold; the vast size and grand simplicity of the church startle you; no Coro impedes your view; and far away before you burns the ruby light, casting its red glow on the High Altar—that same Altar on which the eyes of the dying Philip rested, till his spirit had passed away. As you walk up the silent nave, the thought of the merciless and superstitious king occupies your mind; his spirit seems to haunt the stately church of his creation; and when you approach the holy place, his kneeling figure rises to your view, still gazing in effigy on that same Altar where his last conscious look was directed. Kneeling behind him are his three wives* (Mary Tudor being omitted), and his unhappy son, Don Carlos.

On the opposite side kneels another group; Charles V., his Empress, their daughter, and the Emperor's two sisters (Eleanor, Queen Dowager of

seas for three years,—she instructing them in the knowledge of the true God. This was conceded; at the expiration of the three years all were converted; and Ursula repaired to Rome with her maidens, where she was met by Ethereus. From thence they proceeded together to Cologne, besieged at that time by the Huns, who slew all these Christian virgins with the sword, on the 12th of November, 450.

* Philip's wives were Maria of Portugal, Mary of England, Isabella of France, and Anne of Austria. The two first were his cousins, and the last his niece.

Portugal and France, and Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary). Costly marbles and paintings decorate the Retablo ; above is the Cross ; below is the patron saint, and lower still, beneath the Altar, is the Royal Tomb or Pantheon.

Daily for fourteen years, Philip, from his dark cell with its shutter opening into the church, had assisted at matins, and now, in that darker, narrower cell beneath, does he await the morning of the Resurrection.

To the Pantheon we now descended by torch-light. The form is octagon, and here in niches one above the other are arranged the bronze-gilt coffins, containing the bodies of Spanish kings and queens. On the left repose the kings ; on the right the queens. Beneath Charles V. is the coffin of Philip II. Often had he descended to this tomb-chamber, and looked on the place where his body would rest after death. Philip III., Philip IV., Charles II., all loved to visit this abode of gloom. As in their portraits, from the Emperor to the feeble Charles II., the same misshapen lower jaw is traced from father to son, becoming only more exaggerated in the last of the race—so in mental constitution, one same morbid characteristic prevails—that strange fascination with which they clung to things sepulchral—that craving, amounting to disease, with which they desired to behold what other men bury out of their sight. Philip IV., when gloomy, would come and listen to Mass, sitting in the niche where his body would be laid after death, and here he caused the coffin of the

Emperor to be opened before him. His son, the unhappy Charles II., came in state to this place that he might view once again the form of his first queen, Marie Louise d'Orléans, granddaughter of our Charles I. When the lid was removed the weak mind of the king gave way, and unable to control his emotion, he threw himself sobbing on her coffin.

As you ascend the marble steps from the Pantheon a door is pointed out to you. It is the entrance to the "Pudridero," where lies in neglect and obscurity the body of the hero of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, the illegitimate son of the Emperor, whose splendid victory over the Turks was announced to the jealous Philip in this church. When the messenger from Don John arrived, breathless and elated, bearing with him the standard of the Prophet to lay before the King, he found him, cold and impassive in countenance, kneeling in his stall, and could obtain no audience till the prayers of the bigot King were ended.

In this same Pudridero, in like oblivion, is the coffin of Philip's first-born son, Don Carlos, whose mysterious death gave rise to dark suspicions, the truth or falsehood of which are buried now in the same obscurity as the shell which covers his remains.

To this place was also carried the body of another Don John of Austria, natural son of Philip IV., who was famous during the minority of Charles II.

From the vault we proceeded to the cell, for you can call it by no other name, where were spent the

last years of the life of Philip II. The shutter was opened for us, disclosing the high altar. From the alcove where his bed was placed he could see the elevation of the Host, and join in the services of the Church. No light enters this dismal cell, save through this shutter opening into the Church.

Philip had gone to Madrid for the court fêtes, when he was attacked by his last illness, and contrary to the advice of his physician, insisted on being removed to the Escorial. He was accordingly placed in a litter on men's shoulders, and after six days reached the huge pile which he considered "the eighth wonder of the world."

He arrived early in the summer of 1598. His malady now assumed a more terrible form, and he could not be turned in his bed save by means of a sheet held by four of his attendants. In this dreadful state he lay for some weeks. At length his end visibly approached, and he desired that his son Philip, and the Infanta Clara Eugenia Isabella should approach his bedside, and receive his parting admonitions.

To the Infanta he spoke tenderly, giving her as his last gift a precious stone, which had been worn by her mother, Isabella de Valois.

To his son Philip he presented a paper of instructions "by what means to govern the kingdom he was about to inherit," and enjoined him to show especial regard to his sister.

The king then desired that a certain case should be brought to him, out of which he took a scourge stained with blood. Holding it up before all present,

he said, " This is the blood of my father, whom may God absolve, who was wont thus to chastise himself, and to the end that all may know the truth of his devotion, I here solemnly attest it."

A paper in his handwriting was now produced from beneath his bed, and read aloud, giving minute directions with regard to his body after death, even to the royal habit in which he willed that his lifeless form should be clothed before being placed in the bronze gilt coffin already made. Then followed instructions as to the order in which the funeral procession was to proceed to the vault below—how the royal standard was to be lowered, the crown veiled and carried before the royal body, which should be borne by eight of his chief servants, with lighted torches in their hands.

So intense was his interest in things funereal, that he now ordered his bronze gilt coffin to be brought into his cell, that he might satisfy himself that his orders had been strictly carried out with regard to its ornamentation. When the coffin appeared, he desired that it might have a lining of white satin and lace, and a larger supply of gold nails.

After he had received extreme unction, the Crucifix of the Emperor, at his request, was placed in his dying hand; he motioned to his children to embrace him, and immediately afterwards became speechless. On the morning of Sunday, September 13th, 1598, Philip the Prudent was dead.

Adjoining his bedroom is a somewhat larger chamber, where the King was used to transact business with his Ministers. In its size and fittings, it

is still however the Monk's cell; a couple of chairs, a stool on which he supported his gouty leg, a table, a bookcase with small drawers wherein were thrust his secret despatches (those illegible scraps of paper by which he was wont to boast that "he ruled both the Old and the New World);" whilst on its highest shelf stood a ghastly skull, adorned with a crown of gold, to remind him of the mortality of kings. As the moral nature of Philip shunned the reproofing light, so does it seem to have been uncongenial to his material temperament. Even here in this cabinet, where all the business of the State was transacted, there is no window opening to the clear day, but only a borrowed light from a vaulted corridor looking out on the Quadrangle.

To sit in darkness, overshadowed by this grim image of death, was the strange fantasy of the most powerful monarch in Europe. His vainglory delighted in the thought that "he had built a large house for God, a small cell for himself:" and possibly the obscurity of this cell favoured his powers of dissimulation, and better enabled him to conceal what passed within his breast. To the mind of Philip this maxim was ever present, "The man who cannot dissemble is not fit to reign." This was his golden rule; and such an adept had he become in the art of dissimulation, that when, in this very chamber, he received the intelligence of the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," not a muscle of his countenance moved. He was writing letters, when his Minister, Don Christoval de Moura, entered, and