himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." This meaning melts into the soul. Mingled, it is true, with sadness, coming of knowledge of man's rebellious nature; so hard to be shaped to the gentleness, dependence, and humility of the little ones, whose "angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven."

And the child Jesus, stamped with nature's seal of perfection, has a face of such innocence, intelligence, and visible purpose of goodness; such a foreshadowing of the spirit, which, in suffering and sacrifice, meekly said "nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt;" that even stubbornness of heart is subdued to tenderness and sympathy, and comes for a time under the dominion of gentle and loving influences. The adventitious trappings of Pope Sixtus and Santa Barbara, introduced into this picture through papal vanity and superstition, are like obtrusive spots on the fair face of the sun. But the misty vision of a far off cherub host—the spirits "seen through a glass darkly" that throng the precincts of time—aids in disclosing the idea of heaven-approved revelation. And the winged children below, creations of beauty radiant with thought, tell of the angelic interest felt in unfolding events. There are about this picture divine life and light. Spiritual illuminations, coming of Raphael's sentimental and devotional nature —which made him in truth a sacred poet. And these are independent of the more material art-beauties of the work; which, dimmed somewhat by the breath of centuries, it is thought have been further impaired by a defective process of cleaning. A circumstance greatly regretted, as his colouring, always delicate and reserved,

could not afford to lose any portion of its truth. His brush delighted not in extravagancies of brilliancy.

The Madonna di Sisto was painted a few years before Raphael's death, as an altar piece for the Monastery Church of the Benedictine Monks at Piacenza. Absorbed by thoughts of his subject, even his dreams partook of them; and night revealed what day refused to give. A vision answered the longings of his spirit, and shaped them into an inspiration of sacred harmony. So goes the tale of this conception. Seeking a model for his ideal Madonna, he found her in the daughter of a bread-baker at Rome, the real and the representative Mother coming alike from a humble station of life. Young, and of surpassing physical and spiritual loveliness, she lives in this greatest of the Italian master's works. He has thrown about it fascinations of a wonderful genius, to charm the eye and lead captive the soul. *Studying* it, we feel "there is a divinity that shapes our ends." There is about it an appealing purity and sanctity, so full of the light of celestial love, as to give it a mysterious influence for good. It is like a heaven-illuminated volume of which there is no counterpart; and to which man must come, as to the Sibyl-book of old Rome, for revelations of strange virtue and convincing wisdom. It is further said of this picture, that two beautiful boys coming into Raphael's studio when this mirror of a sublime ideality was nearly finished, gave him the portraits of the cherubs, leaning, as it were on the threshold of the skies, in thoughtful gaze of the vision above. Filled with the soul-subduing influences of the Madonna di Sisto, as of a delicious dream, one of sympathetic feelings is apt to notice

naught else in going out of the Dresden Gallery, unless it be the tender and touching look of that other Madonna (by Murillo) also enshrined there, as she seems to say, in sanctifying humility and submission—"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!"

No. 365—*The Virgin of the Fish*—in the Sala Ovalada, was also taken to Paris by the French, and there transferred like El Pasmo de Sicilia from board to canvas; which, many believe, injured its colours; although the act was justified by the discovery that worms were burrowing in the wood. The brickdust colour of this picture, as of El Pasmo, surely were not of Raphael's laying on.

No. 364—*A Holy Family*—a little gem of a painting by Raphael, also in the Oval Saloon. It is too small for force of expression. But there is something very pretty in the infant seated on a companion lamb, supported by the young mother. The colouring is beautifully tender, and the whole picture marvellously finished in its almost microscopic details.

No. 371—*A Holy Family*—distinguished as *del Agnus Dei*, from the fillet thus inscribed held by the young St. John-Baptist. Also sometimes named *Madonna of the Oak*, from that tree in the picture. And again, *Madonna of the Lizard*, one being seen by the sharp-sighted, among fragments of a broken column. It is a painting in all points of Raphael's high art. Traces of damage are visible. But happily the hand of the restorer has been withheld from it.

No. 370—*The Holy Family of the Rose*—so called from that flower lying near the foot of the child. The whole manner of this picture is Raphael's. It is cata-

logued as his. Yet it has been doubted by a dogmatic rather than discerning art-critic. The Mother, seated sowewhat sideways, supports the child Jesus on her left arm. He delightedly reaches for the Agnus Dei fillet held toward him by the young St. John. Joseph, behind, and to the right of the Mother, looks on as always represented, a very passive spectator of a scene to which his relation was an incident, not a necessity. The children's rich, fresh, flesh-tints, and Joseph's brown garb, warm up the mother's colder blue dress. It is a beautiful bodying-forth of John's exclamation, when, "looking upon Jesus, he said—Behold the Lamb of God!" And it glows with the light of a lovely maternal interest. If the great Italian did not paint this picture, there must have been another Raphael in his day, or since. Of course the *Visit of Mary to Elizabeth* and several portraits in Raphael's best style should be examined. But

No. 369—*A Holy Family*—in the Long Gallery is imperative in its claims on special attention. It is the celebrated *La Perla*, so called because on its being brought to Madrid from England, where it was purchased, Philip IV exclaimed on seeing it—"This is *the pearl* of my pictures." It was one of the forty-one pictures sold by Cromwell at Whitehall during the Commonwealth; and for the recovery of which a higher English estimate of the fine arts, and national pride, would now willingly pay many times more than the two thousand pounds sterling then received for it. But twenty-two thousand pounds would not tempt even Spanish poverty to part with it.

The Mother is represented by Raphael sitting amid

deep shadowy verdure, with right knee bent and the right leg outward and backward in such manner as to separate it from the left—which is slightly advanced. Between her symmetrical bare feet, which shame the deformities of French fashions and their overlapping toes bumped with bunions and corns, is a semi-oval rustic basket-cradle, with pillow and covering of homely fabric, yet so minutely drawn and delicately coloured, as to show finest threads of fringe, and smallest folds and figures of the embroidery. The child, in naked charms, with left foot of cunningest proportions and plumpness partly buried in the pillow, sits between the mother's knees, supported before by her right hand, his back resting against her left knee, and his right leg thrown forward in freedom from her lap. His arms reach toward the young St. John, who, a very pattern of boyish beauty and flexible grace, steps toward him with one end of the raiment girt about his loins raised, and filled with fruits. The little Jesus, whose face is radiant with gladness at the proffered gift which his hesitating hands take not, looks up at his mother as if awaiting her permission. She, sees in John's offerings the symbols of earthly enjoyments. Her sadly thoughtful, yet lovely and loving face, seems to say—"the pleasures of life are not for you, whatever your innocence, and their purity; persecution, suffering, and sacrifice, must be yours: such the price to be paid by you for the salvation of others." Anne, embraced by her daughter Mary's left arm, kneels behind the young Jesus, her head leaning on her left hand, and her brooding and sorrowful look confirming this reading of the allegory; which, though gratuitously suggested, is so entirely in

harmony with Raphael's poetic and devotional nature, as to justify the thought that it had existence in his mind, and that he sought to clothe it with the charm of his pencil. The pink vest and skirt of the mother, and the brown dress of St. Anne, are relatively appropriate. Beyond the group, to the left of the observer, dark piers and arches form a shadowy back ground, where Joseph is dimly seen by the faint light of a distant opening in the massive architecture. While to the right awaking azure warmed by the blush of dawn, throws tenderest light on far off temple, bridge, and stream; on nearer shrub, and shell, and pebble; and on the verdure-carpet of the foreground, every leaf, sprig, and blade of which, reveals the exquisite finish of the great Italian; who, even here, amid gems of Spanish genius, shows one not less lovely and precious than the most valued of them.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FRENCH, FLEMISH, AND GERMAN PAINTINGS. RUBENS—MEETING OF CHRIST AND TWO DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS—INFANTE DON FERNANDO DE AUSTRIA—ADORATION OF THE KINGS—RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG—THE BRAZEN SERPENT OF MOSES. CONCLUDING REMARKS ON THE MUSEO DEL PRADO. MUSEO NACIONAL. ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO—MURILLO'S PICTURES OF THE DREAM, AND HIS GREAT PAINTING EL TINOSO.

THE French, Flemish, and German paintings, are in saloons at the south end of the Museum, corresponding to those at the north end in which are the less prized works of Spanish and Italian masters. For want of room, some fine pictures have been put in the badly lighted basement of the south end of the building, among others of inferior merit, and those of a coarse and vulgar character with which Rubens was ofttimes pleased to shock better taste, and shame his great capacities. The long dominion of Spain in the Netherlands, and her royal-family alliances with Germany, France, and Italy, gave her Sovereigns facilities they failed not to avail of, to possess themselves of the works of foreign masters. England also—as already said—became tributary to Spanish ambition in this

direction. What conquest could not achieve, diplomatic device, aided by gold, accomplished so successfully as for a time to give promise that Madrid would indeed become the art-treasury of Europe. But of necessity a few general remarks must finish this description of the paintings in the Museo del Prado. We shall only say further, that the Circular Saloon to which access is had from the south end of the Long Gallery, contains some of the finest productions of *Claude Lorraine's* pencil; and *Vernets* and *Poussins* are their appropriate companions. Here, shut in from the outer world, one may still see the glow of the setting sun as it gilds the smiling sea, and touches with consecrating glory the perishing monuments of man, and the imperishable of nature. And here the landscape laughs in very joy of its beauteous garniture, and the symphony of waters greets the morn that throws its rose-hues on their bosom. In many European galleries are works of these great painters. The Academy of Fine Arts at Rome, the Louvre, and Prince Harrach's collection at Vienna, are rich in Claudes and Vernets. Madrid is not less affluent in their beautiful revelations of marine and pastoral scenes; whose near, and far, and fading distances, are surpassingly exquisite tones of relative warm and cold colouring.

The Flemish and German paintings in the side saloons of the small rotunda, are numerous, and some of them maintain the reputation of their distinguished authors. After Antwerp, Madrid most abounds in works of *Rubens*. But many of them are of the earth, and especially of Flemish earth—very earthy. Greece and Galilee, the Graces and the Gospels, all; every theme,

Classic or Christian; had to do deference to dykes, ditches, and the Dutch. Flanders flesh, fat, and fancy, roughly rouged on huge canvas, in disgusting portraitures and mean modelling, too commonly discredited one who could have been, and should have been always, a giant of art among its giants. A few of his exceptionally great works for masterly conception and composition, and power of execution, are found in the Museo del Prado.

No. 1564—*The Meeting of the risen Christ with two of his Disciples at Emmaus*—is an uncommonly fine exposition of that subject.

No. 1608—*The Infante Don Fernando de Austria at the battle of Nordlingen.* The composition, colour, and life-like spirit of this equestrian painting are in Rubens' most splendid style.

No. 1559—*The Adoration of the Kings*—although somewhat extravagant in conception, is a noble example of Rubens' more dignified and serious treatment. It is magnificently drawn and coloured.

No. 1566—*Rudolph of Hapsburg*—founder of the Austrian Empire—relinquishing his horse to a priest bearing the Host, needs no words to tell its tale of deference and devotion.

No. 1558—*The Brazen Serpent set upon a Pole in the Wilderness by Moses*—upon which the Children of Israel are looking that they might live, is among the most remarkable pictures of this erratic genius. It is in the Oval Saloon. Such a dramatic subject was well suited to Rubens' bold, and at times almost delirious imagination—quick to seize startling features; while his hand, could it but be constrained to patient labour, was potent

to portray most difficult passages of life, or passionate dreams of fancy. Those who have seen in the Belvidere Gallery at Vienna Rubens' pictures of the Plague, would expect a vivid showing forth of agonizing, frenzied, and leaden-looking death, from the swift vengeance of "fiery serpents" circling their victims in relentless coil, and fastening on them with poisonous fang. Master of drawing and colour, his writhings of the tortured frame, and hideous hues of pestilence, give frightful reality to such renderings. Yet, although in conception and composition, and in appropriate gravity, this picture of the Brazen Serpent approaches in power his greatest works, either from want of due depth of toning and finish, or from damage and still further damaging attempts at restoration, as a work of art it now falls below his masterpieces at Antwerp, and better preserved paintings at Vienna. It was one of the many pictures thrown off by Rubens during his visit to Madrid by invitation of Philip IV, and probably with his characteristic haste.

Pictures by Vandyke, Jordaens, Snyders, Albert Durer, Breughel, Teniers, Wouvermans, Moro, Ruisdael, may not be looked upon anywhere, or at any time, with indifference. They abound here. And Rombout's charlatan-dentist, *lifting a rustic from his seat* in the midst of gaping bystanders, while in act of *lifting out his grinder with a jaw-breaking lever*, is a scene of even early nineteenth century stupidity, well calculated to stir European hearts with gratitude to America for teaching, that saving is better than destroying; and that anæsthesia and science are of more worth than agony and toothlessness. There are others whose works

will be estimated better by the square roods of canvas covered with paint than by any measure of merit. After the feast of high-art partaken of in the Long Gallery and Oval Saloon, one feels little inclined to linger over humbler fare elsewhere. Personal portraits, and portraitures of debasing passions; scenes of sensualism, however garnished with fun and frolic; animal life, and animals in death; fish, flesh, and fowl, artistically underdone or overdone; game, gaming, and gluttony; dancing and drunkenness; with all things else of Dutch, or any other national vulgarity, may do very well in their way as examples of realism for the merely mechanical art-student. Although it is pleasant to know, that those countries hitherto indulging most in the naturalism of the pencil, are showing better taste than in the past, in their selection of subjects. A glance at the German and Flemish paintings in the lower rooms of the Museum, and at a rather meagre collection of antique sculpture in adjoining rooms and corridors, suffices to gratify curiosity. And in quitting the building the Long Gallery may well be passed through to renew the impression of Murillo's and Raphael's great works.

The paintings of most of the old Spanish masters show that they were strongly imbued with religious sentiment. Some of them were deeply devout. Hence their pictures are especially interesting to the Christian religionist. While they are, from their beautiful rendering of scriptural and traditional imagery, their austere as well as their tender eloquence of high-art, perhaps not less pleasing to him who reads their revelations with more æsthetic coolness. And when we consider

that there are in this collection portraits, and other paintings, illustrative of the most brilliant period of Spanish history, it is not surprising that the historian, as well as the religionist, and the lover of poetic art, finds here more than ordinary gratification. The Museum collection could be greatly increased and utilized; for there are many paintings in Madrid—public property—under the control of the government authorities, which, for want of room have not found place in the Museo del Prado. The danger to which these are liable from fire and otherwise, long since led to the consideration of enlarging the present, or building another Museum, for the accommodation of all the national art-treasures. Finally a site was selected on the Prado, and preparation made for the erection of the edifice. But, as with many enterprizes in this country, conceived in grandeur and begun with flaunting promises, lack of money, or its diversion to other purposes, soon brought proceedings to an end. Consequently, nine hundred paintings, forming what is called the *Museo Nacional*, saved from the casualties of foreign invasion, and taken, or brought from convents on their suppression, are now carelessly placed in various rooms of the Ministerio de Fomento; a building in the Calle de Atocha, formerly a monastery, and totally unfit either for their exhibition or preservation. Dust and darkness effectually hide them; and the smoke of tobacco and burning charcoal are slowly working damaging changes. Among the names of their authors] are Carducho, Camillo, Careno, Ribera, Herrera el Viejo, Goya, Volterra, Murillo, and Julio Romano. But who can recognize the traces of their

pencils in this waste of what looks like dirty pictorial rubbish?

The *Academy of San Fernando*, in the Calle de Alcalá, has about three hundred paintings, most of them purchases from confiscated and private collections; better cared for than the last-mentioned, and more advantageously though not altogether satisfactorily seen. A few of them deserve special notice. The admirer of Velazquez's Crucifixion in the Museo del Prado, will find in the Academy nearly its counterpart by Alonzo Cano. Neither of them can take rank with a similar work by Cano in the collection of Señor Cepero at Seville. Several paintings by Zurbaran, and an Ascension of Christ by Murillo, are of their earliest and immature style. But there are three pictures by the last-named master worthy of close examination; for when you have exhausted the Murillos of the Museum, you have not seen all his great creations in Madrid. The subject of two of these is the legend which ascribes the building of the church of St. Mary the Greater in Rome to a dream of Giovanni Patricio and his wife, wealthy and childless Romans. Therein the Virgin Mary appeared to them, and instructed them to build a church on a spot which would be found covered with snow the next morning—*that of a midsummer day.* Painting, like poetry, has its admirers, however absurd the story it may clothe with beauty. Patricio and his pretty wife, in colours giving warmth to a picture of cozy comfort, are resting, not in the slumber of the pillow, but in positions of sitting-room ease, when "tired nature's sweet restorer," unsolicited, is apt to throw over us its spell. A sleeping dog, and a work-

basket, give further expression to the domestic scene. Above all, the Virgin, with face and form of loveliness which might have bewildered even Patricio's waking senses, hovers in a golden haze.

> "Spirit of Beauty, that doth consecrate
> With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
> Of human thought or form."

Her child is leaning on her lap embraced by her left arm; while the right, outstretched, points with a hand of most fairy grace, to the distant spot where will be found on the morrow the miraculous indication. Another painting represents the Roman and his wife kneeling before the Pontiff Liberius, and relating the fact of the celestial commission entrusted to them. He, as is said, having beheld a like vision, is in posture of amazement at this confirmatory testimony. In obedience to the heavenly instruction, they proceeded in pious procession—as is also shown in the painting—to the Esquiline Hill, where the fall of snow was found as promised by the Virgin; and where in her name was built the magnificent Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore; well known to those who now visit and worship, the art-realities scarcely less than the art-remains, of the Eternal City. Both these pictures, of like size and semicircular shape, were painted for corresponding panels in the church of Santa Maria la Blanca at Seville; whence they were taken by Marshal Soult and sent to Paris. As was the case with some other pictures restored to Spain on the downfall of Napoleon, they were by arbitrary authority detained in Madrid in disregard of the rightful claims of Seville. They are

said to mark the beginning of Murillo's *vaporoso* style, in which sharp outlines are lost in light and shade, and in the grace and curves of nature, which give an indefinable charm to technical perfection.

Another painting now in the Academy of San Fernando, and taken by Soult from the Hospital of La Caridad at Seville, was, upon its restoration, also unrighteously withheld from the Institution of which it had once been its appropriate and most valued property. It represents St. Elizabeth of Hungary in act of washing the head of a boy diseased by *Tinea Capitis;* hence the painting is called *El Tinoso.* Her attendants are at hand, and a group of afflicted beings are awaiting her kindly offices. The life of this royal lady is a poem. There is enough of the fanciful gratuitously engrafted on her history to idealize her character, and give to it the interest of romance. But there are also enough of well known facts of her life, to clothe her memory in the unfading charms of charity, and give to her name the glory of immortality. It is related of her, that having found a child cast out because of being a leper, so loathsome that none would go near him, she carried him to her home, and served him with her own hand. Murillo, seizing the spirit of this service of good, has placed her in the midst of affliction, standing in a black habit, white cap, and veil of a nun, surmounted by a coronet—the sign of her royal rank. Before her is a pedestal on which is a basin. Over this a tattered beggar-boy is bending, with scald-head entirely truthful of that ulcerous disease, which Elizabeth, with no sign of repugnance, is engaged in washing. Only devotion to duty is there seen, coming of obedience to the teach-

ings of her Master. Behind the boy are two maids in waiting; one holding a water-pitcher, and the other a tray on which are ointments and other dressings; with a spectacled nun near-by looking curiously on the unwonted scene of royal humility and humanity. These complete the group on the right of St. Elizabeth. On her left, another boy, dirty and torn, and with a wry face of mock or apprehensive significance rather than reality of suffering, is removing with cautious fingers the dressings from his leprous-looking head, while awaiting the kindly service of his benefactress. A cripple on crutches gives variety to the scene of human affliction. And a toothless old woman, with embrowned and shrivelled arms, and scrawny neck, is seated on the lower ledge of the dais, with staff in hand, kerchief wrapped closely about her head, tattered skirt, dark bodice, green dress turned up and showing a red petticoat, altogether making a costume of most picturesque cut and colour. These are the left hand group. Somewhat more in the centre of the foreground sits on the floor a half naked, bronzed beggar, busily occupied in unbandaging his sore leg, preparatory to receiving the ablution it much needs. In the background of the picture a palatial arcade is seen, significant of Elizabeth's charities at her royal residence. There, is spread a table, at which are seated her poor dependants. In this lesson of charity there is a superbly considered harmony of composition, colour, tone, and temper; the drawing is above criticism; and the expression is truth itself. Never did artist rise more entirely to the height of a lofty and sanctified theme; or throw around it more fully the glories of

genius. However repugnant this picture of diseased mortality may be thought by the foolishly fastidious, there is something so immortally elevating in the devotion to duty, the sympathy and tenderness, of the sweet Samaritan who consecrates it, and is consecrated by it, that thoughts of the revolting, with kindly natures, become merged in a sense of sanctity awakened by the blessed vision. And as we gaze upon it we seem to hear a voice from heaven, saying—"Inasmuch as ye have done (this) unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me . . . . Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Elizabeth of Hungary's title to nobility was higher than that of ancestral descent. And she became a Saint by right of good works ere Papal canonization was consummated. In perpetuating the memory of such deeds by gifts of genius, and the graces of his pencil, Murillo had a purer joy, and was lifted to higher place of fame, than the proudest of his cotemporaries who paid their tribute of talent to royal vanity, for royal bounty.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM MADRID NORTH BY RAILWAY TO VILLALBA STATION. DILIGENCE VIA LA GRANJA TO SEGOVIA. ROMAN AQUEDUCT. CATHEDRAL. ALCAZAR. MURDER OF MONTIGNY BY PHILIP II. SEGOVIAN IMPOVERISHMENT—RUINS. THE ESCORIAL—ITS FOUNDER PHILIP II, THE EVIL GENIUS AND THE CURSE OF SPAIN —HIS LAST HOURS. ROUTE TO AVILA—GENERAL FEATURES—CATHEDRAL. SAN VICENTE. CHAPEL OF SAN SEGUNDO. SANTA TERESA. CONVENT OF SANTO TOMÁS. TOMB OF PRINCE JUAN. ISABELLA'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION, AND FOR ITS ATROCITIES. SALAMANCA.

ON the great northern railway twenty-two and a half miles from Madrid is the *Villalba* station. Thence, by Diligence route to Segovia the distance is twenty-four miles, with La Granja on the way. Although somewhat of a rough and tumble ride, the rough and ready traveller will welcome it for the sight of Roman remains, as well as more modern realities of art. Take the *coupé* if fair, the *berlina* if foul weather. If the road-side *should*, the eight gaily caparisoned mules, their driver, postilion, general whipper-up and screamer, surely will *not* fail to give interest to the six hours drive, from the moment that the wild Spanish *arré, arré, ocho, asta, astā-ā-ā,* is yelled into the ears of the

frightened team, until it ceases with the jingle of bells at the door of the Fonda del Aquila in the Plaza Mayor at Segovia. The road from Villalba for a short distance, burnt and broken into dust, gleams in the summer sun, and in winter is a quagmire. But the ascent of the Guadarrama reveals an occasional pretty glen; and a fine, bracing air is found at the top of the Pass, fragrant of pine forests; with a splendid view of plains stretching far away and fading in the distance. The downward run on the opposite slope of the Sierra to *La Granja* is speedily made, over an excellent road. This royal palace, built by Philip V, on a *grange* bought of some Segovian monks, though as Spanish in its site as the most rugged of Sierras could furnish, is strictly French in material and style. Nature all around, lifting her mountain walls, shafts, parapets, and pinnacles, thousands of feet into the blue ether, with forests girdling and skirting her majestic form, and waterfalls serenading her solitudes as they flash from cornice to floor of her rocky halls, looks down on the prim, cream-stone château, its peaked slate-roofs, pavilions, water-pot fountains, and garden millinery, in contempt of the foreign presumption which put such a pitiful excrescence on the foot of the Guadarrama.

A nearly straight avenue of six miles from La Granja to Segovia runs across a well cultivated plain; a stream, from springs of the Sierra Fonfria above the Grange, flowing riotously through adjacent meadows in a meandering channel cut by the Romans to feed the aqueduct; which, for a fourth of a mile is subterranean, and then appearing above ground, spans the valley at Segovia; and is still standing, but little harmed, as built

by the old masters of the world in their day of empire. Ascending the main street of the town, the aqueduct, arching overhead, is seen stretching to the right and left; its huge quadrangular piers, twelve feet long by seven and a half feet thick, being formed of granite blocks, without cement. The piers are highest at the greatest dip of the valley, being one hundred and two feet, and support two rows of superposed arches. On the upper row is the water-duct, three thousand feet in length. As the valley slope rises on each side the piers diminish in height, and the lower arches cease, being no longer needed for lateral support of the piers. There are one hundred and seventeen upper, and forty-two lower arches. The so-called "Guide Books" make more than double the number; an amusing instance of the manner in which one compiler copies the blunders of another. When Segovia was sacked by the Moors in the 11th century, the aqueduct was somewhat injured. But, restored in 1483 by command of Isabella, it is now among the most interesting of Roman remains, and fulfils the uses for which it was built nearly two thousand years ago. The buildings of later times clustering in its shadow serve to give its gigantic proportions bolder relief; while perishing and passing away written on all around, foretells the time when it alone will stand to remind coming generations of Rome, when Segovia shall have been blotted from remembrance.

Climbing the narrow, winding street from the aqueduct, and passing through the grim gate where Gothic, and Moorish, and Gallic invaders have in turn been challenged, the chief plaza crowning the hill on which stands the town is soon reached; the Cathedral near

by, in pride of place, majestic proportions, and style of architecture, asserting, next to the Roman remains just left, its claim to attention as an example of art-reality. It should scarcely be ranked with the Cathedrals of Seville and Toledo, Burgos and Leon. But in this land of splendid Gothic Sanctuaries there are none others, perhaps, better deserving attentive study than this of Segovia. It was among the latest Gothic Cathedrals erected not submitting to the influence of renaissance art. Built even later than that of Salamanca, it appropriated to its uses the advanced taste and skill which directed the construction of that edifice, and differs but little in plan and details from it; though the Cathedral of Segovia has the advantage of being on a more imposing scale, and having a curved instead of a square tribune end. The exterior is a rich light yellow and salmon-coloured stone. A grand raised pronaus fronts the façade of three portal spaces, separated by pinnacled piers and flanked by small turrets. To the right rises a lofty square bell-tower, from which a magnificent view is had of a vast surrounding plain belted by distant mountains. The nave, aisle, chapel, and tribune walls, with their windows, buttresses, guard and ornamental balustrades, rising above each other in exquisitely graceful and imposing terraces, give an outside view of rarely equalled beauty. It is not intended to describe interior details. Suffice it to say, that the marble material of walls, arches, vaults, and galleries; pillars of clustering colonnettes and mouldings, floor and screens; polished, or otherwise, according to the requirements of its use; is unsurpassed in richness and variety. Some of the side chapels are

turgid, and in customary *canonical* bad taste. But that is soon lost sight of in the grand effect of architectural plan and decoration, and in the flood of warm light pouring through the stained glass windows, beyond anything produced by artistic work of that description nowadays. A stroll through adjoining cloisters, more bright and cheerful than such precincts of celibate piety usually are, will seal pleasant memories of this splendid Sanctuary. And also recall by one of its tombs the death of Henry the Second's infant heir by a fall from the window of the Alcazar, and the beheading of his unlucky nurse: and by another the miraculous preservation of the pretty Jewess, Maria del Salto, who, because of bad behaviour—*now very venial*—was thrown by her husband from the local Tarpeian-rock, *La Peña Grajera*. Invoking the Virgin at the moment, the cicerone of the cloisters says "the Blessed Mother"—though the captious are apt to think Maria's kindly crinoline—"let her down gently." Of course the sinner, by this interposition, forthwith became a Saint.

The Alcazar is a Gotho-Moorish castellated palace, built on a rocky point of the hill-site of Segovia. The promontory overlooks the meeting of the waters of two streams, the Eresma and Clamores, which wash two of its three sides. On the third is a deep chasm spanned by a draw-bridge. When this is up the Alcazar is inaccessible. Through all changes of ownership, here, until recently, was the fortress-palace-prison dominating this part of Castile. Royalty was here safe from assault; and conspiring courtiers and *comuneros*, alike, were held in check by the hand which could take its

time to strike without danger of being stricken. Here Andres de Cabrera awed turbulent nobles after the death of Henry IV, and kept safely the royal treasure which contributed greatly to Isabella's accession to the throne of Castile. And the resistance here to the *comuneros* in 1520, caused Charles V to perpetuate the memory of that event by various monumental embellishments. That it was prison, too, the Dutch Premier of Philip V could tell us if he would deign a spiritual communication. And *Le Sage* has left his testimony thereto in the renowned history of Gil Blas—whose "eyes became two springs of tears, flowing inexhaustibly, when the dawn peeping in at the little grated window, presented to sight all the horrors of the tower of Segovia in which he was confined." And here, also, the Fleming Baron of Montigny languished many a weary month of imprisonment, for daring to intercede with Philip II for a kindly policy of government toward his suffering country; and was then removed to Simancas, as said by Prescott, "to perish by the hand of the midnight executioner," that Philip might "be spared the awkwardness of refusing the first boon asked by his young bride," Anne of Austria, who was then on her way to Segovia where the royal marriage was to be solemnized. And who, passing "through the Low Countries had promised Montigny's family to intercede with her lord in his behalf." The policy of Philip was that of vengeance, of the most unscrupulous and bloody character; not one of justice and mercy. Not until recently has the veil been drawn from the buried secrets of Spanish Princes in the Archives of Simancas. And it is now known from authentic documentary testimony there

found, that Montigny was *garroted*, to avoid signs of violence, and his body next morning clothed in a Franciscan monk's habit clasped closely round the throat was shown to his servants and others, who were led to think that he had died from fever with which he was said to have been attacked.

This story of Montigny's death from a natural cause, long puzzled historians; who had knowledge of Philip's unrelenting disposition, and his persecution of all who inclined to extenuate the crime—as he deemed it—of the Flemings, in daring to question the divinity of despotism. Or who, however faithful in service, yet thought it might be expedient, in the interests of both State and Church, not to drive them to desperate resistance by insupportable oppression. But the hand of revolution, which never becomes paralyzed in the cause of human rights, however at times it may be stayed by opposing agencies, has finally rolled from the tomb of truth at Simancas, the stone which long sealed it; and resurrections of dead records are taking place, showing how great has been the curse of Priests and Princes, whose usurpation of absolutism bound in fetters the longings and liberty of the Spanish mind.

As Madrid rose to be the chief seat of political power, and the favourite of royal patronage, Segovia, once a gay and busy manufacturing capital, became clogged with the rust of idleness, and encumbered with poverty. Beggary hangs out its rags all around, and infests the tourist's footsteps wherever he goes. While the few highways, and many by-ways, are not ashamed of dirt and dilapidation. In the suburbs, as in the town, the legacies of the past are seen in decaying memorials.

The Alcazar, degraded for a time to the uses of an artillery barrack and school of practice, is now a slowly crumbling mass of smoked towers, walls, and corridors, from which the cut-throat slaves of tyranny, and of evil omen wherever found, have been driven by fire. The dark and dismal ruin is a fit monument of deeds with which this fortress-palace-prison was long familiar. The lovers of ruins will find many others comparatively modern. Walls, towers, and gates, perishing and of course to the artistic eye picturesque; palaces, hermitages, convents, and churches. But nothing, perhaps, will give more gratification than the better preserved and elegant campanile of the church of San Esteban; its five stages—exclusive of the base—of yellowish white stone, presenting beautiful examples of the Gothic, Romanesque, Byzantine, and Composite styles. Though good taste would not regret the absence of the château-like spire of slate above.

By the morning Diligence from Segovia, the railway station of Villalba is reached in ample time for that day's on-coming train from Madrid for the Escorial. In less than half an hour after leaving Villalba the tourist is landed at the Escorial station, and will find there an omnibus to take him to the Hotel Miranda—the best in the village, and sufficiently extortionate.

The Emperor Charles V seems to have divided his qualities between his two sons, giving to the illegitimate Don Juan of Austria his military prowess, and to Philip his religious bigotry and unscrupulous policy. Accordingly the latter, during the great battle of St. Quentin with the French, kept at a safe distance from the scene of strife, and twelve miles off occupied himself in mum-

bling prayers for the success of his General the Duke of Savoy, and in making vows of deeds to be done if the Holy Trinity should give him the victory.

The name *Escorial* is derived from the *scoriæ* of iron mines found near the village; and its erection doubtless was intended to commemorate the triumph of the Spanish arms in the above-mentioned battle, which took place on the day of the Feast of *St. Lawrence.* For Philip II ordered this palace-monastery-mausoleum to be built in the form of a *gridiron,* the instrument of that Saint's martyrdom; thus clogging the genius of Juan Bautista de Toledo the first architect, and that of his successor Herrera, with a wretched condition. The Escorial is a parallelogram, of about three-fifths of a mile circuit, enclosed by a wall at the four corners of which are towers representing the legs of an inverted gridiron. Long lines of cloisters within, represent the bars, and intervening courts the interspaces of the cooking utensil; which the broilers of heretics under the Inquisition, Philip himself chief among them, must have borrowed the idea of from their Pagan predecessors. The palace, extending exteriorly from the east side of the wall, represents the handle.

Few foreigners will endorse the Spanish opinion that the Escorial is the eighth wonder of the world. Built, as is the whole edifice, of grey granite from the neighbouring Guadarrama, it has the bare, bleak, and barren appearance of the Sierra itself; and looks as if it had been blocked out of the mountain quarry, on the sloping foot of which it stands. Dark, impenetrable, austere, it is a type of the founder's character—a fit monument of the man whose impress it bears, and whose

memory is perpetuated by its every cold and flinty stone. A mantle of ice seems to fall on one who enters its gate, as a chill of suspicion and fear seized the spirit that came into the presence of him—as said by Cabrera, historian of Philip II—whose "dagger followed close upon his smile." And as we wander amid grass-grown and slimy cloisters, and deserted cells, corridors, and halls; listening to our own echoing footfalls, and to the fitful winds sweeping down from the Sierra, and through the twelve thousand doors and windows of the building; we are apt to fancy that we hear the sighs and groans of the evil genius of the place, whose life was one monstrous crime.

El Templo—the church—outside and in, seems hewn out of solid rock. There is nothing trivial or tawdry about it. It is a triumph of simple, yet stern and imposing Græco-Roman architecture, the proportions being immense, and all parts in agreement of style and material. The form is that of a Greek cross, in one of the limbs of which is the high-altar, and in that opposite a galleried coro—over the vestibule—thus leaving the body of the church free from the customary obstruction in Spanish Cathedrals, and presenting a view but little less impressive than that of the Basilica of St. Peter's; for over the crossing rises to the height of more than three hundred feet on four enormous piers, a magnificent granite dome, illuminated by the tenderest light of Giordano's pencil. These frescoes were not of the time of Philip II. True, Cambiaso was brought from Italy for the purpose of decorating the church. But the gridiron designer of the Escorial could not comprehend his clouds of angels and archangels, hovering

abroad in commingled foreshortenings and forms of grace. Besides, his disregard of hierarchical rank in his celestial personages caused Philip, under monkish instructions, to reject his compositions for those of a canonically determined propriety. Thus ended Cambiaso's employment. Most of the frescoes were subsequently grafted by less bigoted and exactious royalty on the cheerless designs of asceticism. It was Charles II the successor of the fourth Philip who invited Luca Giordano from Naples, with his dashing pencil, to do this and some other work which showed his rapidity of conception and execution. That Giordano, who said—"if I am idle a day my pencils get the better of me. I must keep them in subjection by constant practice." Such was the unresting speed of his brush that he accepted a challenge of Claudio Cœllo, a jealous rival, to paint in the presence of the King on a canvas fifteen palms high, a composition of Michael subduing Satan, and *in three hours* produced the work, causing Charles to exclaim to Cœllo—"Look man! there stands the best painter in Naples, Spain, and the world; verily he is a painter for a king!" Sometimes in the haste and inspiration of work, he would lay his colours on with finger and thumb instead of brush. His view of professional obligation was just. He made his pictures tally with their prices; "having pencils"—as he said—"made of gold, silver, and wood." He had inexhaustible invention, and marvellous facility of execution. In further illustration of which it may be stated, that when he was employed in decorating the Escorial, two doctors of theology were appointed to attend him and answer questions to resolve his doubts touching the

orthodox treatment of his subjects. A courier conveyed each day's proceedings to the king. Some of the despatches are still extant. One of these, in a work published by authority of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, is thus quoted—"Sire, your Giordano has painted this day about twelve figures thrice as large as life. To these he has added the powers and dominations, with the proper angels, cherubs, and seraphs, and clouds to support the same. The two doctors of divinity have not answers ready for all his questions; and their tongues are too slow to keep pace with the speed of his pencils." This church is unquestionably a masterpiece of architecture—the grand expression of a sublime conception. But in lauding it on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the foundation of the Escorial, Fray Alonso de San Geronimo might reverently have stopped short of the declaration, that the "*Almighty owed a debt of gratitude to Philip II for the dedication of so glorious a structure to the Christian worship.*" Bigotry and blasphemy not uncommonly go hand in hand.

Beneath the high-altar of the church, in the crypt, is the sepulchre where lie the Spanish kings and mothers of kings from the time of the Emperor Charles. Begun by Philip II, the fiercest of all haters of heresy, and intended as the resting place of his father, to whom alone of all the world he remained faithful, and whose superstitious and intolerant religionism shaped his own ferocious faith, it is strange that it should have been called by the Pagan name—Pantheon. Descending into it by a corridor, paved, walled, and vaulted with marble, it is seen of octagonal form, about forty feet in

height and width, encrusted with polished porphyry, jasper, and agate; and when lit by attendant torch-bearers, glowing and sparkling, as if in mockery of the everlasting darkness enwrapping the mute tenants of the sarcophagi filling the niches of this royal charnel-house. The palace-handle of the gridiron evokes but little interest by its stereotype gilding, panelling, tapestry, and mirrors. Gewgaw saloons and boudoirs have ceased to be signs of good taste, since sovereigns no longer enjoy their monopoly, and "shoddy" outshines the showiest of them. Apartments better deserving the name royal, were those devoted to the uses of a library and museum, where were collected valuable old books and manuscripts, and many fine works of art. Happily the most precious of these were removed to Madrid before the fire of 1872 destroyed that part of the building.

So powerful is the influence of personality, particularly when it has shaped the destinies of an empire, even though for evil, that whatever the wickedness which distinguished it, one feels curious to see where it schemed in secret, grew weary of self-inflicted miseries, cheated itself with hopes of forgiveness it refused to fellow-beings, and finally perished of corruption realized in the flesh. Hence, the cabinet and bedroom, with tiny oratory attached thereto, where Philip II spent most of his time the latter years of his life, are eagerly sought by the visitor to the Escorial. They are in truth the cells of an anchorite, where, in the last-named through a little grated window he could look upon the crucifix of sacrifice on the high-altar, and by prayers and penances seek to propitiate the favour of heaven.

That heaven he had through a life of three score years and ten, offended by disobedience of all its inculcations of justice, charity, and mercy; and by cherishing a pride of power, as presumptuous as it was vain, which hesitated not to boast that "from that barren spot he ruled the world by a paper two inches square."

The hired historians of his day, and ecclesiastical eulogists since, have painted Philip II as a great king, and a great statesman—the highest type of the Spanish character, and of Spanish royalty. Judged by the results of his rule, how stands the case? His father Charles V bequeathed him the largest, richest, most prosperous and powerful monarchy of Europe; whose renown in arms and discovery reached to the uttermost parts of the earth, and whose flag was familiar with all the seas thereof. When Philip ceased to reign, how left he the inheritance? Spain had lost half of the Low Countries. Most of her great enterprizes had failed. True she had captured Tunis, but was compelled to relinquish her hold on it the next year. As to the naval victory of Lepanto, aided by her allies of Rome and Venice, it proved barren of results—the Turks remained masters of their own destiny. Philip's league in behalf of his daughter's claim to the French throne failed—Henry IV triumphed. And his "Invincible Armada" destined for the conquest of England, was beaten and sunken; while Drake and Essex sacked Spain's chief sea-port and threw a panic over her whole coast, shaking the kingdom to its centre, and striking down its preponderating influence for ever. Thus, with surpassing power and prestige, unconquered armies under the lead of able, experienced, and re-

nowned generals, a fleet the most formidable in number of ships and equipment known to naval warfare, and with the New World pouring its untold wealth into the Spanish treasury, Philip II after forty years of absolute rule, left his country in a state of inceptive decay which has never since been checked, but has gone on to a condition of dissolution, from which the hand of popular revolution alone, however desperate the resort may be deemed by the advocates of dynastic degeneracy and its "divine right" of government, affords a chance of salvation. He had neither the mind, nor heart, of a great statesman. Neither the diplomatic policy, and cool, calculating foresight, and mature judgment of his great-grandfather Ferdinand; nor the genius and brilliant qualities, the prompt and self-relying decision, the boldness and dashing achievements sometimes illustrated by generous impulses, of his father Charles V. He was narrow-minded, slow, suspicious, cautious even to extremest cruelty—for blood alone could restore his sense of safety when distrust took possession of his soul—obstinate, secret and stealthy, jealous, vengeful, and unrelenting in the pursuit of his victim. Can such an one be rightly thought a great monarch?

As to accepting Philip II as the type of the Spanish character, to do so would be to calumniate a whole people. True, he had the pride, and the perfidy, which have distinguished most of those, whose rank and station, and therefore official relation to other nations, under royal patronage, have caused them to be regarded as the representatives of Spanish want of virtue and honour. But he had not the manliness, courage, kindly tendencies, gallant spirit, and honest nature of the un-

trading and untitled part of the nation—the productive classes of the rural districts. And certainly no man contributed so far to pervert the moral sense of Spain, and to strengthen her red-handed religionism, as did this most ferocious of all fanatics. There may have been more impetuous tyrants; but none more heartless, implacable, and sanguinary. In private as in public life, in the domestic apartment as in the council-chamber, he loved and trusted none, watched and deceived all; finding in suspicion the proof of crime or the intention of it, and in death its punishment and his own safety.

One cannot look at the small window of the oratory at which he is said to have knelt daily for hours gazing on the crucifix of the altar through penitential tears, without thinking how dim indeed must have been his hope of that mercy by him so sternly refused to others. For there must have risen before him terrible apparitions of conscience, bred of remembrances of the past. Remembrances of the sacrifice of human victims in the great square of Valladolid, to honour his coming from Flanders to take possession of the Spanish sceptre, at which he assisted; and when, to an appeal of the martyr De Seso, he replied—"If it were my own son I would fetch the wood to burn him were he such a wretch as thou art." Remembrances of that other *auto de fé* at Toledo to celebrate his third marriage, at which the roasting of Protestants heightened his nuptial joy. Remembrances of his murders by poison or the dagger. And the remembrance of the killing of his own son Carlos by the slow torture of imprisonment in solitude, without one sympathizing word to melt his maddened spirit

into conformity with the hopelessness of his living death.

The memories, desertion, and decay of the Escorial, are depressing. It is a relief to stroll through the terraced gardens of the palace. And yet the scene beyond is so bleak and barren of good, so significant of uncompromising sternness, like his who cherished its lessons of desolation, that the tourist is glad to escape from it by taking the first on-coming train for Avila —time, three hours. The Guadarrama buttressed with granite, and plains and valleys strewn with boulders, bound the road; the cuttings, fillings, tunnels, and embankments of rock, showing great skill, and a vast outlay of French capital.

The *Fonda del Dos de Mayo*—kept by the ubiquitous *John Smith*—is the only hotel in Avila. The Sierra de Avila lifts its long snow-crest seventeen or eighteen miles southward of the town, and is the source of the clear trout-stream which waters and gives fertility to the wide intervening plain. Before the making of the railway Avila was rarely visited by foreigners; and yet it was well worth the trouble of getting to it; for as a city of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, it seems as if it had been buried, and disinterred unharmed. Time has dealt tenderly with it, and Progress has not thought it worth while to meddle with its inclination to be let alone. A high wall pierced by ten gateways, and flanked by eighty-six Moorish towers, embraces the town in a perfectly preserved circuit of defence. Nowhere is seen so admirable an example of fortification of that time. The features of a feudal and warlike place present themselves throughout. Built of

dark granite it looks sombre and resisting. The houses are as fortresses, with heavily grated windows; and many of them have strong gates, and angles bearing turrets and sculptured escutcheons. The Cathedral, austere in its aspect, half Sanctuary, half Alcazar, is crested with pinnacles, and the semicircular tribune of the building—as if a huge tower of the city wall—has double-banked battlements and machicolations. And convents and monasteries, though mostly tenantless, still stand in and around the town, walled and barred like isolated feudal strongholds.

The Cathedral, though not remarkable for harmony of plan, and consistency of details, yet impresses favourably the uncritical. Sombre its interior is from the dark granite walls, pillars, arches, and floor; but much of the sculpture—especially in wood—is remarkably fine, and serves to relieve somewhat ponderous surroundings. From the archiepiscopal throne the view of the coro, crossing, gilt metal rejas, altar retablo in the tribune, the walls, pillars, pilasters, Norman-gothic arches, and the ribbed vaulting of varied marbles—grey, salmon, and white—is very impressive. The north door, seen from the outside, is a superb example of sculpture in marble. It is saddening to see how its statuary, canopies, mouldings, and colonettes, have been mutilated by a ruffianly resentment of ecclesiastical arrogance and oppression.

A like sign of vandalism, coming of the ignorance meted out to the masses, is seen in the damage done to the splendid west-portal of the church of *San Vicente*—situated outside of the walls, north of the Cathedral. Though the snake-story of San Vicente's martyred

body having been guarded by the woman-tempter of Eden, under a rock still seen in the crypt of the church, and the hole wherein the hands of false swearers were bitten off—as in the old Roman *Bocca de la Verita*—may not lead one to visit that most sanctified of Sanctuaries, the portal above referred to, should, if there be any in-dwelling reverence of high-art. Between two buttressed and sunken-panelled towers, is a high-vaulted porch, at the back of which is deeply set the principal doorway of the church. The outward opening and the sides of the porch are spanned by pointed arches, borne on exquisitely delicate shafts; and the vault-groining is carried also on slender, but shorter pillarets. Surpassing as is the simplicity, solidity, and grace of the whole, its chief charm, perhaps, is in the marvellous richness of the doorway. This is made double by a central pier, before which on a short twisted pillar stands a statue. Round arches are sprung above profusely sculptured sacred stories in the tympana, over the divided doorway; and the whole is enclosed by a larger round arch of prodigious luxuriance of ornamentation, in intermingling foliage, vines, birds, and beasts. The supporting jambs of the latter, in corresponding perspective, being formed of richly capped shafts against which stand statues of saints, classically draped and in dignified attitudes, on columned pedestals. Affluent and chaste conception, and a responsive and elegant execution, have gone hand in hand —like wedded genius—producing here a piece of architectural art in the *twelfth* century, shaming the work and the workmen of the *nineteenth*. One merit, however, may be claimed for the latter, at least in other

lands. If it could make such a marvel, it would not mar it. But then the people of Spain should be pardoned in view of the inevitable law of retribution. The bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism, the abandonment of reason and right, and the ignorance of responsibility to one only Ruler Who is no respecter of persons, in which they have been bred, must produce their legitimate result of punishment of false teachers, and the too probable destruction of all mementos of their being. The veil of darkness will be removed, even if it be by the hand of violence, before light can be let in. Lessons of duty, as well as those of beauty, may be learned from the perishing portal of San Vicente.

The little chapel of *San Segundo*—outside the city wall—is worth a call, to see the tomb of a Bishop of Avila of that name, who is credited with prowess in having thrown "a malignant and a turbaned Turk" from a neighbouring tower.

The church of *Nuestra Serafica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus*, which was erected over the birth-place of the patroness of Spain—by decree of Philip III, confirmed by Act of Cortes, next in rank to Santiago—will not be passed by the admirers of that saint. A Carmelite convent adjoins the church, and is said at Avila to be that in which Teresa's father placed her, with orders of strict seclusion, because of her romantic tendencies, and love of wordly vanities, as a girl of sixteen years. This, long failed to subdue her cheerful hopes of life, and the fervour of her temperament. But finally the latter, under the seductive influences of those around her, was directed into other channels of aspiration; and at twenty years of age she took the vows that divorced her

from the buoyant promises of the past. From her own admissions, many struggles ensued ere her heart became altogether reconciled to what, after a dispassionate view of attendant incidents, we are compelled to think was a constrained fate. At length, as with most ardent and enthusiastic natures, a reaction ensued; and another purpose once formed, she sought with native energy to give it reality. Happily, of far greater importance than the indulgence of her sometimes distempered fancy, she had perceived disorders pervading conventual life opposed to her higher appreciation of its obligations; and she placed before herself the duty of seeking to give purer incentive, and more self-denying direction to the efforts of the Order of which she had become a member. Of course she met with the opposition and persecution realized by all reformers. But her fervid faith, and resolute will and perseverance, at last triumphed; and after dedicating the new monastery of St. Joseph on reformed principles, at Avila, she lived to found seventeen others for women, and fifteen for men, under like obligations, in other parts of Spain. Whatever may be thought in the abstract of these prisons of privilege, in a world where progress and change are prerogatives of man, it may at least be reasonably thought, that if others similarly situated with Santa Teresa had been like-minded, and had directed their efforts to corresponding benevolent and virtuous ends, Spanish monasteries would longer have escaped the doom, destined sooner or later, to overtake all Institutions everywhere, whether ecclesiastical or political, having in view partial and selfish objects.

Upon the suppression of convents, that of *Santo*

Tomãs, outside the walls, became a ruin—its cloisters and even the church being often used for housing passing droves and herds. Some years since, the Bishop of Avila bought it of the government, and thus, as his private property, it has been somewhat repaired, and devoted to the uses of a seminary. Ferdinand and Isabella were its founders late in the fifteenth century. And the pay of each builder engaged on the work—*half a real, about two and a half cents, daily*—tell of the "agony and bloody sweat" for bare bread, which the power and privilege of Sovereigns could compel from subjects. The upper arcade and adjacent apartments of one of the two cloister-courts, were reserved for the use of those monarchs when they here went into religious retreat, as they often did after the death of their only son, Prince Juan. He was buried in the church of this convent, and the white marble tomb which marks the spot, though shamefully mutilated, is still as much a monument of the exquisitely tender and beautiful sculpture of the past, as of him whose reputed virtues, had he lived, might have given a nobler destiny to his country. For Spain would then have cherished her own resources, and her own inherent national policy, and not have been made tributary to Austrian ambition of imperial rule. Apart from the interest of this sepulchral monument, and another in one of the side chapels to two domestic attendants on the Prince's childhood, there are features of this church altogether unique, and exceedingly attractive to the ecclesiologist. At each end of the nave is a gallery. That to the west fitted up with canopied stalls, richly carved in scriptural and historical story. That to the

east devoted to the altar, and to the services of its immediate ministers. Both are thus lifted above the sombre grey stone floor, covered with epitaphs of monks. Among those who sleep beneath, if judgment has not already in his case anticipated its damnation, is Torquemada; that most savage of all Inquisitors, Satan's high-priest, who sought to make of Spain a realm of fire. Across this dreary depth, worshippers in the galleried coro responded to the services of the altar beyond, immediately before and beneath which is the tomb of the young Prince Juan. And doubtless, when, as they often did, Ferdinand and Isabella came here to seek the comfort of formulary piety, and from their seats, still preserved in the coro, looked at the sepulchre of their son, and then above at the symbol of their faith, they failed not to find what their hearts yearned for—the consolation of hope in a promised re-union. Thus, poor self-deluded man makes a golden calf, and falls down and worships it. Fashions a God of mercy for himself, of vengeance for others. It was in the reign of these Sovereigns, and in Isabella's hereditary kingdom of Castile, by her own petition to Pope Sixtus IV, that the bloody altar of the Inquisition was erected, whose sole service was the sacrifice of human victims for conscience-sake. Historians, regarding only Isabella's private virtues, or influenced by partial and generous impulses, have sought in too many instances to veil the blemishes of public acts, for which, she, more than all others, was responsible. Thus have they thrown on her spiritual advisers, alone, the sin of lighting up the flames of persecution intended, as was claimed, to purify Spain of all forms of heresy against Rome; and also