

that of inculcating the hateful precept, that zeal therein for the purging of the faith would atone for all crime. It is not proposed to absolve these from a charge of participating in this wickedness. But it is neither right in view of truth, nor politic in consideration of its bearing on the good of mankind, to shift the condemnation of wickedness from those in authority, because they are women. It is said by the eulogists of Isabella, that she was peculiarly fitted by intellectual gifts, moral excellencies, and uncommon force of character, for the exalted position she occupied. Independent exercise of her own judgment and inclinations, and resoluteness in maintaining their decisions, frequently illustrated her life. By no acts were they more strikingly shown than by her prompt and firm refusal, even in girlhood, to contest her brother's right to the crown of Castile, when powerful nobles sought her consent to proclaim her the Sovereign; by her resistance of the king her brother's attempted coercion of her marriage with Alfonso of Portugal; by her rejection of presumptive royalty in France, and union with Ferdinand of Aragon against the royal will; and still later by her patronage of Columbus contrary to the decision of her husband, and of an ecclesiastical council under the presidency of Talavera an eminent prelate of the church, and at that time confessor of the queen, who considered his proposal visionary, and the hypothesis on which it rested, unorthodox. The attempt, then, to screen her, and throw upon others the iniquity of this awful crime against humanity, is against truth and justice. And the assertion put forth in its support, that her ghostly counsellors, to whose sagacity and

sanctity she deferred, trained her heart in intolerance and fanaticism, and directed these to evil ends, is scarcely admissible in the face of her well known will and independence of action; and if accepted, would open the door to a like excuse for those who are said to have misguided her, and who are equally entitled to exculpation on the same ground of impressibility in earlier years to vicious influences. Certain it is, that Isabella did not put forth her will and power in the interests of the practical love and charity, which are the essence of the religion she professed. But, on the contrary, as has been said, solicited the Papal decree which inaugurated a persecution of fire in her own dominions, and saw placed at the head of the tribunal which adjudged it *her own confessor*, Torquemada; whose fierce fanaticism and savagery, she could not, in view of their confidential relation, have failed to know. There is no pleasure in contemplating the conclusion of impartial history in the summing up of consequences of this lamentable error of Isabella's life. However kindly its disposition toward her memory in view of many domestic and public virtues, she must be held responsible for a full share of the calamities coming of the Inquisition. The deaths by fire, and the deaths by imprisonment and heart desolation, *during the eighteen years of her reign*, in which Torquemada was the ruling demon of the "Holy Office." *When*, according to Llorente, no less than 10,220 human beings were *burnt alive*, and 6,860 in effigy—having escaped or being already dead: and 97,321 were "reconciled" by various other punishments, including the *merciful penance of confiscation of all property, and imprisonment for life.*

Avila is the starting point on this route for Salamanca. The sights of that once renowned seat of learning, will not repay the tourist for taking the dreary drive of sixty-two miles by Diligence to reach them; to which must be added forty-eight miles more of similar discomfort to regain the northern railway at Medina del Campo. The University at Salamanca is a wreck in every sense. And the only other thing worth mention—the Cathedral—will excite but little interest after seeing the more imposing one of Segovia; which was built by the same architect, at a later period, with equal richness of details, but on a grander scale, and with the immense advantage of a curved instead of a square tribune, or east end.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MEDINA DEL CAMPO—ITS CASTLE. VALLADOLID—MUSEUM—WOOD SCULPTURE—SPAIN'S MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS. BURGOS—THE CID—CATHEDRAL—CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES—ITS CHURCH. ROUTE TO SAN SEBASTIAN AND IRUN. IGNATIUS DE LOYOLA'S BIRTH-PLACE. ROUTE VIA PALENCIA TO LEON AND SANTANDER. WAYSIDE SCENERY. PARTING NOTE.

FROM Avila by railway direct to Medina del Campo, the distance is fifty-three and a-half miles. For the greater part of the way the road-side scene is of fallow-land, vineyards, fields of scanty grain, and occasional stumpy olives and pines. Fenceless, and almost houseless, and a husbandman being rarely seen, there is a painfully deserted look on all sides, unaccountable in view of the facts that no Carlists are hereabouts; though the Conscriptionist is, and he may be equally repugnant as Carlists to the peaceably inclined peasant. Around Medina del Campo the spread of grain is thicker. Indeed it looks as if this may be one of the chief wheat-growing districts.

Although three hundred years ago a city of considerable importance, and frequently the residence of the Court, there is nothing now to tempt the tourist to stop here. Yet as he approaches the station, he will look with an interest growing out of historical events

at the ruined Castle on an elevation, near to, and on the right of the road. This Castle "de la Mota" was built in 1440, evidently on the site of one of earlier date. For near its walls, there are still seen masses of old concrete, crumbling and confused, while the remains of the later work are simple, manifestly modern, and of intelligible uses, executed in brick, and incorporating very small portions of the concrete walls of the former structure. It is irregularly square, with formidable round towers rising at the angles from the sloping base of the walls, and overlooking a deep moat. Square towers surmount different parts of the Castle within the battlemented walls, and a lofty keep rises imposingly above all. It was in this fortress-residence of Spanish royalty, that the Infanta Juana, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of Charles V, manifested the first symptoms of that eccentricity of conduct, which afterwards became confirmed in irremediable melancholy. And here it was also, that Isabella subsequently died from an illness which became aggravated by that daughter's unhappy differences with her husband Philip of Flanders. Beyond Medina as far as the river Duero, a wide agricultural plain is spread out, where wayside peasantry, to their measured movements of labour chant mournfully; and shaking most nasally, in priestly fashion, on the last bar. From the Duero a vast forest of scrubby pines, with occasional patches of scanty grain and vines, stretches nearly to *Valladolid*—twenty-eight miles from Medina del Campo.

-Either the Fonda de Paris, or the Fonda del Siglo de Oro, will be found sufficiently comfortable for the tourist

during his brief stay in this old capital of Castile, and for a time of united Spain. The Plaza Mayor—the place of *autos de fé* and bull fights formerly, and of promenading in full feather and with dust-sweeping skirts at present—is near the Fonda de Paris, and is a central starting point for sight-seers. Though historical associations cluster about Valladolid, there are but few material memorials of these remaining. As to church architecture it is without special interest for an amateur. Three or four hours will suffice to gratify mere curiosity as to it, and this time may be divided between the huge, heavy, almost hideous, and unfinished pseudo-classic Cathedral, the less pretentious and purely Gothic Santa Maria l'Antigua, and the florid fronted San Pablo. The convent of San Gregorio behind the last-named church is a ruin; except that part now used as a military barrack—the façade of which is remarkable for its highly decorated gateway and pinnacled parapet. The *University* is a sombre renaissance building, where the Sciences seem as silent as their statues which guard the entrance against intrusion. The *Museum* a short distance beyond, occupies the old collège of Santa Cruz, and incloses a central court surrounded by cloisters, above which are open arcades—the rooms being entered from these. The paintings in the Museum are not of high class; but there is much of wood sculpture here deserving close examination, and thought by most connoisseurs to possess great merit. Though on this head an extraordinary difference of opinion exists between such art-critics as Mr. Ford and Mr. Street. Perhaps in no one spot in Spain is so good an opportunity afforded to judge of the execution and effect of wood

sculpture as here. Valladolid for a time seems to have been a city of religious houses; some of them of great wealth, and all disposed to the extent of their means, to gratify a passion for such embellishments. Revolution, in suppressing these houses, left their works of art to the hazards of neglect, or of personal speculation. But public appreciation of art in some places, in others pride of native genius the producer of that art, led municipalities to provide places for the preservation of their works. Hence the Museum of Valladolid has been made a treasury of the sculptures, not only of the native Castilians Juni and Berruguete, but also for those of other Spanish masters whose works found their way into monasteries and convents, in and near this city. Many of these are *painted* sculpture—holding a middle place between the arts of painting and sculpture, in its strict and unassociated sense. Whether it is a relic of heathenism, or was introduced by the Spanish Christian Church for the more effective moving of its worshippers, cannot be positively determined. The resemblance of the ceremonies and superstitions of ancient and modern times, those carried by Phœnician and Carthaginian commerce and old Roman conquest into the Peninsula, and those of modern Papal Rome shaped by lingering Paganism, is indisputable. And thus in Spain, image-worship was perpetuated and strengthened, making the manufacture of effigies a business, alike profitable and deemed deserving of all honour by those high in ecclesiastical authority. The influence of this on the progress of that art may be readily conceived. Wood—such as walnut, cedar, lime, pine, and alerce—was the chief, though not exclusive material used. Effigies of

persons and drapery, were coloured in imitation of reality; and not only became the habitants of chapels and shrines, even the holiest of holies, but decked with diadem and gems, and attended by chanting priests and a military guard, they were, and still are in most places, borne by brotherhoods in religious processions on occasions of high festival, bowed to by all, and worshipped on bended knees by many. The tints and tones of these were studied as closely, and applied as delicately and skilfully, as in colouring on canvas. But when figures were intended to be robed in real drapery—as is common with the Madonna—the head, hands, and feet of the figure, alone were highly finished. Yet, however effective this style of art in impressing the vulgar, it is a deviation from pure taste. According to the rules of a high, intrinsic, and graceful art, the sculptor should deal with form alone, and breathe life into colourless marble. The painter with colour, starting being and expression by line, tint, tone, and shade from surface, and unfolding relative distance by relative light. The one cannot invade the province of the other without self-disparagement; and, as in this case of painted wood, seeking to excite a popular delusion at the cost of a pure and elevated art-taste. Nevertheless it is recommended not to pass without particular examination the wood-sculptures—painted as well as unpainted—now collected in the Valladolid Museum. None of equal claims to merit are to be found elsewhere. Really artistic painted wood-sculpture may be considered a specialty of Spain of the past; and the skill with which it was executed can be realized only in the few works which remain of Vigarny, Juni, Hernandez, Montañes,

Villabrilla, Berruguete, and Roldan. In the Museum building is also a well-arranged library of about 15,000 volumes, and many valuable manuscripts.

Strolling through streets presenting many pictures of odd-looking persons and things, the time passes pleasantly and fleetly. And one may chance to stumble on the humble house to which Columbus came to die—impoverished and heart-broken by the injustice of the Sovereign he had served. It is a low, stucco-front building in the *Calle de Colon*—No. 7; inscribed "Aqui murio Colon"—*here died Colon*;—and having upon it a common plaster medallion-relievo of the great discoverer, with a draped globe and chart on one side, and an anchor, sprigs of laurel, and horn of gold and pearls, on the other. Over two doors are these words—“*Leche de Vacas y de Burras*”—*Milk of Cows and Asses*. The lower story being used as a *stable* for these animals, and the upper occupied by those who keep them. Such is Spain's monument to her benefactor!
Sic transit

The distance from Valladolid to *Burgos* is seventy-nine miles by rail. Time from city to city four hours. The land beyond the immediate line of the road is broken by bald hills on both sides. And as *Burgos* is among the highest points on the northern line, the cold at times is extreme. Even on the 11th May we had snow. Housed at the *Fonda del Norte* (mean and extortionate), or at the *Fonda Rafaela* (mean and moderate), the tourist turns out to see the wonders, as he expects, of this city famous in early Spanish annals as the first capital of Castile, when Spaniards broke from their fastnesses of the Asturias to recover posses

sions long held by the Moors. But the monuments of its olden times are gone. A simple pillar on the hillside west of the Cathedral, marks—as is said on it—the site where stood the house in which was born, A.D. 1026, the Cid Campeador, the greatest of the heroes of Spanish romance; for poetic legends have had more to do than reliable chronicles with shaping and sounding his exploits. Nearly as many Cids have appeared in traditional annals as there have been minds engaged in the work of pleasing the national fancy for having a devil-mcare adventurer, engaged merely in predatory war, transformed into a hero of faith and fatherland. The old oaken chest, fast crumbling into dust in one of the Cathedral sacristias, and said to have been that with which the Cid cheated the rich Jews, tells its own tale of plunder and dishonesty. The Cid wanted money—so goes the story—he filled the chest nearly with sand, strewed the top with jewelry of gold and precious stones, miscalled spoils of war instead of theft, so as to conceal what was beneath, and deposited the whole by weight in pledge of repayment of the loan. Tradition rather boastfully implies that he over-reached the money-lenders at the end as at the beginning of the transaction. But then they were “only Jews,” and according to the notions of the times, fit for nothing else but foul play and fuel.

Crowning the hill above the memorial pillar, is the fortress which resisted all Wellington's attempts by siege and assault to take it from the French. Many strange and startling stories are told of its early history, dating back to the ninth century. But it is so jealously guarded that few can spare time, and command the

influence, to get admission within its walls. The view from this fortress-hill is the finest to be had of the city and its surroundings. Indeed the massive proportions of the Cathedral, and its outspread grandeur of pinnacles, cupolas, lanterns, and steeples, cannot be appreciated except from some such overlooking height. And the beauties of the Arlanzón river, valley, and distant hills, will be unknown to the tourist who fails to climb this look-out. A stroll through the city enables one to realize the fact that 25,000 people may live without work. At least it seems so. *Idleness* is the prevailing characteristic, except with the beggars, who *industriously* pursue you even into the first class waiting-rooms at the railway station. They are in the majority and dare not be resisted in their persecution of you for bread. In this ramble, the bartizan-turreted gateway of Sa. Maria, and the questionable bones of the Cid at the Ayuntamiento, having been looked at, the Cathedral will of course claim attention. We shall not describe it; enough has already been said of the particular features of Spanish ecclesiastical art. But it may be briefly said, that being built on the slope of a hill the pleasing effect of harmonious relation of parts is to some extent lost. So marked is this diversity in regard to two of its portals, that, while that of the south transept is reached from *without* by an *ascending* flight of many steps from the street, that of the north transept is on a level with the street on that side, and requires a *descending* flight of fifteen or sixteen steps *within*, to give access to the floor of the church. The critical eye will detect many inconsistencies of style, resulting perhaps from the many minds and varied tastes engaged through a long

period in shaping and finishing the great whole. Nevertheless its merits according to popular report, may not be thought overrated, if, not scrutinising these too closely, we give ourselves up to the examination of its numerous original details separately, both of plan and enrichment, resulting from competitive genius. White stone, subdued in tone by time, is the material of the whole interior. The coro carving by Berruguete is splendid. And the sculpture generally of church, most of the chapels, and sacristias, is of rare excellence. That of the cloisters and some of their surrounding offices, is an unfolding of exquisite art. Nor are paintings wanting to distinguish this magnificent Sanctuary. Works of several masters are among its treasures—such as a deposition from the Cross by Ribera, in the Capilla de Santo Christo; a Magdalen, in the sacristia of the constable's chapel by Leonardo da Vinci; and a crucifixion by El Greco, in the old sala capitular, entered from the court of the cloisters. It is El Greco's greatest work; and perhaps is entitled to take rank next to Guido Reni's unrivalled rendering of that subject in the church of San Lorenzo at Rome. The longer one lingers over the affluent details of the Burgos Cathedral the greater will be his gratification.

Crossing the river and descending its bank opposite the town, the ruins of the former celebrated convent and church of Las Huelgas will be passed. About two miles further, on the top of an ascent to the right, will be seen the Cartuja de Miraflores. It may be supposed, that as the resting place of her parents and brother, Queen Isabella—la Catolica—did not fail to distinguish it by signal marks of her favour; and these

were long an assurance to it of munificent patronage. But causes already referred to brought it, in common with like institutions, under public condemnation. Its power and privileges ceased, and the brotherhood no longer perpetuated by accessions of new members, has dwindled to three decrepit drones, who live upon the charity of visitors. Patches of green moss, weeds, and brambles, have taken possession of cloister patios and arcades; and deserted, damp, pestiferous cells, heighten the picture of dreariness and desolation. The convent and church now belong to the archbishop by right of purchase. The adjacent lands have passed into the possession of neighbouring proprietors. The church has three divisions—an outer for the people, a middle for lay-brothers, and an inner for the sacerdotal monks. In the last named are the objects of most interest, although much of the carving in the middle division by Berruguete possesses uncommon merit. The worms, unhappily, have begun to work its destruction, no means being adopted to prevent it. The stalls in the sacerdotal part are by Sanchez. And the Retable of the high-altar is an elaborate and magnificent composition by Gil de Siloe. Its heavy gilding is from the second remittance of gold by Columbus from America. Remembering the means by which the precious metal was taken from the confiding natives, does it not seem strange that it should have been deemed an offering acceptable to a just and merciful God? Above the Tabernacle of the altar, and an Assumption of the Virgin, is a circle of clustered angels surrounding a crucifix surmounted by the symbolical pelican bleeding its own breast. Although greatly injured by French

invaders, the alabaster tomb of King Juan II and his Queen, is still an example of superbly wrought sculpture by Gil de Siloe; unsurpassed probably by any similar work, unless by the sepulchral monument of their son Alfonso—also by Siloe—in an ogée recess near by. This is a mass of gothic details; canopies, angels, children, priests, warriors, animals, birds, shields, branches, vines, fruits, and foliage, twining and intertwining in marvellous intricacy and richness, forming an apparent animated lacework around a kneeling effigy of the young Prince. In the Capilla de San Bruno is a wood carving of that Saint by Manuel Pareyda, a Portuguese. It is really a masterpiece of this style of art. And we are led to think by a neighbouring inscription, that it was this statue which gave origin to the saying—"It would speak, if the rules of the order did not forbid it:" although the same is reported of a similar work in marble in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Rome. Other churches in Burgos—as San Esteban, San Nicolas, and San Gil—may interest the ecclesiological student, but have no special attractions for others.

The direct route from Burgos to Irun, the gateway out of Spain on the Bidassoa river, is via Miranda del Ebro, Vitoria, Alsasua, and San Sebastian; the distance being $151\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the running time nine hours. As once passed over by us, hills were found at times encroaching on the line of the road, the land was treeless with little more than patches of cultivation, a spread of grain only occasionally appearing soon to be followed by rock spurs. Such was the wayside scene for about fifty miles, even to Miranda del Ebro, where the

railways from Zaragoza and Bilbao fall into the main line. Thence on to Vitoria and beyond, the landscape is improved, though not much beautified by spots of scrubby timber—forlorn looking trunks trying to sprout a crop of *twigs*, the *firewood* of this region. With such fuel, cheerless indeed must be winter hereabouts. Then follow, to the right and left, hills covered with bush thickets. Further still, north of Alsasua where the Pamplona branch joins, outlying spurs of the Biscayan Pyrenees border the road with rolling slopes and pretty valleys, rock walls and snow-crowned crests, all the way to Zumarraga in the midst of this mountainous district. A mile beyond the village—easily reached by omnibus or carriage from the station—is the *Santa Casa Loyola*. A public-house, adjoining the conventual monument to his memory, furnishes accommodations to those who wish to see the spot where was born the founder of the Order of Jesuits. That community, which has chosen to grapple with Principalities and Powers for the control of the human mind, and the determining of human interests; and with the right of the human conscience to direct the immortal destinies of the soul. A few hours may be well spent here under the inspirations of surrounding nature, in meditating on the war now being waged between State and Church in those countries where Christ is falsified, by professed followers insisting that *his kingdom is of this world*. And ere rendering judgment upon the issues involved, let the question be pondered, what has Jesuitism done for Spain, its birth-place, cradle, and—until recently—its undisputed possession? Light too may be thrown upon it by the

atrocities now being committed here, and hereabouts throughout the Basque Provinces, in the interests of Don Carlos the Pretender to the Spanish throne, and the pledged patron of ecclesiastical supremacy. From Zumarraga to San Sebastian the road runs through a fertile and lovely series of valleys in mountain settings. Though celebrated for sieges and sea-bathing, San Sebastian is too near France to retain Spanish features sufficiently interesting to turn aside the tourist impatient to reach the frontier town Irun—but twelve miles further.

But the San Sebastian route is not available when waylaying and way-destroying Carlists are about; and at such times the branch to Bilbao is apt to be alike unsafe. The railway from Venta de Baños—12 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles north of Valladolid—to Santander must then be taken by those wishing to quit Spain by a north-west outlet. This was our necessity when last we left that country. An opportunity was thus afforded to look at Palencia, of which nothing remains worth describing since it yielded its old university distinction to Salamanca. Its much praised Cathedral is so far inferior to that at Leon in all the elements of grace and grandeur, that it is far better to run on and see that exquisite work of art without loss of time. Leon, the capital of the old kingdom of that name, is but seventy-five miles beyond Palencia by a branch railway westward. The distance can be made there and back between daylight and sunset, with two hours to spare to see the Pantheon at the Church of San Isidoro (where lie the deceased sovereigns of Leon) and the Cathedral, now being restored; which, in the estimation of some persons, is

the finest model of church architecture in Spain. Neither Fonda nor food will be found in Leon fit for a representative of civilization. Despatch business and escape from evils to come, is the sole rule of safety.

A well cultivated plain stretches nearly all the way from Palencia to Leon. But neither fence, hedge, nor house, diversifies the scene, except in the *Pueblos*—mud-hovel peasant villages, long distances apart. This vast *Prairie*, as it would be called in the "Far West," is a great wheat-growing district. The grain is separated by a flat sledge drawn by mules over a bed of sheaves, is wind-winnowed by throwing it into the air, and is carried, either as grain, or flour of fine quality, by railway, to Santander, chiefly for exportation to the Spanish West India colonies. From Palencia to Santander the road-side scenery is more picturesque, but the land is less fertile than the last mentioned. A hilly region is soon reached after leaving Palencia; and when it is passed and the road climbs and pierces the old Castilian Pyrenees, the mountain wall protecting the north-west provinces from Biscayan blasts, the views are but little less bold and beautiful than those of Switzerland. Rocks piled in laminated masses thousands of feet high to catch the sunlight, and paint themselves with brilliance and shadow, chasms deep and dark, glades and valleys clothed in emerald, riotous rapids and leaping waterfalls hurrying to sleep in placid streams, unroll their pictures to charm the eye, and cheer the spirits of the wayfarer. Who cannot without regret at parting, think of the means of pleasure and profit enjoyed during residence and travels in

Spain—to be hereafter cherished only as things of memory. Nor can he, whatever the sins of this country, fail to feel pity for her present sufferings, and sympathy with the efforts to end them of such of her sons as Emilio Castelar, the pure-minded and pure-hearted.

Priests and Princes, co-operating, have steeped Spain in ignorance, superstition, and general degradation; and brought her into a chronic condition of discontent and anarchy; from which the People alone, guided by some Moses from among themselves, can extricate her. Such a Prophet has interpreted to them the Law of their political salvation. Will they heed him? Or will they turn to the idols of the past? We have already referred to facts which strengthen the hope, that they will respond to the requirements of the age.

Turning from thoughts of the parricides of their country, the eye of liberal culture looks with unalloyed pleasure at the unspotted page of history furnished by Spanish *Painters*, and other art-poets, both *Sculptors* and *Architects*. Although it has not been denied that self-constituted censorship, happily as limited as it is gratuitous, and without knowledge of their great works, has sought to disparage Spanish masters, famous with all the rest of the art-world. With enthusiastic admiration it gazes on the pencilled poetry of ancient mythology, and on crudities of incoherent fancy, while the art-idealism of an elevated religion has no charms for it, though born in a land of fervour, and coming of prophecies, revelations, and teachings, clothed in richest language, and filled with images, incidents, and aspirations, fitted to awaken and shape the visions of genius.

Santander is a land-locked, busy sea-port. But whatever its attractions of commercial activity, and of fashionable life and sea-bathing at its famed *Sardinero*, it cannot long restrain the going of a voyager bound to other lands.



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THE END.