

crossed over the breast ; the bishops dressed in their most gorgeous robes, the princes in their armor, the women in their gala costumes. All these tombs are covered with immense cloths which fall over the sides and, taking the shape of the raised portions of the statues, appear as if really covering the stiffened members of a human form. On every side one turns, are seen in the distance, among the enormous pilasters, behind the rich gratings, in the uncertain light that falls from the high windows, those mausoleums, funereal draperies, and those rigid outlines of bodies. Approaching the chapels one is astonished by the profusion of sculptures, marbles, and gold which ornament the walls, ceilings, and altars ; every chapel contains an army of angels and saints sculptured in marble and wood, and painted, gilded, and clothed ; on whatever portion of the pavement your eye rests, it is driven upward from bas-relief to bas-relief, niche to niche, arabesque to arabesque, painting to painting, as far as the ceiling, and from the ceiling, by another chain of sculptures and pictures, is led back to the floor. On whatever side you turn your face, you encounter eyes which are looking at you, hands which are making signs to you, clouds which seems to be rising, crystal suns which seem to tremble, and an infinite variety of forms, colors, and reflections that dazzle your eyes and confuse your mind.

A volume would not suffice to describe all the masterpieces of sculpture and painting which are scattered throughout that immense cathedral. In the sacristy of the Chapel of the High Constables of Castile is a very beautiful Magdalen attributed to Leonardo da Vinci ; in the Chapel of the Presentation, a Virgin attributed to Michael Angelo ; in an-

other, a Holy Family attributed to Andrea del Sarto. Of not one of these three pictures is the painter really known; but when I saw the curtain drawn aside, and heard those names uttered in a reverend voice, a thrill ran through me from head to foot. I experienced for the first time, in all its force, that feeling of gratitude which we owe to great artists who have made the name of Italy reverent and dear to the whole world; I understood, for the first time, that they are not only illustrious, but benefactors of their country; and not alone by him who has sufficient intellect to understand and admire them, but also by him who may be blind to their works, does not care for, or ignores them, must they be revered. Because, to a man who is lacking in sentiment for the beautiful, national pride is never wanting, and he who does not even feel this, feels at least the pride of his own, and is deeply gratified to hear (if it be only a sacristan who says it): "He was born in Italy," so smiles and rejoices; and for that smile and enjoyment he is indebted to the great names which did not touch his soul before he left the boundaries of his own country. Those grand names accompany and protect him wherever he goes, like inseparable friends; they make him appear less of a stranger among strangers, and shed around his face a luminous reflection of their glory. How many smiles, how many pressures of hand, how many courteous words from unknown people do we owe to Raphael, Michael Angelo, Ariosto, and Rossini!

Any one who wishes to see this cathedral in one day must pass by the masterpieces. The chiselled door which opens into the cloister, has the reputation of being, after the gates of the Baptistry at Florence, the most beautiful in the world; behind the high altar is a stupendous bas-relief of Philip of

Borgogna, representing the passion of Christ, an immense composition, for the accomplishment of which one would suppose the lifetime of a man could hardly suffice; the choir is a genuine museum of sculpture of a prodigious richness; the cloister is full of tombs with recumbent statues, and all around a profusion of bas-reliefs; in the chapels, around the choir, in the rooms of the sacristy, in fact, everywhere, there are pictures by the greatest Spanish artists, statues, columns, and ornaments; the high altar, the organs, the doors, the staircases, the iron bars,—everything is grand and magnificent, and arouses and subdues at the same time one's admiration. But what is the use of adding word upon word? Could the most minute description give an idea of the thing? And if I had written a page for every picture, statue, or bas-relief, should I have been able to arouse in the souls of others the emotion which I experienced?

The sacristan approached me, and murmured in my ear, as if he were revealing a secret:

"Do you wish to see *the Christ*?"

"What Christ?"

"Ah!" he replied, "that is understood, *the famous one!*"

The famous Christ of the Cathedral of Burgos, which bleeds every Friday, merits a particular mention. The sacristan takes you into a mysterious chapel, closes the shutters, lights the candles on the altar, draws a cord, a curtain slips aside, and the Christ is there. If you do not take flight at the first sight, you have plenty of courage; a real body on a cross could not fill you with more horror. It is not a statue, like the others, of painted wood; it is of skin, they say human flesh, stuffed; has real

hair, eyebrows, lashes, and beard ; the hair streaked with blood, the chest, legs, and hands stained with blood too ; the wounds, which seem like genuine ones, the color of the skin, the contraction of the face, the pose, look,—everything is terribly real ; you would say that in touching it one would feel the trembling of the members and the heat of the blood ; it seems to you as if the lips moved, and were about to utter a lament ; you cannot bear the sight long, and despite of yourself, you turn away your face and say to the sacristan : “ I have seen it ! ”

After the Christ one must see the celebrated coffer of the Cid. It is broken and worm-eaten, and hangs from the wall in one of the rooms of the sacristy. Tradition narrates that the Cid carried this coffer with him in his wars against the Moors, and that the priests used it as an altar on which to celebrate mass. One day, finding his pockets empty, the formidable warrior filled the coffer with stones and bits of iron, had it carried to a Jewish usurer, and said to him :

“ The Cid needs some money ; he could sell his treasures, but does not wish to do so ; give him the money he needs, and he will return it very soon, with the interest of 99 per cent., and he leaves in your hands, as a pledge, this precious coffer, which contains his fortune. But on one condition : that you will swear to him not to open it until he has returned you what he owes. There is a secret which can be known by none but God and myself : decide—”

Whether it was that the usurers of that day had more faith in the officers of the army, or were a trifle more stupid than those of the present time, the fact remains that the usurer accepted the proposition

of the Cid, took his oath, and gave the money. Whether the Cid paid the debt, or even whether the Jew had a litigation about the matter, is not known; but the coffer is still in existence, and the sacristan tells you the story as a joke, without suspecting for a moment that it was the trick of a thorough rascal, rather than the ingenious joke of a facetious man of honor.

Before leaving the cathedral, you must have the sacristan tell you the famous legend of the Papa-Moscas. Papa-Moscas is a puppet of life-size, placed in the case of a clock, over the door, inside the church. Once, like the celebrated puppets of the clock at Venice, at the first stroke of the hour, it came out of its hiding-place, and at every stroke uttered a cry, and made an extravagant gesture to the great delectation of the faithful, but the children laughed, and the religious services were disturbed. A rigorous bishop, in order to put an end to the scandal, had some nerve of Papa-Moscas cut, and since that time it has been mute and immovable. But this did not stop people at Madrid, throughout Spain, and elsewhere, from talking of it. Papa-Moscas was a creature of Henry III, and this fact gives rise to its great importance. The story is quite a curious one. Henry III, the king of chivalrous adventures, who one day sold his mantle in order to buy something to eat, used to go every day, incognito, to pray in the cathedral. One morning his eyes encountered those of a young woman who was praying before the sepulchre of Ferdinand Gonzales; their glances (as Théophile Gautier would say) intertwined; the young girl colored; the king followed her when she left the church, and accompanied her to her home. For many days, at the same place

and same hour, they saw and looked at each other, and displayed their love and sympathy with glances and smiles. The king always followed her home, without saying one word, and without her showing any desire that he should speak to her. One morning, on coming out of church, the beautiful unknown let her handkerchief drop; the king picked it up, hid it in his bosom, and offered her his own. The woman, her face suffused with blushes, took it, and wiping away her tears, disappeared. From that day Don Henry never saw her more. A year afterward, the king, having lost his way in a grove, was assailed by six hungry wolves; after a prolonged struggle, he killed three of them with his sword; but his strength was giving out, and he was on the point of being devoured by the others. At that moment he heard the discharge of a gun, and a strange cry, which put the wolves to flight; he turned, and saw the mysterious woman, who was looking fixedly at him, without being able to utter one word. The muscles of her face were horribly contracted, and, from time to time, a sharp lament burst from her chest. In recovering from his first surprise, the king recognized in that woman the beloved one of the cathedral. He uttered a cry of joy, dashed forward to embrace her; but the young girl stopped him, and exclaimed with a divine smile: "I loved the memory of the Cid and Ferdinand Gonzales, because my heart loves all that is noble and generous; for this reason I loved thee two, but my duty prevented me from consecrating to thee this love which would have been the delight of my life. Accept the sacrifice." * * *

Saying which she fell to the ground and expired, without finishing her sentence, but pressing the

king's handkerchief to her heart. A year thereafter the Papa-Moscas appeared at the clock door, for the first time, to announce the hour; King Henry had had it made in honor of the woman he loved; the cry of the Papa-Moscas recalled to the king the cry which his deliverer uttered in the forest in order to frighten the wolves. History relates that Don Henry wished the Papa-Moscas to repeat the woman's loving words; but the Moorish artist who made the automaton, after many vain efforts, declared himself incapable of satisfying the desire of the pious monarch.

After hearing the story, I took another turn around the cathedral, thinking, with sadness, that I should never see it again, that in a short time so many marvellous works of art would only be a memory, and that this memory would some day be disturbed and confused with others or lost entirely. A priest was preaching in the pulpit before the high altar; his voice could scarcely be heard; a crowd of women, who were kneeling on the pavement with bowed heads and clasped hands, were listening to him. The preacher was an old man of venerable appearance; he talked of death, eternal life, and angels, in a gentle tone, gesticulating with every sentence as if he were holding out his hand to a person who had fallen, and were saying: "Rise!" I could have given him mine, crying out: "Raise me!" The Cathedral of Burgos is not as gloomy as almost all the others in Spain; it had calmed my mind and disposed me quietly to religious thoughts. I went out repeating just above my breath: "Raise me!" almost involuntarily, turned to look once more at the bold spires and graceful bell towers, and, indulging in varied fancies, started toward the heart of the city.

On turning a corner, I found myself before a shop which made me shudder. There are some like it at Barcelona and Saragossa and in all the other Spanish cities, in fact ; but for some unaccountable reason, I had not seen them. It was a large clean shop, with two immense windows on the right and left of the door ; at the entrance stood a woman smiling as she knit ; at the back, a boy was playing. In looking at that shop even the coldest man would have shuddered, and the gayest would have been disturbed. Guess what it contained. In the windows, behind the open doors, along the walls, almost up to the ceiling, one above the other like baskets of fruit, some covered with an embroidered veil, others with flowers, gilded, chiselled, and painted, were so many burial caskets. Inside, those for men ; outside, those for children. One of the windows came in contact, on the exterior, with the window of a sausage-vender, so that the coffins almost touched the eggs and cheese, and it might easily occur that a man in great haste, while thinking he was going to buy his breakfast, mistaking the door, would stumble in among the biers—a mistake little calculated to sharpen his appetite.

Since we are talking of shops, let us go into one of a tobacco-vender, to see how they differ from ours. In Spain, aside from the cigarettes and havanas, which are sold in separate shops, there are no other cigars than those of *tres cuartos* (a trifle less than three sous), shaped like our Roman cigars, a little thicker, very good or very bad, according to the make, which has rather degenerated. The usual customers, who are called in Spain by the curious name of *parroquianos*, on paying something extra, have given them the selected cigars ; the most re-

finest smokers, adding a trifle to this sum, procure the choicest of the choice. On the counter there is a small plate containing a sponge, dipped in water, to moisten the postage stamps, and thus avoid that *everlasting licking*; and in a corner, a box for letters and printed material. The first time one enters one of these shops, especially when it is full, one is inclined to laugh, in seeing the three or four men who are selling, flinging the coins on to the counter so that they make them fly over their heads, and catching them in the air with the air of dice players; this they do to ascertain by the sound whether they are good, as so many counterfeits are in circulation.

The coin most in use is the *real*, which equals a trifle more than our five sous; four *reales* make a *peceta*, five *pecetas* a *duro*, which is our crown of blessed memory, by adding thereto twenty-seven centimes; five crowns make a gold *doblon de Isabel*. The people reckon by *reales*. The *real* is divided into eight *cuartos*, seventeen *ochavos*, or thirty-four *maravedis*,—Moorish coins which have nearly lost their primitive form, and resemble crushed buttons more than anything else. Portugal has a monetary mint even smaller than ours; the *reis*, which equals nearly half a centime, and every thing is reckoned by *reis*. Let us fancy a poor traveller, who arrives there without knowing of this peculiarity, and after having made an excellent dinner, asks for the bill, and hears the waiter calmly reply—instead of four liras—eight hundred reis. How his hair stands on end from fright!

Before evening I went to see the place where the Cid was born; if I had not thought of it myself, the guides would have reminded me of it; for everywhere I went they whispered in my ear: "The re-

mains of the Cid ; house of the Cid ; monument of the Cid." An old man, majestically enveloped in his mantle, said to me with an air of protection : " Come with me, sir," and made me climb a hill in the heart of the city, on whose summit are still to be seen the ruins of an enormous castle, the ancient dwelling of the King of Castile. Before reaching the monument of the Cid, one comes to a triumphal arch, in Doric style, simple and graceful, raised by Philip II, in honor of Ferdinand Gonzales, in the same place, it is said, where stood the house in which the famous captain was born. A little further on one finds the monument of the Cid, erected in 1784. It is a pilaster of stone, resting on a pedestal in masonry, and surmounted by a heraldic shield, with this inscription : " On this spot rose the house in which, in the year 1026, Roderigo Dias di Vivar, called the Cid *campeador*, was born. He died at Valencia, in 1099, and his body was carried to the monastery of St. Peter of Cardena, near this city." While I was reading those words, the guide related a popular legend regarding the hero's death :

" When the Cid died," he said, with much gravity, " there was no one to guard his remains. A Jew entered the church, approached the bier, and said : ' This is the great Cid, whose beard no one dared touch during his life ; I will touch it and see what he can do.' Saying which he stretched out his hand, but at the same instant the corpse seized the hilt of his sword and drew it out of its scabbard. The Jew uttered a cry and fell to the ground half dead ; the priests hastened forward, the Jew was raised, and, regaining his consciousness, related the miracle ; then all turned toward the Cid and saw that he still held the hilt of his sword in a menacing manner. God

did not wish that the remains of the great warrior should be contaminated by the hand of an unbeliever."

As he finished, he looked at me, and seeing that I did not give the slightest sign of incredulity, he led me under a stone arch, which must have been one of the old gates of Burgos, a few steps from the monument, and pointing to a horizontal groove in the wall, a little more than a metre from the ground, said to me :

"This is the measure of the Cid's arms when he was a young fellow and came here to play with his companions." And he stretched his arms along the groove to show me how much longer it was, then wished me to measure, too, and mine also was too short ; then giving me a triumphant look, he started to return to the city. When we reached a solitary street he stopped before the door of a church and said :

"This is the church of St. Agnes, where the Cid made the King Don Alphonso VI swear that he had taken no part in the killing of his brother, Don Sancho."

I begged him to tell me the whole story.

"There were present," he continued, "prelates, cavaliers, and the other personages of state. The Cid placed the holy Gospel on the altar, the king laid his hand on it, and the Cid said :

" ' King Don Alphonso, you must swear to me that you are not stained with the blood of King Don Sancho, my master, and if you swear falsely I shall pray that God make you perish by the hand of a traitorous vassal. '

"The king said, ' Amen ! ' but changed color. Then the Cid repeated :

“ ‘ King Don Alphonso, you must swear that you have neither ordered nor counselled the death of the king, Don Sancho, my master ; and if you swear falsely may you die by the hand of a traitorous vassal,’ and the king said ‘ Amen ! ’ but changed color a second time. Twelve vassals confirmed the oath of the king ; the Cid wished to kiss his hand, the king would not permit it, and hated him through life from that moment.”

He added afterward that another tradition held that the King Don Alphonso did not swear upon the Bible, but upon the bolt of the church door ; that for a long time travellers came from every part of the world to admire that bolt ; that the people attributed to it some supernatural virtues, and that it was much talked of on all sides, and gave rise to so many extravagant tales that the Bishop, Don Fray Pascual was obliged to have it taken away, as it created a perilous rivalry between the door and the high altar. The guide said nothing more, but if one were to collect all the traditions about the Cid which are current in Spain, there would be enough to fill three good-sized volumes. No legendary warrior was ever dearer to his people than this terrible Roderigo Diaz di Vivar. Poetry has made him little less than a god, and his glory lives in the national feeling of the Spanish as if not eight centuries but eight lustres had passed since the time in which he lived ; the heroic poem called by his name, which is the finest monument of the poetry of Spain, is still the most powerfully national work of its literature.

Toward dusk I went to walk under the porticos of the great square, in the hope of seeing a few people ; it poured, and a high wind was blowing, so

that I only found there several groups of boys, workmen, and soldiers, so returned directly to the hotel. The Emperor of Brazil had arrived there that morning, and was to start that night for Madrid. In the rooms where I dined, together with some Spaniards, with whom I talked until the hour of my departure, were dining also all the major-domos, valets, servants, lackeys, etc., of his imperial majesty, who completely filled one huge table. In the whole course of my life I have never seen such a curious group of human beings before. There were white faces, black faces, yellow faces, and copper-colored faces; such eyes, noses, and mouths, not to be equalled in the whole collection of the *Pasquino* of Teja. Everyone was talking a different language: some English, others Portuguese, French, and Spanish; and others still, an unheard-of mixture of all four, to which were added words, sounds, and cadences of I know not what dialect. Yet they understood each other, and talked together with such a confusion as to make one think that they were speaking a single mysterious and horrible language of some country unknown to the world.

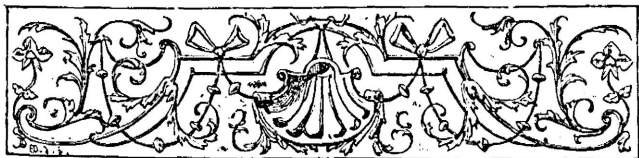
Before leaving Old Castile, the cradle of the Spanish monarchy, I should like to have seen Soria, built on the ruins of the ancient Numangia; Segovia, with its immense Roman aqueduct; Saint Idelfonso, the delicious garden of Philip V; and Avila, the native city of Saint Theresa; but after hastily performing the first four operations of arithmetic, before taking my ticket for Valladolid, I said to myself that there could be nothing worth seeing in those four cities; that the guide-book exaggerated their importance; that fame makes much out of little; and that it was far better to see little than

much, provided that little was well seen and remembered ; together with other good reasons, which vigorously corresponded with the results of my calculations and the aims of my hypocrisy.

So I left Burgos without having seen anything but monuments, guides, and soldiers ; because the Castilian women, frightened by the rain, had not dared venture on their little feet upon the streets ; so that I retained almost a sad recollection of that city, notwithstanding the splendor of its colors and the magnificence of its cathedrals.

From Burgos to Valladolid the country varies little from that of Saragossa and Miranda. There are the same vast and deserted plains, encircled by reddish hills, of curious shape and barren summits ; those silent and solitary tracts of land, inundated with a blazing light, which carry one's fancy off to the deserts of Africa, the life of hermits, to the sky and the infinite, rousing in the heart an inexpressible feeling of weariness and sadness. In the midst of those plains, that solitude and silence, one comprehends the mystical nature of the people of the Castiles, the ardent faith of their kings, the sacred inspirations of their poets, the divine ecstasy of their saints, the grand churches, cloisters, and their great history.





CHAPTER IV.

VALLADOLID.

VALLADOLID, *the rich*, as Quevedo calls it, the famous dispenser of influenzas, was, of the cities lying on the north of the Tagus, the one which I most desired to see, although knowing that it contains no great monuments of art, nor anything modern of note. I had a particular sympathy for its name, history, and character, which I had imagined in my own way, from its inhabitants; it seemed to me that it must be an elegant, gay, and studious city, and I could not picture to myself its streets without seeing Gongora pass here, Cervantes there, Leonardo d' Argensola on another side, and, in fact, all the other poets, historians, and savants, who lived there when the superb court of the monarchy was in existence. And thinking of the court, I saw a confused assemblage, in the large squares of this pleasant city, of religious processions, bull-fights, military display, masquerades, balls,—all the mixture of fêtes in honor of the birth of Philip IV, from the arrival of the English admiral, with his cortege of six hundred cavaliers, to the last banquet of the famous one thousand two hundred dishes of meat, without counting those not served, to quote the popular tradition. I arrived at night, went to the first hotel, and fell asleep with the delightful thought that

I should awake in an unknown city. And the awakening in an unknown city, when one has gone there from choice, is indeed a very great pleasure. The thought that from the moment you leave the house, until you return to it at night, you will do nothing but pass from one curiosity to another, and from one satisfaction to another. That all which you see will be quite new; that at every step you will learn something, and that every thing there will impress itself upon your memory throughout your life; then that you will be as free as the air all day, and as gay as a bird, without any thought save that of amusing yourself; that in amusing yourself you will improve body, mind, and soul. That the end of all these pleasures, instead of leaving behind them a tinge of melancholy, like the evenings after fête days, will only be the beginning of another series of delights, which will accompany you from that city to another, from this to a third, and so on, for a space, a time to which your fancy assigns no limits; all these thoughts, I say, which crowd into your mind at the moment when you open your eyes, give you such a joyful shock, that before you are aware of it, you find yourself standing in the middle of the room, with your hat on your head and the guide-book in hand.

Let us go then and enjoy Valladolid.

Alas! How changed from the beautiful days of Phillip III! The population, which counted formerly one hundred thousand souls, is now reduced to a little more than twenty thousand; in the principal streets the students of the university and the tourists who are on their way to Madrid, make quite a show; the other streets are deserted. It is a city which produces the effect of a great abandoned

palace, in which one still sees; here and there, the traces of business, gilding, and mosaic; and in the inner rooms, some poor families, in whom the vast solitude of the building inspires a feeling of melancholy. There are many large squares, some old palaces, houses in ruins, empty convents, and long and deserted streets; it has, in fact, every appearance of a fallen city. The most beautiful point is the Plaza Major (principal square), which is enormous and surrounded by great columns of bluish granite, upon which rise the houses, all three stories in height, furnished with three rows of very long little terraces, where twenty-four thousand people could be comfortably seated. The porticos extend along two sides of a broad street that comes out on to the square, and here, and in two or three other neighboring streets, there is the greatest concourse of people. It was a market day; under the porticos and in the square were a crowd of peasants, vegetable-venders, and merchants; and as the Castilian is admirably spoken at Valladolid, I began to saunter among the heads of salad and piles of oranges, to catch, when possible, the jokes and sounds of the beautiful language. I remember, among others, a curious proverb repeated by a woman provoked at a young fellow who was playing the bully:

"*Sabe usted,*" she said, planting herself directly in front of him, "*lo que es que destruye al hombre?*" I stopped and listened. "*Tres muchos y tres pocos: Mucho hablar y poco saber; mucho gastar y poco tener; mucho presumir y nada valer!*"

("Three muches and three littles destroy man: Much talking and little knowing; much spending and little keeping; much presuming and little worth.")

It seemed to me that I could distinguish a great difference between the voices of these people and those of the Catalans; here they were softer and more silvery, and also the gestures gayer and the expression of faces more vivacious, though there is nothing peculiar in their faces and coloring,—and the dress does not differ at all from that of our common people of the north. It was just in the square at Valladolid that I became aware of the fact for the first time that I had never seen a pipe since I entered Spain! The workmen, peasants, and poor people all smoke the *cigarrito*; and it is quite laughable to see some of these hardy, bearded men going around with that microscopic little thing in their mouths, half hidden by their whiskers; they smoke it diligently to the last shred of tobacco, until they have nothing but a dying spark on the under lip; yet this they hold on to (as if it were a drop of liquor), until the ashes fall, with the air of one making a sacrifice. I remarked something else, too, which I noticed afterward also—throughout my entire stay in Spain, I never heard any whistling!

From the Plaza Major, I betook myself to the square of Saint Paul, in which stands the old royal palace. The façade is not noteworthy, either for grandeur or beauty. I looked in at the door, and before experiencing a feeling of admiration, I felt one of sadness for the sepulchral silence which reigned therein. There is nothing which produces an impression more like that of a cemetery than the sight of an abandoned castle,—just because there exists there in all its force (more so than in any other place) the contrast between the recollections to which it gives rise and the condition to which it is actually reduced. Oh, superb corteges of plumed

cavaliers, oh, splendid banquets, oh, feverish enjoyments of a prosperity which seemed everlasting! It is rather a new pleasure to cough a little before these empty sepulchres, as invalids do sometimes to test their strength, and to hear the echo of your robust voice, which assures you that you are young and healthful. In the interior of the palace is a large court, surrounded by busts in mezzo-relievo, which represent the Roman emperors, and a beautiful staircase and spacious galleries on the upper floor. I coughed, and the echo replied: "What health!"—so I went out comforted. A drowsy porter showed me on the same square another palace, which I had not noticed, and told me that in that one was born *the great king Philip II*, from whom Valladolid received the title of city; "*You know, sir, Philip the second, son, of Charles the fifth, father of . . .*"

"*I know, I know,*" I hastened to reply, to save myself from the narrative, and, giving a gloomy glance at the dismal palace, I moved on.

Opposite the royal palace is the Convent of the Dominicans of San Paolo, with a façade in the Gothic style, so rich, and overloaded with statuettes, bas-reliefs and ornaments of every kind, that the half would suffice to embellish an immense palace. The sun lay on it at that moment and the effect was magnificent. While I stood contemplating, at my ease, that labyrinth of sculpture, from which it is difficult to take one's eyes after looking at it, a little beggar, of seven or eight years of age, who was seated in a distant corner of the square, dashed from his place as if hurled from a sling, and, rushing toward me, said:

"Oh, sir!—oh, sir! How fond I am of you!"

This is something new, I thought, for the poor to make declarations of love. He came and planted himself before me, and I asked him :

"Why do you like me?"

"Because," he replied, very frankly, "you will give me alms."

"But why should I give you anything?"

"Because," he replied, hesitatingly; then more resolutely, with the tone of one who has found a good reason, "because you have a book, sir."

The guide-book which I had under my arm! Just see if you do not have to travel to hear something new! I had a guide, strangers carry guides, strangers give alms, therefore I was bound to give him something; all this reasoning understood, instead of saying: "I am hungry." I was pleased with the speciousness of the excuse, and I placed in the hands of that clever boy the few *cuartos* which I found in my pockets.

Turning into a neighboring street, I saw the façade of the dominican college of San Gregorio, Gothic, too, and grander and richer than that of San Paolo. Then, from street to street, until I reached the square of the Cathedral. At the moment in which I emerge upon the square, I meet a graceful little Spanish woman, to whom might be applied those two lines of Espronceda :

"Y que yo la he de querer
Por su paso de andadura,"

or our "Her gait was nothing mortal," which is the chief grace of the Spanish women. She had in her walk that almost imperceptible glide the undulating movements, which the eye does not catch one by

one, nor the memory retain, nor mere words describe; but which form together that most fascinating feminine something peculiar to women. Here I found myself in an embarrassing position. I saw the great pile, the Cathedral, at the end of the square, and curiosity moved me to look at the building. I saw, a few steps before me, that little personage, and a curiosity, not less lively, forced me to look at her; so not wishing to lose the first effect of the church, nor the fleeting sight of the woman, my eyes ran from the small face to the cupola and from the cupola back to the face, with breathless rapidity, causing the beautiful unknown certainly to think that I had discovered some corresponding lines or mysterious bonds of sympathy between the edifice and herself, because she turned to look at the church, and, passing near me, smiled.

The Cathedral of Valladolid, although unfinished, is one of the largest cathedrals of Spain: it is an imposing mass of granite, which produces in the soul of an unbeliever an effect similar to that of the Church of the Pilar at Saragossa. At one's first entrance, one flies in thought to the Basilica of St. Peter's; its architecture, which is grand and simple, seems to receive a reflection of sadness from the dark color of the stone; the walls are bare, the chapels dark, the arches, the pilasters, doors, and every thing else are gigantic and severe. It is one of those cathedrals which make one stammer out his prayers with a sense of secret terror. I had not yet seen the Escorial, but I thought of it. It is a work, in fact, by the same architect: the church was left uncompleted in order to begin the construction of the convent; and visiting the convent one is reminded of the church. At the right of the high altar, in a small chapel, rises

the tomb of Peter Ansurez, a gentleman and benefactor of Valladolid, and above his monument is placed his sword. I was alone in the church and heard the echo of my footsteps; suddenly a chill crept over me together with a childish sense of fear; I turned my back on the tomb and went out.

Upon leaving the church I met a priest of whom I asked where I should find the house in which Cervantes had lived. He replied that it was in the street of Cervantes, and showed me in which direction to go; I thanked him, he asked if I were a stranger, to which I responded:

"Yes."

"From Italy?"

"Yes, from Italy."

He looked at me from head to foot, lifted his hat, and went on his way. I moved on, too, in an opposite direction, and the idea occurred to me:

"I would wager that he has stopped to see how a gaoler of the Pope is made."

I turned, and there he was in the middle of the square staring at me as hard as he could. I could not refrain from laughing, and I apologized for the laugh by the salutation:

"*Beso a usted la mano!*"

To which he replied:

"*Buenos dias!*" and away he went; but he ought to have added, not without some surprise, that, for an Italian, I had not such a rascally face.

I crossed two or three narrow, silent streets, and emerged upon the street of Cervantes, which is long, straight, and muddy, and lined with miserable houses. I walked on for a while, meeting only some soldiers, servants, and mules, looking here and there in search of the inscription: "*A qui Vivio Cer-*

vantes," etc.; but I found nothing. Reaching the end of the street, I found myself in the open country; not a living soul was to be seen. I stood looking around me for a while, then turned back. I came across a muleteer, and asked him:

"Where is the house of Cervantes?"

His only reply was a blow to the mule, and on he went.

I asked a soldier; he sent me to a shop. In the shop I questioned an old woman. She did not understand me; thought I wished to purchase Don Quixote, and so sent me to a bookseller. The bookseller who wished to give himself the air of a savant, and could not make up his mind to tell me that he knew nothing of Cervantes' house, began beating about the bush, by talking of the life and works of the famous writer; so that it all ended in my going about my own affairs without having seen anything. Still some recollection of the house must have been retained (and I certainly should have found it had I searched for it more carefully), not only because Cervantes lived in it, but because an event transpired there, of which all his biographers make mention. Shortly after the birth of Philip IV, a cavalier of the court having met one night with some unknown man, they began disputing—it is not known why,—and finally seizing their swords fought until the cavalier was mortally wounded. The man who gave the wound disappeared. The cavalier, all covered with blood, ran to beg assistance at a neighboring house, which was the one inhabited by Cervantes and his family and the widow of a renowned writer of chronicles with two sons. One of the latter raised the wounded man from the ground, and called Cervantes, who was already in bed. Cer-

vantes came down stairs and assisted his friend to carry the cavalier into the widow's house. Two days later he died. Justice took up the affair and tried to discover the cause of the duel. It was believed that the two combatants were paying court to the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, and all the family was imprisoned. A short time afterward they were set at liberty and nothing more was known about the matter. This, too, had to fall to the lot of the poor author of *Don Chisciotte*, so that he could be said to have experienced every kind of trial.

In that same street I enjoyed a little scene which rewarded me a thousand times for not having found the house. Passing a door I surprised at the foot of the steps a little Castilian girl of twelve or thirteen, beautiful as an angel, who held a child in her arms. I cannot find words delicate enough with which to describe what she was doing. A childish curiosity about the sweets of maternal love had gently tempted her. The buttons of her little waist had slipped out of the button-holes one by one, under the pressure of a wee, trembling finger. She was alone; no sound was heard in the street; she had hidden her hand in her bosom; then, perhaps, had been perplexed for a moment; but giving a glance at the baby and feeling her courage return, had made an effort with the hidden hand, and, baring the breast, held apart the baby's lips with her forefinger and thumb, while she said with tenderness:

"*Héla aqui*" (here it is), her face quite scarlet and a sweet smile in her eyes. Hearing my steps, she uttered a cry and disappeared.

Instead of Cervantes' house, I found, a little way beyond, the one in which Don José Zorilla was born.

He is one of the most valiant Spanish poets of the present day ; still living, but not to be confounded, as many in Italy do, with Zorilla, the head of the Radical party, although the latter, too, has some poetry in him, and scatters it generously through his political speeches, giving it additional force by shouts and furious gestures. Don José Zorilla is to Spanish literature, in my opinion, rather more than Prati is to the Italian, although they have several traits in common ; such as, religious sentiment, passion, fecundity, spontaneity, and an indescribable vague and bold something which excites the youthful mind, and a way of reading, as it is said, very resonant and solemn, although a trifle monotonous, about which, however, many Spaniards go crazy. As to form, I should say the Spanish poet was more correct ; both are rather prolix, and in each there is a germ of a great poet. Admirable, above every other work of Zorilla, are the " Songs of the Troubadour," narratives and legends, full of sweet love-verses and descriptions of an incomparable power. He wrote also for the theatre, and his *Don Juan Tenorio*, a fantastic drama in rhyme, in eight-line verses, is one of the most popular dramatic works in Spain. It is given every year on All-saints-day, splendidly mounted, and the people all go to witness it as they would to a fête. Some lyric bits, scattered through the drama, are quoted by every one ; especially Don Juan's declaration of love to his sweetheart, whom he has abducted, which is one of the sweetest, tenderest, and most impassioned ones that can fall from the lips of an enamored youth in the most impetuous burst of passion. I challenge the coldest man to read these verses without trembling ! Yet, perhaps, the woman's reply is more powerful still :

“Don Juan! Don Juan! I implore thy noble compassion; oh, tear out my heart or love me, because I adore thee!” Let some Andalusian woman repeat those lines to you, and you will appreciate them, or, if you cannot do this, try to read the ballad entitled *La Pasionaria*, which is a trifle long, but full of affection and a melancholy which enchants you. I cannot think of it without my eyes filling with tears; for I see those two young lovers, Aurora and Felix, in a deserted campagna, at sunset, as they move away from each other in different directions, turning now and then, saluting each other and never tiring of looking at one another. They are verses which the Spanish call *asonantes*, without rhyme, but composed and arranged so that the last syllable but one of each verse (equal or unequal), upon which the accent falls, always has the vowel. This is the most popular kind of poetry in Spain,—the *Romancero*, in which many improvise with marvellous facility. Nor can a stranger catch all its harmony unless his ear is accustomed to it.

“Can I see the picture-gallery?”

“Why not, sir?”

The portress opened the door of the principal college of Santa Croce, and accompanied me into the interior. The pictures are many in number, but aside from some of Rubens, Mascagni, Cardenas, and Vincenzo Carducci, the remainder are of little value, gathered here and there from convents, and scattered at random through the corridors, rooms, staircases, and galleries. Notwithstanding this, it is a museum which leaves a profound impression upon the mind, not unlike that produced by the first sight of the bull-fights. In fact, more than six months have passed since that day, yet the impression is as

fresh as if I had received it a few hours ago. The saddest, most sanguinary, and most horrible things that have issued from the pencil of the fiercest Spanish painters are gathered there. Picture to yourself sores, mutilated members, heads severed from the body, extenuated bodies, people who have been flogged, torn with pincers, burned, and martyred with all the torments that you have ever found described in the romances of Guerrazzi, or in the histories of the Inquisition, and you will not succeed in forming an adequate idea of the Museum of Valladolid. Pass from room to room, and you see nothing but distorted faces of the dead, dying, of those possessed with devils, of executioners, and on every side blood, blood, blood, so that you seem to see it spurt from the walls, and to wade in it like the Babette of Padre Bresciani in the prisons of Naples. It is a collection of pains and horrors, sufficient in number to fill the hospitals of a State. At first, one experiences a sense of sadness, then a repulsion—in fact, more than repulsion—of disdain for the butcher artists who degraded the art of Raphael and Murillo in such an indecent manner. The picture most worthy of notice among the many bad ones, although it is also of a pitiless Spanish realism, represented the circumcision of Jesus, with all the most minute details of the operation, and a group of spectators, bowed and immovable, like the students in surgical clinic around the chief operator. "Let us go—let us go!" I said to the courteous portress; "if I remain here another half hour, I shall leave burned, flayed, or quartered; have you nothing more cheerful to show me?" She took me to see the Ascension, of Rubens, a grand and effective picture, which would be well placed above a high altar: it repre-

sents a majestic and gleaming Virgin who is ascending toward Heaven; at the sides, above and below, there is a crowd of angels' faces, wreaths of flowers, golden heads, white wings, flying objects, and rays of light. Every thing is trembling, breaking through the air, and going upward, like a flock of sparrows, so that it seems as if from one moment to another every thing would rise and disappear.

But it was foreordained that I should not leave the museum with an agreeable image before my eyes. The portress opened a door and laughingly said to me :

“ Go in.”

I entered and stepped back quite startled. I seemed to have stumbled into a mad-house of giants. The immense room was full of colossal statues in colored wood, representing all the actors and all those who took part in the Passion Play,—soldiers, officers, and spectators, each in the attitude which his office required; some in the act of beating, some who were binding, others wounding, and others still, mocking—horrible faces horribly contracted—there the kneeling women, Jesus fastened upon an enormous cross, the thieves, the ladder, the instruments of torture,—everything necessary, in fact, to represent the Passion as was once done on the square with a group of those colossal creatures who must have occupied the space of a house. And here, too, were wounds, heads immersed in blood, and lacerations which made one shudder.

“ Look at that Judas,” said the woman, pointing to one of the statues with a gallows face of which I still dream from time to time. “ That one they were obliged to take away when the groups were formed outside, because it was so sad and ugly ;

the people hated it, and wished to break it into pieces, so that the guards always had their hands full to keep the populace from passing from threats to deeds. It was finally decided to form the group without it."

One Madonna struck me as being very beautiful (I do not know whether it was that of Berrugnete, Juan di Juni, or Hernandez, for there are statues of all three). She was kneeling, her hands clasped and her eyes turned upward, with an expression of such desperate grief, that it moves one to pity like a living person, and seems, in fact, a few feet away, to be really alive, so much so, that in seeing it suddenly, one cannot withhold an exclamation of surprise.

"The English," said the portress (because guides adopt the opinion of the English as a seal for their own, and sometimes accredit them with the most extravagant absurdities), "the English say that only speech is lacking."

I joyfully acquiesced in the opinion of the English, gave the portress the usual *reales*, and going out with my head full of sanguinary images, I greeted the cheerful day with an unusual feeling of pleasure, like that of a young student on leaving the anatomical-room where he has witnessed the first autopsy.

I visited the beautiful palace of the University, *La plaza campo grande* (where the Holy Inquisition lighted its pyres), which is large, gay, and surrounded by fifteen convents; and some churches containing noted pictures. When I began to feel that the recollections of the things seen were becoming confused in my brain, I put my guide-book in my pocket and walked toward the principal square. I did the same

thing in all the other cities, for when the mind is weary, the desire to force its attention from the pedantic idea of not paying proper regard to the guide-book, may be a proof of constancy, but it is baleful to one who is travelling with the object of narrating afterward this impression of the objects seen. Since one cannot retain everything, it is better not to confuse the distinct recollection of the principal things with a crowd of vague reminiscences of inferior ones. Besides this, one never retains a grateful remembrance of a city in which one has tried to do too much.

In order to see the appearance of the city at nightfall, I went to walk under the porticos, where they were beginning to light the shops, and there was a coming and going of soldiers, students, and girls who disappeared through the little doors, slipped around the columns, and glided here and there, flying from the importunate hands of the pursuers, enveloped in their ample cloaks; and a crowd of boys raced around the square, filling the air with their cries, and everywhere there were groups of *caballeros*, in which one heard from time to time the names of Serrano, Sagasta, and Amadeus, alternating with the words *justicia*, *libertad*, *traicion*, *honra de España*, and the like. I entered an immense café filled with students, and there satisfied, as a choice writer would say, the natural talent of eating and drinking. But as I felt a great desire to talk, I fixed my eyes upon two students who were sipping their coffee at a table near by, and, without preamble, I addressed one of them,—a most natural thing to do in Spain, where one is always sure of receiving a courteous answer. The two students approached, and the usual discussion fol-