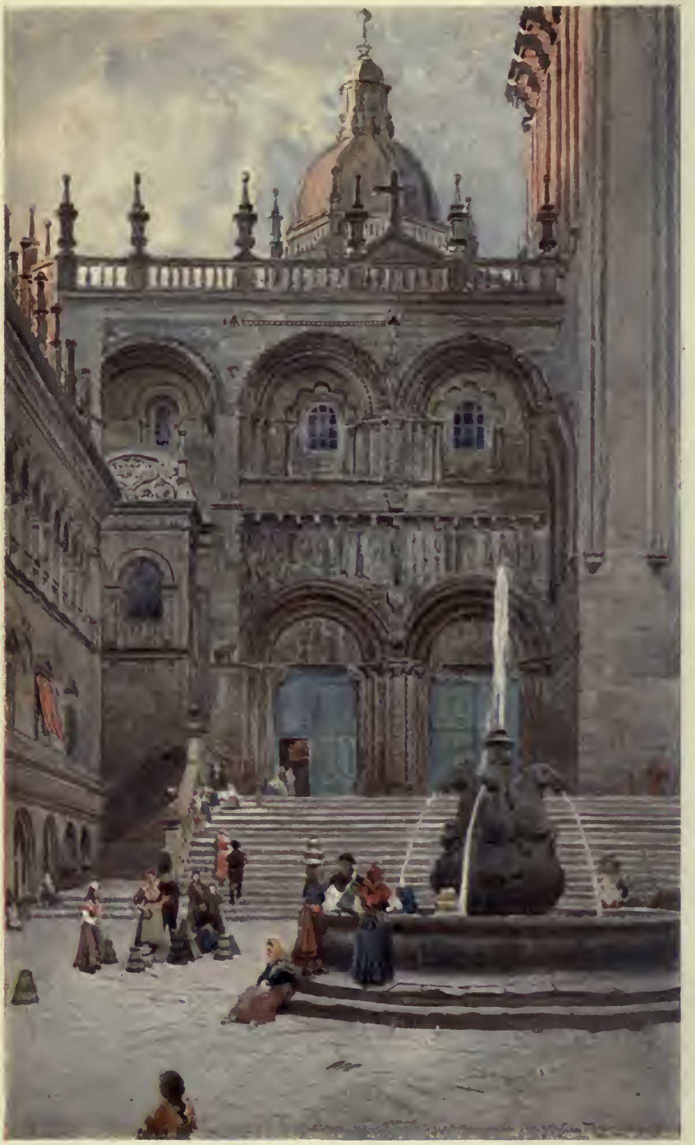
SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

[illegible]



CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DI COMPOSTELA—SOUTH DOORWAY

# THE

# CITIES OF SPAIN

green

BY

EDWARD HUTTON

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY
A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.
AND 20 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

DP38
H86

*First Published in 1906*

TO

MY FRIEND

PAUL DE REUL

255213

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/citiesofspain00huttrich

# CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION . . . . . . . xiii

I. ON THE WAY . . . . . . 1

II. BURGOS . . . . . . 12

III. VALLADOLID . . . . . . . 32

IV. SALAMANCA . . . . . . . 44

V. ZAMORA . . . . . . . 55

VI. AVILA . . . . . . . 60

VII. THE GRAVE OF TORQUEMADA . . . . 70

VIII. SEGOVIA . . . . . . . 74

IX. MADRID TO-DAY . . . . . . 91

X. IN OLD MADRID . . . . . . 97

XI. I. THE PRADO GALLERY . . . . 106

II. THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS IN THE PRADO GALLERY . 114

III. EL GRECO . . . . . . 138

IV. RIBERA . . . . . . 144

V. VELASQUEZ . . . . . . 148

VI. A NOTE ON GOYA . . . . . 161

XII. THE ESCORIAL . . . . . . 165

XIII. TOLEDO . . . . . . . 169

XIV. CÓRDOVA . . . . . . . 192

PAGE
XV. SEVILLE . . . . . . . 196
XVI. LA CORRIDA . . . . . . . 207
XVII. EARLY SPANISH PAINTING AND THE SCHOOL OF SEVILLE 218
XVIII. JEREZ . . . . . . . . 230
XIX. CADIZ . . . . . . . . 250
XX. TO MOROCCO . . . . . . . 253
XXI. TANGIER . . . . . . . 257
XXII. MÁLAGA . . . . . . . 264
XXIII. GRANADA . . . . . . . 271
XXIV. MURCIA, ALICANTE, AND VALENCIA . . . 289
XXV. TARRAGONA . . . . . . . 299
XXVI. BARCELONA . . . . . . . 306
CONCLUSION . . . . . . . 315
INDEX . . . . . . . 321

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## IN COLOUR

Cathedral of Santiago di Compostela: South Doorway . . . . . . . . *Frontispiece*

A Street of Fuentarabía . . . . . *To face page* 4
Property of Mrs. Joseph Boord

Sunset . . . . . . . . . . ,, 10

Ambulatory, Burgos Cathedral . . . . ,, 22
Property of W. W. Howard, Esq.

Puerta S. María, Burgos . . . . . . ,, 30
Property of John Heywood, Esq.

Bridge at León . . . . . . . . ,, 32
Property of Mrs. Ewan-Smith

Nave, Avila Cathedral . . . . . . ,, 64
Property of Pryce Weedon, Esq.

Alcázar, Segovia . . . . . . . . ,, 84
Property of Rev. J. Wayley

Puerta del Cambrón, Toledo . . . . . ,, 176
Property of Mrs. Clerk

Puerta del Zocodover, Toledo . . . . ,, 178

A Town of La Mancha . . . . . . ,, 190

Court of Oranges, Mosque of Córdova . . ,, 194
Property of J. Clay, Esq.

At Seville . . . . . . . . . ,, 198

Outside the City Walls, Seville . . . . ,, 212

Wayside Cross near Granada . . . . . ,, 262
Property of E. A. Morshead, Esq.

A SHEPHERD-BOY OF ANDALUSIA . . . . *To face page* 264
Property of Rev. G. H. West

IN A GARDEN OF ANDALUSIA . . . . . ,, 276
Property of Miss H. Glover

IN A GARDEN OF THE ALHAMBRA . . . . ,, 280

IN THE ALBAICIN, GRANADA . . . . . ,, 286

PREHISTORIC CAVE AT ANTEGUERA . . . . ,, 290

OUTSIDE VALENCIA . . . . . . . ,, 294

THE MIGUELETE, VALENCIA . . . . . ,, 296
Property of C. P. Johnson, Esq.

LÉRIDA . . . . . . . . . . ,, 308

THE MOUNTAINS OF MONSERRAT FROM MANRESA NEAR BARCELONA . . . . . . . ,, 312

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## IN MONOTONE

Doña Maria, Daughter of Philip III. Velasquez . *To face page* 102
From a Photograph by J. Lacoste

Mary Tudor of England. Antonio Moro . . ,, 112
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

Portrait of a Cardinal. Raphael . . . . ,, 120
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Madonna and Child, with S. Anthony of Padua and S. Roch. Giorgione . . . . . ,, 122
From a Photograph by Leoy et ses fils

A Bacchanal. Titian . . . . . . . ,, 126
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Charles V. at the Battle of Mühlberg. Titian ,, 130
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Prince Philip, afterwards Philip II. Titian . ,, 134
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Portrait of a Man. El Greco . . . . . ,, 140
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

The Resurrection. El Greco . . . . . ,, 142
From a Photograph by J. Lacoste

St. Mary Magdalen. Ribera . . . . . ,, 146

In the Garden of the Villa Medici, Rome. Velasquez . . . . . . . . ,, 154
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Infanta María Teresa. Velasquez . . . . ,, 156
From a Photograph by J. Lacoste

Las Meniñas. Velasquez . . . . . . ,, 160
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

FAMILY OF THE DUKE OF OSUNA. Goya . . . *To face page* 162
From a Photograph by J. Lacoste

BLIND MAN'S BUFF. Goya . . . . . . ,, 164
From a Photograph by J. Lacoste

TOLEDO . . . . . . . . . . ,, 184

THE BRIDGE OF CÓRDOVA . . . . . . ,, 192

CADIZ . . . . . . . . . . ,, 250

GRANADA FROM THE ALHAMBRA . . . . . . ,, 272
From a Photograph by F. Linares, Granada

THE COURT OF THE LIONS, GRANADA . . . . ,, 278
From a Photograph by F. Linares, Granada

# INTRODUCTION

AS I rode carelessly in the earliest dawn out of the city of Zamora I overtook a poor man who watered his mule by the wayside; and by chance he greeted me and asked me whither I was going. I named the city of the great Saint that lies on the other side of the desert of Salamanca towards the mountains; and since his way was mine, and I was a stranger, he offered me service and guidance for a certain distance. He was a man of some fifty years, a peasant who worked in the fields; the father of many sons, he told me, and one daughter who was married and who lived in the city of the great Saint whither I was bound. Now and then he crossed the desert to see her, and since it was but yesterday he had heard that a little son had been born to her, it was necessary, in spite of the summer heat, that he should go to see her. 'You understand, señor,' he said, 'that she has no mother, and I love her.'

The sun was just rising over that boundless plain full of dust. In spite of the monotony of the landscape, the view was very beautiful under the level light of the sun; and the sky was full of a fragile glory that gives always a kind of enchantment to the dawn in the South. Not far away Zamora stood on her hilltop, just a group of golden, Romanesque buildings falling into decay, surrounded by infinite light and dust. Looking on her in the dawn, it was as though one heard a cry in the desert. Far, far away I descried the outlines of mountains, and nearer, but still far away across that burning plain, a great cloud of dust rose where a herd of swine moved from one hill to another. Gently the wind came towards us out of the south with that almost inaudible whisper, so common in this noiseless country, that I find is made by the passing of even the softest breath of air over millions of dead wildflowers; and, indeed, one may often see a harebell dead and shrivelled under that terrible sun ringing frantically in the wind of one's cloak at evening, and if one stoops down and listens, even that tiny, sorrowful music may be heard in the loneliness.

All the morning we crept, under the hard blue sky and pitiless sun, slowly, slowly, across the desert where there is neither tree nor grass, only the dead wildflowers of last spring. A great languor had fallen upon me; for two days now the sun had seemed to bruise me, and the immense horizons were full of wonders.

At midday we halted for the meal under the shadow of some rocks, that seemed rather to radiate the heat than to bring us coolness and rest. In the afternoon we came very thirsty and covered with dust to the Douro, a great river that was full of infinite refreshment.

My companion spoke but rarely, and when he spoke at all it was rather of the desert or of nature or of God than of anything particular to himself. And yet I think, indeed, he was nearer to these three mysteries than I knew. After all, they were his companions, and in the immense loneliness of Spain, or at least of Castile, he had come to know them as a man of twoscore and ten should know his friends. 'And so,' he said to me when he saw that I was very weary—'And so we must never forget that God has given us the hour after the sunset.' And indeed it is the most precious hour of the day. But at the sunset of that day we were still far from home, and the languor I had felt in the morning, that had gradually increased all day, fell on me with double force. Great shadows stole out of the north, and far away in the burning west I saw the perfect rose-coloured towers of the city for which I was bound. It was not till my mule stumbled that I realised that I was falling from my saddle.

Night fell—a night of large, few stars—and covered us with her coolness; even yet we were far from any city. And at last I could go no further, and told my guide so, who without any expression of surprise lifted me from my beast, laid me under a great rock, covered me with my rug, tethered the mules, and began to prepare supper. I shall not forget the beauty of that night, nor the silence under those desert stars. From afar I could hear faintly the sound of the river and the quiet breathing or champing of the mules: there was no other sound. And then suddenly I saw my companion a little way off on his knees, between the immense horizons, praying. As I watched the rugged, picturesque figure of the old man, his head buried on his breast, his hands clasped before him, I thought it was Spain that I had seen, alone, talking with God in the desert.

E. H.

*August* 1904

# THE CITIES OF SPAIN

## I

## ON THE WAY

### I

I AM in Spain at last. For years I have promised myself this adventure—for in spite of the railway it is an adventure still, in a way that a journey through Italy, where almost every other person one sees is a foreigner, has ceased to be for ever—and at last I am here in the land of Spain. The journey from Paris was a nightmare hideous and full of horrors: the continual noise of the train, the groans and attitudes of the sleepers, the shrieking as of lost souls that came now and again out of the darkness, the heat of the long night spent with seven strangers, the inevitable contact with that grotesque, weary, fetid humanity, in so small a space, for so long a time,—the brutality of all that. For to me sleepless, in all the reticence of consciousness, the gesture, the rhetoric of that animal in humanity set free by sleep, its inarticulate noises and struggles, its indifference to human dignity, its brutal obliteration of everything in man but the flesh, were a kind of vision, in which I saw all the achievements of the years swept away in a moment, and primitive man, filthy and covered with sweat, unconscious of anything but weariness, seeking his lair at nightfall with the beasts with whom he shared the world. Gradually the carriage came to be a prison; for there was no corridor in which I might have found an escape from the rancid stench of life that had long since loaded the air with débris which now seemed to be falling upon me, crushing me beneath its foulness where I lay surrounded by darkness, astonished and aghast at the terms on which we must accept life.

Before me, in the sickly light of the partly covered lamp, a man of some fifty years, fat and disgusting, crouched in the attitude of a wild beast, his mouth open, snoring, while the saliva dripped over the sensual, pathetic lips. Every now and then as the train swayed a grotesque shadow leaped upon his face, flabby and swollen with all the excesses that sleep had recalled and made so visible, dragging it into the horrible contortions of a madman. There were three women in the compartment; one in the farthest corner with colourless, thin hair, still young, her face in the deepest shadow, was asleep, I make no doubt, since her body seemed to have collapsed within itself, so that she seemed a sort of cripple or dwarf misshapen and hideous. Another, her arms dropped over her knees, seemed as though she were in despair; while the third from time to time suckled her child. Of the rest of my companions I took no notice—in every sort of attitude they lay at the mercy of the train, subject to the grotesque dances of the lamplight, unconscious of the meanness and disaster that their own contrivance had thrust upon them. I alone in all that endless night was waking, conscious of the frightful brutality that we suffered, slaves as we are to our own inventions. Three times I opened the window; but each time some one stirred, rushed back from the delights of oblivion, and half awake, half asleep, thrust himself in front of me and shut out the sweetness of the night. And once, as I stood up to open it a little way just for a moment, she who held her child so tightly under her bowed shoulders looked up at me quickly, piteously I thought, and covered her shapeless treasure with the cape of her cloak. And I, not to add to my torture, fell back into my seat, helpless to deliver myself from the body of that death. So night passed slowly slowly, and at last the summer stars, so large, so few, began to pale, and I saw the faint grey lines of dawn far, far away across the world.

## II

In the quiet streets so old, so silent, of Fuentarabía, grapes were to be had for a halfpenny a pound and melons at a penny apiece; it was gloriously fine, I was in Spain, and it was hot; so at last I found a cool doorway where I might rest and eat my grapes in the quiet, that seems always to surround this little city by the sea.

I have entered Spain by Irún, that classical gateway through which how many of our fathers, on their way to the wars in defence of Don Carlos or on some other adventure that called them out of the dreamy North, have passed into Castile. Far away below me the Bidassoa, that little river, divides France from Spain, and farther away still the Pyrenees, perhaps the most beautiful hills in the world, rise into the sky, that seems to lend them something of its serenity, its calmness, its quiet loveliness. Somewhere across those hills my way lies towards the sounding cities—Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca, Avila, and the rest. To-morrow I shall set out.

I know nothing of Spain—nothing of the Spaniards. I am come to see this race which has suffered so much from treason, from corruption, from poverty, and the evil chance of war. And it seems to me that my only chance of learning something of these people, so full of sadness and pride, is that in my baggage, fortunately so small, I should make no room for any prejudices. I shall set down what I see, and with a certain carefulness judge, if I must, accordingly, remembering that it is better to understand than to censure, and that to love is the best of all. And, indeed, already I find them a most courteous and a most grave people. The *carabineros* who examined my baggage at Irún apologised for putting me to the inevitable inconvenience, and I had not been five minutes in a Spanish train when my companion offered me a cigarette, as he proposed to light his own, for in Spain, as they say, 'a cigarette is never lighted for one.'

It was, as it were, in spite of myself that I spent my first night in Spain at San Sebastián. I had hoped to stay at Irún, itself the first town of Spain, but the inn was little more than a hovel, pigs and chickens occupied the restaurant, and the bed was even that which Don Quixote, my dear darling, used at the inn where Maritornes, that Asturian, was serving-wench: that is to say, it consisted of 'four not very smooth boards upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by the hardness might have been taken for pebble stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing one of the account." So I went to San Sebastián.

Before setting out, however, I journeyed on foot so far as Fuentarabía, where I found grapes and much quiet, and, above all, the sea. Figure to yourself a little city set on a hill, above a river with a name so beautiful as the Bidassoa. The streets are too steep and too stony for any wheeled traffic, and the sun is almost excluded by the roofs and balconies of the houses. It is a scene out of 'Romeo and Juliet.' But on that Sunday afternoon those shadowy streets were full of women and children passing from church to church; the women wearing always the beautiful black mantilla, which is so much more charming than any hat can ever be. After a time I followed them and came into the cathedral, a huge and rather gloomy building in the Gothic manner spoiled by restoration. An old priest was preaching very earnestly to a congregation composed, for the most part, of women and children and certain old men bowed with years. And as I listened to the splendid syllables of the Castilian tongue that rang eloquently through the twilight, I remembered the saying of that old Spanish doctor of whom James Howell tells us in his *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, to wit that Spanish, Italian, and French, these three daughters of the Latin language, were spoken in Paradise: that God Almighty created the world in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded Eve in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French.

At last I made my way up to the great castle that towers over the little city, that has seen a thousand summers go by, and heard the horns of Charlemagne, and watched the English under the great duke ford the river towards the sea. For it seems that on October 8, 1813, the Duke of Wellington, being hard pressed by the French, not much more than a month after the fearful business of San Sebastián, was anxious to cross the river into France; but the French had fortified all the positions along their own shore, the bridges were destroyed, and every known ford was commanded by the cannon of Soult. Some fishermen, however, had spoken to the duke of a ford close to the sea opposite the city of Fuentarabía, which could only be used at low tide, and then for but three hours. The duke waited his time, and one night of thunder the English troops crossed the river by the ford of Fuentarabía, and by sunrise had outflanked the French, speedily gained their positions, and driven them before them, winning at last the great Rhune mountain, the very centre and heart of the French defence. And yet it was not any memory of England and her victories that came to my mind on that quiet Sunday afternoon in the strong castle of Fuentarabía; but a vision, as it were, of the immensity of this country, the beautiful burnt-up hills so strong, so calm, so quiet, the immobility of everything—the brightness and the silence. Africa seemed to lie only just beyond that line of mountains, Africa with all its promises of heat and desert and thirsty days, full of silence and dust. Far and far away lay the sea like an immense shell of mother-of-pearl; and at my feet the Bidassoa seemed to await some signal to continue on its way, and lo, in its depths I discovered marvellous cities, golden with forgotten sunsets, the towers of Charlemagne, the fortresses of Roland. And out of the silence the great words of a song seemed to come to me, a song I had known and loved as a boy in a country so different from this, but which lies, after all, beside this very sea.

'O for the voice of that wild horn
On Fontarrabian echoes borne,
The dying heroes call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.'

One by one the words came to me full of the infinite regret of evening; and then, suddenly, out of the twilight the few melancholy notes of a Basque pipe reached me from the marshes; and as I passed from her, there upon her ruined gateway I found the broken letters of her beautiful names, 'Muy Noble, Muy Leal, Muy Valerosa'; it was as though I had come upon some lost diadem, or in the waters of the beautiful river had found some ancient sword.

## III

And indeed Fuentarabía keeps still her ancient trust, still under the hot July sun she elects year by year the 'Mayor of the Sea,' with much simple ceremony and bygone magnificence. Up her narrow, stony streets that were before the coming of any wheeled cart, the procession winds to the castle, there to elect the Alcalde del Mar. First come the musicians in order, playing—well, modern music; and then a woman, very beautiful, dressed in white, passes bearing a great casquet aloft in her arms, moving, as only Spanish women can move, with the divine footsteps of Aphrodite, who went to meet Paris long and long ago. Behind her a lad bears an ancient banner red and emblazoned; and after come the fishermen, an orderly crowd, touched by the distinction of the sea, its strange refinement, its strength and beauty; their bronzed faces, simple and clear, blessed by the sea wind. Soon that ancient banner floats from the antique iron of the balcony, and then in reverent silence the casquet is opened, and its treasures produced: a Crucifix and Chalice of silver, certain small rods, and an ancient parchment covered with Gothic writing.

After the ceremony they feast, these simple folk, in the house of the new alcalde, under the shadow of the plane-trees. Beside the door they plant the sacred banner; within, the table is spread under the simple family pictures of Christ and Madonna. And all before the house, under the plane-trees, on the beach, there is dancing and music; not such dancing as we know to-day in England, but true dancing in the moonlight, the Fandango, the Bolero, the Danza Prima; while behind the waying bodies of the dancers, the uplifted arms, the perfect poses of antiquity, stretches the sea far away past the sleeping ships of the fishermen to the iron coast of the Basque country under the infinite sky.

## IV

After all, I found but little to see in San Sebastián. It is just a modern seaside place, where the young king amuses himself in the hot weather when Madrid is a furnace. After much search I found the graves of my countrymen who fell in the Peninsular war, and for Don Carlos in 1836. They lie in a place of great beauty on the side of the cliff, where the foam from the sea is often strewn upon the grass, finer than hair, which covers them.

And then, one day, I set out soon after noon, beginning my journey through Spain at fifteen miles an hour. It is as near posting as we are ever likely to come; but for me, at least, it was not discouraging. I knew that the train went no faster; I was not disappointed, I had looked for nothing else, and above all one could smoke cigarettes and see Spain. And indeed that is almost all there is to do, I find. Every one smokes everywhere, and at all times. In this wonderful country one carriage is reserved in each train for those who do not smoke, not, as with us, for those who do. At every station there is a pleasant delay; one gets out and lights a fresh cigarette; and it is only when hour after hour has gone by, and the train is later and later, that one grows angry. But then what would you? It is true the train consumed nine hours in journeying the one hundred and sixty-seven miles between San Sebastián and Burgos; but at my first gesture of irritation and weariness (for properly we should have been but seven hours on the way) a young Spaniard sitting opposite me gave me a cigarette, and at my second bought me a box of sweet cakes and insisted on my acceptance of them. 'You have come to see our ancient and decayed grandeur,' said he, 'I am sure you will not be disappointed; excuse us, then, if in the little matter of railway contrivance we are a year or two behind the times.' And as a charming excuse for his country, he offered me that box of sweet Alsásua cakes. And, indeed, who could be angry, however bad the railway; the shame being truly that there is a railway at all.

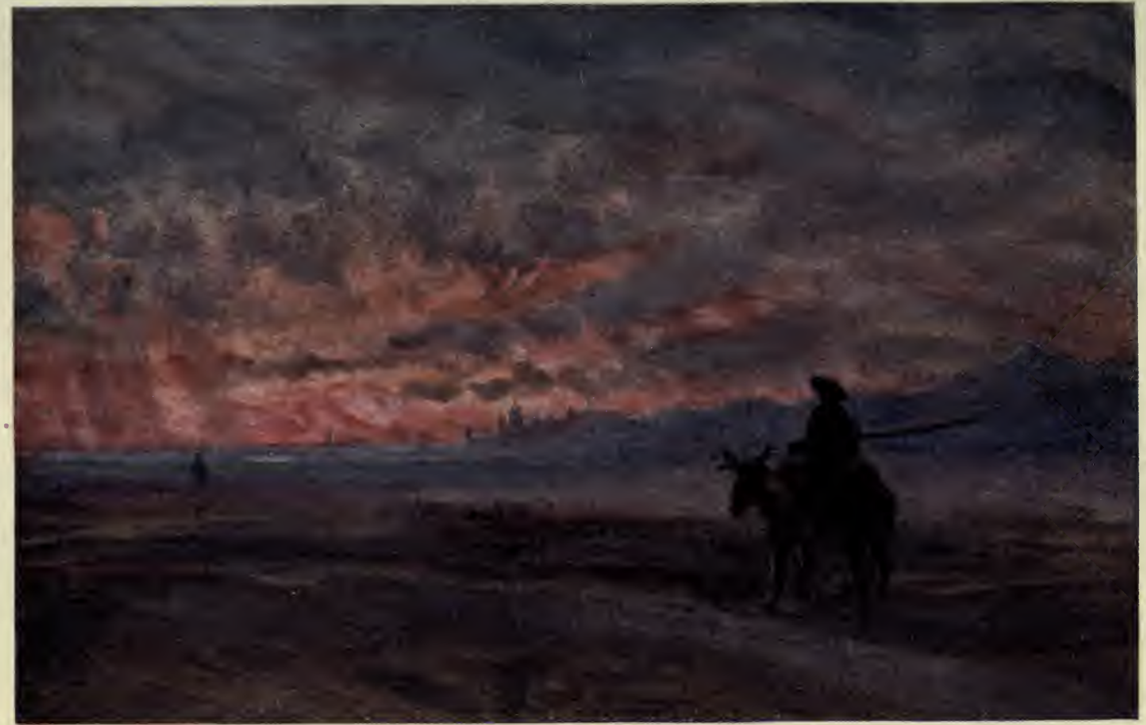
## V

There are countries in the world that to the least imaginative traveller instantly evoke an image, in which he discerns, as it were, the true character of the land he is about to see. Thus who among us that in early youth saw Italy for the first time, perhaps, at dawn from the heights of Mont Cenis, or maybe at sunset as we drew near to Genoa, but understood at once that she was, as it were, a fair woman forlorn upon the mountains.

It is under no such sweet and gracious form that Spain appears to the traveller who, having seen the world, it may be, comes to her last of all, expecting almost nothing, or perhaps looking for a country softer and more voluptuous than Italy, where under the palms and the tall vines many waters flow, while the luxuriant landscape stretches away in vistas of happy valleys, in which they sing the songs of Andalucía, under the eternal snows of the great mountains. But behind the Pyrenees, which as seen from Fuentarabía are so strangely beautiful, so delicate in their fragile peaks, there is no land full of vines and many waters, and any dance or song is seldom heard. It is a figure of exaltation and strength, emaciated, profoundly ascetic, marvellous with self-inflicted wounds, kneeling in the desert, that you discover with a great surprise behind those mountains; and instead of the soft, smiling, languorous eyes of Mona Lisa, you see the naked form of John Baptist praying alone between the immense horizons.

As you enter Spain to-day at Irún between the mountains and the sea, you linger for a time in a country very like Devon in a certain luxuriance of fern and heather, of oak and ash, which covers the lower slopes of the mountains; and, indeed, you cross many a pleasant river, where in the infinite calm silence the great shadows of the mountains lie among the stones and grow, and lessen, and grow again, as dawn passes into sunset over the bridge of the day. But this country so full of obvious refreshment is scarcely Spanish at all. It is the country of the Basques, that strange people who speak a tongue no man can learn, and who, in spite of Roman, Moorish, and Gothic conquest, have maintained their language, their manners, and their institutions, and to some extent their physical characteristics also, even till to-day. It is not here you will find the true Spain, but in the Castiles in León and in Andalucía.

Coming from the north by train at fifteen miles an hour, you enter Old Castile at sunset, at a little city called Miranda de Ebro. But even at Vitoria the country is a little less dressed, a little bare, and much more passionate than among the mountains; and from there to Miranda you find all your desire in the sad and tragic landscape that is gradually unfolded before you. If you are so fortunate as to come to Castile for the first time, thus, at sunset, you will in a moment understand everything—the ruined splendour of Spain, the exaltation and the glory. As I watched the sunset burning



SUNSET

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

the tawny plains, I remembered that the most beautiful hour of the day begins at sundown. It is in that hour that you will pass the ancient and ruined city of Miranda del Ebro. Ah, but I cannot express the splendour, the ruined splendour of this world. Figure to yourself the Mycenae of Euripides—of Euripides, not of Sophocles or Aeschylos—a city surrounded by a marvellous plain, full of burning dust red and tawny, with vague stretches of melancholy, fierce sierra far, far away; and then remember that Euripides makes of the Tragedy of the Atridae no great poetical tragedy, but just a clan murder. Well, it is the very place. And that ruined city which I saw in the midst of the immense and infinite plain just before nightfall seems to me to be the expression, the perfect expression of Spain. I find myself already longing for another and clearer sight of that desert. Will all Castile be like that, and what of Spain?

It was quite dark when at last the train crept into Burgos.

## II

## BURGOS

NOT altogether out of the world, yet having but few dealings with it, Burgos stands upon her hillside waiting, perhaps, for the coming of Jesus. For whereas the world at large has forgotten Him, being busy with the occupations and rivalries of life, Burgos, in spite of herself almost, cannot rase out that remembrance. So she stands a noble city, her gaze fixed on the stars, unconscious of her loneliness among her yellow hills, undismayed by storm or sunshine, waiting for the sign of the Son of Man.

Figure to yourself a country of low, sweeping hills, immense, voluminous, tawny under a blue sky, and searched by an impartial sun; and in a valley so wide as almost to be a plain, a splendid city, white and red and smokeless. Her river is shrunken with age and cannot fill his banks, on which avenues of poplars guard the monotonous walks of the dreamers from the sun, lest they grow weary or forgetful in the sunshine. Walking down one of these avenues beyond the river, one sees, really for the first time, the true Burgos, its heart, as it were, the centre of its being—the cathedral.

There is no ecstasy so profound that it cannot be expressed in stone, so that it may endure for ever; and in a kind of reaction, as it were, the cathedral seems to have captured the people's hearts so that they too look for some divine thing, and are strangers outside the gates of their city. And indeed it is true—there is little else to think of in so isolated a place save the emotions of its own heart, full of an enthusiasm that has pierced so far towards the stars, and that is in itself, as has been said of architecture generally, song made visible.

Coming to Burgos from the rather obvious beauty of the country at the base of the Pyrenees, I saw her first under a sky of few stars and without the airiness and light that the moon lends even to nature. And yet there was an added beauty in the calm and profound depth of a sky too deep for the moon's light; for I found the open-work towers of the great church studded with stars, so that, as one might think, nature had lent her diamonds not from the earth, the which she, alas, held but as worthless, but from the sky itself, in which she thought her home to be. And it is indeed as the 'work of the angels' that one comes to think of the cathedral ever afterwards, not confining that perfection they so naturally would lend her to the lantern alone, but finding everywhere, in tower and chapel and relief and screen, some scrupulous though not simple beauty, not quite natural or to be explained, even by ourselves, as part of the influence of that English bishop, Maurice by name, whose tomb is never lonely in the great choir. For, indeed, in the enthusiasm of its ornament, in the passionate swift flight of its arches, in the unlimited desire of its height and depth and breadth, there is nothing of England at all, nothing of those 'plain grey walls pierced with long lancet windows, overlooking the lowlands of Essex or the meadows of Kent or Berkshire.' For after all Burgos itself is a part of its cathedral, in a way that no English city can ever be part of its own great church, the which is really antagonistic to everything around it, the houses of the citizens, the modern life of the people, and even the religion that she too has learned to tolerate as a sufficient excuse for preservation from time.

But the landscape of Burgos has no mildness nor comfort; it is bare and sombre, and one of the saddest and most ardent countries of the world. For the city is solitary, without the melodramatic relief of mountains or torrents, or even the sweetness of a river. Her only companions are the tragic and magnificent sierras, tawny ruins that nature has forgotten since the world was void. Ah, I speak as a child, for she is beautiful to me and my words are not worthy of her. The country is harsh to her, whilst she, immaculate, inflexible, secret, is really the first city I have seen that verily believes in Christ. She is an image of Faith, of Exaltation in a world that is overheated and full of lies and greatly desirous. Not energy nor even passion fills her eyes, but Faith. Is this so plentiful in the world that one should be offended? or so contemptible that one should laugh in passing by? Faith for her at least merits no semi-darkness, she is not ashamed to let the world see her tears as they fall at the remembrance of her sins. Light—it is the very first surprise for the Northerner on entering that vast and splendid church. There is nothing hidden; the choir is set far away from the high altar, and the screens are of bronze; there is no crypt as at Chartres for the earliest Mystery; even the Holy Christ of Burgos is vistaed in an avenue of light; so that we are never deceived, we are not stupefied with twilight and the burning glass, we are not deceived at all. It is as though we were on the hillside almost, as indeed we are—a hillside covered with the work of angels—angels of light.

And so it is that I have seen on the evening of Sunday the people of Burgos gather in their cathedral, while the sun is setting, to watch the choir and the aisles grow mysterious with a kind of wonder and terror almost, coming at last under the great lantern where the sun shines for a full half-hour after the rest of the church is dark. That delight in the tricks of nature—the sun treating the cathedral as though it were a great hill or mountain, recognising, as it were, not without sympathy, the rearrangement of the stones of the hills by man, is, it seems to me, characteristic of a people that has not been materially successful. In England we have not the time nor the desire to care for so impalpable a thing as that, and indeed the sun is not so kind to us.

It is perhaps in just such fortunate natural things as that, the church itself being a sort of exquisite casket in which, like some precious antique jewel, the very ancient light of the world is imprisoned, only revealed to us by sunrise and sunset as the true Light of the World is revealed to us by the mysterious words of the Mass, that our real delight lies. For the cathedral of Burgos, while it remains one of the chief glories of Spain, is how much less beautiful than the cathedrals of Chartres or Amiens! It is indeed in architecture that the Spaniard seems most signally to have failed. The most practical of the arts, and perhaps the most perfect means of expression for national, as distinct from individual emotion and genius, he desired above all things to excel in it, to possess the loveliest buildings in the world—he has succeeded only in building the least restrained, the least simple, the most grandiose. For there is no Spanish architecture; there is but a Spanish translation of French, of German, of Italian styles, a capricious following of different manners in a feverish, prolonged enthusiasm for grand buildings. Age has lent something of its repose to churches so rhetorical, so wildly enthusiastic as those of Burgos, León, and Toledo; they escape the vulgarity that falls upon the brutal erections of yesterday and to-day; but they are not Spanish at all, or if they be, it is as it were in their excessive ornament, their recklessness, their superficial differences from the masterpieces of Amiens or Beauvais; so that we find, with a sort of wonder at first, that this proud and reticent people is in its architecture the least reserved, the most superficial of peoples, content to express itself very garrulously in stone that after all cannot lie, for the most part without the repose that waits only upon the steadfast, assured mind and with all the gesticulations so necessary in translation or to one expressing himself in a foreign tongue. And it may well be that the cause of all this lies in the fact that architecture is always the expression of national and not of individual ideas, religion and the desire of beauty. And so, while it is true that religion welded Spain out of an anarchical mass of peoples, it betrays its terrible excesses as much in her cathedrals as in her history; and thus, gradually, the church of San Pablo in Valladolid, for instance, becomes for us as terrible, as expressive as the Plaza Mayor there. Nor do I wish to accuse the Spaniard of barbarism, even in those *autos* played out in Valladolid, still less to consider art as the handmaid of morality; only the character of a people easily subject to excesses might seem to be as obvious in the one as in the other.

Those forgotten builders of the great Gothic churches of France were but the tools, as it were, which a whole people used in creating a new style. And so it is that with the Greeks the perfect temple, the Parthenon, neither too large nor too small, comprising in itself the perfection of construction, of proportion, of ornament, of colour, summed up in itself, was as it were the consummate expression of, their sure and precise desire for beauty; the apprehension of it in perfection and in sanity, rather than in mysticism or suggestion. And again with the Roman, the immortal round arch, so strong, so compulsory, so inevitable, uninterrupted by any capricious angle or swift aspiring multitude of lines, is expressive of the profound and definite law, the everlasting dominion of a people whose character has formed and inspired the history of Europe. And what is the Romanesque but a perfect reminiscence of all that old civilisation in which East and West are friends; an expression of love, as it were, for all that marvellous world which was just then passing away? And so when we come to Gothic architecture we find in the praying, uplifted hands of its arches, in the soaring enthusiasm of its towers and spires, in the windows that shut out the sun, in the form as of a ship, that the Gothic insists upon, and in the idealism, the mysticism, of those lines that lead us ever upward out of the world to annihilation in God, the perfect expression of the Teutonic peoples, just overwhelmed by the individualism of Jesus, those northern races who have lived in the gloom of the great forests, and slept by their fires on the mountains, and seen the eyes of wild beasts, and in the cold and rain of northern Europe have conceived of another and a fairer world behind the blue sky, that lies beyond the clouds and the mist, and was the one thing that was very precious in their lives. No Latin people has been able to understand, to express itself in pointed architecture. In France it is confined to the north, where Flemish and German influence was strong; in Italy there is no single fine Gothic church, as we understand the term; the so-called Gothic of Italy being, indeed, a translation of pointed work into the terms of the Latin genius—a translation and nothing more. And at the first opportunity how eagerly Italy returned to old forms, how perfectly she used them, with a consummate understanding of the old classical delights of man in space and light, the perfection of the sunshine and the blue sky. How feeble, how vulgar, how full of misunderstanding is the

Duomo of Milan, in all its rhetorical, grimacing mimicry, in comparison with that little perfect church of S. Mary outside the gates of Todi; how much less than nothing is S. Maria sopra Minerva beside S. Maria Maggiore; or the exquisite goldsmith's work of the façade at Orvieto beside the Romanesque of S. Pietro in Spoleto! And so it is that the Spaniard, full of strange, obscure Latinisms, cannot reconcile Gothic architecture with his own dreams. Always he has employed foreigners to build his greatest churches in this manner at Burgos, at León, at Toledo, spoiling their work by reason of his own real dislike of it, with his strange caprices, his desire for space, and the more emotional expression of his dreams, the which he learnt from the Moor and his own heart.

Thus, for me at least, the Gothic churches of Spain are full of that over-emphasis which spoils beauty, as it were, of its modesty. Loaded with every sort of ornament, how easily the beautiful thirteenth-century work which may be found here in Burgos passes into the 'plateresque'—a kind of metal work in stone, capricious and full of excitement, in which all the wildest dreams of this strange people seem to be expressed, till, as in the new cathedral at Salamanca, we find an immense, grandiose, over-loaded church really blotting out and annihilating the ancient and quiet beauty of the smaller Romanesque building, the old cathedral, which hides itself, still lovely and perfect, though dismantled, behind the new church. Was it Moorish influence that brought the Spaniard to love intricate splendour before simplicity, or was it just the gradual decay of inspiration in art seeking here too to hide itself under an immense labour, a superficial loveliness of ornament? At least we know that for many years Moorish and European art go side by side in Spain with, as it were, a great gulf fixed between them; nor do we find in the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra—a building of the fourteenth century—any real influence of such Gothic work as that at Burgos done in the thirteenth century. And yet it seems to me that even as the Moor was unable to exclude from his work all knowledge of what his enemy was doing not far away, so the Spaniard, in spite of all his hatred, was subject to Moorish influence, which may be found in a gradual substitution of an ideal of intricate splendour, richness, and infinite ornament for an ancient simplicity. In the Cristo de la Luz at Toledo you will find in a chamber, some twenty-one feet square, nine vaulting compartments covered with various vaults; that, to the European mind, in spite of a certain measure of success, is a fault against temperance, against a due sense of proportion, and against simplicity. Built probably about the middle of the eleventh century, it no doubt had its effect on such Gothic work as we find in Spain. Something of the difficulty, however, of understanding the history of architecture in Spain may be found in the fact that different styles seem to have flourished there at the same period. Thus we might say roughly that the Mosque of Córdova was of the ninth century, the Alcázar and Giralda of Seville of the thirteenth, the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra of the fourteenth, and certain Moorish houses in Toledo of the fifteenth. And again, the Romanesque cathedral of Salamanca belongs to the twelfth century, as does the cathedral of Tarragona; the cathedrals of Lérida and of Valencia to the thirteenth; and all these beautiful Romanesque churches might be the work of the same man, so uniform are they in design and inspiration. But when we come to consider that the cathedrals of Toledo, Burgos, and León were all building in the thirteenth century—that is to say, at the same time as the

Romanesque cathedrals of Lérida and Valencia, and the Moorish Alcázar and Giralda at Seville—while it is not altogether a surprise to us to find that the work of the Moors went on side by side with that of the Spaniards without either influencing other, it is nevertheless one of the most confusing facts in the history of art, that the Gothic cathedrals of Toledo, Burgos, and León should have been built at the same time as the Romanesque cathedrals of Lérida and Valencia. And, indeed, our only escape from this seeming contradiction of history is to be found in the fact, to which the buildings themselves bear witness, that the churches of Toledo, Burgos, and León were built by foreigners, who copied the great churches of France, and were really scarcely Spanish at all, in their construction at any rate, though modified to some extent at the time, and certainly later, by Spanish artists who had felt the beauty of the strange and intricate ornament of the Moors. In the cathedral of León, for instance, which is usually given to a Spanish architect, the evidence of an imitation of French work is extraordinary, so that it might seem difficult to doubt the genesis of this beautiful church.

The cathedral of Burgos stands, as most Gothic churches do, in the midst of houses a little confused by their outlines, so that it is impossible to see it in its completeness from any point, whether from hill or valley. It is like a ship overwhelmed by the waves of the sea. Built on a hillside that slopes precipitously to the river, all that we really see is late work, some of it quite modern—indeed, of the eighteenth century, as the west front, before which the hill itself has been hewn away to form a plaza. Those towers and steeples with the lantern and the great chapel at the eastern end seem to us to be almost the whole church, and yet not one of them properly belongs to the church at all, which is really of the thirteenth century. The chapel of the Condestable in some strange way dominates the whole cathedral, thrusting upon it all its intricate and restless splendour, its difficult modern music that has forgotten the peace of the plainsong. And however great at first our delight may be in the lantern, that 'work of the angels,' we soon grow a little weary of it, and find ourselves wondering what simple beauty has been destroyed to make way for all that elegance, that fragile glory of delicate pinnacle and carved goldsmith's work. Well, it was something more masculine than that, be sure, which Bishop Luis de Ancona y Osorno tried to lift into the sky—in vain, for it fell, destroyed for ever by those who could not understand. And it may well be that in the lantern of the great church of Las Huelgas we see to-day a thing as beautiful, as simple, and as strong as that old cimborio that fell in 1539.

In any distant view of Burgos how glorious she appears; so that when we come nearer and look at her from her own hillside we are disappointed. Yes, it is true; we had expected something, I think more sincere than she, loaded with every sort of architectural ornament, seems to be. Yet the true church is of the thirteenth century, added to in the fourteenth, altered again in the fifteenth, and yet again in the sixteenth century. And somewhere beneath all the later work, if we look with a certain care, we may find still the old thirteenth-century church full of truth, beauty, and sweetness. There is little doubt that that early church consisted of just a nave and aisles of six bays with choir and apse, and it may be with chapels round it, and of two transepts very deep and spacious, with their chapels on the east sides—only one of which remains. To-day we may find the north transept with its beautiful doorways still unchanged; while so late as 1860 the approach to the south transept was, we are told, perfect and beautiful, but is so no longer by reason of certain 'restorations' which made necessary among other things the sacrifice of a part of the bishop's palace. The south transept itself, however, is still quite perfect of the thirteenth century, and, indeed, the two transepts are the only parts of the old church easily visible from the outside, for the western steeples are of the end of the fifteenth century, the central lantern and the Condestable chapel are of the early Renaissance.

It is with a certain wonder that one passes through those modern west doors and comes out of the sunshine of Spain, not into one of the great twilight churches of the north, but into a church full of a light only more serene than that which is so sweet under the sky. One seems to be in a place full of precious things, among which not the least is that very precious and ancient light that fills the nave and aisles, the choir and the chapels, with a sort of benediction. The nave is the nave of a great French church, spoiled, it is true, as just that by reason of the trespass of the coro upon it,—a church, as it were, within a church, so that no view of the altar or the church itself, as a whole, is possible from the west end. And indeed the nave does not really exist, beautiful though it be; it is not there the people kneel to hear the Mass, but under the lantern between the rejas or screens of bronze, where I have seen them on many a quiet Sunday—shepherds in skins, from the plains and the hills, peasants wrapt in a kind of blanket worn as the Romans used to wear the toga; the women in black, wearing the black mantilla, sitting on the floor on reed mats of many colours, very devout, and yet not without a certain exquisite distraction, caused perhaps by the inattention, the heedlessness at so ancient a service of the Burgalés youth, who, as in old days, have come to Mass to see the world and the world's wife, and to greet their friends, among whom, it may well be, Jesucristo is not the least.

And even as outside the church you are impressed chiefly by the later work, so here, too, you are overwhelmed by the immense number of chapels of all shapes, styles, and dates. And again it is to the beautiful transepts you turn in their simplicity—a simplicity that would be richness anywhere else—wondering a little at the exquisite staircase that leads far up the wall to the great door on the north, till you remember that precipitous hillside on which the church is built.

That choir set so far from the high altar is certainly an innovation, invented partly for warmth, partly for convenience, leaving the people free to pursue their own devotions, not expecting them to be interested in anything so 'professional' as the choir offices—the long, beautiful Latin psalms, the lections, and the prayers. In its exclusiveness, its privacy, the coro of these Spanish cathedrals, for almost everywhere the great choir half fills the nave, is like the choir of Westminster Abbey shutting off the nave from the altar, so that it is almost impossible for a great number to assist at Mass or, indeed, at any service at all without dividing the clergy from the altar. Here at Burgos, however, the choir is not so unfortunate in its obstruction as at Westminster by reason of the innumerable altars that surround the church, so that while it may be difficult to approach the high altar, the worshipper at least has certain consolations. While at Westminster it is really impossible to use the church at all for any great service other than a mere state function, since so few ever catch sight of the altar at all, and the great nave, so solemn and lovely, is now a useless outer court, since the Anglican Church prefers to keep still the arrangement of old days when a religion so different was to be found there.

Those great bronze screens that guard the coro and capilla mayor, as here in Spain they call the chancel, are on Sundays and, indeed, every day at Mass thrown open wide so that the people may enter in under the lantern; thus, it is true, they come between the clergy and the altar; but lest this should be inconvenient, lesser screens have been set up, leaving a narrow passage from the coro to the steps of the altar, so that the clergy may pass to and fro. But, indeed, however convenient it may be, the great coro is a mistake, a mistake of the Renaissance. The bishop, almost invisible save when he proceeds to the altar, has his throne at the west end of the choir, where it may well be a reja used to open a vista of the altar from the farthest church. To-day nothing is visible but a blank wall, with its tawdry altar trying in vain to make excuse for what we have lost. And, indeed, inside the choir itself there is really nothing of interest save the beautiful monument, a thirteenth-century work of Bishop Maurice, that Englishman, as is supposed, who built the church. Strangely enough, it is said that in 1512 Bishop Ampudia placed this monument to the west of the reja that shut in the west end of the choir. It is certain that since then it has not been removed, and yet to-day it lies in the midst of the choir; the which might seem to prove, once and for all, that of old the coro occupied a position less prejudicial to the church. No doubt the choir stalls were originally in the capilla mayor.[1]

The chapels are, as I have said, innumerable; chief among them for size is that of Santiago, which is used as the parish church, but there is little remarkable in it. It is to the chapel of the Condestable, built about 1487 by Juan de Colonia, that every traveller will hasten. And yet, indeed, I think there are three chapels in the church more worthy of attention: one of them, that in the north transept, is of the thirteenth century; the two other are Capilla S. Gregorio and that one immediately to the west of it; they are of the fourteenth century. It is true they are beautiful, simple, full of grace, built for the worship of God, but all the world prefers rather to wonder at Juan of Colonia than to be satisfied with the beauty he failed to understand. Juan was of German birth, and is generally supposed to have been brought to Burgos by Bishop Alfonso de Cartagena on his return from the council of Basle. The upper part of the western steeples of the cathedral, the great Carthusian monastery of Miraflores not far away, and S. Pablo of Valladolid are all the work of this foreigner. Of him Street[1] says, 'His work is very peculiar. It is essentially German in its endless intricacy and delicacy of detail, but has features that I do not remember to have seen in Germany, which may be fairly attributed either to the Spaniards who worked under him or to an attempt on his part to accommodate his work to Spanish tastes.' However that may be, his work is of the most rich and florid sort. That it is delightful it is difficult to deny, that it is fitting or sincere I think is much easier. It has neither gravity nor humour, it is full of gesticulation, a little obvious, a little blatant. To pray in such a place if one were sorry might seem impossible, and if one were glad one would go to the hills. To sleep there in death would be more terrible than to be buried in a great city, since it lacks the poor humanity even of so mean a place as a London cemetery. And so it is reduced at last, since all else is refused it, to rejoice in the wonder of the stranger who, guide-book in hand, thinks the thoughts most probably spoken by another German ; and since these two are in agreement, what can he do but rejoice in his bewildered way and return home convinced in his heart that he has seen a wonder, as indeed he has. But it is not, be sure, in any such insincere rhetoric that the greatness of Burgos lies, but in the simpler thirteenth and fourteenth century work, the cloisters, the nave of the great church, the triforium, which is so unique a feature in its strange capricious design, and in certain small chapels which, unnoticed by the guide-book, are really the perfect works of the old masters.

---

[1] Ponz: *Viaje de España*. Madrid, 1787.

---

[1] *Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain*, by G. E. Street. London, 1865.

And yet in spite of all its eloquent renown, its beautiful name, its vistaed loveliness, Burgos and its cathedral are—well, not quite all we had expected. We had wished, it may be, for a simpler thing, and indeed we may find it in the great church of Las Huelgas that lies not far from the city in the midst of a little village that has grown up around it on the banks of the Arlanzón. It stands really in the water meadows that in summer time are just a part of the great arid, dusty plain that stretches away across the world. It would be difficult to find a more desolate, a more silent place. All its splendour has departed from it, its greatness is a tale that is told, its beauty is a ruin ; and yet here you may have that satisfaction which I at least looked for in vain in Burgos itself. As to-day you read of the immense heritages, the cities, the villages, the sovereign 'rights, privileges, and immunities' conferred on the abbey, the long list of its almost royal possessions, its vineyards, olive gardens, fields and cornlands, the gifts of many kings, and then at a turning of the way in the silence of the sunshine come upon a place so still, so desolate, and so beautiful, you seem to understand something of the tragedy that is Spain. Only the storks have not deserted the beautiful tower that guards the abbey still, and when the bell sounds for vespers even yet a few old nuns lift their trembling voices in praise of Him who having given has taken away everything but His love.

Founded by Alfonso VIII. the abbey was begun in 1180, and nineteen years later established as a Cistercian house. The first abbess, whose name I know not, ruled till 1203, when Doña Constanza, daughter of Alfonso, was elected, and from that time the abbey gained in splendour and glory, many noble persons taking the veil there, while 'kings were knighted, crowned, and buried before its altars.' Therefore it is no wonder that, as Street says, 'the postern gate—a simple thirteenth-century archway—leads not at once into the convent, but into the village which has grown up round it.' It is a little difficult to see the church, which is generally closed after the early hours of the morning, and even at service time much of it is closed to the traveller. But it is not in any examination of its architecture that the true value and delight of so quiet a place lie, but in its aspect of repose, its beauty, its steadfastness, forlorn in that immense world. And yet indeed it is very valuable to the antiquary if only for the lantern of the church, the vault of which is reproduced line for line in the little chapel of the north transept of the cathedral. Something very like to it in its noble simplicity and strength must once, as it seems to me, have covered the choir of the great church where now the strange beautiful lantern of Juan de Colonia rises into the sky; and it may well be that, as Street among others suggests, it was in trying to raise a thing so perfect that it was destroyed, as it were by its own weight, falling into the church below, a ruined miracle.

There is not much to see at Las Huelgas: a few tombs, as that of Alfonso VIII. in the choir and those of Alfonso

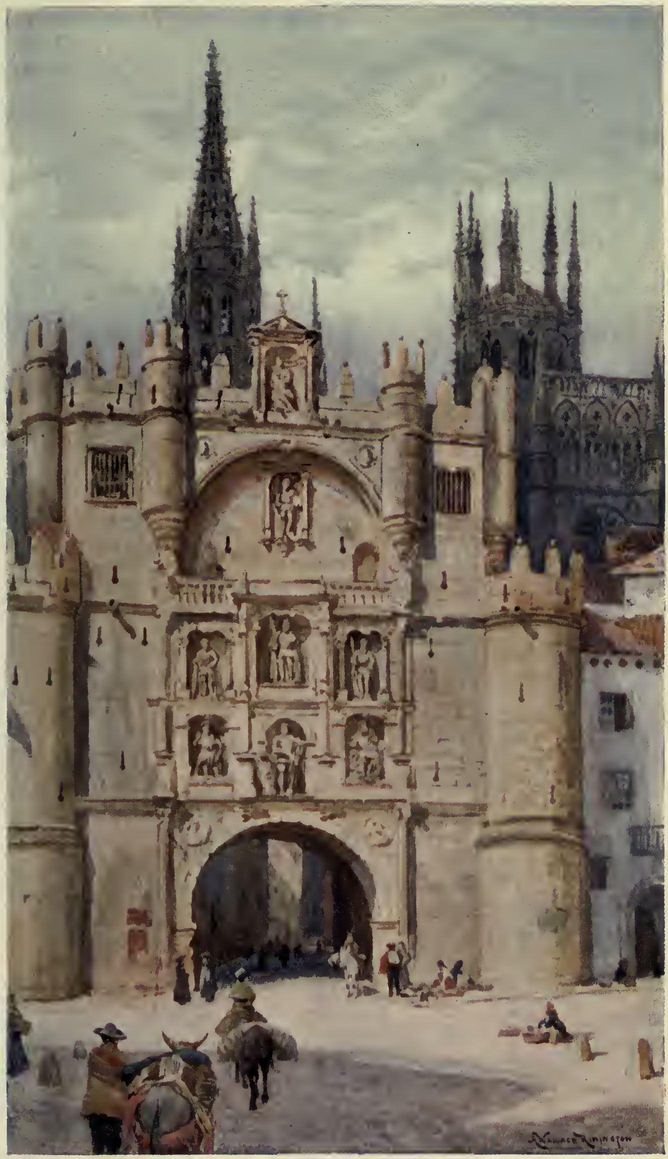
VII. and Sta. Catalina in the nave; and one reminds oneself that it was here, too, in 1254, that Don Alfonso el Sabio knighted Edward I. of England before the high altar, and that in 1367, after the battle of Navarrete, Edward the Black Prince lodged here. But it is not for such memories one comes to Las Huelgas, but for its own sake, and the satisfaction to be found in its quietness and repose after the extraordinary excitement of the cathedral and the inevitable vulgarity that little by little the modern world is thrusting upon Burgos.

It is into quite another world that one comes on entering the convent of Miraflores. The way thither is a pleasant way, passing at first along the banks of the river under the trees, coming before long out on to the lonely sierra, whence the whole world seems to lie before you. In bare, uplifted hills like the waves of a great sea the country of Castile stretches endlessly away to the horizon, tawny and arid, without a tree or a village or even a building, save where a ruined castle, tiny but clear in the lurid light, breaks the monotony of the plain. It is a thing established for ever, secure in its own strange beauty, passionate and serene, that cannot change, that as I feel cannot wish to change. It is the temple of a great spirit, strong, severe, not to be overcome, that has moulded and formed the spirit of man. Is it God who dwells in this immense loneliness, this beautiful solitude, this crystal silence? Ah, how may I ever know. I have come to Spain a stranger, full of regrets; and it is this she offers me,—this profound enigma of desert and sky and sun, fulfilled with an indestructible simplicity, in which, how easily, I may lose myself or find for true what I had but half suspected. And after the trumpery cities of the North, where life has almost refined itself away, or expressed itself so feverishly and brutally that but little is left for silence or remembrance, it is life itself, simple and passionate as of old, controlled by the great exterior symbols, day and night, the sun and the stars, winter and summer, that I have found again between two heartbeats in the desert.

It is in the midst of a scene thus full of eternal and simple things that the Carthusians have built a monastery and named it Miraflores. But they are not any natural flowers that we find in a place that might have been so sweet, but rather a fantastic garden of architectural blossoms, gaudy and full of the capricious, sensual thoughts of fortunate people who have possessed everything. The deserted court, the silent church echoing to every footfall, might seem to have preserved those superficial regrets and thoughts about death that follow so many to the grave, and die on the first day of sunshine scattered by the wind. But here we find them gathered and immortal round the tombs of King Juan II. and Isabella his wife, sculptured in rich marble by Gil de Siloe and gilded with the very gold of Columbus. 'Among the finest things of the kind in Europe,' the guide-book tells you ; and even Street, that precise critic grows enthusiastic. 'The monument of Juan and Isabella,' he says, 'is as magnificent a work of its kind as I have ever seen, richly wrought all over. The heraldic achievements are very gorgeous and the dresses are everywhere covered with very delicate patterns in low relief. The whole detail is of the nature of the very best German third pointed work rather than flamboyant, and I think for beauty of execution, vigour, and animation of design, finer than any other work of the age.' 'Finer than any other work of the age,' and yet, as we may discover even from so enthusiastic a critic, without simplicity. To one less taken with all the gorgeous richness of the detail —'the best German third pointed work'—it might seem that of that age, too, were the early Tuscan sculptors, men like Mino da Fiesole, Verrocchio, Luca della Robbia, Donatello even, whose work, profoundly expressive as it is, and full of that 'intimate impress of an indwelling soul' which is the peculiar fascination of the art of Italy in that century, is yet as winsome as the flowers, full of expression, as I have said—the passing of a smile over a face, the stirring of the wind in the hair, the pathos of death, its bitterness lost as it were in its sweetness, its rest and repose. How little of just that is to be found here in 'the finest work of that age.'

Almost nothing is known of Gil de Siloe, who made these tombs together with the monument to the Infante Alfonso in the north wall of the sacrarium, and the retablo over the high altar. His work at Miraflores seems to have been begun in 1489 and finished by 1493. In the cathedral, in the chapel of the Annunciation, he made the tomb of that Bishop Alonso de Cartagena who is said to have brought Juan de Colonia to Burgos. Work by his son, Diego de Siloe, is to be found in some profusion in the churches of Granada, Seville, and Málaga. Indeed, there is much that is pathetic in the fate that has fallen on his work. A courtier and evidently a man of the world caring for the elaborate ritual of life, the curiously sumptuous habits of the great in those days of the early Renaissance, something of a barbarian, too, in his love for intricate splendour, his work seems pathetically humorous in this windy, desolate place, where now no great religious ceremony surrounds it with the prayers of captains or the tears of princes. No great community guards the tireless labour, the beautiful superficial thoughts that went to make so immense, so fragile a sepulture. For there are no more any monks in Spain, and the inexorable silence that always surrounds it, the empire of day and night, the quiet indifferent sun it cannot bear, for it was not made for these and has no part with

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA


A Wallace Rimington

PUERTA S. MARIA, BURGOS

the indestructible mountains. Nothing in all that laboured work is left of that which came from the earth, everything has been moulded by the hand of man. The rough, beautiful places kissed by the sun, washed by the rain, veined by the wind, have been smoothed away or tortured into a meaningless mimicry of actual life, trained and twirled like green osiers, moulded like common clay into a perfect and lifeless thing, in which there is left no single fragment that has ever really seen the sky.

As I came back into Burgos under the trees, for fear of the sun, to spend a last hour in the cathedral, I came for love by the longest way, so that I might pass again over the Bridge of Saint Mary and so under the great Puerta de Santa María; for me at least Burgos will ever remain the city I have seen from there. Climbing up her hillside, crowned by the old Moorish castle, her hands lifted in prayer, still her bells ring at dawn, at noon, and at sunset, and in spite of her prosperity she is beautiful and has not forgotten the days when she was the capital. Nor is she so modern as she seems, for often she has wakened me with her antique prayers and cheered me with news of the night, so that I too have whispered in my heart 'Mary, Queen of Angels, and all you clouds on clouds of saints, *orate pro nobis*.'

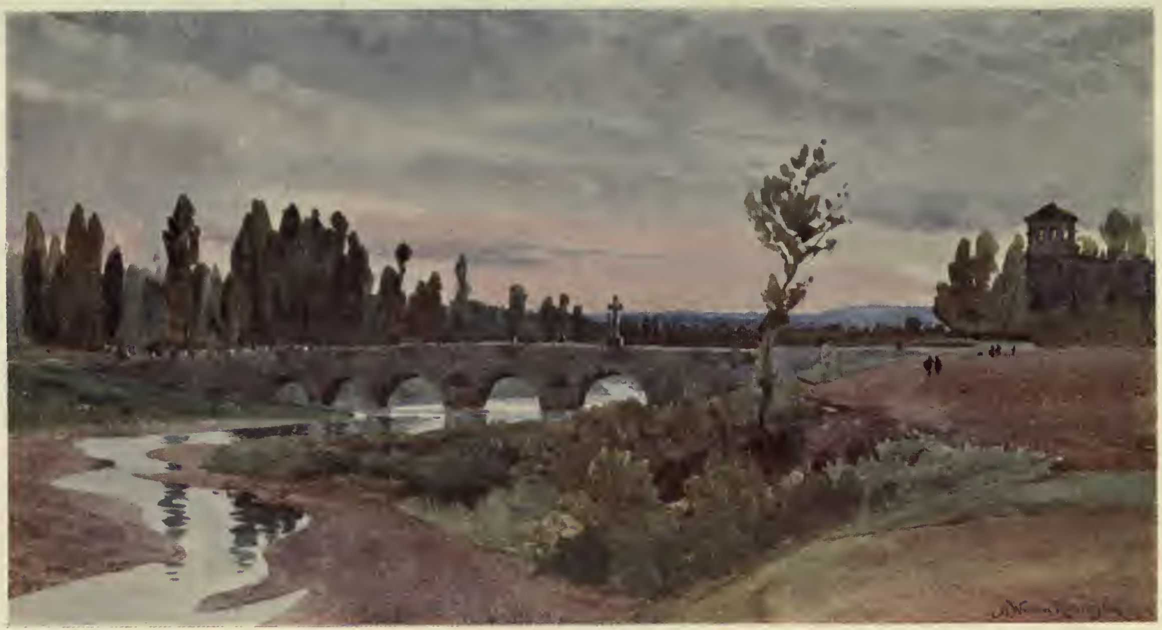
## III

## VALLADOLID

IT was already evening when I set out from Burgos. The sun was set, and the world—that barren melancholy desert of Castile, immense, infinite—was gradually folded in the magical splendour of the hour after the sunset. It is an hour here in Spain full of a peculiar glory, when heaven and earth flame with the fiercer fires of an invisible sun. And beautiful as the summer sunset almost always is here in this desolate land, I for one find it nothing in comparison of this strange after-glow that reveals all the latent groinings of the hills, the contours of the plains, the little dusty valleys, the dry water-courses, and the framework, as it were, of the earth itself which is hidden from one under the glare of full sunlight.

For hours in the cool evening we crept over that boundless plain, past many little cities almost invisible at midday, by reason of their likeness to the rocks and the plain itself; built with the stones and the dust that are everywhere, and that have never felt the shadow of a tree, or even a shrub, or the tenderness of the grass; but visible in the evening by their lights, which glow in a window here and there, or before the almost numberless shrines, which serve at once to light our footsteps in the difficult streets, and to remind us of the goodness of God.

Clustered generally around some little hill, these



BRIDGE AT LEÓN

UNIV.
CALIFORN

townships and villages—for they are little more than a handful of houses—seem the most desolate and forsaken places in the world. They are like heaps of dust and stones fashioned into certain fantastic shapes by children, and abandoned on the verge of the desert. Passing them at nightfall, it is difficult to express in words the fascination they possessed for me, though often I did not know even their names, and not once did I see a single inhabitant; and, indeed, in all that desolation the only living things I saw, were a few goats that wandered slowly in search of food and shelter far away against the glow of the sky. After many hours of this silence and desolation, suddenly and without warning we came to Valladolid.

I drove across a great square almost surrounded by modern buildings, a little Parisian in their preciseness, their spacious air—entering the old city at last by a narrow and stony street, in which I found the Fonda. Of that gay but dilapidated hostelry how can I speak well? My host, an amiable and discreet character, worthy of a better inn, I found awaiting me on the first floor: that is to say, he was engaged in teaching his daughter, a señorita, of some six years, one of the innumerable national dances, while my hostess with an immense satisfaction thundered some strange hesitating air on the piano. At my appearance he bowed, and straight appealed to me on some question of the dance, while the child came towards me with open arms. Was ever traveller more charmingly welcomed? Yet I confess the night I spent under that roof was one of the most horrible I ever remember. My host presently showed me a room very large, and, so far as I could see, without windows; and having wished me good night, left me in darkness. He disappeared with such unusual haste, that almost before I was aware, I was alone. It was long before I learnt that the electric light had failed, and that I must go to bed in the dark, since for the moment he had but one candle, the which I knew well was burning on the piano. The horror of the toilet, in an unknown room, the search for the bed with the help of a match, I will not describe. The weariness of the day soon brought me sleep; yet it could not have been long —for still somewhere far away I heard the ancient notes of the piano, and the applause of my host—before I was awakened to find myself being devoured by vermin. A kind of despair seized me. How was I to fight these enemies of sleep, almost invisible even by daylight, in the dark? I rang and rang again, but no one marked me. Towards dawn, wearier than ever, and utterly defeated, I fell asleep on the floor wrapped in my rug. Why should I recount all this, I ask myself? For if it be to warn others, why, I have not named the inn, and if it be for malice, I bear the reproach of the noblest traveller who ever suffered indignities, and was bewildered by the knavery of *venteros*, for 'there be travellers,' says he, 'who are in some sort pagans, or at least no good Christians, for they never forget an injury once done them; but it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles.'

It was early when I set out to see Valladolid, and to speak truth, I found but little to see. The city has become commercial and uninteresting, at least to the lover of art. The cathedral, which remains a fragment, to me at least is not the disgusting failure that it seems to so many travellers. Begun on a grand scale, and in the Renaissance manner by Herrera, in the sixteenth century, it might have been a sombre and dignified example of the art of that age, something as tremendous and as noble as the Escorial for which it was abandoned, but it has suffered from those who have tried to finish

Herrera's work without understanding it. It was to have been as great as Toledo, but to-day it remains a huge fragment of splendid stone, scratched and spoiled by the vulgarity of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Inside it is whitewashed and scarcely impressive, but from without how much more restful and dignified it appears than such a church as San Pablo in this city. Here are immense spaces of stone on which the eyes may rest, finding there all the strength and majesty of the hills, while at San Pablo one is continually disgusted by the vulgarity of the ornament and the intricacy of the tracery work, that seem in Spain at least to have been born already decadent and weak, and without simplicity. And in looking at San Pablo, it does not surprise us to learn that it was for Cardinal Torquemada that the church was built by Juan of Colonia, and his son; the façade being, as is supposed, the work of Gil de Siloe; while not far away, in a house facing the little Plaza, Philip II. was born. Something of the excessive enthusiasm for religion, in the one case at any rate for its less worthy part, to be found in Torquemada and Philip, might seem to be expressed in that church of San Pablo, where it is impossible to be happy in any simple way, so complex, so self-conscious, so introspective as it were, is every thing around one, the very doorway of a place so unquiet being tortured into endless expressions of enthusiasm, it may be, at the nearness of the birthplace of a king, or the immortal honour of possessing such a patron, forgetting in its vulgar excitement that every church, howsoever humble, poor, and simple, is as it were the birthplace of the king of kings, who was born not in any king's palace, but in a stable, a thing you might think likely to be understood in Spain, where the stable is so necessary, so simple, and so spacious.

But indeed Valladolid is poor in churches of any beauty, and one turns with relief from the simpering insincerity of San Pablo to the lovely Romanesque tower of S. María la Antigua. Not far from the cathedral, this lovely tower dominates the whole city, and is indeed in any distant view of it the one thing of great beauty that we see. Built in the end of the twelfth century, it remains together with the cloisters with their round arches, a little ruined, a little destroyed, the loveliest building in Valladolid. While it claims, to some extent with truth as we may think, to be a building of the twelfth century, it is to-day, after the alterations of the fourteenth century have made of it something less lovely than it was so long ago, a Byzantine church, and yet Gothic at least in its interior, so that it is groined throughout with a gallery for coro at the west end, supported by a wide arch, where the stalls and organ still remain, as at the Renaissance. The retablo, that carved and gilded or coloured reredos, peculiar to Spain, and to my mind, admirable though it may be, seldom a thing of great beauty, and in its immensity, with its multitude of compartments, almost invisible, is the work of a certain Juan de Juni, an artist of the middle of the sixteenth century, who was no Spaniard, but an Italian or a Fleming, who is said to have studied under Michelangelo. In spite of the praises of Ford and others, I confess, not without a certain humility, that I find but little that is beautiful in his gaudy and rather violent work. That he was the pupil of Michelangelo may well be, but all the pupils of Michelangelo failed to understand the master. One and all they imitated those things which are least admirable in his work—the excess, the violence that his strength only was sufficient to curb, the expressiveness, that in them became just gesticulation—and Juan de Juni does not seem to me to have been an exception. But in two chapels, quite small and insignificant on the south side of the church, there are two retablos, simpler and more beautiful, it seems to me, in their anonymous humility than anything in the famous work of Juan de Juni.

As you wander in and out of the churches of Valladolid, partly from curiosity and partly it may be to enjoy their quietness and coolness after the heat and noise of the city, you pass many times the old great square, Plaza Mayor, in which the Inquisition held its horrid orgies. To-day it is certainly the most homely and cheerful place in Valladolid, beautiful still with its arcades and picturesque market, its concern with the simple things of life. For here almost the whole city comes early in the morning to buy food, figs, and pomegranates, grapes and apples, eggs, and green stuff for the day, to talk of business or the coming bull fight. In old days it was here that were lighted the terrible fires of the Inquisition, here were held the bull-fights and the ferias, while to-day after so renowned a past it is just a market place where no king mad with dreams, tortured by the spiritual life, no cardinal minister eager for universal dominion, ready to set fire to the world that Catholic Spain might not think but save its soul alive, ever passes, but just common people whom we may love; peasants with beautiful things from the country, scarlet fruit and purple figs and grapes more precious than fabulous uncut stones, potters with earthen flagons, firkins, pipkins, and ewers wherein one may keep the *agua fresca* cool in the darkness, old women who sell every sort of kerchief, and who sit like idols before their bright stalls, cheap Jacks who will sell you sovran remedies for every known disease, and over all the noise and bargaining you hear him who sells fresh water proclaiming himself not without music: *Agua, agua, ¿ quien quiere agua ? Agua helada fresquita, como la nieve.* Before the cafés under the arcades sit those who in this transitory life are busy with such things as one may buy but never see,—stocks, shares, a gold mine in El Dorado, a merchant ship in Cadiz, a cargo from the Indies. As they sip their *Horchata* or *Sarsaparilla*, eagerly, yet with a certain dignity they discuss affairs as their fathers did, be sure, and as they have not forgotten. For the Plaza Mayor of Valladolid is not without its importance in the history of Spain. It was here in the year 1217 that the Queen of Castile gave the crown to her son, S. Ferdinand, King of León, the conqueror of Córdova and Seville; close by, Ferdinand and Isabella were married on 19th of October, 1469, and in her honour, and to amuse the ten thousand guests, bull fights lasting a whole week were fought out in the Plaza. And not far away on Ascension Day, 1506, Isabella's friend, Christopher Columbus, died. It was here too that the feria in honour of the birth of Philip II. was celebrated, while he, that melancholy Monk King, was lying a tiny child almost within hearing; nor is it only as his birthplace that Philip II. knew Valladolid. His father, the Emperor Charles V., stayed in the city—it was the last he ever saw—before he forsook the world and buried himself in the Convent at Yuste. And yet, again, it was here in this very place that the first of those strange *autos da Fé* was celebrated, things infamous enough we may think yet famous too by reason of the great men who wrote the plays for them. It was on May 21, 1559, that the first 'Auto' took place in Valladolid under the presidency of Doña Juana, ~~the~~ la Infanta, and young Don Juan of Austria. Seats, we are told, were sold for the immense sum of five pesetas; half Spain was in the Plaza, and the very roofs of the houses were crowded. Fourteen wretched Protestants were killed, and the bones of a dead woman who had been suspected of heresy in her life were burned. Philip II., however, witnessed a more fearful sight later in his reign when thirteen suspected persons were here burned alive.

The Auto da Fé, or act of Faith, was the last scene in a terrible and useless tragedy, in which the soul, the mind, and the body of man were offered as a sacrifice to a narrow political and religious ambition. In some way at least among this nation of mystics, it was intended to represent the 'terrors' of the Day of Judgment. 'The proudest grandees of the land,' says Prescott, here perhaps a somewhat prejudiced witness, though indeed it is difficult to keep one's head amid all the horrors of these brutal assemblies—'The proudest grandees of the land on these occasions putting on the sable livery of the familiars of the Holy Office, and bearing aloft its banners, condescended to act as the escort of its ministers; while the ceremony was not unfrequently countenanced by the Royal presence. . . . The effect was further heightened by the concourse of ecclesiastics in their sacerdotal robes and the pompous ceremonial which the Church of Rome knows so well how to display on fitting occasions, and which was intended to consecrate as it were this bloody sacrifice by the authority of a religion which has expressly declared that it desires mercy and not sacrifice. The most important actors in the scene were the unfortunate convicts who were now disgorged for the first time from the dungeons of the tribunal. They were clad in coarse woollen garments, styled *Sàn-benitos*, brought close round the neck and descending like a frock down to the knees. These were of a yellow colour, embroidered with a scarlet cross, and well garnished with figures of devils and flames of fire, which, typical of the heretic's destiny hereafter, served to make him more odious in the eyes of the superstitious multitude.[1] The greater part of

[1] Reader, you are angry! You do well. Those who, while they punish or torture him who is in their power, make him also ridiculous, are indeed

the sufferers were condemned to be *reconciled*, the manifold meanings of which soft phrase have been already explained. Those who were to be *relaxed*, as it was called, were delivered over as impenitent heretics to the secular arm in order to expiate their offence by the most

worthy of your scorn. Those prisoners and captives, so absurd in their San-benitos, somehow remind you of Him who, for the sport of the soldiery long ago, was clothed with a purple robe and crowned with thorns. Is it not so? Yet it was but yesterday I read in a book that is not without a certain fame, though published within this year of grace, that you, too, are not free from blame in this matter. Was it not one of your prisoners and captives who, in the book he has called *De Profundis*, writes as follows:—'I have lain in prison for nearly two years, out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible suffering. . . .' And, again, 'our very dress makes us grotesque. We are the zanies of sorrow. We are clowns, whose hearts are broken. We are specially designed to appeal to the sense of humour. On November 13th, 1895, I was brought down here from London. From ten o'clock to half-past two on that day I had to stand on the centre platform of Clapham Junction in convict dress and handcuffed for the world to look at. . . . Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came in swelled the audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was of course before they knew who I was. As soon as they had been informed they laughed still more. For half an hour I stood there in the grey November rain surrounded by a jeering mob. For a year after that was done to me I wept every day at the same hour and for the same space of time.' But for sure I am quoting from an old book of the sixteenth century; it was not Clapham Junction but Valladolid that saw that crime! The victim was not Oscar Wilde but some poor Protestant; nor will I remember the words of Jesus: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.' Not Englishmen but Spaniards, not Protestants but Catholics were the torturers named! Ah no—it is not so. And those devils and so forth that were painted on the San-benitos so long ago, typical of the heretics' destiny hereafter, and serving to make him more odious in the eyes of the 'superstitious multitude' are now changed to arrows—the King's mark—arrows shod with iron that has entered into the soul. And so, reader, it is true in these spacious times, we do well to be angry when we read of the hideous tortures which the Spaniards inflicted on those they made ridiculous before they killed them. Believe me, I too join in the chorus howsoever hoarse it be with a cheer for ourselves, our civilisation, our methods, not of barbarism, but of wisdom and of mercy.

painful of deaths, with the consciousness still more painful, that they were to leave behind them names branded with infamy and families involved in irretrievable ruin.'

For the most part we are content to assure ourselves that the fires of the Inquisition were lighted by the Pope and the Vatican. It is not so. Many times indeed Rome placed on record her emphatic protest against the proceedings of the Spanish Government and Church. It was the Spanish people kept the Inquisition alive, fed the fires with enthusiasm, applauded the grotesque plays of Lope de Vega, of Calderón, of Cervantes, and of a host of lesser men, the which the wretched victims were compelled to attend. And if we ask ourselves what was the reason of this strange madness, I think we shall find a reply in the political situation of that time. Catholicism had welded Spain into a nation. The expulsion of the Moors which, in the hundreds of years that have followed it, we have come to deplore, was no less a crusade than those of which we profess ourselves so proud. No whit less splendid, it may be, no whit less disastrous. But it is difficult to govern men, and racial hatred is a strange and unappeasable passion. It may well be that the Spanish people, realising dimly that they had their power, their unity, from their religion, were eager to preserve it at any cost, since in it lay the secret not only of heaven but of their nationality. And for that cause, in that name, what crimes have not been committed! It is not that I wish, even though it were possible, to excuse the Spaniards or to blot history, but that I wish to understand. The same people, who burned so many thousands at the stake, were and are still among the bravest in the world. Even in our fathers' time, without a king, without a government, without arms, they rose against Napoleon and flung him back into France. In old days in Italy when the German and Swiss troops were sulking because they had no pay, the Spaniards, 'proud of their individual glory,' though no whit better off, flung them their very cloaks to stop their whining. They were invincible; they marched through Europe; you might not tire their courage, and it was only to death they surrendered. Brave men are not cowards and bullies, neither do they torture the weak and defenceless, nor make war on women and children. And it is in this that I find an explanation of the Inquisition. It must have seemed to them that it was of an indestructible necessity to Spain. Nor, on the other hand, can it be denied that it is to S. Dominic, in the first place, that we owe the idea of the Inquisition. The founder of the Dominican Order—which proved itself so excellent a watch-dog of God—was himself a Spaniard, educated at Salamanca. That he ever contemplated the lengths to which his idea would be carried, the immense crimes which would be committed by his followers, is, I think, not to be believed. He was the friend of S. Francis, and wore the same cord that girded the Apostle of Humanity. It is not to be thought of. And so in spite of the strange, almost incredible mysticism that is a part of the Spanish nature to-day, as in the sixteenth century, in spite of patriotism and necessity, there is no excuse possible to be made for the Inquisition. How quiet that old Plaza seems now in Valladolid! Just there it may be we seem to discern a crime more terrible than any of those that have gone before. That the stones which cried out at their agony should ever be silent again, that the sun should shine where once it was ashamed at the sight of our blood, that the tender grass should grow in the places where their fires were kindled, that men should laugh where so many have cried in anguish, that all the pain, valour and beauty should not be so much as remembered any more, and that God should send his rain and dew to refresh us where cruelty sat enthroned: this is what can never be understood or reconciled with us, if we forget, being so happy, that it is necessary to be merciful to those who know not mercy; for when we understand their ideas of good and evil—and it is these which have made them cruel—we are compelled to pity them, and at last to forgive. And I have sometimes thought that it is not enough to love God, one must love men also.

## IV

## SALAMANCA

THE sun was just rising over that boundless plain full of dust, where the little cities are so hard to find, when I set out on my journey for Salamanca, that lies scarcely fifty miles away from Medina del Campo, a little wretched village that lends its name to the junction of the lines from Salamanca and Segovia. In spite of the monotony of the landscape, the view was very beautiful under the level light of the sun, that gave to that limitless desert an infinite wideness and immensity that were hidden at midday. A great old tower of brick, rosy in the sunrise, stood on a little hill behind the station ; far far away I descried the faint outlines of blue mountains, and nearer but still far away a cloud of dust rose where a herd of swine moved from one hill to another. So I watched day dawn upon that silent golden world.

The coach in which I travelled, divided by low wooden barriers into five compartments, was full of men and women who continually passed in and out at the innumerable little stations at which we stopped. A strange, a delightful company ; for all without exception were in some indefinable way beautiful. I know not how it was, but in every face, and especially in the old, I found a certain distinction, as it were, a raciness that was more than a mere absence of vulgarity. They were simple people who had not lost touch with the eternal things :

day and night still ruled their lives; the sun for them was a kind of god; the rain, a sweet mercy from heaven; and for them, too, the seasons were even yet a pageant; and autumn was for sowing and summer for reaping. It is impossible for me to compare them with an English crowd of third-class passengers; they were not a crowd, they were just men and women. Not one of them had ever seen that which we call a city; not one of them had ever been able to forget what we have perhaps lost for ever; not one of them had suffered the tyranny of the machine, or the newspaper, nor seen the sky covered by anything but the clouds. And so they were beautiful, it may be, because they were quite natural people whom it would have been impossible to imagine in the distress of our trumpery cities. Nor were they without a certain gentleness of manners. Though I was a foreigner and foreigners are rare in third-class carriages in Spain, and especially on the road to Salamanca, I must confess that it was I who stared. And yet every now and then I would catch the last glimpse of a smile fading from a girl's face or from the eyes of an old man, at my strange appearance, my horrible tight clothes, my English hat, my absurd and hideous collar and hard shirt. So the time passed, as slowly we crept over that immense plain while the summer sun rose out of the east in his greatness and strength, scattering his burning gold over the dust, that without a single green blade or shrub or shady tree stretched away for ever across the low hills and shallow thirsty valleys.

It was a long journey; and when at last I saw the tower of the cathedral and the great and ancient city rising out of the plain, I was ready for the walk that it seems necessary to take from the station to the city almost everywhere in Spain.

It was along a road six inches deep in dust that I came at last to the ruined ancient gates of Salamanca. How rosy everything was! And indeed the city is the colour of a Gloire de Dijon just before it drops its first petal. Over all that vast melancholy country she seems to look with an inscrutable smile. Around her are the desolate places; she is the Rose of the desert.

She lies upon two hillsides, and fills the valley between them. Her streets are narrow and steep with many turnings, and the traffic is, for the most part, just the continual passing to and fro of many mules and asses. Should a cart pass by, or more rarely still a carriage, the noise is deafening, echoing again and again between the tall houses in those narrow streets paved with rough stones.

Pass through this city so beautiful and so desolate, past the cathedral, the Colegio Viejo, the University, the Casa de las Conchas, the Convent of Santo Domingo, down at last to the old Roman bridge, that still strides over the Tormes; everywhere you will find her smiling that inscrutable smile, at sunrise, at noon or at sunset, over the barren miles of dust, that it might seem, will one day overwhelm her, like a forgotten sphinx, an unremembered idol.

It is thus in summer she stands, a tawny inscrutable statue upon her hills, dead or asleep or dreaming, I know not, who have loved her in the long languorous days, because she is all of rose and gold. And in spring when the desert lays at her feet all his treasures, infinite fields of corn, green, and scarlet with poppies, and gold, all day long I have heard the wind come to her over the priceless fields, and seen his white footsteps tumultuous as on the sea, and I have listened with the desert that has blossomed for her, that has brought her his gifts, waiting for the word that the wind shall bring from her, till the flowers have died under the sun, and the corn is reaped, and the wind has passed on his way, and all I heard was the word of eternal patience of indestructible silence—‘Hush’ . . .

It is to the cathedrals that the traveller first goes, having seen their great cupolas, it may be far away. And indeed from afar they are beautiful on the one side or on the other, but in any closer view it is really only the old Romanesque building, quite dismantled now, that is not disappointing; the newer pretentious Gothic church being full of ineffectual work, overloaded with ornament and late decoration. They stand side by side, the smaller and older building indeed, priceless, though not built of precious stone, supporting, as it were, the newer church. That old golden house through whose walls the sunshine has filtered for eight hundred years, till it seems to be built of stone, that the sun has stained with its life and made precious, is a building, for the most part, of the twelfth century; the first Mass being said here in the year 1100. Cruciform in its design, it originally consisted of nave and aisles with five bays, three eastern apses, and a dome or lantern over the crossing, a thing very lovely and original, if we consider it carefully, lifted into the sky on pillars, between which the sunlight falls, as among the carved lines of the windows where the shadows are so cool and the wind sings to itself in the long hot days. ‘Fortis Salamantia,’ an old Spanish writer calls the church, summing up for us in the phrase really the chief characteristic of the place, its strength consisting not only in the solidity of its stones but in a certain indestructible spirit also that informs it even to-day when it is dismantled. It is as though you had wandered by chance into some monastic church where everything passed quietly, and with a certain precision and order in which you might seek in vain for the enthusiasm of a great congregation, the immense emotion of the world.

And for those indeed to whom stone is of all things the most beautiful in architecture, the surface precious as it were with the bloom of the centuries, and beautiful, too, since it holds still something of the simplicity of the hills, the 'old' cathedral will remain how much more lovely than the 'new' where everywhere you may trace the ambitious thoughts, the insincere laborious workmanship of the Renaissance, in which natural things have so little part it might seem, anxious as men at that time seem to have been, here in Spain at least, to bring all things under their feet. Time that most subtle artist has made the old church beautiful with all his infinite thoughts, laying upon pillar and gateway the gold and delight of his sunsets, of the flowers that he has gathered in all the springs. And indeed he is a master whom a true architect, a true painter, will always in due measure trust; it is only for those who are not simple enough, or not patient enough that he can do nothing. Something of that want of simplicity, of humility, is to be found, I think, in all the later buildings of Spain, where the architect has so covered everything with tracery and ornament, that the utmost time can do, is to destroy bit by bit, piece by piece, the dainty lace work, the restless ornament, making a little space of plain stone on which he may contrive to leave the beauty of his passing.

As you return from the ruined cloisters and certain late chapels among which is one where the Mozarabic ritual is still used six times in the year, you enter the new cathedral by a door at the top of a flight of steps in the south aisle. It is as though you had suddenly stepped from the woods into an eighteenth century garden full of topiary work. A certain broad Gothic manner informs the church, here, it is true, yet it is spoiled as just that to any sensitive eye it may be by the complexity of everything, the futile labour, the immense ambition, the absence of simplicity. From outside we may see how unfortunate the church really was in its birth, how restless it is in its impotence for anything but rhetoric, towering into the sky a magnificent failure covered with decorations, content with its own grandiose immensity; happiest at night under the stars that are powerless to discover its insincerity, its real vulgarity; most miserable when the sun in his fierce impartial way strips it before the world, laying bare to the desert and the hills every gesticulating crocket and scroll, every shouting pinnacle and fantastic empty niche.

Not far away you may find the University, founded by Alfonso, King of León. It is rather a sad world you discover in that little old college. For here, where once all the world was proud to send its sons, is now a school devoted, it might seem, to a system of almost primary education and to theology. Children as of old, for nothing seems to change in old Spain, sparely fill the benches that should hold undergraduates. Never have I seen a ruin so terrible. One of the oldest Universities in the world, though Oxford takes precedence of it by a decree of the Council of Constance in 1414, in old days its students were more than ten thousand in number, its professors had a great reputation not only in Spain but throughout Europe. Among its famous sons were Saints like S. Domingo and S. Ignazio Loyola; poets like Fray Luis of León and Calderón de la Barca; to-day it numbers some four hundred pupils. A letter of Peter Martyr gives a vivid picture of the literary enthusiasm of the place in the fifteenth century; for it seems that the throng was so great to hear his introductory lecture on some Satire of Juvenal that every avenue to the hall was blocked by the crowd, and the professor, who later calls Salamanca the 'new Athens' was borne into his lecture room on the shoulders of the students. In 1594 a member of the Council of the Inquisition, Juan de Zuñiga, as royal commissioner reorganised the schools, founding a Faculty of Mathematics such as no other University in Europe could boast; and indeed the works of Copernicus were used as text books. Yet Diego de Torres, writing in the first half of the eighteenth century, says that he had been five years at Salamanca before he discovered, quite by chance, that there was such a thing as a science of mathematics.

To-day as you pass under the little gateway that faces the cathedral, coming into the great cloister with its beautiful but ruined gallery out of which you pass into the class rooms so meagre and bare, the tragedy that has fallen upon Spain seems to find expression very pathetically in the fate of this college once so splendid. And indeed we are in the home of the 'poor bachelor,' the student who for the sake of learning is willing to content himself with very few of the material comforts of life. The more fortunate among these undergraduates live on three or four pesetas a day, but it would seem such are rare; the many find lodging with the burgesses of Salamanca, who receive them 'a pupilo,' for which they pay a peseta or a peseta and a half a day. The straitness of their surroundings, the modesty of these homes may better be imagined than described. But there are students even poorer, the veritable brothers of Don Cherubini, who pay for their lodging, their food and the necessaries of life—those things which seem to be so few in Spain—not more than ten pesetas a month, and I have been told of those who live for five. They come at the beginning of term, bringing with them their beds and certain necessary provisions, such as a basket of *garbanzos*, some dried fish, certain little Spanish sausages, *chorizos*, and it may be a little-home grown wine; but for the most part they drink water, that *agua fresca* which is so precious in Spain that it is sold in the streets.

How strange, how impossible Salamanca might seem to any one coming from Oxford or Cambridge! How splendid is the courage that is willing to suffer such poverty for the sake of learning! Is it visible anywhere in England? Poor splendid bachelor, you are one of the heroes that Spain keeps ever in an abject world. In your strong heart I will believe lies the future of Spain. You are of the ancient race who at Lepanto neither slept nor quenched its thirst till it had accomplished its desire. And yet is it learning you get after all in exchange for your privations? I know not. But if all I was told may pass for truth, even that pearl for which you have sacrificed everything is denied you: the old great learning lost, the new dreams of science, of philosophy, passed over in silence, while the great tradition is gone for ever save that you in your poverty have preserved what you could in your heart. But as you journey homeward over the great vague roads, they are yours, the immense beautiful dreams that are left in your heart; while, O fortunate, there remains still the earth, your only bed, the sky your blue curtain, it is still easy to love, to sing, to pray, to believe, and to trust in God.

Among the rest there may still be seen at Salamanca certain figures almost English in their neatness; they are the students of the Irish College. Housed, as it is, in one of the loveliest palaces in a city of palaces, that Irish College is I think just a survival, very valuable as just that it may be, yet still something that is a little fantastic when one remembers that in Ireland itself better learning may be had without difficulty, and, if we ignore for a moment the influence of so old, so venerable a place as this sweet fallen city, a larger view of the world a stronger sense of life. And yet I for one would not have that Irish College suppressed for the world. It is still a witness, when all have forgotten, to the greatness of Spain, and I will believe that in spite of every misfortune those are fortunate who live in so old, so beautiful a city. Yet it is true there are misfortunes. Before I left Salamanca for good I wished to possess a book, an edition of Homer, a book of Virgil, a play of Sophocles, whose title should bear the imprint of the University, as who should say at Salamanca at the University Press was this book printed; but it was not to be. In vain I searched every bookshop, every counter; no edition of the classics, no edition of Fray Luis' poems has within living memory been printed for the University, and, if you will believe me, all that the booksellers of Salamanca seemed to possess were certain foreign works and the little cheap reprints *Biblioteca Universal* printed at Madrid.

It was owing to the kindness of the Librarian to the University that I was able to see perhaps the most precious possession of the city, the manuscript of the poems of Fray Luis of León whose ashes are in the little chapel in the cloister. Born at Belmonte de Cuenca in 1529, Fray Luis entered the Augustinian Order when he was eighteen years old, and in 1561 became Professor of Theology at Salamanca. I wish only to recall here his encounter with León de Castro who in those days held the Greek Chair in the University, and with whom Fray Luis was not friends. During some public discussion Fray Luis, it seems, threatened the Greek Professor with the Inquisition and with the public burning of his treatise on Isaiah, which, for what we know, may have been a villainous production. However, Castro anticipated him, denounced him as a Jew to the Dominicans, and since he had, poet as he was, translated the Song of Songs into the Castilian tongue—a grave offence it might seem—he was arrested in March 1572, and imprisoned here in Salamanca for four years or more. In spite of his enemies, however, he was acquitted at last on December 7, 1576, and on his return to the University, where the Chair of Theology had been kept for him, he began his first lecture in these words: 'Señores, as we were saying the other day . . .' It was so they ruled the world.

It was, however, a greater matter that in 1482 was being debated in the hall of the great Dominican Convent of San Esteban. The University Professors, ecclesiastics, for the most part, to whom the matter had been referred by the King, had pronounced against the proposed voyage of Don Cristóbal Colon as a thing 'vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the Government.' It was this pronouncement that the Dominicans with the Archbishop of Seville, Diego de Deza, at their head were debating. Deza, later the successor of Torquemada, as head of the Inquisition, in those days certainly was one of the most liberal and intelligent men in Spain. He and his Dominicans, to their undying glory, were too enlightened to acquiesce in the sentence of the professors: they offered Don Cristóbal their hospitality and their friendship, and 'moved by the cogency of his arguments, and affected by the elevation and grandeur of his views,' not only cordially embraced his idea, but obtained for him a promise from the Catholic kings that at the conclusion of the war they would find 'both time and inclination to treat with him.'

That old convent restored though it be, for the most part, might seem to hold even yet some remembrance of that splendid presence, some deathless grace or greatness from those days so long ago. As I wandered through its passages, up its immense staircases, through numberless empty and deserted cells, out at last to the poor forsaken garden where on a little hill a great lonely Crucifix, black in the sunset blesses the desert, it was of him, the great adventurer, I talked, with an old Friar who accompanied me.

'His genius was so great that, although I have never seen the sea, when I remember him and his dreams I seem to understand everything: the promise of the sunset, the immensity of the ocean, the visions that must be true.'

The old Friar with his long white beard blown over his shoulders by the wind seemed in the twilight to be speaking as much to himself as to me. Far away over the desert the bells of Salamanca recalled the birth of Christ. But he was thinking of other things; in his eyes was the light of the great enthusiasm, his old worn hand trembled as he stretched it out over that sad and beautiful world.

'I have heard that he would discern the nearness of land in a piece of floating seaweed, or in the flight of a bird, or in the strength of the wind. When one speaks of him cities, clouds, mountains, disappear, and only what is formed by the spirit remains. Like the greatest Saints he seemed ever to be listening to a voice silent for other men.' Then he was silent. Out of the desert night was coming. When at last we turned and made our way slowly back to the convent, it was quite dark.

# V

# ZAMORA

IN the midst of a desert that has blossomed, Zamora stands upon her hill, just a group of golden Romanesque buildings, falling into decay, surrounded by infinite dust and light. And around her the thirsty land has brought forth springs of water with reeds and rushes. I came to her first at sunset from the vague solitary way that passes over the desert of Salamanca. In all the mysterious loneliness of the still summer day, parched with thirst, covered with dust, I had seen none like her, none. Alone at midday, in the silence of the wilderness, it seemed to me that I had prayed for such a place, and at evening God led me to her beautiful golden towers. So it was as a city of refuge, perhaps from the heat and silence of the sunshine, or it may be from the loneliness of the night that she appeared to me beside the waters in the midst of the desert.

The world has forgotten Zamora for many a city less fair, for many a vision less lovely; but few find her out in her ruin and her solitude. Golden and naked she stands on her hill, and only the sun and the wind of the desert have loved her these many years. It is to them she has told all the ardour and passion of her life: the battle at the gates at sunset, when Ramiro, king of León, for love of her, slew forty thousand Moors within her seven walls; and again when Al Mansúr, that great Prince, came with many banners, and, since another had possessed her, laid her to sleep for a hundred years, till King Ferdinand awakened her, and gave her as a great gift to his daughter Doña Urraca. But she was ever impregnable, not to be lightly won—á Zamora, no se ganó en una hora—as all her lovers had learned. Yet him who feared no man, she could not deny; so Ruy Diaz Cid Campeador found her and won her, and to her brought five Kings with tribute. And she who has been loved by Kings, whose streets have been crimson with the blood of Princes, while the fight ebbed and flowed through her gates, and in the valley by the Douro, the lilies were lopped by the bright swords, and the corn was trodden by the battle, and the splendid banners floated over the desert, has now become one with the eternal things, the sun, the wind, and the stars.

As you come to Zamora to-day across that old and beautiful bridge of the thirteenth century, over the Douro, you pass into the city by a long and weary road that leads from the valley up the hillside, coming at last to the ridge of rock on which Zamora stands. The same narrow winding street passes through the city itself to the cathedral, that, like a fortress almost, is built on the last crag of the great hill, where it falls sheer down to the river, and the green woods and the sweet vine-clad valley. That strong temple, one might think, was ever impregnable, since the whole city must first be won, and the enemy, tired at last, must hesitate before a thing so persistent, so splendid. And, indeed, it would seem that Time alone has been able to destroy what all men have left unbroken, so that to-day, ruined though it be, it is still beautiful in spite of the wounds of the centuries. For the most part of the twelfth century, since Dávila asserts that it was finished in 1174, its great Romanesque tower, which might seem to be all of gold, remains the dominant feature of the church, giving too, to the city herself, a character of exaltation and strength that she would lack without it, in spite of the invincible persistence of the dome, perhaps the most perfectly beautiful thing in all the city, rising over the crossing, like that of the old cathedral at Salamanca, of which it is the parent, more ancient and more fortunate, in that no enthusiast of the Renaissance has hidden it behind a dream less noble.

And it is true—the cathedral has for ever stamped the city with its own beauty and immortality; separate from the city as it is, it rises not as a Gothic church would most likely do from a maze of the narrowest streets, like some immense worn and fretted rock, against which the sea of houses has beaten for centuries; but on the furthest point of the scarped hill, not in the midst of the life of the city, but in the great silence between the sky and the desert, gazing ever eastwards and south over the immense sierras of Castile, watching for the coming of the Son of man. Something monastic, something withdrawn and separate, you find there, as in so many Romanesque buildings that seem ever to prefer solitude to the poverty, the overcrowded mean surroundings of the more popular and Christian Gothic churches, places where, after all, one may think, enthusiasm and vitality are most needed, and it may be are most in place.

Within, the church is small and not very perfect, since the coro is a restoration or rather a design of the fifteenth century: it is not here we shall find the splendour that still informs the great tower and the dome, and the beautiful doorway of the south transept, but in such a building as La Magdalena, that little Romanesque church of the templars, built too in the twelfth century. How different in its sincere and passionate beauty, is the late rich work of the south doorway here in La Magdalena from the late Gothic work in the new cathedral of Salamanca! How to explain the success of the one, the frightful failure of the other? It is, it might seem, here in Zamora, a success of life we find, while in Salamanca, and indeed in all the late Gothic churches of Spain, it is a failure of just that; and yet it may be after all that we may not question the 'life' of such a place as the cathedral at Salamanca, and that it is rather that this old 'byzantine' work, even in its decadence, retained something of the orderliness, the immense self-respect that gave it birth; nor has it been able to forget or to lose a certain gift for decoration that we find everywhere in the Latin genius, and that may be seen to-day in all its splendour in such a church as S. Maria Maggiore in Rome, in the pavement there, which looks as mosaic work is apt to do, its best in old age. However it may be, something has kept Romanesque work from expressing itself so fluidly, so exuberantly as the Gothic came to do, when it fell under the influence of the Renaissance. And so, while in the one, old age, that gradual failing and falling away of fundamental energies, is accompanied by an immense wealth and richness, that serve without any undue loss of dignity to hide the weakness that is sapping the life there, in the other it seems to have brought as it were a second childhood, in which, loaded with jewels, with much strange fantastic natural life, and with every tiny beauty of the goldsmith, Gothic Architecture dies in the midst of a supreme gesticulation.

Within, La Magdalena is to-day perhaps the most beautiful church in Zamora, retaining still the flat roof in the nave, the wagon vault in the chancel, whose beautiful arches are not the least lovely part of the church. And here you may find two high canopied tombs of the early thirteenth century, very strange and lovely, and unlike anything else of the kind to be found in Spain. Native work you might think, perhaps, in spite of certain

French and Italian details that point to a knowledge at least of what had been done in those countries. In the western monument you find the tomb closed by a 'coffin-shaped' stone, on which a great cross is carved. While above, a figure is lying in a bed carved from a block of stone that projects from the wall, and still higher, under the canopy, angels bear away the soul of him who lies there.

La Magdalena is, it might seem very obviously, the daughter of the cathedral, whose great Romanesque tower has been copied, or at least consulted, not only here at La Magdalena, but also at S. Leonardo and S. Maria de la Huerta, where too you may find the wagon vault in the chancels, though the roofs of the naves are not flat but semi-circular. It is really only in S. Vicente that the influence of the cathedral is nowhere to be found, its beautiful tower rising into the sky, a very perfect example of early Gothic work.

But it is not in the mere framework, as it were, of a city so lovely that we shall find the true expression of Zamora, but rather in its aspect there on the verge of the desert, by the side of a great river, along whose banks the flowers dance in the dawn, and the rushes whisper together, among whose vines we seem ever about to surprise spring. High above the sweetness of the river she stands gazing over the desert that stretches far away across the world to the faint and beautiful mountains. It is so, I have watched with her often far into the night, when all her bells are silent, and she is so still that she seems to be sleeping; when only the wind is awake, singing softly to itself over the sands of the desert, lapping sadly against her ancient and ruined walls.

## VI

## AVILA

IT was already midday, when I came at last within sight of the city of Avila. I had been in the saddle since dawn: for many days the tawny passionate landscape of Castile had unfolded itself before me, sierra rolling after sierra more barren than the waves of the most desolate sea. All the morning the mountains, which at dawn were just blue wreaths on the horizon, had been climbing higher and higher into the sky; and the road, which at first was scarcely more than a track, had gradually become well defined, beaten into a broad stony gully by the hoofs of the mules that pass to and fro between Avila and Salamanca. Weary with the heat and dust of the way, where the sun was so hot that I was afraid, I was thinking that I would rest at a little chapel, whose roof, topped by a cross, appeared, as I told myself, scarcely more than a mile away over the farthest billow of the plain, when suddenly, like a vision, at a turning of the way, Avila rose before me on her hill a beautiful mediaeval city, surrounded by perfect rose-coloured granite walls—a city out of a Missal, as it were, forlorn in the wilderness, indestructible amid the ruin of a world. Around her, some ancient civilisation seems to have been destroyed; everywhere immense titanic rocks, strange and fantastic, piled one upon another as though commemorating some wild, forgotten religion, or strewn on the hills, the last remnant of some colossal palace, or solitary, prostrate on the plain, as though hurled from heaven in some battle of archangels, surround her, as in a world before the creation of the first five days. It is impossible for me to convey in words to you anything of that immense ruin or its strength. It is like a passionate and difficult silence over everything. But the aspect of the city upon the infinite stretches of sierra, in a country as stony as Judaea, I shall never forget. She seems to sum up in herself, and to express with a sort of tragic precision, as it were, all the chaos and ruin that lie about her in that world of rocks and stones. Where the very boulders are writhing in agony to find expression, she alone has understood everything and been reconciled. She is the visible image of the word Amen.

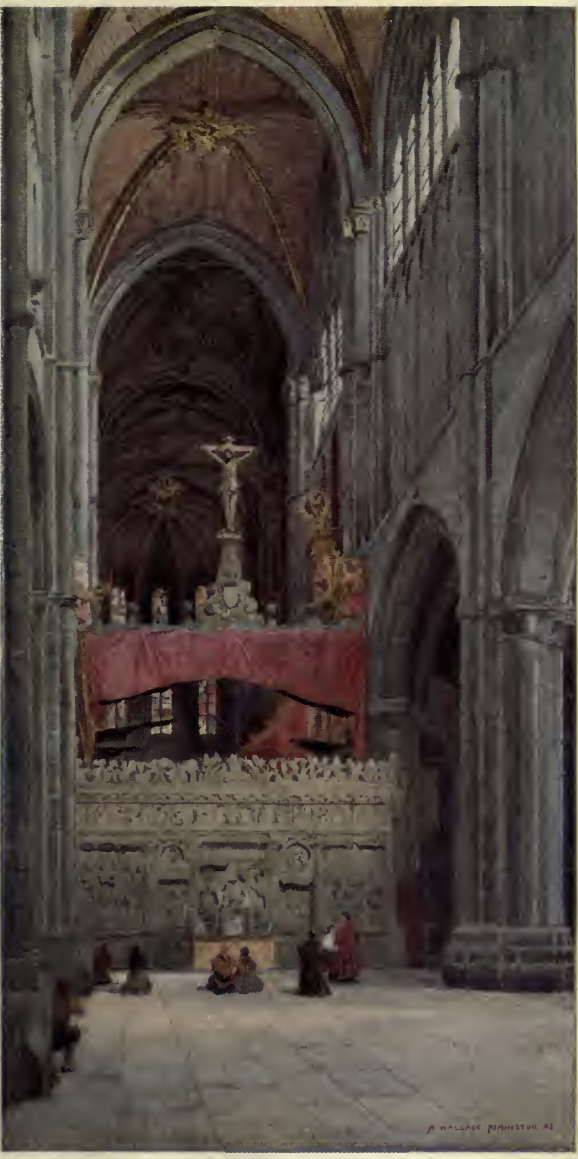
What she means to those, who come to her by railway, I know not, who saw her like a mirage in the desert after many days. Lost in the infinite silence, under the sun and the sky, I had longed for her as of old men longed for the Holy City, and when I found her at last, I came to her on foot leading my mule over the stones. And in that hour, in some little way I seemed to understand her solitude and her sanctity, indestructible and holy as she is—that fortress which was the birthplace of the great Saint. But you who come by rail and, if you do not pass her by, stay just for a day within her walls, before you set out for the capital, how should you care, or love her who have come to her so easily? To you she is just another curiosity in a world that in your heart, perhaps, you pity, but for sure you despise. Ah, but it is you who are unfortunate, though you came *de luxe*, and I, in the sweat of my brow leading a mule, and with but an old man, unlearned and a peasant, for my companion. You come to the station and with a certain weariness and disgust, find the shabby omnibus that takes you to the hotel, that you already fear to see. It is, through a mist of prejudice that you first see the city of which presently your guide-book will inform you. But for me it was not so. I saw her in the sunshine from the last billow of the desert, and almost before I realised that indeed it was she, my companion was at my side, his hat in hand, his head bowed, saluting her the holy city of Castile. 'It is,' said he softly, 'It is the city of the great Saint.'

It is only after many days spent in the solitude of her stony campagna, in the twilight of her many churches, in the quietness of her old deserted convents, that she reveals herself as just that, as really incredible but for that—she is the city of the great Saint. And even as Assisi is nothing without the life of St. Francis of which she is the almost perfect expression, so Avila is a ruin, a beautiful, a curious ruin it is true, but still just a ruin without the life of S. Teresa which is as it were the soul of this fierce solitary place. She is the fortress which flung back the Reformation: within her walls was born that splendid and sad soul which was to vanquish the German Destroyer, and to restore once more to the world in all its orderliness and beauty, its immense power over the soul of man, the Catholic religion, vindicating and avenging the Latin genius upon the barbarians. Everywhere in that marvellous city you find her, the streets live because of her footsteps, the churches are beautiful since she has prayed there, the walls are indestructible because she has passed by. She was christened in S. Juan, that little parish church, not far from her home, over which a great sanctuary has arisen; and you may still pass out of the city by the very gate through which she went to seek martyrdom among the Moors. In the great convent of the Encarnacion, where she spent so many years of her youth, the first Mass was said on the day of her birth; while on the other side of the city, facing the great apse of the Cathedral, her own convent of Las Carmelitas Descalzas rises in the valley, guarding the tomb of her brother Lorenzo, where under the apple-trees that, as it is said, she herself planted, her little nuns still walk and keep her memory as the most lovely and precious thing in the world. *Su amigo Teresiano*—Thy Teresian friend, we are told, they sign themselves in writing to one another. It is but another witness to her immortality.

The perfect expression, the soul of this fierce solitary place I said in speaking of her; and indeed the whole city is an expression of sweetness and strength. For you find behind the great walls, hedges of sweet briar, that notwithstanding their sweetness, as she would have reminded herself, hide thorns. And they tell you in Avila, that Christ shed tears when He passed by and saw the barrenness of the naked sierra, and these tears are the rocks that are everywhere in the streets. It is as though one were always about to discover the bitterness of things too sweet. And yet in some unaccountable way, the city is ever lovely and sweet in that desolate land, by reason of the nimble air that flows through her ways from the mountains, and seems to impart some strong ascetic beauty or temperance, not only to the people who dwell there, the beautiful slim women, the tall grave men, but to the buildings too that have remained, in that pure clear atmosphere, almost perfect till to-day. Beauty and persistence, a persistence in beautiful ways, in the old Faith, a certain exquisite conservatism, only to be found among the mountains, very different from any mere indifferent clinging to old ways—they might seem to be the gifts of S. Teresa to her own city.

It is into a city that is really a fortress that you pass through her ten gateways; for her walls begun in 1090, and finished in nine years, are held by eighty-six towers more than forty feet high, rising indeed at the gates, which are formed by bringing together two of the towers at ten irregular intervals, round the city to a height of more than sixty feet, while the walls themselves are fourteen feet in thickness. In almost any distant view they gird her round about so high that nothing is visible of the city save the towers of the cathedral. Begun, as it is said, in 1091, and finished sixteen years later, all that remains of that old cathedral is the apse, that has thrust itself beyond the walls, and is just one of the great bastions that guard the city. A tower rather than an apse you might think, as you stand under the strong and beautiful battlements, beside that immense semi-circle of masonry in which many chapels have been hewn. And, indeed, it is a tower, a tower of defence flanked by the great walls of the city, behind which the citizens may rest in peace. Within you find a beautiful Gothic church, very noble and lovely in spite of the late work, a little English perhaps in its strength, its steadfastness. And yet with all the beauty of the nave, the splendour of the coro and the transepts, it is always to the apse you return again and again, finding there in the narrow 'recessed' aisle, something almost perfect in grace and sweetness. *Ex forti dulcedo*—sweetness and strength, and here certainly one finds that sweetness which is never so valuable as when it is the result of great strength. That marvellous apse in all its fortitude and energy, thrusting itself into the van to guard the city, might seem to have broken through all conditions of beauty, content to have expressed itself once and for all in its mere strength; but it is saved from just that by the loveliness—a loveliness that is so often found in the simplest natural things—of the 'recessed' aisle, that like I know not what magical corridor, leads one delicately

UNIV.
CALIFOR


A WALLACE RIMINGTON 08

THE NAVE OF AVILA CATHEDRAL

through the pillars, past the tremendous bastion, hewn into perfect grottos, where sweetness and simplicity are married in the gracious thirteenth-century work of the pillars and roof. It is as though the later architect that we find at work here, had taken pity on the mere brutality of a thing so monstrous and so strong, and had redeemed it, had given it a soul, as it were, by the fortunate accident of beauty, carving in the thickness of the wall those chapels of so delicate a perfection, with a certain carefulness of the material, really enriching it by far more than the weight of precious stuff he has hewn away.

The church itself has to-day, by reason of its ornament, much of the character of a fourteenth-century building, and it is perhaps only in the beautiful north-western tower that we find the fine and simple spirit of the thirteenth century altogether unspoiled by any later hand. The cloister ruined and destroyed is of the early fourteenth century, but in its present condition it is hardly worth examination. It is said that the retablo over the high altar is a fine work of Juan of Borgoña, Pedro Berruguete, and Santos Cruz, but I was not able to see it, the courtesy of the Chapter not extending so much to a stranger.

It is strange that in a city so ancient the oldest churches should have been built outside the walls, so that to-day it is there we find, in S. Vicente for instance, or in S. Pedro, buildings as old as the more ancient parts of the cathedral or as the walls themselves. It is true that S. Vicente has a certain reason for its position without the city, for it was there on a stone, over which the church stands, that S. Vicente and his sisters were martyred in October 303. Their bodies were cast to the dogs, but when a Jew (so the story goes) came by mocking the poor tortured humanity, a serpent 'flew from a hole there,' frightening him from the holy place, and for long it was the custom of the people of Avila, when they took an oath, to place their hands in that place, which to-day you may see in the crypt of the church. Cruciform as it is, with three eastern apses, a lantern, nave and aisles of six bays with two western steeples, S. Vicente is really one of the finest Romanesque buildings in Spain. Rebuilt, or it may be only restored, by S. Ferdinand in 1252-84, the effect of the church is not thirteenth century at all, but earlier, of the most delicate sort of Romanesque such as we find in Segovia. The apses are very high, the ground sloping away over the brow of the hill, so that the windows of the crypt are pierced in the wall just above the plinth.

It is, it seems to me, in the south doorway, older as it is than the great west entrance, that we see perhaps the most beautiful thing in Avila. Those 'terracotta' statues that fill the jambs are said to be of the thirteenth century, but they are so beautiful that they might be Greek work, that has suffered some change, refining its comeliness, till we find a profound spiritual beauty in it, that is a little ascetic, a little less than fair to 'our brother' the body. Nothing quite so fine is to be found in the more imposing western façade with its splendid arch; and it might seem that the people of Avila have especially valued that south door through which to-day you pass into the church, for they have built there a surprising and delicate loggia, doubtless in order to preserve so precious and so old a thing as that beautiful gate of their temple. And although it spoils the 'effect' that the church should make as seen from the city gate, it has certainly served its purpose in so busy a place, where the mules and asses continually pass by, and all the life of the city seems to congregate.

The western front, more massive and yet more delicate by reason of its exquisite carving, is protected by an immense porch, flanked by two towers, built in three stages, consisting respectively of work of the twelfth, thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, the upper parts, according to Dávila, having been paid for by alms in 1440. The doorway with its two round arches enclosed by a greater, round also, has, like the southern door, in the jambs and against the central pier, statues of saints; and in the tympana you will find reliefs of Dives and Lazarus, and of a death-bed, where angels are carrying the soul to paradise. And, indeed, though inferior in merit to the older south doorway, this western porch is a very noble work, full of the delicacy and strength of the late Romanesque work that here in Spain is so simple, so lovely, and so sane beside the delirium of the late Gothic architecture.

Within, the church is very simple and severe; lovely and impressive too, by reason of a certain serenity that dwells there, where behind the later pointed work we may discern the older round arches. The chief glory of the church, however, is the magnificent tomb of the martyrs Vicente, Sabina, Cristeta, which stands very beautifully, not in the midst, but on one side under the lantern. It is thirteenth-century work of the best sort, 'like an early Italian Gothic work,' says Street, always so full of understanding where anything 'Gothic' has to be considered. 'It is a thirteenth-century erection,' he tells us in his professional way, 'standing on detached shafts within which appears to be a tomb, which is always kept covered with a silken pall. Over this is a lofty canopy carried on four bold shafts at the angles, and consisting of a deep square tester, above which is a lofty pyramidal capping, with its sides slightly concave and crockets at the angles. . . . The inner tomb or shrine is the really important work, the outer canopy or tester being evidently a much later addition. . . . A series of subjects is carved in panels all along the sides of the shrine, which seems to have reference to three saints and martyrs—probably S. Vicente and his companions. Figures of the twelve Apostles are introduced, two and two, at the angles, and other figures sitting and reading between the subjects. . . . I take the shrine to be a work of the thirteenth century, though the baldachin is, no doubt, of later date.'

It might seem that in all these older churches of Avila something of that tradition, which is always so powerful in art, and certainly in architecture, is to be found actually at work, compelling the artist, even in matters not, it might seem, of essential importance, to conform to ancient practice; for here in S. Vicente, as in the cathedral, you find the doorways of the north and south placed in the aisle a little to the west of the transepts, not in the transepts themselves as at Burgos, for instance, or S. Isidoro of León, a church of the same period, or in the cathedral there. You may find the same peculiarity in the church of S. Pedro, a sister church to S. Vicente, on the other side of Avila, beyond the Alcázar gate in the Mercado Grande. There, too, you will find a beautiful western doorway under a plain round arch. And, indeed, it is the 'romanesque' of Avila that is so well worth looking for. You find it again in the old Ermita of S. Esteban, in Santo Domingo, and in the two strange Toros, beasts or gods or savage hermae, I know not, in the Plaza there. All these buildings, which to-day we are apt to look upon as beautiful 'specimens' merely, preserved by a miracle for us to admire from so long ago, were for S. Teresa holy places, and to-day as then, and for years before she was born, their walls echo with the same words, almost the same music, set to the profound, sonorous, Latin tongue, that in its everlasting beauty and strength is really the only living language of the world ; all the rest being just dialects, beautiful wildflowers that will fade and die, while she, the spirit of music and thought, is still as universal as light, as necessary, as indestructible.

At sunset, as you return to the city, perhaps a little sadly, from the desolation that surrounds her, she seems to lift up her eyes to the hills, those beautiful mountains of Guadarrama, whose child she is, whose help she has invoked so often, whose profound and silent life has informed all her dreams ; and as you pass through her narrow, stony streets up and down the city, in the lamentable places where the walls are wounded and ruinous, or perhaps as you wander at evening along the Rastro, or over the barren deserted hills, it is not any city of to-day that you see, but rather the very dream that is hidden in the word, made visible. Truly, at such an hour, she seems the only one left to us from the splendid and fugitive centuries.

## VII

## THE GRAVE OF TORQUEMADA

IT was in the hottest hour of the day, when returning from the sierra some weeks later, that I came to the great silent monastery of Santo Tomás, that lies in the plain below Avila. Weary with the heat and the dust of the way, I thought I would rest in the church before entering the city. Having tied my mule in the shade, I passed into the coolness of the church under the great western coro where it is always twilight, past the high altar on its arch, across the transept where in a beautiful ruined tomb Prince Juan, the only son of the Catholic kings, lies sleeping, into the sacristy where I thought to find a priest, of whom I might ask a cup of water. As I opened the door I saw a white frock disappear a little hastily through the passage that led, as I supposed, to the monastery. It must be, thought I, that I have disturbed a siesta ; but before I had time to think what to do, an old man in the Dominican habit came towards me and very courteously and kindly asked me what I needed. When I had told my tale he led me, with a certain familiar gentleness, that is, I think, peculiar to Spain, into the monastery, where he insisted upon my partaking of some bread and fish—for it was Friday—with a little wine mixed with water.

After I had thanked him he offered to show me the church and the house, which he explained was now used as a seminary for the education of those friars who go to the Philippines. The time passed quickly in his company, so that the bell began to ring for Vespers before he had shown me all.

'And is there nothing, Father,' I ventured to ask, 'in your sacristy that is old, curious, or holy?'

He did not reply for a time, and then quite suddenly the bell stopped, and he turned towards me.

'Nothing you would care for,' he said quickly; 'perhaps, to-morrow . . .,' and then, after he had made me promise to return there to sleep that night, he bade me good-bye.

After Vespers I set out for Avila, scarcely more than a mile away on her hill. As I passed the great Convento de Agustinas, coming into the city at last, as I always preferred to do, by the Puerta S. Teresa, it was of the great saint I was thinking, and it seemed to me for a moment that it was easy to renounce the world in a land without trees, flowers, or birds.

I came to the inn at last, to find it full of tourists, Americans, who under the guidance of one of their number had been 'doing' the city, as they informed me. They seemed to think I should be glad of their company. At dinner, which is an early meal in Avila, they told each other of their adventures. But he who was the leader and guide began to speak of Santo Tomás in a loud voice, so that we all might benefit by his knowledge. I did not hear the beginning of his discourse, for I was talking with an old Spaniard who sat beside me; but my attention was caught when I heard him say, '. . . so I spat right there on the tomb, and the monk didn't dare say anything, but he just looked: I can't tell you easily how he looked.'

My Spanish friend moved in his seat and asked me, 'It is of the tomb of Torquemada that he speaks?' I did not know, but at his request I asked.

'Yes, sir, I'm telling you, aren't I? I spat right there on the tomb. I'm a free-born American, a liberty-loving, educated Independent minister, and I'm glad to have the chance to show these Spanish idolaters what I think of their man-burning devils.' 'And so say all of us,' said a young man across the table, with a laugh, while the others smiled and seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing.

A small part of this I told my neighbour; but, alas, he had understood.

'But it is too long ago, surely it is too long ago—to bear malice,' he said, in a quiet but agitated voice. 'We are Christians; it is very necessary to forgive, is it not so?' . . .

But that strident voice that was used to domineer over many congregations would not have it so.

'And yet,' said my friend to me in the hubbub that followed, 'and yet it was us he burned; if we have forgiven, why should *he* remember?' . . .

It was night when I returned to Santo Tomás, but the Father was waiting for me in the sacristy. After a minute he said, 'My son, you are troubled, you are angry, what has happened? It is not well to sleep when one is angry.' And somehow I told him all. Once or twice he smiled, but there were tears in his eyes as he led me, in the midst of that great room, to the bare slab of slate beneath which Torquemada sleeps. 'It is true,' he said, 'we have forgiven him.' There was a long silence, and then with a great deference he turned towards me and said, 'If you will, señor, we will pray for him and for us all, because—is it not so?—where one who is in trouble is left unaided, there passes an executioner; and where two or three are gathered together in unkindness, there is the Inquisition.' As we knelt I saw him wipe away the mark of scorn from the grave with the sleeve of his cloak.

It is said that when a certain woman collected for interment the insulted remains of Nero, the pagan world surmised that she must be a Christian—only a Christian would have been likely to conceive so chivalrous a devotion toward mere wretchedness. Something of this kind came into my mind as I knelt with the old Father beside that rude slab of slate, and tried to pray as of old that it might please Him to have mercy upon all men.

## VIII

## SEGOVIA

IT was already evening when I set out for Segovia in the company of a muleteer who, his business in Avila over, was returning to his home near S. Ildefonso in the Sierra de Guadarrama. Leaving the city by the Alcázar gate, night fell as we came through the last suburb out on to the Madrid road, which we were to follow for a certain distance. On every side the stony wilderness of Avila stretched far away, littered with strange fantastic ruins that in the luminous darkness of the southern night seemed every now and then to rise up by the roadside like threatening mutilated statues, or perhaps an immense multitude of lepers that in unfriendly silence watched us pass by. My companion spoke but little, and I, overwhelmed by the strange and almost sinister desolation, could not bring myself to break the immense silence. So we went almost in fear on that lonely road under the stars, passing at times through the cork woods that fill the little valleys and cover the lower hills, where the wind passing among the leaves seemed full of voices beseeching impossible help, with unforgettable cries shrill with disaster: a world awakened in the night by the fear of death.

For many hours we rode thus without speaking, my companion a little in advance, the reins loose on his mule's back, asleep as I thought, while I, excited by the whisper of the wind or the beauty of the night or the strangeness of that ancient way, sat upright in my saddle, my nerves throbbing, attentive to every undertone of the world. The wind came softly over the plain among the rocks, sometimes with a sweep and rush that were like the irresistible flow of the tide on a stony beach; sometimes with hesitation and soft murmuring sighs that were like the sobbing of a child; and again sometimes sweeping through the woods like a great company of Bacchae, heard but not seen, sleepless upon the hills in quest of Dionysus. And yet it was something more profound than that to which I found myself listening in the hours before dawn when man is so seldom waking, or if awake is dreaming in the careless end of of the night: it was as though I heard the voice of Nature about her immortal business, comforting the dead or encouraging the living, ruthlessly extinguishing life, pitilessly engendering it, indifferent to everything but her own energy, her own agony of restlessness. And once, as we passed through a wood thicker than usual, I heard the scream of a hare in the power of her enemy, and often the cooing of some wood pigeon; but ever over the world the wind sang that song full of strange incomprehensible intervals in which I heard the beating of my own heart.

At last, at a turning of the way, my companion waited:—'a fine night and a sweet wind,' he said when I came up with him; 'our way lies here to the left.'

'The night is full of voices,' said I, 'all the woods are singing.'

'They sing for the Lord Christ,' he said, smiling at me. 'The Lord Christ who is often wandering about as of old with his friends, or it may be alone.'

'But,' said I, 'He is in heaven,' and I looked where the milky way led over the arch of the sky.

'Yes,' said my companion as we went on together. 'Yes—He is in heaven; yet sometimes, as of old, He comes back to us, and here in Spain, so they say, it is often that He weeps.'

'I have heard,' said I, 'that He passed once by Avila and wept because the world was so bare and the flowers so few there; but tell me, then, has He passed more than once along this way?'

'More than once, more than once, I assure you, señor. But have you not heard how He took shelter with the charcoal-burner in these very hills?'

'Tell me,' said I, 'for, as we say in England, a companion is better than a coach on a long journey.'

'Well,' said he, 'I make no doubt your worship will understand it better than myself; but for the tale, I believe it, though many do not—they do not know the roads as I do—and I have heard it said that it is not certain He was ever in Spain at all. Be good enough, then, when you have heard the story to give me your opinion. For I see you are a caballero of good understanding and worship the saints. Not as many Inglés I have heard of, who, as they tell me, are all Jews and spit on María Santisima.'

'Peace,' said I, 'let me hear the story.' He looked straight in front of him between the ears of his mule, as though collecting his thoughts; after a time he began:—

'It was one night of winter not so long ago, as my mother, from whom I heard the tale, has often told me, when Jesucristo on his way to Avila with S. Pedro found himself at nightfall on the northern slopes of the Sierra de Guadarrama far from any city. It was a bad night to be out, señor, for the snow lay deep already and more was coming, and the wind was already howling among the stones; so that, as your worship may imagine, S. Pedro was glad indeed when he spied not so far away a little light, which he knew to be that of a candle in the hut of a certain charcoal-burner, of whom he knew nothing but good. And since they had come far, he turned to Jesucristo and, "Señor," said he, "let us rest here in this poor man's hut, as we used to do in those days that we are not likely to forget." And the Lord Christ gave him leave to ask this charity. So S. Pedro knocked at the door of the charcoal-burner's hut, and they waited there in the snow till it should be opened for them to enter. Now this charcoal-burner, whose name was Miguel, was a true Spaniard, and moreover he led a lonely life, so that he opened his door to travellers not unwillingly, and on such a night even one less free with his hospitality would not have refused shelter to a dog. He was much taken, it might seem, with his two guests, for he built up the fire till the hut was as full of light and warmth as a king's palace, and he did not grudge even the logs of cork-wood, so much he liked his guests; and as your worship knows, there is nothing like the root of the cork-tree for a cheerful blaze. Well, as for food he had not much, for those people live on very little, but he gave them a little goat's milk that by good luck he had that one day, and some *garbanzos*, and made also as good a *puchero* as he was able with the broken food he had left. So they two sat down to eat, while Miguel set about getting the *paja* against bedtime. Outside the wind still bellowed through the woods, battered at the door of the hut, and tried to lift off the roof, and the snow fell too and drifted in the wind. Presently above all this noise he seemed to hear again a faint knocking at the door, and when he opened behold two more wayfarers, whom he admitted with a certain fear, which your worship will understand was not for meanness, but lest he should be unable to find food for these also. But S. Pedro, who is ever eager to aid those of good disposition, said to him—"Be careful for nothing, Miguel, they are our friends."

'But it is hardly surprising that the charcoal-burner was a little embarrassed, and put the pot on the fire again with a consciousness that it was but half filled. Scarcely had he done this when he heard again a knocking without, and, as he thought, a soft voice singing an *Ave.* S. Pedro heard it too and went to the door before him, for he had recognised the voice of S. Juan, his friend, one whom Jesucristo loved well, as it is written in the Gospel which, doubtless, your worship, who must be a *Cristiano viejo* as I have said, knows better than I do. Well, señor, you may imagine the embarrassment of the poor charcoal-burner, for there was not enough to feed a rat in the place, much less hungry travellers who, he began to supect, were used to better fare than he could put before them. But S. Pedro let them in, for, said he, they are friends of ours, and the charcoal-burner busied himself to entertain them as best he could. And all night they continued to come till there were twelve of them with the Lord Christ in that poor man's dwelling. All night Miguel could not sleep for thinking on his guests, for he knew who they were indeed, since he had seen his *puchero*, that was scarce enough for two, feed all of them, and had found his milk that was already sour sweeter than the milk of the cows in the valleys of Ebro. So much honour robbed him of sleep, as it did me, your worship will well understand, when the young king stopped to drink wine at my house when he was hunting.'

He was silent as though recalling the emotion that honour had brought him. Presently he went on: 'Well, señor, in the morning they rose up, and the sun shone and they went forth. Only S. Pedro stayed for a little to acknowledge the hospitality of the charcoal-burner, and having thanked him, bade him ask what he would for a payment and it should be his. But, señor, what would you, he was an old Christian and no *ventero*, he wanted no payment; as well might I ask payment for the company of your worship, which is my pleasure Moreover Miguel wanted for nothing, since he had all that was necessary and was contented. Nevertheless, lest S. Pedro should think him proud—and pride is a deadly sin—he thanked him, and begged that since a game of cards with such of his acquaintance as happened to come to see him was his amusement and pleasure, he would permit him always to win whatever the particular game might be.

'Wooh! your worship may imagine how grave S. Pedro looked, for I may tell you much suspicion attaches to card games in heaven, where, since S. Ignacio went there, they have been suppressed, cast forth, and entirely disgraced. But S. Pedro knew the world and the heart, and the heart of Miguel pleased him well, and, moreover, he had promised, and again, as he stood there tapping with his foot on the floor, thinking, thinking, he bethought him how discouraged those who lost would be, so he consented.

'Well, señor, He is blessed who expects nothing, and the charcoal-burner thought to himself: "how many would have given their ears for my chance—yes, even those who want for nothing." So the tale goes—Miguel used his luck well and robbed no one—no one was much poorer, nor was he richer by his gift. So he died. And as his angel bore him to that place we must all pass through before we see the Lord Christ and all the saints, and S. Teresa too, he begged him to stay at the bedside of the first poor dying soul whom the Devil was sure of, for he feared in his heart that he had made no good use of S. Pedro's gift, though he had done no evil with it neither—yet it seemed to him that it was not given him to play with. And the angel flew to a certain house in a great city—and some say that it was Madrid itself—where an *escribano*, a lawyer, lay at his last gasp. Señor, we know these lawyers you and I, no lack of wickedness there, plenty of it, we may be sure. And as your worship might expect there sat the Devil himself beside the *escribano*, while on the other side knelt the lawyer's wife and a poor priest praying to all the saints, and especially to S. Ignacio, all to no purpose, for that *escribano's* soul was rotten with sin.

'"By the God in whom I live," said the charcoal-burner; "did not the Lord Christ die for all without excluding even *escribanos*?" But the lawyer was asleep, or so near dead that he heard nothing, and the Devil sat there waiting for his soul.

'"Come, come, Señor Devil," said the charcoal-burner, "you cannot do your business while he sleeps: to pass the time I propose to you a game of cards." And the Devil smiled, thinking perhaps of his luck in that game, for it was his own invention. "And the stakes?" said he. "I will give you something better than money," said the charcoal-burner. "See here, your worship," says he; "my soul against the soul of the *escribano*, which you are so sure of, but which is not more than three parts yours already." The Devil smiled again, for he thought he had made the bargain of his life. The charcoal-burner let him shuffle, cut, and shuffle again, and be sure it was the Devil himself who dealt, chuckling the while. But *Caramba!* in less than an hour the Devil was beggared, and twitching his ears back, as Rosarito is doing now, for she sniffs the sunrise, and, lashing frightfully with his tail, he leapt out of the window and was gone.

'But the lawyer in the meantime had awakened, confessed, received the ministrations of the Church, and as the Devil fled, his angel received his soul and flew with it up to the gate with the angel of the charcoal-burner, who made bold to knock there.

'*¿ Quien vive ?*' said S. Pedro peering over the battlements of jasper. 'It is I of the mountains,' said the charcoal-burner.

'Ah,' said S. Pedro ; 'yes, yes, I know you, but what is that black thing you have with you ?'

'Señor,' said the charcoal-burner, 'it is a friend of mine ; and, Señor, he is only black because being a lawyer' (and that he said very low), 'some of his ink has spattered him.'

'No admittance here for *escribanos*,' said S. Pedro ; 'why, we never heard of such a thing.'

'But, Señor, it was not so I greeted you when you came to me on that night of snow, on the mountains with twelve others, of whom one was the Lord Christ. Then it was Be careful for nothing—and here is it not so too ?'

'And so, as your worship has doubtless foreseen, S. Pedro could say no more. He turned his back and began to talk with great earnestness to the angel of Miguel, while the charcoal-burner took up the soul of the *escribano* and crept in under the shade of the orange trees which, as they say, are finer than any in Andalucia.'

'That is a good story,' said I ; 'and I thank you. May be the *escribanos* are not so bad as they say.'

'One swallow makes no summer,' said the muleteer ; and the road being difficult thereabout he rode a little in advance leaving me to my own thoughts. Not long after, where two ways met, he bade me farewell. I watched him for a time as he went without looking back, a lonely picturesque figure, along that silent, beautiful way, in the earliest dawn. Then when the twilight had hidden him I went on my way.

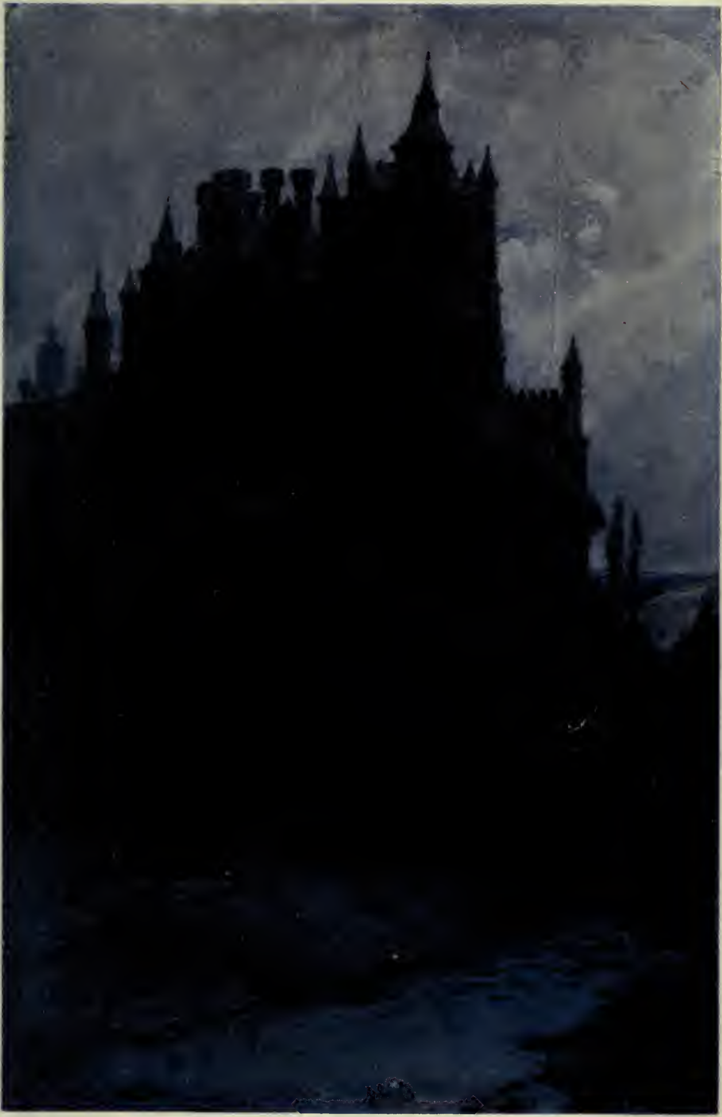
Dawn was breaking. The wind had fallen and over the world lay a deep languorous silence. Now and then a leaf stirred or a sudden sweet twitter told me a bird was waking; and then like some delicate spirit the fragile light crept over the immense world. Far away to the south and east the great beautiful mountains lifted their heads in a sky that was infinitely faint and distant. To the north and west lay the desert still sleeping, covered with a violet mist that gradually changed to amethyst and gold, till suddenly the sun rose over a shoulder of the Guadarrama and smote the plain, as it were, with a golden sword, cleaving the curtain of mist and revealing the arid tawny wilderness, with its uncertain wandering roads, its old dry watercourses, and the very framework of that austere ascetic world. And then far away before me I saw Segovia like a ship for ever a-sail in the mountains, among whose eternal bastions she seemed to rise like some exquisite forgotten argosy.

You come to her at last through a dusty suburb that straggles down the almost precipitous hillside into the plains, entering Segovia herself at a breach in the old walls, coming in the Plaza del Azoquejo upon the real gateway as it were, the great Roman Aqueduct built, as is supposed, by Trajan, not ruinous as that other which passes under his name and is still one of the noblest monuments of the Roman Campagna, but in use to-day bringing as in Roman times water for the city from the *Sierra de Fuenfría*. And its presence there in that lonely forgotten place seems to give to Segovia a distinction that no other city of Castile can claim; a title not of antiquity alone, which Toledo or Avila might well dispute with her, but of humanism and civilised life that Greek or Roman work seems always to confer upon its possessors, that we shall hardly find anywhere else in Spain. Partly destroyed by the Moors in 1071 when they were besieging the city, the *Puente*, as it is called to-day, was rebuilt by Juan Escovedo, a monk of El Parral, in 1483, under the Catholic kings. Like all classical work, which was known to the people of the Middle Ages, it fell into disrepute and was attributed to magic or El Diablo. For as the story ran, the devil, not for the first time, became enamoured of a certain maiden of Segovia, whose daily task it was to fetch water from the valley; and this she found altogether wearying, so that when the devil in hope of favours, and indeed in exchange for the promise of her hand, offered to give her whatever she might desire, she bade him build a bridge in one night, so that she might find water in the city at daybreak. And he showed her in the morning the 'Devil's Bridge' stretching far away across the country bringing fresh and clear water into Segovia. But she, that silly maid, was in despair, anxious lest she must give the devil his due, seeing no chance of escape. But at last a young man of that city who for long had cast a sheep's eye at the girl found that indeed the *Puente* was not finished, that some few stones were lacking at the far end. So the church held the maid free of her promise, and she married the young man instead of the devil and, as they still say in Old Spain, lived happy ever after.

It is through a picturesque maze of steep and narrow streets, where the houses seem to support one another, and to have been carved as it were from a single many-coloured shell, that you come at last into the Plaza Mayor, a great square almost surrounded by balconied houses, with upper stories of wooden loggias. It is only in one corner that the Plaza opens revealing the apse of the cathedral, like some exquisite casket or fantastic rock, crannied by the sea and the delicate immemorial work of the wind. As you continue on the way to the Alcázar you pass by the cathedral itself, and later the little Romanesque church of S. Andrés, with its beautiful thirteenth century tower, coming at last on to the rock of the Alcázar, where beyond a desolate plaza a great modern building in the Gothic manner crowns the height on which the old castle of Alfonso VI., built in imitation of the Alcázar of Toledo, used to stand. You look thence upon a new country, as it were, across the wooded valley of the Eresma, a country of running waters. To the westward a deep valley, wooded and beautiful, divides the hills, only itself to be cleft by the rock of Segovia, the Alcázar, that rises like the prow of some splendid ship on the crest of the waves, thrusting the waters aside as she sails over the immense billows. The old walls surround the city like great bulwarks, broken and destroyed a little by rain and tempest, while far away the towers and cupolas of the cathedral rise into the sky, the masts and splendid sails of some great galleon still adventurous on the seas. Beyond the river on the burning sierra is the little round church of Vera Cruz, and not so far away on the right bank of the river stands La Moneda, the mint where till 1730 all the money of Spain was struck, while over against it the old monastery of El Parral rises among its gardens.

You reach the cool valley by the Puerta de Santiago, the oldest gate of the city. High over it, built above the arch is a 'refugio,' an asylum for children, little people who have no friends and so must be befriended by all, therefore their house is set up over the beautiful city gate, where they can see the travellers passing in and out all day long, on mules or on foot, driving asses before them laden with wine, or garden stuff, or corn for the use of the city. All the long summer day the river sings softly in the valley, and the poplar trees whisper together, and the children stand at their window watching the world. And all they see is beautiful and simple, gay with colour under the good sun, and solemn with labour as of old. Thinking of them now in London, ah! how I envy them that refuge over the gate of Segovia.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



THE ALCÁZAR, SEGOVIA

The little 'round' church of Vera Cruz stands by the wayside. Consecrated in 1208, it is a Templar church in the later Romanesque manner. In its perfect beauty, all of rose and gold, it seems in that bare and arid place, for it stands on the bare hill-side above the valley, like a flower almost, a flower born of the sunshine and the wind, the one lovely thing in all that desolation. Beside it a low tower, itself a chapel, very strong and simple, stands on guard, fulfilled, as one might think, by the spirit of some old way-worn knight which has passed into that indestructible watch-tower. A 'round' church we say in speaking of the chapels that remain to us of those built long ago, in imitation of the sanctuary which rises over the sepulchre of Jesus; but Vera Cruz is really composed of twelve sides buttressed at the angles, between which twelve little windows under the eaves look out on to the sierra; while to the north and east are doorways in great round arches, very simply sculptured. Within, the ambulatory which passes round the church retains its twelve-sided form, enclosing a small chamber two stories high, whose walls, broken by certain arches, shut in the chancel. A flight of steps leads to the upper chamber over the chancel itself whence seven small windows look into the church.

Not far away the Geronimite monastery of El Parral sleeps among its vines. Founded in the fifteenth century by the Marqués de Villena, it was built by Juan Gallego of Segovia, altered in 1494—the coro was heightened—by Juan de Ruesgua, and in 1529 Juan Campero raised the tower dome thirty feet. It is almost a ruin, for the Order was suppressed in the sixteenth century and it is now cared for by a few Franciscan nuns, who, poor as they are, do their best to keep the place in order.

The plan of the church is very strange, fashioned as it is rather after the pattern of a gridiron, where the two narrow western bays serve for handle. It is there that the coro is set in a deep gallery as at Santo Tomás outside Avila; then the church broadens to double the width of the two western bays, and on either side the nave there are two chapels, one to each bay. The transepts are as broad as the nave and chapels, and the east end is five-sided. The distribution of light in the church is, too, very curious, almost melodramatic in its artificiality. For since the coro on its arch fills half the nave, and there are no windows at the west end, it is always twilight there, while the east end is just one great window, through which the sun streams on to the altar in all his splendour, almost blinding you for a moment if you turn suddenly towards it from the west end of the church. '*Las huertas del Parral*, *paraiso terrenal*,' says the proverb, repeated in every guide-book, but to-day they are a wilderness of wild flowers, lovelier by far than long ago, when the monks kept them so orderly and all the walks were trim and neat. As you lie here among the vine leaves in the green shade on a summer's day, the song of the river is louder and more insistent than the children hear in their refuge over the city gate, by reason of a little weir that falls just below the convent. It was there in a place fit for meditation and refreshment that I first read the poems of S. Teresa, verses as strange and full of mystery, as simple, as fragile as the flowers that we fear to touch lest we destroy them.

The way back to Segovia is a pleasant way under the trees; it leads you at last into the city by the same beautiful gate of Santiago, and thence past S. Esteban to the Plaza Mayor and the cathedral.

S. Esteban is a ruin. Its beautiful tower, one of the glories of Segovia, has been pulled down of necessity, I was told, since it threatened to fall.

'I have seldom seen a better work than this,' says

Street, writing in 1865 of the tower of S. Estéban. 'It is evidently one of a large class, most of the other steeples here reproducing the unusual arrangement of the angles. They are boldly splayed off, and in the middle of the splay is set a shaft which finishes with a sculptured capital. The effect of this design is to give great softness of contour to the whole steeple, and yet to mark boldly and broadly the importance of the angles. The arcading of the various stages is richly and admirably managed, and the details throughout are very pure and good. I have found no evidence of its exact date, though it is evidently a work of the first half of the thirteenth century.'

Not far away is the cathedral, begun in 1522 by Juan Gil de Hontañon and his son, the architects of the new cathedral at Salamanca. It is the last Gothic building of Spain. Built by the same men, it has been thought possible that the very plans of the Salamanca cathedral were used, only instead of the square east end of Salamanca, here in Segovia you find a chevet of surprisingly good Gothic detail. Curiously impressive from afar it fails to satisfy us on closer examination; loaded with every sort of exquisite ornament, carved like a casket, it seems to stand there a witness to the truth uttered by Leonardo da Vinci, *Quanto più un' arte porta seco fatica di corpo tanto più è vile.* It is not here nor in S. Miguel, which may well be from the same hand, that we shall find the true expression of a city so old and so noble, bearing as she does the indestructible mark of Rome, but rather in a church like S. Millán, for instance, in the valley to the south of the city not far from the aqueduct, where the round arches of the Romanesque style, so simple and so strong, seem to reveal the city herself, not only as of a certain unaffected simplicity and beauty, but as of a quiet serenity and strength also, fundamentally opposed, as indeed is the grave character of the Castilian, to anything hysterical or excessive. The most beautiful church in Segovia, S. Millán, outside the walls as it is, as S. Vicente is at Avila, consists of nave and aisles with three apses, as simple a building, you might think, as it were possible to build. And yet what splendour there is in those golden walls, unteased by the laborious goldsmiths' work of the later Gothic sculptors, but made precious by the sun, where the wind has passed over the surface 'like the point of some fine etcher,' and the rain and the frost have laboured so delicately and so long. Without, beside the aisles, there are cloisters, placed there, it may be, for coolness in the long summer heat; and to the south the old transept still remains, though on the north it has been destroyed to make way for the great tower, which seems to have been an afterthought.

Within, the church has been spoiled, only the arcades between the nave and aisles remaining as they were first built, to suggest the beauty of the church before it was modernised. The roof of the nave is flat, but Street seems to think that it must originally have been 'a cylindrical vault, with quadrant vaults in the aisles,' though he admits, what I confess I venture to think more likely, that it may have had a flat wooden ceiling.

The exact date of this church, one of the most interesting and beautiful monuments in Spain, is not known, but that it was built before 1270 would seem to be certain. Much of it is indeed almost certainly older than Vera Cruz, which was dedicated in 1205, but as Street points out, certain details, those of the external cornices, for instance, cannot be earlier than the middle of the thirteenth century. Said to have been founded in 923, nothing to be found in S. Millán to-day allows us to accept a date so early, though the greater part of the main church may well have been built in the twelfth century.

Whether or no we are justified in thinking of S. Millán as a building of the twelfth century, it was certainly the pattern after which the old Romanesque churches of Segovia were built. In S. Martin, for instance, within the city, you find similar cloisters, only there they are continued across the west end; and spoiled though the church is, it is easy to see its close relationship to S. Millán. Nor is S. Martin alone in the debt it owes to that old and beautiful church without the walls, for in S. Roman, S. Facundo, now the Museo, S. Trinidad, S. Lorenzo, S. Juan, S. Tomás, S. Eulalia, S. Clemente, S. Salvador, S. Justo, and others, ruined though they be, one may still find something of the indestructible beauty and strength of S. Millán. It is in the desecrated splendour of these Romanesque buildings, rather than in any later Gothic work which indeed has, as it happens here in Segovia, suffered even more from chance and time, that the true spirit of the city still dwells. To-day little more than a deserted provincial city, almost dead for the greater part of the year, alive really only in the long summer days when the people come to her for air and coolness from the furnace of Madrid, she seems ever to be surrounded by thoughts, some of them fantastic enough and sadly changed, of that Rome whose far-stretched greatness has ennobled her. After all, her most perfect monument, her most indestructible trophy, that which she finds most useful and practical to-day, is the Roman Aqueduct which brings water from afar for the people within her gates. And beyond any other building, Romanesque or Gothic, it is that which gives her her character, and is what we chiefly remember in any mental picture we have of her. To-day as of old, it is under those triumphal arches all of us must pass on entering or leaving the city. Long after we have forgotten the sweet bravura of the cathedral, the profound sadness of those ruined Romanesque churches, the gaiety of the shady summer streets, and even the beauty of the lonely city herself, abandoned there like a ship in full sail stranded among the mountains, those great Roman arches remain with us, symbols of some majesty that was once in the world, the shadow of which she has so strangely been able to preserve. And so when all the tumult of the day is hushed, hushed the footsteps of men in the streets of the city, and all is silenced in sleep, and we, who yet are awake, seem to move as it were in a dream, while across the desert or over the mountains the wind passes by, that never dies away, or forgets, or is lost in a thousand meadows, or on the sea, it is that profound and human architecture we seek, as elsewhere we might seek the hills or the autumn fields or the sea itself, feeling at that moment the supreme need of our mother the earth. Well, here in Segovia it is that indestructible work of the Romans built out of the mountains, that seems to stand as a symbol as it were of the immortality and strength of nature and natural things, their immense power of renewal and re-creation ; in the loneliest minutes of the soul it is not in vain you will come to that well of water, for it shares with the simplest things, the flowers, the sea, and the earth, something of Him, in whom one day we shall find all our desire.

# IX

# MADRID TO-DAY

THE way from Segovia to Madrid lies at first among the mountains of the Guadarrama, those beautiful strongholds of grey rock that separate the two Castiles. Passing the little towns of S. Ildefonso and Guadarrama itself, it is not till you come to Villalba that you find that you have crossed the mountains, and that before you lies an immense plain, in which Madrid lies hid, really in the centre of Spain, guarded by desert and mountain and the immense desolations of winter and summer, here in this lofty southern land, from any easy approach whether of friend or enemy. More lonely and more silent than the Campagna of Rome, the greatest treasure of Madrid is this immense desert, where she stands the youngest of all the capitals of Spain. Few among those who have come to her, for the most part a little hurriedly, have understood the strong masculine beauty of this country, in the midst of which she rises on her hills. She has no great tradition to plead her cause in our hearts as Rome has, for, while the Campagna is still mysterious, strewn with great dead things among which a new nation is struggling for life, the desert of Madrid seems without significance, just an immense desolation that has brought forth nothing save blades of grass and the wind. And yet, indeed, as you traverse that wilderness, breaking in great billows over immense boulders of rock, overwhelming every obstruction, discovering in its terrible energy and restlessness the very structure of the land, the bones, as it were, the skeleton of the earth, till it flings itself in fury against the white capital herself, something of the satisfaction of the sea comes to you, and in its very desolation and energy, it appears as splendid as the *locus* of any other city of the world—as beautiful as the Campagna of Rome, as ardent as the Vega of Toledo.

But Madrid herself has failed to understand the significance of that voracious desert. She is unworthy of it, and, for the most part, being content to ape afar off the logical beauty of Paris, she is unconscious of the grandeur and terror that lie buried in that silent desert, which awaited in her expression and resurrection. She is so little aware of her destiny, that, alone in Spain, she has preferred to ignore her nationality, and to imitate the lighter and more lucid loveliness of France. You will not find in Madrid anything of the sad ascetic dignity or the bravura of Spain. And if you compare her with Paris, how infinitely must she fall short of that beautiful city of spaces, where is the sweetness of a river, where the sun is lovely in its temperance, and the playing of the light upon the water is like the music of the flute, and the bridges bear you over almost like a sigh, though one of them has flung itself across the gulf with the joy of a perfect thought. And does she not hold herself back, as it were, from the river, so that a certain breadth and largeness, wanting in the Seine itself, may be added to it, by means of a due sense of proportion, of form? There the lucid streets that run like streams beneath the trees, lead ever towards some vistaed loveliness, and the buildings are like thoughtful prayers, perfectly expressive, or like the immense laughter of youth, or like the gorgeous unfulfilled boasts of a young man.

Ah! Paris, city of light, the capital of the modern world, what Athens was, what Rome was, you are to the world to-day, the centre of our civilisation, where the arts are considered of a due importance, and you yourself are a beloved being to be adorned and cared for by your citizens. How should we imitate you in our solid heaviness, our sordid poverty, our blatant wealth; we who have gathered ourselves together into an immense formless crowd, and dubbed our frightful heaps of bricks and mortar, a city; our crowd of thoughtless inarticulate breadwinners, citizens. How different is life in your streets, from that of London or any other city! I have watched Spring pass up the streets, gay with the so various life of the City of Light. It is enough, I have seen the last wonder of the world. For there abide these three, Rome, London and Paris—the first is Prospero, who has known many tragedies; the second is Caliban, beastly and inarticulate; the last is Miranda, my dear darling, from whose lips has fallen the word—humanity. And if Rome who gave her life, and London who is envious in her mire, bow down to her, who is the City of Light; how should Madrid look but ridiculous when she compares herself with her.

Lacking the gravity, the reticence and the glory of the great dying cities, that have gathered an incommunicable beauty from the desert and the mountains, she alone, in Spain, is of the modern world. In those gay and thoughtless streets, you will search in vain for any building, cathedral, palace, or ayuntamiento, that is not modern, debased and feeble. Her streets are ill-paved and filthy, her people noisy, miserable, and rapacious, her climate the worst in Spain. ✓ Without the antiquity and nobility that lend their beauty to even the most dilapidated ways of Burgos, Valladolid and Toledo, she has but little of the vitality which is so valuable a quality of the modern city, to console us for the lack of tradition and physical loveliness. Then, while she is often as sordid as London, she has nothing of that immense life, that tragic and tireless energy, in which, not so infrequently after all, you may surprise moments of fleeting but marvellous beauty. It is not life she has desired but that beauty, too often divorced from life, which is the magical virtue of Paris, and to this she has failed to attain. She is the most provincial capital of the world; a city whom no one loves.

'The sentiment in vogue in Madrid,' says Signor Valdés in his novel *Maxima*,—'The sentiment in vogue in Madrid is hate, and even if it is not felt, it is the fashion to pretend to show it, at least in public.' Something of this is, I think, most evident in the summer evenings in the Prado, when the whole fashionable world drives or strolls or lounges there under the shadow of the trees, while the lights passing through the green leaves give to the scene a certain delicate fantastic beauty very delightful; so that the stranger coming there for the first time feels almost, that he is looking on some scene in the theatre, where the figures on the stage come forward and fade again into obscurity in the intervals of some mysterious ballet. At every moment you expect the music will cease, as, with a scream of laughter, Harlequin bounds on to the stage followed by Pantaleone, eager and tottering, and after him a wild rush of figures of all classes and orders, amidst which, to the quick movement of violins, Columbine suddenly appears pursued by Pierrot. And everywhere the *aguadores* call their *Agua fresca*, and the old women sell *azucarillos*, while far away the band plays the music of Gounod, or the latest valse, or comic opera.

As you pass among this great crowd of fashionable people, who, after the heat of the day have come here for air and refreshment, you are surprised by their contempt for one another, the impudence and licence of the gaze of the men, the hardness and sensuality of the faces of the women. The young *Madrileños* stand together in groups, or lounge on the seats or chairs, remarking very audibly on the women and young girls who pass and repass before them; it is as though they appraised their beauty, and would cheapen it with fantastic compliments. Beneath all the extraordinary etiquette that hedges in a woman of the fashionable world in Madrid, there is, as it seems to me, a sentiment of brutality, so that at times it might seem that, though in old days, for a woman to show so much as the tip of her shoes in public, was considered immodest, to-day the licence of public comment on any woman who may pass by is so great, that a pretty woman may be stripped in public with impunity, under the subtlest contrivance of compliment and innuendo. It is not any kindly looks you will encounter in that tired exhausted crowd, but wide eyes full of contempt and dislike of the stranger as of each other; eyes that encountering those of a woman will make her flush with anger, or appeased vanity as the case may be, since she has understood that they have dared to value her in a moment as human flesh, splendid and valuable, in which every superfluity, every deficiency, every secret beauty or defect, has been noted with the eyes of a vandal, who would destroy her, or of a satyr, who has already enjoyed her in his heart.

But there is no city, and, if there be, it is certainly not to be found in Spain, that is without one unique and splendid gift, hard to find though it may be. And so in Madrid, though the streets are hideous and but half alive, the cafés noisy and unbearable, day a languid despised thing, and night a vision of pandemonium, at sunset if you pass from the Puerta del Sol, down the Calle del Arenal, coming at last into the Plaza del Oriente and the Palacio Real, you will see from the great terrace built there before the palace on immense foundations of masonry and granite, the deep valley of the Manzanares, with its gardens and parks, that are gradually lost in the desert that surges round the city far away to the distant mountains of the Guadarrama. Sometimes this strange Campagna seems like a great sullen sea, strong and beautiful, that will one day overwhelm the city. Under another sky it is like some terrible passage of Dante, shaking the heart with its stony yellow stare, its aspect as of an abandoned graveyard, an insatiable morass. But it is quite another scene that you may surprise when night has fallen, and the winds are at peace, and the calm and pure sky, where the large few stars are like roses fallen from the bowed heads, the hurrying feet of angels, leans over all that tragic desert, like the spiritual life over the barrenness of asceticism. It is as though God had hushed that marvellous world by a gesture of silence and of benediction in which are conceived the wild flowers of the spring.

# X

# IN OLD MADRID

'I AM safely come to the Court of Spain,' writes James Howell to a friend in London, in December 1622, 'and although we stayed three weeks behind my lord Ambassador, yet we came hither time enough to attend him to Court at his first Audience.'

It was at a time when Madrid was especially interesting to Englishmen, that James Howell came to the English Embassy there, for the 'Spanish Match,' which was to have united Prince Charles of England with the Infanta of Spain, was just proposed. A keen observer, few things escaped Howell's observation, and his garrulity was such that we may believe, but little of what he saw escaped the telling. Nor was it alone the society of the capital that he observed. Speaking of Spain generally we may find how little things have changed since his day. Thus he writes of the Spaniard:

'Touching the People, the Spaniard looks as high though not so big as a German; his excess is in too much gravity, which some, who know him not well, hold to be pride; he cares not how little he labours, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyard: he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day, or upon a stage, that all the world might be witnesses of his valour; so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in Night service, nor shall one hear of a duel here in an

G

age. He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to Government; for the proudest Don of Spain when he is prancing upon his ginnet in the street, if an *Alguazil* (a sergeant) show him his *Vare*, that is a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his office, my Don will down presently off his horse and yield himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth alms, he pulls off his hat and puts it in the beggar's hands with a great deal of humility. His gravity is much lessened, since the late Proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself showed the first example; they were come to that height of excess herein that twenty shillings were used to be paid for starching of a ruff; and some, though perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet he would have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his ordinary diet, but when he makes a feast, he is free and bountiful. As to temporal Authority, especially Martial, so is he very obedient to the Church, and believes all with an implicit faith. He is a great servant of Ladies, nor can he be blamed, for, as I said before, he comes of a goatish race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any woman—a civility that we want much in England. He will speak high words of Don Philippo, his king, but will not endure a stranger should do so: I have heard a Biscayner make Rodomontado that he was as good a Gentleman as Don Philippo himself, for Don Philippo was half a Spaniard, half a German, half an Italian, half a Frenchman, half I know not what, but he was a pure Biscayner without mixture . . .

✓ 'The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excess; he will say his prayers before, and if he win, he will thank God for his good fortune after. Their common game at cards (for they very seldom play at dice) is *Primera,* at which the king never shows his game, but throws his cards with their faces down on the table. He is merchant of all the cards and dice thro' all the kingdom; he hath them made for a penny a pair and he retails them for twelve pence; so that 'tis thought he hath £30,000 a year by this trick at cards.

'The Spaniard is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the *Ave Mary* bell rings; and some, if they spy two straws or sticks lie cross-wise in the street, they will take them up and kiss them and lay them down again. He walks as if he marched, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemn'd it. I was told of a Spaniard who having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said, *Voto a tal esto es cáminar por la tierra*: This it is to walk upon earth . . .

'Touching their women, Nature hath made a more visible distinction 'twixt the two sexes here than elsewhere; for the men for the most part are swarthy and rough, but the women are of a far finer mould; they are commonly little; and whereas there is a saying that makes a complete woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the waste, and Dutch below; I may add for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another saying: A Frenchwoman in a dance, a Dutchwoman in the kitchen, an Italian in a window, an England-woman at board and the Spanish a-bed. When they are married they have a privilege to wear high shoes and to paint, which is generally practised here; and the Queen useth it herself. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English; for if a Lady go along the street (and all women going here veiled and their habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a countess from a cobbler's wife), if one should cast an odd ill-sounding word, and ask her a favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort. . . .

'Money will do miracles here . . . though this be the country of money, for it furnisheth well near all the world besides, insomuch that one may say the coin of Spain is as Catholic as her King. Yet though he be the greatest king of gold and silver Mines in the world (I think), yet the common current coin here is copper . . . But I fear to be injurious to this great king to speak of him in so narrow a compass: a great king indeed, tho' the French in a slighting way compare his Monarchy to a Beggar's Cloak made up of Patches. They are Patches indeed, but such as he hath not the like: the East-Indies is a Patch embroidered with Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds: Peru is a Patch embroidered with massy gold, Mexico with silver, Naples and Milan are Patches of cloth of tissue; and if these patches were in one piece, what would become of his cloak embroidered with *Flower-de-luces?*'

It was into this world so lightly summed up by James Howell, that in March 1623, Prince Charles came in the company of the Duke of Buckingham, they having travelled from England it seems as Mr. John and Mr. Thomas Smith.

'The great business of the match,' Howell writes to his friend Sir Thomas Savage, 'was tending to a period . . . and there wanted nothing to consummate all things, when to the wonderment of the World, the Prince and the Marquis of Buckingham, arrived at this Court on Friday last upon the close of the evening: They alighted at my Lord of Bristol's House and the Marquis (Mr. Thomas Smith), came in first with a portmanteau under his arm; then the Prince (Mr. John Smith) was sent for, who stay'd awhile on t'other side of the street in the dark. My Lord of Bristol, in a kind of astonishment, brought him up to his Bedchamber, where he presently called for Pen and Ink, and dispatched a Post that night to England, to acquaint His Majesty, how in less than sixteen days he was come to the Court of Spain; that Post went lightly laden, for he carried but three letters. The next day came Sir Francis Cottington and Mr. Porter, and dark rumours ran in every corner how some great man was come from England; and some would not stick to say among the vulgar it was the king: but towards evening on Saturday, the Marquis went in a close coach to Court, where he had private Audience of this King, who sent Olivares to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneeled and kissed his hands and hugged his thighs, and delivered how immeasurably glad his Catholick Majesty was of his coming, with other high compliments, which Mr. Porter did interpret. About ten a clock that night the King himself came in a close coach with intent to visit the Prince, who hearing of it, met him half-way; and after salutations and divers embraces which passed in the first interview, they parted late . . . On Sunday following the King in the Afternoon came abroad to take the air with the Queen, his two brothers and the Infanta, who were all in one coach; but the Infanta sat in the Boot with a blue ribbon about her arm of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her. And now it was quickly known among the vulgar that it was the Prince of Wales who was come. . . . As soon as the Infanta saw the Prince her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of Love and Affection. . . .

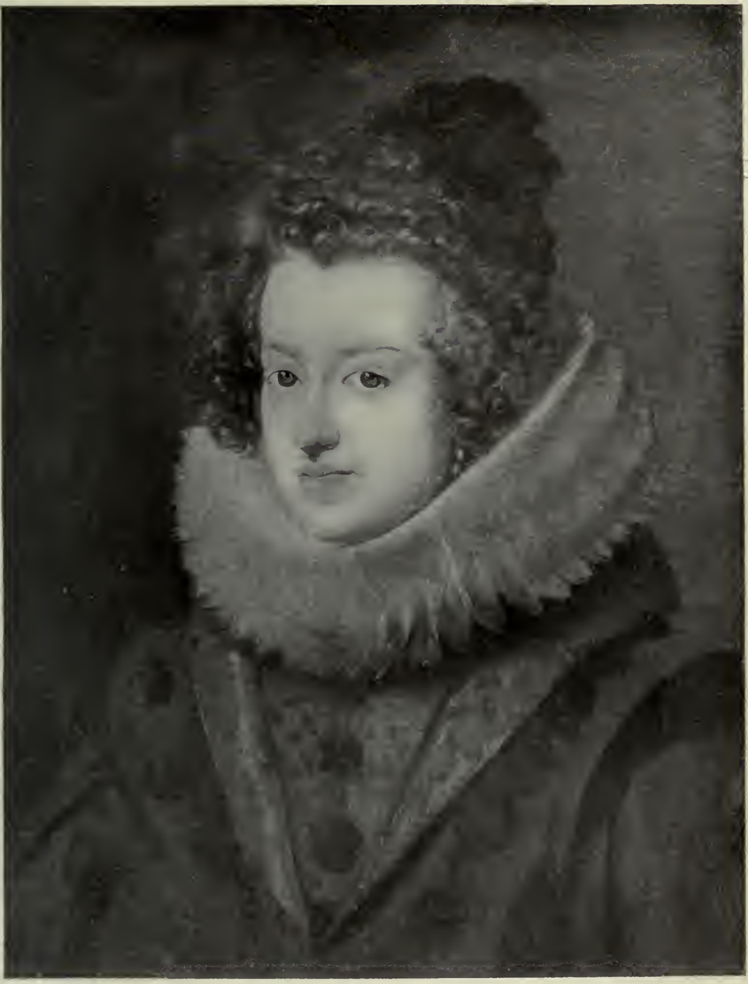
'There are many excellent Poems made here since the Prince's arrival . . . I will venture to send you this one stanza of Lope de Vega's:—

'Carlos Estuardo Soy
Que siendo *Amor* mi guia,
Al cielo d'España voy
Por ver mi Estrella *Maria*.

'There are comedians once a week come to the

Palace, where under a great Canopy the Queen and the Infanta sit in the middle, our Prince and Don Carlos on the Queen's right hand, the King and the little Cardinal on the Infanta's left hand. I have seen the Prince have his eyes immoveably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together in a thoughtful speculative posture which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it: it was no handsome comparison of Olivares that he watched her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since the Prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the *Casa de Campo*, a summer house the King hath on t'other side the River, to gather May-dew, he rose betimes and went thither, taking Mr. Porter with him; they were let into the House and into the Garden, but the Infanta was in the Orchard: and there being a high partition wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall and sprang down a great height, and so made towards her; but she spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back: the old Marquis that was then her Guardian, came towards the Prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring His Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his Head if he admitted any to her company; so the door was opened and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street, to see her as she went abroad: I cannot say that the Prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publickly often, my Lord of Bristol being Interpreter; but the King always sat hard by to overhear all. Our cousin Archy hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his Fool's-coat where the Infanta is with her *meniñas* and Ladies of Honour, and keeps a-blowing and blustering among them, and flurts out what he lists. One day they were discussing what a marvellous thing it was that the D. of Bavaria with less

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



DONA MARIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP III, BETROTHED TO CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES

VELASQUEZ

than 15,000 Men after a long toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's Army consisting of above 25,000, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after: Whereunto Archy answered, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: was it not a strange thing 'quoth he, that in the Year 88 there should come a Fleet of 140 Sail from Spain to invade England and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest? . . . '

'The Duke of Buckingham,' he writes later, 'lies sick at Court where the Prince hath no public exercise of Devotion, but only Bedchamber Prayers; and some think that his lodging in the King's house is like to prove a disadvantage to the main business: for whereas most sorts of People here hardly hold us to be Christians, if the Prince had a Palace of his own and been permitted to have used a room for an open chapel to exercise the Liturgy of the Church of England it would have brought them to have a better opinion of us; and to this end there were some of our best Church-plate and Vestments brought hither but never used . . .

'There was a great Show lately here of baiting of Bulls with Men, for the entertainment of the Prince; it is the chiefest of all Spanish Sports; commonly there are Men killed at it, therefore there are priests appointed to be there ready to confess them. It hath happened oftentimes that a Bull hath taken up two men upon his horns with their guts dangling about them; the horsemen run with lances and swords, the foot with goads. As I am told the Pope hath sent divers Bulls against this sport of Bulling, yet it will not be left, the Nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it.'

But still the 'business of the Match' got no further, a *Junta* of Divines considering the matter. At last it reported.

'The long-winded Junta delivered their opinions and fell at last upon this result: that his Catholic Majesty for the satisfaction of S. Peter, might oblige himself in that behalf of England for the performance of those Capitulations which related to the Roman Catholics in that Kingdom; and in case of non-performance, then to right himself by war; since that the matrimonial articles were solemnly sworn to by the K. of Spain and His Highness, the two favourites, our two Ambassadors, the Duke of Infantado and other Counsellors of State being present: Hereupon the eighth day of September next is appointed to be the day of Desposorios, the day of Affiance or the Betrothing-day . . . But there is an unlucky Accident hath intervened, for the King gave the Prince a solemn visit since, and told him Pope Gregory was dead, who was so great a friend to the match . . . The Prince answered and pressed his necessity of his speedy return with divers reasons; he said there was a general kind of murmuring in England for his so long Absence, that the King, his Father, was old and sickly, that the Fleet of his Ships were already, he thought, at Sea to fetch him, the winter drew on, and withal that the Articles of the Match were signed in England, with this Proviso, that if he be not come back by such a month they should be of no validity. The King replied that since His Highness was resolved upon so sudden a departure, he would please to leave a Proxy behind to finish the Marriage, and he would take it for a favour if he would depute *Him* to personate him; and ten days after the Ratification shall come from Rome the business shall be done, and afterwards he might send for his Wife when he pleased. The Prince rejoined that among those multitudes of royal Favours which he had received from His Majesty this transcended all the rest; therefore he would most willingly leave a Proxy for his Majesty, and another for Don

Carlos to this effect: So they parted for that time without the least umbrage of discontent, nor do I hear of any engendered since.'

The Prince embarked for England not long after; Philip accompanying him as far as the Escorial. The Infanta appears to have set about learning English from a certain Father Boniface, and to have had Mass sung every day for the Prince's good voyage; while the Spaniards themselves confessed that never was Princess so bravely wooed.

But as we know the 'Spanish Match' came to nothing, and Prince Charles's adventure into Spain was useless, just another romance of old Spain. ✓

# XI

## I. THE PRADO GALLERY

THE Prado Gallery is a foundation of Ferdinand VII. 'The real history of the gallery,' says Ford, 'is this: When Ferdinand married his second and best wife *La Portuguesa*, one Monte Allegre, who had been a Spanish Consul in France, persuaded him to refurnish the palace with French papers and ormolu clocks and chandeliers—his particular fancy; thereupon the quaint original cinquecento furniture, much of which was of the period even of Charles V. and Philip II., was carted out, and the pictures taken down and stowed away in garrets and corridors, exposed to wind, weather, and the usual plunderings of Spanish *Custodes*. They were fast perishing and disappearing when the Marques de S$^{ta}$. Cruz, Mayordomo, Mayor or Lord Steward, and the Duque de Gor, one of the few Grandees blessed with a particle of taste or talent (and our authority for this anecdote) persuaded the queen to remove the pictures to the Prado. She advanced 40*l*. a-month towards repairing a few rooms for their reception, and by November, 1819, these saloons were got ready, and 311 pictures exhibited to the public; the extraordinary quality of which, especially of Velasquez, instantly attracted the admiring eyes of *foreigners* who appreciate the merits of the old masters of Spain much better than the natives.[1]

---

[1] It is said that during the Carlist War in 1830 the Spanish Government, being in dire need of money, offered the whole collection to the English

Ferdinand VII., seeing that renown was to be obtained, now came forward with 240*l.* a-month, and the *Museo* was slowly advanced, one more saloon being opened in 1821. Thus he earned the title of Augustus, as cheaply as our George IV. has the credit of "presenting to the public" the fine library formed by his father. This he had bargained to sell to Russia, when one of his brothers put in a claim for a share of the proceeds; His Majesty thereat, having graciously condemned him and his books to a warmer place than St. Petersburg, bundled them off in a huff to Great Russell Street.'

To-day the *Real Museo de Pintura del Prado* is a gallery of masterpieces, a more catholic Pitti Palace, an immense Salon Carré. And, unlike the Louvre, for instance, or our own National Gallery, while it possesses almost the whole work of Velasquez, it is very poor in early Italian pictures, is without an example of the English school, and possesses but one example, a poor and early picture enough, of the supreme work of Rembrandt, the perfect work of Holbein. And yet while a host of critics and archaeologists deny any historical value to the Prado Gallery, its worth as a Museum, as that which, alas, a museum so often becomes, a mere record of work, good or bad, done from time to time; to me, at least, it is valuable for that virtue not less than for the beauty of the pictures hung there so thoughtfully; for while, in so many galleries in Europe it is possible to trace the art of painting from the earliest time even to yesterday or to-day, here, in the Prado, you may see, not without surprise perhaps, the marvellous

---

Government for £30,000, the sole condition being that the transaction was not to be discussed in Parliament. If the story is true, we should like to know the reason why the offer was not accepted. Was it indifference, or the feeling that it would have been a shameful bargain? Let us hope it was this latter reason.—*Spectator*, 9th December 1905.

and immortal art of Titian surrounded by the work of his disciples, some of the greatest artists of all time.

The Father of the Prado is Titian; his work perfect in sweetness and strength and wisdom; the sweetness of youth with all its perfection; the strength of manhood, its endless desire, its achievement; the wisdom of old age, its renunciation, its passionate sincerity and peace; was the nucleus, as it were, of this almost matchless collection, and it is the work of those painters who own him as their master, Greco, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyke, Poussin, and Watteau, that, for the most part, we may find to-day, hanging beside his splendid and fading canvases, witnesses to the immortal beauty and vitality of his genius the necessity for his art.

Critics of Titian have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful sensual, or at least sensuous, strength expressing itself in colour, and apparent, for instance, in such a picture as La Bella in the Pitti Gallery. Others have found in him an extraordinary vitality running to coarseness, from which ideas are excluded, in which we see merely the delight of one so strong, so full of life, in flesh, that under his hand has certainly put on immortality, but that is how much less than the clear truthful work of Velasquez, the unhappy profound work of Rembrandt. But for some of us, it may be, his work seems still the most beautiful and the most vital that has ever been given to us by any artist. He seems to have summed up the Renaissance for us just as it was passing away, and in a more splendid and living fashion than Raphael in his perfect and learned way, a little pedantic, a little fearful perhaps of the immense vitality of life; or than Michelangelo, that great sorrowful genius, whose work seems ever to be about to rise from the dead, were able or willing to do. He has created with joy. The beauty of his work is always an expression of life, he has never permitted thought to kill life till it is little more than a suggestion, as Michelangelo has done so often. Without the humility of Raphael, without the overwhelming and fastidious taste of that divine epicurean, whose conscience was, as it were, a faculty of the intellect, his genius was only to be held by his own will; he is never reticent, never almost meaningless, almost just a decorative painter as Raphael too often is, in his easel pictures at any rate; he is always expressive, and while not always as splendid as in his greatest pictures, the Bacchus and Ariadne, for instance, or the Young Englishman, he is always, as it were, at the height of the situation; nothing has come from his hand that does not live—legions of figures, men and women and children, splendidly naked, beautifully clothed, horses and dogs and bulls and trees, and mountains and the sea. He is like a natural force in his profound energy, he is like a god without a rival in his creative power. He makes ugly things and brutal things and mediocre things, and they are all beautiful. So passionate was his conception of life, so extraordinary his apprehension of everything that is vital, that people who have never lived, or who have been dead many years, or who have missed life in some blind mediocrity receive life from him, really live because of him, and yet his virtue is not less. His work is immense, fabulous in its quantity; yet he was an artist in life too, and understood the value, the extraordinary richness of such a nature as Aretino's, was wise enough to find pleasure therein, and to seize life with both hands, and to enjoy it to the utmost. Yet it seemed that he might live for ever, for he did not die till he was ninety-nine years old, and then it was by chance that death found him, coming to him promiscuously as it were, since he could not tire him out, in the midst of a plague that devastated the city.

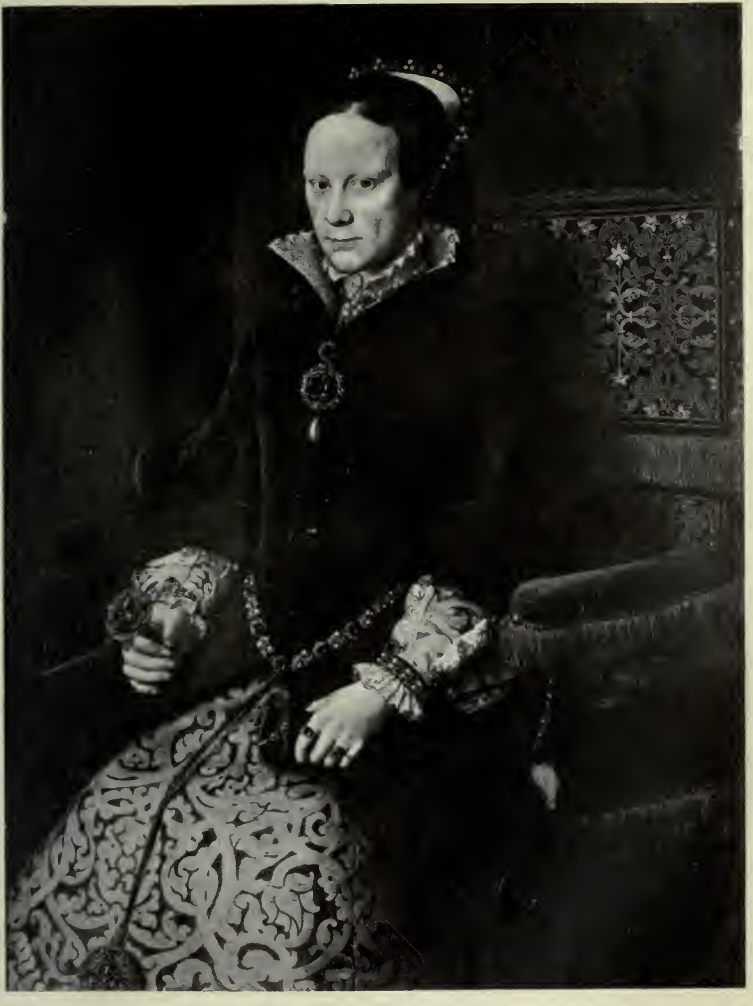
Beside him those disciples of his, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, and the rest, are just pupils, each with something of the virtue of the master, some side, as it were, of his character developed at the expense of the rest. Thus Rembrandt almost unrepresented in the Prado—just there perhaps is its chief defect—is too sombre, too gloomy to stand for a moment beside the splendid laughter, the profound joy of Titian's work. That northern painter, unfortunate in so much, so intense a student of nature, of life in its more sombre moments, joyful only with an almost brutal laughter, insolent as a barbarian, full of the insane light of the North, is ashamed before the pagan loveliness, the human beauty and perfect joy of Titian, whose profound smile, lighting the world, might have made him afraid as no sorrow or gloom or brutality that came to him, that he found everywhere in the world, was able to do. And if you find Rubens, that man of the world who painted for love or for fame, armed with an immense sensuality that he had learned from his master, how insane his work is, how merely technically beautiful, beautiful that is as art rather than as life, if you compare it for one moment with the sincere human delight in the body, everywhere to be found in Titian's painting, that passion has redeemed from lust as from mere delight in the flesh. Beside the marvellous women of Titian, those beautiful, nude courtesans and fine ladies, whose golden flesh has excited the love and pity of the world, Rubens' Three Graces, for instance, seem like *poseuses*, painted by a *fanfaron*; they are as decorative as three exquisite vases, and can never die; they are without the immense pathos of life that you find here in Madrid, even in so thoughtlessly brutal a picture as the Danaë, and in their perfection of paint, their wonderful bravura, they proclaim their barbarian origin, being rather perfect animals than human beings, capable of thought or emotion, of love or sorrow.

On coming to the exquisite work of Velasquez here in the Prado it is quite another side of Titian's genius you see, developed further, and with a more fastidious distinction than he had time for perhaps; and while in his cool and grave pictures you will find less originality of thought than you may discover almost anywhere in Rembrandt's work, and certainly a less profound vitality than that which informs the work of the great Dutchman and of Rubens, you will find a perfection there which is wanting in both those great men, and which you will come upon but seldom in the work of Titian himself. How fastidious, how distinguished Velasquez always is! Just there, it might seem, is the virtue that has entranced the modern world, so that you find painters to-day so in love with their art, so satisfied with just that, that recognising this reverence in Velasquez for the material as it were of his work, his contentment with it as sufficient for him to express just what his eyes have seen, they have been willing to call him 'the master,' the greatest painter of all time—ignoring not unwillingly a certain lack of originality, of just genius, as it were, that no perfection of technique, no dignity of thought, no distinction of manner, may altogether hide. His work is so truthful that we are content to forget everything else while we are with him; and, indeed, it is part of his secret that the charm of his work, in the true sense of the word, its magical truthfulness, for instance, obliterates our dreams, and for the first time perhaps we see ourselves, not as we really are, scarcely ever that, but as we appear in a perfectly felt, a perfectly expressed impression, in a moment of languor, or pride, or gracious forgiveness. He is a painter who is always lurking in the shadow, whose light is so refined that he scarcely dares to bring the sunshine into it, lest something of its distinction, its temperance should be lost in the splendour of the world, in the strength of the sun or beside the energy of the sea. You will find almost no studies of the nude here, scarcely any women at all, but queens and princesses and little children and men, who are so full of pride, that they seem to thrust the ground away with their feet, or to beat it with the hoofs of their horses in contempt, a contempt that is not passionate at all, but a sort of coldness as though they were unaware of anything but their own gravity or importance.

Quite by chance, on leaving the room where the beautiful picture of Philip IV. on Horseback hangs, you come in the long gallery on Titian's Charles V. Entering the Battle of Mühlberg. Beside it are two theatrical compositions by Rubens, masterly and full of the immense sensuous vigour that is sometimes a little wearying in that Fleming. It is as though the monotony of his low and mediocre land, which submitted so easily to every tyranny that only he has made beautiful, had forced him into an over emphasis of life. Well, to-day in the Prado you look at Titian's Charles V. on Horseback, really the original of all equestrian portraits, beside the work of this sumptuous barbarian. The quiet serene everlasting strength that is present always, even in Titian's slightest work, is, in this magnificent canvas, consummate in its perfection. And it vanquishes, if we may use a word so disastrous, even the great equestrian portraits of Velasquez by means of just beauty. It is life, while the work of Velasquez only continually seems to be life; it is more than life, it is truth, it is beauty.

How fortunate Titian was, you may think, perhaps, fortunate beyond Rembrandt or Rubens or Velasquez, in having people so much greater to paint, a city so much more beautiful to live in, a world so much more living,

UNIV. O
CALIFORN



MARY TUDOR OF ENGLAND

BY ANTONIO MORO

so much more human, as it were, than those painters who followed him enjoyed. Well, 'the ages are all equal,' says William Blake, 'but genius is always above its age'; and if this be so, certainly in Titian's genius the age of the Renaissance expressed itself so completely that anything which came after had the sense of a repetition almost, a variation, as it were, on the work of the great Venetian. And yet how original and how wise was Rembrandt, and willing, too, to express so much that is but indicated in Titian's work, anxious, above all, to express himself, since he seems to lurk, yes, the very rugged, beautiful, strong face itself, in so many of his pictures. And if with Rubens we seem to come upon something less sincere or less racy, as it were, than with Rembrandt, how perfectly musical is every line, every contour, how full of well-being and delight, a little boisterous it may be, but full of strength and the joy that enjoys itself, is his work here in the Prado, naturally almost without effort, as a bird sings. While, after all, to look at Velasquez is to understand the truth, that so various thing, light dancing on the water, that is gone before you can say it is there. He is so truthful that for the moment everything else seems beside the point.

Something like this seems to me to be my impression of the Prado Gallery; to be what that collection of masterpieces means to me. And if pictures are, as it were, 'receptacles of so many powers or forces,' if they 'possess, like the products of nature, so many virtues or qualities,' to discover not their value compared with one another, but their ultimate value for oneself, is the first step of all true criticism whatever, useful and necessary on our way to see them, as in themselves they really are.[1]

---

[1] Of the work of Holbein, of Dürer, of the early Flemish painters, and of Moro and Vandyke I say nothing. Their work is, it seems to me, not to be dealt with in the Prado where they are not well represented.

## II. THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS IN THE PRADO

Italian painting is represented in the Prado both by the work of Titian, so splendid in its quality and abundance, and by the work of Raphael, which here time seems to have robbed of nearly all its fame. And splendid as are these two painters of the high Renaissance, their work scarcely makes up to us for the entire absence of any painter of the fourteenth century in Italy, while the fifteenth century is only represented by examples from the work of two men, Fra Angelico and Mantegna. Here and there in these almost numberless rooms, you come upon work so flower-like as Giorgione's, so unimpassioned as Correggio's, so innumerable as Veronese's, so ineffectual as Andrea del Sarto's, so charming as Tiepolo's; but, for the most part, Italy is here just Venice at its best in Titian, or Rome dowered with all the beautiful learned work of Raphael, the imitative work of his pupils.

That early Tuscan painter who dreamed continually of Mary Madonna, to whose keeping God had confided the desire of the world; who seems to have built up in his pictures the kingdom of heaven on earth, so that he finds the same flowers by the wayside of those streets of gold as in the valleys of Tuscany, the same sweet light upon the hills there as he had seen in a vision at evening, or heard of from an angel who surely stayed his flight during some still half-hour at noonday, so that those naïve eyes might never forget the least fold of his garments, the most secret thread of golden hair; may be found here so far away in Spain, that has understood scarcely at all the perfect humanism that is everywhere in his work, in a panel of the Annunciation, that reminds one in some far-off fashion of the fresco of the same subject in S. Marco, different in colour though it may be, and in the addition here in the Prado picture of an expulsion from Paradise, while below, in five octagonal compartments, you find certain scenes from the life of Madonna.

In Mantegna's picture[1] of the Death of the Virgin, a small panel from the collection of Charles I. of England, you have a work so much more initiated, so much less a chance falling of sunlight upon the wall, in which Angelico, for instance, seems to have seen a vision, than that beautiful and holy picture of the Annunciation. So much more initiated I said, and it is really just that, an initiation, as it were, into the world, so noble, so splendid, so full of great things, that you discern in the really profound work of the great Paduan. His work is full of intellectual strength, joyful too, as happy indeed in its way as Fra Angelico's, only where Angelico has divined something that he cannot understand, that he accepts absolutely as a child might do, Mantegna has always understood, has mastered everything that he expresses, first of all with his mind; it is a nobility in him, a duty almost from which he will not excuse himself. It is strange, remembering the delight of his work, his love for sumptuous things, saved always from a too great fondness for them by his perfect sanity, his intellectual rectitude, that in this picture some strange asceticism, some unfortunate, unnecessary self-denial, as it were, is to be discerned; unnecessary and therefore unfortunate, since in denial in itself, for its own sake, there is nothing admirable or beautiful; it is merely a cruelty to oneself that having suffered, to-morrow we shall be ready to inflict on another.

In these two pictures we seem to discover the awakening of the spirit of man from its long sleep, that was, after all, but a preparation for the dawn that is already risen in Fra Angelico, and, still a little bewildered by dreams, has seen the beauty of the world; that in Mantegna is even now aware of the whole long day of love and thought to come, that in him at any rate is already awaiting it, with the serenity of a child, the courage of a young man.

---

[1] Morelli has thrown doubt on this picture, needlessly perhaps.

To turn to the work of Andrea del Sarto from these sincere and simple pictures, is to understand how ineffectual a painter he really is. The 'faultless' painter he has been called; in truth, he seems to be incapable of fault, to be really a little effeminate, a little vague, too bewildered by his own *sfumato* as it were, lost in enervating, sentimental dreams. It is no intellectual passion you find in that soft, troubled work, where from every canvas Lucrezia del Fede looks out at you, posing as Madonna or Magdalen, or just herself, and even there, beautiful, unsatisfactory, discontented, unhappy, because she is too stupid to be happy at all. If she were Andrea's tragedy, one might think that even without her his life could scarcely have been different. In the best of his pictures here, she is Madonna,[1] seated on a flight of steps perhaps, holding the Child, who stretches out his arms to an angel who kneels before him, holding an open book, while St. Joseph gazes at Madonna, and in the background a woman hurries away leading a child by the hand. It is a characteristic picture, insignificant as it were, facile without depth or force. Andrea can do better than this and worse, and while in this picture you may discern something of that Michelangelesque manner that was so unfortunate in one who was a colourist, the only colourist of the Florentine school, it is not so mannered, so futile an imitation as the Madonna dell' Arpie, or the Assumption, in Florence. Yet it is how much less than the beautiful Dispute as to the Trinity, or the wonderful series of portraits of himself or his wife. Just there he seems to touch life as never or almost never in his compositions. How simple and straightforward, for instance, is the portrait of a sculptor in the National Gallery, how vivid, how truthful his portraits of himself; how expressive those of his wife. That damaged but still lovely picture, here in the Prado, of Lucrezia del Fede really redeems him for once from a charge of insincerity, grandiosity, or sentimentalism. How beautiful she is, how living, how full of possibilities, still young and unacquainted with the sacrifices that her mediocrity will presently demand of her. It is thus as a portrait painter, who, after all, has left in his pictures 'an autobiography as complete as any in existence,' that Andrea del Sarto comes to his own; almost a great painter, he is seldom a great artist, anxious rather to make his confession to a world that was so ready to excuse him, and to worship him, just because he failed to show his superiority to it. As a Florentine painter, he seems ever among strangers; and it is really as a Venetian, exiled in Florence, one who had been forced by some irony of circumstance to forgo his birthright in the invigorating and worldly city that might have revealed to him just the significance of life which we miss in his pictures, that he appeals to us; a failure difficult to explain, a weak but beautiful nature spoiled by mediocrity.

---

[1] Of the pictures here in the Prado, Mr. Berenson (*The Florentine Painters*, 1898, p. 98) only accepts, as Andrea's, the Sacrifice of Isaac—a copy of the Dresden picture. Mr. Ricketts, in his admirable work (*The Prado*, Constable, 1904, p. 113), accepts only the two pictures I name.

It is something less admirable that you find in the majority of pictures that bear in this Gallery the most 'beloved name in art,' the beautiful name of Raphael. Something, I know not what, seems to have befallen them, they are so much less lovely than their reputation.

It is as though on a day in the sunshine of the long summer, that makes of the noisiest of cities the most silent place in the world, gradually little by little they had died, had suffered that extraordinary change that at first seems to make so little difference, even to add some beauty by a sort of simplification, as it were, an obliteration of everything but the necessary and elemental things of character, of individual life, and then suddenly to destroy for ever the loveliness that had only blossomed to die, after many years of impassioned effort. Those famous pictures, Lo Spasimo,[1] The Virgin of the Fish, The Visitation, La Perla (from the gallery of Charles I. of England), the Holy Family del Lagarto, seem today almost inexplicable as the work of Raphael; they are dead pictures, from which the beauty has fled away, leaving only the brutal signature of death, the hideous suggestion of the skeleton. And while in such a picture as The Virgin of the Fish, for instance, we may find the hand, the clever imitative hand of Giulio Romano, it is yet difficult to explain our indifference to most of Raphael's easel pictures which are not portraits. La Perla, for instance,—'the pearl,' as Philip IV. said of his Gallery at the Escorial, when he bought it for £2000 at the brutal sale of the Crown property by Cromwell—how may we excuse ourselves for finding it so hard, so impossible, as the work of the man who painted La Donna Velata at Florence, or the magnificent portrait of a Cardinal in this gallery. It has not even the marvellous decorative qualities, the splendour and learning, as it were, of the frescoes in the stanze of the Vatican. It cannot move us with its hard perfection, it seems to be scarcely painting at all, to possess some dreadful mechanical origin, in its crudity, its callousness. And again, in the Christ bearing the Cross, Lo Spasimo, we are moved only by surprise that anything painted as it might seem with brick-dust, informed with so grimacing an insincerity, should ever bear the name of Raphael. No, these pictures can never have been painted by Raphael at all, it is impossible to pronounce his name before them; they are the work of those disciples who were his chief enemies; they are the brutal interpretation that the neophyte always thrusts upon the work of the master. It was with the same mad passion that S. Paul destroyed the beautiful thoughts of Jesus, it is from a like enthusiastic imitation, careful, done with much labour, that virtue which in Art, at any rate, is by itself so utterly useless, so vicious, that every artist has suffered, and will continue to suffer, since imitation is an attribute of man. That Raphael should have signed these works is impossible; in every line you may discern a forgery, in every colour a mockery, a mimicry aping him in every gesture. Something it may be, a perfection of space as it were, a certain quietness characteristic of Raphael, that you will find even in his most dramatic work, still suggest themselves to you as you look at these old hard pictures; but if you compare them for a moment with the Holy Family here in the Prado, in which the child plays with a lamb, or with the beautiful and almost miraculous portrait of a Cardinal, or even with the Madonna of the Fish,[1] in which Raphael's part is seemingly so small, and yet visible enough in a certain delicacy and perfection, shining there behind the hard academic work of Giulio Romano, you will understand in a moment either that something has befallen them, that they have been repainted or spoiled by cleaning, really skinned as it were, in which brutal process, so delightful to the old professors who ruled the galleries not so long ago, their beauty has vanished away; or that they were never the work of Raphael at all, merely passing as his with Princes, since they came from his Bottega; and one was so anxious to boast, so eager to believe, that among the lesser pictures that make the background of the Royal Gallery, a Raphael had really blossomed at last, it may be after much effort, and the sacrifice of not a few priceless things.

---

[1] The only thing of which we may be certain is that neither in composition nor in execution is Raphael's hand visible in this picture. It is, as it seems to me, a picture full of 'lamentable obscurities,' in which many suggestions from Raphael's work have been remembered and reproduced; only the figure of Christ may be from Raphael's design.

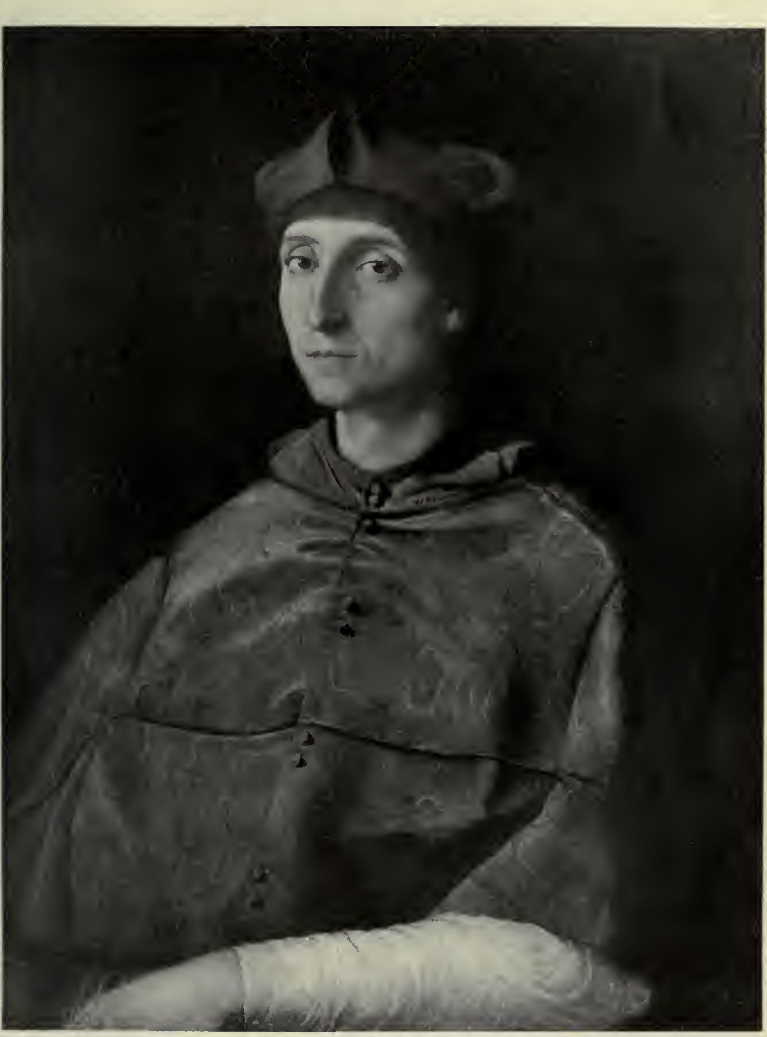
---

[1] Mr. Ricketts, *op. cit.*, p. 109, denies Giulio Romano's part in this picture. He suggests Penni as the painter. Mr. Berenson, *The Central Italian Painters*, p. 173, gives it to Giulio Romano.

It is in the portrait of a Cardinal that you really come face to face with Raphael's work at its highest. With what clarity of mind and art he has painted that unknown figure, how perfectly he has expressed everything, simply concealing the subtlety of his art. It is almost a miracle of simplicity, living there in the beautiful painted panel, by some means hidden from all, about which we may know nothing, perfect as a flower, or any other thought of God. It is not often you may find Raphael so easily master of the art of his time; in his quiet and humble way, he seems at last to have expressed everything in a quiet, assured voice after the rather terrible gestures, the exquisite insinuations of his fellow-painters, who have really failed to convince us, not so much of life as of its perfection, its sufficiency, its beauty, that after all will content us only because it is living.

It is a lesser painter, or at least a younger, less complete and learned, one who has not yet known how to transform everything in life into art, but still speaks with an accent, here assuredly Leonardo's, that you find in the Madonna of the Lamb. He has been too much impressed by the St. Anne of the Louvre; he cannot forget the gesture of those beautiful hands, and the smile, that

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL

RAPHAEL

still lights up that faded old picture, flickers shyly, pensively, with a certain suggestion of assent in this small panel that is painted, well, almost like a miniature, and without forgetfulness of the wide valleys and soft hills of Umbria, the devotion to all that, so visible in his master, Il Perugino. And yet while Leonardo has understood that every living thing is our brother, that the very flowers have loved us, and we must love them too, so that we find him adding certain blades of beautiful grass, irresistibly as it were, to Verrocchio's dry, cold picture of the Baptism of Christ; Raphael, even with Leonardo's picture before him, fails to understand that others beside men and women, less articulate even than children, have life, and move beautifully with as subtle a rhythm as ourselves. How wooden the lamb which the Child bestrides, with so dainty an eagerness, really is! Painted in 1507, just after the Ansidei Madonna of the National Gallery, and just before his departure for Rome, something of that larger life seems to overshadow this picture, in a kind of prevision, faint enough it may be, but assuredly to suggest itself nevertheless in a certain charm of maturity, as though he had here taken the first step in a new life really before it was necessary, to please himself, as it were, to make sure of himself, of his power to assimilate, not to be overwhelmed by, the great world, or those strong and immortal artists he was about to encounter with so much gladness and expectancy and yet so humbly withal.

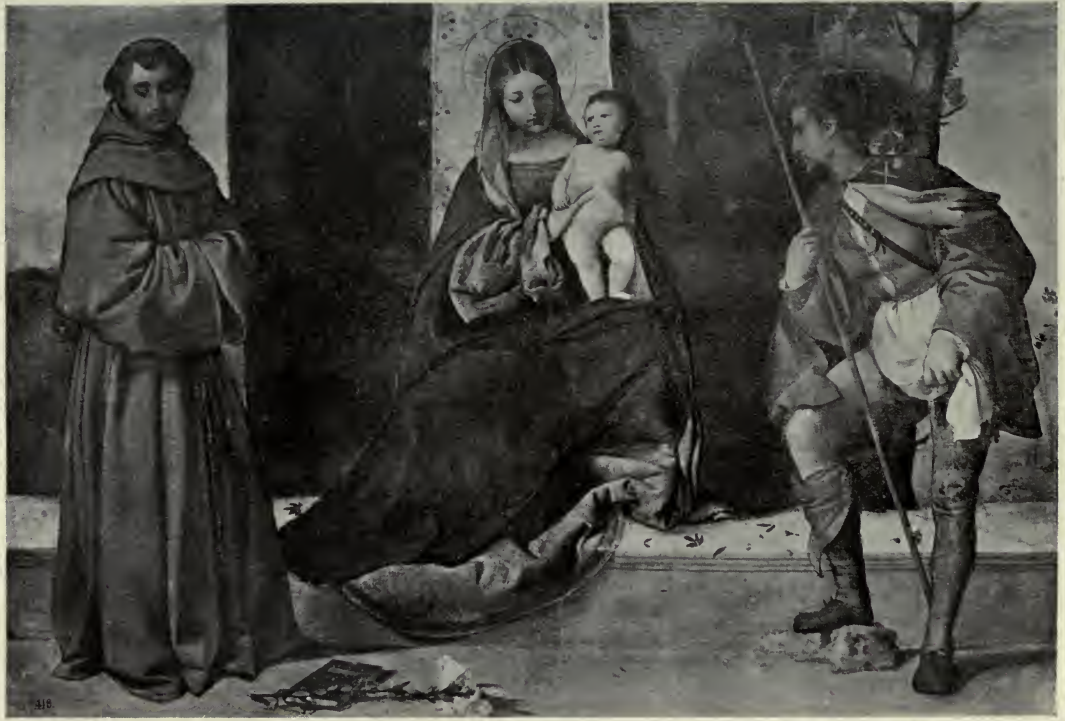
It is to quite another school of painting you come in the work of Correggio, that joyful painter who always seems about to burst into song, as though paint, less expressive than words maybe, was not quite adequate to the lyrical impulse that possessed him. Born in 1494, he belongs to the North Italian school of Bologna, Ferrara, and Parma, is indeed, as Mr. Berenson[1] has pointed out, the great painter of that district, holding 'the same place there as Raphael holds among the painters of Central Italy.' His chief work here in Madrid, a 'Noli me tangere,' is, as it might seem, a rather strange rendering of a subject so 'spectral,' so suggestive of tragedy. And yet it is a lovely picture certainly, into which all the still beauty of the woods and fields at dawn enters not without a solemn sort of gladness. A lesser picture, the Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and St. John,[2] is, if it must be given to Correggio, a feeble work, dark and repainted perhaps, and without the delight common to all his work; while the other pictures here that pass under his name, even the catalogue of the Gallery repudiates.

In passing now to the Venetian pictures, we come upon the great Italian treasure of the gallery, without which the Prado would rank certainly much lower than it does among the galleries of Europe. If we miss the work of the earlier Venetians, Carpaccio, Jacopo Bellini, and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni, we have yet in a genuine work of Giorgione, that dayspring of the Renaissance in Venice, one of the rarest things in the world, which, while it may not compensate us for our disappointment at finding the so-called Giovanni Bellini here a copy, is itself so precious a thing, that looking on it we forget that grotesque forgery altogether in the surprise and joy of finding Giorgione at last almost justified in his reputation. That almost fabulous painter, whose work continually eludes us in the galleries of Europe, and is quite faded, as a vision might fade, from the Palazzo Tedeschi in Venice, has gradually been robbed by critic

---

[1] *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*, by Bernhard Berenson, London, 1901, p. 40.

[2] No. 135 in the Long Gallery.



MADONNA AND CHILD, WITH S. ANTHONY OF PADUA AND S. ROCH

GIORGIONE

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

after critic of almost all that used to pass under his name, so that now only some fifteen pictures, scattered up and down the world remain to us, in his birthplace, the little town of Castelfranco, not far from Padua; in Berlin; in Dresden, where Morelli discovered his Venus under I know not what over painting; in Vienna; in Buda-Pesth; in Florence, where three pictures still pass as his; in Venice, where there are four, one of them in private hands; in Vicenza; in Rome; in the Villa Borghese; in Paris; and at Hampton Court, where A Shepherd with a Pipe,[1] all that is left perhaps of a larger picture, shines like a precious stone among much that is worthless, much that is only less rare than itself. But indeed one might think that even with Morelli, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and Mr. Berenson against us, not to name others who have done as much for the history of painting in Italy, we may still believe, not altogether without reason, that Giorgione had some part in The Concert of the Pitti Palace, which, after all, passed as his altogether for two hundred and fifty years; was bought indeed as his in 1654 by Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici from Paolo del Sera, a collector of Venice. That figure of a youth, so ambiguous in its beauty,—could any other hand than Giorgione's have painted it; does it ever appear in Titian's innumerable masterpieces at all? Dying as he did at the age of thirty-three, Giorgione must have left many pictures unfinished, which Titian, his friend and disciple almost, may well have finished, and even signed in an age when works, almost wholly untouched by a master, were certainly sold as his. However this may be, whether indeed all the Giorgionesque Titians that now pass under his name are really his, or whether some of them, The Concert, for instance, and the Ariosto of the National Gallery, were his only in part, really finished by him, but begun by Giorgione, there is yet remaining to us enough work incontestably Giorgione's own, or rather for the most part uncontested as his, for us to understand in some measure the enthusiasm that has always surrounded his name, the immense fame that followed him to the grave. Here, in Madrid, there is a precious panel, Madonna enthroned with the Child between St. Anthony and St. Roch.[1] Dressed in a long robe that trails over the marble step, where the throne in which she sits stands, Madonna holds the child standing on her knees, a little languidly rapt in some divine contemplation, as indeed are all the figures, as though an angel were about to pass by, or God were about to declare Himself. Behind her, as in a picture by Bellini, a curtain hangs; only, over the curtain a white figured stole falls behind her head, bringing a new delight into the picture, a certain delicate superiority that is emphasised by a branch of white Madonna lilies that seems to have fallen there on the floor before her from the eager worshipping hands of Gabriel, or the timid brown fingers of some little child who has just passed by. It is a picture full of attention to some influence unseen, unheard by the spectator, of which he is aware only by chance. It is as though we had surprised these people, and overheard their prayer. And while, certainly, some mystery disengages itself from that sweet improvisation, in which for once, as Pater foretold of it, painting has attained to the condition of music; so that you feel not only the beauty, obvious enough both in the painting and in the matter of a thing that is really a divine interval, but you are puzzled too by the symbolism that is suggested so unobtrusively, in the scattered leaves on the marble, the fallen lilies, the closed book. And why has St. Roch a fragment of rough, unhewn marble beneath his foot?

---

[1] Mr. Ricketts (*op. cit.*, p. 123) tells us that he was able to see a suit of armour beneath the 'spurious' drapery of the shepherd. Myself, I cannot see it, though I have tried several times. I have not, however, examined the picture without its glass.

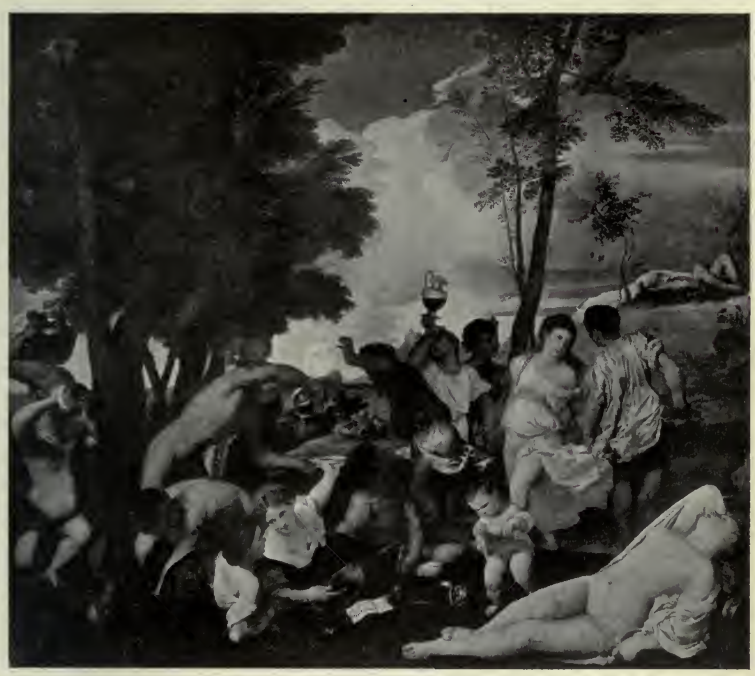
---

[1] This picture was first discovered to be by Giorgione by Signor Morelli.

Some of those whom the gods love die young; but Titian, because the gods loved him, lived to be very old, fabulously old almost, till he had accomplished everything that was possible for him in his day, carrying the art of painting really as far as it could go, always within its own strict limitations, apprehending them perfectly as indeed did all the school, never for a moment going beyond them in search of effects really unlawful, as how many a painter since has tried to do. To-day in the Prado you may see his work at first so youthful, so lovely with dreams in the Giorgionesque Madonna with St. Bridget and St. Hulfus, passing into the enthusiasm and joy of the Garden of Venus and the Bacchanal, the strength and wisdom of the portraits of Charles V., the profound passion of the Entombment; and while you miss, for instance, a portrait in the Giorgione manner, such as the Ariosto, of the National Gallery, broadly speaking, you will find here examples of the work of his whole life closed very beautifully by the magnificent portrait of himself.

Titian was born about 1476-1482, the exact date is uncertain, in Pieve di Cadore, a little town of the Venetian Alps. He appears to have been the pupil of Gentile Bellini, that strangely intellectual Venetian painter, whose work is so decorative and so cold, and yet lovely too by reason of a certain intellectual *ἄσκησις* you discern in it, that is not to be found in the work of his brother Giovanni, whose emotion, a certain apprehension of just beauty, is so much stronger than anything of the sort to be found in Gentile's work. Nothing remains to us that shows Titian at work in Gentile's studio; but there is little doubt that he met there the great painter, only a little older than himself perhaps, who was to influence him so profoundly, whose friend he became, whose executor he was, too soon, to be. That beautiful Madonna and Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulfus, how loyally it suggests the work of Giorgione, work that was the object of an immense enthusiasm, it might seem, an enthusiasm it was so natural, so incumbent upon one, so easy too, to feel, for a thing as lovely as that Giovanelli picture, for instance, or the Fête Champêtre of the Louvre, just then come into the world, and full of a strange new beauty, long sought after, and only dimly apprehended till then, but for once magically expressed, really, as it might seem, by a miracle, in a serener sort of genre-painting, full of new superiorities; and then what poetry, what humanism, as well as a certain unity of the arts of painting, music, sculpture, one might, if one would, find therein. If Titian is really the sole painter of The Concert, the Ariosto, the Lady of the Crespi Collection in Milan, how loyal he has been to that new spirit, how perfectly he has understood all that Giorgione was able to express. Here, in the Prado, so fortunately preserved among the many pictures of later date, that precious panel of Madonna and Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulfus is of the same company, almost perfect in preservation, while the others have suffered so grievously. And even after Titian has passed under a very different influence, is indeed beginning to emancipate himself from what had been the dream of another after all, you find a certain remembrance of Giorgione in the Sacred and Profane Love of the Borghese Gallery. That period in which he produced the Adoration of the Shepherds, and the Noli me Tangere, both in the National Gallery, to name no others, is not represented in the Prado; but the years that immediately follow give us the Bacchanal and the Worship of Venus, two works in a manner which

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



A BACCHANAL

TITIAN

was only completely expressed by the Bacchus and Ariadne of the National Gallery. The Bacchanal, spoiled by some too brutal process of restoration, in which the sky, for instance, has been entirely repainted, is even to-day one of the great treasures of the Prado, full of the immense joy and strength of youth, of youth that is about to pass into maturity, that is sure of itself at last just for a moment before it is gone for ever. '*Chi boist et ne reboit, ne çais que boir soit,*' he has written on the leaf of music that is spread out before the beautiful woman who holds a bowl aloft to be filled with wine. What is this company of men and women that has passed singing over the hills, and is come to the sea-shore? In the background a naked figure, shaggy and splendid, has fallen upon the primitive wine-press, and the juice of the grapes, pressed by his weight, flows down to the sea. It is from this purple stream they are drinking, as they dance or throw themselves on the ground in the shadow of the trees. Who are they that are so joyful on a summer's day, so thirsty in the genial heat? And, above all, who is she, that beautiful, nude woman, whom they seem to have come upon by chance, as it were, while she is wrapped in 'a passion of sleep'? Is it Ariadne? One might almost think so, for far away a ship with beautiful white sails seeks the horizon. Has Theseus stolen away while she slept; will she awake before long to find him gone? The picture is like a gesture of joy, irresistible in its beauty and delight, that is about to be interrupted by an irreparable disaster.

In the slightly earlier picture, The Garden of Venus, we see an immense crowd of little Loves, winged really with the wings of the sky, playing together furiously, beneath great trees, in a garden, before the statue of Venus. It is as though you heard an exquisite, incomprehensible laughter in the woods at midday. Two women are just within the picture; one is about to fling herself before the statue in some joy of mad worship; the other, more serious, less frantic, looks away as though doubtful of her desire. Something of Rubens' work seems to be suggested in the exuberant vitality of this picture, and yet it has a certain sunny reserve and sweetness, a simplicity too that is so often lacking in the work of that painter. It is really but a shadow of itself, its shape having been changed, though it is less repainted and cleaned than the Bacchanal.

When we next see Titian's work here, more than ten years of his life have passed away, ten years in which he has produced the Assunta of the Accademia of Venice, the Altar-piece of Ancona, the Altar-piece of the Vatican, the Assunta of Verona, the Entombment of the Louvre. For the first time he has come into touch with the Court of Spain. Charles V., on a visit to Mantua, in the end of of the year 1532, may well have received the so-called portrait of Alfonso d'Este[1]—here in the Prado—as a present. We know at least, that it was a portrait of the Marquis of Mantua by Titian that gave him the desire to possess a portrait of himself from Titian's hand. He had met Titian in 1530 at Bologna, without much enthusiasm we may believe, since the Mantuan envoy complained in the Senate at Venice of the Emperor's want of liberality; but the portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, which may well be the Alfonso d'Este of the Prado, and which the Emperor saw two years later, when he visited Federigo Gonzaga at Mantua, seems to have converted him in a moment to a belief in the extraordinary merit of Titian's work. However this may be, Charles V. sat to Titian in Bologna in 1533, when two portraits were painted; one of these perished later in

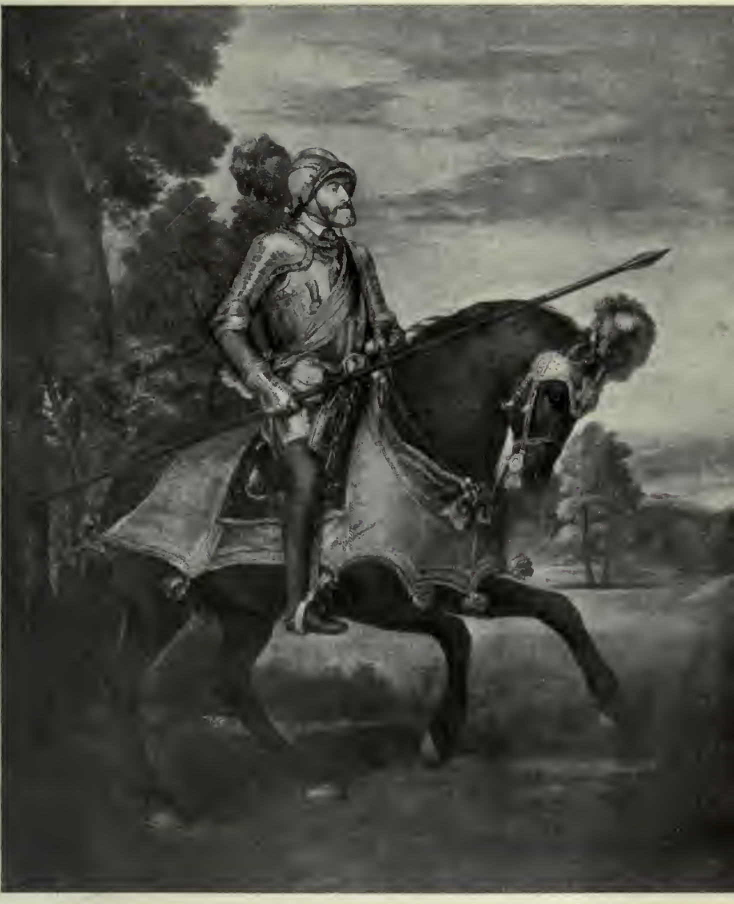
---

[1] Gronau, *Titian* (London, 1904), p. 302, thinks this is a portrait of Federigo, Marquis of Mantua.

Spain, while the other is the beautiful full-length portrait of Charles in the Prado to-day. This magnificent portrait of the Emperor in gala costume, his right hand resting on a dagger, his left on the collar of a great hound, and with some strange suggestion of weariness in his face, was almost certainly for a time in the collection of Charles I. of England. Given to him by Philip IV. on his adventurous journey to Spain in the company of Buckingham, at the sale of the Royal pictures which followed his death it was bought by Sir Balthasar Gerbier for £150, who sold it later to Cardenas, the Spanish ambassador. This was but the beginning of Charles's lifelong friendship for Titian. In a patent dated from Barcelona, on the 13th of May 1533, he created him Count Palatine, 'Count of the Lateran Palace of our Court, and of the Imperial Consistory.' Other honours too came to him; he was dubbed Knight of the Golden Spur with certain privileges, that of legitimising illegitimate children, for instance; and the Emperor tells him that these honours are in recognition of 'your gifts as an Artist, and your genius for painting persons from life, the which appear to us so great that you deserve to be called the Apelles of this age. Therefore, following the example of our predecessors, Alexander the Great, and Octavianus Augustus, of the which one would be painted by none but Apelles, the other only by the greatest Masters, we have had Ourself painted by you, and have so well proved your skill and success that it seemed good to us to distinguish you with imperial honours as a mark of our opinion of you, and as a record of the same for posterity.' There appears about this time to have been some question of Titian going to Spain, both the Emperor and the Empress persuading him to undertake this journey. But Titian excused himself; and though he met Charles again in 1536 at Asti, and again at Milan in 1541, and at Busseto in 1543, nothing of what was then accomplished has come down to us; it was not until after their meeting at Augsburg, in 1545, that we have any record in Titian's work of his friendship for the Emperor he has immortalised. During the period from 1533 to 1548, several pictures now in the Prado seem to have been painted: the historical picture, the Marchese del Vasto Addressing his Troops, for instance, the portrait of Isabella of Portugal, the Ecce Homo, and the Venus (No. 459), once in the collection of Charles I. of England. Not a very interesting or very splendid group we may think when we remember that to this period belong the marvellous 'Young Englishman,' the portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici in Florence, and find that the Marchese del Vasto picture is a ruin; the portrait of Isabella of Portugal, a mere restoration; the Ecce Homo, so disappointing, that we suspect the intervention of another hand; and Venus with the Young Man playing an organ, so coarse, that even its colour, its naturalistic power, its truthfulness and strength, are not enough to redeem it from a sort of brutality.

It was in January 1548, when Titian was about seventy years old, with nearly thirty years of work still before him, that at the command of the Emperor he went to Augsburg 'per far qualche opera,' to do some work, as a letter from Count Girolamo della Torre, introducing him to the Cardinal of Trent at Augsburg, tells us. It was the first time that he had journeyed out of Italy, though he had wandered as far as Rome not long before, meeting there, among others, Michelangelo himself, who praised his work, and yet seems to have been dissatisfied with it, not unnaturally as we may believe, when we remember that Michelangelo was rather a sculptor than a painter, one of the greatest draughtsmen that ever lived, not

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNI



CHARLES V AT BATTLE OF MÜHLBERG

TITIAN

because his drawing is always correct or perfect, but because it is always expressive, and by it he lived.

Perhaps the first picture Titian made on his arrival at Augsburg was the magnificent equestrian portrait of Charles V. at the Battle of Mühlberg, which to-day hangs in the Long Gallery of the Prado, between two great canvases by Rubens. There is but little to describe, after all, in a picture that is the prototype of all equestrian portraits that have since been painted. In a rich and beautiful landscape on the verge of certain sweet miles of park, the Emperor rides alone to battle. With what sadness he seems to go, like a solitary prisoner, the prisoner of himself in his own dream of a world; how melancholy is that pallid grey face, hardened by ambition, and the inevitable sacrifice that one must make in order to realise even the tiniest of one's dreams! He sits his horse easily, is, indeed, perfectly a part of it, firmly grasping his spear; an immense dignity, the tragic splendour of all his house, seems to isolate him almost from the world, to have thrust upon him divine honours. And, indeed, he is like some sorrowful, opposed God, so alone that we are made afraid, about to make a gesture of command, of attack in some battle, to the result of which he is really indifferent. And yet how human in its impotence against disease and death, which have already looked him in the face steadily enough, and without relenting, that noble dignity, which isolates him even from the sympathy of man, really is. He seems to have understood everything, to have been unable to decide with himself, or to find any satisfaction, save in the scornful silence that alone is worthy of us, since our enemies, who will demand of us the utmost we may give, are so implacable, so much stronger than we. It is thus he has understood the vanity of glory, the noisiness of fame, since God has drawn near to him, and driven him mad with promises that he has dared to believe.

Mr. Ricketts[1] finds certain restorations in the picture, but where so much remains that is still splendid in spite of the darkness that has crept almost like twilight over the canvas, it is but a thankless task to point out the spoliation of fools. Titian is at his greatest in this miraculous work, perhaps the finest picture in the Prado Gallery. To compare it with the work of Velasquez or Rubens, while a thankless task indeed, is but to realise that he had forgotten more than they had been able to learn, that even with this picture before them, they were not able to produce a composition equal to it in decorative beauty, or to endow their work with the same strong and profound suggestion of life.

It was for Mary, Queen-Dowager of Hungary, that the two immense figures, the Prometheus and the Sisyphus, now in the Prado, were painted. Taken to Spain in 1556, when the Emperor definitely returned there, originally there were four of these pictures, but the Ixion and Tantalus perished in the great fire at the Prado Palace,[2] and for many years the Prometheus and Sisyphus have passed as Spanish copies of Titian's work by Sanchez Coello. To-day, however, since they are visible really for the first time, we may assure ourselves[3] that in the Prometheus,[4] at any rate, we have a really fine work from Titian's hand, and if the Sisyphus is less satisfying, it can hardly have been the work of any other painter, since its colour is so suggestive, already hinting at the miracle of the St. Margaret.

---

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 141.

[2] Crowe and Cavalcaselle state that the four pictures perished.

[3] Ricketts, *op. cit.*, p. 142, gives them to Titian, for instance.

[4] The Sisyphus and the lost Ixion and Tantalus were painted in the first part of 1549; in August of that year, they were already in place in the Summer Palace at Binche. The Prometheus was not painted till 1553. The Queen took them with her to Madrid, where they hung in the Alcázar, naming the room there Pieza de las Furias.

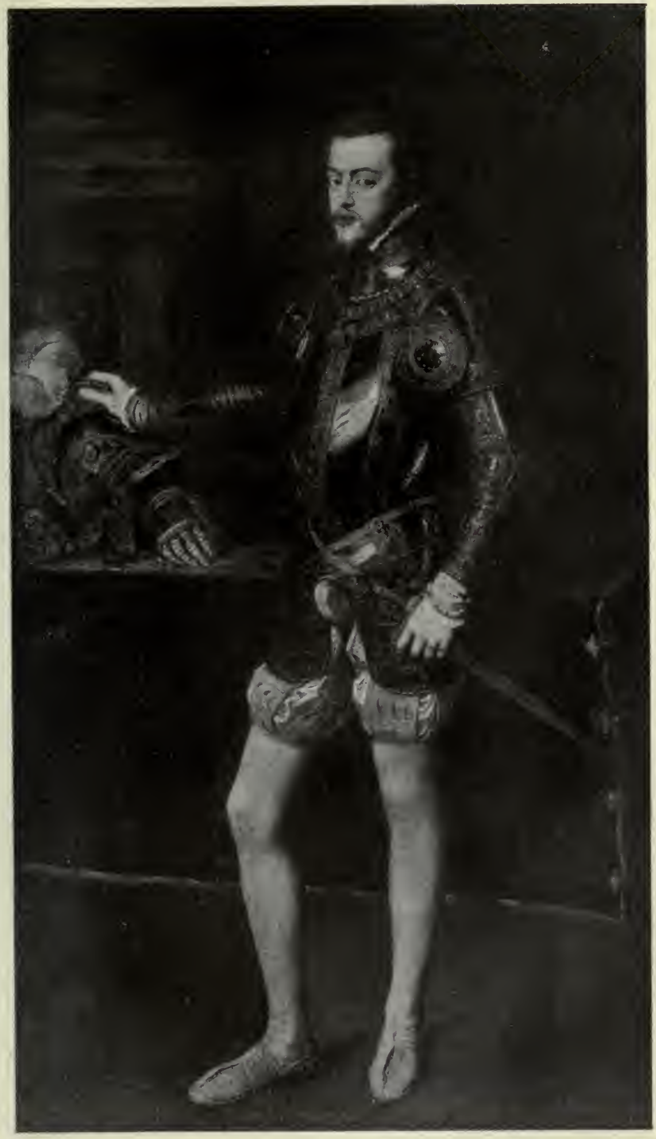
The splendid and beautiful portrait of Prince Philip belongs to the year 1550, when Titian, who had returned to Venice in November 1548, again crossed the Alps to Augsburg. It remains one of the most beautiful portraits in the world, with a magic of colour—Mr. Ricketts calls attention to the 'astonishing use made of the whites,' so characteristic of Titian—a profound charm, interesting us by some subtle beauty of vitality that seems to disengage itself from the dark old picture. It was that very canvas that was sent to England when the marriage of Philip with Mary Tudor of England was being arranged. To-day it might seem as though nothing we know or may read of Philip, the recluse of the Escorial, is so full of understanding as this picture. Already he seems condemned to the solitude that was his birthright, and that he hugged to him more closely as he grew older, that at last he really 'embraced as a bride,' dying daily to a world that had already deserted him. He stands there so coldly listless, his hands on his sword and on his helmet, like a ghost almost, with all the dignity of the dead, their immense indifference, their distinction. And it is really as the son of Charles V., passionate about nothing save God, as it were, that he appears to us with his father and Isabella of Portugal in that strangely beautiful picture, La Gloria, where before the Holy Trinity, among a crowd of Saints and Martyrs, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Rome, wrapped in a winding-sheet with his crown at his feet, really just risen from the dead, worships the Omnipotent and Divine God, the Mysterious Trinity that seems to have haunted both father and son so unfortunately almost all their lives. In all that crowd of figures, Moses, who holds aloft, not without assistance, one of the Tables of the Law; Noah, who thrusts the Ark, typical of the world's salvation, towards the mysterious, cold majesty of God, there is but one who still keeps a certain humanity about her, Mary Madonna, who hesitates not far from the feet of Christ. Much that is strange in this immense picture, so full of energy, the equal majesty of Father[1] and Son, their aloofness from humanity may be explained perhaps as the will of Charles, here for once, at any rate, imposing itself on the old painter. And if it is here rather than in such a picture as the Prometheus, for instance, that he touches the colossal dreams of Michelangelo, as a painter he still excels him as light excels twilight, though as a draughtsman he may be said to fall short of him who was the greatest. Yet, in painting at least, Michelangelo has scarcely produced anything so magnificent in its daring energy as the Moses of the Gloria; and while in the Last Judgment, that tremendous and restless fresco, in which Man seems to accuse God, he has forgotten the world and the visible loveliness of the earth, losing himself in thought, Titian has remembered just that, unable to forget it even in heaven, since for him those outward things were so important, and as we might say, for Titian, rather than for any other painter in history, the visible world exists. In 1552 Titian had painted the S. Margaret, where a beautful, distracted woman in olive-green garments flees from a dragon over the rocks, while far away stretches a landscape as lovely as any he has painted. It has the very gesture of life this beautiful picture, impassioned and desolate.

In the Danaë, painted in 1554, which is so superb and

---

[1] There is, so far as I am acquainted with it, nothing else in Italian art at all like this picture in its religious idea. Charles v. kept the Gloria with him to the end of his life, taking it to Madrid in 1556, and to Yuste too, where he died, and was buried. It accompanied his body to the Escorial, where it remained till the beginning of the nineteenth century.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



PRINCE PHILIP, AFTERWARDS PHILIP II

TITIAN

yet so coarse in its splendid sensuality, you find the same passionate and tragic reluctance to forgo the exterior things of the world, to make the sacrifices that age was demanding so insistently, even of so splendid a vitality as Titian's, as in the Actæon and Diana, so suggestive in its subject, at any rate, of the price that must be paid for having overmuch loved anything that rust and moth doth corrupt. Painted in 1559 for Philip II., the Actæon and Diana was given, in 1704, to the Duc de Grammont by Philip V., from whose hands it passed to the Galerie d'Orléans, sold in London in 1798, when it was bought with three other Titians by the Duke of Bridgewater. It is strange to find a picture so profoundly religious, so full of a passionate eagerness of love, as the Entombment belonging to the same year as the Actæon. It is as though amid all the splendour of a world he at least had found so splendid, an immense grief had swept over his soul, overwhelming everything but life itself, just for a moment: some incredible disaster seems to have befallen, incredible in any other hand than Titian's. If you compare it for a moment with the 'eloquence' of that earliest Entombment in the Louvre, you will understand at once the simple and yet profound way in which at last Titian has come to understand that tragedy, all tragic things, that is; as though for a moment he had really understood that he must die. It is too grievous for eloquence, this hiding away of the body of the Saviour of the world, in the new tomb of Joseph, of the body of Man too in the earth where horrible things await it, things that will insist upon confounding its beauty with themselves. And is it in a sort of explanation chiefly to himself, perhaps, of what, after all, is inexplicable, or in a sort of rebellion against so unspeakable a disaster, that we find Titian painting The Fall of Man, really a hymn to Physical Beauty that has ever something fatal about it; perfectly happy during a single heart's beat, while Eve, reminded by Adam, hesitates to take the fruit not from a devil but from Love, yes it has come to that, in the midst of the garden among the flowers? Spoiled though they be, these two beautiful, naked figures, against the immense and spacious sky, surrounded by the sweet and nimble air, about to kiss one another, seem to explain everything in a moment, and to reconcile us with death too, since it was the price of love, of an illuminating kiss of recognition, without which how lonely would have been our happiness, how poor a thing the beautiful, unsmiling world.

Something like this seems to me to be suggested, dimly enough, it may be, in that sad, eager, impassioned old face, that seems about to speak, in Titian's portrait of himself, painted with an 'impressionism' achieved in a moment, really foreseeing there, as it were, the work of Velasquez, the truthful, distinguished work of that pupil we have so loved. He seems to have created life with something of the ease and facility of a natural force, to have desired always Beauty as the only perfect flower of life, and while he was not content with the mere truth, and never with beauty divorced from life, he has created life in such abundance that his work may well be larger than the achievement of any two other men, even the greatest in painting; yet in his work, in the work that is really his, you will find nothing that is not living, nothing that is not an impassioned gesture, reaching above and beyond our vision into the realm of that force which seems to be eternal.

To turn to the other Venetian painters after Titian is a little difficult. Yet, in Lorenzo Lotto, born in 1480, you have often a fine portrait painter, and if, as has been suggested, his work is overrated, it is sometimes fine enough to excuse the praise it has received. The picture of a Marriage is not one of his best works, though it is characteristic enough of a painter, who so often seems to have missed his way, to be worth attention.

It is impossible to examine here in any detail the innumerable work of Tintoretto. He is not seen at his best in the Prado. He seems ever to be overacting, as it were, to be over-expressive, always to be speaking at the top of his voice. In searching for 'the design of Michelangelo and the colour of Titian,' as he wrote on the wall of his studio, he has missed both so impetuously that we forgive him. In the two pictures by Veronese, the Christ and the Centurion and the Finding of Moses, the first is what we might expect almost, simple, splendid, and worldly so unconsciously, so naturally, as it were, that it charms you, if at all, by just that. It is the work of a man who was able to feel only in the manner of the Renaissance. If the Finding of Moses is his, as Mr. Ricketts believes,[1] it is certainly one of his loveliest smaller pictures; and although Veronese is really only to be understood when he is seen 'at play among the fantastic chequers of the Venetian ceilings,' as Ruskin reminds us, we may yet find a certain delight in his work here in Madrid, seeing that the art of the most delightful pagan of the Renaissance was appreciated by that cold, fanatic Court, preoccupied with the extremes of Christian asceticism, with what Christianity had become in the hands of a people whose whole worldly advantage seemed to lie in exploiting it.

The great pupil of Veronese, Tiepolo, whose force and movement certainly lack something of the splendour, the 'candour,' of his master, suggests here in Spain, at any rate, the beautiful, scornful work of Goya, its impatience, its haughty contempt of a world that was not sufficiently aware of itself, as we may think. The burden of etiquette, of meaningless ceremonial, so unnatural to an Italian, that the Spanish Court had thrust upon Italy, spoiling a certain naïveté and frank simplicity or candour in dealing with life, as characteristic of Italy in the time of Giotto, for instance, as in the high Renaissance, and as visible to-day almost as ever, was not able to ruin the work of Veronese; but you may find it easily enough in the weaker, more sophisticated paintings of Tiepolo. And if Goya's work, so fascinating in its rebellious energy, its far-fetched beauty, is really a return to nature and to life, it is by I know not what devious ways he has been compelled to pass, almost through an under-world, the strange, dim alleys or the far horizons of Baudelaire, that even to-day much of our painting has been unable to forget.

---

[1] Mr Berenson, *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, 1902, p. 147, questions the right of Veronese to this picture.

## III. EL GRECO

Spanish painting, hitherto so dependent upon Flemish or German or Italian work, seems really to have expressed itself at last in the work of El Greco, a foreigner who passed the greater part of his life at Toledo. We know almost nothing of the life of Domenico Theotocópuli. Pacheco tells us that he was a student of various things, a philosopher, an architect, a painter, and a sculptor. He himself tells us, in signing a picture still in San José in Toledo, that he came from Crete—*Δομήνικος θεοτοκόπουλος* Κρής *ἔποιει*; and vaguely indeed, we hear of him in Italy, in Venice as the pupil we may think rather of Tintoretto than of Titian, though Palomino insists that it was Titian he imitated. And at last we find him in 1577, still a young man, in Toledo, where he built the

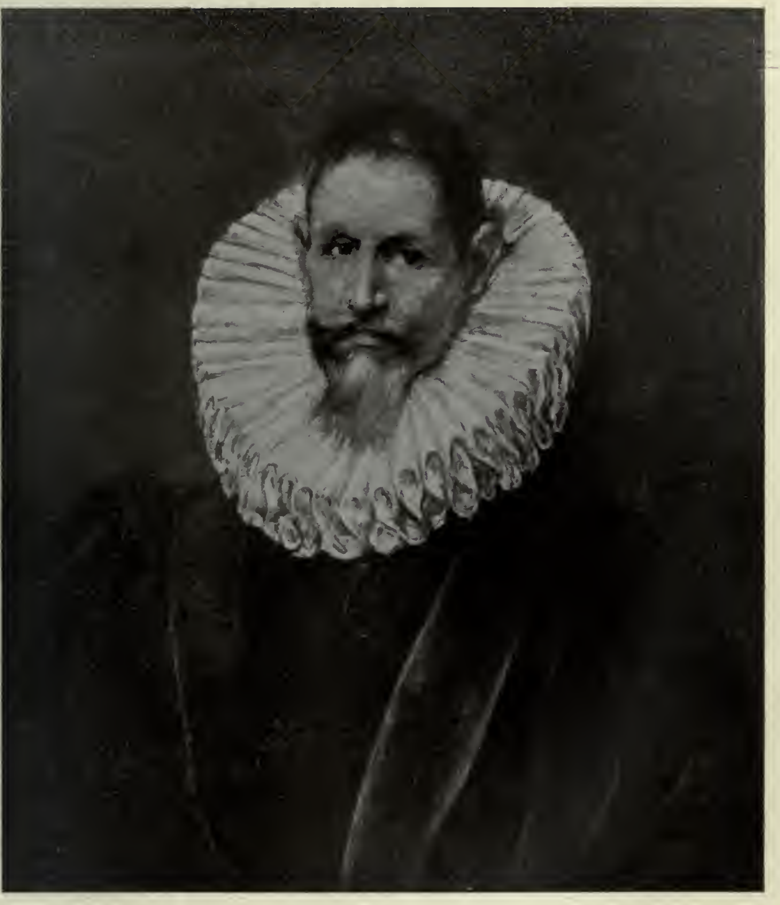
Church of Santo Domingo el Antiguo and painted for it the Assumption of the Virgin, now in the Borbon collection. A few words that he spoke to Pacheco, an account of two pieces of litigation in which he involved himself, certain rumours of his pride or his eccentricity, and at last the date of his death, the place of his burial, discovered by Señor de Beruete[1]—that is all that has come down to us of the life of the most original painter of Spain. We do not know what brought him to Toledo. Perhaps some rumour of the generosity of the Spanish Court to artists had reached him in Italy. However that may be, he came to Toledo about the year 1575, as is supposed, and began to paint there first the Retablo that is to-day in a private collection, its place in Santo Domingo being filled by a copy, and later, to the order of the chapter of the cathedral, the beautiful altar-piece still in the Sacristía there, the Parting of Christ's Raiment. It is certainly the work of a pupil of the Venetian school that we see in this picture, inspired by I know not what eagerness, a sort of naïve eloquence, very expressive and romantic. It is as though Tintoretto, still a little incoherent, had found a new inspiration, an anxious sort of sincerity, which in reality never came to him even in his moments of astonishing power. Lovely as the picture is, it seems to have brought nothing but trouble to the painter; for the canons, shocked, as they asserted, at the presence there of the three Maries, which was not according to the tradition preserved by the Spanish Church, refused to accept the picture unless the figures were painted out. This Theotocópuli refused to do, asserting on his side that 'it did not matter, as they were a long way off.' But the chapter was not satisfied and refused to pay him the price agreed upon. A lawsuit followed, tedious and long drawn out, in which at last El Greco was victorious. It might seem, however, that the opinion freely expressed at the time, that he had imitated Titian in this picture, really decided his future for him. Proud and conscious of his genius, of his individuality at any rate, a personality and force that had already helped him to maintain his case against the criticism of the Church, he began to paint the pictures that are so unmistakably his own in Toledo, in the Prado, in the Escorial, and in many private collections in and out of Spain. And in doing so, he assures us that he was the pupil of Tintoretto; that painter so obstinately egotistical, so much more eager to astonish us by his originality, than to delight us with the beauty of his work, often full of power, that yet fails, inexplicably perhaps, but certainly nevertheless to justify the impetuous mannerism he thrusts upon 'the forms of art' which Titian had surprised into moments of passionate beauty. And so while Theotocópuli was the first painter in Spain to give to painting a certain appearance of life, its movement as it were, its reality, with something of its colour too, colour that is with him always so personal an expression of beauty; his design is his own, possessing only the reality of something seen in a vision, the vivid, haunting aspect of a spectre seen in a nightmare when the soul is disarmed and utterly alone.

---

[1] The entry is as follows:—'En siete del Abril 1614, falescio Dominico Greco. No hizo testamento, recibio los sagramentos, enterose en Santo Domingo el Antiguo. Dio velas.—Libro de entierros de Santo Tomé de 1601-1614.'

It was in 1581 that Philip II. sent for Theotocópuli to come to the Escorial to paint in the Chapel of St. Maurice the martyrdom of the saint and his companions. As we look at that old picture to-day in the Salas Capitulares, it is really a new vision of life that we see there, something that is not quite sane as we say, full of strangeness, that is not beautiful, only perverse perhaps, wilfully con-

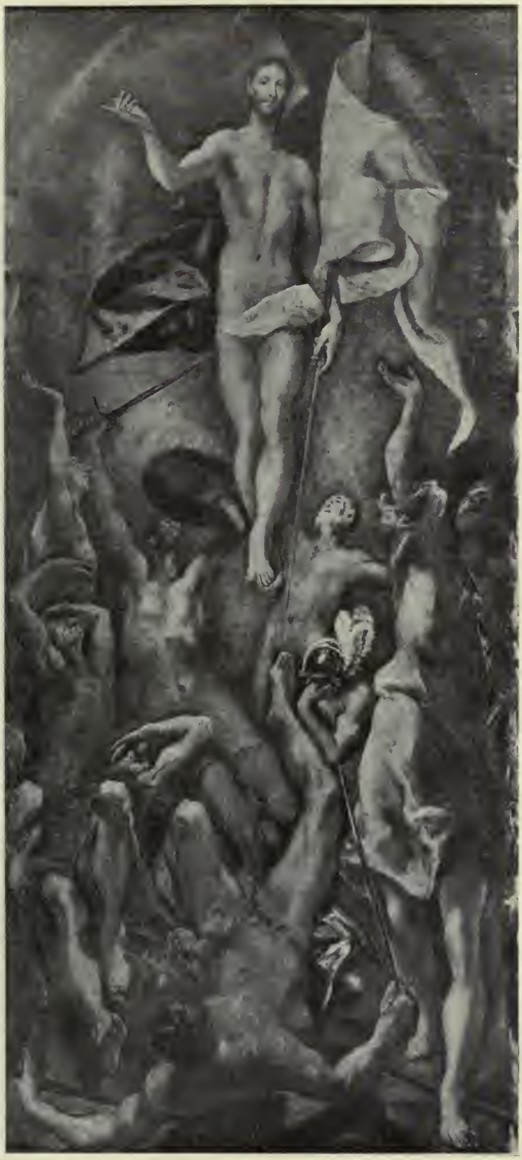
UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
EL GRECO

cerning itself not with the due proportion of things, the order and beauty of life, but with the effect rather of certain bitter colours, those strange, few colours that we find on his palette preserved in S. Telmo in Seville, white, black, vermilion, lake, yellow ochre. And remembering the pictures that already hung in the Escorial, we are not surprised that Philip would have none of his work, that though he paid him for it, and kept the picture, he placed over the altar of St. Maurice the work of an obscure Italian, Romulo Cincinnato.

It is from this time that Theotocópuli's figures seem to lose touch with the actual world; they are ghosts that no longer feel the proportions of the earth, beings that tower into a life that is no longer human. You find them everywhere in the old churches of Toledo, vague and eager faces peering into the dark; terrible, insistent figures, tortured by some extraordinary restlessness, oblivious of everything but the barrenness of life, a sort of cruelty that is too brutal to be borne. What passionate despair you find in the figure of the dead Conde de Orgaz, in that picture, painted some three years after the Martyrdom of St. Maurice, reputed to be his masterpiece, in the little Church of S. Tomé in Toledo! It is as though he had discerned a sort of indescribable impatience of the flesh, yes, in his own soul, that had striven so with reality. Above all the renunciation of the mere self-consciousness of the soul that is already in the presence of God which he has expressed so simply, we seem to feel a sort of compassion expressed in every tender line of that drooping body, a profound understanding of the defeat he too has already suffered since he must come to just that. In the strong, ascetic, masculine faces that are like a series of portraits, each with its own individual life, we discern some strange original thought about death, the misfortune it holds for us, its unforgivable cruelty, its unappeasable regret, that suggests a perfect intellectual rectitude, something dry and hard and full of despair, that is not to be found in Spanish painting again till almost our own time, when we come upon it in Goya, still with a sort of surprise. And as we watch these his creatures, furtively almost, we cannot but ask ourselves what had befallen him. Was he really mad as the sacristans assert, mad with mortification as they say, at having been thought a mere pupil of Titian, or is he really an original painter, a colourist perhaps—for we hear that he thought little of drawing, of design—who has not been able to content himself with the mere beauty of the Venetian school, but has really dreamed a dream and seen as in a vision a new world, yes, Toledo itself perhaps, receiving a really personal impression from that ardent and arid city that was already beginning to be an apparition, that had already been deserted? How passionate his work is, how eagerly he has sought for his strange, nervous impression of the man, reprieved for so short a time from death, in that series of portraits in the Prado! His work seems to be full of a sort of enthusiasm, or excitement, in which everything has been consumed but the expression of it. And since he seems to have despised anything less expressive than colour, his work is without design, and so really without a sort of integrity, an artistic truthfulness, which his intellect seems to have retained to the last. Thus while he always sees the truth, he is often incapable of expressing it, not because he does not think it important, but because he is only true to himself, to his own peculiar method, as it were, of expressing just that. He is always self-conscious, always striving to be original even at the expense of the truth at last, or at least over-emphasising his own expression of what he came to think the truth to be. Even as a colourist he has not hesitated to disintegrate colour into its original



THE RESURRECTION

EL GRECO

values, to make over again for himself new harmonies, to insist that we shall do the same when looking at his work.

Gradually as you look at his later work, at what, perhaps too confidently, I take to have been his later pictures, The Baptism of Christ, and The Ascension of the Prado, the Assumption of S. Vicente in Toledo, for instance, it almost seems as though, great as he was, he had remembered the old Byzantine work of his countrymen, had returned to it indeed after much wandering, not altogether with satisfaction, giving life to that which had always been dead till then, a strange, fantastic life, full of a cold, vivid colour, but keeping still the impotent hands, the hard, unseeing eyes, the gestures of despair, the crippled, towering bodies, no longer wrapt in death, but living or moving now so unfamiliarly in a world that is altogether out of proportion to them, Saints, Apostles, Warriors that have wandered for the first time out of the old, cavernous churches into the sunlight and the spring.

'A mad painter'—they tell you in Toledo; and yet one who seems, after all, foreigner though he was, to have created Spanish painting: finding no satisfaction in the expression of anything that is beautiful or true unless he has transformed it by the energy of his own genius, his own personality: unfortunate only in this, that in his strength he was not always able to find sweetness, nor out of his energy invariably to bring forth beauty; yet fortunate, too, in that he prepared the way for Velasquez, who has understood his prophecy and fulfilled it.

## IV. RIBERA

You might think, as you pass through the room devoted to the works of Ribera, in the Prado, that he was a painter whose only characteristic was a wonderful strength, sometimes almost brutal in its energy, occupied with a sort of realism that is not always fortunate or true. Often really dramatic, as we say, he surprises us by the strangeness of his subjects, his pre-occupation, as we may think, perhaps, rather with the brutality of man than with life or beauty; but, on closer examination, his work remains one of the most remarkable achievements of a Spaniard in the art of painting, only less true, less disinterested than the work of Velasquez, and with moments too of real tenderness and beauty, amid the profound energy we discern in the pain, the frightful despair of his tortured men and women. And for us, at least, wearied even in the Prado with the sweetness, the ineffectual ingenuousness of Murillo, the mere incoherence of much of El Greco's work, what is really valuable is just the fact that man is revealed to us in the works of Ribera, that he has painted and expressed the body, at least, with an attention and a patience that, even in his most strenuous or excited moments, never altogether deserted him. Something like this seems to me to be sufficient excuse for speaking of a painter so much greater than his reputation.

Born, not, as Dominici and Paolo de Matteis assert, at Gallipoli in 1593, but, as Cean Bermudez has told us, at S. Felipe de Játiva, some twenty-five miles from Valencia, Jusepe[1] de Ribera, called Lo Spagnoletto, was sent early to Valencia itself, to the university there, to be educated.

---

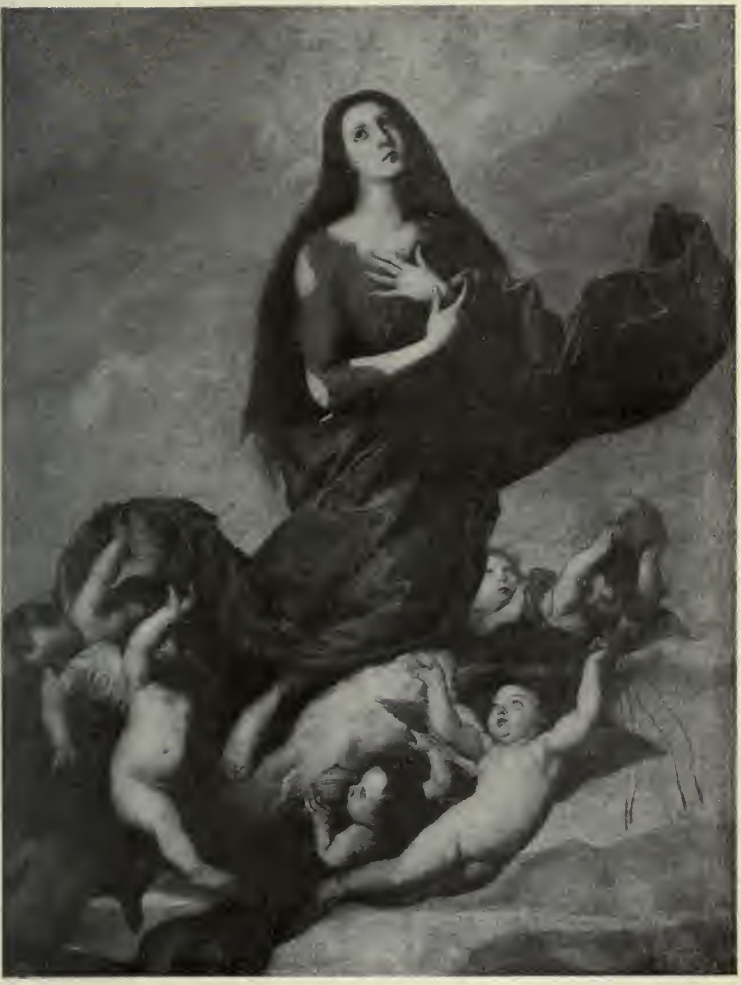
[1] He signs himself José Espiñol Accademico Romano, f. 1650, on a picture in the Louvre.

We know almost nothing of his youth, but while still very young he seems to have found his vocation, for we hear of him as the pupil of Francisco Ribalta, the Valencian painter. After some years of apprenticeship, he left his master and set out alone for Italy, perhaps urged thereto by Ribalta himself. Arrived in Rome he came near to starvation, for he had no recommendations or friends; but willingly, for the sake of his art, he endured every privation, with something, we may believe, of the indomitable energy so characteristic of what we know of his life as of his art. Cean Bermudez tells us that one day as Lo Spagnoletto was working in the streets of Rome, even then intent, it might seem, rather on reality than on such learning as might be had in the Vatican, for instance, a Cardinal passed by, and, seeing him so eager at his work, carried him off to his house and made a page of him. But he was not content for long to forgo the practice of his art there, where it seemed that alone it could find true nourishment, in the streets of the city. And yet we hear of him as a student of Raphael, and again as copying the work of the Caracci in the Farnese Palace, and later still as in the north of Italy, in Parma, where the work of Correggio seems to have had a real influence upon him, so that ever after he is unable to forget him. And at last we find him in Naples, still poor, but full of eagerness nevertheless, now for the work of Caravaggio, lately dead, the last great influence in his art, we may think.

It was in Naples, really a Spanish city then, and almost the only great city in Italy without a school of painting, that Ribera seems to have found himself, as it were, at last; marrying there a certain Leonora Cortese, the daughter of a picture-dealer, and painting, among other things, the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, now in the Prado, one of those realistic, dramatic pictures which seem always to have delighted him. And it was this picture, so full of the very movement of life, its energy and ruthlessness, that brought him fame after those years of wretchedness. For it seems that his father-in-law caused the picture to be placed on the balcony of his house, which was close to the palace of the Spanish vicegerent, the Duke of Osuna. And, indeed, what the old picture-dealer had foreseen came to pass; for a crowd full of noisy appreciation—that excited Neapolitan crowd—gathered round the picture, so that it became necessary to send a guard to disperse the people; and, as the tale goes, the Duke himself, coming on the scene, found, not a murdered man but a great picture, beautiful and strong, that seemed, perhaps, the most real thing in all that fantastic, miserable city: a picture, moreover, painted by the young Spaniard, Jusepe Ribera. Thus, what genius had not been able to achieve, business ability accomplished in a moment. Ribera's fortune was made, and Leonora Cortese was the wife of a man already almost famous. Success had come to him. We hear of him as delighting in display; working the while with almost feverish energy, till he was compelled by his failing health to give but six hours a day to his art; he who had been used to serve it with all his might. During this time he was oblivious of everything but his work, so that he ordered a servant to call to him every hour in a loud voice, 'Another hour is passed, Signor Cavaliere!' And it was here in Naples where he soon became an absolute despot in the world of art, if we are to believe his biographers, driving Domenichino, Annibale Caracci, and others from the city, that all the really great work which we find in Naples, in the Prado, in Berlin to-day, was accomplished.

Those heads of apostles, and old men that in their strength, their technical splendour, their expressiveness

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



ST. MARY MAGDALEN

RIBERA

—an expressiveness that is always strong enough to restrain itself—are so strange a contrast here in the Prado to the work of El Greco;—it is there and in certain larger pictures—the St. Bartholomew, for instance—that we seem to find something new in Spanish painting, a sort of integrity, an acceptance of mere beauty for the sake of truth. So you find Ribera drawing each muscle precisely, following the beautiful lines of the bones of man, excusing himself from nothing for the sake of sentiment or religion, anxiously mindful even of the wrinkles in the faces of old people, telling us, as it were, the actual truth that is not always ugly after all, and in which it is the business of an artist to find beauty. Only, with all his passionate insistence upon actual things, their appearance, their superficial aspect,[1] he has no gift of selection, as it might seem, and is quite without the distinction of Velasquez. Sometimes his taste will fail him altogether, and though his inspiration seems never to have left him—for the more ghastly his subject, the more ghastly his truthful work will be—at such moments it is as though he had been too much alone with actual things to remember that he was an artist.

And yet, amid all this eagerness for the truth that sometimes, though not often, degenerates into a mere copying of the model, in which beauty is forgotten altogether—for there are other things besides bones and muscles that he refused to pass over, wounds, for instance, and the brutal havoc of decrepitude—there is in his work a residue of beauty that will never allow us to forget him. The Dream of Jacob—a weary man asleep under a shadowless tree on the verge of the desert; the Magdalene of the Prado and of the Cathedral at Granada, and the Conception of Salamanca. But life is too much in its immense mediocrity for all but the greatest artists, and Ribera is not one of them. He is a very strong, fine painter, whose taste is not always equal to his talent, whose genius, perhaps, never found him out.

---

[1] Ricketts, *op. cit.*, p. 32, notices, for instance, that he will not excuse himself even from the dirty finger-nails or feet of his men or women.

In a woman's head now in the Prado, rescued from the fire of 1734 at the Escorial, we seem to have a more perfect study than usual, perhaps, of a noble, passionate face, full of sensibility, wilfulness, and disaster; that he has painted over and over again. Is it his daughter, Maria Rosa, who is said to have deserted him, seduced by Don Juan of Austria, bringing him disgrace, the remembrance of which caused his death? It may well be; and if all be true that his biographers have told us concerning him, we may easily believe that a man so proud and merciless might die of shame and rage at this last misfortune, expecting nothing but laughter from those he had always treated scornfully. Yet Velasquez who visited him in Naples in 1649, spoke well of him, and found him full of courtesy, and it relieves us, in thinking of him thus wretched at the last, to know that such an one had honoured him with friendship.

## V. VELASQUEZ

The pictures of Velasquez as we now see them, gathered together, for the most part, into one room of the Prado Gallery, are by far the greater part of his work, really representative of a man who is among the great painters of the world, and incomparably the greatest artist Spain has produced. A few pictures in England; ten or eleven, named by Carl Justi, in Vienna; about the same number in Germany and in Italy; six or even seven in Russia—that is really all that we possess, outside the Prado collection, of the work of one who has influenced modern art so profoundly, for whose sake many a painter of our own day has made pilgrimage to Madrid, finding there almost the Mecca of his art. Nor is it in number alone that the Prado is incomparably richer than any other gallery in the works of Velasquez, but in the completeness of its examples also, their perfection too, their importance in the history of his art. And while it is true that in the Venus of the National Gallery England possesses an unique and lovely picture that is quite alone in his work, not in England, nor in France, nor in Germany, nor in Austria, nor in these countries together neither, is there, from the historical or from the artistic point of view, a series as fine or as complete as that which has been hung with so much pride and care in the Prado Gallery.

The life of Velasquez, so uneventful, so occupied with his art—not, indeed, to the exclusion of life, but to the exclusion, certainly, of an eventful or adventurous life; less full of action, for instance, than Rubens's, less impassioned than Titian's—was spent for the most part in the company of Philip IV., with whose strangely uninteresting face he has made us more familiar almost than we are with any other king who ever lived. Really a court painter, he has painted for us just the life of the king, of his family, of his ministers, in a way so truthful, so bold almost, and with so profound an understanding of the mere humanity of all that, that beside his work the pictures of Vandyck, for instance, seem merely charming—too romantic for reality, too exquisite for life. The perfect truthfulness of Velasquez's work seems to accuse all other courtiers of a sort of insincerity, as though they had taken refuge in compliments. And then his painting achieves a universality reserved for the greatest artists, his sincerity being more valuable to us than the originality of many a less coherent painter, just because in it lay the last originality of all, enabling him to pass from masterpiece to masterpiece, as Titian does, almost without fatigue. And while he is continually painting beautiful things, not with the immense vitality and energy of Titian, it is true, for he lacked a certain creative force that is characteristic of the great Venetian, but without loss of virtue nevertheless, he is never really content unless he is able to find beauty in life, just for a moment, as in Las Meniñas; and though he is not always able to do this, or is only able to do it in part, it is always his conscious aim and desire, so profoundly apprehended that he is continually refusing beauty if it be divorced from life, if he has not drawn it from life, as it were, by the power of his art.

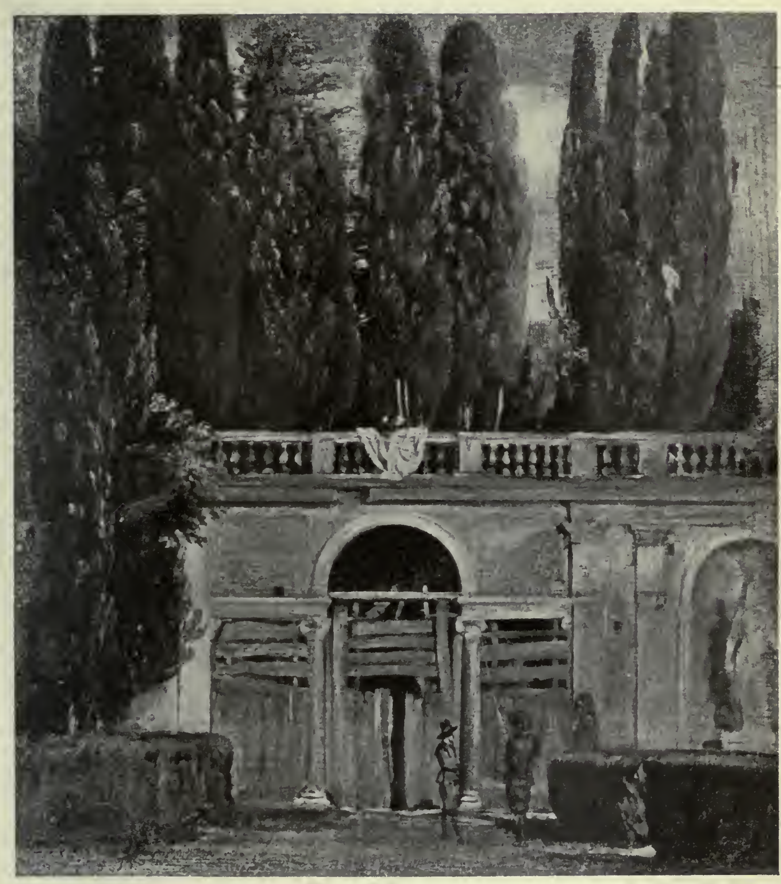
Born in Seville in 1599, Diego Roderiguez Velasquez was the son of Juan Roderiguez de Silva and Geronima Velasquez, whose name he took; on his father's side he was of Portuguese origin, while his mother came of an old family of Seville. So early as 1612 we find him in the studio of Francisco Herrera, a painter who seems also to have been an architect, a somewhat hasty tempered man, whom Velasquez, it is said, soon left, placing himself under Francisco Pacheco, whose daughter, Juana de Miranda, he married in 1618. Pacheco—a dry, somewhat pedantic painter, as his pictures in the Museo of Seville tell us—is known to us chiefly in his *Art of Painting*, where he lays claim to be practically the sole master of Velasquez, ignoring altogether any part Herrera may have had in forming the living style of a painter, whose real master, after all, was Life—the world coming to him without littleness, as it were, and so without deceit, receiving from him a sort of distinction that we find so difficult to analyse, so impossible not to understand and appreciate, certainly, at its full value.

Of his student days in Seville three or four pictures remain to us, notably El Aguador de Sevilla, now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington; the Adoration of the Shepherds, in the National Gallery; and the Adoration of the Kings, in the Prado, in which we seem to discern some faint remembrance of the work of Ribera. His debt to Pacheco is not very obvious, consisting rather, as Professor Justi has suggested, in following the precept than the practice of that pedant. And yet it was certainly owing to Pacheco that, in 1622, Velasquez set out for Madrid, there to meet Don Juan de Fonseca, Canon of Seville, *sumiller de cortina* in the royal household, who introduced him to the Count-Duke Olivares, another Sevillian, just then become minister to the new king, Philip IV. Olivares is said to have spoken to the king on the young painter's behalf, suggesting, indeed, that Philip should sit to him; however this may be, Velasquez was soon back in Seville. But early in 1623 Fonseca sent for him to return to Madrid, which he appears to have done eagerly enough, painting a portrait of the canon, which was shown to the king, who immediately sat to him for an equestrian portrait, since lost; though we may find more than a hint of it, perhaps, in a study now in the Prado (1071). Pleased with the likeness, as it is said, the king made him court painter. Just then Philip was the host of Prince Charles of England and the Duke of Buckingham, and there is a rumour of a portrait of Charles, painted at this time, which has most unfortunately disappeared. It is to this, his first period, as we may say, between 1623 and 1629, when he set out for Italy—a period summed up very perfectly in such a work as Los Borrachos—that such pictures as the portrait of Góngora (1055), the portrait of Juana de Miranda, his wife (1086), belong, together with the beautiful full-length portrait of the Infante Don Carlos, a young man holding a glove in his right hand, full of a certain dry capacity, a little discontented with itself, and yet so distinguished, as it were—a distinction that is not less attractive, only more fastidious than the romance you may find in Vandyck's portraits, the prettiness almost of much of his work; and the portrait of Philip himself (1070) as a young man of some twenty years, which is almost a replica of the supposed study (1071) for the equestrian portrait.

It was in September 1628 that Rubens came to Spain for the second time. He seems to have painted there almost incessantly, copying Titian's work, among other things, and painting many pictures for the king. How did the advent of so strong a personality, already famous throughout Europe, affect the young Velasquez? It is a little difficult to say, for the influence of Rubens is almost as hard to find in Velasquez's work as the influence of Pacheco. Rubens commends him for his modesty, and must have known him well, since we hear of them working together at the Escorial, sketching the palace from the sierra round about. But, in reality, the work of a painter so intent on expressing just himself seems to have influenced Velasquez very little. Content only with Nature, to paint what he had really seen, as it were, without mannerism or any suggestion of his own dream of a world, he may well have seen with surprise those legions of strong and sensual figures, a little mad with life, pass on to the canvas from the brain of Rubens—women full of vitality and happiness, who are really always the same woman, the creation of the painter, that has never really lived, that has been born only in his heart; men who are so full of energy and a sort of exuberant health, a little Teutonic in its naïve delight in the sunshine they have really only dreamed of, after all, in the misty north. It was not such things, splendid though they be, that could influence one whose mind was set rather on truth than mere painting. And, indeed, in Los Borrachos, painted almost certainly under the eyes of Rubens, there is no trace of the work of that painter; it is a more perfect example than Ribera had ever been able to produce of Ribera's method: that reference to Nature, the sufficiency of actual things, life as it appeared at that very moment painted simply and without mannerism, as it were, claiming our attention really as just that; the mere fortunate fact stated with reserve, and more tactfully than ever before, but with nothing added, nothing that is invented for the sake of the artist or on our account. Full of limitations, it is true, and yet with a certain novelty for us, in its intention at least, this picture sums up very fortunately the work of Velasquez during his first period; suggesting an assured purpose in his art, a sort of integrity that was able to refuse all that was less than truth, less real than that, just as it was able to maintain itself before the exaggerated, exuberant joy and beauty of Rubens's work. It was not so much in painting, it might seem, as in the practical study of it, a fine sort of worldly advice, that the great Fleming influenced him, even as Pacheco had done; for, as Pacheco sent him to Madrid, so Rubens sent him to Italy at last, in the company of Spinola, the conqueror of Breda, just then appointed Governor of Milan. He left Barcelona on August 10, 1629, going first to Genoa, and then, as is supposed, to Milan, coming at last to Venice at an unfortunate time, as it happened; for Venice, the only absolutely free state left in Italy, seemed to be preparing for war with Spain. All we really know of Velasquez's visit is a reference in Palomino: 'He was much pleased,' says the 'Vasari of Spain,' 'with the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, and other artists of that school; therefore he drew incessantly the whole time he was there, and especially he made studies from Tintoretto's famous

Crucifixion, and made a copy of the Communion of the Apostles, which he presented to the king. The war alone prevented him from staying there longer.' We hear of him again later in Rome, having avoided Florence at the last moment in his eagerness to see the capital of the world, though he had intended staying there, and, indeed, found time to visit Loretto, a little city on the Adriatic, which the Santa Casa makes the holiest place in Italy. For the most part, while in Rome, he lived at the Villa Medici. 'After visiting the palace and the vineyard of the Medici on Trinità dei Monti, he found that this would be the best spot for his studies and summer residence,' says Pacheco. 'He remained there two months, until compelled by a tertian fever to remove to the neighbourhood of the dwelling of the Count [Monterey].' Another illustrious foreign painter was in Rome at the time, Nicolas Poussin, but we do not know whether Velasquez met him. Two mementos, at any rate, of his stay at the Villa Medici have come to us in the delicate and lovely landscapes, the two views taken in the garden there, now in the Prado Gallery (1106, 1107), while it may well be that, in the portrait now in the Capitoline Museum, we have, as Justi has suggested, that portrait of himself spoken of by Pacheco. But in those two landscapes we seem to discern some new thing, only really to be understood in our own day with the help of the art of Corot and the delicate, nervous work of Whistler. And it is, perhaps, in these two pictures that we see the real Velasquez at last: his manner, as it were, his fresh 'brush-work,' as we say, so characteristic of him ever after. He has seen Nature with a modern eye almost for the first time, seen that beautiful arch under the cypresses, the garden filled with boards and rubbish—yes, as we might see it ourselves, almost without an afterthought or the desire to make it appear other than it is. Rumour ascribes two works—

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA MEDICI, ROME

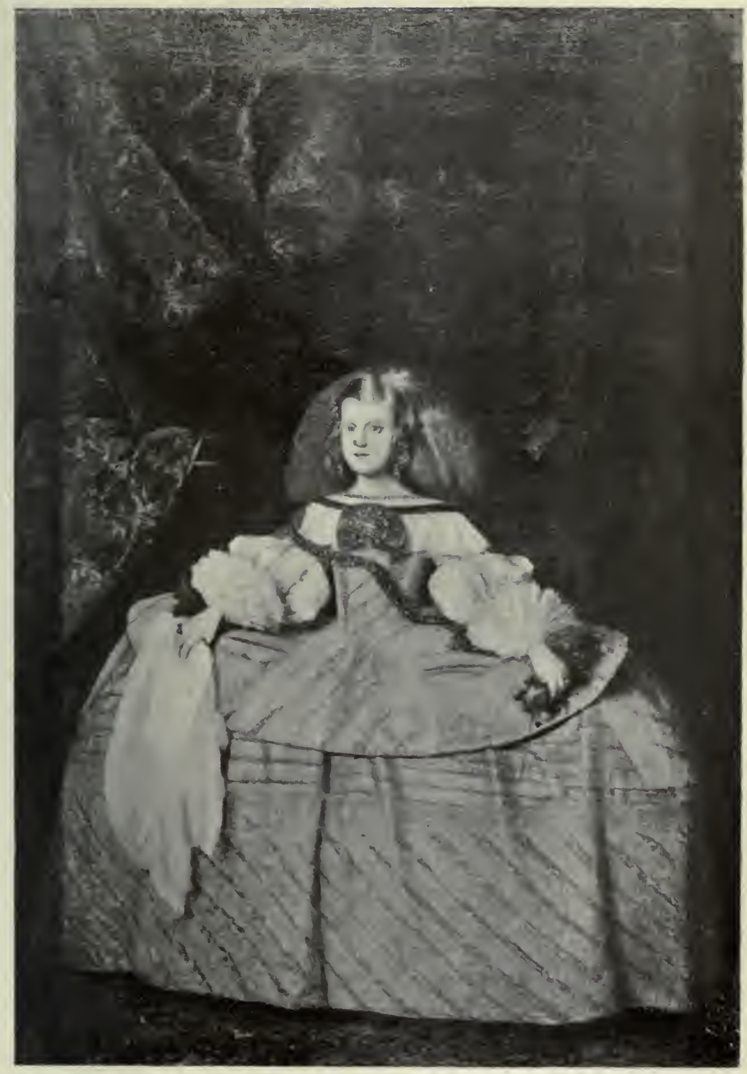
VELASQUEZ

the Forge of Vulcan, now in the Prado (1059), and the Joseph's Coat, in the Escorial—to this time in Rome, and certainly we perceive in them a new delight in form, observed, not with the minute eye of Ribera, but in another and broader fashion, more true to the appearance, that is the only fact he cared to establish for himself. It is as though he had caught these people almost unawares in a moment of anguish or surprise, and had been content to paint them—well, as they appeared to be. And while we know that Titian, for instance, or Rubens would have given us a greater picture, full of a stronger vitality, a more overwhelming beauty, perhaps, we are delighted in Velasquez's work by the unexaggerated almost northern note we find there—a sort of refusal of the mere splendour a Venetian certainly would have given us.

It was towards the end of the year 1630 that Velasquez set out for Naples, really on the king's business, since he had ordered from him a portrait of his sister, the Infanta Maria, whom Prince Charles of England had sought in marriage, now Queen of Hungary, staying in Naples on her way northwards. You may see the canvas to-day in the Prado (1074), as it is believed, though some have thought the full-length portrait in Berlin is a work of this time; but it might seem that the bust of the Prado has the better claim, since Velasquez would scarcely have had time to paint an elaborate full-length portrait since he was back in Madrid early in 1631. There is no doubt, however, that he met Ribera in Naples, and received many courtesies from him.

On his return to the Spanish Court, where he was to live for the next eighteen years, we perceive at once a change in his art, visible enough, perhaps, in his Roman work, certainly in the views in the garden of the Villa Medici. To this period belong the Crucifixion, of the Prado (1055), the portraits of Philip IV., of Don Fernando, of Prince Don Balthasar Carlos (1074, 1075, 1076); the portrait of the Infanta Maria Teresa of Austria (1084), the great equestrian portraits (1066, 1067, 1068, 1069), and the full-length portrait of Don Balthasar (1053), together with the Surrender of Breda (1060), and the portrait of the Admiral in the National Gallery. To speak of all these beautiful pictures within the space I have marked out for myself is impossible. And, indeed, it might seem there is but little to say that may be conveyed in words. More than any other painter, Velasquez explains himself to the attentive observer: he delights you with the aspect of life; he refuses to generalise, contenting himself with what he has seen, with what he sees. In one sense he is the subtlest of all artists, because he asks you to forget so much; in another way he is the simplest of all, for he is content to tell you just what he has seen—ah, with the clearest, the rarest sight, with truthful eyes that nothing can deceive. If you will wait on him, it is really a new vision he will show you of the real world at last; yes, of the men and women in it, not in their moments of passion or grief—scarcely ever that—but in their more quiet days, their moments of ennui, when you may surprise a sort of candour in even the most guarded, without the mask of emotion to disguise them, or the distraction of a story in which they are actors and must play their part. Their story is life, their part is that of men and women—real, actual people, whose individuality is insistent, not to be denied; who really live and are no mere symbols. They come to us as real people might come whom we do not observe too closely, do not suffer ourselves to examine as an anatomist might do, as Ribera did all his life. In the Surrender of Breda, for instance, perhaps 'the only historical picture in the world,' you see the people in the crowd as they appear to you really there, not as

UNIV. O
CALIFORN



INFANTA MARIA TERESA

BY VELASQUEZ

individuals but as faces in a multitude. And while, in the work of so many painters, you seem always to be meeting the same people, with Velasquez it is not so; for each picture is with him really a new and actual impression, a thing by itself, in painting which he has not permitted himself to remember that there is any truth beyond just that impression, that appearance. To record that perfectly—it is his art.

And in painting his portraits it is the same. He works at his impression, is content if he may record it, with a certain sensitive care and a gift for selection. He thinks only of the reality of the appearance; it is the integrity of his art. He has not planned a composition to fill a certain given space, the space must give way to his impression of the thing itself; thus sometimes he finds the space is not enough for his impression, and so in the Philip IV. on horseback, for instance, he sews a strip of canvas on each side of the picture, and is not over anxious to hide this miscalculation, as it were. It is impossible to think of Raphael being content to do that; for his art was really a decoration, an exquisite arrangement of lines and colours in a given space, the space itself being conjured into beauty. And yet, in the Surrender of Breda, the decorative beauty of the picture is not the least lovely thing in it: the lances that have named the picture for many, rising there, reasonable and perfect in their motive, out of the reality of the picture, as beauty will do out of life. But for me, certainly, the most delightful picture in the room is little Maria Teresa, so helpless in those beautiful, ugly hoops—perhaps the loveliest of all his portraits.

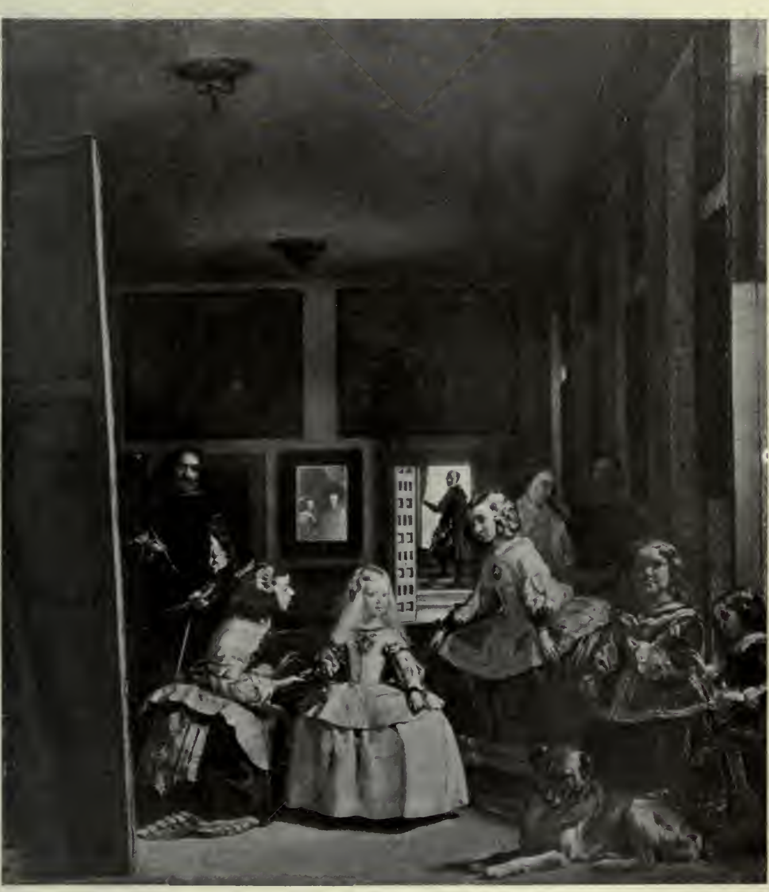
This objective vision of the world, of life, might seem to leave Velasquez almost without passion. You find yourself continually wondering, always in vain, what sort of man he might be. How many women did he love, how many has he created? Almost none, since he has told us of so many that really lived once; only he has given us for ever a remembrance of the work of God, that was but for a moment. His life seems to have been a continual observation, full of curiosity and the desire of beauty—of life; only he seems never to have expressed himself as Titian has done, as Rubens and Rembrandt do nearly all their lives. We might almost say that he watched life so intently that he was scarcely aware it was passing him by. Now and then we catch sight of him, only almost never in his art; at one time as the friend of Murillo, whom apparently he liked, advising him to study Nature and to go to Italy; at another as the friend of Alonso Cano, whom he recommended to Olivares, and whose tragedy, one might think, must have moved him. And then, in the midst of the misery that was falling so gradually upon Spain, with the war raging in Cataluña and the plague in Valencia and Alicante, he left Madrid in November 1648 for Málaga, embarking there in January for Genoa, where he landed in February 1649. He went to Milan, where he saw Da Vinci's Last Supper; to Padua, and then to Venice, really to buy pictures, as we may think. He was not very successful; he managed to obtain, however, among other things, a study by Tintoretto for the Paradiso of the Gran Consiglio, and the Venus and Adonis, by Veronese, now in the Prado. But he had come to Venice too soon to redeem his promise to Philip, that he would 'secure him some of the best things by Titian, Paolo Veronese, Bassano, Raphael, Parmigiano, and the like.' Had he come to Venice a few years later he might have bought all he desired.

From Venice he went to Rome, and then, almost immediately, to Naples, where he found Ribera, and was with him, perhaps, when the old Spaniard heard of his daughter's elopement with Don Juan of Austria; but in 1650 he was back in Rome, coming there on the eve of the Jubilee that had already filled the city with pilgrims. Innocent X. was Pope—a Pamphili, as we are reminded by the wonderful portrait still in the Palazzo Doria-Pamphili, which Velasquez then painted. Looking on the strong, virile figure, full of cunning and pride, we may well understand that he cared little for painters or men of letters; that, statesman as he was, 'wary and sceptical in his judgments of men,' the world of affairs was what chiefly interested him. So Velasquez found him, and has told us of him in his truthful way. That portrait of Innocent X. was really the only work he left behind him in Italy. In June 1651 he landed, coming from Genoa, at Barcelona, and at once proceeded to Madrid. The last period of his life, nine years, from the time of his return to Spain, had begun. We find him enjoying closer intimacy than ever with the king, his master and friend; appointed, at his own request, unfortunately enough, we may think, Aposentador major de palacio del Rey—marshal of the palace—a post that had many duties; and at last given the Red Cross of Santiago some twelve months before his death in 1660. And the last phase of his art—that style, we may say, which we find in the portrait of Mariana of Austria (1078), in the King Philip 'in half-armour' (1077), in the King Philip at Prayer (1081), in the Martinez Montañéz (1091), the portrait of a Buffoon (1092), the portrait of a Juggler (1094), the Æsop (1100), the Dwarf Don Antonio (1097), the Menippus (1101), the Mars (1102), the Meniñas (1062), the Coronation of the Virgin (1056), the St Anthony Abbot visiting St. Paul (1057), among others, is really only the perfection of his early and middle work, a development, logical and natural, of that first truthful manner. His pictures, more than ever before, are just an impression; he has decided, as it were, is quite sure of what he sees; is content at last, more than content, to paint just that, without adding anything whatsoever. It is almost as though he held a mirror up to Nature, as Shakespeare has said, only he never does so without meaning and intention. Thus, for him at least, the appearance is the only reality; he refuses to direct it, or to ask from it anything more than that it should lend itself to him, so that what was so fleeting in its beauty may, through him, be made immortal. And his distinction, that quality that every one has found in his work, is really just a courtesy towards Nature, a real humility in the presence of the created work of God; if he may reflect that—re-present it, as it were—it is all he desires. And sometimes he has caught this passing and marvellous life so delicately that it seems to you as though he had not quite captured it, since it is unspoiled by any suggestion of the personality of the painter, for 'where another thinks he has made a beginning, Velasquez considers he has given the last touch.'

As a colourist he seems rather definite than splendid; he is always a true Spaniard, a little sombre and severe, and yet with a profound understanding of light: first, as in the Borrachos, for instance, the artificial light of the studio, that he has not yet quite understood is not the open air; then, as in the Philip IV. on horseback, the very light of the sierra, so sombrely lucent, a little hard among the hills of that uplifted land; and at last, of the light and shadow imprisoned in houses, in great rooms and halls whose height is lost in gloom.

Some of his work—the Meniñas, for instance—has a sort of magic about it that the least error would have broken. That simple and exquisite moment that he has betrayed into captivity can never be repeated, and a copy falls into a thousand hidden difficulties that it might

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



LAS MENIÑAS

VELASQUEZ

seem impossible to avoid or make plain. And, thinking of the whole of his work, we seem to understand that his art was not creative, as we certainly find Titian's to be, but rather representative, that in it you may find just real people, for the most part, who actually lived, and were sometimes tired and sometimes sorry; no dream of the painter's brain, no creatures of his delight or agony, but men and women whom he had seen with his eyes, the eyes of the body, those infinitely sensitive eyes that discerned so truthfully that sober and proud world in which he lived. So delicate are his visions that he desires cool and delicate colours—colours that we live with and may bear at all times, rather than the riot of Rubens, the splendour of Titian. He has refused so much that his mere refusal would have given his work a sort of distinction, a certain austerity that is really temperance, a perfect sense of the due proportion of things that he had caught, perhaps, from Nature herself, his true master, or divined there.

To write of such an one as we might write of Raphael, apportioning praise and blame with so much earnest futility, seems impossible. I have preferred to set down the main facts of his life, to group his pictures into three periods, to point out, so far as I understand it, the intention of his art, in order that the reader may be the less distracted in his study of his beautiful and truthful work.

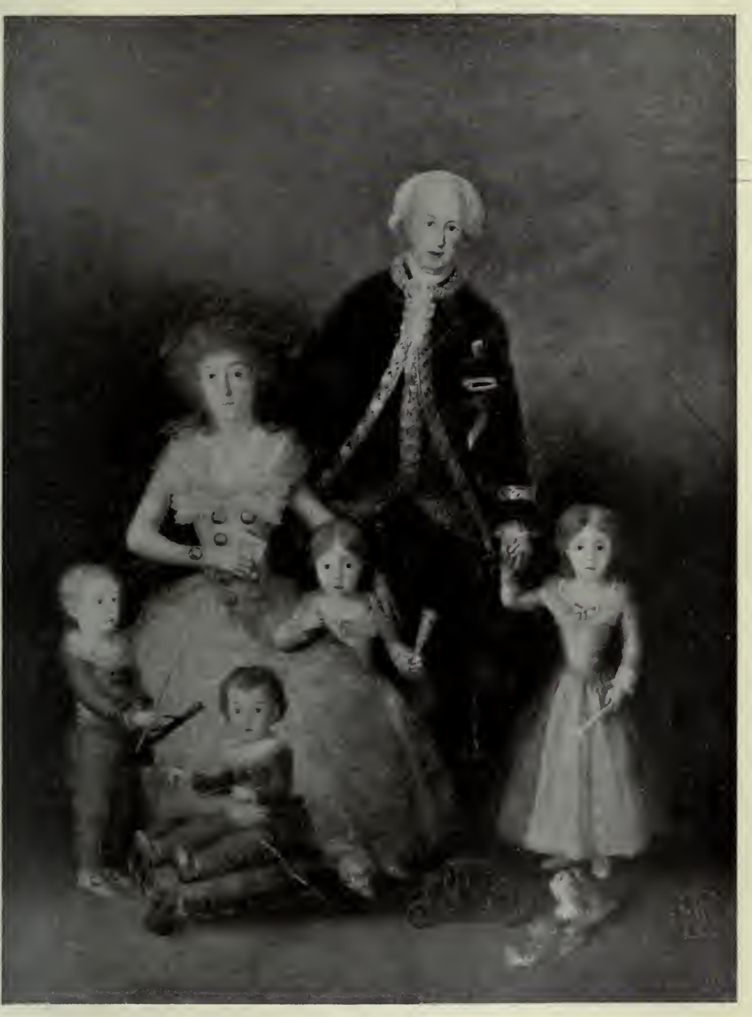
## VI. A NOTE ON GOYA

One comes upon the paintings of Goya as upon something new and revolutionary in the quiet world of the Prado. The classics, those great painters before whose works in Italy, we are told, he would remain sometimes for whole days together in contemplation have at last but stirred him to rebellion. Fantastical and bitter where others would have been reverent, he is the one true anarchist among the great painters of the world. That he is among them no one can doubt, I think, who has seen his work here in the Prado, full of strength and contempt, and a strange, perverse, angry sort of love. For him the attitude of Raphael—pre-eminently the scholar, always at attention—is impossible. He seeks to give us the truth as he sees it, yes, the very truth, to the dregs, passing the world, humanity, his age, Nature herself, through his own temperament, changing it strangely in the process, and giving us at last, well, 'his own dream of a world.'

An anarchist, a revolutionary, he yet lived among princes, and in his really profound hatred of any disguise life chooses to assume, that sometimes becomes hatred of life itself, he jeers at mankind, his whole life long, is incapable of understanding authority in anything or any one. Sometimes his visions are terrible enough; as, for instance, when he permits us to see in his Tauromachia the bull as master of the situation among a crowd of human beings, mean and afraid, who had come to slay him for sport. A bull-fighter himself, he understood the malice, the humour of that. And again, in one of his later works, we see the dead man permitted for a moment to raise his gravestone and look out from that unthinkable underworld of decay and desolation, occupying this so tiny interval in scrawling 'Nada' in the dust, to daunt, if it be possible, a dauntless world.

But here in the Prado we see another Goya. Here is an artist as devoted as Leonardo. Has he not said that painting 'consists of sacrifices'? In the portrait of Queen Maria Louisa, in the Family of Charles IV., and in the picture of a young woman lying so delicately on a mighty couch, we find at last that great artist who

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



THE FAMILY OF THE DUKE OF OSUNA

GOYA

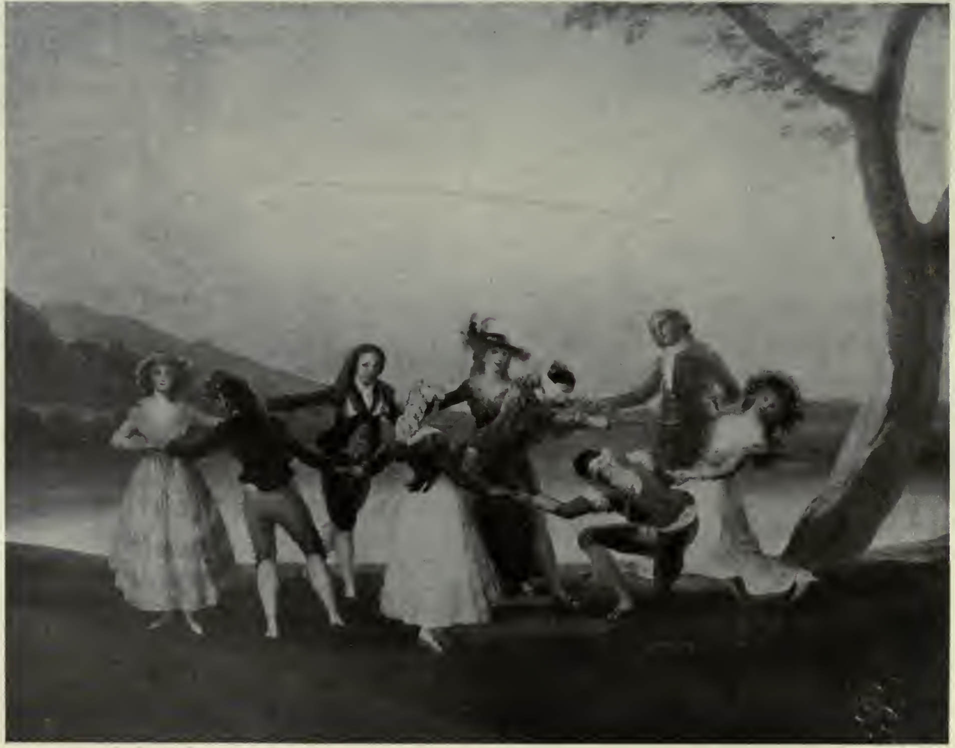
fascinated the nobility of Spain, so that he painted them, not so nobly as Velasquez, but with a certain subtle vitality that seems to me different from anything I have seen elsewhere in painting. 'Painting consists of sacrifices'; well, he proved it so in his fantastic and unruly life. Gradually he sacrificed everything—his country, too, at last. And if indeed he believed that in Nature there was no colour, no line, but 'only light and shade,' he was perhaps but a pioneer on the highway of much modern French art. And yet how merely delightful are those designs for tapestry which he painted on his return from Italy in 1776, it would seem with such ease; that scene of vintage, for instance, how delightful it is, how charming is the girl in a black dress, how naturally her pose is beautiful. Or again, it is a scene of blind man's buff, where eight people hold hands, while one strikes at random: how full of life is the little figure, who, in a white dress and black mantilla, has thrown herself backwards. And yet again, how modern is the effect of the design The Parasol.

Inequality of a kind there is in his work, as though for a moment in some of his portraits some terrible need for haste, some inexplicable passion had mastered him to the detriment of his work; so that at times he seems to have been unable to compose himself to sufficient tranquillity for the exercise of his art. But he was the last of the great artists who were always surrounded by a picturesque life. You see the last of it, perhaps, in the marvellous Family of Charles IV., where certain vulgar persons, very complacent too, are sitting for their portraits with a real and bourgeois trust in the painter to make them appear charming, that is almost Victorian. And then it is delightful to compare with this exquisite exposure of stupidity the really distinguished painting of the Duke of Osuna and his Family. And in looking on these works painted not much more than a hundred years ago, we remember that much of the ritual of existence that was not without its effect upon him, perhaps, in spite of the dislike with which he seems to have regarded it, has disappeared since his day.

A subtle brevity of wit enabled him to compose his portraits, as it were, at a sitting; and so, though none of his work is very perfect, though perhaps he was incapable of perfectness, he has a profound strength and vitality and passion that are very splendid, that sum up, as it were, even with some magnificence, the old art of Spain. 'In Goya's grave ancient Spanish art lies buried,' said Gautier.

Having forgone the consolations of the Catholic Church, at least so far as was possible in his day, his restlessness only increased. It is in all his work. Consider that portrait, La Tirana. How suddenly she has stopped to gaze at the painter, how short is the interval between one scene of stage passion and the next! The shadow on the paper in her hand will scarcely be still for the throbbing of her pulses, the excitement of the delicate nerves of the fingers.

It was perhaps in a failure to understand a world that had ceased to be passionate about anything that his restlessness, his anarchy, lay. Spain was prostrate beneath the bayonets of France.



BLIND-MAN'S BUFF

GOYA

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

# XII

# THE ESCORIAL

'I WAS yesterday,' writes James Howell in his Familiar Letters, 'I was yesterday at the Escorial to see the monastery of St. Lawrence, the eighth wonder of the World; and truly considering the site of the place, the state of the thing, and the symmetry of the structure, with divers other varieties, it may be called so; for what I have seen in Italy and other places are but baubles to it. It is built amongst a company of craggy, barren hills, which makes the Air the hungrier and wholesomer: it is built of freestone and marble, and that with such solidity and moderate height that surely Philip II.'s chief design was to make a sacrifice of it to Eternity, and to contest with the Meteors and Time itself. It cost eight millions, it was twenty-four years a building, and the Founder himself saw it finished, and enjoyed it twelve years after, and carry'd his Bones himself thither to be buried.

'The reason that moved King Philip to waste so much treasure, was a vow he had made at the battell of St. Quintin, where he was forced to batter a monastery of St. Lawrence Friers, and if he had the Victory, he would erect such a monastery to St. Lawrence that the World had not the like; therefore the form of it is like a gridiron, the handle is a huge Royal Palace, and the body a vast Monastery or Assembly of quadrangular Cloysters; for there are as many as there be months in the year. There be a hundred Monks, and every one hath his man and his mule, and a multitude of Officers. Besides, there are three Libraries there full of the choicest Books for all Sciences. It is beyond expression what grots, gardens, walks, and Aqueducts there are there, and what curious Fountains in the upper Cloysters, for there be two stages of Cloysters: in fine, there is nothing that's vulgar there. To take a view of every Room in the House, one must make account to go ten miles; there's a Vault called Pantheon under the highest Altar, which is all paved, walled, and arched with Marble; there be a number of huge silver candlesticks taller than I am; Lamps three yards' compass, and divers Chalices and Crosses of massy Gold: there is one Quire made all of burnished Brass, Pictures and Statues like Giants, and a world of glorious things, that purely ravished me. By this mighty monument, it may be inferred that Philip II., though he was a little man, yet had vast gigantick thoughts in him to leave such a huge Pile for posterity to gaze upon and admire his memory.'

And yet it was this 'mighty monument' that Street, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, tells us he did not stop to see. 'As far as the building is concerned,' he says, 'it is enough, I think, to know that Herrera designed it, to be satisfied that it will be cold and insipid and formal in character. . . . The glimpses I had of it,' he adds, 'amply justified this expectation.'

But it is not any wonder of architecture that you find in that vast gigantic place, but the melancholy soul of a dead King, the restless and sombre spirit of Philip II. It is a great solitary palace hewn out of the mountains; a mausoleum that is indifferent alike to the splendour of life or the pitifulness of death, and is unmoved by the greatness of man or the beauty of the sun or the tenderness of the wildflowers, that have never dared to grow among its stones; a tomb created with fury, despair, and fear, built with the terrifying precision and orderliness of death, fastened with cold as with an inviolate jewel, and there Silence is established, and Death is God. What was the splendour of Lepanto or the ruin of the Armada to him who had become the spirit of all this? It is founded upon the flowers, and its stones are locked with the dust of men. The mountains do not dwarf it or annihilate it as they would do any other palace or cathedral built among them. For it is, as it were, their monument, since they alone of natural things are the eternal enemy of life; starving it with cold, maddening it with solitude, mocking it with stones; for in the uttermost part of the sea some ship has flown a sail, some bird has kissed the waters, and all the deserts blossom in the spring, but the mountains know no life, they have soared so far that none may abide the height, the rareness, and the silence so near to God. Only immortal things lost in the shadowless light surround them always where God has annihilated all things in Himself. And so it is as the tomb of Humanity that the Escorial stands there among the mountains; within, everything is immortal in Death. No spring or summer, autumn or winter, in their beauty and their pride move through those immense corridors, only some God passes, jealous of all things that he has not immortalised with his icy touch. For there are no seasons there, nor decay nor refreshment; only the immense weariness, the perfect sterility of immortality. A thousand chambers do not sum its dwellings, yet it has but one inhabitant, Death, whose basilisk eye forces us all to our knees while he kisses us with his cold, immortal lips. Of that communion all must partake and eat the white wafer of immortality. And therein is the apotheosis of the Saints, the satisfaction of the last curiosity. For this they have longed and suffered every violation, and contemned themselves so sore; for this they have forgone the sunlight and enclosed themselves in a narrow house, lest in the spring-time or among the autumn fields, or in the beautiful ways of a city, or between the hands of a woman, they should forget that sacrament of immortality.

O beauties that never tarnish, O lights which know not what it is to be eclipsed, O house of God, O temple of unbreakable silence, how should I love you, I who have cared for the dying day and the sweet mortal ways of the world? For me there remain the flowers that are presently fled away, the world which dies, and anon is beautiful with resurrection, and life like a lily towering to its own destruction, and love that falls into the heart like a blossom and fades, and is enough. How should I relinquish these that I have loved for an unwondering immortality, an unmemoried silence?

Ah, as I wandered through those miles of corridors, where even the tapestries have not faded and the strange correct frescoes have escaped oblivion, and the dead are imprisoned in imperishable marbles, and even the pictures have put on immortality, I was thinking of the spring far far away in the world where the peach-blossoms flutter over the gardens like pink butterflies, and the willows are laughing together beside the rivers, and the wind is blowing over the sea; and I was weary because I was so far away.

to here

# XIII

to here

# TOLEDO

## I

IT is through a country fulfilled with an immense energy, the energy of silence, that you come to the greatest and most ancient of the cities of Castile. Toledo is like a beautiful thought in a barren heart. Standing aloft on a rugged precipitous hill, beneath which the Tagus glides like a gorgeous golden snake, she is surrounded on the one side by low barren mountains, while on the other the desert sweeps past her from horizon to horizon. A city of dust colour, desolate, proud, and beautiful, she is isolated from the surrounding country as though by an earthquake, so that you approach her by the magnificent and haughty bridge of Alcántara that she has, almost reluctantly one may think, cast over the mysterious and brutal gorge through which the Tagus slinks more terrifying than the moody Styx. In the midst of this silent, tawny land, where the bones, as it were, of the lean and beautiful hills are very visible, she seems like a spirit, like some passionate and hopeless dream, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

Long and long ago I have loved her in the summer evenings as I watched the sunset from the Puerta del Sol—sunsets more terrible than I have ever seen kindle over Rome and the Campagna—when from the immense and lonely desert with its uncertain and wandering roads huge columns of dust would rise, some near, some a long way off, choking everything, blinding everything. Sometimes, golden and white, lit up by the sun, shaped like the wings of birds, great clouds would float over the desert; I have watched them, I have watched them; but in that terrible summer they bring no showers, though the whole country is thirsty, and in every church and by the wayside men are praying for rain. For everywhere there is dearth, silence, and barrenness, and the wind carries the dust to a great height from the desert to the desert. Ah, in that sad and passionate hour Toledo is like a blind and mutilated statue, some marvellous, emaciated sphinx that is about to be consumed by the desert and the sun. Then it is that I have seen the mountains couched before her like lionesses, and I have discerned in her eyes the glory that has haunted her like a passion and entrenched her brow with its terrible scars. Curved and beautiful as the sword of an archangel, the Tagus lies at her feet like a treasure, an endless tribute poured out before her by the secret springs of the desert over which her name is more wonderful than that of the greatest king.

You who come to her because you are sorry, when you have lived within her walls even for a day, you will forget your sadness, you will remember only beauty and death. If you seek to read there the beautiful grave Latin of the *De Imitatione*, or the lovely austere lines of Dante, your eyes will too often leave the page to find in the city herself all, and more than all, that you seek in those sad solitary books. Secret and inflexible, what arid and passionate beauty, what longing, what renunciation, what desire, what pride and loftiness of soul will you not find in her nakedness! She has stripped herself of everything that she may save her soul alive, she is dying for an idea: an outcast in a despicable world, she has surrounded herself with silence and hidden herself in the desert. And thus she has possessed herself of everything, even of wisdom and beauty.

It is a fierce and bitter world at most times that Toledo thus broods over; a country with little else to be proud of; so that we seem to see in those spare articulated mountains, those tawny barren hills, that lonely forsaken desert, where the wind wanders like some strange beautiful mood in the soul, the ruins of a physical beauty very masculine and splendid, that has been devoured by the life of the spirit, consumed by the energy and fierceness of the soul—Toledo indeed, having transmuted, as it were, all the visible loveliness of that world into her own mysterious vitality that in the end will destroy everything, even itself.

As you pass through her streets, that seem to be just the corridors of some immense convent, you find that little by little, bit by bit, life is falling from her, she is passing away: soon she will be but a fragment of scarped cliff, a scarred hill-top, a forgotten sign, in the midst of a land where there is only silence. Her churches are fragments like the statues: there lies an exquisite spoiled limb, here a lovely mutilated head; and sometimes you will find just a little hand, perhaps—all that is left of something so perfect and lovely, that it will haunt you for days, and looking on it you will forget everything that has been achieved by the modern world, so full of vitality and beauty is that little relic of a vanished dream. And so it is, as it were, always with a sort of spiritual exaltation that you pass through those shadowy rough ways, coming upon El Cristo de la Luz, for instance, or the view over the Puente S. Martin, with the same wonder, the same disturbance of spirit that you would experience if, waking on a sunny morning, you were to find some vestige in your room of that which had only an existence in your dreams. For the Goths have flung down their crowns and thundered by into oblivion; one by one the Moors have crept away into the desert; the kings and captains of Castile have departed. She alone in a hostile world has kept her ancient days about her, days that are forgotten, days that are gone, clutching with old and worn fingers her marvellous figured royalties, her robes of gold, her tissues of needlework that are but rags now, wrapt as she is in a profound dream, an immense contemplation, watching anxiously every day to see the priest make Christ out of Bread and Wine, very precious things in themselves in a land so poor as this. Is it perhaps that faith in Christ has devoured all faith in herself, so that without Him she cannot lift her head or draw her sword? If only one might rouse her a little from her contemplation! Is it only contemplation; or is she dying there in her silence under the blind dust-storm, the mighty limbs flung mightily and the riding of war forgotten?

## II

As one passes over the ancient bridge of Alcántara on entering or leaving Toledo, one is always profoundly moved, I think, by the tragic and naked desolation of that deep sword-cut in the lean hills through which the Tagus rushes towards some unknown disaster. Even the banks of that yellow river are arid and unstable as the sands of the sea; no green thing ever grows there, only here and there, in the shadow of some fissure in the tawny rocks, you may discover a few wretched and filthy tents, in which a race half human and half brute, entirely naked, burned by the sun and bitten by the wind, lurks sullenly hidden from the world, living for the most part on the fish that may be found in those terrible waters, or on the berries that grow here and there on the barren hills. A more strange and mysterious spectacle you will not find at the gates of any city in the world. In the evening I have watched them, half ashamed of my curiosity, when, in a storm of wind that flung the dust against the city like rain, the Tagus confined within its brutal walls of living rock rushed on its way, barking with fury like some winged beast of Hades. Then this strange people seemed to become possessed by the lost soul of that monstrous river. With strange cries and music they pursued some unseen deity up and down the shore, rushing into the water that ravenously licked away the yielding sands, flinging their arms aloft and cursing the swift lowering clouds, clutching the dusty earth in their fists and pouring it as water on their heads. With shrieks and horrible contortions they seemed to seek to propitiate some ancient obscene genius whom they pursued relentlessly, even the children kneeling on the shore burying their poor emaciated faces in the sand, praying and cursing with a loud voice. But the river swept on unheeding, while the white fingers of the dead, of which Homer speaks, seemed to reach out of the yellow flood clutching at the insubstantial dust that had fallen through the ages from the wasting hills. Nor was I able to discover who these wild and sorrowful folk might be, that at the gates of the dead city worshipped the storm and the yellow flood.

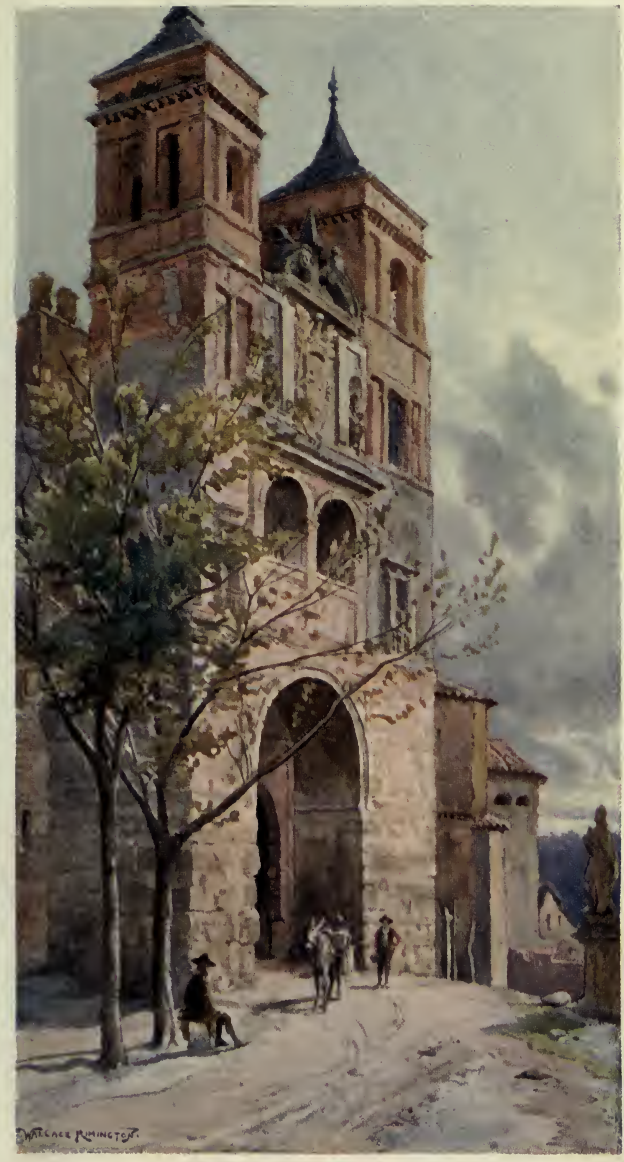
It is past the encampment of that strange and wretched people that every one must pass on the way to Toledo. After crossing the Puente Alcántara the road turns sharply to the right, leading upwards at last to the Puerta del Sol. Built by the Moors more than eight hundred years ago of rough and rosy granite, it is to-day perhaps the most lovely monument left in Toledo of that marvellous enigmatic people. Puerta del Sol, the Gate of the

Sun, they said; and it is really just that, the sun streaming beneath its beautiful horse-shoe arch just before it sinks into the desert, passing out of the world by this gate, as it were, leaving behind it a sense of loss and regret as though some infinite splendour had departed for ever; a sorrow only to be understood in the South, where everything becomes precious in the sun, so that the meanest material, as stucco or whitewash, seems to be indeed rich marble or alabaster, the brickwork all of crushed jewels, while all the towers are lilies red and white, and the very débris and ruins roses that have fallen at last. Standing there at sunrise or sunset, for at midday the whole earth is hidden in light, all that passionate tawny world is before you. Far, far away stretches the strong devouring desert, like an immense and bitter sea, beating at the foot of the mountains starved and beautiful, and very old. On the other side lies the Tagus, not the strange and terrible flood that rushes under the Puente Alcántara, but a lordly and golden river bringing refreshment and life to the Vega, that follows it with garlands green and grey, and many woods and fields rejoicing in the wind. It is like a landscape by Rubens, as splendid as that, as green and full of light; as artificial too, for it has been hardly won as a great tribute from the desert, and remains the one beautiful thing that mere industry has produced, and even so not without a certain limitation, its loveliness being for the most part not its own, but lent to it by the desert itself, that will one day burn it up again in its own fierce beauty. For it is not any natural joy of wood and stream or broad meadow land that you will find in the Vega of Toledo, but rather a beauty of contrast, as it were, as though even here, too, man had imposed for a moment his will, his tireless ambition, on the desert itself, so that it had blossomed, ah, not like the rose, but with a certain mortal splendour nevertheless, full of reassurance and comfort; a splendour that is beginning to fade away, that is already at times full of despair, that is about to be consumed by the desert and the sun.

Something of this you will find, too, in Toledo herself, in her terrible scarped bastions, that guard her so fiercely, and yet in whose aspect we may often surprise an unutterable fear of some enemy, some dauntless legion that shall cross the desert under the thunder of innumerable banners, some fortunate merciless tyrant, or the despicable footsteps of the modern world. Is it the return of the Goth, or the vengeance of the Moor, or the immense tyranny of democracy that she fears in her loneliness? Ah, no army full of brutality and lust, splendid with the blood of its victims, about to be overwhelmed by its victories, will ever turn aside to enjoy that old and precious body, preserved with unguents, almost embalmed with balsams. Day by day she has lifted up her eyes over that thirsty land and nothing breaks the silence, no footsteps in the desert, no cry upon the mountains, no rumour in the gate. At daybreak the women gather at the fountains and the doors are not shut in the streets; and at noon the sound of the grinding is low in the byways, and all is hushed save for the voice of one who sings of love in that long strange chant that is so beautiful and sorrowful, and that ceases as suddenly as it begins, while in the stillness the orange blossoms, that fill the Patios with their fragrance, fall more softly than kisses into the fountains, and all men are weary in the heat and take their rest; and at evening the lovers go about the city, and in all the gardens the roses are falling, and desire is a burden; so dawn grows to sunset and sunset dreams till dawn, and the days pursue one another, and the years are spent and lie down in peace with the flowers. And ever the enemy that she sees not, for whom she is so watchful, draws nearer; already he is encamped about her, battalion on battalion, legion on legion, multitude on multitude, millions of grains of sand that will one day bring her silence, death, and oblivion, and give her dust for dust, when she who rose out of the desert must return to it again.

Those walls that guard the city towards the Vega, where nature has not left her impregnable, ruined though they be, are certainly not the least interesting among her treasures. For the older and narrower fortification, passing from the Puerta del Sol by the Cambrón gate to the Puente de S. Martin, was built before 711 by Wamba, the greatest of the Gothic kings; it is perhaps all that is left to us in Toledo of that age so obscure and confused. The outer wall, built by Alfonso VI. in 1109, leaving the older bastions where Puerta Nueva once stood, includes the suburb of Antequeruela and joins the old Gothic fortifications again at the Hospital de Dementes. It is in these walls are set the great gates of the city, Puerta del Sol, the more beautiful, in the old fortification, Puerta de Visagra Antigua, a Moorish building of about 1108, now disused, in the wall of Alfonso VI., a second entrance, as it were, securing the Puerta del Sol. To-day it has been superseded by the Puerta Visagra Actual, built in 1500 and dedicated by the people of Toledo to the great Emperor Charles V.

As you enter Toledo to-day by the Puerta del Sol, and climbing still, come at last into the Plaza de Zocodover, you find yourself really in the midst of the city, life having fled thither, as it were to a last stronghold, just within the gates. Every way thence as you depart further from that old and splendid Plaza, you meet with desolation, silence, and ruin. How narrow these old streets of Toledo are; the Zocodover itself, that magical


WALLACE RIMINGTON

PUERTA DEL CAMBRÓN, TOLEDO

place where Cervantes walked, how small it is, though full of life still in the cool evenings, when the whole city seems to gather there under the arcades to listen to the music, or to drink *Horchatas*, or to talk with a friend. Among that throng of grave and restless people, priests and beggars, light women and soldiers, the world and his wife, simpler perhaps, but scarcely more picturesque than in London or Paris, he who is blessed with the seeing eye may discern, I think, many a familiar figure, and among them surely Doña Tolosa herself, she who was no better than she should have been, but in whom Don Quixote saw nothing but modesty and perfection. For the most wonderful history of the world, and the most blessed and wise book that we may ever read, tells us how on that first quest, before Don Quixote was made a knight, he came to a certain inn and found there two strolling wenches with the landlord, and among them they dubbed him knight. And afterwards ‘he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom and discretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies. . . . At girding on of the sword the good lady said, ‘God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle!’ Don Quixote asked her name, that he might know thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received, for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied with much humility, that she was called Tolosa, and was a cobbler's daughter, of Toledo, who lived at the little shops of Sancho Benegas; and wherever she was she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then desired her for his sake thenceforward to add to her name the Don and to call herself Doña Tolosa; which she promised to do.’ Not far away you may still find the place where

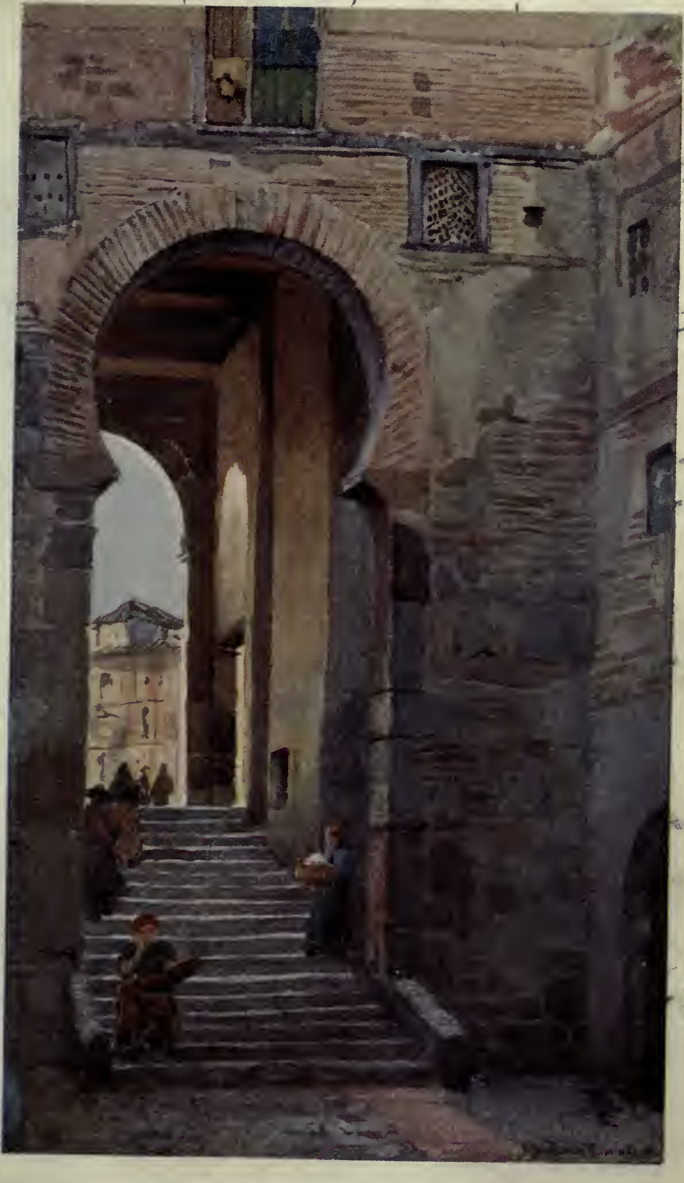
Cervantes lived and wrote the *Ilustre Fregona*; and as he has told us himself, was it not while walking in the Exchange here that he bought for a *real* divers old quires and scrolls of books, among which was that greatest of all books of the world, 'The History of *Don Quixote of the Mancha*, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabical historiographer'?

To-day the Zocodover cannot be very different from what it was in the sixteenth century; a little more dilapidated, a little less crowded, it may be, but substantially the same at least, for it still retains its curious triangular shape, where one side is like a bow, and the houses are old and for the most part beautiful.

Not far away, on one of those seven hills on which Toledo stands, the Alcázar towers over the city and the Tagus; and while the Zocodover has remained much as it was in old times, the Alcázar, built on the ruins of a Roman castellum, used as a palace by Alfonso the Learned, rebuilt by John II., by the Catholic Kings, by Charles V., and by Philip II., burned in 1710 during the War of the Succession, rebuilt again by Cardinal Lorenzana in 1772, burned once more, by the French, in 1810, and again so lately as 1887, is a modern building, for the most part, in course of restoration, a restoration that threatens to destroy even that which the flames have left us. Only the eastern façade, frowning over the Tagus, built by Alfonso the Learned, and the northern front built by Enrique de Egas in the sixteenth century, remain to tell us of its ancient strength and beauty.

But in any general examination of the buildings of Toledo it is not Christian work that chiefly interests us at all, but the beautiful intricate work of the Moors in their own mosque, in the synagogues, and in the churches. Those votive crowns, discovered at Fuente de Guarrazar and preserved to-day in the Musée de Cluny, are really

CALIFORNIA



PUERTA DEL ZOCODOVER, TOLEDO

all we possess of the old Gothic city ; exquisite fragments of precious metal, they interest us, after all, infinitely less than the treasure-trove of Mycenae, that marvel strewn on the bodies of the King of Kings and the daughter of Priam, so fittingly dug up out of the brute earth in our time by the fat Schliemann. However beautiful they may be, those Gothic crowns mean how much less to us than just one of those golden cups ornamented with little doves of which Homer has told us. And so, since we may know almost nothing of the Gothic kings, since we may find Toledo to-day almost without a vestige of their royalty, it is really a Moorish city we see, only less Oriental than Córdova or Granada; discerning there at least, in any attentive examination of her architecture, something of the reticence, the unapproachable soul of the Arab that lends to her image so tragic, so ambiguous an aspect.

Conquered by the Moors in 711, Toledo remained in their hands till Alfonso VI. wrested her from them in 1085, but in reality they possessed her much longer than any such method of history will admit; for though in 1085 Alfonso entered by the Visagra gate, and had that first Mass said in El Cristo de la Luz, the citizens remained almost as Moorish, as Oriental, as before, and with a certain eagerness continued to build for their conquerors not less splendidly than they had done for themselves. A tolerant people, in love with culture, one might think, in a way that it has never been the fortune of Spain to understand; for during their rule Mass was permitted to be said in more than seven churches, while Prescott[1] tells us that 'the Christians in all matters exclusively relating to themselves were governed by their own laws, administered by their own judges. Their churches and monasteries (*rosae inter spinas*) were scattered over the principal towns, and their clergy were allowed to display the costume and celebrate the pompous ceremonial of the Romish religion.' After the Christian conquest till the time of the Inquisition, that gigantic and terrible mistake for which Spain still pays the penalty, a certain tolerance, while never anywhere at any time a note, as it were, of Christianity, seems to have been practised; for the Moors, really at that time the only civilised people in Spain, continued to build, not only for themselves, but for the Jews and for their conquerors. It is with a certain surprise that the traveller discovers that nearly all the buildings of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries are more or less Moorish, in character at least; while though the greatest building of all, the cathedral, is an exception, being entirely Gothic in style and feeling, it is to be explained as the work, for the most part, of foreigners, and not as any sudden energy or mastery on the part of the Spaniards, who may certainly be said at that time, as ever after, to have been incapable of building a cathedral that will compare with Amiens and Notre Dame de Paris. And so it is that with the exception of the cathedral, which was the work of a certain 'Petrus Petri,' in the reign of Ferdinand III., who laid the first stone in August 1227,[1] all the really ancient work in Toledo is Moorish, designed at least by Moorish artists.

---

[1] Prescott, *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. i. p. 5.

The only mosque which remains, El Cristo de la Luz, is really the oldest building in Toledo. Built, as the Arabic inscription asserts, in 922, it was certainly standing in 1085, when Alfonso VI. entered the city, for it was here that the first Mass of victory was celebrated. A legend assures us that the Cid, as ever to the front in Spanish history, passing this way on horseback, in the van of the troops about to enter the conquered city, his horse fell on its knees before the door of this mosque, and not long after it was discovered that a crucifix, before which a little light was burning, was embedded in the wall; so they named the church the Christ of the Light. However this may be, the Christians did not hesitate, first, to seize this sanctuary of an alien religion, and later to spoil it by adding an apse for their altar; and, indeed, that is but one example of what the Christians have continually done in Spain, their religion here, at any rate, seeming to prove an insuperable obstacle to any reverence for beauty or fitness.

---

[1] For further discussion of this difficult subject see Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, pp. 232-235. London, 1865.

To-day, however, in spite of desecration, the little mosque remains a very beautiful casket of Oriental workmanship, for the most part in the state in which Alfonso found it in 1085. Measuring only some twenty-one feet by twenty, it is divided into nine tiny spaces by four low round columns of marble, the capitals of which are each carved after a different design. Four horseshoe arches spring from each capital, while the intermediate walls, pierced with various arcades supported on pillars, are carried up to the roof. Intricate beyond anything in European architecture, it is rather as a piece of carving, some wonderful shell on which a goldsmith has spent his genius and his leisure, that it appears to us, than as a building laboriously contrived with stones and plaster.

The two synagogues S. María la Blanca, founded in the twelfth century, and Del Tránsito, built by Samuel Levi, a rich Jew, treasurer to Pedro El Cruel, and finished in 1366, are both Moorish works of great interest. They seem to have been seized and desecrated by S. Vicente Ferrar in 1405. This mad fanatic, who here in Spain is in public estimation the equal of S. Teresa, is said to have converted four thousand Jews in Toledo in the course of one day. His brutality and cruelty should be proverbial, but at Salamanca I heard the story of his great deeds from the mouth of the superior of one of the colleges there. That he roused the people of Toledo to fury till they massacred the Jews was certainly in the mind of this man, the servant of a Jew, the deluded disciple of Him who was called Love, a mark of election to be counted to him for righteousness. That such men still hold the most precious youth of the country in their hands is surely one of the most tragical things in Spain. That temple of the spirit, the soul of the youth of a nation, has suffered more terrible violation at the hands of the priests than S. María la Blanca has done: they have spoiled it as they spoiled the Mosque of Córdova, they have destroyed its sincerity, and in their stupidity built up instead a fantastic and intricate sophistry, that is but a poor imitation of simple learning—let the Mosque of Córdova stand as the symbol of their desecration of a nation.

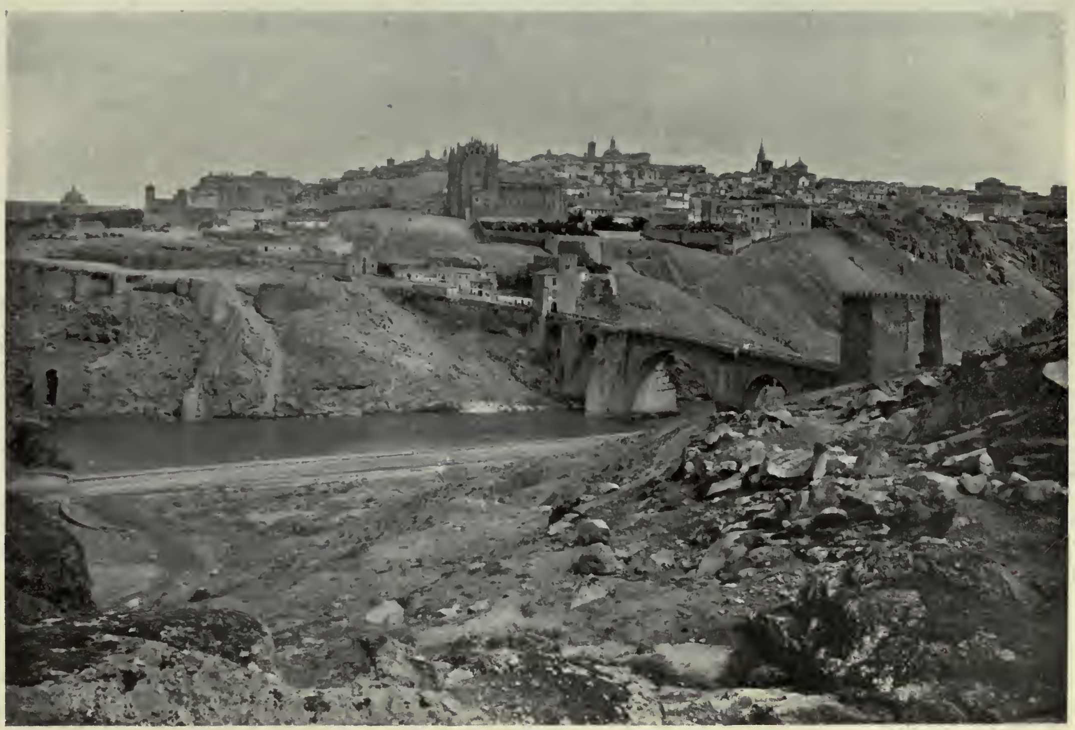
In S. María la Blanca we may ignore their work, they have not been able to rob so beautiful a thing of all its sweetness. It is true that the exterior is entirely ruined, but within, in spite of the sixteenth-century Christian chancel, the genius of the Moors, so elaborate in its economy of material, so delicate in its intricate splendour, remains.

It is as though the very humility of the material, mere plaster or stucco, had encouraged them to redeem it from commonness by the splendour of their art, the enthusiasm of their talent. They have cut and carved the plaster, treating it with the same respect as they would treat stone or marble, not casting it mechanically as we should do. And thus, out of the simplest and most homely substance, they have created a marvellously lovely decoration, limited, if we may so express it, only in this, that nowhere is there a single expression of life. To create life was forbidden them by their religion ; and even as, we may think, later, Spanish art died so soon, because it could not sustain itself without the study of the nude, without life, that is, in its most perfect essence, and Spanish religion forbade it that refreshment, so Moorish art perished in an immense elaboration of the hieroglyphic ever struggling in agony to express itself in creation, ever forbidden that relief and recreation by something stronger than itself.

To-day, however, S. María la Blanca is in the hands of the Government, which after so long has at last rescued it from the Church of Spain. Much the same might be said of Del Tránsito, a synagogue, finished in 1266. In 1492 it was given to the Knights of Calatrava, an order, the first in Spain, founded in 1158 to fight against the Moors. It appears to have been suppressed in 1495 by the Catholic kings, but it still exists as a titular dignity. This chamber, so splendid in proportion, has perhaps been less easily spoiled than a more intricate building would have been. The roof is the finest example in Toledo of Moorish 'artesinado.' 'It is impossible,' says Street, 'to deny the grandeur of the internal effect of this room. The details are entirely unlike what I should wish to see repeated; but the proportions, the contrasted simplicity and intricacy of the lower and upper part of the walls, the admission of all the light from above, and the magnificence of the roof, might all be emulated in a Gothic building. . . .'

Nor in speaking of the mosque and the two synagogues of Toledo have we exhausted the work of the Moors. Even to-day the ordinary type of Toledan house is really Moorish, consisting as it generally does of a long entrance passage which an immense door, studded with nails, shuts off from the street. Beyond this, and as it were in the midst of the house, you come into the Patio, a court often cloistered, sometimes in two stages, open to the sky. Here, where you may generally find a well in the midst, the householder and his family spend the hot summer days, living, and sleeping for the siesta, in the cool shadows or even under the trees that sometimes grow there. An awning is, in the hottest months, stretched over this court, and all around are set chairs and couches and carpets, brought out of the house into the coolness of the open air and the shade. Everywhere out of this court doors open into the house, while in some of the finest palaces a fountain plays sweetly through the hours.

And since the Moors taught so much wisdom and civilisation to their enemies, it is not altogether with surprise that we find them ready to make beautiful those Christian chuches where, so soon after, they were to be denounced. The tower of S. Roman, for instance, like that of S. Tomé and many others, is Moorish work, so lovely, so radiant, that nothing we may find later in the cathedral, however beautiful it may be, comes to us so fittingly, as it were, so precisely. We seem to discern just there a kind of eloquence that makes even the simplest Gothic work appear far-fetched, unnatural, rhetorical. Those numberless pinnacles pointing upwards seem always a little ungrateful for the sun, a little eager to insist upon that country where they need no sun, as though any one could remember that without sadness! And, indeed, in the south, it seems to me at least, that the Gothic is always unsatisfying. It needs the clouds and the sad-coloured days of the north to reconcile us with anything but earth. And so, while in a sense the cathedral is the glory of Toledo, being, indeed, the chief work of art within its walls, it is really a great northern building, a little artificial here in the south, though beautiful too, with something of the strangeness that seems to accompany all beautiful things, informing them with a sort of surprise. And here, at any



TOLEDO

rate, under a sky so different, in an atmosphere so clear and lucid, while you might think that you were looking upon some great French church, Amiens or Chartres, perhaps, all the enthusiasm, the intensity of that longing for another world, as it were, is emphasised, and, the earth being so fair, the very spirit which has inspired pointed architecture, in itself the expression of idealism, of individualism and discontent, seems excessive, almost absurd, since in the sunshine and the heat it is so difficult to desire anything fairer than the world. And, indeed, that candid, impartial sun lays bare all the infinite self-deception and contrivance of a style not quite sane, a little wilful in its inverted home-sickness. In the north, where so often the mist and the rain spoil the sky, and drive the spirit of man back on itself, as it were, the moodiness, the hatred of just natural material things, as they are in Northern Europe, implied in a cathedral such as that of Chartres, for instance, is easy to explain; it is a mood of the soul, that child of the light, which cannot be reconciled out of the sun, which is the smile of God. But in Spain, where the sky is infinite and the sun shines for so long, all the weakness of that dislike of the world is exposed, with a certain profound humour, it is true, but ruthlessly, nevertheless, by those absolute elemental things which are, as it were, the brothers of the spirit of man that is so wilfully unregardful of them. For it is not a dissatisfaction with what man has made of the world—a sort of hatred of his own work, as it were—that we find expressed in the Gothic genius, but a denial of life, a real anger at the sunlight that it should be so fair, at the great beautiful mountains, at the energy of Nature about her own immortal business, continually producing life. It is an expression of the desire of the mind in certain moods for an annihilation in God; an expression of anarchy, too, seeing that it desires to undo the work of the Creator, and to resolve everything into its elements, to thrust us back into the helplessness from which we came. And, in spite of itself almost, it is redeemed, as it were, from this unforgivable sin by its own beauty. The humour of just that! Here in Toledo it is indeed as though you came upon a very beautiful woman in love with death—a little mad about death—finding this her greatest consolation: that her beauty was mortal, and that it must soon suffer some change, must soon be lost altogether in the profound and splendid vitality of a very different perfection. It is then, as the equal of the finest French churches, that we see the cathedral of Toledo, and yet as less than they after all, since here the sky has betrayed her.

The first stone of the church was laid with great ceremony on August 14, 1227, by Fernando III., who had also laid the first stone of Burgos Cathedral in 1221, when the Englishman, Maurice, was Bishop there. And while in Burgos no architect's name has come down to us, here where we may find it in an interesting inscription preserved, as it is said, in the Chapel of S. Catherine,[1] it is unfortunately in the Latin form—Petrus Petri—so that we are ignorant of his nationality. Street speaks very definitely of the French work everywhere to be found here, and suggests Pierre le Pierre as the real name of the artist. 'The church,' he says, 'is thoroughly French in its ground plan, and equally French in all its details for some height from the ground; and it is not until we reach the triforium of the choir that any other influence is visible; but even here the work is French work, only slightly modified by some acquaintance with Moorish art, and not to such an extent as to be recognised as Moresque anywhere else but here, in the close neighbourhood of so much which suggests the probability of its being so. The whole work is, indeed, a grand protest against Mohammedan architecture, and I doubt whether any city in the middle ages can show anything so distinctly intended, and so positive in its opposition to what was being done at the same time by other architects, as this.'

---

[1] See Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, 1865, p. 234; *op. cit.*, p. 235.

However this may be, and coming from so learned an architect it is a valuable piece of criticism, from the advent of Petrus Petri in 1227 to 1425 the name of no architect engaged on the cathedral has come down to us;[1] yet, undoubtedly, this was the most important period in the history of the church. The original plan of the cathedral, we are told, 'consisted of a nave with double aisles, seven bays in length, transepts of the same projection as the aisles; a choir of one bay; and the chevet formed by an apse to the choir of five bays, with double aisles continued round it, and small chapels, alternately square and circular in plan, between the buttresses in its outer wall. Two western towers were to have been erected beyond the west ends of the outer aisles.' Only one tower was built, however, and even this so late as the fifteenth century; while the great cloister on the north, and all the chapels but one or two in the apse, are additions; and, indeed, the whole of the exterior of the church belongs now to the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, so that it is only the interior which really interests us, ancient as it is beyond anything we may find in all the exterior magnificence of porch and pinnacle. Like most Gothic churches in Spain, the cathedral of Toledo is almost invisible; nor in any distant view of the city is it seen to advantage, though it is true that from the Convent of Nuestra Señora de la Valle, above the bridge of S. Martin, beyond the Tagus, it seems to rise out of the city like a casket of antique jewels, a piece of goldsmith's work, fretted and chiselled and made beautiful by the labour of the file.

---

[1] Cean-Bermudez, *Arq. de Esp.*, vol. i. pp. 253-4.

If we confine ourselves to the ancient building itself, ignoring for a moment its later incrustations, we find ourselves in a very simple building, as simple, for instance, as Notre Dame de Paris, the whole church being really confined within its walls, which neither transepts nor chapels are permitted to break. A simplicity almost classic and very delightful, we may think, as, passing into the church to-day, we see the uniformity of a plan so self-contained and precise. That in itself, perhaps, betrays its French genius, so lucid, so logical, that is as opposed to the enthusiastic exuberance of the Spaniard as to the more sober, melancholy, less precise virtue of English work.

To-day, as you pass up and down that immense temple, bewildered by the variety and number of the chapels, the multitude of the altars, sculptures, ornaments, screens, relics, pictures, jewels, lecterns, service-books, embroideries, painted copes, gold and silver chalices, crucifixes, monstrances inlaid with precious stones, banners heavy with gold leaf, censers of the priceless silver of the fifteenth century, ivory Madonnas of the fourteenth century from France, glass of many colours, some of it of great antiquity, together with rare carpets, altar frontals, exquisite fine linen, lace, and musical instruments, it is, I think, to the simple, ancient work in the church itself that you return again and again, almost with relief. And though, after all, no true lover of art would venture to destroy a single statue, however churruginesque, having come at last to see that even El Transparente, that extraordinary monument of lunacy, a little pathetic in its grimacing, insincere agony, is an interesting expression of that strange madness which falls on all art just before it is about to destroy itself; yet it is not the temperament but just the intellect that is moved by these things, while from the beautiful church itself we receive a genuine and simple emotion as direct as that which Greek work gives us, with much of the beatitude that is always to be found in the old great masters.

In the coro screens, however, we come upon work that is as wonderful as anything to be found in Spain. It is impossible, in a book such as this, to describe in any detail work so elaborate and so various in subject as these fourteenth-century sculptures. As fine as the statues in the great Gothic churches of France, certainly here in Spain they are the finest works of that age; and, while a few similar sculptures are to be found in the western doors at Burgos and at León,[1] they are really very rare, and, perhaps, never so fine as here in Toledo. In the north doorway of the cathedral similar work may be found, a little less fresh, a little less naïve, it may be, than those scenes from the Old Testament, but very delightful too in its vigour, its simplicity—its sweetness.

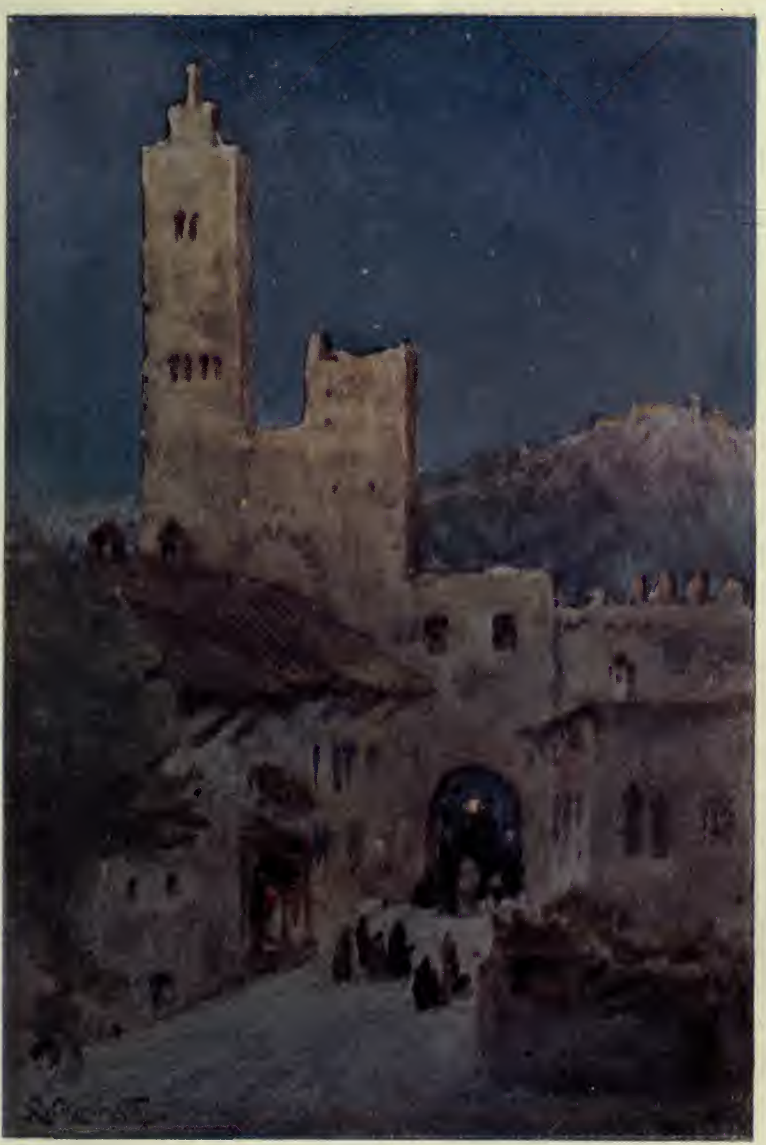
In the Sala Capitular, Juan of Borgoña has painted, in fresco, the Last Judgment, with the Descent from the Cross, a Pietà and Resurrection, and other subjects, very much in the manner of Ghirlandajo, especially in the Meeting of the Virgin and S. Elizabeth, where the round faces, the gestures, and the folds of the dress seem to suggest a pupil of the Italian master. In the sacristy is an admirable painting, the Casting of Lots for Christ's Raiment, by El Greco, whose work is not rare in this city. I speak of El Greco elsewhere in this book, but here, at any rate, we may see him as still a pupil of Titian, without his later mannerisms that, save in his portraits, might seem to spoil his work for us.

---

[1] At Burgos: the Birth, the Assumption, and the Coronation of the B.V.M. At León: Scenes from the Life of Christ, and the Virgin, the Last Judgment, and the Coronation of the B.V.M.

It is not difficult to leave the cathedral of Toledo, for here in Spain I think we learn to ignore monuments, to be a little unregardful of churches, to care more for the soft sky and the lines of the hills, the wideness of the plains. And, standing over the bridge of S. Martin, or on the heights beyond the Tagus, you may see the history of the city, as it were, written in stone, the walls of the Visigoths, the gates and mosque and towers of the Moors, the cathedral of the Christians, and at last the strange, boastful handiwork of the persecutors, those Catholic kings who seem to have crowned Spain with such marvellous and splendid ceremony, but with thorns, S. Juan de los Reyes. Built to commemorate a victory that, as victory always seems to be, was more disastrous for the victors than for the vanquished, S. Juan occupies, perhaps, the finest site in the city, and is in itself a complete monument of barbarism. Here, undeterred by the taste of the Moor or the intellect of France, the Spanish kings expressed themselves in a vernacular, as it were, so degenerate, so full of strange oaths and feeble indecencies, that to-day, with much that is noble lying in ruins around it, it is the most brutal grotesque in Spain. With a gesture half imbecile, half obscene, it expresses nothing but lust and the glory that is so soon turned to ashes. So it might seem Toledo ends in a kind of ineffectual gesticulation, destroyed by the intoxication of her own glory, overwhelmed by victories that were worthless. Like a suicide, already in another world, she lingers beside the river ere she makes the final decision. It is so you might think of her as you look on this church—the last expression of her glory. But if you stand over her on her own hills

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



A TOWN OF LA MANCHA

towards sunset, and, with strained eyes, sad at heart with the eternal sadness of the dying day, watch the shadows cover mountain and plain and river, and at last, too, the dear city over the valley, even this thing, too, is to be understood, not with resentment but with a heart lifted to welcome the stars.

## XIV

## CÓRDOVA

CÓRDOVA is an image of desolation, tragic and lamentable. She is like a ruined sepulchre forgotten in the midst of the desert from which even the dead have stolen away. She is a dead city of the dead, an immense catacomb of pallid gold bleached to the whiteness of the unburied bones of man, a shining and wasted Golgotha on which the sun beats all day long, while the thirsty dust curls up in little tongues like flames to taste the freshness of the wind.

Before her, shrunken and thirsty, a river passes into the exaltation of the desert; and here and there on its banks tall and ragged palms stand like huge skeletons that seem about to fall to the earth, and from which time has eaten away the grave-clothes and the flesh, soaked though they were in unguents and preserving oils. If you pass into her dilapidated palaces, barred but empty like rifled tombs, everywhere there is the odour of death, a strange and bitter smell, graveolent of the rancid oil of the ointments, the pungent odour of the unguents, the faded sweetness of the perfumes; and over all, suffocating in its horror, the empty odour of death itself, that will at last overpower bitter and sweet alike in its own oblivion. And if you pass into the desert that surrounds her with an old voluptuous silence, even there too you will find nothing but dust and ashes; for there is no more learning where the dead inhabit and that death's head should kiss death's head, it is not to be thought of. . . .

It was dawn when I first saw Córdova from the old dilapidated Roman bridge that still crosses the river before the Gate of Triumph. In that hour, very early in the morning, she seemed to me to be just a ruined tomb where there was only sun, dust, and silence. Far, far away the Guadalquivir, yellow and thirsty, without the freshness of a river, slunk through the desert that surrounds her always; while here and there on its great banks of slime and sand a palm-tree rose into the immense and quiet sky. It was as though I had come upon some old dead city of Egypt, forgotten beside the Nile.

Presently in the dawn an immense caravan of asses and mules laden with white cement piled in pyramids on their backs, began to pass over the bridge and to enter the city. For long I watched them come through the terrible dust and heat, driven by men with long sticks, uttering strange and lamentable cries. Almost suffocated, in the midst of the confusion of noise and sun and dust which seemed to be just a dream, a vision of some antique African daybreak, I turned to the city herself, and there, amid a heap of gold-coloured ruined walls, churches, and palaces—all ruined, ruined, ruined—I saw the Mosque of Córdova.

You enter by the Court of Oranges: an immense deserted Patio, planted with orange-trees, where the song of the fountains is the only sound that breaks the silence; and then passing through the Gate of the Palms you find yourself in the Mosque itself, of which originally the Patio, without wall or door or any let or hindrance, was just a beautiful chapel, the trees, as it were, continuing the sanctuary. It is a garden enclosed, an orchard among the tombs, an oasis among the ruins. As you pass between those nine hundred columns from Carthage, from Rome, from Byzantium, that uphold this beautiful and holy place, where the perfume of the orange-blossoms, the song of the fountains drift always like an endless melody, it is as though you had suddenly come upon some marvellous and ancient sepulture, the unique tomb of a line of fabulous kings. The pillars stand there like lilies fading in the coolness and the stillness of an immortal evening, the very earth is precious with their petals, and above are wreathed together the violet and the vine.

Ah, I forgot the city, I forgot the desolation, I forgot the dust that seems to have crumbled from innumerable civilisations as I wandered in that holy and secret place; I lost myself in a new contemplation; I kissed the old voluptuous marbles; I touched the strange, precious inscriptions, and with my finger I traced the name of God. I remembered only beautiful things and joy, and in the worn and sacred Mihrâb where the knees of so many who once cared for the soft sky have worn away the marble, I went softly, softly, because of them.

But not enough, not enough were beauty and delight for them who despised everything but the kingdom of Heaven. In the broken heart of this beautiful temple they have built their church; in the midst of this forest, so strange and lovely, they have hidden the most brutal and vulgar of their dreams; on the lilies, on the lilies trodden under foot they have founded their heart's desire. Are not these prowesses worthy to be written in the gold they have so loved, and to be expressed to the view of all ages? That obscene Baroque Cathedral in its fantastic madness, its vulgar ostentation, its ruthless sacrifice of even the loveliest thoughts to its own lust, is rather a brothel than a church. Built in the midst of ruins made by Christian priests it is an everlasting memorial of their loyalty and devotion to Him who said 'Resist not evil.' Verily they have told us that they are not men, that the world is only evil continually; day and night they have warned us that their hearts are desperately wicked. So they have conceived of God as of one of themselves to whom torture is a pleasant thing, whose praise is the agony of men. For they have cut themselves with stones, they have lashed themselves with scourges, they have made themselves eunuchs, not for Him alone, but that they may assure themselves of the kingdom of Heaven, that they may possess it utterly, that they may spoil it of beauty and joy as they have spoiled the world. And this kingdom has walls four-square and high, and the streets thereof are set with cruelty and jewels, and since they have loved gold, there is much therein. But it is not with a multitude of diamonds scattered with rubies that the ways are set in it, but with the tears of men mingled with drops of blood; for it is founded upon the pain of those who fell by the way; its winds are the sighs of the weary, its music is mixed of cries and agony, its gates are shut against our friends. O lilies of the field, O flowers along the meadows, O beasts and birds of the air, O sons of men, how shall we forgive and forget them whose memory in our hearts is written in scars and living fear, and in our brains in hatred, pity, and contempt? Not here can we rase out their remembrance, where their cathedral, like a lewd laugh, interrupts a meditation and a prayer; but in the fields among those who are bowed with labour, in the company of women whom they despise and fear, on the mountains and by the sea, and in life and in the future that knows them not, in which they have no part but that of a half-remembered catastrophe, a half-forgotten shame.

## XV

## SEVILLE

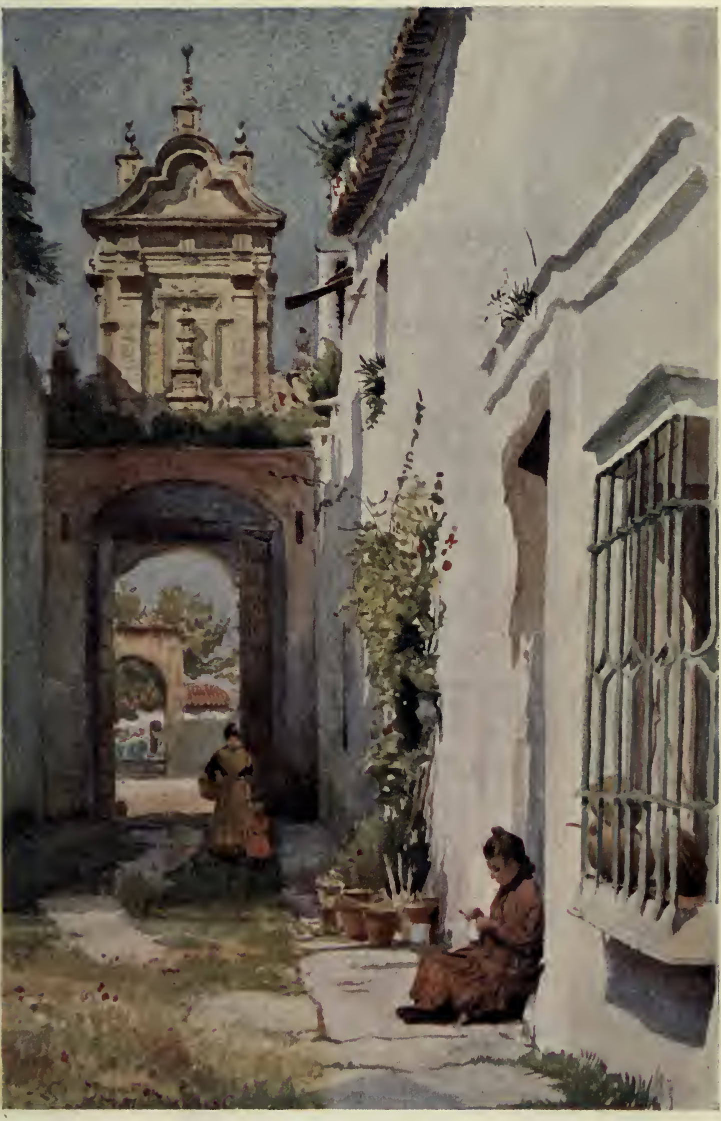
THAT almost morbid impression of stillness and silence that the traveller finds everywhere in Córdova remains with him to the very gates of Seville, where it vanishes before the curious smile, the languorous gaiety, the subtle, unsatisfied excitement of the greatest city of Andalusia. For after leaving Córdova on the way southward, the landscape seems even more arid than before, more melancholy in its immense weariness and immobility, and while it has something of the vastness of the sea, its melancholy and barrenness, there is nothing in those tawny plains of the freshness and vitality of the ocean, but everywhere the very fever and aspect of thirst, the only green things being the ruined hedges of aloes and agaves bristling with thorns, or a long line of sad-coloured olives, bitter and grotesque, furiously twisted in an agony of thirst. Now and then you come upon a cornfield, but it, too, seems to be dying for want of water; and at nightfall when the relief of evening passes over the world in a breath of wind, it seems to whisper harshly, but so low that you must bend your head to catch the sound, of the torture of the day, the immense burden of life; while at dawn deeper and deeper grows the sky till it is like a vast, hard jewel, an inverted cup that has fallen over the world; and in all that intensity of light, giddy almost with its own ecstasy, and from which the slightest movement of the hand would strike sparks and waves of light as one may make bubbles and waves by dropping a stone in water, the eyes dazzle so that the distant houses, the far hills, the desert and the trees seem to be visionary, unreal, wrapped in some glittering sort of mist, and even the shadow of the train is saturated with colour, a long band of violet on the tawny earth.

To enter Seville, beautiful among her orange-groves, her acacias, her palms and fountains, beside a river that is like the sea almost, and on which great merchantmen ride at anchor, where there is always life, music, shade, and refreshment, is like a recovery from sickness almost, or the passing of a fever, like waking in perfect health after a troubled night; and it might seem that it is this immense relief from reality, as it were, which she offers to all who come to her, that has made her so beloved. For in spite of her fame she is not so marvellous as Avila, nor so lamentable as Córdova, nor so beautiful as Toledo; she is a strange, sweet sorceress, a little wise perhaps, in whom love has degenerated into desire; but she offers her lovers sleep, and in her arms you will forget everything but the entrancing life of dreams; the quietness of the gardens where there are only flowers and shade; the pleasure of the fountains.

Her streets are narrow and tortuous, and some are so quiet that you may catch the very words of a song sung in an upper chamber at midday, and, if you will, you may answer it from the street; in others you will hear nothing but voices—in the chief thoroughfare, La Calle de las Sierpes, for instance, which in summer-time is entirely covered in with awnings, and through which no carriage or wheeled traffic is permitted to pass. It is strange and beautiful that sound of life, the whisper of many footsteps, the eager voices of men and women uninterrupted by the deadening rumble of wheels; and it suggests again the dreaminess of the city, for indeed in sleep all sounds come to us with hushed footsteps daintily down the vista of a vision. And it is, I think, to the Calle de las Sierpes, with its cafés and casinos open to the street like caves almost, so that those without may speak with and salute those within, that the traveller returns again and again, finding there a quiet animation, an excitement that overwhelms him, it is true, but not rudely nor obviously, that is very characteristic of this city of pleasure, a little weary of its own enchantment, and yet convinced of its perfection, growing more subtle, less naïve, less natural perhaps, and with a closer hold on external things, just because they seem to be losing their satisfaction.

On a summer evening after the terrible heat of the day, Seville opens like some sweet night flower. In the gardens, in the Plaza Nueva, in Las Delicias, and beside the river people assemble to listen to music, to talk, and to meet their friends, or just to breathe the air that under the stars is not really fresher, only less dazzling, than in the sunshine. Everywhere under the palms and orange-trees seats are placed, and whole families come there to spend many hours of the night. If at that hour you walk through the city you will find it almost deserted; here and there at a great barred window you may catch sight for a moment of the pale faces of two lovers—the man patiently standing in the street leaning against the huge curved reja of the window, the woman within guarded by those iron bars on which her little hands are like flowers, whispering for hours; and more rarely you may come upon some nocturne, as it were, where in some tiny Plaza, or in the vista of a street, you will see a beautiful cloaked figure playing a guitar before a house that seems to be built of pearl, in the moonlight, and something in the words or the music so sad, so unsatisfy-

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



AT SEVILLE

ing, so passionate, will bring tears to your eyes because—well, just because there are such things left in the world. And by day and by night, as you pass along those narrow, crooked streets, you will find yourself compelled to look in at those great windows, to become aware of the life of those who live in those immense houses like caverns, where there is no privacy, unapproachable though they be. No blinds or curtains of any sort hinder you from looking into the quiet rooms or the patios, cool in the fierce heat, where a fountain plays and the plain walls are restful, and only seem to hear the song of the fountains, or the beautiful syllables of the Castilian tongue, or music, or the soft voices of young women. Passing by, you may chance to see two girls seated playing music: the one in the background, a little like a Madonna, is at the piano; she is so still that she looks like a statue, a coloured bust of sixteenth-century work; the girl in the foreground is seated too, but her back is towards the window. She is playing the violoncello, or perhaps she is waiting on some divine interval; a spirit seems to have passed over her soul in the notes of the music. Or again, you will chance upon a family at dinner; great rugs are on the stones, and the tiniest child is playing at the fountain, while the mother looks anxiously towards it, smiling vaguely, without eating anything, while the rest are busy with their meal. Or again, you will see a little girl in the midst of a lesson on the guitar; she is seated on a low chair, her mouth puckered up and drawn a little to one side, her forehead frowning, while her black hair has fallen over her cheek; a crimson carnation is about to fall from her hair, her little hands can hardly hold the instrument; the master beats time with his foot, smiling at her; the mother is busy sewing in a deep chair.

It is like paying visits in a dream, to walk through the streets of Seville on a spring or summer night; and you may see there all the life of the city: women more beautiful than flowers, in their summer dresses, lying on couches—women admirable and strong, whose gowns hide but to express the beauty of their bodies that seem to live, to possess in themselves, as it were, some exquisite vitality, that are as vivid as flames and more expressive in form than I have ever seen in the north. Everywhere in Seville you meet these women—in Triana, in Las Delicias, in the houses of the wealthy, in the little shops of the poor; for Seville seems to me to be, as it were, a city of women; certainly the women are the most beautiful and the most expressive of its marvels. They are more grave than the deepest and coldest pools, they are quieter than the darkest roses that turn away from the sun; an extraordinary simplicity surrounds them with an immense dignity, and their mysterious and restful spirit seems ever to keep something to itself, some priceless secret, some superb gift, that, as I think, is never quite given even to a lover or a husband. So simple and sincere, that in the presence of the most beautiful you are, as it were, unaware of, or at any rate untroubled by the consciousness of sex; away from her you are overwhelmed by just that, embarrassed by it in every thought of her; so that in remembering some incident of the day in her company you are full of wonder that at a touch of her hands,—those extraordinary, cool hands—or at the parting of her lips when she was about to speak, you did not tremble, or at least were not aware of the immense physical appeal she appears now to have made to you. But no, she belongs to herself. If you watch her walk or dance, every movement, every gesture, conscious or unconscious, will seem to you admirable, easy, full of beauty and delight, intoxicating in its directness, its subtle provocation. But if you speak to her a little later you will be astonished that you saw anything but the sweetness and dignity of her spirit, in a self-possession that is a charm in itself, and a perfect comprehension that you are a friend, to whom she wishes to be kind. She is not looking for your admiration. She is careless of the impression she makes, because in no conceivable circumstances can she imagine herself as being made love to by you. If she loves you she will surprise you, because she will love with all that dignity, sweetness, abandonment, and sincerity that you have found in her; but she will not flirt. In some way, I think, she might find it vulgar, and certainly unworthy or very dangerous; she is too sincere, too elemental, too passionate for that common amusement.

It is perhaps a more sullen beauty that you discover in the faces of the women of Triana or Macarena; often, indeed, it is not beauty at all, but the ugliness of misery and toil. How hard are the faces of some of the Cigarreras who, morning and evening, cross the Triana bridge on their way to or from their work! They are employed, some five thousand of them, at the Fábrica de Tabacos, a huge building between the Jardines del Alcázar and the Jardin del Palacio. It is like a harem this immense house full of women, and certainly the most melancholy and distressing spectacle in Seville. As you enter a strange odour of life almost overwhelms you, penetrated as it is by a curious pungent smell of tobacco and of closeness. After a few minutes you are admitted to the Fábrica itself, where women of every age, and every sort of ugliness and mediocrity—some fat and disgusting, some thin or almost skeletons, some *enceintes*, some with babies in cradles—are overwhelmed by the immense crowd of women who are just that, and do not call for your attention individually. Some of these are so young as to be even yet children, some are so old that you might think to-day must be their last. It is a herd, a legion, an army that is broken, and you are at its mercy. And, indeed, that warning of your approach which is sent to the forewomen before you enter, is very necessary, for in the heat these poor people are almost naked, and even when you enter they are little more than half-clothed—you may see here and there one of the less pretty furtively buttoning her chemise, or pinning a handkerchief over her bosom. And you will be ashamed that you have reminded her of life, that you have added to her wretchedness even so wretched a remembrance. It is a spectacle lamentable and disgusting, of an impossible and shameful simplicity. Just in that simplicity, I think, the traveller becomes aware of his vulgarity. That intrusion made from curiosity grows hideous under the strange scrutiny of those thousands of eyes. 'Do not look, do not look,' they seem to say; and indeed the hardness of their looks, their brazen courage, is more pathetic than their tears would be. For in spite of the brutality of many of these women, their impudent callousness, their quite naïve animalism, it is, I think, Woman herself you discover there in the midst, gazing with great angry eyes, full of tears after all, at you who have spied upon her, have overheard her, as it were, and have despised her, or laughed at her misery, or brutally enjoyed her in your heart. And so the dominant feeling on coming from this dreadful place without air or ventilation, where even the healthiest and strongest soon become pale and ill, is one of discomfort, of fear, of shame, in which pity for oneself almost overwhelms pity for those poor people, whom it would not surprise one to see leap up and, like a pack of hounds, tear the intruder in pieces.

That melancholy simplicity which we have so little understood is to be found almost everywhere in Seville; life is naked, and if it is unashamed it is only because it is too proud and too unconscious to be aware, till we with our strange eyes remind it of our vulgarity. And since it is chiefly of women that the traveller is compelled to think in this beautiful city that is full of them, where in the narrow streets you feel the wind of their shawls, on the Triana bridge where you are caught by the sensuous and profound rhythm of their movement, in Triana itself where you are surprised by their sullen smouldering beauty, a little stupefied by dust and sun, in the Palacios where you feel the cold passion of every gesture, every glance, or in the Alcázar where you are overtaken by the memory of one who walked or bathed there long and long ago, and plucked the flowers and was much beloved, and even in the Cathedral where on all sides Murillo's Madonnas, full of a distracting and sensual loveliness, smile, and smile pathetic in temptation ; it is at last as a divine woman, sufficient for us and yet so unsatisfying, full of sweetness that is about to become wearying, that you come to think of the city herself. If you go to the Alcázar, for instance, expecting some great and stern beauty, some altogether strong and lovely thing, you will be disappointed ; everywhere you will find flowers that whisper together as though some one had but just passed by, and as you enter room after room, court after court, patio after patio, full of silence and sunlight, you will almost hear the soft footsteps of some one who has but just gone out, leaving a faint trace of some presence in an inexplicable trouble on the threshold, a suggestion of scent in the air, the trembling of a curtain that has just felt the touch of a hand, a fading breath on the window-pane through which some one has glanced a moment before, a blossom fallen on the pathway, the fluttering of a leaf on a tree where some one has just plucked a fruit. And you remember that María Padilla often passed through these gardens, that under these very trees she trembled in the arms of her lover, that these cold pavements have felt the tenderness of her feet, this marble the wealth and sweetness of her body.

And seeing that Seville is so full of the memory of women, of women's laughter like the song of a bird full of delight, that you may often hear in the evenings in Triana, of the voices of women singing children to sleep, of their hands that float like lilies in the Sevillana dance, of their movements full of languor and grace, it is after all just their delight which is the charm of the city herself, an infinite variety in which you will find everything you desire. Something pensive, spell-bound, but half-real in the strait, winding Moorish streets, the delicate, sleeping patios, through which the moonlight creeps like a ghost, combines inconsequently but not unfortunately at all with the melancholy of the Fábrica or the Pottery sheds, the romance of the busy Guadalquivir, the noise and beauty of the quays, the groups of foreign sailors you may see there; while the freedom of the sulky gipsies of Triana, who seem ever about to cry out at you or to spring upon you, contrasts strangely enough with the dignity and seclusion of the women of Andalusia, their immense ennui and calmness, as it were, their look of exhausted delight, stupefied by their own stupidity.

And so in the spring or autumn evenings, and in winter too, if after the strangely elaborate frugality of the Spanish dinner you enter the Café de Novedades, for instance, you may see the Andalusian women dancing very beautifully, though a little wearily, to the clapping of hands, the throb of the guitar, the eagerness of the castanets. Just there, I think, you will find the most perfect and the most natural expression of life in Andalusia. It is not a joyful thing at all, this strange, vivid struggle, in a dance that is like a battle in the soul that has communicated itself to the flesh. It is really a passionate, almost a religious, expression of life, full of an extraordinary seriousness that will produce tears rather than laughter. It is as though in those few subtle movements of the body an art very racy and national—a dying art, it is true, but the only one left in Spain that is even yet alive,—had sought to sum up and express, as it were, in a beautiful allegory, the fundamental truths of life, of love, of the creative enthusiasm of man, so pitiful, so involuntary. The dancer stands before her fellows who are seated in a semicircle behind her; she wears a long dress that falls in folds to the ground. After a time, while some sing intermittently, some now and then play a guitar, some beat time with their hands and stamp with their feet, she begins to dance to the maddening thunder of the castanets. It is a dance of the body, of the arms, of the fingers, of the head, in which the feet have almost no active part. At first she stands there like a flower that is almost overcome by the sun, sleepy and full of languor; her arms seem like the long stalks of the water-lilies that float in the pools. Suddenly she trembles, something seems to have towered in her heart and to be about to burst into blossom. Her whole body is shaken in ecstasy; wave after wave of emotion, of pure energy, as it were, sweeps over her limbs; she is like a rose at dawn that, gazing at the sunrise, has shaken the dew from the cup of its petals, trembling with adoration. Her head leans on her shoulder, she is awakening, the castanets have awakened her; she undulates her hips almost imperceptibly. Life has caught her in his arms, he has strained back her head; slowly she has opened her eyelids, she rounds her arms as though to embrace him, she holds out her mouth heavy with an ungiven kiss. Without moving her feet, without bending her knees, slowly she turns her body to follow him. At first she dances gravely, intermingling her beautiful arms; her soul suffers in her body, her body suffers in its sheath, she breathes deeply, she cannot close her eyelids, and her mouth is like a red rose about to fall. She strains voluptuously, she is free; her body is all joyful, is overwhelmed by the splendour of joy; it is as though she were caught in a profound and serious laughter. With an immense energy life possesses her, wrings from her cries that are as lamentable as those of women at child-birth, cries that are drowned in the thunder of innumerable hands, hands that seem to stretch forth eagerly to touch life as it passes. Slowly she seems to subside into herself, the undulations of her body grow less and less violent; she seems to be weeping, she seems about to fall, she is quite still: it is finished. In a fierce frenzy, serious, grave, and passionate, the thunder of applause, mingled with extraordinary and beautiful cries, grows and dies away into silence in the shabby room.

Just there it seems to me Seville is in her most characteristic mood, finding in so trivial a thing as the dance seems to us to be a means of expression for the most profound simplicities of Nature; dancing being, indeed, the only expression of life for which she cares, since it sums up, as it were, all the rest in its symbolism, and in its perfect marriage of matter and form shadows forth in a mortal minute the whole activity of man.

## XVI

## LA CORRIDA DE TOROS

IF there is one thing in Spain which the traveller has fully decided beforehand is intolerable and degrading, it is the bull-fight, which as a rule he hastens to see. He excuses his extraordinary eagerness to assist at a spectacle that is stupid and brutal, because he assures himself it is so characteristic of Spain that to omit it is almost to stay at home. But, indeed, his curiosity will avail him little; the bull-fight is only to be enjoyed by the instructed. As well might a man knowing nothing of sport or games, hope to enjoy the equally brutal fascination of a fox-hunt, a stag-hunt, a battue, or the marvellous stupidity of a football match on a wet November day, when your enthusiast will delight in a game that to us is but little different from a filthy fight in the mud. Even so the unflannelled fool revels in the frightful idleness and ennui of a game of bat and ball that endures inexplicably for three days. And so the traveller, scornful of the bull-fight, though he will not forgo it for the world, since, as he tells you, without it he would not understand Spain, has made up his mind long and long ago that foxes rather like being hunted, pheasants rather enjoy a battue, especially if royalty be present there in the October woods, that were so quiet and so mysterious with life only a few hours ago. And yet it seems never to have occurred to one so convincing in his arguments, that if he really wish to understand

Spain, the best way would be to learn the Castilian tongue, for as yet he is unable to express his simplest wants to his fellows, and has even failed to convince them of his horror of the Corrida; so that they may be pardoned if they gather from his frantic gestures that he went there to be confirmed in his excellent opinion of himself, his country, already determined in his heart not to try to understand the Spaniard in his love of it at all, but to be assured of his own pitifulness and mercy.

The Englishman, in his quiet, superior way, is generally a little bewildered by the noise and hurry and dust of the Fiesta; he is not quite sure of himself, he does not speak the language, he is disgusted already by the confusion; but long before the end he is really ill, as a rule very sorry for himself, and glad if possible to make his escape. The brutality and cruelty he has witnessed are not the cruelty and brutality he is used to. Certainly he would pick up a rabbit he has wounded and bend it back and kill it with his hands; he would stand by and see a stag, after the torture of the chase, bleed to death under the knife of the huntsman; but a horse is another matter; he thinks well of the horse, and cannot bear to see it suffer.

I confess frankly I am no judge of such things, being no sportsman. Tell me then, you who are, if there be any difference, and whether the rabbit suffers less than the horse, the stag than the bull?

On the other hand, there is the American who is in no doubt whatever as to the inferiority of all peoples, and especially of the Latin races, to himself. He condemns Spain altogether as an 'effete' country; its people are to his quite material mind utterly worthless, superstitious, ignorant folk, who have failed just where he looks for all success, in money-making. He goes to the Corrida and returns as disgusted as the Englishman, but much more violent in his expression of his loathing and contempt of such sport. At such moments he is a spectacle for us all. But by chance, in the midst of his denunciation, I opened the English paper to excuse myself from listening to his eloquent tribute to his own country, 'My country,' as he said. I read as follows: 'The reign of terror in the Statesborough region of Georgia is increasing in violence. The excitement is spreading for miles in every direction, throughout a rich agricultural district. Well-to-do farmers are deliberately organising for the purposes of ridding the community of obnoxious negroes, whose continued existence is considered to be a public menace. News comes through with difficulty, but it is admitted that two negroes were shot and two hanged yesterday; and a father and son were shot this morning. Numbers are flogged daily till they become unconscious.'

I confess frankly I am no judge of such things, being no sportsman. Tell me then, you who are, if there be any difference, and whether the negro suffers less than the horse, the flogged men than the bull?

It is not that I hate bull-fighting less, but that I hate hypocrisy and stupidity more, so that it is difficult for me not to doubt the sanity or the honesty of him who defends pheasant-shooting, for instance, but condemns the Spanish sport. But such an attitude is common enough. Not long since in England I stood one Sunday morning in a great field full of coops, where was a great pheasant-run. My companion was the sportsman who was rearing these little birds, hatching them in the common way under hens, that he might kill them in the autumn. It was a lovely spring day, everywhere the earth rejoiced in the sun and the wind, the woods were newly clad. My companion went among his nurslings with a great care and tenderness; some of them were a little hunchbacked, a little consumptive; the cold wet weather of the last week or two had condemned them. How sorry he was! As we stood there, I, about to set out for Spain, began to speak of the bull-fight, knowing him to be so keen a sportsman. I shall not easily forget what he said of it, nor his contempt for such a thing, there among his little birds, that he was rearing so carefully under hens to kill in the autumn. Yes, it is true some of them were a little consumptive. Ah, how sorry he was. So many less to shoot, thought he, so much less sport, he said.

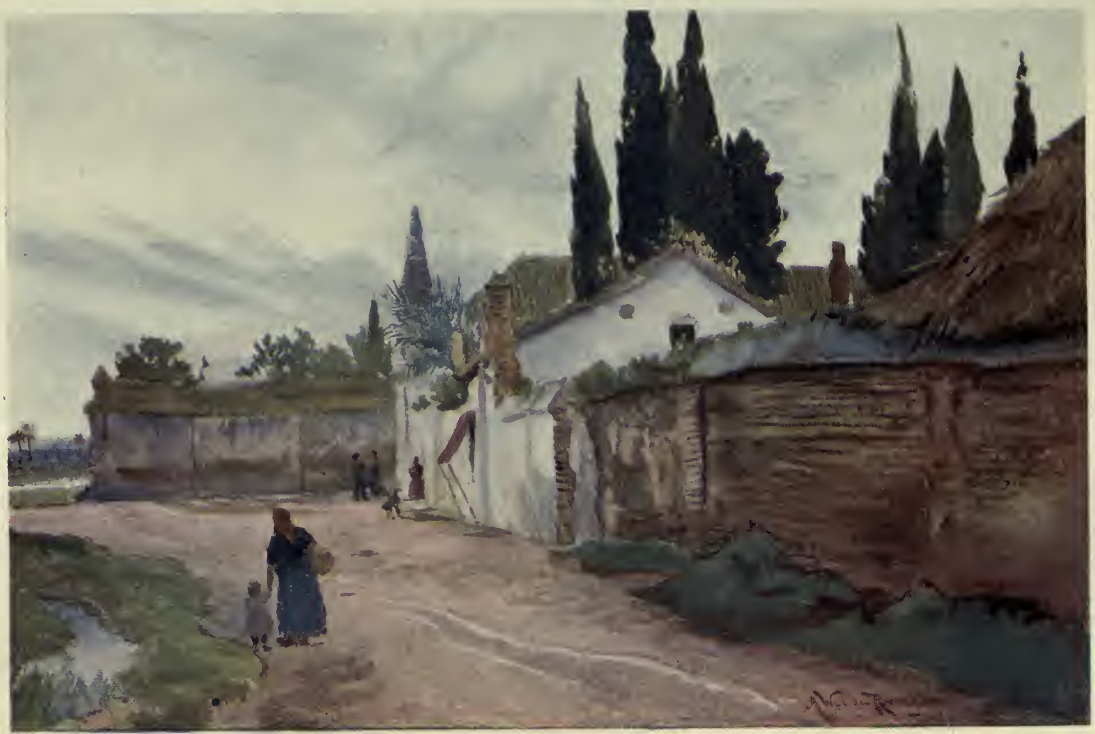
Nor is the Englishman alone in his hypocrisy. Last summer by chance I was staying, almost in my own county, on the verge of Exmoor. Stag-hunting—not the torture of some poor carted creature that only brutes could be found to hunt week after week, but the chase of the wild red deer—a thing that, as I have seen, cheers the heart, and when the scent is high, breast high sometimes, is, if for perfect joy it be necessary to kill something, not altogether unworthy of the west country. Now, while the run is often a sudden glory, a splendid half-hour of animal life, rejoicing the heart of man and beast, the death—for here, too, it is death you are set on—is not a fine and splendid thing as the death of the bull is. No man adventures his life against the life of the stag, nor is your skill set against the strength and fury of the deer. In few, the huntsman not unaided cuts the stag's throat, and he dies suffocated in his own blood: and before he is cold his legs are broken before all, the 'slot' pocketed, and every one satisfied. Yet this is a thing men and women are proud to see; you may watch them munching sandwiches the while, and it is not any expression of disgust you will hear. But I confess some disgust was expressed when some American ladies asked to be 'blooded'—to be smeared with the warm blood of the poor beast who had just coughed himself to death before their eyes—though their request was granted.

All this being as it is, I confess that the horror of men and women, English and American, for the bull-fight puzzles me. It seems to me not more cruel—but in a matter of cruelty who will split hairs?—than the sports in which they delight, and it is more skilful, more splendid, managed with more art than any of them. Moreover, we may remind the utilitarian Pharisee that the bulls are slain for food also. However, since it might seem in this matter that my reader and I are like to part company, let us hear the Spaniard on his own sport.

'It is no doubt,' says Valera, perhaps a little scornfully, in his excellent novel *Don Braulio*, 'It is no doubt a sublime spectacle to see a brave fellow with no more defence or shield than a waving red scarf, clothed in silk more fitting for a ball or *fiesta* than for a terrible combat, stand up to face an angry and powerful brute, bring it down on him, and give it its death with a few inches of cold steel. If by ill-fortune it should prove to be the human combatant that falls, his death, though not moral, has a touch of grandeur, and the pity and terror occasioned by it are purified by beauty in due conformity with the laws of tragedy laid down by the great Greek philosopher. The worst of it is, that to reach this supreme moment of death we must first look on at the coarse and brutal torture of the noble creature which is doomed to die; we must see its hide pierced with darts and spikes, which remain in it unless they are torn out with fragments of the hide, and look on at the atrocious cruelty inflicted on the hapless horses. They vary the show by the convulsions and snortings of their death agony; their blood and entrails are spilled on the sand; trampling on their own bowels, on they go nevertheless, under the spurs of the *picador* and the blows on their hollow flanks dealt by a villainous rascal who ignominiously and grotesquely comes behind, belabouring them as they go, to increase their anguish and wring a remnant of motion and energy from a dying beast which, even though it cannot think, has nerves and can feel as we do. . . . In short, the death of the bull is fine if the *matador* strike true and give it no more than two or three stabs; but frankly—and I am speaking in all sincerity, nor am I given to rodomontado or sentimentality—all the preliminaries are an abomination, view them as we may. And yet, and in spite of this, bull-fights will not cease. We ourselves would not dare to demand their suppression, for there is something national and romantic about them that appeals to us. We should be content with certain reforms if such were possible.'

Thus the late Juan Valera, the best of modern Spanish writers; he at least is no hypocrite, but says sincerely what he thinks.

It is in Seville that you will find the home of the bull-fight. The Plaza de Toros, a great amphitheatre on the Marina by the Guadalquivir, holds some fourteen thousand persons. The seats are arranged in palcos, asientos de grada, asientos de barrera, and you pay more to sit in the shade than in the sun. The best Corridas are run at Easter. If you are an *aficionado* of the art you will certainly go to Tablada on the eve of the bull-fight to see the bulls. The way thither leads you along Las Delicias to the open country across wide level fields to the south of the city. Far away stretch the fields, green and golden in the spring, it is true, utterly barren



OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS, SEVILLE

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

and thirsty at other times, with here a line of olives gray and green, there a dark grove of orange-trees full of golden fruit. In the midst of a great field far away you first catch sight of the bulls, a whole herd of them, unloosed and for the most part uncontrolled. There are many admirers, among them half the gipsies and idlers of Seville. An immense literature has sprung up round the Corrida, and two newspapers devote themselves exclusively to the sport. Popular toreros are millionaires and perhaps the best-known men in Spain, though I do not think the Spanish press would find, in their prowess in the bull-ring, promise of success at the head of a government department as the English press did with a famous cricketer.

The Corrida itself is certainly one of the sights of the world. The great amphitheatre, half in shadow, is full of people in every sort of splendid costume. Above is the soft sky, below, as in Rome of old, the golden sand of the arena, and everywhere around you the people of Seville. Before you, on the sunny side of the circus, thousands upon thousands of poor folk, splendid in many colours, with yellow, red, green, and crimson handkerchiefs, parasols, mantillas embroidered with flowers. On the shady side thousands and again thousands in every sort of costume, the white mantilla predominating among the women, though it is overwhelmed by the innumerable sombreros of the men. Everywhere the *aguadores*, with their great jars and jingling glasses, push their way through the multitude, selling water; all sorts of merchants crying oranges, newspapers, fans, strange kinds of shellfish, and pictures of the toreros, elbow their way among the crowd; but over all is the immense inarticulate voice of the people, joyful with laughter, uncertain and high with excitement, full of expectation. Every sort of person is come to see the sport of Seville: and perhaps it is only at Easter you may see this uncontrollable beast, as it really is, passionately enjoying itself, not merely good humoured, but furiously joyful in its expectation of pleasure, such pleasure as it really understands and has in common with the brutes—the spectacle of death, of destruction, an acknowledged desire to see blood spilt there on the ground, to see life destroyed, not without a sort of disgusting terror and sensual satisfaction in the risk some one will have to run for its pleasure, in the violence and despair of that which must die for its delight: and if it be the man who falls it thinks itself the more fortunate. As I watched these people file in through the passageway, respectable families mixed for a moment with the *demi-monde*, the father perhaps a rich shopkeeper full of importance, the mother vulgarly overdressed, the children bewildered and suspicious; or saw a group of officers overwhelmed by the shouting of the hoarse merchant of shellfish, or a stout and wealthy woman of the middle class with her rings sunk into her fat fingers, her frightful undulations, her jingling bangles, her air of a successful bandit, a retired procuress, pass by, full of scorn for these people more pitiful and more stupid; or watched again the gilded youth of Seville attired like bull-fighters swaggering and winking at the frail beauties not far away, it seemed to me that I understood the mere stupidity of this crowd which had come to watch others play, play dangerously as I knew, and for whose pleasure it was necessary for some brute to die.

A long cry rose from the people, and then silence fell upon the circus. Quite suddenly a trumpet-call was flung out like an immense scarlet banner, and again there was silence. The arena was cleared, and from behind a door in the barriers came a fantastic and splendid procession of figures: first the three *matadores* in coloured satin and gold followed by their *cuadrillas*, *capeadores*, *banderilleros*, with the *picadores* on horseback, and last of all the *chulos* to bear away the dead bull. All halted before the president and saluted him. He flung a key into the arena which the *alguacil* appointed caught, and delivered to the *torilero*, who ran to a great door and flung it open, while the rest seemed to be changing their more gorgeous clothes for others less splendid.

There was a breathless silence, one could hear the *chulos* walking towards the barrier over the sand. Then very quietly in came the bull, looking about him a little and snuffing suspiciously. An immense roar of applause greeted him, but he marked it not, only the light confused him, and the gay flaunting colours of the arena, the threatening spears of the *picadores*. And it was with them he had to fight; he seemed to realise it at last, to resent the gaudiness of their uniforms, their gestures of contempt, for suddenly he lowered his head and rushed blindly at the nearest, a little to the left, who dexterously swung his horse, half dead with fear already, so that he almost avoided the charge, but the horns for all that entered the horse's belly just before the stirrup, and ripped it open. One of the *toreros* rushed forward, thrusting his cloak in the bull's face, distracting him from his enemy, but a frightful and sickening shriek came to me over the maddening shouts of the people; and I saw the horse, staggering wildly, its lips drawn back baring its teeth, plunge, rise, and plunge again, and at last fall on its knees and roll over. Immediately the *chulos* rushed at it, dragged its rider to his feet, and began to beat and kick it with fury, but it could not rise. Then there came to me, over the noise of the shouting that cry like the horrible motif of this spectacle; it rose above the tumult, and, almost without ceasing, continued to the end. *Sangre Sangre*—they shouted, for the *picador* had missed his blow. And yet there was but little need to shout for blood, since already in the arena certain great red stains were blackening in the sun; while another *picador*, more skilful in his aim, had pierced the bull's shoulder, and, unable to stop his onset, had thrust his horse broadside between him and danger. In vain the *matador* waved his cloak; again that fearful shriek maddened the people, that nothing might satisfy, for they still cried for blood. Nor were they long kept waiting. Already one horse lay dying, writhing in agony, covered with blood and offal, about to be despatched by the *chulos*, while another, ridiculous in its pain, leaped madly about the arena, its bowels gushing out, torn by its own hoofs, while the people laughed. 'A good bull,' said a man near me to his neighbour. Then the trumpets sounded, and the first act was over.

The second act was less disgusting, though certainly not less brutal. The *picadores* rode out, it was the turn of the *banderilleros*. Armed with darts some three feet long, these men have to place three pairs of *banderillas* in the bull's neck. It is done somewhat in this way. One of the two who are attached to each *matador* walks towards the maddened brute till he is some ten feet or so from him; stamping his foot he jeers at him, till the bull, infuriated and stupid with pain, rushes at him head down. Skilfully the *banderillero* plants his darts and dodges the horns. Twice more this is done, till there are six darts in place. When I looked again, after an interval, it was thus they were torturing him before they killed him, and on his breast, as he bellowed over the sand, a stream of crimson, shameful in the sunlight, dripped to the earth. And still the people shouted, and there were among them women not less eager than the rest, though, for the most part, I think, indeed, they turned away to hide the sight with their fans. At last it was over, and the third act began, the one thing redeemed a little by the valour of the *matador* from the infamy of the rest. He advanced before the president, bowed, spoke eloquently so that the people applauded, swore to kill the bull even at the cost of his life, and at last prepared to do it. Silence fell on the crowd. The *matador*, his sword in hand, quite alone stepped forward, a fine and splendid figure all in gold. Over a stick he hung his *muleta* so that it concealed the sword. Carefully and fearlessly he went to the bull, in his left hand was the scarlet cloth. Suddenly the bull was on him, every one stood up, but by some perfect feint he passed the *muleta* over the brute's head, and was safe for the moment. The bull stopped, turned, charged again, and so on perhaps many times. At last he decided to kill him, having shown his art to perfection; he drew out his sword from its hiding, and having forced the bull by his skill to take the position he required, waited till he charged again, and then with all his force thrust the sword through the spine between the shoulders of his adversary, who fell on its knees, and at last rolled over on its side dead.

There were five more bulls to be killed before sunset, but I made my way out without reluctance. Outside a crowd of people, soldiers, and women of the town, who, doubtless, could not afford to pay for admission, were jeering at an old man who stood gesticulating in the sun. As I passed by I caught these words: 'Fools and children of fools! You are starving: will you shout only for the blood of bulls? Bah, you are not worthy of Liberty.'

## XVII

# EARLY SPANISH PAINTING AND THE SCHOOL OF SEVILLE

AMONG a people that was a creation of the Church, only really united by its religion, so peculiar in the sincerity and fierceness of its hatred of the infidel, the heretic, not strong enough, as it were, to tolerate the smallest shortcoming in the observance of its Faith, since just there lay the secret of its nationality; Art, too, was, just a religious, vowed to God. And since the national religion of Spain, the religion of the majority, was really for so long rather a matter of hatred than of love, of hatred of those it was treason to love, since they seemed to have forfeited everything, even their humanity, in a denial of the truth that must be believed all the more utterly since it cannot be known, or to have wandered beyond the realms of sanity in a misapprehension of that, you have in Spanish art for the most part a grave an almost brutal insistence upon the mere facts of those things which seemed to be important, so terribly; the agony of Christ, for instance, the dreadful physical torture of the Divine Body that is already wasted away to a corpse in many a picture of the Crucifixion, where you may see really that agony and bloody sweat, stated with an insistence and a simplicity that are pitiful in their preoccupation with the mere truth of a religion that was fast materialising itself into just facts. If there is anything there of the mysticism of S. Teresa or S. Juan de la Cruz, which after all, maybe, was only a more strict attention to those truths than was possible for the people themselves, a continual contemplation of them, as it were; it is not yet freed from all its coldness, and from much of its horror, by the ardent beauty of spirit everywhere to be found in the work as in the lives of those two poets who were saints almost by chance, and because nothing that was less difficult, no expression of their restlessness less perfect, could have occupied them a whole life long between the silences that will not be questioned. They seem to insist upon nothing but love in a world already devoured by hate, and, in despair of something they cannot understand, to urge God continually to hide them in Himself, to cover them with His own most royal silence. Personal as their achievement is, as all the greatest achievements of Spain seem to have been, the work of Loyola, the art of Velasquez, of Cervantes, they fulfilled their dreams by sheer force of genius, of an immense and passionate vitality; and while in Velasquez we see the very lovely and perfect expression of his own dream of a world, in other Spanish painters we discern more clearly the dreams of Spain herself, of the Spanish people, just because their genius does not obscure the nationalism of their work. And so, whether it be in Toledo or in Seville or in Estremadura or in Valencia, Spanish art, already a hundred years later in its development than the art of Italy, is just a religious hampered by all the dogmatism of the Spanish ecclesiastic, oblivious not of life but of laughter, of the gaiety, for instance, which you may find implicit almost, in Fra Angelico's work, really just a drudge of the Church that, so she said, set no store by things which rust and moth doth corrupt. Thus it comes about that the Spanish painter is the slave of his subject, a kind of lay preacher repeating the words of the priest, illustrating them, as it were, without any freedom whatsoever, since in a picture of the Crucifixion, for instance, there must be four nails, not three, the Cross itself must be so high, so broad, it must be made of flat wood even, not of round or knotted. Madonna, too, must be of such an age, must be dressed in a certain way prescribed by the Inquisition; even to show her feet is heresy. An Art censorship was established by the Church, which appointed a Familiar of the Inquisition to watch these painters lest they should offend. 'We give him commission and charge him henceforth,' we read, 'that he take particular care to inspect and visit all paintings of sacred subjects which may stand in shops or in public places; if he find anything to object to in them he is to take the picture before the Lords of the Inquisition.' And the penalty for 'making immodest paintings' was excommunication and exile, Stirling-Maxwell tells us, while a painter of Córdova, for instance, was imprisoned 'for representing the Virgin in an embroidered petticoat; and the sculptor Torrigiano died in the cells of the Inquisition for having broken in a gust of passion one of his own statues of the Virgin and Child.' All through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, at any rate, the study of the Nude, that 'immodest painting,' as we may suppose, was absolutely forbidden, and it was perhaps in thus cutting art off, as it were, from its chief inspiration and delight that religion, the frantic and powerful superstition which in Spain passed for religion, really crippled art at its birth, from which calamity it seems only to have recovered for a moment in order to pronounce the beautiful secular name of Velasquez, before it died in the arms of a Church which had suddenly become merely sentimental. Thus the Spanish Church gathered all things to herself; and having already robbed one of the noblest peoples in Europe of its intellect, and poisoned the springs of learning, she proceeded with an ignorant brutality without precedent in Europe to spoil art, too, of all its treasures, divorcing it from life, the which in its splendour and nobility she had ever feared and denounced, enslaving it and enforcing upon it in her service every menial task, setting it to illustrate every disgraceful and stupid lie, every abominable ugliness that here in Spain she has been able successfully to thrust upon the world. All power seems to have been given to her in heaven and in earth, nor has she hesitated to use it for her own advantage to the utmost, against humanity; and now the Day of Judgment is at the dawn, not before the great white Throne of God, but at the tribunal of man, who, remembering old and beloved words, passes his sentence: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

While much of the nameless work that remains at Toledo, certain figures of saints that are still fading on the wall, was painted there perhaps in the twelfth century, it is really in Seville that the history of Spanish painting may be said to begin with the work of Juan Sanchez de Castro, the founder of the Seville school. Almost nothing has come down to us of the life of de Castro; we know merely that he was painting in Seville between 1454 and 1516. The immense grotesque S. Cristóbal that covers the wall near the door of the old church of S. Julian in Seville, 'a child's dream of a picture,' as Mr. Arthur Symons calls it, in his illuminating study of the painters of Seville,[1] is spoiled for us by the repainting of 1775. Many times the size of life, stretching from floor to ceiling, all that remains of the work of de Castro is the signature and the date 1484. In such smaller works of this painter as remain to us, in that panel, for instance, of the Madonna with S. Peter and S. Jerome now in the cathedral, we see the immense debt Spanish painting owed to Flemish art, its dependence upon it, as it were, for a means of expression. It is an art that is intent on telling a story in detail, that is dependent on a sort of realism, degrading beauty till it is lost in something which seems to the majority to be the truth: that cold and tortured Christ, for instance, who looks so indifferently, so scornfully almost, from many an old panel and altar piece up and down Spain. Was He not scornful of the infidel whom He had just defeated under their very eyes? they seem to ask themselves; was He not cruel too, ah, in the flames of the Inquisition, to the Jew, to the heretic, to all who would not believe in Him? In that fresco of the Virgin painted in the fourteenth century, in the Capilla de la Antigua, with so naïve an apprehension of the beauty of decoration, of pattern almost, you may see the last of Byzantine art in Spain. Something has happened; it is no longer possible to be satisfied with just that among a people who are beginning to pay the penalty for having understood Christianity as a mere fact to which they owe victories, material greatness, military success; it is possible to speak in beautiful symbols no longer; Christ and the saints must be realised, must appeal to the soul really through the torture, the emaciation of the body, their physical pitifulness as it were, since the strength and splendour of outward things, always so useful to the Church, were beginning to be necessary to the true understanding, it might seem, of a religion that was already almost a sort of patriotism. Those fires of the Inquisition had made men acquainted with cruelty, with physical torture, and so Jesus, who was hurt too, must have suffered even more grievously, must have suffered the utmost, as they assure us in their pictures. Flemish art, discontented for once with its own mediocre flat country, has contrived for our delight a whole kingdom, as it were, full of exquisite details, in which men wind in companies between the hills or are gathered together, or work alone in the fields or in a garden. Where in Spanish painting will you find the happiness of all that? But it is this art, nevertheless, so full of emphasis, of detail, of a sort of realism that taught Spain the way to insist upon her own thoughts, that excused her from nothing, and that, while it often happened to be beautiful, was not really concerned with that at all, content if it might express what it had seen with its eyes, the eyes of the body, of the soul, without omitting anything whatsoever. Spanish art is thus not concerned with life in its delight, its splendid disaster, but with life shorn of everything but its force in a world haunted by the remembrance of Christ, of Christ who has been murdered. Something of all this, that was only completely expressed later, you may see perhaps in the Entombment by Pedro Sanchez, in a private collection in Seville, and in the Pietà of Juan Nuñez, a pupil of de Castro, which may still be found in the cathedral. Even yet there lingers in these pictures a certain decorative beauty obscuring the mere horror of a scene that the thoughts of men, the words of those who loved Him, have made beautiful. And though this preoccupation with grief seems to be forgotten for a moment in another picture by Nuñez, where he has painted the archangels Michael and Gabriel gaily almost, their wings bright with strange and brilliant feathers, it is characteristic of the whole school of Spanish painting, from the time of de Castro to the time of Goya, with the exception of Velasquez, while Murillo's art is a mere sentimental interlude, the one sincere insincerity in the history of Spanish painting, that, as Mr. Ricketts has pointed out, apart from the achievement of an exile such as Ribera, of a foreigner like Greco, and of the court painter Velasquez, was the work of peasants patronised by the Church, whose priests were peasants, too, for the most part.

---

[1] *The Painters of Seville*, by Arthur Symons: *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1901.

Of the work of Alejo Fernandez, the most important Spanish painter of this early period, much remains in the old churches of Seville. He was born, it might seem, in Córdova, and worked there in the cathedral, though three altar pieces he painted 'of the Life of Christ' have been lost. He appears to have gone to Seville in 1508, where his work in the Sacristía Alta, the Meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anna, the Birth and Purification of the Virgin, may still be seen in the cathedral.

You may find much of his work in the Sacristía itself, an Adoration of the kings, for instance; and in S. Ana in Triana, the Virgen de la Rosa, certainly his most lovely picture, is still on the Trascoro. It is really an Italian influence you find in his pictures, something which recalls the delight of fifteenth-century Florentine work, spoiled of its perfection by a remembrance of Flemish work perhaps, that, as it might seem, was so unfortunately sombre, so full of realistic details, of details only just redeemed from realism, that first influenced Spanish painting. And yet in the Virgen de la Rosa, for instance, the mere strength of much of this Spanish work, its harshness, its self-denial as it were, seems to be about to pass into just sweetness, in the sumptuously dressed Madonna, who so simply, so naturally almost, holds out a white rose for the delight of a little child, while two angels a little embarrassed lean on the arms of her throne. It is in this picture, perhaps, that you may see the first hint of the Renaissance; and even as the cathedral of Seville seems to sum up in itself that ambiguous period of belated mediævalism that is about to be lost in the modern world, so the work of Alejo Fernandez, much of it painted for that great church, reminds you of the old Gothic work that had gone before it, while it expresses simply enough, it may be, but with certainty nevertheless, the new Italian influence that was just then dawning upon Spain. If the work of Pedro de Campaña, that Dutchman whose real name was Kempeneer, seems to come to nothing, to be a false dawn, as it were, that foresees nevertheless the marvellous work of Ribera, it is in Luis de Vargas, born in Seville in 1502, that we find a Spaniard really for the first time submitting himself to the Italian influence, to the influence of Raphael. His work, as we may see it to-day in the cathedral, or in the Convent of the Misericordia, is frankly Raphaelesque, and yet full of I know not what fervour and religious exaltation, so that we are not surprised to learn that he scourged himself, and that by his bedside stood a coffin in which he often laid himself down to meditate upon death. In his portrait of Contreras in the cathedral, you find a certain Flemish realism still, an insistence upon detail, a minute northern work full of character and sincerity. Perhaps it is just that sincerity which he lost under the influence of Raphael; certainly in La Gamba, for instance, the Temporal Generation of Jesus Christ, something affirmative seems to have been lost in a composition full of an uncertain futile gesticulation. It is not that he does not mean what he says with so much over-emphasis, but that he has felt it not in itself, but by means of the emotion of another, and because another has told him of it.

It is in Morales that we come upon Spanish painting at last expressing itself, not in any collaboration with Fleming or Italian, but originally and almost without an accent. Luis de Morales was born in Badajoz about the year 1509, he died in his native city in 1586, having lived there all his life, save for a short visit to Madrid in 1564, when he was past fifty years of age. Who his masters may have been in that far-away city we do not know, only we seem to discern in his work, under the laboured, slow craftmanship of the early Flemings, a sort of preoccupation with an art so living and full of energy as the work of Michelangelo. And yet it is not anything passionate that is expressed in Morales' pictures, but a melancholy and sorrow almost too brutal to be borne—over which he has brooded until they have become a sort of madness. El divino Morales, the Spaniards call him, and indeed his pictures are concerned with nothing but religion. In looking at his work, which is like a series of terrible and distracting illustrations of the Via Crucis, the Ecce Homo, the Christ at the Column, the Pietà, the Virgin of Sorrows, for instance, we seem to understand that here is the first painter of the Spanish school, a man who was concerned only with the most poignant and bitter memories of the life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, as unconcerned with life as a monk might be, solitary in the immense cell that is the landscape of Estremadura, shut in from the world by league after league of desolate pasture, where there is nothing but sheep and goats. And while in some of his pictures, in the Presentation of the Virgin, now in the Prado, for instance, a certain sweetness has overwhelmed for a moment the sorrow that he never really forgets; in those sixteen works that still remain, neglected and dirty, in the church of Arroyo del Puerco in Estremadura, the lamentable agony of Christ and the Virgin is scarcely forgotten for a moment, and we are face to face with a genuine and sincere expression of Spanish art at last, its pessimism, its preoccupation as it were with religion, with that fierce unforgiving religion which still desired to avenge Christ upon those who did not believe in Him.

In Juan de las Roelas—el Clerigo—the parson, born at Seville in 1558, you may see very clearly how little Spain was able to understand the art of Venice. Just as she had failed to understand the art of Raphael and of Michelangelo, so she failed to learn anything from the Bellini; only here her failure seems to have been more lamentable. Roelas is a man of a certain sensitiveness for art, only he is incapable of any creative effort whatsoever, content if he may translate the soft warm colours of Venice, as far as he dare, into the terms of an art which has already suffered every violation. A perfectly capable painter, you might think, and just there is his damnation, in that he is merely that and nothing more.

All that old world, so fiercely mediæval for so long, seems to be summed up in the work of Pacheco, in that book about painting in which he defines so narrowly, as we may think, the aims of art, and in the pictures of Zurbarán, where the passion of the middle age passes into a mere realism at last, tiresome and wholly without sincerity. Zurbarán has been called 'All Spain,' and though at first we may see but little that is characteristic of a people so reserved, so distinguished, so democratic in the work of a painter, who for Mr. Symons is just 'a passionate mediocrity,' for Lord Leighton a painter without 'fancy or imagination,' he is, as it seems to me, just the expression of all that is common to the average Spaniard, as it were—his delight in actual things, his gloominess, his contempt for mere beauty, his love of detail, expressed so wonderfully in the late Gothic work of his cathedrals, his love of spectacle and ceremony. Of all the Spanish painters Zurbarán seems to me to have been without individuality, to be merely the mouthpiece, as it were, of the majority, to have been content to be just that. Born in Estremadura in 1598, a peasant, as we might suppose, a rigid and well-trained servant of the Church, he is really at his best when painting ecclesiastics or monks, as in the Carthusian pictures in the Museo at

Seville. In a picture of Christ crucified, now in the Museo, you have a dramatic, religious, orthodox, and realistic study that is not beautiful at all or sincere, but merely a religious picture painted, as he was expected to paint it, to impress the crowd.

Of Murillo so much has been written by those who have loved him with enthusiasm, that in a chapter so inadequate, where there is so much omitted that should have been set down, and what there is seems now to be but ill expressed, I hesitate to speak of a man that I have not been able to love. But since an entire room has been devoted to his work in the Prado, and the Museo of Seville is full of his pictures, it may well be that I am mistaken, and that he is a great painter after all, and not merely a sincere, self-willed, and vulgar soul, stupidly sentimental, sensual so sentimentally, as he has seemed to me. Actual obvious things seem to have overwhelmed him; he is delighted with the obviously pretty ways of angels, the physical loveliness, bountifully Spanish, of the Virgin, who even in this, too, has not disappointed the world that he seems ever to have found easily satisfied, full of superficial thankfulness. And thus, not without a certain southern tactfulness, he becomes a realist for whom the visible world does not exist. He can create a sort of life, too, just for a moment, while you are looking, as it were, but afterwards you find the picture has escaped you. And he was content with just that; he was always winning applause, his works are so full of a kind of superficial characterisation that the people loved them. When Velasquez told him, kindly enough, to go to Venice to study the great masters, he did not quite understand, was really incapable of understanding, so he returned to Seville, and continued to paint, over and over again, just the same things, in his three manners.

'How perfectly sweet Murillo always is,' I heard an American lady say before one of his pictures in the Prado. Even an American could not say that before Titian, or Rembrandt, or Rubens, or Velasquez. But it is quite true. Murillo is always sweet, at all times, in every picture. And sometimes he is so moved by his own sweetness that he seems about to burst into tears. Emotion, yes, it is that which you will find in his work before anything else; emotion neither profound nor simple, but continually radiant, ecstatic almost, a little confusing at first, because it is so sincere, so exactly what he could not but mean it to be. And at last we seem to discern the truth of the whole matter in just that continual ecstasy. His work is without reserve, without any suggestion of intellect; he has felt keenly but not profoundly very many emotions, very many thoughts, but they are always the thoughts of every one else, and there is not an idea in the whole of his work. There is no 'fundamental brain work' in his pictures, he is always smiling, or tearful, or weeping, and so he has never a moment to think.

It is thus, it seems to me, that Spanish art came to end, in a kind of emotionalism, characteristic enough of Seville herself, which was ever the true home of art, such as it was, in Spain.

It remained for El Greco, Ribera, and Velasquez, to place Spanish painting among the great schools of European art; and it is their names that are to-day first in our minds when we speak of the Spanish school of painting.

# XVIII

# JEREZ

THE way from Seville to Cadiz passes at first through groves of oranges, pomegranates, and olives, coming at last out on to an immense heath, very lonely and desolate, where the only living things are the herds of bulls, almost black in the sunset that fills the desert with its glory. Sometimes in the twilight you may see some of them come down together to the water to drink, and something in the forsaken and savage loneliness of this arid and burning land will remind you of Morocco, where the leopards come down to drink at the pools at evening and bark at the moon. And if at midday this sad and forsaken country is invisible under the summer sun, in the dawn or at sunset or in the night it is full of mystery and enchantment, since the world itself is so little with you, and your real companions are the great solitary stars that hang like lamps in heaven to light you, alone of all men, on your way. For the sun has set; even the colour of the earth is hidden from you, and all you may see is a mystery of blue and gold. Now and then you may hear the wind walking in the gardens of olives, sometimes in the deep sky a star leans across the shoulder of the mountains; at that time, really alone with God, you may, perhaps, understand something of the profound susceptibility of the Spaniard to religion; face to face with your own soul you will be eager to save yourself, by any means, from annihilation, from the immense silence that you cannot break. And when dawn comes at last, already a little weary, and really without freshness or youth, it may be, you will see a few white houses far, far away, or a solitary horseman, gigantic against the sky, or a man asleep, sitting far back on his ass, or a herd of swine at a distance, moving in a cloud of dust, or a great bird, motionless in heaven, hovering over the carcase of a dead mule; but they will all seem strange to you, a mirage in the dawn, things of a dream that soon fade away into the immense horizons.

It is quite another impression that you receive in Jerez, the busy town where for three hundred years Englishmen have suffered and prospered, lived and died.

It was of one of these I was reading, on a long afternoon I spent there on my way to the sea; and since his tale is one of those which can never be old, and again because he was my countryman, being a good western man, whose name was Richard Peake, born in Tavistock, in Devon, in the seventeenth century, I beg my reader's leave to set down his naïve, heroic story, as he wrote it.

### RICHARD PEAKE'S TALE

Loving Countrymen! Not to weary you with long preambles, unnecessary for you to read, troublesome for me to set down; I will come roundly to the matter: entreating you, not to cast a malicious eye upon my actions, nor rashly to condemn them, nor to stagger in your opinions of my performance; since I am ready with my life to justify what I set down, the truth of this relation being warranted by noble proofs and testimonies not to be questioned.

I am a Western man; Devonshire my country, and Tavistock my place of habitation.

I know not what the court of a King means, nor what the fine phrases of silken courtiers are. A good ship I know, and a poor cabin, and the language of a cannon: and therefore, as my breeding has been rough, scorning delicacy; and my present being consisteth altogether upon the soldier (blunt, plain, and unpolished), so must my writings be, proceeding from fingers fitter for the pike than the pen. And so, kind Countrymen! I pray you to receive them.

Neither ought you to expect better from me, because I am but the chronicler of my own story.

After I had seen the beginning and ending of the Algiers voyage; I came home somewhat more acquainted with the world but little amended in estate: my body more wasted and weather-beaten; but my purse, never the fuller, nor my pockets thicker lined.

Then the drum beating up for a new expedition, in which many noble gentlemen and heroical spirits were to venture their honour, lives, and fortunes; cables could not hold me: for away I would, and along I vowed to go, and did so.

The design opening itself at sea for Cadiz, proud I was to be employed there; where so many gallants and English worthies did by their examples encourage the common soldiers to honourable darings. The ship I went in was called the *Convertine*, one of the Navy Royal; the Captain, Thomas Portar.

On the two-and-twentieth day of October, being a Saturday, 1625; our fleet came into Cadiz, about three o'clock in the afternoon: we, being in all, some 110 sail.

The Saturday night, some sixteen sail of the Hollanders, and about ten White Hall Men (who in England are called colliers), were commanded to fight against the Castle of Punthal, standing three miles from Cadiz: who did so accordingly; and discharged in that service, at the least, 1600 shot.

On the Sunday morning following, the Earl of Essex, going up very early, and an hour at least before us, to the fight; commanded our ship, the *Convertine*, being of his squadron, to follow him: the Castle playing hard and hotly upon his Lordship.

Captain Portar and the master of our ship, whose name is Master Hill, having, upon sight of so fierce an encounter, an equal desire to do something worthy of themselves and their country; came up so close to the Castle as possibly men in such a danger either could or durst adventure, and there fought bravely. The Castle bestowed upon us a hot salutation (and well becoming our approach) with bullets; whose first shot killed three of our men, passing through and through our ship; the second killed four; and the third two more at least, with great spoil and battery to our ship: the last shot flying so close to Captain Portar that, with the windage of the bullet, his very hands had almost lost the sense of feeling, being struck into a sudden numbness.

Upon this, Captain Portar perceiving the danger we and our ship were in, commanded a number of us to get upon the upper deck; and with our small shot to try if we could not force the cannoniers from their ordnance.

We presently advanced ourselves, fell close to our work and plied them with pellets. In which hot and dangerous service, one Master William Jewell behaved himself both manly and like a noble soldier, expressing much valour, ability of body, and readiness: with whom and some few more (I, among the rest) stood the brunt, which continued about three hours.

Our ship lay all this while with her starboard side to the fort; which beat us continually with at least two hundred muskets, whose bullets flew so thick that our shrouds were torn in pieces, and our tacklings rent to nothing: and when she came off, there were to be seen five hundred bullets, at the least, sticking in her side. I, for my part (without vain-glory be it spoken) discharged at this time, some threescore and ten shot; as they recounted to me, who charged my pieces for me.

In the heat of this fight, Sir William Saint Leger, whether called up by my Lord of Essex or coming of himself I know not, seeing us so hardly beset, and that we had but few shot upon our deck in regard of the enemy's numbers which played upon us: came, with a valiant and noble resolution, out of another ship into ours; bringing some forty soldiers with him. Who there with us, renewed a second fight as hot or hotter than the former: where in this fight, one of our bullets was shot into the mouth of a Spanish cannon, where it sticketh fast and putteth that roarer to silence.

Upon this bravery, they of the fort began to wax calmer and cooler: and in the end, most part of their gunners being slain, gave over shooting; but yielded not the fort until night.

Whilst this skirmish continued, a company of Spaniards within the castle, by the advantage of a wall whose end jutted out, they still as they discharged retired behind it, saving themselves and extremely annoying us: I removed into the forecastle of our ship, and so plied them with hailshot, that they forsook their stand. What men on our own part were lost by their small shot I cannot well remember, but sure I am, not very many: yet the Spaniards afterwards before the Governor of Cadiz, confessed they lost about fifty; whose muskets they cast into a well because our men should not use them, throwing the dead bodies in after.

My hurts and bruises here received, albeit they were neither many nor dangerous, yet were they such that when the fight was done; many gentlemen in our ship, for my encouragement, gave me money. During this battle the Hollanders and White Hall Men, you must think, were not idle, for their great pieces went off continually from such of their ships as could conveniently discharge their fire, because our ships lay between them and the fort: and they so closely plied their work that at this battery were discharged from their ordnance, at least four thousand bullets.

The castle being thus quieted, though as yet not yielded; the Earl of Essex, about twelve at noon, landed his regiment close by the fort, the Spaniards looking over the walls to behold them. Upon the sight of which, many of those within the castle (to the number of six score) ran away; we pursuing them with shouts, halloings, and loud noises, and now and then a piece of ordnance overtook some of the Spanish hares, and stayed them from running further.

Part of our men being thus landed, they marched up not above a slight shot off, and there rested themselves. Then, about six at night, the castle yielded upon composition to depart with their arms and colours flying, and no man to offend them; which was performed accordingly.

The Captain of the fort, his name was Don Francisco Bustamente; who presently upon the delivery, was carried aboard the Lord General's ship, where he had a soldierly welcome: and the next day, he and all his company were put over to Puerto Real upon the mainland, because they should not go to Cadiz, which is an island.

On the Monday, having begun early in the morning, all our forces about noon were landed, and presently marched up to a bridge between Punthal and Cadiz. In going up to which some of our men were unfortunately and unmanly surprised; and before they knew their own danger had there their throats cut. Some had their brains beaten out with the stocks of muskets, others their noses sliced off; whilst some heads were spurned up and down the streets like footballs; and some ears worn in scorn in Spanish hats. For when I was in prison in Cadiz, whither some of these Spanish *picaroes* were brought in for flying from the castle, I was an eyewitness of Englishmen's ears being worn in that despiteful manner.

What the forces being on shore did or how far they went up I cannot tell, for I was no land soldier, and therefore all that while kept aboard. Yet about twelve o'clock, when they were marched out of sight, I (knowing that other Englishmen had done the like the very same day) ventured on shore likewise, to refresh myself: with my sword only by my side, because I thought that the late storms had beaten all the Spaniards in, and therefore I feared no danger.

On therefore I softly walked, viewing the desolation of such a place: for I saw nobody. Yet I had not gone far from the shore, but some Englishmen were come even almost to our ships; and from certain gardens had brought with them many oranges and lemons. The sight of these sharpened my stomach the more to go on, because I had a desire to present some of those fruits to my Captain. Hereupon I demanded of them, 'what danger there was in going?' They said, 'None, but that all was hushed, and not a Spaniard stirring.' We parted; they to the ships, I forward.

And before I had reached a mile, I found (for all their talking of no danger) three Englishmen stark dead; being slain lying in the way, it being full of sandy pits, so that I could hardly find the passage: and one, some small distance from them, not fully dead. The groans which he uttered led me to him; and finding him lying on his belly; I called to him, and turning him on his back saw his wounds, and said, 'Brother, what villain hath done this mischief to thee?' He lamented in sighs and doleful looks; and casting up his eyes to heaven, but could not speak. I then resolved, and was about it, for Christian charity's sake and for country's sake; to have carried him on my back to our ships, far off though they lay; and there, if by any possible means it could have been done, to have recovered him.

But my good intents were prevented. For on a sudden, came rushing in upon me a Spanish horseman, whose name, as afterwards I was informed, was Don Juan of Cadiz, a knight. I seeing him make speedily and fiercely at me with his drawn weapon, suddenly whipped out mine, wrapping my cloak about mine arm. Five or six skirmishes we had; and for a pretty while, fought off and on.

At last, I getting with much ado, to the top of a sandy hillock, the horseman nimbly followed up after. By good fortune to me (though bad to himself) he had no petronel or pistols about him: and there clapping spurs to his horse's sides; his intent, as it seemed, was with full career to ride over me, and trample me under his horse's feet. But a providence greater than his fury, was my guard.

Time was it for me to look about warily and to lay about lustily; to defend a poor life so hardly distressed. As therefore his horse was violently breaking in upon me, I struck him in the eyes with a flap of my cloak. Upon which, turning sideward, I took my advantage; and, as readily as I could, stepping in, it pleased God that I should pluck my enemy down and have him at my mercy for life: which notwithstanding I gave him, he falling on his knees, and crying out in French to me. 'Pardonnez-moi, je vous prie, je suis un bon Chrêtien' ('Pardon me, sir, I am a good Christian').

I, seeing him brave, and having a soldier's mind to rifle him, I searched for jewels but found none, only five pieces of eight about him in all, amounting to twenty shillings English. Yet he had gold, but that I could not come by. For I was in haste to have sent his Spanish knighthood home on foot, and to have taught his horse an English pace. Thus far my voyage for oranges had sped well; but in the end, it proved a sour sauce to me: and it is harder to keep a victory than to obtain one. So here it fell out with mine.

For fourteen Spanish musketeers spying me so busy about one of their countrymen, bent all the mouths of their pieces to kill me; which they could not well do, without endangering Don Juan's life. So that I was enforced (and glad I escaped so too) to yield myself their prisoner. True valour, I see, goes not always in good clothes. For he, whom before I had surprised, seeing me fast in the snare; and as the event proved, disdaining that his countrymen should report him so dishonoured; most basely, when my hands were in a manner bound behind me, drew out his weapon, which the rest had taken from me to give him, and wounded me through the face, from ear to ear: and had there killed me had not the fourteen musketeers rescued me from his rage. Upon this I was led in triumph into the town of Cadiz: an owl not more wondered and hooted at; a dog not more cursed.

In my being led thus along the streets, a Fleming spying me cried out aloud, 'Whither do you lead this English dog? Kill him! kill him! he is no Christian.' And with that breaking through the crowd in upon those who held me; ran me into the body with a halbert, at the reins of my back, at the least four inches.

One Don Fernando, an ancient gentleman, was sent down this summer from the King at Madrid with soldiers: but before our fleet came, the soldiers were discharged;

they of Cadiz never suspecting that we meant to put in there.

Before him, was I brought to be examined : yet few or no questions at all were demanded of me; because he saw that I was all bloody in my clothes, and so wounded in my face and jaws that I could hardly speak. I was therefore committed presently to prison, where I lay eighteen days: the noble gentleman giving express charge that the best surgeons should be sent for: lest being so basely hurt and handled by cowards, I should be demanded of his hands.

I being thus taken on the Monday when I went on shore, the fleet departed the Friday following from Cadiz, at the same time when I was there a prisoner. Yet thus honestly was I used by my worthy friend Captain Portar. He, above my deserving, complaining that he feared that he had lost such a man ; my Lord General, by the solicitation of Master John Glanville, Secretary to the Fleet, sent three men on shore to inquire in Cadiz for me; and to offer, if I were taken, any reasonable ransom. But the town thinking me to be a better prize than indeed I was; denied me, and would not part from me. Then came a command to the Terniente or Governour of Cadiz to have me sent to Sherrys, otherwise called Xerez, lying three leagues from Cadiz.

Wondrously unwilling, could I otherwise have chosen, was I to go to Xerez, because I feared I should then be put to torture.

Having therefore a young man (an Englishman and a merchant, whose name was Goodrow), my fellow prisoner who lay there for debt, and so I thinking there was no way with me but one (that I must be sent packing to my long home); thus I spake unto him, 'Countryman! what my name is our partnership in misery hath made you know, and with it, know that I am a Devonshire man born, and Tavistock the place of my once abiding. I beseech you! if God ever send you liberty, and that you sail into England; take that country in your way. Commend me to my wife and children made wretched by me; an unfortunate husband and father. Tell them and my friends (I entreat you, for God's cause) that if I be, as I suspect I shall be, put to death in Sherris, I will die a Christian soldier: no way, I hope, dishonouring my King, country, or the justice of my cause, or my religion.' Anon after, away was I conveyed with a strong guard by the Governor of Cadiz and brought to Xerez on a Thursday about twelve at night.

On the Sunday following, two friars were sent to me; both of them being Irishmen, and speaking very good English. One of them was called Padre Juan. After a sad and grave salutation, 'Brother,' quoth he, 'I come in love to you and charity to your soul to confess you; and if to us, as your spiritual ghostly fathers, you will lay open your sins, we will forgive them and make your way to heaven: for to-morrow you must die.'

I desired them that they would give me a little respite that I might retire into a private chamber; and instantly I would repair to them, and give them satisfaction. Leave I had; away I went; and immediately returned. They asked me 'if I had yet resolved, and whether I would come to my confession?' I told them, that 'I had been at confession already.' One of them answered, 'With whom?' I answered, 'With God the Father.' 'And with nobody else?' said the other. 'Yes,' quoth I, 'and with Jesus Christ my Redeemer; who hath both power and will to forgive all men their sins, that truly repent. Before these Two have I fallen on my knees, and confessed my grievous offences; and trust They will give me a free absolution and pardon.'

'What think you of the Pope?' said Father John. I answered, 'I knew him not.' They hereupon, shaking their heads, told me 'they were sorry for me' and so departed.

Whilst thus I lay at Xerez, the Captain of the fort (at Punthal), Don Francisco Bustamente, was brought in prisoner for his life, because he delivered up the castle; but whether he died for it or not, I cannot tell. My day of trial being come, I was brought from prison into the town of Xerez by two drums and a hundred shot, before three Dukes, four Condes or Earls, four Marquises, besides other great persons. The town having in it, at least, five thousand soldiers.

At my first appearing before the Lords, my sword lying before them on a table, the Duke of Medina asked me 'if I knew that weapon.' It was reached to me. I took it and embraced it with mine arms; and, with tears in mine eyes, kissed the pummel of it. He then demanded, 'how many men I had killed with that weapon?' I told him, 'If I had killed one, I had not been there now before that princely assembly: for when I had him at my foot, begging for mercy, I gave him life; yet he, then very poorly, did me a mischief.' Then they asked Don John (my prisoner) 'what wounds I gave him?' He said 'None.' Upon this he was rebuked, and told 'That if upon our first encounter he had run me through, it had been a fair and noble triumph; but so to wound me, being in the hands of others, they held it base.'

Then said the Duke of Medina to me, 'Come on, Englishman! what ship came you in?' I told him 'The *Convertine.*' 'Who was your Captain?' 'Captain Portar.' 'What ordnance carried your ship?' I said 'Forty pieces.' But the Lords looking all this while on a paper which they held in their hands, the Duke of Medina said, 'In their note there were but thirty-eight.'

In that paper—as after I was informed by my two interpreters—there was set down the number of our ships, their burden, men, munition, victuals, captains, etc., as perfect as we ourselves had them in England.

'Of what strength,' quoth another Duke, 'is the fort at Plymouth?' I answered, 'Very strong.' 'What ordnance in it?' 'Fifty,' said I. 'That is not so,' said he, 'there are but seventeen.' 'How many soldiers in the fort?' I answered, 'Two hundred.' 'That is not so,' quoth a Conde, 'there are but twenty.'

The Marquis Alquenezes asked me, 'Of what strength the little island was before Plymouth?' I told him, 'I knew not.' 'Then,' quoth he, 'we do.'

'Is Plymouth a walled town?' 'Yes, my Lords.' 'And a good wall?' 'Yes,' said I, 'a very good wall.' 'True,' says a Duke, 'to leap over with a staff!' 'And hath the town,' said the Duke of Medina, 'strong gates?' 'Yes.' 'But,' quoth he, 'there was neither wood nor iron to those gates, but two days before your fleet came away.'

Now before I go any further, let me not forget to tell you, that my two Irish confessors had been here in England the last summer, and when our fleet came from England, they came for Spain; having seen our King at Plymouth when the soldiers there showed their arms, and did then diligently observe what the King did, and how he carried himself.

'How did it chance,' said the Duke Giron, 'that you did not in all this bravery of the fleet, take Cadiz as you took Punthal?' I replied, 'That the Lord General might easily have taken Cadiz, for he had near a thousand scaling ladders to set up, and a thousand men to lose; but he was loth to rob an almshouse, having a better market to go to. Cadiz,' I told them, 'was held poor, unmanned, and unmunitioned.' 'What better market?' said Medina. I told him, 'Genoa or Lisbon.' And as

I heard there was instantly, upon this, an army of six thousand soldiers sent to Lisbon.

'Then,' quoth one of the Earls, 'when thou meetest me in Plymouth, wilt thou bid me welcome?' I modestly told him, 'I could wish they would not too hastily come to Plymouth, for they should find it another manner of place than as now they slighted it.'

Many other questions were put to me by these great Dons; which so well as God did enable me I answered. They speaking in Spanish, and their words interpreted to me by those two Irishmen before spoken of, who also related my several answers to the Lords.

And by the common people, who encompassed me round, many jeerings, mockeries, scorns, and bitter jests were to my face thrown upon our nation; which I durst not so much as bite my lip against, but with an enforced patient ear stood still, and let them run on in their revilings.

At the length, amongst many other reproaches and spiteful names, one of the Spaniards called Englishmen Gallinas (hens). At which the great Lords fell a laughing. Hereupon one of the Dukes, pointing to the Spanish soldiers, bade me note how their King kept them—and indeed they were all wondrously brave in apparel; hats, bands, cuffs, garters, etc., and some of them in chains of gold—and asked further, 'If I thought these would prove such hens as our English, when next year they should come into England?' I said, 'No.' But being somewhat emboldened by his merry countenance, I told him as merrily, 'I thought they would be within one degree of hens.' 'What meanest thou by that?' said a Conde. I replied, 'They would prove pullets or chickens.' 'Darest thou then,' quoth the Duke of Medina, with a brow half angry, 'fight with one of these Spanish pullets?'

'O my Lord!' said I, 'I am a prisoner and my life at stake; and therefore dare not to be so bold as to adventure upon any such action. There were here of us English, some fourteen thousand; in which number, there were above twelve thousand better and stouter men than ever I shall be: yet with the license of this princely assembly, I dare hazard the breaking of a rapier.' And withal told him, 'He is unworthy of the name of an Englishman, that should refuse to fight with one man of any nation whatsoever.' Hereupon my shackles were knocked off; and my iron ring and chain taken from my neck.

Room was made for the combatants; rapier and dagger were the weapons. A Spanish champion presented himself, named Signior Tiago: when, after we had played some reasonable good time, I disarmed him, as thus, I caught his rapier betwixt the bars of my poniard and there held it, till I closed with him; and tripping up his heels, I took his weapons out of his hands and delivered them to the Dukes.

I could wish that all you, my dear Countrymen, who read this relation had either been there, without danger, to have beheld us: or that he with whom I fought were here in person, to justify the issue of that combat.

I was then demanded, 'If I durst fight against another?' I told them, 'My heart was good to adventure; but humbly requested them to give me pardon, if I refused.'

For to myself I too well knew that the Spaniard is haughty, impatient of the least affront; and when he receives but a touch of any dishonour, disgrace or blemish (especially in his own country and from an Englishman), his revenge is implacable, mortal and bloody.

Yet being by the noblemen pressed again and again, to try my fortune with another; I (seeing my life in the lion's paw, to struggle with whom for safety there was no way but one, and being afraid to displease them) said 'that if their Graces and Greatnesses would give me leave to play at mine own country weapon called the quarterstaff, I was then ready there, an opposite against any comer, whom they would call forth: and would willingly lay down my life before those Princes to do them service; provided my life might by no foul means be taken from me.'

Hereupon, the head of an halbert, which went with a screw, was taken off, and the steel delivered to me; the other butt end of the staff having a short iron pike in it. This was my armour: and in my place I stood, expecting an opponent.

At the last, a handsome and well-spirited Spaniard steps forth, with his rapier and poniard. They asked me 'What I said to him?' I told them, 'I had a sure friend in my hand that never failed me, and therefore made little account of that one to play with: and should show them no sport.'

Then a second, armed as before, presents himself. I demanded, 'If there would come no more?' The Dukes asked, 'How many I desired?' I told them, 'Any number under six.' Which resolution of mine, they smiling at in a kind of scorn; held it not manly, it seemed, not fit for their own honours, and the glory of their nation, to worry one man with a multitude: and therefore appointed three only, so weaponed, to enter into the lists.

Now, Gentlemen, if here you condemn me for plucking, with mine own hands, such an assured danger upon mine own head, accept of these reasons for excuse.

To die, I thought it most certain; but to die basely, I would not. For three to kill one had been to me no dishonour; to them, weapons considered, no glory. An honourable subjection, I esteemed better than an ignoble conquest. Upon these thoughts I fell to it.

The rapier men traversed their ground; I, mine. Dangerous thrusts were put in, and with dangerous hazard avoided. Shouts echoed to heaven to encourage the Spaniards: not a shout nor hand to hearten the poor Englishman. Only heaven I had in mine eye, the honour of my country in my heart, my fame at the stake, my life on a narrow bridge, and death both before me and behind me. It was not now a time to dally. They still made full at me; and I had been a coward to myself, and a villain to my nation, if I had not called up all that weak manhood which was mine to guard my own life, and overthrow my enemies.

Plucking up therefore a good heart, seeing myself faint and wearied, I vowed to my soul to do something, ere she departed from me: and so setting all upon one cast, it was my good fortune (it was my God that did it for me), with the butt end, where the iron pike was, to kill one of the three; and within a few bouts after, to disarm the other two; causing the one of them to fly into the army of soldiers then present, and the other for refuge fled behind the bench.

I hope, if the braving Spaniards set upon England as they threaten, we shall every One of us give repulse to more than Three. Of which good issue for the public, I take this my private success to be a pledge.

Now was I in greater danger, being, as I thought, in peace, than before when I was in battle. For a general murmur filled the air, with threatenings at me: the soldiers especially bit their thumbs, and was it possible for me to escape?

Which the noble Duke of Medina Sidonia seeing, called me to him; and instantly caused proclamation to be made that none, on pain of death, should meddle with me: and by his honourable protection I got off, not only with safety but with money. For by the Dukes and

Condes were given me in gold, to the value of four pounds, ten shillings sterling: and by the Marquis Alquenezes himself, as much; he, embracing me in his arms, and bestowing upon me that long Spanish russet cloak I now wear; which he took from one of his men's backs, and withal furnished me with a clean band and cuffs. It being one of the greatest favours a Spanish Lord can do to a mean man to reward him with some garment, as recompense of merit.

After our fight in Xerez, I was kept in the Marquis Alquenezes' house; who, one day, out of his noble affability, was pleasant in speech with me: and, by my interpreter, desired I would sing.

I, willing to obey him (whose goodness I had tasted), did so; and sang this psalm,

'When as we sate in Babylon,' etc.

The meaning of which being told, he said to me, 'Englishman, comfort thyself; for thou art in no captivity.'

After this, I was sent to the King of Spain, lying at Madrid. My conduct being four gentlemen of the Marquis of Alquenezes': he allowing unto me in the journey twenty shillings a day when we travelled, and ten shillings a day when we lay still.

At my being in Madrid, before I saw the King, my entertainment by the Marquis Alquenezes' appointment, was at his own house; where I was lodged in the most sumptuous bed that ever I beheld: and had from his noble Lady a welcome far above my poor deserving, but worthy the greatness of so excellent a woman. She bestowed upon me whilst I lay in her house a very fair Spanish shirt, richly laced: and at my parting from Madrid, a chain of gold and two jewels for my wife, and other pretty things for my children.

And now that her noble courtesies, with my own thankfulness, lead me to speak of this honourable Spanish Lady; I might very justly be condemned of ingratitude, if I should not remember with like acknowledgement, another rare pattern of feminine goodness to me a distressed miserable stranger: and that was the Lady of Don Juan of Cadiz. She, out of a respect she bare me for saving her husband's life, came along with him to Xerez; he being there to give evidence against me: and as before when I lay prisoner in Cadiz, so in Xerez, she often relieved me with money and other means. My duty and thanks ever wait upon them both!

Upon Christmas Day I was presented to the King, the Queen, and Don Carlos the Infante.

Being brought before him: I fell, as it was fit, on my knees. Many questions were demanded of me; which, so well as my plain wit directed me, I resolved.

In the end, His Majesty offered me a yearly pension (to a good value) if I would serve him either at land or at sea. For which his royal favours, I (confessing myself infinitely bound and my life indebted to his mercy), most humbly intreated, that with his Princely leave, I might be suffered to return unto mine own country: being a subject only to the King of England, my sovereign.

And besides that bond of allegiance, there was another obligation due from me to a wife and children: and therefore I most submissively begged that His Majesty would be so Princely minded as to pity my estate, and let me go. To which he, at last, granted; bestowing upon me one hundred pistolets to bear my charges.

And thus endeth my Spanish pilgrimage. With thanks to my good God, that in this extraordinary manner preserved me, amidst these desperate dangers.

Therefore most gracious God! Defender of men abroad! and Protector of them at home! how am I bounden to thy Divine Majesty, for thy manifold mercies!

On my knees I thank Thee! with my tongue will I praise Thee! with my hands fight Thy quarrel! and all the days of my life serve Thee!

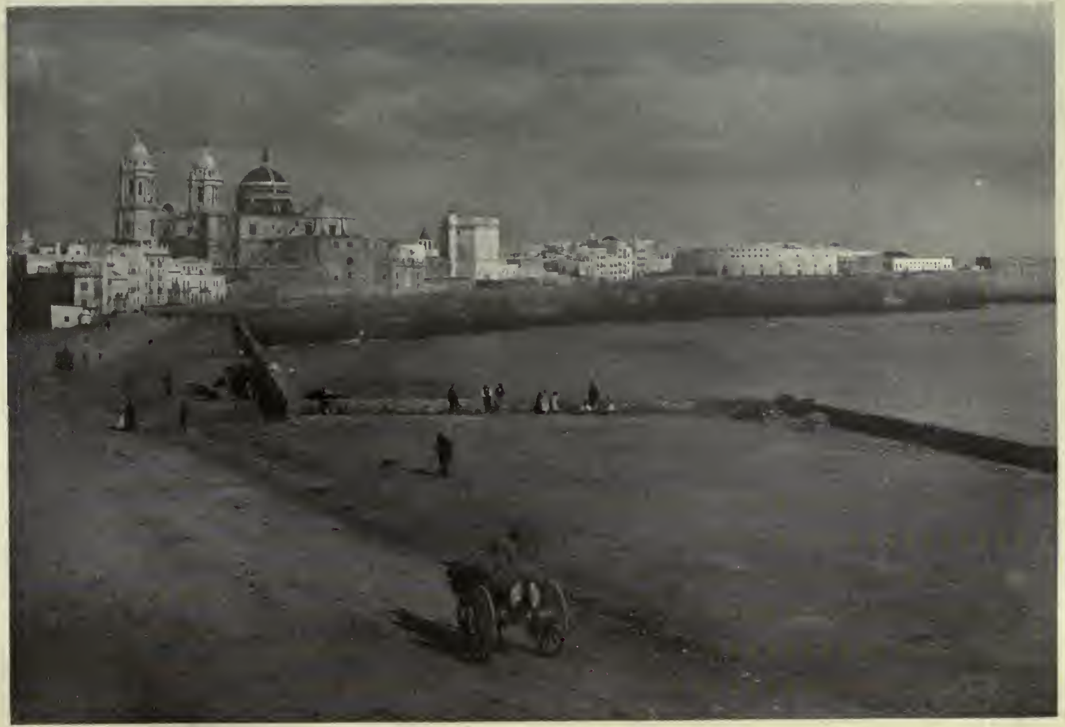
Out of the Red Sea I have escaped; from the lion's den been delivered, aye rescued from death and snatched out of the jaws of destruction, only by Thee! O my God! Glory be to Thy Name for ever and ever! Amen.

# XIX

# CADIZ

As you come to Cadiz from the terrible dust and heat of Seville in summer-time, she seems to rise up out of the sea, a white city of watch-towers—miradores—a city of the East almost, full of a strange sweetness and refreshment. I watched her thus one long afternoon from the shady, vine-covered doorway of a cottage at Puerta S. María, where I waited for the cool hours and the long shadows. It is really an island on which she stands, in the midst of the beautiful bay that bears her name—an island joined to the mainland by the most slender strip of land, curved like an arm, but so slight that there is only room for the railway between the waters. Wherever you may be within her walls you are never far from those waters that really surround her, like a vast blue lagoon, out of which she towers in the dawn, into which she will sink at sunset, folding all her sweetness up, so that when night falls she is just a ghost, a dream, a vision, on the sea. And so at last as you pass up and down her ways, or among the palms of the Parque Génoves, where the sea wind slumbers, it is really of some eastern city you are aware, whose quays and gardens are always a little languid with everlasting summer, with endless afternoon.

It was already evening when I found myself within her gates, coming just at sunset on to the old great ramparts that, looking south and west, stood up out of the sea



CADIZ

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

rugged and colossal, built of immense blocks of hewn stone; while behind them rose the cathedral like a tawny mosque rude and splendid, and all above them, flushed with light, stooped the sky, and all before them lay the sea. It was as though I beheld in a dream the lamentable city of Algiers in the time of the Deys.

As I watched the city thus smouldering in the level light, suddenly, and in a moment, the whole world was overwhelmed in the tragedy of sunset. Never have I seen a sight so solemn and so splendid. Gradually the old ramparts stark and slimy, the great cathedral golden and forsaken, the soft sky that was already trembling with stars, and the sea that was sobbing among the stones, and that flung itself in unutterable grief against the rocks, were flooded by the blood of the sun that stained everything with its splendid life. And it seemed to me that it was in such a night that Cristóbal Colon, the great Italian, set sail yonder for the Indies; in the forlorn splendour of such a sunset that the Conquistadores put out southward and west never to return; in such an hour that Essex and Raleigh and Drake swept down suddenly and fired the beautiful galleons laden with bars and crowns of gold, with chalices and dishes of gold, with daggers and spears whose hilts were of silver and gold, with swords and crucifixes of gold and silver, with purple banners splashed with scarlet and crusted with precious stones.

The sun has set; night is coming over the sea. Like a great yellow flower heavy with perfume, the moon droops in the sky; the world has wrapped herself in the blue mantle of night; the sea is like a great platter of silver. In the silence I hear a woman singing; I cannot understand the words she sings. Presently I catch sight of her; she is quite alone. She is walking in the shadow among the coils of rope and the great chains; in her hand is a red rose. Nearer and nearer she comes, singing to herself that strange song which I cannot understand. She seems to be looking at the moon, but she never stumbles; carefully she finds her way among the boulders, the débris, and the iron chains. At my feet the moonlight streams, a broad band of silver between the shadow and the sea. When she is close to me she stops singing, almost in the middle of a note, but still she comes on towards me, slowly, without looking towards me. At last as her foot touches the moonlight she hesitates; and after a moment she falls on her knees and kisses the shining stones, then dropping the rose and lifting up her hands towards the moon that covers her with light, she prays in a low voice, 'Have pity on the blind, if you please; have pity on the blind.'

. . . . . . .

As I went homewards, at a street corner under the shrine of Madonna a gust of wind scattered the falling petals of the red rose. I do not know why I was sorry.

## XX

## TO MOROCCO

IT was scarcely dawn when, still a little sleepy, I found myself on a stone pier among bearded, black-haired sailors, waiting for the little boat that was to take me to the steamer; for at sunrise I sailed for Tangier. There was a hush on the water; far away over the sea I heard the desolate cries of the sea-birds calling to one another, while from the city came the crowing of cocks, a proud and cheerful sound. After a time I climbed into the little laden boat, and lazily the sailors rowed me more than a mile into the bay, shining here and there under the sea-wind. They sang too, as they pulled slowly, rhythmically, such songs as I am sure they used to sing when they were Phœnicians thousands of years ago. In the boat beside me were skins of wine and baskets of figs, and in the bows a great heap of pomegranates bursting and bleeding like red wounds. And all the time I was sleepily conscious of everything, eating yellow bread and white and purple grapes for my breakfast, tears in my eyes because of the beauty, the only absurd object in all that simple world. Presently we came to the ship lying asleep on the deep clear water; the sky was cloudless, and for a time the only sound I could hear was the wet kisses of the little waves as they danced round the ship. Then with many addios we set sail. I was the only passenger. In the sunrise Cadiz was like the sound of a trumpet. The water sang past the bows, and we swept almost completely round the white, splendid city; and then like a sigh, like some divine and fragile breath, like I know not what holy thing, the wideness of all the sea came to us, the cold great billows, the strength, and the immense patience of the ocean; and as a bride by her husband, as the soul by God, as the rose by the earth, we were gathered by the sea.

For hours we sailed till Cadiz became just a white maiden dreamily standing on the verge of the sea gazing southward and west; it was as though I had seen Ariadne, just aware of her loneliness, looking for Theseus. Then past the immense, heroic victories of England we met the east wind, and for that hour the sea was mine. . . . Sometimes we met a ship flying before the wind, beautiful with joy, her great sails white in the sun, bound for the Americas. Sometimes we were alone in the immense solitude of the ocean, leaning across the waves, part of the profound life of the sea, splendid under the wind, strong and immortal. And once, lying in the stern, I heard the voice of the look-out hailing the steersman, and often I heard him singing those strange, lamentable songs—malagueñas—that were made at dawn or sunset thousands of years ago. At last we swept by the heroic, immortal cliffs of Trafalgar: far and far away I descried the first faint outline of Africa: and always God spread out the heavens, perfect and serene, a stainless cave of winds.

So the hours came to us over the sea till dawn burst into morning, and morning passed into noon; and the wind freshened, and the sea showed his fangs and rose up in his strength till we, big as we were, were dancing like a drunken gay lady.

In the afternoon we came to a land of mountains, very fierce and strong. The wind had grown to a gale, and when at last we came in sight of Tangier there was some confusion on board. Presently the captain found me and began to make excuse. 'Let your worship have no fear,' said he, 'though it is too rough to land; and indeed it is too rough to go on to Gibraltar; so since God wills it so, we must lie to all night and to-morrow—yes, be sure, to-morrow your worship will land in a serene weather.' But I would not agree; for indeed I was afraid of nothing save of staying on his ship; since, to speak truth, I was too ill to fear anything at all. He looked at me sadly, much as he would have looked at a child who persists in wickedness; while all the sea was subject to the wind, and the wide bay was full of great racing waves, and the sky was filled with the sun.

And it happened that not long after some Moors put off from shore in a small boat that I could see now and then on the heights of waves. Slowly, not without difficulty, during more than half an hour they made way towards us, past the four great warships that lay there watching Tangier. And at last they came within hail, and then slowly and carefully, with shouting and the immense laughter of sailors, they crept alongside inch by inch almost. Figure to yourself a small boat roughly made, manned by seven tall and beautiful men, golden brown in colour, almost naked, who were pulling for dear life, and shouting in the sunshine and the wind like I know not what crew of the ancient world. At last we threw them a rope, and I climbed down the rough rope-ladder that hung from the bulwarks of the ship. I shall not forget how deep the sea seemed to to me then, nor how beautiful the sky; and then, always with a strange joyful singing, wave after wave swept over me as I clung to that little rope-ladder while my fingers were almost broken against the side of the ship in the swing of the sea. At last two huge arms were round me, for a moment I hung between sea and sky, then a great wave covered me—it was green, green, and full of light; and then we were rolling in the bottom of the boat.

Not without difficulty we sheered off at last and began to make the land; while the sailors on the warships, that were rising and falling with so ruthless a dignity during our wild career, roared at us; and indeed it was the most splendid moment of my life that came to me among those strong men pulling for dear life, full of laughter and shouting, while the salt sea dripped from their heads and their beards, and their golden limbs were wet and shining in the sun. Too short, too short was that little moment of splendid danger when we escaped out of the hands of the sea. Too soon we made in safety the little pier, where every sort of person seemed to be assembled—the Moor, a king of men in white burnous and turban, the hideous Riff pirate, the Soudanese slaves, the people of desert naked and unashamed, the sombre, melancholy Jew, and the Spaniard, here certainly at a disadvantage. How can I speak of the noise and the strangeness and the magnificence of these people who, if they were dressed, were clothed beautifully. And indeed at that moment, full of the self-consciousness of an Englishman and a stranger in a strange land, the only land that was not Christian, where the European tradition was ignored, in which I had ever set foot, I seemed to become aware suddenly of my own vulgarity in those hideous tight clothes, of the vulgarity of all European men, not our women but ourselves, beside these splendid people so beautiful and tall and strong. To them we must seem colourless, bleached, without the virility of the desert, ignorant of the strength of the hills. I was almost glad that it was already dusk when I entered the city gate in the company of one who told me his name was Muhammed Dukali.

## XXI

## TANGIER

THE little city of Tangier, rising from a hillside of red earth which ends a great bay covered with huge waves all white and intense blue, is a sight that, seen for the first time, is an impression for ever. Behind the city are the mountains and the desert, and away to the right and left a fierce rocky coast thrusts back the sea, which in the wind is like the hosts of an archangel. Within the city, if you will, you may find all your dreams. It is as though suddenly you had half-remembered something that for a lifetime you had forgotten. And for me, at least, it was as though I had seen all that strange Arab life before, perhaps in my early childhood, when I used to dream over the stories in the Bible, and really feel the heat of Palestine in the anæmic sunshine of an English Good-Friday, or even before that in another life. And so it seems to me that Tangier itself is either the most wonderful place we have ever seen, or it is nothing. Certainly those who tell you they know the East, tell you too at all times that Tangier is nothing; just a semi-European city full of filth. But for me it was the very East; and for the Europeans, I saw them not.

I entered the city of Tangier by the eastern gate; Muhammed Dukali carrying a little lantern to guide my feet, for it was night. I shall not easily forget the darkness and the immense silence as we made our way along the beach; nor the beauty of that night of stars. As we went softly over the sand trodden all day by hundreds of donkeys and mules, and I was thinking how low the Bear was in the northern sky, I became aware of an indescribable figure wearily dragging itself towards us; it did not crawl over the loose sand of the way, but really dragged itself almost on its belly, till suddenly, with a cry, it thrust out its hand before me and asked an alms. I cannot express the weariness and the mournfulness of that human voice in the silence; and almost before I was fully aware Muhammed swiftly dragged me aside, and cursed the beggar in his own tongue. Then I saw that indeed it was a leper 'as white as snow,' who still thrust a mutilated hand towards me, a hand that glistened in the starlight. . . . I was breathless when at last we came to the city gate. Within, the silence was broken. Every sort of person may be found in the streets of Tangier, naked and clothed, bond and free, Gentile and Israelite; and I have seen, as it were, Christ and his disciples sleeping on the stones of the street.

. . . . . . .

It was Sunday when I first saw the city under the sun. I made my way into the narrow steep streets by that same eastern gate which had seemed so beautiful to me on the night before. Nor was I disappointed in the sunlight. For beside the gate there is a fountain, and at the fountain five nude Soudanese were filling their goatskins with water. It was a scene from the ancient world, full of simplicity, an aspect of life that was, almost by chance, quite beautiful; beautiful really, just because it was life simple and real, and without affectation or excuse. And to me, who have to put up for the most part with mere mediocrity and ugliness, or at the best with beauty quite divorced from life, the splendour of the attitudes, the strength, assurance, and freedom of the gestures of those men naked in the sunshine, was a kind of revelation, emancipating me in a moment, as it were, from the materialism of the modern world. And, indeed, something of this absence of mediocrity in a life where just to live appears so easy and so pleasant, seems to me to be perhaps the great characteristic of Tangier. The Arabs flit to and fro, like ghosts almost, their feet slippered, dressed for the most part in white, their shaved heads wrapped in turbans that give I know not what new dignity to the face. Everywhere, too, the Jews pass and repass, sombre, silent men in dark-coloured gaberdines, and the curious round cap that they are compelled to wear in this country, where even among a kindred race they seem to have no friends; a strange people, without vulgarity for once, as silent and as full of dignity as the Moor, but scarcely so inaccessible, their women at any rate passing up and down the streets quite freely without hiding their faces, which, however, are seldom beautiful. And everywhere among that crowd of Negroes, Soudanese, Bedouins, and half-breeds, innumerable asses doggedly pushed their way laden with merchandise, pricked on by boys in fez and white garments, or by huge blacks from the interior, who, with one great hand on the flank of their beasts, really thrust it through the crowd, uttering strange cries, seemingly unconscious of the Europeans, whom their asses shoulder out of the way.

It is in the Sokko or market-place, just outside the southern gate of the city, that one becomes conscious that one is at last really in Africa, that Europe is far away, only dimly to be seen over the sea. It is a huge bare brown hillside, this Sokko, covered with little triangular tents and stalls, where old and hideous women squat before a pile of faggots, that they have brought a great distance, almost bent double under their loads, as you may see them almost anywhere in the country round the city. Thousands of people were assembled there on that Sunday morning when I first saw the place, and the noise was like the voice of a great city of the desert. Everywhere there was life, real life, sweating under that fierce sun, and often as beautiful as in the ancient world. In some of these tiny tents sat men in gorgeous caftans, selling every sort of apparel, velvet drawers from the harems of Fez and Mekinez, beautiful soutanes and swords, and shoes of red or yellow leather, or basins of burnished brass or tin kettles and hardware from Europe. Everywhere the water-carriers went about selling water 'in the name of Allah,' or men almost overwhelmed by some horrible disease, cripples, blind people, men in every condition of putrefaction, covered with sores, begged again in the name of Allah from those who passed by. A little to one side a noble-looking old man in soutane and turban, with bare feet and legs, and beautiful expressive hands, recited to a listening circle of people the acts of the Prophet. Every now and then he would pause and play a little desert air, the formless tune of a nomad people, on his tiny Arab guitar. His face was pure and splendid: he was a poet. And, indeed, it was Homer that I saw in the midst of that attentive throng, Homer reciting the 'Wrath of Achilles' to the people of Chios, in days that we cannot forget. Not far away I found the snake-charmer piping to his swaying serpents; and the air he played was sad and full of the melancholy of the desert, such an air as Wagner wrote for the shepherd in the third act of 'Tristan und Isolde'; so like it indeed that it is difficult to believe that he never heard this Arab music.

I heard the same air again in that limitless country that is everywhere around Tangier, without roads, without houses, without life, where are only the uplifted hills and the strength of the desert, as I watched a caravan of twenty-five camels crossing the desert from Fez many days later, and it seemed to me that in that music all the tragedy of the Arabs, that people of the desert who have no abiding city, is hidden and expressed.

. . . . . . .

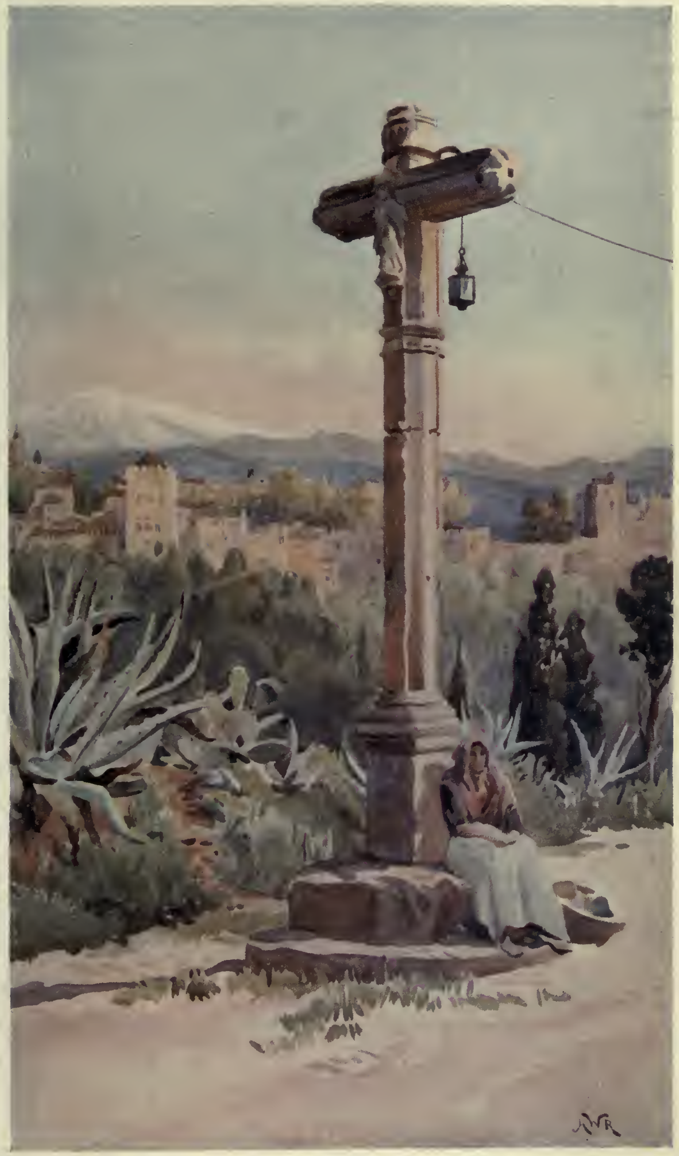
The mosques, those strangely silent, reticent sanctuaries of Islam, are, in Morocco at any rate, forbidden to the infidel. Almost as simple as the houses which shut them in, they are, as seen from the outside at least, beautiful, because of their towers, from which five times in the day you may hear the call to prayer float out over the city like a violet banner, a great beautiful plainsong, in which you may discern all the fatalism and mystery of the Arab soul. The chief mosque in Tangier stands not far from the eastern gate, and indeed not far from the centre of the European town. Past its doors all day streams the whole life of Tangier, that sinister life where in every man's heart almost you may discover hatred of his brother. And, indeed, that is after all the great characteristic of the city; for wherever you may be, as you pass through the Sokko, or through the dingy streets of the city itself, or warily, almost keeping your eyes for the most part on the ground, you hardly know why, in the white kasaba that rises like a tomb out of the city, some Jew will scowl at you since you are not of his race; some Arab will spit and curse you as an infidel and dog, since his prophet is not yours; some negro will thrust you out of the way because he is the slave of a great lord; some woman will cross the street lest you, Christian as she thinks you, should defile her with the wind of your coat. It is a city of hatred. Even your own heart accuses you; for here the European tradition, that priceless dream which we have saved from the ruins of Athens, the débris of Rome, the mysticism of the Middle Age, the brutality and barbarism of the Reformation, the commercialism of to-day, has no place, and you yourself are an intruder, and an unwelcome guest. Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians, Spaniards, and English, one after another Tangier has imperturbably tired them out, overwhelmed them with hatred, watched them depart with satisfaction. Unlike Tetuan, she has even forgotten Spain and the city of Granada: she is content to wait for the moment when there shall be indeed in all Morocco no God but Allah; and in the meantime the European, overwhelmed by the sinister reticence of those about him, awaits his opportunity to repay hatred with hatred, scorn with scorn, and in place of the inviolate temples of Islam to set up, not the Church of Jesus, but the brutal warehouses of the modern world, marking the road to Fez with the placards of his own contrivances, when even the desert shall blossom with advertisements written again over the grave of man in three tongues, in English and French and German.

But I, who have seen the ragged splendid army of the Sultan, cannot but smile when I remember those uplifted hills to the south, and the strong silent dignity of the Arab; that people of the mountains whom even the Romans failed to bring under their yoke. And now that I am far away, it is the sad unchangeable voice of the muezzin I seem to hear, calling, calling from the towers of the mosques, calling the children of the desert to defend their own.

. . . . . . .

As I was riding at sunset along the last cliffs of Africa beyond Cap Spartel, by chance I met a goat-herd who, in the cool of the evening, was leading his goats to a fresh pasture. He was clothed about the shoulders and

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNI



WAYSIDE CROSS, NEAR GRANADA

the loins with a rough sheepskin, in his hand was a long staff, and as he went slowly among the flowers he sang, to one of those strange tones so like a sorrowful plainsong, the following verses:—

'How bitter is my heart . . .
For the days that are fled away,
For the days of my joy,
O fair land of Andalusia, that I have lost,
I will never forget thee.

Allah . . . remember me—
I have dwelt in Granada,
In the house of the Falconers;
And a woman taught me love
In the evenings before night-fall.

And I planted a garden
With all kinds of flowers,
To rejoice the eyes of love;—
But she too, my gazelle, is fled away,
Who was fairer than the dawn,
Who was sweeter than the morning.
How bitter is my heart . . .
O fair land of Andalusia that I have lost,
In the desert I will remember thee.—

Allah . . .
Out of thy favour . . .'

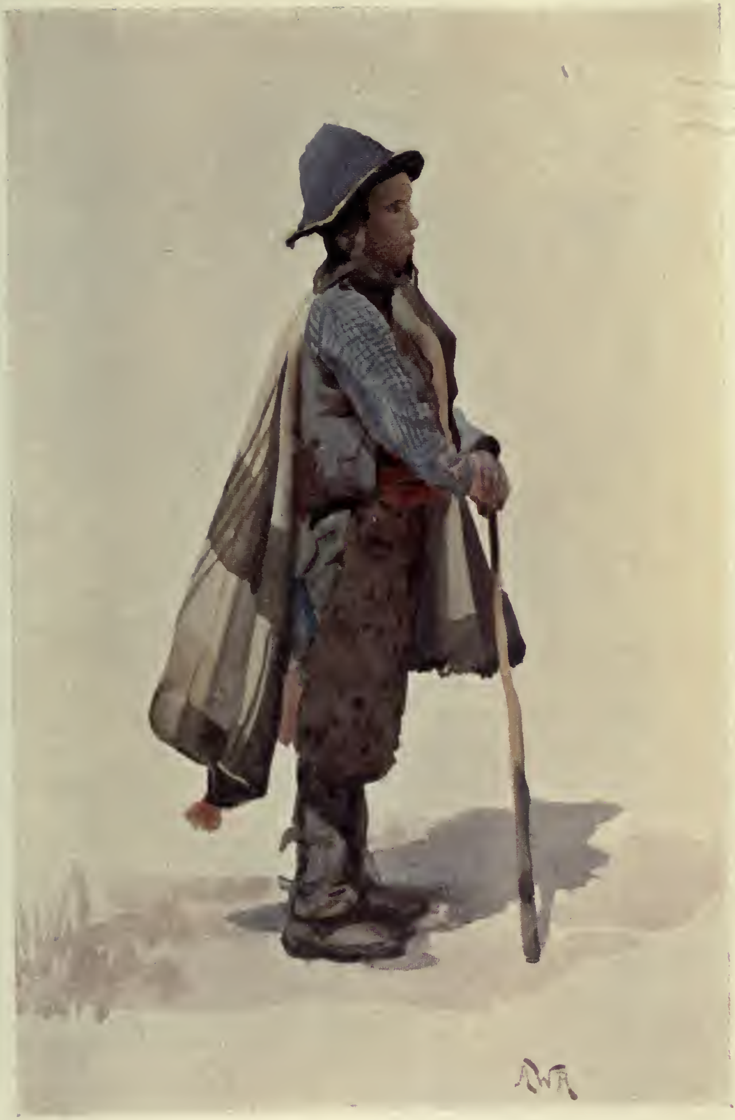
The song, that came to me on the wind, slowly died away; night was coming over the sea, and already, far away in the west, a great star hung in the sky. And it was with this song in my heart that I set out not many days later for 'that fair land of Andalusia,' great with ruins, over whose gates the name of Allah has been hidden by the tender name Mary, in whose streets now there is so seldom a song.

# XXII

# MÁLAGA

TO come to Málaga from Tangier is to enter Spain really through the gate of Paradise, where are still to be found all the sunshine, the fruits, and flowers of the forgotten garden where man caught his first glimpse of woman and presently loved her. And after many days spent in idleness in that white city by the blue sea, it is really as the last outpost in Europe which the Arab still possesses, not materially it may be, but certainly in spirit nevertheless, that you come to think of her, a city where there is nothing at all to see, save the city herself. She still keeps something of the simple unbewildered life that one has observed with so much uneasiness, as it were, in Tetuan, for instance, or, if one is fortunate, in Fez itself, that city of running waters in the midst of the desert. So you pass through the Alameda to the Cathedral, and thence to the Alcazaba and the Gibralfaro without interest almost, certainly without emotion, your attention all the time being really caught by the strange life of the port, the oldest and most famous Spanish port of the Mediterranean, as you remind yourself, by the life of the streets, the beauty of the hills covered with vines, of the valleys scattered with flowers, of the sea that brings I know not what ancient beauty to the city which for so long has lived by it, and of the sky that it seems is here always serene and clear with a sort of beatitude, an almost pagan blessedness, the mere absence of the

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



A SHEPHERD BOY OF ANDALUSIA

distress of rain, of the mediocrity that overwhelms everything on a rainy day in the north. And certainly Málaga, which enjoys the finest climate in Europe, with but thirty-nine days in the whole year on which a drop of rain falls, is destined, as it were, by nature for a city of pleasure where just to live is enough, that you may be glad of the hot sun and the cold sea, and know the relief of evening after the languor of the day. And so, while you will find but little art in Málaga, almost no architecture or painting, and but little sculpture after all; for, in spite of the interest of those carved wooden statues of saints by Pedro de Mena in the cathedral, they are rather realistic than beautiful, and while they remain perhaps the most significant expression of the Spaniard in sculpture, they are so much less than we had expected, so much less satisfying than the simple sincere work of the Tuscans, Luca della Robbia, for instance, or Mino da Fiesole, that we soon grow weary of their vain effort to express life divorced from beauty; it is yet as the home, as it were, of a very characteristic and living art that Málaga will remain in the memory of those who are fortunate enough to have discovered it.

Those strange songs, half chant, half love-song, lyrical so sullenly, so sadly almost, and with a new sort of rhythm that is in reality but the oldest music of all, greet you everywhere in Southern Spain, and strangely enough, as we may think of anything so difficult for the modern ear, are more popular than the national songs, are indeed fast taking their place with the people, even in so conservative a country as La Mancha. Malagueñas they call them, songs of Málaga, and indeed in Málaga you hear almost nothing else. Sung to the guitar, the strings have often a more important place in them than the voice itself; for after a long introduction in which you learn, perhaps for the first time, the extraordinary beauty that may be drawn by skilful fingers from an instrument seemingly so limited, the voice breaks in suddenly, on a high note long drawn out, almost startling in its fierceness, its profound and passionate sadness. It is like some tragic thing that has befallen in the desert, like a mood of the soul that has at last become unbearable agony, that must express itself, like a sudden apprehension of fate which is about to overwhelm everything. Gradually, with many swift or reluctant turns, the voice descends into the melody itself, almost a Gregorian tone, and yet without the assurance, the precision of that chant which is the foundation of everything that has been accomplished in music since the sixth century, and it may be even before that, and which in its perfect intervals assured Europe of her musical future. But while something may be found in the simpler Malagueñas, certainly, of the third Gregorian tone, it is really a music more primitive than the plainsong that you come upon, quite by chance, in the cities of Andalusia. That it has much in common with Greek music, perhaps through the Moor, perhaps through the Phœnician, is, I think, capable of proof; but whether it be more than the common likeness that is to be found in all primitive music, in the resemblance, for instance, that you may discover in so northern a thing as an old Scottish air to the Eastern music of swords and gongs accompanying a plaintive sort of chant, in the likeness of the curious wail of the bagpipe itself to much Arab music, it is difficult to determine; for indeed almost nothing has been written by musicians at any rate, of the Malagueña, and it is only with difficulty you may find one noted down truly, or as truly as may be, in modern notation.[1]

[1] Grove, *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, under 'Song' says that P. Lacome has noted a Malagueña in *Échos d'Espagne* (Durand et fils, Paris); for me, at least, it is a poor specimen, anæmic and attenuated.

You come upon this music quite by chance, I said, in speaking of the Malagueña; and indeed that is one of its greatest delights; it is almost always by chance that you hear them. Here in Málaga, for instance, not one traveller in a thousand ever discovers the *Chinitas*, that little café in the Caleta, which is certainly, in its irresponsible perverse way, the one real school of art in Spain. There, it is true, you may hear the Malagueña sung or danced and played by artists, unconscious of their perfection, anxious it may be to better themselves, to go to Madrid, to Paris, to Berlin, where in a minute they will be quite spoiled by the vulgarity of the music-hall that will take the place of the racy freedom and robustness of the little dancing-hall of Málaga. Yes, within those dingy, disreputable walls, something seems to have been expressed, to have escaped from its captivity; and yet, while you have still all the colour and passion of so rare a thing, some nuance, I know not what, I know not why, seems to have vanished away, to have lost itself in that narrow room, so that really the song is less beautiful there than when sung on the quays or in some patio at midday.

There are other arts beside those of singing and dancing that you will find at the *Chinitas*, better almost than anywhere else in Spain: the art of poetry, for instance, really in its primitive form, a kind of impromptu wrung from the poet half intoxicated by music, by emotion, by the curious giddy madness of the castanets. Peculiar, it might seem, to a land so languid about art as Spain, so little aware of anything that it has not made its own, so indifferent to mere beauty, so anxious for life, those curiously fascinating moments in which you may see, as it were, the very art of the poet practised before you, the delicate handling of words that have really been born out of a vision, are to the Spaniard in their excitement, in their rather terrible energy, their extraordinary promise of beauty, much akin to the more brutal but not less eager moments of the bull-fight, when some extraordinarily beautiful feat of sword play or daring is about to take place.

Through a frankly noisy crowd full of laughter, amid all the freedom of the café, two women and an old man thread their way to a sort of platform at the end of the room. One of the women, old and ugly, and yet not without that distinction which seems always to wait on old age here in Spain, sits beside the old man, who tunes his guitar at the back of the stage; the other, still young, with a sad and eager face, sits before them on a chair, alone, facing the noisy crowd. For a minute or two the old man continues to tune his guitar, and then quite suddenly he strikes a beautiful and suggestive chord that dies away into a kind of chant, played with much art on that instrument, so little known out of Spain. The old woman beats time with her foot, clapping her hands, and from time to time uttering strange cries, cries that in some way, I cannot explain, seem to excite that motley crowd, which has suddenly grown so silent, till they, too, are full of eagerness, of energy. Now and again from among them some one cries out in answer. The girl seated alone in the midst of the stage seems to be asleep, a sort of drowsiness has overwhelmed her; her arms hang listlessly at her sides, her head has fallen on her breast. Still the old woman beats her hands together passionately, angrily almost, her cries seem to burst from a heart, full of rage and fury, that is about to break. Now and then the girl rocks a little in her chair, the old man continues his endless melody, passionate and sad, on the guitar. An immense seriousness has fallen upon the crowd. Near me is a woman, her hand lying in the hand of a man, still young, who sits beside her; there are tears in her eyes, and his fingers have ceased to press hers; he has forgotten her, he is waiting almost with anxiety for something to declare itself, for some revelation, it might seem. Everywhere around me are eager faces, that for a moment seem to have lost the harshness that daily life has pressed upon them, that have forgotten everything, and have attained to a sort of simplicity that you may often find in the faces of those who are sleeping. The figure in the midst of the stage seems almost to have collapsed, to have fallen on to itself, and then, suddenly, as the old woman furiously cries out, and in frenzy beats her hands together with a sort of menace, almost threatening in its intensity, a shiver passes over the girl, the red carnation in her black hair trembles, in a moment a mask seems to have fallen from her face, her eyes are wide open, dilated, her mouth widens, becomes almost immense, almost terrible in its effort of articulation; closes a little, and becomes beautiful as she is about to utter the beautiful words; and then, as it were thrusting back the excited, panting crowd with her hands, at last she speaks :—

'Thou art dead who wast my love but yesterday,
I am alone, alone, in the world that has lost thee,
I am a flower born in the shadow of a sepulchre. . . .
        Ah, let me die.'

The lamentable cry of the old woman bears the last note away; a splendid and beautiful chord throbs on the guitar; the girl is transfigured, her eyes are burning in her pallid face, she leans forward, and again in a higher and more passionate melody, slowly like falling rose-leaves, the words drop from her lips :—

'Let me press my mouth to the wound of thy mouth,
For my arms ache for thee, and thou shalt come between them,
And our souls shall be confounded in a kiss. . . .
        Ah, let me die.'

Gradually the melody falls again into the lower key; like an immense curtain falling over life, the last words come to us; her eyes are dying, her lids are so heavy that she can hardly hold them open:—

'Neither with thee can I live, nor without thee,
And for my trouble there is no remedy,
When I was with thee thou killedst me—without thee I shall die.—
Ah, let me die.'

With an immense shout of applause the audience hurl hats, pence, and flowers on to the stage at her feet, but she seems to be sleeping; the old woman grovels for the halfpence, slowly the guitar sobs into silence.

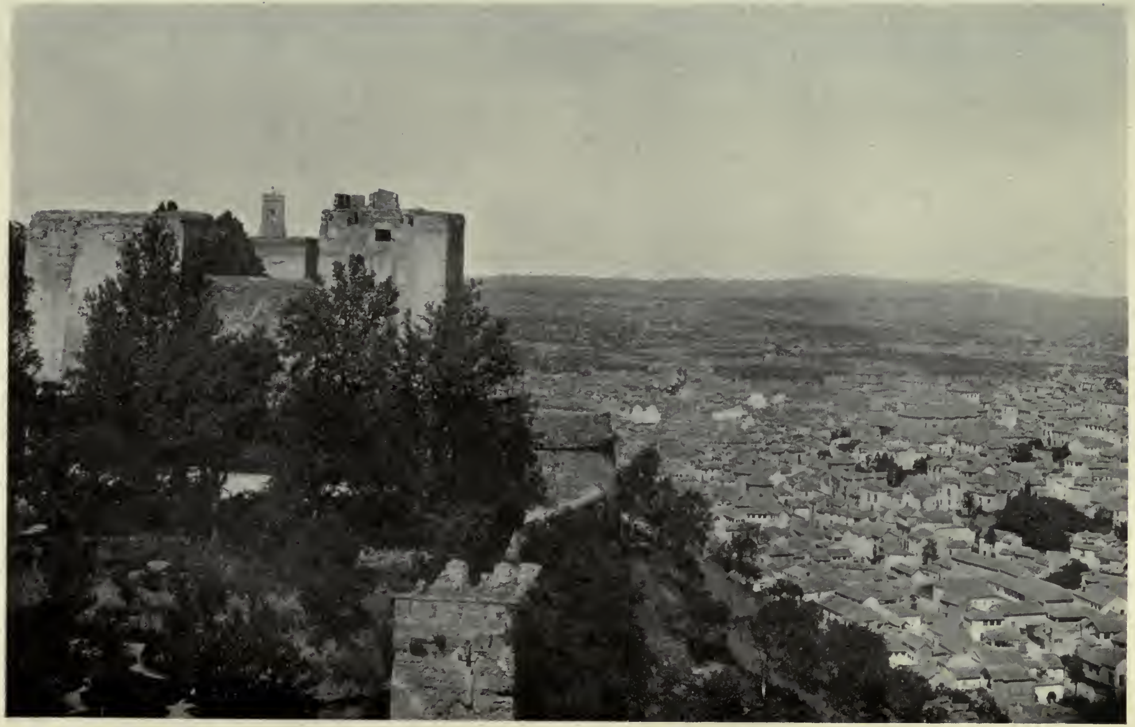
## XXIII

## GRANADA

GRANADA is a dead city, the colour of dust, shrunken and thirsty, continually burning away, at the foot of a hill on the confines of a great plain. Above her, like a beautiful acropolis, the Alhambra rises among the woods, where there is always the sound of living waters, and where in springtime the nightingales sing all day from dawn till dusk, from sunset till morning. A city of furious and arid heat, almost surrounded by snow mountains, though palm-trees grow in her streets, before her stretches the Vega like a sea almost, very fertile and beautiful, watered still by the wonderful contrivance of the Moors, who here at any rate have made the very desert bring forth abundance.

Granada herself, utterly fallen from her high estate, without learning, without self-respect, without trade, full of vanity, has but little of interest for the traveller. The cathedral, it is true, is a fine building in the Renaissance style, where among other glories you may find the tombs of the Catholic kings, pictures by Alonso Cano of the life of the Virgin—his masterpiece, as it is said—a St. Francis by Greco, a Magdalen by Ribera, and most surprising, and perhaps most delightful of all, a triptych by Dietrich Bouts of the Descent from the Cross, with the Crucifixion and the Resurrection on either side; while not far away, though really without the city, is the desecrated Cartuja, the Charter-house, as we should say, a plateresque building full of rubbish where an eighteenth-century sacristy, vulgar and gaudy, is shown to the traveller as the 'chief sight' of the monastery. It is not really in Granada at all that our delight lies, but in the hill of the Alhambra, that hill of running waters, where the palace of the Moors, sadly mutilated and spoiled, but still exquisite though destroyed, rewards us for our difficult journey hither.

It is impossible to express the strange sensuous impression that this burning city, surrounded by far-away snow and full of the music of many waters, makes on one. You seem ever to be wandering in a ruined, forsaken garden where the only living things are the fountains that have not yet been silenced, the flowers that have not yet had time to die. As you stand at sunset on the ramparts by the old 'vermilion towers,' Torres Bermejas, the city at your feet seems to be built of ivory, of ivory perhaps a little tarnished, fragile and full of silence, about to be overtaken by some new disaster. Far away the Alpujarras, capped with snow, and the Sierra de Alhama rise like an ardent and savage cry into the profound heaven; in the distance of evening you may even see the gorge of Loja, the round mountain of Parapanda, 'the barometer of the Vega.' Beyond the valley of the Darro, rocky and covered with gleaming stones and caves like old tombs, rises the Albaicin, in whose holes the gipsies live; to the right behind you lies the palace of the Alhambra and the Generalife, and beyond these a little to the left over the valley is the Sacro Monte and then San Miguel el Alto; while far away to the west stretches the Vega, thirty miles in length, 'guarded like Eden by a wall of mountains.' Below lies the dying city shining, now that the sun has set, in the twilight, like an antique moonstone, immense and almost spectral in its mystery. And as you pass homeward through the cool woods where all night



GRANADA FROM THE ALHAMBRA

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

long you may listen to the song of the fountains, it is ever of that tragic city that you think, a place so old and so miserable, where every one is unhappy with hatred, envy, despair, and poverty. . . .

Coming in the morning perhaps to the Alameda de la Alhambra from the city itself, you pass those vermilion towers again that guard the Monte Mauror, entering the Alhambra at last by the Puerta de las Granadas; and immediately you are in the woods, a beautiful park of elm-trees planted by the Duke of Wellington in 1812. Three avenues meet there: that to the left leading at once to the Alhambra Palace, while the middle roadway passes the hotels and the Generalife, coming at last to the cemetery far away in the sierra; the pathway to the right leads to the Torres Bermejas, and then passing up and down through the woods gains the crest of the hill, affording on the way many a view of the city, rejoining the roadway at last close to the hotels. Following the pathway to the left, the Cuesta Empedrada, really the oldest approach to the Alhambra, you come at last along a somewhat rough way to the Puerta Judiciaria, the Gate of Judgment, a tower and a gateway—the Bábu-sh-sharia'h of the Moors—the Gate of the Law, where the Moor met his enemy before those judges and officers who sat there in judgment 'to judge the people with just judgment,' as you may read of the Jews in the Bible. Built by Yusuf I. in 1348, it is really a double gate, such a place perhaps as that in which David waited for news of Absalom, sitting 'between the two gates' while the watchman went up on to the roof waiting for the messenger. Beautiful in its simplicity and strength, three men might here defeat an army, for the way turns and turns within the tower so that not more than two may come in together. To-day it is empty, for over the arch the figure of Mary has hidden the name of Allah, and there is no justice in Spain; yet still the 'key by which God opens the heart of believers,' that mystical symbol of the Sufis, remains in the shadow of the inner arch. Within is another gate, and then you come upon the immense Renaissance Palace of Charles V., already a ruin, built with tribute paid by the Moors. It stands like a Vandal amid the flower-like work of the Arab, that architecture delicate and strong which it sought to humble by its mere size, its ridiculous seriousness, its immensity, its ignorant contempt.

Not far away across the Plaza Nueva rises the Alcazába—the citadel—built on the sheer side of the hill, an unconquerable fortress you might think, which to-day is just a garden full of flowers: roses, lilies, forget-me-nots and magnolias surrounding the great Torre de la Vela, a watch-tower eighty-five feet high, from which you may see all the kingdom of Granada from the mountains to the desert.

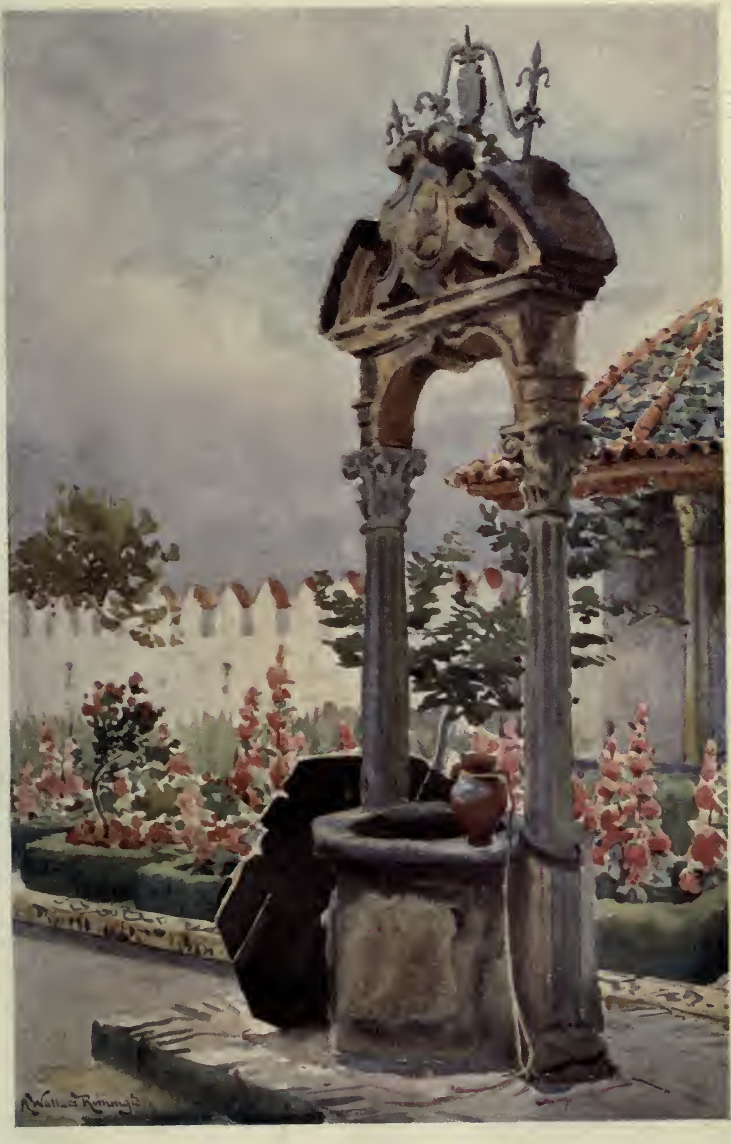
It is not a simple monument, that Moorish palace which crowns the hill of the Alhambra; it is like a city rising into the sunlight from the immense shadow that girds it round about, a 'quarter' through whose streets ever passes the wind that has just blown over the snow, and in whose courts and patios ever burns the sun of Africa. Everywhere there is silence—a silence really only more profound since it is broken by the song of the fountains that still remember the purity, the coldness, of the eternal snows. As you pass through room after room, court after court, in which there is only music, the endless music of running water, the persistent voluptuous throb of the fountains seems to express everything that has befallen a place so fair, so unfortunate. And, indeed, in some way I cannot explain, the Alhambra is the saddest place in Spain, full of the melancholy of satisfied desire, of a dream that has come true, that has, as it were, been spoiled by just that. In every room there is nothing but our dreams; no space on the wall, the roof or the floor, not a foot of pavement but man has redeemed it from silence, has separated it from the brute earth by the labour of his hands. And yet it is not overloaded with ornament as every plateresque building of the Spaniard always is; for the decoration here is nothing but a pleasing roughness upon the wall, an accidental play almost of the thoughts and dreams of men, at least to eyes that cannot read what is written there on the walls between which men have sung songs, on the floors where girls have danced for them, on the roofs that have listened to their laughter, their weeping, their vows of love, their eager or tired voices. We may place the Mosque of Córdova beside Greek work and still perhaps find it splendid; and though I, at least, cannot do that with the Alhambra, it yet remains perhaps the most lovely monument in Spain, certainly the most delightful, the most fascinating; the memorial of a people greater, after all, in every virtue of civilisation than those fierce fanatics who expelled them.

. . . . . . .

To attempt to describe the palace of the Alhambra again since it has been done so often and nearly always in vain, might seem to be a thankless task enough. I shall content myself therefore with an account, the best I ever read in English, written by Henry Swinburne in the eighteenth century, which is not only as full of detail as may well be, but a very interesting description of the Alhambra as it was a hundred and fifty years ago; so that while I despair of evoking for the reader any vision of the place as it is, if by chance he visit it and in his idle time should read my book there, he may be able to compare the palace to-day with what it was in the eighteenth century.

'Passing round the corner of the Emperor's Palace,' says Henry Swinburne, 'you are admitted at a plain, unornamented door in a corner.' It is the same to-day. 'On my first visit, I confess, I was struck with amazement, as I stepped over the threshold, to find myself on a sudden transported into a species of fairy-land. The first place you come to is the court called the communa, or del mesucar, that is, the common baths. An oblong square, with a deep basin of clear water in the middle, two flights of marble steps leading down to the bottom, on each side a parterre of flowers and a row of orange-trees. Round the court runs a peristyle paved with marble; the arches bear upon every flight pillars, in proportions and style different from all the regular orders of architecture. The ceilings and walls are incrustated with fretwork in stucco, so minute and intricate, that the most patient draughtsman would find it difficult to follow it unless he made himself master of the general plan. This would facilitate the operation exceedingly, for all this work is frequently and regularly repeated at certain distances, and has been executed by means of square moulds applied successively, and the parts joined together with the utmost nicety. In every division are Arabic sentences of different lengths, most of them expressive of the following meanings: "There is no conqueror but God," or "Obedience and honour to our Lord Abouabdoulah." The ceilings are gilt or painted, and time has caused no diminution in the freshness of their colours, though constantly exposed to the air. The lower part of the walls is mosaic, disposed in fantastic knots and festoons. A work so new to me, so exquisitely finished, and so different from all I had ever seen, afforded me the most agreeable sensations, which, I assure you, redoubled every step I took in this magic ground. The porches at the ends are more like grotto-work than anything else I can compare them to. That on the right

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA


A Wallace Rimmington

IN A GARDEN OF ANDALUSIA

hand opens into an octagon vault, under the Emperor's Palace, and forms a perfect whispering-gallery meant to be a communication between the offices of both houses.

'Opposite to the door of the communa through which you enter, is another leading into the Quarto de los leones, or apartment of the lions, which is an oblong court one hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth, environed with a colonnade seven feet broad on the sides and ten at the end. Two porticos or cabinets, about fifteen feet square, project into the court at the two extremities. The square is paved with coloured tiles, the colonnade with white marble. The walls are covered five feet up from the ground with blue and yellow tiles, disposed chequerwise. Above and below is a border of small escutcheons, enamelled blue and gold, with an Arabic motto on a bend, signifying, "No conqueror but God." The columns that support the roof and gallery are of white marble, very slender and fantastically adorned. They are nine feet high, including base and capital, and eight inches and an half diameter. They are very irregularly placed, sometimes singly, at others in groups of three, but more frequently two together. The width of the horse-shoe arches above them is four feet two inches for the large ones, and three for the smaller. The ceiling of the portico is finished in a much finer and more complicated manner than that of the communa, and the stucco laid on the walls with inimitable delicacy; in the ceiling it is frosted and handled with astonishing art. The capitals are of various designs, though each design is repeated several times in the circumference of the court, but not the least attention has been paid to placing them regularly or opposite to each other. You will form a much clearer idea of their style, as well as disposition, from the drawings, than from the most elaborate description I can pen. Not the smallest representation of animal life can be discovered amidst the varieties of foliages, grotesques, and strange ornaments. About each arch is a large square of arabasques, surrounded with a rim of characters that are generally quotations from the Koran. Over the pillars is another square of delightful filligree work. Higher up is a wooden rim, or kind of cornice, as much enriched with carving as the stucco that covers the part underneath. Over this projects a roof of red tiles, the only thing that disfigures this beautiful square. This ugly covering is modern, put on by order of Mr. Wall, the late prime minister, who a few years ago gave the Alhambra a thorough repair. In Moorish times the building was covered with large painted and glazed tiles, of which some few are still to be seen. In the centre of the court are twelve ill-made lions muzzled, their fore-parts smooth, their hind-parts rough, which bear upon their backs an enormous basin, out of which a lesser rises. While the pipes were kept in good order, a great volume of water was thrown up, that, falling down into the basins, passed through the beasts and issued out of their mouths into a large reservoir, where it communicated by channels with the jets d'eau in the apartments. This fountain is of white marble, embellished with many festoons, and Arabic distichs, thus translated:

'"Seest thou not how the water flows copiously, like the Nile?"

'"This resembles a sea washing over its shores, threatening shipwreck to the mariner."

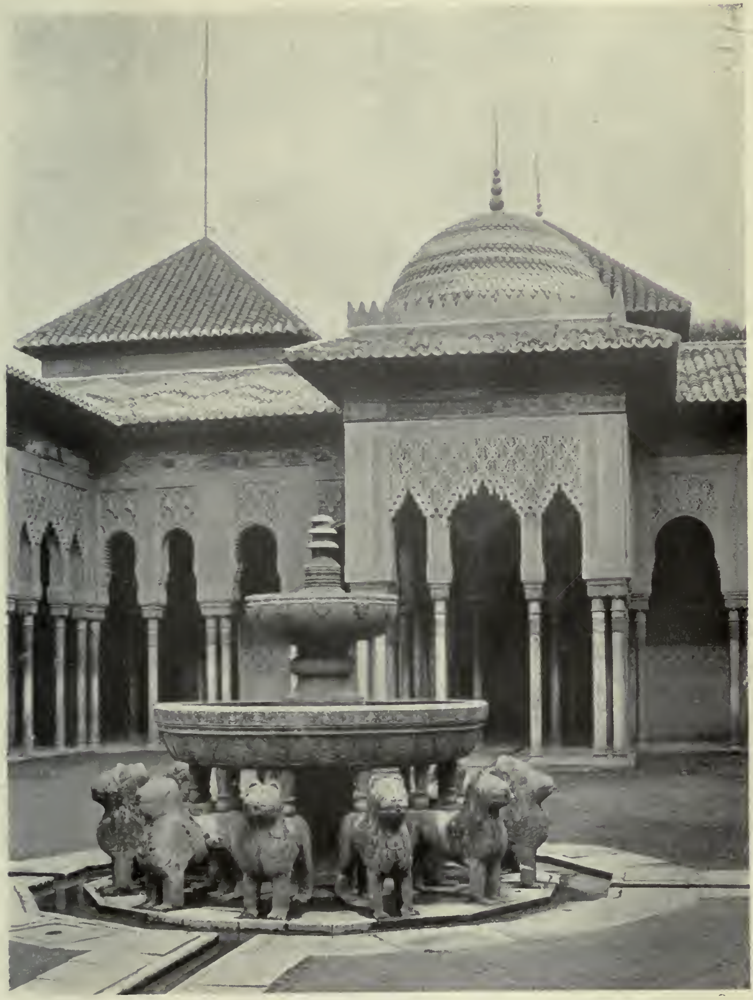
'"This water runs abundantly, to give drink to the lions."

'"Terrible as the lion is our king in the day of battle."

'"The Nile gives glory to the king, and the lofty mountains proclaim it."

'"This garden is fertile in delights; God takes care that no noxious animal shall approach it."

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



THE COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA

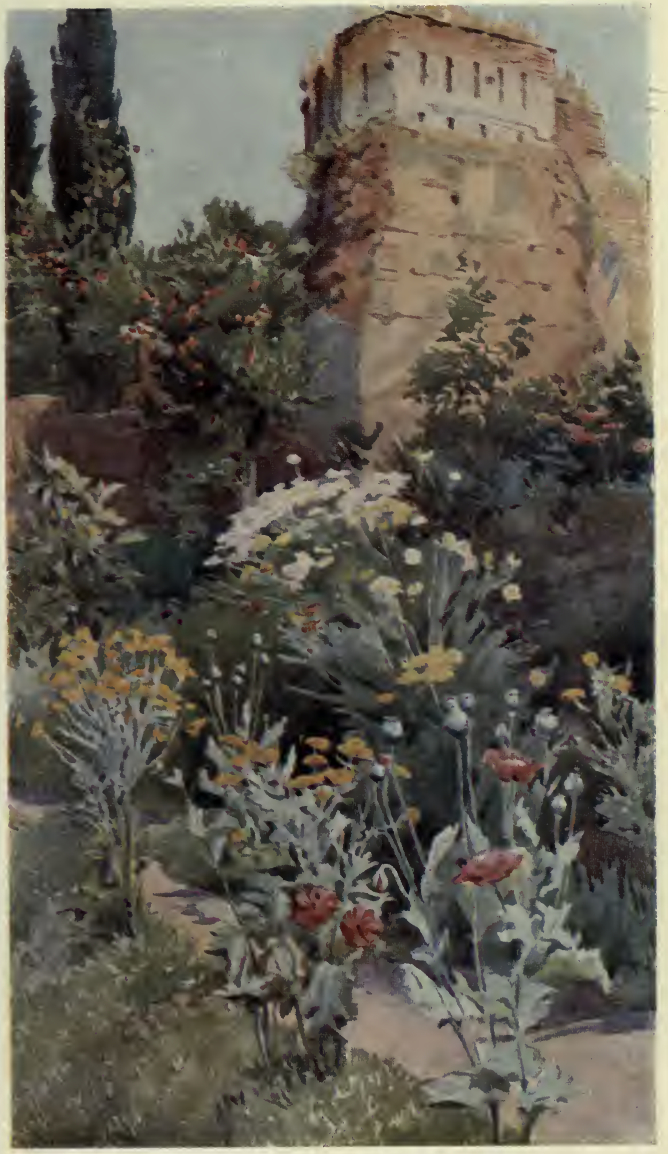
'"The fair princess that walks in this garden, covered with pearls, augments its beauty so much, that thou may'st doubt whether it be a fountain that flows, or the tears of her admirers."[1]

'Passing along the colonnade, and keeping on the south side, you come to a circular room used by the men as a place for drinking coffee and sorbets in. A fountain in the middle refreshed the apartment in summer. The form of this hall, the elegance of its cupola, the cheerful distribution of light from above, and the exquisite manner in which the stucco is designed, painted, and finished, exceed all my powers of description. Everything in it inspires the most pleasing, voluptuous ideas. Yet in this sweet retreat they pretend that Abouabdoulah assembled the Abencerrages, and caused their heads to be struck off into the fountain. Our guide, with a look expressive of implicit faith, pointed out to us the stains of their blood in the white marble slabs, which is nothing more than the reddish marks of iron-water in the quarry, or, perhaps, the effect of being long exposed to the air. Continuing your walk round, you are next brought to a couple of rooms at the head of the court, which are supposed to have been tribunals, or audience-chambers. In the ceiling are three historical paintings, executed with much strength, but great stiffness in the figures and countenances. One of them seems to be a cavalcade; the other the entrance of some princess; and the third a divan. When these were painted, and what they are meant to represent, I could not make out; but our Cicerone naturally adapted them to the history of the Sultana and her four Christian knights. If they are representations of that doubtful story, they must have been painted in the emperor's time, or a little before, for it cannot be supposed that Abouabdoulah would wish to perpetuate the memory of a transaction in which he bore so very weak and dishonourable a part; and, besides, the anathema denounced by the Koran against all representations of living creatures, renders it next to impossible that these pieces should have existed previous to the conquest. The lions of the great fountain may be brought as an argument against my last reason; and, indeed, they show that the Granadine princes, as well as some of the oriental caliphs, who put their own effigy on their coin, ventured now and then to place themselves above the letter of the law. Be this as it will, if these pictures really represent that subject, and their antiquity can be proved to go as far back as the reign of Ferdinand, or at least the beginning of that of Charles, which I take to be no very difficult matter to make out, I should have much greater respect for the authority of Giles Peres than many think him entitled to. It can scarce be supposed that the events of the reign of Abouabdoulah could be so totally forgotten so soon after, that a painter should dare to invent a trial and combat, at which many still living in Granada might have assisted as spectators. Opposite to the Sala de los Abencerrages is the entrance into the Torre de las dos hermanas, or the tower of the two sisters, so named from two very beautiful pieces of marble laid as flags in the pavement. This gate exceeds all the rest in profusion of ornaments and in beauty of prospect, which it affords through a range of apartments, where a multitude of arches terminate in a large window open to the country. In a gleam of sunshine, the variety of tints and lights thrown upon this ensilade are uncommonly rich. I employed much time in making an exact drawing of it from the fountain, and hope it will help you to comprehend what I am

---

[1] This passage is very obscure in the Latin translation. I have endeavoured to make something of it, but it still remains a forced conceit.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNI



IN THE GARDENS OF THE ALHAMBRA

labouring to explain by my narrative. The first hall is the concert-room, where the women sate; the musicians played above in four balconies. In the middle is a jet d'eau. The marble pavement I take to be equal to the finest existing, for the size of the flags and evenness of the colour. The two sisters, which give name to the room, are slabs that measure fifteen feet by seven and a half, without flaw or stain. The walls, up to a certain height, are mosaic, and above are divided into very neat compartments of stucco, all of one design, which is also followed in many of the adjacent halls and galleries. The ceiling is a fretted cove. To preserve this vaulted roof, as well as some of the other principal cupolas, the outward walls of the towers are raised ten feet above the top of the dome, and support another roof over all, by which means no damage can ever be caused by wet weather, or excessive heat and cold. From this hall you pass round the little myrtle-garden of Lindaraxa into an additional building made to the east end by Charles V. The rooms are small and low: his dear motto, *Plus outre*, appears on every beam. This leads to a little tower, projecting from the line of the north wall, called El Tocador, or the dressing-room of the Sultana. It is a small, square cabinet, in the middle of an open gallery, from which it receives light by a door and three corridors. The look-out is charming. In one corner is a large marble flag, drilled full of holes, through which the smoke of perfumes ascended from furnaces below; and here, it is presumed, the Moorish queen was wont to sit to fumigate and sweeten her person. The emperor caused this pretty little room to be painted with representations of his wars, and a great variety of grotesques, which appear to be copies, or at least imitations, of those in the loggie of the Vatican. They have been shamefully abused by idle scribblers; what remains shows them to be the work of able artists. From hence you go through a long passage to the hall of ambassadors, which is magnificently decorated with innumerable varieties of mosaics, and the mottos of all the kings of Granada. This long, narrow antechamber opens into the communa on the left hand, and on the right into the great audience-hall in the tower of Comares, a noble apartment, thirty-six feet square, thirty-six high up to the cornice, and eighteen from thence to the centre of the cupola. The walls on three sides are fifteen feet thick, on the other nine; the lower range of windows thirteen feet high. The whole hall is inlaid with mosaic of many colours, disposed in intricate knots, stars, and other figures. In every part are repeated certain Arabic sentences, the principal of which are the following:

'"The counsel of God and a speedy increase, and give joy to true believers."

'"Praise to God, and to His vicegerent Nazar,[1] who gave this empire, and to our king Abouabdoulah, to whom be peace, elevation, and glory."

'"There is no God but God."

'"Valour, success, and duration to our king Abulhaghagh, king of the Moors; God guide his state and elevate his power!"

'"Praise be to God, for I enliven this dwelling of princes with my beauty and with my crown. I strike firm root; I have fountains of purest water, and handsome apartments; my inhabitants are lords of mighty puissance. May God, who guides His people, protect me, for I attend to the sayings of the holy! I am thus adorned by the hand and liberality of Abulhaghagh, who is a bright moon that casts forth his light over the face of heaven."

---

[1] Nazar is an appellation of eminence, and supposed to mean the famous Emirmoumelin Jacob Almanzar.

'These inscriptions, and many others dispersed over the palace, prove that there is very little of it remaining that is not the work of Abulhaghagh or of Abouabdoulah.

'Having thus completed the tour of the upper apartments, which are upon a level with the offices of the new palace, you descend to the lower floor, which consisted of bedchambers and summer-rooms: the back-stairs and passages, that facilitated the intercourse between them, are without number. The most remarkable room below is the king's bedchamber, which communicated, by means of a gallery, with the upper story. The beds were placed on two alcoves, upon a raised pavement of blue and white tiles; but as it has been repaired by Philip V., who passed some time here, I cannot say how it may have been in former times. A fountain played in the middle, to refresh the apartment in hot weather. Behind the alcoves are small doors that conduct you to the royal baths. These consist in one small closet, with marble cisterns for washing children, two rooms for grown-up persons, and vaults for boilers and furnaces, that supplied the baths with water and the stoves with vapour. The troughs are formed of large slabs of white marble; the walls are beautified with parti-coloured earthenware; light is admitted by holes in the coved ceiling.

'Hard by is a whispering-gallery, and a kind of labyrinth, said to have been made for the diversion of women and children.

'One of the passages of communication is fenced off with a strong iron grate, and called the prison of the Sultana; but it seems more probable that it was put up to prevent anybody from climbing up into the women's quarter.

'Under the council-room is a long slip, called the king's study; and adjoining to it are several vaults, said to be the place of burial of the royal family. In the year 1574 four sepulchres were opened, but as they contained nothing but bones and ashes, were immediately closed again.

'I shall finish this description of the Alhambra, by observing how admirably everything was planned and calculated for rendering this palace the most voluptuous of all retirements; what plentiful supplies of water were brought to refresh it in the hot months of summer; what a free circulation of air was contrived, by the judicious disposition of doors and windows; what shady gardens of aromatic trees; what noble views over the beautiful hills and fertile plains! No wonder the Moors regretted Granada; no wonder they still offer up prayers to God every Friday for the recovery of this city, which they esteem a terrestrial paradise.'

. . . . . . .

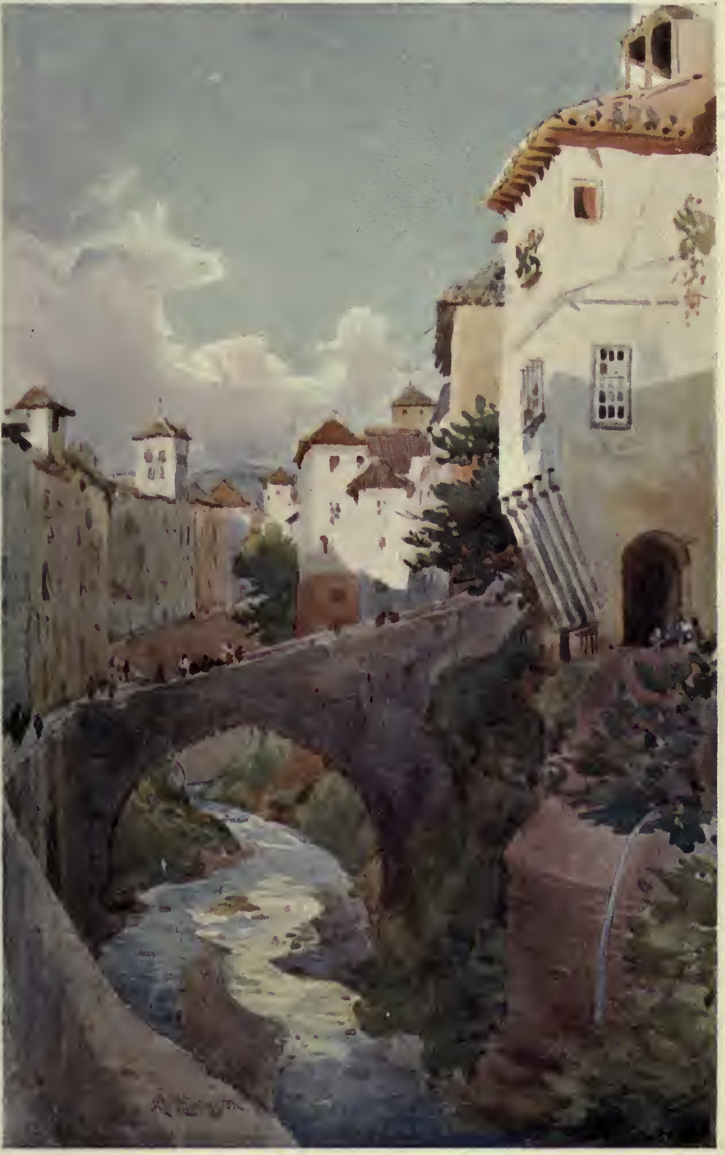
It is strange to wander out of this palace, which is a garden, into the real gardens of the Generalife, built in terraces, where there are innumerable fountains, and staircases, and flights of steps, down the balustrades of which water continually flows, very musical in the heat. And these fountains, so full of beauty and sensuality, throbbing in the sunlight, are really useless, for no one ever seems to wander there, under the orange-trees and magnolias, or to climb the many staircases, to sit in the loggias, or loiter on the shady terraces. I always went there alone, and I met no one there all the time I was in Granada.

To walk there at midday, in perfect silence save for the music of the fountains that came from far and near, utterly alone with the flowers, was like wandering in a dream. If a fruit dropped, even a long way off, I heard it fall; and if, among the many grasshoppers that sang all day, one ceased to sing, I was aware; and, indeed, I could almost hear the wind enter the garden at sunset and pass along the alleys or among the trees, and when it passed me I looked up, not without expectation. And most strange it was, since I loved every living thing that lived there: the water and the butterflies, the trees, the wind, and the blossoms and the leaves, and the very stones of the paths that seemed always about to burst forth into delight; that I was aware that every flower in the garden stirred as I entered the gate; that the fountains listened for a moment, and the green leaves whispered together, and the lilies nodded to the roses, and the roses turned away their heads, for all were afraid. And why they were afraid I do not know; only I am sure that they eyed me uneasily and were glad when I was gone. Why were they afraid? why are they always afraid? Shall we ever know?

To come down into Granada at sunset from the Alhambra and the Generalife is like passing from a dream into the brutal reality of life. The streets are noisy and full of beggars, who follow you with threats, and thrust out their hands demanding alms, and curse you under their breath; and the women watch you sullenly, with envy, curiosity, and hatred. But it is on the Albaicin, among the gipsies, that you will see the most disgusting and piteous sight in Granada. This strange and shameless folk, some five hundred of them, live there, under government supervision, in the holes and caves of the hill. And this dreadful spectacle of degradation and poverty is really the most famous in Granada. You cannot remain half an hour in the city but some miserable citizen, who lives by showing the horrors of his dying city to the stranger, will try to force you, by his importunity, to visit this scene of shame also. And if you are persuaded, your last illusion will vanish when you find that the gipsies are 'on the telephone'; that he—your guide—who has promised you every sort of primitive wonder, marvellous dances as old as Egypt, strange and lovely songs, and a glimpse of beautiful women, makes arrangement for your visit, as a matter of course, through the telephone; and at last, by the same means, orders for himself an ass, since, as he said indeed, the way is steep. I shall not forget the sight of this great, strong man sitting astride the little ass he had hired to impress me, and, of course, to help him cheat me the more easily. And, indeed, the whole affair was full of a brutal sort of humour, racy of the soil, that reconciled me almost to the mere impudence of it.

It was nightfall when we set out, and after a climb of some twenty minutes came, high up on the hill-side, to a cave hewn out of the rock, closed by a door. Within several people were sleeping; the air was fetid; and, in the dim light of a metal lamp, I saw eight persons lying on the floor in every sort of undress, while from the wretched and filthy bed two old women leered at me, and, sitting up, thrust out their hands and demanded money. My guide smiled. 'Gipsies,' said he; 'dogs of gipsies,' and smiled again. We passed on, and came to another cave. Within some one thrummed a guitar. We entered and sat down. Presently seven women, the youngest about seventeen, the oldest more than fifty years old, dressed in horrible cast-off garments from some Spanish music-hall, began to dance by the light of four candles. It was at once an absurd and disgusting sight. Some of the dances—the morongo, the tango, for instance—if danced by pretty girls in trailing dresses, the dress of the Cigarreras of Seville, might have been—how shall I say?—beautiful, alluring, full of provocation and suggestion; but danced by these dreadful, frightful

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNI



IN THE ALBAICIN, GRANADA

people, they were just obscene. All the time one was between laughing and crying. They were pitiful, and brutally disgusting, these old women of fifty, serious and intent on their work, compelling their old, haggard faces to a smile when they caught you watching them, but for the most part merely half-conscious, shambling, twittering, tremulously shaking themselves for pesetas. I cannot describe how disgusting, how pathetically ridiculous it was, and almost unbearable. For there was nothing of art, nothing of joy in a beautiful thing —how could there be?—but it was just so much a lurch for my benefit—mine, who was all the time between laughter and tears. But I cannot express the absurdity of it, the ugliness of this spectacle, which many watched with shouts, and the good humour of the poor among themselves; quite oblivious, too, of any shame there might be in such an exhibition, yet with a sort of fierceness after all that, it may be, shame had put into their hearts!

'Is your worship satisfied?' asked my guide, from behind the dancers.

'You must confess,' said I brutally, 'that they are a little old, these houris; that while they might well have pleased the Great Captain——'

'Let us not stand upon trifles, Señor,' said my guide cheerfully. 'We know it is the dance that is of importance. Everywhere there are old women who forget they are not what they may have been; they have tried to please you. Ah, Señor! since we know they are old, consider how difficult it must be for them.'

'But you told me, Manuel——'

'For me,' said Manuel, 'I am a good Christian and a philosopher; I can bear something less than the best of all——'

At last I came out into the fresh air and the starlight, and I was able to breathe, and to feel ashamed and angry. But when I turned to abuse Manuel, I found him fondling the ass and feeding it with sugar, making excuses to it for the infidel whom, as he said, 'we have brought hither.'

## XXIV

## MURCIA, ALICANTE, AND VALENCIA

THE way from Granada to Murcia and Alicante is long and wearying in the hot weather, and indeed the little eastern cities among the palm-trees, between the mountains and the sea, hardly repay you for the weariness of the way. And yet, since it is still necessary to take the diligence between Guadix and Baza, while almost anywhere else in Spain you may if you will depend on the railway, to pass this way has still a faint semblance of adventure, of the romance of the road, the immense toil and satisfaction of travel, that is so valuable to those who are, for the most part, compelled to travel hurriedly from one place to another hundreds of miles away, between sunrise and sunrise. Leaving Granada early in the morning, you come to Guadix, a little city in the midst of mulberry groves, just before noon, to find the diligence waiting to start for Baza. Dilapidated and dirty-looking, before the end of the day you find it a prison, in which every sort of torture pursues you relentlessly: mercilessly you are dragged by the mules, over a road that in parts is scarcely more than a track, through one of the strangest and most desolate countries of the world. Before you stretches an immense desert, covered by tall esparto grass, in which forgotten tribes of gipsies hide themselves, really burrowing homes for themselves in the dry undergrowth among the sand-hills, or in the thirsty watercourses that have no water.

The whole country is broken up like an angry sea almost into great billows of rock and sand. To come to Baza at nightfall, from the sadness and brutality of that desert, is to experience one of the most exquisite joys known to the traveller. For though the view is of an unspeakable wretchedness, to have found any city in that desolate place is like coming home. All day, for my comfort, I reminded myself continually how near I was to Madrid ; and, at last, to convince myself of safety, of the nearness of that civilisation I seemed to have lost so completely, to relieve myself of the immense loneliness that seemed to have imprisoned me, in spite of the horrible jolting of the diligence, the terrible heat of the sun, the suffocating dust of the way, with agony and delight I made out a time-table, to prove to myself how soon I could be in Madrid!

Even the tourist, I suppose, knows those bad moments that the traveller experiences, not so frequently after all, in which he would give all he possesses to be for a single night in his own bed, to spend but one evening with those he loves, to feel, if only for a moment, the pressure of a beloved hand. In the immense loneliness that surrounds us always, only the familiarity of the scenes around us, the love we have been able to save, entice us to forget that each soul, 'as a solitary prisoner,' keeps its own dream of a world ; that we are always far away and alone. But in strange cities, or by some river under the trees or at the saddest part of a road, how often on a far journey are we compelled to look into our own hearts, as it were, to realise that we are utterly alone, to understand that we are but a solitary and forgotten soldier in any army that is passing, and that for us, after all, there is no abiding city. In such moments it is easy to understand how little we mean by the brotherhood of man. And yet, indeed, how absurd it is to permit the remembrance of death to persuade us that we should rightly fear to die here rather than there: since to die at last is necessary, even delicious in its oblivion of sweet and sour alike. But whether it be absurd or no, it is the shadow that is ever eager to touch the traveller on the shoulder, in every moment of weariness or ennui. It is always with a certain sadness that I find my way for the first time through the street of any city howsoever dazzling or famous. Who knows what may come into my heart at a turning of the way where I have never been before? how may I be sure that something that has been asleep in my soul may not be awakened by some familiar silence, here or there; some aspect of the evening in this far city; some strange music that is only to be heard in these streets; or by the immense sadness that seems to overwhelm certain parts of the highway? Who knows what agony of the spirit, what desolation and foreboding, may not devour me before evening, since I am inviting something new to come to me; and to be eager for delight, after all, is but to throw open the gates of our being to whatever may pass by; and among the motley throng that enters into possession of the soul, as of a citadel that has capitulated, there will surely be some solitary figure more powerful than all the rest, who will come as Jonah came to Nineveh and drive us mad. There is not one of us who is in such secure possession of his soul that he may always be sure of ruling there; at any moment he may have to reason with himself, lest he be too much afraid; and it is not often, perhaps, that reasoning will avail.

. . . . . . .

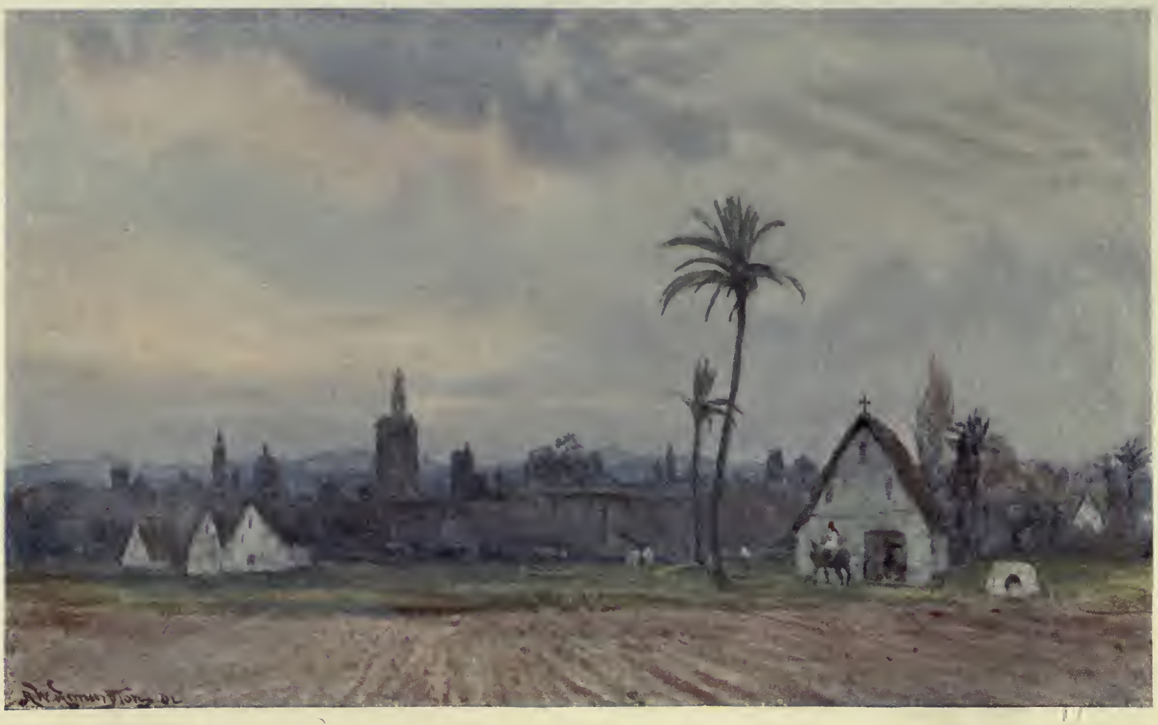
To-day a very sad thing has come to me indirectly; I just met it on the way, and for me, at least, no horror remains from it, but an impression of great beauty. On the way from Baza to Murcia the train in which I happened to be a passenger ran over and killed a woman of about fifty years old. It was evidently suicide, and I am sure, for her at least, suicide was right, a fortunate escape from some calamity too brutal to be borne. In the midst of this frightful thing, which no one understood, I saw two women, peasants, come and look at the one who had made her escape. In the face of the elder there was no understanding, she was shocked, that was all; but the younger woman gazed with great charity upon the heap that was so pitiful. Just then the husband of this younger woman came towards them. He seemed a kind of peasant farmer. She went up to him—but with a gentleness—and laid her hand on his arm and explained, as it were broke the news, the rather terrible news, to him. I cannot express the impression this made on me. It was a divine thing, quite simple, natural even, but for me an absolutely divine impression of the protection a woman offers to a man, that he nearly always does not see, does not understand. It was as though she wanted to save him from the brutality of all that. She had been touched by a kind of divinity in death, she understood and saw the pitifulness of life—oh yes, unconsciously—just for a moment, and she knew that he would see only the horror there. So she touched him: it was as though she desired to convey a certain humanity by that gesture of love. No, I cannot explain what I mean. It is necessary that you should understand: for it is these women who will save Spain. Nor was it any sentimental emotion that came to me from an action as simple in its humanity as the kiss which a mother gives her child, really protecting him ever after from I know not what disasters that may assail the soul. It was not sentiment in the weak modern sense at all. It was, as it were, a vision of truth and love, of the profound instinct of the brotherhood of man, a sudden glimpse of reality seen in a flash by the wayside: and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

. . . . . . .

Murcia is a Moorish city lying in the midst of a garden at the foot of the Montaña de Fuensanta. There is almost nothing there to interest the tourist, save the cathedral perhaps, built in 1358, a Gothic building spoiled in the sixteenth century by Herrera and his fellows. Hot in summer, indeed the thermometer stood in the shade at 115 degrees Fahrenheit during the time I spent there, in winter it is colder than you might think, even ten degrees of frost being not unknown. Full of gipsies and beggars, it is at once melancholy and full of sunshine, that quiet and burning light always so full of mystery, and in its effect, as it seems to me in some inexplicable way, always so religious. And that the people of Murcia delight in religion, the strange and beautiful spectacle of a procession in honour of some saint, the ever-moving miracle play of the Mass, so tragic, and yet so full of reassurance, you are continually reminded by the series of *Pasos* made by Francisco Zarcillo, that you may find in the *Ermita de Jesús.* Up and down the city, in S. Juan de Dios, in S. Miguel, in S. Bartolomé, and in S. Juan Baptista, you come upon Zarcillo's statues, and, eighteenth-century work though they be, they are more worthy of study than anything else to be found in Murcia. A Neapolitan born in Murcia, you find in his work something of the excess of the Neapolitan school, together with something of a real gravity, that Spanish intensity, a desire for reality, for the truth perhaps, that its very sincerity redeems from any charge of mannerism, so easily brought against the Neapolitans. Something profound, a real depth of feeling, you discover there beneath the gorgeous and hideous draperies with which the priests, those simple savages in whose hearts art is ever the drudge of religion, have clothed them. Here in Spain, where the baroque style was for so long dominant, it is such work as Zarcillo's that really redeems it from our contempt and our indifference. At Cartagena too, in the church of S. María, there is an altar-piece from his hand, really the one beautiful thing in a city so forlorn, so utterly overwhelmed, by the beauty of the hills, the splendour of the sea.

Another of these eastern cities, Alicante, has not even so much to offer the traveller in return for the weariness of his way. A certain melancholy loveliness haunts all these white Mediterranean towns with their shady Paseos, their Castles on the heights, their aspect of immense antiquity, among the vines, the palms, the olives, the tall esparto grass, the thorny grey agaves of their gardens. Something of Africa you find in them always, perhaps in their immense ennui, their indolent beauty, their fatalism and hopelessness, as it were, that make you ever anxious for departure. At evening, as you come back into the city, your eyes seem always to turn with a certain expectancy towards the towers as though you awaited something, as though something were about to stream from the white turrets. Is it the white flag of Islam you expect on the top of the minarets, the little white flag that flies over the mosques at the hour of prayer? Certainly it is with a certain uneasiness you expect that cry 'Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar,' a cry really of despair, of the immense and childish faith of the dying, which never reaches you from the towers of the city.

Elche too, that city of palms, where a whole forest of them begins at the city gate, is certainly an African city, not in its melancholy alone, so inexplicable under that perfect sky. I cannot explain, even to myself, why these southern cities should seem to me so sad, save that they are so silent that in the long days there is always time for remembrance. A sort of nostalgia, inexplicable, inverted almost, possesses one in these quiet places where you can hear only the sound of running water or a tragic



OUTSIDE VALENCIA

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Malagueña at noonday, when man rests from his immense labour in the shadow of his house. Yes, it is true I am not yet able to understand what all this means to me, or why these gardens, these vines, the white wall golden in the sun should bring tears to my eyes. It is as though the south were reminding me of something I had forgotten and have not yet been able to remember.

. . . . . . .

I came to Valencia in a covered cart, a *tartana*, slung between two great wheels, gay with crimson curtains. Almost a modern city, with tramways and three railway stations, without any building of great value, it is yet full of interest, the centre of a school of painting, the Medinat-al, 'the city of fertility,' of the Moors whom the Cid, that boastful barbarian, expelled in 1094. 'Behold the glorious country!' he writes to his wife Ximena with an eloquence he seems to have bequeathed to Sancho Panza, 'see what a garden is here! Enjoy thou its beauties; revel in its delights: for I, the Cid, Rodrigo Diaz, have made myself its mighty Lord and Ruler.' The Cid ruled here till 1099, when he died, and the Moors regained possession of the city which, in the year 1238, finally came into the possession of the Spaniard. To-day it is a gay and noisy city, the seat of a university, the capital of the most prosperous agricultural province in Spain, possessing also among its other glories the largest bull-ring in the country, a great amphitheatre capable of holding some seventeen thousand persons. Valencia is really an Eastern city where people are always working, making brass cups or shoes or clothing in little shops like caves, whole streets of them, huddled one on another, in that maze of tall irregular houses, of little narrow crooked ways, and tiny squares that make up Valencia—an Eastern city, only gayer by far than any city of the East, and really without the gravity that almost every other city of Spain so obviously possesses. Inside those broad modern boulevards that seem a little out of place here in the south, that are indeed in summer intolerable by reason of the heat that the narrow old ways keep out so delightfully, you find really a mediæval city that has been surrounded by the modern world. There this city of balconies and brightly dressed people is charming, delicate with the passing mood of the day, quiet in the noon, a little solemn still at evening, and so gay by night. And it is, of course, in the older parts of a city, that is so surely transforming itself into a modern provincial town, that all that is really worth seeing will be found; the cathedral, begun in 1262 and finished, as it is said, in 1452, which is to-day so invisible from the outside, by reason of the crowded houses that surround it, and within, since it is overlaid everywhere with plaster work. But even in a place so spoiled of all its loveliness, a certain living beauty and simplicity remains, if only in that 'tribunal of the waters' that gathers in the gateway of the Apostles every Thursday morning. It is one of the few Moorish customs that have continued to this day; and in itself, curiously enough, one of the most democratic institutions in a country socially the most democratic in the world, whatever doubts we may permit ourselves of the political system. The whole irrigation of the Huerta, that garden which surrounds Valencia, is in the hands of this guild, an elected body of farmers and peasants who hold in trust really the prosperity of the city, for against their judgment there is no appeal. It is without surprise that one passes from so picturesque a government through the narrow streets to the Plaza del Mercado, where the Lonja, that casket of fifteenth-century Gothic work, is still used as the exchange of the city. It faces in all its delicate splendour a church so atrocious in its barbaric baroque as Los Santos Juanes, perhaps the most brutal building in

Valencia. One passes out of the city at last by the Puerta de Serranos, which Ford tells you was built in 1349; a very noble gateway flanked by two great towers, with the exception of the Puerta del Cuarte on the other side of the city, which is much like it, it is the last of the great gates that once guarded Valencia. The walls, stupidly destroyed to give work to the unemployed, are now just a few ruins here and there; nor do the people regret this vandalism, they are all on the side of modernity and, as they declare with a delicious simplicity, 'of progress'; and indeed it is true, as one of them said to me, not without pride, 'modern cities do not possess walls,—is there then a wall round London?'

Just outside the Puerta de Serranos is the Turia, that river without water, between whose banks the garrison drills, shabbily splendid in its modern uniform. But however proud the Valencian people may be of their 'modernity' and their 'progress,' it is still an impression of mediævalism that the stranger carries away from those gay, thoughtless, balconied streets that are so full of colour, where every one is gaily dressed, and almost every one is singing or shouting, or making a noise. For in their heart of hearts this people, so eager for happiness and pleasure, is, as indeed we might suppose, and for that reason if for no other, very religious, really moved by the remembrance of things which they do not forget, shall never pass away. And so, if the stranger happens to be in the church of the Colegio del Patriarca any Friday in the year about ten o'clock, he may see the people of Valencia in another mood, as sincere and as expressive as that he will find always in the streets. At nine o'clock High Mass has been sung to old and beautiful music, and for the service which follows all the fashionable world of Valencia seems to have assembled, the women at any rate all in black with the black mantilla. All are on their knees, grave and even beautiful, at the remembrance of One who died so long ago. Slowly the choir chants the psalm, and then over the high altar the purple veil is drawn aside, discovering another of a grey colour, which in its turn disappears too, revealing a veil of black that is, as it were, that veil of the temple which was rent in twain. There is a stir among the throng, and then suddenly the black veil is torn asunder and the crucifix is seen. A little murmur of prayer and pity passes through the crowd, genuinely moved by so simple, so familiar a spectacle as one might be by the sudden remembrance of a friend one had loved. The music ceases and the service is at an end, every one passes out into the streets ; and as it seemed to me, amid all that immense gaiety in which heaven is so fair an accomplice, for that one day in the week there was a certain plaintive note, not gravity nor even seriousness, but I know not what suggestion of fraternity, since on that day He, who is every one's brother, had died to help us.

# XXV

# TARRAGONA

IT is through a country very like Provence that you come to Tarragona from Valencia or Zaragoza; and beautiful as it is in its sweet, soft, southern loveliness, how much less strong it seems than those arid deserts of Castile with their great and stern beauty, melancholy and forsaken, that now, when we have left them for ever, we begin to long for and to regret.

Tarragona is set on a high hill, some eight hundred feet above the sea, that sweeps away to the east and west in a series of little bays and capes bastioned with huge boulders. A desolate place enough, you think, as you look about you at the station, not far from the harbour, guarded from the waves by a long curved mole where the fishermen spread their nets in the wind, and the spray leaps up for joy in the sunshine. But Tarragona herself on her high hill, crowned by the cathedral, is one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in Spain, a golden city with walls all of gold, a cathedral of gold and towers that are redder than the sunset, while all before her shines the sea, and far away behind her rises a wild country of heather where, hedged off from the world by little stone walls or hedges of agaves, gardens and vineyards smile here and there, not far from the city; little pleasant places that are lost at last in that vast, dark country that stretches away over plain and valley where a great Roman aqueduct, all of gold too, still stands, a very precious vessel in which the Romans brought water for their city from the great impregnable hills.

It is not at first sight that Tarragona gives herself to you, though even on your first coming to her she seems to smile, to welcome you with a certain sweetness and serenity of air or aspect. Starting early from Valencia, I had stayed at Tortosa on my way under the guidance of one who lived there, so that it was already late afternoon when I drew near to Tarragona. The evening came as I passed into the city, along the steep, white road from the station, and it was almost dark when I came to the inn. A wonderful quietness seemed to have fallen on everything, a calm serenity that was a refreshment in itself after the noise and garish colour of Valencia—that city so pleasant and yet so wearying in its tireless pursuit of pleasure. In climbing the long hill into Tarragona I seemed really to have risen out of all that rather obvious merry-making, a gaiety that was sincere enough, it is true, but that seemed to have forgotten everything else. And yes, it was really with pleasure that I seemed to feel a certain freshness in the mere height, a nimbleness in the air that was of old so famous. After dinner I went out again into the quiet streets, and passing along the Rambla de San Juan, came on to the Paseo, a great platform built on the hillside, looking over the sea east and west. Something, I know not what, in the beauty of the night, the sanity of air, the quietness of a place so much nearer the stars than that desert seemed to be in which I had wandered so long, reassured me, so that it was into a dreamless sleep, one of those nights of childhood that come rarely and more rarely as we grow older, that I fell that night in a little room that looked on to a tiny *plaza* where the trees whispered together. When I awoke again in the morning, still with that strange confidence in my heart, at peace with myself as I had not been for many days, some confusion of mind, some dryness of heart, some anxiety, perhaps only half realised, but already about to have its way with me, seemed to have passed away. As I made my way along the Rambla in the sunlight and turned again as on the night before into the Paseo de Santa Clara, the wind came to me over the sea, bringing all England in its arms, and in a moment I was quite cured, no longer feverish or restless at all; simply to be alive and here was a delight. How inexplicable those moods that come to us so stealthily in our travels seem to us afterwards; how groundless our fears, how foolish our flight!

The great treasure of Tarragona is the cathedral, a half-romanesque building of beautiful, golden-coloured stone. In its own gracious expressive way it remains one of the greater glories of Spain, a more 'humane' building, as it were, than anything which came later, more beautiful too in its temperance, both of size and style, than the melodramatic temples of Segovia, of Salamanca, or Seville, which the traveller is taught to admire with so little discrimination, chiefly because they are big and imposing, very rich in ornament, but quite without the sincere and simple loveliness of the cathedral of Lérida, for instance, or this forgotten church of Tarragona.

Begun early in the twelfth century, the name of the architect is unknown to us, but the greater part of the church is twelfth and thirteenth century work, and in the 'necrology' of the cathedral, on the 4th March 1256, Street tells us that mention is made of a certain 'Frater Bernardus magister operis hujus ecclesiae,' who may well have been the architect of the larger part of the church and cloister as they exist to-day. However that may be, the See of Tarragona is one of the oldest in

Spain, claiming equality with that of Toledo, and though in reality the Archbishop of Tarragona has not the power of the Primate of the Spains, he is yet very jealous of his rights, carrying 'the assertion of his dignity so far that I noticed,' says the same writer, 'a mandamos of the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo hung up in the Coro, in which his title "Primada de las Españas" and the same word in "Santa Iglesia Primada" were carefully scratched through in ink.' Certainly, so early as 1089, the Pope urged the faithful to restore the church just won from the Moors. And in 1116 Ramon Berenguer el Grande granted the See to San Oleguer, who began to build the present church with the help of Norman architects and workmen, brought there by El Conde Roberto. As you pass round the church to-day by devious and narrow ways in which often you lose sight of it altogether, it is always with new joy that you come upon that Norman apse with its wide-splayed, round-arched windows, its gracious strength, its security, and sense of tradition, as it were, that make the exuberant, uncontrolled work of the fifteenth and sixteenth century builders here in Spain at any rate, for all their boasted learning and freedom, seem so inexpressive, so full of meaningless gesticulation. The great Romanesque tower on the south side, added to unfortunately, we may think perhaps, in 1300-1350, when the octagonal steeple was added, remains solitary without its twin on the north side, which was probably destroyed when the north aisle of the choir was rebuilt in the fourteenth century.

The church stands, as is not uncommon in Cataluña, on a platform built up on foundations, to which you climb here, at any rate, from the city beneath by a great flight of steps. The beautiful façade with its two Romanesque doors with double arches and sculptures of the Dream of Joseph and the Adoration of the Kings, its magnificent rose-window of the twelfth century, remains the most splendid fragment in Tarragona, unfinished it is true, but in its simplicity and beauty it may be more lovely than if the fifteenth century had left there three 'elegant pinnacles crowning the upper piers,' or that great, high, pointed triangular arch that was to crown the whole. If in the main entrance with its deep and wide-pointed arch we find something less serene, less sure of itself, already as it were a little restless, a little eager for disaster, it is at least full of simplicity; and the statues, thirteenth-century work by Maestro Bartolomé, are in their golden beauty still unspoiled by the brutal realism of the fifteenth century that at last made all architectural sculpture impossible. The simplicity which you find everywhere in the stones that have not been spoiled by man, in the exterior work of the church, you find again with a sort of surprise in the church itself under the beautiful, early, pointed roof, where a certain majesty and severity almost, the temperate asceticism of the early builders, remind you really of nothing else in Spain, and are indeed so rare in that country where the gravity and the simplicity of the people have found but little expression in architecture. And while it is true that in the nave, for instance, you are aware, though scarcely more than that, of a certain heaviness almost gloomy in the mere mass of piers and arches that have not the sense of life, of the life that it is the business of art to give to its creations, and that is never without a certain joy, you have but to pass into the cloisters to forget everything but the delight that disengages itself from the exquisite thirteenth-century work there, so lively and so happy in its pure beauty of form and detail. That Byzantine door through which you pass from the sanctuary into the cloisters is, even with these perfect cloisters themselves before one, perhaps the loveliest thing in the church. A great pillar divides it, resting on a base of writhing serpents carved there so decoratively in the stone, while on the beautiful and strange capital you find again among other reliefs the Adoration of the Kings. Of the cloisters themselves, for the most part of very pure Romanesque work, it is difficult to speak; they are too lovely to describe in the dead technical terms that mean almost nothing to us, that can but shadow forth even to the architect the mere skeleton of a thing living and flushed with delight. In the midst is set a beautiful garden where the cypress, the ilex, the palm, and the oleander clothe the place with various green, while in the midst a fountain plays, scattering its song.

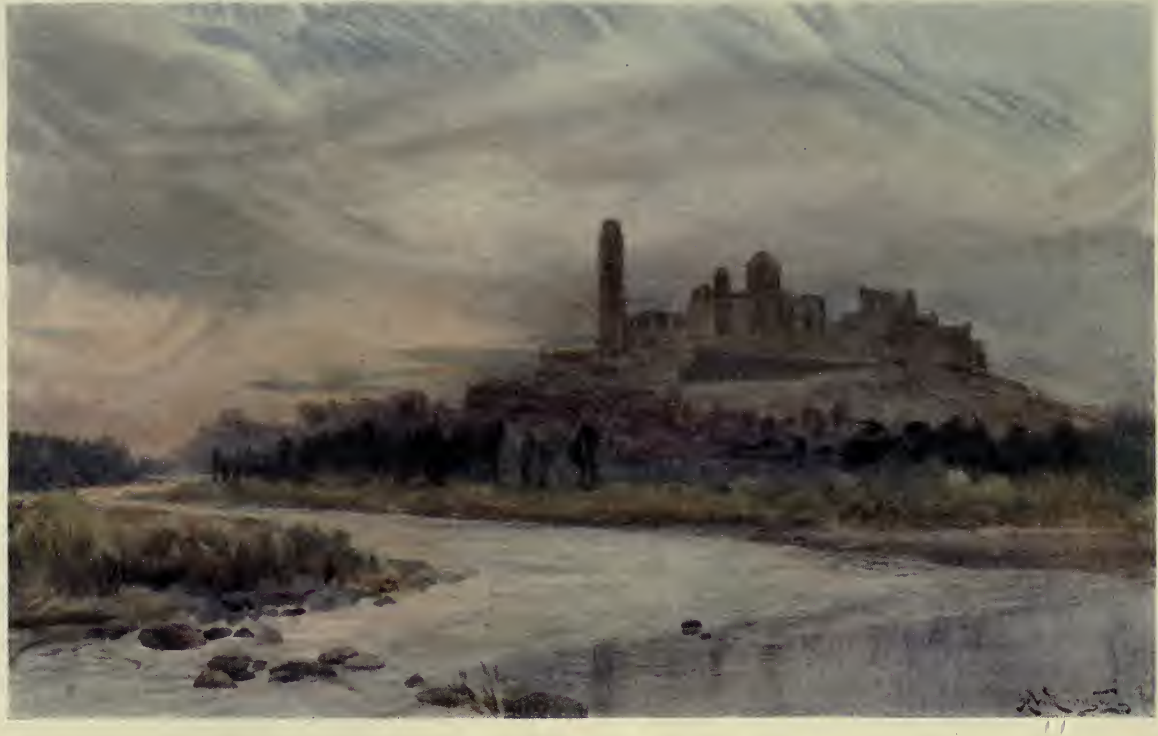
Wherever you may go in Tarragona, to S. Pablo or to the deserted plaza outside the city, where the walls of Cyclopean and Roman work are so marvellously strong, or to the Paseo de S. Clara, where after all you find yourself most often of all, since the sea is there so spacious and splendid, and the sky so wonderful with clouds, a remembrance of that quiet serene cloister colours all your thoughts, so that even in so dilapidated a city, a city really built out of ruins, just falling into ruin itself, a city of the hills by the sea that is always changing, where even from day to day the rocks are being eaten away, the ruins themselves are being destroyed, it is ever a remembrance of something precious, something that is old and still beautiful, that haunts you, as Oxford might haunt one in the midst of London, after but a few days spent within the shadow of her towers. And it is really just such a beautiful representative of the whole kingdom of such things that is needed to keep one from being over sorry at the mere brutality of much here: the life of the port, for instance, or that prison which like a white cenotaph, horrid with the injustice, or at any rate the mere hatred of punishment, shines and shines so callously in the sun between the city and the sea. You may see the prisoners working there, or walking about at exercise, so close to the sea and yet so far from it, unable to see it even for a moment, though they must listen to it always, its endless free song, with what patience they may command. Many people in Tarragona seem to feel the fascination of the view over the sea, where the coast breaks away in little bays, and the shore slopes down to the water's edge in long promontories; where the colour is so imaginative, as it were, so full of suggestion. Very often I found myself drawn back there from the Museo, for instance, where there are two magnificent torsos of Pomona and of Bacchus, or from the country where so much lies hidden that is worth seeing. Every time I returned I found a few persons there, people who after a little time would, one by one, get up from the long stone parapet and go away, only to be replaced by others. It was a place of continual and solitary pilgrimage for the people of Tarragona. They would sit there for a long or short while, gazing out to sea across the harbour where the mole curves so strangely towards the shore, and the sea is desolate, or up the coast towards Barcelona, where there is nothing but little rocks and the surf beyond, and over all the immensity of the sea. They seemed not to notice one another, and after a time, often after only a moment, they would go away, always alone. I cannot explain the fascination of that view, where as in an immense amphitheatre the sea and the clouds perform a marvellous tragedy before the city of Tarragona.

## XXVI

## BARCELONA

I CANNOT understand how it is that sometimes, when I am come to a strange city, I desire so eagerly to be in some other place which, it may be, I know well; so that the city I am in is spoiled for me, and I pass up and down its streets like an exile distracted by the remembrance of some place far away that I have loved, or of some companion who was then still with me and whom I cannot now forget. Who will explain the stupidity of our desires? It happened so to me in Barcelona; for on my arrival presently all the peace and refreshment I had found in Tarragona vanished away, and a sudden longing came to me for Florence and the serene temperance of a Tuscan spring, the mere happiness I have always found there, that is not to be had in Spain, seek how you may. And I do not know why this befell me, unless it was that I heard a man and woman speaking Tuscan as I came into the Rambla. And it was for this reason perhaps, that, alone of all the cities of Spain, I found Barcelona hateful; and even now I cannot think of it without a sort of distress. It is a city of the North, full of restlessness, an unnatural energy, haunted by the desire for gain, absolutely modern in its expression, that has made of one of the oldest cities in Spain a sort of Manchester, almost without smoke it is true, but full of mean streets and the immense tyranny of machinery, that for the most part Spain has escaped so fortunately. Barcelona has nothing in common with any other Mediterranean city, unless indeed it be Marseilles; but it lacks the lucidity of that great French city. It seems always in the shadow of the Montjuic, and the light and the sea approach it reluctantly almost, never quite frankly at any rate, for unless you climb the hills beyond the city you are scarcely aware of the sea at all, the port being so great, greater far than the harbour of Marseilles, for instance, though smaller than that of Genoa; and if you walk in the Rambla, the one beautiful street in the city, where all day long and far into the night pedlars sell their wares, men discuss business, and all Barcelona continually seems to pass and repass, the great avenue of trees that leads through the heart of the city, and the houses on either side, keep out the sun, necessarily perhaps, but still unfortunately, obscuring the light; while as a promenade it is almost quite spoiled by the electric trams, which rush past you on both sides, noisy with gongs and the shriek of wires. And if you go to the cathedral, expecting some splendid thing, you will be surprised, rather, perhaps, after all, in coming from Spain than from France, by its vast darkness, in which the beauty of its architecture is lost, and all that is really visible is an altar here and there before which a light glistens, making the solitude deeper. This feeling of gloom, of depression, that I have always experienced in Barcelona, is caused perhaps by its business; it is the one city in Spain that is devoted to commerce. And, indeed, it is not really Spanish at all, this great port on the Mediterranean; still less, as it seems to me, is it French: it is the restless capital of Cataluña, a place apart by itself, eager as no other city of Spain has cared to be for wealth, for trade, for success in business. Coming here from the cities of the true South, where the sun does so much to reconcile poverty with riches, almost the first thing that strikes one is that old northern contrast of rich and poor, the inevitable comparison of those who have everything with those who have nothing. Here again poverty begins to be hideous and ridiculous, to lose its humanity almost, certainly its human dignity, in the brutality that so often accompanies it in the North, the ugliness of those who are always hungry, their hatred too of those who are so indifferent to them, who have exploited them, and are now contemptuous. And again I find in Barcelona that middle class, which has already swallowed up my own country, but that one misses so gladly in Spain, where every one is equally sure of himself since he is content to be proud of his birth, whatever it may be, seeing that to be Spanish is enough, and to be a Christian is to be under authority in the only way, as it seems to me, any Spaniard has ever cared to suffer it. But here in Barcelona you are in a new world. The city is quite modern, the shops are full of foreign goods, the people are restless, even energetic; you hear of political clubs, of labour meetings, of outrages, of thefts, of bankruptcies, of great commercial ventures, of bad faith, of republicanism, of socialism and anarchism, of free thought, and all the blessings of modern civilisation. Barcelona is very discontented with the rest of Spain. 'Look you,' said a tradesman to me, 'these Spaniards are a lazy lot; here in Barcelona we work—my faith!'

It is pleasing to turn from all this enthusiasm for modern ways, and, out of hearing of the electric trams, to remember that, after all, Barcelona is a very old city, founded by Hercules 'four hundred years to a day before the foundation of Rome.' Much that was once hers in the days when she rivalled Tarragona, and divided the trade of the Mediterranean with Genoa and Venice, must have been beautiful, and while she has swept almost all of it away in her desire for life and wealth, there yet



LÉRIDA

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

remains, in certain obscure places, enough to remind us of her former greatness, that if we may judge by the art it produced would seem in some subtle way to be so different from that which she now enjoys so feverishly.

The oldest, and perhaps the most beautiful church in Barcelona, San Pablo del Campo, lies far away to the western part of the city, beyond the walls that have been destroyed. It is said to have been founded in the tenth century by a certain Wilfred, Count of Barcelona, and we read of it as being restored in the twelfth century. A small cruciform building with three apses, vaulted with half domes, a nave and transept crossed with a wagon-vault roof, and an octagonal cupola over the crossing, the only perfect part of the old church which remains to-day, after many restorations, is the western façade, and even there the great circular window might seem to be a later addition, taking the place of a round arched window similar to the two which still remain on either side below the round window and above the doorway. The doorway itself is very beautiful under its Romanesque arch supported by pillars, while in the tympanum Christ and St. Peter and St. Paul are carved, and above, the eagle of St. John, the angel of St. Matthew, and a hand in benediction.

These figures, so rude and simple, mere first attempts to represent life in stone, are among the earliest sculptures in Spain; they do not give us a very splendid idea of the artistic capacity of the city.

To the south-east of the church is the cloister, built possibly in the eleventh century. It is very small and eastern with its sculptured capitals and arches.

It is in quite another part of the city, not far from the *Salón de San Juan*, to the eastward, that S. Pedro de las Puellas, a church which Cean-Bermudez tells us was rebuilt in the year 980 by Sunario, Count of Barcelona, and his wife, may be found. It was consecrated in the year 983, and while it has the same general plan as S. Pablo, it is in a much worse state of preservation: nothing so lovely as the façade of S. Pablo remains there to-day.

To the north of the city, close to the Plaza de Cataluña, is the church of S. Ana, built, according to Ford,[1] in 1146, in the form of a cross, by Guillermo II., Patriarch of Jerusalem, and in imitation of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. But perhaps the most interesting part left in S. Ana are the fourteenth-century cloisters, two stages in height, set askew to the church, and very Spanish in character. The pillars are quatrefoil in section, and it is strange that the capitals, while all else seems to be of the fourteenth century, retain the Byzantine character of those at S. Pedro del Campo; perhaps these solid capitals did not always rest on these light pillars, but are part of a cloister built at the same time as the church, that has been destroyed to make way for the fourteenth-century building.

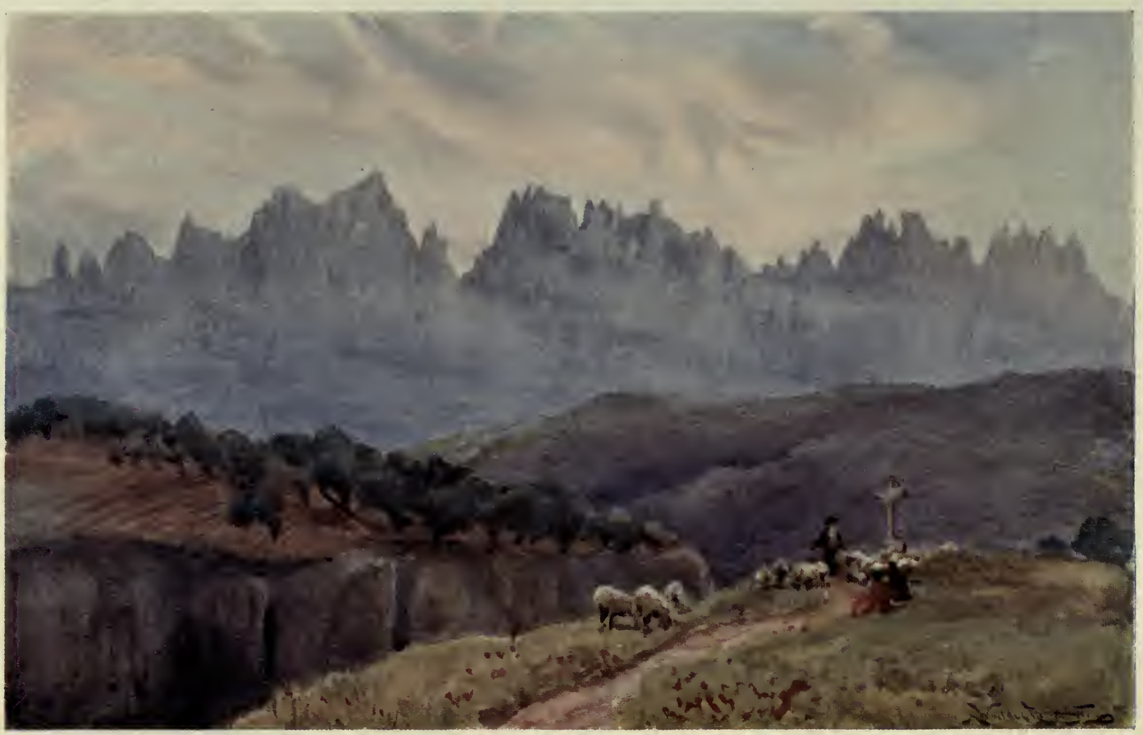
It is by such steps as these that the unhurried traveller will wish to approach the cathedral, which has been so greatly praised. Though the greater part of this small and dark church, which seems so much larger than it really is, cannot be earlier, we may think, than the fourteenth century, a church of some kind certainly stood here in 1058. The two inscriptions on the wall beside the north transept doorway state that the cathedral was begun in 1298 and was still in progress in 1329. The architect seems to have been a certain Jaime Falve, a native of the island of Mallorca, who came to Barcelona in 1318. The plan of the church is cruciform, but the transepts project very little, forming as they do the base of the great towers, as at Exeter. The whole church seems to have been designed for coolness and shadow, and, indeed, so dark is it that it is almost impossible to see the detail that seems to be characteristic rather than beautiful. Just in that gloom and darkness we seem to discern a certain barbarism which Spain has not often permitted herself. It is a success of mystification rather than of mysticism that you find in the church: as though for a people engaged in business all day long God were a long way off, were no longer to be met quite frankly, but only mysteriously, in semi-darkness. It is not as the Romanesque builders have conceived of the house of God; nor has the Renaissance, creating for us those churches that are full of light and space, where man may really believe for a moment in his own divinity, cared to remember that twilight quietness in which every one is alone face to face with his own soul, while very far off in the vista of the pillars, dimly, mysteriously, God descends to the altar. For the Romanesque builder Christ seemed a King, though a little child; for the Renaissance He seemed indeed the Son of Man, so that He was present everywhere, and the sight of the autumn fields brought tears to the eyes, and beautiful things had power to heal men of their infirmities and make them well, by reason of some divinity in them. For both these ages it might seem men were brethren, since in congregation they met together and rejoiced in the light, that first created thing, finding in it something that made glad the heart; and out of this grew the Plainsong, a music that had not utterly forgotten the old gods, that we had not banished altogether from the world but had deprived of their divinity, that a little child, Love by name as of old, but in a certain diviner fashion, might lead them, not without a certain joy and chanting of music. After all, it was only the northern peoples, loath to understand Love, that happy thing, that preferred to meet God in privacy and recount to Him all the evil in their hearts, to accuse themselves with tears, in a dark place, out of the sunshine, lest they should forget to be sorry any more, and seeing the laughter of the world and the flowers, forgetting themselves for a moment, be friends.

---

[1] *Handbook for Spain*, by Richard Ford, 1845, vol. i. 489.

That experiment which was Gothic architecture, at its best in Notre-Dame d'Amiens, for instance, where you find a certain novelty and splendour of light and space —space for a vast congregation—has here become little more than an expression of the individualism to be found in Christianity, perhaps most of all in Spain, where the greatest saints have been mystics, concerned with the experience of the individual soul with God. In the cathedral of Barcelona, though the church were full of people, one would still be alone; and while, unlike the later Gothic churches, the choir is confined to the two eastern bays of the nave, there is, as Street has noted, 'no proper provision for a crowd of worshippers joining in any one common act of prayer or worship.'

There is nothing extraordinary in the apse, which is built after the French manner, and consists of an aisle and chapels; and though the detail may be Catalan, it is too dark even at midday for me to be able to examine it carefully. It is really in the chapel of S. Eulalia, under the choir, approached by a great flight of steps downward, set between the two narrow flights that lead up to the High Altar, that the most interesting work of the church is hidden. Brought here in 1339, as an inscription records, the body of S. Eulalia lies in the ugliest chapel in the cathedral, in a very beautiful shrine hidden behind the High Altar. The shrine, sculptured on all sides with scenes from the life of the saint, is a 'steep-roofed ark of alabaster,' upon eight ancient columns. Carved on the roof you may see her soul borne aloft by angels. This shrine of alabaster, carved in 1327, serves to recall, in



THE MOUNTAINS OF MONSERRAT FROM MANRESA, NEAR BARCELONA

some dim, far-off way, Pisano's work at Pisa, and while it is very far from attaining to the precision and astonishing vitality and beauty of that masterpiece, it is yet perhaps the best piece of sculpture in Barcelona to-day, characteristic too in that it satisfied a people who seem never to have cared for art with any passion or eagerness.

S. Eulalia's body lay in S. Maria del Mar till the year 1339, when it was brought to the cathedral; and it is, perhaps, in that church, built in 1329 on the site of a smaller building, that you may find something more satisfying than the cathedral, where the best work is so obscure, so vague in the twilight, as scarcely to exist for us. Built by the people, very simple in its plan, and really characteristic of the work of the Catalan architects, Street thinks that Falve, the first architect of the cathedral, constructed it, though he has little or no evidence to support his theory. But as it seems to me, there is a simplicity and dignity in the church, that disdains the somewhat theatrical effects of light and shadow that haunt the cathedral, which point to a less sophisticated artist, really popular, perhaps—a man of the people—in those days when a whole community, as at Amiens, 'invested their civic pride' in a great church, promoting then the new revolutionary Gothic manner. Those long unbroken lines of wall, which you find in S. Maria del Mar, seem to have been understood by the artists of Barcelona, and while modern life and business has somewhat marred the beauty and dignity that such simplicity never fails to attain, the church remains, perhaps, the most characteristic and expressive in Barcelona—ruined within, it is true, for the most part by the brutal erections of the eighteenth century, but still a splendid example of what could be done in the fourteenth century, even in a city so languid in matters of art as Barcelona. Something of the same simplicity may be found in the church of S. Justo y S. Pastor, called Los Martires, or in S. Maria del Pino; and in the Casa Consistorial, the north side of which is old, you may find a civic building not unworthy of the fame of the city; but little by little, in passing up and down Barcelona, Spain falls away from you, and you find yourself in a cosmopolitan city of the modern world, still with traces of its ancient splendour lingering here and there in the Rambla, perhaps, and in the old churches, but for the most part so different from all that you have seen in Spain itself, that you are compelled almost to think of Barcelona as a city apart, given over to business, without character, perhaps, certainly without anything of the raciness that in Castile, in León, in Andalucia or Valencia, give to even the tiniest villages something virile and splendid in which you discern always the strong and unfortunate land that we have loved.

# CONCLUSION

WHILE some men have gone forth to study monuments, and others to seek adventures, I went to Spain in ignorance and in love; and therefore in this book, as ever, I have only ventured to speak of myself, of myself if you will, apropos of Spain.

Now, in a book I wrote for love on some cities of Italy, a learned critic, important and official, wrote with labour and much kindness, scarcely concealed by an air of indignation, to prove that I had thought of one document as older than another, that really came into the world later; and other critics, more learned fellows still, found that my impression of the Middle Age was not theirs; so they laboured with me through many columns, and never understood that they were beating the wind. To pull a rose to pieces for the sake of a lesson in botany is a learned man's employment; even as some men prefer to measure noses and give you the receipt some dead painter used to paint ears withal, rather than to look at his pictures; only neither of these occupations, certainly useful enough to those whom such things delight, has anything to do with Literature: and it is the art of Literature that I practise, and by my achievement or failure in this art I am to be judged. Therefore, if I prefer not to speak of Spain at all within the chapters of my book, it is that I do not wish facts to become of too much importance there, of more importance, that is, than I, the artist, choose, and because I will not speak of what I have loved, without knowledge.

And first let us be agreed; for many times I have reminded myself that Cervantes lied to us, that he was perhaps, after all, anxious to flatter those readers he boasts of, noble or plebeian, who, as we know, preferred the humours of Sancho Panza before the heavenly wisdom of Don Quixote: since truth was passing away before materialism, and men's allegiance was divided. So he lied. Yet who among us can believe that the knight of the Sorrowful Countenance died in his bed at last, owning himself beaten and a fool? For that he was unsuccessful I praise God, and for his death, it is very like, indeed, that he died in his own house alone as Tristram did; but the unthinkable and pleasant lie of Cervantes lurks in the matter of the confession of defeat and madness. Is it possible then that he, the greatest of her lovers, could have denied her at last? He was no Jew, why should he do this thing? It is not to be thought of. And yet who among them all has found her? It is true that in a thousand love-tales stuffed with piteous words, many Princes have aforetime set out in search of the Princess, and, as it is said, after many adventures come back again in triumph bringing her with them. And certainly it might seem but another proof of the vulgarity that awaits success, that having found her, kissed her, married her, they cease to be interesting, and involve her whom we have all adored, how inevitably, in the general ruin. Yet truly, there has been but one Princess, nor any among those famous royalties who went fair and softly through the world ever found her. And now, since there are no more any Princes upon earth, it is really only poets and other madmen who go in search of her, the long-sought-after, unachieved Lady whom the noblest gentleman in history tried to please so long ago in the deserts of La Mancha, the mountains of Sierra Morena.

And I, who set out not to seek her where she is, but because of her nevertheless, I too found her not, neither by chance nor fortune; only sometimes I seemed to feel the wind of her skirt, and in the sunset I have dreamed of the gold of her hair. Am I mad therefor? Am I a fool? Shall I confess to you, full of your victories, that I am beaten? Shall I thank my Lord God, who so far has preserved me from success, that at last I know Beauty is a delusion, and my dreams whimsies of Satan? Shall I send for you all, curate, bachelor, barber, and physician, and whine to you for that I have not broken my wind on theology, or spoken of the flowers in a formula, or wasted my days in an office, or believed only what my eyes have seen? Ah! since we have expelled the Princess from her throne in our hearts, in the great Republic we have proclaimed there there is no room for the truth.

And our victories, more disastrous than defeats, what have they left to us? Have they not stripped us of everything, are we not the slaves of our own machines? First it was necessary to hide the sky lest we might be ashamed; and that was one of our victories. Then that we might become richer—God knows it was our one idea—we turned the craftsman into a 'machine-minder,' and if he protested we starved him, if he strove to destroy the tyrant who was to deprive us of manhood, we imprisoned him as a knave or a lunatic; and that was one of our victories. And, at last, now that we have taken everything away, and nothing beautiful is made any longer where we are, for we fear beauty as we fear genius or death, those whom we have beggared come to us, driven by hunger, and demand of us—'Are we, too, not men and brethren?'—And we must feed them: for we are not strong enough to let them die. And that is one of our victories; our victories that we call civilisation, the most perfect barbarism which has yet striven to destroy the world. Ah! will she ever come back to us, the Princess who has always saved the world? Will she come back, so that we may understand everything in a minute as we used to do, when even the flowers did not turn away their heads as we came into the garden, nor the cattle eye one another as we passed through the fields, nor the birds prepare for flight as we wandered in the woods in spring, nor children stop playing when we came among them? Why has everything grown so afraid of us, for we were brothers once?

And so, if it is in Germany that we may see this barbarism in its most splendid manifestation, in Germany that has turned even man into a machine, Spain might seem to be the one country left to us that is almost untouched, as yet, by all that we mean by modern civilisation; and, though for no other cause, yet for this I find Spain the most beautiful country of Europe; that with her abide the mountains and the desert and over all the sun.

Now, therefore, let us rejoice together, that there remains to us a land where these things are; for there the wind blows on the mountains, and in the desert there is silence, and at dawn and at noon and at evening we may behold the sun.

For while some have loved women and others have sought for fame, and others have flung everything away for money, it is the sun that I have loved, the sun which is the smile of God. As a child I used to follow the sunshine from room to room, as a man I have sought it eastward and south through the trumpery cities, over the mountains and the snow into the lands that I have loved, where I was glad, for when the sun has looked on me I have felt the love of God.

And now that I am far away and the clouds are over me, and a sort of twilight everywhere in this city of mean streets continually makes me afraid and is heavy upon me and there is no sun, shall I not remind myself of that which I have always loved, the long hot days of the south, the strange quiet of mid-day, broken perhaps by a song, the weary ways of the desert, the brightness and the silence?

You who are content or know not why you are unhappy in the North, I do not wonder you were foolish enough to banish the gods whose joy made you afraid, since you knew not the sun that gave them life: I do not wonder that when the South had spoken to you and shown you the love of God, and whispered to you of Beauty and revealed to you the mystery of Art and claimed you from the beasts, that, out of the sun, you forgot so soon, and built dark temples, and thinking to forget your shame, thought only of material things. And since for you no visible world has really existed, soon, too, shall pass away the invisible also; for it is not for nothing that Protestantism is confined to those who have not known the sun.

For me, at least, Spain remains as a sort of refuge, a land of sun and desert. If that be the obscure need of your spirit, go to her and she will heal you. For in the sun everything is true, all that we have hoped and believed and at last forgone, all the beautiful things of old time when Aphrodite at noon loved Adon, and Demeter sought for Persephone, and in the woods and on the mountains the women, stained with the juice of grapes, followed Dionysos; when, in the dusty ways of the city, Christ gave sight to the blind, and in the heat of the day when the almond trees were shedding their blossoms He went by the stony ways to Golgotha. And we, too, shall be weary at evening, for He made the stars also.

# INDEX

- ALHAMBRA, 273-284.
  - Henry Swinburne's account of, 275-284.
- Alicante, 294.
- Angelica, Fra, 114-116.
  - *Annunciation*, 114-115.
- Architecture in Spain, 16-20, 58.
  - Difficulty of understanding, 20.
- Auto da Fé, 38-43.
- Avila, 60-73.
  - Aspect of, 60-61.
  - Churches—
    - Cathedral, 63, 64, 65.
      - Apse, 64-65.
      - Cloisters, 65.
      - Retablo, 65.
    - Ermita de S. Esteban, 68.
    - Las Carmelitas Descalzas, 63.
    - S. Domingo, 68.
    - S. Pedro, 68.
    - S. Vicente, 65-68, 88.
  - City of S. Teresa, 62, 63.
  - Walls, 63.

- BARCELONA, 306-314.
  - Churches—
    - Cathedral, 310-313.
    - Los Martires, 314.
    - S. Ana, 310.
    - S. Maria del Mar, 313-314.
    - S. Pablo del Campo, 309.
  - Not a Spanish city, 306-308.
- Baza, 289, 290, 291.
- Bellini, the, 122.
- Berruguete, Pedro de, 65.
- Bidassoa, fording of, by Duke of Wellington, 5.
- Borgoña, Juan de, 65, 189.
- Bull Fight, 207-217. *See* Corrida.
- Burgos, 12-31.
  - Churches—
    - Cathedral, 12-26.
      - Chapels, 24-25.
      - Coro, 23, 24.
      - Nave, 22.
      - Tomb of Bishop Maurice, 24.
      - Transepts, 23.
    - Las Huelgas, 26-28.
    - Miraflores, 25, 28-31.
  - Landscape of, 14.
  - Moorish Castle, 31.
  - Puerta S. Maria, 31.

- CADIZ, 250-252, 254.
- Campaña, Pedro de, 225.
- Calderón, 41, 49.
- Carpaccio, 122.
- Castile, 10, 32, 33, 60.
- Castro, Juan Sanchez de, 221-222.
- Catholicism, 41, 62.
- Cervantes, 41, 177-178.
- Charles V., 38.
- Charles, Prince of Wales in Spain, 97, 105.
- Colonia, Juan de, 25, 27, 35.
- Columbus, 38, 53-54.
- Córdova, 192-195.
  - Aspect of, 192-193.
  - Mosque, 19, 193-195.
  - Roman bridge, 193.
- Correggio, 114, 121-122.
  - *Noli me tangere*, 122.
  - *Virgin and Child with St. John*, 122.
- Corrida de Toros, 207-217.
  - Compared with other sports, 207-209.
  - Foreign opinion of, 207-209.
  - Juan Valera on, 211-212.

Cruelty, 39-43, 207-211.
Cruz, Santos, 65.

Dancing, 7, 8, 204-206.
Desert, the, 10, 11, 28, 32, 33, 46, 55, 59, 60, 75.
Dominic, St., 42, 49.

Elche, 294-295.
Escorial, the, 34, 165-168.

Fernandez, Alejo, 224.
Ferrar, S. Vicente, 181-182.
Flemish painting, 222.
Fuentarabia, 3-8.
  Castle, 5.
  Mayor of the Sea, 7.

Giorgione, 114, 122-124.
  And Titian, 122-124.
  *Madonna Enthroned*, 124.
Gothic architecture in Spain, 16-20, 58.
  Foreign influence in, 18.
Goya, 138, 161-164.
  Designs for Tapestry, 163.
  *Blind man's buff*, 163.
  *Duke of Osuna*, 163.
  *Family of Charles IV.*, 162-163.
  *La Maja*, 162.
  *La Tirana*, 164.
  *Maria Luisa*, 162.
  '*Nada*,' 162.
  *Tauromachia*, 162.
Granada, 271-288. *See also* Alhambra.
  Aspect of, 271-273.
  Albaicin, 272, 285-288.
  Generalife, 272, 284-285.
  Gipsies, 285-288.
Greco, El (Theotocópuli), 138-143, 189.
  *Ascension*, 143.
  *Assumption*, 143.
  *Baptism*, 143.
  *Conde de Orgáz*, 141.
  *Martyrdom of S. Maurice*, 140.
  *Parting of Christ's Raiment*, 139, 189.
  *Portraits* by, 141-142.
  His Palette, 141.
  Toledo and, 142.
Guadarrama Mountains, 69, 91.
Guadix, 289.

Herrera, 34.
Huelgas, Las, convent of, 26-28.

Inquisition, 37.
  And learning, 49-50.
  And painting, 218-221.
Irún, 3-4.
  Bed at, 4.

Jerez, 230-249.
  Richard Peake's Tale, 231-249.
Journey to Spain, 1-3.
Juni, Juan de, 36, 37.

Kempeneer. *See* Campaña, Pedro de.

León Cathedral, 20.
Leon, Fray Luis de, 49, 52.
Lérida Cathedral, 20.
Lotto, Lorenzo, 136.
Loyola, S. Ignazio, 49.

Madrid, 91-164.
  Campagna of, 91-92, 95-96.
  In old, 97-105.
  Paris and London, 92-93.
  Prado, 94.
  Prado Gallery. *See under* Prado Gallery.
  To-day, 91-96.
  Valdés on, 94.
Málaga, 264-270.
  Chinitas, 267-270.
  Improvisatore, 267-270.
  Malagueñas, 265-267.
  Mena, Pedro de, 265.
Malagueñas, 265-267.
Mantegna, 114, 115.
  *Death of the Virgin*, 115.
'Marriage, The Spanish,' 100-105.
Mena, Pedro de, 265.
Michelangelo, 108, 109, 130, 134.
Miraflores, convent of, 25, 28-31.
Miranda de Ebro, 10, 11.
Morales, Luis de, 225-226.
Morocco, To, 253-256. *See* Tangier.
Murcia, 293-294.
Murillo, 228-229.
Music Halls, Spanish, 204-206, 267-270.

NUÑEZ, JUAN, 223.

ON THE WAY, 1-11.
Oxford, 49.

PAINTING, EARLY SPANISH, 218-229.
  Compared with Flemish School, 222.
  Entirely religious, 218-221.
  Influence of Inquisition on, 218-221, 222.
  Preoccupied with pain, 223.
  *See under* Prado *and under painters' names.*
Pedro, San, and the charcoal-burner, 75-81.
Philip II., 35, 38.
Prado Gallery, 106-164.
  General view, 106-113.
  Italian schools, 114-138.
  Spanish painters, 138-164.
  *See under painters' names.*

QUIXOTE, DON, 4, 177-178.

RAPHAEL, 108, 109, 114, 117-121.
  *Cardinal*, portrait of, 119, 120.
  *Holy Family* del Lagarto, 118, 119, 120-121.
  *La Perla*, 118.
  *Lo Spasimo*, 118, 119.
  *Virgin of the Fish*, 118, 119.
  *Visitation*, 118.
Rembrandt, 110, 111, 113.
Ribera, 144-148, 153.
  His realism, 147
  *Conception*, 148.
  *Dream of Jacob*, 147.
  *Heads of Apostles*, 146.
  *Magdalen*, 147.
  *Martyrdom of S. Bartholomew*, 145.
  *Woman's Head*, 148.
Roelas, Juan de las, 226-227.
Romanesque Architecture in Spain, 17.
Romano Giulio, 119.
Rubens, 110, 111, 112, 113, 152-153.
  *Three Graces*, 110.

SALAMANCA, 44-54.
  Cathedrals, 47-48.
  Columbus in, 53.
  Irish College, 51.
Salamanca—
  S. Esteban, 53-54.
  Undergraduates, 50.
  University, 42, 49-52.
Sanchez, Pedro, 223.
San Sebastián, 4, 8.
Sarto, Andrea del, 114, 116-117.
  *Assumption*, 117.
  *Dispute as to the Trinity*, 117.
  *Madonna and Child*, 116.
  *Madonna dell' Arpie*, 117.
  *Portraits*, 117.
Segovia, 74-90.
  Alcázar, 83, 84.
  Aqueduct, 82-83, 89-90.
  Cathedral, 87.
  El Parral, 84, 85-86.
  Plaza Mayor, 83.
  Puerta de Santiago, 84.
  S. Andrés, 83.
  S. Esteban, 86-87.
  S. Martin, 89.
  S. Miguel, 87.
  S. Millán, 87, 88-89.
Seville, 196-206.
  Alcázar, 19, 203-204.
  Calle de las Sierpes, 197.
  Dancing, 204-206.
  Fábrica de Tabacos, 201-202.
  Giralda, 19.
  Las Delicias, 198.
  Maracena, 201.
  Plaza Nueva, 198.
  School of Painting, 218-229.
  Triana, 201, 203.
  Women of, 199-206.
Siloe, Diego de, 30.
  Gil de, 29-30.
Spain, 9.
  Ignorance of, 3.
  Like Africa, 6.
Spaniards, alleged cruelty of, 39-43, 207-211.
Spanish Character, 41, 44-45, 97-100
  Courtesy, 3, 4, 9.
  Trains, 9, 44-45.

TANGIER, 257-263.
Tarragona, 299-305.

- Tarragona—
  - Aspect of, 299-301.
  - Cathedral, 301-304.
  - Look-Out, 305.
  - Museo, 305.
  - Prison, 304.
  - Roman Aqueduct, 299.
- Teresa, Santa, 61, 62, 63, 86.
- Theotocópuli. *See* Greco.
- Tiepolo, 114, 137-138.
- Tintoretto, 137.
- Titian, 108-113, 123, 124-136.
  - And Giorgione, 122-124.
  - *Bacchanal*, 125, 126, 127.
  - *Charles V.*, 125, 129.
  - *Charles V. at battle of Mühlberg*, 112, 125, 131-132.
  - *Danaë*, 134-135.
  - *Ecce Homo*, 130.
  - *Entombment*, 135.
  - *Fall of Man*, 135-136.
  - *Garden of Venus*, 125, 127-128.
  - *Isabella of Portugal*, 130.
  - *La Gloria*, 133-134.
  - *Madonna with S. Bridget and S. Hulfus*, 125, 126.
  - *Marchese del Vasto*, 130.
  - *Marquis of Mantua*, 128.
  - *Portrait of Himself*, 136.
  - *Prince Philip*, 133.
  - *Prometheus*, 132.
  - *Sisyphus*, 132.
  - *St. Margaret*, 133, 134.
  - *Venus* (459), 130.
- Toledo, 169-191.
  - Aspect of, 169-172.
  - Alcázar, 178.
  - Del Transitó, 181-183.
  - El Cristo de la Luz, 19, 171, 179, 180-1.
  - Gates, 176.
  - Gothic Crowns, 178-179.
  - Houses, 183-184.
  - Moors in, 179-184.
  - Puente Alcántara, 172, 173, 174.
  - Puente S. Martin, 171.
- Toledo—
  - Puerta del Sol, 173-174.
  - S. Domingo el Antiguo, 139.
  - S. Juan de los Reyes, 190.
  - S. Maria la Blanca, 181-183.
  - S. Roman, 184.
  - S. Tomé, 141, 184.
  - Tagus, 172-173.
  - Vega, 174.
  - Walls, 176.
  - Zocodovér, 176-177.
- Torrigiano, 220.
- Travel, unhappiness of, 290-291.

- VALENCIA, 295-298.
  - Cathedral, 20.
  - Religion in, 297.
  - Tribunal of the waters, 296.
- Valladolid, 32-43.
  - Cathedral, 34.
  - Inn at, 33-34.
  - Plaza Mayor, 37-43.
  - S. Maria la Antigua, 36.
  - S. Pablo, 35.
- Vega, Lope de, 41.
- Velasquez, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113, 148-161.
  - And Rubens, 152-153.
  - First visit to Italy, 153.
  - Second visit to Italy, 158.
  - Works in Prado, 149-161.
  - Works outside the Prado, 148-149.
- Veronese, 114, 137.

- WOMEN OF ANDALUSIA, 199-206, 291-292.

- XERES. *See* Jerez.

- YUSTE, convent of, 38.

- ZAMORA, 55-59.
  - Cathedral, 56-58.
  - La Magdalena, 58-59.
  - S. Maria de la Huerta, 59
  - S. Vicente, 59.
- Zurbarán, 227-228.

---

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

José E Rivera

DEC 14 1961

REC'D LD
DEC 14 1956

22Oct58 FH

REC'D LD
NOV 22 1958

4Mar'59 MR

MAY 4 - 1966 5

APR 20 '66 6 9 RCD

JAN 23 1968

RECEIVED
APR 23 '68 - 9 AM

~~JUN 0 7~~ 2005

5/17/05

LD 21-100m-6,'56
(B9311s10)476

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YB 59144

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C056063660

2 5 [illegible] / 3
DP28

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY