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TOLEDO, THE IMPERIAL CITY OF SPAIN.

BY STEPHEN BONSALE.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WE left Madrid a little before midday; and had we carried the king's signet, or had the thought of some fair one in distress spurred us on, before the last gentle echo of the vesper bell had died away we might have demanded admittance at the iron-bound gates of the Imperial City. But we knew no such sweet necessity, so we rode with little haste, and in Illescas tarried long enough to walk through the lonely barrack in which Francis I of France pined and moaned when the conquering Charles presented to him the alternative of perpetual captivity in this dungeon, or liberty chained to a woman not of his choosing. When the shadows of evening overtook us by Ollias, we decided to spend the night there. The *venta*, or inn, with its many rambling courtyards and stables, proved not unlike every other *venta* in Spain. The *ventero* bids you welcome right heartily, and assures you, in his hospitable way, that for supper you may enjoy anything you may have brought with you in your saddle-bags, and some nice white beans beside. And then he proceeds to physic a mule, or to barter for pigs, and to attend to the other serious duties of an innkeeper's life, according to Spanish ideas. There were many guests in

the guest-chambers, so we chose a corner of the courtyard in which to enjoy our ease; and, with some straw for bedding, a saddle for a pillow, and a rough Asturian mantle as protection against the chill air, we hoped to pass a pleasant night under the starry heavens. But we counted without our four-footed companions; all night long cavalcades of sleep-walking mules wandered round our bower, now and again even trespassing, to our alarm, upon our very beds. But at last the day dawned.

For another short hour we galloped again across the dreary Sagra. Then there burst upon our expectant gaze a yellow mass of ruins that glistened weirdly in the glorious sunshine; and round about the scene of picturesque desolation, and almost encircling it as a ring, flowed the silvery waters of the Tagus. Unmistakable in its grim and gaunt outlines, there loomed up before us the citadel rock and the great square tower whence so many a human eagle has soared to pounce down upon the world with sword and slaughter. It has been the stronghold of great captains, from the days of the anonymous Maccabean who here unfurled the standards of Israel, to the forgotten consul

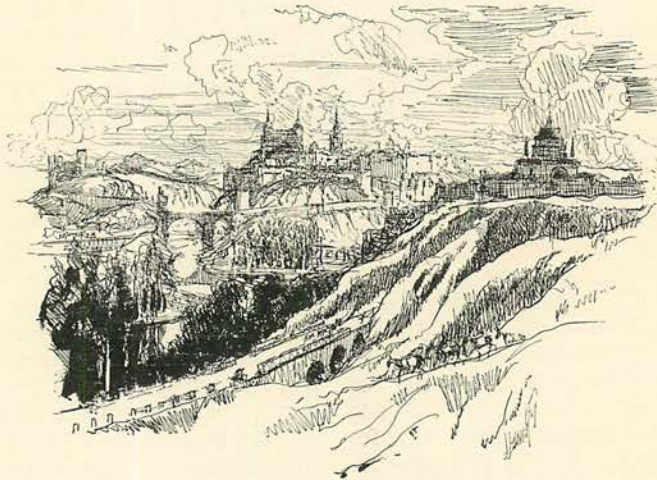
who planted the Roman eagle upon the rocky heights, and it remained their favorite watch-tower from the era of the half-fabulous Cid to the days of Charles V. Indeed, in these dismantled towers the great Charles passed those uneventful years of his early manhood until there came to his quiet pillow the dream of Alexandrine conquest and unbounded rule, which led him, a captive to ambition, around the world, and brought him back, broken in heart and spirit, but restless and unsatisfied still, though he craved of the monks of Yuste a cell in which he might end his disappointed days.

As we look upon the scene of grim desolation which time has wrought, by a sudden inspiration Toledo is revealed to us in its true light as a museum of memories and a mausoleum where each succeeding race in the panorama of history that passed before these walls has been concerned to leave its loftiest tradition and store all that remained of its noblest dead. And on the moment we would know the name of that inspired seer who led his fellow-exiles of the prophetic race, fleeing before the fury of Nebuchadnezzar, and founded upon a rock this city in Tarshish, "the uttermost part of the earth," and who called it, with a prescient knowledge of its destiny, Toledoth, in Hebrew—the City of Generations. But now Toledo, the queen of so many ages and of so many races, the proud mistress of two worlds, lies a mass of neglected ruins, and her history

the Flemish monarchs closed her gates to later generations, and rode away, because the damp mists that rose from the river aggravated their constitutional tendency to gout.

To our left, and outside the city walls, rises, black and desolate, the famous stronghold of San Servando, behind the granite walls of which, for centuries, the Templars, those stern warriors of the faith, sat their mail-clad chargers, with lance in rest, searching with their eyes the distant heights of the Sierra Morena, where the Knights of Calatrava, intrenched in their lonely tower, would light the blazing watch-fires to warn of the coming of the Moors, who never became reconciled to the loss of their beloved Toleitola.

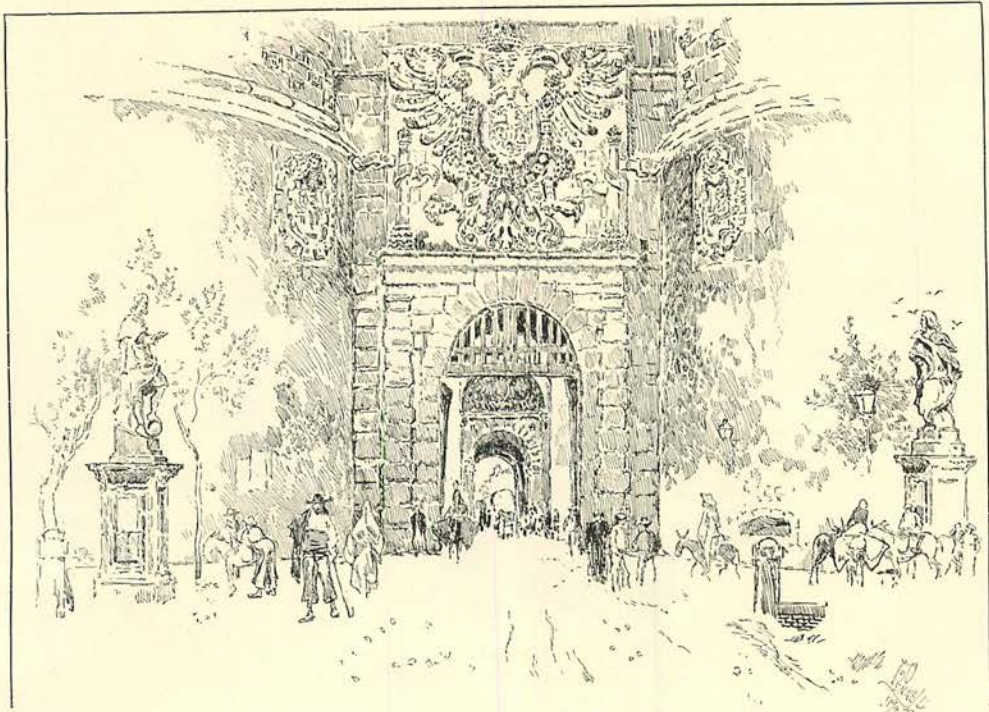
We halted outside the Visagra gate, and, shielded by the shadows which the battlements cast, scanned the sun-beaten heights where to-day the impregnable citadel which crowned the Toledan hills in the greater days is lying black and ruinous. Livy wrote that Toletum was a strongly fortified and well-nigh impregnable stronghold; but though the triple walls with which Wamba, Alfonso, and Ferdinand the Saint, each in his day of necessity, girt about the city are still standing, Toledo to-day could hardly withstand the onslaught of anything more formidable than barbarians with sharpened staves or the stone volleys of the Balearic slingers. The draw-



TOLEDO, FROM THE MADRID ROAD.

is a sealed book. The catastrophe by which the city was overtaken and struck down remains almost without parallel in story. Even the cruel touch of the ridiculous is not wanting to complete the bitterness of her fate; for

bridge which spans the moat is never raised, but moans and creaks continually beneath the burden of passing peasants. Over the gate hangs a marble *escudo*, or shield, of Charles V, which the conqueror placed there when the



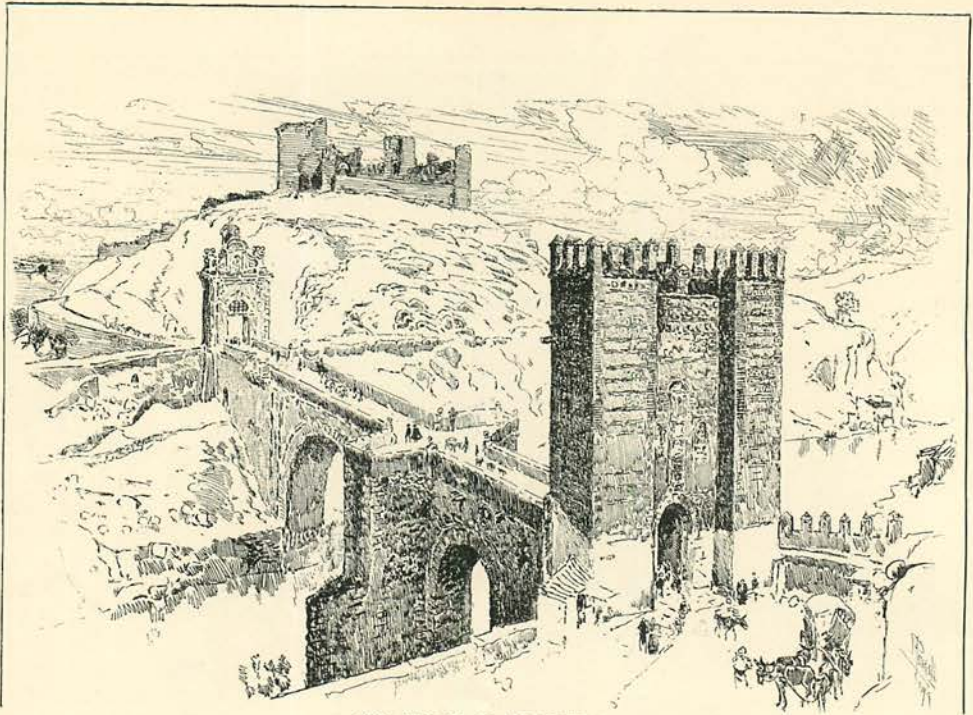
THE VISAGRA GATE.

city fell and the cohorts of the Comuneros were dispersed to the four winds. Time passes lightly over the conqueror's shield; it would seem to have been chiseled but yesterday. It stands for the death-warrant which Charles signed against the freedom of the imperial city, and is the symbol of that mercy and salvation that have been vouchsafed to her in the days of decadence and decline. As in its rise, so in its fall, the destiny of the City of Generations has been singular. It has been spared the shame of wearing the servile livery of these later and inglorious days. We look, then, long upon the shield of the great conqueror; for upon the proud crest of the city you find no other mark of slavery, no stone of later date, and no reminder of the lesser conquerors who followed.

It would seem as though on the day when Charles rode away with his fickle court to nurse his gouty limbs in the hunting-lodge upon the wind-swept plateau where Madrid now stands, some gentle yet omnipotent spirit, touched by the picture of her woe, had breathed upon the doomed capital and declared that Toledo should prove marble to retain the sign and the seal of the great past, and adamantine to resist the impress of the obscure generations which were to come. Toiling up the steep ascent, we reached the glorious Gate of the Sun. The gate is Sara-

cen to-day, as it was when the green-dragon pennants floated in the breeze and the crescent moon shone by day and by night over Toleitola. On the frontal of the gate may still be seen three or four steel hooks, from which it was the custom to hang spies and malefactors. As we clattered along the roughly cobbled streets which led to the Zocodover, or market-place, women came to the windows to have a peep at the strangers who arrived with such unseemly haste. They are very beautiful, the women of Toledo, tall and willowy, and as dark as night, and as mysterious. Too late we saw that every iron *reja* through which the dark eye of the Semitic maidens flashed down upon us was surmounted by the sacred symbol, and that all are orthodox Christians in Toledo to-day. While the creeds have vanished, the physical characteristics have not; and we met on every side faces which tell the story of the vanished races more interestingly than even the deserted synagogues and the silent mosques.

We rode into the great square, or Zocodover, famous in Spanish song and story as the scene of the tournaments, the royal bull-fights, and other state functions. It was here that Cervantes pretends to have discovered in an old junk-shop the manuscript, yellow with age, in which Cid Hamet Benengeli



THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.

sets forth the wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten adventures of Don Quixote. Here, only a step to the left, stands the famous Inn to the Blood of Christ, kept by the Sevillan, where Cervantes lodged while writing many of his best *novelas*. He puffed the table and the entertainment for both man and beast that were here provided in the most extravagant language in "La Ilustre Fregona." It was pleasant to think that here that weary traveler whose life lines were cast in far from pleasant places took his ease in his own inn, and went forth refreshed and rejoicing. Here we dismounted, for the inn of the Sevillan has to-day staunch friends in the four-footed beasts that have been stabled there, and no persuasion, not even that of rawhide, will induce them to move a step beyond. In the great square fairs were held every summer, and here traders assembled from every province of the peninsula. The Catalans, the Galicians, the Aragonese, the Moors, and the Andalusians met, and with their wares and their produce they exchanged their vocabularies and their idioms; and so the sonorous Castilian grew. And here in its birthplace, and perhaps only here, the language is preserved and used to-day in all its pristine purity. The worthies who wander listlessly about the square, like specters of the past, still speak the language of Quevedo; and to say of an academician in Madrid to-day that he speaks Castilian *en proprio Toledano*

is a compliment rarely bestowed, and still more rarely deserved.

To the right, beyond and beneath us, rises the great basilica, the Christian shrine built upon the foundations of many a strange temple, and upon corner-stones that were consecrated to long-forgotten creeds. It rises out of the low-lying swamp-land, and rears its lofty spire far above the citadel that crowns the rock-bound height. But it is incomplete, and far from perfect. After all the centuries that have passed over it, and all the generations of men who have in their little day labored upon it, we must accept it as a true picture of human aspiration and endeavor, always striving and struggling, and never attaining. The first cathedral church of St. Mary erected here of which a record has reached us was consecrated toward the close of the sixth century; but even the careless and superficial excavations which have been made beneath the cathedral in recent years disclose the fact that here there was a place of prayer long before the Christian era dawned.

The present edifice was completed in the year of the discovery of America. The first view of the bold outlines of the mighty pile is unfortunately impaired and interrupted by the surrounding buildings. But if we patch together laboriously the partial views and glimpses we obtain, we shall see that, unlike any other Spanish shrine, the Toledo cathe-

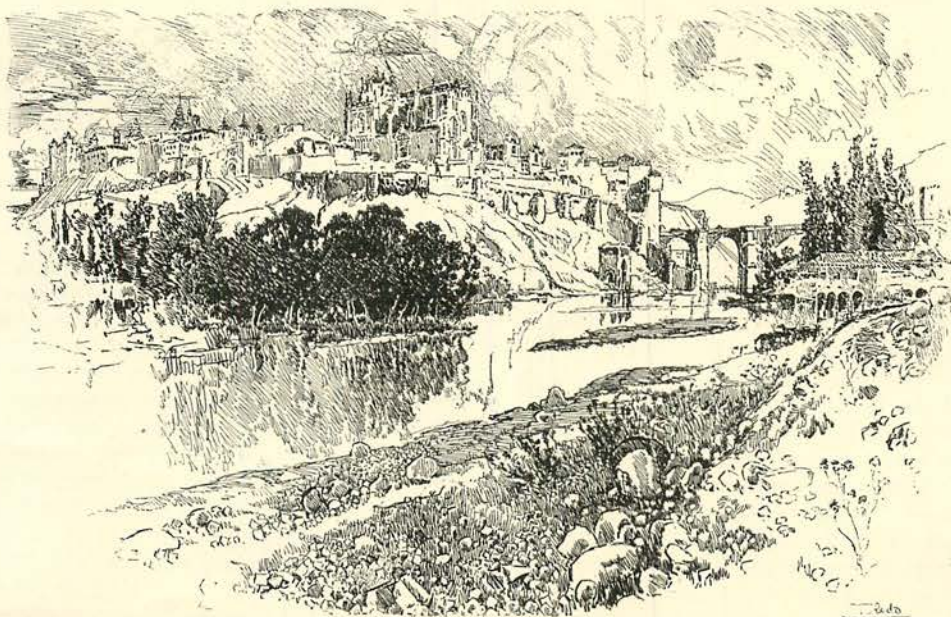
dral equals, if it does not surpass, in majesty of construction and impressiveness the greatest cathedral churches of France.

About the high altar are grouped, according to dynasties, the alabaster tombs of the old kings and the new kings, and the heads of puissant houses of which we have never heard, and mighty warriors whose deeds have escaped the recognition of history. Here they sleep in the courts of peace which once rang with the clatter of their trailing swords. Here they came with their great banners; here Our Lady blessed them with the blessing of her smile; and here they brought back upon their shields those who fell doing her bidding, to sleep forever near her shrine, and within the sweep of her pitying eyes. The cathedral is at once the Valhalla and the Westminster of Spain. Here all her glories are recorded, and here each generation, as it has passed from the stage, stored its noblest dead.

I remember with mixed feelings the two days I spent here, escorted by the seven canons, each with his chain of clanging keys, who opened to me the most secret treasures of the shrines. This favor I owe to the courteous consideration of the cardinal. But I remember with still greater pleasure the days that followed, when, safe from the courtesy of my cicerone, in the disguise of *capa* and straw sandals, I wandered, undisturbed and unlightened, through the sacred precincts. One evening, as I sat and listened to the ves-

per song, an open door in a stone pier which I had never seen before caught my eye. I entered, and, ascending a spiral stairway of stone, across which the cobwebs were drawn as thick and strong as cords, came out of the darkness at last into the light of a little chapel, all amber and alabaster. I touched with reverence the hem of the vestment worn by the image which stood over the deserted altar, and on the moment it crumbled in my hand like October leaves. I never knew to what saint the chapel was dedicated, or why the cult had been withdrawn; and though I sought it often, I never found my way again to this forgotten chapel.

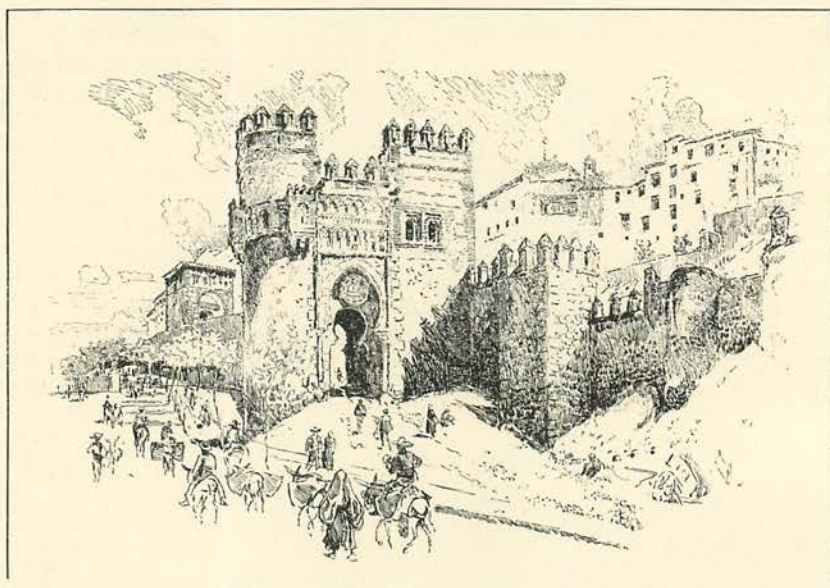
The Virgin of the Sagrario is the popular glory of the cathedral. Her image is carved out of a strange, glistening black wood that seems to be ebony, but is not. No one, however well versed in forestry, has been able to say whence the wood came or where it grew. The image is dark, but comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem; and the legend, perhaps more substantial than many others which the children of the shrine receive with simple faith, is that the image of Our Lady was made from life by a poor wood-carver who cast in his lot with the little band of disciples shortly after the crucifixion; and today, after many strange wanderings and adventures both by land and by sea, and many narrow escapes from destruction at the hands of the heathen from the North and the Moslem from the South, all sheathed in



TOLEDO.

shining silver, the dark image smiles graciously upon her worshipers in the dim light of the Sagrario. Here the peasant girls come, leaving their heavy packs in the cloister, and crawling on hands and knees across the damp, cold stones that cover the moldering bones of forgotten men, to watch with adoring eyes the patron of the women of Toledo. Our Lady of the Sagrario is indeed a great lady, even in this world. She is suzerain over many villages, which pay her yearly a willing tribute of corn and wine. Happy indeed among women are the virgins of Aljofrin, for they are her chosen handmaidens and tirewomen, charged with the care of her vestments. On fête- and gala-days these fortunate girls stand near the blessed image,—nearer than the queen and the greatest ladies in the land,—

How we came to know the silent boy who became our inseparable companion while in Toledo is not quite clear. We saw him at first about the cloister of the cathedral, generally asleep in a patch of sunshine. He appeared to be simply a gargoyle or gnome, carved in stone, which had fallen down from its proper place on the façade of the cathedral. Sometimes he saluted us, and sometimes not, as was his mood, and never a word was said about drinking a cup to our health; so we knew him to be as eccentric in character as he was strange in appearance. One day we went to look at some pictures by El Greco, and El Mudo, the silent boy (though we had no name for him then), followed us. Having examined the Grecos, we were horrified, on leaving the church, to hear the sacristan



THE GATE OF THE SUN.

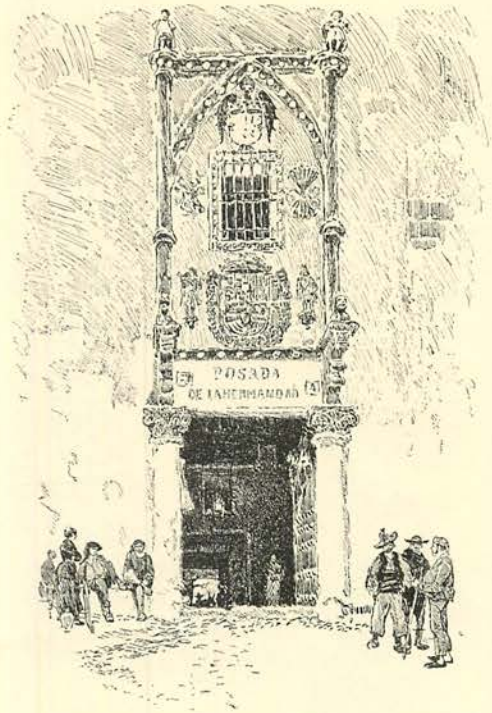
doing her bidding in all humility and trustful obedience. Our Lady's wardrobe is not to be counted. She might wear a different gown twice a day for five years without having to wear the same garment twice. Her robes are stowed away in innumerable closets and drawers in the vestry, and even the incomplete list of her costumes which I have seen would exceed the limits of this article. Her jewels are worth millions, and, like her dresses, are countless. One of her gala robes is weighted with twelve thousand pearls. Formerly the queens of Spain presented Our Lady with their wedding-dresses; but since the court moved to Madrid they have fallen to the Virgin of the Atocha.

offer to sell us the burial certificate of the Greco-Toledan painter for a price which, reduced from reals into our coin, was about one dollar and thirty-five cents. We sternly rebuked the faithless custodian, and were marching proudly away, when we were surprised to see our now animated gargoyle, who had overheard our temptation, turn hand-springs upon the cobblestones, and give other unmistakable signs of delight at our having refused to steal from the church its most precious treasure.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," El Mudo said. "I thought you were English; and I thought you had come to Toledo only to see those miserable pictures of that humbug, the

Greek, and I only saw my mistake when you refused to buy his death certificate. The English always buy his death certificate. That sacristan sells a thousand every year." Through dark passages and winding streets, by a path which we were never able to discover again, he led us to a little temple in a most deserted quarter of even deserted Toledo, where it was plain that the ruins of a Moorish mosque had been utilized in the construction of the Christian shrine. Indeed, there still remain the distinct outlines of the *kaaba* roof. "There is no *cura* for this church," said our lively companion, who, though he now seemed anything but tongue-tied, we still called El Mudo; "there is no sacristan, and all the parishioners are asleep in the Campo Santo; and my aunt, who was the widow of the sacristan, when she died gave me the keys, and I sleep there in winter." We had no reason to doubt El Mudo's story; and when one remembers that there is a church in Toledo for about every twenty inhabitants, it is not strange that one should lapse into disuse, the cult be withdrawn, and the building fall into ruins. Here El Mudo showed us paintings which were undoubtedly canvases of Navarrete, the Castilian.¹ They were covered with mule-blankets, which showed the tender care which the little beggar lavished upon the works of the artist of his choice. They showed the

¹ Navarrete was known as "El Mudo," owing to his physical infirmity, having been a deaf-mute from early childhood.



AN INN OF TOLEDO.

personality of the painter, but were in no way to be compared with his masterpieces that are preserved in the Escorial. Somewhat depressed at our self-contained admiration of the pictures, El Mudo led us out of the church, replacing the key of which he was the sole custodian under a loose granite boulder. We became inseparable, and he proved a charming companion; only, every now and then, as we wandered through the deserted streets, his wizen face would assume a pleading look, and without further warning we knew intuitively that we were in the vicinity of more Mudos, and our friend, in his silent way, was asking permission to lead us to them.

Late in the afternoon we would rest for a little gossip and a *tertulia* in a *plazuela* that is known as the Little Place of the Fallen Angel. Here, as the shadows lengthened, the tall Saracen beauties of the vicinity assembled, bringing their water-jars, balanced upon their graceful, well-poised heads; and while few wore shoes, all had fresh pink roses entwined in the braids of their jet-black hair. One evening, as a proud beauty stalked across the square, she rebuked a persistent and unwelcome suitor by turning and saying sharply, "No me hace la mosca," or, literally, "Do not bother me like a fly"—a pure Moor-



A STREET IN TOLEDO.



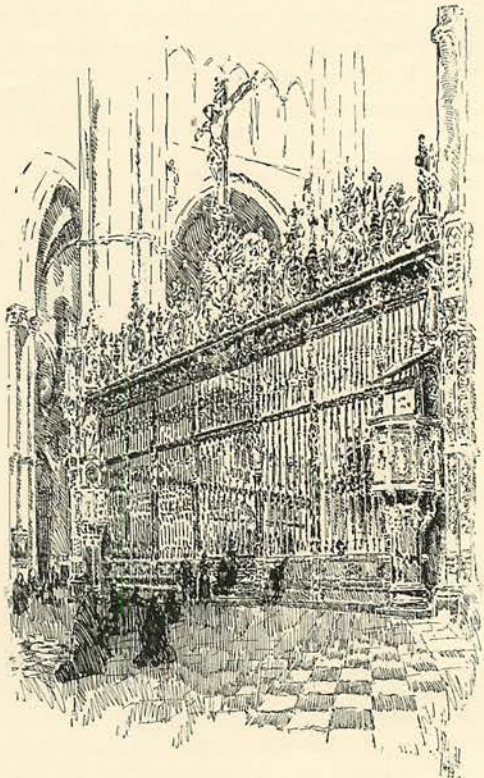
IN THE CHOIR, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

ish, or rather Arabic, idiom, though the words were Castilian; and when I called the attention of my friend Don Praxedes to it, he agreed, and said with some sadness that it would take five hundred years of a more active propaganda than that practised by the noble ladies of the Convent of St. James, across the way, to stamp out and destroy all trace of the hated Saracen in Toledo, the heart of Castile.

We persuaded Don Praxedes to leave his shop, one day when his business was far from brisk, to go with us at noon to the Gate of the Crumbs by the cloister of the cathedral, where, throughout the ages, the leavings from the cardinal's table have been distributed to the poor. But when we came to the Gate of the Crumbs, a blind man told us that the old custom had been changed somewhat, and that now the food for the poor was distributed at the gate of the palace; so we followed our blind friend as he groped his way around the cathedral walls, and soon found ourselves in the midst of some two hundred cripples and mendicants, who told us that the good cardinal had given up the old custom of distributing food at the cathedral gate because he wished them to have their soup warm—hot from the caldron.

Though sadly diminished, the revenues of the primacy are still large enough to permit the cardinal to follow the dictates of his kindly heart, and to feed, every day of the calendar year, some two hundred of the poor; and on Easter Monday, and other high festivals, the number of those who eat the bread of his charity reaches fifteen hundred or two thousand.

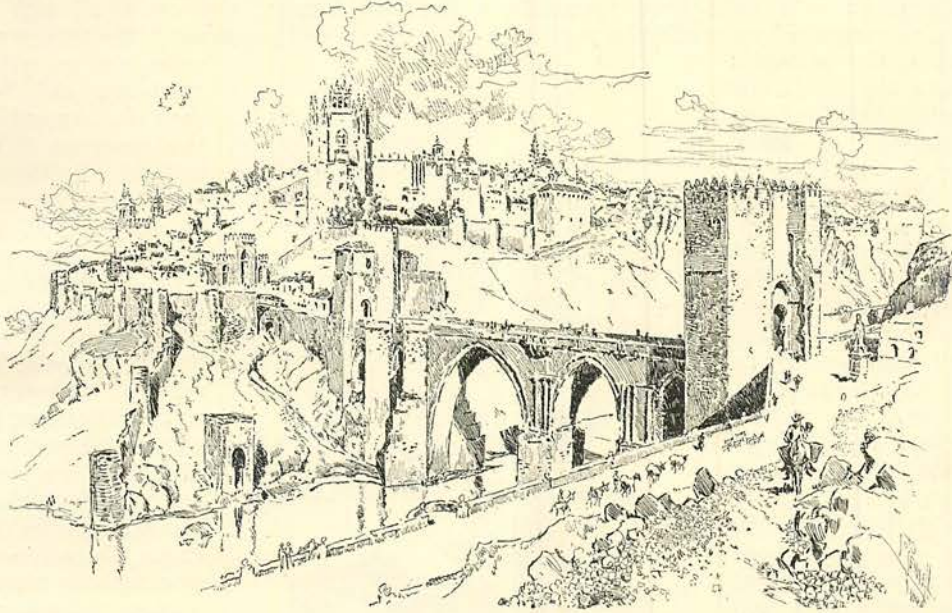
Across St. Martin's Bridge, above the swift but softly flowing river, the great granite rocks rise to a considerable height, in many fantastic shapes, abruptly from the bank. To the eyes of the Toledans, at least, the bridge still reveals stains of the blood that was shed by the last of the Comeneros in the defense of civic and provincial rights against the encroachments and the centralizing influence of the imperial government. After crossing, we ascended by a narrow and rugged pathway, and after a long and somewhat laborious climb reached the top of the cliff and the overhanging rock which is known throughout the country as the Head of the Moor. Half-way down the cliff, and directly under the Head, one comes upon a humble shrine and hermitage dedicated to the Virgin of the Valley, one of the most



THE CHOIR-SCREEN, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

holy places about the city, dating back to the days before the Reconquista. Here, when their burden of woe is too great to bear unassisted, and when the shadow of sin falls upon their souls, the children of Toledo resort, seeking pardon and consolation. The holy place and the blue-mantled image are always sweet with the flowers of the field that the peasants bring. There is no cura, and no sacristan. There is a rusty bell in

cast about the souls of those unfit for stratagems and spoils. It is always a wild, romantic stream, wherever you stumble across it, as it flows through tawny Spain—a wild, unbridled river, which brooks not the will of commerce, nor suffers upon its bosom the keels of boats that trade. As we climb the hill it is well to recall what the *cigarrales* are. While the Archbishop Rodrigo claims their introduction into Toledan life



ST. MARTIN'S BRIDGE.

the belfry, open to wind and weather, but no bell-ringer. The care of this shrine, being the obligation of no one, has become the concern of all. It is opened in the morning by him who first comes to say his matins in the smile of Our Lady; and it is closed, but only against the roving cattle of the field, at night when the last sound of the Santa Maria has died away, and the last wayfarer has said his prayer and gone upon his way not all in darkness.

To the right of the granite cliff, and about half a mile down the river, is the Mountain of Joy, on the slopes of which are situated the summer homes of the Toledans. We climbed these vine-clad slopes by a winding path, for the pilgrims to the *cigarrales* are of a more plethoric habit than those who climb to the shrine of Our Lady. And as we walked through the pleasant alleys shaded by the almond-trees, we could not escape the charm and the magic which the music of the waters of the Tagus below

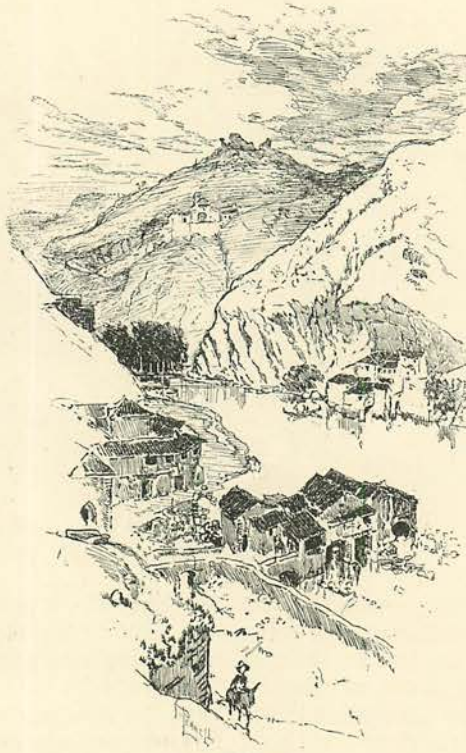
for the Goths, it is more than likely that we owe them to the blessed Moors, like almost everything else that is desirable in Spain. For centuries and generations they have been the Apulian farms to which the poets and philosophers of Spain have withdrawn from the annoyances of the world, to enjoy their Falernian wine and figs. As we approach still nearer we find them to be little vine-clad summer-houses, akin in simplicity of architecture to the *huerta* of Seville and the *carmen* of the Alhambra hills. Grouped about the mountain slopes, they peep out from behind trellises of running vines, in an atmosphere sweet with the fragrance of the wild jasmine and the rose; and the cooing of the doves, the cotes of which surmount the little *atalaya*, or watch-tower, of each *cigarral*, is symbolic of the peace and plenty and contentment which here prevail. While the *cigarrales* have not the innumerable fountains of the Seville *huerta*, or the inexhaustible supply of melted snow from the heights

of the Sierra Nevada which gives an arctic freshness to the Granada carmen, they are always delightfully cool and pleasant, while Toledo below is steaming and sizzling in the torrid heat. The gardens are planted with fig- and almond-trees, and, above all, with apricots, the beloved *mech-mech* which the Saracen brought with him from out of the East. You may have eaten the melon of Valence, the peach of Aragon; but until you have eaten the apricot in a Toledan cigarral you will have lived ignorant of luscious fruit. If we credit the popular legends, the romantic poets, the ponderous philosophers, and the historians of many tomes, who have resorted from time to time to these pleasant gardens, have led anything but quiet and ascetic lives, however much they call their workshops their cells—an affectation of the Spanish writer which dates back to the monastic days. The luxury which here prevails, the expenses of these rural retreats, and of the costly *giras* and *convites* (picnics and garden parties) which are given in them, have become proverbial for a light-hearted and thoughtless extravagance.

The most ancient and time-honored basilica of Santa Leocadia, better known to-day as the shrine of the Christ of the Vega, stands alone down by the river, outside the Cambron gate. After walking a few minutes through an alley of dark and mournful cypress-trees, suddenly a strange Romanesque building rises out of the shadows and stands before you. The rays of the setting sun illumine with a warm halo the image in marble, a masterpiece of Beruguete, which beautifully recalls to memory the maiden who here found a blissful martyrdom when the third century of our era was still young. Here in this lonely spot there have always stood a temple and a shrine, where the maidens of Toledo have come to

worship the sweet saint who is their patron. It will be remembered that at a later epoch Santa Leocadia was chosen by Our Lady, and sent down to the cathedral to felicitate St. Ildefonso upon his eloquent and convincing advocacy of the dogma of the immaculate conception. A piece of the veil which Santa Leocadia wore on this day when she appeared in the Toledan council of Gothic bishops, a souvenir for which we are indebted solely to the presence of mind of St. Ildefonso himself, who cut it off with his scissors, is still preserved in the treasury of

relics, and on certain feast-days and holidays is exposed to the osculation of the faithful. In this deserted temple many of the dogmas and canons of the church which are observed to this day were first resolved upon; and here Santa Leocadia, the celestial messenger, and St. Ildefonso, the patron and protector of Toledo, are sleeping their long sleep. It is held by some that Philip, the relicomaniac, had the blessed remains disinterred and carried to the cathedral; but I refuse to believe this act of vandalism even of Philip II. One calls the old deserted shrine Romanesque because in a general way its present appearance is suggestive of that



THE HERMITAGE.

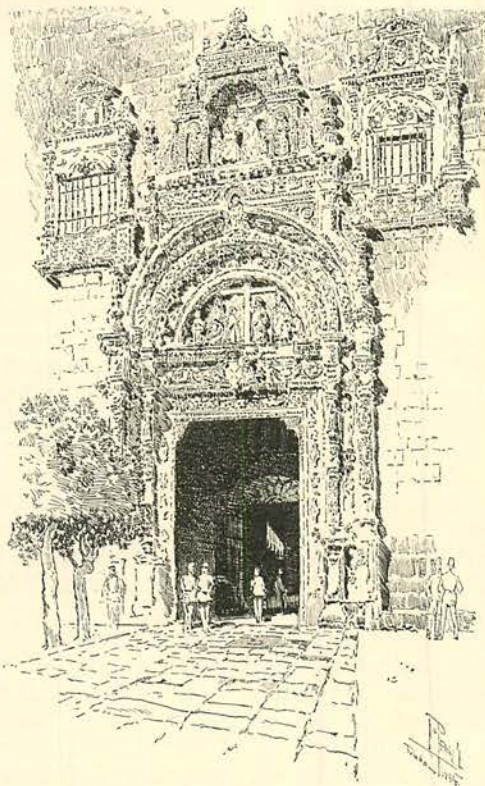
style. On closer inspection, especially from the interior, you see that the temple is an architectural mosaic to which each century and every civilization that has swept over it has contributed a reflection of its light or of its darkness. When some repairs were being made to the marble floor, there came to light the tombstone of a learned Saracen the epitaph of which, after so many centuries of darkness and forgetfulness in which it had been lost, read: "In the name of Allah the Clement and the Most Merciful, believe steadfastly, O my brethren, that the promises of God are sure and cannot fail; and be ye not seduced by the

pleasures of this world, for though they are sweet, they are transitory and pass away like the song of the summer birds." It was a pity to remove the old tombstone to the provincial museum.

As the shadows of evening deepened, we hurried out of the shrine. To the right rose a great white wall with many little doors and openings, suggestive of a baker's mammoth oven. Here in this holy place, by the tombs of the blessed saints, the canons and the higher clergy of the cathedral, and the sisters who nurse in the hospitals, are after death allowed to rest for a brief season, in communion with the saints, until they are removed to make place for the more recent dead. A creaking of iron under my feet showed me that I was passing over the grating above the place of bones, into which the remains of the canons and sisters are emptied when their places are wanted.

Walking to the east, we picked our way through the ruins of the Roman Forum, the Circus, and the Naumachia, of which, one and all, it may be said in a great measure that there stands hardly one stone upon another, or a pillar that has not been thrown down. The ruins are covered and hidden from view by the sands which the receding waves of the flooding river have left. So far as I know, there has been no attempt to dig for the buried treasures which may be awaiting discovery here; and if left to themselves, the Toledans will never make the effort. Crossing the river, we entered the Orchard of the King. Bare and neglected to-day, it brings forth no fruit. Close by the river-bank, and screened from the view of the unsympathetic who do not seek it, molder and decay the ruins of what is known as the palace of the Princess Galiana. It is a shapeless mass of crumbling stone, out of which it requires an effort of the imagination to con-

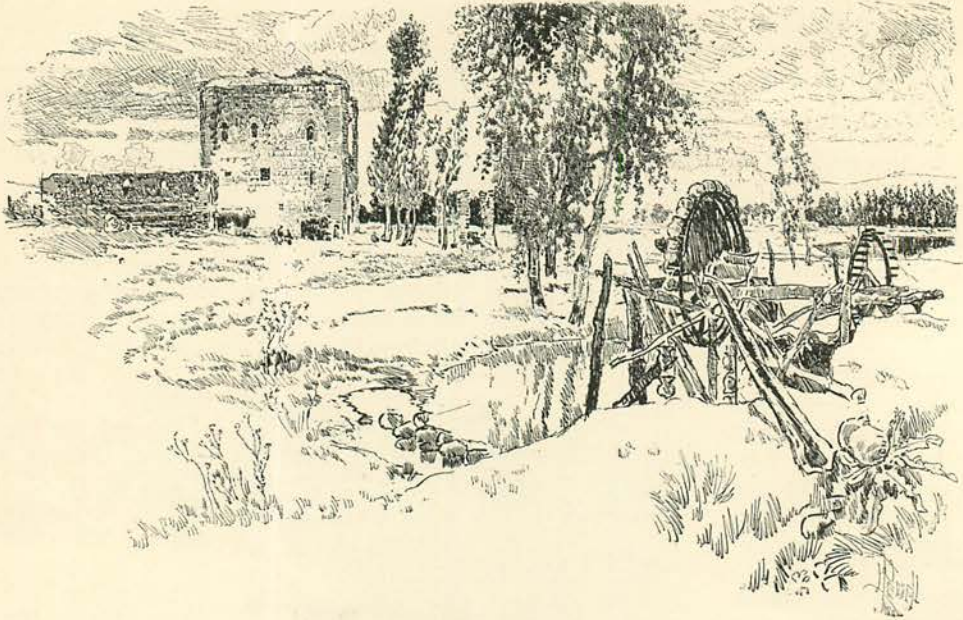
struct a palace at all worthy of the traditions and legends which cluster about the place. Of the many tall towers there remains only one, which was clearly not erected for the humble though useful purpose which it now fills—that of a pigsty, wherein swine and people herd together. The palace was for centuries the summer residence of the Saracen rulers of Toleitola; and, strangely enough, the memory of these great kings and of the mighty captains and vassals who thronged these deserted halls has passed away from us altogether, and the only story that lives on amid the desecrated ruins is a story of love—of the happy loves of Galiana, the White Dove of the Moors, and Charlemagne, the golden-haired and blue-eyed Falcon of the Franks. Above the entrance to the palace still hangs the armorial escudo of the great house of Guzman, who have possessed the romantic ruins since the Reconquest.



THE HOSPITAL OF SANTA CRUZ.

DON PRAXEDES lived some twenty paces down a little narrow street which ended at the gate of a stately though deserted palace. Here he lived and toiled, like his forefathers, making all the coffins and all the *arcas*, or trousseau-boxes, that the Toledans required in their day and generation. In the de-

serted palace across the way from his shop, shorn of all its past glories, and a stranger to the obsequious tread of time-serving clients, there lived, in lonely state, a grandee of Spain. He was the head of a great Toledan family that had clung to the Imperial City when all her faithless courtiers deserted her to worship the rising sun; and it is the proud boast of this clan that no member of it has ever appeared at court since the court moved from Toledo. One, and only one, advantage has come to this family for its constancy to the Imperial City: it still bears the great name which



THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE MOORISH KINGS.

the sons of the house have illustrated with their knightly deeds, though the mere title which precedes the family name is of low degree. Unlike his great peers, the Lemas, the Oropesas, and the Rivadeos, who, by the cunning device of the Flemish and the Bourbon kings, have been promoted past recognition, and wear ducal titles which stand for nothing in Castilian story, this grandee, who is awaiting the return of the court to Toledo, remains a simple count.

Sometimes I would catch sight of him as, bent apparently under the accumulated woes of centuries of neglect, he stalked about his palace like a restless spirit. He wore a ruff, stiffly starched, and upon his coat of antiquated cut glistened great silver buttons. His eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets, looked out upon the world with a proud sadness that spoke of a thousand years of sorrow and isolation. Often I saw him stand for hours by the window, seemingly abandoned to his dreams, and enveloped in the shadows of his cheerless life. Then, as the darkness deepened, he would wake up with a strange cheerfulness in his eyes, and look down into the dingy cellar where Don Praxedes was hammering away on his coffins; and, with an "Until to-morrow, if it be God's will, Don Praxedes," he would disappear for the day.

Santa Maria la Blanca, in the heart of the Juderia, has passed through many hands, and served a variety of purposes. It was built as

a mosque, then turned over to the Jews and consecrated as a synagogue; then it became, in turn, a convent of Magdalens, and a chapter-house of the Knights of Calatrava, and then a church. Now it seems a mosque again, though deserted and silent, and every trace of the various transformations through which it has passed has disappeared. As you sit in the courtyard, in the shade of the trees, and listen to the melody of the many fountains, you think to hear the warning voice of the muezzin as he sings out from his tower: "Sleep is good, but prayer is better. Great is Allah!"

In the days of Don Pedro the Cruel, when the Jews were mighty and powerful in the Imperial City, the Transito was the most magnificent of their synagogues. You can still read the legend, which says: "This is the sanctuary of the Lord God of Israel, the tower of cedar that Samuel built to make manifest the law decreed by God, and to enlighten those who seek perfection. God was with him and is with us." The tracery on the stuccoed walls, and the delicate carving in the cedar arches, is of the best Andalus-Saracen period. It would seem to present the dream of a soldier of Ali, as he sleeps on the shores of the Atlantic, and recalls the beauty of the trees, the nodding flowers, the sweet-voiced birds, that he has passed since leaving the shores of the Red Sea, on his Odyssey of conquest. This was the Sion of the Hebrews of Toledo until the day when the spirit moved

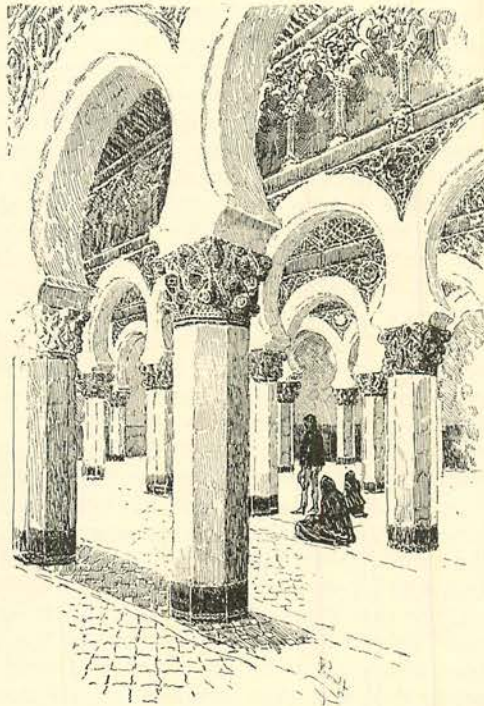
San Vicente de Ferrer to preach a crusade against them, with the result that they were all massacred as they crouched before the holy of holies—all who would not abjure their faith, and be born again in the holy water which the saint carried in his left hand to leave his sword-arm free.

LIFE in Toledo is very still and tranquil; the current of human activity seems to be spent. There are no gatherings of the people, except at funerals and celebrations of the dead past. One morning, however, I came into the Calle Ancha de las Angustias (the Broad Street of Sorrows), and found it in a strange, unusual turmoil. Churchman and layman were hurrying along the serpentine way, eying one another suspiciously, as though fearful of being outstripped and deprived of the reward for which they strove. I was swept along by the current, and was indeed almost carried off my feet at the joy of seeing people. Soon we reached the parish church of Santo Tomé, famous for the obsequies of the Count Orgiaz, in which, as represented in the canvas of Greco still hanging in the old church, celestial choirs of angels took part. Since this memorable occasion the church has been the favorite place for funerals. As the priests and the peasants disappeared through the narrow gate and were swallowed up by the

darkness within, I lingered a moment to read a notice nailed to the door, which set forth that, as requested in his last will and testament, a requiem mass was about to be offered in the chapel for the repose of the soul of Don Fulano. As further devised by the deceased, it was stated that a *limosna*, or alms, would be doled out to those who joined in the service, according to the following scale of prices: ten reals (or fifty cents) for every canon or other member of the higher clergy, six reals to each merchant in the city, and

four reals to the peasant of the Sagra. These were the inducements that filled the Broad Street of Sorrows with hurrying, almost scampering figures, and crowded the dark church with so many worshipers. When the prayers were all said, the almoner stood by the door with a great leather bag, out of which he paid the assistants for their prayers, according to the published rates.

One morning the roar of cannon startled the city from its slumbers, and the echoes reverberated a hundredfold through the rock-bound valley of the Tagus. I hastened to the window, and at a glance saw that the town had been quickened into new life and activity which were strange and unfamiliar. Welcome sunshine flooded with warmth and brightness the damp, sepulchral street



SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA.

in which we lived, and across the way the dark and gloomy palace of the Alvarez de Toledo, where never before had I seen a creature stirring, nor a sign of human habitation, was draped with the tattered banners brought home from long-forgotten wars; and on the broad balconies and in the long-closed windows I saw bright and smiling faces, not the frowning specters of the past that had haunted them before. Again the roar of cannon rang through the winding streets; then a rattle of fireworks, and the hurrying footsteps of some half a dozen people—a

Toledan crowd—fell upon my ear.

“The kings of the glorious days are coming back to Toledo!” I cried, in my enthusiasm; “and the roar of the cannon hails the raising of the imperial standard over the long-deserted Alcazar!” And so I hastened out to see the strange and wonderful sight. Though I had never seen so many people afoot in Toledo before, nor met on every hand with such undeniable evidence that Toledo, after all, was inhabited, yet everything is comparative, and I confess that I had scurried about

for at least ten minutes through winding streets into delusive blind alleys without meeting with any one, until at last, when out of breath and in despair, I stumbled across a canon of the cathedral whom I knew.

"Well," I cried, as I caught the bright and cheerful expression which his countenance wore, "it must be true, then! At last the kings are coming back! The cardinal archbishop is to be proclaimed *tertius rex* throughout the Castiles, and supreme in Toledo; and everything will end for the best in this the best of all possible worlds." But Don Tumersindo only shook his head. After a shrug of his ample shoulders, he cheered up a bit, and said: "Not that; not quite that as yet; but come it will." Don Tumersindo and I, it should be said, had arranged the destinies of the world for several centuries to come, one evening, as we smoked in the luxurious cell of our historical friend who dwells in the cigarral on the slope of the Mountain of Joy. "But 't is a great day in the annals of the city, all the same," said Don Tumersindo. "To-day we celebrate the victory of the cross and Don Juan over the paynim pirates at Lepanto. We sing the *Te Deum* in the cathedral at eleven; you must not fail to come." And so the worthy canon hastened on; for the robing of the vestments which the higher clergy wear on this glorious day is a momentous matter, and takes much time, though the acolytes and the altar-boys are able tirewomen.

Celebrating the battle of Lepanto! With greatly moderated speed, I now proceeded through the labyrinth of streets, and so came at last to the cathedral church of St. Mary, which rises out of a swamp in the midst of the city, far above the tallest tower and the most lofty monuments which crown the Seven Hills; and every palace that I passed on my way was hung with tattered banners and moth-eaten tapestries which illustrate the exploits of that glorious day, and even the great cathedral itself I found changed past all recognition. With eyes that blinked in the strange, unusual glare which the innumerable candles of beeswax shed, I saw suspended before the altar the tattered, war-worn banners which Don Juan had unfurled to the battle-breeze on that decisive day, vowing to have them preserved forever in the Church of St. Mary should the cross triumph over the crescent. The Christian banners,

with their golden images of saints and martyrs, flaunted proudly in the breeze that blew through the windy aisles; and beneath them hung, damp, drooping, and dejected, the war-standards that were captured from the great Suleiman on that day of deliverance for all Christendom. The Toledans thronged the church in attitudes of prayer, thanksgiving, and tearful gratitude. As the triumphant strains of the *Te Deum* came echoing down the whispering aisles, as the procession emerged from the chapter-house, tears of joy streamed down many a furrowed cheek, and it was as though, by the wise and merciful ordering of Providence, a great danger and a menace had been removed from their horizon, and that it had all happened but yesterday.

The last echo of the psalm of victory had hardly died away on the breeze when I stood before the coffin-shop, with my *alforjas* packed, and ready for the journey back into the living world. I bade a last farewell to Don Praxedes. We drank a parting *copa*; and when he asked me why I went, I could only say that the spell was broken, and remind him of what he said to me the night the peasant girl with the beautiful raven hair was brought by her lover and her brother to be measured for her bier: "'T is a beautiful corpse, but the soul has fled. Why tears?" And then we were off, clattering down the echoing streets, followed by his hearty "May you ride with God!"

We gallop out of the city and across the Sagra as though fearful of pursuit. Only when two leagues away, and we reach the last rising ground that commands a view of the dying city, we think to pull rein and turn. The setting sun gilds again with a passing glory the mighty towers and the massive battlements of the fortress that once was Cæsar's. But even as we linger there the shadows gather more darkly and the heavy mist-clouds roll up from the river, and the City of the Generations, wrapped in the tattered mantle of its kings, fades away into the invisible; and it seems, as I turn and ride away toward the living world, as though some tender goddess of the Homeric days had cast a veil of pity between the heroic city that lies dying there without vassals and without slaves, and the cold, careless gaze of curious prying eyes.