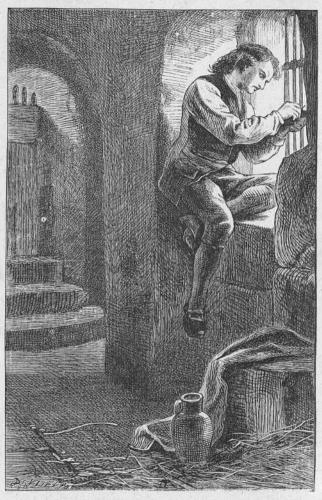




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"He worked with it during the long night hours, filing away at the iron bars that guarded the narrow window of his cell."—The Inquisition, Page 257.

(Frontispiece.)

THE

SPANISH INQUISITION:

ITS HEROES AND MARTYRS.

BY

JANET GORDON, author of 'champions of the reformation,' etc.

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THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

ITS ORIGIN AND NATURE.

HE Inquisition, recently abolished in Spain, was a tribunal established for the discovery and punishment of all who might hold opinions, or shades of opinion, differing in any degree from those religious dogmas which the Church of Rome has imposed upon all the peoples subject to her sway; and any deviation from which she has never failed, where she had the power, to punish with the utmost severity. Rejoicing in the name of the Holy Office, ostensibly Christian, and having its origin in a pretended zeal and love for the Christian faith, the Inquisition habitually in its procedure set at nought and trampled under foot, alike the natural impulses of human justice and compassion, and the obligations of that religion of love taught to men by Jesus. A mighty unseen engine of oppression, it brooded like

an incubus over the land, repressing all progress and freedom of thought, and menacing prince and peasant alike with its pitiless invisible arm. Sitting in secrecy, its judges exercised in effect an irresponsible despotism, unchecked save by the feeble remonstrance of consciences seared by the perpetual commission of cruelties which seem almost incredible. Its arrests were made secretly, and at midnight; and its conduct to the prisoners in its power was systematically pitiless and unjust. Under a pretended mask of law and justice, it falsified facts, and kept back or concealed circumstances which might have proved the innocence of its wretched victims, so that it was almost impossible to obtain an acquittal, particularly if the suspected person were rich; wealth being found, under the jurisdiction of this tribunal, which had no revenues except what it drew from the confiscation of heretics, to be a frequent provocative to the imputation of that crime. A facility for making these false accusations was afforded by the secret nature of the tribunal. An impenetrable curtain of the deepest gloom veiled from the eyes of the public the dread inner world in which the inquisitors perpetrated their deeds of cruelty and injustice. One after another, the busy merchant, the eloquent preacher, the enlightened savant, the noble, unhappily for himself, liberalized by travels in distant lands, were seen to disappear, to reappear again upon some morning of doom, in the dread sanbenito, at the fatal place of burning,-shrinking from the light of day,

haggard, enfeebled, with limbs distorted by the rack and pulley, the trembling, shuddering actors in the ghastly *auto-da-fé*. Verily there is no sadder, more shameful chapter of human suffering and wrong, than may be read in the record of what men have done, ostensibly for conscience sake, and to do God service; as if the merciful Creator and Preserver of universal nature had been some Moloch, insatiably thirsting for human blood.

The principle, as it may be called, of the Inquisition—the dogma that religious error is a crime to be punished by the State—existed from a very early age in the Christian Church. Officers, whose duty it was to discover and punish heresy, were appointed by the Emperors Justinian and Theodosius; but it was not until the eleventh and twelfth centuries that an attempt was made to institute a special tribunal for this purpose. In the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent the Third, uneasy at the spread of the sect of the Albigenses in the domains of Count Raymond of Toulouse, instituted a general Inquisition against heretics in the provinces of Provence and Narbonne, in France.

The monks from whom the first inquisitors were chosen, were members of the recently established and fanatical order of the Dominicans. No permanent form was given, however, to the Inquisition in France until 1233; and in 1232 the tribunal was introduced into Spain. The first Spanish Inquisition was founded in that year in the diocese of the Bishop of Lerida,

where its youth, at first feeble and sickly, was cherished with pious care by the sovereigns of Arragon, who obtained the canonization of some of the earlier inquisitors, who had fallen victims to the popular hatred which their office inspired. Of these questionable saints no special mention need be made; it is enough to observe that the Inquisition grew and flourished under their care, while in every other country of Europe it declined. In France and in Germany it languished, and became gradually weaker, until it was finally abolished; in Poland, its career was so brief as scarcely to deserve mention; and in England it was never received at all. It was in Spain, Portugal, and their dependencies, principally, that its gigantic prisons were reared, bristling like so many fortresses over the groaning land. There, pomp and glory waited at its judgment-seats; there, kings delighted to do it honour; and there, even the blood-royal was found but an insufficient guard against its encroaching tyranny. In 1478, Ferdinand the Fifth of Arragon, the husband of the celebrated Isabella the Catholic, the heiress of Castile, hankering after the great wealth possessed by the Jews, who had settled largely and acquired extensive power and influence in Arragon and Castile, obtained a bull, or papal decree, from Pope Sixtus the Fourth, introducing the Inquisition into Castile, and remodelling the whole institution, bestowing upon it that constitution and those tyrannical powers which it ever afterwards retained.

What that constitution and these powers were, will be best seen by examining into its modes of procedure. A process before the Inquisition was generally founded upon the denunciation of some informer; such denunciations being considered meritorious, and so entirely the duty of every good Catholic, that the wife was expected to betray her husband, the father his child, the confessor his penitent. Every impulse, in short, of natural honour and affection was attempted in these denunciations to be subverted and set at nought. It sometimes happened, however, that no informer appeared against those who had made themselves obnoxious to the Inquisition; and in these circumstances, any slight cause of suspicion discovered by accident in a former trial, or otherwise, was held sufficient to justify what was called an information or preparatory instruction. To this succeeded the inquiry, which was conducted in the following fashion.

The witness or witnesses of the circumstances, more or less suspicious, which formed the basis of the accusation, were summoned; and having first taken an oath not to reveal any of the questions put to them, were interrogated as to all they knew concerning the accused, who meanwhile, not yet arrested, and in utter ignorance of the deadly peril to which he was exposed, was going unsuspiciously about the ordinary avocations of his life.

In these preliminary inquiries, the witnesses were not informed of the precise subject on which their depositions were expected to bear: they were only required in general terms to tell all they knew, and in especial, to reveal anything that they had either seen or heard, which might seem to them to militate in any degree against the dignity and rights of the Catholic Church or of the Holy Office. The result of this was the introduction of a great mass of irrelevant and idle gossip into the depositions, which might be, and often was, useful in furnishing hints upon which future accusations were based. When the witnesses had revealed all which they had to tell, their depositions were written down by the notary, and then delivered into the hands of certain monks, who examined them, and, on the faith of their contents, declared the accused person more or less violently suspected of heresy, according as their ignorant fanaticism or avarice prompted them to a greater or less degree of spite against their intended victim. These monks were called qualifiers; and when their qualification was completed, the procurator-fiscal, obeying that law which placed all the civil magistrates of Spain at the disposal of the inquisitors, demanded, in accordance with their secret instructions, the immediate arrest of the accused person, and his committal to the secret prisons of the Inquisition.

These seizures were generally made at night, by servants of the tribunal, who were called familiars, or alguazils. Robed in black, and often men of high rank, these familiars executed their commissions in such secrecy and silence, that the nearest neighbours of the accused

could only guess at the dread cause of his otherwise mysterious disappearance.

Dragged from his bed at the dead of night, bewildered, confused, without having had time to conceal his effects or destroy his papers, ignorant of the crime laid to his charge, ignorant of his accusers, it can scarcely be a matter of wonder that the unhappy accused, when transferred from his cell to the secret judgment-chamber, or to the tender mercies of the wily monk who conducted the preliminary examinations, should often have got confused, and contradicted himself hopelessly, and made admissions fatal not only to himself, but to others.

To return, however, to the prisons of the Inquisition, these were of three kinds, and were called, according to their varying degrees of rigour, the public, the intermediate, and the secret prisons. The first, which were airy and well-lighted apartments, were reserved for prisoners not suspected of heresy, but of other crimes, such as bigamy and smuggling, which the Inquisition, through the decrees of several successive monarchs, acquired the privilege of punishing. The second series of cells, also well lighted, and tolerably comfortable, were used for those servants of the Inquisition who, although guiltless of the taint of heresy, had committed some breach of their contract. The third, which consisted of damp, foul, underground vaults, were for those unhappy individuals who, suspected of heresy or of heretical leanings, formed, so to speak, the natural prey of this tribunal. The wretched occupants of these foul, unwholesome

dungeons were often chained to the wall, where they dragged away the slow days in bleak, blank isolation, with no light except such faint glimmers of heaven's sunshine as could struggle through a slit in the thick walls, and fall upon them where they sat in utter solitude, which was unbroken, save when an inquisitor came on one or other of what were fitly called the three audiences of monition. In these the prisoner was advised to speak the whole truth, without attempting to conceal anything which he might have said or done against the Catholic faith. Until then, the accused would in all probability have been ignorant of the crime laid to his charge; and when he had gleaned something of its import from the inquisitor's words, he might either confess it, which some did, or delay his answer until the act of accusation was read to him. His visitor then proceeded to examine him rigorously as to his parentage and genealogy; and if he was so unhappy as to have Moorish or Jewish blood in his veins, as a great proportion of Spaniards had, or to have an ancestor suspected or accused of heretical leanings, the fact was put down, to be afterwards used against him, apparently on the supposition that a corrupt fountain cannot send forth anything but impure waters. He was then ordered to repeat the Pater and Credo; and if he had forgotten them, or through excitement made any mistake in repeating them, it was also noted down, and remembered to his detriment in the subsequent trial.

After these examinations were completed, the final act

of accusation was framed by the procurator-fiscal, any admission which the prisoner might have been drawn in to make against himself being carefully embodied in it. In this act every varying statement of each several witness was put down as a separate fact, although every witness called might be deposing to the same conversation or action; so that an accusation which ought truthfully to have been confined to one charge, was made apparently to embrace five or six.

The purpose, or one of the purposes, of this ambiguity, was to confuse the prisoner, who, if he had not a very clear and logical mind, often imagined that several distinct crimes were imputed to him; and in striving to clear himself from them, contradicted himself, and so gave excuse for the charge that he had departed from the truth in his answers,—thus justifying, in the opinion of the inquisitors, the application of torture.

This barbarous mode of eliciting the truth, or of forcing the wretched sufferer to utter such falsehoods as his examiners deemed suitable to their purpose, was in very common use among the inquisitors. It was held, indeed, in so much favour by this tribunal, which professed to be guided in all things by zeal for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, that although the accused might have confessed himself guilty, in the first audiences, of all that had been laid to his charge, the procurator-fiscal nevertheless ended his requisition by declaring that he had been guilty of falsehood and concealment, that he was contumacious and impenitent,

and that he demanded therefore that torture or the question should be applied to him.

The forms of torture in use in the dungeons of the Inquisition were various. I shall merely describe two of them, known by the names of the rack and the pulley, —making choice of them because they were perhaps the two in most common use, not because there were not a variety of others, causing, if possible, still more prolonged and exquisite torment.

The chevalet, or rack, was a machine of wood, shaped like a hollow groove. It was made large enough to hold the body of a man, and had no bottom, only a bar of wood across it. Over this bar the body of the sufferer placed in it fell in such a position that the feet were much higher than the head. This posture, about the most unfavourable to respiration that can be conceived, soon produced in the victim extreme pain and difficulty of breathing, aggravated by the pressure of the cords, which cut into the flesh of the sides, arms, and legs, almost penetrating to the bone. The agony caused by these cords may be imagined, when it is remembered that so many as eleven turns were sometimes made round each limb; nor was the pain caused by them the worst part of the punishment. The prisoner, bound in this posture of suffering, was forced to open his mouth, a fine wet cloth was spread over his face, and water was then poured into his mouth and nostrils from an earthen vessel with a hole in the bottom, in a steady continuous stream, which fell so slowly, that more than an hour was

required to consume a pint. This constant flow of water into the mouth and nostrils, joined to the unfavourable position, added to all the other torments of the sufferer the agonies of an incessant struggle with suffocation, and made the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs a very frequent result of the infliction of this cruelty.

The pulley, the second variety of torture in most common use, might be described as a vertical rack. The person condemned to it had heavy stones or weights of wood or iron attached to his feet. His hands were bound behind his back, and he was hoisted up to the roof of the torture-chamber, by means of a rope attached to them. This rope was then suddenly slackened, and he was allowed to drop within a few inches of the ground with a violent jerk, which sometimes wrenched every joint from its socket, and dislocated every limb. The inquisitor meanwhile stood by, and in the name of religion urged the executioner to tighten the murderous cords, protesting all the time, in smooth-set hypocritical phrase, that in the case of death, injury, or fractured limbs, the wretched victim writhing before him in unutterable torments had only himself to blame.

Many instances are recorded, in which every variety of anguish that human ingenuity could devise, failed to wring from the sufferer one incriminating word, either against himself or others; but such high-souled endurance was comparatively rare. More generally—and who can wonder at it?—the wretched accused confessed the crime often falsely laid to his charge. He was then

compelled next day to ratify or retract this confession upon oath; and the usual effect of this was, that every prisoner confirmed the confession, however false, which had been wrung from him by pain, because to have denied it would have been to have subjected himself to a repetition of the torture.

Sometimes a prisoner of bold and resolute character would demand that the requisition or act of accusation should be furnished to him in writing; but this was seldom done. It was generally withheld from all prisoners, in order that they might not have time to ponder over it, or to prepare their replies. All that the justice of the Inquisition demanded, was that judges, whose interest it was to find the prisoner guilty, should read over in his hearing the articles of accusation as quickly as possible, so as to embarrass him to the utmost, and should then ask him if he wished to make any defence. If he said 'Yes,' garbled extracts of the act of accusation and of his replies were made, and a list of the lawyers belonging to the Holy Office was handed to him.

From these prejudiced and interested advocates he was forced to choose a defender, whom he was not personally allowed to see, or communicate with in any way. The mode of proceeding when the prisoner demanded and had chosen an advocate, was for one of the notaries of the Inquisition to give a garbled, mutilated copy of the case to the lawyer selected, who read it over, and was then ordered to defend the prisoner if he thought it just to do so. If he did not, he was requested to advise

the accused to solicit his pardon from the Inquisition, to confess his crimes sincerely, and humbly ask to be reconciled to the Church.

If the advocate, on the contrary, determined to defend the prisoner, he generally advised his client to challenge the witnesses. What a poor chance of success he had in this attempt may be judged, when it is remembered that he was ignorant of the names of the witnesses; that he could only encounter his accusers at haphazard, and in the dark, as it were; and that, in effect, he often challenged people who had never been summoned as witnesses against him.

When the advocate had made his defence, such as it was, judgment was privately pronounced upon the prisoner. The sentences passed were various, and comprised a great variety of penances, confiscation, imprisonment, and death; but whatever the punishment was, it was not communicated to the prisoner until the morning of the *auto-āa-fé*.

These autos-da-fé, or acts of faith, were the great gala days of the Inquisition, and were surrounded with all that imposing pomp of circumstance with which the Church of Rome delights to invest her solemnities.

They were held periodically in each of the twelve cities in which the Inquisition had established her tribunals; and a Sunday or holiday of the Church was always chosen, in order to mark the religious nature of the ceremony.

The scene was generally some large square in the

centre of the town. There, on a platform covered with rich tapestry, seats were placed for the inquisitors, for the principal nobility, and for such members of the royal family as might be in the neighbourhood. Directly in front of this gallery was a large scaffold, the *Quemadero*, or place of burning, so situated as to be visible from all sides of the square, in order that no devout Catholic might be balked of a good view of the spectacle of the day. Early on the appointed morning the bells of the churches began to toll with muffled, mournful peal; the great gates of the Inquisition swung back on their hinges, and a dismal procession issued forth.

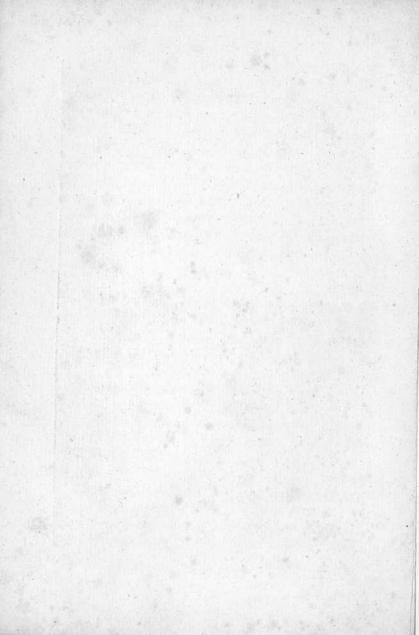
First came a division of mounted troops, bronzed veterans, who might have fought under the banners of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, or followed the victorious standard of his son Don John. After them came the condemned, marching in single file, with a familiar of the Inquisition on either side, and a couple of friars behind, who loudly, in importunate tone, adjured the heretic to repent and be reconciled; thus doing their utmost to disturb and agitate the few moments of life yet remaining to their victims.

Those prisoners condemned to the flames were pointed caps of pasteboard, covered with grotesque representations of devils, and the *sanbenito*.

This robe of infamy was a loose frock, of a coarse yellow woollen stuff, divided by means of the figures painted upon it into three grades, which served to intimate to the wearer the degree of severity of the sentence



"The great gates of the 'Inquisition' swung back on their hinges, and a dismal procession issued forth."—The Inquisition Page 14.



about to be executed upon him. Those who were sentenced to penance, imprisonment, or confiscation, wore a sanbenito upon which a simple red cross was portrayed. Those who were allowed the favour of being strangled before they were burned, had, on the contrary, a sanbenito with busts painted on it, surrounded with flames pointing downwards; while those sentenced to be burned alive had sanbenitos reserved for them embroidered with busts consuming in flames, pointing upward, and assiduously fanned by such grotesque devils as the monkish chisels have preserved to us on the spouts and under the eaves of our ruined monasteries and abbeys.

The last prisoner, with attendant jailor and confessor, having filed out of the gates of the Inquisition, the procession was swelled by the magistrates of the city, the nobility on horseback, and a swarm of ecclesiastics on sumptuously caparisoned mules.

Then came the inquisitors, with great banners of blood-red sarcenet carried before them, having one side emblazoned with the heraldic bearings of the Inquisition, and the other adorned with the papal arms, conjoined with those of Ferdinand and Isabella of Catholic memory. The familiars, and such of the nobility as did not disdain to serve in their ranks, brought up the rear; and far behind, pushing, struggling, spreading in tumultuous waves over the country, came the heaving masses of the toiling, work-a-day crowd, brought there by their superiors to learn, in the triumph of Church

and Cross, lessons even more debasing than those taught to the heathen Roman populace by the brutal games of the amphitheatre.

When the august portion of the assembly had taken their seats, and the square was filled to overflowing with the more common part of the crowd, a celebrated preacher, generally one of the court preachers, or a bishop of unusual eloquence, rose and delivered what was called 'the sermon of faith;' dividing, for half an hour or so, public attention with the haggard crowd of victims upon the scaffold. These were of every rank, for the net of the Inquisition swept far and wide; but a noticeably large proportion of them were drawn from the upper classes, the priesthood itself supplying many a victim illustrious for genius and learning, which in happier lands might have conducted him to the highest posts of honour and influence, but in Spain led only to the robe of infamy, the gag, and the stake, at the Quemadero, or place of fire. When the preacher had concluded his discourse, the grand inquisitor, who was generally either a cardinal or an archbishop, rose in his gorgeous robes of office, and stretching out his hands, administered with much solemnity an oath to the assembled concourse of people, who, falling like one man upon their knees, swore to defend the Inquisition against all assailants, and to be faithful to it alike in life and death, even should such fidelity demand sacrifices as painful as the plucking out of a right eye or the cutting off of a right hand. During the reigns of Ferdinand and

Isabella, and of their grandson the Emperor Charles, this oath was demanded from the people alone: the sovereigns were not expected to take it. It was reserved for the morose and bigoted Philip to inaugurate a ceremony so humiliating to the position of the Spanish ruler. The historians of his reign tell us that he voluntarily on several occasions took this oath, drawing his sword as he uttered the words, as if he longed with his own hands to cut in pieces the enemies of his chosen tribunal.

When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, the secretary of the Inquisition read aloud a roll of the prisoners, declaring their several offences, and the sentence pronounced against each. Those condemned to penance and confiscation then knelt down, each in his turn, when his name was pronounced; and having confessed, and deplored his guilt in a loud voice, he humbly demanded pardon, and was solemnly absolved by the grand inquisitor; and consigned back to his jailors, with what poor comfort he could glean from having his sins forgiven by a fellow-creature, equally or even more guilty than himself. For there still remained to the absolved man what we Protestants would consider very heavy penalties indeed. He had escaped, to use the words of the ancient patriarch, with the skin of his teeth; he had come so near the fire, that the smell of it was yet upon Sometimes he was condemned to be imprisoned for life, sometimes for a shorter term. Generally he was declared infamous, and stripped of all honours which he

might have inherited or acquired; and in all cases his whole property was confiscated, and his fortune, large or small, went to fill the exchequer of the Inquisition, which was, like the horse-leech and her daughters, always crying, 'Give, give!'

When those who, in inquisitorial language, were reconciled, were all removed under a strong guard to their prisons, there remained only the martyrs destined to the flames, and all eyes were turned towards them, generally with hatred and loathing. The words of Jesus to His earliest disciples, 'Ye shall be abhorred by all men for my name's sake,' were literally true of these Spanish victims of this dread institution of the Romish Church. Regarded as enemies alike of God and man, as more accursed than the hated Tew or infidel Moor, there was no eye to pity them as they stood, pallid and prison-worn, with limbs scorched and torn by fiery pincers, and distorted by the pulley and rack, each wasted brow serene with more than mortal courage, each hollow eye gleaming with an inspiration caught not from the earth which had been so evil to them, but from the heaven that, far beyond the torments of the Quemadero, opened for them its shining gates. Thus they stood, a spectacle to all men, defying with the unquenched, unquenchable might of the soul, all the array of worldly power that sought in vain to quell their convictions; and below them the multitude reeled and swayed, and the notary read their sentence, and the grand inquisitor delivered them in all kindness and mercy to the secular magistrate; and the secular magistrate, bound hand and foot to the Inquisition, prepared to do its cruel bidding.

A few minutes more, and the pile was kindled, the flames crackled and roared, the cries of human anguish mingled with the fierce shouts and yells of the multitude, the smoke of their burning ascended to the sky, and God, we cannot doubt, hearkened and heard it. For in the course of years it was ordained that, through spectacles such as these, and the wide and ruinous emigration of Jews and Moors consequent upon them, Spain, from being the wealthiest and most prosperous of all the European peoples, has sunk to be the poorest and meanest among nations.

An idea of the power of this tribunal, in the palmiest days of its glory, may be formed from the estimate given by historians of the number of its victims during the sway of its two first chiefs, appointed by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The first of these grand inquisitors was Father Thomas de Torquemada, a fanatical and pitiless Dominican monk, who showed such zeal in executing the cruel duties of his office, that during the sixteen years in which he filled it, he committed, according to Elorente and other historians, more than 9000 of his fellow-creatures to the flames. So great a number of persons were condemned to be burned at Seville, that Andrew Bernaldez, a contemporary writer, tells us that the prefect of the city was compelled to erect, in a field outside the walls, a broad scaffold of stone. On this platform, being apparently a

prefect of artistic tendencies, he erected four statues of plaster, which he named the four prophets; but whether the condemned were enclosed in them, and slowly roasted to death, or chained to them with the fuel composing the pile heaped around them, Signor Bernaldez does not make clear.

Mariana, another historian, tells us that in the province and diocese of Cadiz, not fewer than two thousand wretched creatures were consumed in the fire, besides an almost incredible number of others who were declared infamous, and were cast upon the world, enfeebled by long imprisonment in foul dungeons, tortured, maimed, beggared, to die by the slower processes of cold and hunger. Verily the tender mercies of the Inquisition were cruel.

Diego Deza, who succeeded Torquemada, and who was Bishop of Zaen and Archbishop of Seville, was also a member of the fierce, intolerant Dominican order, and so far as cruelty went, was not unworthy to tread in his predecessor's steps. During his eight years of office he condemned 1600 people to the same terrible doom; and to him belongs the questionable glory of having incited Ferdinand and Isabella to expel the Moors from their dominions, as Torquemada had before incited them to expel the Jews.

These two edicts of banishment procured to Ferdinand and Isabella the loss of almost two millions of their most able and industrious subjects, and dealt the true prosperity of the country a blow from which it has never recovered. The annals of the world contain no records of a similar exodus, except such as on a smaller scale followed the shortsighted revocation of the Edict of Nantes. And the same consequences in both countries resulted from the tyrannical measure. The French refugees brought with them to England the knowledge of certain manufactures of which France had hitherto held the monopoly; and in Spain, the harassed, distressed multitudes, who sold their houses and vineyards for an ass or a small piece of linen, and fled dismayed, fugitives from the rack and stake, carried with them, although Diego Deza and the fanatics of his school knew it not, the prosperity and wealth of the fertile land from which they were cast sorrowing forth.

Ferdinand, who survived his consort Isabella, recommended the Inquisition at his death to his grandson Charles, the heir of their united kingdoms. And the recluse of the monastic retreat of Yuste, again in his turn bequeathed the care of the Holy Office as a sacred duty to his son and successor, Philip the Second.

No charge could have been more congenial to the sombre heir of the great emperor. It was in the reign of this prince, and beneath his fostering protection, that this peculiar tribunal attained its greatest power and arrogance, and prosecuted its most distinguished victims.

Philip's character, silent, dark, suspicious, loving to strike in secret, inclined him to find in it a useful and convenient engine of oppression. It was easy to get up a charge of Judaism or heresy against a man in a country

where such a trifle as giving a child a Hebrew name was held presumptive evidence of the fact that he was a Tew, or the possession of a proscribed book, such as any of the works of Erasmus, Luther, or Œcolampadius, exposed their owner to the penalty of being burned alive. Accordingly we shall find that Philip used the deadly unseen arm of this tribunal as a means of gratifying jealous hatred and political animosities, as well as those religious impulses which taught him, in common with all good Catholics, to desire to stifle freedom of thought in the blood of the audacious thinker who dared to differ from any of the dogmas which he and the Church had laid down for the guidance of their subjects. It was probably the latter of those motives which swaved him in the part he took in the first of these famous prosecutions of the Inquisition which shall come under our notice. It is the story of a very distinguished, perhaps the most distinguished, victim of that pitiless tribunal— Bartholomew de Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain.





CHAPTER II.

ARCHBISHOP CARRANZA.

ARTHOLOMEW DE CARRANZA was born in 1503, of an old Castilian family, who had settled at Miranda de Arga, a little town in the kingdom of Navarre.

Early in life he entered a convent of Dominicans, which was called St. Eugenius, and which was dependent upon the University of Alcala de Henares, in which his uncle Sancho de Carranza was a doctor. When he was fifteen years old he removed to the College of St. Balbinia to study philosophy, which then comprised some vague and general ideas of Logic and Metaphysics. In 1520 he took the habit of a Dominican monk, in a convent of that order in the suburbs of Guadalajara, and had no sooner made his profession, as it was called, than he was sent to study theology in the College of St. Stephen of Salamanca, which he left in 1525 for that of St. Gregory in Valladolid. Unfortunately for himself, he was no ignorant monk, content to wallow in the sty of mere sensual indulgence. He was a man of an active and enterprising spirit, an eloquent speaker, able, prudent, versatile, and distinguished by excellent parts and learning. As early as 1530, his enterprising spirit and his search after truth had led him into danger. In that year no less than two denunciations were laid against him before the Holy Office. A Dominican monk, a professor in his college, deposed that he had often conversed with him upon religious subjects, and had observed that in all these conversations Carranza endeavoured to limit the power of the Pope and of the Church, hinting that men could be saved only through the atoning merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.

His second accuser was a monk of the same order, Brother Juan de Villamartin, who denounced him as an ardent admirer of Erasmus, and a defender of his works, even of those in which he attacked the sacraments of confession and penance.

Of these denunciations the Inquisition made no use at the time. Carranza's talents were at the moment useful to the grand inquisitor and his colleagues; but they laid them up in their archives, and produced them many years later, when the archbishop had become the victim of their hatred. In 1530 Carranza was appointed Professor of Philosophy in the College of St. Gregory, in Valladolid. In 1534 he obtained the post of Professor of Theology in the same college, and in the same year he was named qualifier to the Holy Office in Valladolid.

In 1539 an honourable testimony was borne to his talents by the monks of his order, who sent him to Rome to attend a general chapter or council of the Dominicans.

In this assembly he was chosen to maintain what were called the theses, a duty only confided to such members of the order as were known to possess eloquence, discretion, and ability. The task was by no means easy, and the post was sufficiently invidious; but Carranza fulfilled its difficult duties with so much of talent and suavity, that he obtained the rank of Doctor and Master of Theology, and a reward which he valued still more—a permission from Pope Paul the Third to read the proscribed books of the German Reformers.

On his return to Spain he settled quietly down at Valladolid, teaching theology with great success in the Convent of St. Gregory, and striving, like a good shepherd, to assuage the temporal sufferings as well as supply the spiritual wants of those around him.

In the autumn of that year, 1540, the harvest had been an entire failure in the mountains of Leon and Santander, and widespread famine and suffering were the result. So great was the scarcity of food that the people at last left their villages, and feeble, hunger-stricken multitudes flocked to Valladolid, with plague and pestilence dogging their steps. Great numbers of these the charitable Professor of Theology fed at his own expense in his college; and when his slender means were exhausted, he sold his books that he might assist others in the city, retaining of his library—which had been a good one for those days—only his Bible and the Life of St. Thomas.

During this period, besides his duties as a teacher, he was kept incessantly at work by the Holy Office, either

as a qualifier, or an examiner of books, which were sent to his house by the Supreme Council. His eloquence also procured for him the unenviable honour of preacher at the *autos-da-fé*, which were frequently celebrated at Valladolid with much pomp and magnificence. About this period also, his great talents, and earnest, exemplary life, procured him the favourable notice of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who appointed him Bishop of Cuzco,—an honour so repugnant to his humble, unambitious nature, that he declined it, saying that he would only go to South America as a simple preacher of the gospel.

The favour of the emperor for him seems to have been in no degree diminished by his refusal of the bishopric, for in 1545 we find him sent by Charles to the Council of Trent as his theologian.

He remained there for three useful, busy years; and among other honours which his talents procured for him, there was one which, many years afterwards, brought him abundant trouble. Cardinal Pacheco, the dean of the Spanish prelates, who were members of the council, appointed him to preach on justification before the fathers of the Church. He obeyed, and delivered a celebrated sermon, tainted even then, his enemies said, by the plague-spot of Lutheran heresy. Yet Carranza, at this period of his life, was as little an avowed heretic as he was at any other. He was an earnest, pious, liberal-minded Roman Catholic, anxious to do and choose the right, and to reform abuses which offered no temptation to his simple, frugal, self-denying temperament. During

his residence in Germany, he published at Rome a work which he called a Summary of Councils, and one at Venice in the same year, treating of theological controversies. In 1547, two years after he left Spain, he published a book intended to reform the abuses consequent upon the non-residence of bishops at their sees, which created a vast amount of excitement and angry feeling, and procured him many bitter and influential enemies. It was publicly attacked by Brother Ambrose Caterino, and defended by Brother Dominic de Soto, both monks of his order.

On his return to Spain, the emperor offered him the post of Confessor to Philip the Second, then Prince of the Asturias, but this honour he declined; and in 1549 he also refused the Bishopric of the Canary Islands, which was offered to him by Charles. In the same year the monks of his order elected him Prior of the Dominicans at Valencia, and this office he accepted. In 1550 he was made Provincial of the Convents of Castile, and immediately set about the duty of visiting his province, earnestly endeavouring to reform the abuses which had crept into the convents in the wake of growing wealth and luxury.

In 1551 the Council of Trent was again convoked, and Carranza was again sent by the emperor to attend it. Furnished with power by the then Archbishop of Toledo, he assisted at all the deliberations until 1552; and among other duties which he performed, was the drawing up of an index,—a task for which his literary ability and comparative liberality peculiarly fitted him.

When he returned to Spain, the term for which he held the office of provincial had expired; and fatigued by the cares of public life, he gladly re-entered his Convent of St. Gregory at Valladolid, and resumed his duties of teaching.

While he was thus engaged in the simple and unobtrusive exercise of his office as a professor, Philip, the only son and heir of the emperor, having lost his first wife, Mary of Portugal, married another, his father's cousin, Mary the heiress of England. He had no sooner formed this alliance, than it seemed to his bigoted mind that it would be a comparatively easy thing to reconvert the haughty islanders to the faith which they had so recently abjured. In Spain he was absolute and supreme: he had but to say, Do this, and it was done; and he seems to have thought that he would have much the same power in England. In order to inaugurate this work of conversion, and that he might give a show of reason to his measures, he requested his father to send him an eloquent theologian, skilled in the intricate windings of scholastic theology; and Charles sent a messenger to the Convent of St. Gregory, commanding Carranza to repair to England without delay. He obeyed, and found there a churchman much of his own enlightened stamp —Cardinal Pole.

Of noble, even of royal birth, urbane, polished, and liberal, the Cardinal had himself known what it was to be persecuted for conscience sake, and all his instincts were in favour of toleration. Although the greater part of his life had been passed abroad, he was a native-born Englishman, and understood well the temper of his countrymen. Perhaps the greater number of such conversions as were not made from interested motives, are to be ascribed to his winning urbanity and kindliness of manner; but some are also due, the Spanish historians tell us, to the eloquence of Carranza. Certain it is, that the learned monk preached incessantly in the environs of London; but as it was in Spanish, it is not easy to see how, without a miracle, the gaping crowds that followed him could have been either edified or convinced by his discourses.

And now comes the great stain of his life—the fatal blot which made all his subsequent misfortunes but a returning into his bosom of that measure, heaped up and running over, which he had meted out unto others. Evil communications, it is said, corrupt good manners. It is possible that his Castilian eloquence bore but slight fruit in the form of conversions; certain it is, that this man, liberal-hearted, large-souled as he was, degraded himself to the level of Bonner, Gardiner, and the other bigots of their school, and joined with such alacrity in their odious persecutions, that he became pre-eminently hateful to the English, who called him the Black Friar, in reference alike to the deep brown of his southern complexion, and the sable hue of his Dominican gown.

In 1555, Philip, sick to loathing of his poor plain wife, and impatient of the leading-strings in which the English Parliament held him, took the road for Dover; and with the exception of a short visit of four months, never again set foot in a land whose people and institutions were alike abhorrent to him. It was a favourite saying of his, 'that he would rather not reign at all, than reign over heretics;' and England was still, to all intents and purposes, heretic. It was in vain that Pole flattered, and Carranza preached and prayed, and lectured in the universities, and revised the canons decreed by the council: the nation stood aloof, sullen and determined, cursing the murderous Smithfield fires, and bitterly inveighing against the foreigners.

So deep was the popular discontent, that Carranza was often in great danger; but he escaped safely from all the perils that beset him, and in 1557 joined his master Philip in Flanders. There he showed the same intolerance which he had manifested in England, and caused great quantities of books infected with Luther's heresy to be burned.

At Frankfort he did the same, and informed Philip, who had become king by the abdication of his father, that many of these books were introduced into Spain through Arragon. It is not to be doubted that this zeal commended and endeared him in no small degree to the king, who privately resolved to reward him at the first convenient opportunity. That opportunity was not long in coming. Cardinal Siliceo, Archbishop of Toledo, died; and Philip at once thought of the learned and pious monk who had twice refused a bishop's mitre.

The Archbishopric of Toledo was in those days no

mean prize. Attached to it was the primacy of Spain; and Spain was at that time such a mighty empire, that her primate held the post of greatest power in the Roman Catholic Church next to the Pope. His vassals were as numerous as those of a prince; his revenues far exceeded those of any grandee, however wealthy; and his jurisdiction extended over fifteen large towns, as well as numerous villages. The news that he had been appointed to this coveted post of honour and wealth, came upon Carranza like a thunder-clap. He had never even dreamed of the possibility of such a thing, and he strove with an instinctive presentiment of coming evil, to put away from him the ill-omened boon.

With a very evident sincerity he refused to accept the dignity, and humbly recommended to the king the Bishops of Badajoz and Segovia, and Don Alphonso de Castro, 'any of whom,' he said, 'were much better fitted than he was to fill the office.'

Philip, however, was not a man easily induced to forego any of his purposes. He formed them slowly, and held to them tenaciously. He was determined that Carranza should be Archbishop of Toledo; and so he wrote to him, commanding him upon his allegiance to accept the Archbishopric. Carranza, thus left without a loophole of escape, did the only thing possible for him to do under the circumstances: he obeyed, and accepted with a quaking heart the greatness literally thrust upon him. The Pope, Paul the Fourth, dispensed in his case with the usual formalities, and in as

short a period as possible he was inducted into his fatal honours. Fatal; for the misfortunes of his life began from the hour in which he signed himself Archbishop of Toledo.

It is scarcely matter of surprise that his elevation should have procured him many enemies. The quarrels of priests have never been awanting in acrimony; and there were many among the priesthood, prelates of learning and high descent, who counted themselves a thousand times more worthy to fill the archiepiscopal throne. Their hatred, however, keen as it was, was nothing to that felt by a fierce and envious monk-Ferdinand Valdes, the inquisitor-general, Archbishop of Seville. This man had counted securely upon being Primate of Spain. His services, he conceived, merited such a reward; and when an obscure monk of his order was taken from his cloister, and promoted to the place he coveted, his wrath knew no bounds; and he set himself to pursue the new Archbishop with the tenacity of a bloodhound, and the pitiless, unswerving hatred of an inquisitor seasoned in cruelty and blood. His position not only gave him great advantages for gratifying his malignant animosity, but at the same time pointed out to him the mode in which it would be most easy for him to do so; and he at once set to work to pick holes in the orthodoxy of the new prelate,—an easier task than those who had just witnessed the Archbishop's exploits in England would have believed possible. Meanwhile Carranza, exhausted

with his efforts against the Lutheran books, and finding the archbishop's robe by no means such easy wear as his old Dominican gown, had been duly consecrated to his new dignity at Brussels, on the 27th of February 1557. He did not immediately return to Spain. He had a book in the printing-presses of Antwerp, over which he was watching with fond paternal care. It was destined to be his first gift as primate to the flock under his sway; it was destined also—but that he did not know—to be his own passport to the secret prisons of the Inquisition. This important work, which was written in Spanish, and published under the title of Commentaries of the Very Reverend Fray Bartholomew Carranza de Miranda, Archbishop of Toledo, on the Christian Catechism, was better known as Carranza's Catechism.

When it was finished he returned to Spain, and took his seat in the Councils of Castile and the Inquisition, employing the time left free from the encroachments of business in his usual exemplary manner—visiting the sick, preaching, praying, and distributing alms, much as he had done when he was a simple friar; except that his princely revenues now enabled him to be a great deal more magnificent in his charities.

In September he was sent by Philip into Estremadura, to the cloisters of Yuste, with affairs of importance, upon which the king wished to consult his father. The emperor was then very ill: he had just gone through the extraordinary ceremony of celebrating his own obsequies, and was so weak and low, that Quixada,

the steward of his household, would scarcely permit any one to see him. It is certain, however, that the archbishop had several interviews with him, of which different accounts are given by different historians. He had undoubtedly been at one time a great favourite with Charles; and Gregory Leti gives a long account of several interesting conversations which he had with him at this time, which, being unsupported by other historians, must be condemned as fictitious. The will of the Emperor Charles the Fifth sufficiently shows that he died, as he had lived, a bigoted Roman Catholic; and Sandoval is rather to be believed when he says that, instead of being influenced by the archbishop, Charles was at this moment considerably prejudiced against him, owing to letters which he had received from his daughter the Regent, informing him of the suspicions of the archbishop's orthodoxy, which had been set afloat and assiduously fanned by Valdes.

This is the account which Sandoval gives of the interview between Carranza and his old master:—Charles was dying, and mutual emotion for a few minutes after the primate entered the imperial chamber kept both silent. Then the emperor pointed to a seat, and to the Bible, in which he found much consolation during his illness; and the archbishop read a Psalm, and uttered these few words of consolation: 'Your Majesty may have full confidence; for there is not, nor hath been, any sin which the blood of Jesus hath not sufficed to efface.'

Memorable words, greedily listened to, and eagerly

transmitted to his foes; for malice and hate followed him even into that chamber of death. Juan de Regla, the emperor's confessor, we are told, could not abide him on account of his superior talents. And so Juan added his quota to the rapidly growing act of accusation; and Valdes smiled grimly as his notaries plied the busy pen, labouring at that voluminous mass of testimony—not less, Llorente tells us, than twenty-six thousand leaves of manuscript—in which the truth was so carefully concealed and covered up, that scarcely anything less than a miracle could bring it to light. Alas, poor Carranza! pious burner of heretics, how wilt thou feel when the dungeon, and rack, and stake come thus near thy shrinking self?

Shortly after his visit to Yuste, the primate received from one of his intimate friends, Don Antonio de Toledo, grand prior of the order of St. John, an intimation of the charges which were brought against him, and of the probable fate in store for him. He was not, however, alarmed. It seemed to him an incredible thing that he, the favourite of emperors and kings, an archbishop and a prince, should be summoned like any obscure priest or layman to answer for the purity of his faith; but he was to see stranger things even than that before he was allowed, weary and heart-broken, to exchange his archbishop's robe for the shroud of forgetfulness and the exile's grave.

From Yuste he repaired to his archbishopric, and occupied himself as he had done in the capital—in

visiting his diocese, distributing alms, and praying with the prisoners and sick; the only notice he took of the warning he had received, being to write to the king and the pope. To these sovereigns he sent a narrative of the intrigues which the grand inquisitor was endeavouring to foment against him, and implored their protection, alleging that Valdes was his enemy. This protection was not granted. Philip, naturally suspicious, and already prejudiced against him by the reports of his sister, the Regent Joanna, declined to interfere. The imputation of heresy was sufficient in his eyes to take all merit from the archbishop's past services, and slowly but surely turn his once strong affection for his old favourite into a loathing and dislike keener almost than that of Valdes. As for the Pope Paul Fourth, he could be inflexible enough when he had any object of his own in view; but only then. It was he who defied Philip and his lieutenant Alva in one and the same breath; and whose favourite after-dinner talk was to denounce the Spaniards as the scum of the earth, and to declare 'that, although now the masters of Italy, they had not so very long before been known there only as its cooks.' This arrogant pontiff esteemed Carranza, but not sufficiently to burn his fingers on his account; and he therefore also remained inactive, watching the course of events, having been informed by his nuncio that the grand inquisitor, in all the steps which he took, was acting in concert with the king, who, with his usual hypocrisy, directed Don Antonio

de Toledo to write to the archbishop that he was satisfied of his innocence, and would not fail to accord to him such protection as he deserved.

Somewhat comforted by this slightly ambiguous message, the prelate repaired to his town of Torrelaguna, and, fatigued by his journey and the heat of the August weather, went to bed early; believing that he had warded off the invisible blow which had been about to fall upon him. Never was unhappy prince more deceived. At midnight, on the 22d of August, the familiars of the Inquisition beset his gates, and demanded entrance in the name of that awful tribunal.

No resistance was made: the doors were thrown open by trembling hands, and the prelate was dragged from his bed, and thrown into a carriage which was in waiting, amid the silent tears of his servants, by whom he was much beloved.

In this manner he was conveyed through the streets of Torrelaguna, the inhabitants being forbidden to show themselves at the windows, and was committed to the secret prisons of the Inquisition at Valladolid; his arrest causing the whole kingdom to throb with a sensation of deep, uneasy awe, and arousing abroad a feeling of intense indignation, especially among the theologians of the Council of Trent, with whom he had acted in concert at two separate councils.

As the king had several times insisted that the archbishop should be treated outwardly with all the consideration due to his office, Valdes, in his treatment of him, was not able to gratify the full malignity of his heart. He dared not cast him into the common prisons, but assigned him lodgings which, although neither commodious nor agreeable, were princely when compared with those of his fellow-prisoners. rooms were allotted to him and his two attendants,an attached monk who remained faithful to him in all the vicissitudes of his fortunes, and a page. So remote were these rooms from all communication, and so entirely was the archbishop removed in his living grave from the busy world of men, that he did not hear, until many years afterwards in Rome, of a great fire which had broken out in the quarter of Valladolid in which his prison was situated, and consumed more than four hundred houses. A few months after he was brought to the capital, anxiety of mind, want of exercise, and the unwholesome situation of his prison, combined to throw him into a low fever; but Valdes had not the humanity to remove him to a more salubrious residence. He would, in truth, have been glad if he would have died; for the difficulties of the process were multiplying on his hands. Public opinion, he saw, was against him, and in favour of his prisoner; and he used all the arts natural to a perfidious, envious, and vindictive man, to justify himself, if possible, to the world. He had many Lutheran prisoners in the dungeons of the Inquisition, members of the Cazalla family, Fray Dominic de Roxas, and others, who had been the archbishop's pupils and penitents; and he tortured and mangled these unhappy sufferers, in order,

if possible, to make them bring some definite charge against Carranza, but in vain. No extremity of torture could induce them to bear false witness, or make any statement more condemnatory than that they had hoped that the archbishop might become one of them. It was reserved for the bishops and theologians who had declared the fallen man almost an apostle in his hour of power, to turn round upon him in his humiliation, and repeat fragments of confidential conversations, or extract passages from the books they had praised, for the purpose of swearing away his life.

It is unnecessary to enter into the voluminous mass of evidence brought against Carranza. Hundreds of witnesses were examined, who deposed to the carelessness which he showed in regard to the so-called sacraments of absolution and penance; to his admiration for Erasmus and other German writers; and to the close unanimity which existed between him and Luther upon the subject of justification by faith.

It may be asked, What were his real views? A question by no means easy to answer. He was really a good man, sincerely pious, reverently studious of the Bible, and desirous of regulating his life by its precepts; but he was not a reformer, he was not a Lutheran. He showed in England, that in prosecuting to the uttermost those who had abandoned the Church of Rome, he verily thought that he was doing God service. And yet, with all his intolerance, he had marched unconsciously onwards with the progress of the

age, until he was not far from Luther. He agreed with him upon one important doctrine at least of the Christian faith; but he was on the side of Rome, while Luther was the champion of the Reformation. Properly, he belonged to neither party: he was a middle man, a halter between two; one of those devout and sincere Roman Catholics who endeavoured to conjoin external submission to the Pope and Church, with an inward renunciation of their errors, and subjection to the teaching of Holy Scripture. The words of the ancient Syrian magnate exactly describe his case. Naaman, in looking forward to the hard duty of serving two masters which lay before him, used these words: 'In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant this thing.'

This prayer, modified to suit the altered outward circumstances of the time, would precisely have suited the ill-fated archbishop, who had faith, without the firmness and courage which ennobles it. Irresolute and hesitating, a man of moderate temper, and dreading all violent changes, he had preferred the smile of a king to the possible loss of influence and worldly position; and now, sick, weary, distracted, his honours and dignities tottering beneath him, he languished in prison, sadly meditating upon the words, 'Put not thy faith in princes.'

He had been two years in confinement before he was

permitted to choose advocates for his defence; but this privilege was at last accorded to him by Philip, whose mind was always becoming more poisoned and embittered against him. Following the usual course of prisoners in the Inquisition, he challenged the witnesses, and the grand inquisitor Valdes himself, filling eight folio sheets of paper with charges against this man, whose envious perfidy he exposed in such a masterly manner, that the king was forced unwillingly to appoint another judge. The man he chose was the Archbishop of Santiago, who, afraid of the responsibility, delegated his powers to the Councillors Voltadano and Simancas, who were just about to begin the hearing of the case, when the Council of Trent was convoked for the third time.

This event made a slight diversion in favour of the primate. The grand inquisitor Valdes, terrified lest the Council should approve of the catechism of Carranza, and interfere in his behalf, immediately went to Philip; and representing to him that the dignity of the Inquisition would be impaired, and its prestige receive a blow, if a prisoner were taken out of its hands, or a book it had censured approved, succeeded in inducing him to send an ambassador to Trent, with a request, or rather a command, that the assembled prelates should confirm the censure passed by the Inquisition upon Carranza's catechism. The assembled prelates, however, would do nothing of the kind. They were highly indignant with his Catholic Majesty of Spain for his treatment of Carranza, and refused even to open his letters, until he had

atoned for the insult he had offered to the episcopal dignity in the person of the archbishop. They also wrote to Pope Pius the Fourth; Paul, the hater of Spaniards, being by this time in his grave. And Pius, who had just prolonged the time required for the trial, wrote to Philip, demanding that the archbishop, and all papers relating to his suit, should be sent to him,—thus doing the very thing which Valdes had foreseen and dreaded.

Philip, however, who was emphatically a good hater, was determined not to lose his prey; for as such he now regarded the man whose fortunes he had cherished, and who had once been dear both to himself and to his father. He replied to the pontiff's letter with unusual energy, and almost in a scolding tone, telling his Holiness that he was surprised to find that the members of the Council of Trent occupied themselves with the affairs of individuals, and not with the more weighty matters of religion in general; that the demand to surrender up Carranza was contrary to the rights of his sovereignty and the honour of his person; and that he hoped his Holiness would excuse his non-compliance with the requisition, and his continuance of the trial before the proper court,-namely, the tribunal of the Inquisition, whose dignity and usefulness would suffer by the removal of the prisoner to Rome.

The Pope was much displeased by this letter; but he was a feeble, irresolute old man, fearful of irritating Philip, who was angry that the French ambassador had obtained the precedence over his. He therefore con-

doned the king's disobedience, granted his demand, and tried to pacify the bishops by promising to rescue Carranza when the trial was completed. This middle course gave satisfaction to neither party. Philip took little heed of his recommendation to treat the archbishop with all gentleness, and the affair went on, dragging its slow length along for three more tedious years; and then Pius sent from Rome three notable judges, who were all afterwards popes,—Cardinal Buoncompagni, afterwards Gregory the Thirteenth; the Archbishop of Rosano, afterwards Urban the Seventh; and the General of the Franciscans, afterwards Sixtus the Fifth. With them were associated the auditor of the rota, and Aldobrandini,—five in all.

These envoys reached Spain in the end of November; and Philip, who went to Alcala to meet them, tried by all the flatteries in his power to induce them to permit the grand inquisitor to judge the case along with them. This the legate, Buoncompagni, steadily refused; and there seemed some prospect of the poor archbishop obtaining justice at last, when suddenly, at midnight on the 8th of December, the Pope died; and the cardinal, who aspired to the chair of St. Peter's, and wished to be present at the conclave, immediately set out for Rome. He had been received with much ceremony, but he left with very little; for he did not even inform the king of his intentions, but departed without so much delay as the writing of a letter would have occasioned him; leaving the archbishop and his trial in precisely the

same state in which it had been, three years before, in 1562.

On the 17th of January 1566, Pius the Fifth was elected to the vacant throne of the popes. The son of an Italian peasant, he had worked his way upward to the tiara by dint of austere morals, a saintly reputation, and an inflexible will. A Dominican, like the persecuted archbishop, he was exceedingly displeased at the length to which his trial had been prolonged, and at the indignities heaped upon him. His anger was aggravated also by the arrival of Cardinal Buoncompagni, who was too late for the conclave, but not too late to do Carranza a service. He had used his eyes when he was in Spain, and now declared to Pius that the archbishop could never be judged with impartiality there, even by judges appointed by the Holy See.

This decided the Pope, who wrote at once to Philip, commanding him to remove Valdes immediately from the office of grand inquisitor, and summoning the archbishop and his cause before his own tribunal without delay.

Then a great contest ensued. Valdes, enraged at the thought of losing his prey, wished to incite Philip to brave the Pope, as he had before braved the Council of Trent. The king, loath also to forego his vengeance, argued and remonstrated; but he had no weak Pius the Fourth now to deal with. 'Obey,' said the austere pontiff, 'or be excommunicated along with Valdes;' and Philip, who had not forgotten his bloody struggle with Paul of Spanish-hating memory, elected to obey at last

with a very bad grace. Valdes was removed from the post which he had abused; and the Pope sent a nuncio extraordinary into Spain, armed with a bull threatening the Archbishop of Seville, the Inquisition, and the king, with excommunication in its full extent, unless Carranza were immediately set at liberty.

Not all the dreaded thunders of papal excommunication could, however, prevail upon Philip so far to bend his pride as to obey these commands literally. The archbishop was not liberated; but he was taken from the two rooms which had been his prison for seven years, and removed under a strong escort of royal troops to Carthagena, where he was to embark.

Travelling in a litter, a feeble, broken old man, his appearance excited the compassion of all who beheld him. When he had entered his prison-rooms at Valladolid seven years before, he had been a hale, healthy, handsome man; now, his frame was bent, his brow furrowed, his hair scanty and grey, his thin cheek and hollow eye telling their sad tale of crushing disappointment and hope deferred, and that weariness of heart that failed to find in any change of circumstances an omen for good.

At Carthagena he was detained for four months. The inquisitors sturdily refused to give up the papers relating to the suit; and the nuncio was obliged to betake himself to his reserve of papal thunderbolts before he could procure them; and even then, he could only obtain them in a garbled and mutilated form. The inquisitors availed themselves of his ignorance to deliver up to him

only part of the extraordinary mass of writing which constituted the process, thus causing the delay of a whole year, when the deficiency was afterwards discovered in Rome,—a circumstance not disagreeable either to Philip or the Inquisition, who wished at all risks to postpone the judgment, which they feared would be favourable, until after the death of Carranza,—an event which they flattered themselves could not be far distant.

At Carthagena, two members of the Chapter of Toledo joined him. The ecclesiastics of his diocese had all along shown an honourable devotion to their fallen chief; and they now appointed two of their number to attend him to Rome, and render him every service in their power.

On the 27th of April 1567, after months of delay, he embarked at Carthagena, and on the 25th of May arrived at Civita Vecchia. Here he was met by the Spanish ambassador, and Paul Vislersio, nephew of the Pope, and captain of his guards; and escorted by them, at once set out for Rome. The cavalcade of persons who travelled in his train, and at his expense, was very large. Besides a multitude of servants, there were two counsellors of the Inquisition, Don Diego de Simancas and Don Antonio Pazos. There was the inquisitor of Callahorra, the fiscal to the Supreme Council, and two secretaries of that dreaded tribunal, Sebastian de Landeta and Alphonso de Castellon. In attendance on these was a troop of familiars, and the archbishop's advocates, Don Martin d' Alpizcueta and Don Alphonso Delgado.



CHAPTER III.

CARRANZA IN ROME.

IUS the Fifth received Carranza very kindly. The story of their lives was not dissimilar: both had struggled upwards out of obscurity. and attained the very highest honours and dignities by dint of learning and perseverance; and there can be little doubt that the Pope at this time regarded the archbishop as the victim of that vindictive envy and jealousy which is so apt to dog the footsteps of success. He went in person to meet him, and assigned to him the apartments which had been occupied by himself and his predecessors in the Castle of St. Angelo. These rooms were large, and, unlike those at Valladolid, enabled the prisoner to take exercise; and from the windows he could, when he chose, enjoy a view of the surrounding country. His health improved, hope and comparative cheerfulness returned to him; and he permitted himself to look forward to the end of his trial, which was still very far off.

Gradually, the restrictions to which he was subjected became more marked: he was forbidden to speak to any one upon the subject of his trial, and was not permitted to take the sacrament or to say mass. One religious privilege alone was granted to him—precisely one of those by which he had set least store: he was allowed to confess four times in the year.

The Pope appointed sixteen consultors for the trial; and, as a needful preliminary, ordered the process to be translated into Italian,—an operation which consumed the remaining months of the year 1567. Early in 1568, the canons of Toledo addressed a remonstrance to Pius, entreating him to take into consideration the merit and high rank of the archbishop, as well as the honour and consolation of their Church, which had been deprived of its pastor for eight years, and beseeching him to show the prisoner as much favour as was compatible with religion and justice.

This letter pleased the Pope, who commended the writers for their courage and devotion, and promised to do what he could for Carranza.

The works and manuscripts of the archbishop meanwhile remained in Spain, and were not sent to Rome until 1570, which caused fresh delays, as they had all to be translated into Italian. Then, when the translation was finished, the fiscal of the Inquisition demanded that no meeting of the consultors should take place unless the Pope was present in person,—a demand which had the effect of lengthening out the proceedings inordinately, as Pius from illness and other causes was often unable to attend. In the midst of these baffling delays, the governor who had been appointed to manage the archbishopric died, and the Chapter of Toledo addressed another urgent appeal to the Pope, entreating him earnestly to terminate the trial. To this he replied very graciously, telling them that he had already tried to hasten the conclusion of the affair, and would redouble his efforts to do so.

He had, however, to do with a tribunal which unhesitatingly used every art of dissimulation to obtain its ends. When the mass of writing containing the evidence was at last arranged, it was found that certain parts of it, containing the depositions of witnesses favourable to the archbishop, were awanting. The inquisitors had kept back these papers; but had been so blinded by passion, that they had not considered that they were quoted in the papers they sent.

The Pope, naturally indignant at the discovery of this perfidy, sent John de Bedoya into Spain to demand them. Bedoya had an interview with Philip, which that monarch never divulged to any one, but which ended in some of the papers being given up to the messenger; part being retained in order to occasion fresh delays, and give an excuse at some future time for the institution of a fresh inquiry.

The Pope now prepared the sentence which he meant to pass. He declared in it that the accusations of the grand inquisitor were not proved, and ordained that the much abused catechism should be restored to its author, in order that he might translate it into Latin, and explain the doubtful portions in a Catholic sense. This sentence, it will be seen, was highly favourable to Carranza: but before the Pope pronounced it, he sent it into Spain by the hands of his chamberlain, Alexander Casali. He knew Philip so little, that he was confident that he would be highly pleased with this victorious acquittal of the chief ecclesiastical dignitary in his kingdom. The very reverse was the case. Philip considered himself in the highest degree dishonoured by the sentence; and he and the inquisitors, stung to madness by their failure, and unable in any other way to avert it, took refuge, some historians hint, in the detestable resource of assassination. Philip's gloomy and unscrupulous character rendered the adoption of this dark means of gaining his ends both natural and probable. He employed it in the case of the Count de Montigny, of the Prince of Orange, and of his own son, Don Carlos; and he was sufficiently incensed against Pius to wish him dead,-a wish which was fulfilled either with or without his agency. The Pope died in May 1572, a few weeks after Casali arrived in Spain with his obnoxious message; and the inquisitors and their master forthwith broke into an exultant Instead of lamenting the death of the head of the Church, they hastened to chronicle their opinion of him in letters which yet remain. 'The death,' they say, "fof a man who showed himself willing to compromise the honour of the Spanish Inquisition for the sake of a Dominican monk, cannot be regarded as of much importance;' and again, 'the death of such a Pope is a positive gain to the Inquisition.'

With these sentiments, it may be imagined what a mighty effort they made to gain over the new Pope, Gregory the Thirteenth, to their cause.

This Pope, the very Hugh Buoncompagni who had been sent as legate to Spain in 1564, was the fourth sovereign pontiff that the archbishop had seen during the dreary years of his imprisonment. He was a man, comparatively speaking, of liberal tendencies; but he was not so much in favour of Carranza as Pius the Fifth had been, and he wished to stand well with Philip. who was moving heaven and earth to procure the condemnation of the archbishop. Acting in concert with the inquisitors, he caused those bishops and doctors of theology who had expressed a favourable opinion of Carranza's writings, to be made aware that they would be prosecuted and punished, as professing the errors of which they approved; and at the same time, he gave them an opportunity of rectifying their mistake by pretending that a discovery had been made of certain unedited works of Carranza, far more evilly tainted with Lutheran error than those which they had examined. It is little to the credit of the Spanish prelates to have to relate that many bishops fell into this snare, and had the cowardly meanness to condemn portions of the very catechism which they had before commended. At the head of these renegades to honour and conscience was the Archbishop of Granada, a man in

many respects like Carranza, truly respectable for piety, learning, and the possession of eminent talents, but of a great age, and with a weak human fear for the dungeons of the Inquisition.

Let the few who would have had courage to act otherwise condemn him; let the many who would have fallen along with him, pity him for the anguish with which he bought a respite from persecution for his dishonoured age. As for the ruthless king, he had no compassion for the suffering he caused. As soon as he had got the opinions of the prelates into his hands, he wrote to the Pope, telling him that the Archbishops of Granada and Santiago, and other prelates, had many important disclosures to make concerning Carranza; and he therefore hoped his Holiness would delay the trial until their depositions could be taken.

Gregory the Thirteenth, in the August of the same year, replied by commissioning Gaspard de Quiroga, the inquisitor-general, to receive the depositions of the prelates in the presence of a notary and witnesses, and having signed and sealed them, to send them to Rome. The inquisitor-general did not execute this commission in person, but sent some counsellors of the Inquisition, to whom he gave written instructions. In these he charged them to be careful to make the prelates say that, in the opinion which they now gave about Carranza's works, they were not at all influenced by the king, but simply by a conscientious regard for truth. The change in their views was to be accounted for by

the fact that they had made a second and more careful perusal of the archbishop's works, particularly of the famous catechism. Early in November these depositions were taken, and were sent to Rome in December, being all that the king could wish. Don Francis Blanco, Bishop of Malaga, particularly signalized himself by his subserviency. At the beginning of Carranza's trial he had only censured sixty-eight propositions in the catechism; now he censured two hundred and seventy-three, of which he pronounced sixty-three to be in the highest degree heretical. This tenderness of conscience procured him the Archbishopric of Santiago; but it is satisfactory to have to add, that he did not live to take possession of this reward of iniquity. He died before the man whom he had done all in his power to injure, although in his case also the end was drawing very near. The appearance and depositions of so many new witnesses of such importance completely changed the aspect of the trial, by appearing to throw a vast amount of evidence into the scale against the archbishop. Gregory the Thirteenth, although he had been in Spain, and was not unacquainted with the virulent animosity displayed by the king and the Inquisition, fell so far into the snare as to accept as bona fide the depositions of the bishops. For two years longer the intrigues went on; and then the Pope, who was a just man, but who found himself unable to discover the truth in the labyrinth of falsehood in which it was involved, called a solemn meeting of the Apostolic Chamber, and announced that he was about to give his final decision in this case, whose protracted delays had so long scandalized Christendom. Pursuant to this decree, the cardinals, prelates, and counsellors who were members of the Apostolic Chamber, assembled in the principal audience hall of the Vatican; and a very striking and suggestive scene took place. The Pope took his seat upon his throne, and an old man, bent almost double, with bare head and trembling limbs, and timid, ill-assured step, entered the splendid room. It was the victim of Philip's hatred, and the grand inquisitor's envy. No one was courageous enough to speak to him; not even a servant supported his trembling steps: he was utterly alone. Thus in solitudedeserted, as it seemed, alike by God and man-he knelt humbly down upon the floor, at some distance from the Pope, and waited in silence for the momentous sentence. We can scarcely believe that he dared to hope: the frowning aspect of the august assembly must have convinced him that all hope was vain, even before Gregory spoke.

When he did, it was to ratify, so to speak, an injustice of which he was not the author. He commanded that the Archbishop of Toledo should abjure all heresies in general, and the heresy of Luther in particular, as displayed in sixteen propositions in his catechism and pamphlets. He also declared him suspended for five years from the performance of his archiepiscopal duties; during which period he was to be confined in the

Dominican Convent of Orvietta, in Tuscany. For the present he was to be removed to the Minerva Convent in Rome, where certain penances were imposed upon him; one of which was to visit, in one day, seven churches in the city.

The great trial was over at last; hope and fear were past; eighteen years of imprisonment, of doubt, of heart weariness, of long-protracted anguish, had ended in this. Tears of despair dropped slowly down the furrowed cheeks of the aged, much-tried man; but he uttered no protest against the injustice of which he was the victim. His spirit and heart were alike broken; Philip and his inquisitors had triumphed. It remained to the archbishop only to die; and he made haste to vacate the stage on which he had so long played such a distinguished and unhappy part, and leave his place to another.

Yet, although his time was short, he made an humble effort to perform his penance. On the 23d of April 1576 he visited the seven churches appointed to him. Gregory, apparently ill at ease as to the sentence he had passed, offered him a letter in which he bore public testimony to his esteem for him, and interest in his fate; but Carranza refused it. Of what avail were flattering words to him? They could not atone to him for the infamy cast upon his name, or for the years of unjust imprisonment still before him. On the 30th of April he was very ill; and the Pope sent him absolution and exemption from the penance imposed upon him,—a

favour which comforted him somewhat, and enabled him to rally sufficient strength to make his will.

In this document he appointed as his executors and legatees, his friend Don Antonio de Toledo; his advocates, who had refused to forsake him; his procurator, who had always been faithful to him; one of the canons in the Cathedral of Toledo; and Brother Antonio d'Eltrilla, the attached monk who had voluntarily shared his prison for eighteen years.

On the 30th of April, after he had received absolution, he desired that the four secretaries who had attended his trial should be sent for; and when they entered the room, he said slowly, in a clear, distinct voice: 'I declare that in all that I have done, written, taught, preached, and argued in Spain, Germany, Italy, and England, I have always intended to make the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ triumphant, and to combat heretics. I forgive my enemies, recommending them to God at this moment, loving them in my heart, and promising that if I go to that place where I hope to be by the mercy of our Lord, I will not ask anything against them, but pray to God for all.'

Then pausing, exhausted, he fell into a state of unconsciousness and stupor, in which he died on the 2d of May 1576.

On the 3d of May his body was deposited in the choir of the Convent of Minerva, in which he died, between the coffins of two cardinals of the house of Medici. Gregory caused to be engraved upon his tomb

an inscription, bearing that he was a man illustrious for his doctrine and sermons. He also had solemn obsequies performed for him at Rome, and commanded that they should be celebrated at Toledo with even more magnificence.

Meanwhile the whole proceedings had been in the highest degree distasteful to the inquisitors, who loudly inveighed against the leniency of the sentence, and besought Philip to forbid the archbishop's return to Spain, declaring that it was a disgrace to the diocese of Toledo to be governed by a man who had been prosecuted by the Inquisition. Philip would no doubt have lent himself to their schemes; but any further persecution of Bartholomew de Carranza was rendered unnecessary by his death, nineteen years after he had been consecrated archbishop, eighteen of which he had passed in prison. His case furnishes a memorable example of the injustice and deceitful cruelty which guided the counsels and directed the administration of the Inquisition.





CHAPTER IV.

DON CARLOS.

HERE is no sadder story in the annals of human greatness than that of Don Carlos, Prince of the Asturias, and heir-apparent of Spain. We have seen how Philip treated the pious monk who, once dear to himself and his father, had been raised by his favour to the Archbishopric of Toledo; we shall now see how he treated his son.

This ill-starred prince was born under the most splendid auspices, the heir to the wealthiest and largest empire in Europe. His mother, Mary of Portugal, a young princess of graceful exterior and considerable force of character, died at Valladolid scarcely a week after his birth, leaving him virtually orphaned; for Philip, a few months after that event, went to Flanders, and from thence to England, where he found a second wife in his cousin Mary.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth was almost equally a stranger to him. He scarcely ever saw the boy who was his grandson and heir, until he resigned the throne and retired into the Monastery of St. Yuste, at which time the prince was about nine years old. The care of his infancy was entrusted to his aunt, the Princess Joanna, the Regent of Spain. Joanna was both a pious and judicious woman; but she trembled for the life of the delicate child entrusted to her, and erred, as some foster-parents do, in an over-solicitous anxiety for his health, while she neglected to a great degree all those cares necessary to develope his mental powers and form his character.

When he was nine years old, Don Honoré de Juan, afterwards Bishop of Osma, was appointed his preceptor; but although he succeeded in inspiring his troublesome pupil with a very sincere affection for himself, Don Honoré could by no means develope in him a taste for learning. He was a wayward, idle child, spoiled by the over-indulgence of his aunt, to whom he did not always show the deference required by the strict etiquette of the Castilian court.

Philip, who was not much alive to the affections of a father, and who was an utter stranger to his son, had already conceived a very disadvantageous opinion of the prince. 'I hear,' he wrote to the preceptor, 'that Don Carlos takes much pleasure in cutting the throats of young rabbits, and in seeing them expire. I beseech you look to this, and do your utmost to inculcate moral principles, and inspire in him a taste for reading. Although the prince may not profit by it as much as he ought, yet it will not be altogether useless.'

A rare and curious volume still exists, filled with the

correspondence between the father and the tutor; and it is noticeable that the tone of the father's letters grows always more gloomy as the prince approaches manhood. Don Carlos was indeed a son of whom no father could be proud; and yet, amid all his defects of temper and heart, there were some redeeming traits. Warped to vice as his constitution seems to have been, he was not all evil. He had something of the frank courage of his grandfather Charles. He was generous and fearless, with a great liking, even as a boy, for a soldier's life; and he had a certain ready wit that found vent in smart sayings, which his tutors carefully collected.

In 1556, Charles, when on his way to the Monastery of Yuste in Estremadura, stopped some time at Valladolid, for the purpose of making acquaintance with his grandson. The old man, we are told, took the little lad upon his knee, and fought over for his benefit his old campaigns in Germany, not omitting to speak of one occasion when he had barely been able to save himself by rapid flight from falling into the hands of the enemy.

'I would not have run away,' said the boy quickly.

'You would have been forced to do so,' answered the grandfather.

'Indeed I would not,' protested the prince; 'I would not have run away; I would have made them run.'

Charles, however, although pleased to find his own early spirit reflected in the child, was too sagacious not to be aware of the dangerous elements fermenting in the breast and brain of the little prince. He spoke to his daughter in private, beseeching her to be stricter with the boy; and at Yuste we find him constantly turning in thought from the public affairs which engrossed his attention, towards this neglected grandson, in whose childhood he detected the seeds of an uneasy and troubled after-career.

He carried on a continual correspondence with Don Garcia de Toledo, the brother of the Duke of Alva, who was the governor of Don Carlos.

In Don Garcia's pages we have a picture of the prince's early life, which was both simple and regular. He rose before seven, went to mass, and breakfasted, and then repaired to the schoolroom, where he remained until dinner-time. At eleven, dinner was served; and when he had dined, he was allowed to amuse himself with his companions, which he did in various ways. Sometimes he rode, sometimes he fenced, or played at quoits and billiards. Unlike most boys of his age, he seems to have cared little for any game requiring the exhibition of activity or strength; in this resembling his father, who was physically inactive, almost to sluggishness. What he differed from Philip in, was that strength of will which can compel inclination to serve a purpose, either worthy or unworthy. Philip had forced himself to acquire the art of fencing and other manly exercises, held necessary to the education of a finished cavalier in these times; but Don Carlos would as little apply himself to acquire them as he would devote himself to his studies.

His temper, which was fierce and cruel, was also reckless and arrogant; and it became more difficult and troublesome as his bilious attacks increased.

Don Garcia first notices these attacks in 1557, and they increased in frequency and severity until the body of the prince wasted away, the natural cheerfulness of youth forsook him, and he became so haggard and emaciated that he seemed about to fall into the tomb.

When the health of the heir-apparent was in this precarious state, Philip was busy negotiating about his marriage. War had been declared between France and Spain, and a battle was expected in August; but before swords were crossed, the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis was signed between the two powers in the Abbey of Corpans. A secret article of this treaty provided that Don Carlos, when he arrived at a proper age, should marry Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry the Second, King of France.

Meanwhile, on the 17th of November 1558, Mary of England, Philip's unloved wife, died, leaving him a widower for the second time at the age of thirty-two; and after making a vain attempt to secure England by marrying Elizabeth, the sister and successor of Mary, he turned his eyes to the betrothed bride of his son, Elizabeth of France. This substitution of the father for the son in the French marriage, the untimely fate of the young and beautiful Elizabeth, or, as her Spanish subjects called her, Isabella of Valois, and the murder of Don Carlos, have afforded abundant themes for the inspiration of genius. Many dramas and poems have

been written on the subject, narrating in dark and tragic story the tale of their unhappy loves.

This love is now well ascertained to have been only a popular delusion and myth. Isabella, who was as amiable and kind-hearted as she was beautiful, seems to have always treated her step-son with a consideration and tenderness which won from him in return a lively gratitude and affection; but there is not the slightest foundation for the imputation that this protecting tenderness ever, on her side, took a darker or more criminal tinge.

At the time of her marriage, Don Carlos was a sickly, bilious, ill-formed boy of fourteen, looking in every respect the reverse of handsome in his court dress. He first appeared in public at the splendid festivities which followed the marriage; and as he fully repaid his father's dislike, it is possible that some feeling of illusage may have rankled in his breast when he looked at the beautiful and winning Isabella. At all events, his temper was more than usually bad. The Duke of Alva unintentionally omitted a small point of etiquette; and he fell into one of his reckless fits of passion, which was with difficulty appeared by an humble acknowledgment on the Duke's part of his error. At this time the prince was formally recognised by the Cortes as heir-apparent to the throne, the several members taking the oath of fidelity to him. This ceremony took place on the 22d of February 1560, and was a grand affair; the young prince riding to the assembly,

the contemporary writers tell us, habited in crimson velvet, and blazing with jewels, but so weakened by the quartan fever, that he was exceeding thin, and weak, and pale.

Isabella, who had fallen sick of small-pox a few days after her marriage, was not present at this ceremony; and before she recovered, Philip sent his son to Alcala del Henares, partly for the benefit of change of air, partly to attend the famous university there-the same in which Carranza, the Archbishop of Toledo, had studied. Two youths of the blood-royal, destined to play a very distinguished part in the history of Europe, were sent along with him. One of these was his uncle Don John of Austria, the son of the Emperor Charles the Fifth: and the other was Alexander Farnese, his cousin, the son of his aunt Margaret, the governess of the Low Countries. Along with these were also sent his governor Don Garcia, his master, his almoner, and a train of domestics. One of Philip's objects in sending him to Alcala del Henares was that he might, if possible, acquire the Latin language, which he did not yet understand. His preceptor, Honoré de Juan, had found it impossible to teach him Latin, and had therefore imparted what instruction he had found it practicable to convey to him in Spanish.

On the 9th of May 1562, after he had been almost three months at Alcala, Don Carlos met with an accident which exercised a most fatal influence over his whole subsequent life.

In descending at night a dark staircase into the garden, the prince, who was then seventeen years of age, missed his footing, and fell to the bottom of the flight of steps, receiving in his fall several dangerous wounds to the spine and the head. It was supposed that his skull was fractured, and the operation of trepanning was performed under the auspices of Dr. Olivares, the court physician, but without any relief accruing to the sufferer. Erysipelas then attacked the unhappy patient; his head swelled to such a size, that he became completely blind; delirium set in, and he was in the greatest danger. Upon this the king, summoned in haste from Valladolid, came without delay, having first ordered all the archbishops and bishops in the kingdom to offer up prayers for the recovery of his son. It spread like wildfire through the country that the heir-apparent was dying; multitudes flocked to the churches; pilgrimages were made; there was no end of penances and unsparing self-flagellation. Scourges were red with blood, and a whole harvest of vows ascended to heaven, while the wretched youth lay between life and death. Happy would it have been for him if he had then died. Meanwhile Philip, more cool than his subjects, had resignedly given up all hope. We hear of no scourging of the royal back, of no fasting or penance on his part; yet he also contributed his quota to the strange remedies that were used for the recovery of the prince. In the Monastery of Jesu Maria close by, lay the bones of a Franciscan lay brother, the blessed Diego, who, although as yet uncanonized, had died in an odour of sanctity, which had gone on increasing for the long century of years during which he had been mouldering in the dust. Many miracles had been performed, it was said, at his grave; and Philip caused the bones of this obscure saint to be dug up. All blackened and yellow, these ghastly relics of mortality were laid upon the prince's bed, and a few fragments of cere-cloth clinging to the fleshless skull were scraped off and laid upon his forehead.

Don Andrea Basilio, the king's physician, was at the same time attending him assiduously; and whether it was due to his exertions, or to those of the blessed Diego, certain it is that that night there was a change for the better. We are told that Don Carlos dreamed a dream. The dead Franciscan appeared to him in the visions of his disordered brain, and with a smile bade him be comforted, for that he would recover. The malady, in truth, had reached a crisis, the swelling began to abate, the fever disappeared, and sight and consciousness returned to the unfortunate youth, who slowly became convalescent, but never entirely recovered.

Frequent pains in the head, and a certain degree of mental weakness and confusion, remained, producing much disorder in his ideas, and making him, in fact, scarcely accountable for the mad freaks and reckless vice to which he abandoned himself.

In 1564 he was finally emancipated from the control of his masters, and returned to court; the king, as a reward for his labours, appointing the good Don Honoré de Juan to the Bishopric of Osma. This worthy man, who had early acquired the love of his wild pupil, preserved it after their separation. Don Carlos constantly wrote to him. The letter subjoined is a good sample of the others, and does not give one a great idea of the talents of the prince. It is to be observed that he often leaves sentences imperfect, and that, from this cause, their meaning is often ambiguous. The letter in question is addressed,—

'TO MY MASTER, THE BISHOP.

'My Master,—I have received your letter in the wood. I am well. I went from Alameda to Bintrago, which seemed to me very well. I went to the wood in two days; I returned here in two days, where I have been from Wednesday till to-day. I am well. I finish. From the country. June second. My best friend in the world. I will do everything that you wish, I, the prince.'

He was so much attached to the bishop, that he obtained a dispensation from the Pope, granting the prelate liberty to reside half the year in Madrid, that he might have the pleasure of his society. Don Honoré was, however, so aged and infirm that he could not use this permission; and his death, which occurred soon afterwards, deprived Don Carlos of one of his most attached and disinterested friends. While he lived, he availed himself of the attachment of his pupil to give him good advice, which the prince would receive from him when

he would not submit to it from any other person; for he began to scoff even at the authority of his father. There were, indeed, in the youth of this unhappy heir of kings, many attributes which seemed to point to the future of a Nero or a Caligula. He was so cruel. that we are told that when hares or any other small game were given to him, he used to amuse himself by roasting them alive. Madrid was kept talking about his mad freaks of passion. One day, when a shoemaker brought him home a pair of boots, he cut them into pieces with his sword, stewed them, and made the man eat them. The next day, when he was out hunting in the wood of Aceca with his governor, Don Garcia offended him, and he at once rode at him with a large whip he had in his hands. The governor, afraid that he would be tempted to forget the respect due to his prince, took flight immediately, promptly pursued, and after a neck and neck race at last reached Madrid, where Philip tried with many favours to pacify him for the insult he had received.

Don Garcia, however, although willing enough to overlook the affront for a consideration, had had enough of his office of governor, which he resigned on the spot; Philip appointing to the post his own favourite, Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli.

Brantôme, the French ambassador, tells us that the prince was in the habit of wandering about the streets of Madrid after dark, with a band of young men as profligate as himself, recklessly insulting women even of the highest rank, and rushing at the peaceable citizens with drawn swords. He also attacked Cardinal Espinosa, the inquisitor-general, who had banished from Madrid an actor named Cisneros, of whom he was very fond. 'What!' he said, 'does a little priest like you take it upon you to dare to oppose me?' And rushing upon him with his drawn sword, he would have killed him, if the noblemen present had not caught his arm and hurried the cardinal out of the room. His chamberlain also, Don Alphonso de Cordova, one night put him into a frightful fury. He was a heavy sleeper; and not awaking at the precise moment when the prince rang his bell, Carlos sprang from his bed, and seizing him, was just about to hurl him from the window, when the cries of the poor noble brought the servants to his assistance. Like Don Garcia, he resigned his situation next day, and was taken into the king's household.

Philip meanwhile, in his silent, sullen fashion, was becoming daily more dissatisfied with his son's conduct. Occasionally an ominous growl escaped him, showing his growing impatience and dislike. Carlos, on his part, was equally dissatisfied with his father: he was now twenty-two years of age, and was restlessly anxious to be allowed to take part in the affairs of the State, and particularly to have the government of the Netherlands. Granvelle notices and commends this desire for occupation on his part; and the Venetian ambassador, while by no means hiding his defects, bears testimony to his truthfulness, and to the generous liberality of his cha-

racter. His servants and those of the king's household who came most frequently into contact with him, were much attached to him; and all historians agree in bearing testimony to the strong degree of affection with which his aunt Joanna and his stepmother Isabella regarded him. The queen took a most lively interest in his welfare and happiness; and far from thinking so badly of him as his father did, wished to bring about a marriage between him and her younger sister.

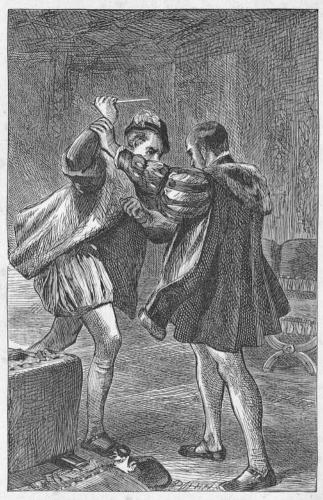
His aunt the Empress Mary, and her husband Maximilian, were also much attached to him, and wished to marry him to their eldest daughter, Anne. With his preceptor, the good Bishop of Osma, his relations had always been of the most friendly character; so much so, that when the prelate died, he left a codicil to his will, empowering Don Carlos to make a different disposition of his property if he saw fit, and desiring him to select as a souvenir of him any article of his possessions which he might desire. It is not upon record that the prince, half-mad as he was, ever abused this confidence. There seems, indeed, to have been in his nature something at once generous and noble; but it was stifled by the rank weeds of dissipation and profiigacy, and by his father's distrust. Between Philip and his son there was nothing in common, except the sickly, sallow hue of the pinched features, and the sombre gloom of the sullen brow. In their good points and in their bad they were equally unlike each other. The sins of the father were not those of the son. Philip's

morality was not of the sternest description; but he was a man punctiliously careful, even in crime, of the outward observances of society. A hypocrite of nature's own training, his lapses from decorum were made with outward decency and good order; while his wretched son, less guilty at heart perhaps than he was, scoffed at all propriety, and made Madrid ring with his dissipated freaks and madcap exploits. This conduct of the prince afforded his father, who had already begun to look upon him as a rival, a pretext for excluding him not only from State affairs, but also from military service, for which he had early displayed something of the genius which afterwards distinguished his uncle Don John, and his cousin Alexander Farnese.

At this time, the civil and religious troubles in the Netherlands were beginning to take the form and magnitude of a revolution. Every one in Spain was talking about the Flemings; and Antonio Perez, and other writers, would have us believe that the Marquis of Montigny and the Count de Bergen, the Flemish envoys, seeing the aversion in which the prince was held by the king, made overtures to him, with the intention of getting him to head the conspiracy in Flanders. Llorente positively says, that not only the two envoys, but the Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and Horn, were mixed up in this plot. This is at least questionable. William knew better than any man alive the character of Philip; and he was too sagacious to have placed any dependence on a flighty youth

of mean capacity, such as Don Carlos undoubtedly was. Another ground of distrust and alienation between the prince and his father was the delay about his marriage. More than one European sovereign courted his alliance; but Carlos himself preferred his cousin Anne, whom he had been accustomed to see in his childhood, she having been born at Cigales, in Spain, in 1549. His uncle and aunt were eagerly desirous of bringing about this marriage, he himself desired it ardently; but Philip held back, a hopeless makeweight, in the negotiations. It is impossible to allege his motives for this tardiness. Some historians say that he feared to make his niece wretched for life by uniting her to his son; others darkly hint that he had already in his mind's eye fixed the hour when Anne should wear the diadem of Spain, not as the wife of her cousin, but of her uncle. However that may be, he protracted the negotiations with even more than his usual tardiness, till Carlos, never very wise, went mad altogether with impatience and exasperation. With the most reckless imprudence, he went about everywhere openly sympathizing with the Flemings, denouncing the Inquisition, and inveighing against his father. He made no secret of the fact that he considered himself the proper person to be sent to succeed his aunt as governor of the disaffected provinces; and he had wildly liberal schemes for pacifying the discontented Flemings, such as must have made the hair of Philip and the inquisitorgeneral stiffen upon their heads with sheer horror. Adieu to the glorious reign of orthodoxy and repression





"Ah! villain, I will soon prevent you from going to Flanders, for I will stab you to the heart before you shall go."—The Inquisition, Page 73.

in Spain, if this half-heretical scapegrace were ever allowed to grasp the sceptre! The king was at last thoroughly uneasy. What was dissipation of life to this?

In the midst of the prince's vapouring—for it is difficult to believe that the Lutheran tendencies ascribed to Don Carlos were anything more—the Duke of Alva, the recently appointed governor of the Low Countries, went to take leave of him.

'You have taken my place,' said the prince fiercely. 'Do you not know that I wished to go to Flanders myself?'

'Doubtless,' replied the duke, prudently remembering the ignominious flight of his brother Don Garcia-'doubtless the king does not wish to expose your Highness to the dangers which you might incur in the Low Countries, from the quarrels between the principal noblemen there.'

'Ah! villain!' shrieked the royal madman, drawing his dagger, and trying to stab the duke to the heart-'Ah! villain, I will soon prevent you from going to Flanders, for I will stab you to the heart before you shall go!'

The duke parried the blow by stepping back; but the prince continuing to press upon him, he had no alternative but to seize him in his arms. A fierce struggle then ensued. Alva was much the stronger of the two; but passion lent for the moment a fictitious strength to the slender form of Don Carlos, who writhed and twisted, striving by every means in his power to escape from the duke's clutch. This he managed at last, and made another furious thrust at Alva, who again succeeded in evading the blow.

The noise of the combat had attracted by this time the notice of the chamberlains, who were in the next room. When they entered, the prince left the duke; and retiring to his cabinet, sullenly awaited the result of the scene.

Philip, not unnaturally, was exceedingly displeased: he resented the affront put upon his envoy, as an insult to himself, and gradually withdrew from all communication with his son, contenting himself with learning from his spies a faithful account of his proceedings. Most of the king's time was passed at a new palace he was building—the famous Escurial; and while he superintended its magnificent details, Don Carlos, who was daily becoming more discontented, conceived in an evil hour the idea of seeking a refuge in a foreign country.

It is not exactly known where he meant to go. Llorente says he wished secretly to fly to Flanders; while some say that he wanted to go to Germany, to his uncle and aunt, and his much-desired cousin Anne.

The preparations for this flight he conducted with the curious mixture of madness and cunning which is characteristic of many of his exploits. Llorente says that he refused a loan offered to him by the chiefs of the Flemish confederacy, and set about raising the necessary funds for his journey in his own way, that is to say, after the most foolish fashion in which it was possible for such an affair to be gone about. To circumvent Philip,

very rare powers of dissimulation, and a vast amount of tact and discretion, must have been necessary. Carlos, who spoke at once without premeditation whatever he thought, had not even a shadow of these qualities. His mode of raising money was to obtain loans from the great cities. The delicate negotiations connected with these transactions he managed through the agency of his valet-de-chambre, Garcia Alvarez Osorio, whom he had taken into his confidence. While Osorio, in pursuance of his master's plans, was travelling between Burgos, Valladolid, and other cities of Castile, Don Carlos was at Madrid with the rest of the royal family. It was the custom of the king's household to confess and take the sacrament on Sunday the 28th of December, Innocent's day; and they did this in some state, Llorente says, with the object of obtaining a jubilee granted by the Pope.

Carlos, in order to prepare for this ceremony, went to the Church of St. Jerome on the evening of the 27th December, to confess to his confessor in ordinary, Fray Diego de Chaves, a monk who was afterwards confessor to the king. To him he poured out a strange farrago of murderous intentions, which had been seething and festering in his disordered brain. He would be revenged, he said, for sundry injuries that had been done to him; and it was his fixed intention to kill a man of the very highest rank. Upon this, Fray Diego frankly refused him absolution; and Carlos, who was determined to be absolved, and yet resolute not to forego his murderous intention, sent for fourteen other monks from

the Dominican Convent of Atocha, and endeavoured to get absolution, but in vain. They all unanimously declared that they dared not grant him absolution under the circumstances. He then tried to get the prior of the convent, Juan de Tobar, to promise to give him an unconsecrated wafer at the sacrament, telling him that he did not wish to be kept back from the altar when his uncle Don John, and his cousin Alexander Farnese, were intending to approach it. The prior, who saw that the prince was mad, said to him: 'If you will tell me who this person of high rank is whom you wish to kill, it may induce me to grant you absolution without requiring the renunciation of your design.'

The prince immediately fell into the snare. 'It is my father,' he said. 'I am determined to have his life.'

Not a muscle of the prior's face moved. 'Is there any one going to help you with this affair?' was his next question; but the prince did not answer it. He only muttered, with a certain fierce impatience, his former words, which he then repeated to his uncle Don John, who took no notice of what had passed at the time.

The prior, however, sent a message to the Escurial, to Philip; and the king, who was already concerting his measures of defence, was soon in possession of the whole affair.

At Seville, Osorio, the confidential valet, succeeded in procuring a sufficient sum of money for the expedition; and during all the early part of January 1568, Don Carlos was making busy preparations for his journey. As the time he had fixed for his departure approached, he asked his uncle Don John to go along with him, alleging that he had once promised to do so. In reply, Don John reasoned with him, and tried to get him to give up the project; telling him that he was sure the dangers to be incurred were so great, that the journey could never take place. Carlos, however, would not consent to give up the scheme, and Don John went to the king and informed him of the prince's intention.

Philip received the news with his usual coldness, thanked Don John, and then piously betook himself to some eminent theologians, whose advice he wished on a nice point of conscience. 'Is it lawful,' he asked, 'for me to feign ignorance of this affair, in order to induce my son to continue the preparations for his journey to the last moment?'

The theologians answered, with their usual subserviency, 'It is lawful, O king.' And Philip having thus obtained the sanction of his spiritual advisers to his hypocrisy, gave orders that prayers should be put up in different churches and monasteries for the guidance of Heaven in an affair of extreme importance.

These ominous consultations, and still more ominous prayers, might have warned Don Carlos that mischief was brewing; but every net was spread in vain in the sight of this silly bird.

On the 17th of January 1568, having made all necessary preparations for his departure, the prince sent an express to Don Ramon de Tasis, director-general of the posts, ordering him to have eight horses in readiness for him on the following night.

Tasis, knowing his character, suspected that all was not right; and, detaining the messenger, went with all haste to the Escurial, where Philip was, with his story. He had scarcely returned, when a more peremptory order came from Don Carlos; and Tasis, puzzled how to act, sent all the post-horses out of Madrid, and went back to the Escurial. Philip, in the interval, had left that palace, and was at Pardo, a castle about two leagues from Madrid, with Don John, whom he had ordered to join him.

The prince, who supposed his father to be still at the Escurial, and who wished to see his uncle, sent for him to Retamar, a place half-way between Madrid and the Pardo. There he recounted to him all the preparations he had made for his journey, and again pressed him to accompany him, which Don John, to gain time, agreed to do. He then returned to the king, and informed him of what had passed; and Philip on the following morning, which was a Saturday, came to Madrid.

Outwardly he was calm and cold, as usual. Fourquevaux, the French ambassador, who saw him in the audience-chamber, tells us that he appeared veryserene, smiling often, and with as good a countenance as usual, although he had determined to arrest the prince that evening. In the morning he went to hear mass in public, attended by his young brother Don John, by his nephew Alexander Farnese, and by the princes of Bohemia and Hungary, who were staying in Madrid. Don John, who was not so cold-blooded as his august brother, was ill with vexation and grief; and apparently with an idea that he might still mediate between the father and son, he went to visit Don Carlos.

The prince received him haughtily, ordered his chamberlain to close the doors, and leave them, and then asked fiercely what had been the subject of his late confidential conversations with the king at the Escurial.

Don John, who had not come to quarrel, tried to evade the question, and said his Majesty had spoken to him about some galleys which were then being fitted out under his command.

Carlos, still dissatisfied, hurriedly asked a succession of questions; and finding that he could not make his uncle more explicit, drew his sword and rushed upon him, while Don John retreated to the door, which he found locked.

Not being able to get any further, he then drew his own sword, and parrying the thrusts of Don Carlos, called out loudly, 'Stop, your Highness!' till those outside heard the noise, and, opening the doors, set him free. He then returned to his apartments, and the prince, very sullen and dissatisfied, went to bed. At six in the evening he rose, and sent for his valet; but when half-dressed changed his mind, and put on a dressing-gown. He had eaten nothing since he break-

fasted at eight o'clock in the morning, and he now ordered a boiled fowl to be brought to him. Of this he partook with much apparent appetite, and at half-past nine again went to bed.

This circumstantial account has been preserved in the handwriting of Ayuda de Camara, a gentleman of his household, who was on duty that night, and supped at the palace. 'Later in the evening,' Camara says, going on with his narrative, 'about eleven o'clock, as far as I could guess, I saw the king descending the grand staircase. There were with him the Duke de Feria, captain-general of his guards, the grand prior of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, a brother of the Duke of Alva, and the lieutenant-general of the guards, with twelve picked men.

'The king wore a suit of armour over his clothes, and had a helmet on his head; otherwise his demeanour was much as usual. Marching in a certain stately manner, he walked straight towards the door leading into my master's rooms, where I was standing. Having opened the door to him and his company, I was then ordered to shut it, and on no account to let any one pass.

'There was little light within the apartments, and the prince, when he heard steps in his chamber, called out sharply, "Who is there?"

'He had, during many months of late, been so suspicious of his father, that he would not sleep unless two naked swords and a couple of loaded pistols were placed beside his pillows; and when he called out, "Who is there?" the Duke of Feria glided round to the head of the bed and secured these weapons. "What do you want?" again demanded the prince. "It is the Council of State," answered the duke. Whereupon the prince leapt out of bed and tried to get at the firearms; and the king, who had prudently remained in the antechamber till the danger of the scuffle was over, now entered the apartment.'

'What does your Majesty want with me?' asked his son, turning towards him.

'You will soon know,' was Philip's reply. The doors and windows were then fastened; and turning to Louis Quixada, the Count de Lerma, and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, eldest son of the Prince of Eboli, he said to them, and to the Duke de Feria, 'Gentlemen, I give the prince into your care, that you may guard and take charge of him. I commission you to serve and amuse him, but you will be careful not to do anything he commands you without first informing me. I order you all to guard him faithfully, upon pain of being declared traitors.' When he had uttered these words, the prince broke into loud cries and sobs, and reproached his father bitterly.

'You have always hated me,' he said. 'I would much rather that you killed me, than that you should thus try to keep me a prisoner. It is a great scandal to the kingdom; and if you attempt to do so, I shall know how to kill myself.'

'I hope not,' answered Philip, in his smooth, low tones. 'I hope not; such acts are only performed by madmen.'

'You have treated me so ill,' sobbed the unhappy Carlos, 'that you will drive me to that extremity either from madness or despair.'

Other words also he said, but his voice was so broken by passion and anguish as to be almost inaudible. Thus the painful interview terminated. The king took the key of the room, which he delivered to the Duke of Feria, who locked it after him. His Grace then dismissed the valets, gentlemen ushers, and other servants of the prince. In the cabinet he placed twelve guards, and eight others at the door at which Camara had been standing, who was then dismissed.

All the keys were taken from the trunks and coffers in the apartment, and the beds of the chamberlain and valets were taken away. The Duke de Feria, the Count de Lerma, and the son of the Prince of Eboli, remained in the apartment beside the prisoner the first night; and their place was afterwards supplied by seven noblemen, who relieved each other every six hours. These lords did not wear arms: they even laid aside their swords when they entered the apartment of the prisoner; and to such an extent was this precaution carried, that Carlos was not even allowed a knife at his meals: his meat was brought to the table ready cut, under the superintendence of the chamberlains.

The wretched youth was now effectually prevented

from holding any communication with the world without. Night and day his noble jailors had their eye upon him; and his windows were so barricaded and closed up, that he could not even look out. He was, like Carranza in his prison-rooms at Valladolid, as entirely buried from the world as if he had been already laid in those gloomy vaults at the Escurial which Philip was busily preparing for the dead of his royal line.

On Monday the 19th of January, the king called his different councils and their presidents together, and stated what he had done, and how he had been driven to do it. 'It was such a hard thing,' he said, 'for a father to do, that only his zeal for the service of God, and his dear regard for the weal of the kingdom, could have given him courage to do it.' And with that, the most Christian king, who was by no means a bad actor, let fall a few tears.

It is interesting, however, to observe that on the next day, Tuesday, his paternal anguish was so far assuaged as to permit him to be present at a council of state, convoked for the consideration of the affair. It was a long sederunt: the councillors assembled at one in the afternoon, and remained in consultation until nine in the evening. One of their own number, Pedro del Hoyo, acted as secretary; and Philip's heart must have been cheered by the amount of testimony produced, for when reduced to writing it formed a pile six inches high.

In the meanwhile, the consternation and dismay of the kingdom was extreme, and the affliction in the royal household was almost equally great. The queen and the princess Joanna shed tears incessantly. Don John looked ill and careworn, and went to the palace dressed in black; for which sign of mourning he was sharply rebuked by the king, who told him that, when he joined the royal circle, he would be good enough to do so dressed in his ordinary clothes.





CHAPTER V.

DON CARLOS IN PRISON.

T was very easy, as we have seen, for Philip to snub the young brother, who was dependent upon him in all things; but he was quite well aware that Don John's grief and dismay were shared not only by the country, but by the foreign ambassadors, and the powers they represented; and he at once set himself, with an energy unusual to him, to rescue his good name, if possible, from the jeopardy in which it was placed.

So anxious was he to give his own version of the affair, that he would not allow any post to leave Madrid subsequent to the arrest until his own letters were ready. He sent circulars upon the subject to all the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in Europe, beginning with the Pope, and ending with his own vassal, William of Orange. These documents are very curious: they contain little of definite information, but a good deal of vague suggestion; dark hints, which were interpreted to mean a great deal more, perhaps, than the author had any idea of when he wrote them.

The longest, the completest, and the most interesting of all these curious State papers, is the one addressed to his aunt and mother-in-law, Catherine, the widowed Queen of Portugal. She was the sister of his father, the grandmother of Don Carlos, and of the Princess Anne, whom Carlos was to have married, and as such deserved the title by which Philip addresses her when he calls her in the opening lines of his letter the mother and mistress of the whole family.

The character of this princess stood deservedly high, both for natural sagacity and that acquired wisdom which a long life spent in the cares of government could scarcely fail to bring; and Philip was eagerly anxious to justify himself in her eyes. We shall see what he says-what was the best story which he could make out for himself. He does not say, 'My son is mad, and I have placed him in that close confinement which his unhappy malady renders necessary.' Neither does he say, 'His vices have forced me to this severe measure of repression.' He carefully tells his aunt that the imprisonment of his son rests upon quite another foundation. I shall extract the sentences in question from the translation of the letter written by his Majesty to the Queen of Portugal upon the arrest of the prince.

After telling her that he owed it to himself and to God as a Christian king to place his son in close confinement, he goes on to add these remarkable words: 'This resolution on my part has not been brought about by any misconduct on the part of my said son, or by any want

of respect to me. Such treatment of myself I could have overlooked. Nor do I mean this by way of chastisement. Chastisement, however just the grounds of it, must have its term and limits. Neither have I resorted to this measure as a means of reforming his disorderly life. This measure rests altogether upon another foundation; and the remedy I propose is not one either of time or expedients, but is of the greatest importance, and must be adopted to satisfy my obligations to God and to my people.'

These are ominous words, which seem to bear out what was a very frequent rumour at the time-that the prince was a Lutheran, or suspected at least of Lutheran tendencies. Such tendencies he very probably had. De Castro, in his history of the Spanish Protestants, asserts that the prince was a Protestant; and although he fails satisfactorily to prove his point, he shows that the conduct of Don Carlos was such as to bring his orthodoxy into much doubt, especially among his intimate friends. Among these friends Philip had no doubt many spies; and if he and the grand inquisitors were convinced that the prince was a heretic, it is easy to see how he appeared the vilest of criminals in their eyes. In this case there is little doubt that his death, as Philip's letter seems to intimate, would be resolved upon even before his arrest.

Cardinal Espinosa, the grand inquisitor, said to the papal nuncio, who was very anxious to be at the bottom of the affair, that a much greater crime than attempted parricide was laid to the prince's charge. 'The king,' he said, 'could have protected his own person with comparative ease; but this case was much worse, and admitted no remedy except that which had been tried.'

The Prince of Eboli, on the contrary, told Fourquevaulx, the French ambassador, that the prince was insane, while the Tuscan ambassador had much the same story as the grand inquisitor. The prince, he wrote home to his Government, is suspected of being only an indifferent Catholic.

Philip with his own hands wrote a long and no doubt true account of the affair to the Pope, Pius the Fifth; and this letter, which is preserved in the archives of the Vatican, would in all probability remove the mystery which attaches to this sad and curious page of history.

The remarks which the Pope made, after the perusal of this letter, to the Spanish ambassador, seem to show that the interests of religion were mixed up in an otherwise inexplicable fashion with the arrest of Don Carlos. Pius very much commended the Spanish king for the measures he had taken, and went on to say that he felt that the preservation of Christianity in Spain depended upon his living for many years, and having a successor who would tread in his footsteps.

All this was no doubt very consolatory to Philip, who had always regarded his son with ill-concealed aversion and dislike; but the murmuring in the country was very great. The chroniclers of the time tell us that men gathered into groups on the streets and in the market-

places to talk of the prince, and that the greater part pitied him. He was young, they said; and although he had been reckless in his conduct, and somewhat rash for a prince, both with word and sword, still his father had never liked him, and had debarred him from all employments in which his wild spirit might have found a safe vent.

Philip himself freed him from the charge of meditating parricide. This threat seems, indeed, to have been only a rash expression of anger on the prince's part. If he had really desired to kill his father, he had abundant opportunities for at least making the attempt, and he never once tried to use them.

In February, Philip received from the principal Spanish cities replies to the missives he had addressed to them. These were in general extremely unpalatable to him, from the representations which they made in favour of the prince, in whose behalf also many crowned heads interfered. The Pope, in spite of the confidential letter in cipher, wrote beseeching indulgence for the youthful criminal; and the Emperor Maximilian made the most urgent and earnest intercessions in behalf of his unfortunate nephew.

So staunch was he in his friendship, that, not content with writing, he sent the Archduke Charles to plead for his pardon in person; but Pope and Kaiser were alike powerless.

Philip was inflexible. If the prince were indeed, as was suspected, a secret convert to Lutheranism, it is

easy to understand the rage that would possess the king, when he found that this hated son had brought into his household the taint of a faith which he shrank from as if it had been leprosy. At an auto da-fé held at Valladolid he had answered the appeal of one of the sufferers by these remarkable words: 'If it were my own son, I would burn him, if he were such a wretch as thou.' This ominous sentence was remembered now, when it was seen that Philip had no intention of terminating the captivity of his son. In the beginning of March a new and more stringent ordinance was issued, the execution of which was entrusted to his favourite the Prince of Eboli.

This nobleman was appointed the lieutenant-general of the king in all the affairs relating to Don Carlos; and a minute code of regulations was drawn up for his guidance. He was not to allow the prince to leave his prison; and he was to take care that the door should never be locked, but only fastened by a latch. Six gentlemen were appointed under him to guard, serve, and amuse the prince; and no other person, except the barber, physician, and soldier upon guard, was allowed to enter the room. Two of these lords spent the night in the apartment,—one sleeping, and the other keeping wakeful watch over the slumbering prisoner.

The character of their conversation during the day was even dictated to them. The whole six were required to be together in the apartment of the prince, if not otherwise engaged. They were to talk to him upon indifferent subjects; and if he tried to speak to them about his imprisonment, they were not to answer him, but were to treasure up any remark which he might let fall, and carry it to the Prince of Eboli. They were also strictly forbidden to relate in the city or country anything which passed in the prison of the prince; and if any one asked them any question upon the subject, they were to report the too curious individual to the king.

For the first six weeks of his imprisonment the prince had been deprived of all religious rites; but mass was now ordered to be said in a chapel adjoining his room, where, the doors being open, he could hear it in presence of his jailors. Books of devotion, such as the breviary, the hours, and a rosary, were also given to him.

Six men of the king's body-guard—Monteros, as they were called—were appointed, whose duty it was to take the dishes from his table into an outer saloon, and also to bring them to the noblemen who waited upon the prince. Each of these lords was permitted to have a servant to wait upon him; and there were, in addition, twelve halberdiers in the outer saloons and entrance-chambers. All these people, noblemen and halberdiers alike, were compelled to take an oath of secrecy and obedience, and were under the commands of the Prince of Eboli, Ruy Gomez, who had apartments for himself and his wife close to those which served as a prison for Don Carlos.

The king, having thus minutely settled the internal

regulations of his prison, now gave secret orders for the trial of his son. For this purpose he created a special commission, consisting of Cardinal Espinosa, the inquisitor-general, Ruy Gomez, and Don Diego Munatones, a councillor of Castile. All things were done with that decorum and outward observance of form so dear to Philip's heart; his Majesty following implicitly, in every particular, the precedent established by his great-grandfather John, the King of Arragon and Navarre, who imprisoned his son and heir-apparent Charles, and after a pretended trial ordered him to be murdered in his dungeon.

The king's relatives meanwhile did not cease to cause him great trouble. The Queen of Portugal begged that her unhappy grandson might be confided to her, promising, poor woman, to take the most tender care of him; while Maximilian and Mary continued their importunities from Vienna, until Philip, out of all patience, wrote to them that Don Carlos should never marry their daughter Anne, and that it was not his intention that he should ever be liberated. Having thus disposed of his troublesome relatives abroad, the king had a fresh battle to fight in his own household. The queen, who had always displayed much affection for her step-son, and his sister the Princess Joanna, who had brought Don Carlos up, importuned him for leave to go and visit the prisoner, and were sternly refused permission. Philip, pursued by the terrors of a guilty conscience and the shadows of a coming crime, lived in a perpetual

sullen gloom. He was so suspicious of every one, that he kept himself almost as close a prisoner as Don Carlos; and ceased to make any of those expeditions to Aranguez, the Pardo, and the Escurial, in which he used to delight. He was always expecting some rescue of the prince to be attempted; and if he heard a sudden noise in the street, he shook and trembled all over, as if he already felt an avenging sword at his throat.

Don Carlos, naturally impatient, and excitable to the verge of madness, did not, as may be supposed, bear his captivity well. His time was passed in transports of passion nearly akin to frenzy, and in the long fits of sullen exhaustion which followed these outbreaks. In these moods he would not utter a word, but remained silent, sunk in despair, refusing to open the breviary offered to him, or even so much as permit a confessor to enter the room.

Philip's peculiar piety took alarm at this utter indifference. His religion permitted, nay, served him as a cloak and motive for, the most dastardly murders; but he was always peculiarly solicitous that his victims should die on good terms with the Church, and he showed this tender anxiety in a marked degree in the case of his son. The good Bishop of Osma was deadtaken, poor man, from the evil to come; and the king, in his dilemma, bethought himself of one Doctor Juarez, who had been almoner to Don Carlos, and who might, he thought, possess some influence over him. Juarez was accordingly summoned to Madrid, and obeyed; but

Carlos, although he professed much respect for him, and said he had a kindly remembrance of him, refused to see him. Doctor Jaurez, thus baffled, wrote him on Easter day a long and curiously interesting letter. 'Your Highness,' he begins, 'must excuse my frankness, when I tell you that you do not take the proper way to terminate this affair. Your own conduct, and many scandalous scenes in your life, have deprived you alike of friends and partisans. I beseech you to imagine all that will be said, when it is known that you do not confess. Many terrible things may be discovered; some are so much so, that if it concerned any other person than your Highness, the Holy Office would be entitled to inquire if you are really a Christian. I declare to your Highness with all truth and fidelity, that you only expose yourself to lose your rank and position, and what is worse, your soul. In grief and bitterness of heart I am obliged to tell you that there is no remedy; and the only advice I can give you is to return to God, and your father, who is His representative upon earth. If your Highness will follow my advice, you will apply to the president, who will not fail to tell you the truth, and conduct you in the right way.'

Thus far the zealous ecclesiastic. Don Carlos read the letter, but did not take the advice contained in it. His sullen despair continued; he refused to confess. Closely watched as he was, he made more than one fruitless attempt upon his life. His health gave way, and he slept and ate in the most irregular and capricious

manner. Then his old enemy the quartan fever seized him, and rage and sickness preved upon him. It was in vain that he used an incredible amount of iced water to allay the internal heat which consumed him. It increased to such a pitch, that the wretched youth caused great quantities of ice to be put into his bed, and walked about with bare feet and the scantiest clothing on the cold pavement of his room, on which he had caused vessels of ice-water to be emptied. In this manner he spent whole nights, pacing up and down like an impatient wild beast weary of the cage. In the month of June he ceased almost entirely to eat, refusing all solid food, and swallowing only enormous draughts of iced water, and a little fruit. For eleven days he tasted nothing but this diet, and became so weak that his attendants feared that he was about to die.

Information of his state was conveyed to the king; and Philip, who does not seem to have wished him to die a natural death, went to see him, and addressed to him some ambiguous words of consolation. This condescension awakened in the prisoner's breast a faint glimmer of hope. He called for food, and ate so immoderately, that the excess, coming after his long fast, was very nearly fatal to him. Llorente says that a very dangerous fever and dysentery seized him, and reduced him to such a state of weakness, that Dr. Olivarez, the king's chief physician, was sent to attend him.

Meanwhile Cardinal Espinosa, the inquisitor-general. who had conducted the trial of the prince according to



the rules of the Inquisition-that is, in secret, and without allowing the accused an opportunity of defending himself-declared that it was finished. The evidence, he said, which he and his colleagues had examined, proved that, according to the laws of the kingdom, the prince must be condemned to death. At the same time they recommended him to mercy, and advised the king to commute the punishment.

Philip answered decorously, as usual, that his heart inclined him to follow their advice, but his conscience forbade him to do so. He did not think that it would be for the welfare of Spain or the good of his subjects that the prince should live; and therefore, notwithstanding his affection for his son, and the terrible sacrifice it would be to him, he would suffer the laws to take their course. He then added that the health of Don Carlos was in such a state, that if no restrictions were laid upon him, his intemperance in eating and drinking would soon bring him to the grave. The only thing to be attended to, was to convince the prince that his death was inevitable, and that he must confess in order to ensure eternal salvation. Having finished this curiously characteristic address, and let fall a few tears, he then retired; but it is probable that in the privacy of his apartments he was still more unreserved with Ruy Gomez. At all events, that unscrupulous favourite very soon took counsel with Cardinal Espinosa; and the inquisitor-general agreeing with him as to the desirability of the prince's death, it was determined to poison him. This was on the 9th

of July, and as a preliminary measure they informed the prince that he was in great danger; but Carlos, although more docile than usual, did not yet desire to confess.

On the 19th of July the Prince of Eboli had an interview with Dr. Olivarez, the court physician, a man not unworthy of being his accomplice. The favourite had no need to say with low-bred brusqueness, 'Will you poison the prince?' No such vulgar word was introduced. All was pleasant and euphuistic; and vet the physician and the courtier understood each other perfectly. Ruy Gomez went away well pleased to attend the king; and the Doctor, with a smile on his thin lips, set himself to mingle with all haste a certain purgative medicine, compounded of such drugs as have entered into the composition of few medicines before or since. On the 20th of July this dose was administered to the prince by the orders of the physician, and in his presence. Cabrera, who afterwards wrote a history of Philip the Second, and who was employed in the palace at the time, says that the prince grew so quickly worse after this dose, that the physician, who had been standing beside the bed watching him, told him that he was dying, and that, if he wished to confess, he must send for a confessor.

The prince on hearing this half raised himself, and desired that his old confessor should be sent for. This order was not obeyed until the night of July the 21st, when the confessor he desired, Fray Diego de Chaves,

was brought to him. He was then very weak, but he desired the priest to ask pardon in his name of the king. He also said that he forgave all his enemies, particularly Ruy Gomez, and the grand inquisitor, who had always disliked him.

One of the witnesses of this affecting scene had meanwhile gone to Philip, who joyfully sent back his pardon and his blessing, and a devout message that he hoped the prince's repentance would obtain pardon from God.

The sacraments of the Eucharist and extreme unction were then administered to the dying man; and the little company of his jailors closed around, expecting his instant death. But they were mistaken: in spite of his extreme emaciation, and of the poison which was tearing at his vitals, he lingered on through the 22d and 23d of July, murmuring at intervals broken sentences such as, 'Does my misery still endure?' On the 24th he was visibly sinking; and the same evening, towards midnight, the fatal change approached.

The ministers of state, who were anxious that there should be the appearance of perfect reconciliation between the father and son, proposed to Philip that he should now go and give Don Carlos his blessing in person. The king, having perhaps some qualms upon the subject, iron as his nerves were, desired that he might first have the opinion of the confessor and Doctor Juarez, who were in attendance upon the patient.

These worthy priests did not encourage the project: they feared to disturb the last moments of the dying prince; but Philip, as was to be expected from his previous conduct, had no such scruples. He entered the apartment, and looking without shrinking upon the ill-fated son of the wife of his youth, extended his arms, standing between the Prince of Eboli and the grand prior, and gave him his blessing.

He then retired, weeping plentifully; and the prince, who had been unconscious of his presence, turned his dim eyes feebly towards the light, slowly moved once or twice the hand which was lying across his breast, and letting it fall back, sighed deeply, and died, at four o'clock, on the morning of St. James' day.

It was given out immediately that his death was natural, the result of the quartan fever with which he had been long afflicted. The Prince of Eboli had been very particular on this point, and had taken pains to impress upon Olivarez that the affair must be so managed as that the king's honour should be saved, and that there should be all the external appearances of natural death; but, as was to be expected, the darkest rumours were soon affoat.

De Thou, a French contemporary historian, says that the prince was condemned by inquisitors and casuists, and privately put to death by means of poisoned broth. Pedro Justiniani, a Venetian nobleman, who was residing at Madrid when the tragedy occurred, says that the prince was condemned by the Inquisition, and died in a few hours from poison. Others, such as the famous Antonio Perez, assert that a slow poison was mingled

with his food from the beginning of his imprisonment, which occasioned the intolerable thirst and fever which raged in his veins. Louis Cabrera, who was on intimate terms with Ruy Gomez, gives in his history dark hints to the same effect, intimating that Don Carlos owed his death not so much to his own excesses and crimes, as to his father's hatred. Estrada, who had good opportunities of acquiring information, says much the same; as also do Brantôme and Fourquevaulx, the French envoys.

Philip and his favourite had been solicitously anxious that his honour should be saved; and a carefully written account of the death of the prince was sent to all the European powers who had been informed of his arrest,—a measure of precaution which did not serve him much.

A short time afterwards, William of Orange, in the spirited manifesto he published to excuse his rebellion, openly denounced the king as the murderer of his son. That he deserved to be thus branded can scarcely be doubted. Whether Carlos died by poison or of confinement and unwholesome food, his death was equally attributable to his father's agency and unnatural dislike. Even after his death Philip's hatred pursued him. He was not present at the funeral, which yet he did not dare to make as private as he wished. It took place at seven o'clock in the evening, in the presence of a vast multitude, who filled all the streets and thoroughfares, and thronged after the cortege to the Church of the Convent of the Nuns of St. Dominic el Real, where the body was laid.

Carlos had himself chosen that place of sepulture; and there, for nine days, religious ceremonies were performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church for the repose of his soul; and there his aunt and stepmother came to weep, fondly mingling their tears with those of the multitudes who mourned him as the hope of Spain. The people forgot the reckless excesses and many faults of the dead prince; and remembering only his courage and generous liberality, gave loud vent to their grief, till the sound of their lamentations penetrated into the gloomy chamber where Philip sat, and excited him to fresh precautions. He would allow no funeral sermon to be preached for his son; and he wrote to his ambassador at Rome, desiring that no notice should be taken there of the death, and that none of the usual signs of respect should be paid to the memory of the deceased prince. The Pope, however, took his own way, and courageously performed funeral obsequies for the dead youth, at which the ambassador and all his attendants were forced to appear, and to wear black in spite of their master's prohibition. Don Carlos was twenty-three years of age when he died; and three months later, in the same year, 1568, the young and beautiful Isabella followed him to the grave. The idea that she was sacrificed to Philip's violent and well-founded jealousy of his son, has been shown to be unlikely; but William of Orange, who charges Philip in his manifesto with the murder of his wife, as well as with that of Don Carlos, points to another motive. Anne of Austria, who, like Isabella,

had been destined for his son, was the greatest heiress in Europe. It seemed when Don Carlos died that much treasure must be lost to Spain with her hand; but Philip, if his enemies do not belie him, was inventive in resources. Isabella followed her step-son to the grave at the early age of twenty-three; and scarcely two years after his double bereavement, Philip had courted his niece, removed the scruples of her parents, obtained a dispensation from the Pope, and Anne and her rich dowry were on their way to Spain. Fortunately, perhaps, for her, there was no other royal heiress of equal wealth. But her life also was short: she died at Madrid, after a brief illness, in the thirty-first year of her age; and Philip did not make a fifth marriage.





CHAPTER VI.

DON JOHN.

O the ordinary surface observer, no lot can seem more brilliant than that of Don John of Austria. Much of the military glory that distinguished the latter years of Philip the Second, is popularly associated with his name. It is true that, in the many victories which he won, he was little more than the nominal commander; but the populace, to whom his many brilliant qualities had endeared him, did not look too closely into the nature of his triumphs. He was their hero, their idol, the glory and hope of Spain; and yet this man, brave and generous, for whom nature and fortune seemed to exhaust their choicest gifts, was prosecuted by the Inquisition, and died before thirty of slow poison,—a victim, like his nephew Don Carlos, to the jealousy and envy of the unscrupulous Philip.

Don John was born in the year 1547, in Ratisbon, in Germany. His mother was a beautiful Flemish girl of obscure birth, and his father was the Emperor Charles the Fifth. For many years Charles took little notice of his son. He placed the infant in the family of one of the

musicians of the imperial band; and the future victor of Lepanto was allowed to run barefoot about the dusty lanes of the village of Leganes, picking up such scraps of education as the parish priest found time to give him, and heading the raids made by his young companions upon the orchards of the hamlet. When he was almost seven years old, a strong, healthy, sturdy boy, Charles placed him in the family of one of his most trusted courtiers, Luis Quixada, the steward of his The childless wife of this nobleman, a household. lady of illustrious birth and amiable character, took the boy at once to her heart. She fostered all that was good and generous in a soul naturally high and noble, and was throughout life his best, and kindest, and most constant friend. This love Don John repaid: he always regarded Donna Magdalena as a mother; and there is still preserved a letter written from the battle-field of Seron, full of the most affectionate tenderness, in which he announces to her the death of his foster-father, and addresses her as dear, sorrowing, widowed mother.

In 1558 Donna Magdalena removed to Cuacos, a village near the Monastery of Yuste, taking with her her ward, in order to be near her husband, who was in constant attendance upon the emperor. Charles never publicly acknowledged his son as such during his own lifetime, but the boy was introduced into his household as the page of Quixada; and his courage and beauty, and the promise he gave of an uncommon future, solaced the last dreary months of existence to the august

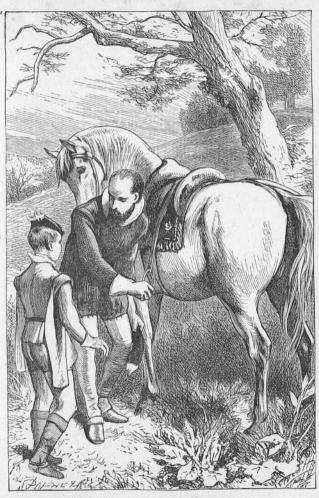
recluse. In his will he made ample provision for his child. He left a separate testamentary document referring solely to him, which was addressed to his son Philip, or his grandson Don Carlos, or the reigning sovereign of Spain. In this he expressed a wish that his son should be trained as a priest, unless he exhibited a marked disinclination towards that mode of life; in which case an estate in the kingdom of Naples was to be assigned for his residence, and an annual revenue of forty thousand ducats secured to him.

Philip carried out these testamentary instructions not ungenerously; and the magical change which was wrought in Don John's life reads like a chapter in a fairy tale. Hitherto he had been Luis Quixada's page, indulged and favoured in the childless household; but at the same time only a page, with a page's light duties to perform, and still boy enough to retain that predilection for robbing orchards which he had acquired when he was a little peasant urchin in the musician's cottage at Leganes. With Phihip's return to Spain his whole life was changed, and from a page he became a prince. One of the king's first cares after he arrived at Madrid, was to arrange a meeting with Quixada and his ward. The place he chose was a park near the Convent of La Espina, in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, which had been a favourite hunting-seat of his Castilian ancestors.

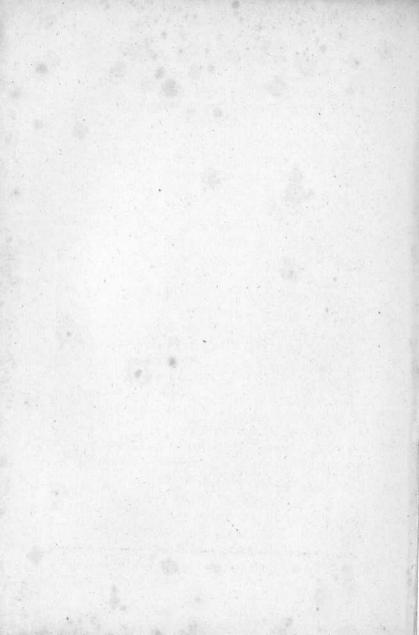
The knight, when the momentous day came round, said not a word to his ward; but he dressed himself with care, mounted a horse sumptuously caparisoned,

and with his page by his side, and his vassals following him, rode away through the glades of the wood, apparently on a hunting expedition.

Presently the sound of horns and the distant trampling of hoofs was heard. The knight's party were evidently not the only hunters out that day in the royal chase. The page, full of the ardour of boyhood, would have darted forward to reconnoitre the approaching cavalcade; but Quixada, suddenly restraining him, dismounted, and falling upon one knee, asked permission to kiss his hand. Bewildered and astonished, the boy stood for a moment staring at his master, who seemed to him to have become crazed. Then, with the quick perception natural to his character, it flashed upon him that he himself must be something great. With an air of mock dignity he extended his hand, and laughingly asked his late guardian to hold his stirrup for him. while he exchanged his humble palfrey for the richly caparisoned steed he had been ordered to mount. In a few minutes more they reached the presence of the king, who stood silent, while the boy did as Quixada had directed him-knelt down and asked leave to kiss his Majesty's hand. Then Philip, who had been staring at him fixedly, broke his silence. Raising him in his arms, he spoke kindly to the bewildered lad. 'Take courage, my child,' he said; 'you are descended from a great man. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, now in glory, was your father as well as mine;' and turning to the crowd around them, he said, 'This is my brother, the son of



"With an air of mock dignity he extended his hand, and laughingly asked his late guardian to hold his stirrup for him "—The Inquisition, Page 106.



the Emperor Charles the Fifth.' He then conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, buckled a sword to his side, and decorated him with the sparkling insignia of the Golden Fleece; while the courtiers, following their master's lead, thronged around him with servile obeisance, prompt with ready worship for the man, or rather boy, whom the king delighted to honour.

The peasant child of Leganes had now a palace in Madrid, with a large household, the principal offices in which were filled by the haughtiest nobles in Spain. He had, in fact, all the privileges of a royal prince, except that he had not apartments in Philip's palace, and that he was addressed as 'Excellency,' and not as Highness.

His old guardian did not leave him with this change in his fortunes: he became his ayo or governor; and he and Donna Magdalena went with him to Madrid, lived in his house, and managed his domestic concerns.

In 1561 Don John was sent by his brother to the famous University of Alcala del Henares, with his two nephews, who were nearly of his own age—Don Carlos the heir-apparent, and Alexander Farnese, the son of the Duchess of Parma. Here he gained the confidence and affection of the mad, harebrained Carlos; but his conduct was very different: while the prince was idling his time away in questionable adventures, he strove to perfect himself in his studies, particularly in all those that had any reference, however remote, to the art of war. Battles were his favourite theme. Deeds of romantic daring and hopeless struggles, such as that which

the Knights of Malta were waging against the Turks, enlisted all his sympathies, and filled his soul with a generous yearning to help them.

He had inherited all the better part of the emperor's nature—his Flemish kindliness, his discretion, his power of adapting himself to circumstances, and above all, his military genius, mingled with something of hereditary religious zeal. Pacing the paths of his lonely garden at Alcala del Henares, his aspiring spirit began to chafe at the restraints which hemmed him round. He longed to become, like his father, the champion of Christendom—to win his laurels, as he had won them, under the banners of the cross. In 1564 he returned with his nephews to Madrid, to pine in the enforced idleness of the court, and yearn, amid its formal round of etiquette and pleasure, for the soldier's busy life of toil and adventure.

At last the die was cast; he was weary to loathing of the silken comforts of his palace. He felt himself a prisoner in the hands of his noble and titled servitors. The far-descended captains of his guard and masters of his horse were so many spies set upon his actions, ready to report to his brother even his unspoken thoughts; and so, telling his plans to none of them, he one fine morning disappeared. He had not so far forgotten his peasant rearing, as not to be able to wait upon himself when occasion required. His idea was to make his way to Malta, and there offer his sword, and the military genius which he felt stirring within him, to the grand master of the Knights of St. John, the Chevalier La Valette.

In the prosecution of this boyish scheme of knighterrantry, he had got as far as Barcelona, when a letter reached him from his foster-father Quixada. In it the worthy knight represented to him the danger of trifling with Philip's orders or disregarding his wishes, and earnestly besought him to return. This advice he took, and came back cast down and disheartened, having unconsciously set every one a talking about him. From that hour to the day of his early death, his romantic, adventurous spirit, made him the darling and idol of the Spanish people. In the following year, Philip, who was not as yet displeased with the generous and warlike temperament of his young brother, gave him the command of an expedition fitted out against the Barbary pirates, appointing as his lieutenant the Grand Commander of St. James.

This expedition was in all respects successful. father's early and proverbial good luck seemed to have descended upon him. 'The star of Austria' blazed brighter than ever, and he returned at the end of eight months to receive such an ovation as had never greeted Philip. Crowds followed him on the streets. The younger nobility, fired by his example, buckled on helm and cuirass, and turned their backs upon the court. It was the old story of Saul and David; and Philip, naturally suspicious, began to feel a twinge of that envy which culminated six years later at Bixar.

In this year, 1568, an insurrection of the Moors broke out in the mountain range of the Alpujarras, in the south-east of Granada. All the cities in the south of Spain were largely peopled by this African race, who were peculiarly abundant in the mountainous districts along the southern coasts. Here, in the hill fastnesses, the Moors cherished resentful memories of their vanished greatness. Here also they preserved their own peculiar habits of religious and domestic life; and although nominally Christian, were at heart as fanatically Moslem as in the days when the green banner of the prophet was wont to lord it over the rival flag of the cross.

In looking at the situation, it is impossible not to be struck with Philip's mad temerity in setting the bloodhounds of the Inquisition to worry at the heels of a race so brave, so spirited, so well compacted together, and so discontented with his rule, and with the aggressions of his Christian subjects. The Emperor Charles would never have made such a mistake; but Philip, who excelled his father in the arts of dissimulation, was far inferior to him in sagacity; and was so thorough a bigot, that he did not possess the power of tempering his religious zeal with prudence. In 1568 he published an edict forbidding the use of Arabic, their native tongue, to the Moors, or new Christians, as they were called. He also ordered them to change their Moorish names for Spanish ones, to lay aside their Oriental costume, and wear that worn by their conquerors; and in the case of women, to discontinue the use of the veil, to which they were much attached. Their marriages were also directed to be conducted in public, after the Christian fashion; and they were commanded to break

their baths, which, in common with all Eastern nations, they were much in the habit of using.

The severest penalties were annexed to the breaking of any of these absurd enactments; and the consequence was, that on the 1st of January 1569, the standard of revolt was raised in the mountains of the Alpujarras, and in a few weeks the whole of the ancient kingdom of Granada was in a blaze. All men clamoured for Don John. 'He was the man,' they said, to lead the Christian hosts; but Philip, jealous and suspicious, hesitated, and sent one subordinate commander after another to the disturbed districts. These men quarrelled among themselves to such an extent, that the Council of State at last recommended the king to place Don John over them; and Philip so far approved of their recomendation, as to send his brother to the seat of war with the title of commander-in-chief, but with very little of the power usually attached to such an office. No more difficult position for a young soldier could be conceived, than that in which the youthful hero of Spain was now placed. His every motion was controlled by a council of war, which was composed not only of soldiers, but of prelates and inquisitors, who, in addition to graver matters, were always squabbling over such trifles as precedence, and the honours due to their respective ranks. In managing such discordant advisers, and in prosecuting the war by their aid, or rather in spite of them, Don John showed to what a large degree he had inherited his father's sagacity and discretion. Wise and

patient, he won, with a kind and courteous grace which was entirely his own, the hearts of those who were most hostile to him. Even the veteran commander he was sent to supersede, a hard and arrogant man, was softened by his winning gracefulness. 'I shall always rely upon you as upon a father,' said the son of Charles, and Los Velos was sullenly respectful.

A few months after Don John arrived in the camp, a great victory was won over the Moors in the Sierra of Bentomiz. The power of the rebels was broken in the district around Granada; and the commander-in-chief moved his forces towards the mountains, where the war assumed something of a guerilla aspect, abounding in sudden surprises, and escapes, and feats of individual valour, which entirely suited the spirit and genius of the young knight-errant at the head of the army. His greatest pleasure lay in exposing himself to personal danger. To snatch up a lance or sword, and head some wild foray or short bloody combat, was his delight.

He was always performing some such feat, very much to the disgust of Philip, who thought such deeds of personal daring unbecoming his position and rank, and who rebuked him gravely for permitting his warlike spirits to effervesce in such a fashion.

Don John meanwhile incessantly besought his brother to remove Los Velos, and give him the real command. Although he strove to conceal from the soldiers the embarrassments which the constant supervision to which he was subjected exposed him, he chafed furiously against his restraints in secret, and was sometimes so ill with mortification that he could not eat. Under all the easy grace and studied moderation of his manner, he concealed vast designs. Generous, brave, and kindhearted, he was yet the most aspiring of men. Even thus early he had begun to set before his eyes a prize for which he was determined to strain every nerve. He fought Philip's battles, and strove to the utmost to be in all things the first soldier in Philip's dominions; but it was that he might carve out a separate royalty and crown for himself. Nothing could turn him aside from his object. With the steady resolution of his race, he kept it unfailingly in view, even when ostensibly obeying his brother the king, who at last, convinced by his representations, relieved him from his bête noir, the veteran marquis.

In January, this officer having refused to serve under him as a subaltern, he laid siege to Galera, which was taken after a long and valiant defence, and with a blood-shed unexampled even in the annals of that cruel war. Two thousand Moors were found, after the wild battle in the streets was over, crouching together like a flock of sheep, in a square near the western gate; and these were shot down in cold blood, in spite of their agonized prayers. The same fate befell more than four hundred wretched women and children, who were discovered cowering beneath some bushes outside the wall. Don John, who was exasperated almost to frenzy by the loss he had sustained in the hard-won city, which he had been

forced to wrest inch by inch from its obstinate defenders, showed for once a spirit akin to that of his dark elder brother. He ordered that not a living soul in Galera should be spared; and when his soldiers would have saved these miserable, trembling women, he sternly commanded them to remember their duty as soldiers, and the orders of the day. Halting his horse on a little eminence, he looked steadily on, till the massacre was finished. Within the town the same butchery went on. The Spaniards, envenomed by national and religious hatred, seemed transformed into so many fiends. Streams of stagnating gore trickled down the kennels and flowed under the doors of the houses, and great masses of flame shot up into the evening sky with ominous crackle and glow; and far and near, Spaniard and Moor knew that Galera had fallen.

Next morning, in a tempest of sleet and snow, the foundations of the ill-fated town were ploughed up, and salt sowed upon them. It was Don John's greatest triumph as yet; and Philip, when the news was brought to him, went devoutly, as was his wont, and poured out his thanks at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, where he was staying at the time, and thought, perhaps, as he had often occasion to think, that his brother was becoming too great. Don John meanwhile, in his secret thoughts, accounted himself a stage nearer his end, for the Pope hailed him publicly as the Champion of Christendom, and made no secret of his intention of naming him general-in-chief of the powerful league

which he was striving to bind together against the Ottoman Empire.

From Galera the young general went to Seron, where he lost his affectionate ayo, or governor. Ouixada had held the reins of control with a very steady hand; and his pupil, although commonly both affectionate and warm-hearted, was still too ambitious not to regard his death almost as a relief. Henceforth he was free from his foster-father's kindly but somewhat troublesome interference; and Seron having been evacuated, he took Tijola, and soon fixed his camp on the eastern spurs of the Alpujarras. Here, with Philip's consent, who was anxious to terminate the war, he published an amnesty to all who would come into the camp and give up their arms within a period of twenty days. This act of grace, however, came too late: the massacre of Galera was still so fresh in the recollection of the Moors, that they considered it only a trap, and declined to avail themselves of it. The general, thus defeated in his attempt to end the war by a single stroke of policy, then divided his army into parties, who hunted the miserable fugitives out of their rocky fastnesses, burned them alive in their huts, suffocated them in their caves, and perpetrated against them all the cruelties which were employed a few years later against the Waldenses.

At last, on the 19th of May, Don John, who was impatient to get away to the wider sphere and higher command awaiting him, succeeded in getting the Moorish leader to sue for peace. The draft of a treaty was drawn out, and the Moor introduced into the presence of his conqueror at Foudon de Andarax, where the camp then was. The interview took place in the evening amid the glare of torches, and was surrounded with all the pomp and glitter with which it was possible in the circumstances to invest it.

The young general stood at the door of his tent, with his officers around him, the war-wasted country in front, and the soldiery in picturesque groups filling up the background. The scene, as may be imagined, was a very impressive one: the light fell full upon the central figure of the group, the emperor's son, who with all his father's stateliness, and more than his father's grace, received the tokens of submission from the fallen chief, who grovelled at his feet with a conquered Oriental's exaggerated humility.

Don John now thought that he had succeeded in stamping out the insurrection, but it continued to flare up at intervals throughout the summer; and in the beginning of winter an edict arrived, ordering that all the Moors in Granada should be removed into the interior of the country. This general deportation was managed with much prudence and energy by the young commander, who, having finished the task appointed to him, began to besiege Cardinal Espinosa and the Prince of Eboli with letters soliciting his recall.

It was at last granted to him, and he set out without delay for Madrid, where the populace received him with acclamations, and where he obtained that more solid reward which his ambition had been craving during the whole summer. Early in spring he was appointed captain-general of the forces of what was called the Holy League, which was an alliance formed by Spain, Venice, and the Pope, against the Turkish Sultan.

On the 6th of June he set out, with much pomp, upon his long journey to Messina, where the forces of the allied powers were to meet; the Spanish contingent, amounting to ninety large galleys and seventy smaller vessels, all equipped and finished in the best style, having already been sent forward to the rendezvous. A great company of noblemen also escorted him out of Madrid; but weary of the delay and formality occasioned by this brilliant cortege, he left them behind, and pushed onward with great speed, being everywhere received with the honours due to a king.

At Genoa, the Doge and senate met him outside the city gate; and he was conducted to the palace of one of the principal nobility, and there received embassies from the different Italian princes, and an autograph letter from the Pope. All this adulation was sufficient to turn the head of a young man of twentyfour; and there is little doubt that it would excuse and justify Don John's ambition to himself.

At Naples fresh triumphs awaited him. The Pope sent him an azure standard, with the arms of the allies embroidered upon it in threads of gold. This dainty battle-flag was conveyed to the Church of the Franciscan Convent at Santa Chiara, where an august ceremony took place. In the midst of an immense crowd, Cardinal Granvelle blessed the sacred pennon, and delivered it, with the commander-in-chief's baton, into the hands of the young captain-general. Philip's usual wear was sad-coloured velvet; but his brother, handsome and fond of show, attired himself for this solemnity in splendid robes of white velvet and cloth of gold. Snowy plumes mingled with jewels drooped from his crimson cap amid the rich masses of his yellow hair, which fell on his shoulders, and was turned back in clustering profusion from a frank, bold brow. Such was the gorgeous outward presence of the Achilles of Spain—an Achilles who, beneath all his outward courage and ardour, concealed the vast designs, the wary dissimulation, and the plotting brain of an Ulysses.

On the 25th of August the ambitious young soldier reached Messina. Triumphal arches embossed with silver had been erected in his honour; the streets were filled with admiring crowds, the balconies with gay beauties; and in the harbour below lay what was dearer to the aspiring man than all these noisy demonstrations of triumph—a fleet of more than three hundred sail, all under his command, and awaiting his orders. Many of these ships were what were called royal galleys, vessels with one deck, of a long, low, narrow build, carrying on an average twelve pieces of artillery, and, as they were chiefly propelled by oars, requiring of course a considerable crew, of whom a certain proportion were galleyslaves, convicts chained to the oars, which they were

forced to work. These ships, when they were not too large, moved swiftly; and in smooth water were very formidable to an enemy, both from their slight elevation above the sea, and from the velocity of their movements. Sometimes they were very luxuriously fitted up. The Real, the flagship of the young admiral, was covered with carving, and profusely gilt. Besides her, the Spaniards had eighty-six royal galleys, and a great number of brigantines and smaller vessels; while the Venetians had one hundred and six royal galleys, and six galeazzas, enormous hulks, carrying forty pieces of artillery each—difficult to manage in any weather, and in a storm altogether impracticable.

On board this great fleet there were eighty thousand persons in all, of whom twenty-nine thousand were regular soldiers, Spanish veterans, trained to war in the fastnesses of the Alpujarras, or on French and Italian battle-fields. Before the fleet sailed, an Italian bishop, a special nuncio from the Pope, arrived loaded with spiritual favours from the head of the Church to his dutiful children, and especially to Don John, to whom Pius sent two ancient prophecies from St. Isidore, which he said clearly applied to him; also a message from himself, which possibly the ambitious youth found even more inspiring. The Pope's words contained what must have seemed to him an implied promise. 'If,' Pius said, 'you lead the forces of the Holy League to victory, such a sacred triumph can scarcely fail to open you a path to an independent crown and sceptre.'

As for the officers and men, his Holiness had no word of crowns or sceptres for them; but they were privileged to fast for three days, and then a full remission of all their sins was proclaimed to them.

Thus prepared for both worlds, ready for earthly rapine and plunder or for heavenly felicity, the standard of the Cross was unfurled, the anchors were weighed, and the soldiers of the Holy League went forth upon their perilous way. The papal nuncio, his gorgeous vestments fluttering in the wind, stood at the extremity of the mole, and each galley as it passed him received his apostolic benediction, and then stood out to sea amid the ringing cheers of the crew. Thus blessed of God, they went forth to conquer, regarding themselves in an especial manner as the soldiers of Heaven; curiously mingling with human inconsistency, the most exalted with the meanest motives—greed, and avarice, and ambition, with religious faith and patriotic zeal.





CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

tory Don John had yet gained, was now approaching. The Turks, with a large fleet, had been for some weeks cruising in the Adriatic, wasting and spoiling the territories of Venice. Burning villages, with ominous glare dispelling the darkness of the night, smoking homesteads, dismantled churches, all the havoc and waste of the most cruel war, sufficiently showed the allies where the spoilers had been. But although constantly hearing of them through their scouts, they saw nothing of them, until on the 7th of October, at sunrise, the leading galleys were abreast the Curzolari.

These Curzolari were groups of little rocky islands guarding the entrance into the harbour of Lepanto, a town of Ætolia Acarnania, in modern Greece, twenty-five miles east of Missolonghi.

This town, now called Epacto, and anciently Naupactus, had a very excellent port and roadstead, so well guarded on the north by the rocky rampart of the Curzolari, that it was at first a matter of great doubt if the Turkish squadron was really there.

Every eye was strained through the misty haze of the October morning, but nothing was seen except the sun glittering on the water, till suddenly the lookout, on the foretop of the admiral's galley, sang lustily out, 'A sail! a sail!'

In a moment every eye was turned towards the harbour. The wind had fallen, but the miserable rowers tugged at the oars with fresh spirit; the galleys laboriously rounded a point of rock; and there, before them, with a forest of pennons glittering in the morning sun, lay the Turkish fleet, consisting of two hundred and fifty royal galleys, and a crowd of smaller vessels,—no despicable adversary even for the emperor's son.

Don John's eyes flashed, and his breast heaved as it had heaved in the wild passes of the Alpujarras. Elected of God and man, foretold by saints of old to lead the van of Christendom, with crowns and sceptres flashing in the distance, each success of the present an earnest of a still more brilliant future, the son of Charles felt that emperor's mantle of success descend upon him. 'Myself and my star,' the father had said in an hour of doubt and trial; and the son, in his heart, re-echoed the words. 'This is the time for combat, not for counsel,' he called to the wrangling captains who were fighting a noisy battle of words over his council-table; and ordering his pennon to be run up to the mizen-peak, he commanded that the great standard of the League should

be unfolded. Blessed of popes and cardinals, it floated out for a moment, and then flapped in great folds of azure damask around the flagstaff.

The seamen, who had cheered the consecrated banner when it first fluttered out on the light wind, were suddenly silent, drawing, with their usual superstition, an omen of evil from its speedy collapse. The officers even were not free from a degree of this fear. 'Would it not be more prudent,' said some of the more timid captains, 'to delay attacking the enemy until he is in a less favourable position?'

'I will not now learn to retreat,' Don John answered coldly, at the same time ordering a cannon to be fired, which was the signal for battle.

The fleet then advanced in the order he had appointed, extending to a front of three miles. On the right was the Genoese division, commanded by their admiral, Andrew Doria, a man who had spent his life in fighting with the Turks; the centre was led by Don John, who had on one side the papal captain-general Colonna, and on the other a Venetian admiral, Veniero; the left wing was also under the command of a Venetian, Barbarigo, the admiral-in-chief of the levies sent by the Queen of the Adriatic; while the reserve, consisting of thirty-five galleys, was entrusted to a Spaniard who had grown grey in wars and bloodshed, the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

Just before the battle began, Don John got into a light craft, and was rowed swiftly through the right division of the fleet, pausing as he passed each galley to address its crew in words of fire. He spoke to the Venetians of the wrongs they had suffered, particularly of the fall of Famogosta, a city of Cyprus belonging to Venice, recently taken by the Turks. To the Spaniards he discoursed of their high mission as chosen soldiers of the Cross, as knights of Christendom, to whom defeat was impossible, who must either conquer or die. His words found an echo deep in each bigoted Castilian heart. A mighty shout arose to heaven, and then a deep, death-like stillness, during which all looked with bated breath at the Turkish fleet as it swept majestically on, slowly advancing in the face of the wind, which had suddenly shifted,—an incident which Don John did not fail to point out to his men as a special interposition of Heaven in their behalf.

The Turkish fleet was disposed, according to a very common Moslem fashion, in the shape of a half-moon, —the centre of the crescent being led by Ali Pacha, a famous Mussulman chief; the right by Mahomet Sirocco, the Viceroy of Egypt; and the left by Uluck Ali, the Dey of Algiers, the most redoubted corsair in the world.

It was noon, a beautiful cloudless autumn noon, when the two squadrons drew near each other, and the deathlike silence of expectation was broken by a very impressive scene. The Turks made the air ring with their wild battle-cries, 'Allah il Allah!' but the allies kept silence, until the young admiral of the Christian host, suddenly raising his plumed cap from his head, knelt down on the prow of the Real, and humbly prayed that God would be with His chosen on that eventful day. His voice, clear and full, rang out amid the shouts and yells of the advancing Turks, and the thunder of the cannon which they had begun to discharge into the galeazzas.

These warlike leviathans of the Oueen of the Adriatic had been towed in advance of the Christian fleet, to intercept, if possible, the Turkish advance; but although they did some execution with their heavy guns, they failed in their purpose. Ali ordered his galleys to widen the line of battle and pass them on either side, which was done,-Mahomet Sirocco coming first into contact with the Venetian fleet under Barbarigo. Intimately acquainted with all the soundings of the coast, the Turks shot up a narrow channel, and succeeded in turning the Venetian wing, and placing Barbarigo and his ships between two fires. Even in these untoward circumstances the Venetians fought as men fight for hearth and altar, and all that makes existence sweet; but their utmost efforts were in vain. Eight of their galleys were dismantled and sunk; Barbarigo received an arrow in his eye, and had to be carried to his cabin; but his men, far from yielding when their leader fell, fought like fiends, getting the fiercer as they grew more desperate. On the right of the Christian host, the Dey of Algiers, who had a very large fleet under his command, tried his best to do the same by the Genoese squadron, which was commanded by Andrew Doria. But Doria was too smart for He succeeded in preventing him from executing him.

the manœuvre; but he was forced to weaken his line so much in his successful efforts, that it presented points of vantage too tempting not to be taken instant advantage of. The corsair's vulture eye picked them out in a moment. With a fell swoop he settled down on some galleys which had drifted apart from their companions, captured one great ship, the Capitana of Malta, and ignominiously sunk several others.

Don John in the meantime, while his lieutenants were thus grappling with doubtful fortune on the right and left, and were by no means having the best of it, had led on the centre gallantly to victory. He ordered his galley to be rowed right up to that of the Pacha, which was conspicuous, like his own, not only from its carving and gilding, but from the great banner of the prophet which streamed out on the wind,—a lustrous expanse of green curiously inwoven with letters and scrolls of gold. Each chief urged the rowers to the uttermost. Ali promised his crew freedom when the day was won, and the poor wretches strained nerve and sinew to the uttermost. At last the vessels met with such a shock, that the galley of the Turkish chief leapt forward upon that of Don John with a quiver and recoil which made every plank strain and crack. A shriek went up from the galley-slaves, answered by the wild yells and battle-cries on either side, as the assailants rushed forward to the fray. The level decks of the galleys, hugging each other thus in a deadly and well-nigh inextricable embrace, presented a confused and circumscribed battle-field, in which each man fought

with the enemy nearest to his hand; private with captain, knight with galley-slave, chief with chief.

Flights of arrows flew from side to side. Alternately the Moslems retired and the Christians advanced, or the Crescent was victorious and the Cross fell doggedly back. The decks streamed with blood; great heaps of corpses were piled up one above the other, or were thrown into the The shrieks and moans of the wounded ascended to heaven; the tumultuous fight ebbed and surged with varying fortune; while far on the left the gallant remnant of Barbarigo's fleet turned with the unquenchable courage of despair the wavering fortunes of the day. Their leader was wounded, eight of their vessels were sunk; they were fighting like men who had no thought of yielding, but who had also no hope of success, when a Capuchin monk suddenly snatched up a crucifix. Waving it aloft, he called to the weary and dispirited men, 'Follow me, Follow me to victory!'

It was as if an inspired voice had bid them hope. With cries of defiance they thronged after him. The Turks, borne back by their irrepressible ardour, retired. All at once, fired by the same divine inspiration, the Christian galley-slaves broke their chains and rushed to the assistance of their countrymen. Mahomet Sirocco's galley, which had become unmanageable in the tumult, was sunk; and he himself, rescued from drowning, was stabbed to the heart by Giovanni Contarini. His death was the signal for the Turkish defeat. A panic seized his followers. They retired in the wildest confusion,

running their galleys upon the shore, and there leaving them a prey to their conquerors, who made the air ring with their shout of triumph. Resonant and clear it floated over the din of battle into the cabin where the wounded Admiral Barbarigo lay writhing in the death agony. 'God be thanked,' groaned the stricken man, 'my country has triumphed;' and with these words he fell back and died.

The duel meanwhile between the two principal galleys went on unabated. Thick clouds of smoke from the incessant charges of artillery rolled up and over them, and under its screen the Spaniards twice boarded the Pacha's galley, and twice after a desperate hand-to-hand combat were driven back with loss.

Don John, who had none of the prudence which has characterized some distinguished soldiers, led the boarders in person, and received a slight wound in the foot. His attendants wished him to retire and have it dressed, but he refused. 'It is nothing,' he said, and ordered the trumpets to sound for the third attack. This time his men, encouraged by his presence, rushed boldly forward to victory at last. Ali Pacha, who also led his followers in person, was wounded in the head by a musket ball, and fell senseless among the feet of his crew, who passed on and over him without having perceived their loss.

It was noticed, however, by the Christians. With a shout of triumph they pressed on with a fierce ardour which carried all before it. The janizaries gave way, fought for a few minutes in confusion, and then threw down their arms, pursued by their unpitying conquerors. The deck was covered with mounds of slain, and from beneath a pile of corpses Ali was dragged dangerously wounded, but still alive. 'Look,' he said to the soldiers who surrounded him, 'look down below; there are jewels and money enough in my private coffers to make you princes.'

The men at these words went in search of the treasure, and left him; but at that moment a galley-slave came up, and seizing the unfortunate chief, cut off his head, and carried it to Don John. The young conqueror could not restrain an emotion of generous pity. Instead of rewarding the assassin, he turned away from him, saying coldly, 'Why have you brought that to me? Throw it into the sea.'

Thus repulsed, the slave placed the sad trophy on a pike, and raised it aloft—a sight of dismay to the Turkish galleys near. At the same moment the prophet's gorgeous pennon was plucked down by blood-stained hands; and the holy standard of the League floating out from the Pacha's ship, announced his fate alike to friend and foe.

A shout of victory was raised from the Christian galleys, which made the heavens ring again, and quenched for a moment the din of war. The battle was virtually won, and would have finished almost simultaneously with the fall of Ali, if his ships had been sufficiently near the shore to have allowed the crews a chance of escape. As it was, they had either to fight or yield;

and after fighting on for some time longer in a dispirited, half-hearted fashion, most of them surrendered. Of those that continued to fight, some were sunk, and others were set on fire, or victoriously boarded by the Christians; and in a short time the Turkish centre, like the right wing, was not only defeated, but exterminated.

On the Turkish left, the Dey of Algiers, taking advantage of Doria's weak and extended line of battle, had already sunk several of his ships, and taken several more prizes, when the reserve, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz, fell upon him.

His ships and sailors were the best in the Turkish service. Accustomed to the wild life of wandering corsairs, they knew every bay and sea for leagues around; and no sooner did the Dey see that he was overmastered, and learn the disastrous news from the centre and right, than he threw out signals for flight. Cutting their prizes adrift, and dexterously extricating themselves from the dangers that surrounded them, his ships followed his lead, and stretched away like so many sea-birds in his wake, with all their canvas set, and their rowers rowing as if for life. It was in vain that Doria and Santa Cruz kept up the unequal chase. They were soon hopelessly distanced. The Genoese and Spanish ships, with half of their rowers crippled and wounded, could only with much ado keep the flying galleys in sight until they rounded a rocky promontory. Here one or two, hugging the land too closely, were cast ashore and wrecked; but the rest, standing boldly out to sea, doubled the headland, and

spreading their white sails, stretched away to the horizon, like swallows skimming home.

The Dey carried more than forty of his ships victoriously off from the disastrous bay; and his pursuers seeing that nothing more was to be made of him, returned with their squadrons to the waters of Lepanto, where they found the conqueror making a careful examination of the prizes which had fallen into his hands. Some of these were so much damaged, that he ordered them to be burned, while others more valuable were secured; and then all haste was made to gain the neighbouring harbour of Petala, before the darkness of night and the gloom of a possibly impending storm overtook them.

Thunder began to mutter in the distance as they entered the quiet roadstead, after having gained the greatest naval victory of the middle ages. Of two hundred and fifty Turkish galleys which Ali Pacha had under his command in the morning, only forty escaped those which the Algerine Dev had succeeded in carrying off. Of the remainder, one hundred and thirty were taken and divided among the allies, and the others were sunk or burned. The Christians on their side lost only fifteen galleys, principally belonging to the Venetian and Genoese squadrons. On both sides the loss of life was great. In one ship alone, the Capitana of Malta, which was taken early in the engagement by the Dey of Algiers, three hundred corpses were found piled upon the deck. It was reckoned that not fewer than twenty-five thousand Turks fell, exclusive of the prisoners, who amounted to several thousands. The confederates lost, according to Rosell, seven thousand six hundred men, of whom an unusually large proportion were men of high rank. A great amount of booty was taken; and more than twelve thousand Christian slaves, who, according to the barbarous custom of the times, had been chained to the oars in the Turkish galleys. These poor wretches came out bathed in tears, and throwing themselves at the feet of their countrymen, blessed them for their deliverance from what had seemed a well-nigh hopeless captivity.

In the long muster-roll of the high and noble who formed part of Don John's following in this memorable expedition, are found two names destined to escape the oblivion which has overtaken the great proportion of these far-descended hidalgos. The first is that of Alexander Farnese, the nephew, and one day the successor, of Don John as military chief of Spain; the other is Miguel Cervantes, who had not then written Don Quixote.

Cervantes received a gunshot wound in the left hand, which maimed him for life; while Farnese, more fortunate, performed prodigies of valour under the eye of his uncle, and escaped unharmed.

With a freedom from envy, and an unaffected kindliness of temper, of which Philip would have been incapable, Don John wrote to the king a glowing account of the young prince's valour. He then busied himself, during the three days he remained at Petala, in examining into

the condition of the wounded, and in trying by every means in his power to alleviate their sufferings. He also showed for the prisoners a humane consideration rare in these times. Among the more distinguished captives were two young sons of the Turkish commander-in-chief. These youths he treated with much generosity, giving them the quarters of his secretary Juan de Soto, and sending a special messenger to Constantinople to inform their friends that they were safe. In a short time he received a letter in return from their sister, entreating him to release her brothers, and to accept a rich present which she sent as an acknowledgment of his kindness and courtesy.

This present, which consisted of robes of sable and brocade, rich carpets, tapestry, porcelain, and swords of Damascus inlaid with jewels, he did not keep, but bestowed upon her brothers, having first succeeded in inducing the Pope, to whom they were assigned, to consent to the liberation of the two boys.

He showed the same noble liberality of soul in his intercourse with the Venetian admiral. Vennero, who had succeeded Barbarigo, and who was a choleric and quick-tempered man, had quarrelled with him about the appointment and fitting out of the Venetian squadron; and now, in the hour of his triumph, he held aloof, dreading some retaliation for the spite he had showed. Don John, however, being determined to put an end to all bad feeling, sent for him. 'Let us bury the past, with all its unpleasantness,' he said frankly; and then,

with the winning grace which was so characteristic of him, he praised the old man for the courage and generalship he had showed in the late battle. He even called him father; and at that name the old chroniclers tell us that the testy veteran, thoroughly melted, burst into tears.

At Petala a council of war was held, at which it was first resolved to attack Santa Maura, a strong fortress that guarded the northern entrance of the Bay of Lepanto. Personal inspection, however, convinced the allies that the siege of this place must of necessity be long and difficult; and they accordingly resolved to go into winter quarters, and appointed a day for the division of the spoil. Half of the captured galleys and brigantines, and half of the captures, fell to the share of Philip. As for the spoil found in the captured ships, it had been already seized by the soldiers, and had enriched many a needy chevalier and poverty-stricken veteran.

On the 31st of October, exactly six weeks after he had left it, Don John with his fleet and prizes swept gallantly into the harbour of Messina. The holy standard of the League, fresh as when the nuncio blessed it, floated in triumph at the mast-head of the Real; and far behind, with draggled pennons and battered carving and defaced gilding, came the captured Turkish galleys.

Wild shouts of welcome filled the air; the populace, headed by the magistrates, rushed down to the water's edge to receive and greet the hero of Lepanto. In an incredibly short space of time a gorgeous canopy was reared, salutes of artillery were fired, trumpets were sounded, and amid shouting and music and the thunder of cannon Don John stepped ashore; not yet a king, but receiving an adulation which falls to the lot of few monarchs.

Long lines of clergy, Vanderhammen tells us, mingled with the joyous throng; and these, as the procession moved on, broke into the loud, far-swelling notes of the *Te Deum*.

Then, as if by an irresistible impulse, the mighty crowd, layman and priest, victor and populace, swept onward to the cathedral, and prostrating themselves in lowly reverence, thanked God for the glorious victory He had given. From the cathedral Don John was conducted to the castle. Here sumptuous chambers were prepared for him, a great feast was appointed in his honour, and a donative of thirty thousand crowns was voted to him by the city.

This money he spent in a characteristic manner, employing it in no selfish pleasures of his own, but in relieving the wants of his sick and wounded soldiers. This, even more than his military talents, explains the idolatry with which the men who fought under his standard regarded him. Not content with banquets and money, the people of Messina also erected in his honour a colossal statue of bronze, as a token to posterity of the gratitude and affection with which they regarded the conqueror of the Turkish marauders. Thus fêted and idolized, Don John did not forget his brother

and master. His earliest care had been to send him tidings of the victory. As soon as the storm of thunder and lightning that attacked them in the harbour of Petala had subsided, he sent a trusty messenger, Lope de Figueroa, to Spain with despatches, and the great standard of the prophet, which he had himself taken from the Pacha's galley.

Cabrera says that Philip was at vespers in the chapel of the Monastery of the Escurial when the news reached him.

A Jeronymite monk standing near him heard the tidings, and looked up at him eagerly; but the king never moved. With steady, unchanging eye, and composed, hueless cheek, he continued his interrupted devotions; and when they were over, ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung.

The demeanour of the old Pope was very different. When news of the victory was brought to him, it was so much greater and more complete than anything that he had expected, that he broke into the most rapturous expressions of gratitude. Tears streamed from his eyes, and he recited in broken accents the words of St. Luke, 'There was a man sent from God, and his name was John.'

Philip permitted himself to indulge in no such undignified raptures. Yet he showed himself conscious, in his own guarded way, of the service his brother had done to his kingdom and to Christendom.

On the evening after the news came to Madrid there

was a great illumination in the city. Mass was then said by the papal legate in the Church of St. Mary, to which the king, the court, the populace, and the priests repaired, and there mingled their thanksgivings. As for the great banner of the Turks, it was hung up in a hall of the Palace Monastery of the Escurial, where it remained until the year 1671, when it was accidentally consumed by fire.

On the 29th of November Philip wrote to his brother a letter almost hearty in its tone, in which, after praising him for his great valour, he says: 'I am sensible that to you after God I owe this victory, and that I ought to make acknowledgments for it, as I now do; and happy am I that it has been reserved for one so near and so dear to me to perform this great work, which has gained such glory for you in the eyes of God and of the whole world.'

Thus wrote the most Christian king, surprised out of his envious coldness by the magnitude of this victory which was productive of great and marked effects upon the future of Christendom.

It was the first decided check which the Turks had yet received. They had been considered invincible upon the sea; and now their prestige was destroyed, and their confidence in their own power and good fortune, which had been like a tower of strength to them, was shaken. Next year, Rosell tells us, they reappeared in great strength in the Mediterranean and the adjacent seas; but they would not venture a battle, feeling that they had no leader whom they could oppose to Don John.

The most careful and erudite historians, indeed, consider that although the Turks in this battle sustained no greater loss than that of galleys and men, it was yet the beginning of their decay, and that from that day to this they have been steadily and slowly declining.

Early in the spring following the battle of Lepanto, each of the allies ought to have had their contingents forward at the rendezvous; but instead of that, they could not even agree as to the quarter in which they should carry on the war. The Venetians wished to confine it to the Levant, Philip to the Mediterranean, and the Pope to extend it to the Holy Land.

Pius died early in May, and his chimerical projects died with him; while Philip, devoured by jealousy of his brother, afraid that a French cardinal would be raised to the chair of St. Peter, and ill at ease regarding the Netherlands, showed a disposition to wash his hands of the whole affair, and slip adroitly out of the League.

He sent orders to Don John not to leave Messina; and Don John, chafing and fuming, remained in port until the 6th of July, when he obtained leave to send twenty-two galleys and five thousand troops to the assistance of his allies, although he himself could in no wise gain permission to accompany them, but was forced to remain at Messina, fretting over the inglorious inaction to which he was condemned.

Meanwhile not a French, but an Italian cardinal, Hugh Buoncompagni, was elected to the vacant throne of the Popedom. Younger than Pius, and inspired to the full with his fiery zeal against the Moslems, he lost no time in stirring up Philip to clearer views of his duty in that particular direction.

The most Christian king did not altogether neglect these appeals, but he responded to them sluggishly. He refused to increase his contingent, but he gave his brother permission to leave Messina with the remainder of the galleys; and Don John accordingly set sail. He had with him fifty-five large and thirty small vessels. With these he reached Corfu on the 9th of August, and found that the confederates, weary of waiting for him, had put to sea under the flag of Colonna, the papal admiral.

Off the western coast of the Morea they came up with the Ottoman fleet, which was larger than that annihilated the year before in the Gulf of Lepanto. It was under the command of the Dey of Algiers, that adroit Uluck Ali who had then so cleverly contrived to escape with the greater part of the ships he commanded on the Turkish left wing. This year the tactics of this wily admiral consisted in declining battle. Nothing in the world would make him fight, so long as he could elude a contest; and the allies, baffled and weary, returned to Corfu in the end of August.

There Don John, who had arrived in their absence, at once took the command, unfurled the sacred banner of the League, and with that blessed standard floating proudly from the mast-head of the Real, set out in quest of Uluck Ali. It was a simple matter to find the artful

Algerine: his fleet was so large, that he could not well conceal himself even in the most sequestered bay; but it was not so easy to make him fight. Fight he would not. With the exception of the corsairs who manned his own ships, whose discipline was perfect, he seems to have had no confidence whatever in the morale of his men, and he was determined not to have a repetition of Lepanto. It was in vain that the sacred standard was flaunted before his eyes, as he lay in the harbours of Modon and Navarino: he would not move. At last, on the eventful 7th of October, the anniversary of the battle of Lepanto, he ventured out with some of his largest ships. Don John's heart beat high: eagle-like, he turned to swoop upon his prey; but before he had time to strike a blow the enemy was gone, and the wily Dey had his ships all snug and safe again under the guns of the Castle of Modon.

Week after week wore away. The autumn weather was gusty and broken; the shrill whistle of the winds spoke of coming winter; provisions began to fail: Don John, devouring his great heart in silence, saw that nothing could be done. The corsair had won an inglorious victory, but still a victory, when the allies, late in October, surly and disheartened, and not indisposed to quarrel with each other, retired to Paxo, leaving him to count his ships, and carry them back with not so much as a brigantine lost, to his master the Sultan.

At Paxo the allies separated, each squadron going its own way; Don John returning to Sicily. During the winter Philip wrote to the ambassadors of all the great powers, desiring them to address his brother, not as Highness, but as Excellency, and at the same time to be careful to manage it so that the suggestion should not appear to come from him.

Having settled this point of etiquette, and thereby, it is to be hoped, somewhat relieved his great and growing jealousy of Don John, he proceeded with the Pope to take vigorous steps for the prosecution of the war, when all at once news was brought to Madrid and the Vatican, that Venice was busy negotiating a separate peace for herself with the Sultan.

Venice was emphatically what we have been called, a nation of traders. No honour that could accrue from the most glorious war, no increase of territory even, could compensate to her for a state of matters which kept her merchant vessels rotting in her docks, and her merchandise consuming in her warehouses and on her quays with moth and rust.

Her senate and people were clamorous for peace; and to secure it, they agreed to pay to the Sultan for three years an annual tribute of one hundred thousand ducats, and to cede to him the island of Cyprus, about which they had gone to war. They also threw into the bargain their national honour; but by it they do not seem to have set much store.

Thus ignominiously ended the Holy League. Don John, the generalissimo, when the news was brought to him, refused at first to believe that any Christian nation could have acted so unworthily. Then, when he was convinced of the truth of the report, he spoke out with fiery indignation; and bidding his men tear down from its proud place in his galley the azure standard of the League, he ordered them to hoist instead their native pennon of Castile.

Philip was now free to prosecute the war after his own fashion; and he resolved to punish the corsairs of Tunis, who were a pest to the merchant ships in the Mediterranean. Accordingly, Don John sailed from the Sicilian shores in the end of September with a large fleet, consisting of one hundred galleys, and nearly as many small ships. He had upwards of twenty thousand men on board; and encountering favourable winds, he soon arrived before Tunis. This city had been taken by his father in 1535; and a strong fortress, Goletta, which overlooked the town and roadstead, still remained in the hands of the Spaniards. This circumstance, and the fame of the young commander, effectually damped the courage of the inhabitants, the greater part of whom fled. Those that remained attempted no resistance. They threw open their gates, and Don John marched in at the head of his troops. It was an easy conquest, and a rich one. He found, laid up in the town, an amount of wealth which seemed almost incredible. These spoils, gathered by rapine and robbery from every quarter, comprised gold and jewels, artillery, grain, arms of all kinds, velvets, brocades, and stuffs inwoven with gold from the looms of Genoa and Venice. More than a week was

spent in sacking the town; and Torres y Aguilera, a Spanish writer, who was present at the siege and capture of the place, paints in glowing colours the cupidity of the soldiers, and the sufferings of the wretched inhabitants. A universal uproar reigned. On every side were heard moans and petitions of mercy from those who were tortured and abused, to make them discover the hiding-places of treasures which frequently existed only in the heated imaginations of their conquerors.

It was in vain that Don John tried to put an end to the work of spoliation. All he could do was to prevent an indiscriminate butchery, such as that which signalized the capture of Galera, and to take care that none of the inhabitants were made slaves.

This he secured, and then invited the Moors to return to their dismantled dwellings, assuring them of his protection. He also, in defiance of the express orders of Philip, repaired the fortress of Goletta, put the fortifications of the town into thorough order, and laid the foundations of a strong citadel within the city. The prosecution of this work he committed to an Italian architect and engineer named Cerbelloni. This man was also a knight of Malta, and before Don John left Tunis he committed to his charge eight thousand soldiers to aid him in finishing the work, and to garrison the fortress when it was completed.

Various reasons have been assigned for this curious exercise of independent authority by the Spanish commander-in-chief. It has been shown how persistently the phantom of sovereign power dazzled and lured onward his aspiring imagination, and how steadily, with the tenacity of his race, he clung to the idea of one day possessing what he so ardently desired.

Here was a populous country, with a fertile soil and fine climate. Here was a splendid city, with a large and increasing trade, of which he might make some day a second Venice. Failing a European throne, might he not one day reign in Tunis?

The idea was not unpleasing, and he took every measure in his power to make it possible at some future convenient opportunity, encouraged in his ambitious schemes by his secretary Juan de Soto, whom Philip thereupon removed, and sent in his room a gentleman belonging to the household of the Prince of Eboli, named Juan de Escovedo. The new secretary, a blunt and honest man, became, like his predecessor, much attached to his master; but how, in Philip's estimation, he failed in his trust, and how he was punished for that failure, belongs to a later period of the story.

Don John having taken all necessary measures of precaution with Tunis, sailed back with his squadron to Palermo, and landed amid rejoicings similar to those which had greeted his return from Lepanto. He was the idol of his countrymen, their hope and stay; and it is possible that he began even now to hanker after the succession to the throne of Spain.

The spies that surrounded him reported to Philip, that

in every phase of his character, in every occupation of his leisure, his ambition might be traced. The love of pleasure, the delights of society, the attractions of the gay city of Naples, all were made subservient to his ruling passion.

The principal portion of each day he devoted to business, and chose as his peculiar and intimate friends men of science, or men skilled and experienced in the arts of government.

Philip, who had taken exception to the want of interest in all these things manifested by his unhappy son, was displeased now with the devotion displayed for them by his brilliant brother, who was fast, by a very different course of life, awakening in the most Christian king that uneasy aversion and suspicion which in the case of Don Carlos had been found to conduct by a swift and secret descent to the grave.

Unwarned by the fate of his unfortunate nephew, Don John sought only amid the pleasure-seeking crowd around him for ways and means by which he could best secure his future empire at Tunis. Gregory had for him the same affectionate and grateful friendship which Pius had felt; and when Escovedo arrived in Rome with letters from his master, praying him to intercede with Philip that Tunis might be bestowed upon him, the Pope took up the affair with hearty good-nature.

He wrote to the Spanish king, saying that nothing could gratify him more than to see such a reward bestowed upon the successful hero of Christendom; and Philip replied with gracious alacrity, 'that nothing could please him better; but that the Sultan Selim was making preparations to reconquer the place, and before he gave it away he would like to be sure that it belonged to him.' Nothing could be more prudent, and at the same time less open to exception, than this answer; for it was soon found that the king's information was good.

Early in July a large Turkish fleet under Uluck Ali, the Dey of Algiers, arrived off Tunis, which opened her gates to the Turks, as she had opened them to the Christians. The fortune of war had tossed the city, like a football, to so many masters in succession, that the inhabitants seem to have been entirely indifferent as to what flag floated over them. The Spanish garrison of Goletta, however, made a brave defence. If adequate reinforcements had been sent to them, they might easily have succeeded in making their position good. As it was, when they surrendered at last in the middle of September, the few fighting men that remained were reduced to shadows; and the besiegers, according to Vanderhammen, had lost thirty-three thousand men.

Uluck Ali having gained possession of the city and fortress, did what Don John had declined to do the previous year. He gave orders that the fortifications the Spanish commander had strengthened should be dismantled, and that the fortress the Emperor Charles had built should be razed to the ground. Thus Tunis passed away from the hands of Spain; and with it, Don John's hopes of an African empire. As might have been

expected, he had not seen the fall of his airy visions of dominion without dismay, but had in vain strained every nerve to prevent the annihilation of his hopes. When the news was first brought to him that the Turks had appeared in force before Tunis, he was in Genoa representing his brother, and watching over his interests there.

The republic was convulsed by intestine quarrels; and Philip, who had inherited the empty title of Protector of Genoa, was compelled to interfere, which he did with his usual caution.

It was months before the fierce factions could be reconciled; and it was little that Don John, immersed in these furious broils, could do for Tunis. But that little he did. He incessantly urged Cardinal Granvelle, the Viceroy of Naples, to send reinforcements to the beleaguered garrison; but that wily churchmen, who was jealous, Vanderhammen tells us, of Don John's superiority both in the arts of love and war, would not bestir himself in the matter. It is possible also that Granvelle, who was much in his master's confidence, knew that Philip secretly desired the failure of his brother's schemes of empire.

A civil war was at last averted in Genoa; and Don John, truly thankful to escape from the scene of turmoil, travelled first to Naples, and thence with all speed to Sicily.

Here he availed himself of all the means at his disposal to raise and equip a fleet. It was in vain that his friends represented to him the offence which his proceedings would be sure to give to Philip. Raise a fleet he would, and take the command of it he would, whether Philip was pleased or not; and he would no doubt have carried his intentions into effect, if wind and tide had been propitious to him. He had scarcely, however, got his ships together, when a tempest dispersed his armament; and before it could be reassembled, news was brought to him that Goletta had fallen. That dream of ambition was over; but he did not dismiss from his imagination the idea that had so long haunted it: it only took a more secret and perilous form.

Philip had as yet only daughters. The two sons Anne of Austria had borne to him had died in their sickly infancy. Why should not he, the darling of Spain, be also the hope of the nation? Turning his eyes to Flanders, he began to intrigue with the malcontents there. He was willing to make himself all things to all men, if he could only attain to legitimation, and be recognised as an Infant of Spain, standing next in the succession to Philip's children.



CHAPTER VIII.

DON JOHN RETURNS TO MADRID.

E left our hero in the port of Trapani, digesting as he best could the fall of Tunis, and swallowing the bitter pill by aid of brighter, if more dangerous and delusive hopes. His only chance of success lay, he was conscious, in a reconciliation with his brother. Philip, he was aware, was offended with him, and had not recalled him; but, like Esther, he resolved to venture unsummoned into the royal presence. He had done with Sicily; the road to empire lay now through Madrid, and to Madrid he went without delay.

His arrival dismayed Philip. It is not too much to say that the most Christian king was now thoroughly afraid of him, and alarmed at his pretensions. He had been afraid of Don Carlos; and he did not fail to perceive the immense distance which divided his own foolish, flighty first-born, from this able, resolute, unscrupulous man, of kindred blood, of kindred ability, and boundless ambition. Don Carlos had been for-



midable only as the tool of others: Don John was to be dreaded for the deep designs and infinite resources which he concealed under a brilliant exterior and winning manners. Don Carlos had betrayed himself by his own despicable folly; Don John was prudence itself. He gave the king no pretext to break with him. He was modest, unassuming, and in the popular estimation the best, certainly the most successful, soldier in Spain. Philip did not dare to cease to employ him: idleness and disappointment would have fostered rather than repressed his dangerous ambition.

In the Netherlands, the prospects of Spain were gloomy in the last degree. The Duke of Alva and his council of blood had slain, during his five years of administration, eighteen thousand persons. Requesans, who succeeded him, had been forced to the same inhuman course by Philip's orders. Now Requesans was dead; and in October 1575 the Spanish king had been formally deposed by the provinces of Holland and Zealand. Many of the other Flemish states were also on the verge of insurrection: if all, or any of them, were to be saved to Spain, some military chief of renown must be sent, and Philip at last resolved to employ his brother in this difficult service.

Don John was accordingly sent as viceroy to the Netherlands. He arrived at a very critical period: the league known as the Pacification of Ghent had just been formed. By this defensive alliance, the fifteen provinces of the Netherlands, who still preserved a quasi-allegiance to Philip, bound themselves, like the two that had revolted, to drive out from among them the Spanish troops, of whose excesses they were weary; to put an end to the Inquisition, and to establish toleration in religion.

All this must have been gall and wormwood to Philip, who had more than once declared that he would rather not reign at all than reign over heretics; but Don John, more accommodating, showed a sympathy for, and a desire to conciliate, the people he was sent to rule, which the heads of the Inquisition in Spain considered as manifesting concealed heretical tendencies, sufficient to warrant them in instituting a secret process against him.

That these heretical leanings existed, there is no evidence to show. The son of a Flemish mother, and of a father all whose sympathies were intensely Flemish, the young prince not improbably felt something of admiration for the sturdy, dogged race who, under the soubriquet of 'beggars,' had more than once dared by land and sea the whole power of Spain. Burning with secret discontent and stifled ambition, he was sent to govern provinces republican in spirit, and for a long series of years accustomed to the rule of women; which in their case meant government by a council of the principal citizens and nobility, under the nominal presidency of a Spanish princess, whom they could influence as they chose. His brother and his tyrannical rule were, he soon found, held in universal odium: might it not be possible for him, the darling of all men, to make himself here also

universally popular and beloved, as his father and his aunts Mary and Margaret had been? He would at least try. And then, what next? Holland and Zealand had already chosen a prince in William of Orange. The fifteen remaining provinces might do likewise, and yet make a different choice. The future held possibilities sufficiently bright to dazzle him; and equally from policy and inclination, he strove by every means in his power to conciliate the goodwill of the people.

Shortly after his arrival, he published a decree known as the Perpetual Edict, in which he granted almost all the popular demands. The good resulting from this was, however, neutralized by the skilful policy of William of Orange, who was resolved, as he said himself, to drive the 'Spanish vermin' out of the Netherlands; and the war was resumed on both sides, and carried on by Don John under great difficulties. He was beset with spies, who reported every careless word to his brother. His coadjutors in the council and in the field. had secret orders to hamper and annov him in every conceivable way; and Philip kept him so bare of supplies, that he was frequently in extremities. He could often neither pay nor feed his men. The king, as he bitterly complained, seemed willing that his own interests should suffer irreparable loss, if only he could be kept inactive, and prevented from adding to his fame by any brilliant exploit.

Half-maddened by all these difficulties, his temper and prudence both gave way at last. Since the death of Ruy Gomez, his principal friend at court had been Philip's Secretary of State, Antonio Perez. This man, handsome, eloquent, supple, and insinuating, was devoted to the king, whose creature he was. Having possessed himself of the confidence of Don John and his secretary Escovedo, he went to Philip, and showing him the letters he had received from his friends, was at once appointed spy-in-chief. This office he filled to perfection. The prince and his secretary regarded him as their warmest partisan even to the last. He sympathized with Don John in his troubles; he entered with the zeal of an attached ally into all his plans, even the dangerous project of the succession. What they did not dare so much as to hint at, he boldly put on paper, inveighing against Philip's shortsighted jealousy and harshness, and lamenting the evil fate which compelled him to serve such a master. One can imagine the grim smile that would momentarily relax the gloom of Philip's sombre features when he read these precious documents, as he always did, before they were despatched to the secretary's dupes. Encouraged by the evident sympathy of Perez, Don John complained in the bitterest terms of the king, and imparted to his confidant the wildest schemes of ambition and revenge. In 1577, his nephew, the Prince of Parma, arrived with a reinforcement of troops; and feeling himself again strong enough to assume the offensive, he at once took the field, and gained a decisive victory at Gemblours over William the Silent.

This victory, by increasing Philip's jealousy and apprehension that he would make himself King of the Netherlands, greatly increased the difficulties of his position, which at last became so unendurable, that he sent Escovedo to Spain, in July 1577, to solicit his recall. The secretary had also a general commission to do what he could in support of his interests.

Philip attached the very gravest import to this visit. He had a curious habit of writing commentaries on the margins and backs of the documents he received; these commentaries always, unlike his words, expressing his real sentiments. Escovedo's letter announcing his journey to Madrid is still preserved, endorsed on the back in this fashion: 'So, at last, Don John's avant-courier has arrived. We must be quick and despatch him, before he can murder us.'

This shows that, even before the unhappy man had set foot in Madrid, the king's mind was made up to his death. At this time Perez had no quarrel with him; on the contrary, they had been friends, and had been brought up together in the household of Ruy Gomez. The secretary had recommended him to the notice of the king, when it was necessary to find some one to supply Juan de Soto's place; and the two men had been in the closest habits of intimacy with each other. Shortly after Escovedo came to Madrid, however, there was a quarrel between them about the Princess of Eboli, so fierce and deadly, that it became necessary to the preservation of Perez that Escovedo should cease to exist; and from

motives of personal revenge, he went heart and soul into the secret plan of political assassination which Philip contemplated.

The king had fully made up his mind that the faithless and intriguing secretary deserved death. A Council of State was called to consider the affair. Perez, with his sinister ability, took care to set the matter in the worst light, and it was solemnly decided that Escovedo must die: his death was necessary to the welfare of Spain. The Marquis de Los Velos, the president of the council, was so convinced that he was a deep and dangerous man, that he professed himself willing to pronounce the decree for his death even with the Eucharist between his lips.

The sentence was not, however, as most people might suppose, carried out on the scaffold by the hands of the regular executioner. The exigencies of the public affairs, to use the president's euphuistic words, demanded that it should be secret. Yet, that no mistake might be made, the devout king went to his confessor with one of those nice points of conscience with which he was sometimes in the habit of troubling him.

This monk, Fray Diego Chaves, was a master of that casuistry which can make wrong seem right, according to convenience; and he thus resolved the doubts of his royal penitent: 'If a prince,' he said to Philip, 'can justly punish his subjects by the law, he can also, if need be, justly punish them without the law, since he is above all law. Therefore he can command one of his subjects to slay another without sin.'

This quite answered the king's view of the case. He called his faithful secretary, and gave him orders to execute the sentence, which Perez, burning to gratify his own private vengeance, made all haste to fulfil. But although spurred by hate and fear, he soon found that it was not a crime which could be accomplished in a day. A ponderous amount of machinery had to be put in motion, and a set of extraordinary measures taken, in order to compass the death of this one man, who meanwhile was going about Madrid quite unsuspicious, trying to promote his master's interests, and looking up in succession all his old friends.

For his immediate accomplices and confidants in the murder of Escovedo, Perez chose, with the king's sanction, the steward of his household, Diego Martinez; his squire, Rodrigo de Morgado; and his astrologer, Pedro de la Exa. With those dependants he discussed the most suitable mode of accomplishing the crime, and poison was agreed upon in the first instance. It was a favourite weapon with the most Christian king, and answered well in days in which there were no postmortem examinations, or coroners' inquests, or analytical chemists, to annoy useful and subservient courtiers by awkward disclosures. It was further recommended to Perez by the fact that Escovedo was frequently his guest, and that it was consequently in his power to mingle, by means of his servants, cunning draughts of death in his food and wine.

Poison being agreed upon, an apothecary with an evil

fame for compounding such mixtures was brought from Arragon; and Perez himself, in the courtly euphuistic language for which he was so renowned, gave him to know, in roundabout terms, what was required of him.

The apothecary, like the court physician Olivarez, was a man of quick perceptions: he sent far and near, and gathered poisonous herbs and deadly drugs, which he distilled and mingled, until he had produced poisons enough to rid Philip alike of both friends and foes. From this plentiful supply of weapons, Perez chose a tasteless, colourless liquid, warranted to kill; and taking his page Antonio Enriquez also into his confidence, proposed that he should mix it, the first opportunity he had, with the wine Escovedo was drinking. To this the page agreed, after some little difficulty and scruple, which his master found means to remove by a bribe.

Behold matters, then, in train at last for the execution of the remarkable sentence of the king and Council of State. That very day Escovedo dined at the house of Perez; and the page, honestly desirous of earning his money, was particularly attentive in waiting upon him, and twice found an opportunity to mingle a considerable quantity of the liquid with his wine.

After dinner, the doomed man, feeling perhaps that the liquor did not agree with him, left; and the rest of the merry company sat down to play, Perez very well contented, and thinking complacently of the report of his day's work which he should have to carry to Philip in the evening. He counted, however, without his host, in supposing that the troublesome affair was finished. Escovedo was as tenacious of life as a cat is popularly reputed to be. Either the apothecary was at fault, or his constitution appeared to be poison-proof. The wine of the page's mingling did him no harm: he went about the whole afternoon as vivacious and busy as usual in his master's affairs; and greatly wondering, Philip and his secretary could only hope for better success next time.

In three or four days he received another invitation, which he accepted, to dine with Perez; and the page was again in attendance, proffering the wine-ewer, with its quantum of the colourless, tasteless liquid, and a dish of sweet cream, with which he had mixed a certain white powder. This time, either the powder or the draught was more effectual. Don John's secretary fell ill; and while he lay deadly sick, Perez came to see him, and then sent one of his accomplices, who contrivedto get into the kitchen, and, unsuspected by the cook, dropped some of the powder into a small quantity of soup which was being prepared for the sick man. In this instance, however, too large a proportion of poison was used. Escovedo, whenever he tasted the broth, called out that something was amiss; whereupon it was given to a dog, which died in a few hours. A wretched female slave was then seized upon suspicion of having administered the poison, and hung up without ceremony. As for Philip's favourite statesman, no one thought of blaming him; but although he had got off scot-free, as it were, he did not dare to repeat the experiment; and Escovedo, left to himself, soon threw off the dose he had received, and was up and about again, to the no small mortification both of the king and Perez.

While all this was going on, Don John wrote to his secretary, urging him to be more pressing with the king to procure his recall. Philip then became more desirous of getting the sentence of the Council of State carried out at all hazards; and as poison had failed, it was determined to have recourse to the bravo's dagger.

In Catalonia, a long slender knife with a very thin blade was the favourite weapon in such emergencies as Philip and his secretary now found themselves in.

To procure this dagger, and a trusty assassin accustomed to its use, the page Antonio Enriquez was sent into Catalonia, from whence he soon returned with the necessary weapon, and a man to wield it—his brother Miguel. The steward of the household, Diego Martinez, had on his part also been busy, and had procured two sturdy ruffians from Arragon. To these were added Gil de Mesa, a devoted friend of Perez, ready to go through fire and water, or commit murder any day for his sake. With him there came a bravo named Insausti, and the son of Captain Juan Rubio, which completed the band—too many by half to keep so dangerous a secret.

On the 24th of March 1578, the steward Diego Martinez assembled his band of assassins at a place previously agreed upon, a short distance from Madrid. There, arms were dealt out to each of the conspirators,

a pistol and dagger to every man, with a recommendation to use the dagger in preference to the pistol, as it was the less noisy weapon of the two.

Each man's part in the approaching tragedy was then appointed, and it was agreed that all the members of the band should meet every evening in the square of St. Jacobo. From this place they were to repair to the house of Escovedo, and stationing themselves around it, to keep a close watch upon any one who entered or left it. Three of their number—Miguel, Juan Rubio, and Insausti—were chosen as the actual assassins; while the other three formed a corps of reserve, ready at the slightest summons to come to the aid of their brethren in iniquity.

For a whole week they thus lay in wait around the house, without being able to encounter their victim; but at last, on the evening of Easter Monday, they met him coming home, about a hundred paces from his own door; and Miguel and Juan Rubio passing on either side, Insausti stabbed him to the heart with the Catalonian dagger.

In this manner one of the most curious political assassinations upon record was accomplished; and Philip was delivered from the secretary, the avant-courier of his brother, whose coming had caused him so much annoyance and fear.

Don John, however, still lived; and the king, who had feared and hated the secretary, in a double degree feared and disliked the master. His brother's life was

now as obnoxious to him as his son's had been: he could not live at ease in Madrid, or overlook comfortably the completion of his palace monastery at the Escurial, while his brother plotted and planned in the Netherlands. The hatred of such a prince as Philip is always in the highest degree dangerous; and accordingly, about six months after the murder of Escovedo, Don John died also opportunely and suddenly at his fortified camp near Namur. His death gave rise to a great variety of ugly rumours, all tending more or less directly to implicate the king. Bentivoglio tells us that he died of plague, but adds that his death was thought to be more speedy than could be accounted for by natural causes. Other historians follow in the same strain. Cabrera speaks of spotted fever, and says that when his body was opened after his death, there were many things observed, which those learned in such matters thought to be scarcely natural. Herrera, more frank than the others, says plainly, Don John lost his life with great suspicion of poison.

Others tell us that he died of a broken heart, worn out by the incessant toil and difficulties and disappointments of his position. It is impossible now to aver with any certainty how he died. We have seen in the case of Escovedo, that Philip's mean and cruel nature felt no scruple at gratifying even by murder its hatred and revenge. All that can be said is, that if Don John died, like his secretary, by violence, his blood did not call aloud in the same incessant manner for ven-

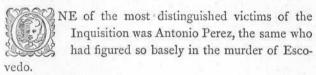
geance. He was buried with all the profuse pomp and honour which had surrounded him in life,—a prince to the last; only twenty-six when his short, comet-like career of troubled, uneasy splendour was run. Of all these chequered twenty-six years, perhaps the happiest were those spent in the musician's hut, or in the page's livery in the household of the honest Quixada. As for the process begun against him in the Inquisition, it was ended, like Philip's fears, by his untimely death, which occurred on the 1st of October 1578.





CHAPTER IX.

ANTONIO PEREZ.



This man, who was Minister and First Secretary of State to Philip the Second, owed his success in life entirely to his own abilities and the favour of the king.

He was the illegitimate son of Gonsalez Perez, one of the ministers of Charles the Fifth; and after being legitimatized by that prince, he was taken into the household of Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli, the favourite of Philip the Second. Here his abilities soon recommended him to the notice of the king, to whom he became first useful, and then necessary. Handsome, supple, wily, insinuating, and an adept in suiting himself to the humours and dispositions of his master, his career might have been as prosperous as that of his early patron Ruy Gomez, if he had not in an evil hour raised his eyes to the widow of that nobleman, Anne de Mendoza, Princess of Eboli.

This woman, whose sinister beauty is associated with one of the darkest pages of Spanish history, had been married to Ruy Gomez, the Prince of Eboli, at the age of thirteen. She was now thirty-eight, a widow, of great wealth and extreme beauty, singularly beloved by the king, and also, unfortunately for himself, by the favourite minister, Antonio Perez. It has been shown how Perez duped and betrayed Don John and his secretary to the king; and as all the misfortunes of Perez date from the death of Escovedo, it is necessary to revert to that circumstance, and to explain the deadly quarrel which took place between the two men.

Don John sent his secretary, it will be remembered, to court to solicit his recall; and the king, uneasy and suspicious, and inclined to blame Escovedo for his brother's ambition, convened the Council of State, and condemned him secretly to death before ever he arrived in Madrid.

The execution of this sentence was committed to Perez, who hitherto in the affair had acted only with his usual subserviency to the king, or rather to the Crown. As soon, however, as Escovedo arrived in Madrid, the whole state of affairs was changed. Don John's secretary, on reaching the court, found every one talking of the relations between Perez and the widow of his late master, of whose connection with the king he seems to have been profoundly ignorant. Every one was, or pretended to be, scandalized by the gay doings of the princess, whose fondness for the handsome secretary

took the substantial shape of mules' burdens of precious stuffs, and donations of jewels and money. Her kindred, indignant alike at the spoliation of the family property and the shame brought upon the family name, could scarcely refrain from vindicating their honour by wiping out the insult in the blood of the gallant. Her very servants called out upon her; and this gossip, which was in everybody's mouth, was not long of reaching Juan de Escovedo. Like Perez, he had been a protégé of Ruy Gomez, an attached and faithful vassal, holding the memory and honour of his late master in reverent affection. What he heard filled him with the most poignant sorrow; and happening to meet the secretary issuing by stealth from the palace of the princess, he was transported with rage; and hastily repairing thither, he gave the court beauty a very frank piece of his mind. winding up his lecture by threatening to report the whole affair to the king.

This threat, of whose full and terrible significance he was ignorant, filled the princess with consternation and rage. Flying into a fit of passion, the beautiful vixen assailed him in the coarsest terms, and bade him in mock bravado go with his story to Philip; knowing all the time full well, that if Philip got a correct version of the affair, she and her lover were doomed. From that moment any slight chance Escovedo might have had of life was over. The guilty pair knew perfectly with whom they had to do, and were thoroughly aware that liberty and fortune, and life itself perhaps, depended

upon the keeping of their secret. No one could tell how long Escovedo would remain silent. He had threatened to tell the king, and he was precisely the sort of man to keep his word. The two favourites, detested as court favourites so often are, heard their secret betrayed in every envious word, in every sneering glance around them. Their fears represented everything to them in the worst light. Even in the house of God the guilty woman trembled with passion, to hear what she thought was a repetition of Escovedo's reproaches, and returned home to inveigh against 'that slanderer of noble ladies,' who had, she said, stirred up the monks of St. Mary's to say unpleasant things about her in their sermons.

Perez meanwhile strained every nerve to save himself and his partner in iniquity. However it might fare with her, he himself personally, he well knew, had no mercy to look for. He had no troops of wealthy relatives, no fortune, no consideration apart from his office: he owed everything, all he had and all he was, to the haughty, vindictive man he had wronged. Bold as he was, his heart sank within him when he contemplated the prospect before him, and the terrible handle which his enemies in the council and elsewhere would have against him if Escovedo's story should get wind. It was clearly necessary for his interests that Escovedo should die. Early and late he laboured for this purpose, striving to inflame Philip's malignant hatred, setting the unfortunate secretary's despatches and conduct in the worst possible





"The unfortunate lady entered the royal presence; and throwing herself at the king's feet, demanded justice on the murderers of her husband."—The Inquisition, Page 167.

light, till at last he and the king together procured his condemnation. Then came the detestable details of the assassination with which he was entrusted: the abortive attempts at poisoning; the procuring of the Catalonian dagger; the hired band of assassins; the stabbing of the victim at last, scarcely twenty yards from his own door. So far Perez had had the best of the horrible affair. He had used the king as his instrument in prosecuting and completing his private vengeance, and his victim had died without imparting to Philip his fatal secret. For a few short hours the princess and her lover were jubilant and victorious; and then they began to find that Escovedo in his grave was more unpleasantly dangerous than Escovedo alive. All Madrid proclaimed them the murderers. There was no doubt upon the subject. One little cause of suspicion after another oozed out. It was in vain that the pair tried to turn suspicion from themselves by slandering the dead man. They accused him of every vice under the sun; they alleged that he was an arrant bully, a boasting coward; they declared that he had met his fate in a street brawl. But no one believed them. In the court and council Perez had many enemies, and these naturally ranged themselves on the side of his accusers; till at last the clamour got so great, that the widow and children of Escovedo came forward openly, and accused the princess and Perez of the murder. Not content with doing this, they demanded an interview with the king. This, after some difficulty, was granted; and the unfortunate lady, dressed in black, and holding her children by the hand, entered the royal presence; and throwing herself at the king's feet, demanded justice on the murderers of her husband.

Philip himself had planned the murder, and entrusted the execution of it to Perez; but he never lost countenance for a moment. He dismissed the weeping widow graciously, after listening with the deepest attention to her complaints; and he promised her, moreover, that there should be the amplest inquiry into the affair.

Hypocrisy could go no further. Spain now for many months was edified by the sight of a mock trial, in which the king, the chief instigator of the crime, seemed actually to find a species of malign pleasure. So long as the public regarded the princess and the secretary as the murderers of Escovedo, they would not suspect him. That was a great point, in his estimation; and another was the power which this charge gave him of mortifying the pride of his two favourites, and rendering them more dependent upon himself. Of their special sin against him he had as yet no knowledge, but the presumption of both had more than once displeased him. It was a principle with him, never to trust any one fully, but always to have his ears open to any tale which his spies might bring him about his ministers or favourites. This course he followed now. With the hard, pitiless insolence of power, he kept his fellowaccomplices writhing before him as upon a mental rack, while he received their accusers with the utmost

graciousness, listened to their highly-coloured account of their wrongs, and told them what was undeniably true that they must prove what they advanced: for as yet there was nothing to implicate the princess and her lover, beyond the common gossip and belief of Madrid.

Meanwhile the guilty pair suffered such tortures as are only possible to despairing criminals tottering on the brink of conviction. To the remorse and fear gnawing at their hearts was added all that disappointment and mortification could do to harrow the feelings and break the spirit. For months they dragged on their weary load, the butt of every scurvy jest, the mark for universal scorn and contempt. It was in vain that the conscious, terror-stricken woman appealed to the king's love to shield her from insult; or the guilty man tried to support himself with his secret knowledge of the monarch's complicity. For both, Philip had the same vague answer with which, years before, he had tortured Carranza: 'I will never forsake you, so long as you deserve my protection.'

'So long as they deserved his protection!' With what a poor mockery of comfort these cold words must have fallen upon the ears of those who knew that they had already forfeited all claim to that protection! And now the secret which they vainly fancied they had buried in Escovedo's grave, rose up and confronted them. The story of their shame was in every mouth. Deeds done in darkness were proclaimed at noonday; the coarsest lampoons flew about Madrid, and at last some officious courtier went and unfolded to Philip the whole dark story.

Slowly, inch by inch, in his lonely closet, the mean, narrow mind of the most Catholic king mastered each perfidious detail; and Philip comprehended at last that he had been the tool of his tools, the dupe of his dupes. Naturally vindictive and suspicious, his aroused jealousy was cruel as the grave; but there was no sudden outburst of passion. Vengeance was not the less sweet to him, that it was delayed; and in this instance policy rendered it desirable that he should retard somewhat the hour of punishment. He had a favourite saying, 'that time and he were a match for any other two;' and he had an entire conviction that they were a match for the two with whom he had now to deal; also, before he took any aggressive step against them, he wanted to be sure that he was delivered from his brother, and that his empire in the Spanish Netherlands was safe. In the end of the year 1578 he heard of Don John's death; but still he hesitated. Perez was necessary to him. Before he could remove him, he must supply his place; and there were none of the men around him who could so suit themselves to his disposition and humour-who could be so pleasant, in fact, to work with—as the perfidious secretary. Turning the matter over for weeks in his slow mind, he at last thought of Anthony Perronet, Cardinal Granvelle, who had long been his favourite minister in the Netherlands, and who, after living for some time in discontented retirement at his estate of Besançon in Franche Comté, had been for some years Viceroy of Naples. The cardinal was able, flexible,

polished, and insinuating; and Philip thought that he might supply the place of Perez indifferently well; so in Tanuary 1570 he wrote, commanding him to come to Spain.

Granvelle was in Italy at the time; and although he made all haste to obey the summons, such a long journev in those days necessarily consumed much time, and several months elapsed before he reached Spain. During these months Philip was not idle: he occupied his leisure in concocting a set of charges against Perez, sufficiently natural and probable to account for his disgrace to the outside world. With his usual hypocrisy, however, he was careful not to betray his intention either by word or act. He displayed for the princess all the complacent fondness of a lover, for the secretary all the consideration of an attached and indulgent master, although he would not interfere to protect them from the attacks of the kindred and friends of Escovedo. At last, apparently wearied out by the importunities on both sides, he commanded both parties, the assailants and the assailed, to bury the past in oblivion, and live in peace in the future. This was exceedingly unpalatable to the party of Escovedo, who, although they dared not in public dispute the commands of the king, in private redoubled their efforts to annoy and provoke their adversaries. Perez and the princess, on their part, did precisely what Philip intended them to do: they haughtily refused the proffered reconciliation. Writhing, struggling with their fate, they strove to put away from them the

bitter humiliation. In vain: Philip once upon his guard, was not to be controverted by his puppets. Some words which dropped from him in the boudoir of the princess startled and appalled the wretched woman, who communicated them to Perez; and the guilty couple, bewildered, unable to comprehend the king, and lost in a maze of doubt and fear, at last consented to go through the farce required of them. A day was fixed for the ceremony of reconciliation - the 29th of July. The harassing affair seemed at last approaching its conclusion. The incessant disappointment, obloquy, and scorn of the last two years would at least be over: that advantage would be gained, if there were no other. Now that it was coming so near, the princess and her lover congratulated themselves that they had sacrificed their pride to obtain in future security and peace. It was not altogether in vain that they had consigned Escovedo to his bloody grave: Philip evidently, despite his muttered threat, knew nothing, suspected nothing.

The day preceding that fixed for the reconciliation at last arrived. Close as the espionage was that was kept over them, they managed to say a few words by stealth to each other. To-morrow they should be safe, secure, —able in time, perhaps, to wreak their vengeance on those who had harassed them so pitilessly. Philip had never seemed so confiding, so caressing. Their spirits rose in the light of that sombre smile; a long career of blood-bought success seemed to stretch before them; and all the while the Nemesis of Philip's hatred was

close at their heels. His dagger, Cabrera says, was ever wont to follow close upon his smile; and he acted throughout the whole of this affair with his customary duplicity. Towards evening, on the 28th of July, Cardinal Granvelle arrived; and the king, after an interview with him, sent for the Court Alcalde, and ordered him instantly to arrest Antonio Perez and the Princess of Eboli.

These orders were carried into immediate effect; the sovereign watching unseen the capture of both his favourites. The princess, unlike the ex-statesman, was not amenable to a political charge. She was conveyed to a fortress, and thence to a convent, to expiate amid penances of all kinds the sin of which she had been guilty. As for Perez, he remained for four months in the house of the alcalde; Philip, in spite of all his hatred, being literally unable to find a point on which he might safely assail him. Adversity developed in the ex-secretary an excess of ability which was more than a match for Philip's vindictive aversion. Wily, adroit, a master of intellectual fence, he was armed at all points. The king soon found that it was no weakling with whom he had to deal. Thrust where he would, the blow was parried—the armour of proof was complete; and he had the mortifying consciousness that his own habits had largely conduced to this unwelcome state of matters. It may safely be averred, that no monarch was ever, perhaps, so fond of the pen. He would rather, any day, write a thing than speak it: even in the case of his secretaries, who were always near him, he preferred written to verbal communication; and the consequence was, that there was not a hidden crime, not a dark secret of his gloomy reign, of which the secretary-inchief did not hold the most damaging evidence in the royal handwriting. What was to be done with a man, the most able, the most unscrupulous of human beings, who had such an arsenal in his hands? Philip would have perilled his kingdom rather than allow him to escape; and at last he resolved to prosecute him in the first place for malversation in his office.

The commission to try Perez for this offence was issued in May 1582, and the inquiry dragged its slow length along until January 1585, bringing out, in the course of its investigations, certain undeniable facts. It was proved that the ex-secretary had been in the habit of taking bribes from the Italian princes, and that he had unblushingly sold posts under Government, commissions in the army, and offices of every kind, to the highest bidder. The gifts he had received from the Princess of Eboli were also gone into largely in detail; and he was finally sentenced to pay between seven and eight thousand pounds to the king, and the same amount of money to the family of the late Prince of Eboli. addition to this money fine, he was to be banished for ten years from court, and to be imprisoned for a fifth of that time in the fortress of Torruegano. This was a poor sop to Philip's vengeance, but still it was something. For the last few months the ex-secretary had

been set free from his temporary detention in the house of the alcalde, and had been living in Madrid in a style of profusion and extravagance which rivalled the expenditure of the wealthiest nobles. From all this splendour he was taken by the sentence of his judges, and conveyed to the fortress of Torruegano, the gates of which had no sooner closed upon him, than Philip set to work to obtain his papers. These his wife, Donna Jane Coello, a woman noble alike by birth and character, and attached to him in spite of the episode of the princess, refused to give up. It was in vain that Philip strove, in the most cowardly and unmanly manner, to break the spirit and resolution of this unfortunate wife: she was firm. Cast into prison, threatened with torture, she still refused to betray the husband who had not hesitated to deceive and desert her; and when she gave way at last, it was in obedience to the commands of Perez, who found her liberty so useful to him, that he consented to buy her freedom by a surrender of his precious papers.

Philip, in his eagerness to satiate his vengeance, was now a second time betrayed. He granted a safe-conduct to Diego Martinez, the steward of the ex-secretary's household; and this man, who had been in hiding, and who was devoted heart and soul to his master, suddenly appeared, and delivered into the king's hands a chest of documents which he had carefully examined, and from which he had abstracted those which were more important, or which might prove useful to Perez.

The king, never doubting that all incriminating papers were again in his own possession, now gave full swing to his hatred, and unblushingly resolved to prosecute Perez for the murder of Escovedo. It was in vain that the steward Martinez, having delivered up the documents, pleaded his safe-conduct, and desired permission to go back to his retreat: the king gave orders that he should be kept in custody. Some hopes were entertained that he might be induced to betray the share he had taken in the murder, as the page Antonio Enriquez had already done. This would have supplied the two witnesses necessary to ensure a conviction by the laws of Spain; but this second witness was in no way to be procured. The apothecary and Juan de Rubio were known to be in Arragon; but Gil de Mesa, the faithful and lifelong friend of Perez, took care that the emissaries of the king should not reach them. This difficulty in procuring evidence made Philip more anxious to get the steward to speak out, and tell what he knew. All difficulties would then be over. But this last feat was found impossible. Diego Martinez was as staunch as the deserted wife. Torture, threats, cajolery, were tried in vain; and when confronted with the page, he assailed him with bitter reproaches, cross-examined him, and browbeat him till he made him contradict himself, after such a helpless fashion, as to bring his testimony into considerable discredit. It was evident that nothing could be made of him; and the king, baffled, but not defeated, next tried to get Perez to

commit himself in some way. In order to do this, he made use of his trusty confessor, Fray Diego Chaves, the same who had so readily absolved his doubts as to the murder of Escovedo. This worthy monk pretended, all of a sudden, a great friendship for the prisoner. Impelled by tender affection, he wrote long letters to him, in which he conjured him to have some regard for the weal of his immortal soul, which he might yet save by a full and free confession. Not content with this, he had recourse to baser arguments—to flattery, to equivocation, to proffered bribes even. All in vain. The astute and wily secretary was a match for the confessor, as he had been a match for his master.

At this juncture the friends of Perez bought off the family of Escovedo. In consideration of a sum of twenty thousand ducats, they ceased to be the prosecuting parties in the affair; but it did not in consequence cease, as most men expected that it would. Philip, on the contrary, devised a new plan for entangling the prisoner, and forcing him, if possible, to bear witness against himself. With detestable duplicity, he caused a document to be drawn up, the import of which was: 'That Antonio Perez acted in obedience to the secret behests of his Majesty in the part he had taken in the assassination of Juan Escovedo; that it was necessary that this consent and complicity should be declared in order to procure the discharge of the prisoner; and that his Majesty permitted and enjoined Antonio Perez to declare all these things fully, and for that purpose.'

If Perez had availed himself of this gracious permission, there is no doubt that it would in a very short time have discharged him from the prison to bring him to the gibbet; but he was too knowing for the trap. It was in vain that the document signed by the king was brought to him no less than seven times during the months of January and February; it was in vain that his jailors used every argument they could devise. Perez was inflexible: he had no confession to make. Then Philip resolved to use the only weapon that still remained to him. On the 22d of February the prisoner was conducted from his cell to the torture-chamber, and there placed upon the rack. The king had commanded that no mercy should be showed; and the tormentor, as the executioner was called, showed none. The cords were tightened and the machine turned till the wretched sufferer was almost wrenched into fragments; but all he would say was, that he had been ordered by the king to procure the assassination of Juan Escovedo, who had been condemned to death by the Council of State.

The long life-and-death duel between the vindictive monarch and the fallen statesman had now lasted twelve years—years in which a great revulsion had been taking place in the public mind. Those who had been the most forward to cry shame upon the rapacious and profligate favourite, were now loud in their expressions of commiseration.

There was something noble in the courage that thus alone and unaided defied the whole power of the king,

and fought with unshrinking fortitude the unequal battle for life and honour. The scene in the torture-chamber on the 22d of February put the copestone, as it were, upon the secret sympathy that had long been felt for Philip's victim. The Spanish nobility, jealous of the privileges of their order, broke into loud and indignant murmurs.

'Why were these things done? Why was a nobleman, a Secretary of State, disgraced and tortured like some vile thief, or rascally Jew?'

The terms oppression and tyranny were in every mouth: the priests took up the watchword; the pulpits through the length and breadth of the land re-echoed with censures open or implied of Philip's conduct, who in these circumstances was compelled to defer the last act of his vengeance. Another reason, perhaps, reconciled him to this enforced delay. His old favourite and rival seemed dying. Bodily torture and mental suffering had brought on an attack of fever, which threatened to rob the gibbet of its prey. Philip, thoroughly frightened, and determined, if possible, to preserve his victim for that last humiliation, gave orders that his wife and friends should be permitted to see him. Utterly prostrated with the fever that consumed him; so weak, to all appearance, that he could scarcely lift his head or move his crushed and lacerated limbs, Antonio Perez was still able to avail himself of any slight chance there might be in his favour. Taking advantage of the greater degree of liberty allowed him by his jailors, he managed for the

third time to outwit the king, by escaping in the dress of his wife, who courageously remained behind in his place. On the night of the 20th of April, dressed in her clothes, with a mantilla over his head, and holding a handkerchief to his mouth, he walked past his jailors out of the prison-doors to an humble hostelry close at hand. Here his faithful friend Gil de Mesa, disguised like a groom, was in waiting with two horses. Without a word of welcome, the fugitive from Philip's anger mounted in hot haste, and, followed by his friend, fled along hill and valley and lonely sierra, never halting for thirty good Spanish leagues. When they drew rein at last, they were in Arragon, and safe,-the laws of that country permitting the Chief Justice to protect those who were oppressed, against the king himself, by force of arms, if need were.

Perez, however, did not trust his safety entirely to the ancient laws of the kingdom. After halting sufficiently long to obtain needful food and rest, he went to the Convent of St. Peter's at Calatayud, and took sanctuary there.

In Madrid the escape of the prisoner was soon perceived, to the grief of no one excepting Philip, whose rage knew no bounds. For once his lukewarm passions were aroused, and his first victims were the wife and children of the fugitive. Them he seized and cast at once into close confinement, where they languished for years. He then, with unusual promptitude, made an end of the process against Perez, which, after having

gone on less or more for twelve years, was finished at last in three months. The sentence, which was published as soon as it was passed, could not be accused of undue lenity: the ex-secretary, in his absence, was condemned to be hanged, his whole property was confiscated, and his head was ordered to be cut off after death and affixed to a spike.

All this having been duly attended to in the capital, the next difficulty was to get Perez back into his prison; and this, owing to the peculiar laws of Arragon, was a feat more difficult to accomplish than most people would suppose. Philip, when his first ecstasy of passion was over, issued an immediate order for his arrest, and sent his emissaries to drag him from the sanctuary of the convent. This was looked upon as little less than sacrilege in those days; and it was resisted by the officers of the kingdom, whom the devoted Gil de Mesa brought to the assistance of his friend. The populace, jealous of their ancient liberties, and instinctively prone to side with the oppressed, rose also like one man against the agents of the king, and taking the prisoner by force from the convent sanctuary, lodged him for his own protection in what was called the prison of the kingdom in Saragossa.

The prisoners in this prison were entitled to what were known as the privileges of Arragon. They were not under the immediate authority of the king, but depended upon an officer called the Chief Justice of the province. They could not be tortured or removed to

a royal prison, or condemned, except by an impartial judge, and after a fair trial in open court.

Philip, after many earnest endeavours to get Perez transferred to Madrid, finding that he could not succeed in his desire, ordered his fiscal to accuse the prisoner before the tribunals of Arragon of the murder of Escovedo; of having forged letters as from the king, in his capacity of Secretary of State; and of having revealed State secrets. Perez met these charges boldly. He had still, he said, a number of very important letters under the royal hand, showing that he had the king's warrant for all that he had done. This was not what Philip had counted upon; and on the 18th of August, by a public act, he hastily abandoned the prosecution.

He then commenced a process against Perez for malversation in his office; and made another effort to get him transferred to Madrid, by alleging that, according to the ancient constitution of the kingdom, no servant of the king was entitled to the privileges of the Fueros of Arragon.

To this Perez replied that the Secretary of State was not the servant of the king, but the servant of the public; and that, even if the rule were held good, the exemption could only apply to the Secretary of State for Arragon. Besides, he added, he had already been tried in Madrid, in 1582, for the same charge; and that, if the disposition to persecute him continued, he would make public certain private letters from the king, which he held, which were sufficient to justify any acts of his which

might be thought questionable. Hitherto he had not wished to expose his Majesty; but he would no longer continue to make useless sacrifices, to the prejudice of his wife and seven children. He finished by demanding his parole; and as a proof of his power, he sent copies of the letters to the Marquis d'Almenara, and other courtiers high in office.

Philip was now at his wit's end. Thanks to the degree of liberty enjoyed in Arragon, his victim bade fair to slip through his fingers. In this emergency he bethought himself of the Inquisition; and this tribunal, avowedly constituted for the preservation of the Christian faith, did not blush to pander to the revengeful passions of the king, and lend its power and sacred character to the purposes of his unholy hatred.

Perez was not a heretic, as the inquisitors knew full well. Practically, the man had no religion; or if he had, it was of much the same sort as his master Philip's,—a religion which alternately mingled prayers and curses, and did not scruple to use the assassin's dagger, or the poisoner's cup. But what the Inquisition wanted, was not the reality of the evil, but such an appearance of it as might give them a handle against this poor wretch, abhorred as he was by their royal patron. This plausible pretext they found in some unguarded words which had fallen from the ex-secretary's lips.

Diego Bustamente, the servant of Perez, declared that one day some one had told his master not to speak uncharitably of Don John of Austria, when Perez replied, 'After being accused by the king of having disguised the sense of my letters, and betraying the secrets of the Council of State, it is just that I should vindicate myself without respect of persons. If God the Father put any obstacle in the way of it, I would cut off his nose, for having permitted the king to behave like a disloyal knight towards me.'

Juan de Basante, a teacher of Latin, who often visited Perez in his prison, also deposed that one day the prisoner said to him, 'I shall perhaps no longer believe in God. One would say that He sleeps during my trial: if He does not perform a miracle in my favour, I shall lose all faith.'

These foolish words, uttered in moments of grief and despair, were seized upon with greedy avidity, written down, and transmitted with all haste to the invaluable keeper of the king's conscience, Fray Diego Chaves. Diego examined them, smelt rank heresy in them, and sent them back to the inquisitors of Saragossa, with this qualification: 'The above propositions are blasphemous, scandalous, offensive to pious ears, and approaching to the heresy of the Vaudois, who suppose that God the Father has a body.'

It is worthy of remark that the laws of the Inquisition, severe as they were, specially provided for a case like that of Perez, by enacting that no person should be arrested for uttering a blasphemy when excited by impatience or anger.

The inquisitors, however, had little regard for their

own laws, when these came into collision with the pleasure of the king. With shameful facility they flung them to the winds, and on the 24th of May, sent an order to the grand alguazil of the Holy Office, commanding him to take what familiars he might require, and seize the person of the accused Antonio Perez without delay. But even this terrible tribunal, supreme as it was, found it easier to issue the order than to get it accomplished. The jailor of the prison of the kingdom of Arragon refused to surrender his prisoner without a written order from the Chief Justice. Next day the inquisitors wrote to this man, commanding him upon pain of excommunication to pay a fine of a thousand ducats for resisting their will, and to give up the prisoner immediately. Finding the matter serious, he neither obeyed nor disobeyed, but sent the letter to the Chief Justice, Don Juan de la Naza.

This dignitary, after considerable hesitation, signed the order of arrest; and Perez was forthwith conveyed to the private prisons of the Inquisition in a close carriage, escorted by a troop of familiars.

This, however, was not the end of the awful drama: it was only the beginning. The Inquisition was detested in Arragon; and Perez, at the moment of his arrest, sent his servants to warn many old friends of his who were in the city,—among others, the Baron Barboles, the Count d'Aranda, and some other noblemen of high rank and extensive influence.

As soon as they heard the news, these men went out

and proclaimed it in the streets. An immense crowd collected, and the air rang with fierce cries of 'Treason! treason! Long live the nation! Long live our liberty! Long live the Fueros! Death to the traitors who would enslave us!'

In less than an hour an armed mob of more than a thousand men surrounded the house of the Marquis d'Almenara, the king's most active agent in the affair. Furious at the opposition they met with, they fell upon him, and maltreated and abused him to such an extent, that he would have been killed on the spot, if some gentlemen had not charged the crowd, and rescued him from their hands. Not knowing where else to bestow him safely, they took him to the royal prison, where he died fourteen days afterwards, from the injuries he had received.

The mob, having lost their victim, then repaired to the palace of the archbishop, venting their wrath in shrieks and yells, insulting their spiritual head in the vilest manner, and threatening to massacre him, and burn his castle above his head, if he did not procure the release of the prisoner. The king's viceroy, the Bishop of Teruel, was threatened in the same manner; and while the crowd surged and swayed in ungovernable fury around their several palaces, a separate division of more than three thousand men was besieging the old Moorish Castle of Aljaferia, in which the prisons of the Inquisition were situated. This place, an ancient palace of the Moorish kings, was an exceedingly strong fortress. Crowbars and sledge-hammers were reared in vain

against its massive walls and strong iron-studded doors. In vain the crowd shrieked and yelled, and brandished pike and arquebus: no impression was made, until some one, with more brain and resource than the rest, cried, 'Bring fire!' No sooner said than done: piles of combustible materials were reared against the doors; but before a match could be applied, the inquisitors capitulated, and, constrained by fear of life and limb, surrendered up the captive, who was conveyed to his old quarters in the prison of the kingdom.

After having gained their ends, the populace dispersed, leaving the inquisitors in an unpleasantly helpless condition. They did not dare to arrest any of the rioters; and yet they could not easily submit to this successful resistance to their authority. In order to vindicate their power, they proposed to publish a bull excommunicating those who appeared to them to have taken a leading part in the disturbance. This measure was, however, so vehemently opposed by the archbishop, that they allowed it to drop, and contented themselves with quietly watching the progress of events. The principal adherents of the king had fled to Madrid when the revolt broke out, carrying with them a very black account of several of the first nobility of the country, whom they charged with having excited the tumult among the populace. Of this complaint Philip took no notice at the time; but, aided by the inquisitors, bent all his endeavours to the task of persuading the deputation of the kingdom to consent to a suspension of its peculiar privileges in the case of Perez.

It was in vain that Perez, who was a keen and forcible writer, strove to combat these efforts with pamphlets inspired by the eloquence of despair. The commission of jurisconsults charged with the settlement of the affair, shrank from carrying the matter the length of a revolution. The intrigues of the king, the viceroy, and the inquisitors prevailed; and it was privately decided that the Holy Office should demand the prisoner a second time, without threats or violence, and that he should be delivered up. Perez now saw that there was no safety for him except in flight. Through the kindness of a friend he procured a file, and worked incessantly at the grating on the window of his prison. By great toil he succeeded in penetrating through it, and was only waiting for the darkness of night to attempt his escape, when he was betrayed by Juan de Basante, a false friend and pretended accomplice.

The hunted, persecuted man now sank into a state of apathetic despair. He remained crouched in a corner of the strong dark dungeon to which he had been removed, speechless, motionless, refusing the coarse pittance of food brought to him. The 24th of September was fixed for removing him from the prison of the kingdom to the secret cells of the Inquisition; and at this ceremony the chief inquisitors, the viceroy, the archbishop, the deputation of the kingdom, the municipality, and the civil and military governors, were all invited to assist.

Everything seemed secure: the principal nobility, to

whom Philip had written, were all apparently gained; the people were busy with the vintage; and last, not least, the inquisitors had assembled a great troop of familiars, and the military governor had at his back a band of three thousand men fully armed.

It seemed hopeless to attempt a rescue; and yet a rescue was not only attempted, but carried through.

The familiars of the Inquisition were engaged in fettering the prisoner in presence of the magistrates; the carriage that was to convey him to the dungeons of Aljaferia was in waiting; and the soldiers were disposed along the market-place and the principal streets, when a sudden, furious rush was made by a large body of insurgents, skilfully led by Gil de Mesa. They broke through the military lines, routed the guard with great loss, put the magistrates and inquisitors to flight, and seizing Perez, carried him off in triumph, with loud cries of 'Live our liberty for ever! Long life to the Fueros of Arragon!' Thus shouting with tumultuous zeal and bluster, they escorted the prisoner to the house of Baron Barboles. Here he stayed for a few minutes. and then taking horse, repaired with all speed towards the Pyrenees. At Tauste he halted for reconnoitring purposes; and having ascertained that the frontiers were strictly guarded, he thought it safer to return to Saragossa, where he had numerous friends.

He re-entered the city on the 2d of October, in the disguise of a muleteer, and remained concealed in the house of Baron de Biescas until the 10th of November,

when adverse circumstances drove him from his refuge. Philip, meanwhile, had not been idle. No sooner was the tumult over, than the magistrates, viceroy, military governor, inquisitors, and principal nobility, united in sending a deputation to Madrid, excusing themselves from any blame in the prisoner's escape. The king received this deputation with one of his ominous smiles. In smooth enigmatical phrase, he dismissed the anxious Arragonese to their homes, and then despatched a powerful army under Don Alphonso de Vargas, to punish the rebellious province.

On the 10th of November this officer with his troops was in sight of Saragossa, and Perez thought it prudent to consult his safety by flight. The spy Besante had obtained some knowledge of his being in the town, and had carried the tidings to the Inquisition. The inquisitors, availing themselves of this information, searched the house of Baron de Barboles, and many others of the nobility, and among the rest that of Baron de Biescas.

The second inquisitor was very urgent with this gentleman to reveal the place of the ex-secretary's concealment; but he declared he knew nothing, and passed it off so naturally, that it was concluded that he was really ignorant of the prisoner's whereabouts, while all the time Perez was in close hiding at an estate belonging to him at Sallen on the Pyrenees.

From this place he wrote, on the 18th of November, to Catherine Princess of Bearn and Duchess of Bar, asking her to intercede in his behalf with her brother Henry the Fourth, that that monarch might either grant him an asylum in France, or allow him to pass through French territory to some other country where he could live in safety. This letter was conveyed to the princess by the indefatigable Gil de Mesa, and on the 24th of the same month she received the fugitive into her brother's states.

Two days later, the Barons de Concas and Pinilla arrived with three hundred men to take him, but the princess refused to give him up; and Philip, who had already abundance of wars on his hands, did not dare to compel her to do so by force. He gave vent to his fury by ravaging Arragon with fire and sword; while the inquisitors vainly tried to get Perez, who was living at Pau, to deliver himself voluntarily into their hands.

They promised that he should be treated well, and acquitted, if he gave himself up of his own free will; and Perez, who ardently desired to get his wife and children set at liberty, tried to negotiate with them, and amused them with promises as false as theirs, vainly supposing that he would thereby procure the enlargement of these innocent hostages.

During his stay in Bearn he mortally offended Philip's pride, by the publication of two separate narratives of his life and sufferings.

These were examined by the inquisitors, who extracted from them several fresh charges, which they added to the process against him. Then, in concert with the king, they so far forgot their sacred character as to offer life, offices, and large sums of money, to any condemned criminal who would undertake to murder Perez, or bring him a prisoner to Spain. Perez, however, seemed to bear a charmed life. It was in vain that Philip devoured his envious soul with silent rage, and spurred on the inquisitors to greater fury: they could only exercise their spite upon his effigy, and that poor consolation they proceeded to take.

On the 15th of February 1592 they proclaimed the missing man to be a fugitive, and affixed an edict on the gates of the metropolitan church in Saragossa, summoning him to return and submit himself to their jurisdiction within a month. From February to August they occupied themselves in sifting evidence, palpably untrue, as to his alleged Jewish descent; and then, having still failed to appear, they declared him contumacious, and pronounced his sentence. This sentence, which was issued on the 20th of October, bore that the accused, Antonio Perez, was a formal heretic, a convicted Huguenot, and an obstinate impenitent, to be burned in person whenever he could be taken, and in the meantime to suffer that punishment in effigy—his image to be adorned with the mitre and sanbenito. In addition to this, his property, which was very large, was confiscated, and his sons and grandsons devoted to infamy.

After this sentence the inquisitors held a grand autoda-fé, in which the senseless effigy was consumed, along with seventy-nine inhabitants of Saragossa, who had aided more or less in his rescue or flight, and who atoned for their humanity by this horrible death.

When this futile vengeance was executed upon him, Perez was in England, fêted by Elizabeth and her favourite the Earl of Leicester. Even there Philip's hatred followed him: during his residence in London there was a conspiracy by some Spaniards to murder him; but it came to nothing. When he returned to Paris, the attempts on his life were renewed by the Baron de Pinilla, who, when apprehended, declared that he had been sent to France by Philip for the express purpose of killing Antonio Perez. It was not destined, however, that the brilliant adventurer was to die in this way. In September 1508, his great enemy, the most Catholic king, expired, with his vengeance unsated; and the exile entertained some faint hopes of being allowed to return to Spain. He might have done so, indeed, for the imbecile Philip the Third bore him no enmity; but the Inquisition was more implacable. He had baffled and defied its utmost efforts to seize and punish him, and its chiefs were not to be appeased.

At Paris he had become acquainted with Francis de Sosa, the general of the Franciscans, and Bishop of the Canaries. This man advised him to return to Spain, and deliver himself up to the Inquisition, offering to obtain a safe-conduct for him from the inquisitor-general, and a written assurance that he should be set at liberty after a mock trial.

It was a fair offer, and the poor exile, pining for his wife and children, tried to believe it sincere. In 1611 he wrote to Sosa, telling him that he was ready to set

out for Spain as soon as the safe-conduct should arrive; and at the same time he sent to his faithful wife a petition setting forth his sufferings, which she was to send to the Supreme Council.

To this she added an humble appeal and memorial from herself, and presented both in person, striving by every means in her power to interest the judges in her husband's behalf.

It is melancholy to have to record that these affectionate efforts were fruitless. Perez died in exile, on the 3d of November of the same year, soothed in the hour of death by the presence of his lifelong friend Gil de Mesa.

He died, as he had lived, a miserable, disappointed man. His twenty years of banishment had been spent in wandering about from place to place, in vain search after a home, often with scarcely food to eat or raiment to put on; his thoughts dwelling sorrowfully, not upon the old sinful love, but upon the fond wife and innocent children whom his crimes had consigned to poverty and a dungeon.





CHAPTER X.

DON CARLOS DE SESO.

ON CARLOS DE SESO was a man of a very different type from the wily, brilliant, intriguing adventurer whose history has been narrated in the foregoing pages. He belonged to a noble family in Verona, in Italy; his father after his wife's death having been raised to the Bishopric of Placenza in that country. De Seso himself was a man of much learning, and of great natural ability, and had spent his youth in the service of Charles the Fifth, with whom he was somewhat of a favourite. Under that monarch he held the office of Corregidor of Toro, and also attended him more than once to Germany. Here the sealed fountain of truth had been reopened to the world. Side by side with the corrupt superstitions of the ancient sensuous Roman ritual, a new faith had sprung up, a leavening of old ideas-a silent, irresistible revolution of thought and opinion. Subtle and chainless as the free winds of heaven, it permeated everywhere, and reached even in Charles' bigoted court the young Italian noble. Grave,

earnest, and candid, possessing much of intellectual culture, De Seso was at first struck by the grandeur and profundity of the doctrines of the Reformation. Here was food for a soul sick to loathing with the dry husks of popish legends of saints and martyrs. He procured the Greek Testament of Erasmus, and read it with a sensation of awe and fear. This book, which was in very deed and truth the word of God, condemned many things which he had been taught to believe sacred. A great struggle arose in his heart. What was he to do? How was he to choose between the Church and the word of God? The decision was full of danger; and for some time the inquirer, swayed by a very natural human prudence, shrank from making it. He temporized, as very many others did. There were points in his old creed which he struggled hard to retain and blend with the new faith which had stolen unawares into his soul.

Still, undecided and irresolute, he did not forget amid theological doubts and difficulties that it was in his own heart and life that a saving and spiritual change must begin. Hitherto, like the young noblemen who were his fellow-courtiers, he had spent his life in a round of dissipation and amusement, scouring the fields and forests in the train of his master, who was passionately attached to the chase, and finding extreme delight in his horses, falcons, and dogs. These things, which had been the business of his life, he now reduced to their proper place of innocent and by no means en-

grossing sources of relaxation, consecrating a portion of the time which he had devoted exclusively to them to study, and to a calm and dispassionate consideration of the difficulties which beset him. Intrepid as he was, he had yet so little confidence in himself, that he feared to fall into errors; and felt himself constrained sometimes to give a meaning to the Scriptures which they did not seem to have, that he might not run counter to the interpretation of the Church. For many months he remained in this semi-darkness, dazzled by the lustre of the truth, yearning for its full light, and yet compelled by fear to put a constraint upon his faith.

While still in the service of Charles, he married a Spanish lady of high rank, Donna Isabella de Castilla, the daughter of Don Francis de Castilla, who was descended from the ancient kings of Castile. After his marriage, swayed by the preferences of his wife, he removed permanently to Spain, and settled at Villamediana, near the town of Logrono, in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, where he purchased a property.

Abandoning his connection with the court, he lived here for many years the quiet, retired life of a country hidalgo; but instead of spending his time in the frivolous and degrading amusements so prevalent among the Spanish nobility of the day, he devoted his leisure to persistent, unobtrusive efforts to spread the doctrines of the Reformation among his ignorant, superstitious, and corrupt neighbours. Llorente says that from him, as from a fountain, emanated all those heretical and Lutheran

principles which worked like leaven amid the degenerate populace and nobility of Valladolid, Palencia, Zamora, and the boroughs pertaining to and dependent upon these cities.

Like most of the so-called Spanish heretics of that age, he was a friend of Archbishop Carranza; but, unlike the archbishop, who continued to the last to halt between two opinions, he did nothing by halves. On the contrary, he wished earnestly if possible to make the whole of Spain aware of the secret convictions of his soul. He did not ascend the pulpit, for he was not a priest; but he went from house to house, arguing, explaining, attacking everywhere the errors of Rome, painting the disorders of the clergy in their true colours, and then proclaiming the remedy which he had found for all these evils in the word of God. Great crowds, anxious to know more of the divine things of which he spoke, came to his house, or followed him from place to place. The priests became alarmed at the power he exercised over their parishioners, and in no long time he was denounced to the Inquisition as a teacher of the new heresy. The office of chief inquisitor was at that time filled by the fierce and vindictive Fernando Valdes. This man, whose hard, inexorable heart was the hold of every unholy passion, showed himself a worthy successor of the fanatic Torquemada. His natural arrogance rose in arms at the idea of any layman presuming to judge for himself in spiritual matters. It was in vain that De Seso, warned of his danger, strove with prudence and

caution to avert the coming storm. The spies of Valdes were everywhere, and in 1558 he was taken along with others in a simultaneous arrest of heretics which was made throughout the kingdom, eight hundred being seized in the city of Seville alone in one night.

When De Seso's arrest took place, he was at his own house at Logrono. He had been engaged throughout the day in his usual duties, and had retired to rest with his household, fearing nothing, when at midnight a great knocking was heard at the gates, and a glare of torches surrounded the house.

The familiars of the Inquisition had come to seize their prey. Any resistance would have been hopeless, and none was attempted. Don Carlos de Seso, dragged from his bed, was forced half undressed into a carriage, and conveyed, speechless with astonishment and dismay, to the secret prisons of the Inquisition at Valladolid.

In these dungeons he remained until the 28th of June, when he was dragged from his prison before the secret tribunal of the Inquisition, and there confronted with the witnesses who had signed the requisition against him. Although his case was hopeless, he defended himself with resolution and ability, confessing his Lutheran principles; but refusing to incriminate his friend Archbishop Carranza,—an object which the inquisitors had much at heart. To obtain their ends, he was repeatedly questioned as to conversations he had had with Carranza on the subject of purgatory, and also as to the expediency of confession; but nothing could be elicited from him condemnatory of the archbishop, who in his researches after truth never lost sight of prudence.

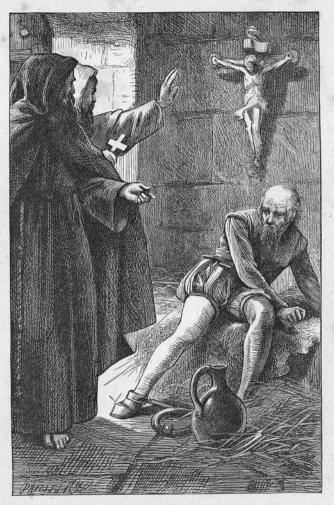
As soon as the examinations were concluded, De Seso was condemned to death as an impenitent heretic; but according to the common custom of the Inquisition, his sentence was not communicated to him until the 7th of October 1559, when he was informed that he was to suffer death in the *auto-da-fé* that was to be held on the following day.

On hearing his doom, the prisoner asked for paper and ink; and the inquisitors, fancying that his fortitude was at last giving way, ordered them to be supplied to him, never doubting that it was his intention to confess his errors, and thereby make a tardy atonement for them. In this anticipation they were mistaken. What De Seso wished to leave behind him was a confession, not of error, but of faith. In this document, which was written in a forcible, lucid style, he stated his belief in the doctrines of the German Reformers.

This new faith, he said, and not the obsolete dogmas and corrupt practice of the Roman Church, was the religion taught in the Bible. For himself, he would die as he had lived, bearing intrepid testimony to the truth, and humbly offering himself to God in memory of the passion of Jesus Christ.

This memorial, which is still preserved in the archives of the Inquisition, filled two sheets of paper, and is distinguished by unusual ability and energy.

During the night two Dominican monks came to him,



"Two Dominican monks came to him, and were urgent with him to confess, and be reconciled to the Church, even at the eleventh hour."—The Inquisition, Page 200.



and were urgent with him to confess and be reconciled to the Church, even at the eleventh hour. Promises, threats, all the sophistical arguments which they knew so well how to use—nothing was spared; but the martyr was resolute. 'Jesus Christ, the hope of sinners, God manifest in the flesh, is with me,' he said, 'and all your boasted power shrinks to nothing. How can I do this great thing, and sin against that God who hath said unto me, Fear not them who can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do?'

The friars at these words left him, and returned to the inquisitors with the complaint that he was as deaf as an adder, and refused to hear the truth. Valdes, however, did not despair: he knew how the near approach of death can shake the firmest spirit; and in the morning, when the bells of the churches were beginning to toll for the fatal ceremony, he sent the monks back to their victim. They found him already apparelled in the robe of infamy, calm and firm, with a holy courage on his haggard brow, waiting to take his place in the procession of death. Then, at the last moment, having again failed in their efforts, Valdes bethought himself of yet another torture which he might inflict upon the stubborn heretic: he commanded him to be gagged.

This was done by placing in his mouth a piece of cleft wood, which crushed the tongue, and, while preventing him from speaking, caused him to suffer great pain. Thus hindered from proclaiming his doctrine, he was necessarily silent until he was chained to the stake,

when the gag was taken out of his mouth, and he was exhorted for the last time to confess. 'I cannot,' he answered with a loud, firm voice. 'If I had sufficient time, I would convince you that you are lost, by not following my example. Hasten to light the wood which is to consume me.'

He then turned to Philip, who was sitting in a gallery lined with velvet, with his son Don Carlos by his side, and said indignantly, 'Is it thus, O king, that you suffer your innocent subjects to be persecuted?'

'If it were my own son,' answered Philip, 'I would fetch the wood to burn him, if he were such a wretch as thou art.'

The martyr made no reply to these words, destined to receive an awful accomplishment long after he was reduced to ashes; but turning to the crowd, he began to declaim in a loud and solemn voice against the errors and cruelties of Rome, continuing to speak until the flames leaped up around him, and sealed with the signet of silence and death his courageous confession. Thus died this noble Spaniard, preserving his faith in the extremity of mortal anguish, and praying with his last breath that God would have mercy on his adopted country, so far happy that he could not foresee the dark years of disaster and oppression yet to come, in which the Inquisition, like an incarnation of evil, should trample out in blood the seed which he had sowed in tears.



CHAPTER XI.

CONSTANTINE PONCE DE LA FUENTE.

N the first years of the Reformation, and in those immediately preceding, the boundary line between what constituted true faith in the eyes of the Roman Church, and what constituted Protestant heresy, was very obscure and indefinite. Hence many of the more able and pious of the Roman Catholic priests received the new doctrine under the forms of the ancient ritual, and were Protestants or Lutherans without being consciously aware of how far they had departed from the ancient spirit and teaching of their Church.

With unconscious sophistry, they excused to themselves many inconsistencies in their faith and practice, almost inseparable from a transition state. They condemned the mass in the pulpit, and celebrated it before the altar with all the usual pomp and solemnity. 'God alone can forgive sins,' they felt and said, and yet did not refuse absolution to their penitents. Many good, many truly pious men, thus strove to unite the evangelical teaching of the word of God with the dead, inert formalism of the Roman hierarchy. They were willing that the hands should remain the hands of Esau, but the voice was to be the voice of Jacob: the new was to advance side by side with the old. Doubting, discouraged, trammelled by the reverence and illusions of a lifetime, it was their hope that the Church herself would accomplish the regeneration for which all men prayed; and this hope withheld them from making, or even desiring, a change of forms. They were patient of old errors and superstitious customs, hoping that the new ideas would silently and unobtrusively make their way under the shelter of the old edifice; slowly and surely purging it from all the meretricious ornaments with which superstition and corruption had loaded it.

Among this large class of earnest, sincere men, who still clung to the ritual and discipline of the Roman Church, although influenced more or less by the new ideas, were a large proportion of the ablest and most celebrated of the Spanish priests. At their head was the Primate Carranza; and among the more famous of their leaders was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, or, as he is sometimes called, Constantine Pontius, the confessor of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

He was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the diocese of Cuença, at the little town of San Clemente de la Mancha. Little is known of his youth or early training, except that he received his education at the celebrated University of Alcala del Henares, where he had for fellow-students Vargas,

and Juan Gil, better known as Doctor Egidius—both destined, like himself, to become obnoxious to the Inquisition.

Having taken his degree of doctor of theology, he became a professor in the university, and soon made himself famous for his learning, piety, and true nobility of character. Like Carranza, an ardent student of the Bible, he breathed a new life, a new inspiration, into the dead material scholasticism that prevailed in the university. The branches of philosophy, of languages, of literature, all felt the revivifying impulse of his clear, acute mind; while a natural engagingness of manner charmed his colleagues, and won for him the hearts of his pupils. Nor was it only in the lecture-room or professor's chair that his triumphs were won: in the pulpit he was even more successful. Polished and eloquent, his powers of elocution, aided by a varied and graceful action, were so admirable, that he was esteemed one of the best preachers in Spain. Crowds flocked to the metropolitan church to hear him. Rich and poor, learned and illiterate, the haughty noble and the despised Jew, alike hung enraptured on his words, as if in his persuasive eloquence they could hear the voice of God visibly and audibly speaking to men. All classes united in extolling him: even the emperor characterized his sermons as the best and holiest he had ever heard; little dreaming that the discourses to which he listened with such devout pleasure were in all essential particulars Protestant. It is possible, however, that the preacher at

this time would have been equally shocked and surprised by such a charge - would have been inclined even to dispute its truth. He loved the Bible, and wished to see true piety substituted for the mummery of mass, and beads, and penances; but he felt for the Reformers of Germany only aversion and uneasy fear. He saw all he loved and venerated-sacraments, ritual, vows-changed, modified, and abolished; and he shrank from extremes which he wished to believe unnecessary. The Church itself, without innovation, without fanaticism, above all, without compulsion, would surely one day accomplish her own regeneration. Some such thoughts as these may have occupied the pious professor, who, a priest of the Roman Church, taught, without being aware of his own inconsistency, Luther's grand doctrine of justification by faith; who frowned, like his friend Carranza, upon the confessional, and reprimanded those who addressed to the saints or the Virgin Mary, prayers that could have efficacy only when offered to God.

The position of such men, always difficult, became frightfully precarious under the pitiless espionage of the Inquisition; but for a very considerable length of time the eloquent lecturer succeeded in evading suspicion; the more easily, perhaps, that his unambitious nature prompted him to refuse the dignities and emoluments which his abilities brought within his reach.

The position of Magisterial Canon was offered to him by the Chapters of Toledo and Cuença; but he declined the dignity on both occasions, preferring his office in the university, with the access it gave him to the pulpit of the metropolitan church.

His talents as a preacher and writer, and his fame as a divine, recommended him, shortly after his rejection of the office of canon, to the notice of Charles the Fifth. That sagacious prince, on the eve of one of his long absences from Spain, was so much disturbed and alarmed by the spread of the Reformed opinions in Germany and the Netherlands, that he resolved to take in his train some of the more eminent of the Spanish divines, that they might combat the errors of Luther and the other Reformers. In pursuance of this design, he appointed Constantine his almoner and preacher, and carried him along with him to Germany, in company with several others.

Thus thrown into the very focus of light, the scales gradually fell from the preacher's eyes. He saw that the so-called innovators had right on their side; but although henceforth in heart a Lutheran, he still retained outwardly the status of a Roman Catholic priest; he still appears even to have wished to conform as far as possible to the Roman Church. He was neither a Calvin nor a Luther, and yet he was as sincere as these distinguished men, and showed, when the inevitable hour of trial came, that he could be faithful to the God whom he served, somewhat after the fashion of the timid Nicodemus, secretly, for fear of the inquisitor and his band of alguazils.

On his return from Germany he was made head of the

College of De la Doctrina; and the first use he made of his power showed that his early predilection for the Scriptures had been confirmed. He appointed, according to Llorente, a chair for the exposition and teaching of the word of God, fixed the salary to be paid to the lecturer, and undertook himself to fill the office.

While he was performing this duty, the Chapter of Canons at Seville offered him the situation of Magisterial Canon; and as a proof of their admiration for him, and confidence in him, they proposed to elect him without the usual competition. Some members of the body, however, remembering his intimacy with Juan Gil, and the trouble the election of that eminent doctor had brought upon them, dissented from this resolution, and desired that he should be at least appointed in the usual manner—after a competition. Constantine was accordingly requested to submit to this trial of merit, with the assurance that he could not fail to triumph over all his opponents in a fair field.

Only one person appeared to contest the prize with him; and in spite of all his intrigues and appeals, he was defeated in 1556, and Constantine was elected to the post. He was performing the duties of this office in 1558, and was held in general respect and esteem, when the testimony of some of the Lutheran prisoners, arrested by Valdes, compromised him so fatally, that the inquisitors resolved to apprehend him—secretly, as usual.

He was one evening sitting quietly at his studies, apprehending no immediate danger, when his house was

surrounded by the familiars of the Inquisition. At that dreaded name, gates flew open, bolts and bars were withdrawn: the satellites of the dread tribunal entered and made known their mission. Constantine received them calmly. Nathrally prudent, he had prepared for the arrival of source such hour, and had beside him nothing fitted to awaken suspicion, or support the charges brought against him.

Conveyed to the prisons of the Inquisition, he was placed in one that was comfortable and well lighted; and being at no loss to conjecture the accusation that would be preferred against him, he set himself to prepare his defence, still hopeful that he would be able to evade the storm about to burst upon his head.

These sanguine anticipations were, however, doomed to disappointment. A friend of his, a widowed lady in Seville, was arrested as a Lutheran. According to the usual procedure of the Inquisition, her property was at once confiscated, and an inventory of her effects laid before the inquisitors. These men, as grasping and rapacious as they were cruel, imagined that her son Francis Beltran had concealed some of the more valuable items of her property, and took steps to make a more thorough examination of her premises. It chanced unfortunately for Constantine that he had entrusted some Lutheran books to the care of this poor woman, who had, with the aid of her son, concealed them in her cellar.

Francis Beltran, when he saw the alguazil of the Holy

Office again approaching the house, conceived that this secret treasure-trove had become known; and trembling for his own safety, at once hastened to take the first word of confession. 'Senor Alguazil,' he burst out almost before the dreaded official had crossed the threshold, 'I suppose that you come for the things deposited in my mother's house. If you will promise that I shall not be punished for not giving information of them, I will show you what there is hidden there.'

The alguazil having made the promise without any difficulty, Beltran then conducted him to the cellar; and pulling down part of the wall, showed him a niche filled with the proscribed books of the German Reformers.

The alguazil, who did not expect to see that sort of concealed property, could not restrain his astonishment. He took possession, however, of the fatal books, and then, with Judas-like perfidy, turned round upon his trembling host, and told him that he did not consider himself bound by his promise, as he only came to claim the jewels and gold which he suspected he had concealed.

Poor Beltran upon this fell into a panic of terror, and besought the alguazil to take everything which the house contained, on condition only of leaving him free, and not denouncing him to the Inquisition.

This the alguazil, satisfied perhaps of the innocence of Beltran, at last consented to do; and he was left stripped of all his goods, but thankful to have escaped with life and liberty. The misfortunes of this unhappy family had been caused by the treachery of an avaricious servant, who lodged an information against them, hoping to obtain the benefit of a pernicious law of Ferdinand the Fifth, which assigned the fourth part of the effects of a person condemned by the Inquisition to the informer.

Meanwhile the alguazil had hurried back to the Inquisition with his prize, which contained more than sufficient evidence to condemn the eloquent and suspected Magisterial Canon. Among the prohibited books the inquisitors found several written by Constantine himself, in which he proved with much clearness and ability that the Roman Catholic Church was not the true Church of the Bible, which was rather that of the Lutherans. He also treated the subject of justification by faith, and discussed some other points in which the Roman Church differed from the Reformed, in a manner which his judges pronounced heretical.

Confronted with these papers, Constantine confessed that they were in his handwriting, and declared that they contained the confession of his faith; but he resolutely refused to disclose the names of his fellow believers, or disciples. It was in vain that he was threatened with the torture, which the inquisitors, knowing the emperor's friendship for him, dared not apply. He remained firm; and, incensed at his obstinacy and their own helplessness, as neither daring to torture him, nor condemn him to death, they took him from his prison and plunged him into a foul underground dungeon.

Here, in total darkness, breathing a thick, humid,

noisome air, impregnated with poisonous exhalations, his health soon began to fail. Some writers assert that a slow poison was administered to him; and the unscrupulous character of Valdes and his colleagues makes this not improbable. It is, however, only a suspicion, unsupported by proof. What is certain is, that he fell sick apparently of dysentery, and that his sufferings were so extreme that his groans were heard sometimes in the quiet evenings, startling those who were passing by. The date of his death was as uncertain as its cause; for there were some among his contemporaries who suspected that he died neither by poison nor by sickness, but of hunger in the subterranean vault in which he was shut up, and from which he was never allowed to emerge alive. The inquisitors, at the auto-da-fe succeeding his death, tried to blacken his memory by alleging that he had committed suicide in prison, in order to avoid the punishment and disgrace to which his heretical opinions exposed him.

This atrocious calumny was not believed by any one; but no one dared to contradict it, although the inquisitors were so thoroughly aware that popular feeling was against them in his particular case, that they caused the charges against him to be read from a pulpit close to their seats, where the people could not hear them.

This was remarked twice by the Corregidor Calderon, who persisted in calling public attention to it, until they were forced unwillingly to give orders that it should be read over again along with the reports of the other trials. Like Carranza, Constantine published a catechism, of which the first part only was printed when he was apprehended. He was also the author of many works, which were very popular, and which are spoken of in terms of the highest praise by his contemporaries: one of them, his Treatise on the Christian Doctrine, was translated into Italian. Of the remainder, the following were placed in the index, or list of proscribed books, by Don Ferdinand Valdes, the chief inquisitor:—An Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine; A Dialogue, on the same subject, between a Master and his Disciple; The Confession of a Sinner to Jesus Christ; A Christian Catechism; and an Exposition of certain of the Psalms.

Any person possessing one of these forbidden books was declared liable, by a sanguinary law of Philip the Second, to the penalty of death by fire. Having thus got rid of the heretic and his writings, the inquisitors again breathed freely, and set about the last act of their vengeance, which followed their victim even beyond the grave. In the *auto-da-fé* of the 22d of December 1560, the effigy of Constantine was carried in the procession of the condemned, and then committed to the flames. This image, which presented a tolerable likeness of the martyr, had the arms spread—a gesture he was accustomed to use in preaching—and was dressed in his clothes.

Thus the inquisitors tortured and slew the most pious and distinguished of their countrymen, who were guilty of no crime except that of thinking for themselves in the matter of faith and doctrine, and refusing to violate their consciences at the bidding of their tyrants.

Encouraged by the king, the persecution increased every day. The prisons were full; the autos-da-fe were crowded; and the Reformation in Spain was at last quenched in the blood of its victims. The familiars of the Inquisition roamed through the country, hunting like jackals after prey for their masters. No household was safe from them; the highest were as subject as the lowest to their dreaded visits: indeed, a marked proportion of those who suffered in Spain for conscience sake belonged to the higher classes. The families of the Marquis of Posa, of the Count de Baylen, and many others of the first nobility, lost several members; and the unfortunate family of Cazalla, who furnished no fewer than seven victims to the Inquisition, were also of high rank. Indeed, as the object of this awful tribunal was to abolish liberty of conscience by inspiring the most slavish terror, the higher the rank of the individual, the greater his talents, the more unrelenting they were against him; and the more his appearance in the ghastly auto-da-fé, or on the crowded scaffold, was calculated to spread through the kingdom a thrill of consternation and dismay.



CHAPTER XII.

DOCTOR AUGUSTIN CAZALLA.

F all the barbarities justly chargeable on the Spanish Inquisition, none were more horrible than those exercised against the Jews and their descendants.

After their expulsion from Spain in 1492, many of the proscribed race returned, particularly to Arragon, where they had been in possession of great wealth and influence, and had intermarried with many of the families of the principal nobility. These men, who were baptized, were known as New Christians, and conformed outwardly in all things to the customs of the Church. Some of them were even to all appearance devout Roman Catholics; but no zeal on their part could induce the inquisitors to regard them with anything but suspicion. They lived under a constant espionage; and as they were generally rich, very slight grounds of suspicion indeed were held sufficient to warrant a process against them, to be followed, if their judges were sufficiently powerful to perpetrate the injustice. by confiscation and death. If a converted Jew were

so unfortunate as to wear better linen and garments on the Tewish Sabbath than those he wore on other days of the week, if he ate meat killed after the Jewish fashion, if he drank of a particular wine, if he gave his son a Hebrew name, if he died with his face turned towards the wall, if he allowed the dead body of any of his relations to be washed in hot water, if he mourned the death of any friend after the fashion of his race, if he ate fish and olives instead of meat,-all or any of these puerile errors were held to signify that he had relapsed into the Judaical heresy; and the harpies of the Inquisition were down upon him at once, despoiling his goods, and dragging him to prison, there to expiate by years of solitary durance, or a death of pain and shame, what, at the worst, could only be accounted as sinless, trivial habits, acquired perhaps in infancy.

With such laws, and such a pitiless tribunal to execute them, it is a matter of surprise that any families of Jewish origin voluntarily chose to remain in a country where they were so constantly harassed and persecuted. That they did so, proves that then, as now, the successful acquisition of wealth was a matter of paramount importance in their eyes; and it must besides be remembered, that in these intolerant days Europe presented few havens of rest and safety to their wandering feet. Even in countries where they were not systematically oppressed by the Government, they were liable to the still more dangerous outbursts of popular fanaticism. Commonly accounted the offscourings of all men, they

found the whole world so evil, that they abode in Spain; and bending their necks to the heavy yoke of the Inquisition, they managed to thrive under it, and bought and sold and got gain, and suffered with the patient heroism of their unfortunate race.

The agitation and ferment which in this epoch of change worked in men's minds even in Spain, affected the Jews, or New Christians, as they were called, equally with their more fortunate fellow-subjects; and the sad records of the Cazalla family prove not only the ability and learning which distinguished some of them, but point out also their access to that sacred fountain of inspiration and courage from which the healing waters of salvation flowed alike to Jew and Gentile.

Augustin Cazalla belonged to a distinguished Jewish family in Valladolid. His mother, Donna Eleonora de Vibero, was proprietress of a chapel in the Benedictine Convent of that city; and his father, Pedro Cazalla, held an office in the Treasury under the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Although members of a race reputed peculiarly accursed by the bigoted Spaniards, the Cazalla family were held in good repute by their neighbours. Outwardly devout Catholics, they were wealthy and liberal, and bestowed upon their children the best education that could be procured in Spain. Two of their sons became priests. Of these, the elder, Augustin, who was born in 1510, was the more famous. He was educated first at the College of St. Gregory in Valladolid, where

he had the famous Carranza as his confessor; and latterly his studies were prosecuted at the University of Alcala del Henares, where he remained until 1536.

When he left that famous seat of Spanish learning, he went to Salamanca; and having displayed a special aptitude for preaching, he was elected a canon of that city, and preacher to one of the principal churches in the town. Like Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, Don Carlos de Seso, and many other of the more distinguished Spanish Protestants, he remained on terms of intimate friendship with Carranza; and a letter which the archbishop wrote to him shortly after his elevation to the primacy was produced at the trial of that prelate. In it Carranza entreats his friend to pray that he might have grace to govern his diocese well; 'for the times,' he says, 'are evil, and it is necessary that all who form part of the Church of God should ask for an outpouring of His Spirit.' In 1545 Cazalla was appointed almoner and preacher to the Emperor Charles the Fifth; and in the following year he attended that prince into Germany, being one of a chosen company of divines conveyed thither for the purpose of combating the spread of heretical opinions.

Like the majority of these unfortunate theologians, Cazalla, who went to convert, was himself converted to the doctrines of Luther, although he did not at once proclaim himself a Protestant. He was perhaps not fully aware, for a time, of the great and vital change that had passed over him. His first idea certainly was that of his friend Carranza: he desired to institute a purified and regenerated Catholicism, not a new Church. He wished to retain the Romish ritual, worshipping God in the secrecy of his spirit, and privately rejecting, individually and for himself, what seemed to him evil in the old system.

Naturally opposed to extremes, he strove with meek assiduity humbly to correct the disorders around him, and was repulsed with disdain. The Church and her princes could tolerate the vices of a Cardinal Granvelle, or the arrogance of an Espinosa, better than they could endure the strict morality demanded by the word of God.

Discouraged, but not disheartened, Cazalla turned from the shepherds to the flock. Ideas, he knew, did not act instantaneously; the leaven of all new doctrines required time to permeate and disintegrate the inert mass: but that once accomplished, it would be impossible for the spiritual leaders to remain fixed and immoveable, while the classes beneath them were fairly launched on the restless ocean of spiritual reform and change. Meanwhile ecclesiastical traditions were dear to him: what was not absolutely forbidden in the Scriptures he was prepared to condone, however puerile; and when he returned to Spain in 1552, he resumed his duties as a Catholic priest at Salamanca, making occasional visits to Valladolid.

Conjoining his zeal with prudence, he strove to spread abroad the light of the truth which he had received, but in such a manner as to give offence to none. His aim was to create around him a miniature model of the primitive Church; and the weapons on which he relied were neither human eloquence nor learning, although he possessed much of both, but the word of God. It presented itself to him under a new aspect: it was no longer merely a learned book; it was the voice of Christ, speaking to him with all the pathetic fervour and affection with which ages before He had addressed his ancestors: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

But still, although aspiring to this heavenly rest, Cazalla dreaded above all things a rupture with the Church to which he outwardly belonged. Surveying the future with uneasiness, he recoiled almost with a feeling of terror from any step which might bring the bloodhounds of the Inquisition upon his little colony of disciples.

As might have been expected, however, all his precautions were vain. Valdes, who had had his eye uponhim ever since his return from Germany, had already devoted him and his penitents to destruction.

In the end of the year 1558 he was conveyed to the secret prisons of the Inquisition, and early in 1559 he was brought before that tribunal, and was accused of being secretly a Lutheran, of having preached heretically in the Lutheran congregation at Valladolid, and of having corresponded with the heretics of Seville, particularly with Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. Some of

the particulars of this accusation he denied when it was read to him; and this denial he afterwards repeated, when the proofs were published and placed in his hands.

Finding that he persisted in this declaration, the fiscal in the usual manner declared him guilty of concealment and falsehood, and demanded that the question should be applied to him, as impenitent and obstinate.

Accordingly, on the 4th of March he was conducted to the chamber of torture; and one of the familiars had begun to strip off his clothes, preparatory to placing him upon the rack, when he said, 'Give me writing materials; I am willing to make a confession of my faith without the application of torture.'

He was then removed to his cell, paper and pens were placed before him, and he gave a fair and moderate account of what his past conduct had been, and what his aspirations were. The inquisitors, however, were not satisfied with this confession, and strove with every species of fraud and wile to break down his guard and make him implicate himself, and above all Carranza, whose ruin Valdes, the inquisitor-general, was moving heaven and earth to compass. Cazalla's prudence was, however, more than a match for all their efforts; but although baffled, they were not defeated. What cunning could not accomplish, they resolved that force should procure for them. Late one evening the prisoner's gloomy dungeon was filled with the glare of torches. He was taken from his cell, dragged to the torture-chamber, placed on the rack, and tormented until, in the extremity of his

anguish, he let fall some words which were construed into a recantation. Some sentences also he murmured aloud about his friend. 'Carranza,' he said, 'had always seemed to be a Lutheran; and many of his penitents had told him that they had been instructed by the archbishop in the Lutheran faith.'

Next day he retracted these statements, which, he said, had been wrung from him by human weakness, and the extremity of the suffering to which he had been exposed. No notice was taken of this retractation, and the evidence so shamefully obtained was unblushingly used against the archbishop in the course of his trial.

Meanwhile Cazalla languished in his cell until the 20th of May; and then a monk of the order of St. Jerome, Brother Antonio de Carrera, came to him, and abruptly announcing that he was to die next day, informed him that he was sent to him by the inquisitors, who were dissatisfied with his declarations, and anxious that he would, for the good of his soul, reveal all he knew both of himself and others.

- 'I can reveal nothing more,' said the condemned man when he had recovered a little from the shock which the intimation of his approaching death had given him; 'I can reveal nothing more; the inquisitors surely would not have me bear false witness.'
- 'You have always denied,' said the monk, 'that you tried to make proselytes to the cause of Luther, although many witnesses have proved that you did.'
 - 'Then these witnesses have spoken unjustly,' answered

Cazalla. 'I have taught and explained the Scriptures, but not the doctrines of Luther, nor of any other man; and that I speak truly in saying this, can be affirmed by many in whose sight I have lived for these last three years in Salamanca.'

'If this is your resolution,' said Brother Antonio, 'you must prepare for death in the *auto-da-fé* to-morrow.'

'It is very sudden,' answered Cazalla; 'can there be no delay, no commutation of the punishment? Can I not be allowed to appeal to the king?'

'Such an appeal would be useless,' said the monk; 'yet there is one way in which you may escape death. If you will confess what you have hitherto concealed, I have a warrant for saying that undeserved mercy will be vouchsafed to you.'

'It is impossible that I can do this,' Cazalla replied without hesitation. 'I must prepare to die in the grace of God; for it is not conceivable that I should add anything to what I have already said, unless I lie.'

The monk then left him, and Cazalla set himself to prepare for death.

He spent the greater part of the night in prayer, confessing his sins; and as he had rejected no part of the Romish ritual, he did not refuse on the morning of his death to receive absolution from his monkish visitor of the day before. About nine o'clock the sad procession set out, amid the ringing of bells and braying of trumpets, Antonio de la Carrera walking by his side.

When he arrived at the Quemadero, or place of burn-

ing, Cazalla asked permission to say a few words to his fellow-sufferers; but even this slight grace was refused to him.

He was then degraded publicly from the priesthood: his vestments were taken off, and his fingers were slightly scratched, by way of depriving him of the power of consecrating, blessing, and offering up the sacrifice of the host, which had been conferred upon him by the laying on of hands.

After this ceremony, which would have been ridiculous if it had not been the prelude to such an awful tragedy, he was fastened to the stake, still assiduously attended by the friar Carrera, who was so affected with what he saw and heard, that he declared ever afterwards, 'that he was sure Doctor Cazalla was a pious man, and was in heaven.'

Fire was then applied to the pile, but before the flames could reach the sufferer he was strangled by order of the inquisitors. Two of his family perished in the same auto-da-fé, condemned for the same Protestant convictions,—his brother Francis de Vibero, the curate of Horungas, in the diocese of Palencia, and his sister Beatrice. Another sister, Constance, the widow of Don Hernand Ortiz, and a brother, Juan, with his wife Juanna de Ribera, were also condemned by the Inquisition to perpetual imprisonment, to the confiscation of all their property, and to the wearing of the infamous sanbenito for life.

Augustin on the scaffold made an appeal to the

Princess Joanna, the regent, who was present among the spectators with her nephew Don Carlos, and besought her to have compassion on his sister Constance. 'Princess,' he said pathetically, 'I entreat your Highness to have compassion on that unfortunate woman, who will leave thirteen orphans.'

Not content with the ruin of this unhappy family, the inquisitors also pursued several of their servants with their vengeance, and caused the bones of the mother, Donna Eleonora de Vibero, who had died as a good Catholic, to be dug up and burned, alleging that she also had died a heretic, although she received the sacraments at her death.

Her house in Valladolid was soon afterwards razed to the ground; and to prevent it from being rebuilt, a column with an inscription recording her alleged crime was erected on the spot. In addition to this posthumous vengeance, her property was confiscated, and her memory and that of her descendants was condemned to perpetual infamy. The pillar recording the crime of Eleonora de Cazalla was still standing, a monument of the injustice and inhumanity of the Inquisition, in the beginning of the present century, but was destroyed during the French occupation of the country in the wars of the first Napoleon.



CHAPTER XIII.

MELCHIOR HERNANDEZ.

NE obvious tendency of the Inquisition was to encourage hypocrisy, and to place a premium on religious frauds. The Jews and Moors who were driven to embrace Christianity by the pitiless arguments of the rack and stake, were not true converts. On the contrary, they had a natural and deep-seated abhorrence of a faith which they had only received at the sword's point; and every fraud by which they could deceive their tyrants seemed to them justifiable and proper. A great majority of the Jews were merchants, some of them very rich; and the inquisitors had quite a different manner of dealing with them, from that which they adopted with the Moors, who were generally poor, inoffensive cultivators of the soil. A Moor might relapse a hundred times, and be a hundred times forgiven. His thin cotton tunic and paltry voke of oxen did not present a bribe sufficient to tempt the cupidity of the inquisitors. His poor possessions would scarcely have bought fuel to burn him, and defray the necessary

expenses of his seizure and imprisonment; therefore he was allowed to go free, and found the Church a very patient if a very vexatious and troublesome mother. The wealthy Jew, on the contrary, could scarcely walk so warily as to avoid suspicion; and if he fell into the clutches of the inquisitors, the least he could expect was to be tortured until he confessed himself guilty of crimes of which he was in all probability innocent, with the certainty that he would be cast upon the world a beggar, if he were not reserved to be a spectacle to heaven and earth at the Quemadero, or place of burning.

In 1563, a very rich merchant of Jewish origin, named Melchior Hernandez, was living in Toledo. A pushing, energetic man, forced outwardly to conform to the Romish ritual, his true god was money; and his worship of Mammon was so successful, that his immense wealth at last attracted the regards of the inquisitors, who had a very keen scent for that kind of prey. The laws of the Inquisition made it at all times easy to trump up a charge of heresy against a New Christian, and the ill-fated Rothschild of the day was accused before the Inquisition of Murcia of having relapsed into Judaism. Seven witnesses were got to swear to seven trifling circumstances, which were magnified into grave charges. The familiars of the Inquisition rushed upon their prey, and in a trice poor Melchior Hernandez found himself transferred from his counting-house and bills of lading to a dark, damp, fetid dungeon, to meditate on the deplorable change which had taken place in his circumstances.

With no strong religious principle to sustain him, it is almost a wonder that he did not go mad from despair; but he retained his reason, and a very strong and not unnatural resolution besides, to preserve his life and property if he possibly could, even by falsehood and fraud, if he found that truth would not serve his purpose, as he had indeed little reason to anticipate that it would.

On the 5th of June 1564 he was brought before the tribunal, and accused of having frequented and supported a clandestine Jewish synagogue in Murcia between the years 1551 and 1557, when the unlawful assembly was discovered. He was also charged with having on several different occasions spoken and acted in such a manner as to prove his apostasy. Two additional witnesses afterwards appeared; and the accused man having persistently denied all the charges, the depositions of the nine deponents were given to him in writing; and in the ordinary jargon of the Inquisition, he was admonished to consider the weal of his immortal soul, and to save it by a full and free confession.

Poor Melchior, whose chief anxiety concerned the weal of his body and estate, could not by any persuasion be made to see the utility of confession. He persisted in his denial, and by the advice of his advocate attacked the evidence of the witnesses, and showed that in common justice it could not be received, all of them contradicting each other, and some of them being well known to be his bitter enemies,—men who owed him

money, and hankered after the fourth part of his estate, which would come to them as informers if he were convicted.

In support of this, and in his own defence, he presented a memorial so vigorous and forcible, that the inquisitors were compelled to admit it, although afterwards, at a later stage of the trial, they pretended that it had completely failed in disproving the charges against him. A new witness then came forward; but before he could be heard, Melchior was seized with what to all appearance seemed a dangerous illness. He declared that he was dying, and as a devout Roman Catholic he demanded a confessor, and the consolation of the sacraments of the Church.

On the 25th of January 1565, a confessor was sent to him, who found him apparently on the point of death. To this monk he made a very Christian and edifying statement, and received the sacraments, but did not die. On the contrary, two days afterwards, on the 29th, he felt much stronger, and demanded an audience with the inquisitors. Two of them went to him; and after bemoaning his bad memory, he told them that he had a sort of dim recollection of being in a house in Murcia in 1553. A number of persons were assembled in it, he could not tell for what object; and there was some conversation about the law of Moses, in which he, however, took no share. He had not thought much of the occurrence at the time, he said; but he saw now, in view of immediate death, that he had made a mistake in not

reporting the conversation. That, he could affirm, was all that he had to reproach himself with.

Four days afterwards he demanded another interview, in which he declared that he now remembered the occurrence fully, and that all that had been then said concerning the law of Moses was spoken in jest. A short time afterwards he again asked to see the inquisitors, and preferred another statement, which he declared was the truth. He had not heard, he affirmed, a word that was said in the company in which he was in 1553; but he had pretended that he had, because certain of the witnesses had deposed falsely to that effect.

A fresh charge was then brought against him. Another prisoner had been placed in his cell during his illness, for the purpose of attending to him; and this man deposed that he had proposed to him a plan of escape, and had tried to induce him to connive at it, or take part in it. From this charge a fresh act of accusation was framed, which was read to Melchior, who denied it stoutly, declaring that it was false in every particular.

He was then visited by the inquisitor Don Martin de Coscojales, who examined him strictly, and tried to force him to a confession. This the prisoner evaded, affirming before God that all that he had previously said was untrue, and wrung from him by the fear of death. He was then brought a second time before the tribunal; and his advocate made a long and able speech in his defence, which, however, availed him nothing. He also advised his unfortunate client to challenge several persons

whom he suspected to have borne witness against him, which Melchior did in a written memorial, equally futile.

Finding that he adhered obstinately to this defence, Don Martin ordered him to be taken from his cell on the 24th of September, and exposed to the torture of the pulley. His arms were bound behind his back, a weight was attached to his feet, and he was hoisted to the roof of the torture-chamber and dashed violently down to the floor, till every joint in his body was wrenched and dislocated; but although suffering extreme anguish, he had sufficient resolution to bear the pain without speaking.

The inquisitor then declared that the torture was begun, but not finished, and commanded that it should cease for the present; and the fainting, half-murdered man was removed to his cell.

On the 18th of October his sentence was pronounced. He was declared an obstinate Jewish heretic, guilty of falsehood and concealment in his judicial confession. In consequence of this conduct he was condemned to death, as stubborn and impenitent; but his judges had not yet done with him. Although his doom was definitively fixed, the inquisitors were still eager to make him accuse himself, and accordingly left him no rest. The auto-da-fé at which he was to suffer was fixed for the 9th of December 1565, and on the 7th they came to him and pressed him to tell the truth.

'I have told you the truth,' he answered; 'I have confessed all I know, which is nothing.'

When they received this answer, they left him in anger; and after they had gone, the idea seems to have flashed across his mind, that he might obtain a respite at least by repeating his former false confession. Accordingly, on the 8th of December, when the familiar came and told him to prepare for death next day, he demanded an audience. The favour was granted; and he then declared that he had been present at more than one unlawful assembly in 1553, and had heard certain persons suspected by the Inquisition speak of the law of Moses, and perform forbidden ceremonies; but he had paid little attention to the affair, regarding it but as pastime and a sorry jest.

Before daylight on the morning of the 9th, the fatal sanbenito worn by the condemned was brought to his cell, and he was ordered to dress himself in it. Perceiving from this that his confession was not ample enough to save him from the flames, he demanded another audience. It was granted; and when the inquisitors came to him, he gratified them by naming many men of great wealth, who had formed, he said, part of the assembly. He also gave the names of twelve others whom he had not accused before; but he continued to protest that he had taken personally no share in the discussion which ensued upon the law of Moses.

Some minutes afterwards, finding that the procession was being formed, and that the *sanbenito* of the condemned had not been taken from him, he pretended that he had recollected some fresh circumstances, and gave the names of three other accomplices, besides that of the persons who had, he now declared, preached upon the law of Moses. He also said that some of the things he had heard had appeared to him at the moment wise and good. The melancholy cortege had by this time begun to file out of the gateway; and the unhappy Melchior, perceiving that the fatal sanbenito clung to him, like the poisoned shirt to Nessus, declared in a fit of despair that he had really believed all that he had heard at the secret synagogue, and had remained in that belief for a year and more; but that for many years now he had been a good Catholic, and had therefore thought himself justified in denying his former participation in a heresy in which he no longer believed.

The poor man was evidently ready to confess anything; and the inquisitors having got him to the point they desired, had mercy on him at last, to the extent of granting him a respite. They decreed that he should not appear in the *auto-da-fé* of that day, and reserved for future consideration the ultimate decision of his case.

On the 14th of December he was again brought before them, and confirmed all that he had declared on the 9th, on condition that nothing that he had said should be considered as separating him from the Catholic communion, or branding him with the stigma of a Jewish heretic.

On the 18th of the same month he demanded another audience; and when it was granted, he affirmed that he believed in the law of Moses, or, in other words, ad-

mitted that his religious belief was still that of a Jew. The temerity of this confession, to which he adhered for some months, seems, however, to have frightened him at last; for on the 29th of June 1566 he confessed that what he had said was in part untrue. He declared that the holy Scriptures were indeed read at the synagogue or assembly, and that he was much impressed with what he had heard at the time; but that afterwards he consulted a priest upon the subject. This ecclesiastic, he said, had informed him that such things should be held in contempt; and he had taken his advice, and had since then despised them as they deserved.

On the 6th of May following, a special meeting of the tribunal was called, to decide whether the sentence of death pronounced against Melchior should be carried out or not. At this conference there were present the inquisitors, the ordinary, and those ecclesiastics called in to assist the inquisitors with their advice, and known by the name of consultors. Two of these consultors voted for death; while the inquisitors, the ordinary, and the other consultors took for once the side of mercy, and considered that Melchior's ample confession entitled him to reconciliation with the Church.

An act of reconciliation was finally granted to him, but he was still kept in prison; and on the 28th of May he demanded an audience, in which he asked for a full pardon, alleging that, although he had believed what he had heard, he had only done so until the priest whom he consulted had undeceived him.

Finding that no notice was taken of this, he declared on the 30th of the same month, that he really and truly believed all that he had heard in the synagogue to be necessary to salvation. In this manner the summer months went by, and October came round again—the third dreary October which he had passed in prison; and in a fit of rage and despair, he demanded an audience, in which he inveighed bitterly against the inquisitor Don Jerome Manriquez, a son of Cardinal Alphonso Manriquez, Archbishop of Seville, who had been the fifth inquisitor-general. 'Don Jerome,' he said, 'had persecuted and tortured him;' and he particularly complained of his conduct on the morning of the autoda-fe, when he had, by playing with his fears, extorted so many confessions from him.

He was then asked if these confessions were true, upon which he again veered round, and said that they were, but added that by the laws of the Inquisition two other inquisitors ought to have been present to have checked the abuse of authority of which he complained.

A report of this tirade, which was as foolish as if a lamb in a wolf's den had seized that opportunity of upbraiding its host, was carried to Don Jerome; and that inquisitor, as pitiless as the fiercest wolf that ever prowled about a sheepfold, instructed the fiscal of the Inquisition to protest that Melchior Hernandez was no true penitent, and to demand that the sentence of death passed on the 8th October 1565 should be carried out against him.

The fiscal accordingly attacked the prisoner in a very virulent speech, in which, after denouncing him as a false penitent, he declared that he had exhibited no signs of true repentance; that he could not fail, if set at liberty, to seduce many into heresy; and therefore, out of regard to the souls of the faithful, he craved that the sentence pronounced against him on the 8th of October should be executed. He pressed for an immediate resolution, but the inquisitors first requested the advice of the Supreme Council of the Inquisition. That body having considered the affair, ordered that Melchior should be a second time examined by the ordinary and consultors, and a report of their proceedings transmitted to the council.

This was done, Melchior keeping pretty steadily to his confessions of the 9th December; and an account of the trial was sent, as ordered, to the Supreme Council, who on the 9th of May 1568 pronounced their definitive sentence. Of the five judges, three voted for death, and two for reconciliation.

On the following day a final sentence of death was pronounced; and the tribunal of Murcia received orders to see it carried out on the 8th of the following month, which was the day fixed for the execution.

Behold the unhappy man, then, at exactly the same extremity at which he had been three years before on the 9th of December. He was still, however, ignorant of his fate; and determined to extract from him all the information they possibly could, the inquisitors caused him to be brought before them on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of

June, and exhorted him to make a full confession to them of the names of his accomplices.

Melchior was not aware that he was to die on the following day; and lacking that spur to his imagination, he answered that he had nothing more to say, and referred them for the information they desired to his confession of the 9th December 1565. On the following morning, however, as soon as the fatal habit of the condemned was put upon him, he cried out that he had a confession to make. The inquisitor hearing this, went with all haste to the prison, when Melchior declared that another house in a different street was also used as a Jewish synagogue, and named seven persons whom he had been in the habit of meeting there.

In addition to this, he wrote out a list of seven synagogues, and denounced fourteen persons who frequented them, and officiated in them. He also named another house, which was, he said, inhabited by Jewish heretics. All this, however, did not save him. The procession of the condemned set out, and he marched among them in the fatal *sanbenito* to the place of execution. Here, in the very act of being fastened to the stake, he demanded another audience, in which he named two other houses which were used as synagogues, and denounced twelve other individuals as Jewish heretics.

He was then informed that this confession was still manifestly incomplete, and as such, was insufficient to avert the sentence passed upon him; upon which the poor trembling wretch said abjectly that he would try to recall the circumstances, and would perhaps remember some fresh cases.

A pitiful coward, my masters! Yes, a very pitiful, cringing coward; but how many of us would be braver, racked and tortured, unnerved by years of solitary durance, and with the prospect before us of being gradually roasted to death in a slow fire?

While the fiscal was reading over the charges against the prisoners, Melchior's imagination was busy. A few minutes after he received intimation that his disclosures were insufficient, he announced that he had remembered the names of seven other individuals. These were marked down, but no other notice was taken of his communication; and just before the fire was applied to the piles, he said that he wished to make a third confession. In this he named two other houses which he said had been used as synagogues, and six persons who were in the habit of attending them. This procured the object he had in view: he was again respited from death at the eleventh hour. The inquisitor, after he had written down what he had to say, gave orders to untie him from the stake, and he was conveyed back to prison half-dead with fright.

On the 12th of June he was requested to ratify this confession, which he did; but when pressed to discover his other accomplices, he answered 'that he did not at the time remember the names of any others.'

On the 13th of June, remorsefully conscious that he had accused many innocent men, he endeavoured to

save one of his particular friends by alleging that he had made a mistake in naming him. At the same time he tried to throw a sop to Cerberus, by pretending to remember a fresh Jewish synagogue and two worshippers in it.

Don Jerome Manriquez, meanwhile, still retained a resentful remembrance of the compliments the unhappy accused had paid him; and instructed by him, the fiscal again demanded that the sentence of death should be carried into execution against the prisoner, alleging that he had, by his own showing, been guilty of concealment.

Melchior, rightly suspecting that his death was again fixed upon, demanded another audience; and when he had obtained it, he strove in despair to arouse the compassion of his judges. 'What more could I do?' he exclaimed pathetically; 'you tortured me when I spoke the truth, and in self-defence I bore false witness, miserable man that I am. Know for certain that I have never been summoned to any assembly, and that I have never attended any, except for the purposes of lawful commerce.'

During the months of July, August, and September, the condemned man was summoned by his persecutors to fifteen audiences of examination. He was flattered, browbeaten, tortured; but all was in vain: his replies were invariably the same.

On the 16th of October a fresh witness appeared against him, and another followed on the 30th. Mel-

chior, however, denied the statements of both of these men, and with unwonted spirit wrote out a defence, and demanded that witnesses also should be heard on his side. He could bring men, he said, to prove that he was at Toledo, and not in Murcia at all, at the time specified by his accusers. The inquisitors, however, with great injustice and cruelty, would not suffer him to call his witnesses; neither would they read his memorial, but tossing it contemptuously aside, proceeded to pass such a sentence upon him as was agreeable to their caprice and cupidity.

On the 20th of March the unfortunate man was condemned to death for the third time. He had profited, however, too much by his former lessons, to be in any danger of suffering. He returned from this third auto-da-fé, as he had returned from the two previous ones, having again obtained a respite by indiscriminate and incredible accusations of any or every one against whom he suspected the inquisitors to bear a grudge.

Once more restored to his cell, the oft-repeated farce was again played out in all its pitiful details. He demanded audiences, and got them; and in five interviews which he had with his judges he blackened himself unsparingly, and denounced his fellow-citizens without stint.

His revelations, however, were not considered sufficient. He was reproached with having withheld the names of several eminent and distinguished persons, who, it was insinuated, were every whit as guilty as those poorer and less famous individuals against whom he had informed.

This shameless hint exhausted his patience: it was the one straw needful to break down the camel's back. The wretched prisoner passed at once from the depths of cringing humility to the heights of indignant resentment. 'Thieves, murderers!' he shouted out to his astonished judges; 'get away from me, leave me in peace, tempt me no longer to sell my soul, already stained with innocent blood, bartered away in vain for your favour. What can you do to me? Burn me? Well, then, let it be so; I cannot confess what I do not know. Nevertheless be sure of this, all that I have said of myself is perfectly true; but what I have said of others is entirely false. I have only invented it to save my life, and because I perceived that you wished me to denounce innocent persons; and being unacquainted with the names and quality of these unfortunate people, I named all whom I could think of, in the hope of finding an end to my misery. I now perceive plainly that my situation admits of no relief, and I therefore retract all my depositions; and now that I have eased my conscience, and fulfilled this duty, you may burn me as soon as you please.'

Thus spoke the goaded, irritated wretch. Inspired by the fitful, evanescent courage of rage and despair, he turned upon the men who had so long trampled upon him in the name of religion, and defied them to do their worst. They did not, however, as might have been expected, take him at once at his word. They sent an account of the trial again to the Supreme Council, and this body confirmed the sentence of death for the third time; and wrote, besides, a sharp reprimand to their inferior court, rebuking them for summoning the accused before them after his sentence was pronounced, such a course being contrary to the usual procedure of the Inquisition, which only granted an audience to a condemned prisoner if it was specially requested by him.

The inquisitors of Murcia were, however, too wise in their own conceit to submit to this judgment: they pocketed the reprimand, and then with much equanimity took their own way. There were still too many rich Jews in Murcia for them to be able to afford to lose the prisoner, whose accusations were a perfect mine of wealth to them. On the 31st of May 1570, a few weeks after receiving the opinion of the Supreme Council, they again summoned Melchior before them, and inquired if he had nothing else to communicate—if he had remembered nothing else in prison during the last few weeks.

To this question he returned a short and decided answer in the negative; and enraged at what they called his contumacy, and dismayed at the sudden extinction of the rich mine they had wrought so long, they tried their utmost to re-awaken the terrors they had found so profitable.

'We beseech you,' they said, 'to recollect what a discrepancy there is in your communications, and how full they are of contradictions. It is absolutely necessary for the good of your soul that you should make what you

have never yet made—a full confession of the truth, both as regards yourself and the guilty persons with whom you are acquainted. If you will not speak, it may be necessary for your own welfare to force you to do so.'

These words were very cunningly framed: they contained a leading hint as to what was wanted, and a threat by no means obscure. But Melchior had had sufficient sorrowful experience of the inquisitors to resist the trap laid for him; and instead of attempting to please them by retracting his last declaration, he answered firmly, that if they wished to know the truth, they would find it in the deposition he had made some time before in the presence of the inquisitor Ayora.

With all haste this deposition was sent for and opened; and it was then found that the accused had solemnly declared in it that he knew nothing whatever of the subject on which he was examined, and that the charges against him, whether made by himself or others, were entirely false from beginning to end.

Their indignation now knew no bounds. 'Liar!' they exclaimed, 'how can this declaration be true, when you have several times declared that you have attended the Jewish assemblies, believed in their doctrines, and persevered in that belief for the space of one year, until you were undeceived by a priest? How do you explain this incongruity?'

'By the explanation I have often given you. I spoke falsely when I made that declaration against myself.'

'But how is it, that what you have confessed of your-

self, and many other things which you now deny, are the result of the depositions of a great many witnesses? How do you account for this?'

'I do not know,' Melchior answered, 'if this that you tell me be true or false. It is not unlikely false, for I have not seen the written depositions of the witnesses. But if they have really deposed these things which you impute to them, it is because they are placed in the same situation as I am. They have borne false witness, as I did, in the vain hope of saving their lives. It is certain that they do not love me better than I love myself, and yet you have forced me to testify against myself both truth and falsehood.'

'Again you contradict yourself,' replied the inquisitors.
'What motive could you have for declaring things injurious to yourself, if they were false?'

To this Hernandez replied: 'I did not think these falsehoods would be injurious to me. On the contrary, I expected to reap great advantages from them, because I saw that if I did not confess anything, I should be considered as impenitent, and the truth would lead me to the scaffold. I thought that falsehood would be most useful to me, and I found it so in effect at two autos-da-fè.'

Finding they could in no way move him from his resolution, they then broke up the conference in a rage, after a good deal of bitter recrimination on both sides; and Melchior was reconducted to his cell, doomed for the third time to the scaffold—this time without the hope of

a reprieve, as he would no longer consent to purchase safety by falsehoods useful to his judges.

On the 6th of June 1570, Melchior Hernandez was informed, according to the custom of the Inquisition, that he must prepare for death on the following day. He was clothed for the third time in the sanbenito, worn by those condemned to the flames, and a confessor was sent to him. Again, as before, he demanded an audience; and at two o'clock in the morning one of the inquisitors went to him, expecting no doubt to see a repetition of the old weak fears and unworthy concessions; but Melchior was strong at last. A secretary was in attendance to take down the prisoner's revelations; but they were very different from any that he had before made on a similar occasion. 'I must die,' he said pathetically, 'innocent as I am; but I wish first to declare, that being on the point of appearing before the tribunal of Almighty God, and having no hope of escaping from death by any new delays, I think myself bound solemnly to declare that I have never conversed with any one, Spaniard or New Christian, upon the Mosaical law. The pretended conversations I reported to you on this subject, I fabricated in the vain hope of saving my life, and in the belief that these my false confessions were pleasing to you, who held in your hands the power of life and death. I humbly ask pardon of all those unhappy persons whom my falsehoods have implicated and brought under your suspicion. I pray God to forgive me the great sin that

I have committed, and so to preserve those I have falsely denounced, that they may suffer neither in honour nor in reputation by my error.'

'You ought not to speak falsely,' answered the inquisitor, still clinging to the idea that the accusations were true. 'No motive of compassion for the denounced persons ought to make you strive to conceal the truth. I beseech you, in the name of God, do not increase your sins by falsehood at the very moment of death.'

'I am endeavouring to free my conscience from the sin of former falsehoods,' said the prisoner indignantly. 'I again affirm solemnly before God, who knows that I am speaking the truth, that all my former declarations were false.'

During this conversation the cold grey light of morning had been straggling through the iron gratings of the window into the miserable cell; and as Melchior ceased speaking, steps were heard hurrying along the stone lobby outside, and the ponderous bolts fastening the door began to creak as they were slowly withdrawn.

'Your hour has come,' said the inquisitor, turning coldly away from the helpless victim, whose firmness had at last baffled all his cruel cunning; and as he uttered the words the familiars entered, bound and strangled the prisoner in his cell, and then dragging out his lifeless body, threw it upon a pile of wood loosely heaped together in a corner of the prison court, and applying a torch, consumed it in a short time to ashes.

Such was the miserable fate of this wealthy Jewish merchant, who had outwardly, from his infancy, acted like a sincere Catholic, and whose only crime was the worldly success that had filled his coffers, and rendered him a prize too tempting for the cupidity of the inquisitors to resist.





CHAPTER XIV.

MARY DE BOURGOGNE.

HE preceding narrative may be considered to exemplify in a marked degree the cruel and unjustifiable manner in which the Inquisition dealt with the Jews; but a still more iniquitous instance of the mode in which that oppressive tribunal persecuted the unfortunate outcast race is to be found in the case of Mary de Bourgogne. This old lady-she was eighty-five when the inquisitors first got her into their clutches - was born in Saragossa, of a rich and reputable Tewish family. Following the custom of her race, she married a rich Jew, a native of Burgundy, from whom she acquired the name of Mary de Bourgogne. Her married life was passed in Murcia, where her husband died, leaving a very great amount of property altogether in her control. In process of time her children married, and left her; some settling in Murcia, and others at a distance, the widowed Mary continuing to live alone in her comfortable house, in the enjoyment of wealth and ease, and having around her a considerable household of servants and slaves.

One of these latter was seized by the Inquisition on some paltry charge or other, and having been mercilessly tortured for the purpose of making him implicate his mistress, he at last declared that some person, whose name he had forgotten, had asked him whether he was a Christian or a Jew; and when he answered that he was a Jew, his mistress had said, 'You are right; for these Christians around us have neither faith nor law.'

Having obtained what they wanted, the inquisitors then adjudged this involuntary household traitor to death; and after they had consumed him to ashes in the *auto-da-fé* of 1552, they proceeded to act on the information they had received.

A few weeks after his death, the unhappy Mary was taken from her comfortable home; and without even being able to procure an answer to her natural inquiry of what she had done to deserve such treatment, she was plunged into a damp unwholesome dungeon, where she languished for five years, until 1557, untried, uncondemned, innocent of all crime except the unpardonable one of being rich.

In expiation of this involuntary sin of circumstance, she suffered for five years all the horrors of secret imprisonment, her aged frame racked by pains induced by the cold, to which her delicate nurturing, and a long life spent amid all the luxuries of wealth, rendered her peculiarly sensitive.

No sufficient proof could be found to condemn her. Her life had been so blameless and exemplary, and her charities were so large, that not a single false witness could be found to support the pain-wrung deposition of the unfortunate slave. The venerable lady was in the position of one who had no enemies; and the inquisitors having sought in vain for five years for evidence to support their foregone resolution to condemn her, at last resolved that she should be tortured, in order to force her, if possible, to utter something which might be adduced against her.

One evening after dusk, the inquisitor Cano went to the cell of the unfortunate lady, who was then ninety years of age; several familiars accompanied him, and by his orders the prisoner was taken from her bed and conveyed to the chamber of torture. Here she was put by the shoulders into the *chevalet* or rack, and her arms and legs were fastened with cords of flax,—a less number of turns having been made than usual, by Cano's orders, who decreed that the torture should be what he designated moderate.

The executioner then tightened the cords by means of a species of screw, and a shameful scene of tyrannical cruelty ensued. The aged sufferer, writhing, groaning, half-fainting, and wholly agonized, uttered from time to time wild, pitiful, broken expressions of anguish, or brief interjections of prayer, which the inquisitor, standing by at his ease, coolly wrote down for future use.

When he had obtained what he thought would suit his purpose, he commanded the torture to cease, and the unhappy woman was withdrawn from the rack, and carried all bruised and mangled to her cell. There, destitute of every comfort which her advanced age required, with her wounds undressed, unable to crawl to the water which would have slaked her dying thirst, her anguish for days was indescribable, until God, more merciful than man, had compassion upon her at last, and sent death to release her from her sufferings.

In about a week after the brutal inquisitor's gentle administration of his so-called moderate torture, she died, another guiltless victim of this hateful tribunal of wholesale murder and rapine.

Having killed, the inquisitors immediately proceeded to take the steps necessary for entering upon possession of their blood-bought spoils. Taking advantage of some expressions which the agony of the torture had wrung from Mary, they declared that she had died an obstinate and impenitent Jewish heretic; and as such, her property was confiscated to the use of the Inquisition.

In addition to this flagrant injustice, her memory, and that of her children, and their descendants to the most remote generations, was declared infamous; her bones and effigy were burned publicly in the *auto-da-fé* of 1559, and her house and property in Murcia were taken possession of by the inquisitors.



CHAPTER XV.

DON PAUL OLAVIDE.

HE Jews, Moors, and Protestants, although the greatest sufferers, were not the only classes in Spain persecuted by the Inquisition. The class of authors, the *literati* of the country, were at all times regarded with a suspicious eye; and not only fell into its clutches from time to time, but had much ado to preserve themselves from the flames.

Don Paul Olavide, a native of Lima in Peru, had acquired considerable celebrity as the author of several philosophical works. He was, besides, a man of wealth and importance, and was prefect of Seville and of the adjacent towns. This gentleman was intimately acquainted and maintained a close friendship with the French philosophers Voltaire and Rousseau, and in 1776 he was arrested and taken to the secret prisons of the Inquisition in Madrid, charged with having imbibed the infidel opinions of his French friends.

In the course of the trial, it appeared that he had delivered a series of public lectures in some towns near Seville, which were under his government. In these lectures, forgetful of the omnipotent arm and omnipresent eye of the Inquisition, he had given a loose rein to his admiration of all things French, and had particularly insisted upon the claims of his philosophic friends to the admiration and adulation of the human race. A highly coloured account of his savings and doings in Seville and the adjoining towns was contained in the act of accusation preferred against him; but many of these allegations Olavide utterly denied, and assigned to others a different meaning from that which they were made to bear by the inquisitors. He also showed that the witnesses had in some instances manifestly misunderstood him; but in spite of all he could do or say, his judges came to the conclusion that he was a secret participator in the errors of Voltaire and Rousseau, and as such declared him guilty of heresy, but in a moderate, not in a violent degree.

Olavide upon this, by the advice of his counsel, declared that he was ready to ask pardon for his imprudence in touching with too little care upon forbidden subjects. At the same time, he protested that he was guiltless of the crime of heresy, having never, he said, lost what he called his interior faith.

On the 24th of November 1778 the inquisitors held an auto-da-fé; but public opinion had changed so much since the palmy days of Philip the Second, that they were forced to celebrate the solemnity with closed doors.

The funeral fires were kindled in the great outer of

court of the Inquisition at Madrid; and there, sadly shorn of outward pomp, with no fluttering of banners or braying of trumpets, and with only sixty spectators—who were, however, of high rank—the *auto-da-fe* was held. The condemned, clad in the traditional robe of infamy, marched three times round the paved sides of the court, Don Paul Olavide forming one of the procession, attired in a loose gown of black serge, and holding an extinguished torch in his hand.

As he had been formally convicted of heresy, the unlucky prefect of Seville ought to have worn the hideous sanbenito, with its painted devils and flames; but his judges, who had much more sympathy with an infidel than with a Protestant, excused him from that, and also from the cord which ought by the laws of the Inquisition to have been fastened round his neck. There, however, their leniency ceased: the rest of his sentence was not unduly merciful. For the foolish display he had made of newfangled and ill-digested opinions, culled from Rousseau and Voltaire, opinions in which-according to his own account—he did not seriously believe, he was condemned to eight years of strict confinement in a convent. In this prison, none the less a dungeon that it was a spiritual one, he was ordered to live according to the rules of a confessor chosen for him by the Inquisition; and when his term of imprisonment was over, he was banished for life from Madrid, Seville, Cordova, and the new towns in the Sierra Morena adjoining Seville, which had been under his government. His extensive properties in

Spain and Peru were confiscated, and he was forbidden in future to accept any office, or be distinguished by any honourable title. He was also perpetually debarred from riding on horseback, from wearing any jewels or ornaments of gold, silver, pearls, diamonds, or precious stones of any kind. Clothes of silk or fine wool were also prohibited; and he was commanded in all time coming to dress himself in coarse serge, or some other unornamental stuff of the same kind. Can any one conceive of a tyranny more oppressively iniquitous? And vet Olavide might account himself comparatively lucky: his limbs were not mangled and dislocated, like those of the aged Mary de Bourgogne; and he was not roasted alive, like thousands of others at least as guiltless as he was of any offence deserving death. The reading of his sentence, and of the detailed reports of his trial, lasted for four hours, all which time was spent in the great outer court. From the act of accusation he learned, somewhat to his own surprise, that the fiscal of the Inquisition had manufactured the solitary charge against him into seventy heretical propositions, to support which no fewer than seventy-two witnesses had been summoned and examined.

Towards the conclusion of the report, the unhappy vilified philosopher, impelled by despair, tried in vain to defend himself. Looking round at the audience, he said aloud, 'Whatever the fiscal may say, fellow-countrymen, I protest that I have never lost my faith.'

No one answered him. If any one felt pity for him,

it was blighted by the near proximity of the inquisitors. The fiscal went on with the sentence, and the poor exprefect, despised and neglected by every one, fainted away, and fell off the bench upon which, as a great favour, he had been allowed to sit.

This caused a slight delay: the fiscal paused in his reading; the familiars lifted the miserable man from the floor, dashed a quantity of water into his face, and making use of other restoratives not too tenderly, at last succeeded in restoring him to his senses; and he sat up and stared about him again, with wo-begone, lack-lustre eyes.

The fiscal then resumed the interrupted thread of his story; and when the reading of the sentence was finished, the wretched disciple of the French philosophers, bitterly ruing the day when such false lights had shone upon him across the Pyrenees, fell upon his knees; and after having read and signed his profession of faith, priestly absolution was administered to him.

With this poor comfort to console him, he was taken back to prison, utterly ruined in a temporal point of view, and branded with all the infamy which in his bigoted and superstitious country was popularly supposed to attach to the imputation of heresy.

To make his trial still more painful to him, the sixty persons invited to hear his sentence read, and witness the ceremony of his degradation, were all his personal friends,—noblemen of the first rank, dukes, counts, marquises, and knights of the different military orders. A truly imposing assembly, if high-sounding titles and the bluest of the blue blood of Castile could give it importance; but, as compared with the Inquisition, utterly powerless. They could do nothing to help their friend; but the inquisitors suspected them of sharing his opinions, and therefore they were forced to attend, that they might see what awaited them if they were not more prudent and reserved in their conversation.

Olavide meanwhile, in his convent prison, seemed in circumstances sufficiently hopeless. For a time he gave himself up to despair, and sat crouched up in a corner of his cell, brooding over all that he had lost, till the harsh voices of his priestly jailors summoned him to hateful penances or formal prayers, in which his heart had no share. In this manner he languished for some months, dragging the chain he detested but could not unbind, until hope, the strong instinctive hope of the human heart, began once more to revive in his breast. He found a rusty nail; and the broken, insignificant fragment of iron furnished him with a basis on which to build bright day-dreams of liberty. Deserted by God and forsaken by man, as he had deemed himself, the treasure he had found made him again feel strong. Carefully secreting it through the day, he worked with it during the long night hours, filing away at the iron bars that guarded the narrow window of his cell, till his fingers were raw and bleeding, and worn almost to the bone.

What a task it was! Hours of incessant labour

scarcely produced an appreciable difference on the stubborn iron. But hope sustained him; brooding dove-like in that cell of despair, it preserved him from the vagaries of madness, and encouraged him to such persevering labour as could not fail of success at last.

One dark night the stubborn bar gave way in his hand. The blood surged to his temples; a violent fit of trembling seized him. He was free—free at last; but so unnerved by the sudden approach of the long-expected moment, that he could neither think nor act nor pray. Mechanically replacing the bar, he deferred his escape until the following night, which was dark and stormy, and in every way propitious to a fugitive.

His intention was to go to France, but he repaired in the first instance to the house of a friend in Madrid, where he remained concealed till the first fury of the search for him was over. He then went to Paris. In this city he lived for many years, under the title of the Count de Pilo, earning a precarious livelihood by writing philosophic treatises and pamphlets, and incessantly pining, like the more famous Perez, for his native land.

At last he conceived the idea of publishing a recantation of his errors, which he did in the form of a work which he called *The Gospel Triumphant; or the Converted Philosopher*. This procured the end which he had in view; and the inquisitors having obtained theirs—namely, his punishment and the confiscation of his property—were at last graciously pleased to have compassion on the poor ruined wretch. Towards the end

of the eighteenth century he was pardoned and suffered to return home, where he died poor and despised, but it is to be hoped in possession of all the comforts of that orthodoxy which he had suffered so much to attain.





CHAPTER XVI.

BENEDICT ARIAS MONTANO.

ENEDICT ARIAS MONTANO, accounted the most learned man of his age in the Oriental languages, a voluminous author, and a doctor of theology of the Council of Trent, was also prosecuted by the Inquisition. Like many distinguished Spaniards of the age of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, a prolonged residence abroad had induced in him a dangerous liberality of mind, although this was scarcely so fatal to him as the talents and learning which awakened the unscrupulous envy and hatred of his priestly compeers.

His erudition was prodigious: he understood Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, English, Dutch, and German; and although his birth was humble, and his early life had been passed in an obscure convent, his abilities had brought him into such prominent notice, that he was almoner to the king, a knight of the order of St. Iago, and a doctor of theology in the famous University of Alcala del Henares.

This distinguished man was born in 1527 in Frexenal

de la Sierra, a village in the high mountain country which separates Estremadura from Andalusia. His first years as a student were spent at the University of Seville, where he gained great honour, especially distinguishing himself as a linguist. The same fame attended him at Alcala del Henares, where his literary career was completed, and where he obtained the degree of doctor of theology. The next years of his life were spent in Italy, France, Germany, England, and the Netherlands. In each of these countries he lived a considerable time, adding their languages to the ancient and Oriental tongues which he had already acquired. After the celebrated Council of Trent, at which he was present, he returned to his own country with the intention of spending the remainder of his life in retirement, and devoting it to the literary pursuits which he loved. Philip the Second was at this time in the Netherlands; and a celebrated printer of Antwerp, named Plantin, having obtained an interview with him, represented to him that the copies of the Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros were exhausted, and that it would confer a boon upon his subjects if he would order a new edition, with corrections and additions.

Philip, in a rare fit of liberality, was graciously pleased to approve of this project; and in 1568 he sought out Montano in his seclusion, and succeeded in inducing him to go to Antwerp and superintend the work.

This edition of the Bible, which is known as the Antwerp Polyglot, occupied him from 1569 to 1572, when

it was completed and printed at the printing-press of Christopher Plantin, at the cost of Philip the Second.

In order to make it as complete as possible, Montano not only devoted to it all his own erudition and labour, but obtained to aid him a great many unpublished editions of the Bible in many different languages.

The work itself, when completed, consisted of eight folio volumes. In the Old Testament it contained the Greek, the Hebrew, the Targum of Onkelos, the Chaldee Paraphrases, and the Vulgate. In the New Testament it comprised the Greek and Latin, and a Syriac version printed both in Syriac and Hebrew characters.

Montano obtained much praise for his Bible, both from Pope Pius the Fifth and Gregory the Thirteenth, who directed their nuncios in Flanders to thank him publicly for his labours. To the latter pontiff Montano also presented a copy, which he took to Rome in person, and delivered to his Holiness with an eloquent speech in Latin, of which both Pope and cardinals were pleased to approve.

As for Philip, he was so delighted with the labour of the learned scholar, that he presented a copy of the new Polyglot Bible to all the princes of Christendom, from which it also received the name of the Royal or Philippine Bible.

Montano meanwhile returned to Spain, to find his Bible as fatal to him as the archbishop's cope was to Carranza. He had been before disliked for his talents; but the reputation he had now acquired drove some of his contemporaries almost mad with envy. Among the Tesuits particularly he had several bitter enemies. Diego Lainez, Alphonso Salmeron, and other Jesuit theologians of the Council of Trent, were incensed at him because he had not consulted them. Another who hated him bitterly was Leon de Castro, a secular priest, who was Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Salamanca. This man's cause of complaint was, that Montano had not consulted the university to which he belonged, or employed him to aid him in his work.

Perfectly aware of the rancour which several distinguished members of the Society of Jesus bore to Montano, and conscious that he would be supported by them, this vindictive man, like an envious cur snarling at the heels of greatness, denounced the celebrated scholar to the Inquisition at Rome.

This denunciation he wrote in Latin. Another in Spanish he addressed to the Supreme Council of the Spanish Inquisition at Madrid. In these precious documents he accused the learned divine of having given the Hebrew text of the Bible from the Jewish manuscripts, and of having made his version rather accord with the opinions of the Jewish Rabbis than with those of the Fathers of the Church. From all this he argued that Montano was infected with the Jewish heresy, which deduction he strove to support by alleging that he gave himself the title of Rabbi or Master. This allegation Llorente affirms is entirely false. He had himself seen, he says, a copy of Montano's Bible; and the title the great scholar takes is not Rabbi, Master, but Thalmud—disciple. It is possible that De Castro was quite aware of this, and of his own falsehood; but he did not find himself the less welcome at a tribunal which was emphatically one of lies. If truth had been necessary to the denunciations of the Inquisition, its condemnations would have been but few.

The mine opened by De Castro, Diego Lainez, the second general of the Jesuits, with several of his brethren of the Society of Jesus, continued to work assiduously, and poured in accusation after accusation against the unsuspecting Montano, who meanwhile went about unmolested.

De Castro, overflowing with rancour, and surprised to see his enemy still at large, wrote a second time to one of the inquisitors of Madrid, who was his personal friend, reproaching him with his remissness, and asking him the cause of such unwonted delay in a tribunal whose vengeance was usually so prompt and sure. Then the truth came out. The Inquisition could do nothing: its arms were bound, its poison-fangs extracted. Neither to serve friend nor seize foe could it move a foot. Montano was safe, although filled to the brim with all the heresy of all the Rabbis double distilled. The slow, cold Philip, true for once to his promises of protection, had bestirred himself; and not content with his own powerful efforts, had obtained a special brief from the Pope protecting his theologian and his Bible. In these circumstances, the inquisitors, bethinking themselves that the learned scholar had more treasures in his head than in his purse, wisely concluded to let the matter rest, and desisting from the prosecution, catch instead some opulent New Christian with less of rabbinical learning and more of Jewish wealth.

Montano's troubles were not, however, over: the mere imputation of heresy in Spain clove to a man like the leprosy of the Israelites. It was necessary for the suspected to show himself to the priests, and go through a cleansing process both painful and expensive, before he could be permitted to mingle comfortably in the society of his countrymen. Montano accordingly resolved to go to Rome, and there cleanse himself in person from the imputed taint. In due time he set out on his journey; and De Castro, who was an inveterate enemy, circulated everywhere copies of his denunciation; the Jesuits on their part doing the same by theirs. These acts of hatred were not, however, suffered to go unchallenged. Fray Luis Estrada, a friend of the absent man, attacked De Castro's denunciation; which was also very skilfully refuted by Pedro Chacon, a Spaniard of much learning, who conclusively showed the deadly injury the Christian religion must sustain if an attempt were made to falsify the Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible.

De Castro published a reply to this, so weak and inconclusive, that it injured even his bad cause.

At this stage of the proceedings Montano returned from Rome, and found the inquisitors not indisposed to seize him, if they could only see their way to his arrest. This, however, they could not do. The king protected him, and he was not arrested, but was confined to the city of Madrid, where he lived in his own house, with permission to come and go at pleasure. By order of the Council of the Inquisition, a copy of the denunciations against him was put into his hands; and to this document Montano replied, triumphantly refuting the accusations, and insinuating that the charges against him were the result of a plot concocted by some Jesuits and others who were his enemies.

The inquisitor-general took no notice of this defence; he was displeased, not improbably, by its bold and independent tone: on the contrary, he went on making arrangements for the trial. In concert with the Supreme Council, he appointed certain eminent theologians as qualifiers or censors of Montano's works, and remitted to them the denunciation of De Castro, and the charges of the Jesuits, the reply of the accused, and the refutations of his two friends Estrada and Pedro Chacon.

The principal of these qualifiers was Juan de Mariana, a Jesuit, a man whose acquirements rendered him not ineligible for the office of censor, his knowledge of the Oriental languages and of theology being very considerable. The influence of the Jesuits contributed greatly likewise to his election, because, being a member of their society, they never doubted that he would support the accusations of his religious confrères, and condemn Montano, whom they regarded as their enemy.

The result of the trial, however, showed them, very

much to their own surprise and disgust, that there were honest men even in the Society of Jesus. Mariana, in his judgment, declared that he could find no grounds for a charge of heresy in Montano's work. The Polyglot Bible was certainly full of small errors and inaccuracies; but they were inconsiderable, and of so little importance that they could not be regarded as deserving of theological censure.

This decision had so much influence with the Supreme Council of the Inquisition, that they resolved to gratify the king by pronouncing the acquittal of the great scholar. This they accordingly did; and a short time afterwards, news was brought to Montano that he had gained his cause also in Rome. As for Mariana, the Jesuits could not forgive him for the impartiality which had enabled their enemy to slip through their fingers, and never rested until they had made him also in his turn a victim of the Inquisition.

Montano having thus victoriously triumphed over his implacable foes, disappeared into the retirement which he loved, and to which the studious, contemplative bent of his mind inclined him. His circumstances were comfortable; for Philip, who had little of his father's parsimony in his treatment of his dependants, bestowed upon him a yearly pension of two thousand ducats, besides other gifts and emoluments. His leisure was passed in the composition of numerous literary works, many of which refer to the Bible, and are explanatory of it, and of Jewish antiquities as bearing upon it,—a species

of research of which he seems to have been fond. In addition to these critical works, he also published a poem upon the art of rhetoric, and wrote a *History of Nature*.

Montano died at Seville, in the seventy-first year of his age, in 1598, having lived to see his enemy Diego Lainez, the second general of the Jesuits, and his censor Juan Mariana, prosecuted by the Inquisition.

Lainez, who was absent from Spain at the time of his prosecution, remained abroad, and thus evaded the jurisdiction of the Holy Office. He was accused of Lutheran predilections; but whether the accusation was true or false, there are no data to show. Mariana, his fellow-victim, was a man in all respects so much his superior, that he merits a chapter to himself.





CHAPTER XVII.

JUAN DE MARIANA.

UAN DE MARIANA was the son of Juan Martinez de Mariana, Canon and Dean of the College of Talavera de la Reyna, where Mariana was born in 1537. He was educated by his father with much care, and was sent to finish his studies at the University of Alcala del Henares, where he entered the then rising order of the Jesuits.

His college career was so distinguished, and his acquirements in the Oriental languages and in the study of theology were so great, that he was appointed to teach theology in the schools of his order, first in Spain, and afterwards, when his wandering disposition led him abroad, in Rome, where he had Bellarmine, afterwards so famous, as one of his scholars.

Mariana was a great traveller. After some time spent in Rome, he went to Sicily in 1565, and then to Paris in 1569.

In this city he remained for seven years, teaching theology, until his health, which had always been weak, became so precarious, that he was forced to return to Spain. Ceasing his labours as a teacher, he settled at Toledo, and began his history of Spain, a lengthy and laborious task, extending to thirty volumes. Of these, he published twenty books in 1592, and in 1605 ten additional volumes, carrying his narrative down to 1516.

This history is written in Latin, in a lucid, terse, elegant style, fairly entitling Mariana to an honourable place among the medieval Latin authors. It has also the great historical merit of being truthful, candid, and impartial; its fairness reflecting no little credit on its author, in an age of such violent prejudices. Mariana also wrote a Spanish translation of his history, which has all the merits of the Latin original, and has always been considered a standard work in Spanish literature.

The learned Jesuit, although not a courtier, was held in great esteem at court; and Philip was in the habit of consulting him in all questions of difficulty. He was also, for some time at least, in much favour with the inquisitor-general, who appointed him arbitrator in the famous dispute about the Polyglot Bible of Montano. In this case, despite all the intrigues and efforts of his brethren, he acted according to the decision of his own conscience, and pronounced Benedict Arias Montano guiltless of the heresy imputed to him. From that moment he was a marked man in his order; and he seems to have returned with interest the suspicion and dislike of his religious confrères. An earnest and laborious worker, his pen was never idle. In 1583 he was commissioned to draw up an index or list of prohibited books, in the performance of which task he displayed a liberality which greatly displeased his fellow-Jesuits; and shortly afterwards he offended them beyond all hope of forgiveness, by writing a book against them, treating of the maladies of the Society of Jesuits. This work was not published until after his death; but he was in the habit of circulating it privately, and the Jesuits were sufficiently acquainted with portions of it to feel inspired with a most virulent hatred against him.

In 1500 he published and dedicated to Philip the Third, not the greatest perhaps, but certainly the most remarkable work of his life,—a treatise which he called De Rege et Regis Institutione. The tyrannicide principles of this work, which would make it noteworthy in any age, procured for it in that era of kingcraft and divine right an extraordinary celebrity, and brought a great degree of odium upon the whole order of the Jesuits. In his treatise, Mariana considers the world-famous question whether it be lawful to resist and slay a tyrant. In defiance of the then generally received principle of the heaven-born right of kings, he decides that it is; and furthermore, declares that it is altogether a matter of indifference to him whether the tyrant is a usurper or a lawfully descended king. That he is a tyrant, is enough, in his eyes, to seal his doom. The remaining portions of the book coincide pretty closely in idea with the opinions of most modern constitutional writers, and exhibit also a marked resemblance to the deliverances on the same subject promulgated by the most celebrated Protestant authors of the day. In almost

every capital of Christendom this curious work was received with a storm of abuse. In Paris it was burned by the public hangman; and the general of the Jesuits, Æquavia, publicly denounced and condemned it, and forbade its doctrines to be taught publicly of privately in any school of the order. Nor was this the only inconvenience to which the frank exposition of his views upon tyranny exposed Mariana. His brethren had long been watching for his halting; and they now hurried overjoyed into the arena, glad to have some tangible cause of complaint against him, and eager to hound on the harpies of the Inquisition and the emissaries of the Government, who rushed like a pack of howling jackals upon their prey. The horizon looked very black; but Mariana was a man of undaunted courage. In 1609 he published at Cologne a volume consisting of seven treatises; one of them on the exchange of money, and the others on death and immortality, on the scholia of the Bible, and on various subjects,-all displaying the terse vigour of his prime; and wonderful, when we consider that the author was now an old man of eighty-three.

Meanwhile the prosecutions by the Government and the Inquisition were going on against him; and of the two, he found the king the easier adversary. Philip the Third was in all respects very unlike his formidable father: he did not concern himself much about a book which he had not sufficient intellect to comprehend, but contented himself with passing a lenient censure upon the distinguished Jesuit. The inquisitors did not suffer

him to escape so easily. From his writings they singled out the treatises on the Exchange of Money, and on Death and Immortality, as peculiarly obnoxious. On these works they forced him to make alterations, and would not suffer him to publish them until he had complied with their orders.

Several penances were also imposed upon him; and he was for some time kept in strict confinement in a convent, from which, however, he was allowed to go free before his death. He died in his own house in Toledo, in 1623, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

The Inquisition, by prosecuting and harassing such men as Mariana and his literary confrères, virtually checked the progress of arts, science, and literature in Spain.

It was in vain that they protested that they were only opposed to the invasion of heresy, and left all who were not heretics in perfect peace. Practically, they were opposed to anything like liberty of free thought upon any matter. Their jealousy was so keen, their tyranny so oppressive, that it was scarcely possible to write a book upon any subject which should not contain doctrines opposed to the old scholastic theology of the ignorant monks, who were their qualifiers or censors. Besides, in that age of reaction, religion was pre-eminently the question of the day: it entered into and modified all other questions; and as even to approach its discussion was punished in their courts by torture and confiscation, and in many cases even by death, it naturally followed that Spain dropped out of the march

in the onward course of the European nations, and has ever since lagged hopelessly behind.

In every department of literature and art, the paralyzing influence of the Inquisition was visible. How could a Spaniard be scientific? Science is never stationary; and the laws and dogmas of his dread national tribunal were like those of the Medes and Persians-thev altered not. The history of national progress, the principles of political economy, which had made other commonwealths prosperous, were sealed against his researches. Progress presupposed a reform of old grievances, the admission and presence of innovators; and for innovators the Inquisition reared its funeral pyres, and prepared, in chevalet and rack, a blood-stained couch of torment. Even the painter's brush was palsied. In the laughing grace of a Naiad, in the rough jollity of Faun or Satyr, the eye of an inquisitorial monk might trace an offence against public morality; and then woe to the unhappy student of Greek or Roman art. The drama even caught in Spain its inspiration from the Inquisition, languished awhile in that murky atmosphere, and then expired, choked in blood and the smoke of funeral fires. Thus hemmed in on all sides, turning instinctively like a plant in a dark cellar to the light, and yet menaced in every quarter to which he dared to lift his eyes, the Spaniard at last gave up the struggle. The bulk of the nation ceased to think: they no longer, as of old, dreamed of progress or change; their courage sank in proportion as their national spirit and morality

became debased; and they learned, as years passed slowly over them, to hug their fetters and be content. Between them and the ceaseless activities of changing Europe, there stretched a remorseless invisible belt of fire. In the bosom of Christendom, the germ of mighty, unborn revolutions swelled and fructified; while the national heart of Spain lay pulseless and still, frozen by the dread power that brooded like the genius of ruin on the remnants of her former strength. An untimely decrepitude and old age settled down like a blight upon the gigantic empire which the warlike Charles left to his gloomy son. Within, there was decay and division; without, there was fighting and dismay, until, bankrupt at home, despised abroad, stripped of colonies and conquests, Spain lay powerless and exhausted at the feet of the incubus which the shortsighted bigotry of Ferdinand the Catholic had bequeathed to her. She was free from the leaven of heresy; the Protestantism of De Seso and his disciples had been crushed out in blood; the Moors had found fresh fields for their industry, the Jews another haven for their wealth. She was at last, what her typical king Philip the Second had so ardently desired to make her, orthodox and Catholic: but she was also effete, a huge hulk from which life had departed, and to which wealth and prosperity were things of the past. The Inquisition itself ceased to display its accustomed vigour; its occupation was gone; there were no longer Protestants to burn; 'the blood of the martyrs had proved, in the case of the Spanish believers, not so much the seed of the Church,' as the deluge that swept it away. They were not: their place knew them no more. The fires fanaticism had fed gradually smouldered out, and the universal decrepitude of all things Spanish fell also on the Inquisition, which was forced at last to find its prey, where no martyrs were to be obtained,—in the ranks of such foolish philosophers as poor Don Paul Olavide.

It is only the more distinguished prisoners of the Inquisition of whom any record has been kept by Llorente or the other Spanish historians. Thousands of nameless victims languished in its dungeons, and writhed on its blood-stained racks, and were consumed to ashes on its funeral pyres, whose only record is that mighty voiceless cry of anguish, inaudible on earth, but heard in heaven, the prayer of the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held, and who cry with a loud voice, saying: 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?'

Generation after generation has passed away, and that prayer has appeared to remain unanswered; but now a day of light seems about to dawn upon Spain's long night of darkness. The Bible, which Carranza, De Seso, and hundreds of her noblest sons, loved and revered, is again circulating among her oppressed, priest-ridden masses: may it prove to them the same sure charter of civil and religious liberty which here in Britain it has proved to us!

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