SPANISH TOWNS
AND
SPANISH PICTURES.

A. D. 1870.

Examination Papers

Shetty - Mr. Lawrence

July 13th 1871.

To Franklin C. Shetty

Metallurgist

Examination Papers

Franklin C. Shetty.

50 —

No. 87. St. Paul and St. Anthony. (*Velazquez.*)—Page 49.

SPANISH TOWNS

AND

SPANISH PICTURES.

BY

MRS. W. A. TOLLEMACHE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

J. T. HAYES, LYALL PLACE, EATON SQUARE;

AND

4, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1870.

LONDON:
METCHIM & SON, 20, PARLIAMENT STREET, S.W,
AND
32, CLEMENT'S LANE, E.C.

TO

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL, BART.,

TO WHOSE WORKS ON SPANISH ART THE WRITER

IS DEEPLY INDEBTED,

AND WHOSE KIND PERUSAL OF THESE PAGES

HAS GIVEN HER ENCOURAGEMENT,

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

This volume is in great part taken from a Journal kept by the writer during a tour in Spain in 1869, and is put forth with the hope that it may prove useful to those who visit that pleasant land.

The writer ventures to publish these sketches, as an unpretending manual, in which the endeavour has been made to "gather up the fragments" of English, Spanish, and legendary history connected with the Towns and Pictures mentioned in its pages.

It has also been the writer's especial object to make better known some facts relating to the Spanish Church, which may be interesting to travellers in Catholic Spain.

35, Berkeley Square,
December, 1870.

MADRID GALLERY.

LIST OF PICTURES NAMED.

MADRID GALLERY—*Continued.*

SEVILLE GALLERY.

VALENCIA GALLERY.

ERRATA.

Page 17, heading of page.—For "Escurial" read "Avila."

Page 33.—For "Velasquez" read "Velazquez."

Page 58.—For "Gomes" read "Gomez."

Page 126.—For "Pascal" read "Paschal."

Page 132.—For "Decsent" read "Descent."

Page 189, line 15.—For "through" read "between."

Page 207.—For "Aquaduct" read "Aqueduct."

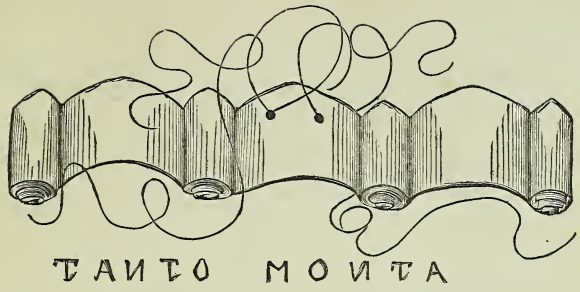
Page 209.—For "Carthagenian" read "Carthaginian."

Page 211.—For "Carthagenian" read "Carthaginian."

Page 221.—For "Junqueras" read "Junquera."

MAP OF SPAIN


BAY OF BISCAY
FRANCE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
NEW CASTILE
OLD CASTILE
ESTREMADURA
ARAGON
VALENCIA
MURCIA
ANDALUSIA
GRANADA
Oviedo
Santillana
Bilboa
Pampalon
Jaca
Huesca
Lerida
Tarragona
Barcelona
Perpignan
Narbonne
Leon
Saldana
Astorga
Palencia
Logrono
Burgos
Soria
Borja
Valladolid
Zamora
Salamanca
Segovia
Siguenza
Aranda
Calatayud
Daroca
Molina
Alcaniz
Tortosa
Toro
Escurial
Guadalaxara
Alcala
Madrid
Toledo
Cuenca
Albarracin
Teruel
Vinaroz
Peniscola
Talavera
Plasencia
Almaraz
Almarcha
Valencia
Xativa
Alicant
Majorca
Iviza
Tortosa
Alcantara
Truxillo
Arroba
Chinchilla
Villena
Alcaraz
Merida
Badajos
Almaden
Andujar
Baeza
Murcia
Lorca
Cartagena
Cordova
Ubeda
Jaen
Guadix
Granada
Purchena
Almeria
Malaga
Ronda
Seville
Xeres
Cadiz
Gibraltar
Tarifa
Algeziras
Tangier
Tetuan
Ceuta
Alboran
Velez
Melilla
Oran
C. Finisterre
C. Ortegal
C. Penas
C. Mondego
C. St. Vincent
C. de Palos
C. de Gata
C. Tenez
C. Ferat
C. Bon
C. Tagus
C. Espichel
C. Trafalgar
Straits of GIBRALTAR
C. Points
C. Figalo
Railways
British Statute Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 150
JAMES WYLD. DEL.
457 STRAND, LONDON.



SPANISH TOWNS AND SPANISH PICTURES.

April, 1869.

From Paris to Angoulême is an easy journey of nine hours ; and to find at one's journey's end a comfortable old-fashioned inn with charges moderate, such as the "Hôtel des Postes," is a luxury not to be overrated in these days of railway hotels, with their monster establishments and monstrous prices.

From Angoulême to Bordeaux, four hours. All are acquainted with Bordeaux as a great commercial city, the second seaport in France ; but possibly some English travellers may have forgotten the fact that through the marriage of our Henry II. with Eleanor, heiress of Guienne (1152), the town of Bordeaux was for nearly 300 years in the possession of England. This fact, however, once restored to the memory, the interest of Bordeaux is increased tenfold.

One visits with pride the fine old cathedral of St. André, built by the English. One goes back in thought to the days, when Edward the Black Prince and his beautiful wife Joan ("the fair maid of Kent") held their court here, on the banks of the broad waters of the Garonne. Proud days were those for England, when the French king, John, was brought a prisoner

to Bordeaux, after the battle of Poictiers. On that day the French force is said to have numbered 60,000 men, the English 10,000! "God is my help, I must fight them as best I can," were the memorable words uttered by the Black Prince, as he beheld the tremendous host arrayed against him; and before the sun went down the French had fled before the English marksmen.

As we are going into Spain, it is interesting to note how closely linked together are the histories of Spain and England. Here at Bordeaux, mention may be made of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile: he had at one time been betrothed to Joan, the sister of the Black Prince, but her untimely death put an end to the proposed marriage. Pedro's cruelties brought on a civil war in Spain; the French, under Du Guesclin, espoused the cause of Henry of Transtamarre (the King's half brother); and Pedro, defeated and dethroned, fled with his daughters to the Court of the Black Prince at Bordeaux.

Edward took up arms in his defence, and accompanied by his brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, marched an army into Spain, defeated the French and Spanish forces at Navarrete, and reinstated Pedro on his throne. The Black Prince returned to Bordeaux, wasted in health and crippled in means, through his generous interference. The ungrateful Pedro had "failed him in all his engagements," and the only result to England of this interference, was the marriage of John of Gaunt with Constance, the eldest daughter of Pedro: through which marriage, in after years, the Duke set up an idle claim to the Crown of Spain. It is worthy of note, that the great Spanish Queen, whose protection of Columbus gave a new world to Spain, was descended, both on the father's and the mother's side, from "Old John of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster."

From Bordeaux to Bayonne, the distance is short. In four hours you are in the old fortified town, full

of associations of our great Duke, and the passage of the Adour: three short hours more, and you are at San Sebastian, you have crossed the Bidassoa, you are in Spain.

Our Prince Charles, in his eagerness to meet the Spanish Infanta, is said to have danced for joy when he and Buckingham had crossed the frontier; and though such an exhibition of delight, as that of "the sweet boys," is forbidden in these days of express trains, yet, who that loves travelling, has not felt a thrill of pleasure and excitement, as he finds himself in a new and beautiful country; its past teeming with romance and historical interest, its present unsettled and disturbed, giving a tinge of adventure to his travels, which is never unwelcome to any Englishman—from Prince Charles downward.

Although only three hours from Bayonne, the change from France to Spain is immediately felt; French will no longer help you; you must speak Spanish, or you must have a servant who can. At San Sebastian we made our first acquaintance with Spanish Hotels, and their very commendable system of charging so much per head per day—saving the traveller much trouble, and all doubt as to expense.

Here Spanish chocolate is first tasted, thick as Turkish coffee, followed by the indispensable glass of water. According to Madame de Motteville, chocolate was "le grand régale d'Espagne" at the time of the marriage of the "grand Monarque" with the Infanta Maria Theresa, and it certainly continues so to this day. Here your eye catches sight of the Spanish cloak flung gracefully over the shoulder, giving a look of dignity to the most ragged; and rags abound.

The first Spanish Church that is visited has a strange effect upon the mind, and though the specimen at San Sebastian is but a poor one, it nevertheless puts to flight all preconceived notions of the interior of a Church. The first thing that strikes you is the gorgeous Altar-piece, or "Retablo," filling up the whole of the east end to the very roof. It is not that you admire it, rather the reverse; but this mass of burnished gold has a strange barbaric effect; its magnificence contrasts with

the absence of ornament elsewhere; and then the open space, without seats of any kind, has a novel aspect to English travellers, even if it possess no other charm.

You have a grand view of the Bay of Biscay from the heights above the town, and as we turned to look at the graves of the English soldiers who fell here during the Peninsular War, our English eyes rested gratefully on the rich tufts of primroses, blooming even more vigorously amongst these graves-stones than in our own hedge-rows.

From San Sebastian to Burgos.—Nine hours by the morning train. The road for some hours is through very grand scenery. On each side rises a snowy range of mountains, whilst groves of pollarded oaks chesnuts and walnuts skirt the slopes of the valley: mountain streams, gurgling and foaming, fall over the rocks through which the road passes, and then disappear amidst the furze and wild broom now putting forth their golden blossom.

We had a Frenchman as one of our fellow-travellers, not to be mistaken in his politeness, asking our permission before smoking his very mild cigarette; whereas Spaniards puff and smoke in the railway carriages, at the table d'hôte, everywhere without mercy. "Vous choisissez un assez mauvais moment pour votre voyage en Espagne, Monsieur," he soon began; "tout est incertain dans ce moment, et d'un jour à l'autre il faut nous attendre à une guerre civile." This tone of warning was not new, but with the Bidassoa behind us, we were in no mood to go back.

The Carlists were strong in these Northern Provinces; and every day men were being arrested, with arms secreted about them. The railroad passes by the village where the Carlist chief Zumalacarregui was born, and even Spanish heads were thrust out of the windows, with something of excitement, to see the birth-place of the man whose death was the extinction of the Carlist hopes in 1839. Our French fellow-traveller, who had long resided in Spain, gave us an interesting account of party feeling in the country—the

disappointment felt by all classes at the refusal of Don Fernando of Portugal to accept the proffered throne; the personal liking for the Queen, whilst her advisers are detested; the unpopularity of the Duc de Montpensier; the probable Republic, to be followed by a Constitutional Monarchy in the person of the Prince of the Asturias. This was the view he took, and possibly a just one, of Spanish politics.

After reaching Miranda and passing through innumerable tunnels cut through the rocks, the road becomes as dreary as possible; nothing but an arid waste, most tedious to traverse At length we had the welcome sight of the Cathedral spires of Burgos, rising like the masts of a vessel on the horizon, and we bade farewell to our fellow traveller, and made our way to the Fonda Rafaela.

Here, at Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile, began our initiation into Spanish fare. Alas! for those who favour not garlic, and to whom rancid oil is objectionable, who had read of the adulteration of Spanish wines for the English market, but knew not what cause they had for gratitude till for the first time they tasted here the *pure* "Val de Peñas."

The cold, as the evening wore on, was intense, and a Spanish Fonda provides only against summer heat—neither stove nor fireplace, only a small brasier in the centre of a large room, whereby we could hope to obtain any warmth: we stirred the white ashes incessantly, but all in vain, heat there was none.

The next morning we set forth to visit the Cathedral. Burgos itself is disappointing, with its muddy river Arlanzon, and its dreary desolate look of decayed grandeur. Not so however its fine old Gothic Cathedral, from which six centuries have taken no beauty, and to which, in 1487, a superb chapel was added, so elaborate in decoration as to be considered by a great modern authority "the richest example of Spanish art of the 15th century."

The Cathedral was founded by Ferdinand III., and the first stone was laid by the saintly king and his

English bishop in 1221. Bishop Maurice came originally to Spain in the suite of the Princess Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II., on the occasion of her marriage with Alfonso VIII.: he became Bishop of Burgos, and his monument lies in the centre of the choir. Massive columns support the nave, forming a sharp contrast to the slender pilasters in the triforium above; but the interior of this, and of almost all Spanish churches, is spoilt by the "coro" which walls up the centre, and impedes all view of the length of the church. At the east end is a high screen, or "reja" as it is called, of iron work; and behind the High Altar, with its Retablo rising so as to hide the form of the apse, is the before-mentioned magnificent chapel of the Constable of Castile, by John of Cologne; where lie in sculptured effigy the Constable Velasco and his wife, with a pet dog reposing at the wife's feet.

It is curious to observe the rapid slope of the ground on which the Church is built. So rapid is it that as you stand on the floor below, the door on the north side is some 15 feet above your head, and the Church is consequently entered by a flight of marble steps inside, whilst the south door is reached by another steep flight of steps from without. This south entrance is especially beautiful, with the sculptured figure of Bishop Maurice as its support—a true pillar of the church.

It was within the Cathedral,* close to this beautiful door, that the Governor of Burgos received the first blow from his cruel assailants. Staggering back, the blood streaming from his wounds, he leant for a moment against the inner door, and then attempted to make his escape, but his brutal murderers pursued him, striking him repeatedly on the head, and at length thrust him down the steps outside this gate, where he expired—the mitred statue of the good bishop looking down upon the sacrilegious act. The Governor had been for some hours in the Cathedral, taking a list of its treasures for the government, when the mob (stirred up by evil reports), rushed into the Church to prevent its supposed spoliation.

* January 25th, 1869.

Here, in an old room out of the sacristy, is the first relic that meets you of "The Cid"—Rodrigo Diaz, El Cid Campeador, the champion of Spain, the mythical hero of the 11th century. The relic is a leathern trunk, encased with iron, once filled with sand, but believed to be full of gold, by those to whom, in a time of sore need it was pledged by the Cid. Let not the stern moralist turn away in wonder and disgust that such a relic should find place in this Christian Church; but rather let him learn from Spanish ballad how the Cid repaid his debt, with 600 marks in good ringing coin, for he whose prowess was the theme of Spanish song stooped not to defraud. In the Church of San Pedro de Cardeña, five miles from Burgos, was solemnised the marriage between the Cid and the beautiful Ximena; and at Burgos was the youthful bride left to weep and lament the long absences of the bridegroom during the war with the Moors. To tear himself from his Ximena was "like tearing the nail from the flesh;" but with resolute brow the faithful knight hurried to the camp at the command of his King. From Burgos we must change the scene to Valencia, which with his good sword the Cid conquered from the infidel. At Valencia Ximena and her Campeador held sway for long years; but at length came the hour of parting—that last parting; and he (the Campeador) knew full well that he was dying, and that the foe was surrounding the city walls. How tender then was his care for her he loved! how full of faith in that Higher care which would protect when he was no longer there! "God has promised," that was enough. Sadly he looked on his trusty swords, "Tizona" and "Colada," saying, as he strove once more to lift them, "What will ye do without me?" His favourite horse "Bavieca" must be led to him: he would stroke yet once again the soft neck of his faithful charger, which had borne him so bravely to battle.

How touching those last words to Ximena, "No paid mourners shall follow me; the tears of my wife will suffice;" and with that, the brave loving spirit fled. He would not that the Moslem should know that Ximena had lost her Cid—Valencia her Campeador.

Clad in armour, therefore, the red cross on his breast, "Bavieca" must carry him forth; his sword "Tizona" firmly fixed to his mailed hand; his banner waving before him; his Knights on each side; armed followers behind; so would he, even in death, put the infidel to flight, and defend his faithful Ximena. At sight of him, the Moslem fled, and Ximena veiled from head to foot came forth through the Moorish gate of the city to follow her Campeador back to Burgos; to the home of their early love, to the Church where he had willed to be buried, and where she would ere long be laid at his side.

In San Pedro de Cardeña is the tomb of the Cid and his Ximena, and, close beside the Convent gate, two elms of lofty stature mark the grave of the faithful "Bavieca." Such is in poor prose, the story of the Cid —though the romance is spoilt by the fact of an empty tomb at San Pedro de Cardeña, and a glass case in the Town Hall at Burgos which holds the ashes of the dead

---

Cartuja de Miraflores.— Crossing the muddy river, a short drive brings you to the Miraflores. Here are the tombs of John II., and Isabella his wife, King and Queen of Castile, both descended from John of Gaunt. They are monuments of rare beauty by Maestro Gil de Siloé, erected in the 15th century by Isabella la Catolica, to the memory of her father and mother. Another fine monument by the hand of the same sculptor is that of Alfonso, the young brother of Isabella, whose death placed her next in succession to the throne; beautiful also is the Retablo, on either side of which are kneeling figures of the King and Queen, with the Crucifix in the midst.

In the following century we are told that Philip II., vain and self-complacent in thought of the Escurial, came to the Cartuja to view these monuments, and compare the work of Maestro Gil de Siloé with the magnificence of his new-made Tomb house—He saw, and turned away, muttering, "We at the Escurial have done nothing!"

This Church is of the same period as the Constable's chapel in the Cathedral, and was designed by the same German architect, John of Cologne. In the convent our guide pointed out to us the statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order in the eleventh century, who fled from the world, having beheld, it is said, in strange vision, "the just judgment of God." The statue is the work of Pereyra; it is carved in wood, life-size; the hands folded meekly on the white robe; the white cowl thrown back, revealing a face of calm thought and dignity.

Before 1837, when the monasteries were suppressed throughout Spain, the number of monks here amounted to thirty-three; now only three are left in charge.

A large cloister surrounds their dwellings, and by the side of each door is a small hatchway, through which their food is supplied to them, solitude and silence being their rule, except on Sundays and festivals. One of the brothers gladly conducted us over the building. Two small rooms, opening on an enclosed garden and cloister, were formerly allotted to each Carthusian monk: this plot of ground it was his duty to cultivate. A winding stair led to the oratory above, by the side of which was his dormitory, both looking on the patch of ground below. Peaceful and placid seemed this little dwelling, withdrawn from the noise and bustle of life; but though a monk's cell shuts out the visible world and its distractions, it holds *within* "the dark shadow upon life's sunshine," and *self*, with stealthy steps follows the recluse, disturbing his peace, even as that of other men. We lingered some time in the quiet cell, looking at the deserted garden, so mournful now, covered with weeds and rank herbage. Culture of the ground, stern labour, formed a prominent feature in the discipline of St. Bruno. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," such was the teaching of the founder of the Carthusians, and marvellous were the results at the Grande Chartreuse, their first monastery, where the wilderness was made to "blossom as the rose," but the spirit of St. Bruno ceased to govern at the Miraflores—and monk and garden are alike degraded. Is it, as some would affirm, that the just judgment of God from which

St. Bruno fled in his early youth, has fallen upon the Order which he founded ? or is it that the *heart* of the gourd which he planted—that which once gave life and vigour to the plant—became cankered, and so it withered away, cumbering the ground, where once it stood, a stately tree, "bringing forth fruit ?"

"Las Huelgas." Retracing our steps we now drove to "Las Huelgas," which is about a mile beyond Burgos —the Arlanzon still dividing us from the old capital of Castile. On entering the gateway of Las Huelgas, we found ourselves in a small village, through which we drove to the Church. Simple, pure and unornate in style, the charm of this Abbey is great to all lovers of early Gothic. Again an English name meets us on the threshold—that of Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II., sister of Richard Cœur de Lion, to please whom Alonzo VIII., her husband, founded this Cistercian convent in the 12th century. Why, we ask ourselves, was it that the choice of Eleanor fell upon this order ? Was it from a special veneration for the great St. Bernard, the monk of Cisteaux and preacher of the second Crusade, who was but a few years dead, and lately canonized ? or was it the remembrance of fair Cistercian abbeys in England which directed the choice of our English Princess?

Here Edward I., betrothed to a Spanish Eleanor (to whose memory so many beautiful crosses were raised in England), received knighthood from the hands of Alfonso the Wise, her father; and at this Abbey another English Edward rested after his victory at Navarrete*— incidents small in themselves, but which keep alive our English interest in Spanish history.

Through an iron screen you look upon the nave ; a grand nave—set apart for the white robed Cistercian

* The Black Prince celebrated Easter at Burgos, where he remained three weeks. When Pedro the Cruel would have cast himself at his feet, giving him thanks for having achieved the victory, the Prince would not suffer him, but said, "Sire, render your thanks to God, for to Him alone belongs the praise; the victory comes from Him, not from me."

nuns; one of whom appeared gliding down the aisle, and with kind gentle face, asking no question as to our creed, extended a hand to us through the grating.

Burgos to Valladolid. Leaving Burgos by the afternoon train, we reached Valladolid in four hours and a-half, and found clean good rooms and an English fire-place at the Fonda de Paris. Who can describe Spanish beggars? As we left Burgos they swarmed around us. At the station,—as we took our tickets,—whilst the baggage was weighed,—whilst the train waited,—they were there pressing upon us, climbing up the steps of the carriage, thrusting before us hideous deformities, maimed hands and arms, poor miserable beings, repulsive, but not to be repulsed. In vain we looked another way,—in vain we shut the carriage windows,—tap tap-tap on the glass, "Señora—Señorita," in tones loud, and more loud; then a more vehement stroke, more violent gesticulations; and this ceased not till the train moved on, and we found at Valladolid another set pursuing us up the staircase to the very door of our room in the hotel. When will those words "To beg I am ashamed" become applicable in Spain?

In appearance Valladolid is far more important and flourishing than Burgos, where everything, from the sluggish river to the once busy city, seems to tell of stagnation.

Valladolid, like sombre Burgos, was once the capital, but was rejected by Philip II., who removed his Court to Madrid.

The Plaza Mayor is the centre of interest here. It is a picturesque old Plaza, with colonnades and gay shops. Caballeros, in brown cloaks and slouched hats, were pacing up and down, slow and sedate, sunning themselves in the April sun: observant, too, of "Viageros," whose un-Spanish costume was attractive to the beggars, as honey to the flies.

In this Plaza Mayor, under a summer sky in 1452, Alvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago, Constable of Castile, favourite and Prime Minister of John II., died on the scaffold. For five-and-thirty years this Spanish

Strafford had held despotic rule over the mind of the king, who loved him. For five-and-thirty years he had held in subjection the proud and lawless Castilian nobles, who feared him. When he went forth it was with royal state, followed by a train of knights, and with 3,000 lances in his pay. Absolute in power, strong in will, the haughty Constable bore down all before him, and even scrupled not to oppose the wishes of his royal master as to whom he should wed as his second queen. Isabella of Portugal was the princess chosen by the minister; the marriage took place, and proved the death warrant of Alvaro de Luna.

She on whom the minister's choice had fallen, and whose fair form, sculptured in alabaster, now lies by the side of her weak husband in the church of the Miraflores at Burgos, hated and feared the man who had raised her to the throne. All her newly-acquired influence over the feeble mind of the king was exerted to bring about the disgrace of the favorite.

By nature fearless and chivalrous, Alvaro suspected no treachery, and was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the prince in whom he trusted. Condemned to die, he met his death with firmness and courage. Betrayed by his king, deserted by his followers, the once mighty Constable rode through the streets of Valladolid to the place of execution in this Plaza, meanly mounted, and wearing the coarse black dress of a criminal. Calmly he stood and looked upon the scaffold, saying, "This is the guerdon of loving and faithful service to my king;" and then, having knelt in prayer, gave himself up to the executioner.

As the axe fell, a long loud wail burst forth from the fickle crowd, struck to the heart by so brave a death, so tragical an end to so much greatness.

Valladolid was the faithful city to which Isabella la Catolica fled to avoid a marriage with the King of Portugal,* a marriage hateful to her, but favoured by her brother Henry IV. The Archbishop of Toledo, and a small body of his retainers, came to her aid, and

* Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., was also a suitor for her hand.

enabled her to effect her escape to Valladolid, which opened its gates with enthusiasm to the fugitive princess.

Here she was met by Ferdinand of Aragon, to whom she was betrothed, and who, in order to meet his bride, had passed through the territory of his enemy disguised as a servant. At Valladolid their marriage took place, and the romance which attended the early history of Isabella still clings to her memory. The name of Isabella la Catolica recalls to every Spaniard daring deeds of chivalry and great events, which make her reign renowned in Spanish history.

The Cathedral is unsightly in architecture, and uninteresting in all respects.

We passed on quickly, therefore, to the Church of St. Maria l'Antigua, with its tall steeple of many coloured tiles—a Church attractive in outward form and beautiful within. High Mass was being celebrated, and on entering we saw before us a long line of kneeling figures; the women, in black, with veiled heads; not a chair or seat to be seen, all kneeling on the paved ground with faces bent to the earth in a posture of humble confession; the effect was most striking; even startling in its contrast to our ideas of orthodox worship in England, which are somewhat closely connected with well-stuffed hassocks and cushioned seats, suited to repose.

Not far from Santa Maria l'Antigua is San Paolo, with a façade richly ornamented with heraldic devices, and coats of arms borne aloft by angels!

Sumptuous without, empty within, San Paolo is associated with the name of the cruel Dominican Torquemada, who, having been a monk of this convent, rebuilt the Church, and decorated it magnificently, on his accession to power as Prior of the Order of Dominicans, and head of the Inquisition in Spain. This man had been appointed confessor to Isabella la Catolica, in her early youth, and his fierce bigotry cast a dark shade upon her character.

He had extorted from her a solemn promise that should she ever become queen, "she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy for the glory of God, and exaltation of the Catholic faith."

The Jews in the newly conquered kingdom of Granada were the first victims of Torquemada's zeal. He insisted on their being expelled from the soil.

The Queen was at first inclined to waver and relent, and on one occasion she and Ferdinand having given audience to one of this persecuted race, who offered 30,000 ducats to defray the cost of the Moorish war, if banishment were not inflicted on his people, Torquemada rushed into the royal audience chamber with a Crucifix in his hand. Holding up the image of the Saviour before the Queen, he exclaimed, in hoarse accents, "Judas Iscariot sold his Master for 30 pieces of silver, you would sell Him anew for 30,000. Here He is—take Him and barter Him away," and with these impious words the infuriated Dominican cast down the Crucifix before them and quitted the room.

Such was the man, empowered by Pope Sixtus IV. in 1483 to frame the laws of the Spanish Inquisition, and placed by him at the head of that dread tribunal. Valladolid was often given the spectacle of an auto de fé by this former monk of San Paolo, and the Plaza Mayor was selected as best suited for such a ceremony. Here, arrayed in short yellow blouses (called San Benitos), on which were painted fiery flames and figures of devils; their heads made to tower high above the crowd, with the sugar-loaf cap, called "Coreza," and wearing on their breasts a red cross; the victims of savage intolerance were led out in bitter mockery, two and two, having their accusation, written on white placards, fastened round their necks—a spectacle to men and angels! Round the Plaza, lined with ecclesiastics in robes of state, moved the dismal procession, whilst priests pressed them onwards to the stake with fiendish zeal. At this horrid spectacle Christian Kings and Queens at one time assisted, and Spanish grandees claimed the right of bearing the banner of the Holy Office, as their highest privilege.

From San Paolo we made our way to San Gregorio—once a college, now a barrack. It is of the same type as San Paolo, having a façade of heraldic character, and possessing a fine quadrangle.

The Museo at Valladolid has little to detain travellers.

The eye is painfully arrested by one of those wood carvings, wonderful as to execution, horrible as to subject in which Spanish artists excel—the "Martyrdom of San Lorenzo"—a subject ever present to the mind of Philip II.

In another room is the head of St. Paul after death, —equally wonderful and equally painful.

Sight seeing is very tiring in these Spanish towns, as there are no small carriages for hire in the streets and nothing less than an omnibus to be had at the hotels, so that after some hours spent in walking through unpaved streets, from one Church to another, our energy was considerably abated, and our mental condition best expressed in those dreary words, "*La journée est dure, mais—elle finira!*"

At length we returned to the "Fonda de Paris," and sat down to dinner very weary, but were sumptuously regaled with partridges, asparagus, and strawberries.

Early rising is a necessity in Spain,—but in attainment very difficult. The morning train leaves Valladolid at 6.30, and unless you are at the station some three quarters of an hour before the train starts, you will probably have to leave your luggage behind you, for it is impossible to imagine any body of men so slow, or so deaf to all suggestions of haste as Spanish railway officials.

Then again, though early rising becomes thus a necessity, it is just during the early hours in the morning, and only these, that you can sleep undisturbed—for till the day dawns, the newspaper vendors cease not their cry under your windows; the watchman also, who has passed away in other lands, still calls the hours here; and when his voice is waning in the distance, you are aroused by the notes of the guitar, followed by a serenade. Such is a night's *rest* at Valladolid.

VALLADOLID TO AVILA.—The journey is only six hours by the morning train. A drizzling rain had set in when we left Valladolid, making still more lugubrious the woods of Stone Pine and Ilex through

which we passed. Then followed long weary miles of young wheat, till a strange wild country met our view—not a tree to be seen, nothing but huge unwieldy stones rising up over the face of the land, without a shrub to relieve the grey sand up to the Avila Station.

Avila.—An excellent buffet, and an omnibus waiting to convey travellers to the town, distant half a mile. We caught sight now again of the snow-capped mountains, forming a fine back-ground to the grand old city.

Our Fonda was without the walls, a very simple unpretending little inn in all respects, but perfectly fresh and clean. Here, close to the ancient Church of San Vicente, with its beautiful open cloister and martyr's shrine,—within sight of the city, with a pleasant stream winding past its walls,—we spent our first Sunday in Spain.

Avila is a city of the middle ages, founded in 1088, and left for the most part undisturbed up to the present time. Its granite walls, its towers and gateways are wonderful in height and strength. The "Puerta de San Vicente" is formed by two circular towers upwards of sixty feet high, joined by an arch above, and the effect of this is most remarkable. The old city is completely surrounded by these huge walls, and the east end of the Cathedral itself forms part (not inaptly) of the fortification. At first sight, however, of this battlemented structure, Jehu's words "What hast thou to do with peace?" seem appropriate.

The April sun was shining hotly, and the transition from sunshine to shade, when we entered the Cathedral, was painful and sepulchral, owing to the scarcity of light and the immense thickness of the walls.

It may seem an unnecessary admonition; but having been eye-witness to what took place between the Sacristan of this Cathedral and a chance visitor of the nobler sex, I would remark, for the benefit of "Nonconformists," that in this, as in all Spanish Churches, there *must* be at all times the sacrifice of an uncovered head. No skull-cap, handkerchief, or covering is tolerated. Bald-headed or aged must uncover their heads or go back. Sacrifice, not mercy, is the rule, and if any shrink from encountering these shocks to

the system, mental or physical, let them abstain from ecclesiastical researches in this country. The interior of the Cathedral is very impressive, as the whole of the light appears to be collected in one portion, leaving the rest of the building in dimness and shadow. Beautiful bits of sculpture are here: amongst them, the Flight into Egypt and the Tomb of Bishop Madrigal by Berreguete, a famous Spanish sculptor of the sixteenth century, and a pupil of Michael Angelo.

The great glory of Avila in the eyes of Roman Catholics, is that it was the birthplace of St. Teresa, the great Spanish saint of the sixteenth century. Whilst the Reformation was advancing with rapid strides throughout Germany, France, and England, the passionate ardour of two enthusiasts stayed its course in Spain. Ignatius Loyola, and St. Teresa by their fervour infused fresh life and vigour into a decayed system, revived the spirit of Catholicism, and reformed the discipline of their Church. The early home of St. Teresa is now converted into the Carmelite church and convent. Among her relics on the altar in the room where she was born (now a chapel) is a small representation in ivory of the Saviour scourged.

It consists of a single figure, admirable in execution, intense in feeling. This small relic, treasured up in Teresa's home, recalled to our minds a picture of the same subject by Velazquez;* but the painter has introduced a little child with clasped hands, looking with tearful awe and anguish at the Divine Form, whilst a ray of light from the Saviour falls upon the pitying child. Such a little child was the young Teresa, with a heart so touched by the Divine love, so fervent in desire to do Him service, that at the age of seven she set forth with her little brother, thinking that by "the mouth of babes" the Moors would be won to the true faith, and His praise perfected.

In her life she relates, with deep self-abasement, that her youthful piety was evanescent, and that at 16 she was absorbed by thoughts of the world and its vanities.

* In the possession of John Savile Lumley, Esq., H. B. M.'s. Minister at Brussels.

Her father was a devout man, and strove to check this worldly tendency by placing her for a time in a convent. Whilst there, the aspirations of her childhood revived, and she determined to renounce the world and become a nun. At 20 she took the veil at the Carmelite convent at Avila. For the next twenty years she tells us that her life was one not of peace but of conflict. On one side she felt called as it were by God, on the other tempted by regrets for the pleasures offered by the world. At length, however, the peace of God filled her heart, and divine charity ruled her life.

Mystical and deluded in the eyes of Protestants, none can deny that she was energetic, unwearied, and self-denying in the task of conventual reform which she imposed upon herself. Her difficulties were great, but her energy was greater. She had at first but little ecclesiastical support, but she persevered courageously in her task, in spite of opposition, poverty, and bad health, and succeeded in establishing the reformation of her Order. It is related that when she arrived at Toledo for the purpose of founding a reformed Carmelite Convent, she had but four ducats in money wherewith to commence her work.

This excited a remonstrance, but her reply was characteristic: "Teresa, and this money are indeed *nothing*, but *God*, Teresa, and four ducats can accomplish anything." Such was the faith by which she overcame every obstacle in her path, and those who have read her life cannot fail to be struck, not only by her wonderful perseverance, but also by her gentle kindness and hatred of detraction, virtues for which she was as remarkable as for her energy. Love was the essence of religion in her eyes —that "pure and undefiled" love which annihilates selfishness. Being asked, on one occasion, what she believed was the punishment of the impenitent in another world, she replied: "Alas! they do not love." She died in 1582, humbly repeating the verse of the 51st Psalm, "A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." She was canonised in less than forty years after her death, and is now the second Patron Saint of Spain.

In the Dominican convent of San Tomás (without

the city walls), founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, we come upon a memorial of bitter sorrow in the life of the Queen. She—who had erected glorious monuments to the memory of her father, mother, and brother at the Miraflores,—had here (in 1497) to mark the burial place of her only son, Prince Juan, who died at the age of nineteen, six months after his marriage with the Princess Margaret of Austria (afterwards governess of the Netherlands). With him died Isabella's joy, and with him "the hope of all Spain was laid low."

His death was quickly followed by that of his sister Isabella, Queen of Portugal. It was thus that the succession fell to the lot of "Crazy Jane," Isabella's second daughter, married to the Archduke Philip of Austria, and the mother of Charles V.

Avila to the Escurial Station.—The distance is little more than two hours by rail. The morning train leaves Avila at six. We had therefore to be called at half-past four, that we might secure places in the omnibus, which waits for no one. The railroad passes through a wild and mountainous country, intersected by numerous tunnels, and shaded by pine forests. At a few minutes after eight we reached the Escurial station, where an omnibus was waiting to convey us to the little village and "Fonda Miranda," which we found a good resting-place for the day.

Before entering the Escurial, the *chef d'œuvre* of Herrera, we made the circuit of its external walls—their severe character harmonising well with the rugged and even savage aspect of nature around. The circumference of the building is said to be three-quarters of a mile; thirty-one years were spent in its erection; and its cost, we are told, exceeded six millions of ducats. At length, we stood before the Grand Portal, the gates of which were formerly only thrown open on two occasions—a birth or a death in the royal family—when the newly born and the departed were carried to the Escurial. Above the gateway, with its massive columns of granite, is

the statue of St. Lawrence, the patron saint, and as escutcheons are two gridirons!

Spain glories in this early martyr, Aragonese by birth and deacon in the Christian Church of the third century, whose constancy under the most cruel torments, which a Roman prefect could devise, is too well known to need mention here. The 10th day of August is the day dedicated to St. Lawrence, and on the 10th of August, 1557 the vow was made, which led to the erection of the Escurial by Philip II.

At war with France, and destitute of his father's military genius, Philip wisely gave the command of his army to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. The town of St. Quentin was selected for attack, but it was obstinately defended by the garrison under Coligny, the great Huguenot Admiral, afterwards massacred in Paris on the day of St. Bartholomew. The French army, under the command of the Duke of Montmorency, Constable of France, hastened to the relief of Coligny, and by a sudden attack created for awhile some confusion in the Spanish camp; but though the French general was thus successful at the onset, the fortune of the day changed, when the gallant Egmont, whose chivalrous daring made him the idol of the troops, gave the signal to advance, and by his brilliant charge at the head of the cavalry, forced the French to retire before him.*

The evening of that memorable 10th of August, saw Montmorency a prisoner in the Spanish camp, and his army totally routed.

As soon as tidings of the victory reached Philip at Cambray, he hastened to the camp, armed cap-à-pie, proud and exultant at the success of his arms, but obstinate in his refusal to follow up the victory, though the road to Paris lay open to his army.

* In less than eleven years from this date, the head of the gallant Egmont was severed from his body by order of Philip, and after being exposed for some hours on a pike, in the great square of Brussels, was packed in a box, with the head of Count Horn, and sent to Madrid for the inspection of the master to whom they had rendered such important services. Count Horn had also fought for Philip on this day.

The whole ambition of the King, was to return to Spain, and lay the foundation of a Church, a Monastery, and a Palace, in memory of the battle, and in honor of the Saint whose aid he had invoked—and the Escurial is all that Spain acquired by this great victory.

Sharp gusts of wind from the Guadarrama, made it imperative to pass on rapidly through the Portal, to the inner Quadrangle. Here, as externally, is a multitude of small windows, agreeing in number, it is said, with the 11,000 martyred virgins who accompanied Saint Ursula to Cologne.* Opposite the Grand Entrance is another Portal, over which are statues of those Jewish Kings who took part in the building of the Temple.

A dark gloomy passage has now to be traversed, and you enter with mysterious awe the great Church of the Escurial. Long is the pause made at the threshold; the vast size and grand simplicity of the Church startle you; no Coro impedes your view; and far away before you burns the ruby light, casting its red glow on the High Altar—that same Altar on which the eyes of the dying Philip rested, till his spirit had passed away. As you walk up the silent nave, the thought of the merciless and superstitious King occupies your mind; his spirit seems to haunt the stately Church of his creation; and when you approach the holy place, his kneeling figure rises to your view, still gazing in effigy on that same Altar where his last

* According to the legend, Saint Ursula was a Christian, and daughter of a King of Brittany, in the fifth century. Her wisdom and beauty were such that the King of Britain sent to ask her in marriage for his son. This son, Ethereus, was a heathen, so that the father of Ursula was sore perplexed, but Ursula exhorted him not to fear, but to give his consent, on condition that Ethereus should be baptised, and for three years instructed in the Christian faith. Moreover, she required that ten English virgins should be sent "to be her fellows," and 11,000 more gathered from all lands to bear her company. They were to be permitted to set forth in eleven ships, sailing on the wide seas, for three years,—she instructing them in the knowledge of the true God. This was conceded; at the expiration of the three years all were converted; and Ursula repaired to Rome with her maidens, where she was met by Ethereus. From thence they proceeded together to Cologne, besieged at that time by the Huns, who slew all these Christian virgins with the sword, on the 12th November, 450.

conscious look was directed. Kneeling behind him are his three wives (Mary Tudor being omitted), and his unhappy son, Don Carlos.

On the opposite side kneels another group; Charles V., his Empress, their daughter, and the Emperor's two sisters (Eleanor, Queen Dowager of Portugal and France, and Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary). Costly marbles, and paintings decorate the Retablo; above is the Cross; below is the Patron Saint, and lower still, beneath the Altar, is the Royal Tomb or Pantheon.

Daily for fourteen years, Philip, from his dark cell with its shutter opening into the church, had assisted at matins, and now in that darker narrower cell beneath, does he await the morning of the Resurrection.

To the Pantheon we now descended by torch-light. The form is octagon, and here in niches one above the other are arranged the bronze gilt coffins, containing the bodies of Spanish Kings and Queens. On the left repose the Kings; on the right the Queens. Beneath Charles V. is the coffin of Philip II. Often had he descended to this tomb-chamber, and looked on the place where his body would rest after death. Philip III., Philip IV., Charles II., all loved to visit this abode of gloom. As in their portraits from the Emperor, to the feeble Charles II., the same misshapen lower jaw is traced from father to son, becoming only more exaggerated in the last of the race—so in mental constitution, one same morbid characteristic prevails—that strange fascination with which they clung to things sepulchral—that craving, amounting to disease, with which they desired to behold what other men bury out of their sight. Philip IV., when gloomy, would come and listen to mass, sitting in the niche where his body would be laid after death, and here he caused the coffin of the Emperor to be opened before him. His son, the unhappy Charles II., came in state to this place that he might view once again the form of his 1st Queen, Marie Louise d'Orléans, granddaughter of our Charles I. When the lid was removed the weak mind of the King gave way, and unable to control his emotion, he threw himself sobbing on her coffin.

As you ascend the marble steps from the Pantheon a door is pointed out to you. It is the entrance to the "Pudridero," where lies in neglect and obscurity the body of the hero of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, the illegitimate son of the Emperor, whose splendid victory over the Turks was announced to the jealous Philip in this church. When the messenger from Don John arrived, breathless and elated, bearing with him the standard of the Prophet to lay before the King, he found him, cold and impassive in countenance, kneeling in his stall, and could obtain no audience till the prayers of the bigot King were ended.

In this same Pudridero, in the like oblivion, is the coffin of Philip's first-born son, Don Carlos, whose mysterious death gave rise to dark suspicions, the truth or falsehood of which are buried now in the same obscurity as the shell which covers his remains.

To this place was also carried the body of another Don John of Austria, natural son of Philip IV., who was famous during the minority of Charles II.

From the vault we proceeded to the cell, for you can call it by no other name, where were spent the last years of the life of Philip II. The shutter was opened for us, disclosing the high altar. From the alcove where his bed was placed he could see the elevation of the Host, and join in the services of the Church. No light enters this dismal cell, save through this shutter opening into the Church.

Philip had gone to Madrid for the court fêtes, when he was attacked by his last illness, and contrary to the advice of his physician, insisted on being removed to the Escurial. He was accordingly placed in a litter on men's shoulders, and after six days reached the huge pile which he considered "the eighth wonder of the world."

He arrived early in the summer of 1598. His malady now assumed a terrible form, and he could not be turned in his bed save by means of a sheet held by four of his attendants. In this dreadful state he lay for some weeks. At length his end visibly approached, and he desired that his son Philip, and the Infanta Clara Eugenia Isabella should approach his bedside, and receive his parting admonitions.

To the Infanta he spoke tenderly, giving her as his last gift a precious stone, which had been worn by her mother, Isabella de Valois.

To his son Philip he presented a paper of instructions "by what means to govern the kingdom he was about to inherit," and enjoined him to show especial regard to his sister.

The king then desired that a certain case should be brought to him, out of which he took a scourge stained with blood. Holding it up before all present, he said, "This is the blood of my father, whom may God absolve, who was wont thus to chastise himself, and to the end that all may know the truth of his devotion, I here solemnly attest it."

A paper in his handwriting was now produced from beneath his bed, and read aloud, giving minute directions with regard to his body after death, even to the royal habit in which he willed that his lifeless form should be clothed before being placed in the bronze gilt coffin already made. Then followed instructions as to the order in which the funeral procession was to proceed to the vault below—how the royal standard was to be lowered, the crown veiled and carried before the royal body, which should be borne by eight of his chief servants, with lighted torches in their hands.

So intense was his interest in things funereal, that he now ordered his bronze gilt coffin to be brought into this cell, that he might satisfy himself that his orders had been strictly carried out, with regard to its ornamentation. When the coffin appeared, he desired that it might have a lining of white satin and lace, and a larger supply of gold nails.

After he had received extreme unction, the crucifix of the Emperor, at his request, was placed in his dying hand: he motioned to his children to embrace him, and immediately afterwards became speechless. On the morning of Sunday, September 13th, 1598, Philip the Prudent was dead.

Adjoining his bed-room is a somewhat larger chamber, where the King was used to transact business with his Ministers. In its size and fittings, it is still however the Monk's cell; a couple of chairs, a stool on

which he supported his gouty leg, a table, a book-case with small drawers wherein were thrust his secret dispatches (those illegible scraps of paper by which he was wont to boast that "he ruled both the Old and the New World);" whilst on its highest shelf stood a ghastly skull, adorned with a crown of gold, to remind him of the mortality of kings! As the moral nature of Philip shunned the reproving light, so does it seem to have been uncongenial to his material temperament. Even here in this cabinet, where all the business of the State was transacted, there is no window opening to the clear day, but only a borrowed light from a vaulted corridor looking out on the Quadrangle.

To sit in darkness, overshadowed by this grim image of death, was the strange fantasy of the most powerful monarch in Europe. His vainglory delighted in the thought that "he had built a large house for God, a small cell for himself:" and possibly the obscurity of this cell favored his powers of dissimulation, and better enabled him to conceal what passed within his breast. To the mind of Philip this maxim was ever present, "The man who cannot dissemble is not fit to reign." This was his "golden rule," and such an adept had he become in the art of dissimulation, that when, in this very chamber, he received the intelligence of the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," not a muscle of his countenance moved. He was writing letters, when his Minister, Don Christoval de Moura, entered, and with considerable alarm, acquainted him with the disastrous failure of a plan which had been eighteen years in preparation, and on which the King had spent upwards of a hundred millions of ducats.

Philip listened without the slightest appearance of emotion, and then replied, "I thank God for having given me means to endure such a loss without embarrassment, and power to equip another fleet of equal magnitude. A stream can afford to waste some of its water, so long as its source is not dried up!" After this grandiloquent speech, he quietly resumed his occupation.

In the Sacristy is a picture by the Portuguese painter Claudio Coello, described by our guide as "very important." The scene represented took place at the Escurial, where the half-witted King, Charles II., surrounded by priests and courtiers, knelt before the "Miraculous Wafer," which (according to the popular belief) shed drops of blood when on one occasion it was profaned by heretical hands!

The hall of the Chapter contains the first picture we had yet seen by Velazquez. It has for its touching subject Jacob receiving from the hands of his elder children the blood-stained coat of Joseph, "the son of his old age."

In the face of the old man grief and anger struggle for mastery, as he recognizes the coat which he had himself given, and which his sons now unfold before his weeping eyes.

This is one of the few sacred subjects painted by Velazquez, and deserves a better light than it has here.

In the Refectory is the picture of the Last Supper, on which Titian spent seven years of his life, and which Philip II. (in spite of his appreciation of art) ordered to be cut, being too large for its destined place!

From the Church we proceeded to the library, where is the picture of Philip—frigid in expression, with hard stern lines about the mouth, and a cold lustreless eye which freezes you. Charles V. is also here, in armour, with closely cut hair and beard, and protruding jaw; a face once seen, never to be forgotten; Philip III. and Charles II. are likewise represented; the melancholy face of the last arrests the eye and recalls to the mind the scene in the vault below. In the library are whole shelves filled with Bibles, amongst which, perhaps, is to be found the Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes—the first published in Spain, or anywhere else, but so little known or read by Spanish Catholics.

Here are also many curious manuscripts,—many of the writings and letters of St. Teresa treasured up by Philip II.—letters said to be "full of cheerfulness and sweetness of nature." We were not permitted however

to examine anything, and were hurried on to the Palace, which is rich in tapestry, from designs by the great Flemish masters; but which hardly compensated for the fatigue of passing through endless suites of rooms, devoid of any especial interest.

Occasionally the Imperial Bee appears on some worthless piece of furniture, to remind the visitor that Joseph Buonaparte once reigned in Spain.

Without the Palace, looking in the direction of Madrid, are terraces with formal box hedges, quaint and wintry. It was in these gardens that our Prince Charles bade farewell to Philip IV., after having spent six fruitless months as a wooer at Madrid. Charles had promised his sister Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, that he would regard her interests as his own; and here at the Escurial he made a last effort to influence Philip in favor of his brother-in-law; and received from Philip an assurance that he would do his utmost to obtain the restitution of the Palatinate, and present it as a marriage gift from himself to Charles—words of duplicity, uttered with that imperturbable gravity, which Philip IV. cultivated as "one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign."

Before leaving the Escurial, we walked again to the Grand Portal, with the figure of St. Lawrence facing the mountain.

A French gentleman stood near us, and with hand extended towards the building, exclaimed, "C'est farouche—c'est le mot—C'est Philippe II!" and truly Philip set at defiance both nature and art, when he fixed upon the tempestuous Guadarrama as the site, and an iron gridiron as the model, on which he would build the Escurial.

The Escurial to Madrid.—The evening train reaches the Escurial Station at five o'clock, and from thence to Madrid is but two hours and a-half. The train was very crowded. We were placed in the same carriage with the old Frenchman whom we had met at the Escurial, with ruffles to his sleeves, and in look and manner evidently cleaving to the "vieille cour," rather

than to the present age. It was amusing to listen to the easy flow of words, the gay volubility with which he entered into conversation with our Spanish fellow travellers. Full of intelligence, and eager to gain information, without, however, knowing a word of Spanish, he managed to make himself understood by dint of gesticulations. On this occasion he was fortunate enough to find that one of the party could converse, after a limited manner, in his own tongue, and before many minutes had elapsed we heard him put a question as interesting to us as to himself—"Y a-t-il quelque danger à courir, Monsieur, en se rendant maintenant à Séville?"

"Pas du tout; tout est paisible," was the somewhat short reply.

In no way discouraged, our Frenchman elevated his shoulders in that peculiarly expressive manner common to his nation, and in a soothing tone, lingering over his words, remarked—

"Cependant . . il me semble . . que l'on . . parle . . des républicains . ."

"Sans doute," broke in the Spaniard, "mais dans l'Andalousie c'est, du reste, comme à Naples, comme partout dans le sud, on parle des républicains, mais dès que l'on aperçoit des troupes, on s'enfuit. Il y a une armée de 15 à 20 mille hommes au sud."

"Pensez-vous," rejoined the Frenchman, in a deprecating tone, "Pensez-vous, Monsieur, que la république s'établira en Espagne?"

"Oh que non!"

"Don Fernando a donc définitivement refusé la couronne?"

"Oui."

"Et le Prince des Asturies, Monsieur, a-t'-il . . quelques . . chances?"

This was said in the most dulcet voice. We were touching on very dangerous topics in a railway carriage, and the answer came quick and decided—"Certes non; point de Bourbon, nous en avons eu assez!"

Here the train stopped, and the Spaniard withdraw.

"Qu'est-ce donc qu'ils veulent, ces Espagnols," soliloquised the old Frenchman, "ni république ni

monarchie, ma foi, je ne sais ce qu'ils veulent !" and with these words he composed himself to sleep till the train reached Madrid.

The city is hardly seen till you are close upon it, and nothing can be more dreary and waste than the country which surrounds it. It stands on a plateau exposed to every blast of wind from the different sierras, and with no one beauty to recommend it.

Hôtel des Princes, Madrid.—On awaking the first morning it is difficult to believe that you are not in Paris ; the same confused sounds, the same trembling of furniture from the constant passing to and fro of the heavy omnibuses beneath ; you look down from your window on the Puerta del Sol, the far-famed centre of Madrid life, but it might be a French Place; there is nothing Spanish about it, and when you see the "Prado" it is but the Champs Elysées on a small scale. To us Madrid seemed but as a small Paris, without its river, without its exhilarating atmosphere, without its fine buildings, but with a gallery which far surpasses the Louvre in interest.

In Madrid we have again Philip II. It is his capital; built on a table land* without verdure, and on the banks of a river without water; scorched by heat throughout the day, and chilled by the keen blasts from the Guadarrama after sunset. Such is the position of Madrid.

In the streets no graceful "Mantillas" meet your eye; but on the heads of the dark-eyed Spanish women Paris bonnets of the last fashion; no picturesque "mantas" on the shoulders of the men. Nothing (with the exception of the beggars) that can be called Spanish is to be seen in the crowded streets. One feature, however, must be recorded, equally *un-Spanish* in its character, but for which there is abundant cause for thankfulness: in the bookseller's shops were displayed

* The elevation of Madrid is said to be nearly double that of Arthur's Seat—the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

in large numbers Spanish Bibles and Testaments for sale, *no man forbidding*.

There is a deep religious movement going on in Spain. The work of Evangelisation has been carried on for several years past, but secretly, for fear of the Government. Considerable personal hazard attended it. Nevertheless, men were found willing to become agents of a Society formed for the distribution of the Bible, and through their courage, and the liberality of those connected with this Society, the Scriptures have been circulated, and the doctrines of the Reformed Church made known in all parts of Spain. Steadily, but quietly, these Spanish Reformers carried on their work, but with the Revolution arose the hope of religious toleration, and they at once boldly came forward and claimed the protection of the Government.

On turning to the early pages of Spanish history, we find that in the fourth century Gothic Spain possessed a translation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and it may well strike us as strange that the Spanish people should be denied in civilised times, a privilege which they enjoyed in a barbarous age.

It was not till the eleventh century that the old Gothic ritual and Bible were superseded by the Roman Mass Book.

Under Ferdinand and Isabella la Catolica the translation of the Scriptures into Spanish was attempted, but immediately prohibited by the newly-established Office of the Inquisition. When, however, the Reformation advanced with rapid stride throughout the Spanish dominions in the Netherlands, its footprints soon became visible also in the Peninsula, and translations of the Psalms and other portions of Holy Writ were widely disseminated.

In 1543 Francisco de Enzinas dedicated a Castilian translation of the Bible to the Emperor Charles V., who accepted it, provided the book met with the approval of the Church. It was pronounced "heretical," the Bible was burnt, and Enzinas cast into prison.

From this time forth Moors and Jews ceased to be the principal victims at an *auto de fé*, "Lutheran

heretics" were now hunted out, and the progress of Gospel truth was stayed by the flames of the Inquisition. The Grand Inquisitor Valdés was keen in the pursuit of such victims; he discovered error in the teaching of the Emperor's favourite preacher, Cazalla, who for ten years had ministered to him; and also in that of his Confessor. Cazalla and Ponce were accordingly seized and thrust into the dungeons of the Inquisition—the one ended his days by being strangled; the other was burnt in effigy, having died in his prison.

Even Borgia, the great Jesuit Saint, was at one time suspected of holding "justification by faith," and Carranza, the Primate of Spain, was for years incarcerated in a dungeon for his supposed leaning to the "Melancthon heresy." Brantôme even asserts that the Inquisition actually proposed that the body of the Emperor himself should be disinterred and burnt for having given ear to heretical opinions! Perhaps it was the recollection of this which led Philip II. on his death-bed to exhibit the blood-stained scourge, and solemnly attest the Emperor's orthodoxy.

"Give light, and the darkness will disappear of itself;" such were the words of Erasmus, and we can only trust that the nation, which originally received Christianity by the preaching of an Apostle,* may be permitted, in this nineteenth century, to retain its hold of the Book of Life, and that from within the Spanish Church itself, light may arise.

Every day was spent by us at the Museo, and in our daily walk † down the Calle de Alcala we passed the statue of Cervantes in the Plaza de las Cortes. The author of "Don Quixote" died in the same month and year as our Shakspeare, April, 1616, and were it not for the difference between the new and old style the very day would correspond.

It is said that a friend having congratulated him on the success of his great work, he whispered in his ear,

* St. Paul is said to have preached the Gospel in Spain (See Romans, xv. 28), and also St. James.

† Walking is, however, a work of supererogation in Madrid, as there is no lack of small carriages.

"Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book far more entertaining."

"Don Quixote" was the one book of which Philip III. was fond, and the only thing which brought a smile to his face: nevertheless, the author was allowed to go unnoticed and unrequited by the Court.

EL MUSEO.

SPAIN is probably the only European country which has not been overrun by Tourists. Whilst the Picture Galleries of Italy, Germany, and even of St. Petersburgh are familiar to most English travellers, the Royal Museum at Madrid, which contains, perhaps, the finest collection of Pictures in the world, is comparatively unknown.

To understand how it is that Spain possesses such a Gallery, we must recall her as she was—mistress well-nigh of the world. Italy, Naples, the Netherlands, England, were all at one period under Spanish rule or influence, whilst she had at her command the wealth of the New World. Charles V. was a munificent patron of art; his son Philip II. inherited his artistic tastes, and added greatly to the treasures collected by the Emperor; whilst Philip IV., whose portraits are so numerous in this Gallery, contributed still more largely to the Royal Collection. He commissioned Velasquez to buy works of the great masters in Italy, and ordered the Spanish Ambassador in London to purchase a great part of the fine collection of our Charles I. The gift of a picture was a sure way to royal favour, and in the days of Spanish ascendancy, monarchs and subjects gladly proffered their gems of art to the Spanish king. Such is the history of this Royal Collection which has outlived royalty, it would seem, in Spain.

It was Philip IV. who first conceived the idea of establishing an Academy of Art at Madrid; but the design was not carried into effect until long afterwards; and it is only within the last fifty years that the present Museo has been opened. In 1837, the banishment of the monastic orders brought to light pictures, till then hidden in convents. These are now collected together with those from the royal palaces, and are placed in the Museo, making it a perfect treasure-house of art.

A sense of intense satisfaction, such as can hardly be defined, spreads itself through every chink and corner of the mind, as this Gallery is traversed.

The eye is not fatigued: the light admitted from the centre of the vaulted ceiling is pleasant to the sight, and perfect as regards the pictures. The colour of the walls in the "Long Gallery" is red, and in the "Sala de Isabella" green. The effect of both is excellent as a background. I know but of one drawback to the thorough enjoyment of this Museum: it is the want of a published catalogue.

The keen sense of this want in my own case first induced me to write these sketches; the descriptions being for the most part from rough notes taken as I stood before the pictures; and, slight as they are, they may perhaps serve as a remembrance of the "Museo" to those who *have* visited it, and as a help to those who have this pleasure in contemplation.*

As there are upwards of 2,000 pictures in the collection, time would fail to tell of all, and I have therefore confined myself to those which appeared to me the most important, and the most likely to interest travellers unable to devote many days to the Gallery.

The pictures are not hung in numerical order. I have therefore endeavoured, as far as possible, to notice them in the order in which they come, BEGINNING WITH THE ITALIAN MASTERS.†

Upon entering the "Long Gallery" you have on each side the great painters of the Venetian school—Paul Veronese on the right, Tintoretto on the left: then follows Titian, forty-three of whose works, unsurpassed in beauty even in Venice, are found in this Museo.

I notice first—

* The legends here noticed and the brief lives of the painters have been principally collected from Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," Mrs. Jameson's "Legendary Art," Stirling's "Artists of Spain," Cumberland's "Anecdotes," and Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters."

† The usual entrance was then closed, so that the Gallery was entered at the end devoted to the Italian Masters.

No. 896.—THE FUGITIVE CAIN. (*Paul Veronese.*)

This picture with its angry sky is full of pathos and grandeur. None can look without pity at the "fallen countenance" of Cain, and the beseeching gaze of his wife, powerless to smooth the brow of the man-slayer. The infant has turned away from its mother's breast, and looks up frightened at its father, who has "gone out from the presence of the Lord," hard and impenitent, a wanderer for ever.

No. 433.—THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY. (*Paul Veronese.*)

The Saviour is here represented as turning towards a vociferating Pharisee, coarse in form and sensual in expression, whose hand is specially directed towards the offending woman. The Saviour seems to address the words to *him*, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast the stone at her."

As we look at those faces, we wonder not that "they went out one by one, leaving the woman in the midst"—mercy and misery left alone together.

No. 453.—THE MARRIAGE OF CANA IN GALILEE. (*Paul Veronese.*)

This picture belonged to our Charles I. Philip IV. had ordered the Spanish envoy in London to purchase Charles's pictures from the Commonwealth. He was most eager for the arrival of these treasures at Madrid, but a difficulty arose, owing to the English ambassadors from the exiled Charles II. being resident at the Spanish court. One of these was Lord Cottington, who, twenty-six years before, had accompanied Charles I. (then Prince of Wales) to Madrid. Philip was determined to get rid of these envoys, and without further ceremony dismissed them, on the pretext that "their presence in Madrid was very prejudicial to his affairs." No sooner had the ambassadors withdrawn than eighteen mules laden with the pictures of the murdered king entered the city.

Lovers of art may rejoice, however, that these treasures found their way out of England, as an order had gone forth from the Puritan council "that all representations of the Second Person of the Trinity, or of the Virgin, *were to be burnt forthwith*."

On the left of the "Long Gallery" are fine portraits by Tintoretto, worthy of the inscription written over his studio:—

"Il disegno di Michel Angelo,
Il colorito di Tiziano."

No. 672.—JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES. (*Tintoretto.*)

The Hebrew woman, young and beautiful, had vowed to deliver her country from the Assyrians. She goes forth with her maid to the Assyrian camp. She gains admittance by her beauty and address to the tent of Holofernes, captain of the Assyrian host. After four days she accomplishes her design, and kills Holofernes when he was "filled with wine."

On the right is the body of the Assyrian, on the left is Judith's maid, holding the bag in which they place the head of the murdered man, and "the twain pass through the camp to their own city."

No. 813.—THE ENTOMBMENT. (*Titian.*)

Joseph of Aramathea and Nicodemus hold the body of the Saviour. The Virgin bends down, and with both hands supports the lifeless arm; behind is St. John; whilst an angel with uplifted hands gazes on this mystery of divine humiliation.

No. 851.—ST. MARGARET. (*Titian.*)

From the collection of our CHARLES I.

St. Margaret lived in the third century. She was of Antioch, and had been instructed secretly in the Christian faith by her nurse. From a child she determined to dedicate herself to the service of Christ.

As she grew up, her beauty attracted the notice of the Governor of Antioch, who desired to make her

his wife. She refused, and declared herself a Christian. Forsaken now by all, she was subjected to the most cruel torments in order to make her abjure her faith, but her courage did not falter. At this point commences the legend, which forms the subject of this picture.

St. Margaret, undismayed by human foes, is thrust into prison, where she is assailed by Satan in the form of a dragon, with open jaw, ready to devour her. By the power of the Cross she overcomes the great adversary, who lies dead at the feet of the youthful saint —sin vanquished by faith.

Her trials were ended by the sword, and she was led forth to die, rejoicing that she was counted worthy to suffer for His sake who had redeemed her.

No. 634.—SAN SEBASTIAN. (*Guido.*)

There is another beautiful picture of San Sebastian in this Gallery by Carducci, a contemporary of Guido (No. 715), well worth seeking out and comparing with No. 634.

St. Sebastian lived in the third century, and was born at Narbonne. He commanded a company in the Praetorian Guards, and was high in the favour of the Emperor Diocletian. Secretly, however, Sebastian was a Christian, and ready, if need be, to lay down his life for the faith.

He was at length charged with being "an insulter of the gods," and having boldly confessed the faith of Christ crucified, was condemned to be shot to death with arrows. The archers having performed their task, left him, believing him to be dead; but when his friends came at midnight to take down his body they found that he still breathed.

They conveyed him to the house of a poor Christian woman, who bound up his wounds, and took such care of him that he recovered.

Sebastian, however, lamented that his life had been thus saved, and boldly denouncing the Emperor's cruel persecutions, he again avowed himself a Christian.

Diocletian commanded him instantly to be seized, and

beaten to death with clubs. This order was carried out, but his body was recovered by his friends and buried in the Catacombs.

Guido Reni lived in the sixteenth century. He was born at Bologna, and studied painting under the Caracci.

Carducci was a Florentine, born in 1560, and a pupil of Zucchero, whom he accompanied to Madrid. He painted much for Philip II., who employed him at the Escurial. He died in 1610.

No. 776.—SALOME BEARING THE HEAD OF THE BAPTIST. (*Titian.*)

This beautiful face is that of Titian's daughter, Lavinia, whose death deprived him of his best model, and made the home of his old age desolate.

Salome holds aloft the dish with face turned towards the spectator, unmindful of all, save her own grace and beauty.

No. 740.—A KNIGHT OF MALTA. (*Titian.*)

These knights took the name of Hospitallers of St. John the Baptist, and, as their name indicates, dedicated themselves especially to the service of the sick. Their order dates from the eleventh century, the time of the first Crusade.

They took upon them a vow to defend the Holy Sepulchre, and to wage perpetual war against the infidel. They established themselves in the Island of Rhodes, from whence they sent forth their galleys over the Levant, capturing any richly-laden Turkish vessel which fell in their way. In 1522, the Turks fitted out an expedition against Rhodes, and expelled the knights from the Island. The emperor, Charles V., then gave them the Island of Malta, which was at that time a Spanish possession. They soon made Malta vie with Rhodes in fertility and strength, and became once more formidable to the Ottoman Empire.

In the reign of Philip II. of Spain, the Turks resolved to eject the Knights from Malta. Then took place the memorable defence of the Island, organised

by their grand master, La Valette. Calling all his knights together, he told them that "The great battle was now to be fought between the Cross and the Koran," and he adjured them as "soldiers of the Cross to be ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their holy religion." The siege lasted four months, and ended in the Turkish fleet being withdrawn.

Valetta, so well known to English soldiers and sailors, was founded by the brave old grand master, and his tomb is still to be seen in the cathedral.

No. 695.—Portrait of TITIAN, by Himself.

Titian was the personal friend of the Emperor Charles V., who bestowed on him the Order of Santiago, and created him a Count Palatine of the Empire.

Whether Titian ever visited Spain is a disputed point. Some good authorities assert it, and account for the vast number of his works in this Gallery, by an alleged residence of three years at the Spanish court.

This great painter, certainly the greatest portrait painter that ever existed, died of the plague at Venice in 1576, at the age of ninety-nine.

No. 878.—THE EMPRESS ISABELLA, Wife of Charles V., Princess of Portugal. (*Titian.*)

The empress had the same leaning as her husband towards a conventual life, and they had mutually agreed that as soon as their children were grown up, they would retire into religious houses. She died, however, when her son, Philip, was only twelve years old. It was before her picture that the emperor sat, lost in thought, when attacked with his last illness at the Convent of Yuste. Charles was passionately fond of the empress, and on his death-bed held in his hand the Crucifix which had belonged to her.

Near the centre of the Long Gallery is—

No. 685.—Equestrian Portrait of CHARLES V. (*Titian.*)

The Emperor Charles V. (Charles I. of Spain) was the son of "Crazy Jane," and grandson of Ferdinand

and Isabella. He is clad in armour, lance in hand, Underneath the raised vizor you see the set mouth, projecting chin, pale face, and grizzly beard, as that face appeared to Titian at Bologna in 1529. It was when riding through the streets of Bologna that Charles placed Titian on his right hand saying, "I have many nobles in my empire, but only one Titian."

As one looks at the proud, defiant face of Charles, one recalls the words he uttered when urged to violate the safe conduct he had granted to Martin Luther—"If honour were banished from every other abode, it ought to find refuge in the breasts of kings!" Neither, in after years, would the emperor allow the tomb of Luther at Wittemberg to be destroyed, saying to those who advocated its destruction, "I fight against the living, not against the dead."

Must we believe that in his last hours at Yuste, when the lance was exchanged for the crucifix, the warped conscience of the dying emperor deemed it sinful to have allowed Luther to escape?

No. 752.—LA GLORIA. (*Titian.*)

To pass this picture by without comment would be impossible; its fame having gone through all the world of art. It was said to be Titian's masterpiece, and was painted by him for Charles V.

It was so great a favourite with the emperor that it accompanied him to Yuste, and he left directions in his will that it should adorn the Church in which his body should be interred. The picture represents Charles V. and the empress, with their son, Philip, and his sisters appearing before the Court of Heaven in the midst of patriarchs and saints.

There is but little of the master's hand to be seen now in this once celebrated picture.

On the other side of the Gallery is—

No. 854.—THE VICTORY OF LEPANTO. (*Titian.*)

This picture is allegorical, and was painted when

Titian was ninety-one, in commemoration of the Battle of Lepanto. Philip II. is presenting his infant son to fame, after the great Naval victory in 1571, when the Turkish fleet was totally destroyed by Don John of Austria, in command of the combined fleets of the Pope, Spain, and Venice. In the foreground is a prostrate Turk, with hands bound, and turban rolling in the dust.

Fame offers the child a plume, which he receives with a doubtful expression, not unmixed with fear.

The figure of the King in theatrical attire is strangely unlike the Philip history portrays, receiving with impassive countenance the news of the victory, whilst kneeling in his stall at the Escurial.

Don John was the illegitimate brother of Philip, and the favourite son of Charles V. The hero of Lepanto may be said to be unrepresented in this Gallery, a doubtful portrait (No. 1,737), by an unknown artist, being the sole memorial of a prince as distinguished for his personal beauty as for his chivalrous bravery. The allies encountered the Ottoman fleet at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto. Before giving the signal for action Don John addressed the fleet in words of glowing enthusiasm. Holding on high the Crucifix, he then knelt in prayer on the quarter deck of his ship, and at the blast of the trumpets the prince's vessel sailed forth from the centre of the line, till she lay alongside the Turkish flag ship. At sunset the standard of the Prophet no longer waved, and from that quarter-deck where at noon the crucifix had been raised aloft, the Christian fleet beheld affixed to a pole the turbaned head of the Turkish admiral. When Pope Pius V. heard of the defeat of the Infidels, he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

We come now to the celebrated Raphaels.

No. 784.—EL PASMO DE SICILIA. (*Raphael.*)

This picture was painted for a Church in Sicily, and was shipped for Palermo. The vessel foundered, but the case containing the picture was washed on shore at

Genoa, and this great work of Raphael was taken out uninjured. It was restored to the Sicilian Church for which it was painted, but was subsequently removed to Madrid by Philip IV. What this picture *was* we learn from books on art—a masterpiece of colouring as well as of design. What it is now can only be described as disappointing.

The subject is the Bearing of the Cross. The Saviour has sunk beneath its weight. With one hand He grasps the Cross, with the other He seeks to support himself. His face is turned towards the women, to whom He seems to say, "Weep not for me."

The whole tone of the picture strikes one as coarse and red, and however sublime the conception of the central figure, the attitude of the women savours more of rebuke than sympathy.

Some have imagined that the figure with arms outstretched represents Veronica, the cloth having been obliterated in some of the many restorations which this picture has undergone.

On the opposite side of the Gallery is—

No. 726.—LA PERLA. (*Raphael.*)

The Virgin and Child, and St. John the Baptist, the latter offering fruit to the Infant Saviour. St. Anna (the Virgin's mother) and St. Joseph are in the background. Again one is struck by the red hue which pervades this picture. It was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Mantua, and was bought by our Charles I., to whom we owe the commencement of true artistic taste in England.

Philip IV. exclaimed, on beholding it—"This is the pearl of my pictures," from which royal exclamation its present name is derived.

Next to El Pasmo is hung

No. 834.—THE VISITATION. (*Raphael.*)

The name "Raphael Urbinas" is inscribed in letters of gold. The first impression of this picture is perhaps not pleasing, but wait awhile, and it will be engraven

on the memory. The Virgin, "great with child," takes with timid downcast face the extended hand of St. Elizabeth. She sees in dim vision the baptism on the banks of the Jordan, and the Heavenly host above. On her ear has fallen the voice out of the distant cloud—"This is my beloved Son"—and she bears the wondering gaze of her aged cousin with the meekness and gentleness of one who knows that "the Lord is with her."

On the other side of "El Pasmo" is

No. 772.—THE HOLY FAMILY.
(*Andrea del Sarto.*)

Let us look at the angel. To have painted that head, one fancies that Andrea must have sought inspiration from above, not from the earth, as was his wont. This picture was in the collection of our King Charles.

No. 837.—THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.
(*Andrea del Sarto.*)

This is a repetition of the picture which was in the collection of Francis I., and which was sent by the painter to Paris after his return to Florence in 1519.*

The French king had been a generous patron to Andrea del Sarto, loading him with presents, and assigning him a pension during his stay at the French court; but at the summons of his unworthy wife he returned hastily to Italy, taking an oath before leaving Paris that he would ere long return, and bring the beautiful Lucrezia with him. Trusting to this promise Francis I. confided to him a large sum of money to be expended on works of art. Andrea broke his word; Lucrezia spent the money; and this picture was sent as a propitiatory offering to the French king.

In the centre of this picture is seen the figure of the youthful Isaac, meek and unresisting, his hands bound, yielding himself up to the will of his father.

* This picture is now in the Dresden Gallery.

The hand of the Patriarch is stretched forth: looking up to Heaven, he seems to invoke God's aid, and attest even now his faith in the divine power to raise his son from the dead. An angel stays the outstretched hand. Far off in the distance are Abraham's bondsmen, awaiting the return of their master and his son.

Diverging from the "Long Gallery" we pass into the Sala de Isabella.

On the left as you enter is—

No. 1607.—THE BETRAYAL. (*Van Dyck.*)

Judas approaches to give the appointed token. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he."

As the traitor's face is raised, the Saviour looks upon him with calm dignity and pity. The hand of the betrayer touches that of his Divine Master: his sacrilegious foot rests on "the robe without seam woven throughout."

Fierce hands raise the cord wherewith to bind and hold Him fast. The eager rabble with spears and lanterns press forward, and St. Peter's sword is already uplifted. The rugged trees, under whose shadow the Saviour had erewhile knelt and prayed, are lighted up by the glare of torches, whilst the bird of wisdom sits on the topmost branch, wakeful and wailing ready to take flight.

No. 116.—JACOB'S DREAM. (*Ribera.*)

This is hardly one's idea of the smooth-faced Jacob, but a Spaniard dark and swarthy. The sun has gone down, night is closing in, and the homeless Jacob has laid him down to sleep against the rude trunk of a tree, with rough stones for his pillow. Above the sleeper's head rises a silvery mist, within which appears a soft vision of angels ascending and descending, sent as dew to revive the parched spirit of the lonely wanderer, and tell him, what he knew not, that "God was there."

Ribera was an Italian painter, though a Spaniard by birth. At sixteen he left Spain for Naples, then under

Spanish rule, and became the pupil of Caravaggio early in the seventeenth century. He is well known in Italy as Spagnaletto, or the little Spaniard.

No. 200.—Portrait of PHILIP IV. (*Velazquez.*)

Don Diego Velazquez de Silva was court painter to Philip IV., and rose to favour early in life.

In 1622, when only twenty-three years of age, he left Seville for Madrid, and was before long taken under the protection of the Duque de Olivares, the favourite minister of Philip IV., and by him brought to the notice of the youthful king. Unlike most favourites, Velazquez retained through life his royal master's confidence and friendship, and when he died, in 1660, funeral honours were paid to the great artist by order of the king.

This portrait of Philip IV., with his dog and gun, was painted in his early youth.

We have before us the pallid face, unmeaning eye, full red lip, thin stiffly curled moustache, and the elongated chin peculiar to his race ; but in this, as in all his portraits, he is stately and prince-like.*

As a king, Philip IV. was indolent and incapable, but he was an ardent sportsman, and a passionate lover of the arts. Insatiable in the acquisition of pictures, he was indifferent to the loss of provinces. Portugal, Holland, Roussillon were gone; he cared not; he had Calderon to write plays, and Rubens and Velazquez to paint portraits. In the sluggish veins of this patron of art lingered that taint of insanity transmitted to her posterity by "Crazy Jane."

There are two portraits in this Gallery which, from historical association, should be viewed next to Philip IV.

One is on the opposite side of this same Sala de Isabella.

* There are no less than eight portraits of Philip IV. in the Museo, all by Velazquez.

No. 1407.—LORD BRISTOL, English Ambassador at Madrid. (*Van Dyck.*)

No. 177.—CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES.

In the "LONG GALLERY."

Near the picture of LORD BRISTOL, is another *Velazquez*, which at once awakens our English interest and curiosity.

No. 198, to which the "Handbook for Spain"* calls attention as the portrait of

THE INFANTA MARIA,

the heroine of the Royal romance which startled England and Spain in the time of our first Stuart.

The object of our Prince Charles's ride to Madrid was to see, woo, and win for himself the sister of the Spanish king. Strange that this Gallery should contain no likeness by Velazquez of a prince who was six months in Madrid, the observed of all observers.†

On the 7th March, 1623, Charles and Buckingham, having ridden post through France as John and Thomas Smith, reached Lord Bristol's house at Madrid, taking the Ambassador completely by surprise, and overwhelming him with anxiety on the prince's account.

A few days after, Charles saw the infanta for the first time. Spanish etiquette forbade their speaking, but she wore a blue ribbon round her arm that the prince might distinguish her. Let us look now at the portrait, No. 198.

Truth was the characteristic of all that Velazquez did, and truth in this instance stifles romance.

Can this be the princess of whom Buckingham wrote, "Without flattery, I think there is not a sweeter creature in the world?" We seek in vain the "very comely lady, fair-haired, with a most pure mixture of red and white in her face." We see, indeed, the light colourless hair parted on one side, and tied with ribbon, the fair inexpressive Flemish face and full jaw. We see

* "Handbook for Spain," 1869, page 43.

† In the room devoted to Flemish artists is a picture of Charles by Van Dyck.

the stiff brocaded dress strained over a prodigious hoop, on which rest small white hands, but the "comeliness" we cannot see; and in spite of the high authority of Mr. Murray, the conviction is forced upon us that this is *not* the portrait of Charles's Infanta. On close examination it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to the INFANTA MARIA MARGARITA in Las Meninas, and is far more likely to be the daughter than the sister of Philip IV.*

We turn now to No. 1407, Lord Bristol, the patron of Van Dyck, who stands beside him in this picture. A florid, full blown diplomatist, who hated Buckingham, and whom Buckingham treated with studied insolence during his stay in Madrid, cutting asunder, with his sharp tongue, the threads of the ambassador's negociation with the Spanish court.

When Bristol was recalled by James I. to London, he was offered a Spanish dukedom by Philip IV. He declined it. Olivares then privately urged his acceptance of a large sum of money, assuring him that it should never be known in England. "Yes," replied Bristol, "one person would know of it who would be certain to reveal it to the king, and that person is the Earl of Bristol."

Let us go now in search of Olivares in the "Long Gallery."

No. 177.—DON GASPAR DE GUZMAN CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES. (*Velazquez.*)

The unscrupulous minister of Philip IV. is on horseback, thrust forward on a high crouped saddle. A red scarf over his cuirass, his back turned to the spectator, but showing in profile, under the shadow of a capacious hat, an olive face, coarse and unpleasant in expression, and a shaggy moustache. Bitter was the animosity which sprung up between the two royal favourites during Prince Charles's stay in Madrid.

Buckingham had been outduped by the crafty

* A confirmation of this opinion is found in the "Catalogo" of 1845, where this portrait is stated to be that of the Infanta Doña Maria de Austria *hija* de Felipe IV.

Spaniard, and, openly renouncing his friendship, quitted the court with the fixed determination to put an end to the Spanish match. Charles himself, wounded in vanity, weary of his protracted courtship, and conscious that he had been made a tool in the hands of Spanish bigots, spoke out boldly at the last to Olivares. "You have broken your word with me, my lord duke, but I will not break my faith with God." Weak and wavering, driven with the wind in all else, Charles was firm in his attachment to his Church, and never swerved in heart from the reformed faith.

We return now to the Sala de Isabella.

No. 335.—LAS HILANDERAS. (*Velazquez.*)

Another Velazquez is before us: no longer court life, but that of the weaver is here set forth.

A woman is at her spinning-wheel, old and worn. A girl winds the spun wool. Other young girls are grouped around—idlers, playing with a cat. In the background a lady of the court is examining some tapestry held up for her inspection by the women of the manufactory.

No. 798.—A HOLY FAMILY. (*Raphael.*)

A miniature in size—a gem in feeling. The Infant Saviour is riding on a lamb. His tender form is upheld by the kneeling Virgin. His arms encircle the neck of the lamb, whilst with a look of child-like innocence and love He gazes up at St. Joseph.

A few steps further is—

No. 1251.—THE LIFTING UP OF THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS. (*Rubens.*)

It is touching to observe the woman over whose eye is stealing the film of death, as she tries with struggling energy to look at the serpent of brass and live.

The great Flemish painter was forty-one years old when he came on a special mission to Philip IV. The talent of the young Velazquez was fully appreciated by

Rubens, and he at once made him his companion and guide to all the Galleries of Madrid.

The unenvious nature and sweet temper of Velazquez won his affection, and a close friendship was formed between them which it is pleasant to remember.

No. 87.—ST. PAUL AND ST. ANTHONY. (*Velazquez.*)

This picture gives us incidents in the lives of the two great Hermit Saints. In the third century, during the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Decius, Paul of Thebes fled from the beautiful Egyptian city to the sandy desert of the Nile. For long years his dwelling place was a cave, his food the dates from a palm tree, his drink water from the brook, his raiment the leaves of the palm.

Anthony of Alexandria likewise fled, not from man's persecution, but through dread of the world's temptations. Having bereft himself of all his possessions, he bent his steps with staff in hand to the desert, but there was no peace for him there. Haunted by evil suggestions, tormented by a morbid imagination, it was in vain that Anthony strove to quell the anguish of his soul by fasting and mortification of the body.

But deliverance came at length. The "still small voice" fell on his inward ear, as he wept mournfully in the desert, bidding him go work in God's vineyard: and he arose and went forth to tell men of the love of the Saviour, to speak comfort to the sorrowful, and to preach peace and purity of life. Multitudes went out into the Egyptian desert to hear him, and adopted the hermit life. This life was divided between work and worship; so that they have been described "as a hive of bees; each occupant of a cell having in his hand the wax of labour, and in his mouth the honey of praise."

Then sprung there up in the heart of Anthony a fresh root of bitterness. Self-righteous thoughts assailed him; he thought no hermit in the desert was more perfect than himself; but in a dream by night, the patient endurance of the aged hermit Paul was revealed to him;

and as soon as day broke, he set forth in search of one so far exceeding himself in humility and self-denial.

At this point Velazquez takes up their history. In the background, Anthony is seen wending his way and asking guidance to the cave of Paul. Then we have Anthony, seeking admittance at the entrance of a rocky cave overshadowed by a tree, and in the foreground the two saints are seated together—Paul, with upraised eyes and hands, expectant, whilst a raven is seen flying towards them, "bringing bread from heaven," not for Paul alone, but "the double portion" needed. Within the cave, according to the legend, was the last scene of Paul's life: the old man is described as kneeling in prayer, and whilst praying his spirit departs.

On the left of the picture, in the sandy desert, we have his burial. Two lions with their paws dig the grave (a labour of love the feeble Anthony lacked strength to perform): and lastly, we see Anthony kneeling, having borne to the grave the body of the aged hermit.

This picture was a favourite with Sir David Wilkie. In the history of these two hermits we see the sowing of the first seeds of monastic life.

No. 852.—OFFERING TO THE GODDESS OF FECUNDITY. (*Titian.*)

From age and asceticism we turn to childhood and mirth.

In this beautiful picture Titian has represented a multitude of little children full of infantine grace and beauty, dancing in groups, shooting arrows, gathering fruit, weaving garlands of flowers, whilst cherubs hover above them. This votive picture to the Goddess of Fertility was, when in Italy, a study both to sculptors and painters, as affording so many beautiful models of children.

No. 765.—PORTRAIT OF CHARLES V. (*Titian.*)

When Titian was painting the emperor's picture at Augsburgh, the artist let fall his pencil, Charles imme-

diately stooped and presented it to him with the words, "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." In this picture Charles is somewhat older than in the portrait in the Long Gallery. By his side he has his favourite Irish wolf dog.

There is a touching story told of the emperor, who if not humane towards man, having recourse at times to "fire, pit, and sword," was always merciful to bird and beast; even, it is said, making mention in his will of his pet cat, and parrot, and one-eyed pony. In one of his campaigns a swallow, seeking where she might lay her young, built her nest on the top of his tent. Rather than have the poor bird disturbed, when the army moved, the emperor left the tent standing.

In the midst of war, Charles cultivated the arts of peace, and a small organ encased in silver always accompanied him in his campaigns. So wonderfully correct was his ear that a false note was detected at once, and the offender immediately pointed out from amidst the choir. Even in his last moments his love of melody asserted its power, and a gesture of impatience escaped him as the harsh, discordant voice of the Primate jarred upon his dying ear at Yuste.

This picture was one of the gifts of Philip IV. to our Charles I. when at Madrid. After Charles's death it was purchased back by Philip from the Commonwealth.

No. 666.—MONA LISA. (*Leonardo da Vinci.*)

No. 664.—LUCREZIA FEDE. (*Andrea del Sarto.*)

In these pictures we have the portraits of two fair women, both by Florentine masters.

Mona Lisa was a beautiful Florentine, the wife of Francesco del Giocondo. It is said that Leonardo, anxious that the portrait should be full of vivacity and life, engaged musicians and singers to divert and enliven the fair Mona Lisa whilst she sat to him. There is another fine picture of her in the Louvre by the same master.

The portrait of "Lucrezia Fede," No. 664, is by her husband, Andrea del Sarto. The beauty of Lucrezia was often placed on canvas by the same skilled hand: indeed her loveliness was so enshrined in the heart of her husband, that he could paint his Madonnas from no other model. Frail and faithless, Lucrezia degraded him in life, and in death deserted him, leaving him to die alone and neglected.

No. 741.—LA VIRGEN DEL PEZ. (*Raphael.*)

This is the third great Raphael in the Gallery. The picture was brought from Naples by Philip II., and placed in the Escurial (where the monks were Jeromites). On the right kneels the venerable St. Jerome, one of the four Latin Fathers of the Church. He holds in his hand the Translation of the Bible into the Vulgate, on which he had spent fifty years of his life, and from which is taken our beautiful Prayer Book Version of the Psalms. At his feet crouches the faithful lion. On the other side is the youthful Tobias, led by the Archangel Raphael. Tobias holds the fish, with which his father's sight is to be restored, and which gives the name to the picture. In the centre is "the child Jesus," standing on His mother's knee. This picture is allegorical; Tobias is supposed to represent the Christian pilgrim setting forth under the guardianship of an angel; in his hand he holds the fish, the symbol of Baptism. The Saviour is bending forward to receive the baptised youth, whilst His hand rests on the open Book, giving the Divine blessing on the labours of St. Jerome, showing that Baptism and the study of the Holy Scriptures lead to Christ, as the Centre of Light and Life.

We read in the history of St. Jerome that one evening at Bethlehem, whilst he was reading the Scriptures with his followers, a lion entered the cell, limping. All fled but St. Jerome, who strong in faith approached, and found that the poor beast had been wounded in the paw by thorns. These he extracted, and the grateful lion dwelt with him ever after, his fierce nature changed into that of the lamb.

No. 905.—PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL GIULIO DE' MEDICI. (*Raphael.*)

A portrait as full of vigour and intellect as of historical interest. Giulio de' Medici became Pope Clement VII., and refused to annul the marriage of our Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon, youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. By this refusal he lost one of the richest jewels in the Papal crown, for Henry instantly threw off his allegiance to Rome, and the English Parliament at once conferred on him the title of "The only Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England." This portrait has also another interest. It was for Giulio de' Medici, when Archbishop of Narbonne, that Raphael painted "The Transfiguration." This famous picture, the glory of the Vatican, was hung over the bed on which the corpse of Raphael was laid in state. All Rome congregated to the place, bewailing the untimely death of the first of painters, and gazing with mingled awe and rapture on the last work of his hand.

There is a picture in our National Gallery which was also painted for the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici. It is "The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo. It was painted in rivalry with Raphael's "Transfiguration," and was likewise intended for the Cathedral at Narbonne.

No. 723.—THE AGNUS DEI. (*Raphael.*)

Seated in the midst of ruins the Virgin holds the Divine child, who is bending down to caress St. John, in whose hand is a scroll inscribed with the words which give the picture its name. St. Joseph leans on a ruined column, whilst from beneath glides man's friend, the gentle lizard, secure from the foe, in the presence of Him who would "bruise the serpent's head."

No. 769.—PHILIP II. (*Titian.*)

He stands before us a young man in armour; his lip is slightly compressed, and the brows knit together,

dark and ominous, suggestive of the sinister disposition of the prince of whom in after years it was said "that his dagger followed close upon his smile."

A few paces further on is—

No. 1446.—MARY TUDOR. (*Moro.*)

"Bloody Mary" in England, "Maria la Santa" in Spain, was second wife to Philip, and his cousin, being the only child of the repudiated queen, Catherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII.

On her accession to the English Throne she was declined in marriage by Charles V. for himself, but accepted for his son Philip, a widower, and twenty-seven years of age, Mary being eleven years his senior.

Her crabbed features and soured expression are faithfully portrayed by Antonio Moro. In her hand she holds a rose. This painter, better known in England as Sir Anthony More, was sent before the marriage to paint the portrait of the bride elect. Philip had already asked in marriage his cousin Mary of Portugal, but false in youth as in age, he scrupled not to forsake her for Mary of England, who brought a kingdom as her dower.

Mary Tudor waited impatiently for the arrival of her bridegroom. Not a single letter did he write, a neglect she deeply felt. Her apprehensions were now excited, lest her appearance should displease him, and she daily consulted her glass, which reflected features becoming daily more haggard. At length he landed; the marriage took place; and England was again placed under the yoke of Rome. Philip, weary of his wife's love and jealousy, soon left her, and only returned when he required the help of England in his war with France—a war which brought discredit upon England in the loss of Calais, which for two hundred years had been an English possession. Mary, dropsical and dejected, deserted by Philip, and detested by her subjects, did not long survive the loss of Calais. She died in November, 1558, at the age of forty-five: the only one of Philip's four wives whose remains were not carried to the Escurial.

Eleven days after the funeral of Queen Mary had taken place at Westminster, a solemn mass was performed for the last time in our grand old Abbey for the repose of the soul of her father-in-law, whose death at Yuste had preceded her own by a few weeks.

This Gallery contains two pictures by Titian painted for Mary, viz., 756 and 787, Sisyphus heaving up hill the huge stone, which recoils upon him, and Prometheus chained to a rock, the prey of the Vulture.

Antonio Moro was of Flemish origin. He was knighted by Mary, and remained in England till her death, when he returned to Spain, and painted several fine portraits, which are in the Flemish rooms of this Museo. Philip II. treated Moro with the greatest familiarity, and on one occasion slapped him playfully on the shoulder. The painter was sufficiently indiscreet to return the familiarity, by smearing the hand of the king with his brush; an indiscretion never forgotten; and Sir Anthony More was advised to retire from Spain to the Netherlands, which he did without delay.

No. 152.—DON CARLOS. (*Alonso Sanchez Coello.*)

We have here the portrait of Mary's step-son, the unhappy Don Carlos, by Philip's first wife, Maria of Portugal. The face is that of a boy of 12 or 14, sad and wistful, showing no trace of that ungovernable temper which made him an object of distrust and aversion to his father. The cold grey eye of Philip kept unceasing watch upon his son. The spirit of the young prince was chafed by the stern rule of his father, and his heart chilled by his sepulchral manner. When Don Carlos was told that Flanders had been alienated from him, and settled upon his step-mother and her descendants, the fiery temper burst forth in these words—"I will maintain my rights, in single combat, against any son of Mary Tudor's."

When he was eleven years old, he met his grandfather, Charles V., at Valladolid, the emperor being then on his way to Yuste. Charles liked to talk to his grandson, and tell him of his military exploits. On hearing of the emperor's flight from Innsbruck, to

avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, Carlos exclaimed—"*I* never would have fled." He persisted in this in spite of the explanations of the emperor, who was greatly delighted by this promise of a courage equal to his own. Don Carlos was rash in speech: "what was in his heart, was quickly on his lips," an unpardonable offence in the eyes of Philip "the Prudent."

The prince is said to have deprecated the persecuting policy of his father, and to have expressed sympathy for the oppressed Netherlanders. He had also a strong desire to be sent to Brussels, and was vexed at the appointment of the Duke of Alva. Philip's third marriage with the beautiful Isabella of France (to whom Don Carlos had been betrothed) took place in 1559. In France these nuptials were celebrated by a tournament, at which Isabella's father, Henry II., was mortally wounded. In Spain the rejoicings took the form of an auto de fé, where Spanish Protestants were burnt at the stake. It was on this occasion that De Seso, who had been high in favour with the Emperor Charles V., suffered as a heretic. On passing the Royal Tribune he exclaimed, "Is it thus that you allow your innocent subjects to be persecuted?" to whom Philip replied, "If it were my own son I would fetch the wood to burn him, were he such a wretch as thou art!" Another victim was gagged by order of the king when he attempted to speak. The effect of this auto de fé was to fill Don Carlos with disgust and indignation, and strengthen his feelings of sympathy for the accused.

Irritated at being excluded from public affairs, and unable to restrain himself from complaining that "the king had robbed him of his bride," Don Carlos secretly formed the design of quitting Spain, but his plan was soon discovered, and its execution prevented by imprisonment. The prince distrusted his father, and always slept with sword and dagger by his side, and a loaded musket close at hand. His door also was guarded by heavy bolts. Philip found means to tamper with the bolts and to seize upon his son's weapons whilst he slept. When the unfortunate prince awoke he was a prisoner. Queen Isabella wept bitterly on hearing of his imprisonment. She had always compassionated him, and her presence seemed "to change

his very nature," so unused was he to kindness and sympathy. Neither the queen, however, nor any of his friends were allowed to see him from the day of his arrest. Amongst the courtiers, it was said by some, that Carlos had plotted rebellion, by others, that he was a heretic; but "the wise laid their fingers on their lips and were silent." It was not long before his death was announced. The mystery with regard to his end gives peculiar interest to this picture, and one looks with pity on the boyish face, recalling that cry of bitter anguish to his father, "I am not mad, but you drive me to despair." As the body of Don Carlos was about to be carried to the place of interment, Philip appeared at a window of the palace, and himself directed what was to be the order of the funeral procession through the streets of Madrid. Don Carlos was cut off thus mysteriously when only twenty-three. In three short months from the time of his death, the queen also was taken, which gave rise to the suspicion that she had been poisoned by the jealous Philip.

Alonso Sanchez Coello was called "Il Tiziano Portugues" by Philip.

Coello had been the friend and companion of Sir Anthony More, and like him, was always treated with the greatest familiarity by the king, who relaxed in manner towards his painters, and would style Coello "his beloved son." Coello, however, was sufficiently wise never to forget the lesson left him by his brother artist, and on all occasions showed due honour to his Catholic Majesty.

No. 153.—MARIA OF PORTUGAL, the First Wife of PHILIP II. *(Pantoja de la Cruz).*

Maria of Portugal was the mother of Don Carlos. She died at the age of eighteen, a few days after the birth of her son. Her face is handsome. She wears a richly embroidered dress, and round her neck a string of pearls. Pantoja de la Cruz* was the pupil of Alonso Sanchez Coello, and succeeded him as painter to Philip II.

* Pantoja cannot have painted Maria of Portugal from life, as she died before the painter was born.

No. 154.—THE INFANTA CLARA EUGENIA ISABELLA. *(Alonso Sanchez Coello).*

This Infanta was the daughter of Philip II., by his third wife, Isabella of France. She was the favourite of her father. To her he bequeathed the Netherlands, and on his death-bed charged his son and successor, Philip III., to treat her with especial consideration, "for she had been his mirror, yea, the light of his eyes." She married the Archduke Albert, and this transfer of the Netherlands was the signal for fresh revolt in these provinces. The Infanta inherited all her father's bigotry, and is said to have made a vow to the Virgin, at the commencement of the siege of Ostend, that she would not change her linen till the place was taken. Alas for the poor Infanta! this famous siege lasted three years, and the supposed hue of her undergarments gave rise to a new colour, called "Isabeau."

No. 602.—PORTRAIT OF ANTONIO PEREZ. (*Alonso Sanchez Coello.*)

This is said to be the notorious Antonio Perez: notorious alike for his treachery and the relentless persecution he endured. In this picture—painted in the days of his prosperity—he wears the cross of Santiago, and on his head is a plumed cap: the face is devoid of interest, but not so his history. In early life Perez was secretary to Ruy Gomes, Prince of Eboli, Minister of Philip II., and by his talents and address attracted the notice of the king. After the death of Ruy Gomes, Perez rose rapidly in favour, and was made one of the Chief Secretaries of State. His subtle nature and talent for intrigue became more and more developed under the fostering care of such a master, and ere long Perez was the chosen confidant, and ready accomplice in all the sinister designs of Philip. Together they wove the dark plot, which had for its object the murder of the innocent Escovedo, the friend and adviser of Philip's brother, Don John of Austria, whom he had appointed Governor of the Netherlands, and now suspected of treasonable designs against his crown.

The jealous disposition of Philip took alarm lest the

favourite son of the emperor should dispossess him of his territories, and he was eager to get rid of Escovedo, whom he feared as the steady adherent and counsellor of Don John. In a letter written with his own hand to Perez, he urged the necessity of dispatching Escovedo at once, "before he murders us."

Perez had personal motives which made him likewise anxious for the removal of Escovedo, who had discovered his connection with the Princess Eboli, the royal favourite, and threatened to make it known. No time therefore was to be lost. After more than one fruitless attempt to destroy Escovedo by poison, he was at length dispatched in the streets of Madrid by the dagger of an assassin. A fortnight afterwards the king conferred upon the murderer the honour of a commission in the Spanish army and a pension. The audacious minister now grew more dissolute and unguarded in his conduct, more reckless in his expenditure, and the suspicions of Philip were excited. Suddenly arrested on some fictitious plea, Perez was charged with the murder of Escovedo, and for eleven years held in prison by Philip for a crime, which had been planned and directed by himself. An imprisonment of eleven years, however, did not satisfy the vindictive mind of Philip: he now ordered that his victim should be bound with chains, and his feet shackled. In this miserable condition Perez wrote again and again to Philip, pleading his innocence, and praying to be released from these cruel bonds. Philip demanded that all letters and papers, which had passed between himself and his former secretary, should be delivered up. Perez consented, but, with duplicity equal to his master, subtracted those most important, by which he could prove that the assassination of Escovedo had received the sanction of Philip. Still persisting in protestations of innocence, Perez was finally put to the torture. His cries for mercy fell on ears deaf to pity; he implored that "his life might be taken at one blow;" all he asked was to be "spared this protracted agony." At last he confessed that, "for State reasons, he had been privy to the assassination of Escovedo." He was

then removed from the rack and taken back to his cell. The sufferings he had undergone brought on fever, and his life was pronounced in danger. With great difficulty his wife, Donna Juana, obtained permission to visit him in his prison. With the assistance of his friends she contrived a plan for his escape. Disguised in her cloak, Perez eluded the vigilance of his guardians, and made his escape to Aragon. Philip immediately ordered Donna Juana and her children to be cast into the common prison, where in a few weeks she gave birth to a child. The king's inhumanity excited universal compassion towards his victims, and the popular feeling was strong in favour of Perez. The Courts of Aragon refused to convict him, in spite of Philip's efforts to secure a sentence of condemnation.

Relentless in his vengeance, Philip now had recourse to the Inquisition.

Perez had been heard to exclaim in his agony, "Surely God sleeps!"* This was enough for the eager ears of the Familiars of the Holy Office. He was charged with heresy, and thrust into one of the dungeons of the Inquisition: from thence he was rescued by a popular insurrection, and made his escape to Navarre. Defrauded of their prey, the Inquisitors burnt him in effigy at their next auto de fé, and branded his wife and children with ignominy. From Navarre Perez fled into France, and sought the protection of Henry IV., with whom Philip was then at war. In 1593 Perez was sent by Henry to England, to confer with Queen Elizabeth respecting the designs of their common enemy.

Whilst in England Perez published an account of his sufferings, which so exasperated Philip, that wherever Perez found an asylum he was pursued by emissaries from the king, sent to dispatch him.

In 1598 the Peace of Vervins was concluded, which put an end to the war between France and Spain.

Perez then entreated Henry IV. to obtain from Philip the liberation of his wife and family, still languishing in prison; but the appeal was without result —the unrelenting Philip died, leaving Donna Juana

* See Mignet's Antonio Perez and Philip II.

and her children in captivity, but with directions that she should be transferred to a convent.

It was not until the marriage of Philip III. with the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, that Donna Juana obtained her freedom, after a detention of fourteen years.

Her children, however, remained prisoners, but were at length liberated, by order of the Duke of Lerma. On hearing of their release, Perez petitioned that they might once more be united as a family. He implored that his wife "might come and close his eyes—eyes which had wept so long," but neither Juana, nor her children were ever permitted to rejoin him. In 1610 Antonio Perez, worn out by infirmity and disappointment, ended his miserable career in Paris. The eyes which had wept so long wept to the end, and his last days were embittered by poverty and neglect.

It was not till five years after his death, that Donna Juana succeeded in clearing his memory from the imputation of heresy, and thus restoring her fatherless children to their rank.

No. 138.—LOS BORRACHOS. *(Velazquez.)*

In this picture a clown personates Bacchus, his head crowned with vine leaves, and a barrel for his throne. Some seven or eight others are carousing with him, all more or less inebriated.

No. 195.—THE FORGE OF VULCAN. (*Velazquez.*)

The lame and ugly Vulcan, with brawny arms and hairy breast, stands, hammer in hand, surrounded by his Cyclopes, listening with rage and grief to the tale brought by Apollo of Venus's infidelity.

No. 81.—ALONSO CANO.

This is a portrait by *Velazquez* of a brother artist, who was also a sculptor and a priest.

Alonso Cano was called the Michael Angelo of Spain. Velazquez was his friend and protector.

He was born at Granada, and was the pupil of Pacheco. He was made a canon of the cathedral of his native city by Philip IV. This proceeding greatly irritated the chapter, who considered him "a man unlettered." Their remonstrances only brought upon them this reply from Philip, "Were this painter a learned man, who knows but that he might be Primate. I can make canons like you at my pleasure, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano." He was accused in early life of having killed his wife in a fit of jealousy, but it is without proof: he was, however, put to the rack, but endured it without a word, which convinced Philip of his innocence. He gave largely to the poor, and when money failed him, would often make a sketch and give it as his alms to a beggar. His artistic taste was strong in death. When his confessor presented him with a coarsely carved Crucifix, he waved it aside with his hand, praying that his spirit might not be vexed by this unseemly image, but that a plain Cross might be given into his hand, so that he might figure to himself the Divine Person.

No. 191.—THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS. (*Murillo.*)

The shepherds, eager to see what had been made known to them from on High, come with haste to Bethlehem, followed by a sheep of the fold. The foremost shepherd kneels in adoration and praise before the Divine Child, and recognises in Him the Good Shepherd who would "lay down His life for the sheep."

No. 226.—LA DIVINA PASTORA. (*Alonso Miguel de Tobar.*)

In this picture we are startled to see the Good Shepherd, under the similitude of a young girl! False and fanciful as is the conception, the artless grace of the youthful Shepherdess feeding her flock with roses, and the exquisite beauty of the picture, as a whole, disarm criticism.

Tobar was the favourite pupil of Murillo, and painted

this picture for a Franciscan Church in Madrid. He died in 1758.

No. 202.—THE SAVIOUR AND ST. JOHN BAPTIST. (*Murillo.*)

The Child Jesus holds a shell to the lips of the little St. John. By his side is a lamb. Angels are praising above, whilst Christ gives "the living water" to the future Baptist.

This picture is wonderfully soft and beautiful, shadowing forth those words, "If any thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Leaving the Sala de Isabella, we return now to the Long Gallery. On the left as you enter is—

No. 721.—THE SCOURGING. (*Ascribed to Michael Angelo.*)

The Saviour, with eyes bent to the ground, stands stripped of His raiment. His hands are bound behind Him, whilst long furrows are made on His back by the thongs of the executioners. The one gazes on Him with compassion reluctant to strike, the other performs his task with merciless zeal.

On the other side of the door is—

No. 326.—THE APPARITION OF THE VIRGIN TO ST. ILDEFONSO. (*Murillo.*)

St. Ildefonso was a Benedictine monk, and Archbishop of Toledo, in the seventh century. The legend runs thus. On entering his Cathedral for a midnight service, St. Ildefonso was startled by a blaze of light round the high altar. Approaching nearer he beheld the Virgin seated on the throne he was about to occupy, whilst angel voices chanted the Psalms. Falling to the ground, he heard a voice from the throne, bidding him draw near and receive a robe from the treasury of heaven. In the picture a magnificent chasuble is held

up before the kneeling Archbishop by the Virgin and angels, who, according to the legend, array him in this new robe. From thenceforth no mortal sat with impunity on that ivory chair of state, and none might array himself in that glorious robe and live.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was born at Pilas, near Seville, on new year's day, 1613. He studied painting under his uncle Castillo, in that city; the beggars crowding the streets afforded ready subjects for his pencil; and at the annual fair the works of the young Murillo were exposed for sale, and found ready purchasers at so much a dozen. These pictures were exported to Spanish America. His genius could no longer be satisfied with such results, and at twenty-five years of age he determined to visit Madrid, and seek an interview with the famous Don Diego Velazquez. He was received, with that kind courtesy, with which Velazquez charmed all who approached him. After studying for a few years the great works of Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck, under the guidance of Velazquez, Murillo returned to Seville, and became the boast of his native city. Free from all worldly ambition, and shunning court life, he would never revisit Madrid, but excused himself on the score of age or infirmity, when pressed to do so by the king (Charles II.). His days were spent in quietness and peace, working diligently, giving largely to the poor, and sparingly to himself. He died at his work, an old man of seventy-two, from a fall off a scaffold whilst painting a picture of St. Catherine in a Church at Cadiz.

No. 225.—THE LAST SUPPER. (*Juanes.*)

This painter is considered the Spanish Raphael. He was born in 1523, and may be called the first of that glorious race of Spanish painters of which Murillo was the last. Juan de Juanes went to Rome, and studied the works of Raphael, it is said, under Raphael's pupils. On returning to his native city Valencia, he opened an academy of painting, from which sprung in after years the great school of Seville. Like Fra Angelico, Juanes would kneel for inspiration. His talent was exclusively devoted to sacred subjects, and he presumed not to

paint, till he had brought his mind into harmony with heavenly things, by prayer and the reception of the Holy Sacrament.

Nos. 196, 197, 199, 336, AND 337. (*Juanes.*)

The subjects of these five pictures are from the "Life and Martyrdom of St. Stephen." In one he is represented preaching to the Jews, who gnash their teeth, and are seen stopping their ears.

In another he is looking up steadfastly, pointing with his finger to the vision of Heaven opened, and the glory of the Saviour.

Again the Martyr is bound and dragged along—Saul, the persecutor, with thoughtful face, looking on. Then his death is represented, breathing out his soul in prayer, that this sin may not be laid to the charge of his murderers. Standing by is Saul, with the clothes of the false witnesses lying at his feet. Lastly, there is the interment of St. Stephen—devout men carrying him to his burial, and making lamentation over him.

No. 299.—PHILIP IV. ON HORSEBACK. (*Velazquez.*)

This picture made the painter's fortune. From the day that it was exhibited in the streets of Madrid, amidst the acclamations of the populace and applause of the court, Velazquez was proclaimed sole portrait painter of the king. Philip was the most expert rider of his day. He is here before us, perfectly mounted, clad in armour, with plumed hat and crimson scarf, and a baton in his hand; his Andalusian charger prancing and curvetting, he himself impassive, imperturbable; his eye as vacant, as that of his charger is bright.—A model of solemn, immoveable gravity.

No. 303.—QUEEN ISABELLA. (*Velazquez.*)

Isabella was the first wife of Philip IV. She was the daughter of Henry IV. of France, and sister to our

Queen Henrietta Maria. She is mounted on a white palfrey, her dress of black velvet, interlaced with pearls. When our Prince Charles was at Madrid, wishing to converse without restraint with the Queen on the subject of his marriage with the Infanta, he addressed her in French. Isabella was now well acquainted with Spanish etiquette, and in low tones replied, "I dare not speak to you in French without permission, but I will try and obtain leave." Charles was afterwards courteously recommended not to address the Queen, as it was an infringement of Spanish rule, and he would assuredly be poisoned if he persisted!

Isabella's daughter, Maria Theresa, married Louis XIV., which marriage led to the War of the Succession in Spain, and to the establishment of the Bourbon dynasty on the Spanish throne. No. 135 is another portrait of Isabella by Velazquez.

No. 332.—DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS.* (*Velazquez.*)

This picture represents the Prince of the Asturias, son of Queen Isabella and Philip IV. He is galloping on his pony, the boy and pony full of life and spirit. This prince died at the age of seventeen. There are three other pictures by Velasquez of "Don Balthazar Carlos" in this gallery—Nos. 270, 308, and 115. When Philip IV. was informed by his minister, Don Luis de Haro, of his son's death, he immediately retired with becoming gravity to another room—not to weep—but to write circulars, announcing the fact to his generals and ministers.

Balthazar Carlos was affianced to his first cousin, the Archduchess Mariana, daughter of the Infanta Maria†: the Archduchess afterwards became the bride of her uncle, Balthazar's father, Philip IV.

Nos. 246, 255, 279, AND 291. (*Velazquez.*)

These are wonderful as paintings, hideous as subjects. They are the portraits of the court dwarfs and fool.

* In the Dulwich Gallery there is a small repetition of this picture.

† Philip's sister, the Infanta Maria, married the Emperor Ferdinand.

The possession of a miserable piece of deformity was as much coveted in those days as any work of art, and we have here specimens of those mis-shapen beings, whose distortions afforded amusement to the court of Philip IV.

No. 319.—LAS LANZAS. (*Velazquez.*)

This picture is commemorative of the surrender of Breda, in 1625, when, after a desperate siege of ten months, the place was reduced, and the Marquis of Spinola received the keys from Prince Justin of Nassau. Spinola stands bareheaded to meet the vanquished prince. Behind him and his staff are the Spanish pikemen, who give the name to the picture. The Dutch soldiers, in quaint costume, form a background to their prince. Spinola was a Genoese by birth, and had commanded the armies of Spain in the reigns of both Philip III. and his son, Philip IV.

It was Spinola who had carried war and devastation into the Palatinate, and it was the continuance of hostilities in the Palatinate, in spite of remonstrances on the part of England, which afforded our James I. and Prince Charles a pretext for breaking the treaty of marriage with the Infanta. "James liked not to marry his son with a portion of his daughter's tears," the Elector Palatine having married James's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth. In 1625 Breda was taken: five years afterwards the victor of Breda died, broken-hearted at being disgraced, and "robbed of honour" by his ungrateful master Philip IV. Spinola was the personal friend of Velazquez, and to the right of this picture, which celebrates the glory of his friend, Velazquez has inserted his own head, in a plumed hat. With Spinola the military reputation of Spain ended.

No. 96.—THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS. (*Orrente.*)

One of the shepherds is bearing a lamb on his shoulders, and the oxen are drawing near "their

master's crib," as if the dumb beasts felt "He had need of them" for warmth, that first cold night of his earthly life.

Pedro Orrente was a Spanish painter in the time of Philip IV. He studied painting in Italy, under Bassano, and on his return to Spain was protected by Olivares. This picture was painted for the Cathedral at Toledo.

No. 155.—LAS MENINAS (The Maids of Honour.) (*Velazquez.*)

The centre figure is the little Infanta, Maria Margarita, afterwards wife of the Emperor Leopold. The rival pretensions of this Princess, and her elder sister, Maria Theresa, engaged the attention of all Europe in the next reign. This infanta was the daughter of Philip IV. by his second wife, Mariana of Austria. Two maids of honour are in attendance, from one of whom she is taking a cup, which is presented to her kneeling.

In front are two dwarfs and a large dog, which one of the dwarfs is teasing.

An officer of the court and a lady in waiting are in the background. Through the open door is seen another figure, and in a glass are reflected the faces of the king and queen, who are in the room, although not seen in the picture.

On your left stands Velazquez with his brushes and easel, and wearing his key as chamberlain. On his breast is a red cross worth observing. Philip IV. came to see this picture when finished, and remarked that it required one thing to make it complete. Taking up a brush, the king painted in with his own hand the Cross of Santiago, and in this manner conferred on the painter the order of knighthood.

No. 114.—Portrait of MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, Second Wife of Philip IV. (*Velazquez.*)

The marriage of this princess took place in 1649, at the time of the unwelcome visit to Madrid of the

English ambassadors from the exiled Charles II. Great rejoicings and magnificent "fiestas" followed, to which the ambassadors (Lords Clarendon and Cottington) were invited. They describe the queen as short, fat, and round faced, speaking so indistinctly they could scarce hear what she said, and much beholden to art. The king who a year afterwards dismissed them so summarily from his court, to make way for his pictures, at this time received them somewhat graciously, calling Charles his "sobrino" (nephew), and assuring them of his readiness to do all in his power to help him. Queen Mariana resembles in slight degree her husband, to whom she was niece. She was unable, however, to acquire his gravity of demeanour, and could not restrain her laughter at the contortions of the court jester, for which Philip would rebuke her, saying that such mirth was unbefitting the dignity of a Queen of Spain. No. 150 is another portrait of Mariana, kneeling at her devotions, also by Velazquez.

No. 540.—VIEW OF ARANJUEZ. (*Velazquez.*)

The Avenues of Aranjuez, interesting as showing the fertile genius of Velasquez, who could paint royal pleasure grounds with the same facility as royal portraits.

Nos. 230 & 234.—Equestrian Portraits of PHILIP III. and his QUEEN, Margaret of Austria. (*Velazquez.*)

These portraits are said to have been painted from pictures by Pantoja de la Cruz, as Velazquez never saw Philip III. or his queen.

The king, in cuirass, baton in hand, and Castilian ruff round his neck, is mounted on a cream-coloured horse, and takes his exercise, caracoling along the sea shore.

Queen Margaret is on a piebald steed, and wears a dark dress, the rich trappings of her palfrey falling low as she paces along. Pure and good, Queen Margaret strove to arouse the feeble mind of Philip, to some sense of the degrading servitude in which he was held by the

Duke of Lerma, his minister, but it was all in vain: the silly king only betrayed her upright counsels to the minister. It is related of this queen that she would rise from her bed in the middle of the night to pray for the sick and dying, when her ear caught the sound of a bell announcing that the priest was on his way to administer the viaticum. She adored her silly husband, whose chief delight was to dance the Bolero with her.

Philip III. succeeded his father, Philip II., on the throne of Spain in 1599. For the first few years of his life, the health of this prince was so feeble that from one week to another no one expected he would live, and his mental capacity was so limited, that he was twelve years old before he could master his alphabet. In person he was short and fat, with flaxen hair, pink complexion, and the peculiar under jaw of his family. He had been harshly treated by his father: the only person who had shown him any kindness was his chamberlain, and no sooner was his father dead, than the chamberlain was created Duke of Lerma, and placed at the helm.

A patriot anxious to open Philip's eyes to his degradation, placed a letter on his table thus addressed:—

"To the King of Spain, Philip III., *at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma.*"

It is said that Philip III. fell a victim at last to Spanish etiquette. Too great a fire had been kindled in the room where the king was seated, but it was contrary to the etiquette of the court for him to move. It would also have been a breach of rule for any servant to enter the apartment. At length an officer of the court was ordered by the king to remove some of the fire from the brasier, but he excused himself: etiquette forbade his performing this function, which belonged to a higher official. This individual was summoned, but was not forthcoming. The fire burnt fiercer; Philip III. endured it rather than abate one jot or tittle of court etiquette; but the heat he had suffered from brought on a fever, which carried him off. Philip III. was not possessed of the imperturbability of his son. At an auto de fé, at which, as usual, the court assisted, a young Jewess was committed to the flames; at this

sight the king gave an involuntary shudder; and for this touch of humanity, the punishment of bleeding was inflicted on the king, and his blood burnt, by order of the sharp-eyed Inquisition!

No. 134.—THE CALLING OF ST. MATTHEW. (*Juan de Pareja.*)

Pareja was a pupil of Velazquez. His story is interesting. He was by birth an African, and his calling that of a slave, in the service of Velazquez. It was his duty to prepare the colours and clean the brushes of his master. As a slave he was debarred from any higher avocation; but his natural talent was drawn out by constant observation. He would watch Velasquez whilst he painted, and at night sit up and attempt to reproduce what he had seen his master do by day. Pareja accompanied Velazquez to Rome, and whilst there secretly availed himself of every opportunity of improvement in the art of painting. When forty-five years old, he ventured to reveal his talent, and having painted a small picture, placed it with its face to the wall, in his master's studio. Philip IV. came frequently to visit Velazquez, and invariably examined the rough sketches hung on the walls. He was at once struck with Pareja's picture, and asked the name of the artist.

The poor slave fell at his feet, and confessed that it was his work.

"A painter like this can no longer be a slave," was the king's remark, and he was immediately given his freedom.

The faithful Pareja would not quit his master's service, but remained with Velazquez as his pupil and servant till he died. In the corner of this picture is the dark face of the liberated slave.

No. 267.—EL PRETENDIENTE (or the Place Hunter). (*Velazquez.*)

With lowly bow and outstretched hand he is represented, presenting a petition. "To beg" is a Spanish characteristic, and this is evidently a portrait.

No. 320.—Portrait of JUANA DE PACHECO.
(*Velazquez.*)

Juana de Pacheco was the wife of Velazquez. This is a profile; her face is not handsome, but intelligent. Nothing can be more simple and unpretending than her appearance, her only ornament a bunch of black ribbon in her dark hair. For five years Velazquez had been pupil to old Pacheco, and in those years he won the love of his master's only daughter, Juana. Pacheco at length gave her in marriage to his pupil, "moved," as he says, "by his virtue, his purity, his good parts, and great genius." For forty years Juana was the faithful companion of Velazquez. On his return to Madrid after the solemnisation of the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa with Louis XIV., he was taken ill. The king sent his doctor to attend him, but Velazquez felt that the hand of death was upon him, and desired to make his will. Juana was by his side throughout his illness, her hands closed his eyes, and then when eight more days had passed away she followed him to the grave.

No. 317.—THE INFANT SAVIOUR SLEEPING.
(*Zurbaran.*)

In this picture the Infant Saviour reposes on a Cross. The purple robe and crown of thorns are beside Him as he sleeps. Zurbaran was born near Seville in the year 1596. He was a pupil of Roelas.*

It was Velasquez who first introduced him to the

* There is but one picture in this Museo by Roelas, No. 95. The subject is "Moses striking the Rock." The Israelites press forward, each eager to drink. In the centre of the picture is a mother, who, deaf to the cries of her child, is quenching her own intense thirst, holding a gourd full of water to her parched lips. This picture is not in the Long Gallery, but in the room set apart for works of the Spanish masters. Roelas was of the school of Titian; he commenced life as a doctor, but his love of the fine arts induced him to give up this profession and devote himself to painting. He studied for some years at Venice, and then returned to Seville, where are his principal works.

notice of Philip IV., in 1630. On one occasion the king came behind Zurbaran as he painted, and, laying his hand gravely on the artist's back, thus greeted him, "Painter to the king, and king of painters." Our National Gallery contains a fine picture by Zurbaran.

No. 315.—THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD. (*Murillo.*)

St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, was the great Saint of the Order of Cistercians. He was also the preacher of the second Crusade.

St. Bernard, faint and weary in spirit from long study over his famous homily on the "Canticles," rises from his books and kneels in prayer, when he beholds in vision the Virgin Mother, bearing in her arms the Infant Saviour. As he gazes with humble devotion on the Mother of his Lord, from whose virgin breast the Divine Child receives nourishment, a stream from the same chaste source seems to moisten his lips, renewing his powers of eloquence and persuasion. This literal representation of a spiritual idea is too material to be otherwise than disagreeable. The abbot is arrayed in the white robes of the Cistercians. On his table are lilies, symbolical of his devotion to the pure Virgin, and on the ground before him lies his pastoral staff. Angels surround the Mother and her Son. The famous motto of St. Bernard was "Bear and forbear." To the honour of this Saint it is recorded that at a time when all Christendom regarded the slaying of a Jew, as a righteous act, and a worthy preparation for the projected recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, St. Bernard, thus admonished the Crusaders, "Take heed what ye do to the Jews, for whosoever toucheth them is like as if he had touched the apple of the eye of Jesus, for they are His flesh and blood."

No. 314.—THE BAPTISM. (*Navarrete, or El Mudo.*)

He was so called from his being deaf and dumb. At three years old he lost his hearing through illness, and

never learnt to speak. He was regarded as the Spanish Titian, having taken that great master for his model, and carefully studied his works at Venice. Philip II. took El Mudo into his favour. This picture hung formerly in the prior's cell at the Escurial.

No. 310.—THE VIRGIN AND ST. ANNA.
(*Murillo.*)

The Virgin is being taught to read by her mother St. Anna. Angels hold a crown of flowers over the young child's head, who, child-like, evidently loves not the hour of lesson. The gentle patient expression on the countenance of St. Anna is full of beauty.

No. 295.—MERCURY AND ARGUS.
(*Velazquez.*)

The head of Argus is drooping from sleep, bewitched by the flute of the artful Mercury; and his watchful eyes, never before closed, are now sealed by the charmed rod! On the left is the once beautiful Io, transformed into a heifer, and committed to the charge of Argus by the jealous Juno. Mercury is noiselessly approaching to slay the sleeper and set the captive free.

No. 290.—THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.
(*Pantoja de la Cruz.*)*

Painted towards the close of his political career. The star of Austria was now on the decline. Age and infirmities had begun to tell prematurely on the emperor's frame, and success had ceased to attend his arms. He had been obliged to raise the siege of Metz, defended by the Duke of Guise. It was on this occasion that Charles remarked, "I now perceive that Fortune, like other females, forsakes old men to lavish her favours on the young."

It is related that whilst in Flanders, and suffering from one of his severe attacks of gout, Charles had an interview with the French ambassador Chastillon, and

* Pantoja must have painted this from some other picture, as he was only born some six years before Charles' abdication in 1556.

bade him look at "the hands which had once held sword and lance with so firm a grasp, now unable even to open a letter;" adding, "This is all that I have gained by the vain and empty titles of Great Captain, and Most Powerful Emperor! Alas! See what a poor reward."

When the Emperor landed in Spain after his abdication, he prostrated himself on the ground, exclaiming, as he kissed the earth, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind."

No. 278.—DON FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA. (*Velazquez.*)

The prince is in a shooting dress, with a grand dog by his side, and in his hand he carries a gun.

Ferdinand was younger brother to Philip IV., Archbishop of Toledo, and a Cardinal from his boyhood. He became Governor of the Netherlands on the death of his aunt, the Archduchess Clara Eugenia Isabella. Ferdinand (or the Cardinal-Infant as he was called) was the hero of Nordlingen, where the Imperialists and Spaniards defeated the Swedes and German protestants. He exposed himself so fearlessly to danger, that his friends ventured to remonstrate with him. "Let such princes as are afraid keep themselves within the Royal palaces, and not come to the army," was his reply. He died at the age of twenty-nine; his short life having been passed in the camp rather than in the cloister.

No. 277.—PHILIP II. (*Pantoja de la Cruz.*)

The Royal bigot is here old and grey. Round his throat he wears a ruff, his grey hair cut short and close, and hidden by a high cap, and in his hand he holds a rosary. Pantoja has faithfully portrayed the full jaw, and the eyes that never brightened, excepting when he received intelligence of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew: on which occasion the French envoy at Madrid relates that, "Such was His Majesty's contentment, that he laughed," and immediately ordered 6,000 crowns to be given to the murderer of Coligny.

Philip was somewhat tenacious at one time with regard to his grey hair. At his first interview with his young bride, Isabella of Valois, she looked at him so earnestly that he was displeased, and abruptly asked her "whether she was seeking for grey hairs on his head." Isabella was then only 15, Philip 34.

No. 268.—THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.
(*Juan de Juanes.*)

The Saviour lies at the foot of the Cross. His lifeless form is supported by Nicodemus, whilst the Virgin, St. John, and the Maries gather round.

No. 220.—THE VISION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.
(*Murillo.*)

St. Augustine lived in the 4th century. He was Bishop of Hippo in Africa, and one of the four Latin Fathers. In this picture he is represented in an ecstatic vision, beholding the Crucified Saviour and the Virgin Mother, who gives him nourishment emblematic of the pure milk of the Word, whereby he must be spiritually sustained.

In St. Augustine's confessions, he tells us that he was instructed in Christianity from his infancy by his mother Monica, who was herself a Christian, but his father being a heathen, he was not baptised. Throughout all the twistings and windings of his early life, he was followed by the prayers of this good mother, and when finally he adopted heretical views, "she wept to God for his soul, more than mothers weep for the bodily deaths of their children." At length in her despair, she sought the Bishop of Carthage, and implored him to refute her son's errors, but he bade her "let him alone awhile, and only pray to God for him," dismissing her with these words, "go thy way, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." It was not till he had attained the age of thirty-two, that her heart's desire was granted, and St. Augustine became a Christian. He was

received into the Church by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the presence of Monica.

The beautiful *Te Deum* sung in our Church Service, was first used at the Baptism of St. Augustine: St. Ambrose and St. Augustine repeating the verses in turn, as they ascended to the altar.

No. 229.—LA PURISSIMA CONCEPCION.
(*Murillo.*)

A golden haze is shed around, and the Virgin, with hands clasped in prayer, is represented as caught up into the clouds; whilst Angels hover about her, scattering flowers.

No. 208.—REBEKAH AND ELIEZER.
(*Murillo.*)

The servant of Abraham has reached his journey's end. In the distance are the camels and servants. Rebekah has "let down her pitcher upon her hand" and is giving drink to Eliezer, saying, "Drink my lord."

No. 190.—SAN PEDRO NOLASCO.
(*Zurbaran.*)

St. Peter Nolasco lived in the 13th century. He founded an Order in Spain for the redemption of slaves and captives, called "The Order of Our Lady of Mercy." Hundreds of slaves were redeemed from slavery through the instrumentality of this one man, who "loved mercy" with his whole heart, and spent his life in going about doing good. He was canonised in the 17th century. In this picture he wears the white dress and badge of his Order.

In his vision he is met by an angel, who bids him turn and lift his eyes to the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven.

In that holy city tears and sorrow and pain have no place, and this was the glad vision with which the spirit of the Saint was comforted, whose days were spent amidst scenes of crime and misery.

No. 189.—SANTIAGO. (*Murillo.*)

St. James is the Patron Saint of Spain, and in olden time "Santiago" was the Spanish war cry, which put the enemy to flight.

St. James wears on his breast the scallop shell. In one hand he holds a staff, in the other the gospel of peace, which tradition asserts that he preached in Spain.

It was on his return to Judea that Herod put him to death by the sword. As the infuriated Jews dragged him along, his meekness and gentleness touched the heart of one of his persecutors, who became a convert to Christianity. Having received from the Apostle the kiss of peace, the convert and the Apostle were beheaded together, with the words "Pax Vobis" on the lips of St. James.

No. 186.—ST. JEROME. (*Murillo.*)

St. Jerome is reading in the desert, but the robes of a Cardinal are hardly in keeping with the Saint's well-known contempt for all earthly honours. In the year of our Lord 373, Jerome, already famed for his learning, forsook the schools of men and wandered forth into the desert, living in dens and caves of the earth, after the example of the Hermit Saints.

Finally, he fixed his abode at Bethlehem, in a hallowed spot, where, according to tradition, the Saviour of mankind was born. There his disciples gathered round him, and in this cell, hewn out of the rocks, praying and fasting as he wrote St. Jerome gave to the world his Translation of the Bible (called the Vulgate). Wasted by a life of penance, feeble and emaciated, St. Jerome, knowing that his end was near, desired to receive his last Communion (which incident forms the subject of Domenichino's famous picture in the Vatican). As night closed in, we are told, that a glorious light shone into the dark cell: when its radiance vanished the spirit of St. Jerome had passed away. A.D. 420.

No. 182.—MARTYRDOM OF ST. ANDREW. (*Murillo.*)

St. Andrew is the Patron Saint of Scotland and Russia. He suffered death from Crucifixion at Patras.

In this picture St. Andrew is fastened with cords to the rough trunks of trees, placed in the form of the letter X. On the face of the aged Apostle fall rays of celestial light, as he looks up to heaven, and beholds Angels descending, and extending to him the Martyr's palm and crown. It is said that on approaching the Cross, St. Andrew knelt and saluted it, as the holiest form of suffering.

Nos. 173 AND 174.—ST. FRANCIS DE PAULA. (*Murillo.*)

St. Francis was born at Paola, a town in Southern Italy. He was dedicated by his parents to the service of God from his infancy. At fifteen he became a hermit. He was the founder of the "Minimes."

The French king, Louis XI., when dying, desired to see St. Francis, and hear words of consolation from his lips, promising him large rewards if he would visit him. The Saint cared not for worldly gain, and declined an invitation couched in such terms: he was compelled, however, to attend the king by an order from the Pope. On arriving at Plessis-les-Tours, Louis prostrated himself before him, beseeching that his life might be prolonged. St. Francis raised him, saying, with calm dignity, "Life and death are in the hands of God alone." He then admonished the terror-stricken king, to submit himself to the Divine Will, and read to him the Service for the dying.

In these pictures St. Francis de Paula is clothed in a dark brown habit, and wears the cord of the Franciscans. In No. 173, the Saint is kneeling, with face upraised, as if seeing "within the veil," wherein is written—

C H A
R I
T A S,

the letters are thus lengthened out, as forming the one

long lesson of Christianity—the one element in which all things live, and move, and have their being in Heaven.

The word "Charitas" was the motto chosen thenceforth by St. Francis de Paula for himself and his brotherhood.

No. 166.—THE DEAD CHRIST. (*Alonso Cano.*)

An angel with sheltering wings supports the lifeless form of the Lord of angels and of men, and gazes with mournful awe upon Him whom men have pierced.

No. 163.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. (*Ribalta.*)

In this picture the saint is roused from sleep by angelic music. A coarse blanket covers him. On the hands raised in rapturous awe are the marks of the "stigmata," and an innocent lamb is seen struggling to get nearer to its protector.

This, we may suppose, was the solitary lamb among the goats which, we are told, so excited the commiseration of the saint: he looked on the mild gentle animal, which "grieveth nothing, neither hurteth," and saw in it an image of the Saviour, forsaken and alone, in the midst of his enemies. The grief of St. Francis touched a passer-by, who bought the lamb and gave it to him: from thenceforth it accompanied him everywhere, drinking out of his own cup, and lying in his bosom.

Juan Ribalta was born at Valencia, in 1597. He died young, having given proof of wonderful ability.

No. 160.—CHARLES II. (*Carreño de Miranda.*)

He is attired in a sombre dress, and has a sad, listless face, expressive of his character. When his young

* Carreño de Miranda was introduced to the notice of Philip IV. by Velazquez. He became a distinguished portrait painter, and held the office of Court Painter under Charles II. No. 85 in the Spanish Room is the portrait of Charles's mother, Queen Mariana, in her widow's dress (by Carreño)—worth observing. See also No. 357, which is the portrait of Charles II. when young (by Carreño).

bride first saw him, it is said that she was startled at his appearance, with "his long fair hair combed behind his ears, velvet culotte, stockings of raw silk, and close —bodied coat." He was at once charmed with her and pressed her arms with his two hands in Spanish fashion calling her "Mireyna, Mireyna."

Marie Louise d'Orléans was radiant in beauty and youth when she became the wife of Charles. She is described as "full of grace in her movements, with large dark eyes, and chesnut hair falling loosely in rich profusion over her shoulders."

On one occasion she danced a Spanish dance before the King: he was so surprised and delighted with her performance that he exclaimed "My Queen! my Queen! thou art the most perfect in all creation."

Marie Louise was granddaughter to our Charles I. It is said that her young husband would not allow her to speak French, and she could speak no Spanish. In place of conversation, he was satisfied if she would play spilikens with him. He was so jealous that he could not even endure her pet dogs, which she had brought with her from France. She had also two talking parrots, but as they spoke French, the Camarera Mayor, to please Charles, wrung their necks.

The one amusement permitted to the Queen was accompanying her husband to the chase. One day her horse reared, and she was thrown and dragged, owing to her dress having caught in the stirrup. Charles was motionless from terror. No courtier ventured to approach and rescue her.

To touch the person of the Queen of Spain was treason, according to Spanish etiquette. Two gentlemen of her suite at length rushed forward, resolved to save the beautiful Queen at all risks. Having set her free, they mounted their horses and took flight, with the intention of quitting Spain to avoid punishment! The Queen's intercession procured their pardon.

She died at the age of twenty-seven, after an illness of three days.

Charles was the last king of the House of Austria, the last descendant in the male line of Juana the

Crazy, whose morbid temperament he inherited in a larger measure than any of his predecessors.

Like Juana, who refused to part with her dead husband, Charles had the coffin of his dead wife opened that he might gaze on the loved face, which the skill of the embalmer had preserved in its beauty. He flung himself on her body, exclaiming, "My Queen, my Queen; she is with God, and I shall soon be with her," and then rushed from the spot. He believed himself to be possessed by the devil, and actually submitted to the rite of exorcism. Diseased in mind and body, and distracted by doubt as to the choice of a successor, he finally left his crown to Philip of Anjou, and thus laid the ground for the fierce war of the succession, in which England took an active part.

No. 159.—ST. FERDINAND OF CASTILE.
(*Murillo.*)

St. Ferdinand was grandfather to our Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I.

The most striking trait in the character of King Ferdinand III. was his loving and dutiful reverence to his mother, Berengaria, Queen of Castile.

Another beautiful record of him is the vow which he made "never to draw his sword against Christians." His arms were directed solely against the infidels; when he considered that he was "fighting the battles of the Lord."

When urged to levy a new tax upon his subjects, and thus replenish his coffers, he exclaimed with indignation, "God, in whose cause I fight, will supply my need. I fear more the curse of one poor old woman than a whole army of Moors."

There is a Spanish legend that, during one of his battles against the infidels, Ferdinand beheld in vision St. James leading on his troops to victory. He expelled the Moors from Toledo, Cordova, and Seville, and was about to embark for Africa when he was taken ill and died, humble and submissive in spirit, with the symbol of his faith clasped between his hands.

He was canonised by Clement IX. at the request of Philip IV.

His granddaughter, Eleanor, was worthy of him. When her husband, Edward I., went to the Holy Land, she would not be dissuaded from accompanying him. To every remonstrance her reply was, "Nothing must part them whom God hath joined, and the road to heaven is at least as near by the Holy Land as by England or Spain."

It was this Eleanor who sucked from her husband's wound the poison "which love made sweet." Two Crosses still remain to the memory of the Spanish princess: they mark the places at Northampton and Waltham where her body rested on the way to Westminster. The last Cross, long since destroyed, was the most beautiful, and it is said that the memorial of the "*Chère Reine*" has given the spot the name of Charing Cross.

No. 142.—PHILIP IV. (*Velazquez.*)

The dull, colourless face is here time-worn, and the protruding jaw further developed by age. His gloomy temperament increased with years, and he would often sit in the niche in the royal vault at the Escurial, where his body would rest after death. In 1654, the decoration of the Royal Tomb Chamber was completed, when the bodies of Charles V. and the empress, Philip II. and his three queens, Philip III. and Queen Margaret, were each laid in a bronze gilt sarcophague in the presence of Philip IV. and his court. Monks chanted the solemn requiem, and a funeral sermon followed on the text, "Oh ye dry bones, hear ye the word of the Lord."

On this occasion Philip had the coffin of Charles V., his great-grandfather, opened, and after contemplating for a few seconds the body of the emperor (untouched, it is said, by time), "Cuerpo honrado" was the only remark which escaped the lips of the phlegmatic king. Eleven years afterwards Philip himself lay in a silver gilt coffin in his palace at Madrid, his face and his hands painted, and his body gorgeously arrayed.

In the room where he died, the court plays had been performed. There he now lay in state, and thence he was carried to the Escurial, to be placed in that room he had decorated so richly to receive the royal dead.

No. 127.—BARBAROSSA, THE CORSAIR. (*Velazquez.*)

This man was the scourge of the Mediterranean coasts in the reign of Charles V. With his pirate crews he made himself master of Algiers and Tunis, and was given by Solyman the command of the Turkish fleet. Charles V. equipped an armament under Andrea Doria, the great naval commander, and set sail for Tunis, which he besieged and took after an obstinate resistance. Within the walls were 10,000 Christian captives, who were set free, and who, on their return to Europe, published the praises of the emperor in every court.

No. 56.—THE ANNUNCIATION. (*Murillo.*)

The Virgin is represented in deep meditation. The Angel Gabriel, has approached her unperceived, and kneels as she prays; then the divine vision seems to burst upon her; the sound of the heavenly choir reaches her ear. She beholds the dove (the symbol of the divine presence) shedding celestial light around, whilst the silver voice of the angel salutes her

> "Hail thou that art highly favoured,
> The Lord is with thee.
> Blessed art thou among women."

No. 54.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, OR, "LA PORCIUNCULA."

The "Porciuncula" was the name given to "the portion," or "parcel of ground," two miles from Assisi, which was first allotted to St. Francis. Here he saw the vision of the picture.

St Francis, sorely tried and tempted, casts himself

down before the altar of the "Porciuncula," and as he prays, there appears to his "tranc'd yet open gaze" One like unto the Son of Man, holding the Cross, and extending His right hand, as if saying, "Fear not, I am He that liveth and was dead." By His side is the Virgin Mother. As St. Francis gazes, light breaks in upon his troubled soul. He sees the thorns which erewhile pierced sharp and deep into his weak rebellious flesh, transfigured into red and white roses, glorious in beauty, held up to his wondering gaze, and then showered down upon him by rejoicing angels: not one thorn in the flesh, with which he had been buffetted, forgotten before God.

Assisi, the birth-place of St. Francis, stands on a steep hill, overlooking one of the loveliest of Italian valleys: through this valley glide the sunny waters of the Topino, fringed by grey olive trees. Here the saint would wander, singing hymns of praise, and inviting all creatures to join him in giving glory to God. The parents of St. Francis were rich, and the first years of his life were spent in mirth and prodigality. He had scarcely attained manhood when he was attacked by fever, and for months his recovery seemed hopeless.

It was during this illness that his thoughts were raised from earth to Heaven; his soul was imbued with a deep sense of sinfulness and the insufficiency of worldly things; and he arose from his bed of sickness renewed in spirit, humble-minded, and devout. His first act was to dedicate himself to the service of God and His Church, renouncing the wealth which he deemed had been a snare to him, and his first exercise of charity was amongst lepers, conquering his natural repugnance by tending them with devoted care. He made "Poverty his bride;" slinging a cord round his brown habit, bare-footed and penniless, he went forth to preach; taking no thought how or with what words he should speak, but trusting that utterance would be given him by God. The pathos and earnestness of his preaching moved the hearts of his hearers; many followed him, adopting poverty as their rule; and thus was formed a new order of mendicant friars, which was shortly sanctioned by the Pope. The friars were to

possess absolutely nothing, they were to labour with their hands, and to go forth as missionaries into all countries.

St. Francis himself went to the East. It was on his return from thence that he is said to have had that wonderful vision, which left its outward and visible sign for ever engraven on his hands and feet, known as the "stigmata," or wounds of his crucified Lord. When St. Francis was dying, he desired to be laid on the earth, and with feeble voice attempted to recite the 142nd Psalm. As the trembling lips of the saint commenced the last verse, "Bring my soul out of prison," the prison doors were opened, and the lowly spirit released.

He was buried at Assisi, in 1226.

Two years after his death he was canonised, and a magnificent Church now marks his grave.

One of St. Francis of Assisi's most beautiful characteristics was his sympathy with all creation, his tender compassion for all animals. He had an especial affection for birds; their warbling was to him a call to unite in notes of praise; the chirping of the swallow, the twitter of the sparrow, the exultant song of the lark soaring on high, each spoke to him, as he listened, of the Divine love.

No. 51.—THE CRUCIFIXION. (*Velazquez.*)

This picture was painted for a convent at Madrid. As painter to the king, Velazquez was constantly occupied by Philip IV., either in painting royal portraits, or making glorious on canvas the incidents of his inglorious reign. He had therefore but little leisure for painting sacred subjects. This one picture, however, is sufficient proof that he had within him a higher inspiration, a fact which some have doubted, owing to the few sacred pictures which he has left.

Here, in darkness and solitude, dark as though the heavens mourned, and refused to give their light—is seen the Crucified. The head of the Saviour droops, causing the dark hair to fall, and partially hide the

sacred visage, as if to veil from "rude, reproachful gaze," His dying agony. This sublime conception of

"The darkest hour
"That ever dawn'd on sinful earth,"

touches the heart with a power which forbids words.

Nos. 594 and 551.—Equestrian Portraits of CHARLES IV. and his Queen, MARIA LOUISA, Princess of Parma. (*Goja.*)

These are in the room adjoining the Long Gallery, and are of historical interest.

The king is in blue coat and cocked hat, whilst his queen is attired in the uniform of a colonel of the guards, and bestrides her horse in most manly fashion. Queen Maria Louisa governed her husband, and both were under the debasing influence of Godoy, the Prince of Peace, who, again, was a mere tool in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon. The abdication of the King was the will of the Emperor, and to this will Godoy unhesitatingly submitted: the king obeyed, and his prime minister, Godoy, affixed his signature to the document which gave away his master's crown.

Charles IV. was devoted to the sports of the field. Winter and summer, from morning till noon, he shot or hunted. At noon he dined; from noon till sunset he shot or hunted again; and then returned to the palace to receive a brief report from Godoy of state affairs before retiring to bed. Such was the life of the Spanish king in the crisis of Spanish affairs.

Leaving the Long Gallery at the Spanish end, and entering a room on your left, you will regard with deep and touching interest a picture by Francesco Rizi of an

"AUTO DE FÉ."

The subject represented is the solemn auto de fé, held in the Plaza Mayor at Madrid in 1680, in the presence of Charles II., Queen Marie Louise, and the whole Court.

The balconies are crowded with spectators. In the centre is the Tribunal, where are the judges awaiting the victims; these are seen led out two and two to hear their doom; their heads are surmounted by high head-gear in the form of a cone ; their accusation is written on white placards on their breasts, their bodies clothed in the san benito, on which flaming demons are painted. With hands bound they are marched round the square: some are seen hesitating as they approach the steps of the Tribunal, whilst others are hurried on by monks in black, vehemently urging them to recant. We read that on this occasion Charles sat in his chair of state throughout the dreary day, an unwearied spectator of the dreadful ceremony, regardless of the noonday heat, reluctant to leave when all was concluded, and blind to the fact that God desires mercy and not sacrifice. A young Jewess, seeing the look of horror with which Marie Louise beheld this cruel scene, implored her to intercede for mercy. The poor Queen—faint and sad, her eyes moist with tears—turned away, her heart full of compassion, but powerless to save.

In the two rooms devoted to Dutch and Flemish art are wonderful pictures by Breughel, Teniers, Sneyders, and Wouvermans, where many a pleasant hour may be spent.

No. 1199 and 1205.—The ARCHDUKE ALBERT and ISABELLA.

These are interesting pictures, painted conjointly by *Rubens* and *Breughel*, in which figure "The two Archdukes," as they were called, Albert, and his wife, Clara Eugenia Isabella, daughter of Philip II., to whom he left the Netherlands.

No. 1274.—PICTURE GALLERY. (*David Teniers, the younger.*)

In this picture we have a scene in the Picture Gallery of the Archduke Leopold Wilham, Governor of the

Netherlands. Teniers is himself pointing out the gems to the Prince, amongst which may be recognised some well-known pictures by Titian. The younger Teniers was excellent not only as a painter, but as an imitator of the style of other artists, so that it is probable that these pictures are his copies of the works of Titian.

No. 1356.—(*Teniers*).

In this picture we have the two Hermit Saints—St. Paul, of Thebes, and St. Anthony—the raven, with the loaf in its beak, flies towards the cave, before which they are seated. This is by the elder Teniers, the father of the above mentioned Painter.

No. 1451.—TEMPTATIONS OF St. ANTHONY. (*Teniers.*)

This was a favourite subject with this painter. There is another (No. 1296) in the Sala de Isabella. St. Anthony left the flesh-pots of Egypt in search of peace and purity of heart, but in the caves of the desert to which he fled, his imagination was haunted by noisome beasts and creeping things of this earth. Demons in the shape of beautiful women would appear to the Saint as he knelt before the Crucifix ; at other times hideous forms would present themselves, whilst savage beasts would roar around as if waiting for their prey ; but in the midst of these terrors there shone a light from Heaven, and Anthony heard a voice bidding him be of good courage, for "to him that overcometh" is the promise of Eternal life.

The pig, so often represented in the pictures of St. Anthony, is the symbol of gluttony, which sin the Hermit Saint overcame by prayer and long fasting.

"Bridle thy tongue and thy stomach," was the rule he enjoined upon his followers, coupled with spade labour and the manufacture of mats.

There are several fine portraits by Van Dyck and

Antonio Moro in these rooms, many of which, however, are of persons whose names are now unknown.

No. 1282.—CHARLES I. of England. (*Van Dyck.*)

When Charles had been some time in Spain, a report was spread that he meant to quit Madrid secretly, fearing for his personal safety. When the rumour reached the ear of Charles, he replied with calm dignity, that "If love had brought him there, it was not fear that would drive him away."

No. 1241.—CATHERINE, wife of JOHN III. King of Portugal. (*Antonio Moro.*)

Catherine was sister to the Emperor, Charles V. Her husband, John III., King of Portugal, was brother to the Empress Isabella. Their daughter, Maria, was the first wife of Philip II.: she died in giving birth to the unfortunate Don Carlos.

No. 1258.—JUANA OF AUSTRIA. (*Antonio Moro.*)

This princess was the daughter of Charles V. and the Empress Isabella. She married her cousin, Prince Juan of Portugal, the eldest son of John III. and Catherine: his early death left her a widow with one child. Juana returned to Spain after the death of her husband, leaving her infant son, Don Sebastian, to the care of his grandfather.

Though scarcely 20, to Juana was entrusted the regency of Spain during the absence of her brother Philip in England. At 23 she retired into a convent of barefooted nuns. She died before her son, who succeeded to the throne of Portugal on the death of his grandfather (John III.).

The romantic story of Don Sebastian and his early death, fighting against the African moors, form a page in history almost as exciting in interest as the fate of Don Carlos. On the death of his nephew, Philip II. despatched an army into Portugal, and secured the crown for himself.

No. 1376.—The INFANTA MARY of PORTUGAL. (*Antonio Moro.*)

This princess was the daughter of Emmanuel the Great, King of Portugal, and Eleanor, sister of Charles V.

She was the princess rejected by Philip II. for Mary of England, an insult which was never forgiven.

Her mother, Eleanor, became the wife of the French king, Francis I., after the death of Emmanuel her first husband. It is related of Eleanor that, passing through Dijon, she visited the tombs of the Burgundian princes, from whom she was descended. True to the instinct of her race, she had the coffins opened, and on seeing the carefully preserved features, was struck by the peculiar formation of jaw—the distinctive feature of her family—transmitted, as she now discovered, from the Burgundian princes, through her grandmother, Mary of Burgundy.

When widowed for the second time, Eleanor returned to Spain to be near the emperor, and with the hope of having the society of her daughter, to whom she was tenderly attached; but Mary of Avis would not be pursuaded to leave Portugal for Spain, which she hated. She so far relented as to visit her mother once for the space of three weeks, but when informed shortly afterwards that her mother was dying, she refused again to cross the frontier. The Infanta Mary ended her days in a convent in Portugal.

No. 1575.—"THE PIOUS ACT OF RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG." (*Rubens.*)

It is related that Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, the great ancestor of the house of Austria, whilst out hunting met in a wood, a priest and his sacristan carrying the viaticum. Rudolph, with pious ardour, immediately dismounted, making his squire do the same, saying, "It ill befits me to ride, whilst the bearer of the body of my Lord walks on foot." The priest was then placed on Rudolph's horse, and the sacristan on that of the squire, and thus they were led to the house

of the sick person, which is seen in the distance. In the picture the sacristan, with comic fear, clutches the collar of the page to keep himself from falling, whilst the priest sits, grave and reverent, holding the viaticum before him. Count Rudolph, with eyes bent on the ground, walks by his side : with something, however, of self-righteousness in his looks, as if conscious of the "piety" of the act.

No. 407.—THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS. (*Rubens.*)

The hand of the Saviour is raised in the act of blessing the bread ; one disciple has risen, nothing doubting, and reverently uncovers his head in the presence of his Lord and Master ; the other yet sits, with look of wonderment, half convinced and half afraid. A parrot with gorgeous plumage looks down upon the scene from an arched gallery, whilst a dog, with truer intelligence than man, gives full token of joyful recognition. The picture is marred by the unwarrantable introduction of the coarse form of the man of the house.

No. 1515.—SIR THOMAS MORE. (*Rubens.*)

It is interesting to find in this gallery the portrait of our Lord High Chancellor. It was of the home of Sir Thomas More that Erasmus says, "No wrangling, no angry word was heard in it ; no one was idle ; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness."

The conscience of More, the devout Catholic, would not permit him to lend his authority to the divorce of his master, Henry VIII., from Catherine of Aragon. He therefore requested permission to retire from his office of Chancellor, when the marriage of the king with Anne Boleyn was about to take place.

Henry, who at one period professed such love for More, that he would follow him to his quiet home at Chelsea, and walk with him in his garden, with his arm around his neck—now resolved upon punishing him for his persistence in refusing to take the oath, in

which Anne Boleyn was styled "his lawful wife, Queen Anne." More was committed to the Tower. His daughter, Margaret Roper, fearless of danger to herself, watched for his arrival at the Tower wharf, and making her way through the soldiers, fell on her knees before him, and craved his blessing. In July, 1535, More was beheaded, and his head stuck on a pole on London Bridge!

When the Emperor, Charles V., heard of his execution, he sent for the English ambassador (Sir T. Elyot) and asked if it were true that the king, his master, had put his wise counsellor, Sir Thomas More, to death?" The ambassador knew not what to reply. "It is too true," continued the Emperor, "and this we will say, that if we had been master of such a servant, we should rather have lost the best city in our dominions than such a worthy counsellor!"

Here we close our short notice of the Museo of Madrid. No one can leave this Royal Gallery which "like a king's daughter, is all glorious within," without carrying away a deep and lasting impression.

The Spanish painters were in most instances essentially religious, and to the devout mind their works possess an attraction and power above all others. To the historian this Gallery presents a complete illustration of the most eventful period of Spanish history; and to the lover of sacred and historic art no collection in Europe can afford a deeper interest or purer enjoyment.

From the "Museo" we proceeded to the

ACADEMIA DE SAN FERNANDO,
IN THE CALLE DE ALCALA,

where are three of Murillo's most famous pictures. The first to be remarked is

EL TIÑOSO.

This picture was painted for the Hospital of "La Caridad" at Seville, from whence it ought never to have been removed.

In the centre stands St. Elizabeth of Hungary, attended by her ladies: whilst in the foreground are four or five poor, wretched beings with open wounds, halt and maimed, waiting to be relieved.

On the head of St. Elizabeth is a small crown of gold, falling from which is the long white veil of a nun. With compassionate hands the gentle princess is washing the head of a leprous boy, who gives the name to the picture. No shade of disgust mars the act of self-renouncement; the expression on her calm young face is that of pity, mingled with divine charity; for in that labour of love she "sees Him who is invisible," and her "inward ear devout" hears those words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

St. Elizabeth lived in the thirteenth century: she was the daughter of the King of Hungary, and betrothed in her infancy to Louis, the eldest son of the Landgrave of Thuringia, at whose court she was educated. As she grew up, her unworldly nature excited the displeasure of the Landgravine, who rediculed her piety and censured her charities as waste. Louis, however, tenderly loved her; to him she was

"As a thing ensky'd and sainted,"

and no efforts of his mother could induce him to break his faith with her.

When Elizabeth was fifteen their marriage took place, and for five happy years they lived together at Wartburg. Elizabeth knew that the human love which made her life blessed came from God, and to Him she took it back for shelter, hiding it within that Higher Love which had overshadowed her from her birth. At length her faith was sorely tried; Louis, in 1227, was called upon to arm for the new Crusade;* he feared to tell Elizabeth, knowing what pain his departure would cause her; but one day, playfully drawing aside his cloak, she caught sight of the Cross, and fell fainting at his feet. When consciousness returned, she implored him not to leave her, but Louis had taken the vow and could not retract. Then she strove to refrain her voice from weeping and her eyes from tears, and meekly said, "Let it be as God willeth. I will stay here and pray for thee."

They parted, never to meet again on earth; for Louis died of a fever on his way to the Holy Land.

When she heard of his death her heart well-nigh broke: with him the joy of her life had departed.

The throne was immediately usurped by her brother-in-law, who had the cruelty, in the depth of winter, to cast forth Elizabeth and her children from their home at Wartburg. When, however, the brave knights, who accompanied Louis to Palestine, returned with his body, they espoused the cause of Elizabeth, and placed her son upon the throne.

In one of the many beautiful legends of St. Elizabeth, she is said to have tended a poor leper in her castle of Wartburg, and as her husband entered, surprised, and half displeased to see the diseased form lying there, a ray of light fell upon "the marred visage," and the leper was transformed into the image of "The Man of Sorrows."

So great was the reverence, so real the devotion of Elizabeth, that as a child, being in Church, and wearing on her head a jewelled crown, she instinctively removed it from her brow on seeing the Crucifix, and

* Pope Gregory IX. caused a New Crusade to be undertaken in 1227, and the Emperor (Frederic II.) was forced to summon all the Princes of the Empire to follow him to the Holy Land.

laid it on the ground before the image of Him who wore a crown of thorns.

St. Elizabeth died at the age of twenty-four, having survived her husband three years. She was canonised by Pope Gregory IX. In that same Castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach, three centuries later, Martin Luther produced his translation of the Bible.

There is a beautiful memorial chapel, erected to St. Elizabeth, in the Cathedral of Tarragona, by her sister, Violante, wife of Don Jaime.

The two other pictures by Murillo are semi-circular in shape, and represent

THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW.

They were painted for Santa Maria la Bianca, at Seville.

In the first of these two pictures we have

THE DREAM.

According to the legend, which dates from the fourth century, a Roman senator, bearing the name of Giovanni Patricio, to whom his wife had given no child, prayed for direction how to bestow his wealth.

In a dream on a sultry summer's night, the Virgin appeared to both husband and wife, telling them to build a Church on a spot where snow would be found the next morning.

In the second of these pictures—

Giovanni Patricio is seen telling his dream to the Pope Liberius, who likewise has been given a vision, directing him to Mount Esquiline. To this spot they proceed in solemn procession, and find the pure, white snow lying on ground which was parched by the summer heat.

To this vision of the night Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome owes its origin—its name, in the first instance, having been " Sancta Maria ad nives."

MADRID TO TOLEDO.

Our party was now doubled in number, and the difficulty of getting our baggage off in time was increased fourfold.

On reaching the station we had ten minutes to wait before the train started, but no persuasions would induce the officials to dispatch our luggage. We were therefore forced to leave it to follow us by an evening train.

From Madrid to Toledo is a three hours' journey. Passing ARANJUEZ, our weary eyes were gladdened, at last, by the sight of trees, and our ears caught the refreshing sound of running water. A few stately camels were to be seen moving about in the distance, and, amid the long leafless avenues, appeared an ugly pile of buildings, with white arcades, which we were told was the Palace—the Versailles of Spain.

In a few moments we were moving on towards CASTILLEJO, where we were to change carriages for Toledo.

CASTILLEJO JUNCTION.—Charity forbids that this station should pass without comment. It is on the line from Madrid to the south, from Madrid to the east, from Madrid to the west. Travellers going south, after visiting Toledo, have to pass five hours at Castillejo, before they are joined by the train from Madrid. Buffet there is none; the sole shelter, till eleven at night, is the station; and the sole accommodation provided by the Railway Company for all classes is one small waiting room, to which beggars have free access, and where the fumes of garlic and tobacco are among the lesser evils to be endured.

TOLEDO.

THE CITY stands on a rocky height, and towering above its seven sacramental hills is seen, not the Cathedral, as one might expect, but the Alcazar or Palace of Charles V. Around the base of the rock

winds the Tagus, no bark upon its lonely waters, but huge masses of granite standing out as if in bold defiance of navigation. The city is entered by the grand two arched bridge of Alcantara, built by the Moors, and guarded on each side by gateways.

As the lumbering omnibus, drawn by six mules, passed through the Moorish "Puerta del Sol," we had our first glimpse of the Horse-shoe Arch, which becomes afterwards so familiar to the traveller in Spain.

A steep winding road of rude rough stones brought us to the city, and after passing through several narrow tortuous streets our omnibus stopped at the entrance of the only inn in "Imperial Toledo," the Fonda de Lino.

We had telegraphed for rooms, but on arriving were greeted with the information that "the hotel was full; the evening would see it empty, when we should have good accommodation."

Our guide proposed that we should visit the Cathedral without delay. We, therefore, set forth on foot, walking being a necessity here as elsewhere.

There is something singularly gloomy and austere in the aspect of Toledo. The Moorish houses seem to frown upon you with their massive oaken portals, thickly studded with gigantic nails, which are wrought with a rude skill worthy of Vulcan's forge. To the portal is suspended a huge iron knocker of quaint device, which no mischievous hand could wrench from its position.*

One of these doors was open, and our guide invited us to enter. We found ourselves in a long dark passage, leading to an open court or "patio," where the family live in summer, shutting out the sun by an awning. At one end of this "patio" was a curiously carved staircase, which led to the winter dwelling rooms above. A well was sunk in the centre of the court, and deeply indented on the mouldering stone was the mark of the chain with which Moorish hands had drawn water in ages past.

Summer heat is requisite to make this "patio"

* It is said that travellers in Algeria have often observed keys of an ancient pattern hanging on the walls of houses belonging to old Moorish families, and on asking what was their meaning, the reply was, "These are the keys of the houses from which we were torn in beautiful Spain—the land to which we shall one day return."

attractive, and as we saw it under a fitful sky it looked cheerless and dismal.

The Cathedral of Toledo is far less grand in outward effect than that of Burgos. It is spoilt not only by the narrow streets and lanes which abut upon it on the one side, but also by the heavy uninteresting palace of the Archbishop on the other, which is attached to the Cathedral by a bridge.

There is but one of the Cathedral towers finished, and that one, having been built at divers periods down to the 16th century, is a strange medley in architecture. Its walls are first square, then octagon, with turrets and pinnacles, and massive bells of apostolic number, whilst above all rises a slender spire of glittering tiles bearing aloft a crown of thorns.

This Cathedral was commenced in the 13th century by the same King Ferdinand III. (the saint) to whom Burgos owes her episcopal pile. It is built on the site of an ancient Moorish mosque, which in defiance of treaty was converted into a Christian Church, when Alonso the 6th, with the help of the Cid, conquered Toledo from the Moors, an event which took place some nineteen years after England had fallen under the Norman rule. On the accession of Ferdinand III, he demolished the mosque, and, with the aid it is thought of French architects, built the present Cathedral.

We entered by the western door, "the door of Pardon," and found ourselves in a grand Church, its glorious beauty disfigured by white-wash,* but streaming through its many windows of rich stained glass, were rainbow hues, falling on the arches, and lighting up the brazen pulpits till they glittered as gold in the bright rays of an April sun. In magnificence as in size, Toledo far exceeds Burgos, but in height, this Cathedral is somewhat disappointing.

At the east end behind the apse, are two grand chapels; that of St. Ildefonso, whose legend we saw pictured

* We have since learnt that over one of the entrances is an inscription actually recording with proud satisfaction the date of the white-washing on this beautiful building.—*See* Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster."

forth by Murillo in the long gallery at Madrid; and that of SANTIAGO where the name of Alvaro de Luna, the haughty Constable of Castile, Master of the Order of Santiago, arrests the attention. He who had been clad as a criminal, and led to execution in the Plaza Mayor at Vallodolid, is here portrayed in sculptured armour, and the goodly train of knights who forsook him in the hour of trial, are armed to the teeth, keeping monumental guard beside his tomb. This chapel dates from the fifteenth century, and was erected by Alvaro de Luna, in the height of his pride and power, as a place of burial for his family.

Adjoining the Chapel of the Constable is that of the New Kings, "LOS REYES NUEVOS." Rich and elaborate as are these royal tombs, there is a fact connected with this chapel which, to the historian, is of more interest than its artistic merit. Here lies Catherine of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and wife of Henry III. of Castile, in right of whom Philip II.* claimed the English throne at the time of the Spanish Armada, being, in virtue of his descent from this princess, the actual next heir after the King of Scots. The last act of the unhappy Mary Stuart had been to disinherit her unnatural son James, on the score of heresy, and to make over her claims to the King of Spain. This illegal act was confirmed by the Pope, so that the right of Philip from a Roman Catholic point of view appeared incontestible; nevertheless, foreign aggression found no favor with English Romanists; they immediately took part with Elizabeth in repelling the invader, and the winds and waves, and English bravery delivered the country from its threatened annexation to the Spanish Crown.†

In the CAPILLA MAYOR, facing the high altar, is the last resting place of Cardinal Mendoza, the faithful friend and adviser of Isabella la Catolica, who, in his

* Philip II. was lineally descended from John of Gaunt, both on the side of his father and his mother.

† Two centuries before this, a Spanish fleet had sailed to attack England. Edward III. and the Black Prince sailed with the British fleet, then numbering but a few vessels, to repel the invader.

When the Spanish squadron came in sight, the King eagerly demanded the number of ships. The man at the mast head began to

last moments, urged her to appoint Ximenes as his successor.

From the Capilla Mayor we made our way down the aisle to

The "Mozarabic" Chapel.

This Chapel is devoted to the ancient Spanish Gothic service, and no Roman mass book finds entrance here, although in every other portion of the Cathedral the Romish ritual is observed. This ancient liturgy dates from the fourth century, when a Greek Bishop of the name of Ulphilas having converted the Visigoths to Christianity, composed this liturgy for the use of his converts; but his labours did not end here; Ulphilas likewise gave them a translation of the Bible in the *Gothic* tongue, portions of which are yet preserved in the University at Upsal.

Till the eleventh century this Mozarabic* or Gothic liturgy was the established form of Christian worship in Spain; full liberty had been given to its use under Moorish rule,† but Alonso VI. was induced to abolish it and to substitute the Roman or Gregorian; a change with difficulty forced upon the Spanish Church which had always maintained its independence of the bishop of Rome.

count, but, in despair, soon gave up the attempt, crying out "God help me, I see so many I cannot count them!" The battle began, and before nightfall every Spanish ship was captured or in retreat, and England was left mistress of the sea.

* This beautiful Liturgy is described by Dr. Neale as "the connecting link of the Eastern and Western Rites." The origin of the name "Mozarabic" seems wrapped in doubt, but whatever the name originally meant, it refers to the Christian Goths and their service, which is the oldest in Christendom.

† Mariana relates in his history that the choice between the two rituals was to be decided by single combat: the combat took place, but the Gothic champion being victorious the Gregorian party determined on a further trial, this time by fire. The Gregorian and Gothic prayer books were accordingly placed on a pile of burning wood in the presence of the king, the ecclesiastics, and a vast concourse of people, when, according to Spanish tradition, the Gregorian made a leap out of the fire, but not before it had suffered materially from the flames, whilst the Gothic remained for some time unscorched.

Upon this the king decreed that "God approved of both forms of worship." Bishop Bernard however strenuously opposed this decision, and finally succeeded in setting aside the old Gothic ritual.

The austere but enlightened Cardinal Ximenes* restored the ancient Mozarabic ritual within the walls of the Cathedral and in some of the Churches of his diocese, and it is interesting to know that we possess in our own liturgy some portions of this old Gothic formula. From these early Spanish Christians we have derived the custom, at the conclusion of each psalm, of ascribing glory to the Triune God; and from them we have learnt to introduce that most beautiful of all creeds, the Nicene, into our communion service; further on also in that same service, when we repeat those words, "It is very meet and right that we should give thanks unto Thee O Lord God," we are uttering a form of praise taken from the Mozarabic ritual, and found in every ancient liturgy, both in the Eastern and Western church. It is also a curious fact that it is from the Spanish church that we derive the one point of doctrinal difference between our own and the Greek church in the insertion of the words "Filioque" ("*and the Son*") into the Nicene creed, in which creed, as originally framed, these words had no place.

We now proceeded to the WINTER CHAPTER HOUSE where are the portraits of the Archbishops of Toledo, Primates of Spain. The first of any historical interest is that of ARCHBISHOP CARILLO, the early friend and partisan of Isabella la Catolica, whose jealousy of Mendoza made him forsake her cause in after years, and declare that "as he had raised her from the distaff so he would send her back to it again"—an empty threat. But though unable to hurl the Queen from her throne, Carillo by his arrogance, and opposition to her government, gave her unceasing trouble and annoyance. Determined in his resistance to papal dominion in Spain, Carillo ejected Ximenes from a living in his diocese to which he had been presented by the Pope, and imprisoned him for six years for venturing to maintain his right to it. He was succeeded in the primacy by CARDINAL MENDOZA, whose portrait is by *Borgoña*.

Passing on we came next to Mendoza's successor,

* Ximenes, however, softened or omitted many expressions in the old Mozarabic Ritual which were opposed to the Roman.

the great CARDINAL XIMENES, also by *Borgoña.* The face is sharp and drawn, full of power and intelligence, but somewhat Jewish in type, as if the Cardinal was not altogether free from the imputation of "mala sangre," that terrible blot on the escutcheon of a Spaniard.

Ximenes was Prime Minister to Ferdinand and Isabella, and Regent of Spain during the minority of their grandson Charles the V. He was brought to the notice of the Queen by Mendoza who appointed him her confessor. He at first declined the office saying that "the cloister not the court was his sphere." Isabella however would not permit him to refuse. On the death of Mendoza in 1494, the Queen offered Ximenes the Primacy, but he would not accept it, till forced to do so by Pope Alexander VI.*

As Archbishop, Ximenes was still an ascetic—beneath his robes of state he wore hair cloth; his food was of the coarsest kind; his bed the bare ground; and according to the strictest rule of his order he lived a Franciscan monk. As Prime Minister and as Regent, his policy was to repress the power of the nobles, and raise that of the crown, and this he accomplished by giving the third estate some share in the Government.

On the death of Ferdinand, there was some hesitation on the part of the Castilians to acknowledge Charles as king, his crazy † mother, Queen Juana, being alive. Their opposition was met with firmness by Ximenes, who announced that he should at once proclaim Charles in Madrid, and that he doubted not every other city in the kingdom would follow the example. The discontented nobles, taken by surprise, crowded to his palace, and fiercely demanded by what authority he had ventured to act thus. Ximenes calmly shewed them the will of Ferdinand, confirmed by Charles, and then, leading them to a window,

* Alexander Borgia, the Pope who three years after this date burnt Savonarola at the stake in the great Piazza de' Signori at Florence. This Pope was a Spaniard by birth.

† Was "crazy Jane" really crazy? It appears certain that she had during her long sad life some intervals of reason, and we must remember that both her father Ferdinand and her son Charles V. were interested in exaggerating her mental incapacity. Both in turn held the powers, which were her's by right.

pointed to a strong body of well armed troops beneath, "These are the powers," said he, "which I have received from the king; with these I govern Castile; and with these I *will* govern it 'till the king, your master and mine, takes possession of the kingdom."

It was in vain that Ximenes urged Charles to repair to Spain; he lingered on in the Netherlands for a year after the death of his grandfather Ferdinand. On his arrival in the peninsula, Charles repaid his minister's devotion with ingratitude. The primate was too ill to complete the journey he had undertaken to meet the king, and wrote, entreating an interview.

Charles, influenced by his Flemish advisers, coldly declined it, and sent the primate to his diocese for repose. This was a death blow to the proud but conscientious old man. He died (1517) a few hours after receiving his dismissal, — "the only prime minister mentioned in history whom his contemporaries reverenced as a saint."

To Ximenes Spain owes the fresh impulse given at this time to learning. It was he who founded and endowed the university at Alcala, and revived the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages, long fallen into neglect. When Francis I. was a prisoner in Spain, he visited this university, and exclaimed, "Behold what this Spanish monk has done! he has accomplished in a lifetime what it would have taken a whole line of kings to accomplish in France!"*

From this Spanish University issued forth his Polyglot Bible, in the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, and Latin text, so that through Ximenes Spain was possessed of an edition of the New Testament in the original Greek, two years before the Greek Testament of Erasmus made all Europe ring with his fame.†

* Alcala is now dismantled. At this university, ten years after the death of Ximenes, Ignatius Loyola studied, and was imprisoned by the authorities for his heretical teaching.

† The New Testament of Ximenes was *printed* in 1514, that of Erasmus in 1516, that of Luther in 1522. The *publication* however of Ximenes' Bible was delayed till 1522, and the number of copies restricted to 600, by order of Leo X., to whom it was dedicated. The original MSS., purchased at so much cost to Ximenes for the completion of this great work, were actually sold as waste paper to a maker of fireworks by a librarian of Alcala in the last century.

Ximenes and Erasmus gave to the learned what Luther gave to the people: the Scriptures could now be read in the original languages, and in pure Latin. When the last volume of his Bible was brought to Ximenes he gave thanks to God, "that in a time of much need he had been allowed to lay open to the world the fountain head of Christ's holy religion, from whence a far purer stream of theology might be drawn than from any other source." Then, turning to his attendants, he said, "I glory more in the completion of this work than in any other act of my administration."

It would be well if the record could have stopped here, but Ximenes—not unlike other excellent men of that and every succeeding age—was intolerant, and intolerance led to cruel persecution: many hundreds were burnt at the stake during the eleven years that he held the office of Grand Inquisitor.

The next portrait to be observed is that of THE BLACK FRIAR, Bartolomé Carranza de Miranda. (*By Luis de Carbajal.**)

Carranza was a Dominican monk and archbishop of Toledo in the time of Charles V. and Philip II.

As confessor to Philip, he had accompanied him to England, and was there given the name of the Black Friar, partly from his Dominican habit, and partly as a term of odium, from the belief that his influence with Queen Mary had sent many martyrs to Smithfield, and amongst them Cranmer.

It was Carranza who attended† Charles V. on his death-bed; his was the harsh voice which, it has been said, grated on the musical ear of the dying Emperor; but other ears were there eager to find occasion of offence in the words uttered by the Primate. Carranza advanced towards the couch on which the Emperor lay, in a sombre room hung with black cloth. Charles was conscious, but breathing with difficulty. In his hand, crippled by gout, he held the Crucifix of his dead wife. With hoarse voice, made hoarser by emotion,

* Carbajal was an artist of the school of Toledo, born in 1534. He was in much repute with Philip II., who employed him at the Escurial.

† See "Cloister Life of Charles V."

the Primate repeated the psalm appointed by the Church: "Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord; If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities, who shall abide it? but with Thee there is merciful forgiveness;"—then, when the penitential psalm was ended, Carranza knelt down and, pointing to the Crucifix, exclaimed, in accents of deep earnestness, "Behold Him Who died for us all; there is no more sin; all is forgiven!" "Ay, Jesus," fervently responded the Emperor, and, with that One Only Name upon his lips, the death struggle ended, and he passed into the spirit world.

Such were the words fresh from the heart, which forced themselves from Carranza's lips at that supreme moment: words deemed heretical, and pregnant with mischief by Regla, Charles's confessor, who at once reported them to Carranza's enemy the Grand Inquisitor Valdés.

At midnight, some few months afterwards, the Archbishop was roused from his sleep, dragged from his bed, and conveyed to a prison at Valladolid, no man venturing to interfere in his favor. For seven years the Primate of Spain languished in a dungeon of the Spanish Inquisition. Pius V. then ordered him to be sent to Rome for examination.

Eleven more years followed of imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo; another Pope filled the chair of St. Peter; then at length came the day of the Pope's judgment.

No hand was outstretched to give support; no eye dared show pity, as with feeble step and bent frame the Spanish Archbishop approached and knelt before the footstool of Gregory XIII.; waiting in patient submission the judgment of one claiming to be Christ's vicar upon earth. The judgment pronounced him to be "infected with Lutheran doctrines."

Tears forced their way to the eyes of Carranza as the words fell on his ear: they were as a death knell to every hope. The sentence followed, "confinement for five more years, and abjuration of sixteen of his written opinions." He rose from his knees, and returned to his prison. A few more days and the Black Friar was free: death had released him from the grasp of the Inquisition.

We will only glance at the portrait of the Archduke Albert.

He doffed the robes of an archbishop that he might become the husband of the Infanta, Clara Eugenia Isabella, to whom Philip II. gave the Netherlands as a marriage portion.

Let us pass on to the portrait of the

Cardinal Archbishop Sandoval.
(By *Tristan.*)

In his picture this Prelate holds with dignity the pastoral staff, but in his life his chief claim to respect rests on his having been the patron of Cervantes. His title of archbishop, and his cardinal's hat, were derived from his near relationship to the Duke of Lerma, the all-powerful prime minister of Philip III., to whom Philip on his accession resigned every royal prerogative.

Sandoval was the duke's uncle, and the duke, to whom everything was a matter of traffic, having* abstracted 20,000 a year from the archiepiscopal revenues,† confided the archbishopric to his uncle.

To Sandoval, conjointly with Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia, belongs the disgrace of having urged, and supported by every means in their power, that barbarous and insane act—the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain. This event took place in 1607. The crime of the Moors was their wealth. The indefatigable industry by which their wealth was acquired was guilt in the eyes of the slothful nation, whose sons would neither dig nor work with their hands. Field labour was regarded by them as degradation. "Am I a dog that I should do this thing?" was the spirit of the orthodox Spaniard. The Moors had submitted to be baptized, but zealous churchmen looked with suspicion upon their forced conversion, and five hundred thousand Moors were hunted down and forced to quit the shores of Spain. They were the most skilful husbandmen, the cleverest mechanics in the land, and with them departed

* See Motley's "United Netherlands."

† A still more strange appropriation of the revenues of this See was made in the time of Charles V., when they were charged with a pension in favour of Cardinal Wolsey.

the agricultural prosperity of Spain. Howell* says in his letters—"Spain is grown thinner since the expulsion of the Moors, and not so full of corn, for these Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the craggy hills, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but to go with his ass to the market and buy corn of the Moors." Cardinal Sandoval and Philip IV. died about the same time.

This portrait is by Luis Tristan, a painter of the school of Toledo in the sixteenth century, and of sufficient note to have been selected by Velazquez in his early years as a master worthy of imitation.

Tristan was a pupil of El Greco, whom he is thought to have surpassed as a colourist. On one occasion Tristan was commissioned to execute a painting for a convent in the neighbourhood of Toledo: El Greco having recommended his pupil as equal to the task. The monks were satisfied with the picture, but by no means satisfied with the price. El Greco was called in as arbitrator. On looking at the picture he turned to Tristan, and with anger demanded how he ventured to depreciate his talent by asking only 200 ducats for what was worth at least 500. He then ordered him to take the painting home, as he himself would pay down that sum for it! The monks hastened to make excuses, and Tristan's work was amply rewarded.

Leaving the sumptuous winter chapter-house, with its painted walls and marvellous ceiling of Moorish work, we retraced our steps to the nave, where we were met and accosted by our old French acquaintance; "Monsieur, permettez moi de vous montrer un monument qui est vraiment admirable!" He then conducted us to the north transept, and pointed out a large marble slab, perfectly plain, let into the pavement, on which these words were inscribed:—

"HIC JACET
PULVIS
CINIS
ET NIHIL."

* Howell was in Spain at the time of the visit of our Prince Charles to the court of Philip IV.

"Que c'est beau! que c'est simple! et en même temps grandiose," ejaculated the old Frenchman; but whose was the tomb?

Beneath this severely simple stone rests the body of Cardinal Puerto Carrero, Archbishop of Toledo; Prime Minister to Charles II., and prime mover in the intrigue which placed a Bourbon Prince on the throne of Spain.

King Charles the II. was the last of his race in the male line, and the choice of a successor lay between an Austrian, and a French Prince, both descended from Spanish Infantas. Philip of Anjou* was nearer in blood than the Archduke Charles, but his claim was weakened by an act of renunciation. The Court was divided, and all Europe waited the result with anxiety.

It was in truth a subtle question. French influence was strong, but the succession really depended on Charles's will, and Charles clung desperately to the House of Austria. Things were in this uncertain state when Puerto Carrero became Prime Minister.

The Cardinal was devoted to Louis XIV., and he so wrought upon the feeble mind of Charles, urging and threatening him with spiritual terrors, that the dying King, after much resistance, yielded to priestly and Papal influence. Bursting into tears, he signed the will made by the Cardinal, which gave to Philip of Anjou the whole of the Spanish possessions, and the war of succession which followed was not able to set that will aside. The battle of Almanza maintained Philip V. on the throne of Spain, but it was Cardinal Puerto Carrero who placed him there. This great church dignitary, described by Lord Macaulay as "a politician made out of an impious priest," lived to be 80: he died quite suddenly, and his epitaph is but a fitting conclusion to his history.

Before leaving the Cathedral we were shown the

* Philip of Anjou was grandson of Charles's sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV. The Archduke Charles was grandson to the Infanta Maria (so long wooed by our Prince Charles), wife of the Emperor Ferdinand, and aunt to Charles II. Both Louis XIV. and the Emperor Leopold (Father of the Archduke), were grandsons of Philip III. Louis was descended from the eldest sister, Leopold from the younger.

silver Cross of Mendoza, a relic which filled us with interest, as having been raised over the tower of the Alhambra, when Granada was taken by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492.

From the Cathedral a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to San Juan de los Reyes, built by Ferdinand and Isabella in the fifteenth century, and intended originally to be their burial place. It was here that Ximenes, not long released from captivity, entered upon his noviciate as a Franciscan monk, having determined to forsake for ever the busy scenes of life, and devote himself to prayer and meditation, a determination which he was not permitted to carry into effect. There is something almost *sensational* in the first sight of this Church. On its walls are suspended the chains of Christian captives released by Ferdinand and Isabella from Moorish dungeons; and these votive offerings of the dead, clinging like ivy to the decayed walls, add to the melancholy which here steals over the mind.

Between dreary rocks and sandstones the Tagus winds its way beneath, till it is spanned by the bridge of St. Martin; beyond the bridge rise desolate ruins; whilst here and there green patches of pasture land contrast with the grey hills in the distance. But the whole scene is indescribably mournful.

The old Frenchman at this moment joined us, exclaiming "Ces tons durs, grisatres, cet aspect désert! tout me rappelle la terre Sainte! The old Frenchman had given expression to our thoughts. Jerusalem in her sadness and solitude had risen before the mind, and the range of hills, overlooking the plain, seemed to our fancy as the mountains of Moab.

The bridge of St. Martin, with its one grand arch, has an anecdote connected with it worth relating. When the first bridge was built, the architect perceived when too late, that the centre was weak, and must give way as soon as the supports were removed. To one faithful ear alone did he confide his grief: that ear was his wife's. With ready invention she devised a plan which would save her husband's reputation. She set fire to the supports, the bridge fell, and its fall was attributed to

an accidental fire. The present bridge rose in its stead.

The door of San Juan de los Reyes was now open, and we entered.

Could Ferdinand and Isabella behold the Church which they founded, they would weep for very sorrow at its desolation! Bereft of all its splendour, it has nothing within its walls but the beautiful lacework galleries, where the king and queen were wont to attend mass, and on which are yet visible the arms of Castile and Aragon in rich tracery, and the royal initials intertwined. Part of the convent is now turned into a Museo, containing a heap of rubbish. The cloisters, beautiful in their decay, were far more attractive—nature combining with art to delight the eye; double violets, lilac trees, and syringa filled the centre quadrangle, growing in wild confusion, and perfuming the air with their sweetness; whilst from the arches hung festoons of ivy, interlacing the sculptured fretwork, and striving for mastery over the creeping vine and shady leaf of the fig-tree.

On leaving San Juan de los Reyes we walked towards the bridge of San Martin. Our guide pointed out to our notice a small ruin in the distance on the banks of the river. "La Cava" is the name of this ruin, and as the loss of a kingdom is connected with it, we must briefly give the story of Don Roderick. He was the last of the Gothic Kings, and a Christian: his wife was the beautiful Zara, an Algerine Princess, converted to the true faith. Among the nobles who crowded to Toledo, to pay homage to King Roderick, was one Count Julian, Governor of Ceuta, a fortress often threatened by Moorish foes. Eager to prove his fidelity to the Crown, Julian, on his departure for his post, confided his young daughter Florinda to the guardianship of the Queen, as the best pledge of his loyalty. One summer's day the King entered the apartments of the Queen in this palace of "La Cava," overhanging the river's bank. The voice of mirth and song fell on his ear, and from a window he looked down upon an inner court of marble, with a cool fountain playing in the

midst, and beheld the Queen's maidens, who like fairy nymphs danced around the sparkling jet. He was infatuated by the beauty of Florinda, Count Julian's daughter, and remorse came when too late.

Count Julian, that he might wreak vengeance on the betrayer of his child, betrayed his King and country into the hands of the African Moors, in the year of our Lord 712, and Roderick, "the last of the Goths" was slain in battle. The first Moorish possession in the land was a rock at the entrance of the great inland sea; the Moorish standard was planted there by Taric; and he called it by his name "Gibel Taric," or the Mountain of Taric. Moor and Spaniard have long ceased to hold the rock. British troops have guarded it since 1704, when the Moor's ancient stronghold became an English possession, but the name of "Gibel Taric" clings to it still, and lingers in the sound of "Gibraltar."*

Wearied by our long walk, we now retraced our steps through the narrow streets. As we passed along our attention was excited by the artistic form of the large water jugs which we saw here in common use, and which in England, from the softness and richness of their colouring, we should regard as ornamental pottery.

In Toledo the true Spanish fashions hold their own. Every passer by was enveloped in the national black or brown, and every balcony and latticed window possessed its palm branch, blessed by episcopal hands some few weeks back. Suddenly a shout of derision rent the air, and looking up we found that we were beneath the balcony of a college, and the "Viageros" in their unorthodox costume were hooted without mercy, the beggar children joining in the diversion, casting pebbles at the English señor who refused to bestow alms. The ecclesiastical city now seemed to us hostile as well as mournful, and we hurried on to the inn.

There is one feature in Spanish fondas, which appears

* Gibraltar was taken by Sir George Rooke in the reign of Queen Anne, and is the sole memorial left to England of the War of the Succession.

to have existed without amendment for the last two centuries, as Madame d'Aulnoy, in her amusing Memoirs of the Court of Charles II., tells us that in all the inns in her day "you enter into the stable, and from thence to your chamber." The Fonda de Lino offers, at the present day, no exception to this rule, and you have to thread your way to the staircase through omnibuses and horses, mules and muleteers, dogs and beggars, all congregated together on the ground floor.

Ascending the staircase, we found ourselves in a corridor covered with gay matting, and lined with benches. At one end sat some "caballeros," muffled up in cloaks, displaying for sale blades and daggers of choice Toledo steel, worthless pictures, and antiquities; and there also sat our English maids, monuments of patience, guarding our hand-bags, and cloaks and wraps, with watchful vigilance.

After a long interval, we were shown our apartments, and were agreeably surprised, as each room looked clean, though scantily furnished.*

We were now ushered into the dining-room. Strange, rough-looking men sat at the centre table, "sombreros" unremoved from their heads, and cigars unremoved from their mouths during the repast. Their meal was no sooner over than a guitar was produced, and a sallow-cheeked Spaniard, grave and sedate, attired in "capa," as well as "sombrero," for the evening was cold, commenced singing, accompanying himself on the guitar: his auditors, with equal gravity, beating time with loud clappings of the hand as his voice ceased. It was past eleven when our baggage arrived from Madrid, and we were able at last to retire for the night.

The next morning we set forth early with our guide, for we had much to see before leaving Toledo in the evening.

Our first visit was to an ancient Church of the Visigoths, afterwards transformed into a Moorish mosque,

* The appearance of cleanliness in Spain is often deceptive, and should not prevent the use of Keating's powder.

but now again a Christian Church, and called CRISTO DE LA LUZ.

A legend of the Cid comes before us. As he rode by the side of the King through the streets of the city newly conquered from the Moors, his faithful charger halted and knelt before this mosque. The name of "Bavieca" among chargers—like that of the Cid among champions—has been handed down to honour. The sagacious animal needed neither bit nor bridle; the voice of the master sufficed; and when, according to the legend, the dumb beast moved by some high instinct, bent the knee before this building, loud voices from the Christian host shouted "Down with the wall—some holy relic lies buried there!" and quick and fast fell the bricks beneath the blows of Christian warriors. Then from the breach they had made issued a stream of light, and they beheld a Crucifix hidden for long ages—Christian Goths having walled up the symbol of their faith when the Moslems first became possessed of the city. From this legend the Church derives its name.

A solemn mass was said in the presence of Alonso VI. and his brave knights, and the shield of the Christian King still hangs suspended from the roof as a thank-offering. The Crucifix of the legend is likewise shown; and, for the honour of Christian symbolism, we could wish it were again immured.

Passing the Moorish tower of San Roman, with its quaint belfry, tiled roof, and rugged walls—still showing the rude holes made by scaffold-poles in its erection—we came to another Moorish building, the Church of SAN TOMÉ. The great object of interest here is a picture by *El Greco* of the interment of Count Orgaz.

Theotocupuli, or El Greco, was (as his name denotes) a Greek, who, in the sixteenth century, made Toledo his home, and adorned the city with his works. The lantern and dome of the Mozarabic Chapel in the Cathedral are his workmanship, and the picture in the Church of San Tomé is considered his masterpiece in painting. San Tomé was rebuilt by Count Orgaz, and in this Church is his burial-place.

The picture represents St. Stephen and St. Augustine placing the soldier in his grave. Priests and friars, friends and mourners, are grouped around the dead knight clad in his armour, whilst above is seen the entrance of the soul of the deceased into heaven.

From San Tomé we made our way to El Transito or San Benito, once a synagogue, built by a Jew of the name of Samuel Levi, treasurer to Pedro the Cruel. Levi was sincerely attached to the King, and had served him faithfully in troublous times; but his treasurer's wealth was dearer to Pedro than his friendship, and to obtain it, the King cast his Jewish friend into prison, where he was miserably tortured, and died on the rack. His gold and jewels were then confiscated and placed in the royal treasury. On the walls of this ancient synagogue an inscription yet remains, dating from the time of its erection, in which poor Levi records the gracious acts of Pedro, and the happy years which he had spent in the service of his royal friend!

Santa Maria la Bianca.—A few minutes' walk from San Benito brings you to this old Jewish synagogue, now a degraded Christian Church. Some acquaintance with Jewish history in Spain greatly adds to the interest with which the traveller approaches these old synagogues. Indeed, they need this to produce any deep impression, as externally they are devoid of architectural beauty, and within they strike the eye at first sight as strange anomalies, being partly Moorish, partly Jewish, and partly Christian.

Toledo was at one time almost entirely inhabited by Jews; the chosen people had settled in Spain—the ancient Tarshish of the Bible—before either Romans or Goths; and as an Apostle has drawn a distinction, telling us that the Jews of Berea were "more noble than those of Thessalonica," so history records that the Spanish Jews were of a higher order than those of other lands.

When the flight from Palestine took place "Tarshish" was the desired haven sought by the Jewish people.

In Tarshish, likewise, the Arabian Jews, learned in all the wisdom of the East, found refuge from persecution when "the Koran or death" was the alternative offered by the Prophet of Mecca.* But in the seventh century Tarshish failed them as a refuge; Christian persecution had set in; and the King of the Visigoths published an edict by which the Jews were commanded either to forsake their religion, or quit his dominions.

Multitudes wandered forth again; but some thousands, weary and heart-sick, submitted to be baptised, rather than leave the land of their adoption.

When in 712, Count Julian in his revenge betrayed his country to the African Moors, the baptised Jews took part with the invaders, and hailed with joy the new era. Hundreds of their brethren dispersed in Africa, accompanied the Moors to Spain, and were entrusted with the command of Toledo, whilst the Moors pursued their conquests in other parts of the Peninsula.

A golden age now dawned upon the hitherto despised race. Under Moorish rule, Moslems, Jews and Christians had equal rights, and equal freedom, liberty of conscience was allowed to all, and from henceforward the Israelites took firm root in the soil. "They planted, they builded," and they worshipped after the manner of their forefathers.

It is said that this synagogue, now called SANTA MARIA LA BIANCA was built in the ninth century. The new temple rivalled that of Solomon in magnificence; its beams and rafters were made of cedar brought from Lebanon; beams which to this day support the roof, bearing witness to the surpassing strength and purity of the wood.† The very ground whereon they stood and worshipped was holy, for they had conveyed within the synagogue some of the sacred dust of Palestine, guarding it from unhallowed contact by a covering of painted tiles. Horse shoe arches, resting on pillars, form the aisles, whilst the whole of the rich plaster

* Arabia afforded retirement to St. Paul after his conversion, and Jews from Arabia were among "the devout men present on the day of Pentecost."

† The wood of the cedar of Lebanon is so bitter that, it is said, no insect will touch it.

work is wrought by the hand, as if in remembrance of the "carvings of open flowers overlaid with gold," which adorned the glorious temple of Solomon. It is supposed from the form of these arches, and the peculiar delicacy of the plaster work, that Moslems helped to build this house dedicated to the service of the One God, even though they must have known that the worshippers within these walls acknowledged not Mahomet as His prophet. This thought gives a special interest to these horse-shoe arches, which tell of religious freedom in that ninth century; and what Protestant, standing under their shadow in SANTA MARIA LA BIANCA, will not desire that Catholic Spain should evince the like tolerance in the nineteenth century.

Protected thus by the Moors, the Jews lived in peace and prosperity singing their hymns of praise, each one under the shade of his own fig-tree, their race no longer despised, but rather held in honour.

Two centuries elapsed, and again in 1085 the Christian hosts advanced to the gates of Toledo; and the city passed from Moorish rule to that of the Christian King Alonso VI.

The golden age of the Jews became dim: under Christian rule* a tax was levied upon them. The sum of "30 pieces," the price of Him whom they of the children of Israel did value was set upon every Jewish head, but notwithstanding this they retained their influence in the State, and it was not till the close of the fourteenth century that they were dispossessed of their privileges. Up to this period they had risen to places of trust throughout Spain; they were employed not merely as tax-gatherers (the office they had held under Roman dominion in Judea); but Jews were consulted by Kings and Princes. They were the best physicians, the most successful merchants, the ablest financiers of the country, and to them was often committed the management of the Royal Treasury; their intelligence and learning made them necessary to the well being of the state; whilst their wealth excited the cupidity of the nation they served. The crisis of

* See Milman's "History of the Jews."

their history was in 1492, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella—"those wicked ones"—as they are justly called by the race they baptised, burnt, and expelled from Spain. Henceforth the land was to be purged alike from Jew and Moslem — Christian baptism or exile—the choice lay between these.

Within four months every unbaptised Jew was ordered to quit Spain,—a decree dictated by the fierce zeal of Torquemada,—and 170,000 Jews left houses and lands, preferring poverty and exile rather than forsake the faith of their fathers. Then ensued scenes of horror and misery such as no words can describe. Despoiled of their wealth, perishing from exhaustion, thousands died of famine or pestilence, and "the wicked ones" deemed in their blindness that they had performed an act acceptable in the sight of the Most High, the all-merciful Father of us all! With the expulsion of the Jews ended the commerce and prosperity of Toledo, and Christians who had hunted down the chosen race bent the knee to the God of Israel in the old Jewish synagogues.

In the afternoon we visited the Hospital of "La Santa Cruz," built in the 16th century ; and perhaps there was no building in Toledo, with the exception of the Cathedral, which impressed us more than this ; so rich in its decoration, so simple in its form.

Over the portal is a fine piece of sculpture. It represents St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, discovering the Holy Cross, which had been lost to the faithful for upwards of three centuries.

After her conversion, Helena undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in search of the Cross on which the Saviour had suffered. Under a heathen temple at Jerusalem she found three crosses ; but who could reveal to her which of these was the Cross of Him who came to give life unto the world ?

As she and her attendants stood there, distracted by doubt, a dead man was carried past. The bearers were commanded to stop, and place the body upon the three crosses in succession; and, as the lifeless form

touched the third, he that was dead arose and gave thanks; by the virtue of the Cross of Christ, he had passed from death unto life. Such is the legend.

The Church is built in the form of a Latin Cross, without any side aisles to divert the eye from its grand simplicity, or any "coro" to diminish the effect of the vast length of the nave.

Alas! however, as we advanced, we found that in this age of desecration, a "Board" holds its sittings where once the choir met, and in the centre of the transept stands a graceless table, with pens and ink, and seats around for the members of the board; the sacred chancel, too, is now an arsenal; and military trophies fill the place where once were celebrated holy mysteries.

Much of this beautiful Gothic building has been destroyed, as modern Spain cares little for the artistic gems of past ages of which she possesses so many. Church architecture was in its glory in Spain when the Reformation had well nigh trodden it down in other lands, but now that Christian art has awakened as a giant refreshed from sleep, and the love of Church Architecture—with Gothic art as its purest type—has revived throughout Christendom, it would seem in Spain to be a time to destroy rather than to build up what is beautiful.

Faded pictures of Isabella la Catolica, and Cardinal Mendoza hang on the walls of "La Santa Cruz." The Queen died in 1504, the year that the foundation stone of this building was laid. Ten years before this date Mendoza had expired, leaving a will by which he made his royal mistress his executor: a trust she faithfully fulfilled. The College of La Santa Cruz, at Valladolid —now turned into the Museo—and the Foundling Hospital, at Toledo,—now transformed into a Military College,—were built by his express wish, and the whole cost defrayed by the money entrusted to her care

---

Leaving the Santa Cruz, we made our way to

The Alcazar, which crowns the rocky heights of Toledo. It gains nothing by a nearer approach—on

the contrary, it loses in grandeur. It has twice been burnt down; once during the war of the Succession, and again by the French in the Peninsular war, and ruined walls are all that now remain of the famous Alcazar.

The names of two Queens are connected with this old fortress. Blanche of Bourbon, the unhappy and deserted wife of Pedro the Cruel, who lived for a short time in state in the Alcazar of Toledo. Her beauty and gentleness had touched the hearts of the nobles, and made the people of Toledo enthusiastic in her cause. They rose against the king, and the fortress destined by him to be her prison, became, for awhile, her palace.

In a few months Toledo was forced to open its gates, and the young Queen was a prisoner in the hands of the cruel Pedro. After a captivity of ten years, she was murdered.

In the "Ancient Spanish Ballads" Queen Blanche, whose piety and misfortunes had endeared her name amongst the people, is thus made to lament her cruel fate—

"The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
God grant me now another crown more precious in the skies."

The other Queen imprisoned in this Alcazar, was Mariana, Queen Regent of Spain. She was widow of Philip IV., and mother of Charles II., and was held here in honorable captivity by Don John of Austria, the natural son of her husband.

Queen Mariana had always hated this Prince, who was distinguished for his energy and sound sense. During the life of Philip, she had feared his influence over the mind of the King, and artfully contrived to sow discord between them, so that the Prince was banished from his father's court. Mariana was appointed Regent during the minority of her son, but her misgovernment, and the audacity of her confessor, Nithard, so exasperated the grandees, that they forced her to recall Don John, and share with him the Regency.

Nithard was immediately banished by the Prince without being permitted to take leave of the Queen.

It was on this occasion that the arrogant priest uttered those words so full of priestly assumption, "Ye ought to have more respect to one who has God daily in his hand, and your Queen at his feet!"

When Charles II. assumed the reins of government, he placed Don John at the helm, and the first act of the Prince was to confine Mariana in the Alcazar at Toledo.

Don John had not only supplanted her in the mind of the feeble Charles; he had also opposed her in the selection of a daughter-in-law, giving a French instead of an Austrian bride to her son.

The marriage was ushered in by the death of Don John, which event restored the Queen-Mother to liberty.

The afternoon was wearing on, and we descended without further delay towards the ancient Visagra Gate, by which the Cid and Alonso VI. entered Toledo. The old Moorish gateway was closed by Charles V., and the new Visagra of Philip II. has taken its place as the entrance gate.

A double line of fortified walls guards the city, and as we leant over the parapet with the Tagus flowing beneath—the remains of a Roman amphitheatre and an ancient Basilica were pointed out to us. In this last ruin the early Councils of Toledo were held, and the errors of Arianism were renounced by the Gothic King Recared.*

The day had become stormy, gusts of wind moved the gloomy waters of the Tagus, forming crested waves on its surface, and clouds of dust swept past us along the road, as the grey oxen met us, their huge horns bound with cords, dragging their burden up the steep path.

We now bade farewell to Imperial Toledo, where Roman, Goth, Israelite, and Moor, meet in decayed grandeur, and we started by the evening train at 5.45 for CASTILLEJO.

* Arianism was renounced by him in the sixth century through the teaching of Leander.

TOLEDO TO SEVILLE

Viâ Castillejo and Aranjuez.

Railway arrangements in this country are very different to railway arrangements in France, where a "bouillon," or "café au lait," may be had at every station. In Spain, if you neglect the times appointed, you must fast for many hours, as nothing is to be had at the wretched little stations. Spaniards provide themselves with baskets of provisions; and English travellers would do well to take the hint. Dining at Toledo would have interfered with our sight-seeing: we therefore settled to go back as far as Aranjuez and dine there. This plan would secure us food and rest, neither of which could be had at Castillejo Junction.

Aranjuez.—At 6.35 the train reached Castillejo; in another hour we were at Aranjuez.

It was now dusk, but no omnibus awaited travellers at the station. A short walk of ten minutes brought us to the Palace, its low white walls looking cold and ghastly against the black wintry trees of the royal gardens, close to which is the Fonda "des Ambassadeurs."

We had already telegraphed to Madrid to secure a coupé by the evening train to Seville, which train would reach Aranjuez at 10.50. Three quiet hours were therefore before us in this clean, comfortable, little inn. Partridges were provided for our repast, which travellers should remember to ask for at a Spanish fonda, as Spanish partridges have long held a well-deserved renown. So esteemed were they by Charles V. that they were often expedited to Flanders for the royal table, and were not forgotten at Yuste—the gastronomic weaknesses of the Emperor having followed him to the cloister. The excellence of these birds is also recorded by an English ambassadress* at

* Lady Fanshaw.

Madrid, whose notice of Spanish fare in the reign of Philip IV. holds good to the present day. She affirmed "Spanish partridges, Spanish eggs, and Spanish bread to be the best in the world."

To all this we give our hearty assent. Would that we could say as much of the wine, but at Aranjuez, as elsewhere, it is strongly impregnated with the pig skin in which it is kept; and though this flavour may be acceptable to the orthodox Spaniard in his abhorrence of Jews and Jewish prejudices, it certainly makes the wine most repugnant in taste to both Jew and Gentile of other lands.

The night was wet and pitch dark when the hour of starting arrived. No conveyance could be had, but lanterns were provided by which we guided our steps back to the station. The train was late and very crowded, and we were greeted by the unpleasant intelligence that "there were no coupés!"

Our indignation was great at the ignorance of our Spanish servant, but English wrath produces no effect on Castilian gravity. We were hurried and hustled into separate carriages—our wraps, cushions, and handbags thrust anywhere, and the train was off.

Four hours ensued of insufferable heat and smoke, till at a quarter to three in the morning, we reached

ALCAZAR.—One of our party now appeared at the window with the joyful intelligence that there was an empty carriage on the line. Quickly we flew to take possession, but short-lived was our enjoyment: we were tracked by a railway official, who insisted on two of our number vacating their seats. It was the carriage for señoras, and though empty till now, it must not be invaded by the other sex! In vain we offered to pay for the carriage as far as Cordova, if only we might have it to ourselves: it was contrary to all rule, and, as we knew Spanish officials to be inflexible, we were obliged to submit.

The early morning gave to our view an enchanting scene. In one night a change seemed to have come over the face of the earth, and we were ready to exclaim in the poetic language of the Hebrew King,

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come!"

We were among vineyards and olive-gardens, rocks covered with brilliant flowers, among which were rich masses of the gum cistus (or rock rose) in full bloom, poppies of a ruby red, purple heath, golden alyssum and blue convolvulus, delighting the eye with their radiance: whilst flowing softly along was seen the Guadalquivir, its waters tinged with the red colour of the soil, and its fertile banks making glad the towns and villages on its course.

At half-past eight in the morning we reached MENJIBAR station, where we breakfasted.

Another five hours and we were at CORDOVA, in summer heat, and amid tropical vegetation.

We had already had fifteen consecutive hours of railway travelling from Aranjuez, but eager to get on to Seville for the *fêtes*, we determined to pursue our journey for four hours more.

After a respite of twenty minutes, we were again steaming through a region of palms and prickly pears, castor oil plants, and aloes; trees laden with oranges and citrons were followed by groves of silver grey olives, their gnarled trunks seeming to rise out of a cloth of gold,—the yellow wild flowers forming a carpet beneath them,—ruins of Moorish towers crowned the hills beyond; and at length, in the midst of a luxuriant plain watered by the Guadalquivir, SEVILLE the capital of Andalusia came in view, to revive the drooping spirits of the weary travellers.

WATER POT IN COMMON USE AT TOLEDO.

SEVILLE.

SEVILLE.—PLAZA DE LA MAGDALENA, No. 8.—It was fair time at Seville, and every hotel was full: rooms, however, had been taken for us in a private house overlooking the pretty Plaza de la Magdalena. How delicious was that first evening! listening to the rippling fountain, and inhaling the scent of the orange blossom wafted into our glazed balcony from the double line of orange trees in the Plaza! at each corner rose picturesque stalls for cooling drinks, and the cry of "Agua, agua," reached the ear as the water carrier passed on his way, bearing his earthen pitcher on his back, and calling upon the thirsty to drink.

Sunday morning, April 18.

Daybreak was heralded in, not by the crowing of the cock, but by the tinkling of the bells of the mules passing beneath our windows, laden with provisions, whilst a feeble voice in monotonous accents had been ringing for some time in our ears, repeating incessantly "Pater noster, pater noster." Who was this, whose eyes prevented the night watches?

Curiosity forced us at last to rise, and in a narrow street below, closely wedged against the wall, sat —not, alas! a saint—but a hoary beggar with outstretched hand asking alms of the muleteers, and pocketing his coppers, as he muttered the divine taught prayer.

How glorious is a southern spring! but nowhere is it more glorious than in radiant sunny Spain, where earth and sky seem to bid all creatures "sing, rejoice, and give thanks." Sky, scent, scene, all were enchanting. As we raised our eyes to the pure, transparent blue above, not a speck of white floated upon the calm

unruffled surface, but, far as the eye could reach, all was blue—not deep, not intense, but clear as crystal—like the Apocalyptic sea of glass before the throne, and beneath the green acacias and orange trees, children were playing with their snow-white lambs,* calling them each by name, and the lambs following them.

No English Church is to be found in Spain, but at Seville leave has been granted to build one; and it is proposed either to do this; or to purchase one of the vacated Roman Catholic Churches for the celebration of our service.

In the meantime, the members of our Church meet in a room in the Calle de Zaragoza. We had some distance to walk, and as we proceeded through the gay streets, we found every outer door left open, disclosing an inner gate of light metal work, through which was seen a pretty tiled court; sometimes a marble fountain formed the centre in which bananas dipped their long trailing leaves, whilst myrtle and orange trees, and large plants of the daphne were planted around; or if a a more humble "patio" presented itself, honeysuckles and roses took the place of more costly shrubs, but everywhere the air was filled with the fragrance of these courts.

It was with something of the feeling of those belonging to a despised sect that we entered the room, where in the heart of this crowded city Protestants meet and worship, and it needed the thought of the "large upper room furnished" to reconcile the mind to so poor a place for the Anglican service, in a city possessing so many Churches,† and boasting of so grand a Cathedral.

The English Chaplain at Seville, Rev. L. S. Tugwell, has also a service in Spanish, which is well attended. The Litany, Collects, and Creed are read:

* These Pascal lambs are of a beautiful breed; perfectly white; except at the tips of the ears and feet; and following their young masters like dogs.

† Since writing the above one of these churches has been purchased by the Scotch church for the Spanish Protestant service for the sum of £1,500, and if English Protestants would act with the same liberality, our Liturgy would before long be "exercised in an open manner, and thus bring Spaniards to have a better opinion of us, and of our Church." (See Howell's Letters.)

Spaniards joining heartily in the responses, and fully appreciating our beautiful Liturgy.

In the afternoon a lively scene presented itself from our windows; crowds were seen making their way on foot, and on mule back, and in every variety of vehicle, towards the Plaza de Toros, on the banks of the Great River, where was to take place—a bull fight—the dark spot upon a Spanish feast day.

The black mantilla was laid aside, and the far less pretty white mantilla was seen covering the jet black hair, and partly shading the sparkling eyes of the Andalusian women, who despised all protection from the noonday heat, save that of the fan. Every colour of the rainbow was seen in their dress, whilst the men in velvet cap, slightly pointed in the crown, short jacket, and red or blue scarf round the waist, were equally striking and picturesque. The bells of the Giralda, and every Church in Seville were pealing forth, the whole city seemed in movement, and before long the Plaza de la Magdalena was left deserted—with no voice to be heard—not even that of the old beggar in the street below.

The Cathedral was near at hand, and we walked there. This Church, said to be the largest and grandest in Spain, was built by the chapter in the 15th century, the canons nobly relinquishing their incomes that "they might erect a fitting temple for their God."

It stands on the site, and is of the same size as the mosque which was pulled down in 1401; the interior perhaps recalls Milan Cathedral to the mind; but it is altogether grander. Five imposing aisles divide the nave, beyond which are side chapels, and though the centre is encumbered by the Coro and Capilla Mayor, its vast dimensions are seen as you look up the side aisles, or bend your steps towards the marble slab in the centre which marks the burial place of Ferdinand Columbus—the son of the great navigator. He "who gave a new world to Castile and Leon" was given no rest-

ing place in Spain, his body and the chains with which he was bound and sent home a captive after his third voyage, lie buried together in the Cathedral of Havanna.

No Cathedral is more impressive in its intense solemnity than that of Seville: there rises at once an instinctive feeling in the mind, "the place whereon I stand is holy ground." Everything that art and munificence could devise has been done to beautify and make glorious the sanctuary of God. The arches are of prodigious height, and a rich glow of light falls on them through the lantern and beautiful windows of Flemish glass, casting the most wonderful hues on the lofty columns and high altar, and streaking with soft tints the somewhat sombre marble pavement.

The Capilla Real is at the east end of the Cathedral. Here in a silver sarcophagus lies Ferdinand the Saint, who conquered Seville from the Moors in the thirteenth century. His son, Alfonso the Wise, the father of our good Queen Eleanor, is also buried here with his Queen, and in this royal vault their likewise rests a woman of erring name, but who, through her descendants,* gave a line of Kings to Spain, and a Queen to England. Maria de Padilla, the left handed wife of Pedro the Cruel, reigned as a Queen in Seville and in this Cathedral she was given royal sepulture.

Service was going on, and as the procession of priests moved from the Coro to the High Altar, every knee was bent, the rustling of the fan ceased—for Spanish women carry their fans to Church as regularly as their beads—all were in prayer. The stillness was broken by voices which rose loud upon the ear with unpleasant familiarity. They were tourists and our country women. A verger drew near and requested them to be silent; but again the offence was repeated, and the English señoras were begged to withdraw. Strange that Protestants professing a purer faith, should usually be recognised in Roman Catholic Churches, rather by their want of

* Charles V., Philip II., and our Queen Mary were all descendants of Maria de Padilla.

reverence than by anything creditable to their creed! They seem altogether to forget that they are in God's house, and that the very prayers used in our own beautiful service were many of them taken from the mass book. "Taken out," in the words of an old divine,* "as gold from dross—the precious from the vile;" but yet the gold is still there, not to be overlooked, and we may be thankful that we have it undefiled.

In the chapel of the Baptistery is the famous picture of St. Anthony of Padua, by *Murillo.* The saint is represented kneeling with shorn crown and wearing the brown dress of his order; his arms are extended, his eyes raised as if in expectation of some blessing from on High, the glory of the Lord fills the place where His servant prays; and the infant Saviour, surrounded by the heavenly host, shines upon the sight of the kneeling saint, rewarding his faith by the beatific vision. Near him is a bunch of lilies placed in a vase, and so true to nature that birds (perhaps the doves we had noticed flying among the arches) are said to have come and pecked at them.

In the chapel of the Santo Angelo, close to the principal entrance, is Murillo's beautiful picture of the Guardian Angel. A little child is represented clinging confidingly to a Seraph, who, with spreading wings and firm grasp holds the child's right hand, and directs him to look up to "the bright light in the cloud," as angel and boy with swift step seem to travel on. From its position, this picture, is unfortunately rarely to be seen with any distinctness, but there are certain times in the day when the light is good, and the Guardian Angel is revealed to the watchful.

On the right, close to the Puerta de la Lonja, is a colossal St. Christopher painted in the 16th century by

* George Herbert.

an Italian of the name of Alesio. The fresco is faded, but nevertheless it arrests the eye, which is thought all-important as, according to the legend, to look upon the figure of St. Christopher ensures safety from peril for the day.

St. Christopher holds as a club the trunk of a palm-tree. On his shoulders he carries the little child who had cried thrice to the strong man to bear him across the stream; and he bore him bravely; but the wind blew and the waves beat high, and heavier grew the burden, so that the stout heart of Christopher began to tremble. At length he reached the bank, and, laying the child gently down, said, "Who art thou, child; for verily thou wast heavy as though I bore the whole world upon my back?" Then the child bade him not wonder, for that he had borne on his shoulder not only the world, but Him by whom the world and all things therein were created. Then Christopher fell on his face and worshipped.

In his early youth, we are told that the Canaanitish Christopher had been proud, like another Samson, of his great strength, and had vowed that he would serve no other than the greatest of kings. He came therefore to the court of the most powerful of earthly princes; and, as he stood by him, he saw that when the name of the Evil One was mentioned, the King made the sign of the Cross.

Then Christopher rested not till he learnt what this meant. When he knew that it was for fear of the devil lest he should overcome him, Christopher left the king saying he would seek Satan, inasmuch as he was a greater and mightier prince, and therefore more worthy to be served. But when he had entered the service of Satan, he found that at the sign of the Cross, Satan trembled and fled, therefore Christopher left him, and went forth seeking the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

In his wanderings he met a hermit, who told him if he would find Christ, he must fast, and spend his time in long prayers, but Christopher replied "if I fast, my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man." Then said the hermit, "if thou wilt spend thy time neither in fasting nor in praying,

go to that Great River, wide and deep, and spend thy strength in the service of others, for many have perished in the strong current having none to help them, and God will surely reveal Himself unto thee in this thy daily work and service of love."

Such is the legend of St. Christopher, who finally sealed his faith by martyrdom. As they led him forth to die, a heathen struck the Christian ferryman in the face, but he meekly forgave the wrong, and, kneeling down, prayed that all who looked upon him might believe in the true God, and be saved from pain or peril through the power of Christ whom he had borne. Hence in all Spanish churches we find the image of St. Christopher—as to look on the "Christ bearer" is thought to turn away the evil eye.

On the opposite side of this door is the picture of

THE GENERATION OF CHRIST AFTER THE FLESH.
By *Luis de Vargas.*

This picture is called "La Gamba," owing to the admiration with which the leg of Adam inspired Alesio, after he had finished his gigantic St. Christopher. Looking at the picture for some moments, Alesio exclaimed with generous enthusiasm, "Piu vale la tua gamba che tutto il mio San Cristoforo."

Luis de Vargas was the contemporary of Juanes, and was born at Seville. He is said to have introduced fresco painting into the Spanish School. Twenty-eight years of his life were spent in Italy, studying the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. His first work on his return to Spain was "The Nativity," which bears the date 1555, and is placed near Murillo's picture of "The Guardian Angel." It is related of Vargas that before painting he would lie down in a coffin in his room and meditate upon death and eternity, so deep was his sense of a painter's responsibility, so intense his desire to bear in mind the coming judgment of God.

It was with some difficulty that we obtained admis-

sion into the SACRISTIA MAYOR, where is the picture of THE DECSENT FROM THE CROSS. By *Pedro de Campaña.*

Campaña was a Flemish artist who won the notice of Charles V., at Bologna, and was invited by the Emperor to visit Spain, where he resided for many years. This picture is his master-piece, and cruelly as it was injured by the French under Soult, it should without fail be seen by travellers, and the obstacles put in their way will be overcome by perseverance and civility.

For a long time we stood before this painting. The figures are life-size. Joseph of Aramathea and Nicodemus are on ladders placed against the Cross, supporting the lifeless body of Him whom in death they boldly confess. They have but just released the hands; one arm is still held up, the other has fallen. Beneath the Cross are the Virgin, St. John, and the two Maries: bending down watching the moment to receive the precious body, when it shall have been lowered, so as to reach their tender grasp.

Murillo was wont to spend hours before this picture; he would wait on in the dim twilight; and when asked; on one occasion by the sacristan "what kept him there?" he pointed to the two figures of Joseph and Nicodemus and replied, "I am waiting till those holy men have finished their task." Below this picture, in the Church of the Santa Cruz, Murillo wished to be buried, with these words to mark his grave:—"Vive moriturus."

Both Murillo's tomb and the Church were destroyed by the French, who scattered the ashes of the great Spanish painter, and cut in pieces the picture which he loved.

In this Sacristia is shown a curious finely-wrought key, presented to Alfonso the Wise by the Jews, in token of their gratitude for the humanity which he displayed towards them: for "the wise" King was conscious of the benefit conferred upon himself and

his people by the residence of the learned rabbis among them.

On the key is this inscription, "God will open; the King will enter in;" but whether Alfonso the Wise was meant by the cunning Jews, or the King of all the Earth, is a question which, according to Dean Milman, admits of considerable doubt.

In this same Sacristy are the pictures of LEANDER and ISIDORE, the brother Archbishops of Seville, painted by *Murillo*—Leander the Aged, and Isidore, the illustrious doctor of the Spanish Church, with a book in his hand bearing a Latin inscription: the brothers are robed in white, and wear their mitres.

Isidore was the enemy of intolerance, and declared before the Council of Toledo, in a time of threatened persecution, that "It was not by force, but by free will, that men could be brought to conversion."

In the north transept, close to the Court of Oranges, is a picture by *Alonso Cano* of the VIRGIN AND INFANT SAVIOUR, but in such a wretched light as hardly to be noticed by passers by. The Virgin wears the symbolic colours—crimson and blue—signifying divine love and truth.

The organs in Spanish Cathedrals are grand in tone, and their picturesque pipes, projecting like trumpets, have a novel and striking effect, worthy of imitation in our own great Churches.

We left the Cathedral by the Court of Oranges, and its beautiful Moorish gate—all that now remains of the Mosque—and found ourselves close to the GIRALDA TOWER.

This tower was built by the Moors in the twelfth century, and has a peculiar charm, rising like a fairy pagoda from the surrounding mass of ancient walls and rude battlements. On its summit is the figure of "Faith," moving on a pivot, and pointing the way of the wind.

This figure was the gift of the Grand Inquisitor Valdès, who, when Archbishop of Seville, raised the tower 100 feet. Surely some mocking spirit must have

guided the persecutor of Archbishop Carranza—the scourge of those who were tossed to and fro by shifting winds of doctrine—when he selected the figure of Faith for the weather-cock of his church !

The next day was the Horse Fair, and a scene for the pencil of Rosa Bonheur. Here were gathered together Andalusian horses, mules, sheep, and oxen, without pen or fold ; groups of peasants in short jackets, gay mantas, and embroidered leather gaiters, open at the leg, showing the white stocking beneath. Some were on muleback—two, or even three, mounted together ; the mules with bright many-coloured girths and trappings, as picturesque as their riders, who are always gay, and always smoking. The women wore yellow petticoats bordered with red, and bright handkerchiefs over their heads ; sometimes riding pillion behind the men who guided their mules ; not by bit or bridle, but by a stick pressed gently to the right or left of the neck of the mule.

From the fair we went to the Alcazar—a Moorish palace, greatly spoilt by Christian barbarism, whitewash now covering walls and ceilings once beautifully painted. The Hall of Ambassadors is most striking with its gorgeous roof, and richly-tiled pavement.

As we passed through a doorway beyond this Hall, our guide pointed with startling emphasis to the spot where Don Fadrique, the master of Santiago, was felled to the ground by order of his brother, Pedro the Cruel, to whom the Alcazar is as much indebted for its beauty, as to Maria de Padilla for its interest. Determined that the Alcazar at Seville should vie with the Alhambra at Granada in splendour, Pedro employed Moorish workmen to decorate it, and the name of his cherished Maria de Padilla still falls upon the traveller's ear in the sumptuous palace where she dwelt. The court and arched colonnade leading to her bath, where bananas and myrtles form a leafy screen—are to this day called

after her, and the Ajimez window, through which steals the perfume of many flowers, marks the spot where she sat waiting for the king, her tears falling fast for the murdered Don Fadrique.

Pedro the Cruel, was the son of Alfonso XI. Neglected by his father from his birth, Pedro and his mother, Maria of Portugal, lived in seclusion at Seville, whilst the King and his favourite, Leonora de Guzman, held their Court elsewhere. Alfonso died whilst besieging Gibraltar, and the youthful Pedro succeeded to the throne, with Albuquerque as his Minister, and the illegitimate sons of the late King in open rebellion.

In the house of Albuquerque, Pedro met Maria de Padilla. She has often been described as a Jewess, who had bewitched the young King, but she was in truth of noble Castilian blood, with golden hair and Saxon complexion. Her beauty, so un-Spanish in its character, attracted the observation of the King used to the olive skins of the South, and her gentleness, so unlike his own fierce nature, speedily won his love. It is asserted that they were at once secretly wedded, but in the meanwhile Albuquerque had asked in marriage a French Princess for his master. The sister-in-law of the reigning French King, Blanche de Bourbon, came as the bride-elect to Valladolid, and Albuquerque and the Queen-Mother forced Pedro to meet her, and go through the form of marriage. In two days he secretly quitted Valladolid, and returned to Maria, leaving for ever Blanche de Bourbon, whose unhappy fate has been already recorded.

Albuquerque, enraged at the King's conduct, now entered into a plot with the illegitimate princes of the House of Transtamarre to dethrone him, but death shortly after put an end to the Minister's schemes: so bitter, however, was his resentment against Pedro, that before he died he made his knights and retainers swear that they would make no peace, and that his body should be carried at the head of his troops, till Pedro was vanquished.

Betrayed into the hands of his enemies, Pedro was at length taken prisoner, and the body of Albuquerque was then carried in triumph to the grave. Though

closely guarded by his half brother, Don Fadrique, the King with the assistance of his treasurer, Samuel Levi, the faithful Jew who shared his captivity, contrived to elude the vigilance of his jailors, and effect his escape. He was quickly re-instated in his authority, and rejoined Maria de Padilla; they lived together in royal state in the Alcazar at Seville; and their secret marriage, though anathematized by the Pope, received the sanction of the Spanish Church.

In the entrance gate of "Las Banderas," hung round with tapestry and surmounted with the Royal Standard, Pedro would sit administering justice in Oriental fashion.

The king's illegitimate brothers now professed allegiance, and Don Fadrique presented himself at Seville. On arriving at the Alcazar, he sought Maria de Padilla;* tears were in the eyes of Maria; she knew the terrible doom awaiting him; she had tried in vain to move the king to pity, but she dared not give Don Fadrique warning, save by her sorrowful reception. Surprised, but unsuspicious of danger, Don Fadrique sought the king. At the door of his apartment stood four of the royal guard, and, as he entered, the fatal order fell on his ear, "Slay the master of Santiago."

The order was carried into execution, and Don Fadrique lay dead in the court of the Alcazar, but his elder brother Henry of Transtamarre was alive, and immediately took up arms against Pedro.

In 1361, Maria de Padilla died, leaving no enemies, and no stain of cruelty on her gentle memory. Pedro shortly afterwards assembled the Cortes, and solemnly declared that she was his legitimate wife. Witnesses were brought to prove the marriage, and her children were acknowledged the rightful heirs to the crown. The funeral of Maria was solemnised in the Cathedral of Seville, and the Primate of Spain delivered a funeral oration in her praise. Five years elapsed, and Pedro, defeated by Henry of Transtamarre and Du Guesclin, fled to Bordeaux to the court of the Black Prince. Then followed the battle of Navarrete, which placed Pedro once more on the throne, and gave rise to the Spanish marriages—Constance, his eldest daughter,

* "Royal Favourites," by S. Menzies.

being given in marriage to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Isabella, her sister, becoming the wife of the Duke of York.

Three years later, and the cruel murder of Don Fadrique was as cruelly avenged, Pedro himself being stabbed to the heart by Henry of Transtamarre, who was immediately proclaimed king, and the claims of Pedro's son-in-law, John of Gaunt, set aside.

In the succeeding generation the rival houses of Lancaster and Transtamarre were united, by the marriage of Catherine, daughter of John of Gaunt and granddaughter of Pedro and Maria de Padilla, with Henry, heir to the Spanish throne, and grandson of Henry of Transtamarre.

The title of "Prince of the Asturias" was created for this Prince—a title suggested by John of Gaunt, in imitation of that of the Prince of Wales—and it has ever since been given to the heir-apparent of the Crown of Spain. It is interesting to remember that the first Princess of the Asturias was an Englishwoman—Catherine of Lancaster, the daughter of John of Gaunt, and granddaughter of Maria de Padilla.

Leaving the Moorish apartments, we were now shown the beautiful little Chapel of Isabella la Catolica, on the second floor.

The altar-piece is composed of old tiles, exquisite in design ; and the walls are of the same material.

On the left of the altar is a curious monogram, bearing the joint initials of Isabella and Ferdinand, held together by a cord, entwining the armorial Castle of Castile. Beneath is the motto "Tanto Monta," added to the royal arms by the jealous Ferdinand to denote his equality as King of Aragon with Isabella, Queen of Castile. On the right is a bundle of crossed arrows or "Flechas." This device was adopted by Isabella; "Flechas" having the initial letter of the name of Ferdinand. The effect of this "Azulejo" Chapel is wonderful; it is as though its walls were "garnished with all manner of precious stones;" brown and blue are the prevailing colours, so that there is nothing

gaudy or glaring, and the harmony and brilliancy of the whole effect cannot be described.

The character of Isabella has always been drawn in glowing contrast to that of Ferdinand. It has been said that if he won kingdoms by intrigue and the sword, Isabella, by her truth, won the hearts of her people. Recent researches, however, make it impossible to accept this view of her character. It may be that the grave faults now brought to light were the result of her education and undue submission to priestly authority; but there can be no doubt that the motto of equality, assumed by Fedinand, is applicable in a moral as well as a political point of view, and that in cruelty and dissimulation the Catholic sovereigns were one.

In this beautiful little chapel the Emperor Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal.

The gardens of the Alcazar, laid out by him, are as striking as the Palace itself. You walk amidst quaintly-cut box-hedges and towering arches of dark cypress—orange-trees, some fifteen feet high, cut so as to form a wall on each side, showing an abundance of golden fruit nestled in the glossy foliage. Citrons, pomegranates, and palms abound in tropical luxuriance; whilst sheltered by borders of cut myrtle, are violets and roses of every hue; producing, under this Southern sky, a combination of perfumes such as imagination only gives to the Garden of Eden.

Another bull-fight closed the day, and the same crowds of people in gala dress filled the streets of Seville as we drove home. No weather could be more perfect for holiday-making; not a cloud to be seen—all was bright and serene; but we could not but observe the huge water-spouts overhanging the streets from the roofs, and congratulate ourselves that there was no rain.

The next morning, as we entered the breakfast-room of the hotel, we heard the shrill voice of our old French acquaintance exclaiming, "Le coup d'œil est superbe! celà a du caractère! Mais—c'est cruel! c'est détestable et j'avoue que je suis mécontent de moi d'en avoir

été si content !" He had been to the bull-fight, and was giving his impressions to a friend. An Englishman sat near us, and we heard him mutter in an indignant tone to his companion, " Cruel !—it is both tame and cruel, if those two words can be combined !" The old Frenchman's quick ears had caught the words, and, turning round, with a profound bow to the Englishman, he exclaimed, " Monsieur a parfaitement raison ; en vérité c'est fade et en même temps cruel !"

La Caridad.—This building has no external beauty to recommend it. It was restored in the seventeenth century by Don Miguel de Mañara. Disenchanted with the world, and weary of a life of selfish gratification, the thoughts of Mañara turned to religion, and to prove his sincerity, he bestowed the whole of his fortune on this hospital, and made, we are also told, a vow—never again to gratify his palate by the taste of chocolate, the favourite beverage of a Spaniard. Mañara is buried in the Capilla Mayor, and his grave bears this epitaph: " Cenizas del peor hombre que ha habido en el mundo."

We were shown over the church by an old sister of the order of St. Vincent de Paul. She took us to the Hospital which is kept in the most perfect order. It was the hour of vespers, and as we passed through the vaulted galleries, each containing forty beds, it was touching to hear the feeble voices of aged men praying from each bed. There are about a hundred and forty old men mostly bedridden, and twelve sisters to wait upon them, all supported by the charity of Mañara.

In the Church are the six famous pictures by Murillo, painted for this hospital at the best period of his art. The two largest are—

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and Moses striking the Rock.

These two pictures are placed opposite each other, and too high to be seen with advantage.

In the first picture the Saviour is represented seated on a rock, with the twelve gathered around. He is in

the act of blessing the five loaves, as St. Peter with wondering look takes the "two small fishes" from the hands of a lad that he may present them to his master. The great company, faint with hunger, are seen approaching in the distance, whilst in the foreground are the faithful women from Galilee who had ministered unto Him of their substance. These are now made eye-witnesses of the miraculous act by which He multiplied the barley loaves, filling the hungry with bread enough and to spare.

In the companion picture Moses stands with hands clasped and eyes lifted up to heaven, returning thanks for the stream which flows forth from the typical rock. All creation is made to rejoice—both man and beast drink of the refreshing stream—all save one poor child who cries in vain to the woman holding him as she continues with selfish eagerness to slake her own thirst.

"San Juan de Dios."

As the founder of homes for the homeless, the picture of San Juan de Dios well deserves a place in the Caridad. He was by birth a Portuguese, and, having run away from his parents, served in his youth in the army of Charles V. At the close of the war, Juan returned to his native home, to find his father and mother dead, having sorrowed to the last for his loss. Stung with remorse, he gave himself up to a life of penance for his neglect of his parents. In a vision of the night he was directed to set forth for Granada. He did so; and, entering into a Church, heard a discourse, which so affected him, that, unable longer to restrain himself, he flung himself on his knees, and cried aloud for mercy.

He was carried off as a madman, and only liberated, after some time, through the efforts of the preacher.

On obtaining his liberty, his thoughts were directed to the misery around him, and, touched with compassion, he from henceforth devoted himself to the relief of the poor. He began by bringing first one, and then another, to a little hovel, where he himself lived; and when this hovel was full, he would lay him-

self down outside the door. All the day was spent in working for these miserable beings. For them he laboured, for them he begged; and none could resist the pathos with which he pleaded the cause of the poor and friendless; so that ere long, through his energy, the hovel was exchanged for a hospital, where as many as two hundred could find refuge.

In this picture San Juan is seen in his gray habit, bearing on his back, in a stormy night, a dying beggar. He seems about to sink under the burden, and looks back as if for help, when, shining like a meteor through the darkness, an angel appears to strengthen him. Perhaps there is no picture of Murillo's which touches the heart more than this.

San Juan died in 1550, and was canonised in the following century as "The Father of the Poor." This good man did not seek to found an order: he sought only to give bread to the hungry—to cover the naked, and to house the outcast. Obscure as he was, this he accomplished, and the name of San Juan de Dios is spread far and wide throughout Christendom; for his poor hovel was the first of those "refuges" which are now to be found in every European city.

The three remaining pictures by Murillo are "The Infant Saviour," "The Infant St. John," and "The Annunciation."

Palace of San Telmo.

From the "Caridad" we drove along the banks of the Guadalquivir, passing the "Tower of Gold," once a Moorish fort and treasure-house, now a toll-bar, to "Las Delicias," the great drive of Seville, and from thence to the palace of the Duc de Montpensier.

This palace owes its name and erection to the son of Columbus, who intended it for a Naval College, and dedicated it to the mariner's saint, possibly in remembrance of an incident in the life of the great navigator. In one of his voyages, his ship was in imminent peril; a panic seized the crew; and reproaching Columbus

with their unhappy fate, they abandoned themselves to despair.

Suddenly seven flickering lights were seen playing upon the masts and rigging,—a sure sign of the presence of the mariner's saint.

A shout of exultation arose from the superstitious crew, "Cuerpo Santo, Santelmo." Storm and tempest were no longer feared, and falling on their knees they chanted a solemn litany, and with tears of joy gave thanks for their deliverance. Such is the incident related in the life of the great navigator.

It is impossible to pass through the apartments of this palace, so lately inhabited by a Prince of the House of Orleans, without a feeling of sorrow for the misfortunes which have driven him from his Spanish home, making him an exile in middle age as in youth. Pictures which once hung on the walls of the Pavillon Marsan are found treasured up here. Portraits of the Citizen King, and Queen Marie Amélie, the Royal Saint of modern times, are interspersed with sketches of Royal fêtes and family incidents—sad memorials now, with the Bourbon dynasty proscribed, and placards posted on the walls of Seville, denouncing the family as the worst enemies of Spain.

Casa de Pilatos.

This is one of the most striking of the many interesting houses to be seen in Seville. It was built in the sixteenth century by the Marquis of Tarifa, on his return from Palestine, on the plan of the traditional house of Pilate at Jerusalem. The walls and pavement are brilliant with "Azulejo," their prismatic hues glittering like jewels in the sunshine. On the wall above the staircase the crowing cock is represented also in Azulejo. The effect of these tiles is exceedingly rich; no two panels are alike; but yet to the eye all is soft and subdued, so wonderfully harmonious is the combination of colour and pattern. To decorate houses in this way was a sure sign of wealth, and to a spendthrift a severe reproach was contained in the old Spanish proverb, "You will never have a house with tiles."

The gardens of this "Casa de Pilatos" are only inferior to those of the Alcazar.

Church of St. Isidore.

None must leave Seville without visiting this Church, dedicated to the good Archbishop, and adorned by the famous picture of his death by Roelas.

In the History of St. Isidore we are told, that feeling his end was approaching, he desired to be carried from his palace to the Church of St. Vincent, that he might there receive the last sacrament. He then made distribution of all he possessed to the poor, and kneeling, prayed to be forgiven by any whom he had offended, and with this prayer for forgiveness on his lips he expired.

In the picture St. Isidore is represented supported by saints, and with two choristers by his side. The Church of St. Vincent, and some sorrowful spectators of his death are seen in the background, whilst the opening heavens reveal the Saviour extending the promised crown to His faithful servant. With the Saviour is the Virgin Mother.

The saintly virtue of tolerance became extinct in Spain with St. Isidore, and all who regard tolerance in this light will venerate the memory of the good Archbishop.

Italica. An hour's drive from Seville brings you to this deserted spot, famous as the birth-place of Trajan, whose love of justice and spirit of self sacrifice so impressed the great Pope Gregory, that he is said to have knelt down and prayed that the soul of the heathen emperor might not be shut out from the kingdom of heaven.

According to Romish belief, the prayers of St. Gregory, released from condemnation the soul of the Roman emperor, and purgatory was made during this Pontificate a settled article of belief in the Church of Rome.

The story told of Trajan which so affected St. Gregory is this.

When the emperor was at the head of his legions, he was met, on the day of battle, by a poor widow, who cried to him for justice, her only son having been slain by the son of Trajan. He promised her redress, and bestowed upon her his own son, with a large sum of money, in compensation for him she had lost.

Leaving our carriage we now proceeded on foot to the Roman Amphitheatre, which is beyond the village.

Nothing can be more wild and desolate than this vestige of Roman grandeur. The form of the Amphitheatre is preserved through these long ages. Granite seats cleft asunder still encircle the vast arena; aromatic shrubs springing up out of the deep fissures; whilst below was spread out a carpet of wild flowers.

We sat and watched the golden light of sunset stealing over the gray rocks, kindling them, as it seemed, into living stones, then leaving them cold and dead as before. Not a sound was to be heard, save the croak of the southern frog from the ruined dens below, falling with loud monotonous stroke upon the ear, as if warning us to depart before the shades of night drew on.

On our return to the village, we entered the fine old Church and ruined cloisters, formed of moulded brickwork; and then, bidding farewell to Italica, we drove back to Seville by a new road, which led us through fields of waving corn, and olive groves, where birds were singing amidst the silvery leaves.

Soon appeared the bridge of boats and the Giralda Tower, with the figure of Faith, tipped with gold, shining like a beacon in the moonlight.

THE SEVILLE MUSEO.

"It is one thing to adore a picture, and another to learn by the history of the picture what is to be adored."—*Pope Gregory.*

The statue of Murillo is in front of this building—once a Church, now the Museo.

The lighting of the Seville Gallery is very inferior to that of the Madrid Museo, and the impression at first is one of disappointment. After awhile, however, the eye makes its selection, and the lover of art stands enchanted before the works of Murillo, seven of whose best pictures are placed near together, on the right hand side of the room.

After gazing at these masterpieces every one must admit that to see Murillo in his glory, he must be seen in his native city.

There is a catalogue to be purchased at the door, therefore only a few of the most striking pictures in this gallery need find mention here.

Near the entrance is

No. 1.—St. Thomas Aquinas. By *Zurbaran.*

In this picture St. Thomas Aquinas is represented ascending to heaven, where the blessed Trinity and Virgin appear in glory; St. Paul and St. Dominick are near the Eternal Throne; and amid the clouds below are seated St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory, the four fathers of the Latin Church. Still lower appears the Emperor Charles V., attended by an archbishop and priests. The four fathers are wonderfully painted, and the picture is said to be the masterpiece of Zurbaran.

St. Thomas Aquinas lived in the thirteenth century, and was given the name of the angelic doctor: he was

one of the most learned of Romish theologians. At the age of seventeen he resolved to enter the order of St. Dominick, and by flight accomplished his cherished purpose, which had been opposed by his family. Filled with devout veneration for the Virgin Mother, St. Thomas Aquinas nevertheless rejected the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; which had been likewise disowned by St. Bernard in the preceding century; but which was now again vehemently promulgated by a Scotch friar of the order of St. Francis, known as Duns Scotus, but who was really John Scott, of Dunse. The controversy was sharp, and created a schism in the Church.

Spain supported with enthusiasm the new dogma, and in succeeding centuries manifested such zeal in maintaining it, that when the Seville School of Painting was formed, no candidate was admitted without having first professed his belief in "the most pure conception of Our Lady."

On the left of this picture, and facing the door of entrance is a coloured statue of

ST. JEROME. (*Torrigiano.*)

The name of this sculptor is familiar to English ears, from his work in Westminster Abbey, the beautiful tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen having been chiselled by his hand.

In this statue of St. Jerome the saint is represented life size; a rock supports his bended knee; in one hand he holds a Crucifix, in the other a stone, with which he smites his breast, as if saying "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Torrigiano was a Florentine, born in the fifteenth century, and a fellow-student with Michael Angelo. It is said that a quarrel having taken place between them, blows were exchanged, and the nose of Michael Angelo suffered from the strong hand of his opponent. Having risen to fame, and completed his great work in England, Torrigiano revisited Spain, where he ended his days in a prison of the Inquisition.

After passing Nos. 44 and 45, St. John the Baptist in the Desert, and the beautiful picture of St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, both by *Murillo*, we come to

No. 52.—"La Virgen de la Serviletta."

Murillo.

This picture has been greatly spoilt, by frequent retouching. It derives its name from having been painted originally on a napkin. The cook of the convent of Capuchins begged for some memorial of the artist, and Murillo having no canvas, accepted the cook's proffered cloth, and returned it to his humble friend impressed with the image of the Virgin.

Then follow St. Felix, St. Augustine, The Conception, The Virgin and St. Augustine, The Angel holding the hand of the Dead Christ, and

No. 60.—St. Anthony of Padua bearing in his arms the Infant Christ. *Murillo.*

All these are fine, but the last is one of the eight gems of the Gallery.

St. Anthony was a Portuguese by birth: he entered the Franciscan order, and devoted himself to preaching to the poor. He was a contemporary of St. Francis of Assisi, by whom he was regarded as a brother.

The same spirit of tenderness for the lower creation ruled in his heart, and as St. Francis is said to have had the birds for his auditors, so, according to the legend, St. Anthony gathered together the fishes of the sea to listen to his discourses. The Saint died at Padua, in 1230, where a magnificent Church was erected to his memory, and where his body lies under a splendid shrine.

In his preaching he loved to dwell on "the Word being made flesh," and he is therefore generally repre-

sented with the Infant Saviour in his arms, or on his book.

He was canonised a year after his death.

No. 67.—St. Hugo in a Carthusian Refectory. (*Zurbaran.*)

St. Hugo was Bishop of Grenoble, near to which town is the Grande Chartreuse, founded by St. Bruno, during the episcopate of St. Hugo.

The picture represents an ancient legend. The white cowled monks sit at a table, a plate of meat before each; but no one ventures to eat; all sit motionless. St. Hugo enters, attended by a page, who points out the forbidden food, and the flesh is immediately converted into fish, making glad the hearts of the fasting monks.

No. 83.—St. Leander and St. Buonaventura. (*Murillo.*)

Leander stands in white robes, holding in his hand the model of a Church, whilst a child is seen, bearing the Archbishop's mitre. Leander was Archbishop of Seville in the 6th century; and, through his instrumentality, and that of his brother Isidore, Arianism was renounced by the Spanish Church.

Leander presided at the Third Council of Toledo, and, in conformity with the practice of the Greek Church, it was there decided that the Nicene Creed should be introduced into the Communion Service.*

The example set by the Spanish Church was followed by that of Rome, and by all the Churches of the West.

* The chanting of the Nicene Creed is to this day the great feature in the service of the Greek Church. At Moscow the great bell of the Kremlin sounds whilst it is chanted. (See Stanley's "Eastern Church.")

Leander was the personal friend of Gregory the Great, who was then Pope; but the supremacy of Rome was not asserted by Gregory, and never admitted by Spanish Bishops till the eleventh century.*

St. Buonaventura was a Tuscan: he lived in the thirteenth century, and was entitled the Seraphic Doctor.

As a child he was restored to health through the prayers of St. Francis of Assisi, who, on hearing of his recovery, exclaimed, "O buona ventura!" and from this exclamation the Saint derives his name. He entered the order of St. Francis, and was noted for his humility, piety, and learning. So great was the respect entertained for his judgment, that, on the death of Clement IV., the Cardinals left to Buonaventura the nomination of a successor to the Papal throne. He named Gregory X. Buonaventura accompanied the Pope to the great Council of Lyons in 1274, which had in view, and for a time effected, the reconciliation of the Greek and Latin Churches. It is probably this connection with the Greek Church, on the part of both Leander and Buonaventura, which linked them together in this picture as "wise master builders" of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

No. 84.—St. Thomas of Villanueva. (*Murillo.*)

This was Murillo's own favorite picture, the one which he was used to call "Mi cuadro."

St. Thomas of Villanueva stands before the entrance of a Church, clothed in black, and with a white mitre on his head: in one hand he holds the crosier, whilst with the other he drops an alms into the hand of a poor cripple, who kneels before him, his crutch lying by his side. The poor and needy are grouped around, waiting their turn for relief from the hands of the good Bishop, of whom it might be said that he was "eyes to

* Pope Gregory affirmed that, "Whosoever called himself universal priest was the forerunner of Anti-Christ, by thus proudly exalting himself above others."

the blind, feet to the lame, and a father to the poor." As a little child his heart was melted at the sight of suffering, and he would hasten to bestow his own bread, and, if that were not enough, some of the food with which his mother fed her poultry, rather than allow the hungry to depart unfed from the door of their dwelling.

He entered the Augustine Order, and the day on which he pronounced the vows of the order witnessed the renunciation of them by another monk—the great Reformer, Martin Luther.

St. Thomas, of Villanueva, was a favourite preacher of the Emperor Charles V., who had the highest veneration for his character. He was created Archbishop of Valencia, and although the whole of his revenue was spent upon others, he died without owing a single debt, as though "angels" it was said "had ministered to him, supplying all his need." All loved him, and his death was bewailed by hundreds of the poor whom he had relieved. His liberality was not restricted to the beggars lying at his gate; he gave largely to artists; and through his fostering care and appreciation of the talent of Juanes, the Cathedral of Valencia is possessed of some of that painter's finest works.

He was canonised in 1618.

No. 86.—The Adoration of the Shepherds. (*Murillo.*)

In the catalogue this picture is styled "The Nativity." A blaze of light irradiates the face of the Virgin, as she sits with tender gaze, looking upon the Infant Saviour lying on her lap, wrapped in a linen cloth.

Critics tell us that the face of the Virgin has been retouched. There is in it, nevertheless, an expression of childlike wonder, and yet of sadness, as though the Mother's joy was subdued by some dim presentiment of coming anguish, which none save critics can view unmoved.

St. Joseph stands behind; an aged shepherd kneels, folding his hands upon his breast in silent adoration;

whilst his younger companions with arms outstretched bow the knee, accepting the new-born babe as their King and Saviour. A child, with a hen flapping its wings, and the sheep and cow, all seem to have a share in the glad tidings announced by the hovering angels.

No. 88.—The Vision of St. Francis of Assisi. (*Murillo.*)

St. Francis in ecstatic devotion before the Cross beholds, according to the legend, the form of the Crucified Saviour graciously bend towards him. Gently one of the pierced hands releases itself, and the entranced Saint is drawn by the arm of his Divine Master into closer communion—deeper fellowship with His sufferings.

Such was the vision, which ended in the Saint being stamped for ever with the sacred wounds of his Crucified Lord.

In the picture St. Francis has risen—the Divine arm is around him, and he clasps the Saviour—his face upturned with a look of unutterable reverence and love.

Those who are unacquainted with monastic legends are often startled by this representation of the Saviour. To them it appears as a falsification of Scripture, and the spiritual truth contained in the Vision of St. Francis is lost upon them.

An instance occurred in our hearing. An English lady and an English gentleman—tourists like ourselves—sat on a bench opposite this picture.

"You know, of course, the beautiful legend of St. Francis?" inquired the lady.

"No, ma'am, I know nothing of St. Francis; but I know my Bible, and there is nothing in that which justifies such a picture."

Ignorance is not bliss in a picture gallery was my inward reflection.

No. 90.—St. Felix of Cantalicio. By *Murillo.*

St. Felix was a Capuchin brother who lived in the sixteenth century. The Capuchins were the early patrons of Murillo, and this picture was painted for their convent. In the legend of this Saint it is related that, whilst performing his allotted task of begging from door to door for his convent, he was met one stormy night by a child, its countenance "full of grace and truth," who gave him bread, and then having blessed him, vanished out of his sight.

In this picture the Saint is represented, like another Simeon, receiving the Divine Child into his arms from the Virgin Mother, angels spreading abroad their wings, and fluttering over the young Child—a vision which was granted it is said to St. Felix a few days before his death.

The face of the aged Saint shines with the light shed on him by the heavenly vision, and he seems to say "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

No. 92.—St. Anthony of Padua. (*Murillo.*)

St. Anthony is kneeling before an open book—the Book of Life; and as he prays for light, the figure of the Infant Saviour seems to rise from its pages, and the pure in heart is blessed with the vision of the Incarnate God.

No. 95.—Saint Justa and Saint Rufina. (*Murillo.*)

These are the tutelary Saints of Seville: they are represented holding up the Giralda tower of the Cathedral with palm branches in their hands, and pots of earthenware to mark their trade. Justa and Rufina were sisters, and Christian martyrs, who were put to death at Seville in the fourth century. Their father was a potter, and they maintained themselves by selling earthenware vessels. Poor as they were they ministered to others of their small substance, and

suffered death rather than sell their ware for idolatrous purposes. They are looked upon as the especial guardians of the Giralda tower, having according to the legend, contended with the devil when he would have blown it down in a violent storm of wind!

Having noticed the seven gems by Murillo, on the right of the gallery, we now turn to a picture by the master of Zurbaran.

No. 89.—The Martyrdom of St. Andrew. (*Roelas.*)

St. Andrew is transfixed to the Cross; around him are grouped men on foot and on horseback; whilst above, angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven watch for the coming entrance of the Saint into the glorious rest prepared for the people of God.

Roelas was a Seville painter, who forsook the profession of a doctor that he might devote himself to painting.

He studied the works of Titian at Venice, and his knowledge of anatomy gave him, it is said, wonderful correctness in drawing the human figure. This is thought to be his best work.

No. 109.—St. Hermenigeld, St. Isidore, and St. Leander. (*Herrera the Elder.*)

In this painting we have the two brothers Leander and Isidore, and their nephew Hermenigeld—the heir to the Spanish Gothic throne—whom they had won to the orthodox faith, causing him to renounce the errors of Arianism.

Hermenigeld was strengthened in his faith by his wife, Ingonde, a French princess. They held their Court at Seville, whilst King Lenoigild made Toledo his capital.

On hearing of his son's conversion, Lenoigild besieged Seville, and put Hermenigeld to death. Leander was exiled, and only recalled to Spain from Constantinople on the death of the old king, when Recarede, Hermeni-

geld's brother, ascended the throne, and solemnly renounced Arianism for himself and people.

Isidore was the younger brother of Leander. It is related* that when a boy he played the truant, vexed at the strict discipline enforced by his brother, and hid himself for some days in the neighbourhood of Seville. Wearied and footsore, Isidore sat himself down to rest by the side of an old well, and as he leaned against its wall, he wondered at the deep marks along its edge, and seeing a woman approach to draw water, he asked her who had cut these deep lines on the stone. She told him that no hand had done it, but that the drops of water constantly falling on the same place had made these hollows. Her words struck on the boy's heart, and he said within himself, "If the hard stone thus receives impression from each drop of water, how much more should my mind yield to the words of instruction," and the wanderer rose and returned to Seville, to become a fellow-labourer with his brother in building up the Church of God among the Spanish Goths. Isidore succeeded Leander as Archbishop of Seville in 601, three years before the death of his brother's friend Pope Gregory the Great. Leander and Isidore were the revisers of the old Mozarabic ritual, as Pope Gregory was of the Roman liturgy. The great Roman pontiff did not assume, as his successors have done, lordship over God's heritage, but "accepted whatever his brother bishops judged to be good and right customs for their several churches, humbly asking their prayers for himself." The spirit in which he was met by the Spanish Bishops is thus expressed in their Liturgy: "Let us not break the net of the Lord before we be presented on the eternal shore."

Herrera was the first master of Velazquez, but the fury of his temper forced the young artist to leave him for the more gentle instruction of Pacheco—afterwards his father-in-law—many of whose works are in this collection.

This picture was painted by Herrera whilst seeking refuge in the Jesuit college of St. Hermenigeld, he

* Montalembert's "Monks of the West."

having been suspected of coining false money. The picture procured his pardon from Philip IV., who on seeing it sent for the painter and forgave him, saying, "The possessor of so great a talent should be incapable of making a bad use of it."

Here we bid farewell to the Seville Museo, and although one of the greatest modern authorities, in his love of Italian art, classes Murillo among "vulgar painters," we believe that few will leave this gallery without feeling that the Spanish painter has been to them a preacher, and that these legendary pictures—replete with spiritual life and meaning—realise the words of Erasmus, "Statuary and painting are a kind of silent poesy, that have often an effect upon the feelings of mankind beyond that produced by the most accomplished orator."

SEVILLE TO CORDOVA.

24th April.

Our last day at Seville. We had spent a week here of intense enjoyment, and to leave Seville without regret is impossible.

Putting aside the beauty of the place itself, there is a kindness and warmth of manner in the people which begets warmth even in the most cold and reserved.

The woman servant of the house stood in the "Patio," waving her hand to us as we drove off. Poor Teresa! Worn and withered in outward form, but fresh in feeling as in the spring-time of her life, with flowers in her scanty hair, and tears in her dim eyes, as she spoke to me of "el marido" she had lost.

As we took our last look at Seville, the well known couplet rose to our lips—

"Quien no ha visto á Sevilla
No ha visto Maravilla."

We left Seville by the 10.5 train, which reaches Cordova at two o'clock.

We were again journeying through olive-gardens and pomegranates, the fig-tree and the orange; beneath which rose the bearded wheat, waving in the soft breeze. Suddenly we were startled by the report of fire-arms.

The railway officials were quickly on the alert, and, with reassuring words to the frightened passengers, hurried to the spot from whence the sound proceeded. One of these officials was a Frenchman, who quickly returned to inform us that it was only a Spaniard, in one of the first-class carriages, who had been firing his gun at small birds out of the window "pour se divertir!" American travellers relate strange tales of buffalo-shooting from the windows of the railway-carriages being one of the amusements of passengers on the line to San Francisco; but it took us somewhat by surprise to find such inveterate sportsmen on the rail between Seville and Cordova.

CORDOVA.—HÔTEL SUISSE.—The entrance from the station to this city—once the capital of Moorish Spain—is through public gardens, prettily laid out. The streets are so narrow that there is barely room for the omnibus to pass; any foot passenger would infallibly be crushed were he not to take refuge within some friendly doorway.

THE MOSQUE.—Wending our way through the close, narrow streets, we found ourselves in one bearing the name of "Jesu Crucificado,"—marking a station on the way of sorrows,—and facing us was the high Moorish wall which surrounds the Mosque.

We entered by the "Puerta del Perdon." An exclamation of delight escaped our lips, as we passed beneath this gate, and the sacred Moorish Court rose to our view.

Before us was the Mosque, but between us and it were gigantic orange-trees, with huge trunks wondrous in bulk—fruit and flowers vieing with each other in their profusion, producing a scent almost overpowering.

In the centre of this Court of Oranges is King Abdur-rahman's well, with some ancient palm-trees, planted in remembrance of Damascus, the earthly paradise of the Moslem. By the side of these are venerable cypresses and Lombardy poplars, lifting up

their heads on high, with damask roses climbing up the rugged stems, and peeping out of the dark shade.

It was some minutes before we could quit this Court, even to enter the famous Mosque. Once, however, within its precincts, surprise and amazement took possession of us; we were in a vast labyrinth of columns of porphyry, jasper, and precious marbles, strange and bewildering to the eye; bringing to the mind some dim vision of Aladdin and the Arabian Night tales.

These columns vary in height, and were brought from all parts of the world to adorn this mosque—only less sacred to the Moslem than the mosques of Mecca and Jerusalem. Over these monoliths are double arches The lower range are of the usual Moorish horse-shoe form, resting for support on the columns, whilst above these is an open space, and then another row of arches, painted red and white, coarse and glaring in tone, and most disfiguring in effect.

After a while we lost in some degree the feeling of bewilderment; and as we looked up these straight avenues, or viewed them obliquely in the dim light, with the glimmering lamps in the distant chapels, we began to understand better the fascination which this strange building has for some minds, with its strong lights and shadows, its arches upon arches; but there is no uplifting of the spirit here—height there is none, though there be length and breadth, and you wander about wondering, not worshipping.

The "Sagrario" gives some general notion of what the mosque once was in tone and colouring, and though the work is poor and bad, it is less galling to the eye than the coarse red and white stripes of the arches elsewhere.

There is one chapel, the "Calle San Pedro," which may be called the gem of decorative art: it is covered with Mosaic, marvellous in its richness, and in perfect preservation. There is the same horseshoe form, but the colouring and glorious work in this chapel pass description.

The "Calle San Pedro" was the Holy of Holies of the Moslem, and as we turned away from the maze of columns, and stood before this one beautiful arch—the

perfection of Moorish art, with its sanctuary within – it had a new and powerful attraction.* It seemed to remind us in its solitary beauty, of the one point of unity in the creeds of all Jews, Turks, Infidels, Heretics—*Belief in the One God*—and the words of our beautiful Collect for Good Friday came to the mind with a power unfelt before, as we stood before this Holy of Holies in the mosque at Cordova.

On the wall of the mosque is a colossal St. Christopher—the Christian charm against the Evil Eye ; and attached to the Moorish mosque is a Christian "Coro" of the sixteenth century. To build this, a great part of this marvellous temple was demolished by the Canons, whose zeal did not rest till they had obtained the Emperor's authority for this act of Vandalism.

When Charles V. came to Cordova, and saw what havoc they had made, he indignantly remarked that they had destroyed what was unique in the world, and erected in its place what any one might have built!

The mosque was built by King Abdur-r-Ahman, in the eighth century, and occupies more space than any other Church in Christendom.

In early ages Cordova was one of the great seats of learning. In the time of the Romans its university was already famous, and under Moorish rule it drew scholars from all parts of the known world. Seneca, the great Roman philosopher, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era, was born here; but another name of ecclesiastical note comes before us connected with this city, less known possibly to the general reader, but interesting as a type of a Spanish bishop of the fourth century.

Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, in the time of the Romans, played an important part at the Council of Nicæa. He was well known to the Emperor Constantine, and so great was the respect with which he

* Dr. Neale says—all that is beautiful in Mahometan temples is the birthright of the Oriental Faith. See Neale's "History of the Holy Eastern Church."

inspired him, that it was Hosius* to whom the conscience-stricken Emperor turned, when tortured by remorse for his crimes.

To him he confessed his guilt, humbly asking if there was forgiveness for such heinous offences; and the reply of the fourth century bishop is worthy of being remembered, "There is no sin so great but that in Christ it may find forgiveness."

It is interesting to find that the English word "Cordwain," the old disused term for leather, is derived from CORDOVA. "Costly cordwain," was manufactured by the Moors, who introduced this article of trade into Europe. For this purpose they cultivated largely the pomegranate which they brought from Morocco, and which still abounds in the neighbourhood of Cordova. Its rind was used by them for tanning and preparing the leather; but when the Moors were banished from Spain the trade which they had established fell into decay. Palm trees were likewise planted in Spain by the Moors, in remembrance of Damascus, and the first palm tree seen in the country was that planted by King Abdur-r-Ahman at Cordova.

25th April, Sunday.

There is no English chaplain here, but a Spanish Reformed service is held in a vacated Roman Catholic Church, which has been purchased by the Presbyterians for the small sum of £700.

The heat at Cordova far exceeded that of Seville. The beggars we found likewise on the increase: wrapped majestically in their "capas," these Caballeros hedged us in on every side—making our escape in these narrow streets almost impossible. Assuredly Spanish beggars are the dark shadows on one's pathway through sunny Spain.

* The Romish Church disputes this point, and asserts that Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, attended the Emperor in his hour of remorse. See Stanley's "Eastern Church."

CORDOVA TO GRANADA

Viâ ANTEQUERA.

April 26.

At six o'clock in the morning we were at the Cordova Station bound for

ANTEQUERA.—We had telegraphed for a carriage to meet the train at the Antequera Station and convey us to LOJA, there being as yet no railway communication between these two towns. At 6·46 the train was off. There was a great change in the atmosphere after leaving Cordova, and the air became cool and refreshing. There is, nothing, however, striking in the scenery on this line. At BOBADILLA JUNCTION, which we reached in five hours, we breakfasted, at twelve we were again in the train, and in half-an-hour we were at Antequera.

Fine bold rocks, and a grand range of hills met our view, and to our joy an omnibus drawn by mules was seen awaiting our arrival. We hurried out of our train, eager not to lose a moment, and took up our position in the omnibus. A bright cloudless sky, with a hot sun shining upon the carriage, made us doubly anxious to move on. We sat for some time in patience; then we got restless. "Where was the luggage?" "Pronto, pronto," was the only reply, but one hour-and-a-quarter passed away before the last bag was hoisted on the roof of our omnibus.

We found we had two drivers. "Why was this?" "One drives, the other walks," replied our Spanish servant. "Walks," we exclaimed, "if walking be the pace, how is it possible we can reach Granada to-night?" He now revealed to us that to catch the train from LOJA was impossible, the road being too bad in places to admit of more than a foot's pace, but that we should reach LOJA at seven o'clock. The inn we were assured was comfortable, and we should push on to

GRANADA early the next morning. The road was, indeed, rough and bad beyond description Sometimes we had to get out whilst our drivers repaired it with stones from the wayside, and then our running coachman led the mules across the ugly bit whilst we looked on at a distance, and wondered that any springs could withstand such jolts, any mules keep their footing. Again we were in our omnibus admiring the beautiful colour of the rock roses growing amidst Turkey oaks, brilliant in their fresh bright green, and cork trees dark and sad. At four o'clock we were within sight of ARCHIDONA, a pretty village with a campanile, and behind it three sugar-loaf hills, and a curious rock called the "Peña de los Enamorados."

Half-an-hour was spent at Archidona, as a halt for the mules. In another three hours we were to be at LOJA. The road was now comparatively good, and the scenery beautiful, with mountains in the distance, and picturesque villages, through which we passed at a brisk pace: the whole population in their bright costumes turning out as they heard the noise of the whip and the rattling of the wheels, with the cries of the driver to his struggling mules, whilst the omnibus with jumping, bumping movement was whirled along.

Our running coachman now spent most of his time standing on the step behind, smoking his cigar, and allowing its smoke to bear full upon us. We were becoming weary; the sun was setting; and the air felt cold and chilly. Suddenly this man left his post and flew to the side of the omnibus, gesticulating violently to his companion. There was a stop. "What had happened?" The other driver was down,—the wheel was coming off, and LOJA was two hours drive from this point!

We had nothing for it but to get out. "In half-an-hour the wheel would be repaired, and if we walked on the carriage would soon overtake us." Carriage and luggage were abandoned, and we started.

Our road lay through a mountain defile: high rocks overshadowing us on each side, shutting out the light already fast declining. After a long steep ascent, we emerged from the gloomy pass into what seemed like

Swiss scenery by the soft moonlight. In the wooded valley below us were numberless small white houses, looking like snow flakes in the moon's rays. Dark mysterious mountains formed the background, rising up into the star-lit sky. Not a creature was to be seen; not a sound to be heard to disturb the stillness of the night save the faint gurgling of rills of water flowing into the valley. Two hours had passed when we were overtaken by a long train of mules with their drivers wishing us "Buenos Dias" as they passed. This was the first token of our approach to a town, and before another hour Loja appeared in sight.

The grateful sound of wheels now broke on the ear. It was the omnibus, which overtook us as we were descending the hill to the town.

It was nine o'clock when we entered beautiful Loja, called by the Moors "the flower among thorns." Faint and hungry we reached the FONDA DE LOS ANGELOS, but alas, neither food, nor repose, was there. We would fain pass over the description of that night, and will only say that had it not been for our English tea and biscuits, we should have fared badly; and as regards rest, charity demands that we should warn all travellers to avoid the guardianship of "THE ANGELS," at Loja.

It was at Loja that Ferdinand the Catholic met with a disastrous defeat by the Moors: a disaster afterwards retrieved by the capture of the town by the Spaniards, when Lord Rivers and 300 English knights with sword and battle-axe fought on the side of Spain.

The name of Gonsalvo of Cordova, called in the Moorish war "El principe de los Caballeros," is closely connected with Loja. He was born at Montilla, a town famous for its wine, not far from Cordova

Isabella la Catolica had watched the opening talents of the young cavalier, as distinguished for his personal beauty as for his bravery; and from her knowledge of his sagacity and prudence, Ferdinand was induced to give him the command of the Spanish army in Italy. The name of "the great captain" was once as dear to the Spaniards as that of the "Cid." The battles of

Ceregnola and Garigliano by which he expelled the French in 1503 from the south of Italy, placed Ferdinand on the throne of Naples. Opposed to a force far exceeding his own, Gonsalvo trusted to strategical operations for victory. The motto of the great captain was, "Ingenuity surpasses strength."

Suspicion, however, soon took the place of gratitude in the mind of the jealous Ferdinand; he recalled Gonsalvo to Spain, promising him the Grand Mastership of Santiago, a promise which was never fulfilled. The great captain was put off with the government of Loja, where he lived in honourable retirement.

His rule was merciful to the Moors, and he shielded them as far as he was able from the Inquisition. He gave away largely, saying to those who would have stayed his bounty, "There is no enjoyment of one's property like bestowing it upon others." Gonsalvo* died at his palace in Granada, in the arms of his faithful wife, who only outlived him a few days, and a grand monument was raised to them both in the Church of San Geronimo.

Loja to Granada.—At seven o'clock our train left Loja for Granada; the distance being accomplished in less than two hours.

We looked eagerly for the Sierra Nevada, and at last the snowy peaks showed themselves, towering above the mists and clouds overhanging the dark lower range of hills; whilst the bright emerald green of the Vega, with its groves and gardens, and thread-like streamlets, sparkling in the early sunshine, seemed to us in its rich cultivation and fertility, as "a land flowing with milk and honey." Everywhere abundant springs watered the tender meadow grass, and the line of the water courses was marked by a profusion of wild flowers.

We soon reached Pinos; famous as the place from which Columbus was recalled by Isabella la Catolica

* On his death bed Gonsalvo lamented that he had been guilty of that which is the blot on his fame, breach of faith on two occasions towards his prisoners; but as he acted under royal orders, the king was chiefly responsible.

when wearied and disgusted by five long years of suspense at the Spanish Court, he had turned on his way to offer his services to our Henry VII.

The woods of SOTO DE ROMA were now pointed out to us: interesting to all English travellers as the estate given by the Spanish Government to the Duke of Wellington. Then came SANTA FÉ, recalling scenes full of interest in the conquest of Granada.

This once stately city arose as a phœnix out of ashes after a conflagration, which destroyed every tent in the Spanish camp. Ferdinand and Isabella immediately resolved to build a great city on the site where their army had been encamped. It was within view of the vermilion towers of the Alhambra, and served as a token to the Moors that they had taken possession of the soil, and would never abandon their prize. It was at SANTA FÉ that Columbus received his commission from the Queen to go in search of that new world which he gave to Castile and Leon. This great possession has passed away from the Spanish crown; but there remains another gift of priceless value to the Spaniards which was also the fruit of this first voyage. The tobacco leaf, now become a necessity to mankind, was first introduced into Europe by Columbus in 1493, its use having been made known to him by the natives of Cuba, with whom smoking tobacco was a common habit.

GRANADA.

Who can enter unmoved the Moorish capital?—the city whose foundations are on the hills, and whose conquest forms the romance of history. The most apathetic traveller is roused, as the carriage rolls under the ELVIRA gateway, and an intense thrill of excitement is felt when after ascending the steep street of the "Gomeles," a pause is made before the gateway of CARLO QUINTO, for within this gate is the domain of the ALHAMBRA.

Groves of elms and poplars, avenues with overspreading branches, line the steep ascent from this gate, and crowning the heights are seen the vermilion towers of the old Moorish fortress.

HOTEL WASHINGTON IRVING.—The most comfortable hotel in Spain, perched up like a nest in the midst of elms and poplars, and within five minutes walk of the grand entrance to the Alhambra.

THE ALHAMBRA.—As we ascended the avenue leading to the principal gateway, there fell on our ear the sound of many waters, and the song of the thrush in the fresh green woods, which formed a bower overhead.

The Alhambra is entered through the GATE OF JUSTICE, on the horse-shoe arch of which is seen a sculptured

open hand, and further on a key, having some mystical signification now unknown. This gateway was built by Yusuf, who was afterwards murdered whilst praying in the mosque of the Alhambra. It dates from the fourteenth century, and here the Moorish King sat in Oriental state, and administered justice.

Passing on through a narrow passage, we found ourselves in an enclosed space encumbered with ruins and every description of dilapidation, and commanded by square massive towers. The first feeling of excitement was followed by surprise and disappointment, and the exclamation rose to our lips—"Can this be the Alhambra of which so much has been said! Where are the fairy courts so often described?"

With a movement almost of impatience we followed our guide past these mounds of rubbish to the Torre de la Vela (the Tower of Vigil) which was now close before us, rising high above all the other forts. Passing a picturesque Moorish well, we entered the tower, and found it guarded by a crusty old woman, preparing her dinner, and a young lad whom she deputed to lead us up the narrow staircase.

At the top of the tower was a low door, which the lad opened, and we stepped out upon the battlements.

What a glorious view met our eyes! Below us was spread out the city, with the beautiful green Vega beyond; its gardens, orchards, and meadows, walled in by distant mountains.

Santa Fé lay nestled in front of us amidst woods and groves; and as we looked upon this fair scene, we pictured to ourselves the Christian hosts encamped on this glorious plain, nearly four hundred years ago; and the intense excitement and eager gaze with which on the second morning of the year 1492 they must have watched the progress of Mendoza and his glittering train of knights, as they slowly wended their way from the camp to the citadel, and then passing within the Moorish gateway, were lost to view; till a loud shout proclaimed that the silver Cross had been placed on the highest tower of the Alhambra—this same Torre de la Vela—and the whole army knelt down and prayed.

Then floating from the Moorish citadel appeared the banner of Santiago, and the royal standards of Castile

and Aragon, and from the great plain below there rose up in one loud chant the solemn anthem, "Te Deum Laudamus."

Ere long another band was seen—but this time descending from the citadel into the plains below. These were Christian captives clanking their chains, and chanting a song of thanksgiving for deliverance—a song taken up by the triumphant hosts, and followed by loud acclamations as they reached the camp.

On the battlement of the tower is an inscription which marks the date of the fall of Granada—January 2nd, 1492. The silver Cross planted by Mendoza on this Torre de la Vela was the gift of Pope Sixtus IV., but alas! there was another gift from the same pope—that of the Inquisition—which he established in Spain, and which quickly filled this fair city with woe and desolation.

All Europe exulted in the glad tidings that Granada had become a Christian possession, and in London the event was celebrated by a grand service followed by a Te Deum at St. Paul's Cathedral, when Cardinal Morton preached before Henry VII. and his whole court.

From this Tower of Vigil is suspended a huge bell, dating from Moorish times. It is used nightly to summon labourers to the Vega, that the land may be irrigated in the cool night air.

We now descended from the tower, and crossing the large enclosure found ourselves in front of the massive walls of the palace of Charles V., before which are the usual gardens of box and myrtle, cut into geometrical figures. It was with a feeling something akin to resentment, that we looked at this palace, with its bronze bas reliefs, and imposing portals so out of character with the Moorish fortress. Its unroofed walls tell their own tale of one who began to build but was not able to finish. The Emperor was stopped we are told by an earthquake, as if sent to reprove his folly in pulling down portions of the most glorious of Moorish monuments, to make way for his Italian palace.*

We now turned down a narrow path: on our right rose one side of the palace, its huge portal partly sunk below the level of the ground, and above it the words

* The work of Machuca.

"Carlo Quinto" in large letters. On our left was a modern building, and facing us was another wall with a low door, over which was suspended a common oil lamp.

Through this mean entrance we passed into one of the far-famed fairy courts of the ALHAMBRA.

We were in the PATIO DE LA ALBERCA,—the Moorish Albarakah,* or Court of Blessing. In the centre is a large reservoir with a line of myrtles; at one end is the entrance to Charles V.'s palace; and opposite is the grand TOWER OF COMARES, within which is the HALL OF AMBASSADORS.

It was in this hall that Muley Abul Hassan received the knights sent by Ferdinand and Isabella to claim payment of the tribute due to them. The demand was received with scorn.

"Tell your masters," said the Moorish king, "the mints of Granada no longer coin gold but steel." Such was the reply with which he dismissed the knights, and the war began.

Then follows the Court of Lions, with the HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGES on one side, and opposite to it that of the Two Sisters, with its beautiful recess and Ajimez windows opening on a view of surpassing loveliness.

Often and minutely as these courts have been described, no word-painting, any more than the model at the Crystal Palace, can give a true idea of their beauty. The Alhambra must be seen.

THE HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGES has a tale of romantic interest.

The court of the old King, Muley Abul Hassan, was distracted by the factions of the princely tribes of the Abencerrages and the Zegris. The strife grew fierce between them, and ended in the massacre of the Abencerrages, who had incurred the vengeance of the King. Thirty-six of this brave race were treacherously made prisoners. Unconscious, it is said, of the doom that awaited them, they were summoned one by one to the

* Philip V. made the reservoir in this Court his fish pond. Hence it has obtained its present less romantic name, "the Court of the Pond."

presence of the King. As each chief reached the fountain—soon to be tinged with his blood—he was seized and beheaded by the executioner. Stains are to be seen on the white marble pavement, and no guide omits to point to these as marking the spot where the Abencerrages perished.

Before proceeding further, it will be as well to go back to the founder of this Moorish palace.

The Alhambra was begun by Muhammad Al Hamar in the thirteenth century—five hundred years later than the famous Mosque of Cordova. The Moors at this time retained but little of their old dominion in Spain. City after city had been subdued by Ferdinand III., surnamed the Saint, and the King of Granada, anxious for the safety of his kingdom, agreed to pay tribute to the Spanish crown.

Deep was the humiliation of Muhammad when he was summoned shortly after to aid Spain against the Moors of Andalusia, but he was unable to refuse compliance, and with his aid Seville was conquered. The Moorish king returned sorrowful in heart to Granada, and in reply to the acclamations of his people, bowed his head mournfully, saying, "God is the only conqueror." From henceforth this became his motto, and it is seen everywhere on the walls of his palace.

In the beautiful Court of Lions is the sole representation of animal life in the Alhambra. The twelve lions which support the fountain in the centre, are, however, of symbolic form, and recall the description of Solomon's twelve oxen upon which stood the molten sea,—Moslem and Jew being equally prohibited from making the exact likeness of things on earth.

From the Court of Lions we proceeded to the Tocador or Mirador, with its perforated floor, from whence issued sweet perfumes in the days when Oriental luxury reigned in the Moorish palace. Around this Tocador is an outer Gallery, formed of slender pilasters of white marble, on which rest horse-shoe arches, exquisitely light and graceful. It is impossible to imagine anything more lovely and varied

than the views through these arches--each arch forming a frame to a new and enchanting scene. On the right are thickly wooded heights, above which is a range of iron grey rocks—steep and rugged—and, higher still, the snow-white peaks of the Sierra Nevada. On the hill in front of the Mirador is the summer palace of the Moorish Kings—the Generalife—with its hanging-gardens and groves, and line of gigantic cypresses. On the left juts out the rude outline of the Tower of Comares, its rough cast walls rising out of a mass of underwood. Through the window of this tower, in a deep recess, are seen the beautiful Ajimez windows of the Hall of Ambassadors, with their richly decorated apertures for ventilation.

Below these Ajimez windows is a latticed casement and a parapet. This casement gives light to the prison beneath the Hall of Ambassadors, where Muley Abul Hassan confined his once-beloved Ayxa and his son, Boabdil El Chico, or El Zogoybi the Unlucky. Boabdil was regarded by the people of Granada as the heir to the old King ; but it chanced that in one of the Moorish forays a Christian maiden, called Zorayda, was captured ; and Muley Abul Hassan became so enthralled by her beauty, that he put away the Sultana Ayxa, and finally imprisoned her and Boabdil in the Tower of Comares. From this casement Ayxa, fearing for her son's life, let him down by a silken cord over the parapet. It is a fearful height; and, unable to see below, the intrepid mother of Boabdil with her ladies hearkened with eager ears until they caught the sound of his horse's feet bearing him away to a place of safety. When Boabdil returned to Granada, it was to dethrone his father, and declare himself King.

In the Hall of Ambassadors, Ayxa, restored to her state, armed her son, and bade him God speed ere he went forth to fight against the Spanish hosts; but his young bride, Morayma, wept as she saw him depart. They watched him, mounted on his milk-white steed, and followed by his train of turbaned chiefs, as he passed through the Elvira gateway. His lance struck and broke against the arch, and when Morayma heard of this evil omen, she fled to her Mirador to weep over "El Zogoybi, the Unlucky One."

The omen proved true: Boabdil was taken prisoner in the battle which followed, and the savage old Muley Abul Hassan returned to reign in the Alhambra.

From the MIRADOR we wandered to the "Mezquita," where Yusuf was stabbed. Over the altar is a coarsely painted but suggestive picture of the Magi, and in a medallion above is represented "the Star in the East;" but Christian hands have ruined the once beautiful Moorish mosque. Inlaid wood, however, still adorns the ceiling, and everywhere is inscribed "Grace" and "Blessing," and the motto of Muhammad—"God is the only Conqueror."

We went next to the Baths and Whispering Gallery; but it is vain for me to attempt any description. Those who enter the halls of the Alhambra gradually feel as if drawn within a magic circle: the spell is over them, and, old or young, they cannot escape from its subjugating power. It is as though for a time you had surrendered yourself to the guidance of the charmed Hand over the Gate of Justice; and as, rapt in wonder, you glide through the silent and deserted courts, there rises on the inward ear a chime of melody—the chime of the past—soft and silver-toned, awakening a chord of harmony within you.

The spell of enchantment is however rudely broken by the voice of the custode, summoning all visitors at four o'clock to depart.

Sunday Morning, May 2nd.

We walked early this morning to the "Silla del Moro," the Moor's seat, overlooking the Generalife. It was here that Boabdil was wont to come for mournful reflection after he had sworn fealty to Ferdinand and Isabella. The minds of his people were full of fierce indignation; and from this spot he could behold the city where he dared not show himself; and lament unobserved the misfortunes which had clouded his life from his birth.

To reach the "Silla del Moro" we had to ascend a steep path, leading through the domain of the "Generalife," the summer palace of the Moorish Kings.

Passing through an avenue of dark cypresses of

enormous girth, planted by Moorish hands, we came upon the waters of the Darro, which with rushing sound flow through the gardens of the Generalife, on their passage from the snow mountains to the plain below. By the side of the rapid stream grow the pomegranate and the myrtle, the oleander "whose leaf withereth not"—and "the sweet cane from a far country." *

We mounted terrace after terrace filled with delicious flowers; then came another short ascent, and we stood on a hill, dry and barren, in sharp contrast with the hanging-gardens below. From here we looked down upon the Alhambra—her watch-towers and bulwarks; the city, with its grey tiled roofs and white houses lying like network at the foot of the Citadel;—the green Vega, green as an English meadow, spreading out for miles beyond to the foot of the Sierra;—villages scattered over the vast plain, amidst groves, and orchards, and gardens;—and as we sat on this lonely spot we heard the deep-toned bells of the many Churches, the cries of the town, and the voices of children below us—and above, the larks singing their hymns of praise.

In the Palace of the Generalife is a picture of Boabdil; and on the same walls are to be seen Ferdinand and Isabella, and Gonsalvo of Cordova, whose first laurels were won at the conquest of Granada.

Boabdil, with his golden hair and gentle expression, is the impersonation of peace, as Gonsalvo is that of war.

The next day we set forth to walk round the walls of the Alhambra. Massive square towers project at certain intervals. These towers are let or sold by the Government to private individuals, and a more charming possession than a tower in the Alhambra, as a summer residence, can hardly be imagined for those who have not passed the age of romance. With some difficulty we made the circuit, and found ourselves at last at a point overlooking the Torre de la Agua, from whence, after a certain amount of clambering, we made

* The sugar-cane was cultivated by the Moors in Spain before it was known to the rest of Europe.

our way to the blocked-up Gateway of "Los Siete Suelos." By this gate Boabdil El Zogoybi left the Alhambra, and it was his last request to Isabella that no one might ever after be permitted to pass through it.

The wish of El Zogoybi has been fulfilled. The arch remains, but huge stones bar the entrance, which is half hidden by mounds of earth and ruins—impassable since the day that the luckless Moorish King with his band of cavaliers sadly and silently rode through its gate, whilst distant shouts of triumph told them that the Christian hosts had entered the Alhambra by the Gate of Justice. Boabdil halted on a rocky height—his mother and wife were already there—then, turning to take a long last look at his loved city, he burst into tears, saying, "God is great; but when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

"You do well," exclaimed his wrathful mother, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!"

This hill is still known as "La Cuesta de las lagrimas"—the hill of tears—and the summit of the rock, where he bade farewell to his home, is still called by the sorrowful name, "El ultimo Sospiro del Moro."

THE CATHEDRAL.—This Church dates from the sixteenth century, and is the work of Diego de Siloe, the son of the great sculptor whose beautiful monuments we had seen at the "Miraflores" at Burgos.

The name of Siloe raises expectation, but disappointment follows. The Cathedral is sadly deficient in architectural interest. It has a lofty dome, and fine stained glass windows; but its whole effect is rather Pagan than Christian.

There are several fine pictures by Alonso Cano and Ribera, but they are in so bad a light, that it is almost impossible to see them.

Alonso Cano was a canon of this Cathedral, and adorned it with his skill both in sculpture and painting. Torrigiano finds also a place here; but that which principally arrested our attention was a picture in the CAPILLA DE SAN MIGUEL. It is called "LA VIRGEN DE LA SOLEDAD" by *Alonso Cano*. The Virgin

Mother, "full of grace" is represented with a diadem on her head—crowned as "blessed among women," yet kneeling as if in prayer to Him whom she acknowledged as God her Saviour. In her loneliness and desolation, she still seems to say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me as Thou wilt."

We next proceeded to the old mosque, which forms part of the Cathedral, and where, in ruinous neglect, is the tomb of the once honoured knight FERNANDO PEREZ DEL PULGAR, who on a dark night, with fifteen cavaliers from the Spanish camp, surprised the Moorish sentinels at a small postern gate, and dashing through their midst, with his dagger affixed the written words "Ave Maria" to the portal of this mosque. Then dismounting, the brave Pulgar knelt down, offered himself afresh to the service of his Divine master, and dedicated the building to the Virgin Mother. Once again he sprang into his saddle, and cutting his way through his bewildered foes, arrived at the royal camp. For this deed of Christian prowess, Pulgar was given burial beside the royal tombs, and the mosque dedicated by him to the Virgin is now the Christian Cathedral.

Another name deserves record here, that of Fernando de Talavera, the first Archbishop of Granada, whose tomb is in this sagrario. Talavera had been confessor to Isabella la Catolica: he was now made Archbishop of the newly conquered city. Mild and humane in character, Talavera avoided harsh measures, and strove to bring the Moors into the fold of Christianity by persuasion and kindness. He caused the services of the Church to be translated into Arabic for the use of the baptised Moors, and would have followed this by a translation of the Bible into the same tongue, had not Cardinal Ximenes been opposed to it. In the eyes of the Cardinal, to suffer the Scriptures to be read in the vulgar tongue was to "cast pearls before swine." "Hebrew, Greek and Latin, these were the only languages in which God's word should be read, the three languages pointed out to mankind by the inscription on the Cross itself." Such was the decision of the primate, and Talavera was forced to abandon his project.

It was Talavera who was wont to say that "Moorish works and Spanish faith were all that was necessary to make a good Christian." He was so respected by the Moors, that during an insurrection occasioned by the ill-advised zeal of the primate, he appeared among them preceded only by a priest bearing the Crucifix. At the sight of the good Archbishop, alone and undismayed, the Moors crowded around him, kissing the hem of his garment, and asking his blessing, and the insurrection was quelled.

La Capilla de los Reyes.—We now entered the Royal chapel, railed off by a high screen of rich iron work. In front of the high altar is the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella by *Vigarny*, and that of Crazy Jane and her husband Philip the handsome, by *Peralta*. These occupy the centre of the chapel. Torrigiano, whose great work at Westminster Abbey had made his name renowned among sculptors, came to Spain with the hope that the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella would be entrusted to his skill, but *Vigarny* was selected by Charles, and when this tomb has been seen, it is impossible to feel regret at the selection.

TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

Their monument is lower and less ornate in character than that of their daughter and her husband; but beautiful as is the face of poor crazy Jane, lying by the side of the husband who drove her mad, the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella is, on the whole, more striking.

Isabella la Catolica died November 26th 1504. In her will she made two requests—that she should be buried at Granada, and that Gibraltar should never be relinquished! Isabella was greatly honoured by her Castilian subjects. They upheld her as their Queen, while they paid but slight homage to Ferdinand, and though the deep stain of bigotry rests on her memory, it was the sin of the age in which she lived. She believed that she was obeying the will of Heaven when she submitted to the dictates of her confessor Torquemada. Therefore, when her subjects

remonstrated against his excessive cruelty as Grand Inquisitor, she gravely replied:—"It is better for the service of God and for myself that the country should be depopulated, than that it should be polluted by heresy." Words almost identical with those afterwards uttered by her great-grandson, Philip II., with regard to the Netherlands. Her filial love, however, was shown in her marriage treaty with Ferdinand, to which she added a clause binding him to treat her mother with all respect and reverence. When her mother's intellect became clouded, Isabella watched over her with devoted care, and at her death raised a glorious monument to her memory.

To Isabella* is due the merit of having introduced camp hospitals into Europe; as to Ferdinand, we owe the system of embassies to foreign courts, which he was the first to adopt. He has therefore been described as the founder of "la politique moderne." Beneath a smiling surface Ferdinand disguised a merciless nature; his character was brim-full of duplicity; his friends were only valued as long as he needed them; and he scrupled not to repay their services with ingratitude.

Ferdinand died January 23rd, 1516, and his character is thus described by Voltaire:

"En Espagne *le sage, le prudent;*
En Italie *le pieux;*
En France et á Londres *le perfide.*"

It is related of Ferdinand, that some one having told him that Louis XII. accused him of having thrice deceived him! "Thrice," exclaimed the king, "If he said this he lies, more than ten times have I over-reached him."

The title of "Catholic" was given to Ferdinand and Isabella by Pope Alexander VI., after the conquest of Granada.

TOMB OF PHILIP AND JUANA.

Philip the handsome died at Burgos, aged twenty-eight, after a few days' illness (September 1506), having reigned but a few weeks over Castile. Crazy Jane never left his bedside during his illness: she sat there mute and

* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

tearless. Three months after the coffin had been closed she gave orders to have it re-opened, and with glazed eyes looked upon the form she had loved so well, and insisted on touching with her hand the ashes of the dead. In compliance with his last wishes, she then gave order to have his body conveyed to the royal vault at Granada, but refused to separate herself from his coffin. She only travelled by night, saying "she who hath lost the sun of her soul, should never again see the light of day." The mind which had first been shaken by the infidelity and cruel neglect of her husband, sunk under the terrible certainty of his death.* She had gleams of reason during the forty-seven years in which she survived him. At these times she would lament bitterly over her imprisonment at Tordesillas, and in "words to move stones" would pray to be permitted to see her son Ferdinand, and implore that her daughter might be left to her. In her sorrow and madness, she at one time refused to eat, when "by her father's order the rack was administered."† In her early married life she and Philip were nearly lost at sea. Juana was perfectly calm, and when told of their danger, immediately withdrew to array herself in jewels and royal apparel, that she might be recognised, and finally fastened a bag of money to her waist, "to defray," as she said, the expenses of a funeral worthy of a king's daughter, when her body should be found!" The thought of sepulture was ever present, and she transmitted this monomania to her descendents.

On each side of the Retablo of the Capilla de los Reyes are most curious bas-reliefs by *Vigarny*. On the left the Alhambra towers are represented, and Boabdil is seen making his way on foot to the royal camp, followed by a page, who leads his horse. In the hands of Boabdil are the keys of the city, which he delivers to Cardinal Mendoza, who with the King and Queen are mounted. The Cardinal rides a mule, and wears jewelled gloves—the insignia of investiture. Behind are knights

* Our Henry VII. was bent upon marrying Juana. Sane or insane he was ready to take her, and with her the crown of Castile.

† See "Calendar of Letters, Despatches and State Papers at Simancas." Supplement, edited by Bergenroth,

and soldiers, whilst from the gate of the Moorish fortress issues forth a train of Christian captives wearing their chains. On the other side is represented the baptism of the Moors. The kneeling figures of Ferdinand and Isabella appear in front of these quaint historical bas-reliefs.

In the royal vault an incident occurred which gave a new Saint to the Romish Church, in the person of Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia. The Empress Isabella, wife of Charles V., died at Toledo after a few day's illness; as her master of the horse the sad duty devolved upon Borgia to follow her body to the tomb, and swear to its identity. Borgia stood before the coffin, and reverently uncovered the face he had known so well, struck down in the prime of her beauty; his heart sank within him at the sight; and from that hour he resolved to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of God.* It was to Borgia that Charles V. confided his intended abdication, but Borgia was the first to resign earthly honors. When in 1550 he wrote to ask the Emperor's permission before entering the company of Jesus, the reply was, that "he could not withhold him from the service of that Great Master whom he had chosen."

It needed, however, all the persuasion of Borgia to induce the Emperor to regard with leniency this new order; he looked with suspicion on Ignatius Loyola, conceiving him to belong to a sect called "Los Alumbrados," (the enlightened)—in other words "Quietists" —and lamented that his friend had not contented himself with becoming one of the Jeromites.

We now descended to the vault; torches are required here as at the Escurial; but in all else how unlike! There is no attempt at decoration within this vault; the coffins are few, and marked by simple initials, easily deciphered, and as you stand in this dark vault, and read the letters on each rude shell, you feel something of a morbid interest creeping over you; you cannot help lingering over these sad relics, and thinking of the long sorrowful journey from Burgos, ending in

* See "Cloister Life of Charles V."

this gloomy vault, and repeating to yourself the words of Charles V.—"How small a space for so much greatness."

The Cartuja.—Within an easy drive from Granada is the famous Cartuja. On the road to it we passed a large building, bearing the name of San Juan de Dios, the saint whose picture (by Murillo) had impressed us so much at the Caridad in Seville. His first house of charity was erected at Granada, where on his arrival the conscience stricken saint was treated as a madman. Further on is the Plaza del Triunfo, once shunned as the place of execution for criminals, now a public garden. Leaving the carriage we entered one of the side alleys, that we might see the spot where the young and beautiful Donna Mariana Pineda suffered in the cause of liberty in 1831. Her story by Madame Charles Reybaud should without fail be read by all who visit Granada. Close to this is the Hospital de los Locos, built by Isabella la Catolica, whose natural sympathy was drawn out towards the insane: both her mother and daughter having been afflicted with madness,—that terrible legacy which Juana bequeathed to the House of Austria.

We now approached the Cartuja, where one of the brothers left in charge of the deserted convent received us. It is not its architectural beauty, but its rich adornment of inlaid work and marbles, which makes this church remarkable. The statue of St. Bruno was shown us; it is the work of Mora, the pupil of Alonso Cano; but it is less striking than Pereyra's statue of the saint at the Miraflores. In the cloisters are pictures by a Carthusian monk, Juan Sanchez Cotan, of the sufferings of his brethren in England. In 1535 Henry VIII. determined to dissolve the monasteries: for this purpose he fixed upon Thomas Cromwell, who had been brought to his notice by Cardinal Wolsey, and appointed him his chief agent in carrying out his designs. Dugdale tells us that the King's real aim was the possession of the revenues and riches of the religious houses, and therefore to excite the minds of his Protestant subjects, a "Black Book"

was drawn up in which every alleged enormity, whether true or false, was made known to the world.

Many of the abbots, on condition of a pension, consented to "the conversion of their houses to better uses," little thinking that the enrichment of the King's coffers was the true end in view. Others, however, refused to violate the intentions of their great founders, and among these were the Abbots of Fountains, Glastonbury, and the "Charter House" in London; and it is the sufferings of these abbots, and especially of the Abbot of Glastonbury and his monks, which are depicted on the walls of this Spanish convent. Our attention, as English travellers, was pointedly called to these pictures by our Carthusian guide, who, however, made the Protector Cromwell responsible for the outrages of his namesake.

San Geronimo.—Anxious to see the Mausoleum of the "Great Captain," we proceeded to this Convent, which he founded, and where repose his ashes. So magnificent was San Geronimo, that on seeing it when completed, Ferdinand the Catholic is said to have exclaimed, "This is more splendid than my palace!" "True, sire," responded Gonzalvo de Cordova; "and it is destined for a greater Prince, for I give it to Him who is the King of Kings!"

The sword of the Great Captain, which had done his country such signal service, hung for three hundred years before the high altar, where his body lies interred; but it was taken down, and sold at an auction some few years back for the sum of half-a-crown! Sad proof that hero-worship is a thing of the past! Add to which that the once glorious building which owed to him its erection, and which he solemnly dedicated to his Maker, has been turned into a barrack; the Church into as arsenal; and the Cloisters into stables!

The afternoon was wearing on, and we hurried back that we might see the sunset from the Alhambra. We reached the Tower of Justice, and obtained permission

to ascend to the parapet, where we found some few persons already assembled. Opposite where we stood was the Tower of Vigil; and, stretching far around were the red and ruined Moorish walls and turrets, made more ruddy by the rich glow of the setting sun;—the city lay coiled beneath, shadowed by rocks and brushwood. Over the Elvira range were soft silver grey clouds, streaked with long glittering lines of amber, and gorgeous hues of red, increasing in depth and splendour till the whole sky was overspread by a blaze of glorious light, shedding an indescribable lustre on the old vermilion towers, and every rocky keep and fort. It was as though a furnace burnt within the Alhambra walls, so lurid was the light cast on them. Far away through the Vega flowed the Xenil, its waters flashing like beacon-fires at every turn in their winding course. As we moved round to view the mountains behind the Generalife they looked cold and sad; but we looked again, and they too had passed under the transforming power of this glorious southern sunset;—the sad garb was exchanged for a brilliant violet, and the Sierra Nevada was seen peering above with faint rosy streaks colouring her snow-white peaks. About a hundred feet below us was the Avenue; and as we bent over the parapet, the liquid notes of nightingales suddenly filled the air, singing among the tall elms and poplars. Every other sound was hushed: we all listened in rapt silence to this evening benediction rising up out of the sombre wood as the sun went down.

A few moments elapsed, and the song of the nightingales was broken in upon by a Frenchman, exclaiming in a tone of declamation, "Que c'est ravissant! Je ne connais qu'une seule ville au monde qui me rappelle cette vue!" The remark was addressed to me, and innocently I enquired "Laquelle?" "Mais Paris!" was the sharp reply. The descent from the sublime was swift. Paris rose before me—imperial Paris in its gay modern uniformity, and with rapid steps we descended from our tower top followed by the Frenchman.

Before leaving Granada, we rode towards the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Our road was wild and rugged,

hemmed in on the left by a deep ravine which separated us from the "Moor's Seat" and hills of Granada. Huge clefts and fissures were seen on the side of the precipice, as if the rocks had been rent by some convulsion of nature, and the thought of the valley of Hinnom rose to our minds. Not a tree was to be seen, a fierce sun beat over our heads, and it seemed almost beyond belief that on the other side of this wilderness lay the Generalife, with its garden of roses and the luxuriant plain of Granada. As we ascended, we found the ground covered with wild thyme and other stunted aromatic shrubs, gum cystus and golden broom, but throughout our ride there was no sign of cultivation. Our muleteer was evidently anxious not to proceed farther, and we observed that he cast quick suspicious glances around. We therefore retraced our steps to Granada, and only learnt some time afterwards that to wander without the city was not considered safe in these troublous times.

Our last day at Granada was spent at the Alhambra, and at night, when the silver chimes of the bell fell on our ear from the Torre de la Vela, we could not resist visiting it again in the bright moonlight, and striking with our own hands the bell which rings every five minutes through the night.

The Moors believe that the paradise of the Koran hung over the Vega of Granada, and as we stood on this tower, and bade farewell to this earthly paradise, lighted up by the soft moonbeams, the words* of the prophet of Mecca arose to our lips, and with a sigh we turned away.

* "Man has but one paradise, and mine is not here."

GRANADA TO MALAGA.

Once again we were journeying through the beautiful Vega, with its fruit trees and its rich meadows teeming with wild flowers. The train left Granada at 7·10 in the morning, and in less than two hours we were at Loja ("the flower among thorns"), where we found two diligences, one to take us to Malaga, the other for passengers to Cordova.

We had engaged the Banquette, or *Coupé* as it is called in Spain—said to hold four—but, alas! for the unhappy individual who comes late to claim the fourth seat. Beneath us sat our two coachmen; the head man was out of health, and in vile temper; all the work was left to his deputy, whilst he soothed his bodily ailments by alternate snatches of sleep and slices of garlic. The journey is stated to occupy eight hours and a half, but add to this two more hours, and the weary traveller will still find himself in the diligence descending the steep mountain pass, and with wistful eyes catching the first sight of Malaga which lies sheltered below.

No threatened amount of weariness, however, should deter travellers from personal experience of a Spanish diligence. It is so totally unlike all other travelling —so thoroughly national—that for a while at least it is exciting through its novelty. Our diligence was drawn by eight mules and horses, each having bells round the neck and no bit in the mouth. The leaders have not even reins. They are guided by the voice and whip and sound of the trumpet, through which the driver addresses them by name—"Leona, Pomona, Ginevra, Selina, Romero"—now in tones of expostulation, now of indignation — keeping up a perpetual discourse. When this failed to increase their speed, he would rush from his seat below the banquette and let fall a shower of stones upon the wretched offender, with which he had provided himself on the way; and then

having incited the whole team to a brisk gallop, he would lay hold of the tail of one of the wheelers and vault into his seat; whilst we above were clutching fast hold of the side of the coupé to prevent our losing our balance, and being tossed out as the diligence swayed heavily from side to side.

On entering the wild mountain passes we caught sight of the old-fashioned cocked hats of the "Guardias Civiles," posted two and two at every sharp turn in the road. The scenery was magnificent, and as we approached Malaga, it became more tropical. Stately palms reared their heads, aloes, prickly pears, and pomegranates, covered with scarlet blossom, lined the road. Behind these rose a mountainous barrier of grey stone, whilst the fig, the vine, and the olive grew in abundance on the volcanic slopes on the mountain side.

Malaga.—Fonda Alameda. Ascension Day. Of Malaga we can say but little; a comfortless hotel; a dirty town, and an unapproachable shore, were the notes in my journal; and whatever advantages it may possess in point of climate, these would seem to us counterbalanced by the utter disregard of all sanitary regulations.

The city is said to have been named by Florinda, the beautiful daughter of Count Julian, who in despair at the ruin she had been the unhappy means of bringing on Gothic Spain, cast herself down from a tower overlooking the town, crying out "Let this city be henceforth called 'Malacca,' in memorial of the most wretched of women who here put an end to her sad existence!"

The Cathedral is architecturally unworthy of Spain. Here as in every other Church we were struck by the rosary and not the mass book being in the hands of every worshipper. The rosary owes its introduction into the Romish Church to a Spaniard—St. Dominick—who was the founder of the order of the Dominicans in the thirteenth century. It was received with enthusiasm,

and continues to this day to be the popular aid to devotion in his country.

After spending one day in this town, and making sundry purchases in the way of pottery, we were glad to depart. Our object had been to reach Alicante or Valencia by sea from Malaga; but no information could be obtained as to the day of departure of the French boat; and having met an English acquaintance who had just endured the delays and discomforts of a Spanish steamer, we relinquished our maritime expedition, and betook ourselves again to the Camino de Hierro.

MALAGA TO CORDOVA.

The train started at three o'clock in the afternoon, and after traversing a magnificent mountain gorge, grander than any we had yet seen, we found ourselves at sunset at Boabdilla Junction, and at eleven at night in the city of Cordova. As we drove through the narrow streets, the cry of the watchman told the hour, and on reaching the Fonda Suisse, the eastern clapping of hands notified our arrival to the household.

CORDOVA TO VALENCIA.

Viâ ARANJUEZ.

There were many English passengers by the train which left Cordova at 2·23 in the afternoon; some of these braved the long journey of twenty-two hours to Valencia; others stopped at ALCAZAR DE SAN JUAN for the night, and gave us afterwards a description of what they had endured, which made Loja seem to us almost stripped of its thorns. For ourselves we went on to ARANJUEZ.

It was reached at 4·26 in the morning, and though out of our way, we felt secure of clean comfortable rooms at the Fonda "des Ambassadeurs." From this point we were within fourteen hours of Valencia, and an easy distance from Madrid. Here, therefore, we took up our abode, passing most of our time at the Madrid Museo.

ARANJUEZ. Fonda "des Ambassadeurs," Sunday, May 9.—What a change had passed over this place since we were last here! "The nightingales with joyous cheer" were now singing in the green woods, and we were awakened in the morning by the note of the cuckoo. Here we passed our Sunday, but alas! a festival cannot pass even at Aranjuez without a bull fight to disturb its peace! We made our way to the once royal gardens, adorned with fountains and statues and bosquets. In the centre of the first garden we entered, was a pedestal on which there once rested the bust of some royal personage, but it has fled from its pedestal as Isabella from her throne, and the name of *Serrano* in huge black letters is now inscribed on the place of honor. The name, however, was not carved, but roughly painted, marking, to an observant eye, the

temporary position he occupies. In the next garden a similar honor is paid to *Prim.*

The terrace overlooks the Tagus, and fine avenues of planes, elms, and limes set at defiance a sandy soil and a scorching sun. There is an air of neglect, however, about the whole place; the palace is shut up and deserted; and the empty sentry boxes look, as though waiting for the return of royalty to restore the decayed glories of Aranjuez.

We left ARANJUEZ at nine in the evening for VALENCIA.

Our party was now reduced in number, and the engagement with our Spanish servant had come to an end. We boldly set forth, however, for the east coast of Spain without an interpreter, and experience justified our seeming rashness.

At sunrise we were at ALMANSA, with its fine Moorish castle towering above the town, and its far-stretching plain, where in 1707 an English army under Lord Galway was totally routed by a French army under the Duc de Berwick—a battle which virtually finished the war of the succession, and established on the throne of Spain that French dynasty which has so lately fallen.

It may be some consolation to English susceptibilities to remember that the Earl of Galway, who commanded the defeated army, was a French refugee, and the victorious general was an Englishman, the son of our King James II.

In spite of his great services, Berwick was not popular in Spain, and Philip V. begged that he might be recalled to France. The French Ambassador expressed his surprise to the Queen (Marie Louise of Savoy), and asked the reason, to which her Majesty is said to have replied, "He is a great dry devil of an Englishman who will always have his own way."*

* Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick by himself.

La Encina.—At this junction we had to change carriages for Valencia.

Vast fields of rye grass and Indian corn, bearded wheat and barley, were on each side of the line: the soil is a red marl, and it is said that guano alone is used to enrich it. The ploughs are invariably drawn by oxen, which are better suited to hot climates than horses.

We soon came in sight of Jativa, where Pope Alexander VI. was born, and his son Cæsar Borgia held in captivity by Ferdinand the Catholic; but one's thoughts turn from these evil names to Francis Borgia, the great Jesuit Saint,* who shielded the wrongly-accused, and denounced the severities of the Inquisition.

Our train now passed through square boggy enclosures, the surface covered with water, and labourers ploughing their way ankle deep in mud. These were rice fields, and from these dirty-looking enclosures we suddenly emerged into the most luxuriant country. As far as the eye could reach were gardens of oranges, figs, pomegranates, almonds, and mulberries. Soon after we passed soft beds of most brilliant green—the seed had not been cast in vain on the muddy water—for here the rice had sprung up, and whispered in the breeze. Bamboos and carob trees, with long pendent pods,† arrested the eye after this, and the heat had become sufficiently intense to remind us of the tropics.

A few thatched cottages, with high-pitched roofs, were dotted here and there, so English in character, that, save for the wooden cross to each gable, and the absence of chimneys, we might have fancied we were passing the dwellings of our own labourers.

* Francis Borgia defended Archbishop Carranza before this dread tribunal.

† The pods of the Carob tree are used as food for man and beast; these were "the husks" which the poor prodigal would fain have eaten when perishing with hunger.

VALENCIA.

How much lies in a name! How insensibly does it guide the judgment, even in the choice of an hotel! What stranger visiting Valencia, and having no courier to determine his choice, would not fix upon The Cid in preference to any other fonda in this city?

We drove through narrow streets, where every window was protected by an iron balcony, overhanging which was an outside blind of matting.

No delicious piazzas filled with orange trees met the eye as at Seville, but acacias, tall and straggling, were to be seen in some of the principal streets. From the windows of "the Cid" we had a view of the Miguelete Tower of the Cathedral; but the view was over the tops of the opposite houses. There are but few open spaces in Valencia. All is close and densely packed. The buildings are crowded together, the streets thronged with people, and the atmosphere close and heavy.

May 11th

Fonda del Cid.—Valencia is rich in what is sadly lacking elsewhere in Spain. Carriages are to be found in plenty, and such carriages as we believe Valencia alone can boast. They are springless, round-roofed, omnibusses, having two wheels, holding four persons, and drawn by one horse at a foot's pace, the driver sitting on a low, cushioned step in front. These carriages are called "Tartanas," and though at another pace they would probably be unbearably rough, they are easy and comfortable, and it is a great relief on a hot day to recline in one of these Valencian carriages. As we moved slowly and smoothly on in the dim light that first evening of our arrival, our black wagon-roofed Tartana seemed to us like a gondola on wheels, so sombre its look, and so soothing its movement. The

horses here are strong and handsome, unmistakably well fed and well cared for—unlike the lean, sorry animals to be seen on most cab-stands.

12th May.

The market place in the early morning is a very striking scene. Here, in the beginning of May, we found a Covent Garden of July; summer fruits and vegetables in profusion; dates fresh from the tree, and knots of the jointed sugar cane. Choice flowers, of which the owner of an English hot-house might be proud, were to be had for a few pence. Bright yellow handkerchiefs covered the heads and set off the dark complexions of the flower sellers, as they stood under their white and red awnings, inviting you to purchase, with that smiling grace which is peculiar to the South, and content with the "mañana"—or promised to-morrow which seldom comes.

Buyers were there in their black mantillas, fastened to the back of the head, the fall of lace or gauze veiling the face and the ends folded artistically across the chest; men in their gay mantas strolled about beneath the acacias; all smiling, all talking, and none refusing, as it seemed to us, to cast a mite into the beggar's extended hand.

The houses in Valencia and elsewhere in the South are built of "tapia" (or concrete), and are generally painted blue, and upon the flat roofs are seen pigeon cages, their occupants flying about the crowded market place. It is curious to see the process of building these houses: a frame work of wood is raised, and then filled in with concrete, which hardens and forms a very durable wall.

Valencia was conquered from the Moors by the Cid in the 11th century, after a siege which lasted twenty months.

The Campeador entered by the old Moorish gateway, afterwards called by his name, the "Puerta del Cid," and as he rode proudly through the city he had won,

mounted on his favourite Bavieca, his sword Colada in his iron grasp, the cry of suffering fell on his ear, and he bethought him of the wounded and the slain. "Go bury the dead," said he to his knights, "and succour the wounded, both friend and foe. Let no other care distract your thoughts." In token of gratitude for this act of mercy, a Moorish envoy was deputed to offer as many beautiful slaves to the Campeador as he would deign to accept. "Tell them," was his reply, "that I possess Ximena as my liege lady, who awaits my commands at San Pedro de Cardeña, and I desire none other but her."

To Valencia Ximena came; then the Campeador took her to the highest tower in the city, that he might show her the glorious Huerta spead out before her, with its rice fields, its orchards, its corn fields, and its palms—all which he had conquered from the infidel with his good sword; and from that day till the day of his death in 1099, Valencia continued by Moor and Christian to be known as "the city of the Cid."

The Moors after this regained their ancient territory, and for another hundred years Valencia was under Moorish rule; but another "conqueror" came—Don Jaime* of Aragon—the husband of Violante, sister of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; and Valencia became once more a Christian city, and a possession of the Spanish crown.

The Puerta del Cuarto.—We drove to this old Gateway in our *tartana*. It was built in the fifteenth century; and on each side of the massive gateway is a round Tower of great height. A few months back there were fine old walls encircling the city—walls thirty feet high, and ten feet thick, surmounted by towers, dating from the fourteenth century; but, alas! these walls and four of the old gateways have been demolished since the revolution, and we ourselves saw the last vestiges of mediæval times slowly crumbling under the vigorous stroke of the pickaxe.

* The spurs and bridle of Don Jaime are to be seen now in the cathedral.

The Cuarto and Serranos Towers are converted into prisons, but will probably be ere long demolished, as they stand in the way of a projected boulevard!

We could not but exclaim at the barbarism of the Government permitting such wholesale destruction of old monuments: the reason assigned was equally remarkable—"It was necessary to give work to a needy and excited population!"

Strange that in this nineteenth century no other means of employment could be devised.

We now visited the Botanical Gardens, which are beautifully laid out, and where Japanese medlars, with their yellow fruit and rich blossoms, were seen in profusion, amidst every species of rare plant. From this we drove to the Gloriata and the Alameda, which brings you to the banks of a river, with grand bridges, but without water! The effect is strange; but, to the utilitarian, no doubt very suggestive; the river having been diverted from its idle course to irrigate the vast cornfields and rice plantations on the other side of Valencia!

The Miguelete.—As the Giralda forms the grand ornament of Seville, so the Miguelete is the glory of Valencia.

This Gothic belfry was built before the Cathedral, in the early part of the fourteenth century; its bells —each having a name, and being dedicated to a saint —were originally hung on the Feast of St. Michael; the belfry therefore bears the name of the Archangel.

We ascended the Tower; but on reaching the summit, found ourselves in a gale of wind; blue tiles, domed roofs, trees, and meadows; all were seen through a cloud of dust, and we were glad to make our escape to

The Cathedral.—The south entrance, with its lancet window above, is the oldest part of the Church, with the exception of the apse, and dates, we are told, from the thirteenth century.

The first archbishop of Valencia was the notorious Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI., who died of the poison he had carefully prepared for one of his cardinals. To him the Cathedral owes the beautiful altar panels, painted by Neapoli and Aregio, pupils of Leonardo da Vinci. It was with great difficulty that we succeeded in seeing these paintings. The reluctance to show any art treasures in Spanish Churches may, perhaps, arise from the Government having removed many of their most valuable pictures, which induces the ecclesiastical body to conceal those that remain. The subjects of these enclosed panels are from the history of the Virgin. The colours are perfectly fresh—unharmed by time or retouching.

We tried in vain to induce the sacristan to show us the Missal which once belonged to Westminster Abbey. He professed utter ignorance on the subject, and it was long before we succeeded in seeing the tapestry hangings, which once adorned the altar of St. Paul's Cathedral, and were sold to Spain in the time of Henry VIII.

The Cathedral presents a most incongruous variety of styles of architecture, abundance of whitewash, and but little painted glass, but it contains pictures of rare beauty by Juanes.

In the Sacristia is his painting of The Good Shepherd, gently laying on his shoulder the lamb which had strayed, and bearing it home. This is near the door, and attracts the eye at once by its beauty; but there are several other fine paintings on the walls of the Sacristia, also by this Spanish Raphael. Amongst others are the portraits of the two archbishops, St. Thomas of Villanueva (the patron of Juanes), and Ribera, the persecutor of the Moors.

One strange feature in this Cathedral is the pulpit: it has no door, and no visible means of reaching it! Among the relics is The Holy Chalice, which devout Spaniards regard with especial reverence, as the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper.

The Bible of St. Vincent Ferrer is another relic.

St. Vincent is the great saint of Valencia. In his life we are told that he made it his daily practice to meditate upon some portion of the Bible, and that the subject

which he chose most frequently was the Passion of our Lord. This, too, was the theme which he loved to dwell upon in his preaching, as the moving spring of repentance; and it is said that convulsive sobs would burst forth from the crowd at his impassioned words; but he was a Boanerges when his text was on the coming Judgment, and the people trembled with fear and agitation, as they listened to the Great Revivalist of the fifteenth century. His preaching was not confined to Spain; he visited England, also, as a missionary in the time of our Henry IV.; and though he has been cruelly misrepresented, he was in truth "a shining light in a dark age."

In his work on "Spiritual Life" this Dominican monk urged men of letters to consult God more than their books, and humbly seek wisdom from the Most High, if they would study with advantage. He advised them to interrupt their studies occasionally by short fervent prayer; for "study drained the mind and heart, unless men went from time to time to be refreshed at the foot of the Cross of Christ; when the thought of His sacred wounds would infuse fresh vigour, and give new light to the soul. "Science," he argued, "was the gift of the Father of lights, and not to be looked upon as merely the result of mental application and industry."

St. Vincent refused all Church dignities. Neither a cardinal's hat nor a bishopric could seduce him from the one object of his life—to preach the Gospel in every city in Europe. Moors, Jews, and Christians were won by his earnestness;* and his voice of thunder, we are told, actually arrested the massacre of the Jews in Valencia.

There is a curious sermon of this saint, addressed to the fair sex, in which he thus denounces the feminine weakness of having recourse to artificial colouring:—"Would you affront God by adding white and red, as if to correct the work of His hands? He has given you dark hair—you change it to red—red as the tail of a bull. How will you kneel before Him, and say, 'Lord, I am Thy creature, the work of thy hands.'? Will He not say, 'Depart—I know you not'?"

* See Dean Milman's "History of the Jews."

On his death-bed, St. Vincent* desired that the Passion of Our Lord should be read to him; and on Wednesday, in Passion Week, 1419, he expired.

Friday, 14th May.

Collegio de Corpus.—This college was founded in the sixteenth century, by Archbishop Ribera, the relentless persecutor of the Moors. It contains a famous collection of pictures by *Ribalta*, which we had before attempted to see, but without success—a black and thickly veiled bonnet not having been regarded as a substitute for the indispensable mantilla. But the Friday service in this Church is so impressively described in Mr. Ford's book, that, having purchased the necessary Spanish head gear, we set forth at an early hour for the Collegio. Service was going on in a little side chapel. The Church is excessively dark in itself, and it was impossible to see the pictures. We could just distinguish the subject of the large painting over the high altar (the Last Supper), but nothing more.

On our left, a priest, in white surplice, was seated in the open confessional; on each side knelt a veiled figure; the one whispering out her misdeeds, the other waiting. Suddenly there were voices heard chanting the Miserere, and every knee was bent; the already dark Church was made still darker by covering the windows. The candles on the high altar were lighted, and the picture above was slowly lowered, and curtain after curtain somewhat rapidly took its place; then far back, as if in the centre of a dark vault or cavern—two feeble, glimmering lights alone relieving its intense gloom—appeared the dim outline of a large Cross, and the form of One hanging upon it—so death-like, so

* The brother of St. Vincent translated the Bible into the Valencian dialect. It was immediately seized and burnt by order of the Inquisition. One of the relics in great repute with Philip II. in his last illness was the arm of St. Vincent Ferrer. He would never suffer it to be out of his sight. It was therefore placed on the high altar of the Escurial, so that, when he was not using the arm-bone of the Saint as a charm to heal his diseased body, he might behold it from his bed.

real, that tears involuntarily started to some eyes; and, whether the sober judgment of the beholders approved or not of the exhibition, the heart responded to it, though all the while there was a whisper within, telling of "a more excellent way."

We left the Church, and as we were passing out a friendly voice behind us exclaimed, "A *very* mild performance that!"

I simply give the two different impressions produced by the morning's service.

Shopping at Valencia is very pleasant: the owners of the shops, with courteous gesture, invite you within as you stop to admire the gay mantas—excellent in colour—which are suspended outside. Silks, mantillas, and shawls are also exhibited, of Valencian manufacture, and the English traveller would at all events do well to purchase a *manta* before he quits Valencia.

The glass sold in the market-place is of a very beautiful colour and, though not blown into perfectly accurate forms, is nearly equal in quality to the Venetian, and excessively cheap. The Valencia matting is another manufacture which should not be overlooked, and the common tiles (Azulejo) are more subdued in colour, and have a better effect than the more finished tiles of Minton.

THE VALENCIA MUSEO.

THE VALENCIA MUSEO.—The unsifted mass of pictures collected together in this gallery, is undeserving of the name of El Museo.

It contains but few pictures of real interest. Among these, however, are some *chefs d'œuvre* of the Valencian School, which the government would do well to withdraw to Madrid, as Valencia apparently counts herself unworthy of a befitting gallery. Nothing can be worse than the lighting and arrangement of the pictures or more confused than the catalogue.

At the end of the principal sala is the great picture of *Juanes*, which has been removed from the Church of San Juan, and which is called "LA PURISIMA CONCEPCION."

The confessor of Juanes is said to have had a vision of the Virgin, and he charged Juanes to put this vision upon canvas. He prepared himself for this great work by prayer and fasting, and never ventured to paint the Virgin Mother without having first received the Holy Sacrament.

It was thus that Juanes executed his task, and whether the picture is, or is not, acceptable to the taste of the spectator, the devout spirit of the man must commend itself to the conscience.

This picture is said to have been lost for a time, but was at length found in the Church of San Juan, from whence it has been carried to this Museo. We do not pretend to criticise, but the impression left on our minds was that the picture of "La Purisima" might turn out to be a copy.

It is admitted to have been "refreshed" since the Revolution, and has all the appearance of a picture recently painted.

THE NAILING TO THE CROSS.

(*Juan Ribalta.*)

At the same end of the room hangs this grand picture by the son of the Spanish Domenichino, *Francisco Ribalta.*

The figures are life size: on the right stands one of the thieves, old in years, with hands bound behind with cords, and head bent down, watching with absorbing interest the work of the executioner, as he bores the holes for the nails which are to transfix the culprit to his Cross. The bent form seems to shrink at the punishment before him—"the due reward of his deeds"—and his mind is too intent on his approaching misery to heed the inscription which lies close to his feet, destined for the Cross of Him "who had done nothing amiss." In the centre is the Saviour, with hands outstretched, already in the grasp of the executioners.

The Cross is on the ground, slightly inclined, and the Saviour rests upon the wood, in sitting posture, with eyes lifted up from earth to heaven: the whole expression is that of willing sacrifice—"Lo, I come to do Thy will."

Behind is the centurion on horseback surrounded by Roman soldiers, and on the left is the other thief undergoing his punishment.

This picture is very dark, but if full time is given to it light will come.

It was painted by *Juan Ribalta* when eighteen: a fact which would seem incredible were it not that there is an inscription which attests it on the picture itself—"*Juannes Ribalta pingebat et invenit*, 18 *œtatis suæ*, *anno* 1615."

Next to this is

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

(*Juanes*).

In this charming picture the Virgin rises out of the tomb; two angels, with clasped hands, support her

feet; whilst her arms rest on two other angels. A glowing light is seen as of sunrise on the Resurrection morning.

Close to this is a small picture of

THE LAST SUPPER. (*Juanes.*)

St. Peter is represented beckoning to St. John, who whispers to his Master, "Lord, who is it?" Judas, with dark averted face, is thrusting his daring hand into the dish. A finger of the sacred hand—in a few hours to be nailed to the Cross—rests gently and pitifully on that of the traitor. The face of the Saviour has a look of infinite compassion, and the mouth is slightly open, as though He would breathe into him, even now, the breath of life.

On the table are oranges cut in two, and the small loaves of Spanish bread, common at the present time.

Through a window in the background is seen the sun setting upon the earth.

There is a deeply religious sentiment in this picture; one thinks not only of its artistic beauty; but of the prayers which went up as a memorial before God from the heart of the devout Juanes, ere he deemed himself worthy to paint it; and something of the painter's devotion may well be kindled within oneself as one stands before this "Cena."

ST. THERESA. By *Ribera.*

She is represented in the Carmelite dress, with a pen in her hand and a skull on her table. Her head is raised as if waiting for inspiration, and a dove is seen hovering over her as she writes. "The soul should ever live," said St. Theresa, "as if standing before the face of Almighty God; knowing no sorrow — no pain but that of not enjoying His presence." In her description of prayer she says—"The holiest prayer consists in forgetfulness of self, and drinking in the voice of the Divine Master."

St. Theresa required from her followers hard house-

hold work—labour of the hands, as a means of spiritual good.

ST. BRUNO. (*Francis Ribalta.*)

The saint is in his white cowl. He holds the Gospel in one hand, and lays the finger of the other hand upon his mouth, as if to remind the beholder that "Life and death are in the power of the tongue."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

(*Francisco Ribalta.*)

St. Francis is represented in adoration before his crucified Lord, upon whom his gaze is fixed, with an expression of sorrow so intense, that, though you may not like the picture as a whole, your sympathy is invoked by the sad tear-stained face of the saint.

Francisco Ribalta, and his son Juan, rank next to Juanes amongst the painters of the Valencian school.

Francisco was born in 1551, at a small town on the frontier of Valencia, and came early to this city, where he placed himself under a good master, and carefully studied the works of Juanes. It was whilst so engaged that he met his future wife—the only daughter of his master. Francisco asked her in marriage, but was scornfully refused by the old maestro, "who would have no unknown artist for his son-in-law." Ribalta was in despair, but the young girl was nothing daunted: she advised him to go and study in Italy, assuring him that she would wait till he should return—no longer a nameless artist—to claim her as his bride.*

Ribalta obeyed, and studied with such success at Bologna under the Caracci, that at the end of four years he returned with confidence to Valencia. The maestro was out, but he was received with joy by the daughter, and finding an unfinished sketch on her father's easel, he instantly set to work and completed it. When the old man returned and saw the picture, his surprise was only equalled by his admiration—so masterly was the execution. Calling his daughter to his side, and pointing to the picture, he exclaimed,

* "Musées d'Espagne." (*Viardot.*)

"Whoever painted this, shall be your husband, and not that poor apprentice Ribalta." The truth was then confessed, and the marriage took place. The fame of Ribalta quickly spread through Valencia, and his fortune was made.

Juan was the only son of Ribalta: his talent was remarkable from his earliest years. With the exception perhaps of Ribera, he was the most distinguished of his father's pupils. Indeed the works of the two Ribaltas are often confounded, and are looked upon as of equal merit. Francis Ribalta died in 1628, and was followed to the grave in the same year by his son.

THE SAVIOUR WITH THE CHALICE.

(*Juanes.*)

In this last picture we have represented the actual chalice still to be seen in the Cathedral at Valencia, and which Spaniards venerate from the belief that it is the very eucharistic cup of the Last Supper.

THE VISION OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA.—(*Espinosa.*)*

Stern and rigid is the expression on the face of the Saint, even whilst he beholds in a vision the "meek and lowly One." Human sympathy was scorned by the writer of the "Spiritual Exercises," whose sole aim was to bring into absolute subjection every power of the mind and body. In 1491, the year that Columbus was commissioned to sail on his first voyage, Ignatius Loyola was born.

His mother's devotion led her to refuse the comforts to which her position in life entitled her, and she brought forth her son Ignatius in the stable of the Castle of Loyola.

The boyhood of Ignatius was spent at the Court of Ferdinand the Catholic, he being one of the royal

* Espinosa was a pupil of Francisco Ribalta, and is supposed to resemble Guercino in style.

pages. As he advanced to manhood, there was but one career open to the high-born Spaniard, that of a soldier, and the chivalrous nature and romantic bravery of the young Ignatius soon made him distinguished. At the siege of Pampeluna, when thirty years old, he was desperately wounded in both legs by a cannon ball; and as he lay on his couch of pain, he asked for books to relieve his weariness. The life of the Saviour was brought to him, and the lives of the Saints. He now saw before him a new and better existence; though maimed in body he could still fight; there was a banner, invisible to others, ever waving in his sight; and with the sword of the Spirit he would manfully wage the battle of the Lord against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

His resolution was taken, and, with limping gait, he departed from his home, to offer up his sword and lance at the shrine of the Virgin-Mother.

On the road to Barcelona is a high mountainous ridge, with jagged peaks resembling a saw, from whence its name—Monserrato. About midway on this steep and rugged site stood a Benedictine Abbey, and the Church of Our Lady. On the stony heights above lived the hermit saints, thirteen in number. Each had a separate cell, and each a chapel dedicated to his own especial Saint.

The year 1521 is an eventful epoch in ecclesiastical history. In April, that year, the Augustine monk, Martin Luther, boldly denounced, before Charles V., at the Diet of Worms, the sale of indulgences and other grievous abuses of the Church of Rome; and in that same year, the Spanish noble, Ignatius Loyola, made a solemn vow that he would lay his sword before the altar of Our Lady of Monserrat, and devote himself to the service of God as His faithful soldier unto his life's end.

On the eve of the Feast of the Annunciation his vow was fulfilled. After passing the whole night in prayer, he received the Holy Sacrament, and then having doffed his knightly robes for the garb of a pilgrim, journeyed slowly to Manresa

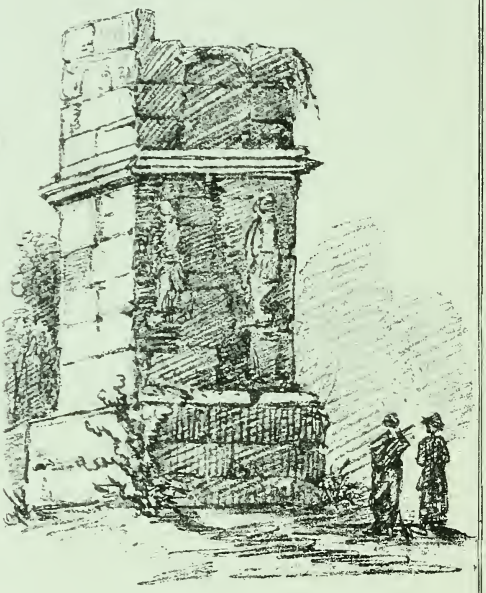
Luther was still concealed in the castle of Wartburg, when Loyola hid himself in a cave at Manresa. There

he prepared his soul for the conflict which awaited him, holding, as he believed, visible communion with his Lord and Master, but like Luther at Wartburg, tormented by evil spirits.

His desire was to preach the Gospel at Jerusalem, but this he was unable to accomplish : he therefore repaired to Alcala, where he was looked upon as a schismatic and imprisoned by order of the Inquisition. On his release, he commenced a course of theological study at the University of Salamanca, and finally proceeded to Paris, where he found five companions of like zeal and energy, with whom he entered into a solemn spiritual compact. These were Faber, Xavier, Salmeron, Laynez and Bobadilla. They took the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, but beyond these, they added yet another vow, that of unconditional obedience to the Pope as the Head of the visible Church.

After three years spent in Rome, Ignatius Loyola succeeded in obtaining the sanction of Pope Paul III. to the raising of the " Company of Jesus," of which Loyola himself became the first general, carrying out his soldier-like ideas in the name which he gave to his order, and enforcing upon his Company a military discipline and obedience.

St. Ignatius died in 1556, and was canonised in 1622.



Tomb of the Scipios - Tarragona
FH 16 May 1869

VALENCIA TO TARRAGONA.

This is a journey of twelve hours, the train starting at six in the evening. Shortly after seven we were at MURVIEDRO—the ancient SAGUNTUM—famous for the resistance it offered to Hannibal 219 years before the Christian era.

After a siege of eight months, the inhabitants chose rather to perish in the ruins of their city than surrender. They burnt their houses and treasures, and then threw themselves on the burning pile, leaving a heap of ashes for the conqueror.

At six in the morning we reached TARRAGONA, the ancient TARRACO of the Romans, and one of the chief cities in Catalonia ; and were soon established in comfortable rooms at the FONDA EUROPA.

Rain had fallen through the night, and rain is a thing of note in a country where it is of no common occurrence. The FONDA EUROPA is in the principal street—the RAMBLA—which extends the whole length of the city, and ends on the south side in a charming terrace overlooking the Mediterranean. The rain had passed away, and the deep blue of the sea blended in the horizon with a sky as blue; not a ripple was to be seen on the smooth surface; only a thin streak of foam where the blue sea met the green land, which is cultivated down to the very edge of the shore. On the right, looking towards Valencia, successive headlands jut out into the Mediterranean, the hills at the back covered with pine woods. On the left, on a steep ascent, stands the Cathedral, guarded by the old Roman walls of the upper town, beyond which is a beautiful line of coast stretching out in the direction of Barcelona.

This terrace of the RAMBLA is sheltered from the north by high ramparts, and as we sat on the low wall listening to the faint murmuring of the sea beneath, we could not but call to mind those in England, to whom

this place would be a paradise in the early spring; the air so soft and yet so dry; the whole scene so full of placid enjoyment, without even a beggar to disturb its peace and serenity.

THE CATHEDRAL.—From the terrace a short steep walk of a few minutes brought us to the upper town—the centre of architectural interest. After passing Roman walls and a beautiful Gothic Cross in the PASEO DE SAN ANTONIO, we were obliged to ask our way of a poor woman carrying water, who immediately left her "Alcarazza*," and led us through a small archway, when the Cathedral rose grandly before us at the end of a steep street. A remarkable change from former experience was observed in the course of this walk; for whereas, in every other Spanish town crowds of beggars had pursued us, here there were positively *none*. Even the poor woman who with ready courtesy had insisted on accompanying us to the very door of the Cathedral, would accept no recompense, but gently put aside my hand, crossed herself, and withdrew.

We entered the Cathedral by a door in the north transept; a heavy covering was drawn aside with some difficulty; and the outer brightness was exchanged for inner darkness so complete, that, unable to distinguish anything, we were forced to pause before proceeding to the nave. Gradually the eye became accustomed to the obscurity, and we could discern something of the form of this magnificent Gothic Church, magnificent in its simplicity. It dates from the twelfth century, and perhaps produces a deeper impression of awe and solemnity than any other Church in Spain.

The whole attention is concentrated on the building itself, as there are no pictures and no relics of interest.

Spanish Churches are shut at twelve, and we were hurried out into the cloisters, where pointed and Norman arches are seen together in harmonious beauty.

Through Norman arches, raised on slender double columns, you look into the cloister garden, trim and

* Earthen pot.

green, and filled, like all Spanish gardens, with sweet-smelling flowers.

We rested here for awhile on a stone bench opposite the west wall, and perceived almost facing us a Moorish arch, richly decorated, before which no doubt the Moslem was wont to worship in ages past; the form and tracery of the arch are perfect, but its recess is filled up, and its beauty marred by whitewash. It is interesting to see this relic of Moorish times allowed a place on the wall of these cloisters, but still more ancient relics meet the eye from this same spot.

Broken fragments of Roman architecture likewise have a space allotted to them, telling of an age when Rome was mistress of the world, and Tarragona a Roman city.

A simple but more touching memorial to an English eye follows close upon these. On this cloister wall are inscribed the words *5th Company*, no mention of name or regiment—no other record of English soldiers who fought and fell in the Peninsular war, save these rude letters.

What strange shifting scenes pass before the mind, looking upon this patch-work wall!

"Dumb historians in stone" may these fragments be termed—recalling three empires which have crumbled away.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the drives and walks around Tarragona. Small carriages are to be had at the hotel, and we drove to the Roman Aquaduct, which is a short distance from the city. The view from the northern end of the Rambla is even more striking than from the Terrace. It is one of those views which, though seen but for a moment, never pass away from the memory. We looked abruptly down upon a rich plain, studded with palms; on the left was a shelving beach, broken by creeks and sheltered by hills; and on the rippling sea floated innumerable little fishing boats —nautilus-like—with their white sails spread before the breeze.

The Aqueduct.—We had to leave our carriage and

make our way to this wild spot on foot. The sight of the Aqueduct brought Rome vividly before us. This marvellous work spans a wide valley, and consists of a double tier of arches, twenty-six in number. They are still in sufficient preservation to be crossed by the traveller, with no other fear than that of the giddy height at which he finds himself. Beneath the arches a shepherd was leading forth his sheep and goats to pasture amidst dwarf palms and wild myrtles: reminding us of the divine parable, and affording another striking instance of the enduring hold with which the habits of Eastern life yet cling to Spain. Here again we were surprised by the refusal of this shepherd boy to receive a reward for a small service rendered.

Whitsunday, May 16.

The deep bells of the Cathedral sounded early on the ear, and all Tarragona was in movement. We followed the crowd up the grand flight of steps into the Church, where velvet hangings and quaint old tapestries covered the massive piers: tapestries which are said once to have decorated the altar of our St. Paul's. Innumerable candles lighted up the sombre Church; every face was turned to the high altar; every knee was bent on the marble pavement. The service commenced with a procession round the Cathedral; the Archbishop of Tarragona, "Déan," and Canons, were in magnificent vestments, in which red and gold brocade predominated; but in the procession moved another figure, whom to overlook was impossible.

This was the Sacristan, clothed in scarlet, with painted cheeks and a stiffly-curled wig!

The pulpit in a Spanish Church is placed in an angle outside the chancel, so that the preacher commands his congregation without turning his back on the high altar.

The sermon was extempore, and the subject "Charity." The preacher invariably addressed his hearers as "señores," but notwithstanding his earnest and even impassioned appeals, they never turned towards him, but sat looking straight before them, as chill and cold

as the pavement on which they crouched. The sermon was followed by an extempore prayer from the pulpit.

A curious effect was produced by the mingling of the chimes of silver bells with the tones of the organ and voices of the choristers—now swelling forth, now dying in the distance, as the procession passed along.

On the step at each side of the high altar sat two young acolytes—apt image to the mind of those other two who sat "the one at the head, the other at the foot" of the empty tomb, saying "He is not here, He is risen." The service lasted two hours.

We observed a small Pietà in marble in this Church, which well deserves to be noticed. All the figures are coloured, save the One Lifeless Body. There is also a beautiful memorial chapel to St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It was erected by her Sister Donna Violante, whose husband Don Jaime reconquered Valencia from the Moors.

A short drive from Tarragona brought us to

The Tomb of the Scipios.—Who can look unmoved at this impressive monument?—A monument built two hundred years before the Christian Era, when Spain was overrun by Roman legions, and Scipio Africanus made Tarragona his winter quarters.

We are led back to the second Punic War, when the fall of a Spanish town caused Rome to declare war against Carthage. Hannibal had attacked Saguntum (Murviedro), a Spanish city under the protection of Rome, and Rome demanded that Hannibal should be given up.

"Behold here are peace and war,"* said the Roman envoy, "take which you choose." "Give which thou wilt," was the haughty reply of Carthage. "Then here we give you war," thundered forth the Roman. Such was the commencement of the struggle between Hannibal and Rome. Onwards from the farthest point of the east coast of Spain to the Ebro and the Pyrenees, marched the hostile force of the great Carthaginian general, to attack the Roman legions on the

* Arnold's Rome.

other side of the Alps. Spanish troops accompanied his army, and fought on the side of Carthage at the battle of Thrasymenus, whilst Spanish mines furnished gold and silver wherewith to pay his troops. But whilst the victorious Hannibal menaced Rome, Roman legions under the two Scipios disputed with Carthage the possession of Spain. The legions were defeated, the Scipios slain, and Roman influence seemed lost for ever, when a new general appeared in the person of Scipio Africanus.

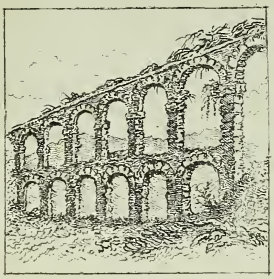
Tarragona was the place selected by the younger Scipio for the winter quarters of his army, and on the shore of the Mediterranean he raised this monument to his father and his uncle.

From Tarragona the fleet sailed to attack New Carthagena, the stronghold of Carthage in the south.

Scipio advanced by land. His troops scaled the city walls, and the citadel was taken by assault. Many battles ensued, but success followed his arms, and before long the contest in Spain was at an end. The power of Rome was established from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules.

Through all the countless changes which Spain has since undergone, this tomb of the Scipios remains, telling how the Conqueror of Zama once ruled at Tarragona.

Far from any human habitation the Roman mausoleum rises in solitary grandeur. Two mutilated figures carved in stone keep their solemn watch over the sepulchre : above is the imperfect outline of an arch, and the still more imperfect vestige of an inscription, of which but one word can be deciphered — that word "Perpetuo." No sound breaks the stillness save the waves on the seashore; and the air is perfumed with the scent of the aromatic herbs on which you tread; as you stand beneath this lonely monument, so full of dignity and calm repose.



TARRAGONA TO BARCELONA.

At six o'clock in the morning we started for Barcelona, distant by rail three hours and a half from Tarragona. The rail follows the line of the Mediterranean. Stone pines, aloes, and cactus are washed by the waves on the sandy beach, and the scenery on either side is most lovely.

At 8.30 we were at Martorell, and passing the Roman bridge built by Hannibal in honour of his father Hamilcar, who died in Spain. It is interesting to remember that it was the Carthagenian expedition to Spain, which led to the well-known vow of Hannibal.

His father was on the eve of departure when Hannibal, then a boy of nine years old, entreated to be permitted to accompany him. Hamilcar took the boy's hand in his, telling him that if he would accompany the expedition, he must swear to be the enemy of Rome for ever.

Before the propitiatory altar on which Hamilcar had offered sacrifice to the gods, the boy made his solemn vow. After nine years Hamilcar died in battle: another nine years and Hannibal was in command of the whole Carthagenian force in Spain, and ready to accomplish the vow of his childhood.

Monserrat—bristling and dentated, now rose high on our left, and we looked wistfully up at the rugged

ascent to the monastery where Ignatius Loyola laid his sword before the altar of Our Lady; but passing rapidly below the sombre mountain with its hermit cells shadowed by great rocks, we soon found ourselves in gay, bustling Barcelona. The streets were full of people—such a crowd we had never seen before in Spain. It was Whit-Monday, and all Barcelona was making holiday.

BARCELONA.

Fonda Oriente.—Our excellent apartment looked on the Rambla—the great promenade of Barcelona, stretching from the sea right through the heart of the city. The scene from our windows was most animated, and it was difficult to believe that we were still in Spain. Indeed except for the different climate, and more picturesque aspect of the people, we might have fancied ourselves Unter den Linden in Berlin, so strong is the resemblance between the two streets.

Barcelona, in point of commerce, is the Spanish Manchester, and the city which gave Aragon her kings, is now the most Republican and the most thriving in Spain.

The Cathedral.—This gothic Church, of which Barcelona is justly proud, is reached by a grand flight of steps, a peculiar feature in Catalonian Churches. It is of later date than that of Tarragona, and hardly so striking. The interior is very dark and solemn; there is a double line of chapels on the south side, placed back to back; the outer line looking into the cloisters, which, though considerably higher than those at Tarragona, are far inferior in beauty. Tanks of water are in the centre of these cloisters, with quaint fountains, shaded by oleanders and citrons.

The shrine of St. Eulalia, a Spanish martyr of the 4th century, is in the crypt, to which you descend by a flight of steps in front of the high altar. The east end of the Cathedral is as usual apsidal. Behind the high

altar are nine small chapels. One of these is THE MARINER'S CHAPEL, with a small model of a ship suspended at the entrance, and as we passed, a throng of people, old men and maidens, women and children, knelt before the rude Cross above the altar, praying to Him whom the winds and the sea obey. It was an impressive scene, and recalled Keble's lines—

> " Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
> That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
> Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
> How thou may'st turn them all to gain."

From the Cathedral we went to

SANTA MARIA DEL MAR.—There is no *coro* to take from the length and breadth of this vast Church, but we were startled by a multitude of chairs! Were it not for the retablo, we should not have imagined we were in a Spanish Church. It was built in the 14th century, and is considered only second in grandeur to the Cathedral, but its interior arrangements are modern and in the worst taste, and we could not reconcile ourselves to the innovation of seats!

It was at Barcelona, in the early spring of the year 1493, that a royal reception was given to Columbus on his return from his first voyage. The expedition had been undertaken at the sole expense of the Queen, and it had been crowned with success. After a voyage of ten weeks—when his despondent crew had risen in mutiny—the great navigator, on the night of the 11th October, 1492, came in sight of the Bahama Isles. In the following January he discovered Hispaniola, and then returned to Spain to lay at the feet of Isabella the gold and silver he had brought from the New World. The Court listened with breathless interest while Columbus described the beauty of those Western islands—of the trees which never lost their leaves; full of bud, flower, and fruit; as fresh and green in November as in the month of May in Spain. He told them of rivers whose waters carried gold; and spoke of the timorous natives as a simple race, professing no idolatry; but believing that all good and power and

might were in Heaven ; and showing so much love and liberality, that they would give their very hearts to serve the white men. When Columbus had ended, the whole Court knelt down to offer up prayer and praise.

Twenty-six years passed, and Barcelona witnessed another royal ceremony. Charles V. held an installation of the Golden Fleece in the old Gothic Cathedral. This military order, of which the King of Spain was Grand Master, was instituted by the Burgundian Princes. The first installation took place at Bruges in 1429, and the only one which Spain witnessed was in 1519, in the Cathedral of Barcelona. The knights were twenty-five in number. Clothed in scarlet wool lined with ermine, and wearing the collar of the order from which hung the Symbolic Lamb, to remind them that wealth and power must be adorned by a Christ-like spirit, they sat in the stalls which yet bear their coats of arms. One of the stalls is emblasoned with the royal arms of England: it was that of our Henry VIII,, married to Catherine of Aragon, the aunt of Charles V.

To those who are curious in Spanish lace and old silver, the shops in Barcelona offer great attraction—but the great promenade after the Rambla is the Muralla del mar, a wall fifty feet in height, with a broad walk on the top, overlooking the port, and having a grand view of the Mediterranean. On the left is the citadel, and Barceloneta, a suburb built by Philip V., and inhabited by fishermen ; and on a rock to the right stands the famous Fort of Monjuich, associated with the name of an English hero—Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

In 1705, during the War of the Succession, Barcelona was besieged; for three weeks the city had been invested, but without result; the Spanish governor continued to hold out, and every day increased the difficulties of the besiegers. Peterborough had been opposed to the undertaking, but his invincible spirit rose in proportion to the obstacles which met him, and he determined upon one of the most daring exploits in military history. He first made a secret survey of the defences of Monjuich, a fortress deemed

impregnable, and completely commanding the town and port. Consulting no one, but taking with him one aide-de-camp, he stealthily pursued his way to the fort. Having made his observations, he returned to his post, unperceived by the enemy, and satisfied that the garrison might be surprised. He carried out his measures with infinite precaution, and, the better to disguise his intentions, proclaimed that he had resolved to raise the siege. The troops and heavy artillery were embarked, in spite of indignant remonstrances from the other generals; and at night, whilst the whole city was rejoicing at the withdrawal of the enemy, Peterborough, followed by a band of picked soldiers, was silently scaling the heights leading to Monjuich. The fort was taken, the governor was obliged to capitulate, and Barcelona was entered in triumph by the gallant Peterborough and the army of the Archduke Charles.

The cause of Philip V. was, however, ultimately successful; the Bourbon dynasty was established by the Peace of Utrecht; and the Archduke Charles, though vanquished in Spain, lived to become Emperor of Germany.*

* He was the father of the Empress Maria Theresa.

BARCELONA TO GERONA.

At 6.30 we left Barcelona; at 10 we were at Gerona, where the railway ends. We started thus early to enable us to see the Cathedral before the departure of the diligence for Perpignan. We had a Spaniard as our fellow traveller, busily occupied in making cigarettes, the unfailing resource of his countrymen. Out of his pocket-book he withdrew sundry little sheets of paper, and when his task was completed, asked, to our surprise, if we would *permit* him to smoke. He was revisiting his country after an absence of twenty years, spent at Aden. These years, he told us, had effected a great change in Spain, but Catalonia was still far ahead of the other provinces, both as to industry and commerce. "Les Espagnols sont des fainéants, mais les Catalans travaillent dès leur enfance." Our companion was himself a "Catalan," as I need hardly say, and a cork merchant of Marseilles.

Between Barcelona and Gerona the railway passes through large tracts of country covered with cork trees: they had been shorn of their barks, and their trunks looked bleeding. Our fellow traveller pointed them out to us, and then told us that the exportation of corks made from these trees, is one of the great sources of wealth in this province. The bark is stripped every seven years, in the month of September; a new bark then takes its place; and the trees appear to be in no way injured.

From discussing commerce the Spaniard proceeded to politics. He did not believe in the likelihood of a civil war. In his opinion French diplomatists secretly supported the claim of the Prince of Asturias, but the Duc d'Aosta was a candidate not unlikely to succeed. The Catalans themselves were in favour of a Republic, and in a speech lately made by one of their principal men, an eloquent sketch had been given of the line of Spanish

kings, from Ferdinand the Catholic, down to the last of the Bourbons, which our Catalan praised as very just, and which certainly was not one of eulogy.

In the meanwhile, he observed, France herself appeared to be in a disturbed state, and possibly we should find more of revolution there than we had found in Spain.

We had now reached GERONA. This old city is very picturesque, standing on the banks of the river Oña, with steep hills as a back ground.

FONDA DE ESPANA.—A good *fonda*, and possessing beautiful Ajimez windows.

THE CATHEDRAL.—This magnificent Church was founded by Charlemagne, but the earliest portion now seen dates from the twelfth century. It is reached by the usual flight of steps: we entered by the western door, and found ourselves in a grand nave, described by Mr. Street* as "the widest pointed vault in Christendom." Before the present nave was added in 1416, the Bishop called a council of architects to decide whether to follow out the original design of spanning the whole of the vast space with one vault, or to divide it into three.

The plan of the single vault was adopted, as "more brilliant, better proportioned, and less costly" than the other—the architect himself declaring that his plan possessed "such advantages, and such grand lights, that it would be a most beautiful and notable work."

So it has proved: nothing can be grander than the effect produced. The width of this nave is seventy-five feet; that of Westminster Abbey being only thirty-eight.

The retablo is of silver, and of much earlier date. It is surmounted by a curious canopy, likewise wrought in silver; in the centre is the figure of the Virgin; and on each side are St. Narcissus, the Martyr-Bishop of Gerona in the fourth century, and St. Felix, his deacon. Over the door of the Sacristia is a striking monument of a recumbent knight in armour; near which are the silver chimes, which have such a novel effect to English ears when introduced into the service.

* See "Gothic" Architecture in Spain.

Like most Spanish cloisters, those of Gerona are exceedingly picturesque, and full of quaint decoration. Outside these Cloisters is a steep path from which you have a grand view of the city.

The Church of San Feliu.—At first sight this building might pass for a fortress, so little does it resemble a Christian Church. Its walls are massive and loopholed, and on more than one occasion San Feliu has stood a siege. The name of the mother of Ferdinand the Catholic, is connected with this Church. In the fifteenth century the Catalans revolted against their King—John II. of Aragon—whom they accused of the murder of his eldest son, Don Carlos, Prince of Viana. The Prince was heir to the throne, and deservedly popular with the nation. His imprisonment, followed by his sudden death, gave rise to suspicion, and the people flew to arms. Queen Joan was second wife to John II., and the supposed instigator of the murder. She was at Gerona when the insurrection broke out: the city was immediately besieged, and taken by the Catalans. Joan threw herself with her followers into San Feliu, and within this impregnable Church she kept her assailants at bay, till reinforcements from the King came to her rescue. Carlos was elder brother to Ferdinand, but the affections of the old King were centred in the son of his old age, rather than in the heir to the throne.

A marriage had been proposed between Carlos and Isabella of Castile, with a view of uniting the crowns of Castile and Aragon; but Queen Joan had already selected Isabella to be the bride of the young Ferdinand, and to make the marriage with her stepson impossible, she induced the King to imprison him. Unsuspicious of treachery, and confiding in his father's promises, Carlos repaired to the court of the King. After a short interview, he left the royal presence, and found himself under arrest.

The news of his imprisonment so excited the brave Catalans, that they took up arms, and not only procured the release of their Prince, but forced the King to acknowledge him publicly as the heir to the throne.

The misfortunes which had so long clouded the life of

the Prince of Viana now seemed to have passed away; but the hatred of the King and Queen, though concealed, was only increased by the popular demonstration in his favor. Secret and surer measures were devised by which they could attain their end. Poison, it is said, was administered to Carlos, and his death in the autumn of 1461 cleared the way to the throne for Ferdinand.

Queen Joan lost no time in commencing negociations for the marriage of her son with Isabella of Castile, but the Queen did not live to see the fulfilment of her long cherished designs.

She died of a lingering disease, a few months before the marriage took place.

Her last hours were embittered by remorse, and on her death bed she is said to have exclaimed—"Alas! Ferdinand, how dear thou hast cost thy mother!"*

Thus perfidy would seem to cling to the history of Ferdinand from his very cradle. Even his marriage with Isabella was shadowed by an act of deceit. A dispensation from Rome was necessary before it could be solemnised, as they were within the degrees of relationship prohibited by the Church. The assent of the Pope was doubtful; time was precious; and a forged document was produced by Ferdinand which quieted the religious scruples of Isabella. It was not till years afterwards that she discovered the fraud, when she immediately applied for the requisite dispensation.

Again, when Isabella was dying, Ferdinand took an oath that he would not, by a second marriage, deprive their children of any part of their inheritance.

On this assurance, Isabella left him the Regency of Castile, and the greater part of the wealth of the New World.† Sixteen months afterwards he married the beautiful Germaine de Foix, niece of Louis XII., and false to his oath, signed a marriage contract which, had the child of Germaine lived, would have robbed Charles V. of Naples and Aragon.

The taint of perfidy seems to mark, in a greater or less degree, the character of Ferdinand's descendants.

* See "Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella."

† Coxe's "Annals of the House of Austria."

The prayers publicly offered up by Charles V. for the safety * of the Pope, the Holy Father being at the time his prisoner; the sinister smile of Philip II., quickly followed by his dagger; the imperturbable calm with which Philip IV. covered his falsehoods—are all evidences of that moral deformity which may be traced back to Ferdinand the Catholic, of whom it was observed by a contemporary, that "his countenance never betrayed his thoughts."

The diligence was at the door of the FONDA DE ESPAÑA, and GERONA and the steeple of SAN FELIU were soon in the distance. In three hours and a half we were at FIGUERAS, where Maria Louisa, of Savoy, the youthful bride of Philip V., was forced, in spite of her tears, to dismiss all her Italian suite, and remain alone with the Spanish ladies appointed by Louis XIV. The young queen soon learnt to rule her husband as completely as she herself was ruled by the Princess Orsini, but she was powerless to check the occasional fits of gloom to which Philip, like his ancestors, was subject, and which caused him at times to shut himself up for whole days in a darkened room.

The tree of Liberty stood in the market place, as we drove through Figueras and the voices of children were heard singing the new National Hymn. This is all we perceived of revolutionary feeling in Spain.

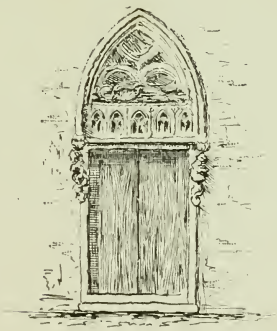
In the fields were women, distaff in hand, tending their sheep or swine: there was an air of activity all around, verifying the statement of our fellow traveller as to the industry of the Catalans.

Shut up in our coupé, we trotted along at a brisk pace. It was an ordinary French diligence, jingling, rattling, creaking, as it rolled on its way to La Junquera, the last Spanish town. As we reached it, we heard the watchman calling the hour of the night, "Once y cuarto." At midnight we were at the frontier. Neither moon nor stars appeared; no light but the lamp of the diligence shining full on the horses, and casting dark shadows along the steep descent. Below, toiling up the

* Brantone says that Charles was nicknamed in France "Charles qui triche."

hill, were market carts, each with its lantern glowing in the dark distance. Day dawned as we entered the Moorish gate of PERPIGNAN, after an eleven hours journey: a thick mist hung over Imperial France, and we had seen the last of Spanish towns and Spanish pictures.

The Photo-lithographs in this volume are by Mr. STEPHEN AYLING, 6, Augustus Square, N.W., *from pencil and pen and ink drawings.*



METCHIM & SON, 20, Parliament Street, S.W., & 32, Clement's Lane, E.C.