

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 confidently 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 DESCENT 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 Marias: 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, white-wash 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 unsuspecting 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 Trastamarre, 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 Trastamarre 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 Trastamarre.

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 Ferdinand, 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! cela 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