

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. Hermenegild, 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 vying 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

Via 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.

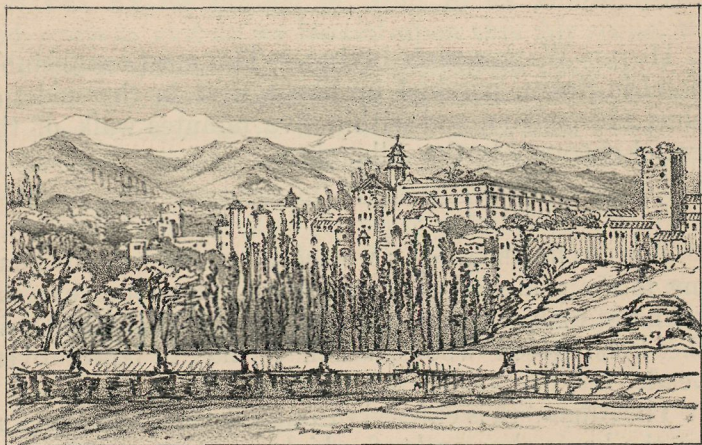
We soon reached PINOS; famous as the place from which Columbus was recalled by Isabella la Catolica

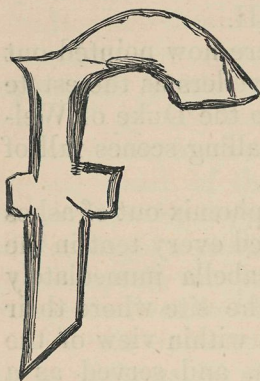
* On his death bed Gonsalvo lamented that he had been guilty of that which is the blot on his fame, breach of faith on two occasions towards his prisoners; but as he acted under royal orders, the king was chiefly responsible.

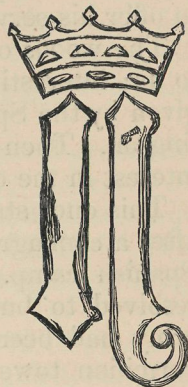
when wearied and disgusted by five long years of suspense at the Spanish Court, he had turned on his way to offer his services to our Henry VII.

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 phoenix 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 vermillion 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 over-spreading branches, line the steep ascent from this gate, and crowning the heights are seen the vermillion 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