

mounted on his favourite Bavicca, 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 Cardena, 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 spread 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—unharmd 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 Escorial, 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.

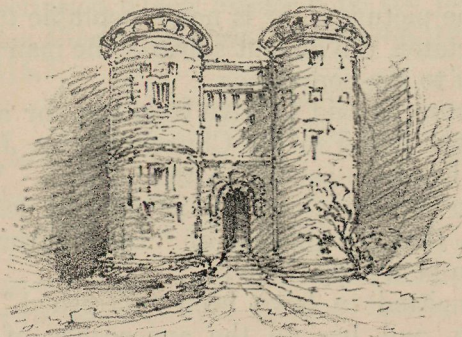
real, that tears involuntarily started to some eyes; and, whether the sober judgment of the beholders approved or not of the exhibition, the heart responded to it, though all the while there was a whisper within, telling of "a more excellent way."

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 ætatis 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.

