

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 persuaded 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 ridiculed 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 its 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 Valladolid, 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 Católica, 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.