whim. For the tale runs that in this very Museo—then the Convent de la Merced—while Murillo was painting for the brethren, one of the servants came up, and, presenting a napkin, begged him to leave some mark upon it. The exquisite *Vírgen de la Servilleta* was the result—a sign-manual indeed!

Only one of all the churches and convents so richly endowed by Murillo has been permitted to retain any at all considerable remnant of its wealth. La Caridad is a small hospital and home for aged poor, situated upon the bank of the river, close to the Torre del Oro. It is managed entirely by Sisters of Charity, and deserves a visit if only to see the bright and contented faces alike of nurses and inmates, and the order, cleanliness, and airiness of which it is a type of many similar institutions in Spain. It owes its rebuilding and present organisation to one Miguel de Mañara, a young profligate of the seventeenth century, who was turned from his evil courses by a vision in which he beheld his own funeral service, performed in the chapel of the original foundation upon this spot. Murillo happened to be his friend, and so, when Don Miguel determined upon the restoration and endowment of the ancient hospital of St. George, he gave the great painter *carte blanche* for the decoration of the chapel-walls. Of the eleven pictures which formed the original series only six remain, the rest having been carried off by the French, at the commencement of the present century. Of these six the most famous—the *Pan y Peces* and *La Sed* (the

miracle of the loaves and fishes, and Moses striking the rock in the desert)—are not the best, but they are hung in such a bad light that perhaps one can hardly appreciate them. Finer, by far, are two panel-pictures, *St. John the Baptist*, and *The Infant Saviour*, one upon the south, and the other upon the north wall. This last, and the *San Antonio* child-Christ of the cathedral, are probably the finest representations of our Lord which Murillo has left. The two remaining paintings of the series are, a rather hard *Annunciation*—unpleasing, too, in expression—and an illustration of the well-known legend of Granada, an angel helping San Juan de Dios to carry off the poor to his hospital.

Although every one goes to La Caridad to see Murillo's pictures, it may be questioned if there is not here matter of deeper interest—one of those revelations which the traveller is continually meeting with, in Spain, of a series of great art-works, not only new to him but the product of men whose names have hardly travelled beyond the Pyrenees. Indeed of Valdés Leal it might be said that he is a prophet without honour even in his own country. The Madrid gallery barely recognises him. Valencia and Barcelona do not know him,—nor yet Córdoba, his native place. And, withal, he could hang paintings in this little chapel, alongside of those of his giant, fortune-favoured contemporary, without being either dwarfed or overshadowed. If he had not Murillo's facile and well-trained brush he had more invention; he had more to say, and a more power-

ful expression. He has four pictures here,* of which two stand out pre-eminent—Death trampling upon the world with all its pomps and vanities, and judgment being pronounced upon the gorgeously be-robed but putrefying body of a bishop. When one looks at these two paintings it is easy to understand that it was no mere affectation, or spite, on the part of their creator to sneer at Murillo's art as "simpering," or to imagine with what calm sense of having the popular vote on his side Don Estéban would pleasantly aver that Valdés Leal was really not quite fit for decent and orderly society.

There is yet another comparatively unknown and unstudied Spanish painter to be seen at his best in Sevilla,—'El Clérigo' Roelas, Canon of Olivares, and the man to whom, as we have seen, the angel Raphael appeared to announce his appointment to the office of tutelar of Córdoba. Of Roelas, too, the Madrid gallery takes but slight notice, hanging only his huge and inferior *El Agua de la Peña,* while in the Valencia Museo he is unrepresented. Yet he is a magnificent colourist—of the Venetian school—and, if somewhat weak as a draughtsman, is nearly always noble in conception and composition. His *Death of San Isídoro,* in the church dedicated to the saint in Sevilla, is perhaps his masterpiece, though the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew* in the Museo, and the *Apotheosis of St. Hermenegildo* in the chapel of La Sangre Hospital, are hardly less

* And half a dozen very fine ones in the Museo.

fine. Roelas was the immediate predecessor of Murillo (who is said to have bestowed great study upon his paintings), and one of his pupils was the almost too well-known Zurbaran, in poor specimens of whose talents Sevillian churches abound. And yet it is easy to be too hard upon Zurbaran. He was solemn, dark, exaggerated in all his ways, but, like Ribera, he perhaps appreciated the persons, characters, and surroundings of the old saints and martyrs in a way from which our refined notions nowadays shut us out. His best paintings are in the Museo Provincial and the University.

After trying one's eyes and patience in the either hopelessly dark, or hopelessly uninteresting places where Sevilla elects to stow away her precious things, it is a pleasant relief to wander into the sunny and cheerful precincts of her one great private gallery, the Palace of San Telmo, originally a nautical college—founded by Fernando Columbus—and now the rarely-visited residence of the Duke of Montpensier. It is one of those truly palatial dwelling-places of which the land can boast but very few, sufficiently luxurious without being stiff, perfectly appointed and kept up, and in the midst of gardens full of strange trees and shrubs, and bright at all seasons of the year with flowers. The visitor is introduced to the principal salas through the daintiest of patios—with some of the stately date-palms of the garden in miniature—and a small anteroom containing a great number of Roman antiquities from the Itálica ruins. In its art treasures the place is delightfully cosmopolitan.

The Spanish schools naturally monopolise the first place, with such all-embracing names as Velazquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, Valdés Leal, El Greco, Herrera el Viejo, and Goya; but there is a very good sprinkling of foreign masters—Rubens, Van Ostade, Albert Dürer, Johannot, Lehman, and Ary Scheffer. The well-known and often-reproduced *Augustine and Monica* of the last-named painter is here, and shares the post of honour in the collection with Murillo's *Vírgen de la faja.* The groups of great pictures are interspersed here and there with rough or unfinished sketches, and family, or friendly, souvenirs (among others a drawing "par la Princesse Alexandrine Victoire, fille du Duc de Kent"); while in every corner, set out upon tables and brackets which are themselves choice art specimens, there is an endless profusion of curiosities and articles of *vertu,* old musical instruments, Roman lamps and pottery, a candelabrum by Benvenuto Cellini, etc.

A sadder side of the picture is presented in the rather gorgeous chapel near the main entrance. Here is shut up the secret of the unwillingness of the Montpensier family to inhabit their lovely San Telmo. For five children lie in the little panteon below the high altar, and the shadow of their untimely death makes the San Lúcar home the brighter of the two.

It is by no means necessary, as we have found in Madrid, to come to Sevilla in order to see a great bull-fight, though Andalucia, with her hot-blooded inhabitants and truer holding by ancient traditions, is legitimately

regarded as the headquarters of the craft. There is one aspect of the matter, however, which can only be duly appreciated in the South—the high esteem in which the professionals are held by a very large section of society, and, as a natural consequence, the rapid way in which they accumulate wealth. Well-known espadas and banderilleros are continually pointed out to one in the streets and public places; in such of the cafés as they affect it is very usual to allot to them a special place of distinction; while it is evidently a pride and honour to walk by their side in intimate conversation, or even to obtain from them a word of recognition. Then it is quite a common thing to read in the newspapers—in large type, as the record of an important event—some such paragraph as the following:—

"Upon the 22d of January a large and distinguished company assembled in the Church of San Lorenzo to witness the baptism of the son and heir of our esteemed *diestro* Don F—— G——, the god-parents being Don M—— G——, the well-known *banderillero*, and his *fiancée*, the daughter of Don M—— R——.

"After the religious ceremony a breakfast of fifty covers was served in the restaurant Iñigo, at which the usual toasts were received with the greatest enthusiasm. At the same time quite an army of young friends of the family availed themselves of an open invitation to the house of Don F—— G——, in the Calle ——, and did full justice to the lighter refreshments which were provided for their delectation. Among those who assisted at the banquet in the restaurant Iñigo we noticed the following——"

with a long list of names.

It would not be quite fair to leave Sevilla without some slight sketch of its surroundings. Fine scenery must never be looked for in the outskirts of a great Spanish town, where the tiresome custom-house officials hold their own, with their inevitable accompaniment of dust and noise, of lines of kicking, struggling, and gesticulating mules and men in waiting, of humble *posadas* and armies of beggars. At Sevilla, however, business not being the main object of very many lives, there are one or two walks in the environs which will be found both pretty and interesting, when once the dreaded fringe of dust and noisy humanity is passed. Upon the Cadiz road, some four or five miles out, there are real groves of real trees, and, beyond this, the little village of Dos Hermanas, with its white houses gleaming through a perfect sea of the dark green foliage of its orangeries, is loveliness itself.

But it is still pleasanter to cross the river to the gipsy quarter of Triana, and then strike out for the long low line of hills which shuts in the horizon upon the west. Just before reaching the village of San Juan de Alfarache—the birthplace of the inimitable rascal El Pícaro Guzman—a little ravine which runs up the olive slopes may be taken, and so a shortened access gained to an old convent of the third order of Franciscans which girdles the point of the Chaboya Hill. This was a Roman settlement originally, but the massive walls which surround it are Moorish, and date from the time when Alfarache (then Hisn-al-faraj) was looked upon as

the most important outpost of the city. There is nothing in the convent or the church worth noticing—unless it be the miraculous font which used to fill itself with water on Holy Thursday, or the six retablo pictures of the Juan de Castillo who was chiefly remarkable for having been the master of Alonso Cano, Murillo, and Pedro de Moya; but the views to be obtained from the low parapet outside, over the green and brown vega and the glistening city, are indescribably fascinating. It is hard work tearing oneself away from that corner of the Chaboya.

And it is only a beginning of good things. For the hour's walk which may be taken from here along the crest of the hills is just as unfailingly fine, through pleasantly-tangled thickets of olive, aloe, and low brushwood, and with a charming panorama stretched out on both sides. At the end it is perhaps one's duty to descend from Castileja de la Cuesta—where Fernando Córtes, the conqueror of Mexico, lived and died—upon the remarkably uninteresting ruins of Itálica. Here there was a Roman city, washed by the waters of the strangely fickle Guadalquivir, before Moorish Sevilla *Nueva* had emerged from the chrysalis state of a village. Founded by Scipio Africanus, and the birthplace of the emperors Trajan and Hadrian, it was at one period as imperial in its sumptuousness as it was proverbially imperial in its spirit and predilections. But now not a vestige is left that tells any tale of greatness. All is so worn and pulled about and defaced that even the most general identifyings partake of the fanciful.

From hence a well-earned short cut may be made, by a pleasant path through the fields, to the Cartuja factory and the city-gates, only caring to take the dusty high-road as far as the ruined convent of San Isídoro. Not that there is much to be seen here, either, but the spot is remarkable as being the burial-place of two personages who occupy an exalted position in antiquarian record. The one is Guzman el Bueno, founder of the convent, and the other is his daughter-in-law, the Doña Urraca Osorio. The appellation of 'the Good' was conferred by King Sancho el Bravo, after the great defence of Tarifa against the Moors, towards the close of the thirteenth century, when Guzman secured final victory by a supposedly Abraham-like sacrifice of his son, refusing to accept the young life as the price of surrender. He was killed at Gaucin in the Ronda district in 1309, after thirty years of unceasing exploit in wresting his country again from the hands of the infidels. Doña Urraca was a noted beauty of her day, and one of the many victims of Don Pedro el Cruel. She was burned alive—for rejecting his amorous advances—by the grandson of the man whose kingdom her father-in-law had saved. It would seem, after all, as if the world in the good old times wagged very much in principle as it does now!

XI.

JEREZ AND CADIZ.

If a man wishes to disabuse his mind of the notion that he is being robbed when he is asked a high figure for a good sherry, if he would harbour only pleasant feelings when his neighbour assures him that he has bought the "same thing at half the price," or appreciate the dense ignorance of after-dinner talkers upon the subject of wine in general, let him pay a week's visit to Jerez, and follow up with some degree of real care the birth, nursing and development of a really fine Manzanilla or Amontillado. He will tread vineyards which were in cultivation six hundred years ago, when the land was in the occupation of the Moors. He will probably bewail the little advance that has been made all these centuries in the paths of scientific process and appliance; but that will in some sort only increase his interest in all that he sees, while he cannot fail to be duly impressed by the honest care and vigilance bestowed upon his beloved liquor. He will not only attain at last—after many years of more or less dictatorial holding forth upon the subject—to some real knowledge of the differences between natural, vintage, and *solera*

wines, or the blended tyes which alone he is likely to come across in England, but he may even store up useful *data* concerning the more intricate ways of *vino dulce, vino de color, finos, palmas,* and *olorosos.* He will no longer marvel at the loud and deep disputings at which he has been accustomed to assist, when he sees what an amusing variety of tastes in the directions of colour, flavour, age, and price are provided for in the vast bodegas in which he will be treated as an honoured guest. He will not be sceptical again about such prices as even £300 per butt, after he has been once made to put together the annual cost of tending an acre of vines, the loss by blight, "scud," and other similar causes, the amount of evaporation, and the percentage of failures and sourings during the four or five years of probation which a wine should undergo, and all the expenses of blending, nursing, casking and storing; while he will for ever forswear all so-called "cheap" sherries, unless he knows exactly what he is getting. He will be introduced to wines which forty, fifty, seventy, or even a hundred years have only rounded off, without destroying their mellowness; and he will gain all his schooling, not in the dark cellars of Bordeaux, but in lightsome, palatial buildings fringed by flowers and trim gardens, and innocent of all foul, vinous odour.

And then Jerez has other attractions—attractions which in themselves make it well worth while at least to ordain a few hours' halt here *en route* for Cadiz, even if one has no special interest wine-ways. It is

easily done, by taking the 7 A.M. train out from Sevilla, and the evening train on to the sea. The cumbrous ways of Spanish travelling so accustom one to early startings and late arrivings, that an arrangement such as this comes to seem quite natural, while the wonderfully clear, fresh air is a potent specific against fatigue.

Perfect order and cleanliness, a brightly-coloured and brightly-sunned town, a pervading air of prosperity and contentment. Such, adding perhaps a flavouring of English habits, is the sum of one's abiding impressions of Jerez. Its buildings are not very glorious—save in the latter-day acceptance of the word. "Money has been too abundant for art to thrive," is the often and incontinently springing inward comment. Thanks to the Moors there is rather a fine old Alcázar upon the charmingly Oriental Alameda—Oriental in its vivid colouring and date-palm foliage, but very un-Oriental in its spotlessness. Thanks to some good and not quite effaced early workers, there is some admirable design, and excellent Gothic detail, in the churches of San Miguel and San Dionisio. But that is all. Jerez became prosperous, and, not knowing quite what to do with its spare cash, set about defacing its public buildings therewith. And Cayon's late seventeenth-century Colegiata is just the worst cathedral—perhaps the only thoroughly bad one—which the land can show,* an odd mixture of Churriguera and Herrera, elaborate and yet

* Excepting, perhaps, the Catedral Nueva at Lérida.

uninteresting, bald and yet over-decorated, massive only in obtruded solidity.

A glance at these things, after a hasty peregrination through the bodegas, will suffice. And then the two or three hours yet to elapse before the half-past six train starts for Cadiz can be pleasantly filled up with a saunter through the pretty, orange-planted streets, over Alamedas lying hot even in the winter's sunshine, or out for a couple of miles beyond the station to the once magnificent Cartuja monastery, now a cavalry store and Government horse-breeding establishment.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in the quiet brightness of the scene out here. If Jerez town is a little bit English, this is not. It is Boxing Day, and drawing towards evening. At home, in London, everything is in its most thorough state of slushiness and discomfort. The fog and the rain which have been fighting one another all day are just combining their forces now to render the twilight dismal, and there stalks abroad everywhere that spirit of unhealthy excitement which rules all great English holidays. It is a *dia de fiesta* here too, and all nature seems drowsy with a sense of restfulness. It is hot as a Swiss autumn day upon the mountains,—a mountain freshness withal in the air. The only distinct sound is the whirr of the locusts as they seem to rush headlong at the long lines of aloes and prickly pears that shut in the lane; the only distinct vision the flash of their blue and red wings,

or the undulating flight of some gorgeous butterfly.* But there is a pleasant undercurrent of movement and laughter from groups of really care-less holiday folk dotted here and there over the browned grass, or wending their way slowly over the country side. And then, beyond all, there is a panorama over which we may lazily feast and speculate to any extent, of far-reaching olive grounds and vineyards, with the white city lying just below us, soundless and motionless as if smothered by its gardens, its orangeries, and its veiling of blue mist.

There is not much of beauty left in the old monastery, —or in such portions of it as the custodian can show. The Italian gateway, with its fluted Doric columns and well-carved statues, is interesting; there are some good points about the now dismantled church—notably its fine proportions, and the delicate lancet windows, with their pretty engaged shafts; while the three patios, rich in marble colonnading, have some time been very satisfactory. But the place has come to a grievous end, and its goodly things are fast crumbling away. All its charm lies in its surroundings, their spirit and association. That these are pleasant in themselves and in their outlook Jerez-ways we have seen. Turning now in the other direction, and facing the setting sun, we may catch his last rays upon the broad and sluggish

* I took the following species at Jerez on the 26th December 1883: —P. Atalanta, P. Cardui, C. Edusa, C. Phlæas, P. Telicanus, P. Rapæ, P. Brassicæ, P. Daplidice, L. Meone, and L. Megæra.—[J. L.]

Guadalete as it rolls slowly along the valley at our feet, and the little eminence called El Real de Don Rodrigo, where, twelve hundred years ago, the last of the Gothic kings, whose footsteps we traced up for a while in Toledo, lost his crown and his life, and delivered over his country into the hands of the Moslem.

It is hard enough to read any history with an unprejudiced mind — whether it be a personal, a political, or a nation's past which we would study. The perfected gymnastic exercise, however, is an honest attempt to loose off some of the particular predilections which touch us, and bind us, most closely, and to enter into other folk's prejudices on the subject. How dearly, in our superficial knowledge, do we English people love to tell over the glorious events of the reign of that strangely miscalled "good" Queen Elizabeth, and relate how, after having thwarted Philip II.'s prosecution of his absurd claim to the English throne, we carried the war into the enemy's country, destroyed his fleets in Cadiz, or Cales', Bay, ravaged his West Indian possessions, ruined his commerce, and finally, in the year 1596, reduced him to a state of dire humiliation by besieging and taking Cadiz itself! If, however, we take the trouble of opening a Spanish history, we may read how that, towards the close of the sixteenth cen-

tury, England, having revolted from the true, the only Church, fell upon evil times, and under a bad Government. The country was reduced to such a state of anarchy that the old marauding spirit of the Norsemen stalked abroad triumphant and unchecked. Her pirates enriched themselves by a series of contemptible and wasp-like expeditions, and the termagant usurper of the crown did not hesitate to share in the petty booty thereof. The noble Felipe Segundo, in the cause of law and order, and in assertion of his right to the English throne through his marriage with Queen Mary, and inheritance from Mary Queen of Scots, fitted out a huge armament against the pestiferous rebels, but was prevented from accomplishing his purposes by a wise and overruling Providence. Thenceforth, and for a hundred years, repeated attempts were made by the English to wound Spain, through her greatest seaport town, with the most signal ill success. Once, however —there is no doubt about that—the despised sea-kings, under cover of the night, and by means of a carefully-prepared surprise, did effect a landing, but they were promptly and ignominiously expelled, and were never able to repeat the operation.

And this is the record that Cadiz keeps of the event. At the foot of the staircase leading from the north transept of the cathedral to the Bishop's palace there is a great black cross, enclosed within a glass case. And underneath is written—in not remarkably good Spanish :—

"Año de 1596 entraron los Ingleses en esta ciudad, y habiendola saqueado, despojado de sus alhajas de oro y plata y ornamentos y despues quemadola con sus imagenes elevandose a Inglaterra ocho prebendadas prisioneros los que quedaron inmediatamente celebraron la primera misa delante de esta Sª Cruz." *

It would not appear, however, that the barbarians carried away quite all the "alhajas" from the cathedral, for the sacristan can still show some very beautiful pieces of old church-plate. It is in the Catedral Nueva that we are standing, for Cadiz boasts of, or rather possesses, two cathedrals—the poor bald 'Vieja,' which replaced the original thirteenth-century foundation, burned by "los Ingleses" in 1596, and the somewhat too brilliant 'Nueva' of Bishop Domingo de Silos Moreno, only completed half a century ago.

The fact is that Cadiz might boast more than she does of her new cathedral. For a persistently written-down building it is wonderfully and pleasantly effective. Its general design is good—a Latin cross, with nave, side aisles, slightly-recessed chapels, and a very fair apsidal east end—while the vistas obtained round and through the open Capilla Mayor, the massiveness of the pillars, and the general proportions of the church, go far to cancel the bad effect of the unsightly capitals and cornices. There is a particularly happy notion of vast-

* "In the year 1596 the English effected an entry into this city. They sacked it, robbed it of its treasures and ornaments of gold and silver, burned it and its holy images, and carried off to England eight prebends as prisoners. Those"—*i.e.* the clergy—"who were left celebrated their first mass before this holy cross."

ness conferred too—for surely the notion of vastness is more artistic than mere size itself—by the height of the *cimborio*, and the spaciousness of the Crossing. This last is obtained by the simple expedient of setting the Coro a long way back—in the last bay but one of the nave—and so making the lines of railing connecting it with the Capilla Mayor seem a great length. A huge cathedral of the Corinthian order, completed only a generation ago, can hardly be expected to bear strict analysis, or to have escaped a fulfilment with hideous detail and garnishing; and yet there is much here that deserves admiration, even outside of the general effect and the ritual arrangements,—works both of brush and chisel that must be passed over now without comment. It is curious to note that the cleverly-carved choir-stalls were brought from the convent of Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas at Sevilla, now all defaced and defiled by being turned into a faïence and porcelain manufactory.

How impossible it seems that this brand-new, spotless, and orderly city should be three or four hundred years older than old Rome—more than a thousand years older than the Christian era! Yet such is the fact. So ancient was it in the palmy days of the Imperial City that it had to be rebuilt by that same Balbus whose uncalled-for meddling with bricks and mortar threw a shadow over some of our school-days, and by a young man called Julius Cæsar, who had been sent by the Republic to hold office in Spain. There is not a sign of age to be met with, nor yet of the decay that we

know has settled down upon the place, after a long and, upon the whole, brilliant life. There are, instead, lively and dazzlingly bright streets, shady and flower-lit alamedas and public gardens, and the most cheery and invigorating walks conceivable, right along the Apodaca and the Paseo de las Delicias—the great sea-walls that are hard put to it to resist the unceasing battering of Atlantic rollers. Almost at the end, on the Flanco de Capuchinos, is the old Franciscan monastery of Santa Catalina, an uninteresting and deserted-looking pile now, but up to a comparatively late date in monkish annals a foundation possessing great influence. It was here that Queen Elizabeth's youthful favourite, Essex, fixed his headquarters, when he made the rapid descent upon the town of which we have met with some record in the cathedral, and thus the place came to be preserved from the destruction then dealt out to the other religious houses of Cadiz. And here, nearly one hundred years later—in 1682—Murillo was completing the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, which forms the centre of the retablo over the high altar of the chapel, when he fell from his scaffolding, and received his mortal injury. The painting is not very satisfactory, but it is hardly fair to judge it in its unfinished state. Cadiz loves to believe that the surrounding single figures of San José, San Francisco, San Miguel, and the *Angel de la Guarda* are also by Murillo, but they are manifestly the work of an imitator—probably a pupil. The master, however, has another picture here, on the north