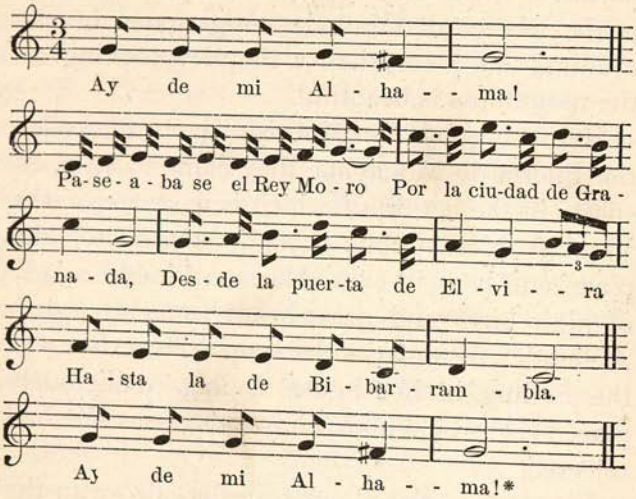
records the fact of its having been the place where the unfortunate king Boabdil gave the keys of the town to the Christian conquerors, Ferdinand and Isabella, and then himself rode slowly and sadly away from his beautiful palace by a mountain still called the 'Last Sigh of the Moor,' immortalized both in verse and song. The accompanying ballad, with its plaintive wailing sound, still echoes in the hearts and on the lips of the people.



* "The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town."

Returning, they visited the Church of Las Angustias, where there is a wonderful but tawdrily dressed image of the Blessed Virgin, who is the patroness of the town. The French Sisters of Charity have a large orphanage and day-school here, established originally by Madame Calderon, but the situation, in the street called Recogidas, is low and damp, and their chapel being almost underground, and into which no sun can ever enter, seriously affects the health of the sisters. Here, as everywhere, they are universally beloved and respected, and the present superior is one eminently qualified, by her loving gentleness and evenness of temper, to win the hearts of all around her. The dress of the people in Granada is singularly picturesque: the women wear crape shawls of the brightest colors, yellow, orange, or red, with flowers stuck jauntily on one side of the head just above the ear; the men have short velvet jackets, waistcoats with beautiful hanging silver buttons, (which have descended from father to son, and are not to be bought except by chance,) hats with large borders, turned up at the edge, red sashes round the waist, and gaiters of untanned leather, daintily embroidered, open at the knee, with hanging strips of leather and silver buttons. Over the

whole, in cold weather, is thrown the 'capa,' or large cloak, which often conceals the threadbare garments of a beggar, but which is worn with the air of the proudest Spanish 'hidalgo.' This evening, the last which our travellers were to spend in Granada, they had a visit from the king and captain of the gipsies, a very remarkable man, between thirty and forty years of age, and a blacksmith by trade. He brought his guitar, and played in the most marvellous and beautiful way possible: first tenderly and softly; then bursting into the wildest exultation; then again plaintive and wailing, ending with a strain of triumph and rejoicing and victory which completely entranced his hearers. It was like a beautiful poem or a love-tale, told with a pathos indescribable. It was a fitting last remembrance of a place so full of poetry and of the past, with a tinge in it of that sorrowful dark thread which always seems woven into the tissue of earthly lives. Sorrowfully, the next morning, our travellers paid their last visit to the matchless Alhambra, which had grown upon them at every turn. Then came the 'good-by to their good and faithful guide, *Bensaken*, that name so well known to all Granada tourists; and to the kind Sisters of Charity, whose white 'cornettes' stood

grouped round the fatal diligence which was to convey them back to Malaga. And so they bade adieu to this beautiful city, with many a hope of a return on some future day, and with a whole train of new thoughts and new pictures in their mind's eye, called forth by the wonders they had seen.

CHAPTER V.

GIBRALTAR AND CADIZ.

THE journey from Granada was, if possible, more wearying than before, for the constant heavy rains had reduced the roads to a perfect Slough of Despond, in which the wretched mules perpetually sank and fell, and were flogged up again in a way which, to a nature fond of animals, is the most insupportable of physical miseries. Is there a greater suffering than that of witnessing cruelty and wrong which you are powerless to redress? It was not till nearly eleven o'clock the following day that our travellers found themselves once more in their old quarters on the Alameda of Malaga. By the kindness of the superior of the hospital, the usual nine o'clock mass had been postponed till the arrival of the diligence: and very joyfully did one of the party afterward take her old place at the refectory of the community, whose

loving welcome made her forget that she was still in a strange land. The following three or four days were spent almost entirely in making preparations for their journey to Gibraltar, viâ Ronda, that eagle's nest, perched on two separate rocks, divided by a rapid torrent, but united by a picturesque bridge, which crowns the range of mountains forming the limits of the kingdom of Granada. The accounts of the mountain-path were not encouraging; but to those who had ridden for four months through the Holy Land, no track, however rugged or precipitous, offered any terrors. But when the time came, to their intense disappointment, the road was found to be impassable on the Gibraltar side, owing to the tremendous torrents, which the heavy rains had swollen to a most unusual extent. Two officers had attempted to swim their horses over; but in so doing one of them was drowned, so that there seemed no alternative but to give up their pleasant riding expedition, and, with it, the sight of that gem of the whole country which had been one of their main objects in returning to Malaga. Comforting themselves, however, by the hope of going there later from Seville, our travellers took berths in the steamer 'Cadiz,' bound for Gibraltar; and after a beautiful parting benediction at the little convent of the Nuns

of the Assumption, they took leave of their many kind friends, and at six o'clock (accompanied by Madame de Q—— and her brother to the water's edge) stepped on board the boat which was to convey them to their steamer. Their captain, however, proved faithless as to time; and it was not till morning that the cargo was all on board and the vessel under weigh for their destination. After a tedious and rough passage of nineteen hours, they rounded at last the Europa Point, and found themselves a few minutes later landing on the Water Port Quay of the famous rock. Of all places in Spain, Gibraltar is the least interesting, except from the British and national point of view. Its houses, its people, its streets, its language, all are of a detestably mongrel character. The weather, too, during our travellers' stay, was essentially British, incessant pouring rain and fog alternating with gales so tremendous that twenty vessels went ashore in one day. Nothing was to be seen from the windows of the Club-House Hotel but mist and spray, or heard but the boom of the distress gun from the wrecking ships, answered by the more cheering cannon of the port. But there is a bright side to every picture: and one of the bright sides of Gibraltar is to be found in its kind and hospitable governor and

his wife, who, nobly laying aside all indulgence in the life-long sorrow which family events have caused, devote themselves morning, noon, and night to the welfare and enjoyment of every one around them. Their hospitality is natural to their duties and position; but the kind consideration which ever anticipates the wishes of their guests, whether residents or, as our travellers were, birds of passage, here to-day and gone to-morrow, springs from a rarer and a purer source.

Another object of interest to some of our party was the charitable institutions of the place.

The white 'cornettes' of the Sisters of Charity are not seen as yet; but the sisters of the 'Bon Secours' have supplied their place in nursing the sick and tending all the serious cases of every class in the garrison. Their value only became fully known at the late fearful outbreak of cholera, to which two of them fell victims: but they seemed rather encouraged than deterred by this fact. They live in a house half-way up the hill on the way to Europa Point, which contains a certain number of old and incurable people, and a few orphan children. They visit also the sick poor in their homes, and in the Civil Hospital, which is divided, drolly enough, not into surgical and medical wards, but according to the *religion* of the patients! one half

being Catholic, the other Protestant, and small wards being reserved likewise for Jews and Moors. It is admirably managed, the patients are supplied with every necessary, and well cared for by the kind-hearted superintendent, Dr. G——. The 'Ladies of Loretto' have a convent toward the Europa Point, where they board and educate between twenty and thirty young ladies. They have also a large day-school in the town for both rich and poor, the latter being below and the former above. The children seem well taught, and the poorer ones were remarkable for great neatness and cleanliness. The excellent and charming Catholic bishop, Dr. Scandella, Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar, has built a college for boys on the ground adjoining his palace, above the convent, from whence the view is glorious: the gardens are very extensive. This college, which was immensely needed in Gibraltar, is rapidly filling with students, and is about to be affiliated to the London University. In the garden above, a chapel is being built to receive the Virgin of 'Europa,' whose image, broken and despoiled by the English in 1704, was carried over to Algeciras, and there concealed in the hermitage; but has now been given back by Don Eugenio Romero to the bishop, to be placed in this new and beautiful

ittle sanctuary overlooking the Straits, where it will soon be once more exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The bishop has lately built another little church below the convent, dedicated to St. Joseph, but which, from some defect in the materials, has been a very expensive undertaking.

It was very pleasant to see the simple, hearty, manly devotion of the large body of Catholic soldiers in the garrison, among whom his influence has had the happiest effect in checking every kind of dissatisfaction and drunkenness. His personal influence has doubtless been greatly enhanced by his conduct during the cholera, when he devoted himself, with his clergy, to the sick and dying, taking regular turns with them in the administration of the Last Sacraments, and only claiming as his privilege that of being the one always called up in the night, so that the others might get some rest. He has two little rooms adjoining the church, where he remains during the day, and receives any one who needs his fatherly care.

The Protestant bishop of Gibraltar, a very kind and benevolent man, resides at Malta, and has a cathedral near the governor's house, lately beautified by convict labor, and said to be well

attended. It is the only Protestant church in Spain.

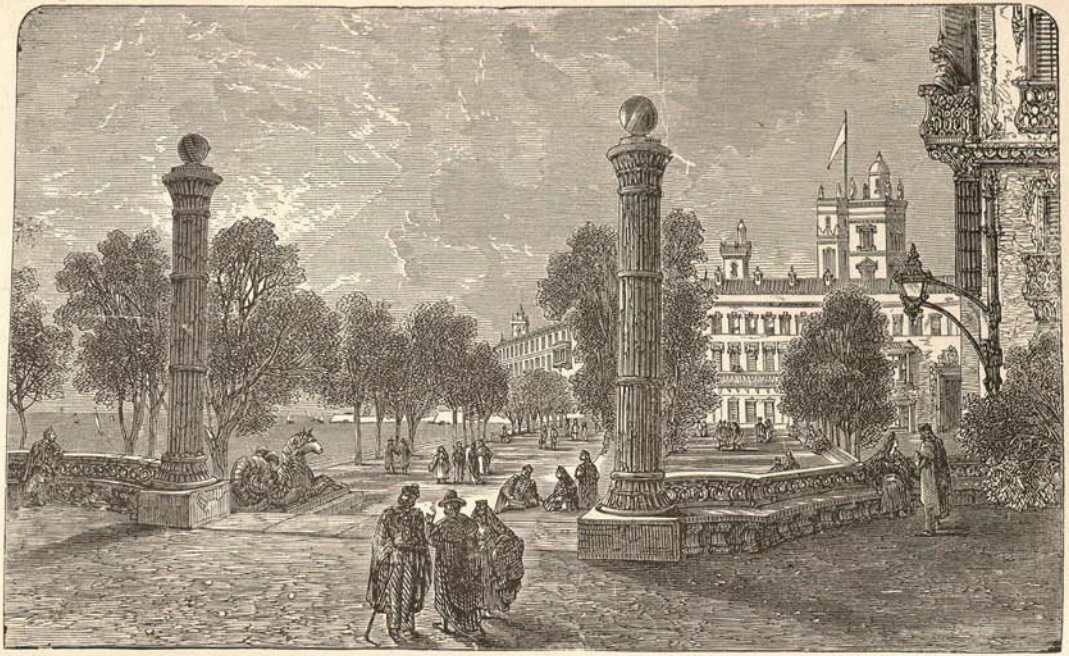
Of the sights of Gibraltar it is needless to speak. Our travellers, in spite of the weather, which rarely condescended to smile upon them, visited almost everything: the North Fort, Spanish Lines, and Catalan Bay, one day; Europa Point, with the cool summer residence of the governor, (sadly in need of government repair,) and St. Michael's Cave, on the next; and last, not least, the galleries and heights. From the Signal Tower the view is unrivalled; and the aloes, prickly pear, and geranium, springing out of every cleft in the rock, up which the road is beautifully and skilfully engineered, add to the enjoyment of the ride. The gentlemen of the party hunted in the cork woods when the weather would allow of it; and the only 'lion' unseen by them were the monkeys, who resolutely kept in their caves or on the African side of the water during their stay at Gibraltar. The garden of the governor's palace is very enjoyable, and contains one of those wonderful dragon-trees of which the bark is said to bleed when an incision is made. The white arums grow like a weed in this country, and form most beautiful bouquets when mixed with

scarlet geranium and edged by their large bright shining green leaves.

The time of our travellers was, however, limited, especially as they wished to spend the Holy Week in Seville. So, after a ten days' stay, reluctantly giving up the kind offer of the Port Admiral to take them across to Africa, and contenting themselves with buying a few Tetuan pots from the Moors at Gibraltar, they took their passages on board the 'London' steamer for Cadiz.

By permission of the governor, they were allowed to pass through the gates after gun-fire, and got to the mole; but there, from some mistake, no boat could be found to take them off to their vessel, and they had the pleasure of seeing it steam away out of the harbor without them, although their passages had been paid for and, as they thought, secured. In despair, shut out of the town, where a state of siege, for fear of a surprise, is always rigorously maintained by the English garrison, they at last bribed a little boat to take them to a Spanish vessel, the 'Allegri,' likewise bound for Cadiz, and which was advertised to start an hour later. In getting on board of her, however, they found she was a wretched tub, heavily laden with paraffine, among other combustibles, and with no accommoda-

tion whatever for passengers. There was, however, no alternative but going in her or remaining all night tossing about the harbor in their cockle-shell of a boat; so they made up their minds to the least of the two evils, and a few minutes later saw them steaming rapidly out of the harbor toward Cadiz. The younger portion of the party found a cabin in which they could lie down: the elder lay on the cordage of the deck, and prayed for a cessation of the recent fearful storms, the captain having quietly informed them that in the event of its coming on to blow again he must throw all their luggage overboard as well as a good deal of his cargo, as he was already too heavily laden to be safe. However, the night was calm, though very cold, and the following morning saw them safely rounding the forts of Cadiz, and staring at its long low shores. But then a new alarm seized them. The quarantine officers came on board with a horrible yellow flag, and talked big about the cholera having reappeared at Alexandria, and the consequent impossibility of their being able to produce a clean bill of health. The prospect of spending a week in that miserable vessel, or in the still more dismal lazaretto on the shore, was anything but agreeable to our travellers. However, on the assurance of the captain that



Alameda, Cadiz.

the only vessel arrived from Egypt before they left Gibraltar had been instantly put into quarantine by the governor, they were at last allowed to land in peace, and found very comfortable rooms at Blanco's Hotel, on the promenade, their windows and balconies looking on the sea.

In the absence of the bishop, who was gone to Tetuan, Canon L—— kindly offered his services to show them the curiosities of the town, and took them first to the Capuchin convent, now converted into a madhouse, in the church adjoining which are two very fine Murillos: one, 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata,' which, for spirituality of expression, is really unrivalled; the other, 'The Marriage of St. Catharine,' which was his *last* work, and is unfinished. The great painter fell from the scaffolding in 1682, and died very soon after, at Seville, in consequence of the internal injuries he had received. From this convent they proceeded to the cathedral, which is ugly enough, but where the organ and singing were admirable. The stalls in the choir, which are beautifully carved, were stolen from the Cartucha at Seville. There is a spacious crypt under the high altar, with a curious flat roof, unsupported by any arches or columns, but at present it is bare and empty. Their guide then took them to see the work-

house, or 'Albergo de los Pobres,' an enormous building, which is even more admirably managed than the one at Madrid. It contains upward of a thousand inmates. The boys are all taught different trades, and the girls every kind of industrial and needle work. The dormitories and washing arrangements are excellent; and all the walls being lined, up to a certain height, with the invariable blue and white 'azulejos,' or glazed tiles, gives a clean, bright appearance to the whole. The dress of the children was also striking to English eyes, accustomed to the hideous workhouse livery at home. On Sundays they have a pretty and varied costume for both boys and girls, and their little tastes are considered in every way. They have a large and handsome church, and also a chapel for the children's daily prayers, which they themselves keep nice and pretty, and ornament with flowers from their gardens. The whole thing is like a '*home*' for these poor little orphans, and in painful contrast to the views which Protestant England takes of charity in her workhouses, where poverty seems invariably treated as a crime. The children are in a separate wing of the building—the girls above, the boys below. On the other side are the sick wards, and those for the old and incurable, where the same minute care

for their comfort and pleasure is observed in every arrangement. Nor is there that horrible prison atmosphere, and that locking of doors as one passes through each ward, which jars so painfully on one's heart in going through an English workhouse. There are very few able-bodied paupers; and those are employed in the work of the house and garden. There is a spacious 'patio,' or court, with an open colonnade of marble columns, running round the quadrangle, the centre of which is filled with orange-trees and flowers. This beautiful palace was founded and endowed by the private benevolence of one man, who dedicated it to St. Helena, in memory of his mother, and placed in it the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who have the entire care of the whole establishment. There are fifteen sisters, all Spaniards, but affiliated to the French ones, and with the portrait of Very Rev. Père Etienne in the place of honor in their 'parloir' and refectory. The superior is a most remarkable woman, little and 'contrefaite,' but with a soul in her eyes which it is impossible to forget. The institution is now in the hands of the government, who have wisely not attempted to make any alterations in the administration. There are upward of fifty of these Sisters of Charity in Cadiz, they having

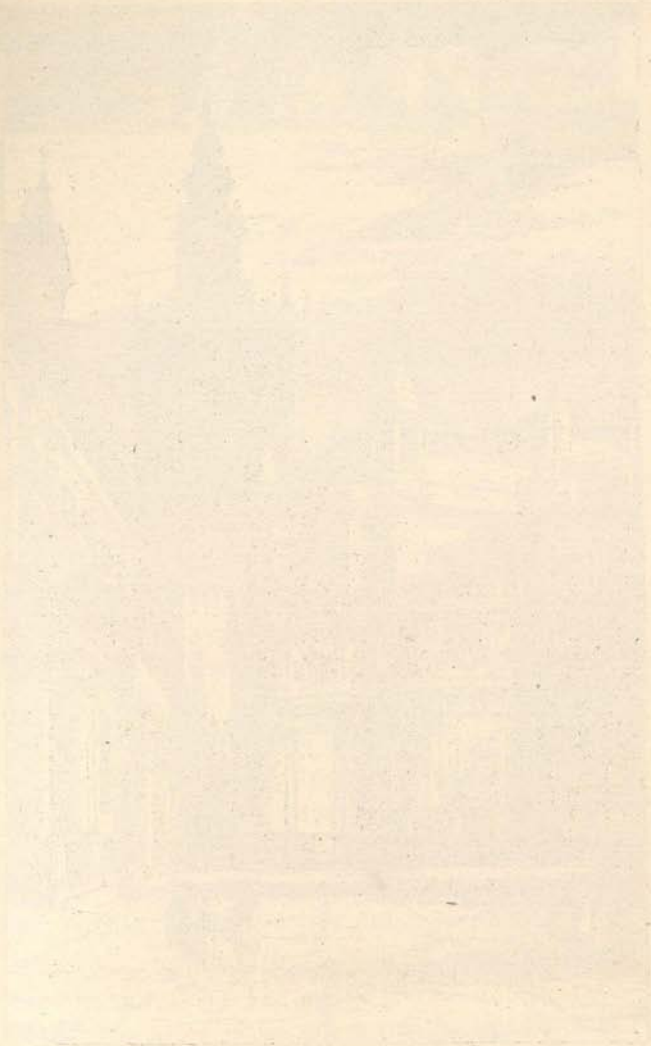
the sole charge of the hospitals, schools, workhouses, etc.; and the admirable cleanliness, order, and comfort in each which is the result, must commend them to the intelligent approval of every visitor, even should he be unmoved by the evidence of that unpaid charity which, with its soft finger-touch, stamps all their works with the very essence of Divine love.

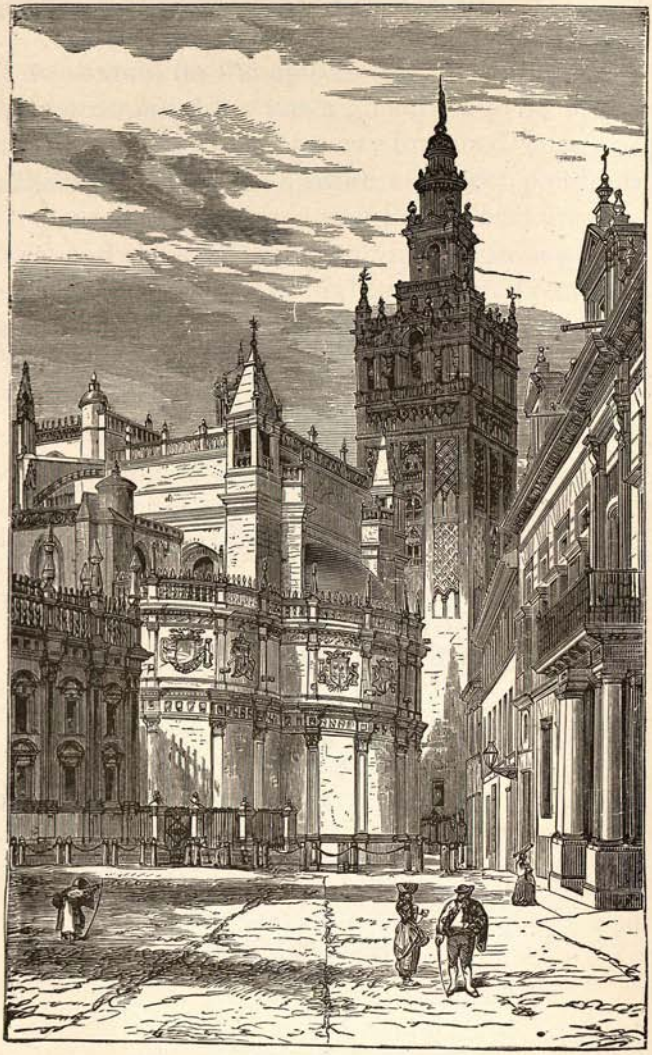
The next day being Palm Sunday, our travellers went to service in the cathedral. It was very fine, but extremely fatiguing. There are no chairs or seats in Spanish churches. Every one kneels on the floor the whole time, not even rising for the Gospel or Creed. On one of the party attempting to stand up at the long Gospel of the Passion, she was somewhat indignantly pulled down again by her neighbors. During the sermon, the Spanish women have a peculiar way of sitting on their heels—a process which they learn from childhood, but which to strangers is an almost intolerable penance. Here, as everywhere in Spain, the hideous fashion of bonnets or hats was unknown, and the universal black mantilla, with its graceful folds and modest covering of the face, and the absence of all colors to distract attention in the house of God, made our English ladies sigh more eagerly than ever for a similar reverent and decent fashion to be adopted

at home. On returning for the vesper service in the afternoon, a beautiful and, to them, novel custom was observed. At the singing of the 'Vexilla Regis,' the canons, in long black robes, knelt prostrate in a semicircle before the high altar, and were covered by a black flag with a red cross. This they saw repeated daily during the Passion Week services at Seville. In the evening there was a magnificent Benediction and Processional service round the cloisters of the church called 'De los Descalzados.' It was impossible to imagine anything more picturesque than the multitude kneeling in the open 'patio,' or court, shaded by orange-trees, and full of beautiful flowers, while round the arches swept the gorgeous procession carrying the Host, the choir and people singing alternate verses of the 'Lauda Sion,' the curling smoke of the incense reflecting prismatic colors in the bright sunshine, and the whole procession finally disappearing in the sombre dark old church, of which the centre doors had been thrown wide open to receive it. One longed only for Roberts's paint-brush to depict the scene. Returning to their hotel, our party found the Alameda gay with holiday folk, and full of the ladies whose beauty and charm have been the pride of Cadiz for so many generations. Do not let our readers think it invidious

if we venture on the opinion that their beautiful and becoming dress has a great deal to do with this, just as, in the East, every turbaned Turk or burnoused Arab would make a perfect picture. Dress your Oriental in one of Poole's best fitting coats and trousers, and give him a chimney-pot hat, and where would be his beauty? In the same way, if—which good taste forefend—the Spanish ladies come to imagine that a bonnet stuck on the back of the head, and every color in the rainbow, is prettier than the flowing black robe and softly folded lace mantilla, shading modestly their bright dark eyes and hair, they will find, to their cost, that their charm has vanished for ever.

Nothing more remained to be seen or done in Cadiz but to purchase some of the beautiful mats which are its great industry, and which are made of a flat reed or 'junco,' growing in the neighborhood; and these the kind and good-natured English consul undertook to forward to them, when ready, to England.





Giralda, Seville.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVILLE.

ARMED with sundry letters of introduction sent them from Madrid, our travellers started by early train for Seville, the amiable Canon L—— having given them a five o'clock mass before starting, in his interesting old circular church dedicated to St. Philip Neri, he being one of the Oratorians. They passed by Xeres, famous for its sherry cellars, called 'bodegas,' supplying more wine to England than to all the rest of the world put together, and for its Carthusian convent, once remarkable for its Zurbaran pictures, the greater portion of which have now followed the sherry to the British Isles; then by Alcalà, noted for its delicious bread, with which it supplies the whole of Seville, for its Moorish castle and beautiful river Aira, the waters of which, after flowing round the walls of the little town, are carried by an aqueduct to Seville;

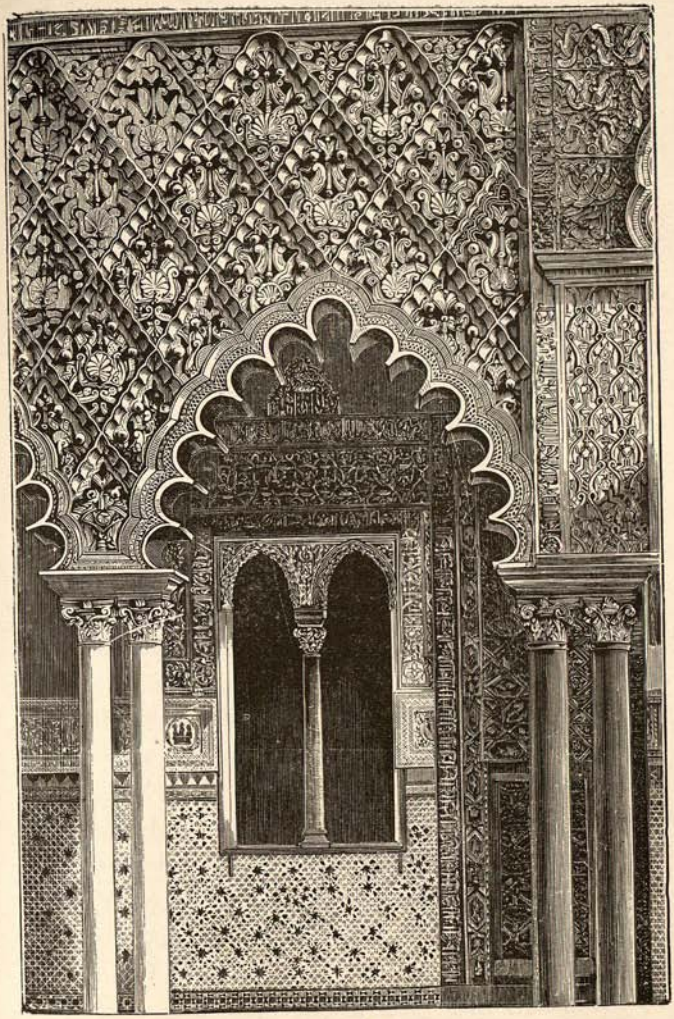
and so on and on, through orange and olive groves, and wheat plains, and vineyards, till the train brought them by mid-day to the wonderful and beautiful city which had been the main object of their Spanish tour.

The saying is strictly true:

> Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
> No ha visto maravilla.*

Scarcely had they set foot in their comfortable hotel, the 'Fonda de Londres,' when an obliging aide-de-camp of the Spanish general came to tell them that if they wanted to see the Alcazar they must go with him at once, as the infanta, who had married the sister of the king's consort, was expected with his wife to occupy the palace that evening, when it would naturally be closed to visitors. Dusty, dirty, and hot as they were, therefore, they at once sallied forth with their kind cicerone and the English consul for this fairy palace of the Moors. Entering by the Plaza del Triunfo, under an arched gateway, where hangs, day and night, a lamp throwing its soft light on the beautiful little picture of the Virgin and Child, they came into a long court, in the midst of which are orange-trees and fountains,

* 'Who hath not seen Seville, has not seen a marvel.'



Alcazar, Seville.

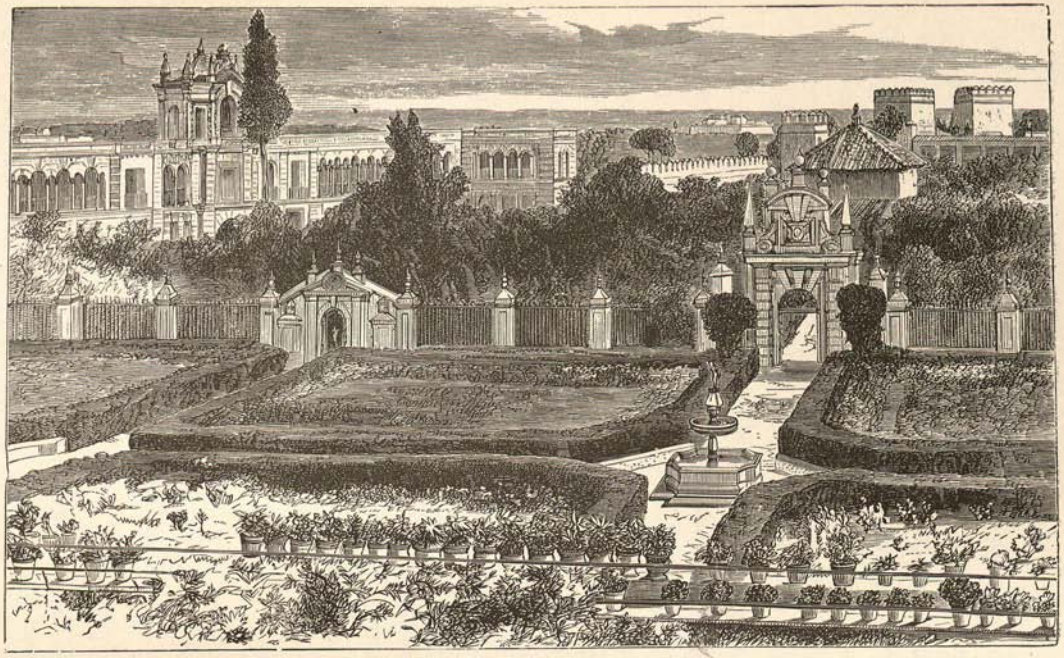
and this again led them by a side door into the inner court or 'patio' of the palace.

Like the Alhambra, it is an exquisite succession of delicate columns, with beautifully carved capitals, walls, and balconies, which look as if worked in Mechlin lace; charmingly cool 'patios,' with marble floors and fountains; doors whose geometrical patterns defy the patience of the painter; horse-shoe arches, with edges fringed like guipure; fretted ceilings, the arabesques of which are painted in the most harmonious colors, and tipped with gold; lattices every one of which seems to tell of a romance of beauty and of love: such are these moresque creations, unrivalled in modern art, and before which our most beautiful nineteenth century palaces sink into coarse and commonplace buildings. They are the realization of the descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights,' and the exquisite delicacy of the work is not its sole charm. The *proportions* of every room, of every staircase, of every door and window, are perfect: nothing offends the eye by being too short or too wide. In point of sound, also, they, as well as the Romans, knew the secret which our modern builders have lost; and in harmony of color, no 'azulejos' of the present day can approach the beauty and brilliancy of the Moorish tints. Nor are historical romances

wanting to enhance the interest of this wonderful place. In the bed-chamber of the king, Pedro the Cruel, are painted three dead heads, and thereon hangs a tale of savage justice. The king overheard three of his judges combining to give a false judgment in a certain case about which they had been bribed, and then quarrel about their respective shares of their ill-gotten spoils. He suddenly appeared before them, and causing them to be instantly beheaded, placed their heads in the niches where now the paintings perpetuate the remembrance of the punishment. Less excusable was another tragedy enacted within these walls, in the assassination of the brother of the king, who had been invited as a guest, and came unsuspicious of treachery. A deep red stain of blood in the marble floor still marks the spot of the murder. Well may Spain's most popular modern poet, the Duque de Rivas, in his beautiful poem, exclaim:

> Aun en las losas se mira
> Una tenaz mancha oscura; . . .
> Ni las edades la limpian! . . .
> Sangre! sangre! Oh cielos! cuantos,
> Sin saber que lo es, la pisan! *

* 'One still sees on the pavement a dark spot—the lapse of ages has not effaced it! Blood! blood! O Heaven! how many tread it under foot without knowing it!'



Gardens of the Alcazar.

The gardens adjoining the palace are quaintly beautiful, the borders edged with myrtle and box, cut low and thick, with terraces and fountains, and kiosks, and 'surprises' of 'jets d'eau,' and arched walls festooned with beautiful hanging creepers, and a 'luxe' of Oriental vegetation. On one side are the white marble baths, cool and sombre, where the beautiful Maria de Padilla forgot the heat and glare of the Seville sun. It was the custom of the courtiers in her day to *drink* the water in which the ladies had bathed. Pedro the Cruel reproached one of his knights for not complying with this custom. 'Sire,' he replied, 'I should fear lest, having tasted the sauce, I should covet the bird!'

The Alcazar formerly extended far beyond its present limits; but the ruined towers by the water-side are all that now remain to mark the course of the old walls.

Our travellers could not resist one walk through the matchless cathedral on their way home; but reserved their real visit to that and to the Giralda till the following day. The kind Regente de la Audiencia and his wife, to whom they had brought letters of introduction, came to them in the evening, and arranged various expeditions for the ensuing week.

Early the next morning the Countess L——-

de R—— came to fetch one of the party to the Church of St. Philip Neri, which, like all the churches of the Oratorians, is beautifully decorated, and most devout and reverent in its services. It is no easy matter to go on wheels in the streets of Seville. There are but two or three streets in which a carriage can go at all, or attempt to turn; and so to arrive at any given place, it is generally necessary to make the circuit of half the town. In addition to this, the so-called pavement, angular, pointed, and broken, shakes every bone in one's body. To reach their destination on this particular morning, our friends had to traverse the market-place, and make an immense détour through various squares, passing meanwhile by several very interesting churches; but it was all so much gain to the stranger.

After mass, one of the fathers, who spoke English, kindly showed them the treasures of his church, and among other things a beautiful silver-chased chapel behind the high altar, containing some exquisite bénitières, crucifixes, and relics. The wooden crucifixes of Spain, mostly carved by great men, such as Alonso Caño or Montanés, are quite wonderful in beauty and force of expression; but they are very difficult to obtain. They have a pretty custom in this

church of offering two turtle doves in a pure white basket when a child is devoted to the Blessed Virgin, which are left on the altar, as in the old days of the Purification, and the white basket is afterwards laid up in the chapel. After breakfast the whole party arrived at the cathedral. How describe this wonderful building? To say it is such and such a height, and such and such a width, that it has so many columns, and so many chapels, and so many doors, and so many windows. . . . Why, Murray has done that far better than any one else! But to understand the cathedral at Seville, you must know it; you must feel it; you must live in it; you must see it at the moment of the setting sun, when the light streams in golden showers through those wonderful painted glass windows, (those chefs-d'œuvre of Arnold of Flanders,) jewelling the curling smoke of the incense still hanging around the choir; or else go there in the dim twilight, when the aisles seem to lengthen out into infinite space, and the only bright spot is from the ever-burning silver lamps which hang before the tabernacle.

One of the party, certainly not given to admiration of either churches or Catholicity, exclaimed on leaving it: 'It is a place where I could not help saying my prayers!' The good-natured

Canon P—— showed them all the treasures and pictures. They are too numerous to describe in detail; but some leave an indelible impression. Among these is Murillo's wonderful 'St. Antony,' in the baptistery; Alonso Caño's delicious little 'Virgin and Child,' (called 'Nuestra Señora de Belem;') Morales' 'Dead Christ;' a very curious old Byzantine picture of the Virgin; and in the sacristy, the exquisite portraits by Murillo of St. Leander, Archbishop of Seville, the great reformer of the Spanish liturgy, whose bones rest in a silver coffin in the Capilla Real. and of St. Isadore, his brother, who succeeded him in the see, called the 'Excellent Doctor,' and whose body rests at Leon. Here also is a wonderful 'Descent from the Cross,' by Campana, before which Murillo used to sit, and say 'he waited till He was taken down;' and here, by his own particular wish, the great painter is buried. There is besides a fine portrait of S. Teresa; and round the handsome chapter-room are a whole series of beautiful oval portraits by Murillo, and also one of his best 'Conceptions.' Among the treasures is the cross made from the gold which Christopher Columbus brought home from America, and presented to the king; the keys of the town given up to Ferdinand by the Moorish king at the conquest of Seville;

two beautiful ostensorios of the fifteenth century, covered with precious stones and magnificent pearls; beautiful Cinquecento reliquaries presented by different Popes; finely illuminated missals in admirable preservation; an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix; wonderful vestments, heavy with embroidery and seed-pearls; the crown of King Ferdinand; and last, not least, a magnificent tabernacle altar-front, angels and candlesticks, all in solid silver, beautiful in workmanship and design, used for Corpus Christi and other solemn feasts of the Blessed Sacrament. One asks oneself very often: 'How came all these treasures to escape the rapacity of the French spoilers?'

The Royal Chapel contains the body of St. Ferdinand, the pious conqueror of Seville, which town, as well as Cordova, he rescued from the hands of the Moors, after it had been in their possession 524 years. This pious king, son to Alphonse, King of Leon, bore witness by his conduct to the truth of his words on going into battle: 'Thou, O Lord, who searchest the hearts of men, knowest that I desire but thy glory, and not mine.' To his saint-like mother, Berangera, he owed all the good and holy impressions of his life. He helped to build the cathedral of Toledo, of which he laid the first stone, and, in

the midst of the splendors of the court, led a most ascetic and penitential life. Seville surrendered to him in 1249, after a siege of sixteen months, on which occasion the Moorish general exclaimed that 'only a saint, who, by his justice and piety, had won Heaven over to his interest, could have taken so strong a city with so small an army.' By the archbishop's permission, the body of the saint was exposed for our travellers. It is in a magnificent silver shrine; and the features still retain a remarkable resemblance to his portraits. His banner, crown, and sword were likewise shown to them, and the little ivory Virgin which he always fastened to the front of his saddle when going to battle. The cedar coffin still remains in which his body rested previous to its removal to this more gorgeous shrine. On the three days in the year when his body is exposed, the troops all attend the mass, and lower their arms and colors to the great Christian conqueror. A little staircase at the back of the tomb brings you down into a tiny crypt, where, arranged on shelves, are the coffins of the beautiful Maria Padilla, of Pedro the Cruel, and of their two sons: latterly, those of the children of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier have been added. Over the altar of the chapel above hangs a very

curious wooden statue of the Virgin, given to St. Ferdinand by the good king Louis of France. King Ferdinand adorned her with a crown of emeralds and a stomacher of diamonds, belonging to his mother, on condition that they should never be removed from the image.

The organs are among the wonders of this cathedral, with their thousands of pipes, placed horizontally, in a fan-like shape. The 'retablo' at the back of the high altar is a marvel of wood-carving; and the hundreds of lamps which burn before the different shrines are all of pure and massive silver. One is tempted to ask: 'Was it by men and women like ourselves that cathedrals such as this were planned and built and furnished?' The chapter who undertook it are said to have deprived themselves even of the necessaries of life to erect a basilica worthy of the name; and in this spirit of voluntary poverty and self-abnegation was it begun and completed. Never was there a moment when money was so plentiful in England as now, yet where will a cathedral be found built since the fifteenth century?

At the west end lies Fernando, son of the great Christopher Columbus, who himself died at Valladolid, and is said to rest in the Havana.

The motto on the tomb is simple but touching:

A Castilla y á Leon, mundo nuevo dió Colon.*

Over this stone, during Holy Week, is placed the 'monumento,' an enormous tabernacle, more than 100 feet high, which is erected to contain the Sacred Host on Holy Thursday: when lighted up, with the magnificent silver custodia, massive silver candlesticks, and a profusion of flowers and candles, it forms a 'sepulchre' unequalled in the world for beauty and splendor.

Passing at last under the Moorish arch toward the north-east end of the cathedral, our travellers found themselves in a beautiful cloistered 'patio,' full of orange-trees in full blossom, with a magnificent fountain in the centre. In one corner is the old stone pulpit from which St. Vincent Ferrer, Ven. John of Avila, and other saints preached to the people: an inscription records the fact. Over the beautiful door which leads into the cathedral hang various curious emblems: a horn, a crocodile, a rod, and a bit, said to represent plenty, prudence, justice, and temperance. To the left is the

* To Castile and to Leon, a new world gave Colon.

staircase leading to the Columbine Library, given by Fernando, and containing some very interesting MSS. of Christopher Columbus. One book is full of quotations, in his own handwriting, from the Psalms and the Prophets, proving the existence of the New World; another is a plan of the globe and of the zodiac drawn out by him. There is also a universal history, with copious notes, in the same bold clear, fine handwriting; and a series of his letters to the king, written in Latin. Above the book-shelves are a succession of curious portraits, including those of Christopher Columbus and his son Fernando, which were given by Louis Philippe to the library; of Velasquez; of Cardinal Mendoza; of San Fernando, by Murillo; and of our own Cardinal Wiseman, who, a native of Seville, is held in the greatest love and veneration here. A touching little account of his life and death has lately been published in Seville by the talented Spanish author, Don Leon Carbonero y Sol, with the appropriate heading 'Sicut vita finis ita.' Our party were also shown the sword of Fernand Gonsalves, a fine two-edged blade, which did good service in rescuing Seville from the Moors.

Redescending the stairs, our travellers mount-

ed the beautiful Moorish tower of the Giralda, built in the twelfth century by Abu Yusuf Yacub, who was also the constructor of the bridge of boats across the Guadalquivir. This tower forms the great feature in every view of Seville, and is matchless both from its rich yellow and red-brown color, its sunken Moorish decorations, and the extreme beauty of its proportions. It was originally 250 feet high, and built as a minaret, from whence the Muezzin summoned the faithful to prayers in the mosque hard by; but Ferdinand Riaz added another 100 feet, and, fortunately, in perfect harmony with the original design. He girdled it with a motto from Proverbs xviii.: 'Nomen Domini fortissima turris.'

The ascent is very easy, being by ramps sloping gently upwards. The Giralda is under the special patronage of SS. Justina and Rufina, daughters of a potter in the town, who suffered martyrdom in 304 for refusing to sell their vessels for the use of the heathen sacrifices. Sta. Justina expired on the rack, while Sta. Rufina was strangled. The figure which crowns the tower is that of Faith, and is in bronze, and beautifully carved.

The bells are very fine in tone; but what repays one for the ascent is the view, not only

over the whole town and neighborhood, but over the whole body of the huge cathedral, with its forest of pinnacles and its wonderfully constructed roof, which looks massive enough to outlast the world. The delicate Gothic balustrades are the home of a multitude of hawks, (the *Falco tinunculoides*,) who career round and round the beautiful tower, and are looked upon almost as sacred birds.

The thing which strikes one most in the look of the town from hence is the absence of streets. From their excessive narrowness, they are invisible at this great height, and the houses seem all massed together, without any means of egress or ingress. The view of the setting sun from this tower is a thing never to be forgotten; nor the effect of it lit up at night, when it seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the dark blue vault above.

Tired as our travellers were, they could not resist one short visit that afternoon to the Museum, and to that wonderful little room below, which contains a few pictures only, but those few unrivalled in the world.

Here, indeed, one sees what Murillo could do. The 'St. Thomas of Villanueva,' giving alms to the beggar, (called by the painter himself his *own* picture;) the 'St. Francis' embrac-

ing the crucified Saviour; the 'St. Antony,' with a lily in adoration before the infant Jesus; the 'Nativity;' the 'San Felix de Cantalicia,' holding the infant Saviour in his arms which the Blessed Virgin is coming down to receive; the 'SS. Rufina and Justina;' and last, not least, the Virgin which earned him the title of 'El Pintor de las Concepciones.' Each and all are matchless in taste, in expression, in feeling; above all, in devotion. It is impossible to meditate on any one of these mysteries in our Blessed Lord's life without the recollection of one of these pictures rising up instantly in one's mind as the purest embodiment of the love, or the adoration, or the compunction, which such meditations are meant to call forth: they are in themselves a prayer.

In the evening one of the party went with the Regent to call on the venerable Cardinal Archbishop, whose fine palace is exactly opposite the east front of the cathedral. It was very sad to wind up that fine staircase, and see him in that noble room, groping his way, holding on by the wall, for he is quite blind. It is hoped, however, that an operation for cataract, which is contemplated, may be successful. He was most kind, and gave the English stranger a place in the choir of the cathedral for the pro-

cessional services of the Holy Week and Easter —a great favor, generally only accorded to royalty, and of which the lady did not fail to take advantage. M. Leon Carbonero y Sol, the author and clever editor of the 'Crux,' paid them a visit that evening. By his energy and perseverance this monthly periodical has been started at Seville, which is an event in this non-literary country; and he has written several works, both biographical and devotional, which deserve a wider reputation than they have yet obtained.

The following day, being Wednesday in Holy Week, the whole party returned to the cathedral, to see the impressive and beautiful ceremony of the Rending of the White Veil, and the 'Rocks being rent,' at the moment when that passage is chanted in the Gospel of the Passion. The effect was very fine; and all the more from the sombre light of the cathedral, every window in which was shaded by black curtains, and every picture and image shrouded in black.* At vespers, the canons, as at Cadiz, knelt prostrate before the altar, and were cov ered with the black red-cross flag. At four o'clock our travellers went to the Audiencia,

* Faber says very beautifully: 'Passion-tide veils the face of the crucifix, only that it may be more vivid in our hearts.'

where the Regent and his kind wife had given them all seats to see the processions. How are these to be described? They are certainly appreciated by the people themselves; but they are not suited to English taste, especially in the glare of a Seville sun: and unless representations of the terrible and awful events connected with our Lord's Passion be depicted with the skill of a great artist, they become simply intensely painful. The thing which was touching and beautiful was the orderly arrangement of the processions themselves, and the way in which men of the highest rank, of royal blood, and of the noblest orders, did not hesitate to walk for hours through the dusty, crowded burning streets for three successive days, with the sole motive of doing honor to their Lord whose badge they wore.

The processions invariably ended by passing through the cathedral and stopping for some minutes in the open space between the high altar and the choir. The effect of the brilliant mass of light thrown by thousands of wax tapers as the great unwieldy catafalque was borne through the profound darkness of the long aisles, was beautiful in the extreme; and representations which looked gaudy in the sunshine were mellowed and softened by the contrast with the

night. The best were 'The Sacred Infancy,' the 'Bearing of the Cross,' and the 'Descent from the Cross.' In all, the figures were the size of life, and these three were beautifully and naturally designed. Less pleasing to English eyes, in spite of their wonderful splendor, were those of the Blessed Virgin, decked out in gorgeous velvet robes, embroidered in gold, and covered with jewels, with lace pocket-handkerchief in the hand, and all the paraphernalia of a fine lady of the nineteenth century! It is contrary to our purer taste, which thinks of her as represented in one of Raphael's chaste and modest pictures, with the simple robe and headdress of her land and people; or else in the glistening white marble, chosen by our late beloved Cardinal as the fittest material for representation of her in his 'Ex Voto,' and which speaks of the spotless purity of her holy life. Leaving the house of the Regent, the party made their way with difficulty through the dense crowd to the cathedral, where the Tenebræ began, followed by the Miserere, beautifully and touchingly sung, without any organ accompaniments, at the high altar. It was as if the priests were pleading for their people's sins before the throne of God. The next day was spent altogether in these solemn Holy Thursday services.

After early communion at the fine Church of Santa Maria Magdalena, thronged, like all the rest, with devout worshippers, our party went to high mass at the cathedral, after which the Blessed Sacrament, according to custom, was carried to the gigantic 'monumento,' or sepulchre, before mentioned, erected at the west door of the cathedral, and dazzling with light. Then came the 'Cena' in the archbishop's palace, at which his blindness prevented his officiating; and then our travellers went round the town to visit the 'sepulchres' in the different churches, one more beautiful than the other, and thronged with such kneeling crowds that going from one to the other was a matter of no small difficulty. The heat also increased the fatigue; and here, as at Palermo, no carriages are allowed from Holy Thursday till Easter Day: every one must perform these pious pilgrimages on foot. At half-past two, they went back to the cathedral for the Washing of the Feet. An eloquent sermon followed, and then began the Tenebræ and the Miserere as before, with the entry of the processions between: the whole lasted till half-past eleven at night.

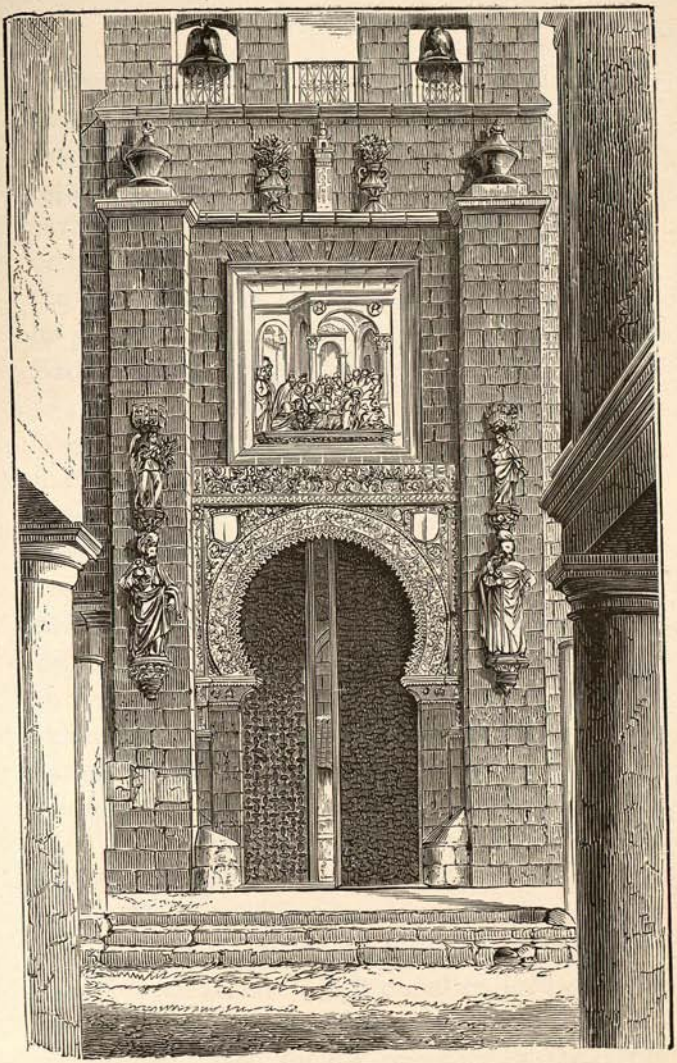
Good Friday was as solemn as the same day is at Rome or at Jerusalem. The Adoration of the Cross in the cathedral was very fine: but

women were not allowed to kiss it as in the Holy City. After that was over, some of the party, by the kind invitation of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier went to their private chapel, at St. Elmo, for the 'Three Hours' Agony,' being from twelve to three o'clock, or the hours when our Saviour hung upon the cross. It was a most striking and impressive service. The beautiful chapel was entirely hung with black, and pitch dark. On entering, it was impossible to see one's way among the kneeling figures on the floor, all, of course, in deep mourning. The sole light was very powerfully thrown on a most beautiful picture of the Crucifixion, in which the figures were the size of life. The sermon, or rather meditation, on the seven words of our Lord on the cross, was preached by the superior of the oratory of St. Philip Neri, a man of great eloquence and personal holiness. It would be impossible to exaggerate the beauty and pathos of two of these meditations: the one on the charity of our Blessed Lord, the other on His desolation. A long low sob burst from the hearts of his hearers at the conclusion of the latter. The wailing minor music between was equally beautiful and appropriate; it was as the lament of the angels over the lost, in spite of the tremendous sacrifice! At half-past three, the party returned to the

cathedral, where the services lasted till nine in the evening, and then came home in the state of mind and feeling so wonderfully represented by De la Roche, in the last portion of his 'Good Friday' picture. Beautifully does Faber exclaim: 'The hearts of the saints, like sea-shells, murmur of the Passion evermore.'

The Holy Saturday functions began soon after five the next morning, and were as admirably conducted as all the rest. Immense praise was due to the 'master of ceremonies,' who had arranged services so varied and so complicated with such perfect order and precision: and the conduct of the black-veiled kneeling multitude throughout was equally admirable; one and all seemed absorbed by the devotions of the time and season.

That evening, the Vigil of Easter, was spent in the cathedral by some of our party in much the same manner as they had done on a preceding one in the Holy City two years before. The night was lovely. The moon was streaming through the cloisters on the orange-trees of the beautiful 'patio,' across which the Giralda threw a deep sharp shadow, the silver light catching the tips of the arches, and shining with almost startling brightness on the 'Pietà' in the little wayside chapel at the south entrance of the court.



Doorway of Cathedral at Seville.

All spoke of beauty, and of peace, and of rest, and of stillness, and of the majesty of God. Inside the church were groups of black or veiled figures, mostly women, (were not women the first at the sepulchre?) kneeling before the tabernacle, or by the little lamps burning here and there in the side chapels. Each heart was pouring forth its secret burden of sorrow or of sin into the Sacred Heart which had been so lately pierced to receive it. At two in the morning matins began, 'Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus;' and after matins a magnificent Te Deum, pealed forth by those gigantic organs, and sung by the whole strength of the choir and by the whole body of voices of the crowd, which by that time had filled every available kneeling space in the vast cathedral. Then came a procession; all the choristers in red cassocks, with white cottas and little gold diadems. High mass followed, and then low masses at all the side altars, with hundreds of communicants, and the Russian salutation of 'Christ is risen!' on every tongue. It was 'a night to be remembered,' as indeed was all this Holy Week: and now people seemed too happy to speak; joy says short words and few ones. Many have asked: 'Is it equal to Jerusalem or Rome?' In point of services, 'Yes;' in point of interest, 'No:' for the presence of the Holy

Father in the one place, and the vividness of recollection which the actual scenes of our Blessed Lord's Passion inspires in the other, must ever make the Holy and Eternal Cities things apart and sacred from all besides. But nowhere else can 'fonctions' be seen in such perfection or with such solemnity as at Seville. Everything is reverently and well done, and nothing has changed in the ceremonial for the last 300 years.

A domestic sorrow had closed the palace of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier as far as their receptions were concerned; but they kindly gave our party permission to see both house and gardens, which well deserve a visit. The palace itself reminded them a little of the Duc d'Aumale's at Twickenham; not in point of architecture, but in its beautiful and interesting contents; in its choice collections of pictures, and books, and works of art, and in the general tone which pervaded the whole. There are two exquisite Murillos; a 'St. Joseph' and a 'Holy Family;' a Divino Morales; a 'Pietà;' some beautiful Zurbarans; and some very clever and characteristic sketches by Goya. They have some curious historical portraits also, and some very pretty modern pictures. The rooms and passages abound in beautiful cabinets, rare china,

sets of armor, African trappings, and Oriental costumes. In the snug low rooms looking on the garden, and reminding one of Sion or of Chiswick, there are little fountains in the centre of each, combining Oriental luxury and freshness with European comfort. The gardens are delicious. They contain a magnificent specimen of the 'palma regis,' and quantities of rare and beautiful shrubs; also an aviary of curious and scarce birds. You wander for ever through groves of orange, and palms, and aloes, and under trellises covered with luxuriant creepers and clustering roses, with a feeling of something like envy at the climate, which seems to produce everything with comparatively little trouble or culture. To be sure there is 'le revers de la médaille,' when the scorching July sun has burnt up all this lovely vegetation. But the spring in the garden of St. Elmo is a thing to dream about.

From this enjoyable palace our party went on to visit 'Pilate's House,' so called because built by Don Enrique de Ribera, of the exact proportions of the original, in commemoration of his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1519. It is now the property of the Duque de Medina Sidonia. Passing into a cool 'patio,' you see a black cross, marking the first of the stations

of a very famous Via Crucis, which begins here and ends at the Cruz del Campo outside the town. There is a pretty little chapel opening out of the 'patio,' ornamented with Alhambra work, as is all the rest of this lovely little moresque palace. It is a thorough bit of Damascus, with its wonderful arabesqued ceilings, and lace-like carvings on the walls and staircases, and cloistered 'patios,' and marble floors and fountains. Behind is a little garden full of palms, orange-trees, and roses in full flower, and, at the time our travellers saw it, carpeted with Neapolitan violets; quaint low hedges, as in the Alcazar gardens, divided the beds, and broken sculpture lay here and there.

One of the great treasures of Seville had yet been unvisited by our party, and that was the Lonja, formerly the Exchange, a noble work of Herrera's. It stands between the cathedral and the Alcazar, and is built in the shape of a great quadrangle, each side being about 200 feet wide. Ascending the fine marble staircase, they came to the long 'sala' containing the famous 'Indian Archives,' that is, all the letters and papers concerning the discovery of America. There are thousands of MS. letters, beautifully arranged and dock-

eted; and among them the autographs of Fernando Cortes, Pizarro, Magellan, Americo Vespuzio, (who could not write his own name, and signed with a mark,) Fra Bartolomeo de las Casas, and many others. There is also the original Bull of the Pope, granting the new South American discoveries to the Spaniards; and another, defining the rights between the Spaniards and the Portuguese in the matter of the conquered lands. The librarian, a very intelligent and good-natured personage, also showed them a curious list, sent home and signed by Fernando Cortes, of the silks, painted calabashes, feathers, and costumes presented by him to the king; and a quantity of autograph letters of Charles V., Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip IV. Fernando Cortes died at Castilleja, on December 3, 1547, and the following day his body was transported to the family vault of the Duque de Medina Sidonia, in the monastery of San Isidoro del Campo. The Duc de Montpensier has purchased the house, and made a collection of everything belonging to the great discoverer, including his books, his letters, various objects of natural history, and some very curious portraits, not only of Cortes himself, but of Christopher Columbus,

Pizarro, Magellan, the Marques del Valle, (of the Sicilian family of Monteleone,) Bernal Diaz, Velasquez, of the historian of the conquest of Mexico, Don Antonio Solis, and many others.

In the afternoon, the Marques de P—— called for our travellers to take them to the University, and to introduce them to the rector and to the librarian, whose name was the well-deserved one of Don José Bueno, a most clever and agreeable man, whose pure Castilian accent made his Spanish perfectly intelligible to his English visitors. He very good-naturedly undertook to show them all the most interesting MSS. himself, together with some beautiful missals, rare first editions of various classical works, and some very clever etchings of Goya's of bull fights and ladies—the latter of doubtful propriety. In the church belonging to the University are some fine pictures by Roelas and Alonso Caño, some beautiful carvings by Montanés, and several very fine monuments. In the rector's own room is a magnificent 'St. Jerome,' by Lucas Kranach the finest work of that artist that exists There are 1,200 students in this University, which rivals that of Salamanca in importance.

Taking leave of the kind librarian, the Marques de P—— went on to show them a private collection of pictures belonging to the Marques Cessera. Amidst a quantity of rubbish were a magnificent 'Crucifixion,' by Alonso Caño ; a Crucifix, painted on wood, by Murillo, for an infirmary, and concealed by a Franciscan during the French occupation in 1812; a Zurbaran, with his own signature in the corner; and, above all, a 'Christ bound with the Crown of Thorns,' by Murillo, which is the gem of the whole collection, and perfectly beautiful, both in coloring and expression.

Coming home, they went to see the house to which Murillo was taken after his accident at Cadiz, and where he finally died; also the site of his original burial, before his body was removed to the cathedral where it now rests.

But one of the principal charms of our travellers' residence in Seville has not yet been mentioned; and that was their acquaintance, through the kind Bishop of Antinoe, with Fernan Caballero. She may be called the Lady Georgiana Fullerton of Spain, in the sense of refinement of taste and catholicity of feeling. But her works are less what are commonly called novels than pictures of home life in Spain, like

Hans Andersen's 'Improvisatore,' or Tourgeneff's 'Scènes de la Vie en Russie.'

This charming lady, by birth a German on the father's side, and by marriage connected with all the 'bluest blood' in Spain, lives in apartments given her by the queen in the palace of the Alcazar. Great trials and sorrows have not dimmed the fire of her genius or extinguished one spark of the loving charity which extends itself to all that suffer. Her tenderness toward animals, unfortunately a rare virtue in Spain, is one of her marked characteristics. She has lately been striving to establish a society in Seville for the prevention of cruelty to animals, after the model of the London one, and often told one of our party that she never left her home without praying that she might not see or hear any ill-usage to God's creatures. She is no longer young, but still preserves traces of a beauty which in former years made her the admiration of the court. Her playfulness and wit, always tempered by a kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and her agreeableness in conversation, seem only to have increased with lengthened experience of people and things. Nothing was pleasanter than to sit in the corner of her little drawing-room, or, still better, in her tiny study, and hear her pour out anecdote after

anecdote of Spanish life and Spanish peculiarities, especially among the poor. But if one wished to excite her, one had but to touch on questions regarding her faith and the so-called 'progress' of her country. Then all her Andalusian blood would be roused, and she would declaim for hours in no measured terms against the spoliation of the monasteries, those centres of education and civilization in the villages and outlying districts; against the introduction of schools without religion, and colleges without faith; and the propagation of infidel opinions through the current literature of the day.

Previous acquaintance with the people had already made some of our travellers aware of the justice of many of her remarks. Catholicism in Spain is not merely the religion of the people; *it is their life.* It is so mixed up with their common expressions and daily habits that, at first, there seems to a stranger almost an irreverence in their ways. It is not till you get thoroughly at home, both with them and their language, that you begin to perceive that holy familiarity, if one may so speak, with our Divine Lord and His Mother which impregnates their lives and colors all their actions. Theirs is a world of traditions, which familiarity from the cradle have turned into faith, and for that faith

they are ready to die. Ask a Spanish peasant why she plants rosemary in her garden? She will directly tell you that it was on a rosemary-bush that the Blessed Virgin hung our Saviour's clothes out to dry as a baby. Why will a Spaniard never shoot a swallow? Because it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as He hung on the cross. Why does the owl no longer sing? Because he was by when our Saviour expired, and since then his only cry is 'Crux! crux!' Why are dogs so often called Melampo in Spain? Because it was the name of the dog of the shepherds who worshipped at the manger at Bethlehem. What is the origin of the red rose? A drop of the Saviour's blood fell on the white roses growing at the foot of the cross—and so on, for ever! Call it folly, superstition—what you will. You will never eradicate it from the heart of the people, for it is as their flesh and blood, and their whole habits of thought, manners and customs, run in the same groove. They have, like the Italians, a wonderful talent for 'improvising' both stories and songs; but the same beautiful thread of tender piety runs through the whole.

One day Fernan Caballero told them an old beggar was sitting on the steps of the Alcazar:

two or three children, tired of play, came and sat by him, and asked him, child-like, for 'a story.' He answered as follows:—'There was once a hermit, who lived in a cave near the sea. He was a very good and charitable man, and he heard that in a village on the mountain above there was a very bad fever, and that no one would go and nurse the people for fear of infection. So up he toiled, day after day, to tend the sick, and look after their wants. At last he began to get tired, and to think it would be far better if he were to move his hermitage up the hill, and save himself the daily toil. As he walked up one day, turning this idea over in his mind, he heard some one behind him saying: "One, two, three." He looked round, and saw no one. He walked on, and again heard: "Four, five, six, seven." Turning short round this time, he beheld one in white and glistening raiment, who gently spoke as follows: "I am your guardian angel, and am *counting the steps which you take for Christ's poor.*"'

The children understood the drift of it as well as you or I, reader! and this is a sample of their daily talk. Their reverence for age is also a striking and touching characteristic. The poorest beggar is addressed by them as 'tio' or 'tia,' answering to our 'daddy' or 'granny;' and should

one pass their cottage as they are sitting down to their daily meal, they always rise and offer him a place, and ask him to say grace for them, 'echar la benedicion.' They are indeed a most lovable race, and their very pride increases one's respect for them. Often in their travels did one of the party lose her way, either in going to some distant church in the early morning or in visiting the sick; and often was she obliged to have recourse to her bad Spanish to be put in the right road. An invariable courtesy, and generally an insistence on accompanying her home, was the result. But if any money or fee were offered for the service, the indignant refusal, or, still worse, the *hurt* look which the veriest child would put on at what it considered the height of insult and unkindness, very soon cured her of renewing the attempt.

Another touching trait in their character is their intense reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. In the great ceremonies of the church, or when it is passing down the street to a sick person, the same veneration is shown. One day, one of the English ladies was buying some photographs in a shop, and the tradesman was explaining to her the different prices and sizes of each, when, all of a sudden, he stopped short, exclaiming: 'Sua Maestà viene!' and leaving the

astonished lady at the counter, rushed out of his shop-door. She, thinking it was the royalties, who were then at the Alcazar, went out too to look, when, to her pleasure and surprise, she saw the shopman and all the rest of the world, gentle and simple, kneeling reverently in the mud before the messenger of the Great King, who was bearing the Host to a dying man. On the day when it is carried processionally to the hospitals, (one of which is the first Sunday after Easter,) every window and balcony is 'parata,' or hung with red, as in Italy at the passage of the Holy Father; every one throws flowers and bouquets on the baldachino, and that to such an extent that the choir-boys are forced to carry great clothes-baskets to receive them: the people declare that the very horses kneel! The feast of Corpus Christi was unfortunately not witnessed by our travellers. Calderon, in his 'Autos Sacramentales,' speaking of it, says:

> Que en el gran dia de Dios,
> Quien no está loco, no es cuerdo!

Here is indeed 'a voice from the land of Faith.' The choir on the occasion dance before the Host a dance so solemn, so suggestive, and so peculiar, that no one who has witnessed it can speak of it without emotion. Fernan Caballero

talked much also of the great purity of morals among the peasantry. Infanticide, that curse of England, is *absolutely unknown in Spain;* whether from the number of foundling hospitals, or from what other reasons, we leave it to the political economist to discover. A well known Spanish writer describes the women as having 'Corazones delectos, minas de amores,' and being 'puros y santos modelos de esposas y de madres.'* They are also wonderfully cleanly, both in their houses and in their persons. There are never any bad smells in the streets or lodgings. Fleas abound from the great heat; but no other vermin is to be met with either in the inns or beds, or in visiting among the sick poor, in all of which they form a marked contrast to the Italian peasantry, and, I fear we must add, to the English!

Their courtesy toward one another is also widely different from the ordinary gruff, boorish intercourse of our own poor people; and the very refusal to a beggar, 'Perdone, Usted, por Dios, hermano!'† speaks of the same gentle consideration for the feelings of their neighbors

* Exceptional hearts, mines of love, and being pure and holy models of wives and mothers.

† Forgive me, for the love of God, brother!

which characterizes the race and emanates from that divine charity which dwells not only on their lips but in their hearts. One peculiarity in their conversation has not yet been alluded to, and that is their passion for proverbs. They cannot frame a sentence without one, and they are mostly such as illustrate the kindly, trustful, pious nature of the people. '*Haz lo bien, y no mira á quien.*' (Do good, and don't look to whom.) '*Quien no es agradecido, no es bien nacido.*' (He who is not courteous is not well born.) '*Cosa cumplida solo en la otra vida.*' (The end of all things is only seen in the future life.) And so on *ad infinitum.*

No description of Seville would be complete without mention of the 'patio,' so important a feature in every Andalusian house; and no words can be so good for the purpose as those of Fernan Caballero, which we translate almost literally from her 'Alvareda Family:'

'The house was spacious and scrupulously clean; on each side of the door was a bench of stone. In the porch hung a little lamp before the image of our Lord, in a niche over the entrance, according to the Catholic custom of placing all things under holy protection. In the middle was the "patio," a necessity to the Andalusian; and in the centre of this spa-

cious court an enormous orange-tree raised its leafy head from its robust and clean trunk. For an infinity of generations had this beautiful tree been a source of delight to the family. The women made tonic concoctions of its leaves, the daughters adorned themselves with its flowers, the boys cooled their blood with its fruits, the birds made their home in its boughs. The rooms opened out of the "patio," and borrowed their light from thence. This "patio" was the centre of all—the "home," the place of gathering when the day's work was over. The orange-tree loaded the air with its heavy perfume, and the waters of the fountain fell in soft showers on the marble basin, fringed with the delicate maiden-hair fern; and the father, leaning against the tree, smoked his "cigarro de papel;" and the mother sat at her work; while the little ones played at her feet, the eldest resting his head on a big dog, which lay stretched at full length on the cool marble slabs. All was still, and peaceful and beautiful.'

Italica, Seville.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSIONS NEAR SEVILLE.

THE excursions in the neighborhood of Seville are full of beauty and interest of various kinds. One of the first undertaken by our travellers was to the ruins of Italica, the ancient Seville, formerly an important Roman city, and the birthplace of Trajan and of Adrian. In the church, half convent and half fortress, are two very fine statues of St. Isidore and St. Jerome, by Montanés. Here St. Isidore began his studies. He was hopelessly dull and slow, and was tempted to give up the whole thing in despair, when one day, being in a brown study, his eye fell on an old well, the marble sides of which were worn into grooves by the continual friction of the cord which let down the bucket. 'If a cord can thus indent marble,' he said to himself, 'why should not constant study and perseverance make an impression on my mind?'

His resolution was taken, and he became the light of his age and country. The well which gave him this useful lesson is still shown near the south door of the church. Here also is the monument of Doña Uraca Osorio, a lady who was burnt to death by order of King Pedro the Cruel, for having resisted his addresses. The flames having consumed the lower part of her dress, her faithful maid rushed into the fire, and died in endeavoring to conceal her mistress. In the sacristy is a very curious Byzantine picture of the Virgin. Leaving the church, our party went on to the amphitheatre, which has recently been excavated, and must have contained ten or twelve thousand people. A fine mosaic has lately been discovered, which evidently formed part of the ancient pavement. The custode was a character, and lived in a primitive little cabin at the entrance of the circus: a moss bed and a big cat seemed the only furniture. He was very proud of his tiny garden, poor old man! and of his wall-flowers, of which he gave the ladies a large bunch, together with a few silver coins which had been dug up in the excavations.

On their way home they passed by a cemetery in which was a very beautiful, though simple, marble cross. On it were engraved these three lines :—

Creo en Dios.
Espero en Dios.
Amo á Dios.

It was the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot, but what people call a 'natural.' Good, simple, humble, every one loved him; but no one could teach him anything. His intelligence was in some way at fault. He could remember nothing. In vain the poor mother put him first to school, and then to a trade; he could not learn. At last, in despair, she took him to a neighboring monastery, and implored the abbot, who was a most charitable, holy man, to take him in and keep him as a lay brother. Touched by her grief, the abbot consented, and the boy entered the convent. There, all possible pains were taken with him by the good monks to give him at least some ideas of religion; but he could remember nothing but these three sentences. Still, he was so patient, so laborious, and so good, that the community decided to keep him. When he had finished his hard out-of-door work, instead of coming in to rest, he would go straight to the church, and there remain on his knees for hours. 'But what does he do?' exclaimed one of the novices. 'He does not know how to pray. He neither understands the office, nor the sacra-

ments, nor the ceremonies of the Church' They therefore hid themselves in a side chapel, close to where he always knelt, and watched him when he came in. Devoutly kneeling, with his hands clasped, his eyes fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing but repeat over and over again: 'Creo en Dios; espero en Dios; amo á Dios.' One day he was missing: they went to his cell, and found him dead on the straw, with his hands joined and an expression of the same ineffable peace and joy they had remarked on his face when in church. They buried him in this quiet cemetery, and the abbot caused these words to be graven on his cross. Soon, a lily was seen flowering by the grave, where no one had sown it; the grave was opened, and the root of the flower was found in the heart of the orphan boy.*

Another morning our party visited the Cartucha, the once magnificent Carthusian convent, with its glorious ruined church and beautiful and extensive orange-gardens. Now all is deserted. The only thing remaining of the church is a fine west wall and rose-window, with a chapel which the proprietor has preserved for the use of his work-people, and in the choir of which are some finely carved wooden

* This anecdote is from the lips of Fernan Caballero.

stalls; the rest have been removed to Cadiz, where they form the great ornament of the cathedral. Here and there are some fine 'azulejos,' and a magnificently carved doorway, speaking of glories long since departed. This convent, once the very centre of all that was most cultivated and literary in Spain, a museum of painting, architecture, and sculpture, is now converted into a porcelain manufactory, where a good-natured Englishman has run up a tall chimney, and makes ugly cheap pots and pans to suit the tastes and pockets of the Sevillians. Oh! for this age of 'progress.' It is fair to say that the proprietor, who kindly accompanied the party over the building, and into the beautiful gardens, and to the ruined pagoda or summer-house, lamented that no encouragement was given by the Spanish nobles of the present day to any species of taste or beauty in design, and that his attempts to introduce a higher class of china, in imitation of Minton's, had met with decided failure; no one would buy anything so dear. They had imported English workmen and modellers in the first instance; but he said that the Spaniards were apt scholars, and had quickly learned the trade, so that his workmen are now almost exclusively from the country itself. The only pretty thing our tra-

vellers could find, which was kindly presented to one of the party, was one of the cool, picturesque-shaped bottles made, like the 'goolehs' of Egypt, of porous clay, which maintains the coldness and freshness of any liquid poured into it.

Among the many charming expeditions from Seville, is one to Castilleja, (the village before alluded to as the scene of the death of Fernan Cortes,) through the fertile plains and vineyards of Aljarafa. Here begins the region which the Romans called the Gardens of Hercules. It produces one of the best and rarest wines in Spain: the plants having been originally brought from Flanders by a poor soldier named Pedro Ximenes, who discovered that the Rhine vines, when transplanted to the sunny climate of Andalusia, lose their acidity, and yield the luscious fruit which still bears his name. In the centre of this fertile plain stands a small house and garden, to which is attached one of those tales of crime, divine vengeance, and godlike forgiveness, which are so characteristic of the people and country. About twenty years ago it was inhabited by a family consisting of a man named Juan Pedro Alfaro, with his wife, and a son of nineteen or twenty. Their quiet and peaceable lives were spent in cultivating

their vineyard and selling its produce in the neighboring town. They were good and respectable people, living in peace with their neighbors, and perfectly contented with their occupation and position. One thing only was felt as a grievance. A lawyer, of the character of the 'Attorney Case' in our childhood's story, had lately started an obnoxious new tax on every cargo of wine brought into the city; and this tax, being both unjust and illegal, they resolved to dispute. One day, therefore, when the good man and his son were driving their mules to market with their fruity burden, they were stopped by the attorney, who demanded the usual payment. The younger man firmly but respectfully refused, stating his reasons. The attorney tried first fair words, and then foul, without effect, upon which he vowed to be revenged. The son, pointing to his Albacetan poniard, on which was the inscription, 'I know how to defend my master,' defied his vengeance; and so they parted.

But never again was the poor wife and mother's heart gladdened by the sight of their returning faces. In vain she waited, hour after hour, that first terrible evening. The mules returned, but masterless. Then, beside herself with fear, the poor woman rushed off to the

town to make enquiries as to their fate. No one knew anything further than that they had been at Seville the day before, had sold their wine for a good price, and been seen, as usual, returning cheerfully home. She then went to the Audiencia, or legal supreme court of the city, where the magistrates, touched by her tale, and alarmed also at the disappearance of the men, who were known throughout the country for their high character and respectability, caused a rigorous search to be made in the whole neighborhood; but in vain. No trace of them could be discovered. By degrees the excitement in the town on the subject passed away, and the poor muleteers were forgotten; but in the heart of the widowed mother there could be no rest and no peace The mystery in which their fate was involved was so inexplicable that the hope of their return, however faint, would not die out: and for twenty years she spent her life and her substance in seeking for her dear lost ones. At last, reduced to utter misery, and worn out both in mind and body, she was forced to beg her daily bread of the charity of the peasants: the 'bolsa de Dios,' as the people poetically call it, a 'bolsa' which, to do the Spaniards justice, is never empty. The little children would bring her

eggs and pennies; the fathers and husbands would give her a corner by the 'brasero' in winter, or under the vine-covered trellis in summer; the wives and mothers knew what had brought her to such misery, and had ever an extra loaf or a dish of 'garbanzos' set aside for the 'Madre Ana,' as she was called by the villagers. She, humble, prayerful, hopeful, ever grateful for the least kindness, and willing in any way to oblige others, at last fell dangerously ill. The curé, who had been striving to calm and soothe that sorely tried soul, was one day leaving her cottage, when his attention was attracted by a crowd of people, with the mayor at their head, who were hurrying toward an olive wood near the village. He followed, and, to his horror, found that the cause of the sensation was the discovery of two human skeletons under an olive-tree, the finger of one of which was pointing through the earth to heaven, as if for vengeance. The mayor ordered the earth to be removed: the surgeon examined the bodies, and gave it as his opinion that they must have been dead many years. But on examining the clothes, a paper was found which a waterproof pocket had preserved from decay. The attorney, who was likewise present, seized it; but no sooner had his eyes lighted on the words, than he fell

backwards in a swoon. 'What is the matter? what has he read?' exclaimed the bystanders as with one voice. 'It is a certificate such as used to be carried by our muleteers,' exclaimed the mayor, taking the paper from the lawyer's hand; and opening it, he read out loud the following words: '*Pass for Juan Pedro Alfaro.*'

Here, then, was the unravelling of the terrible mystery: the men had evidently been murdered on their way home. The attorney recovered from his fainting fit, but fever followed, and in his delirium he did nothing but exclaim, 'It is not I!—my hands are free from blood. It is Juan Caño and Joseph Salas.' These words, repeated by the people, caused the arrest of the two men named, who no sooner found themselves in the hands of justice than they confessed their crime, and described how, having been incited to do so by the attorney, they had shot both Juan Alfaro and his son, from behind some olive-trees, on their way home from market, had robbed, and afterwards buried them in the place where the bodies had been found. Sentence of death was passed upon the murderers, while the attorney was condemned to hard labor for life, and to witness, with a rope round his neck, the execution of his accomplices in the fatal deed. The poor 'Madre Ana' had hardly

recovered from her severe illness when these terrible events transpired. The indignation of the peasantry, and their compassion for her, knew no bounds : they would have torn the attorney in pieces if they could. The widow herself, overwhelmed with grief at this confirmation of her worst fears, remained silent as the grave. At last, when those around her were breathing nothing but maledictions on the heads of the murderers, and counting the days to the one fixed for the execution of their sentence, she suddenly spoke, and asked that the curé should be sent for. He at once obeyed the summons. She raised herself in the bed with some effort, and then said: 'My father, is it not true that, if pardon be implored for a crime by the one most nearly related to the victims, the judges generally mitigate the severity of the punishment?' He replied in the affirmative. 'Then to-morrow,' she replied, 'I will go to Seville.' 'God bless you ! my daughter,' replied the old priest, much moved ; 'the pardon you have so freely given in your heart will be more acceptable to God than the deaths of these men.' A murmur of surprise and admiration, and yet of hearty approval, passed through the lips of the bystanders. The next day, mounted carefully by the peasants on their best mule, the poor

widow arrived at the Audiencia. Her entrance caused a stir and an emotion in the whole court. Bent with age, and worn with sickness and misery, she advanced in front of the judges, who, seeing her extreme weakness, instantly ordered a comfortable chair to be brought for her. But the effort had been too much; she could not speak. The judge, then addressing her, said: 'Señora, is it true that you are come to plead for the pardon of Juan Caño and Joseph Salas, convicted of the assassination of your husband and son? and also for the pardon of the lawyer who, by his instigation, led them to commit the crime?' She bowed her head in token of assent. A murmur of admiration and pity spread through the court; and a relation of the lawyer's, who saw his family thus rescued from the last stage of degradation, eagerly bent forward, exclaiming: 'Señora, do not fear for your future. I swear that every want of yours shall henceforth be provided for.'

The momentary feebleness of the woman now passed away. She rose to her full height, and casting on the speaker a look of mingled indignation and scorn, exclaimed: 'You offer me payment for my pardon? I do not *sell* the blood of my son!'

No account of 'life in Seville' would be com-

plete without a bull-fight, 'corrida de toros;' and so one afternoon saw our travellers in a tolerably spacious loggia on the shady side of the circus, preparing, though with some qualms of conscience, to see, for the first time, this, the great national sport of Spain. The roof of the cathedral towered above the arena, and the sound of the bells just ringing for vespers made at least one of the party regret the decision which had led her to so uncongenial a place. But it was too late to recede. No one could escape from the mass of human beings tightly wedged on every side, all eager for the fight. Partly, perhaps, owing to the mourning and consequent absence of the court, there were very few ladies; which it is to be hoped is also a sign that the 'corrida' has no longer such attractions for them. Presently the trumpets sounded. One of the barriers which enclosed the arena was thrown open, and in came a procession of 'toreros,' 'banderilleros,' and 'chulos,' all attired in gay and glittering costumes, chiefly blue and silver, the hair of each tied in a net, with a great bow behind, and with tight pink silk stockings and buckled shoes. With them came the 'picadores,' dressed in yellow, with large broad-brimmed hats and iron-cased legs, riding the most miserable horses that could be

seen, but which, being generally thoroughbred, arched their necks and endeavored, poor beasts! to show what once they had been. They were blindfolded, without which they could not have been induced to face the bull. The procession stopped opposite the president's box, when the principal 'torero' knelt and received in his hat the key of the bull's den, which was forthwith opened; and now the sport began. A magnificent brownish-red animal dashed out into the centre of the arena, shaking his crest and looking round him as if to defy his adversaries, pawing the ground the while. The men were all watching him with intense eagerness. Suddenly the bull singled out one as his adversary, and made a dash at a 'banderillero' who was agitating a scarlet cloak to the left. The man vaulted over the wooden fence into the pit. The bull, foiled, and knocking his horns against the wooden palings with a force which seemed as if it would bring the whole thing down, now rushed at a 'picador' to the right, from whose lance he received a wound in the shoulder. But the bull, lowering his head, drove his horns right into the wretched horse's entrails, and, with almost miraculous strength, galloped with both horse and rider on his neck round the whole arena, finally dropping both, when the

'picador' was saved by the 'chulos,' but the horse was left to be still further gored by the bull, and then to die in agony on the sand. This kind of thing was repeated with one after the other, till the bull, exhausted and covered with lance wounds, paused as if to take breath. The 'banderilleros' chose this moment, and with great skill and address advanced in front of him, with their hands and arms raised, and threw forward arrows, ornamented with fringed paper, which they fixed into his neck. This again made him furious, and, in eager pursuit of one of his enemies, the poor beast leapt out of the arena over the six-feet high barrier into the very middle of the crowded pit. The 'sauve qui peut' may be imagined; but no one was hurt, and the din raised by the multitude seemed to have alarmed the bull, who trotted back quietly into the circus by a side-door which had been opened for the purpose. Now came the exciting moment. The judge gave the signal, and one of the most famous 'matadores,' Cuchares by name, beautifully dressed in blue and silver, and armed with a short sharp sword, advanced to give the death-blow. This requires both immense skill and great agility; and at this very moment, when our party were wound up to the highest pitch of interest and excitement, a simi-

lar scene had ended fatally for the 'matador' at Cadiz. But Cuchares seemed to play with his danger; and though the bull, mad with rage, pursued him with the greatest fury, tearing his scarlet scarf into ribbons, and nearly throwing down the wooden screens placed at the sides of the arena as places of refuge for the men when too closely pressed to escape in other ways, he chose a favorable moment, and leaping forward, dug his short sword right into the fatal spot above the shoulder. With scarcely a struggle, the noble beast fell, first on his knees, and then rolled over dead. The people cheered vociferously, the trumpets sounded. Four mules, gayly caparisoned, were driven furiously into the arena; the huge carcase, fastened to them by ropes, was dragged out, together with those of such of the horses as death had mercifully released, and then the whole thing began over again. Twenty horses and six bulls were killed in two hours and a half, and the more horrible the disembowelled state of the animals, the greater seemed the delight of the spectators. It is impossible, without disgusting our readers, to give a truthful description of the horrible state of the horses. One, especially, caused a sensation even among the 'habitués' of the ring. He belonged to one of the richest gentlemen in Seville,

had been his favorite hack, and was as well known in the Prado as his master. Yet this gentleman had the brutality, when the poor beast's work was ended, to condemn him to this terrible fate! The gallant horse, disembowelled as he was, *would not die:* he survived one bull after the other, though his entrails were hanging in festoons on their horns, and finally when the gates were opened to drag out the carcases of the rest, he managed to crawl away also—and to drag himself where? To the very door of his master's house, which he reached, and where he finally lay down and died. His instinct, unhappily wrong in this case, had evidently made him fancy that *there*, at any rate, he would have pity and relief from his agony: for the wounds inflicted by the horns of the bull are, it is said, horrible in their burning, smarting pain. Fernan Caballero was with the wife of a famous 'matador,' whose chest was transfixed by the bull at the moment when, thinking the beast's strength was spent, he had leant forward to deal the fatal stroke. He lingered for some hours, but in an agony which she said must have been seen to be believed. Generally speaking, however, such accidents to the men are very rare. Carlo Puerto, one of the 'picadores,' was killed last year by a very wary

bull, who turned suddenly, and catching him on his horns, in the stomach, ran with him in that way three times around the arena!—but that was the fault of the president, who had insisted on his attacking the bull in the centre of the ring, the 'picadores' always remaining close to the screen, so that their escape may be more easily managed. If the sport could be conducted, as it is said to be in Salamanca and in Portugal, without injury to the horses, the intense interest caused by a combat where the skill, intelligence, and agility of the man is pitted against the instinct, quickness, and force of the bull, would make it perhaps a legitimate as well as a most exciting amusement; but as it is at present conducted, it is simply horrible, and inexcusably cruel and revolting. It is difficult to understand how any woman can go to it a second time. The effect on the people must be brutalizing to a frightful extent, and accounts in a great measure for their utter absence of feeling for animals, especially horses and mules, which they ill-use in a manner perfectly shocking to an Englishman, and apparently without the slightest sense of shame. But there is no indication of this sport becoming less popular in Spain. Combats with 'novillos,' or young bulls, whose horns are tipped to avoid accidents,

are a common amusement among the young aristocracy, who are said to bet frightfully on their respective favorites; and thus the taste is fostered from their cradles.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AND CONVENTS OF SEVILLE.

A FEW days after the Holy Week, our travellers decided on visiting some of the far-famed charitable institutions of Seville; and taking the kind and benevolent Padre B—— as their interpreter, they went first to the Hospital del Sangre, or of the 'Five Wounds,' a magnificent building of the sixteenth century, with a Doric façade 600 feet long, a beautiful portal, and a 'patio,' in the centre of which is the church, a fine building, built in the shape of a Latin cross, and containing one or two good Zurbarans. There are between 300 and 400 patients; and in addition to the large wards, there are—what is so much needed in our great London hospitals, and which we have before alluded to at Madrid—a number of nicely-furnished little separate rooms for a higher class of patients, who pay about two shillings a day, and

have both the skill of the doctors and the tender care of the Sisters of Charity, instead of being neglected in their own homes. There was a poor priest in one of these apartments, in another a painter, and in a third a naval captain, a Swede, and so on. The hospital is abundantly supplied with everything ordered by the doctors, including wine, brandy, chickens, or the like; and in this respect is a great contrast to that at Malaga, where the patients literally die for want of the necessary extra diets and stimulants which the parsimony of the administration denies them. In each quadrangle is a nice garden, with seats and fountains, and full of sweet flowers, where the patients, when well enough, can sit out and enjoy the sunshine. There is not the slightest *hospital smell* in any one of the wards. The whole is under the administration of the Spanish Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul; and knowing that, no surprise was felt at the perfection of the 'lingerie,' or the admirable arrangement and order of the hospital. They have a touching custom when one of the patients is dying, and has received the viaticum, to place above his head a special cross, so that he may be left undisturbed by casual visitors. The sisters have a little oratory upstairs, near the women's ward, beautifully fitted up. An air of

refinement, of comfort, and of *home*, pervades the whole establishment.

Close to this hospital is the old tower where St. Hermengilde was put to death, on Easter eve, by order of his unnatural father, because he would not join the Arian heresy, or receive his paschal communion from the hands of an Arian bishop. This was in the sixth century: and is not the same persecution, and for the same cause, going on in Poland in the nineteenth? * The old Gothic tower still remains, and in it his close dungeon. A church has been built adjoining; but the actual prison remains intact. There are some good pictures in the church, especially a Madonna by Murillo; and a clever picture of St. Ignatius in his room, meditating on his conversion. There is also a fine statue of St.

* The manner in which, during this very last Easter, the poor Polish Catholics have been treated and forced to receive schismatical communions through a system of treachery unparalleled in the annals of the Church, is unfortunately not sufficiently known in England, where alone public opinion could be brought to bear on the instigators of such tyranny. The strife between Russia and Poland has ceased to be anything but a religious struggle; Russia is determined to quench Catholicism out of the land. But the cry of hundreds of exiled pastors of the flock is rising to heaven from the forests and mines of Siberia; in the Holy Sacrifice (offered in earthenware cups on common stones) they still plead for their people before the Throne of the Great Intercessor. And that cry and those prayers will be answered in God's own time and way.