There are several fine portraits by Van Dyck and Antonio Moro in these rooms, many of which, however, are of persons whose names are now unknown.

No. 1282.—CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND. (*Van Dyck.*)

When Charles had been some time in Spain, a report was spread that he meant to quit Madrid secretly, fearing for his personal safety. To this rumour the Prince replied with calm dignity, that "Love had brought him there, and it was not fear that would drive him away."

No. 1241.—CATHERINE, WIFE OF JOHN III. KING OF PORTUGAL. (*Antonio Moro.*)

Catherine was sister to the Emperor Charles V. Her husband, John III., King of Portugal, was brother to the Empress Isabella. Their daughter, Maria, was the first wife of Philip II.: she died in giving birth to the unfortunate Don Carlos.

No. 1258.—JUANA OF AUSTRIA. (*Antonio Moro.*)

This Princess was the daughter of Charles V. and the Empress Isabella. She married her cousin, Prince Juan of Portugal, the eldest son of John III. and Catherine: his early death left her a widow with one child. Juana returned to Spain after the death of her husband, leaving her infant son, Don Sebastian, to the care of his grandfather.

Though scarcely twenty years old, to Juana was entrusted the regency of Spain during the absence of her brother Philip in England. At twenty-three she

retired into a convent of barefooted nuns. She died before her son, who succeeded to the throne of Portugal on the death of his grandfather (John III.).

The romantic story of Don Sebastian and his early death, fighting against the African Moors, form a page in history almost as exciting in interest as the fate of Don Carlos. On the death of his nephew, Philip II. despatched an army into Portugal, and secured the crown for himself.

No. 1376.—THE INFANTA MARY OF PORTUGAL. (*Antonio Moro.*)

The princess was the daughter of Emmanuel the Great, King of Portugal, and Eleanor, sister of Charles V.

She was the princess rejected by Philip II. for Mary of England, an insult which was never forgiven.

Her mother, Eleanor, became the wife of the French king, Francis I., after the death of Emmanuel her first husband. It is related of Eleanor that, passing through Dijon, she visited the tombs of the Burgundian princes, from whom she was descended. True to the instinct of her race, she had the coffins opened, and on seeing the carefully preserved features, was struck by the peculiar formation of jaw—the distinctive feature of her family—transmitted, as she now discovered, from the Burgundian princes, through her grandmother, Mary of Burgundy.

When widowed for the second time, Eleanor returned to Spain to be near the Emperor, and with the

hope of having the society of her daughter, to whom she was tenderly attached; but Mary of Avis would not be persuaded to leave Portugal for Spain, which she hated. She so far relented as to visit her mother once for the space of three weeks, but when informed shortly afterwards that her mother was dying, she refused again to cross the frontier. The Infanta Mary ended her days in a convent in Portugal.

No. 1575.—"THE PIOUS ACT OF RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG." (*Rubens.*)

It is related that Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, the great ancestor of the House of Austria, whilst out hunting, met in a wood a priest and his sacristan carrying the viaticum. Rudolph, with pious ardour, immediately dismounted, making his squire do the same, saying, "It ill befits me to ride, whilst the bearer of the body of my Lord walks on foot." The priest was then placed on Rudolph's horse, and the sacristan on that of the squire, and thus they were led to the house of the sick person, which is seen in the distance. In the picture the sacristan, with comic fear, clutches the collar of the page to keep himself from falling, whilst the priest sits, grave and reverent, holding the viaticum before him. Count Rudolph, with eyes bent on the ground, walks by his side: with something, however, of self-righteousness in his looks, as if conscious of the "piety" of the act.

No. 407.—THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS. (*Rubens.*)

The hand of the Saviour is raised in the act of

blessing the bread; one disciple has risen, nothing doubting, and reverently uncovers his head in the presence of his Lord and Master; the other yet sits, with look of wonderment, half convinced and half afraid. A parrot, with gorgeous plumage, looks down upon the scene from an arched gallery, whilst a dog, with truer intelligence than man, gives full token of joyful recognition. The picture is marred by the unwarrantable introduction of the coarse form of the man of the house.

No. 1515.—Sir Thomas More. (*Rubens.*)

It is interesting to find in this gallery the portrait of our Lord High Chancellor. It was of the home of Sir Thomas More that Erasmus says, "No wrangling, no angry word was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness."

The conscience of More, the devout Catholic, would not permit him to lend his authority to the divorce of his master, Henry VIII., from Catherine of Aragon. He therefore requested permission to retire from his office of Chancellor, when the marriage of the king with Anne Boleyn was about to take place.

Henry, who at one period professed such love for More, that he would follow him to his quiet home at Chelsea, and walk with him in his garden, with his arm around his neck—now resolved upon punishing him for his persistence in refusing to take the oath, in which Anne Boleyn was styled "his lawful wife,

Queen Anne." More was committed to the Tower. His daughter, Margaret Roper, fearless of danger to herself, watched for his arrival at the Tower wharf, and making her way through the soldiers, fell on her knees before him, and craved his blessing. In July, 1535, More was beheaded, and his head stuck on a pole on London Bridge!

When the Emperor, Charles V., heard of his execution, he sent for the English ambassador (Sir T. Elyot) and asked if it were true that the king, his master, had put his wise counsellor, Sir Thomas More, to death? The ambassador knew not what to reply. "It is too true," continued the Emperor, "and this we will say, that if we had been master of such a servant, we should rather have lost the best city in our dominions than such a worthy counsellor!"

Here we close our short notice of the Museo of Madrid. No one can leave this Royal Gallery, which "like a king's daughter, is all glorious within," without carrying away a deep and lasting impression.

The Spanish painters were in most instances essentially religious, and to the devout mind their works possess great attraction and power. To the historian this Gallery presents a complete illustration of the most eventful period of Spanish history; and to the lover of sacred and historic art no collection in Europe can afford a deeper interest or purer enjoyment.

From the Museo we proceeded to the

ACADEMIA DE SAN FERNANDO, IN THE CALLE DE ALCALA,

where are three of Murillo's most famous pictures. The first to be remarked is

El Tiñoso.

This picture was painted for the Hospital of "La Caridad" at Seville, from whence it ought never to have been removed.

In the centre stands St. Elizabeth of Hungary, attended by her ladies: whilst in the foreground are four or five poor wretched beings with open wounds, halt and maimed, waiting to be relieved.

On the head of St. Elizabeth is a small crown of gold, falling from which is the long white veil of a nun. With compassionate hands the gentle princess is washing the head of a leprous boy, who gives the name to the picture. No shade of disgust mars the act of self-renouncement; the expression on her calm young face is that of pity, mingled with divine charity; for in that labour of love she "sees Him who is invisible," and her "inward ear devout" hears those words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

St. Elizabeth lived in the thirteenth century: she was the daughter of the King of Hungary, and be-

trothed in her infancy to Louis, the eldest son of the Landgrave of Thuringia, at whose court she was educated. As she grew up, her unworldly nature excited the displeasure of the Landgravine, who ridiculed her piety, and censured her charities as waste. Louis, however, tenderly loved her; to him she was

"As a thing ensky'd and sainted,"

and no efforts of his mother could induce him to break his faith with her.

When Elizabeth was fifteen their marriage took place, and for five happy years they lived together at Wartburg. Elizabeth knew that the human love which made her life blessed came from God, and to Him she took it back for shelter, hiding it within that Higher Love which had overshadowed her from her birth. At length her faith was sorely tried; Louis, in 1227, was called upon to arm for the new Crusade;* he feared to tell Elizabeth, knowing what pain his departure would cause her; but one day, playfully drawing aside his cloak, she caught sight of the Cross, and fell fainting at his feet. When consciousness returned, she implored him not to leave her, but Louis had taken the vow and could not retract. Then she strove to refrain her voice from weeping and her eyes from tears, and meekly said, "Let it be as God willeth. I will stay here and pray for thee."

* Pope Gregory IX. caused a New Crusade to be undertaken in 1227, and the Emperor (Frederick II.) was forced to summon all the Princes of the Empire to follow him to the Holy Land.

They parted, never to meet again on earth; for Louis died of a fever on his way to the Holy Land.

When she heard of his death her heart well-nigh broke: for with him the joy of her life had departed.

The throne was immediately usurped by her brother-in-law, who had the cruelty, in the depth of winter, to cast forth Elizabeth and her children from their home at Wartburg. When, however, the brave knights, who accompanied Louis to Palestine, returned with his body, they espoused the cause of Elizabeth, and placed her son upon the throne.

In one of the many beautiful legends of St. Elizabeth, she is said to have tended a poor leper in her castle of Wartburg, and as her husband entered, surprised, and half-displeased to see the diseased form lying there, a ray of light fell upon "the marred visage," and the leper was transformed into the image of "The Man of Sorrows."

So great was the reverence, so real the devotion of Elizabeth, that as a child, being in church, and wearing on her head a jewelled crown, she instinctively removed it from her brow on seeing the Crucifix, and laid it on the ground before the image of Him who wore a crown of thorns.

St. Elizabeth died at the age of twenty-four, having survived her husband three years. She was canonised by Pope Gregory IX. In that same Castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach, three centuries later, Martin Luther produced his translation of the Bible.

There is a beautiful memorial chapel, erected to St. Elizabeth, in the Cathedral of Tarragona, by her sister, Violante, wife of Don Jaime.

The two other pictures by Murillo are semi-circular in shape, and represent

THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW.

They were painted for Santa Maria la Bianca, at Seville.

In the first of these two pictures we have "The Dream."

According to the legend, which dates from the fourth century, a Roman senator, bearing the name of Giovanni Patricio, to whom his wife had given no child, prayed for direction how to bestow his wealth.

In a dream on a sultry summer's night, the Virgin appeared to both husband and wife, telling them to build a church on a spot where *snow* would be found the next morning.

In the second of these pictures—

Giovanni Patricio is seen telling his dream to the Pope Liberius, who likewise has been given a vision, directing him to Mount Esquiline. To this spot they proceed in solemn procession, and find the pure, white snow lying on ground parched by the summer heat.

To this vision of the night Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome owes its origin—its name, in the first instance, having been "Sancta Maria ad nives."

Pope Liberius stands forth in Ecclesiastical history as a noble example, choosing exile rather than subscribe to the sentence of banishment imposed upon the guiltless St. Athanasius by the son of Constantine.

MADRID TO TOLEDO.

Our party was now doubled in number, and the difficulty of getting our baggage off in time was increased fourfold.

On reaching the station we had ten minutes to wait before the train started, but no persuasion would induce the officials to despatch our luggage. We were therefore forced to leave it to follow us by an evening train.

From Madrid to Toledo is a three hours' journey. Passing Aranjuez, our weary eyes were gladdened, at last, by the sight of trees, and our ears caught the refreshing sound of running water. A few stately camels were to be seen moving about in the distance, and, amid the long leafless avenues, appeared an ugly pile of buildings, with white arcades, which we were told was the Palace—the Versailles of Spain.

In a few moments we were moving on towards Castillejo, where we were to change carriages for Toledo.

Castillejo Junction.—Charity forbids that this station should pass without comment. It is on the line from Madrid to the south, from Madrid to the east, from Madrid to the west. Travellers going south, after visiting Toledo, have to pass five hours at Castillejo, before they are joined by the train

from Madrid. Hotel there is none—buffet there is none; the sole shelter is the station; and the sole accommodation provided by the Railway Company for all classes is one small waiting room, to which beggars have free access, and where the fumes of garlic and tobacco are among the lesser evils to be endured.

TOLEDO.

The City stands on a rocky height, and towering above its seven sacramental hills is seen, not the Cathedral, as one might expect, but the Alcazar, or Palace of Charles V. Around the base of the rock winds the Tagus, no bark upon its lonely waters, but huge masses of granite standing out as if in bold defiance of navigation. The city is entered by the grand two-arched bridge of Alcantara, built by the Moors, and guarded on each side by gateways.

As the lumbering omnibus, drawn by six mules, passed through the Moorish "Puerta del Sol," we had our first glimpse of the Horse-shoe Arch, which becomes afterwards so familiar to the traveller in Spain.

A steep winding road of rude rough stones brought us to the city, and after passing through several narrow tortuous streets our omnibus stopped at the entrance of the only inn in "Imperial Toledo," the Fonda de Lino.

We had telegraphed for rooms, but on arriving were greeted with the information that "the hotel

was full; the evening would see it empty, when we should have good accommodation."

Our guide proposed that we should visit the Cathedral without delay. We, therefore, set forth on foot, walking being a necessity here as elsewhere.

There is something singularly gloomy and austere in the aspect of Toledo. The Moorish houses seem to frown upon you with their massive oaken portals, thickly studded with gigantic nails, which are wrought with a rude skill worthy of Vulcan's forge. To the portal is suspended a huge iron knocker of quaint device, which no mischievous hand could wrench from its position.

One of these doors was open, and our guide invited us to enter. We found ourselves in a long dark passage, leading to an open court or "patio," where the family live in summer, shutting out the sun by an awning. At one end of this "patio" was a curiously carved staircase, which led to the winter dwelling rooms above. A well was suuk in the centre of the court, and deeply indented on the mouldering stone was the mark of the chain with which Moorish hands had drawn water in ages past.

Travellers in Algeria have often observed keys of an ancient pattern hanging on the walls of houses belonging to old Moorish families, and on asking what was their meaning, the reply has been, "These are the keys of the houses from which we were torn in beautiful Spain—the land to which we shall one day return."

Such love did the Jews bear to the land of their

adoption, that as late as the seventeenth century, they would send at the time of the Feast of Tabernacles to Spain for branches of the orange trees, under whose shade they had dwelt in by-gone days.

Summer heat is requisite to make this "patio" attractive, and as we saw it under a fitful sky, it looked cheerless and dismal.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO is far less grand in outward effect that that of Burgos. It is spoilt not only by the narrow streets and lanes which abut upon it on the one side, but also by the heavy uninteresting palace of the Archbishop on the other, which is attached to the Cathedral by a bridge.

There is but one of the Cathedral towers finished, and that one, having been built at divers periods down to the sixteenth century, is a strange medley in architecture. Its walls are first square, then octagon, with turrets and pinnacles, and massive bells of apostolic number, whilst above all rises a slender spire of glittering tiles bearing aloft a crown of thorns.

This Cathedral was commenced in the thirteenth century by the same King Ferdinand III. (the saint) to whom Burgos owes her episcopal pile. It is built on the site of an ancient Moorish mosque, which in defiance of treaty was converted into a Christian Church, when Alonso VI., with the help of the Cid, conquered Toledo from the Moors, an event which took place some nineteen years after England had

fallen under Norman rule. On the accession of Ferdinand III., he demolished the mosque, and, with the aid, it is thought, of French architects, built the present Cathedral.

We entered by the western door, "the door of Pardon," and found ourselves in a grand church, its glorious beauty disfigured by whitewash,* but streaming through its many windows of rich stained glass, were rainbow hues, falling on the arches, and lighting up the brazen pulpits till they glittered as gold in the bright rays of an April sun. In magnificence as in size, Toledo far exceeds Burgos, but in height this Cathedral is somewhat disappointing.

At the east end, behind the apse, are two grand chapels; that of St. Ildefonso, whose legend we saw pictured forth by Murillo in the Long Gallery at Madrid; and that of Santiago where the name of Alvaro de Luna, the haughty Constable of Castile, Master of the Order of Santiago, arrests the attention. He who had been clad as a criminal, and led to execution in the Plaza Mayor at Valladolid, is here portrayed in sculptured armour, and the goodly train of knights who forsook him in the hour of trial, are armed to the teeth, keeping monumental guard beside his tomb. This chapel dates from the fifteenth century, and was erected by Alvaro de Luna, in the height of his pride and power, as a place of burial for his family.

* Over one of the entrances is an inscription actually recording with proud satisfaction the date of the whitewashing of this beautiful building.

Adjoining the Chapel of the Constable is that of the New Kings, "Los Reyes Nuevos." Rich and elaborate as are these royal tombs, there is a fact connected with this chapel which, to the historian, is of more interest than its artistic merit. Here lies Catherine of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and wife of Henry III. of Castile, in right of whom Philip II.* claimed the English throne at the time of the Spanish Armada, being, in virtue of his descent from this princess, the actual next heir after the King of Scots. The last act of the unhappy Mary Stuart had been to disinherit her unnatural son James, on the score of heresy, and to make over her claims to the King of Spain. This illegal act was confirmed by the Pope, so that the right of Philip from a Roman Catholic point of view appeared incontestible; nevertheless, foreign aggression found no favour with English Romanists; they immediately took part with Elizabeth in repelling the invader, and the winds and the waves, and English bravery, delivered the country from its threatened annexation to the Spanish Crown.†

* Philip II. was lineally descended from John of Gaunt, both on the side of his father and his mother.

† Two centuries before this, a Spanish fleet had sailed to attack England. Edward III. and the Black Prince sailed with the British fleet, then numbering but a few vessels, to repel the invader.

When the Spanish squadron came in sight, the King eagerly demanded the number of ships. The man at the masthead began to count, but, in despair, soon gave up the attempt, crying out, "God help me! I see so many I cannot count them." The battle began, and before nightfall every Spanish ship was captured or in flight, and England was left mistress of the sea.

In the CAPILLA MAYOR, facing the high altar, is the last resting-place of Cardinal Mendoza, the faithful friend and adviser of Isabella la Catolica, who, in his last moments urged her to appoint Ximenes as his successor.

From the Capilla Mayor we made our way down the aisle to

THE "MOZARABIC" CHAPEL.

This Chapel was built and endowed by Cardinal Ximenes. It is devoted to the ancient Spanish service; and no Roman Mass book finds entrance here, although in every other portion of the Cathedral the Roman ritual is observed.

The Mozarabic liturgy has been classed among those Western liturgies which, to distinguish them from the *Roman*, are termed *Gallican*. All these sprang from the liturgy of the Church of Lyons, of which Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, was Bishop in the second century. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, was Bishop of Smyrna; and the liturgy of the Church of Lyons having been derived from Asia Minor, we may safely say that Spain, like our own country, received the first knowledge of Gospel truth not from Rome, but from the East!

Strictly speaking, however, the Mozarabic ritual cannot in its present form be termed either Oriental or Roman; for though it may possess some affinity to both, it holds a place of its own, separate and distinct from either, and has been well described by Dr. Neale, as "the connecting link of the Eastern and Western rites."

In its framework the Mozarabic liturgy is probably coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Spain; but the Romish Church denies this, and asserts that it dates only from the fourth century, when a Greek Bishop of the name of Ulphilas, having converted the Visigoths to Christianity, composed this liturgy for the use of his converts.*

We must leave this question of antiquity to be solved by the learned. One thing is at least certain: Ulphilas gave the Gothic Church a translation of the Bible in the *vernacular* tongue, portions of which are yet preserved in the University at Upsal, and in the Ambrosian Library at Milan—a gift which the Church of Rome has ever shrunk from conferring on her followers.

Till the eleventh century this Mozarabic † or Gothic liturgy was the established form of Christian worship in Spain; full liberty had been given to its use under Moorish rule;‡ but Alfonso VI. was induced to abolish it, and to substitute the Roman or Gregorian, a change with difficulty forced upon the

* See Dr. A. Butler's Life of St. Leander.

† The origin of the name "Mozarabic" seems wrapped in doubt; but whatever the name originally meant, it refers to this service. It is also sometimes called *Gothic*, and sometimes "Isidorian" from St. Isidore, who revised and largely altered the original text in the seventh century. (For full particulars of the Mozarabic liturgy see "Christian Remembrancer" for October, 1853, where it is described as "the richest, fullest, and most varied of all known liturgies.)

‡ Mariana relates in his history that the choice between the two rituals was to be decided by single combat. The combat took place; but the Gothic champion being victorious, the Gregorian party determined on a further trial, this time by fire. The Gregorian and Gothic

Spanish Church, which had always maintained its independence of the Bishop of Rome.

The austere but enlightened Cardinal Ximenes, having softened or omitted many expressions which were opposed to the Roman liturgy, restored the ancient Mozarabic ritual within the walls of the Cathedral and in some of the churches of his diocese. It is interesting to know that we have adopted into our own liturgy some portions of the old Spanish formula. From these early Spanish Christians we have derived the custom, at the conclusion of each psalm, of ascribing glory to the Triune God; to them we owe the introduction of the "Benedicite" or Song of the Three Children, between the Lessons; and from them we have learnt to introduce that most beautiful of all Creeds, the Nicene, into our Communion Service. Further on also in that same service, when we repeat those words, "It is very meet and right that we should give thanks unto Thee, O Lord God," we are uttering a form of praise taken from the Mozarabic ritual, and found in every ancient liturgy, both in the Eastern and Western Church.

Prayer Books were aocordingly placed on a pile of burning wood in the presence of the king, the ecclesiastics, and a vast concourse of people, where, according to Spanish tradition, the Gregorian made a leap out of the fire, but not before it had suffered materially from the flames, whilst the Gothic remained for some time unscorched. Upon this the king decreed that "God approved of both forms of worship." Bishop Bernard, however, strenuously opposed this decision; he finally succeeded in setting aside the Spanish ritual, and in 1086 the first Romish Mass was performed at Toledo; with it Papal authority took its rise in Spain.

It is also a curious fact that it is from the Spanish Church that we derive the one point of doctrinal difference between our own and the Greek Church in the insertion of the words "Filioque" ("and the Son") into the Nicene Creed, in which Creed, as originally framed, these words had no place. They were added in the fifth century.

We now proceeded to the WINTER CHAPTER HOUSE, where are the portraits of the Archbishops of Toledo, Primates of Spain. The first of any historical interest is that of ARCHBISHOP CARILLO, the early friend and partisan of Isabella la Catolica, whose jealousy of Mendoza made him forsake her cause in after years, and declare that "as he had raised her from the distaff so he would send her back to it again"—an empty threat. But though unable to hurl the Queen from her throne, Carillo by his arrogance, and opposition to her government, gave her unceasing trouble and annoyance. Determined in his resistance to papal dominion in Spain, Carillo ejected Ximenes from a living in his diocese to which he had been presented by the Pope, and imprisoned him for six years for venturing to maintain his right to it. He was succeeded in the primacy by CARDINAL MENDOZA, whose portrait is by *Borgoña*.

Passing on we came next to Mendoza's successor, the great CARDINAL XIMENES, also by *Borgoña*. The face is sharp and drawn, full of power and intelligence, but somewhat Jewish in type, as if the Cardinal was not

altogether free from the imputation of "mala sangre," that terrible blot on the escutcheon of a Spaniard.

Ximenes was Prime Minister to Ferdinand and Isabella, and Regent of Spain during the minority of their grandson Charles V. He was brought to the notice of the Queen by Mendoza who appointed him her confessor. He at first declined the office, saying that "the cloister not the court was his sphere." Isabella, however, would not permit him to refuse. On the death of Mendoza in 1494, the Queen offered Ximenes the Primacy, but he would not accept it, till forced to do so by Pope Alexander VI.*

As Archbishop, Ximenes was still an ascetic—beneath his robes of state he wore hair cloth; his food was of the coarsest kind; his bed the bare ground; and according to the strictest rule of his order he lived a Franciscan monk. As Prime Minister and as Regent, his policy was to repress the power of the nobles, and raise that of the crown, and this he accomplished by giving the third estate some share in the Government.

On the death of Ferdinand, there was some hesitation on the part of the Castilians to acknowledge Charles as king, his crazy mother, Queen Juana,†

* Alexander Borgia, the Pope who three years after this date burnt Savonarola at the stake in the great Piazza de' Signori at Florence This Pope was a Spaniard by birth.

† Was "crazy Jane" really crazy? It is certain that she had during her long sad life intervals of reason, and we must remember that both her father Ferdinand and her son Charles V. were interested in exaggerating her mental incapacity. Both in turn held the powers, which were hers by right.

being alive. The question arose whether she was really incapable of conducting public affairs. But the opposition of the Castilians was met with firmness by Ximenes, who announced that he should at once proclaim Charles in Madrid, and that he doubted not every other city in the kingdom would follow the example. The discontented nobles, taken by surprise, crowded to his palace, and fiercely demanded by what authority he had ventured to act thus. Ximenes calmly showed them the will of Ferdinand, confirmed by Charles, and then, leading them to a window, pointed to a strong body of well armed troops beneath, "These are the powers," said he, "which I have received from the King; with these I govern Castile; and with these I *will* govern it 'till the king, your master and mine, takes possession of the kingdom."

It was in vain that Ximenes urged Charles to repair to Spain; he lingered on in the Netherlands for a year after the death of his grandfather Ferdinand. On his arrival in the peninsula, Charles repaid his minister's devotion with ingratitude. The primate was too ill to complete the journey he had undertaken to meet the King, and wrote, entreating an interview.

Charles, influenced by his Flemish advisers, coldly declined it, and sent the primate to his diocese for repose. This was a death-blow to the proud but conscientious old man. He died (1517) a few hours after receiving his dismissal,—"the only prime minister mentioned in history whom his contemporaries reverenced as a saint."

To Ximenes Spain owes the fresh impulse given at

this time to learning. It was he who founded and endowed the university at Alcala, and revived the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages, long fallen into neglect. When Francis I. was a prisoner in Spain, he visited this university, and exclaimed, "Behold what this Spanish monk has done! he has accomplished in a lifetime what it would have taken a whole line of kings to accomplish in France!"*

From this Spanish University issued forth his Polyglot Bible, in the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, and Latin text, so that through Ximenes Spain was possessed of an edition of the New Testament in the original Greek, two years before the Greek Testament of Erasmus made all Europe ring with his fame.† Ximenes and Erasmus gave to the learned what Luther gave to the people: the Scriptures could now be read in the original languages, and in pure Latin. When the last volume of his Bible was brought to Ximenes he gave thanks to God, "that in a time of much need he had been allowed to lay open to the world the fountain head of Christ's holy religion, from whence a far purer stream of theology might be drawn than from any other source." Then, turning to his attendants, he said, "I glory more in the completion of this work than in any other act of my administration."

* Alcala is now dismantled. At this university, ten years after the death of Ximenes, Ignatius Loyola studied, and was imprisoned by the authorities for his heretical teaching.

† The New Testament of Ximenes was *printed* in 1514, that of Erasmus in 1516, that of Luther in 1522. The *publication* however of Ximenes' Bible was delayed till 1522, and the number of copies restricted to 600, by order of Leo X., to whom it was dedicated.

It would be well if the record could have stopped here, but Ximenes—not unlike other excellent men of that and every succeeding age—was intolerant, and intolerance led to cruel persecution: many hundreds were burnt at the stake during the eleven years that he held the office of Grand Inquisitor.

The next portrait to be observed is that of THE BLACK FRIAR, Bartolomé Carranza de Miranda. (*By Luis de Carbajal.**)

Carranza was a Dominican monk and Archbishop of Toledo in the time of Charles V. and Philip II.

As confessor to Philip, he had accompanied him to England, and was there given the name of the Black Friar,† partly from his Dominican habit, and partly as a term of odium, from the belief that his influence with Queen Mary had sent many martyrs to Smithfield, and amongst them Cranmer.

It was Carranza who attended‡ Charles V. on his death-bed; his was the harsh voice which, it has been said, grated on the musical ear of the dying Emperor; but other ears were there eager to find occasion of offence in the words uttered by the Primate. Carranza advanced towards the couch on

* Carbajal was an artist of the school of Toledo, born in 1534. He was in much repute with Philip II., who employed him at the Escurial.

† The name of "Blackfriars" still given to one of our London bridges, is a memorial of the Spanish friars of the Order of St. Dominick, who had a religious house in the neighbourhood.

‡ See "Cloister Life of Charles V."

which the Emperor lay, in a sombre room hung with black cloth. Charles was conscious, but breathing with difficulty. In his hand, crippled by gout, he held the Crucifix of his dead wife. With hoarse voice, made hoarser by emotion, the Primate repeated the psalm appointed by the Church: "Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord; If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities, who shall abide it? but with Thee there is merciful forgiveness;"—then, when the penitential psalm was ended, Carranza knelt down, and, pointing to the Crucifix, exclaimed, in accents of deep earnestness, "Behold Him Who died for us all; there is no more sin; all is forgiven!" "Ay, Jesus," fervently responded the Emperor, and, with that One Only Name upon his lips, the death struggle ended, and he passed into the spirit world.

Such were the words fresh from the heart, which forced themselves from Carranza's lips at that supreme moment: words deemed heretical, and pregnant with mischief by Regla, Charles's confessor, who at once reported them to Carranza's enemy, the Grand Inquisitor Valdés.

At midnight, some few months afterwards, the Archbishop was roused from his sleep, dragged from his bed, and conveyed to a prison at Valladolid, no man venturing to interfere in his favour. For seven years the Primate of Spain languished in a dungeon of the Spanish Inquisition. Pius V. then ordered him to be sent to Rome for examination.

Eleven more years followed of imprisonment in the castle of S. Angelo; another Pope filled the chair of

St. Peter; then at length came the day of the Pope's judgment.

No hand was outstretched to give support; no eye dared show pity, as with feeble step and bent frame the Spanish Archbishop approached and knelt before the footstool of Gregory XIII.; waiting in patient submission the judgment of one claiming to be Christ's vicar upon earth. The judgment pronounced him to be "infected with Lutheran doctrines."

Tears forced their way to the eyes of Carranza as the words fell on his ear: they were as a death-knell to every hope. The sentence followed, "confinement for five more years, and adjuration of sixteen of his written opinions." He rose from his knees, and returned to his prison. A few more days and the Black Friar was free: death had released him from the grasp of the Inquisition.

We will only glance at the portrait of the ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

He doffed the robes of an archbishop that he might become the husband of the Infanta, Clara Eugenia Isabella, to whom Philip II. gave the Netherlands as a marriage portion.

Let us pass on to the portrait of the

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP SANDOVAL. (By *Tristan*.)

In his picture this Prelate holds with dignity the pastoral staff, but in his life his chief claim to respect rests on his having been the patron of Cervantes.

His title of archbishop, and his cardinal's hat, were derived from his near relationship to the Duke of Lerma, the all-powerful Prime Minister of Philip III., to whom Philip on his accession resigned every royal prerogative.

Sandoval was the duke's uncle, and the duke, to whom everything was a matter of traffic, having abstracted 20,000 a year from the archiepiscopal revenues,* confided to him the archbishopric of Toledo.

To Sandoval, conjointly with Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia, belongs the disgrace of having urged and supported, by every means in their power, that barbarous and insane act, the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain. This event took place in 1607. The crime of the Moors was their wealth. The indefatigable industry by which their wealth was acquired was guilt in the eyes of the slothful nation, whose sons would neither dig nor work with their hands. Field labour was regarded by them as degradation. "Am I a dog that I should do this thing?" was the spirit of the orthodox Spaniard. The Moors had submitted to be baptized, bnt zealous churchmen looked with suspicion upon their forced conversion, and five hundred thousand Moors were hunted down and forced to quit the shores of Spain. They were the most skilful husbandmen, the cleverest mechanics

* A still more strange appropriation of the revenues of this See was made in the time of Charles V., when they were charged with a pension in favour of Cardinal Wolsey.

in the land, and with them departed the agricultural prosperity of Spain. Howell* says in his letters: "Spain is grown thinner since the expulsion of the Moors, and not so full of corn, for these Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the craggy hills, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but to go with his ass to the market and buy corn of the Moors." Cardinal Sandoval and Philip IV. diéd about the same time.

This portrait is by Luis Tristan, a painter of the school of Toledo in the sixteenth century, and of sufficient note to have been selected by Velazquez in his early years as a master worthy of imitation.

Tristan was a pupil of El Greco, whom he is thought to have surpassed as a colourist. On one occasion Tristan was commissioned to execute a painting for a convent in the neighbourhood of Toledo, El Greco having recommended his pupil as equal to tbe task. The monks were satisfied with the picture, but by no means satisfied with the price. El Greco was called in as arbitrator. On looking at the picture he turned to Tristan, and with anger demanded how he ventured to depreciate his talent by asking only 200 ducats for what was worth at least 500. He then ordered him to take the painting home, as he himself would pay down that sum for it. The monks hastened to make excuses, and Tristan's work was amply rewarded.

* Howell was in Spain at the time of the visit of our Prince Charles to the court of Philip IV.

Leaving the sumptuous winter chapter-house, with its painted walls and marvellous ceiling of Moorish work, we retraced our steps to the nave, where we were met and accosted by our old French acquaintance: "Monsieur, permettez moi de vous montrer un monument qui est vraiment admirable!" He then conducted us to the north transept, and pointed out a large marble slab, perfectly plain, let into the pavement, on which these words were inscribed :—

"HIC JACET
PULVIS
CINIS
ET NIHIL."

"Que c'est beau! que c'est simple! et en même temps grandiose," ejaculated the old Frenchman; but whose was the tomb?

Beneath this severely simple stone rests the body of CARDINAL PUERTO CARRERO, Archbishop of Toledo: Prime Minister to Charles II., and prime mover in the intrigue which placed a Bourbon prince on the throne of Spain.

King Charles II. was the last of his race in the male line, and the choice of a successor lay between an Austrian and a French prince, both descended from Spanish Infantas. Philip of Anjou* was nearer

* Philip of Anjou was grandson of Charles's *sister*, the Infanta Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV. The Archduke Charles was grandson to the Infanta Maria (so long wooed by our Prince Charles,) wife of the Emperor Ferdinand, and *aunt* to Charles II. Moreover both Louis XIV. and the Emperor Leopold (father of the Archduke,) were grandsons of Philip III. Louis was descended from the eldest sister, Leopold from the younger.

in blood than the Archduke Charles, but his claim was weakened by an act of renunciation. The Court was divided, and all Europe waited the result with anxiety.

It was in truth a subtle question. French influence was strong, but the succession really depended on Charles's will, and Charles clung desperately to the House of Austria. Things were in this uncertain state when Puerto Carrero became Prime Minister.

The Cardinal was devoted to Louis XIV., and he so wrought upon the feeble mind of Charles, urging and threatening him with spiritual terrors, that the dying King, after much resistance, yielded to priestly and Papal influence. Bursting into tears, he signed the will made by the Cardinal, which gave to Philip of Anjou the whole of the Spanish possessions, and the war of succession which followed was not able to set that will aside. The battle of Almanza maintained Philip V. on the throne of Spain, but it was Cardinal Puerto Carrero who placed him there. This great church dignitary, described by Lord Macaulay as "a politician made out of an impious priest," lived to be eighty: he died quite suddenly, and his epitaph is but a fitting conclusion to his history.

Before leaving the Cathedral we were shown the silver Cross of Mendoza, a relic which filled us with interest, as having been raised over the tower of the Alhambra, when Granada was taken by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492.