and though narrow may be the way, yet to him who obeys Christ's instruction "straight is the gate which leadeth unto life." Happily, the lawful coin of salvation is so pure, that the honest seeker, with an eye single to *truth*, and *undiverted by extraneous influences, and extra-beliefs*, cannot fail to know it. Jesus took it, debased as it had become, out of the hands of Scribes and Pharisees, who had vitiated the heritage with which they had been entrusted, and purifying the gold of its dross, reissued it to mankind for the purchase of life-eternal. At the same time he saw the future reflected by the past, and well knew of awaiting dangers from self-deluded, and from designing, leaders. Hence his warning "Beware! for there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." How clear! how altogether characteristic of his unmystical method of putting things, *essential*—and solely so, as *he* considered it—to salvation, is his answer to one who came to him and asked, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Jesus said unto him "why callest thou *me* good? There is none good but *one*, that is *God*." He sought not, even by silence, to exalt himself. He would not allow a false inference to be drawn, either as to his personality, or his inheritance of sin in common with the rest of mankind; whatever others might do, by a *literal* construction of the figurative and flexible language of some sayings, without giving heed to others of positive import to the contrary. Then, with the same distinctiveness with which he had denoted his human character, and in obedience to the spirit of truth

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which was in him, he added, "if thou wilt enter into life, *keep the Commandments.* Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honour thy father and thy mother. And thou shalt love they neighbour as thyself." And so to the lawyer, who, tempting him, asked "which is the great Commandment in the law?" Jesus answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great Commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets." The violation of either of the others involves disobedience to these. Love is the lever moving man to all goodness.

The law of life is plain. As before said, the difficulty is in fulfilling it. Jesus never lost sight of this fact—of the lusts of the flesh, and their dominion over man. Hence his sleepless striving to purify and nerve the heart; to fortify man's spiritual nature with understanding and purpose of good, and against the snares, not merely of temptation, but of self-delusion and empty profession—lip-service and knee-service only; of showy offerings and ceremonials, shrines of marble and embroidered vestments, instead of robes of righteousness and an obedient heart. "Out of the heart," said he, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, these are the things which defile a man." Be not of those who "*outwardly* appear righteous, but *within* are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. . . . Cleanse that which is *within* the cup. . . . Not every one that *saith*

unto *me*, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth the will of my Father* which is in heaven." It is *within*, a man must begin the work of righteousness. To this end, he must renounce whatever *there* hinders it.

The animal instincts, however necessary, are nevertheless those impelling forces, which, by the experience of life, are found most apt to grow with man's growth and strengthen with his strength; until they overpower reactionary safeguards, also a human heritage, and equally designed by Supreme Wisdom for good purposes. The test of the creature, and the judgment of the Creator, are involved in this problem of creation—man's fulfilment of his destiny. It is left for him to solve it. He is not without knowledge of good and evil, to guide him in holding to the one and avoiding the other. He sought it in Eden for himself, and thereby changed the issues of time and eternity. But to aid him still further in "ceasing to do evil and learning to do well," there are the "Commandments, the statutes, and the judgments," taught of God; which should be "for a sign upon thine hand, and as frontlets between thine eyes."

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The having a "*conscience* void of offence toward God and toward men," and the enforcement of its judgments, is the *within* work of man himself; and necessary in view of his immortal interests. It involves the watchfulness and regulation, of the instincts of *self-preservation* and *self-perpetuation*—the more dangerous because armed with means of facile pleasure; in other words, the control of tendencies to debasing sensualism. And not less are watchfulness and restraint required of con-

science, over *all passions* seeking *self-gratification,* and prone to riot in excess, until the heart becomes a *shrine of selfishness* demanding perpetual sacrifices from others.

Detected of conscience, this monster idol, selfishness, must be cast out, and the altar purified. Hence it was that Jesus, after rebuking Peter for worldly-mindedness, said to his disciples and the people with them—"Whosoever will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." That is, whosoever will receive the approving judgment of God unto eternal life, let him *renounce his selfishness,* and bear the burthens incident to a life of labour in the maintenance of *Truth and Righteousness,* as I have. He knew and said, that he should "suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders and chief priests, and be killed," yet he did not swerve from the path of duty as laid down in the *Law;* and now, as then, plainly, for the guidance of all. He looked not *without,* for popular, or for priestly approval; nor even for that of his disciples —the chief of whom he reproved, in that he "savourest not things of God, but the things that be of men." His method of procedure was to consult the counsellor *within,* given of God to witness to ourselves, whether we be hearers merely, or doers of the Law. Before the judgment-seat of his own conscience, the Christian, if guided by his Master's instruction and example, shall be justified. Thus guided, he can have no difficulty in knowing if he be in the *way of righteousness.* It demands the overthrow of the sway of self, and the substitution of that of goodwill to mankind, practically illustrated. Such change of rule, involving a renouncement of self, of the gratifications of the flesh, of the

pride and vanities of earth — the surrender of the "soul's goods laid up for many years," and the shutting of the ears to the temptation "take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," requires certainly the *will* that was in Christ to uphold it. That self-renouncement unmasks the true issues of life. An inward perception of truth directs, and a consciousness of duty done, follows the movements of conduct; giving ofttimes a realization of happiness here, which is as the dawn of eternal life looking forth on the setting sun of this *Whosoever denies himself, and takes up his cross, and follows the example of Christ*, will find flowing from it a refreshening of righteousness, increased strength for further trials, new-born affections, and a peace the world cannot take away. He dies to himself, to re-exist with God. In *such* a *death* there is *no sting*. In *such* a *resurrection* there *is victory*. Thus, "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the *children of God;* and if children, then *heirs;* heirs *of God*, and *joint-heirs with* Christ; if so be that we *suffer with him*, that we may be also *glorified together*." And *thus* "the mortal must put on immortality."

The Spaniard put in possession of Christ's teachings, free from traditions "which make them of none effect," from "doubtful disputations," which El Magisterio Espagnol unwittingly says "puzzle even the learned," and from the theological rubbish with which they have gradually become encrusted for ages, would be amazed at the simplicity of a religion of Spirit and Truth, so long hidden from him; masked as it is, by idolatry, and falsehood. He would see, too, how early the "winds of doctrine" began to threaten with destruction the "tree

of life" *re*-planted of Christ, and bearing all fruit *needful* for man's nourishment in peace, and joy, and hope. The words still echoed in the hearts of his disciples, with which the crucified-one told that his work was "*finished*," when misguided zeal began to *supplement* his Law of Righteousness unto Salvation, with dogmas of *justification, sanctification, free grace, election, predestination, faith,* and such like vain conceits. It was an evil omen for the future. And the more so, because the writers of the New Testament had lived in contact with Christ—Paul in nearness to him; and in the opinion of many, who overlooked the fact, that Christ had *declared* and *sealed his own commission*, they came to be regarded as *infallible* authority in the fanciful issues of life and death originating afterward. But that *infallibility* overthrown by the very presumption of engrafting a *speculative theology* on the *practical religion* of the Master, is further shown to be absurd by diversities of opinion among the authors—it may rightly be said, of that treason against Truth. The influence of Christ's holiness in words and works—of his perfected life of righteousness—prevented in them the *full* growth that misapprehensions, and differences, and "doubtful disputations," attained in later times. Nevertheless, the apostolic inception of some of these is undeniable. Otherwise, why should the Apostle Peter *imply* Paul's lack of wisdom, and *say* that in his epistles are "things hard to be understood?" And how can the declaration of the Apostle to the Gentiles —"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from *faith to faith;* as it is written, *The just shall live by faith:*"

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and that also—"But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath *not attained* to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they *sought not by faith*, but as it were by the *works* of the law"—how can these be reconciled with the as positive assertion of the Apostle James—"Know, O vain man, that *faith without works is dead?*" And how can the claim of *faith* as the means of salvation be made compatible with the Apostle Peter's warning—"Be ye holy!" That is, be ye righteous! "If ye call on the Father, who, without respect of persons, *judgeth according to every man's work*, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear?"

But despite the veiling of interwoven tradition, dogmatism, and theological mysticism, which followed, enough of Christ's exalted and exalting Spiritualism, demonstrably set forth by precepts and parables, is still revealed, to challenge, and confirm, a *faith* rooted in *reason*. We do not believe in the gratuitously assumed *antagonism* of these. On the contrary, we consider their *alliance* as best fitted to arrest the progress of infidelity—that is, the infidelity of disbelief in the *religion* taught of Christ *himself*; *not* infidelity of disbelief in the *dogmatic theology* into which that religion has since been *metamorphosed*. It is the very *reasonableness* of Christ's teachings, that makes them so convincing that *faith* follows with a bound of joy. *Belief* and *trust*, find nothing in their way to startle and alarm that sense of the soul, that faculty of distinguishing right and wrong, good and evil, and the *will to do well*, in which surely it must have been meant that "God made man in his own image." *Truth challenges the understanding. Error alone demands for its upholding the inculcation of a*

blind and slavish acceptance of its edicts. The exclusion of reason from matters of faith—that is, from matters of religious belief—is not supported by the example of Christ. For, when the Sadducees questioned him touching the resurrection, and how it would affect the future relation of certain persons, Jesus answered them at length—as recorded in the Gospel by Mark. Who says in addition—"And one of the Scribes came, and having heard them *reasoning* together, and perceiving that he answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?" The *reasoning* of Jesus convinced the *understanding* of the Scribe: and the further conversation led Jesus to say to him "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." And after that, adds the record, "no man durst ask him any question." And why? It is probably true to say, because, so unanswerable were his arguments, and forcible his illustrations, so *perfect a master of reason* was he, so satisfying of the minds of those around, that if it were the purpose of evil-doers to entrap, or compromise him, they were sure to be caught in their own toils. Numerous examples in the Gospels support this view.

Nor were the ablest of his apostles less disposed to call *reason* to their aid, whenever necessary to the work they had in hand. Some of Paul's epistles are so strongly fortified by it, that it has been impossible to breach them. The Acts of the Apostles tell us, that when in Corinth, "he *reasoned* in the synagogue every Sabbath and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks." So when he came to Thessalonica, "where was a synagogue of the Jews, as his manner was Paul went in unto them, and three Sabbath days *reasoned* with them and of the

Scriptures." And at Athens, seeing "the city wholly given to idolatry, he *disputed* (that is, he argued, debated, reasoned) in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him. And certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoicks, encountered him . . . . . And they took him and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, may we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears, we would know therefore what these things mean." And who can fail to recognize the power of *reason* with which, standing in the midst of Mars Hill, he replied—"Ye men of Athens I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, *to the unknown God.* Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is the Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in templés made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing that he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the things before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver,

or stone, graven by art and man's device." Further, if there be opposition between faith and reason; if, as Dr. Newman says, "Faith is, in its very nature, the acceptance of what our reason cannot reach," how came it that Peter—the "rock" against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail," enjoined it upon all, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and *be ready always to give an answer* to every man that asketh you a *reason* of the hope that is in you?" That apostle, prone to error himself for a season, well knew the importance of reason to uproot it; hence probably his frequent questionings of his Master? Such an one was not likely to admit that it was necessary to close the avenues of the soul's belief in order to appreciate the light of truth; any more than he could think that he must shut his natural eyes to see the light of day. They who get hold of truth through convincing of the understanding, are apt to hold on to it with a grip which adverse forces cannot loosen. The same cannot be said of teachings received on testimony which "reason cannot reach," and which are in constant danger of conflicting statements, and equally unsustained opinions.

It was the substitution of a dogmatic *theology*, barnacled all over with superstitious traditions and idolatries, for a *religion* of spiritual truth, and love, and righteousness, appealing alike to the convictions of the head and heart, that wrecked the happiness and hopes of the Spanish people. There are those who believe, that the day is coming, aye, probably has come, when those faithless to duty in perverting the Law of Life shall be displaced, because of the evils that have come of it. And who think that decrees in council, however deter-

mined by Machiavellians in policy as the most of them are in degenerate nationality, are not the lessons meant by Christ when he prayed—"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The learning of the High Priests was not sought, to obscure with "great swelling words of vanity" these simple revelations, suited to the comprehension even of childhood. It was given to John of the wilderness, to preach by the spirit of truth alone. He, the humble messenger, whose raiment was camel's hair and a leathern girdle, and his food locust and wild honey, was the chosen one to *prepare the way of righteousness.* Nor was he the proud and pampered expounder of a "religious science," who came, in fulfilment of the promise of John the Baptist, to proclaim the words of truth, and hope, and life, to the toil-worn millions of men, covered with the sweat and dust of the every-day struggle for bread. But it was Jesus, of the carpenter Joseph's untaught household, the "meek and lowly," who said—"learn of me . . . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And—"even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight"—the poor fishermen of Galilee were afterward chosen, to "be brought before Governors and Kings" for a testimony of righteousness unto salvation.

To the sincere seeker, truth needs not for its comprehension and defence, the devices of human conceit; those least of all, of such *erudite theologians* as ridiculed Columbus's scheme of discovery; pronouncing it incompatible with the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, and opposed to texts of Scripture, and therefore to the *foundations of the faith.*

"Straight is the way"—said Christ—"which leadeth unto life." It cannot be found by devious paths. The love of truth, and the determination to follow wherever it may lead, without deviating to the right or left, for fear or favour, for what man may do or withhold, alone, will attain to it. "He that speaketh *truth* showeth forth *righteousnesss*," said the wise Hebrew. And is there to be found within the compass of man's knowledge, a more sublime profession—maintained even by the sacrifice of life—than that of Christ before Pilate? "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." The truth in its broad and comprehensive application to the conduct of life—exemplifying love of God and man.

Ecclesiastics of the Salamanca School of erudition, who believed the earth to be *flat*, because David and Isaiah figuratively compared the heavens to a spread out curtain—covering—of a tent, overlooking the fact that Isaiah said also, "God sitteth upon the *circle* of the earth"—these clerical interpreters of what they do not comprehend, who "make broad their phylacteries, and love to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi," always groping in the theological trumpery of the dark ages, and blinding themselves with the dusty tomes of "the fathers" until they cannot see the real revelation of Christ's religion beyond, may darken to the unthinking, but cannot put out the true light. That light which shines for every man who believes that his eyes were given him to see, his understanding to know, and his heart to feel, that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, is the law and

the prophets." The law and prophets which Christ said—"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

The Sagrario, although adjoining the Cathedral, and usually looked at in connection with it, is in fact the parish church; altogether different in its architecture, and independent in its service. It has a door opening from the street, and another from the Court of Oranges; but visitors almost always enter it from within the north-west corner of the Cathedral. The plan is that of a single nave, with four piers on each side supporting transverse and longitudinal round arches of the vaulted ceiling and dome. The material throughout is stone, painted nearly white; and the decoration, above and below, is a profuse and heavy plateresque. This building, in place, plan, and appointments, is an unpardonable trespass on its great neighbour. One who has become toned to the solemnity of the grand gothic temple from which he has just come, is not disposed to linger longer amid the tinsel of a seeming silver-plater's shop decked with flaunting statuary, than will suffice to glance at the finely carved Retablo; and at Zurbaran's painting of the crucifixion in a room behind the high-altar, certainly one of that master's earliest works, cold, stiff, and merely mechanical. The Retablo, by Pedro Roldan, on the contrary, although representing a death-scene, is full of life and character. The subject is the Mother, Magdalen, and John, sorrowing over the dead body of Jesus, in wood-sculpture. The few architectural details were carved by Ribas; the figures in alto-relievo by Roldan. It was removed to this church from the Biscayan Chapel of the Franciscan Convent—formerly occupying the

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site of the present Plaza Nueva in Seville, before Monastic Institutions were suppressed in Spain. A smaller sculpture below shows the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. This, and the equally effective work by the same master in the Church of La Caridad, are of great interest, as being the last examples of wood sculpture in Spain worthy of being classed with the works of Juni, Berruguete and Montañes. Whatever the efforts made to uphold that branch of art after the epoch of Roldan, they failed. Despite the demerits of Charles II, and they were many, it must be conceded that he was a munificent patron of the fine-arts. No encouragement however could arrest the downward tendency of things. With Roldan in wood-sculpture, and Murillo in painting, art-genius ceased to shed her radiance on Spain. The pall which covered their biers, threw the darkness of death likewise on Spanish art. The voice of what was, awakens no responsive echo in this degenerate land.

Returning into the Cathedral, there is seen inserted in its magnificent, chequered, black and white marble floor (laid at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars), and midway between the coro and the front portal, a plain slab, sculptured with Caravels, such as Columbus sailed in on his first voyage of discovery. It also bears the famous motto—"*A Castilla y à Leon mundo nuevo dio Colon.*" This slab covers the tomb of Fernando, son of the great navigator.

Over this part of the nave, during holy week, stands a huge monumental structure of coarsest classic design. It consists of four stories of columns, differently arranged, enclosing open spaces. Sixteen of these

columns of ill-proportioned Doric, form a Greek cross below somewhat raised above the floor, and make what is considered the sepulchre for the Host. A second story of light columns is of octagonal shape. A third has similar form, but less size. And above this is a small pavilion. The lower two stories are decorated with colossal statues of Abraham, Melchisedeck, Aaron, Moses, Justice, Patience, Temperance, Fortitude, Solomon, Queen of Sheba, and a few others. Above the pavilion rises a sculptured crucifixion, even as high as the vaulted ceiling of the nave. The whole is constructed of wood painted white; and being highly polished, and of lavishly gilt ornamentation, although a wretched burlesque of true taste, it nevertheless is the wonder and the worship of the multitude, when illuminated by countless candles on the evening of Holy Thursday; when the Host is removed from the High Altar, to the great silver Custodia—then occupying the lower story of the sepulchral monument. The illumination is repeated on Good Friday, when the Miserere is sung.

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This removal from the high-altar tabernacle, of the Host, to another place of "*repose*," and therefore neither more nor less than a sepulchre, is said however, by the better informed—though certainly not so viewed by the masses in Spain—to be a simply commemorative ceremonial; that is, a *symbolizing* of the burial of Christ's *dead* body; but strangely and inconsistently set forth, by an act of *entombment* (for that is what it is intended to commemorate) *of his Real and ever living Presence.* Christ's soul, when he died on the Cross, went to "limbo," according to the Catholic view, to release

those there detained; or, according to those Protestants who make a distinction in words, without any difference of idea as to the question considered, "he descended into hell"—although, according to St. Luke, Jesus said to one of the malefactors who were crucified with him, "Verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be *with me in Paradise.*" In either case the body put in Joseph of Arimathœa's tomb, was a dead body. But the symbolism of the act is presented by the carrying to and fro, the interment and disinterment, of a *Real Presence;* which, while *commemoratively entombed as if dead,* is nevertheless, according to Catholic dogma, *absolutely living,* as one of three co-eternals and co-equals making one imperishable Godhead. That *Real Presence* of which the *consecrated wafer* is, not the type merely, but the *actuality*—to be believed on faith. *The faith of blindness,* which accepts any absurdity, even that of a *living* something commemorating its own *death;* of a piece truly, with the solemnizing—in which he participated—of Charles V's *obsequies* at Yuste, while that imperial bigot was *living* cloistered in that Monastery.

But the *ceremony* is not more inconsistent and absurd than is the *doctrine* of the Real Presence with which it is connected. The sea of worshippers spread prostrate on the tesselated pavement around the wafer-sanctified sepulchre, serves but to excite pity for the misled multitude, thus sunken in an idolatry framed for them by a priesthood clinging to olden paganism. The question forces itself upon one looking at this piece of ritualism—Why should the Host cease to be adored by its accustomed service of the altar, if Christ, whose corporeal presence it is affirmed to be, is not dead? Really it

seems as if the greater the absurdity in these things, the stronger the motive of some people for upholding them. As to the Eucharistic wafer, one, not accepting the duty of believing theological dogmas without examination, is apt to consider the birth, bearing, passion, and death, of Jesus, as Scripturally taught, to have been human. His resurrection, submission of evidence to Thomas—whose *faith* was founded, *not on undisputed assertion*, but on an *examination of proof vouchsafed by the Saviour himself*; his sitting at meat with two of his disciples at Emmaus; his appearance to others of them, who were "affrighted, supposing that they had seen a spirit," and to whom he said—"behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself, handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and blood, as ye see me have;" his ascension; and his awaiting the fulfilment of his appointed mission; are all shown by the New Testament to have been of that humanity which was sacrificed in the interest of others. If Christ rose from the dead corporeally; thus, submitted himself to the sight and touch of his disciples; thus, as they attest, ascended to heaven; and thus, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, "this *same* Jesus which is taken up into heaven, shall so *come in like manner*;" then, whatever fanatical faith may profess at the bidding of human dogmatists, these premises being accepted, a higher authority—that of a spiritually Divine Truth—forbids us to believe that the wafer *here* seen, however formulated by human hands and rites, is a Real Presence, or anything at the same time *elsewhere existing*.

To treat the Eucharistic wafer, claimed to have been already transmuted into the Real Body, as if dead, by

withholding from it reverential honours, deemed its daily due at other times, seems like an act of impiety. Nor is the manner of escape for the Catholic from that sin, clear; nor from the (logical) heresy of disbelieving that Christ is triumphant over death and the grave; save in the surrender of the materialist dogma of transubstantiation, and the acceptance of an interpretation of Christ's spiritual presence and influence to goodness, in the "remembrance" asked for by him. Christ "brake" bread and gave to his disciples. The Roman Catholic priest consecrates a specially prepared wafer, and professes thereby to transform it into another material, in contradiction of the evidence of the senses. Likewise, the Master took the cup, saying, "drink ye *all* of it." But this "blood of the New Testament shed for the *remission of sins*" the priest does *not give to others.* He *alone* drinks it. Perhaps *he alone needs* it. Such seems to be the just inference. It is impossible to characterize by any milder term than *irreverence,* the imputation that Christ meant to say *literally* to his disciples, that the *palpable bread of the Supper,* was his *as palpable body, which,* then and there actually *brake and gave the bread to them:* and that the *wine in the cup, was the blood which at that instant of time was flowing in his veins.*

The Roman Hierarchy claim special learning and wisdom. Consistently with that assumption, no conclusion can be come to than that such dogmas of material identity as the above, are experiments on the credulity of mankind. The prophet Esaias—quoted by Christ—spoke of the Scribes and Pharisees "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." It was that

faithlessness to their trust, that forgetfulness of God and arrogance of self, which caused their fall, and the humiliation of those they had deluded. The hand-writing of history has not sufficed for the instruction of labourers in the New Vineyard of the Master. Priestly pride and presumption, now as then, *are teaching for the doctrines of God the commandments of men;* for the *righteousness,* which will secure happiness, the end and aim of being, substituting a pseudo-science of dogmatic theology, which thickens, with every new phase of fanatical frailty, the religious confusion in which we live. It is not for the real Christian to regret the beginning of the end which this betokens, however much he may lament the causes which have led to it. The throes now felt by the Roman Church, tell where have been the chief offences against the Law of Righteousness in these later times. Whatever the defences thrown about church-prerogative by human subtlety and skill, none can doubt, who have profitably read the lessons of the past, the eventual victory of good over evil. And that the religion of civilization—such surely Christianity has proved itself—will, despite the weakness, or the wickedness, of false interpreters and wrong-doers, make good *its rightful spiritual place in the government and conduct of men.* As the Apostle Paul wrote in that same Rome whence such astounding decrees have since been put forth to startle common sense, "The law of the *spirit of life* which *was in Christ Jesus* (that is, the moving principle that animated his soul and guided his actions) hath made us free from the law of sin and death." For we are "debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh; for if ye live after

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the flesh ye shall die; but if ye *through the spirit* do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Pitiable idolatry, utter absence of taste and sentiment, as well as a vulgar travesty of some of the most solemn passages of the New Testament narrative, characterize what are called the religious processions of Holy Week in Seville. The chief of these is on Holy Thursday. All business of course is suspended. A common occurrence in Catholic countries, where the church, not commerce, determines the order of things, and takes the big end of one's time, as she does of whatever else he has to dispose of. Crowds rush to the churches on that specially sacred day, to squeeze and be squeezed, to criticise each other, talk (the women) with their fans and flashing black eyes, admire the richest draperies and treasures of the Sacristias which decorate the temporary tabernacles or sepulchres of the transubstantiated wafers, drop on the floor before them in brief pause of the festal excitement, and then hurry away to secure a seat or standing place on the route of the procession. To miss this would be to darken one's days for the balance of the season. There would be nothing to think of, nothing to talk about. A published programme gives the required information about its realism, symbolism, and movements. This is headed "Gran Funcion," a term applied to any great spectacular entertainment, and equally used as a heading for posters of operas, bull-fights, theatrical and circus performances, and such like showy or sensational exhibitions.

These processions are formed of confraternities of priests, and of people; each having a distinctive appellation, signs of recognition, slight modification of one

general style of dress, and some peculiar emblems. Attired as Nazarenes, in long, belted, gowns—the trail being borne on the arm of the wearer—with buckled shoes, high conical brimless hats from which are suspended mask-curtains, before and behind, covering face and shoulders, their look is altogether sufficiently picturesque in antique costume and varying colours to please for the moment an artistic eye. They carry banners, official staves, huge candles, and the clerical confraternities various ecclesiastical paraphernalia. Thus they form guards of honour for colossal images borne in their midst, and followed by penitents—always women—in Judas' coloured costume, with dishevelled hair, knotted cords suspended from their waists, and frequently bare-footed. These painted-wood images, of coarsest execution, and some of them horribly grotesque, are borne on platforms by men concealed underneath by hanging drapery. They usually represent Christ being scourged, or crowned with thorns and mocked, or crucified between thieves—the Virgin, and attendant Maries, and John, at the foot of the cross. They are called *Pasos*. Strictly speaking the word *Paso* means a figure of Christ in some event of his *Passion*. But it is now applied to others also, and especially to images of the Virgin. Indeed, this royal-robed, crowned, and lace-handkerchiefed manikin, seems to be the most popular of the Pasos from the crowds that follow and adorations offered to it. One cannot fail to be reminded by these processions, of the old idolatries brought by the Phœnicians, and their Pagan successors, to these shores. Especially does this devotion to the Paso of the Virgin, as Queen of Heaven, with jewelled diadem,

zone of pearls, and mantle of fabulous cost, make us think of the worship of the Great Goddess of the Ephesians, of the Babylonian Astarte, and Carthagenian Salambo. Now, as then was the case, *reverence* of images carried through the streets, is *exacted*. The early Christians, Rufina and Justina—as heretofore intimated—were, in the third century, sacrificed to the fury of a Pagan mob, for disregard of the deference due to a Sevillian idol-Venus. And in this year—1873—of Roman Catholic supremacy in this same city of Seville, fanatical fury, but for the interposition of a temporary republican government, would have sacrificed in like manner a conscientious foreign Christian, who refused to bow down to a graven image, deeming it disobedience to the commandment of God. The processions, after marching and countermarching through the streets, and past the principal churches, under military escort, and to the music of drum and trumpet, usually proceed to the Cathedral, which they enter, passing, and kneeling to, the sepulchred wafer; which, being made by man, God has commanded, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto." It is like the idols of silver, and gold, and wood, the work of men's hands, brought to do it reverence. "They that made them," saith the Psalmist, "are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them. But our God is in the heavens!" One cannot look on this still cherished inheritance of olden idolatry, without recalling also that mournful appeal of David—"It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law!"

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOORISH ALCAZAR—ENTRANCE—PRINCIPAL PATIO. SUITE OF HALLS. HALL OF AMBASSADORS — ITS ANTE-ROOMS. PATIO DE LAS MUÑECAS. UPPER SUITE OF ROOMS. THE ALCAZAR RESTORED FALLS FAR BELOW THE ALHAMBRA IN ITS RUIN—IN PLAN, EXTENT, AND DECORATIVE ARABESQUE — ALTHOUGH EFFECTIVE, TO THOSE UNACQUAINTED WITH HIGH ARABIC ART. EXTERIOR GATES AND PATIOS. GARDENS. BATHS OF MARIA DE PADILLA. PEDRO EL CRUEL—HIS MURDERS. A BOLD JUDGE. KING OF GRANADA —HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE SIEGE OF SEVILLE. PRIVATE DUELS ENCOURAGED BY PUBLIC PRACTICES. CHALLENGE OF SEVILLIAN MOORS. EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF ARMS. KNIGHTLY SARCASM. A MOOR'S REVENGE. ORIGIN OF WĀ LĀ GHĀLIB ILLĀ ALLĀ.

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OF the Moorish architectural remains in Seville, the most interesting is the Alcazar; and to one who has not seen the Alhambra at Granada, it seems indeed the marvel of Spain, so dazzling and fairy-like are still some few portions of this royal residence of Moorish Kalif and Christian King.

This *Al Kasr*—house of Cæsar—a name significant of sovereignty, was built in the tenth and eleventh centuries, on the site of the palace of the old Roman Prætor. Although occupied by St. Ferdinand, the

Christian conqueror of Seville, in the thirteenth century; the injuries it sustained during the siege, and subsequently from neglect, and the damaging uses to which parts of it were put from time to time, led Don Pedro in the fourteenth century to employ Moorish workmen of Granada for its general restoration. Enough merely of their work remains to make plain the contrast between the genuine Moorish decoration, and later and coarser imitations; for the wear and tear, and wantonness of war, of the several centuries since, as well as the wretched taste of later occupants, such as Charles V and the Philips, caused many rude efforts at copying the Moorish work

One, of our many visits to the Alcazar, was in company with a Swiss architect of the Paris Ecôle des Beaux-Arts, just returning from a professional tour to the East, and along the route of Saracenic African conquests into Spain, studded the whole way with architectural remains of that people. The misapprehensions and speculations of Academic education, had been corrected by abundant practical observations; and his criticisms on the Alcazar were found as instructive, as his general conversation was entertaining. If Monsieur Binion should—as he thinks possible—carry his knowledge from the Old East to the New West, the Americans will know how to put it to account, in throwing the graces of art about a land to which nature has been bounteous in monuments of grandeur.

To discriminate between the genuine Moorish work, and its Spanish imitations in the Alcazar, the following suggestions may be found useful. The Cufic lettering is nearly entirely rectangular; the Arabic, curvilinear.

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The beginning of a letter is above; its terminal part, or flourish below. If we see it otherwise it shows itself to be an ignorant imitation. The Arabians never represented any forms of animal life in their decorations. Where these are seen—whether insects, birds, quadrupeds, or any part of the human body—as at the Alcazar in many places, it is a sure sign of Christian restoration. So, likewise, are coloured stucco doors and shutters, of Christian workmanship. Those of the Arabs are of inlaid wood. And they used mosaic dados, of finest finish and figures, for wainscoting and flooring; not the painted clay azulejos, afterwards substituted by the Spaniards, who lost the Arab art of making this useful, enduring, and beautiful decoration. The columns inside the rooms and halls of the Alcazar, may have been placed where now found, by the Moors; but they are not of Moorish make; there is nothing Arabic about them; they are palpably Roman, and were probably brought from neighbouring Italica. Those familiar with such proofs of the past see, especially in the Verdo Antico, the signs of the old classical chisel. The columns of the principal patio are clearly of renaissance art, not Moorish. The Moorish column is a cylinder—sculptured or plain—the top of which has three mouldings round it; and the capital which rests upon it is cubic, which also may be either sculptured or plain. Any great deviation from this type is evidence of another style of art. If it be but slight it is proof of a bastard, or Hispano-Moorish pretension.

The façade of the Alcazar impresses the tyro favourably, parts of it being of arabesque decoration, although the inscription above the doorway is of Gothic letter-

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ing, and that on the iron gate, although Cufic, has most of its characters upside-down, a proof of the ignorance of those who attempted to pass it off as Moorish work. The entrance hall contains nothing worthy of attention, except a carefully preserved specimen of old stucco-arabesque; showing the damaged condition in which a great part of the walls of the building were found, when the last attempts were made for its restoration—within the present century. One word only is legible, "Kalif." The corridor, first to the left, then to the right—of coarsest possible ornamentation—leads to a quadrilateral, uncovered court, about eighty by sixty feet in extent, with an arcade on each side sixteen feet wide. Twenty pairs, and four corner triplet-groups, of renaissant composite, white marble columns, border this court. They give support to twenty small, scalloped, or lobulated and pointed, horseshoe arches; and four arches of large size, and similar style, situated midway the four ranges of smaller arches. Upon the arches is built an open, stucco-screen-work, in lozenge panels, and Moorish pattern, except the occasional intrusion—only observable on close inspection—of something of animal nature amid the foliage, flower, and shell decoration. These screens uphold an arabesque frieze, on which the Spanish royal shields have been obtruded. And above the frieze is an entablature of meanest make, surmounted by a balustraded gallery, shut in by a window-glazing, giving it the appearance of a gardener's hothouse. All this "top-hamper" is of modern construction, The screen-work below is restorative of original work, but of coarser execution. The court and arcades are floored with white marble; and a fountain in the middle still flings abroad

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its spray to fill the court with flitting rainbows, as sun and zephyrs bid them come and go. Deep alcoves under the eastern arcade were resting-places of Moorish Sovereignty. These, to the height of from four to five feet are now lined by painted azulejos in place of the Moorish mosaic dado—as is all the lower part of the wall of the arcades. Above this azulejo wainscoting is a narrow fillet made of genuine old arabic fragments, mingled with many pieces of defective lettering in such manner as to be altogether unintelligible. The ceiling of the arcade is a wooden artesonado. A small door at the south-east corner of the court has a perfectly preserved Cufic band, signifying "There is no God but God. Honour to the Ruler." The large door on the north side of the patio has also a genuine Cufic band along the edges, similarly expressive "There is no God but God." "Praise to God:" and "To the Kalif," in gilt letters. These, and such like inlaid, wooden doors, are undoubted remnants of Moorish work. In Spanish reproductions the figures are always painted in mosaic. Inlaying was too delicate and troublesome a process for them.

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From the north, south, and west arcades are entrances to large halls, closed by doors of inlaid wood. The hall on the south side is pierced with windows toward the patio, paved and wainscoted with Spanish azulejos, and has a mean wooden ceiling of modern work. Under a simple arch, access is had to an unlighted sleeping apartment to the east. The pillars of this arch, and those of the windows of the main-hall, are evidently relics of Roman Italica. From the large door of this hall some of the wooden mosaics have fallen out, show-

ing the great age, and consequent shrinkage of the material. In several instances of the Spanish restoration of doors and shutters, the fallen pieces are replaced upside down, rendering the reading of the decorative inscriptions impossible, even by those somewhat familiar with Arabic characters. The door-niche of this hall —for water jars—is permanently closed by plastering; but the Arabic inscription above it "To the Kalif" remains legible. A horseshoe-arch doorway leads from this, to a suite of three smaller rooms to the west. These, and some other parts, were coarsely restored by the Duke of Montpensier, who occupied the Alcazar nearly twenty years ago, by grant of the Spanish Queen, Isabella the Second. The rough stucco-arabesque above, and around the ajimez windows overlooking the garden, is most untastefully and un-Moorishly coloured. Sharp outlines and hard tones, however flashy the patchwork, do not give the charm of Moorish blending and harmonizing. At the west end of these rooms, turning to the right, a long apartment is entered, of like general style and coarse finish as the last, except that the ceiling instead of being stucco is of inlaid wood. Midway this apartment, which seems like a grand corridor connecting suites of rooms, is the entrance, under three small horseshoe-arches, to the Hall of Ambassadors. This grand saloon is not only the finest in the Alcazar for general plan, but also for its numerous details, and their richness of finish. Perhaps these imposing advantages contributed to preserve it from the damaging neglect, and even wanton injury, to which other parts of the building were subjected. Not that it escaped altogether the engrafting upon it some few Spanish excrescences of

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ornamentation, for Juan II who about the middle of the fifteenth century did much for the preservation of its original richness, violated the rules of Arabic art by intruding into it both birds, and human portraits; yet these are so enwrapped by the wonderful mesh of Moorish magnificence, that they are rarely noticed except by experts. This hall may be regarded as sufficiently exemplifying to the mere amateur, the effect of the completed Arabic ornamentation in colours. And looking upon it he may fancy what must have been the glory of the *Alhambra* Hall of Ambassadors, when its twice the height, and many times the broad extent of marvellous garniture of golden and rainbow radiance, was untarnished and unharmed. The walls and arches of the Alcazar Hall of Ambassadors, seem covered with a gorgeous cloth of gold, and tracery in colours, above the azulejo wainscoting. High up, are jalousies—latticed windows—the Moorish *moucharabies*—for the women to look from, unseen. A later addition of Spanish balconies spoils the mystery of these. And above all, a *media-naranja*—half-orange—*dome* is thrown, of beautiful curve, proportions, and inlaid ornamentation. Original Arabic inscriptions in this hall indicate its Moorish use. One of these, on a band around panels of stucco decoration, calls it "the place of the crown," that is, *of sovereignty*. Another band, still lower, is inscribed "the righteous of all righteous." And on the grand-entrance-door from the patio, of undoubted Arabic inlaid work, is decorative lettering signifying "the throne room of the Alcazar." The entrance to this hall from the corridor, that ordinarily used by visitors, has been less lucky than that leading from the patio,

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in escaping desecration. Above the beautiful horseshoe-arches, facing the corridor, is a broad band of gilt birds —eagles, pigeons, quails, and peacocks, are distinguishable. This is surely not Arabic. Many a sinister meaning is conveyed by art-decoration. What more expressive symbol of Spanish conceit, than the showiest and shallowest of birds? Is the peacock an artistic satire?

The Hall of Ambassadors communicates on the north and south sides, under rich Arabic arches, supported by Roman-Italica pillars, with ante-rooms. These are of plainer decoration than the hall of which they are mere appendages. That to the north opens into a pretty little court—The Patio de las Muñecas. Square, and marble floored, this children's patio has an arcade on its four sides, bordered by delicate pillarets, which support horseshoe, scalloped edged arches, and lozenge panelled screen-work. Above this, an entablature is surmounted by stellated-bordered blank panels, alternating with lattice-work. And these are overtopped by an open arcade, the balustrade, arches, screens, and cornice, of which, are an effective restoration by Don Pedro's Moorish employés, of the original Arabic work. The finish however of many parts of this little patio, is not of the exquisitely delicate character observable in some of the still existing remains of the Alhambra. But the pure white stucco and marble materials, give it a much more chaste and pleasing look than most of the rooms already examined, and all those which follow; the characteristics of which may be summed up thus:— coarse plaster ornamentation of bastard arabesque, of harsh and hard colouring, by those who had no know-

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ledge of Moorish art, or no capacity as workmen in these latter days to reproduce it in perfection.

A small room to the west and a larger one to the north of the Patio de las Muñecas, are in the rude style of restoration. And east of this little court, a small ante-chamber gives access to a large hall, alcoved at one end and the side, for sleeping and dressing rooms. The arches and adjacent parts of the walls, and the ceilings, are decorated in rough stucco tracery, and meanest recent colouring—probably when Montpensier occupied the palace. With the exception of the few words—"To us"—"The Sultan"—the (professedly) Arabic lettering is so incorrect, and hampered also by Spanish flourishing, as to be altogether illegible to the Moors, who often visit the Alcazar—one of the monuments of their proud Peninsular empire. This last-mentioned hall communicates with the principal patio—already described. Returning to which, the circuit of the lower apartments of the palace is completed.

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The suite of rooms above, of corresponding extent, formed no part of the Moorish Alcazar. They have all been added since the Christian conquest, and altered from time to time, according to the whim, or ideas of comfort, of succeeding royal occupants: some deference however being paid to consistency of decoration, by adopting the arabesque style, although of very indifferent execution. A very common-place stairway leads from a room adjoining the puppet patio, to the upper floor; passing on the way the pretty little azulejo Oratory, built by Isabella I—for her place of prayer during her residence in the Alcazar. The stroll through these modern rooms boots but little, beyond the fine

view of the palace garden and its rustic gallery, from the south windows; and that of the Hall of Ambassadors from a balcony above, and of the Patio de las Muñecas from its upper arcade. In finishing his visit, a scrutinizing observer is apt to think that with the exception of the last-named parts, the Alcazar in its restoration, and power of enchantment, falls far below the Alhambra even in its unhindered ruin.

The same card of admission which gives entrance to the Alcazar, will open its garden-gate to one who wishes to wander through its green alleys and labyrinths. The approach to the Alcazar is by one of two portals situated a short distance south of the east end of the Cathedral. One of these, the Puerta del Leon—so called from a lion painted above it—leads to the Patio de la Monteria, directly in front of the Alcazar. The other portal—over which is a rude retablo of the Conception—gives access to the Patio de las Banderas. On the latter is the office of the Alcaide of the Alcazar, from whom is obtained the card of admission to the palace and gardens. Between the above-named patios is a colonnaded, and covered, carriage-way and walk, called the Apeadero. It was built by Philip III; and from it a corridor leads to the entrance gate of the garden. Once inside, and having passed the huge tank where Philip V in his monkish seclusion, and in imitation of pre-apostolic pursuit, spent his days in fishing, the nearest approach he could make to the discipleship he vainly professed—the visitor may stroll on—through forests of ever-green and fruit trees, fountains and lakelets on every hand, and fragrance leading him like the bee from sweets to sweets amid a wilderness of flowers. The Emperor

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Charles V, to whom the restoration of this Andalucian beauty-spot is mainly due, seems to have fallen under unwontedly subduing and sunny influences, when he spent his honeymoon here with Isabella of Portugal. They were married in the Hall of Ambassadors—fit for the nuptial ceremony of the Sovereign, whose Spanish Court was the proudest and most splendid in Christendom at that day.

Under a part of the palace, and accessible from the garden, as well as from the former apartments of Maria de Padilla the favourite mistress (he had more than one) of the Spanish King Pedro I, are the Baths still known by her name—Baños de Padilla. They are now within thick walls; are gloomy, chilly, forbidding, and feel subterranean; although said to have been in her day, screened alone by orange, citron, and myrtle; perfumed by roses, violets, and jessamine; and made musical by aviaries of nightingales. The influence of this woman over Don Pedro in their private relations must have been great; for whatever ties of family and friendship he sundered, his attachment to her, remained through life. If, however, she sought to exercise it in the interests of humanity, it failed of effect in subduing that savage disposition manifested toward all others in public and private, and for which he was branded by the surname "el Cruel." True, Philip II strove to relieve Don Pedro's memory from the odium of his crimes. This came of a natural sympathy of absolutism, as well as of a cold and cruel heart, with despotism and wickedness. Don Pedro was a tyrant, both as man and monarch. In his private and public life he was deterred by no considerations of

justice or mercy, from the gratification of his ferocious will. As in his personal relations he restrained not his passions, so in his political government they alone guided his exercise of arbitrary power, which sought to destroy all prerogatives of co-ordinate branches. Thus did he especially strive to humiliate the nobles, who presented the chief obstacle to his aggressions. And thus, his usurpations being followed up by his successors, came that anarchy, which in the next century resulted in the Baronial league which dictated terms to royalty; and emboldened by success, told an intermeddling Papal legate who threatened them with excommunication, that "those who advised the Pope that he had a right to interfere in the temporal concerns of Castile, deceived him; and that they had a perfect right to depose their monarch on sufficient grounds, and should exercise it." When, at a later day, through the relentless crusade against human rights of Priests and Princes, armed with the judgments of a secret tribunal, and with the flames of an auto de fé, all power became merged in the irresponsible despotism of Philip II, it is not surprising, that that monarch should have favoured the claims of Pedro's memory to vindication by himself, heir as he was, alike of his cruel character, and his blood-stained kingdom. Nor that he should have sought to show, however vainly, that *Pedro the Cruel* should have been called *Pedro the Just.* But immutable history, and popular tradition, have decreed it otherwise. And the enormity of his crimes must have exceeded all precedent, seeing that they struck so deep into the popular heart they have neither been forgotten, nor forgiven by the common people, even in consi-

deration of his warring upon powerful vassals, the feudal oppressors of the people—laying waste their estates, and bringing them to the scaffold.

On the marble floor near the entrance of the Sala de Embajadores of the Alcazar, and on that of the Patio de los Muñecas, stains are shown, probably ferruginous, but said to have been caused by murders instigated by Don Pedro. Certain it is that in this Palace was killed by his command, his half-brother Don Fadrique. Indeed, it is of record, that while Don Fadrique was in the agonies of death, Don Pedro's own dagger gave the final blow. Here also el Rey Bermejo, a deposed King of Granada, came, under promise of safe conduct from Don Pedro—bringing with him immense wealth in gems. His treacherous host had him slain, and seized his treasures, among which was the great ruby now set in the British crown, and which was given by Don Pedro, after the battle of Navarrete, to the Black Prince, who aided him in that fight against a better man—his half-brother Henry of Trastamara. Neither the acquisition of the great ruby, nor of the great diamond—the Koh-i-Noor—of English symbolical sovereignty, is free from the taint of sin. Don Fadrique's death was avenged years after by his brother Henry; who, from the time of the brutal murder of their mother Doña Leonor de Guzman, never trusted Don Pedro, whatever his professions of confidence and regard. He believed him to be a monster of selfishness—utterly devoid of both fraternal affection, and personal good faith; and he never ceased to struggle, although for a long time, hopelessly, to relieve his country from despotism, and its attendant calamities. Finally, Don

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Pedro being besieged in the castle of Montiel by Henry at the head of a strong force, attempted to escape in disguise. But being discovered, he was killed, in a face to face encounter, by his own brother. It was fit that Henry's hand should avenge his brother Fadrique's and his mother's murder. But in so doing Henry of Trastamara also punished the assassin of two young natural brothers, slain in their prison at Carmona: and the murderer of Blanche of Bourbon, Don Pedro's own wife, whom he abandoned two days after their marriage for the lawless love of Maria de Padilla; and whom having first imprisoned, he afterwards sacrificed for fear that she might become a rallying point for factious nobles. So likewise retribution overtook the royal assassin of his own cousin Don Juan of Aragon; of Isabella, Don Juan's widow; and of Doña Juana de Lara, his sister-in-law.

But, they were not alone the noble born who were struck down by this sceptred brute. All who gave him umbrage, or provoked his cupidity, the humblest as the highest, and wherever the thirst of blood or greed of gain seized him, fell at his bidding. Thus it was that Alvarez Osorio had his head struck off in his presence. And thus his treasurer Lévi was slain, and his property confiscated to the uses of his perfidious master. The number of Don Pedro's murders in private brawls has never been known; for all who were privy to them felt, that their tongues were better torn out by the roots than made instruments of exposing these dark passages of his history, which would have added vastly to the already scarcely restrainable indignation of the masses. He had a passion for intrigues and adventures under cover of night. There was a spiciness about them

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pleasing to his prurient desires. Even the risk served but to enhance his enjoyments—for to him it ceased to be really dangerous by throwing off his disguise. It was then too, that he sought to force resisting virtue; as in the case of Maria Coronel, to whom he had made dishonourable proposals; and who, escaping from his pursuit, fled to a neighbouring convent; the sanctity of which being violated by the royal ruffian, she poured boiling oil upon her head, disfiguring herself with fearful scars. Even the appointed guardians of life, and property, and the public peace, were not safe when this worse than highwayman was abroad at midnight. Lurking near the residence of a noble lady, into which he had vainly sought to gain admission, the night-watch, ignorant of his person, ordered him away. An altercation ensued, and Don Pedro stabbing him to the heart, escaped, as he supposed, undetected. But an old woman near by happening at the moment to look out of her window, saw the night-watch slain, and recognized Don Pedro by the noise of loosely articulated knee and ancle-joints, peculiar to himself in walking. Summoned as a witness in the investigation of the affair, she testified her belief that the king was the murderer. Whereupon Don Pedro admitted the offence. And the *Primer Asistente*, who, pure from companionship with nature, had been brought from rural life, and appointed to office by Don Pedro, because of his rare fidelity and firmness, and to arrest thereby the general tendency to violence and wickedness encouraged by the king's own example, promptly pronounced the following judgment—"In punishment of your guilt, I pass sentence of death upon you. That sentence I shall execute to the extent of

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my power. But, as I cannot have control of your person, the judgment shall take effect on your effigy, bearing your resemblance, and wearing apparel like your own. Thus I testify my horror of your deed; and thus, also, I fulfil, as far as in my power, the duty of my office. You will witness the execution. May it be some atonement for the offence, and produce on your mind a salutary effect!" The utterance of this decree was a bold experiment on Don Pedro's forbearance. And for a few moments it seemed as if a thunder-cloud of wrath would burst over the Asistente—*Juan Pasqual.* But admiration for the daring, as well as the duty, of the act, prevailed over the anger first felt by Don Pedro for what he thought presumption and insolence. It was certainly an unwonted submission of himself, and his sovereignty, to the judgment of another, when he announced his assent to the decree. This was on the next day carried into execution in the presence of the king, and on the spot where the crime had been committed. There, upon the executioner's block, and witnessed by the excited multitude, the effigy was beheaded; and by command of the judge the head was placed in a niche of the adjoining house, there to remain a month exposed to the public gaze, in token of a sentence deemed rash even in its empty fulfilment; in truth, a mere mockery of justice. It was Don Pedro's whimsical order at a later day, that his marble bust should for ever after occupy the niche where the head of the effigy had been temporarily placed. Such is the statement in the annals of Seville by Zurita. Certain it is, that a bust of Don Pedro is now seen niched in the front wall of a house at the corner of the Calle de

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Justiciero and Calle de Velador, which is pointed out as the scene of the above-mentioned events. He seems to have been fool enongh to flatter himself with the idea, that posterity would honour him for his great example of submission to law. Blinded, as he was by habitual despotism, and the slavish obedience to his will of all about him, he could not see, that the long generations of the emancipated future execrating the memory of the monarch-murderer, and despising that priestly subserviency which desecrated the Sanctuary of a just and righteous God to the uses of his, and his mistress's, entombment, would look on that bust solely as a memorial of his disregard of *all laws—human and divine.*

When speaking of the Alhambra it was stated that Ibn-l-ahmar—sometimes called Alhamar—he who consolidated the power, and made prosperous and formidable the Moorish kingdom of Granada, had aided Ferdinand III, of Castile and Leon, in the conquest of Seville. To this he was instigated by motives of personal revenge; an ignorance of which has left him open to imputations of apostacy, and want of political sagacity, in thus warring against those of his own religious faith, and strengthening that power which finally overthrew, with his own magnificent realm, the Moorish dominion in Spain. Gathered from history and tradition, the circumstances of this event may be briefly, and appropriately referred to, in connection with the Alcazar; for it was the home of one who had incurred Alhamar's hate, by an act of perfidy which made it the prison of another, who possessed his love.

Shortly after the fall of Cordova into the hands of

the Christians, Aben-Hud, the Moorish Sovereign of Seville, desirous of alliance with those of kindred faith, sent his son Aben-Ismael, on a mission of friendship, to Alhamar, King of Granada. Ismael was received as became the occasion of his visit, and the kingly character of his host, with munificent hospitality and unreserved confidence. Among those of high lineage and destiny, into whose presence he was admitted, was Morima, the betrothed in marriage of the king, Alhamar, and the idol of his affections. Her exceeding beauty, and the graces of her mind and manners, impressed Ismael with a passion for her possession, so reckless of all considerations of honour and duty, that, under favouring privileges of a royal guest, and with the aid of his confidential retinue, and protection of a strong escort, he succeeded in seizing her person and escaping, before intelligence of the deed could be conveyed to the Kassābah—where the King then resided. Pursuit proved fruitless; Ismael reached Seville in safety; but was instantly followed by an indignant message to the King of Seville of his son's breach of faith, and a demand for the immediate release of Morima. Deluding Alhamar for a time by false professions, until preparations were made for an expected invasion of his kingdom by Ferdinand, who had just achieved the conquest of Cordova, Aben-Hud then threw off all disguise, and sanctioned the treachery of Ismael by refusing to redress the wrongs complained of by the King of Granada. That monarch, wounded deeply in his personal affections and honour, as in his kingly character, became incensed beyond restraint of cold and calculating policy. He was of a blood, which once in-

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