

faced with azulejos, and tiled floors, are broken and falling to pieces all around; while present tenants of this wreck of marvellous grandeur grunt their contentment in these olden precincts of monastic luxury, in echo of mummery and revelry, of monks and their mates in times past. For hither—it is now said in Seville—the nobility of the neighbourhood resorted for wassail with those who claimed an inheritance to “bind and loose,” and who were not likely to fasten punishment on others, for sins in which they were joint participants. San Geronimo had degenerated from a sanctuary of seclusion and piety, to an ecclesiastico-princely club-house and casino. From a still standing tower the view of surroundings might have taught the inmates of the convent better lessons of life than they learned from cloistered licentiousness. As seen by us, a rarely equalled canopy for brilliancy, throws a flood of radiance on the windings of the Guadalquivir to the west, as it flows a seeming stream of shimmering silver through meadows sheeted in deepest emerald. While Seville, to the south, lifts its forest of Cathedral pinnacles amid clustering palaces, like tapering fingers pointing to the far above and its destinies. And orange and olive orchards, and vineyards, vestiges of Nature’s bounties, still cluster near the crumbling cloisters and the belfry of the desecrated church, as if to hide the degradation into which they have sunk.

The suppression of monasteries and convents by a Government distinguished above all others for its Roman Catholicism, and intolerance of other creeds, gives interest to the question of their rise, progress,

and fall. Whithersoever we turn in Spain there they are found among other monuments of the past, either devoted to other than religious uses, or disappearing from demolition or neglect. It is a melancholy spectacle, and in view of the wreck of art, not at all diminished by the reflection that these depositories of ancient knowledge had become corrupted by indolence and evil practices, and were no longer fulfilling the objects of their creation. The overthrow of evil should not be made to involve the destruction of good. Mankind wrongs itself by indiscriminating judgment. The works of taste and genius are bequests of the past to the present and future, which none can fail to protect and preserve, much less ruthlessly destroy, without forfeiting the respect of those coming after, whose inheritance they are in common. Several suppressed convents in Seville and its suburbs have been already incidentally named. In one district alone of a populous part of the city, the sites and ruins of seven others were counted. So complete was their occupancy of a vast space that scarcely enough remained for the passage to and fro of the people. They had long been material hindrances to the public convenience. Now, wide streets are being opened through this quarter, and houses built for the labouring classes—no longer the hewers of wood and drawers of water for fatted friars, and lady abbesses, living in a proximity favouring free intercourse, and such as would not be approved by more modern views of ecclesiastical decorum.

The excursionist crossing the river to the so-called gipsy suburb of *Triana*, will see on the right of the farther end of the bridge, at the water-line, the only

remaining part of the prison of the Inquisition—namely, the brick stairway; up which, from the boats of that terrible tribunal, its victims passed to die of torture or starvation—secrets confided alone to the turbid waters of the Guadalquivir; or to be borne to the spot of human sacrifice, of fire and blood. This suburb has nothing worthy of notice. Even the cholera-exorcising Virgin-idol of the Church of Santa Ana will scarcely be thought deserving of a deferential call, as her last expected miracle in that line proved a failure, notwithstanding her ox-chariot procession of purification through the highways and byeways.

A short distance above on the same side, and near the river-bank, formerly stood a famous *Cartuja Convent*. Its church alone remains to mark the site. An extensive pottery occupies the rest of the space; a worthy follower of a frail predecessor. The enterprising Englishman who owns it is doing more good to Spaniards—to whom his wares have become indispensable—than all the friars who for generations mumbled millions of routine prayers, and consumed the fruits of other men's labour. *He* contributes largely to the prosperity of Seville. *They* helped to sink her in indolence and poverty. The present owner's preservation of the old church and devotion of it to religious uses, show an enlightened estimate of art, and liberal sense of Christian duty.

Beyond the Cartuja, a mile to the west of the Sainti Ponce road is the village of *Castileja de la Cuesta*, where—in the Calle Real—is the house, now owned by the Orleanist speculator Montpensier, in which died Cortes the murderer of Montezuma. His violations

of faith, and cruelties to the Mexicans, were consistently, if not gratefully, repaid, by his equally heartless Sovereign.

*Santi Ponce*, the modern village marking the tomb of ancient *Italica*, is about six miles from Seville. Here nearly all of the old Roman city founded by Scipio Africanus on the site of a still older Iberian town, lies buried; a sculptured fragment or mosaic being occasionally unearthed to confirm the identity of a spot made sufficiently manifest, however, by the huge skeleton of the amphitheatre lifting itself above surrounding things, a few hundred yards off. Within a vast barrier of fallen walls formed of stone and cement concrete, and having that flinty hardness characteristic of ancient Roman edifices—faced, near the foundation only, with brick, as if it might have been a later addition—is the well defined oval interior. The remains of seventeen amphitheatrically arranged tiers of seats are seen surrounding the large arena; and if the exterior wall were carried up to a point where it would be intersected by a line corresponding to these, the number of seats could not have been less than from twenty-five to thirty. And allowing for the increase of circuit of the upper seats, it may be fairly estimated that this old slaughter-house of gladiators and wild beasts, must have held at least twenty-five thousand spectators; among whom doubtless were often Trajan and Hadrian, afterwards Roman Emperors, whose birth-place was *Italica*; and who received here their first lessons in the daring and deeds, which afterward distinguished their bold and adventurous careers. Vaulted corridors, dormitories, wild beast dens, and gladiators' *sudarii*, have recently been

excavated, in structure resembling those now seen in similar edifices in the south of France and in Italy.

Among other buildings for which the amphitheatre served as a quarry for materials was the Convent of San Isidoro, about a mile nearer Seville on the road side. It is now a type of the religion in which it had birth—decaying of natural causes. The church of the convent is struggling to put off the destruction which has befallen the courts and cloisters. It is now the property of the Parish of Santi Ponce, and is peculiar in its plan, consisting of two naves, between which is a blank wall; and they are separated by a transept from two equally distinct altar places. One nave forms the ecclesiastical coro. The other serves as an aisle and place of worship for the people. The whole interior is gothic vaulted, and has the look of two churches, one for the clergy, the other for the populace, and that doubtless was the design and usage in the palmy days of the convent. It looks, indeed, like a symbol of that act, peculiarly of the Spanish church, which separated Christian priests and people; and drew through the ordinances of creation a dark line, which obliterated some of their most precious provisions, and placed others in antagonism. Instead of welding them together by one only and indivisible interest of eternal good, toward which all worldly ties breathed into man by his Maker, tend; and into which, guided by His laws, they merge. It was by the local Council of Elvira, in the early part of the fourth century, that among other acts of segregation, the decree was passed declaring that *no priest should serve the altar until he had put away his wife*. Until then, that relation ordained of creation had not

been deemed incompatible with ecclesiastical fitness ; and so must have thought the Master—in behalf of whose religion the Council of Elvira professed to have assembled—when he selected as the chief of his apostles Simon Peter, who had a wife. And who taught him and others, that, “from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female . . . . For this cause shall a man cleave to his wife ; and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” But, however inconsistent with truth and righteousness, Spanish clerical presumption faltered not in the scheme of lifting itself to place, power, and privilege, above all others and their interests. One half of the human family, the sainted Marys, Marthas, and Annas, Cecilians, Claras, and Catherines, Elizabeths, Teresas, and millions of others canonized in human hearts for their devotion to God and to the good of their fellow-beings, were told that they were not fit for the companionship of a purity, and piety, which would thereby become sullied for the service of the altar : yet they might become the victims of a selfishness, which prompted the proceeding that involved a prostitution pregnant with retributive results now seen in Spain. The Phœnician and the Egyptian, the Greek, the Carthaginian, and the Roman, planted the seeds deep in her soil, of their national vices, and religious fictions and mysticism, as well as of their inspirations in arts and enterprise. She became the home of error more fully than of truth. And the passionate impulses of her people impressed by the fancies of similar fervid climes, wrought these into forms, or interwove them with creations of their own,

in a manner that made them parts of national being. Thus, creed as well as custom, was shaped; and it is as easy to see how the oath-bound priest of Diana, and the Roman-vowed-Vestal, to chastity, inspired the act of the Elvira Council in its creation of a *sacred caste*, and a *profane caste*, the *celibate priests* forming an *upper*, and the *married laity* a *lower order*, as it is to trace the Mariolatry of the Spanish church to the worship of the first coming Goddess of the Ephesians, with whom the Greek and Roman Venus, and the Carthaginian Salambo, afterward divided the worship of idolatry, now as fervently given to the Virgin Mary. The unity, wealth, perseverance, and prestige of power, of the Spanish clergy, guided by profoundest skill in ecclesiastical strategy, gave them preponderating influence in shaping the far reaching decrees of the Roman Hierarchy in consonance with their will. Thus, notwithstanding resistance encountered elsewhere, this local Spanish rule of celibacy, so far beneath even old Gothic interpretation of woman's place and purpose, finally became the imperative law of the Roman Catholic church universal. And to justify it, Spanish ecclesiastical slander, especially, without stay or stint, was heaped on woman, from Eve who plucked the apple that Adam ate, and priest-like meanly charged her with, down to the *mistress* of Alexander VI the Nero of the Popes; who, *fallible* in being submissive to his *infallibility*, *naturally* became the mother of his *very natural* children. In like manner, Auricular Confession, the Inquisition, and the Order of Jesuits, first sprouted in Spanish soil, to spread and bring under their Upas shade, that vast dominion of religionism,

which, however, in part, has by the ordinances of human progress and the bursting in of the light of knowledge, been saved from the deadly blight of ignorance, falsehood, and superstition. Better would it have been for Rome had she winged herself with the inspiration of Teutonic truth, than continue to drag at the car of a Spanish Juggernaut, which has crushed out the hopes and happiness of that people, and must bring ruin on all who throw themselves before it. Even the last invention of Jesuitism, of that bantling so precious to former Spanish pride, but since hated for its heartless selfishness and dishonesty, and driven from her midst by new-born struggles after better things; even its latest tribute of sin to a tyranny which seeks to chain down human conscience, and extinguish the aspirations of the soul beyond the assigned limits of arbitrary authority; even that dogma of a mystical personal-impersonal papal infallibility, an infallibility which is and is not, and yet which is according to the policy or the exigencies of the case; cannot fail to hasten the fate awaiting those of whom Jesus said—"Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name, saying, *I am Christ*; and shall deceive many."

The Convent Church of San Isidoro of which mention was made a few pages back, contains a rare old "fasistol"—*lectern*—supported by sculptured lions rampant, with Virgin and Cherubs looking from above, down on a magnificently illuminated parchment libro de coro of the fourteenth century. Here also are the tombs of the renowned Guzman surnamed el Bueno, and his wife; and of their son Juan Alonzo and his wife; with their effigies. But that which will perhaps

interest the excursionist still more, is the resting place of Doña Osorio who was burnt alive by command of Pedro the Cruel, because of her rejection of his criminal addresses. The memory of the fidelity of her maid, who perished with her, is perpetuated by a sculptured dog lying at the feet of the mistress's effigy. Over the high-altar of the coro chapel is a wood sculpture by Montañes, having no superior for anatomical proportion, development, and expression, in this department of art. It represents St. Jerome kneeling and holding a crucifix, and looks like an actuality of human devotion. The Retablo, also by that great master, representing the Nativity, Adoration, Resurrection, and Ascension, with San Isidoro, and above all the Virgin, are of but little less extraordinary execution. While a small Virgin and Child, to the side, of Madere wood, the robe and embroidery coloured and in pearl, is an altogether uncommon and striking specimen of vraisemblance.

The cloister adjoining the church, though not in ruins, is deserted by all but bird, and bee, whose glad-some morning and evening hymn, and accompaniment, attune the heart to a truer devotion, than would Monkish matins and vespers grown vapid and wearisome. The rest of the Convent is degraded to basest uses; palatial halls being converted into kitchens and wash-houses by vulgar denizens, the smoke of whose fires pitted in the floors, curls among pillars and arches, frescoing them in blackness. While donkeys and dogs, stabled and kennelled in cells where once dwelt one hundred and fifty friars, roam at pleasure among the fragments of marble columns and capitals, architraves

and balustrades, lying broadcast cumberers of former magnificent courts and arcades.

It is impossible to speak of religious art of whatever kind—of art inspired by religious influences; commemorating religious events and personages; exalting its traditions and teachings, its pomp and power; promoted by the patronage of the clergy, or controlled and shaped by their will and purpose; without adverting incidentally to points of faith and practice connected therewith, and which have helped to make or mar it. If in speaking of these, delinquencies and errors, manners, morals, and belief, deserve censure, it is not for honesty so thinking, to halt in so saying from motives of policy. Truth is more to be coveted than treasure; self-approval than the praise of others. This rule has been thus far observed. In speaking further of monastic, or any other form of ecclesiastical life, in Spain, it will continue to be followed.

It is pleasant to acknowledge that the extreme opinion prevalent among those who first had to combat the abuses of monachism, namely, that the life of the cloister was *always* one of indolence, ignorance, corruption, and imposture, is now admitted to have been erroneous. The prejudice of passion, stimulated by the persecutions of the Roman Church, have subsided under the sway of a calm and just judgment, coming of a sense of safety, through watchfulness and assured power of self-protection, from ecclesiastical assumptions and oppression. Passing the early oriental anchorites, whose example of selfish instincts leading to most preposterous means of salvation, passed into Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries, contributing to the fanaticism, super-

stitutions, and perversions, then corrupting the primitive purity and simplicity of Christianity; we look upon the efforts of St. Benedict in the early part of the sixth century, the first in time and in importance to organize a system of seclusion with benevolence, and find in its early fruits much to commend and something to rejoice at. Not that we mean to say the life of a recluse is the most Christian. The teaching and the example of Him who *went about doing good* do not warrant it. But at the time referred to, and for some centuries after, monastic life became a useful instrument, guided by a few controlling and well-meaning men; who brought wayward, and often vagrant, lazy, half crazed, and irresponsible fanatics, under law and discipline, by gathering from far and near into well ordered communities, miserable drones of half-naked, half-starved, filthy, and *unsanctified* hermits; who, while punishing themselves, and sometimes needlessly perishing, were poisoning the well-springs of a pure and refreshing religion—when rightly understood and practised. To say that the founders of Monastic Institutions were remarkable men, would not cover the case justly. Some of them, those especially, who gave being to the earliest among these communities, and breathed into them a life not merely of pious purpose, but of positive usefulness, were men of ennobling aspirations, kindly sympathies, knowledge of human nature, benevolent designs, and administrative ability. And their spirit continuing to animate for a time their successors, mankind at large became the beneficiaries of its work. For it did not stop at suppressing a mongrel secular-ecclesiasticism, as objectless—as far as related to the good of

others—as it was commonly abject, but it became the custodian of art, literature, and science, during six centuries which threatened them with extinction. In cloistered cells, begirt without by mediæval barbarism, these sacred fires were kept as in Vestal-temples, ready to relume the world when once more it should be willing to receive, and would love the light. For all this, and for the multiplication of books by transcribing before the invention of printing, including the Bible, such classical works as Pliny, Cicero, Sallust, and such medical as Galen and Celsus; for Gothic architecture, limning, and pictorial illuminating; for improvements in agriculture, coming of monastic labour for the supply of monastic wants; and for some illustrious examples of contemplative wisdom leading others in the way of spiritual exaltation; for these beneficent workings of Monastic Institutions, as at first devised and conducted, we surely should be thankful, and the enlightened and just are so.

But this acknowledgment does not preclude the right to improve on the past, to adopt more efficient means for greater ends; nor entail an obligation to approve later abuses as well as former uses. Adapted to the necessities of an age, when barbarism, bigotry, and superstition, falsely claiming to be Christian, had extinguished all traces of olden civilization, they fulfilled their purpose so long as they retained original fitness for an existing want. But the time came when mankind began to clamour for the *light under the bushel*: they wished to see where they were drifting in the darkness that had shut out hope and destiny: and they then found that its later guardians had become faithless to

duty. They had failed to trim the lamp, and had given themselves over to indolence, moral corruption, and debasing sensualism. "If the salt"—said the master "have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." And so thought the people of Spain, more intensely Roman Catholic than all others; of that Spain whose fierceness and thoroughness of religious—no, we will not so dignify the act—of irreligious and wicked persecution, enabled her to boast in the reign of Philip II, that the "stain of heresy no longer defiled the hem of her garment." Not seeing that *her own conduct* was the *greatest of all practical heresies against the letter and spirit of Christianity*. Both monasteries and convents—contradistinguished in Spain, not by the sex of the recluse, but as places of entire, or of partial seclusion, and hence the former being built in solitudes, and the latter in the neighbourhood or in the midst of, and in limited contact with social life—monks, friars, and nuns, must indeed have ceased completely to be the representatives of piety, humility, unselfishness, industry, and humanity, to have incurred the reprobation of a people wedded to them by centuries of superstitious training and submission. They had, in truth, become rank with plunder, acquired under various pretexts, impostures, and penal inflictions. Power, not purity, then followed as the aim of monastic and conventual life; and its extraordinary attainment and exercise, was shown in the subserviency of both church and state to their will. Thus they became the dictators of Spanish destiny; for while they were almost the sole source of ecclesiastical preferment, political ambition

had to seek their influence for its surest gratification. They not only absorbed the calculating and aspiring, but for the facilities of indulgence in laziness and luxury, thousands of others were drawn into them likewise, increasing the burthens of society and the sufferings of the poor. For whatever the boastful charity ostentatiously doled out to beggary at convent doors, it was not even a pittance of that which had been wrung from hands thus paralysed by want. It was but the "crumbs that fell from the rich man's table;" or the gift of garbage without, to hush the moan of hunger disturbing the ear of gluttony within. In 1786, even after the reigns of Philip III, Ferdinand VI, and Charles III, had somewhat reduced their number because of their enormous accumulation of wealth wanted by courts and courtiers, there were still in Spain 9,000 convents—to say nothing of monasteries—and 200,000 persons under vows of celibacy. The diminution therefrom of population *claiming paternal recognition*, and the removal from general industry and public enterprises of prodigious property, making it a stagnant and pestiferous source of evil, instead of allowing it to remain an ever-flowing and bountiful agent of good, had become so palpable; the immoralities, and perversions of original purpose of these Institutions, were so shameless and incurable; their reactionary influence in arresting the progress of knowledge; in covering the land with ignorance, darkening its mind, corrupting its heart, and enfeebling its arm, was so manifest; and beyond these, the nobler doings and destiny of other peoples, who had leaped forward in liberated thought and vigorous purpose, responsive to the calls of a new age, to shape new

means to greater ends, with the lights of a re-born and impassioned civilization bursting forth all around them; these facts stirred the hearts yearning for better things in Spain, and brought on the struggle which finally resulted in the overthrow of the clerical party and absolutism, and in the establishment of Constitutional Government. Under this, the Cortez in 1836 decreed the suppression of monasteries and convents, and the secularization of their property—giving life-pensions to the inmates to prevent the suffering that might otherwise ensue to those disabled for work. Thus the people—as represented by their government—came again into possession of that land of which they had in most instances been unrighteously deprived. Immense tracts came by purchase from the State into the hands of lay proprietors: and it is certain, that in the last thirty-five years, both the productive population, and the distribution of wealth as well as the revenues of Spain, have largely increased—notwithstanding the disturbing influences of insurrections instigated by Rome, and put in motion by Spanish ecclesiastics for the recovery of their lost political power and possessions. That can be achieved only through the re-establishment of Bourbonism; a word synonymous with government absolutism and papal supremacy. The chances of that may be judged of by the fact that Spain broke her own chains, and cast the fragments after her flying oppressors. Who, with the sympathy, and practical aid, of neighbouring legitimists and co-religionists faithless to the obligations of international neutrality, dare venture no further in an enforced reclamation of despotic power than the necessities of ready escape will allow. Take away foreign

dynastic and clerical, encouragement and assistance, and Carlists could not hold a footing, even on the far off frontier of Spain. Seven-eighths of the Spanish people will no longer tolerate the rulers who ruined them. "Dumb, driven cattle,"—poor and powerless—made so purposely by Priests and Princes for selfish ends; and long without a rallying point from which they could reach forward to better things; they have at last, under the operations of a silent, but never changing prejudice against foreigners common to all Spaniards, constraining the abdication of the Italian, foisted on them by the perfidious triumvirate of Prim, Serrano, and Topete, been left free to declare their own will. In view of the curses of monarchical despotism long endured, is it surprising that they should propose to work out the problem of government most consistent with their human rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" Whatever is said by the advocates of royal prerogative, of their unfitness to determine their own destiny, *they know that they cannot do worse for themselves, than has been done for them by others.*

From such a conviction comes the current of thought and action, sweeping away the effete nonsense of the "divine right" of the few to trample under foot the *diviner* rights of the many. Desperate efforts by monarchists and by factions seeking self-aggrandizement, will be made to arrest it; and evils coming of centuries of misrule may for a time prove impediments in its way; but the eventual result cannot be doubted. A people, proud, brave, and resolved, will not fail to redress their wrongs in this age of teeming examples to encourage them. New World and Old World history,

by revolution, convention, and legislation, is teaching the lesson, that political, religious, and social progress, once set in, cannot be turned back. The word has gone forth, that mankind is to be raised to a happier and nobler position. However kings and cardinals, may scorn the drudge who has heretofore supplied their wants and obeyed their behests, that same slave, even now, far and near, is re-writing for their reading the words of Belshazzar's doom. The abounding glories of modern civilization, are the product of broad-cast mind. Times have changed, and modes of thought with them. The *Commoners* have become the real kings, and princes their puppets, to be amused with baubles and flattered by fools. Plebeians are the sovereigns of their own destiny. Passing that most glorious of all lessons of liberty, taught by thirteen North American colonies of *commoners*, which makes *government without the consent of the governed* a political absurdity, a heresy against justice; where it may be asked, would be the grandeur of a consolidated German people, without the mighty mind and spirit of Bismarck, who sprung from among them? Where the constitutional freedom and promise of greatness of an united Italy, but for the genius of Cavour? Where the hopes of Spain, but for the eloquence and patriotism of Castelar? He who has realized to us the grand ideal of ancient oratory. The rusty royalty of this day would cut a sorry figure but for the burnishing received by manhood fresh from the people; which, is gradually changing it, and of necessity, from its own instincts, knowledge of the demands of the age, and practical wisdom, into the popular sovereignty ordained of "higher powers." A *transubstantiation*, sure

to be realized by all who have faith, and the manhood to maintain the *real presence* of right, over wrong. Absolute government in Spain is no longer possible. The choice lies between a Republic and a straight-jacketed Monarchy. In either case the Church will not be able to say of the State "C'est moi." And the one hundred millions of dollars which went into the Spanish treasury from the sales of monastery and convent property, once taken directly from the people, will be heard of "nevermore." Christina, Isabella, and their parasites, pocketed the most of it. The rest went toward the postponement of national bankruptcy.

The bridge spanning the Guadalquivir at Seville will not have been crossed and recrossed, without enjoying from its parapet the busy scene of commercial life below on the really fine quay; piled with lead, copper, cork, orange, and casks of wine, awaiting shipment aboard a fleet of noisy steamers: with the quaint city, its gardens and tropical trees, beyond, forming a contrasted background of pleasing repose for the picture. No lavatories *a la Genève* are moored along shore. For, there is no Lake Lemman here in which to filter the turbid river's waters. The vast washhouse of the city must be looked for at the Corral de Conde in the parish of Sant Iago; where six thousand men, women, and children, in an immense courtyard surrounded by their dwellings, are engaged in the various processes of purifying the pants and petticoats of all Seville. This amphibious population are kept in excellent order by a bespangled "Blessed Virgin" looking forth from her shrine, niched on one side of the Corral; to whom, probably, any number of prayers are addressed when

work and water are wanted. Visitors are expected to bestow at least a candle in honour of her ladyship. The inmates are an improvement on those of the tobacco factory. Pure air, soap and water, are means of health, as well as cleanliness.

Those interested in the history of great enterprises, will scarcely quit Seville for the north without having visited a spot not far off; made memorable, by the fact, that there occurred the accident—if such it was—which led to Columbus' discovery of America. When that great man received from the Spanish Court, then at Seville, a virtual refusal of his offer of service to seek a new route to India, he turned his back upon those who had long beguiled but to disappoint him, and with the intention of seeking the patronage of France, started for Huelva, where lived a brother-in-law of his deceased wife, with whom he intended to leave his legitimate son Diego.

In Irving's "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" it is stated, that on his way to Huelva he stopped at the gate of the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, and asked for bread and water for his child. That, thus *casually*, a conversation between him and the prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, led the latter to detain him as a guest, until his proposal should again be brought to the notice of the Spanish Court—but this time by a direct appeal to Queen Isabella from the prior Juan Perez, who had once been her confessor, and who "knew that she was always accessible to persons of his sacred calling." Thus it was, that the worthy friar Juan Perez de Marchena, deeply impressed by the grandeur of Columbus' scheme, and the arguments by

which he supported it, became the chief instrument, probably, of saving to him the glory of his great achievement; for—as has been before said—this renewed application was successful.

As bearing upon the question of *accident*, or of *reason* so peculiarly a mental gift of Columbus, bringing about this result, let it be remembered, that he is said to have been *going to Huelva for a specified purpose, and stopped at the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida on the way*. Now the fact is, that convent is not on the road to Huelva, but lies two leagues and a half to the southward of it, at the confluence of the Rio Tinto and Rio Odiel. And it is not likely that Columbus would have gone fifteen miles—the distance there and back—out of his way, without an object of greater moment than that of procuring a little bread and water for his son, which could have been had at many places on the direct road, and *quite as near, at Huelva itself*, the town he was going to. This view takes some of the romance from the narrative. But it gives a more substantial interest to it, inasmuch as it points to the ready resources, knowledge of human nature, firm convictions, hopes, and indomitable perseverance, which led to the final triumph of Columbus. For it is thus seen, that even in what others would have felt as despair of Spanish aid, and while on his way to seek assistance elsewhere, he still saw a possible influence in his behalf in the old relation of the Friar Confessor to the Queen, and resolved not to leave it unsought.

The convent, deserted by its old inmates is now used as a summer resort by inhabitants of Huelva—a custodian being in charge of it; who will show a table and

inkstand said to have been used by Columbus. The readiest way to reach it is by Diligence, or private carriage, to Huelva—nine hours. Thence by boat down the Odiel River—one hour. The town of Palos, whence Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery, is from the convent half an hour by boat up the Rio Tinto. It is now a mere fishing village, the river having become too shallow for commercial uses. Huelva has superseded it; a large amount of foreign capital being invested in the valuable copper and manganese mines of the neighbourhood.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## CHAPTER XXIX.

CORDOVA — MOSQUE — GENERAL SIGHTS. MERIDA—  
 ROMAN RUINS. MONASTERY OF YUSTE. TOLEDO—  
 CATHEDRAL — MUZARABIC RITUAL. THE VIRGIN  
 MARY'S DESCENT FROM HEAVEN. TOLEDO RICH IN  
 REMINDERS OF THE PAST. SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES.  
 SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA. SAN CRISTO DE LA LUZ.  
 THE ZOCODOVER. SANTA CRUZ. THE ALCAZAR.  
 ARANJUEZ. MADRID.

THE distance by railway from Seville to Cordova—  
 north-east by east up the valley of the Guadalquivir  
 River—is eighty miles. Time three and a half to four  
 hours. The wayside soil is rich, but cultivation is  
 much neglected. Although olive orchards are many,  
 yet the oil product of all Andalusia is not now equal in  
 quantity to that of the immediate vicinity of Seville,  
 alone, in the time of the Moors. Don Pedro's castel-  
 lated mistress and money-treasury, at Carmona; and  
 his fortress of Almodovar, are not worth the time of  
 stopping to see. The omnibus of the Fonda Suiza  
 waits at the station the arrival of regular trains, to take  
 passengers to the only really good hotel in Cordova—  
 and a better is not to be found in Spain at this time.

In the rivalry of Pompey and Cæsar for the rule  
 of Rome, Cordova among other foreign possessions sided  
 with the former. Falling into the hands of Cæsar he

gave it to pillage and fire, in punishment of resistance. Rebuilt by his Lieutenant, Marcellus, it became celebrated for a time for its University, where were taught philosophy, morality, oratory, and the Greek language. Here studied Seneca the elder—preceptor of Nero; Gallio the orator; Lucan the poet; Ledro the rhetorician; Manelus the master of the older Seneca; also Seneca the tragedian, and Seneca the historian. Subjected to Gothic dominion on the dismemberment of the Roman empire, it lost its literary distinction; but rallied again on a new change of rulers when the Moors, by the overthrow of Roderick on the banks of the Guadalete, possessed themselves of Spain. These last conquerors made the city of Cordova the capital of Moorish Spain, subject at first to the Khalifate of Damascus, but subsequently assuming an independent sovereignty. Under the rule of the family of the Omejades—by whom this revolution was effected, embracing a period of two and a half centuries, the Peninsula illustrated a munificence of supreme authority which might well have served as an example to others, prone to lavish upon Mahomedans epithets worthy only of their own fanaticism and intolerance. While Cordova the capital, became the abode of art, science, and literature, manufactures and trade—in short of civilization and general enjoyment—in the midst of a richly cultivated plain, through which flowed that most beautiful and bounteous of Spanish rivers, the Guadalquivir, with the Sierra Morena, wrapped as if in empurpled mist, limiting the vision far beyond. But since the taking of Cordova by Ferdinand III in the thirteenth century, its 1,000,000 population has dwindled to 40,000; the nine hundred

public baths have disappeared; its six hundred inns are reduced to two; its embowered plazas and fountains have disappeared; its skill and industry are now unknown; the light of its numerous free schools has been put out, leaving the poor to grope, stumble, and fall, amid the evils of ignorance; and its great academies, which attracted those aspiring after knowledge, from France, Italy, Germany, and Britain, are gone, and the place which once knew them shall know them no more for ever. Scarcely a trace of the wonderful palace of Arrizaha in the environs can be found; the once enchanted grounds being now occupied by a common-place summer boarding-house. One mosque alone, of the formerly three hundred, remains to give some notion of the magnificent temple-architecture of the Moors. It ranked only second to that of Mecca in sanctity; and is said to have been first in size and style—covering a larger area than any known religious sanctuary, Pagan, Christian, or Mahommedan.

This Mosque has been marred by Christian barbarians, who kept it as a monument of triumph only that they might build *within* it a Cathedral, which could much more fittingly in every sense have been built elsewhere. Yet enough remains to make it the attraction of Cordova, the only one worth stopping to see, and which attests the grandeur of the Arabic epoch. And in seeking it, enough of the general aspect of the town will present itself to satisfy curiosity on that head. Leaving the hotel—Fonda Suiza—on the Calle Paraiso, the first street to the left on the way southward is Jesus Maria, which leads into Angel de Saavedra, and in succession Pedregosa, the Plazuela de Benavente, and

the Calle Cespedes which opens opposite the wall of the Mosque courtyard. A short distance to the right is the grand portal to the court. The streets and houses passed, retain Moorish features; the former being narrow, winding, and expanding in places into small, irregular, plazuelas. The houses are low, with grated windows, patios, fountains, and shrubbery; sometimes overtopped by little Byzantine miradors. Nothing can be more strikingly Moorish than the wall enclosing the Court of Oranges of the Mosque, with its massive foundation, beautiful water-tabled and pinnacled piers, and dentated parapet. The great gate has a magnificent horse-shoe arch; but its elegant ajimez windows are stuffed with stucco, covered with coarsest frescoes of a crude Christianity. Piers, arches, arabesque, also, are wretchedly yellow washed. Indeed nearly every thing about this great entrance has been ruthlessly abused except the magnificent bronze gate and its huge embossed knockers, which have sturdily resisted attempts at their violation. A miserable modern belfry has been built above all in shameless disregard of the respect due to high art.

It was through this Puerta del Perdon that Moslem worshippers entered the vast court within, arcaded on two sides, and filled with palm and orange trees, amid which was a fount for the ablutions of the faithful before entering the House of Prayer. It is still a sweet spot for the inspiration of religious sentiment. The Mosque facing one side of this Court of Oranges is not imposing. The same may be said of the whole *exterior*—its appearance being that of a high, quadrangular stone and stucco wall, broken into panels by

square buttresses, and capped throughout by a battlement. But the effect of the façade toward the Orange Court has been greatly impaired by later tampering. Originally the Mosque was entered from this side, alone, under nineteen splendid horse-shoe arches, separated from each other by magnificent columns. In truth, this whole front of four hundred and fifty feet was a grand subdivided portal through which was entered a vast forest of marble, jasper, and porphyry pillars—once numbering more than twelve hundred—supporting, on two stages of superimposed horse-shoe arches, a ceiling of sculptured precious woods, varied and shadowy as overhanging tropical foliage. All but two of these beautiful horse-shoe arched spaces have been walled up, thus immersing many of the columns. Two modern doorways give access to the interior on this side, at present. And three common looking entrances have been made on the other sides of the Mosque.

Original features of the *interior* have also been destroyed. Except in one or two of the modern chapels, the cedar, larch, and sandal-wood ceiling has been removed, to give place to vaults, spanning transversely the horse-shoe arches superposed in couples and resting on the pillars. The middle of the area of the Mosque has undergone an entire change; everything here having been demolished to make room for a Cathedral, which was thought by the priests necessary to purify the work of infidels. This is cruciform, and rises above the height of the Mosque. The capilla mayor occupies the tribune, the coro and sacristia are in the nave, and that part of the transept under the cimborio is allotted to the people—except a railed

passage between the coro and high-altar. The one hundred and six choir stalls—showing a large number of canonical routinists—are superbly carved. With this exception, the whole work of this unwelcome-obtrusion on attention is a florid composite; suited to impure taste, and turgid ceremonialism, but comparing meanly with the simple and solid expression of a sublime homage surrounding it. Forty-five chapels and ecclesiastical offices have been built at the cost of the outside aisles, the pillars bordering which being removed or walled up, and the beautiful perspective of these far-reaching avenues greatly impaired thereby. The Maksurah, where sat the Kalif and meditated on the duty of holiness, is now converted into a chapel and robing room—a depository for the tawdry regalia of modern ritualism. The raising of the floor has destroyed the proportions of the Maksurah; and tinselled altars and common wardrobes hide the arabesque tracery of the walls. The Mihrab, a Holy of Holies, where was kept the Alcoran, and where the Kalif performed his public prayer, has, through an exceptional interposition of Charles V in such cases, escaped the hands of the destroyer. It is perhaps the most exquisitely beautiful piece of Byzantine mosaic now known in Christian Europe.

It is a misnomer to call the Cordova Mosque a Cathedral, as is frequently done. Those desirous of the perpetuation of monuments of the past—material witnesses of what has been, and claimants of what is due to the genius and labours of others—may well rejoice, that, whatever the desecration of this edifice by a misguided and intolerant religionism, enough of its

original features remain, to show its object in giving an expression to a sense of that Divine Might which upholds creation; and to teach those who tread its labyrinth, dependence, and the necessity of righteousness, which alone, can guide them safely amid the uncertainties of being. It is a pleasant indulgence while wandering through its twilight aisles, to become oblivious to the tumid self-importance of the later Spanish church intruded into the great Moorish sanctuary; and to fancy the latter as it once was, a wilderness of columns upholding a vast ceiling of sculpture, like a forest of trunks with densest vegetation massed above into a canopy of interwoven twigs, vines, foliage, and flowers. Lighting this, in imagination, with more than seven thousand coloured lamps, and countless clustered candles, throwing their myriad beams on polished pillars, on arches sinking lower and lower in the long lines of perspective until vanishing in the distance, and on the azure, and golden, and sculptured ceiling, seeming ready to fall and wrap the ten thousand devout worshippers in a flood of embroidered light; thus some idea may be had of what the wondrous temple was when the Moslem there acknowledged that "God Who alone is God."

A short distance behind the Mosque a fine bridge is thrown over the Guadalquivir—here a bold, broad stream. The fifteen abutments built by Cæsar's legions look as if they were intended for all time. Roman remains frequently crop out in digging for foundations in this day. Shortly since an ancient mosaic floor representing the four seasons was unearthed but a few paces from the Fonda Suiza. The Paseo del Gran Capitan—who was a native of Cordova—lies but a

short distance west of the hotel. Though much resorted to, it is not attractive. A more fashionable promenade, with flowers, fountains, and shrubbery, and affording a splendid view of the wide plain and Sierra beyond, is the Paseo de la Victoria. The old Moorish Plaza formerly arcaded on all sides, and lined with bazaars flashing with silks and all kinds of precious wares, is now the common market for the supply of all sorts of animal wants. Here the study of low Spanish character and habits may be fully indulged. Calicoes and kerchiefs, rags and dingy ribands, patched cloaks and shapeless slouches, form the staple of costume. Dough, boiled in oil before your eyes—the Buñuelo of Seville—Roscas hard and white, and sour wine, supply present necessities: and vegetables, from acorns and locust-beans, through cabbages, potatoes, and turnips, up to the necessaries of the national life, garlic and onions, most abundant, with but a meagre show of fish and flesh, to keep themselves in remembrance: the tamborine and zambomba, vying with a babbled patois that would drive a Castilian mad, bidding you to “buy, come and try;” all these, with a donkey now and then helping himself either from his own, or his neighbour’s pannier, make a scene of ways and means worth looking at by a tourist who is curious to know, how, in such matters, other people scuffle through life. Neighbouring streets are spread with mats for fruits and miscellaneous trumpery, with which summer sun and winter rain must sometimes make sad havoc. The shops, generally, have open fronts—cheerless in cold, and without awnings, proportionably uncomfortable in hot weather. A day in Cordova, actively spent, will suffice to gratify mere

curiosity. The climate is not as relaxing as that of Seville. The neighbouring mountains give it a more bracing quality.

Cordova is now the point of departure for Lisbon, on this route of a tourist; taking a branch railway of about fifty miles, with a few miles gap of Diligence drive, running nearly due north, and uniting with the great western road to Portugal; instead of going some hundreds of miles round by Manzanares, as formerly. And if Lisbon be omitted, Merida, a mine of old Roman ruins within the limits of Spain, deserves the attention at least of the antiquarian. This capital of ancient Lusitania has become an impoverished town of but a few thousand inhabitants; and its Fondas—either that of Leon, or of Badajoz—must not be expected to furnish more than meagre bed and board. But out-of-door interest will withdraw attention from indoor wants, during the one or two days required for sight-seeing. The town being built on the right bank of the Guadiana, a gigantic bridge was here thrown across the river by the Emperor Trajan; having a length of 2,575 feet, 33 feet above its bed, and resting upon 81 arches supported by massive piers. The material is yellowish granite; the roadway 26 feet wide being paved with cobble-stone, with a narrow foot-pavement of flag-stones in the middle. From one side of the bridge an inclined plain descends to the ruins of a building occupying a rocky flat in the stream; and from the opposite side a stone stairway leads to a corresponding insular spot. These may have been conveniences for bathing and washing. And an undershot mill may also have once occupied the side of the ruined building. The French

Marshal Marmont's march to the relief of Badajoz was impeded by the destruction of several of the arches of this bridge, by the English. But it was speedily repaired and is in use now, as nearly eighteen centuries ago. Indeed it looks as if built for eternity.

Another Roman remain, tolerably well preserved, is the Circus Maximus, having a length of nearly 1,400 feet, by about 450 feet wide—ovoidal in shape. The walls are of great thickness, but much hidden by débris and earth externally. Internally eight tiers of seats remain, and the arena—which, but for its luxuriant crop of potatoes might be run over by chariots at this day. Not far from the Circus are the ruins of the ancient theatre—now called Las Siete Sillas from the seven tiers of seats separated by spaces. Many of the vomitories giving access to these are still found; others, together with some of the seats in another part of the building, and also the proscenium, have been destroyed. The walls are built of broken granite and pebbles grouted by cement. The scarcely distinguishable ruins of an amphitheatre, or as considered by some a naumachia, are near the theatre, but a thorough knowledge of ancient construction, and patient and laborious investigation would be required to determine the fact of use. But little remains of the Temple of Mars. Six columns—not quite in line—support a kind of lintel bearing the inscription—"Marte sacrum Vitilla Paculi," and limit a space which looks as if it may have been a portal twelve by ten feet in size. Several fragments of columns rising not more than six or eight inches above ground, indicate an edifice in this direction from the entrance. Parts of two aqueducts are better preserved

one of these bearing signs of great antiquity, built of grouted brick and granite. A few tiers of two, and in some places of three arches are seen. The shafts occasionally rise to the height of ninety feet, reminding one of a similar, though grander work at Segovia. Many other fragments of antiquity may be found in wandering about Merida, but they are in a perishing state—nearly buried, or walled into other structures; and the natives being utterly ignorant of what they were, no information can be had about them. The old city wall is rapidly disappearing. But beyond it, up stream, a Roman dyke of massive masonry is worth a visit; and, if time allow, the reservoir El Lago de Proserpina, three miles north of the city, should be seen. The granite wall which dams the water is stupendous. A visit to Merida cannot fail to confirm one's appreciation of the imperial will and power of old Rome—who planted her civilization and built her monuments at the farthest limits of the then known earth.

The Jeromite Monastery of Yuste in the northern part of the Province of Estremadura, is reached from three directions. From Avila in the north; Toledo in the east; and Merida in the south. The distance from each of these places to Plasencia—the nearest town of importance to Yuste—does not vary much from eighty miles. Part of the way may be travelled by Diligence. Some of it must be done by horse or mule, and of necessity the twenty-five to thirty miles from Plasencia to the Monastery. The journey is fatiguing; the wayside posadas—as we are told—execrable; and, as is farther said, the trip is not unattended with risk of robbery or detention in time of civil war, such as

attends our visit to this part of Spain. But even if Yuste could be reached without danger or discomfort, it would profit little to see the crumbling crypt where the imperial bigot Charles was laid after the solemn mockery of assisting at his own obsequies; the ashes and embers of the choir, where daily mummary fancied it was cheating immutable justice; and the weed-grown cloisters where vegetated a set of drones—cumberers of the ground. Since the devastating French invasion, and the suppression of monastic institutions in Spain, those who have visited that of Yuste unite in representing it as a total and irretrievable ruin. Among them Mr. William Stirling, now Sir William Stirling Maxwell, who was there in 1849, in his "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V," describing the scene of fire, plunder, wanton injury, and neglect, concludes thus—  
"Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, *sole relic* of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation. Yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the Imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings." That "Imperial eagle" of whom the same accomplished writer, in another place, expressively says, his "repose cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that in truth *he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo.* He had given up little beyond the *trappings* of royalty; and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks."

If Yuste be visited by the tourist, Toledo will be sought thence through Talavera. - Otherwise, returning from Merida eastward to Manzanares, the great north and south railway will then convey him, *viâ* Alcazar de San Juan—to Castillejo forty miles short of Madrid. Thence a branch railway to Toledo—time one hour and a quarter—will take him to that city without having to retrace his way to see this once renowned Spanish capital. And if the train taken be the southern express reaching Castillejo in the early morning, and the Toledo train connect with it as is usually the case, the excursionist may, with the services of an active guide, *see* all in Toledo that is now worth seeing (but without studying) and reach Madrid by the evening train of the same day. A result to be desired, for the proprietor of the Fonda de Lino, the only hotel in the place, well understands that he will have but one chance of plucking a pigeon which takes shelter under his roof.

Toledo is one of the Peninsular cities serving to illustrate the ruin of Spanish rule. Under the benign and more tolerant sway of the Moor its history was one of growth and prosperity. From shortly after the time of the Christian conquest, A.D. 1085, persecution worked its natural result; and a population of 200,000, who then thronged its streets, and enlivened its factories and shops with industry and trade, has become reduced to scarcely 18,000—who serve but little better purpose than to exemplify laziness and poverty. Not alone the hated Moor was driven into exile, but the more than hated Jew, who had largely contributed to the building up of the material grandeur and great influence of Toledo, was ordered by a Council of the Church to be

cut off with the "scythe of revenge." This, years after, sharpened by the hands of San Vicente de Ferrer, a chief preacher of bloody intolerance, was made to finish its "most glorious work" of cutting down the Hebrew, and *gathering the harvest of his gains*. Priests and Princes were terrible hyenas after dead men's remains.

Toledo seen as approached is beautiful. As a whole, standing on a lofty hill, belted below by a nearly circular sweep of the river Tagus, terraced with palaces, churches, convents, and crowned, on its topmost height by the proud Alcazar, nothing can be more effective in situation, and relation of parts—each of which bears its own proper share in making the magnificent sight. It creates an anticipation of delight to come when the scene of enchantment is reached. Nor is the illusion destroyed, when, quitting the station and crossing the bridge of Alcantara, the zigzag road is ascended under frowning walls on one side, and a fertile Huerta on the other far below, to the rich Moorish gate of horse-shoe arches—the Puerta del Sol. Within this a change comes over the spirit of one's dream. Narrow, tortuous, rough, or unpaved, dirty streets, wind amid closely packed, dilapidated, and begrimed houses, bearing the commingled features of Visigothic, Moorish, and Spanish domination; the last most strongly marked, and significant of the ecclesiastico-warlike spirit of the hard and sombre Middle Ages. The pursuit of a general interest in the city is unattended with pleasure, nor does it gratify curiosity. And one is apt to seek something special as distinctive of Toledo and its later renown.

No delay need attend the selection of that deserving of first attention. Long the residence of the Primate

of Spain—at times more powerful and controlling than the Roman Pontiff himself, for he frequently wielded the sovereignty of a State whose will was often the law of the papacy—Toledo was made to assert her claim to ecclesiastical dignity as well by manifestations of material grandeur as by the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction. Thus she came to possess a Cathedral, thought by some to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Spanish church architecture. This is apt to be the opinion of inexperienced observers, whose judgment led captive by first impressions, and a highly ornate style, fail to see beneath the latter—and indeed amid its florid details—proofs of conflicting designs, inharmonious features, and capricious changes made during the five hundred years it was being built. Although the first architect, whose general plan for a time after his death guided in the main his successors, is by Spanish writers spoken of as *Pedro Perez*, there is no proof that he was a Spaniard. The only authentic information on that head is derived from his epitaph, which is in Latin and calls him *Petrus Petri*. That may more correctly be translated *Pierre le Pierre*, making him French, than *Pedro Perez* making him Spanish. Besides in the early part of the thirteenth century Spain did not possess a distinctive and authoritative school of native artists. Her dependence in ordinary was upon Mahommedan art. But she was not likely to avail of it in the material unfolding of her religious faith and sentiments; though she doubtless did use Moorish skill in workmanship to the extent of her wants; and even submit at times to the adoption of a simple Moresco ornamentation when not opposed to special prejudices. A network of narrow, winding

lanes, closely walled by houses, precludes a view of the exterior except at the west end. And there extensive alterations have destroyed the original character of the work. Nevertheless this profusely sculptured façade, and its three portals, impress favourably a taste uneducated by art-study and its chastening influences. The steeple is imposing—not only in its height, three hundred and twenty-four feet, but in its symmetrical pyramidal form; first a massive square town, supporting an octagon with bold turrets and pinnacles, on which rises a gradually tapering spire projecting three rows of metal rays from its sides to be lost skyward in vanishing points of distance.

*Tower*

It is pleasant to pass from the bright glare of Spanish sunlight without, to the grateful twilight of the interior of this vast edifice—not monotonously dimmed, but possessing a marvellous charm of light and shade, tinted by the iris hues of windows themselves rich in the art and traditions of the age that gave them being. It is a fit gathering place for pilgrims of art, not less than those of piety, who have for centuries come to linger entranced at this shrine of famed architecture. The interior clear area of the Cathedral has three hundred and ninety-five feet length, by one hundred and seventy-eight feet width. The simplicity and uniformity of the original plan is apparent. A nave containing the coro, and two aisles on each side, are separated by a transept from an apsidal tribune in which is the high-altar encircled by two crescentic aisles. The nave and tribune are bordered by twenty-one chapels, some of them of great richness of decoration. The columns, eighty-four in number, are uniform in design, being cylindrical and

encrusted by engaged shafts or pillarets. A difference between nave and tribune, which may not have been in the original scheme, and certainly impairs the symmetry of the great whole, is the existence in the outer wall of the inner aisle of the tribune, of a triforium formed of an arcade of cuspid arches; and above this, near to the point of the vault of the same aisle, is a rose window in each bay. The main arches of the innermost arcade, between the tribune proper and the inner aisle, are of course higher than those of the aisle: and the space above them is occupied by a triforium reaching to the springing of the main vault of the tribune. This consists of a series of trefoil-headed arches on detached pillars, having statues of life-size standing in the divisions; and in the spandrels above are heads looking out of moulded circular frames, with nail-headed ornamental work still higher. The effect of the whole is relieving and rich. But in the nave there is now no trace of these—if they ever existed—as above described. In their place the aisle has fourteenth century windows of six lights with geometrical tracery; and the clerestory of nave and transept has larger windows of six lights with elaborate tracery. Such discrepancies however, will not mar the general effect of an exceedingly lavish ornamentation, bursting like an unintelligible and affluent efflorescence on the attention of a casual observer, both in the Cathedral proper, and Chapels—especially those of Ildefonso and Santiago. Indeed the retablos, and especially that grand one of the high-altar, reaching even to the ribbed vault far above, and sculptured all over with canopied niches filled with chapters of Christ's life: the coro, within

and without, screens, stalls, throne, and fascistols: rejas, massive and bold: ambones and baldachinos: even the monumental tombs, help to give one a feeling akin to that produced by a wild and wayward luxuriance of tropical vegetation; making the *tout ensemble* of rich and vigorous Gothic middle-pointed of the thirteenth century, striking and enjoyable, though we must confess not as awakening of awe and emotion, as the more simple and sublime Sanctuary of Seville.

The Capilla Mozarabe of the Cathedral exceptionally remarkable for its plainer style, should be seen. There, will be found a first printed copy of the Muzarabic ritual, especially interesting to church-formalists. This ritual was that used by the Spanish Goths, the oldest known to Christians, the most simple in its formulary, and, as far as such matters may be judged of by the written words, the most earnest in tone of devotion. Some of its prayers and collects are framed into the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The tolerant rule of the Moors when masters of Toledo, allowed of the practice of the Christian faith among the conquered race. These Christians were called *Must-Arab*—men who lived with, and sought to live as the true Arab; hence the term Muzarabic applied to their ritual. On the restoration of the Spanish dominion, ultra-montanism coming in under French auspices, sought to displace this old Gothic ritual by the Roman or Gregorian; and finally, after various and most curious trials, by arms and by fire, of the comparative validity of the two formulas, it succeeded by the law that "might makes right" in establishing the supremacy of the Roman formulary of religious services.

This, however, was not unattended by resistance, and even revolt. And when Ximenes of Cisneros, the austere priest, profound politician, and unconquerable spirit, rose by the force of mind and character, from the place of a humble monk to that of Archbishop of Toledo; understanding how much there was to respect and command in the devotion of the Muzarabians for their own liturgy, which dated from early Christian centuries; he directed one of the chapels—that to which reference has been made—in his own metropolitan Cathedral, to be set apart for the perpetuity of the ancient rite, and a chapter to be instituted charged with the special service of this chapel. Such is the service that may be witnessed at this day in Toledo, and perhaps nowhere else. It is an appropriate memorial of one of the noblest types of a really great Spaniard; who, while he sympathised with, and deferred to the honest convictions of the people, dared to point to the knotted cord of St. Francis, which, even when constrained to clothe himself in episcopal purple he continued to wear, and say—as both Primate of Spain and Minister of the Kingdom—“It is with this I bridle the pride of the aristocracy of Castile.”

In one of the side aisles between the coro and west front of the Cathedral, is a pyramidal, open work, Gothic shrine, in which is preserved the slab of the pavement on which the Virgin is said on Church authority, to have alighted, on her coming from heaven to attend matins; sitting in the seat of the Archbishop Ildefonso, who had written a spirited defence of her perpetual virginity which had been irreverently questioned by French heretics; and afterwards investing