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SPAIN.

PRESENTED
BY
THE

ART-REMAINS AND ART-REALITIES,

PAINTERS, PRIESTS, AND PRINCES.

BEING

NOTES OF THINGS SEEN, AND OF OPINIONS FORMED, DURING
NEARLY THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS
IN THAT COUNTRY.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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

BY
H. WILLIS BAXLEY, M.D.,

*Author of "What I saw on the West Coast of South and North America, and
the Hawaiian Islands."*

Donativo del Sr. Cónde de
Romanones á la Biblioteca
de la Alhambra

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1875.

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BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

To GEORGE H. WILLIAMS, Esq.,

Of Baltimore.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I was in Spain you wrote to me—"See and note as much as you can of that country, for the sake of your friends who cannot be with you, to seek and store up for themselves things about the Occident of olden times. Above all, see and say as much as possible of Granada. The more the better of that Moorish palace's past and present state, and eventful story."

I inscribe these pages to you; not merely to show that I have striven to gratify your wishes, but also to manifest my sense of your literary culture; which, as liberal as it is large, knows no unkindly criticism, but seeks solely to lighten the burthens of onerous professional pursuits.

Faithfully your friend,

H. WILLIS BAXLEY.

London, December 1, 1874.

P R E F A C E.

SPAIN is scarcely surpassed by any country in interest to the artist, archæologist, religionist, and political economist. And it seems strange that her varied resources to this end have not been presented in a comprehensive and associated relation, free from too tedious and special details, for the use of the tourist, and the entertainment of the stay-at-home reader. She is full of pictures, natural and artistic. Sublimity is spread broadcast, skirted by the sea of old renown, and canopied by a sky of wondrous depth and beauty. Ruins dating back to Carthaginian, Roman, Goth, and Moor, clothe themselves in many parts of the Peninsula in tropical garments, to make more pleasing their tales of truth and of tradition. Cathedrals—marvellous creations of New World wealth and Old World genius—paintings, and sculptures, abound, to freshen day by day the delight of the amateur, and fill the measure of the art-student's wants. While history, ecclesiastical and political, stands by, giving to everything a voice full of instruction, and far more welcome to the learner of things that were and are, than the fables with which fiction has, in the case of Spain especially, misled senti-

mentalists and religionists. Nearly three years—from, and including the autumn of 1871, to 1874—were spent in Spain by the author in search of health. The following pages written during that time, tell what he saw and thought. Art-remains and Art-realities, the works of great painters and great builders, the weaknesses and wickedness of priests and princes, and the lamentable consequences coming of the last, are their chief burthen. They have served a use in giving to an invalid employment suited to his wants. And if they should aid others seeking information in the same direction, a more artistic hand may be induced to present Spain, as she was, and as she is, in relative pictures, suggestive of cause and effect, in moral, material, and political condition, more fully finished than those herein sketched.

Real Academia de la Historia y Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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S P A I N.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

A RESULT, as well as a sign of civilization, is the spirit, which has strengthened with the source of its being, to seek by personal observation, knowledge of other lands; their physical features, and the language and institutions, the moral, social, intellectual and political condition, of their peoples. Whatever the incentive which is nearest of cause to the movement; whether pastime, health, or speculative enterprise; the diffusion, or the acquisition of knowledge; the gratification of the sense, or the increase of the means of material comfort; the power which underlies all, and puts in motion the immediate spring of action, is that exalted appreciation of duty—the essence of true civilization—which contemplates human good in some form, as the aim and end of being.

Happily the means of intercourse between distant countries, and the facilities of travel in each, are the offspring of the same creative spirit which is the parent of lofty purpose and ennobling enterprise. Thus the developments of science and the mechanic arts, have kept pace with the aspirations and wants of general

progress; and enable many to gratify longings for travel, who, otherwise would be compelled to forego it. An Englishman can now make the tour of the Continent with less inconvenience than a century since he could have made that of a neighbouring county. And an American can steam from hemisphere to hemisphere for British broad cloth, or a case of cutlery, in less time than it took Cæsar to reach Rome from the Rubicon, when his scheme of empire was threatened by domestic enemies.

Under such circumstances of improved inter-communication, the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon are found abroad measured by multitudes, in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Holland; even Austria, Denmark and Sweden are familiar with their too often ostentatious generosity; while other parts of Europe, and Egypt and Syria also, willingly welcome their occasional coming, characterised as it is by the vanity of a lavish, and it might be said, silly boastfulness of commiseration for the "beggarly representatives of the rest of mankind."

But there is one spot on the Continent the general pleasure traveller commonly shuns, and from a mistaken belief of the danger, discomfort, delays, and exorbitant charges, incident to the journey. That spot, the Hispano-Portuguese Peninsula, in its history, antiquities, art, scenery, and mineral resources, as well as in its claims upon philanthropic enterprise, is well calculated to awaken interest with English and American travellers; and it is to be regretted that the prevalence of an erroneous impression, should hinder the reciprocal pleasure and profit, which might come of that social tide which gives while it bears away blessings of being.

It is not intended to say that the Peninsula is attrac-

tive in all its aspects of physical and moral life. But, that in view of what is seen elsewhere, Spain—of which it is proposed especially to speak—is not everywhere so uninteresting to the eye; not so deeply debased in social, moral, and political being; so incapable of reformatory purpose and effort; so regardless of law and order; so indifferent to the good opinion of mankind; as to be exceptionally lost to all hope of redemption, in Church, State, and Estate, as some superficial, hasty, and prejudiced observers would have us think.

Were it profitable to indulge in invidious comparisons, the boastful metropolitan centres of European and American civilization might be claimed as exemplifying in a higher degree than Spain, the dangers to life and property, by murder and robbery; and the greater extortions and impositions practised therein upon travellers, by public agents with whom they necessarily come in contact. Discomfort, annoyance, and vexatious delays, are occasional incidents of travel everywhere; and it is unreasonable to look to Spain for the exception to the rule. He who cheerfully regards them as the price paid for the pleasure and profit of his journey, will act wisely and well. Habitual ill-humour and grumbling, neither benefit one's-self, nor give happiness to others with whom our lot may be cast.

The mild winter-climate of the south of Spain, by reason of its adaptation to many requirements of invalids who chafe under confinement, is inviting to Britons and Americans. Pre-eminently active, energetic, laborious, and adventurous, and inhabiting climates of severity and sudden changes, they are especially the victims of exhaustive effort and atmospheric vicissitudes. In the

life of either, bodily rest and mental tranquillity are rarely known. Exertion and tumult make the rule of life; repose and serenity the exception; until a longing for that quiet which wrecked health makes necessary, forces the sufferer from the so-called comforts of home—which he never took time to think of before—to seek a further lease of life in another land, and among a strange people. Even if he should not find the boon of perfect health, he may mitigate pain, and stay the progress of disease; and learn too that lesson of life before unheeded, that honours and wealth, however desirable when wisely sought and secured, are not the surest passports to happiness in the near, or the far off future.

And let it be borne in mind, that he who goes abroad in the too usual exactious spirit of the valetudinarian, and expecting that every one encountered by the way-side, should, and will make sacrifices for his comfort, will be disappointed. The fashionable highways of travel are full of the worn-out, wan, and wasted; sick, and weary of life—at least who try to make themselves and others believe so. What is to be done when all alike claim special privileges? Experience teaches that the good of the real invalid, as well as the happiness of the mere pleasure-seeker, is best assured by a compromising and contented spirit. We cannot reasonably expect to reconcile the diverse usages of promiscuous society, and neutralize its inherent tendencies to selfishness, save by kindly inculcations of patience and charity. And one may largely contribute to his own comfort and gratification, by consulting those of others. The observing traveller cannot have failed to notice, how strong the disposition is on the part of fellows, to repay and

outdo the efforts of those who seek to serve them. The exceptions to this courteous and generous usage, serve but to make the fact as marked, as it is significant of an amiable impulse; one it is a duty to cherish, even were it not, as in this case it is, good policy. The feeble and afflicted, unselfishly thoughtful of the wants of others, and even of the capricious tendencies of some, will at times find themselves the recipients of greater favours than they bestow. It is the planting and watering which surely bring forth fruit in season. And in this indulgence of gracious, as of grateful feeling, let not the obligation be overlooked of duly recognizing and acknowledging the Higher Favour, which has given all varieties of climate and scene, to serve and charm; to comfort and invigorate the enfeebled frame, delight the sense, gladden the spirit, purify the heart, and instruct the mind.

Afflicted, sad, and perhaps hopeless; without physician to heal, friendly sympathy to soothe, or home to welcome him; what would be the fate of the wanderer after help, but for that goodness which gives a genial refuge from winter's blast; and shields the enfeebled body from exhaustive heats, amid Alpine scenes watered by streams from icy hills, and fanned by nature's breath of purity and coolness? Apart from the treasures of art—means of pastime to all, and to many, of exalted and enduring pleasure—Italy and Spain are, like Switzerland and the Tyrol, in their appropriate seasons great store-houses of God's precious gifts. And he who aids, however feebly, in making them tributary to the good of his fellow-man, fulfils a mission of mercy and love.

CHAPTER II.

ROUTE TO SPAIN, ARLES, ORANGE, NISMES—THEIR
ANTIQUITIES. PERPIGNAN.

WHERE Spain can most advantageously be entered, and what route should be pursued, to see what is best worth looking at, depends upon collateral circumstances. The object—whether for health, pleasure, or business—and whether Spain is to be embraced in a comprehensive Continental, or form in itself an independent tour, must of course govern the decision of the question. Premising, that it should be avoided in summer, because of the intense heat; and that no invalid, especially one labouring under pulmonary disease, should expose himself to the winter cold, and atmospheric vicissitudes of its northern and middle Provinces; it may be said, that, while those who are under the necessity of fleeing from more rigorous regions to Southern Spain, should take the speediest and most endurable means of getting there, whether it be by land or sea; those, on the other hand, whose purpose is covered by the word "sight-seeing," will be sure to fail of its full enjoyment, unless they interweave with their web of pleasure a thread spun by the fairy fingers of Spring or Autumn. Even Spiritual emotions are enhanced by agreeable sensations, however material.

Spain may be readily run over in the "tourist-ticket" style of many American and English travellers, in four or five weeks. But if this skimming mode of sight-

seeing be adopted, let it be borne in mind, that expense, inconvenience, worry, and vexation, will be incurred; and, in proportion to the hurry and haphazard of the choice, for the doubtful ability of recognizing a magic-lantern picture of scenes, past which they may have flitted, when this may possibly meet their eyes at some future day on the screen of an itinerant exhibitor. From five to six months should be devoted to the task by him, who, with an exclusive object in view, proposes to see the Peninsula well. And less than three months should not be deemed sufficient by one, who, having made the customary Continental tour, is unwilling to return to work and weariness of the flesh, without seeing something of a country, which once, beyond all others, controlled the destinies of both hemispheres.

Separated from the rest of the Continent by the Pyrenees, the Peninsula is commonly sought landwise, by one of two roads—respectively at the east, and west end of that dividing chain of mountains. The latter, which enters Spain at *Irun*—near St. Sebastian—is that usually taken, both coming and going, because of its being a continuous railway. The former, *viâ Perpignan*—a southern frontier town of France—and Gerona, in Spain, embracing a Diligence route of sixty miles. from sixteen to eighteen hours in time, is less frequently selected; especially by those who are unwilling to surrender even the questionable comforts of an often over-crowded, and suffocating railway carriage, for a wider field of the picturesque, and a knowledge coming of varying the route.

It has been intimated that spring and autumn are the most favourable seasons for travelling in Spain. If

a choice be permitted, the former" should be taken, as that, which, from the bursting into bloom and beauty of orchard, field, and forest, is most likely to give delight; while the daily brightening and lengthening sunshine, will aid vernal breezes in comforting the body and cheering the spirit. Especially will this be the case if the tourist, entering Spain by way of Perpignan and Gerona to Barcelona, in March—certainly not later than the first week in April—should proceed by rail along the Mediterranean coast to Valencia, and thence first to the south of the Peninsula. There, breathing the perfume of orange blossoms, and joining in the new-born joy of a far and wide Andalucian Eden, he may then go, with lengthening days and increasing temperature to those higher levels to the north, which usually give no unvarying and welcome warmth until May. April in Madrid is not uncommonly as disagreeably capricious as in London. The last mentioned route is well suited to the purpose of him who, having spent the summer, autumn, and winter, in travelling through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, would finish his year's Continental tour by visiting Spain; and bathing at *Biarritz*; then sauntering about the Pyrenean foot-hills of *Pau*, and drinking *Vichy* water, on the return through the most interesting part of France to Paris. It is that route which experience justifies our recommending, and which has the advantage of perpetuating the archæological interest which may have been lighted up in Rome—that old "mistress of dead empires," herself never paying the debt of her Being to Time, but, however desolated and decaying, still clinging to the glories of her Great Past.

On the road from Genoa to Gerona—supposing one to have come this way from Southern or Central Italy—Nice and Marseilles, being passed, the tourist should stop at *Arles*, in Southern France, where the Hotel du Nord has plain, but comfortable accommodations. At *Arles* is seen a *Roman Amphitheatre* in a state of preservation fully equal to that at Verona in Italy; usually considered by those who have not visited the antiquities in France, the most perfect of such remains. The amphitheatre at Arles is estimated to have held twenty-five thousand spectators. As a ruin on which, as yet, the restorer has not yet laid his hand, its picturesque beauty will charm the artist. There it stands, shattered, scarred, and seamed, but still in its granite strength and massive proportions, a monument of the genius and skill of the people, who planted even in their distant colonies such proofs of enterprise and power. Another ruin, not so well preserved as the last named, but yet sufficiently outlined to determine its character, is an *ancient Theatre*. The remains of these buildings, devoted to dramatic, rather than to the less intellectual, and merely spectacular shows, are the more interesting not alone because of that fact, but for the reason that but few of them are now found in a sufficient state of preservation to show either their arrangement, or style of architecture. In this ruin are seen the fragmentary marble floor of the *Podium*—the pit—the special place of honour, reserved for the *Patricians*: next, several rows of successively ascending semicircular seats for the use of the *Knights*: then several similar rows for the *better classes of citizens*: and lastly others, still higher, for the *common people*. Corridors beyond these, on a

level with the respective classes of seats, gave access to them; except in the case of the Podium, which was entered by a privileged passage from each side. The *Proscenium* is satisfactorily outlined facing the Podium, with a room on each side for the entrance and exit of the *Choristers*. And behind the Proscenium, the *Stage* is seen of smaller size, flanged with faced granite on the sides; with one African marble, and one granite Corinthian column at the back, supporting a fragment of exquisitely sculptured marble entablature. The pedestals of two other (removed) columns, are still in place. The line of the front wall of the theatre is shown by huge stone foundation blocks, still in position. The structure, as clearly made out, shows the various parts of the old Greek theatre, as imitated and afterwards used by the Romans.

If one has had his appetite whetted by this taste of antiquity, vouchsafed to him by France *en route* to Spain, he may run—by rail forty-eight miles further on the Lyons road—to *Orange*; and a quarter of a mile from that town find a magnificent *triumphal arch*—an *old Roman model* of more pretentious, but less chaste, *modern* commemorative monuments. It has a middle chariot, and two lateral footways, surmounted on both façades by bold entablatures covered with sculptured battle scenes and naval trophies, and other ornamentation. Such arches not dating back earlier than the Cæsars, this is probably one of the monuments of that imperial race. It seems to have formed the goal of a *Circus* for chariot races; the other end of which, the turning point round the dividing spine, still lifting its crescentic wall against a lofty hill overlooking the town.

Adjoining the rounding point of this Circus, with semi-circular tiers of stone seats built on the slope of the same hill, is the ruin of what must have been in its day of pride, one of the grandest of Roman colonial theatres. The seats of the spectators, classified according to rank, are seen rising in successive tiers behind the *Podium* with their appropriate corridors at hand. While before the Podium can be traced the outlines of the *Proscenium*, with the side rooms for choristers; and immediately behind it, the *Scena*—the stage proper—with doors opening therefrom, communicating with the rooms in which lived the officials and players, and which formed the front of the theatre: the façade of which—the chord of the semi-circular seats—is perhaps the most entire and perfectly preserved ancient Roman wall now known. Of vast proportions, being three hundred and thirty-four feet long, one hundred and eleven feet high, and thirteen feet thick, it is built of colossal blocks of silicate limestone, *without cement*, their precise adaptation and massiveness being sufficient to secure stability. Doorways and corbels break the blank surface of the wall. There are two rows of corbels, which traverse the entire length of the wall; the upper being pierced for masts to support the *Velarium*—the awning thrown over the whole edifice for necessary shade in summer. The dilapidated arches of a *Portico* which connected the Theatre and Circus, are still seen, showing the attention paid to providing comfort and convenience for those who partook of these public amusements. The Imperial Government understood well the policy of furnishing these to the multitude, who might otherwise have become trouble-

some. The ancient *Aransis*—the modern Orange—must have had a metropolitan population to require such a stupendous theatre.

The tourist, retracing his steps toward Marseilles, will find *Avignon* eighteen miles on his way, where, if he take interest in the lives of the seven Popes and three Antipopes—all Frenchmen—who occupied its Papal-palace, he may stop, and tread its vaulted chambers, and dream of the deeds for better or worse, done in those dark and dismal recesses. Then, thirteen miles further, at *Tarascon*, he will leave the main line, and take a lateral railway westward sixteen miles to *Nismes*.

Here are antiquities sufficiently attractive to detain one at least a day. An Amphitheatre, the olden scene of ferocious games, and stern and deadly strife, on which looked twenty-thousand spectators, lifts its dark grey walls from amid the buildings of the modern town, as if in contempt of their pigmy pretentiousness. Money and labour have recently done much to restore this Roman edifice, damaged by time and the barbarian. And a strict guardianship of the present, prevents any indulgence of that vandalism, which so long gratified a licentious and vindictive spirit in destroying ancient works of art. Although the lover of the picturesque may not think that the substitution of stone for shrubbery, and even of marble masonry for moss and ivy, contribute in any degree to heighten the charm of a ruin, yet the archæologist, knowing how surely perish all the works of man under the steady tread of time, with its marshalled forces of earth and water and temperature, the leverage of frost and fibre, may well rejoice

at the wisdom which seeks to check the destruction of that lettering which tells a truthful tale of the Past. Not far from the Amphitheatre is the *Maison Carrée*, a *Roman Temple* in fact, which through all its intervening degradations to vulgar uses—even to that of a cart-house and stable—has retained its ancient architectural proportions and finish, almost unharmed. Rarely, even in Italy, does one look upon so perfect a specimen of ancient design and decoration. A short distance beyond are the remains of *Roman Baths*—an exquisite souvenir of that luxury, which, in many things, illustrated the life of the Roman people. Marble pillars supporting capitals and cornices of rare sculpture and forming elegant arcades of bath-rooms, image themselves in the crystal water that bathes their bases, as if proud of the grace inherited from an affluent age. While near-by, the dark, weed-mantled ruin of a *Nymphæum*, a water-nymph temple, looks likewise into the pellucid mirror, in mournful remembrance of the departed spirits who once offered their willing worship at its shrine. Above all, a lofty hill; from the foot of which flows an abundant stream that may have oft renewed the vigour of Roman life and limb, stands clad in a vestment of verdure embroidered with flowers; a becoming tribute of the Present to the graces of the Past, which still linger on this spot to teach a lesson of that virtue, next to Godliness, of which all Moderns, save the Moslem are censurably negligent.

But that which is even more significant of Roman appreciation of a bountiful supply of water as a necessary means of health and comfort, is the *Pont du Gard*, about thirteen miles from Nismes—a pleasant drive of

four hours, there and back. This is an aqueduct thrown over the valley and river Gard at a height of one hundred and sixty feet, the level adapted to the rest of the work of about thirty miles in length, for the supply of the ancient town with pure spring water. Three superposed ranges of arches, formed of huge blocks of silicate limestone, support the passage-trough; which has a clear space of six and a half feet by two and a half feet, is lined by four layers of grouting and Roman cement as hard as the flinty substance of the trough itself, is roofed by ponderous rock-slabs, and has a length of *eight hundred and eighty-two feet*. The arches diminish in span, while they increase in number from the lowest range upwards; there being six below, eleven in the middle, and thirty-five above. Although built of massive materials, the lower arches have an extent of radius so far surpassing that of any other corresponding structure, as to give them a look of lightness and grace, which would seem incompatible with strength and durability, but for the fact, that this Pont du Gard was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus Cæsar, and, therefore, has been standing more than eighteen hundred years. The hand of Time has not harmed it. If protected from the ravages of man, it might prove as imperishable as would have been, with such immunity, that but little more striking monument of Roman genius and power, the Colosseum.

Taking leave of Nismes, and its excellent provincial Hotel de Luxembourg, the tourist is not likely to be detained en route to *Perpignan*, despite the claims of *Montpellier*, once a famous seat of science and art; and of *Cette*, the great fabricator of most of the false wines

with which other countries are deluged. And although he may not contemplate with pleasure the change of railway-carriage to Diligence, yet will he probably determine, on his arrival at *Perpignan* to proceed forthwith on his journey, however profuse the promises of good cheer, by those interested in plucking birds of passage. If the blessing of a cup of tea was ever known at its Hotel Petit Paris, it certainly antedated the growth of the bitter herbs of which ours was made. Hope is a welcome harbinger of many good things, and may serve to relieve the tediousness of the hours—when mountains clothed with cork-trees, or when darkness shuts out the sight of glade and glen—by the promise of one day seeing completed this last link of international railroad communication between France and Spain *from Perpignan to Gerona*. And if more be needed to secure a cheerful submission to the detentions and discomforts of a Diligence route of sixty miles—about eighteen hours in time—it may be found in the reflection that by selecting the land instead of the steamer route from Marseilles to Barcelona, twenty-five or twenty-six hours of rolling, pitching, and still more merciless bobbing, by Mediterranean chop-seas, have been avoided, with their unmentionable calamities. The Carthaginians and Romans must have been strong of stomach, as well as faith, to go about as they did in cockle-shell galleys. As to St. Paul, it is not wonderful that he bearded Nero on the Palatine, when weeks of the Mediterranean “tempestuous wind Euroclydon” which drove him to final shipwreck on “Melita,” did not shake his resolve of appeal from the injustice of the Jews to the judgment of Cæsar.

CHAPTER III.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN. TOURISTS THEIR OWN BEST PURVEYORS OF PLEASURE AND PROFIT. HOTELS. CATHEDRAL ARCHITECTURE. GERONA. ST. PAUL'S JOURNEY TO SPAIN. SPANISH CATHEDRALS. THAT OF GERONA. CHURCH OF SAN PEDRO. CHURCH OF SAN FELIU. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

ALTHOUGH at Perpignan, and on the road thence, much will be seen characteristic of peninsular dress and usages, yet, strictly speaking at Gerona should commence—on this route—the tourist's particular observations of Spain and Spaniards, whether his visit be one of pleasure or profit; for it is supposed that the former will be enhanced by an interest in costumes and scenery—much of the latter, revealed by the constantly changing kaleidoscope of travel being peculiar; while the gain, whether it be material or intellectual, will surely be unattained without study of men and things generally.

It is not proposed to exemplify herein the full advantages of this rule of action. Passive looking, not laborious learning, is alone permitted to frail health. Yet the record of a valetudinarian's experiences may not be without its use to those who would lengthen that span of life, which—however some may affect to wish abridged—embraces, if we so will it, a realization

of goodness and gladness. And, that benefit to others may be more likely to come of these pages, let it be distinctly repeated, that on the more frequented tracks of travel in Spain, now covered with rail from north to south, and east to west, there is no greater peril to personal safety than in other parts of Europe—*when free from revolutionary disturbances*. And the same may be said of the Diligence and carriage roads, over which the more curious inquirer may have occasion to pass. The cost in both cases is about the same as north of the Pyrenees. Railway speed, however, is much less in Spain from the later introduction and less perfect organization of the system. The hotels—the Spanish "*fondas*"—found on the main lines, are sufficiently comfortable: while some of them are scarcely surpassed by the best elsewhere in Europe; the charges being certainly not higher, with the advantage to the traveller of paying a specified sum per day for board and lodging, which may be ascertained beforehand on inquiry, without the liability of that summing up of known and unknown items, the aggregate of which so commonly shocks the inexperienced in the system of swindling on the more fashionable highways of travel. As to the out-of-the-way taverns, the country or village "*posadas*," although but very primitively and sparsely furnished, yet will bed and board be found in these, clean and wholesome, refreshing to the weary and satisfying to the hungry. Clean sheets are the pride of a Spanish hostess; and if the cook put but a single dish on the table—the national *olla podrida*—it will be found so cunningly compounded of choice morsels of varied flesh and vegetables, as to satisfy an honest appe-

tite. And one crowning virtue awaits the entertainment, you pay an equitable price for what you get; and not, as is common in other parts of Europe, an extortionate sum for what you do not get.

The difficulties of travelling in Spain, the discomforts of conveyances, the dangers and delays of the road, the rudeness at inns, the unfitness of food, and the generally uncivilized state of the whole country, have been exaggerated by thoughtless talkers, and prejudiced writers; who, finding some things, undoubtedly, in which she has not yet responded to the summons of progress elsewhere, have been too prone to deny to her any merit. Many of the dishes, and quite a number of the usages of hotels abroad, have been imported by foreigners—chiefly Swiss and Italians—who have become landlords in the leading cities of Spain. But where they are not to be found, and in regard to the customs of society generally, the traveller who conforms as far as practicable to those conventional in the place in which he happens to be, will find himself most likely to be paid for his sacrifice, by escaping undesirable public notice, and preserving an unruffled temper. A sojourner among strangers cannot reasonably expect a social revolution for the gratification of his notions, which to them may seem quite as absurd as theirs to him. It is easier for the one to give up temporarily his peculiarities, than for the many to surrender their life-long habits. And those who have seen how unenviable, and much to be pitied, the position is of those foreigners who stubbornly seek to brave the long existing national customs of others, will have no hesitation in conforming their practice, when it requires no abandonment of moral

duty, to the suggestions of good policy. Whether a beau breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate and a glass of delicious water, instead of a dish of tea "piping hot," and washes down his *déjeuner* with the juice of the grape, in lieu of "stout" or a glass of "half and half;" and whether a belle wears a Spanish veil, in place of a doll-hat on top of a mountainous chignon, or a cart-load of curls, cut from the cranium of a dead laundress or lorette; need be considered a matter of no great hardship judged of either by good taste, or common sense. But it is a matter of some moment, that one should not disarrange the economy of a whole household, and sour his own temper besides, by insisting upon what may be impossible; and that the other should not make herself ridiculous on the street by persisting in a silly singularity. It is needless to multiply examples to enforce the counsel given, *to consult the comfort of a compromising disposition.*

Among the objects in Spain which will best repay frequent and prolonged examination by the merely curious traveller, as well as by the amateur in art, and the devout religionist, are the great cathedrals, which are alike its ornament and its boast. In no part of Europe have historical events exercised a greater influence upon sacred art, than here. From the time of the invasion of the Moors, down to the Christian conquest of Granada in the latter part of the fifteenth century—a period of nearly eight hundred years—although face to face with each other, and frequently mingling in commercial and other intercourse, such was their hatred growing out of hostile creeds, that either would have deemed it sacrilege, to borrow from the

other aught, even of material form, to give expression to their sense of reverence and worship. Hence it has been truthfully said by Mr. Street, in his *Gothic Architecture in Spain*—"We see two streams of art flowing, as it were, side by side at the same time, and often in the same district—a circumstance, as I need hardly say, almost, if not quite, unknown at the same period in any other part of Europe." It is this fact, which has, not merely strengthened the hold of Spain above all other countries upon the lover of the picturesque—for the conqueror's hand has, without purpose of honour, garlanded the monuments of the conquered he sought to destroy—but has served to illustrate in contrast the structures of antagonist religionists, and to unfold to easy recognition the inculcations of climate as well as creed, on architectural design and ornamentation. It is well therefore not to pass the first, though they may not be the grandest works of mediæval, or more modern art, that may lie in our path, provided they have sufficient claim to notice to make oversight a probable cause of subsequent regret. Among these may be classed the *Cathedral at Gerona* which well merits the delay of a few hours in this otherwise not attractive town, whatever importance it may be thought to possess as the traditional resting place of St. Paul and St. James, on their first landing in Spain—a matter of not sufficient moment to warrant the heated controversies to which it has given rise. Paul's *intention* to go to Spain was plainly signified in his Epistle from Corinth to the Romans, wherein he said—"Whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you; for I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my

way thitherward by you." And again, after declaring his purpose to carry, first, "certain contributions" which "it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem," he said—"when therefore, I have performed this, and have sealed to them this fruit, I will come by you into Spain." Clement, Paul's Roman friend and fellow-labourer—who afterwards became Bishop of the Church at Rome, and whose recently unburied Oratory is now an object of great interest to visitors there—referring to Paul in a letter to the Church at Corinth, says, "having taught the whole world righteousness, and reached the *furthest extremity of the West*, he suffered martyrdom." Now, Spain, being at that time the farthest Continental Roman Province to the West, is supposed by some to have been meant by Clement. But, that Paul did reach Spain before he fell a sacrifice to Pagan fanaticism on his "journey . . . thitherward," cannot be positively claimed, as the name of that "West" country is not mentioned. And not being of record, the discussion of it is as profitless as the "doubtful disputations," against which he has so earnestly counselled those who would "follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." Enough is assured to establish his title of "Apostle to the Gentiles," and to show his appreciation of his mission to "preach the gospel of Christ, not alone from Jerusalem and round about unto Illyricum," but to those "to whom He was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard shall understand."

It would be useless to the tourist not interested in

specialities, to spend time upon the architectural history of the *Cathedral of Gerona* from its foundation in the eighth century; through its various stages of building, demolition, reconstruction and alterations, to its final completion in the seventeenth century—upwards of eight hundred years—more than twice the time that has been required to found and finish to their present being, the nationalities of the New World. But it is a fact worthy of notice, that many of the professional plans were subjects of long and deliberate canonical consideration; while that for a construction of a nave of a single span, by Guillermo Boffy, master of the works in 1416, was deemed so hazardous by the Chapter, that a junta of twelve architects was summoned to give, under oath and separately interrogated, their opinions as to the feasibility and safety of the proposal. The result was the adoption of the bold recommendation of the master-architect, which gave a surpassingly magnificent Gothic vault, believed to be the largest known, having a width of *seventy-three feet*, and a height duly proportioned to this vast extent. This unparalleled width will be better appreciated on calling to mind the fact, that the nave vault of Westminster Abbey is but thirty-eight feet wide. The judgment of the junta summoned to decide the question of practibility, has been thus far confirmed by the fact, that this vast canopy still stands to command the admiration of visitors.

Despite the favourable position of the cathedral, on a rocky eminence approached by a superb flight of eighty-five steps, and the grave colour of the stone of which it is built, its exterior is by no means imposing. This is

probably due to, what strikes the unprofessional observer as a want of consistency in its parts; the result probably of conflicting taste and talent engaged on its different parts during the long ages of their construction. And to some extent, this is seen within, though not so palpably, because of the greater harmony in the broadcast Gothic features of the building—not to speak of the excrescences of decoration by the canons themselves, which too commonly in Spain disfigure a comprehensive composition, and mar the solemn effect of her great sanctuaries. Properly speaking, the semi-circular end, the head, or especially sacred part of a cathedral, is called the “tribune,” because the plan, and *authoritative* purpose of the first Christian ecclesiastical *Basilicas*—a name still used in Rome—were borrowed from the *ancient Roman Basilica*, (Greek—*Βασίλειον*—Supreme Head) *in which that part of the edifice was called “tribune.”* A needless departure from early Christian authority, chiefly English and French, is the application to that part of modern cathedrals of the term “choir”—the place used by the *choir, a body of singers*; thus confounding *the place* with *the people* who occupy it, and utterly repudiating the higher claim and dignity of the altar-place. In the very general and untechnical remarks we shall make about Spanish cathedrals, the early Christian usage will be adhered to, and the head, as contradistinguished to the body—the nave—of the edifice, will be designated *tribune*, or *tribune end*. And an additional reason for this is found in the fact, that, in *Spanish cathedrals*, the *choir*—that is *the singers*, whether secular, or solely canonical—occupy a totally different part of the building, which, if

use of a part is to determine what a whole architectural division shall be called, would *re-name the nave*, and leave the *tribune end nameless*; for, in them, the choristers occupy the greater part of the nave. The sanctuary of the High Altar—the “*Capilla Mayor*”—in the tribune of the Gerona Cathedral, is separated by columnar clusters of mouldings, rather than an aggregate of delicate shafts, from a passage-way which circumscribes the Place of Holies. On the outer circumference of this aisle open nine chapels, while above are seen lofty pointed arches, cuspid niches, and windows, determining the style of architecture, and in unison with that of the grander nave. The latter, although flanked by side chapels with pointed arch portals surmounted by small cuspid niches and traceried windows, of corresponding Gothic character, is without columns and side aisles. But the slender shafts supporting the groining ribs, are gracefully conspicuous, and relieve the sense of want which would otherwise be felt. There being no pillars of clustered mouldings in the nave, leaves the eye free to range over a Gothic vaulted space, as if hewn from solid rock, and of depth and breadth, giving it precedence of grandeur over any other of ecclesiastical art; and fitted to mate with those magnificent arches of the forest, whose sublimity and shadowy stillness so deeply impress the soul with the yearning of worship.

It is to be regretted that the full effect of this transcendent canopy, and also of the lower lines and magnitude of the interior, should be impaired by the presence of the *coro* and its wretched screens—the place of the choir and of canonical ceremonial, *in the*