

nave. It is not designed to enter into a discussion of the introduction of this hideous feature in Spanish church architecture—one that has greatly puzzled ecclesiologists. Whether it was from the want of room in the tribune, or as sometimes called, apsidal end of the church, for the accommodation of the canons, that this divorce of most of the clergy from the altar they were appointed to serve became necessary, and a promiscuous crowd of the profane vulgar was allowed to intervene between them and the Holy of Holies; or whatever led to the result, it is regretted by all lovers of the sublime and beautiful in art, that a screen-work, however bedizened with gilding, or sculptured with traditional imagery, should be lifted midway a mass of affluent details, to shut out a perspective, fading faintly in the distance into commingled richness of man's munificent offering to God—the material expression of the soul's devotion.

A *cloister* attached to the cathedral, irregularly four-sided, is surrounded by columns with elaborately carved capitals, supporting round arches of a strength necessary for the thick superposed cloister wall on which rests a stone roofing. A door at one angle of the enclosure gives outlet to a steep path, the ascent of which affords a commanding view of the town and surroundings. If the tourist should decline to climb the belfry of the cathedral for that purpose, he may get a *coup d'œil* here. In the view is an old Romanesque church with a truncated octagonal belfry, apparently built across the city wall, and seeming to embrace one of its towers. This, however, is due to the raising of the semi-circular tribune or apse of the church, so

as to make of its upper part a military defence against hostile assaults—not uncommon from the exposed frontier position of Gerona. This, *the Benedictine church of San Pedro* is believed to have existed in the tenth century. The rude external work of stone and dark volcanic scoriæ gives evidence of early date, and the absence of windows in the side walls of the aisles, and the port-hole splaying of those few of the clerestory above, aid in giving the building a look of severity suitable to ages when the surplice was sometimes doffed for the corselet. A profusely sculptured portal, and a fine rose-window at the west end, relieve somewhat the tone of sternness of the exterior—while the inside is characterised by unpretending simplicity.

There is nothing about the *church of San Felix* worth examination, beyond a glance at its bold and unique octagonal tower, surmounted by a spire of corresponding faces; which, before its partial destruction, is said to have been an example of singular grace. The *guardianship* of San Narciso, the tutelar of the church, from whose body issued a “plague of flies” sufficient to destroy tens of thousands of sacrilegious Frenchmen and their horses, seems now scarcely called for, as, especially in the heated term, Gerona has a pestilential endemic, of all the kinds clerically testified to in the olden days of miracles—“white, tri-coloured, and green and blue with a red stripe down their backs,” sufficient to protect the church and community, clericals and commoners, from a long continued intrusion of outside barbarians. Hence, having put up at the most interesting of Gerona houses—the “Fonda de Estrella”—one is not likely to stroll through this district of towns in search of mediæval

windows and doorways, whatever tales may be told of their claims to palatial importance. But, providing himself with a railway time-table—*Indicador Oficial de los Caminos de Hierro*—if one can be found, always a desirable companion where hotel employés are unable or unwilling to give information about the running of trains, he may start for Barcelona relying upon his French gold to carry him there at a fair rate of exchange at the station; without taking the greater risk of having counterfeit money put upon him should he attempt to convert French funds into Spanish on the street. Dishonesty and sharp-practice prevail in frontier towns on both sides of the line. It will be a safe rule everywhere in Spain, to rely in money matters only upon English or Anglo-American bankers, or their accredited agents. The amount of counterfeit Spanish gold in circulation is large, and an expert alone can detect it.

The run by rail to *Barcelona* varies from three to four hours, by coast line; affording pleasing water glimpses, with billows seeking to bathe the wheels of the railway carriages; while castled ruins occasionally look from adjacent heights to remind one of border feuds and forays in olden times. Cabs and omnibuses will be found in waiting at the station. And the *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones*, and the *Fonda del Oriente*,—both on the *Rambla*—will give a sufficiently fashionable reception, at the usual continental prices; while the *Fonda Peninsulares*, in the *Calle San Pablo*, will be found quite as comfortable, at less cost.

CHAPTER IV.

BARCELONA. VIEW FROM MONTJUICH. RAMBLA AND PASEO DE GRACIA. PLAZAS. CAMPO SANTO. PUBLIC BUILDINGS. PALACES. MARKETS. CLIMATE. CHURCHES. ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. FRAILTY. LOTTERIES. GAMBLING. POPULAR AMUSEMENTS. DRESS. SOURCES OF INFORMATION. MILITARY GOVERNMENT. THEATRES. PASSION PLAYS.

COMING to Barcelona by sea certainly gives the impression most favourable to its claims to beauty and advantage of position. But the panorama is rather dearly paid for by a day and night's experience of tumbling and tossing from Marseilles with nameless attendant miseries; especially if a French "Mistral" be out on a frolic, upsetting people's Lombardy poplars, patience, and sense of propriety generally. Next to the sailor's favourite point of view of this Spanish shore line, gradually unfolding its fringe of spray, its shipping, and its far-spreading factories and warehouses, is that obtained from the seven hundred and fifty-two feet summit of Montjuich, the ancient Mount of Jove. The picture from this near-at-hand height, of a busy and well-sheltered harbour, wide-spread and compactly built city, encircling hills covered with villages and villas, and thickly spotted manufactories giving a Manchester feature to this proudest and most prosperous of Spanish sea-ports, should be early seen

by him who meditates but a short stay in Barcelona. And even he who proposes to tarry longer, may well look at it early for general guidance to particular localities. The *Rambla*, a wide, shady promenade, with paved carriage and footway on each side, runs northward from the harbour; and at the distance of nearly a mile terminates in the still wider *Paseo de Gracia*—running a little west of north—a more modern and rarely equalled walk and drive of two miles to *Gracia*, a pretty village on the sloping foot of the hill *San Pedro Martir*; where are found amusements and refreshments for excursionists.

The *Rambla* is the usual resort of a promiscuous crowd on high-days and holidays, and in the evenings of every day; while the *Paseo* is more select, and when the weather is fine, is graced every afternoon—early or late according to the temperature—by the fashion and beauty of Barcelona, with a sprinkling of mendicants varying the picture.

These great thoroughfares, united, divide the city into two unequal parts, the larger situated on the east side and embracing the chief objects of interest—viz.—the *Plaza Real*, *Plaza de la Constitucion*, *Plaza del Palacio*, *Plaza de San Pedro*, the *Jardin del General*, the *Campo Santo*—with some finely sculptured monuments—where the ashes of friends are sometimes entombed with no “service for the dead,” said or done, save the occasional sigh of a casual bystander, and the more frequent dropping on the descending coffin, of symbolical ashes, from the *cigarettes* of attendant “mourners!” On this side of the dividing line of the city are also the *Palacio del Capitan-General*, the *Casa Lonja* (Exchange), the *Casa*

† *Consistoreal*, the *Casa Disputacion*, and the *Palacio Real*.

In front of this last-named palace it was—in the Plaza del Palacio—that Columbus was received—1493—by Ferdinand and Isabella in the presence of the assembled people, on his return from the discovery of a New World. He landed on coming back, at Palos, a little port about sixty miles north-west of Cadiz, whence he sailed the year before to fulfil his immortal destiny. His going was unmarked by applause, for by many he was mocked as a madman. The Spanish Court, on his return, being at Barcelona, he was summoned thither: when, across the breadth of the rejoicing Peninsula, from Palos to the palace of his Sovereigns, a welcome greeted him such as for spontaneous and passionate outburst perhaps was never witnessed before or since; prince and peasant vying with each other to do honour to the man, whose mind was able to seize and weave it into a beautiful truth, revelations floating ungathered by others on the waves of time; and whose soul was mighty enough to cope with the opposition of ignorance and bigotry, and finally to fling riches and renown at the foot of a throne, which, despite the promises of this unparalleled ovation, proved false alike to its obligations of gratitude, and contract. It was this occasion of the great discoverer's reception at Barcelona, that originated the well-known anecdote of the egg. Columbus, invited by Cardinal Mendoza to a banquet, was asked—as we are told by the American Historian of his Life—“by a shallow courtier present, impatient of the honours paid to him, and meanly jealous of him as a foreigner, whether he thought that, in case he had not discovered the Indies, there were not other men in Spain who

would have been capable of the enterprise? To this Columbus made no immediate reply, but taking an egg, invited the company to make it stand on one end. Every one attempted it, but in vain: whereupon he struck it upon the table so as to break the end, and left it standing on the broken part; illustrating in this simple manner, that when he had once shown the way to the New World, nothing was easier than to follow it." "This anecdote," says Washington Irving further, "rests on the authority of the Italian historian Benzoni. It has been condemned as trivial, but the simplicity of the reproof constitutes its severity, and was characteristic of the practical sagacity of Columbus. The universal popularity of the anecdote is a proof of its merit." On the eastern side of the great thoroughfare are also the *Cathedral*, the *Churches of Santa Maria del Mar*, and of *San Miguel*; the *Eastern, Northern, and Zaragoza Railroad Stations*; the *Calle de San Fernando*, *Calle Ancha*, and the *Calle de la Plateria*, streets necessary to stroll through to get a surface impression of shops and trade; and also the *Muralla del Mar* overlooking the shipping and sea, to inhale the sea-breeze, and realize the importance to Barcelona of the Mediterranean highway of commerce.

One will not be repaid by rambling through that part of the city on the west side of the great promenade, except by the curious old church of *San Pablo del Campo*; and by the winding ascent of *Montjuich*, giving distant mountain views, and of the far off sea of old renown spreading abroad its blue bosom to bear the gigantic ironclads of descendant Briton, Iberian, Gaul, and Goth, of our day, to the conquest of others; as in

ages long gone it bore to the subjection and enslavement of their fathers, the galleys of Phœnician, Carthaginian, and Roman. The sea the same—unchanged and unchangeable. And thus unchanging too, the nations that come and go in their love of dominion, their selfish instincts, and in the gratification of these at the cost of carnage. The *University*, and the *rail-road stations for Valencia and Sarria*, are also west of the great central promenade; and the new market *Bocaria*, which, for fish, flesh, fruit, and vegetables cannot be excelled anywhere in a city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—the population of Barcelona. Indeed, taken in connection with the abundant and cheap supply of foreign goods, and the moderate house-rents in the new part of the city bordering on the Paseo de Gracia, the temptation to those of small income to seek a home in this city is great. The pretty flower-market on the Rambla in the early morning is very enticing; and not the less so because of the picturesque Catalan peasant-girls who win their way into the pockets of purchasers. The general appearance of prosperity is so great, in whatsoever direction one goes—the opening of avenues and streets, building of houses and decoration of grounds, reconstruction of dwellings and shops, repairing of thoroughfares, and active movement of foot-passengers and vehicles, all that make up the proof of thriving industry, that the stranger soon recognizes the truth of the opinion often heard, that Barcelona is at this time in the lead of all the Spanish cities in commercial and manufacturing enterprise. Climate contributes somewhat to this result; for except about six weeks of extreme summer

heat the whole year is favourable to the pursuits of industry, and even then the evening breezes atone for the oppressiveness of mid-day. Frost is a curiosity in winter, and moderate fires only are demanded for a sedentary in-door comfort, out-door exercise giving full enjoyment of the lowest temperature ordinarily known. About from 45° to 50° of Fahrenheit is the medium temperature of November, December, January, February. But the pulmonary invalid should know, that even in March it is sometimes so cold and raw as to make fires and wraps necessary to safety.

Near to the *Plaza de la Constitucion*, and thence reached by the *Calle de Obispo*, is the *Cathedral*—the chief of Barcelona churches, in architecture, as in rank. It occupies the site of a Pagan temple, and a later religious sanctuary alternately Christian, Moslem, and Christian again. With the exception of two of the adjoining cloister doorways, however, all traces of these edifices have passed away, and the Cathedral, *la Seo*, commenced in the 13th century, and still incomplete in some of its parts, though repeatedly re-constructed and repaired in others, has taken their place. The exterior although of dark stone bespeaking favourable judgment, is not imposing in design or finish. The tribune end is the most striking part, the somewhat dilapidated state of the upper part of the buttresses, and the absence of technical roof and parapet giving it, however, a look of neglect, which the richly furnished upper stages of tower belfries cannot withdraw attention from altogether. While the great west (unfinished) front, though approached by an imposing flight of steps, is a pitiable spectacle of generations of impoverishment, or culpable

disregard of duty. The building is cruciform, as better seen inside, where the transepts are less encroached on by architectural details than on the exterior. The plan of the tribune presents an aisle of corresponding curve, with chapels opening from its convexity; the capilla mayor, with its high-altar and unique dark stone retablo, being embraced by its concavity—along the line of which is a girdle of massive piers. These piers are of similar material, size, and style, with those separating the side-aisles from the body of the church, each representing clusters of slender shafts and mouldings. Throughout, these clustered pillars support the Gothic arches and the groining of the triforium, and the clerestory. The round windows of stellated stained glass of the tribune being small, and the Gothic windows and half windows of the clerestory heavily traceried and coloured, but dimly light the interior. Sombre and sad is the ensanguined shrine. The Coro, as in the Cathedral of Gerona is divorced from the high-altar by the intervention of the transept. The many chapels on each side, more remote from the source of light, are still darker than the body of the church—perhaps a necessity of climate, where hot and bright summer suns, make deepened shade as welcome to the sense as to a feeling of devotion. In seasons of cloud and shadow, however, the want must be sadly felt of rays enough to see symbol and ceremonial. And but for the thousands of lamps and candles, and gilded trappings which on such occasions reflect borrowed brightness, the great festas of Christmas and Easter would indeed at times, be shrouded in a gloom little consonant with the joy they might reasonably be expected to inspire.

A fact suggestive of the still lingering heathen custom of bestowing divine honours on mortals who have illustrated some heroic virtue, is recognized in the consecration of the high-altar *crypt*, as a chapel for the burial and veneration of the body of *Santa Eulalia*; where the alabaster shrine of the young saint, supported on antique jasper columns, has a "dim religious light" thrown upon it by ever-burning lamps. Especially on the anniversary of her martyrdom by the Roman Prefect Dacian, under a decree of Diocletian, it is visited and bowed before, by those who see in her "trampling on the salt and frankincense" of Pagan rites, and in her endurance of torture and death at the age of *twelve years* in the maintenance of her Christian faith, *proofs of supernatural attributes*.

Although in wandering round this church one fails to see how a large congregation can unite in a common act of worship—from the almost entirely hidden choristers and formulary conductors of the services, who have no passage-way from the coro to the high altar, an impression fully confirmed by attendance on the exercises of the sanctuary—yet, it must be admitted, that the effect is powerful of that benign art, which unfolds a material sublimity, to aid in shaping the destinies of the immortal spirit. Magnitude and grace, and harmonizing light and shade, whatever the few and faint blemishes, cannot fail to impress the mind of kindly tendencies, gratefully and beneficently. Hence one, thus endowed, is not likely to turn away from the Barcelona cathedral in a dissatisfied mood. Especially if, on going, he pass through the adjoining beautiful, though still uncorniced Gothic cloisters, full of orange

trees, fountains, and flowers; whose incense of dewy fragrance will remind him of the willing tribute of the heart; which, pure, peaceful and loving, will everywhere and at all times be an offering to God more welcome than that of mere ritualism, though flung upon the altar from silver censers by the hands of robed and mitred priests. Symbols of strife are especially repugnant, when, as trophies of bloody achievements, they lift ghastly features by the side of an altar consecrated to love and mercy. Hence, when, with feelings tempered by stillness and sublimity, one strolls along the shadowy aisles of the cathedral, he is shocked by the sight of a Saracen's head hung beneath the organ, glaring hideously upon altar place and worshipper. This manner of disfiguring churches, the offspring of a spirit akin to that, which, in the struggles of Spaniard and Moslem for mastery, shot from besieging catapults, as means of terror, the heads of slain Moors, rarely is found at this day in other parts of Spain. To the ecclesiastics of Barcelona is left the almost exclusive and unenviable distinction of continuing this usage of a barbarous age.

The Church of Santa Maria del Mar, in the southeast part of the city, and reached from the Calle Fernando by the Calle Plateria, is effectively showy, and the Barcelonese take great pride in it. It is of the 14th century, of simple plan, with elongated parallel side-aisles continued round the tribune, so as to embrace the High Altar, and having chapels opening upon them throughout their whole extent. Large octagonal pillars, without any richness of sculpture, support the arches, and nave groining ribs; the latter bounding

clerestory spaces in each of which is a stained glass circular window, traceried in harmony with a really grand rose-window over the main portal. The aisles and chapels are also lighted by traceried windows. With nothing turgid about the exterior to mar the rather imposing appearance of its elaborately sculptured sunken portal, graceful pointed windows, and long line of unostentatious side wall, one would look with pleasure, though not with entire approval, on this old Catalan edifice, despite its presumptuous octagonal belfries, looming up too conspicuously for any particular claims to admiration they possess; were it not for the wretched stalls of fruit, wine, lottery-ticket, and other dealers, which have been permitted to cling to the church building for support, as their occupants do to the skirt of the church militant for salvation. Such excrescences honour neither religion nor its sanctuary.

Santa Maria del Pino.—A church of the early part of the 15th century, on the Plaza of the same name, built of dark, fragmentary, undressed stone, though defective in its incompleteness of small octagonal towers flanking a fine Gothic front portal, and also of buttresses supporting the nave wall above and within the range of side-chapels, is nevertheless better worth a visit than the last named, for its rigid simplicity and consistency of details of the interior. Massive piers separate the chapels within, each faced by a tall slender shaft, from the delicate capital of which spring the ribs, converging on the groined vault, where rosettes—rather too large—tie their intersections. Pointed, stained glass windows open above, between the graceful shafts; and, with those of the heptagonal apse—in harmony of

position, form, tracery, and colouring—throw a flood of rich light below on altar and worshippers, while a magnificent rose-window above the main portal, lights the organ-loft spanning the entrance. The absence of pillars and coro from the nave, affords an uninterrupted view of this really beautiful interior. The belfry tower, a large, octagonal, stone structure, four stages high, standing apart to the south side of the apse, has a traceried table above; but the parapet which should surmount it, was either not added, or has been destroyed. If completed and suitably topped, it would be one of the loftiest and most imposing objects in the city.

A few steps east of the cathedral is the *Plaza del Rey*, where a fountain and trees bear marks of age and neglect, corresponding with those of the once princely edifice on its north side, the former residence of the famous Counts of Barcelona; whose possessions extended into the south-western France of our day, and who formed the chief bulwarks of Christianity against Moorish invasion in that quarter. This palace, disfigured by a hideous tower, and now devoted to vulgar uses, looks down upon the small church of *Santa Agatha*, probably the former chapel of the Counts, but now used as a museum of antiquities. One, interested in church architecture, will be richly repaid by looking at what remains of this example of a pure and simple style. The walls are of a reddish-gray sandstone; the decorative material of a light grayish colour; the whole however, in keeping with the former purposes of the building. The western façade toward the plaza, irregularly picturesque, is pierced below by a chief doorway at the north-west, and by small Gothic windows for

lighting the pulpit, the stairway to the organ-gallery, and the little sacristia: while above, small buttresses form bays for the windows. These latter, of beautiful Gothic proportions, and placed high up, light the interior, seventy-five by twenty five feet in extent, with a subdued descending illumination. And marking their respective bays, are delicate wall-shafts with elegantly chiselled capitals, giving support to an equal number of pointed arches which span the nave transversely, and between which are the divisions of a low-pitched, wooden roof, of varied colouring, forming the ceiling of the church. Raised three steps above the level of the nave, was once the high altar, in a five-sided apse exquisitely canopied by deep groining and ribs, defining the spaces of five elegant pointed windows. An organ gallery with Gothic balustrade, occupies the north end of the interior, which is somewhat cruciform in shape from two slightly sunken Gothic vaults in the usual place of transepts. An octagonal steeple rises above the opposite end, the stone spire of which has fallen. So chaste a little ruin is rarely met with: and we doubt not it will prove as interesting to the visitor, as any of the remains of olden times deposited in it for preservation.

One may profitably pass by the many examples of wretched church architecture of Barcelona. But the ecclesiologist will consider an hour not thrown away on the church of *San Pablo de Campo*, because of its foundation in the 10th century. It is cruciform and quite small—ninety feet by seventy-three. At the four corners of the crossing, stand large, doric, dark stone, piers. These support semicircular arches, on which rests an octagonal

drum pierced by two small stained glass windows. This drum sustains a similar eight-sided cupola, without lantern—so that a minimum of twilight penetrates this old sanctuary; the floor of which is now several feet below the level of the adjacent street. The four limbs of the cross are plainly and strongly vaulted. That of the nave having an arched organ-loft—which excludes any light from a round window—probably modern—over the west portal. This west end of the church, and the old cloister, are enclosed within the precincts of a military barrack. But admission is not refused to strangers who wish to see them. And these things five hundred years older than the discovery of America are curious to look at.

The Capilla de San Miguel has been demolished to form a Plaza. With it has disappeared the tomb of *Villodomat*, the only painter of Catalonia who could claim to have caught some of the inspiration of the old Spanish masters. No one can tell where now lie his bones. But some of his works are to be seen at the *Academia de Bellas Artes* in the *Casa Lonja*—the Exchange—a classic building on the Plaza del Palacio. Entering the court from the side of the building, a door to the right admits to a stair-way leading to the upper floor, where will be found the Academy, an admirably organized institution, creditable to Barcelona Art-taste. One of the rooms is appropriated exclusively to Villodomat's pictures, twenty in number, illustrative of some events in the life of Saint Francis, beginning with his nativity and ending with his death. Though some of these paintings have been irreparably injured, others retain a beauty of colouring and drawing, as well

as excellence of composition, which well justify the high estimate placed upon his talents by many of his countrymen. It is to be regretted that the light by which these pictures are shown, is insufficient for their full enjoyment.

Many as are the churches, and numerous the clergy of Barcelona, they do not seem equal to suppression of evils obtrusively proud of public patronage, rather than apprehensive of condemnation. So exuberantly do they flourish, and in proportion to the ecclesiastical agencies professedly designed for their arrest, that the question forces itself uppermost, whether there may not be some connection of these as cause and effect? At least there must be some defect, or bad handling of the moral machinery, which allows of a wickedness that seeks not darkness for its growth, but thrives in day-light as well. But the remark may be thought applicable alike to the great centres of a boastful higher civilization and sounder interpretation of Christianity in other countries, where vice seems the rule, and virtue the exception. And the temptation to indulge the traveller's propensity to condemn may be wisely checked by remembering Paul's reproof—"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." They may not be the same things in the *form and fashion* of lust, avarice, and cruelty—frailty, filching, and barbarity—seen as we tread the Rambla, and some of the narrower passages that flow into it; but they *are* the same, in the *essentials of unrighteousness, and not less in the sum of sin*. The *habitués* of the Boulevards, Regent and Oxford Streets, and Broad-

way, should purify themselves of pollution before they sit in judgment on the frailty of the Rambla. And while Casinos roll out their piles of gold at fashionable watering-places elsewhere on the Continent, to lure the inexperienced and thoughtless to ruin; and stock-gamblers, and heartless commercial speculators in the great financial centres of both hemispheres, combine to delude the unwary by falsehood, fraud, and "cornering," by what show of justice can those who strive not to suppress these evils, indulge in denunciations of the clamorous Barcelona lottery-ticket vendors who persecute you in your wanderings? Or of the itinerant roulette players who before your eyes strip the Spanish beggar of his last cuarto? Why should the little ignorant tatterdemalion seen here on the crowded thoroughfare staking the pittance given him by the hand of charity on the toss of a die, be condemned, while both British princes and people risk their thousands on the chances, or the cheating, at "the Derby," without so much as a whisper of disapproval from a courtier press and pulpit; and with Parliament adjourning on motion of the Prime Minister, to participate in the debasing sport? But it may be permitted to name a Spanish amusement for special condemnation. The most revolting spectacle in Barcelona for the entertainment of men, women, and children, is one in which cock-fighting "to the death," is followed by dog-fighting, and the still further diversified savagery of baiting bulls and jackasses. The prolonged encounters for hours in an enclosed arena, between dogs of fiercest breeds, from bull-terriers to mastiffs, seem to arouse a ferocity and thirst for blood in the human brutes who gloat over the "sport," scarcely less than

those of the victims which by turns throttle each other in the agonies of strangulation. And when others, fresh for the work of torture, are let loose upon a bull ringed through the nose to the ground in aggravation of his fury, and deprivation of his rightful means of defence; and an ass is afterwards turned loose in the arena to plunge, and kick, and shake from his shoulders and flanks as best he can, his terrible assailants; a frantic joy sways the multitude such as may have heaved those who gazed on gladiatorial strife long ages since. A stranger looking on such a scene may well stand in painful pause at the question—what have eighteen centuries of Christianity done for this people, whose forefathers claimed the first ministry of St. James the Greater—ever since, the recognized patron of Spain? A scene of deliberate and habitual cruelty, indulged in on the Christian's Sabbath, and within a hundred paces of the Paseo de Gracia, when that fashionable promenade is thronged with the *élite* of the city—before whose eyes are paraded the illustrated placards of the bloody entertainment. It might be deemed uncharitable to seek to account for this apparent insensibility to so gross an outrage on humanity, by those whose influence and power it is reasonable to think, if rightly exercised, could suppress it. But to represent the thing itself as it is, and to hold it up to execration, is a duty. Enough has been said to show the absence of an invidious spirit. And if more be necessary it will be found in the acknowledgment, that national or personal affiliations are, in our opinion, not more properly justifications of national or personal wrong, than prejudices are legitimately their condemna-

tion. By whomsoever indulged in, and under whatsoever pretexts, the doing of that which detracts from the ennobling objects of being, is censurable. The degree of culpability cannot be determined by the comparative magnitude of evil results, when human infirmity stands by to kick the beam as selfishness or prejudice dictates. There is a clear line between right and wrong, and the safety of the former is never assured when once it crosses that line and becomes entangled in the web of sophistry and special pleading on the other side. Both Englishmen and Americans it may be rightfully claimed, have sought to divest some of their national games and amusements of repugnant features. The bane of betting still clings to many, weighting them with a load of evil far heavier than any good coming of their continuance. While others again are so brutal and needlessly cruel, as to be scarcely, if any, above the depravity of dog-fighting and bull-baiting, from which the inflated phrases "noble art of self-defence," and "out with the hounds," cannot rescue them. Because men choose to become the agents of "punishing" each other "to death's door," instead of making dogs do the same thing, or to take the risk of being tossed over their horses' heads while running an in-offensive hare, or jumping a hurdle, instead of being tossed by the horns of a baited bull in a Plaza de Toros, does not dignify a fight for the "champion's belt," a "chase," or a "race," in the eyes of consistency, humanity, and common sense. It is lamentable, that there are so many of what are called the "upper classes"—as if thereby the useless *scum* were meant in contradistinction to the equally unserviceable *lees* left,

when intermediate being is sending its tide of ebb and flow for the sustenance of national life—who act, as if they thought, that they came into the world for no other purpose than to race, shoot, bet, and barter away time, estate, and being, for the gratifications of selfishness and sensualism. Another century of social, political, and moral progress, may teach those who thus waste time and talent, that they were created for nobler uses, and that their fellow-man has claims upon them for reciprocal service. Whatever is necessary to be done in the interests of a common being should be done. But, in the doing of it, let the dictates of humanity be obeyed. Their violation is sure to bring retributive results. And it may be in part, from an indulgence in barbarous national amusements, that Spaniards have attributed to them a more than usual proclivity to wash out even trivial offences with blood. In nurseries are planted the seeds of future growth. And if these be of cruelty they must be expected to yield bloody fruits.

Although the Barcelonese from freer commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe, would be expected to show less marked peculiarities than other Spaniards, yet will enough be seen on the Rambla and the Paseo, without delving into the dirtier and more remote retreats, to show with what stubbornness national usage in some things resists the encroachments of foreign customs. English cut, and French millinery and furbelows, are undoubtedly seen in "West End" and "Magazin des Modes" novelties. But the Spanish cloak of amplest antiquity and proportions, looks with contempt upon the British parvenu and its abbreviated

tail—if tail that can be called, which fails, as in man's little canine compeer of self-conceit, to fulfil its use. While the Spanish veil from its pride of place on raven locks over flashing eyes, scarce deigns to notice the affectations of a baby-bonnet—or something akin to it—on top of a stack of borrowed hair. As to maid-servants and men-servants, if the latter comprehend the workmen and watermen of the day, the three cornered kerchief of the former, and the red cloth Phrygian cap of the latter, have outlived, in the estimation of their impracticable wearers, the pretentiousness of bonnet and beaver. And the tow-sandalled feet of both move fearlessly and fleetly on pavements, where a Louis Quatorze high-heeled boot, that curse of comfort and curb of grace, would trip, and twist, and cripple them for life. The descriptions given are of persons and things seen by the way. Neither Hidalgo nor beggar, exclusively, sits for the picture of Spanish life herein drawn. Indeed the former, as known in the best days of Spain, has passed away leaving an inheritance of but few of his nobler characteristics, while that of his frailties too commonly distinguishes the upper and middle classes. As to Spanish beggars, a species *sui generis*, as proud as they are poor, and not less insolent than indolent, it would be unjust to present them as types of the representative Spaniard. If then the private circle should be uninvaded for illustrations of habits and manners—except so far as they may shape favourably an opinion of the country—one must seek premises of judgment, for good or ill, in the highways and byways of travel; in railway carriages and Diligences; in business, official, and incidental per-

sonal intercourse; on the street and paseo; in the hotel, church, opera-house, and theatre; and wherever else the promiscuous people assemble. And this public unfolding is more apt to reflect the truth, than is the studied deportment, and set phrase—rarely sincere—of private ceremonialism.

Military uniforms are seen everywhere. Blue, scarlet, and gold, give a show of gaiety, when discontent is discussing the evils of the hour, and the means of removing them. Many thousands of swords and bayonets flash day by day in the sunlight, to warn Barcelona of her fate, if midnight conspiracies should ripen into revolt. While the fortress of Montjuich, seven hundred and fifty feet above, from time to time thunders forth its threats in confirmation of the daily lesson. But with such scenes and their teachings, one gets familiar in Continental Europe. There are frequent occasions in the history of its greater powers, when monarchy finds it necessary or expedient to make manifest to the slaves of its will, its means of restraint and punishment. In the Province of Catalonia of which Barcelona is the capital, this display of force is thought more needful than in many other parts of Spain, because of what appears an inherent restlessness, and impatience of control, of the people. This may perhaps proceed, in part, from the contact, and greater freedom of intercourse of the Catalonians with France, whence they have imbibed the tendency of that country to political agitation and equality. But it is probable that it comes in a greater degree, together with the inheritance possessed in common with most of the Mediterranean coast, of distrust, insincerity, craft, false-

hood, faithlessness, and absolute irreligion—whatever its profession—from their perpetual changes of masters through thousands of years; Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Goth, Moor, and Goth again, ruling them in turn, and laying them under contribution of service and production, thus engendering that hatred of existing evils, and longing for a change which might bring a chance of better fortune. Long-continued lust of conquest and lust of gain, worked their unhappy results upon the victims of these passions—dominant in the human heart, and as stern rulers of national policy in our day as of old. Those, who, in their wanderings about the world have witnessed the fruits of conquest and oppression, the licentiousness of the powerful and the sufferings of the enslaved, and finally the depravity, degradation, and ruin of both, may rightfully warn others against the influence of that *aggressive civilization*, which, however it may seek to conceal it, is too frequently prompted to enforce its constraining policy upon the weak, *by selfish and mercenary motives*.

A theatre and opera-house of ample size and appointments, testify to the fondness of the Barcelonese for the drama and music. It is at the large opera-house on the Rambla that the "Passion Play" is performed, weekly, during the season of Lent. From the interest felt in both hemispheres in the performance of this play at Oberammergau in Bavaria, it is natural that a more than ordinary curiosity should be felt with regard to their comparative dramatic merit, and religious sentiment. The Spanish Passion Play, of which there are at this time several versions, is believed to have had monastic origin. It probably, in its original shape,

came from the pen of a Jeronomite, one of a formerly leading brotherhood of the Peninsula, who was animated by holy zeal, and gifted with a poetic temperament. But it has undergone great changes at the hands of those intrusted in adapting it to sensational and speculative purposes ; for it has now passed out of the hands, and entirely beyond the control, of the clergy ; who, in all fairness, should not be held answerable for any evils which may be thought to come of it. It is certain, that as now seen at the Barcelona Grand Opera House, the Passion Play is not characterized by the simplicity, and fullness of Gospel narrative, the elevated tone, and pious significance of the Ammergau sacred drama.

It is not our purpose to describe particularly this Passion Play of Spain. It might be deemed out of keeping with the rule of merely passing notices of matters in these pages. Perhaps it may form the substance of a separate notice hereafter. But it may be permitted to say, that it might reasonably be supposed, that trained dramatists, and practised elocutionists, of good taste, pure sentiment, and just appreciation of lofty inculcations, would be able to give more than ordinarily effective readings. Such professional ability, however, was not enlisted in the representations we witnessed. They certainly failed to reach the result attained by the Bavarian peasants through their pure-minded interpretation of truth, and practical familiarity with its teachings.

The play differs from that of Ammergau, not merely in its larger substitution of sensational and dramatic phrase and form, for the strictly literal biblical narrative and action, but in the total absence of those pro-

phetic and instructive types which fasten so strongly the attention of the Ammergau audience, and place before them in beautifully significant pictures from the Old Scriptures the prefiguring of events that follow, and which form the action of the New Testament, into which the Bavarian Highlanders breathe the breath of life. No advantages of stage scenery and mechanical appliances in the Spanish performance, are even a slight equivalent for the want of this fascinating feature of the Ammergau drama. And then as to the musical elucidations, applications, and appeals, of the chorus—the harp which lifts its harmony on the air, and moves the heart to responsive symphony; the mingling of sacred sentiment with classic charm, to win back to peace and love the wanderer from good; oh! how the want of it is felt by one, who has in the secluded valley of Ammergau owned its sweet influence, amid the works of Nature's God, and among "the people of His pasture!"

CHAPTER V.

RAILROAD FROM BARCELONA TO LERIDA. SPANISH MONEY. HAND-BOOKS. MONSERRAT, ST. LUKE. OUR LADY. MARIOLATRY. ROAD-SIDE SCENERY. MANRESA. COLLEGIATE CHURCH. CAVE OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA. CERVERA. LERIDA AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

ALTHOUGH in the early Spring and late Autumn, the tourist is advised to go by railway southward from Barcelona, to meet the genial breezes of the former, or hasten from the cold blasts of the latter, yet it will be well to consider the question ere starting, whether or not he will make a flying trip westward across the northern provinces of Catalonia and Aragon. And if he should be unwilling to forego the special attractions of Lerida and Zaragoza, and wayside glimpses, then he must decide if he will take the run now, or leave it for a part of his finish-up, after having made the circuit of the south, and reached Madrid. The Pyrenean belt of Provinces is the coldest, and this fact should be borne in mind in coming to a decision. Having made the run from Barcelona, what we have to say will be more appropriate here.

Spanish gold and silver money should be drawn from a reliable banker, and scrutinized, particularly the gold, before leaving the office. Counterfeiting is an irrepressible business in Spain. And the rule of "Errors

excepted" having no application after you have left the bank, it may be expected that frauds *purposely* perpetrated—and such may be at the hands of expert subordinates—are altogether without remedy. No amount of assertion, or circumstantial proof, will obtain correction of the grievance. The transaction has been irrevocably closed. And as to getting redress by law, consider before seeking it, besides unparalleled judicial delays, that Spanish Courts are not apt to see right in a foreigner and wrong in a native. Your protection is in prevention. Foreigners are heavily discounted in all things; although without their money and enterprise, bankruptcy would have been the fate of this country long ago.

A good Hand-book for Spain, if it could be found, would be useful. Those in use cannot be implicitly relied on. Railway and hotel *employés*, time-tables and "mine hosts," undergo frequent changes; and these make sad havoc with Hand-book pledges and programmes of a few years before. In matters of opinion too, one must not look for infallibility, however dogmatically put forth. Policy and prejudice warp the best intentions. But if a Hand-book be taken, let it be with hearty goodwill as you do a wife, "for better or for worse!" The chances are you will not be more frequently disappointed.

Of the two daily trains for the west, that of the morning has the advantage for sight of roadside scenery; and the left of the railway carriage for the view of that strange mountainous mass of rock-needles—*Montserrat*. Thrown, in railroad travelling, with the promiscuous people, a general national physiognomy and complexion,

as well as habits and dress, will be observed; nevertheless the Gothic characteristics to the North, and the Moorish to the South, will be found to have left traces in features and colour of the races who long contended for the empire of the Peninsula. Despite Spanish stubbornness, French customs of modern date have crept into Spain, especially in the frontier provinces; and where these prevail, it will usually be seen that the importation is of the worst quality in all things. That insinuating and clever people, it is hoped, will bring along their *better wares*, in principle and practice after a while.

About an hour and a half from Barcelona, there will be seen to the left an insulated mountain mass of grey rock, crowned with pinnacles lifted three thousand eight hundred feet high, like needles piercing the vapour tissues that often hang about their points. The constantly changing aspects of this gigantic and wonderful geological formation, give great interest to the half-hour's ride during which it is kept in view. It is well named *Montserrat*—serrated mountain—and many a storm-cloud has been sawn asunder by its huge teeth. The *Monistrol station* thirty-two miles from Barcelona is the stopping place for tourists visiting *Montserrat* by this route. Another route—that on the Tarragona railroad to the *Martorell station*, thence by carriage, and horse to the mountain summit, and then to the Monastery; thence on the return, by omnibus or horse to the *Monistrol station*, and back to Barcelona by the Zaragoza Railroad—is the one usually taken by excursionists. Without hesitation, however, it is said, do not take three days of time and discomfort to make this

trip, unless you are a geologist in search of a mountain of pebbles and boulders, agglomerated in cement of more than Roman cohesion and flintiness; fused, fashioned, and upheaved by Nature's forces. Or, as a theologian, you are curious in matters of *Pagan* Christianity. Or are willing to pay the price for a stand-point commanding a vast outspread of contrasted pictures, if Nature sees fit to unveil them to view. If interested in one of the *material* phases of religionism, the tourist will find in a consecrated grotto, near the Benedictine Monastery of Monserrat (where bed and board can be had) a "miraculous image of the Virgin, the handiwork of Luke the *Apostle*." Work and workman are thus set down in a "Hand-book for Spain." If St. Luke the *Evangelist* be meant—for no such *Apostle* was appointed by Christ, and the eleven survivors ordained Matthias to the "Apostleship from which Judas by transgression fell"—and he were here now pursuing his *traditional* "handiwork," he would scarcely consider himself flattered by the sinister compliment. And yet the word "miraculous" covers the case very fittingly, as followers of all creeds and confessions of faith can interpret it to their liking. Some think that a more miraculously hideous claimant of worship, despite the millinery of gold embroidered skirt and robe flashing with gems, never insulted good taste; to say nothing of good sense, and reverence for Him, who said—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them." And how Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the most learned of the religious orders, could have so set at naught the plain precepts of the faith he

professed, as to make—so he is reported—a long pilgrimage to “Our Lady of Monserrat”—the bedizened little black wooden idol we speak of—for the purpose of reverently laying upon her shrine his sword and lance, the weapons of carnal warfare, and *devoting* himself to “neither countess, nor duchess, but to one of far nobler state”—*herself*, is a question not satisfactorily solved consistently with a recognition of responsibility to Him, Who from Sinai proclaimed Himself “a jealous God.” Loyola seems indeed to have been strangely forgetful of St. Paul’s warning—“It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

That St. Luke may have been a physician is probable; for his great patron and teacher—Paul, whom he accompanied to Rome and continued with to the last, speaks of him in his Epistles thence, to the Colossians, as “Luke, the beloved physician.” But that he was either sculptor or painter, is asserted by the learned in such matters to be unsupported by even the early traditions. The legend which says St. Luke was a painter can be traced no further back than the tenth century. The later nonsense which ascribes to him the wretched trash enshrined in parts of Spain and Italy, for adoration, may have come from the existence of a Greek painter named Luca, some of whose rude works found their way into different parts of Europe at a time of active religious proselytism; while other miraculous pictures of the “Mother of God” were copies of these by Monkish artists, made to meet ecclesiastical wants; and, as is said in the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, “in the last degeneracy of taste and genius.”

Despite all this, however, those who claim to have knowledge of holy mysteries and such like things, affirm that this black doll was sculptured by St. Luke, and brought to Spain, by St. Peter in the year 30. Buried during the Moorish invasion, it finally revealed itself—as tradition further says—to a high functionary of the Church, by a significant smell. An attempt to remove it from the place where found to Manresa, was resisted by the little odorous African's stubborn refusal to go beyond this spot. As a consequence an Oratory was built here in which "Our Lady of Monserrat" as she was authoritatively called, was enshrined. Soon after, a Convent was added. She became too bounteous a patroness not to gather monks like "chickens under her wings." And finally the present Church was built by Philip II—the King of bigots, and the most bigotted of Kings. Far above the Convent, from mountain top and terrace, the view is indescribably grand and beautiful. Near by, underneath and around, rise colossal needles of bare rock—mountain pillars, standing in space as resting places for the messengers of shower and storm; with vast chasms between, where ledges catching and treasuring freshly created soil, give foothold to shrub, and creeper, and wild flower, to deck and garnish the strange scene. While far away to the east, the Mediterranean unrolls its gleaming mirror, with silver threaded rivers winding their way toward it over the emerald landscape spread out below; and in the opposite direction the distant range of Pyrenean snow-domes limits the panorama of a sterner nature.

The high respect with which the Virgin Mary was spoken of by the rulers and writers of the early Chris-

tian Church, when referred to at all, was natural and proper, on the part of those who believed in the divine presence and purpose of Jesus her son. Apart from this reasonable result of maternal relationship to such a commissioned offspring, there was something in the life and character of the Mother, as presented by the Evangelists, especially by that one above referred to by whom superstitious faith believes many miracles were wrought through the possession of her portrait, *painted by himself*, calculated to win to her memory a mingled sentiment of honour, love, and pity. How nearly these in the loving relations of life verge toward veneration and devotion, all will admit who have been touched with the tenderness of filial and parental joys and sorrows. We should not, then, judge harshly, those, who, with more intensely emotional natures than our own, and in ignorance of truth, have been misled by ecclesiastical authority and devices; and who may have transferred to the creature, the adoration due alone to the Creator. But yet, while kindly judgment is cherished, it becomes the follower of peace and charity to preserve the sanctity of his own worship, and as far as in him lies, to guide that of others, to God alone. Though he judge not another, "judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way." St. Paul besought his Roman brethren to "mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches, deceive the hearts of the simple."

How far this caution of the Apostle was called for, and how needful its echo through the generations of time, may be seen by reflecting upon the pervading principle underlying all else of Holy Scripture, that there is but One God, and that His worship must be maintained free from the debasement of doubt, and the division of allegiance. He, the Creator and Governor of the Universe, must be looked to as the source of our being; and to Him alone, must prayer and praise be addressed. To this the New Testament has added the Revelation of one mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus—through whom all blessings are to be sought and obtained. And having recognized and admitted these cardinal Christian doctrines, then let the believer turn to the authorised Ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, and read these, and such like, invocations, and praises.

“Blessed Mother, Virgin undefiled, glorious Queen of the world, intercede for us with the Lord! Blessed Mother of God, perpetual Virgin, the Temple of the Lord, the Holy Place of the Holy Spirit, thou alone without example hast pleased our Lord Jesus Christ: pray for the people, mediate for the clergy, intercede for the female sex who are under a vow.” . . . “Hail, O Queen, Mother of Mercy, our Life, Sweetness, and Hope, hail! To thee we sigh, groaning and weeping in this valley of tears. Come then, our Advocate, turn those compassionate eyes of thine on us; and after this exile show to us Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb, O merciful! O pious! O sweet Virgin Mary!” . . . “Hail, star of the Sea, and Kind Mother of God, and ever Virgin! happy Gate of Heaven! taking that ‘Hail’ from the mouth of Gabriel; do thou establish us in peace, changing the name of Eve. Do thou for the accused loose their bonds, for the blind bear forth a light, drive away our evils, demand for us all good things. *Show that thou art a mother.* Let Him who endured for us be thy Son, through thee receive our prayers.

O excellent Virgin, meek among all, *do thou make us meek and chaste*, freed from fault; make our life pure, prepare for us a safe journey, that beholding Jesus we may always rejoice together. Praise be to God the Father, glory to Christ most high, and to the Holy Ghost: one honour to the Three. Amen."

"The Holy Mother of God is exalted above the choir of angels to the heavenly realms. The gates of Paradise are opened to us by thee, who, glorious this day, triumphest with the angels. Rejoice O Virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world. Deem me worthy to praise thee, hallowed Virgin. Give me strength against thy enemies!"

And such has been the tendency of these and numerous corresponding passages pervading Roman formularies of public and private religious devotions, to cause men to overlook the worship of One God Who made all things, and the recognition of one mediator and intercessor alone, "the word made flesh, full of grace and truth," that it is not surprising, that some of them have been carried away into wildest excesses, not merely of disobedience to Divine Law, but even of thought and speech bordering on blasphemy. The fruit of unrighteousness coming of error, has been spread broadcast by fanatic zeal, poisoning not only still more the well-springs of Roman Catholicism, but its great streams which *should* be those of "living waters" to mankind.

And just in proportion to the extravagances of error, and the presumption of delusion, in many instances, have been the honours bestowed by the Roman Pontiff. A few instances will suffice to show the fact.

Bonaventura, a Friar of the Order of St. Francis, held all the ecclesiastical dignities except that of the Papal Chair; and his life and writings were stamped with approval by his canonization after death. As an

instructor in holy things none stood higher in the 13th century and after, in the estimation of the then recognized authorities of the Church of Rome. Pope Sixtus IV declared in the diploma of canonization (we quote from the Rev. Dr. Tyler's book on "The Worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary"—London, 1851, in which reference will be found to original works and documents), "That the Blessed Trinity had testified to the fact of Bonaventura being a saint in heaven: the Father proving it by the attested miracles; the Son, by the wisdom of his doctrine; the Holy Spirit, by the excellency of his life." Adding the words:—"He so wrote of Divine subjects, that the Holy Spirit seems to have spoken in him." This testimony is referred to by Pope Sixtus V a century after, who directed Saint Bonaventura's authority to be cited and used, in all places of education, and in all ecclesiastical discussions and studies. Can the opinions and inculcations of any one, be more unreservedly and emphatically sanctioned by the Supreme Authorities of the Roman Church? Now what says this accredited teacher, of spiritual power and graces and glories, in his *Psalter* addressed to the Virgin Mary? Mark and ponder the deliberate sacrilege of perverting, and applying to a creature, the Psalmist's invocations to the Lord God of Heaven and Earth!

"In thee, O Lady, have I trusted, let me not be confounded for ever: in thy grace take me.

"Thou art my fortitude and my refuge: my consolation and my protection.

"To thee, O Lady, have I cried, while my heart was in heaviness; and thou didst hear me from the top of the eternal hills.

"Bring thou me out of the snare that they have hid for me ; for thou art my succour.

"Into thy hands, O Lady, I commend my spirit, my whole life, and my last day.

"Blessed are they whose hearts love thee, O Virgin Mary ; their sins shall be mercifully blotted out *by thee*.

"Incline thou the countenance of God upon us ; *compel Him* to have mercy upon us. O Lady thy mercy is in the heaven, and thy grace is spread over the whole earth.

"Let Mary arise, and let her enemies be scattered.

"The Lord is a God of vengeance ; but thou, O Mother of mercy, inclinest to be merciful.

"Praise our Lady of Heaven : glorify her in the highest. Praise her all ye men and cattle, ye birds of the heaven, and fishes of the sea. Praise her sun and moon ; ye stars, and circles of the planets. Praise her Cherubim and Seraphim, thrones and dominions, and powers. Praise her, all ye legions of angels. Praise her, all ye orders of spirits on high.

"Let everything that hath breath praise our Lady."

To all this, and much more of Saint Bonaventura's Psalter ; to his *Te Deum* in praise of the "Spouse of the Eternal Father ;" and to his *Litany*, addressed to Mary, in which he prays "from all evil"—"in the devastating hour of death"—and "from the horrible torments of hell, deliver us, O Lady"—we may, with an expression of confidence in their sufficiency to establish our premises, simply say in the language of the same Psalmist, whose words have been so impiously perverted from their inspired purpose—"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance ; Thy holy temple have they defiled."

Let the attestation of a few others of accredited life and doctrine, to the Virgin Mary's attributes and powers, be briefly referred to. *Bernardinus de Bustis* was the author of "The Office of the Immaculate Conception of

the Blessed Virgin," approved by Pope Sixtus IV, and since used on her festival of December 8th. In one of his works in her honour, he says—"Of so great authority in the heavenly palace is that Empress, that, omitting all intermediate saints, we may appeal to her from every grievance. With confidence, then, let every one appeal to her, whether he be aggrieved by the devil, or by any tyrant, or by his own body, or by *divine justice*." Thus, is the *last* case made out in another place. "Since the Virgin Mary is Mother of God, (and God is her Son, and every son is naturally inferior to his mother, and subject to her, and the mother is preferred above, and is superior to her son) it follows that the Blessed *Virgin is herself superior to God, and God Himself is her subject* by reason of the humanity derived from her."

In another place he considers her "Chancellor in the Court of Heaven, to whom it appertains to grant letters of grace and mercy."

Bernardinus Siennensis, still more distinguished than the last named, and for his great virtues and services determined a Saint by Pope Eugenius IV, enrolled as such by Nicholas V in 1450, afterwards declared by Pius II to have been taken for such even in his lifetime, and again in 1472 extolled by Sixtus IV in a special bull, authorising the removal of his body to a church dedicated to his honour—this Saint Bernardine thus writes—"So many creatures do service to the glorious Mary as do service to the Trinity."

"She is the queen of mercy, the temple of God, the habitation of the Holy Spirit."

"The blessed Virgin Mary alone has done more for

God, or as much (so to speak) as God hath done for the whole human race."

"If thou art disturbed by the heinousness of thy crimes, and confounded by the foulness of thy conscience; if terrified by the horror of judgment thou begin to be swallowed up in the gulf of despair, think of Mary, invoke Mary; let her not depart from thy heart; let her not depart from thy mouth. For, while thinking of her, thou dost not err; imploring her, thou dost not despair; following her, thou dost not lose thy way; while she holds thee, thou dost not fall; while she protects thee, thou dost not fear; while she is thy leader, thou art not wearied; while she is favourable, thou reachest thy end."

There are some Roman Catholics, who, professing to disapprove of these *extravagancies* of worship and glorification, of Mary, as likely to impair the influence of their religion with the really enlightened, have deemed the moderation of them a work of duty. How far their influence will prove available to good, so long as they fail to hold up as an absolute *sin*, the invocation and religious reverence of any save God, alone, may be judged of by the perpetuation of the evil. Error cannot be stricken down by one hand, when the grasp of the other upholds it from falling. Yet such seems to have been the unreasonable expectation of such writers as *Raynaud*, a Jesuit Priest of Lyons; who, seeking to restrain the excesses of Mariolatry, in seeming apprehension nevertheless of the Virgin's disfavour, declares, that "*if her son Jesus has omitted anything as to the pre-eminence of the exaltation of his own mother, I, a servant, I, a slave, not indeed with effect, but with*

affection, would delight in filling it up." And addressing to the Virgin a hymn, says that he will not omit "a pious daily practice of *worshipping, and religiously invoking* the Blessed Virgin in private;" and professes it his duty to praise, give thanks, and preach "her greatnesses;" "and to bless all her members individually"—making "in all twenty salutations which after the manner of a daily payment, with separate, and an equal number of kneelings, if it can be done, *before her image or altar*, are to be paid to the glorious Virgin, according to that Psalm (144). "Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy name for ever."

His *Te Deum* in honour of the Virgin Mary contains the following among other passages :

"We praise thee, Queen of heaven; we honour thee, Sovereign Lady of the world.

"To thee Cherubim and Seraphim, cry aloud with ineffable voice, Hail, Hail, Hail, O Lady of glory.

"Thee, the praiseworthy company of the prophets, thee the band of patriarchs, worship.

"Thou art the victory of martyrs, thou the glory of confessors.

"Make us to be numbered with thy saints in glory most high.

"Thou, who art crowned with so many prerogatives of holiness in the glory of the Father, rejoicing by thy right of Mother in so many privileges of dignity; joy, rejoice, be glad, who art greater than all praise, O merciful, O pious, O sweet Mary the Virgin."

Such are examples of the devotion and service of a professed *reformer* of Mariolatry! What then must have been, and still are the superstitions and blasphemy of her more devout worshippers? And with these appeals and petitions for her exercise of independent Sovereignty, before us, how can we be expected to believe the assurances of those, doubtless honest, but