

deceived, members of the Roman Catholic Church, who, in communities largely Protestant, declare, that prayers addressed to the Virgin, *are simply for her intercession with God, for His mercy as any Christian might be asked to pray for us?* To say, as is sometimes heard, that the teachers quoted lived long ago, and that the opinions and faith of their day have undergone the changes of further "development" and inspiration, however it may savour of enlightened progress, implies a *doubt of the papal infallibility which sanctioned them*, that might be deemed heretical according to a strict construction of canonical law. Certainly the "Holy Tribunal" of a not forgotten period, would have deemed it deserving of correctional notice, if not of an *auto de fé*. But unfortunately for these apologists, no new interpretation has been given, no authoritative change made, of the forms of public worship and private devotion, everywhere in the hands of Roman Catholics. As has been pointedly said by Dr. Tyler, "The Breviary and the Missal contain the same offices of the Virgin Mary as in former days. The same sentiments are expressed to her in public; the same forms of devotion, both in prayer and praise, are provided for the use of individuals in their daily exercises. Whatever meaning may possibly be attached to the expressions employed (and surely in the most holy and momentous of all things, it is dangerous and unjustifiable to employ one language for the ear and eye, and another for the understanding and heart,) the prevailing expressions remain the same, as we have found them to have been in past ages."

Test the statement of a change of opinion in regard to the merits and mercies, the privileges and powers, of

the Virgin Mary, and the worship due to her, by one of the most recent expositions of her attributes, and how stands its correctness? *Alphonso Liquori* wrote on the "Glories of Mary." He died in 1787. The Congregation of Rites at Rome pronounced his works unexcusable. Pope Pius VII in 1803 approved that decision. And in 1839 he was canonized by Pope Gregory XVI. Thus the highest approval of the Roman Church was given at that late date to his life and writings; and it may be added that the book above named has been extensively recommended by the clergy of that Church as a Manual of Piety. And what are some of the passages of this, one among the latest of saints? "If Ahasuerus heard the petition of Esther through love, will not God, who has an infinite love for Mary, *fling away at her suit*, the thunderbolts which he was going to hurl on wretched sinners? Indeed every petition which she offers, is as a law emanating from the Lord, by which *He obliges himself* to be merciful to those for whom she intercedes."

"Hope of the universe! my only hope! come to my assistance!

"Queen of heaven and earth, mother of God, my sovereign mistress, I present myself before you, as a poor mendicant before a mighty Queen.

"No doubt Jesus the Man-God alone suffered to effect our redemption; but it was more convenient, that, *both sexes having concurred to our ruin, both should conspire to save us.*

"*All is subject to Mary's empire, even God Himself.* Jesus has rendered Mary omnipotent: the one is omnipotent by nature, the other is omnipotent by grace. St. Germanus says to Mary, '*You, O Holy Virgin, have over God the authority of a Mother, and hence you obtain pardon for the most obdurate sinners. It is impossible that a true servant of Mary should be damned.*' 'My Soul,' says the blessed Eric Suzou, '*is in the hands of Mary,*

so that *if the Judge wishes to condemn me*, the sentence must pass through this clement Queen, and *she knows how to prevent its execution!*"

"St. Anselm, to increase our confidence in Mary, assures us that our prayers will often be *more speedily heard in invoking her name*, than in calling on *that of Jesus Christ*.

"Dispensatrix of the Divine grace, you save *whom you please*; to you then, I commit myself, that the enemy may not destroy me.

"We, Holy Virgin, hope for *grace and salvation from you*; and since you need *but say the word*, ah! do so, you shall be heard, and we *shall be saved*."

Such was the faith and practice of Liquori; who professed to seek to *restrain* the service of the Virgin Mary, within *reasonable* limits! A would-be *reformer* of her votaries! And deemed *deserving of the sanctity of canonization* by the *predecessor of the present Pontiff*! We shall look in vain for the uprooting of idolatry, the suppression of impiety, and the purification of the sanctuaries of Spain, if into such hands is to be intrusted the great duty. *Righteousness cannot be established by sanctifying sin*. It would be difficult to conceive a more flagrant offence against the sovereignty of God than is found in the above sayings. So far from being means of suppressing it, they must be regarded as confirming an evil unconceived, *and therefore* unmentioned by the primitive Christians; who, getting light nearest their acknowledged Source of Truth, knew no darkness of doubt, and could not be misled by erring guides. Descended from the Jews whose law—enjoined also by Christ—proscribed all worship but that of God, they knew naught else. In the Gospel of their Master, they found the instructions—"After this manner pray ye—*Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name!*"

“And thou when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut the door, *pray to thy Father* which is in secret, and *thy Father* which seeth in secret, *Himself* will reward thee openly.” “Verily, Verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall *ask the Father* in *my* name, *He* will give it you.”

One cannot read the plain precepts of Christ in matters of faith and practice, and reflect upon the perversions of truth and piety by later ecclesiastical authorities, without being reminded of the Apostle Peter's warning, of the “damnable heresies” that would be brought in by “false teachers.” Dogmatic “winds of doctrine” have more and more abounded as age has succeeded age, until the simplicity of the original Word, would be thought in danger of being utterly destroyed, were it not for the assurance felt by the faithful, that “the foundations of God standeth sure, having this seal—The Lord knoweth them that are His.”

Immaculateness, and infallibility, no longer considered exclusive attributes of Godhead, by those who “make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments,” are taught by them to be prerogatives of a mortality, blind to the lesson of the fallen angels, and unmindful of a classical mythology they should have read of, which unfolds the fate of sacrilegious ambition.

And who can say that punishment is not now being meted out to ecclesiastical presumption, in the evils of idolatry which itself has created? Miraculous images—which, from time to time, will be named in connection with places yet to be spoken of—and their worship by prostration, prayer, and praise, by the unlettered

multitude in Spain, are too palpable to be questioned. It would be blindness that failed to see, and self-delusion or dishonesty that sought to disguise it. And there is ground for belief, that they have increased, in proportion as Popes and priests have made the Madonna prominent in the mystery of the Incarnation; and as theological controversies were waged on the subject, until the second Council of Nice in the latter part of the 8th century, and after various fluctuations until the reign of Theodora, in A.D. 842, finally and firmly fixed her right of place in the churches. The resistance of Pope Leo III in the early part of the 8th century to the fanatical extravagancies which exalted the images of the Virgin to high places in the sanctuary, and herself in the regards of her worshippers, will not be denied. Nor will that of Constantine, his successor, and of his Byzantine Synod, who pronounced image worship a corruption of Christianity and a renewal of Paganism. But that opposition, resolutely shown as it was, failed of its purpose; and serves now but to illustrate the ridiculousness of that assumption of "infallibility," which, *in the conflicting words and works, of two or more of its Papal possessors, falsifies itself.*

Since the Papal coinage of Leo VI bearing the stamp of the Virgin; others in which she wears the nimbus; and others again for two centuries, in which she is represented crowning Emperors; since the addition in the 10th century of the salutation "Ave Maria" to the Lord's prayer; the introduction of fragmentary legends from the East into the West, incorporated with Church teachings; the Papal instigation of the crusades, and a chief means of exciting religious fervour and even frenzy by

appeals in the name of "Our Lady" which then originated and came into universal use; since the ascription by Pope Pius V, of the Christian victory of Lepanto over the Turks, to the interposition of the "Blessed Virgin," the addition of a new invocation to her Litany for this special act of grace, and another festival to the many already held in her honour; since all these, and many other acts, and "cunningly devised fables," destructive of "the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God," the fanatical faith of her worshippers became more fervent, and their zeal more active in multiplying her shrines, raising in her name Cathedrals and Basilicas of wondrous magnificence, and covering her altars and images with gemmed and golden ex-votives, significant of gratitude and devotion. In Spain, this Paganism of Mariolatry, is surpassingly disclosed. And here too will be found tottering to its fall, a religionism, which has failed to fulfil the great mission of elevating the moral sentiments and intelligence of the people, and been shamefully wanting in the duty of securing for them—as it once might have done—good government; and thereby a steady addition to their material means of happiness—corresponding to those of other nations. Those of them, who, discarding human dogmas and decrees, rest confidently and in faith, and solely, on the "*Holy Scriptures given by inspiration of God, and profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works*"—"and wise unto salvation."

The end of false teaching must be failure, when true

knowledge shall draw aside the veil, and expose its repugnant features. And the beginning of that end is foreshadowed to the tourist in Spain, in ways he will not fail to see if an attentive observer of passing events. It may be thought appropriate to advert to some of these hereafter. Speaking with a candour due to the interests of truth, it is nevertheless right to add, that, by nothing herein said, is it meant to disparage, the just claims of "The Mother" to manifestations of the heart's tender emotions, for her obedience, humility, gentleness, trust, and sorrow, *compatible with reverence and worship of God alone*. But we may not look upon a doll—dressed wood—carving, or an enshrined painting, however embrowned or blackened by age, and consecrated in the eye of archaeological interest, as the possessor of special sanctity, and supernatural powers, without a sense of sacrilege, or of self-stultification.

Leaving, then, the tourist to determine whether, or not, he will visit this shrine of "Our Lady of Monserrat," whose "miraculous image" has diverted from useful enterprize, for its decoration, more wealth, in gold and gems, than any other shaped or mis-shaped piece of wood in Christendom, we will continue our way toward Zaragoza.

The railroad route westward is generally spoken of without any limitations, as an unbroken scene of desolation. Certainly, in winter, when the wayside is bare and bleak, and in summer when verdure is burnt up, and even the soil seems scorched yellow and brown by the blazing sun, the aspect is forbidding. But in spring, long levels and valleys are occasionally seen clothed with grain, interspersed with the vine and

olive; and cork-trees, pines, and stretches of under-wood, give pleasing variety to the journey. While the Pyrenees to the north lift their snow-parapets afar off, like a pearl-girdle to this garment of green. One must allow, in his estimate of these Northern Provinces, for season influences, ere consigning them to the rule of a barren sceptre. Yet, amid all this, it must be said, that there will be found sometimes wide tracts ploughed into deep trenches by rain torrents, giving an appearance of awful waste to the scene.

At the distance of forty-one miles from Barcelona, is the busy little manufacturing town *Manresa*—population 15,000—picturesquely situated on a hill with the river Cardener washing its foot, and the Collegiate Church rising imposingly above surrounding objects. Except this church—which was commenced in the early part of the 14th century—there is nothing in Manresa worth the tourist's attention. And unless professionally interested in architectural plans and details, a day would be wasted by detention here, when better opportunities will be afforded before quitting Spain, for gratifying general curiosity, and educating one's taste in church architecture. Although the beauty of decoration is by no means comparable with the scale and perfection of plan, yet the effect of the interior of this Collegiate Church is imposing; which is doubtless due chiefly to the vast width of the vault—sixty feet from centre to centre of columns—while the space between the walls of the aisles is one hundred and ten feet. The great height and size of the columns, which limit the side aisles, and apsidal passage, certainly contribute to the impression of grandeur. Those who have



seen Santa Maria del Mar in Barcelona, can, without stopping here, form an opinion of the general style of the interior of this church—though this is perhaps more effective. The arrangement for religious services is similar to that usual in Spanish churches, the high altar being situated in the tribune, and the coro in the nave, with an intervening space for worshippers. There is an *altar-frontal* belonging to this church, of wonderfully delicate embroidery on fine linen doubled, representing the life and crucifixion of Christ. It is a rare example of the exceeding beauty of the earlier work of this description. At Manresa is shown the *cave in which Ignatius Loyola*—after having devoted himself to the Virgin at the Shrine of Monserrat—did penance for the transgressions of his early life; and where he is said to have beheld visions of salvation, and of the mysteries of faith. The far-off jagged peaks of Monserrat, were, doubtless, to his active imagination, like up-pointing fingers to heaven, whence alone could come, and through sincere repentance, pardon for sin. And it is a pity, that such a reasonable and sufficient explanation of Nature's power for good, in directing human thoughts to Nature's God, should be disfigured by the superstition of the Virgin's smiling on him approvingly all the way from the rugged mountain, while he was occupied in his solemn duties. Yet such is believed and repeated by the custodian of the *Cueva de San Ignacio*; who will also assure you, of the sacred efficacy of the pulverized stone of the cave in curing certain diseases. *Beyond Manresa*, wayside barrenness predominates; though occasionally glimpses are caught of pretty seclusion and fertility, and of antiquated towns with ruined

walls, and dingy, balconied houses, shutting in narrow streets and gloomy courts, to keep alive the fast flagging curiosity of a long route, drawn out to the extreme of tediousness by slow time, and needless detention at stations. It has not fallen to our lot to see in the north of Spain rich cœrulean, and gorgeous, sky-tints. Murillo did not catch his colouring from nature, here. The atmosphere is clear, but parched in the season of sunshine; no vapoury veil to soften light; no floating clouds to separate and mirror its iris-hues. Italy, fair favourite of the sun and stars, by day, by night, need fear no rival of her most glorious, yet most tender canopy.

At three and a half miles from Manresa the little town of *Cervera* is seen, perched on a hill. We know not upon what authority Mr. Ford (Murray's Handbook for Spain) says that "*here*, on the 5th March, 1469, Ferdinand and Isabella were married." Prescott (History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—chapter 3) states that "agreeable to arrangements, Ferdinand, on the 15th of October, passed privately from *Dueñas*, accompanied only by four attendants, to the *neighbouring city of Valladolid*, where he was received by the Archbishop of Toledo, and conducted to the apartment of his mistress." After an interview "of two hours he retired to his quarters at *Dueñas*." . . . . "The marriage between Ferdinand and Isabella was publicly celebrated, on the morning of the 19th October, 1469, in the palace of John de Vivero, the temporary residence of the Princess, and subsequently appropriated to the *Chancery of Valladolid*." The contemporaneous history of events, besides the presumption that Isabella was not

likely to have sought Ferdinand in his own province of Catalonia, sustains the correctness of Mr. Prescott's statement.

But is it not strange that so careful and accurate a writer, as that historian usually is, when speaking of Ferdinand's second marriage (to Germaine, sister of Louis 12th of France) should afterwards have said (chapter 17th), that "she was conducted with much solemnity to *Dueñas*, where she was joined by the King. *In this place*, where thirty-six years before, *he had been united to Isabella*, he now, as if to embitter still further the recollections of the past, led to the altar her young and beautiful successor." True Valladolid and *Dueñas* were not remote from each other. But the event appropriate to the one place should not be confounded with the other. However unimportant the mis-statements, or conflicting passages of a rambling writer, the pen of the historian cannot contradict itself even in trifling matters without shaking faith in its more material statements.

The large university building seen at Cervera, hideous in its ruin, serves as a monument of Philip Fifth's spite against Lerida. Its chartered privileges were taken away by his command, because of the resistance of the town to his French allies in the Spanish War of Succession. Transferred at that time to Cervera, the corporate rights are now vested in the University of Barcelona.

One will not be more interested by glebe and gulch, moor and morass, and by the sparsely spotted hill-side and dale cultivation, on passing beyond Cervera, than he had been by wayside scenery before. If he weary of outside sameness, inside observations of fellow-travel-

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lers will give knowledge of the Spanish side of human nature. Thus putting to good account, instead of "killing time," the latter part of the seventy-one miles from Manresa will seem to have flitted past as pleasantly as the first, when *Lerida*, is reached. This town of twenty thousand inhabitants, is situated on the *Segre* branch of the *Ebro River*, coming from the southern watershed of the Pyrenees, and is overlooked from the summit of a hill three hundred feet high, by an old Cathedral and other buildings, forming, in fact, parts of a formidable looking fortification; but one rather for show than use, in these days of rifled cannon, and steel projectiles. The piers of the present bridge spanning the *Segre* at *Lerida* are built on Roman foundations. The great Colossus that bestrode the empire of the world thought the position desirable for watch and ward of the Iberian barbarians; impatient then, as are now their children's children after a lapse of two thousand years, of foreign rule. From that time, Goths, Moors, and Goths again, Spaniards and French, have successively held this key of Catalonia; until at last—with the aid of that Briton, whose spirit even Caesar failed to subdue—its rightful heirs have recovered their own, and it is likely to remain an outpost of Spain against northern aggression. It is not the town of *Lerida*, so much as the general panorama from the top of the old Cathedral hill, and the Cathedral itself, that will repay the tourist for stopping here. And yet, one is not sure of getting his full reward; for, although the glorious expanse of hill and plain, and stream even in summer marking its winding way of verdure across an arid soil, backed far away by the magnificent Pyrenees domed with snow, cannot be

shut out from view, still many difficulties be encountered in getting access to the Cathedral. Being included within the lines of the fortification, permission to visit it must be sought of the military authorities; and a martinet of a commander in time of peace, is not apt to be found the most tractable of petty despots. Let it be remembered that great skill is required to move such a man-machine into conformity with your wishes. But let no required amount of formality and deference, daunt you; for if success crown effort, ample gratification will heal all wounds of British bluntness and independence, or American self-esteem and sense of equality. It will be better, however, not to carry national peculiarities about with you, to get in the way of the objects for which you go abroad. Perhaps of the two, the American is a little more plastic and adaptable to circumstances. This may come in part from his wider range of personal relations, the result of freer social and political education, thought, and action, at home. The English, classified among themselves to the extent of exclusiveness, and insular as to the rest of mankind, accustomed to look upon themselves as the sum and substance of human perfectibility, and perfection, however cheery and hospitable, even gruffly jovial in a peculiar national condescending way at their own fireside, are too apt to carry among foreigners a chilliness that freezes sympathy, and a haughty reserve, or on the other hand a stilted, boisterousness, offensive to a sensitive self-respect. It is worse than useless to go abroad expecting to gain full and reliable information of matters and things while we are constantly tilting at other people's pre-

judices and peculiarities, and running against every little morbid sensibility that obtrudes itself upon observation. Britons should remember that such conduct on the part of a foreigner among themselves, would soon leave him no toes to be trod on. And as to Americans, they would in very mischief bewilder a like silly specimen of self-conceit, with such extravagancies of fiction, that his personal identity would become questionable to the atom of brains he might have left. Having secured lodgings at the Fonda San Luis, and leave of entrance, go to the old cathedral on the hill, not the more modern pretence of grandeur in the town below. But your admiration of a magnificent architecture will not be without alloy; for the hand of the barbarian, he who obeys the behests of passion rather than the precepts of peace, as ready to mar material grandeur as to uproot the graces of the spirit, has been there, to take from the service of religion and convert to purposes of war, a temple of rare richness, and leave it a sepulchre of former beauty. Your enjoyment will be fragmentary, as the beauties of the building, not comprehensive; unless the mind, directed by good taste, or professional suggestion, shall fill up the measure of details, and unfold to fancy the whole, as it once was.

This cathedral (commenced in 1203 and consecrated in 1278) has cloisters attached to its west end. And when one has climbed the steep ascent, passed the fine octagonal Campanile—170 feet high and standing upon the edge of a cliff of 300 feet—and entered through the great western door into their quadrangular court, he should seek to be blind to the desecration of its superb

corridors and cells, by their conversion on three sides into soldiers' barracks; and on the fourth into an arsenal blocking up the great west portals of the cathedral. These latter, if in harmony of decorative details with still existing doors of the building, especially those of the south transept and of the middle bay of the south aisle, must have been of unusual richness. The buttresses, columns, capitals, and arches, of the cloisters, with still visible fragments of tracery and other ornaments, point to great technical beauty of the past. And when, leaving the cloisters, you seek on the south side of the cathedral its great portal of the Infantes—"Puerta del Fillols"—and standing before it, look through the deep-set archivolt of intersecting groined arches, with frontlet of encircling mouldings, dentals, and foliage, at the doorway, sunk within a forest of slender pillars supporting consecutively diminishing round arches, above which is a horizontal cornice, all of exquisite design and finish, you are likely to become forgetful of the fact, that the very porch in which you stand facing the portal, is now a magazine of shells and rockets, and other destructibles, although the danger of a lighted cigarette had been intimated to you.

Entering the cathedral by another door, half the interior will be found occupied as soldiers' quarters, an artillery arsenal, and a military-band's practising school. The plan of the church is a Latin cross, with nave, side-aisles, tribune, transept and lantern over the crossing. The latter octagonal in shape, and of no very great height, is the chief means of lighting and ventilation; though clerestory windows also promote these ends. Three chapels, which are later additions, and seem to be

outside of the original design, have been much mutilated, and are undeserving of notice, as parts of the otherwise harmonious whole. Thus the attention left free to wander over the details of a simple and consistent plan, will revel amid clustered columns, richly sculptured capitals, pointed arches, bold groining, and traceried windows circular in the gables, and double in the lantern; the latter being pointed, while those of the clerestory are simply moulded round arches on pillar shafts. Happily, most of these splendid details being above the convenient reach of injury, have escaped, and will repay by instruction in effective scheme and ornamentation, a careful study of the professional artist; and by gratification and improved taste, the close attention of the amateur.

If enough of your one day's overlying at Lerida remain for the purpose, the time may be put to pleasant account by the ecclesiologist, in looking at the churches of San Lorenzo and San Juan; and a little to the north of the cathedral, at a fragmentary building of doubtful purpose, presenting some striking Gothic features. But by no means take from the Cathedral any moments, however few, necessary to an appreciation of so enjoyable a work of art.

In a country, doomed, as Spain is, to revolutions, and to the overthrow of all things by liberated passions, gathering fierceness from the food on which they have been fed by political and ecclesiastical tyranny and ferocity, neither respect for law, nor reverence for religion, can be looked to as means of protection for throne or pulpit. And the destruction of a material grandeur created by wealth wrung from a people's toil by the



oppression of Prince and Priest, has been, and will be, the expression of frantic vengeance. One will not have been long in Spain before seeing the footprints of this monster passion of man. And unless the reign of righteousness in high places, shall win popular waywardness into conformity with its own benignant example, "the abomination of desolation" may ere long pass over churches, as it has passed over monasteries, once the pride, as they afterwards became the disgrace and the punishment of Spain. Let no opportunity be lost, then, of seeing that country's remaining, and really splendid, examples of ecclesiological art. The sight will serve to educate a taste even in the tyro; whose influence in behalf of a pure and elevated style, may be felt at home. While their study cannot fail to cherish a striving after excellence, and add to the knowledge of professional architects; thus strengthening their efforts to substitute for a contractedly prejudiced, and locally stereotyped style of sanctuary, forms more diversified, enriched, and noble.

## CHAPTER VI.

RAILROAD TO ZARAGOZA, HUESCA. JACA. MONASTERY OF SAN JUAN DE LA PEÑA. MAUSOLEUM OF KINGS OF ARAGON. POPULAR RIGHTS. COSTUME. PYRENEES. RIVER EBRO. CITY OF ZARAGOZA. HOTELS. SIEGES. SIGHTS. LEANING TOWER. CATHEDRALS. LA SEO AND EL PILAR. GODDESS OF ZARAGOZA. ST. JAMES. DEMORALIZATION AND HOPE OF SPAIN. CHURCH OF SAN PABLO. ALJAFERIA.

THE distance from Lerida to Zaragoza by rail is 116 miles—time six hours. If one should wish to shorten the single sitting, it may be done to best advantage by stopping at *Tardienta station*, 82 miles on the way, and thence running by a short branch railway to *Huesca*. Change of position, and promise of gratification may relieve weariness. The *Cathedral* and the Church of *San Pedro el Viejo* at Huesca, are quite likely to interest at least the ecclesiologist. And if more be needed to draw one aside from the beaten track of travel, it will be found in the old *Monastery of San Juan de la Peña*, and the *Mausoleum* of the long line of Kings of Aragon, near *Jaca*—eight or nine hours by Diligence from Huesca. Jaca, and its neighbouring monastery, may well invite a pilgrimage from the political constitutionalist, and the Roman Catholic religionist. In the former was held the first Parliament of which there is

historical record. And in the latter is said to have been performed the first mass celebrated in the Peninsula; while here too, it was, that the early Spanish patriots assembled, and drew up those charters of popular rights known as *Fueros*; which maintained in fact, institutions, almost entirely republican in character, under an ostensible monarchy. By these, personal liberty and rights, and matters of finance, were guarded with great jealousy against encroachment. In process of time royal usurpation gradually worked their overthrow; which was finally finished by Philip II—wearing the united crown of Castile and Aragon—who hanged the official guardian and expounder of the laws, for his judicial intervention in behalf of an appellant citizen; and by Philip V, who abolished the mere show of liberty left by his predecessor. Thus did executive encroachment aim its first assaults at constitutional freedom, by the destruction of judicial prerogative. Later times have exemplified the facility with which this may be done; and with the sanction of popular passions, until too late to avert the final blow.

A carriage road goes northward from Jaca into France through a pass of the Pyrenees, by the *Baths of Eaux Chaudes*, and *Eaux Bonnes*. Frugal fare, and exercise in the invigorating air of this mountain district, in summer, have contributed greatly to the efficacy of these waters, in some impairments of health and strength. And if a religionist of unquestioning faith, he may assist Nature's restoratives, at *Lourdes*—not much farther off—by a pilgrimage to the scene of the Virgin Mary's descent from Heaven as late as 1858, and her appearance for fourteen successive days to the

✓ young peasant girl Bernadotte. The miraculous vision, believed by the local clergy, and authenticated by a crafty Emperor—who would “baptize” his dynastic Prince Imperial in the politic superstitions of a dominant creed, as well as in patriotic “fire” at Saarbrücken so utterly extinguished at Sedan—has also received the sanction of Papal credulity. It is not surprising then, that the efficacy of the waters at the Shrine of Lourdes should be believed in by many; nor that the prosperity of the place should have been materially increased. The sea-serpent of Nahant may suffice for the offspring of the “Pilgrim Fathers.” Nothing less than a visitant from the skies will do for the “Pilgrims of Lourdes.” It would be well if his co-religionists would weigh these, among other words of Monseigneur Dupanloup, the eminent and enlightened Bishop of Orleans, to the clergy of his diocese—1874—on prophecies and prodigies. “Thus does a whole generation banquet upon chimeras—God who made us reasonable and free, cannot command us to conduct ourselves as if we possessed neither reason nor liberty.”

✓ From Huesca and Jaca returning to the main western railway line at Tardienta station, the route to Zaragoza is thence resumed. The Catalonian costume will no longer be seen. The Aragonese adheres to the customs of his ancestors. The many cannot afford, or have too much sense to follow, the caprices of fashion; merely putting on one new-fangled garment to put it off for another at the bidding of a man-milliner, who for profit makes others the dupes of his craft. A comfortable slouch-hat maintains its place against the brimless cloth bag of Catalonia; and that Anglican abomination,

fit only for fools, and cockaded footmen. And when the head would otherwise be uncovered, a folded kerchief binds it. While knee-breeches show to advantage symmetrical and sinewy limbs, unhampered by flapping leggings; and a sash of gay colour—red, yellow, or green—serves the purposes of brace and belly-band. Though the near-by scenery of this part of the route offers no attractions, occasional revelations of the far off *Maladetta*, the highest group of the Pyrenean chain—having an altitude of more than eleven thousand feet—and of other nearly as high snow-mountains, sending their sloping spurs to the southward enclosing verdant or wooded valleys, will serve to keep alive a pleasant interest, until *Zaragoza* lifts into view an imposing group of towers and steeples, giving promise which may not be realised, if too enchanted by distance.

The Ebro, one of the five large rivers of Spain, receiving its affluents chiefly from the southern slope of the Pyrenees, flows south-eastwardly, and empties into the Mediterranean sea. *Zaragoza*, the capital of the present province, and former kingdom of Aragon, having a population of 65,000, is situated on the right bank of the Ebro—the south side—above its point of navigation. And the terminus of the Barcelona railway being on the north side of the river, necessitates the crossing of a fine stone bridge of many arches, to reach either the Fonda de Europa, or the Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones. The former is more fashionable and costly. The latter less pretentious, is nevertheless well kept, and moderate in charges. As intimated heretofore, it may now be stated once for all, that the hotel charges

in Spain are by fixed price per day for lodging, and meals—breakfast and dinner—including ordinary wine. Service, lights and fires, in the bed-room, are a separate charge, unless otherwise expressed on entering the hotel. It is a good rule, and its observance will prevent trouble and extortion, to have a distinct understanding with the responsible director of the house, that the fixed charge shall include all the above essentials—except fire in your apartment. This arrangement can nearly always be made. The price varies, according to the height of the floor, and exposure of the room, and whether in a provincial, or a metropolitan hotel, from twenty-five to fifty reals, per day. For twenty-eight to thirty reals per day, comfortable bed and board, with service and lights, can be had even in the cities, by an experienced traveller, who proposes to remain several weeks. Four reals make one peseta, which may be roughly estimated equal to a franc, though it is really worth five centimes more.

*Zaragoza* is an improving city. Though many of the streets are narrow, crooked, and gloomy, others are wide, well paved, handsomely built on, and have a gay and busy look. The *Coso*—chief business street—and the *Paseo de Santa Engracia*, the principal promenade, do not fail to attract the stranger to loiter, and look at shopping activity, and fashionable folly—to be found here as elsewhere. But this city has its special attractions. Among these *El Portillo*—the north-west gate of the city—where Agustina, the Maid of Zaragoza, fought by the side of her lover, and avenged his death by her example of courage and daring to his comrades in arms, will claim a visit from lovers of romance and

Agustina

woman's devotion. Of her, it was, Britain's noble bard wrote—

“Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
 Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,  
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Zaragoza's tower  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

“Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;  
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host;  
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul  
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?”

With heroism Zaragoza has been familiar. Its fourteen years' defence against the Romans; its resistance to the Moors in the eighth century; and its siege of five years in the twelfth, when the Moslem preferred to perish by hunger than yield back to the Christian the spoil of which he had dispossessed him; are memorable instances of that chief virtue in the eyes of mankind—if popular applause, and popular gift even of freedom itself, the dearest possession of the truly great, be regarded as the measure of its worth. But it was left for its investment by Napoleon, when, after two months of carnage it fell into the hands of the French, to illustrate a public patriotism, and deeds of

personal daring and endurance, rarely equalled in the annals of war. And dreadful was the revenge that followed when the victors achieved their bloody triumph. It is only now that Zaragoza can be said to be recovering from the licensed pillage and disgraceful destruction of property then indulged in.

The *Museum*, and the *University*, are not worth visiting. And the *General Hospital* and *Casa de Misericordia*, are truly too full of misery to be attractive to a pleasure-seeker. The *Torre Nueva* in the Plaza de San Felipe, will better repay a half-hour's stroll in that direction. Its resemblance to the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna—in the fact alone of departure from the perpendicular—makes it an object of interest. But while the inclination with them is the result of design, in the case of the Zaragoza tower it came from badness of foundation, and consequent lateral sinking. It leans about ten feet from the perpendicular; and to prevent further settlement and probable fall, an additional support of great size and strength became necessary. The tower is octagonal, and the stages present varying angles. This feature of variety being enhanced by the diaper-pattern brick-work of the exterior, gives it something of a Moorish look; but the finish is not equal to that of the Moresco period of art in Spain. True, after the final conquest of these unhappy people in the south, occasional outbreaks of resistance against oppressions, led to edicts which removed them from Granada to other parts of Spain—some of them being sent into the northern provinces of the kingdom. It may be, that some of these were constrained to work on this tower. If thus it acquired Moorish features, they were menials,



and not the masters of Moresco art, who gave them. Hence its inferiority to the Giralda at Seville—the truest type of Moorish design and finish.

Attention may now be given exclusively to the two leading sights of the city, the cathedrals—for Zaragoza enjoys the eminence of two Metropolitans—and to the interesting thirteenth century church of San Pablo.

When crossing the Ebro—here a broad and bold stream—the traveller on his way from the railway station to his hotel, will observe from the bridge, on his left hand and not far off, the “Santo Templo Metropolitano de la Seo,” more familiarly known as the *Cathedral del Seo*; and on his right about the same distance, but nearer the river, the *Cathedral del Pilar*. Between these two the canonical services are divided—six months of the year in each. The exterior of the former—*La Seo*—is not imposing. It is nearly altogether of brick, rough, irregular, and dingy; and a large part of one of the walls is inlaid with parti-coloured tiles—Moorish *azulejos*—of various shapes and sizes. This may be interesting to the curious in decorative architecture, but has too much of colour-patchwork about it to be pleasing to those of simple tastes. An octagonal belfry-tower of Corinthian style, also of brick, has four lofty stories; and from its top is had the best general view of the city and surrounding country. The effect produced by a first sight of the interior of this cathedral is favourable. Before the mind goes to work to analyze, and examine parts in detail, it is impressed by something about it decidedly dignified, with a dash of gorgeousness. The nave, two aisles on each side, and chapels beyond these between buttresses, all being

of unusual proportional width, and taken in connection with the equal height of the aisles and nave, give an appearance of magnitude and grandeur, the effect of which is heightened rather than diminished, by the unusual charm in Spanish churches, of sufficient light—introduced by windows *high up* in the aisle and end walls; thus guarding against solar heat admitted below—a necessary precaution in the Peninsula. “Dim religious light,” akin to darkness, may do very well for a dreamy devotee, or for the enhancement of spectacular ritualism, in which artificial lights take the place of the true in a two-fold sense. But the witchery of a well-adjusted daylight, with shadows of changeful tone and symmetry, moving amid aisles, and arches, and clinging for a moment to columns and capitals then leaping away like things of air in pursuit of the brightness that gives them being, is a thing more winning of the spirit of the thoughtful religionist, to the worship of Him who “hath set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber to run his course,” than the twilight haze which hides the tributes of genius to its Great Giver; or the glimmer of lamps and candles, however consecrated by priestly benedictions. Columns support Norman Gothic arches and groining, all of grave coloured stone, and of graceful proportion; and all in good taste, except a sprinkling of Paganism in the capitals, and the flaring gilt rosettes at the groining-rib crossings. The floor, of red marble, has four black rays diverging from the base of each column, and meeting in the middle of the space between them. They correspond with, and look like shadows of the groining-ribs above,

forming an altogether unique pavement ornamentation. The tribune is not of great depth, and is occupied by the high altar, which is surmounted by a massive and rich retablo of the fifteenth century; its three large divisions, representing the Adoration, Transfiguration, and Ascension of Christ. The coro is in the usual place in Spanish cathedrals, the transept end of the nave, taking the depth of two of the five bays. The screens, with an apparent richness of sculpture when not closely scrutinized, although mostly of marble, are marred by much clay and stucco casting of coarsest work. Covering the transept-crossing is a lantern—perhaps better called cimborio, from its size and special character; restricting the former name to the smaller crowning place of the dome. True, they both fulfil the same uses, giving light and ventilation. But the cimborio, much larger than the lantern, partakes of the effectiveness of the dome, and as a canopy, represents the cupola of a dome. The cimborio is in fact a substitute for a dome, when other externals of grandeur are preferred; or considerations of cost, or safety, have to be regarded. The cimborio of La Seo is octagonal, of two stories; the lower with recesses for statues; and the upper admitting a sufficient light through traceried windows; the whole harmonizing with the general Gothic design of the building. The plan and details, however, it is proper to say, are not regarded by the learned in architecture, as presenting a perfectly consistent example of the purest Gothic. The chapels do not repay one for the study of their style, or of the monuments they contain, artistically or historically considered. In most instances the latter are intended to

perpetuate the memories of those, whose exercise of "a little brief authority" served neither to illustrate great virtues, nor to promote the good of their fellow-men. Whatever the gilded trappings in which they went through the ceremonial of the altar service, during life, the want of that "robe of righteousness" in which God requires His servants to be clothed, left them without claim of duty done, to lie within the sacred precincts of His house, in death. A flaring stucco churrigueresque is the decorative feature that meets one at the threshold of most of these chapels, and repels, rather than invites, entrance. The tabernacle, of black and white pillars, between the coro and the great west door, marking the spot on which the Virgin is said to have descended from heaven, to talk with one of the canons of the cathedral—the favoured place of prayer, kissed and adored daily by her votaries—is not likely by any merit of art to hold attention long. The curious in church legends and their effect upon ignorance and credulity, may linger, and become half inclined to deplore that anxiety about earthly affairs which made it necessary for Mary so often to come back again to instruct her devotees. It must have marred greatly her celestial happiness.

In La Seo, Ferdinand of Aragon was baptized in the faith which gave him the distinctive title "el Catolico." Here, the heart was entombed of that boy Balthazar, son of Philip IV, who died of small-pox, after Velazquez had handed him down to posterity in the life-like pony-rider-portrait now in the Madrid Museum. The painter, not the parent, gave the child historical being. But for Velazquez, who, of the multitudes wheeling in

and out of that Art-Palace, would have known that Don Balthazar once was? Now, who does not know it? And who fails to carry away the mental photograph of that Prince and pony, as they seem to leap through the frame of the picture? And here also, near to the column where stands the Epistle Ambone, was assassinated Pedro Arbues de Epila—a fierce Inquisitor, whose blood finally paid the penalty of his own butcheries. Ferdinand “the Catholic,” in connection with the Holy Office, caused those who slew him, to be executed under circumstances of cruelty characteristic of that heartless monarch; and involving the lives of others, whose sole crime—such it was deemed—was a belief in the God taught of their Hebrew fathers. The body of Arbues was honoured by burial under the black pillared baldachino: a relievo on the Coro Screen represents the act of assassination by two men; and two swords crossed on the pillar of the epistle side of the cimborio, show the reputed weapons used, and the spot near which the deed was perpetrated.

It may not be uninteresting to refer to this event more fully in connection with the tribunal whose proceedings brought it about. Mr. Prescott, in his “History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,” thus speaks of it. “The new institution, opposed to the ideas of independence common to all the Aragonese, was particularly offensive to the higher orders, many of whose members, including persons filling the most considerable official stations, were of Jewish descent, and of course precisely the class exposed to the scrutiny of the Inquisition. Without difficulty, therefore, the Cortes was persuaded in the following year to send a

deputation to the Court of Rome, and another to Ferdinand, representing the repugnance of the new tribunal to the liberties of the nation, as well as to their settled opinions and habits, and praying that its operation might be suspended for the present, so far at least as concerned the confiscation of property, which it rightly regarded as the moving power of the whole terrible machinery. Both the Pope and the King, as may be imagined, turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances. In the meanwhile the Inquisition commenced operations, and *autos da fe* were celebrated at Zaragoza, with all their usual horrors, in the months of May and June, 1485. The discontented Aragonese, despairing of redress in any regular way, resolved to intimidate their oppressors by some appalling act of violence. They formed a conspiracy for the assassination of Arbues, the most odious of the Inquisitors established over the diocese of Zaragoza. The conspiracy, set on foot by some of the principal nobility, was entered into by most of the new Christians or persons of Jewish extraction, in the district. A sum of ten thousand reals was subscribed to defray the necessary expenses for the execution of their project. This was not easy however; since Arbues, conscious of the popular odium that he had incurred, protected his person by wearing under his monastic robes a suit of mail, complete even to the helmet beneath his hood. With similar vigilance he defended, also, every avenue to his sleeping apartment.

“At length however, the conspirators found an opportunity of surprising him while at his devotions. Arbues was on his knees before the great altar of the cathedral, near midnight, when his enemies, who had

entered the church in two separate bodies, suddenly surrounded him, and one of them wounded him in the arm with a dagger, while another dealt him a fatal blow in the back of his neck. The priests who were preparing to celebrate matins in the choir of the church, hastened to the spot; but not before the assassins had effected their escape. . . . He survived only two days. . . . The whole scene will remind the English reader of the assassination of Thomas à Becket.

"The populace, ignorant of the extent or ultimate object of the conspiracy, were filled with vague apprehensions of an insurrection of the new Christians, who had so often been the objects of outrage; and they could only be appeased by the Archbishop of Zaragoza riding through the streets, and proclaiming that no time should be lost in detecting and punishing the assassins.

"This promise was abundantly fulfilled; and wide was the ruin occasioned by the indefatigable zeal with which the bloodhounds of the tribunal followed up the scent. In the course of this persecution, two hundred individuals perished at the stake, and a still greater number in the dungeons of the Inquisition; and there was scarcely a noble family in Aragon but witnessed one or more of its members condemned to humiliating penance in the *autos de fé*. The immediate perpetrators of the murder were all hanged, after suffering the amputation of their right hands. One, who had appeared as evidence against the rest, under assurance of pardon, had his sentence so far commuted, that his hand was not cut off until after he had been hanged. It was thus that the Holy Office interpreted its promises of grace."

Those who take pleasure in the gewgaws of a Sacristia, will of course go in to see the show, and pay their peseta for the gratification of a curiosity, in such case certainly unattended by either pleasure or profit.

On coming out of La Seo a passing glance may be taken at the outside of the *Lonja*—the Exchange. Its dilapidated exterior scarcely equals the interior decay. Going in the direction which will have been noticed from the bridge over the Ebro, by clustering domes of variegated tiles, the *Cathedral del Pilar* will next be sought. It is so called because it is the sanctuary of a miraculous pillar. Without thinking that La Seo is any more to be considered the shrine of the Son than that of the Mother, and of humbler saints of whom favours are sought by those whose patrons they are, yet must El Pilar be regarded as more especially dedicated to the worship of the Virgin, in whose honour it was built to commemorate her reputed appearance—A.D. 40—to St. James, during his apostolic mission in Zaragoza; and in obedience to her instruction to build a chapel on that spot. Therein is preserved, according to the traditions of the Church, the *identical jasper pillar on which she stood when she came to Spain*, either by a direct descent from heaven, or transported by angels from Palestine—still a mooted point, as it is not ascertained precisely, at what age the Virgin changed her terrestrial for her celestial abode. Her appearance in the flesh is consistent with either hypothesis, as her “ascension” is assumed to have been in the “natural body.” Certainly, *if* the adoration received by Virgin and pillar, at Zaragoza, is to be taken as proof of the truth of the tradition, and of the identity of the pillar, the testi-



mony must be recorded in their favour : for, such height and depth, of love and reverence, as shown by the externals of devotion, are rarely if ever seen equalled elsewhere.

If *La Seo* be considered grave, as it is somewhat in design, and mostly in material, *El Pilar* may be regarded as decidedly gay. Indeed, the architects and decorators of the latter seem to have studiously sought to avoid all likeness to the former; and to have bent their capacities of fancy and skill to the erection of a temple to "Our Lady" of the religious affections, in Zaragoza, which should, at least in showiness if unattainable in purer elements of grandeur, rival that famed one of the "Great Goddess of the Ephesians." As has been said by high authority in Spanish church architecture, "the exterior (of *El Pilar*) promises little gratification in the interior." It certainly is uninviting; a wide-spread quadrangular mass, chiefly of brick, without beauty of form or finish. But his conclusion will not, by all, be thought wise—that therefore he "never even made the attempt to penetrate into it." We shall not attempt to exemplify the assertion by *El Pilar*, faulty as it undoubtedly is as a whole: but every one's experience will sufficiently attest the truth; that a homely outside often covers an inside of wondrous comeliness. And one will not have seen much of church architecture in Spain, before coming to the conclusion, that the remark is especially correct in reference to it. There seems to be a studied neglect of the exterior of very many Spanish churches; implying either a wish not to appear too regardful of the external vanities of religionism; or, a craft, commonly, and it may be, uncharitably thought, an attribute of priesthood,

which thus publicly appeals to piety for contributions, that are more frequently expended on the gratification and glorification of the servant, than for the glory and honour of his Master. The *portico* of a Spanish Cathedral, through which man seeks communion with his Maker, rarely bespeaks the splendour of the Sacristia—the robing room—or the monumental riches of chapels, in which lies entombed the dust of ecclesiastical princes. The traveller, then, should not follow the rule which prescribes a judgment of the invisible by the visible. And the general sight-seer will often find things to interest him in Spanish churches besides the plan and specialities of the edifice. They are schools for the study of the Peninsular phase of Christianity, as taught from the pulpit, and at the altar. Individual, as well as congregational devotions, from dawn until twilight eve of every day, and prolonged ceremonials of great festivals often into the night, also teach lessons, better learned on the spot by foreigners, each for himself, than to be taken at second hand, or guessed at. Further, he who shuns the inside of a Spanish church because of its unattractive exterior, may learn to his grief, when too late to repair his loss, that in that shapeless, dingy building thus slighted, is enshrined a gem of art from the pencil of Murillo, Zurbaran, Ribera, Roelas, or Alonzo Cano. One should pause, and think of the contingencies of carelessness, or indifference, ere passing—whatever his professed repugnance to idolatry—a shrine at which he might excusably stand transported to, at least the verge of worship. Some of the considerations above, may be found sustained by a visit to El Pilar. And then, too, some fancies for ecclesiological finery—though

certainly not in consonance with Mr. Street's pure and impassioned Gothic taste—may be pleased, so long as the freshness of fresco, and gilding, now being lavishly spread abroad, remains, to give a charm of colour to what otherwise would be a "whited sepulchre" of true art.

The interior of the Cathedral del Pilar is of vast proportions, not far from five hundred feet in length by three hundred feet in width; and consists of an eminently sacred, and what was intended by its builders to be, a superb shrine, within, what was equally intended to be a transcendent sanctuary. The eye of the visitor may be confused on entering—particularly if through the side door—by the unwonted complexity of plan, resulting from a double purpose of the edifice. And it is not likely to be aided in unravelling the mesh, if it allow itself to be diverted by the broadcast glare of gold and colouring. It may be well to direct attention first to the general scheme of the building, and that part devoted to the uses of Christian worship as usually seen in Spain; and then examine that, specially appropriated to the glory and worship of the Virgin.

The inside of the Cathedral del Pilar, of corresponding quadrangular shape with the outside, is divided throughout its whole length into a middle space, and side aisles, by two ranges of massive, stucco-faced, piers, pilastered and corniced, supporting round arches—longitudinal, and transverse. The arches are bronzed and gilded in figure; and between them are gaudily frescoed panels, in some places; in others, cupolas; the spandrels of some of the latter, being decorated in more than suspiciously mythological relievó. Side chapels, or

perhaps they would be more correctly called shrines, shallow and impoverished, in design and decoration, are placed throughout nearly the entire length of the cathedral. But its high altar is situated about two-thirds of the distance down the middle space from the front entrance of the building; and it marks the division between the part of the church appropriated to general religious services, and those of the coro, also in this nave, and that remaining one-third specially dedicated to the modern Diana. And yet, such is the engrossing character of her influence over the minds and hearts of her devotees, that even the high altar—to which Cross, and consecrated elements of the body and blood of the Saviour, it might be thought would give sufficient sanctity and grace, in the eyes of the Christian—is not deemed by them perfect in the beauty of material holiness, without the overshadowing magnificence of a sculptured "Assumption of the Virgin." As a work of art, of alabaster purity and Gothic design, it is deserving of great praise. But, as a needless trespass of fanciful inculcations upon the becoming simplicity and sanctity of the Altar Mayor, whose services, however ritualistic and vicarious, are intended to awaken penitence and hope of pardon, through sacrifice, it is not likely to receive approval from the single-minded follower of him who said, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

Behind the high-altar a screen marks the division of the cathedral into its two great parts. In the middle of the smaller of these rises a structure, which—divested of some of its glarishness—but for the fresh polish of

its marble, might be taken for a temple of some old Roman divinity: Vesta, for example, whose fires burned not more brightly nor ceaselessly, than those from silver lamps, whose beams, by day and night illuminate this shrine of the Goddess of Zaragoza. This holy of holies is oval shaped, surrounded by columns of rich dark marble, with entrances between them from three directions; the style decidedly classical. The pavement of this sanctuary, of marble mosaic, is overhung by a perforated canopy, which gilt and colour have done their best to beautify; and through the apertures of this is seen a loftier frescoed cupola, which covers above all, this sanctum sanctorum. On one side of this inner temple is an altar, with an alabaster retablo of excessively loaded sculpture, representing the event which has shaped the religionism of this part of Spain, even in our day, into near conformity with that which ruled in the Pagan period, when it is stated to have occurred. To the right of the altar, from the spectator's standpoint is an image of the Virgin, coarsely carved, of dark wood, dressed in bejewelled brocade, with gold and gemmed nimbus, canopied in blue satin radiant with diamond stars, and standing upon a dark-veined, pale-reddish, marble pillar, about ten inches in diameter, and three and a-half feet high; the traditional one on which she stood when she appeared to the patron saint of Spain. A heavy brass railing guards the sacred place of altar and pillar from profane intrusion, and contributes by its reflected radiance of ever-burning lamps, to heighten the excessively ornate effect of this most revered of shrines. Near by, the statue of St. James himself stands, like a faithful guardian of

the holy presence; and receives hourly, as his guerdon, the homage of the devout, who bow to kiss his feet. The devotee having prayed and vowed within this sanctuary, is not debarred the saving grace of nearer approach to the sacred relic. For, on the outside, through a small opening in a niche of the casing behind the altar, the pillar may be seen, touched, and adored. And deeply has it been worn by reverent fingers and lips. How like the fragments of feet and pedestals, of gods and goddesses, which, through long generations, have come down to tell us of the idolatry which Christ sought to overthrow when He taught, that "the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the *Father!*"

Standing in the space between the back casing of the high-altar of the cathedral and the shrine of the Madonna, people of all ages—mostly women and children, with a sprinkling of men, the beggars being a countless throng—are seen in almost continuous line, kneeling and kissing the pillar: rarely, however, without first wiping it with handkerchief or sleeve, as if in fear of a pollution, which, such superstition at least should have consistently supposed, became purified by sanctifying contact. Some of the devotees pass to a lamp near by, suspended before a picture of the Madonna, and dip a finger into its holy oil and touch themselves therewith—sometimes making the sign of the Cross—for the cure of their bodily afflictions. The great temple of Minerva Medica, the vine-draped walls of which near the Porta Maggiore make so picturesque a ruin in Rome, never had clustering upon its marble shrine more votive offerings than are hung on this of

the Madonna—silver, wax, and stucco, fabricated into various shapes of the human organism—to testify to the miraculous cures performed by this upholder of “Woman’s Right” to practice medicine and surgery. These miracles are not matters of mere vulgar belief. The highest ecclesiastical authority, headed by Pope Innocent Third, and Cardinal Retz, maintain their authenticity; and to doubt them in Zaragoza, would be to doom one’s self at least to a *local* damnation. Others of the worshippers, on leaving the pillar, pass in the opposite direction to a side shrine, where is a representation of the “Virgin going up to the Temple.” This portraiture of the person and piety, of the young “Queen of Heaven,” seems an especial favourite with many; who kneel long, and appear to pray devoutly before it; although a neighbouring crucifix, with startling features of agony, has challenged the attention of the passer-by, without even reverential recognition.

Everything seen within and about this sanctuary within a sanctuary, shows an absorbing devotion of self and service, on the part of her devotees, to the Madonna. Nor is it wonderful that this should be so, when it is considered, that, as “the spouse” of the Father—“Regina et Conjux”—and the mother of His Son, she is believed to influence the one, and control the other. The inert many, naturally seek favour of the few who show themselves active and *ruling* spirits *below*. Is it not reasonable, then, that they should repay with fealty *those above*? And what know they of such, save as they are taught by those to whom they look for instruction? Often, indeed, “blind leaders of the blind;” or what is worse, creators of delusions for

selfish purposes. Such delusions of a Christian era found a ready soil in Spain for growth. The seeds of faith are commonly wafted on the wings of commerce; and Phœnician galleys first bore the appealing religionism of the East to old Iberian sympathies. The captivating throng of Greek and Roman gods and goddesses, that followed, found a welcome in the hearts of those who deemed their coming signs of divine interest. The religion of ages is not easily uprooted. But its observances may be made to give expression to other tenets, whose essence, taking the place of former errors, will finally shape for its own purposes, if it cannot entirely supplant, a long prevalent formulary. Thus was policy made subservient to the overthrow of Roman mythology by the pioneers of the Cross. A policy, resulting however, in the engrafting on the simplicity of Christian truth and worship, excrescences of ritualism and superstition, and tendencies to recurring errors dangerous to man's rightful inheritance of salvation. The testimony of Theodoret of Antioch, who was Bishop of Cyrus in the fifth century, is conclusive on this subject—that in his time, the zeal of Christians to convert heathens was so great, that the inducement was held out to them of putting the saints and martyrs in the place of their lower class of divinities. Thus were these soldiers of the Cross, who had suffered, and been sacrificed, in maintenance of their faith in one God and one mediator, themselves made the substitutes of Pagan divinities, and innocent instruments of falsifying the religion, whose truth they died intending to seal with their blood. It has been well said, that "to this delusive and fatal principle, Christendom may ascribe, with tears