

and sorrow, a large and fearful share of those superstitious tenets, and practices, which well nigh buried primitive faith, and apostolic worship."

No enlightened and consistent Christian can doubt, that the enthronement of the Virgin, with divine attributes and powers, however artful as a means of supplanting heathen deities in the belief and affections of their worshippers, or with whatever object, is more than dangerous. It is utterly destructive of the hopes of mankind coming of the Saviour; who declared—"This is life eternal, that they might know thee *the only true God*; and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent." The worshippers of the Virgin have no authority of Divine Revelation, either clothing her with divine attributes, or setting forth her mediatorial powers—direct or indirect. Indeed there seems to have been a purpose, full of meaning, to show by the Divine Record, her mere humanity, and altogether human instrumentality in the coming of Christ. The Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, refer by name to the Virgin Mary; and St. John, in his Gospel, speaks of the mother of our Lord. No other writer, in the New Testament mentions her, as living or dead, or in any manner alludes to her—a fact, most significant of the recognition at that time, of her humanity alone, and want of all claims to divine nature, and to the reverence due to it. And so far as the Evangelists are concerned, not one word of their's can be pointed to, as indicating aught but her own sense of mortal unworthiness; and an appreciation by all, under Christ's own inculcation, of her mere human character, and human relation to him; having no direct part in his mission, and save in

common with others, in the results to flow from it. A few examples will suffice to show this. When Joseph and Mary brought the child Jesus to Jerusalem "to do for him after the custom of the law;" and again, at a later period, when missing him, "they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions;" in both instances, Joseph and Mary are spoken of by St. Luke who describes the events, as *the parents* of Jesus. And in the latter case Mary herself calls Joseph his "father." Thus is seen, no seeking of the Evangelist to give to Mary, no claim of Mary herself to the possession of any other than a nature in common with her husband Joseph, "of the house and lineage of David." And is it proposed to address to *him*, adoration and invocations? Surely if there had been any distinction of person, any superiority of spiritual being, of Mary over her husband, the opportunity of presenting it was too appropriate not to have been availed of by the Evangelist in this connection. But the view taken of the mother's exclusive human nature, is further sustained by Christ's own testimony—when fairly interpreted—on this same occasion of his being found in the temple. "And when they saw him, they were amazed; and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing." Such was the chiding of earthly feeling, for the sorrow of the mere earthly human heart, looking to self and selfish longings, and oblivious of the claims of immortal destiny, which, even then, were moving the divine nature of that Son. "And he said unto them, how is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that

I must be about my Father's business?" Answering them in the *associated* sense of *earthly parents* in which the question had been put to him, his response implies—how is this, that ye have forgotten the Word of God, spoken by His Angels? To the one "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." And to the other—"Behold thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son—He shall be great and shall be called the *Son of the Highest*—and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Truly, they had forgotten these things! And what better could show forth their human imperfection? As recorded by the Evangelist—"They understood not the saying which he spake unto them."

Further, in illustration of Scriptural testimony of the Mother's merely human nature. When at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee they wanted wine, and "the mother of Jesus saith unto Him, They have no wine,"—in intimation of a miraculous interposition in their behalf—what was his reply? "*Woman*, what have *I* to do with *thee*." Thus announcing his entrance upon the fulfilment of that mission, whose purpose necessitated the unfolding of his divine character, as distinct from hers. And to prevent herself, and others, supposing that she possessed any divine attributes, or was entitled to any form of reverence for supernatural gifts, he, at the risk of being thought unfilial and unloving, addressed her with that word, "*woman*," most strictly, and almost sternly expressive of her human character.

Again, it is recorded, that while engaged in teaching the people, "his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee." Mark the manifestation of *human* frailty! Though he was engaged in instructing mankind about the solemn interests of eternal life, they, instead of entering the house, and profiting by his lessons of wisdom, or at least awaiting the fulfilment of his holy duty, and prompted, it would seem, by the vanity of showing their control over one sought by the multitude and listened to by them, would be content with nothing less than interrupting his discourse, and having him obey their behests. Such was the occasion, not merely of showing the worldly-mindedness and humanity of his mother and brethren, but of pointing to the supremacy of his spiritual ties and duties. And "he answered and said unto them that told him, Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand unto his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

He clearly affirms a spiritual relationship; and the mere humanity of his mother and brethren, by antithesis, is made as manifest. They seemed at the moment not to be sensible of his divine nature and purposes as revealed; or, knowing it, they failed to "do the will of the Father which is in heaven." In either case their title to exalted fellowship fell short of the requirement. This may have been due to the doubts, and difficulties, and dread, that beset them,

blown by the breath of bigotry and persecution into a flame before which faith and trust shrunk back appalled. Be this as it may, Christ, knowing *human weakness*, and sympathizing with *human suffering*, even when on the Cross was mindful of the duty of sustaining her whose human nature he had partaken of. Hence, seeing her with the "beloved disciple" at his feet, he said, "Woman, behold thy son!" One, to whom she might look for the filial love and tenderness needful to her as an heir of weaknesses and wants. And to the disciple he said—"Behold thy mother!" "And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home," to be comforted as became her heart-stricken humanity. If it had been in the plan and purpose of the Deity for man's salvation, that Mary the mother should have been a channel through whom pardon and peace were to be sought and granted, would such a moment, the last in the fulfilment of the solemn events of suffering and sacrifice, have been allowed to pass, without the utterance of one word significant of that intention? Thus provided for as became her human necessities, Mary is *no more spoken of in the New Testament Scriptures, but once*; when after the Ascension of Christ, she, with others, assembled in an "upper room where abode" the eleven in Jerusalem, who chose Matthias to the vacant apostleship.

The Papal dogma of the "Assumption" of the Virgin, is truly such; an *assumption*, without remotest intimation thereof by "the Word of the Lord (which) endureth for ever. And this is the word"—said St. Peter—"which by the *Gospel* is preached unto you." *Tradition* cannot be permitted either to usurp the place

of that Gospel, or to extend its limits. We must "not go beyond the eternal landmarks taught us by the Holy Scriptures"—wrote Flavian to Leo. And it was the going beyond these landmarks by those looked to by the masses for instruction and guidance, that gave birth to this Spanish adulation of the Virgin; which, claiming the temples of the Living God as its fitting places of manifestation by day, has also made the night-watches, at each recurring hour, echo with the Sereno's "Ave Maria Purissima."

Many a simple-minded Roman Catholic, doubtless of honest purpose, shields himself from a charge of violating the Commandment of God which forbids idolatry, by claiming to fulfil strictly the instruction of his Catechism. Spaniards generally know nothing of God's revelations save through that pitiful primer, and clerical utterances as distorted and dogmatic. The Catechism gives the Commandment in reference to images thus—"thou shalt not *adore* them, nor *serve* them." If the word "adore" in its sense of *intense worship, with external homage*, were the true translation of the original Hebrew word in the Commandment—which, on the authority of learned Hebraists is not conceded—and that therefore manifestations of reverence are not sinful, what becomes of the justification in the face of the full Commandment "thou shalt not adore nor *serve* them?" That is, thou shalt not "pay the respect of a servant to his master"—according to the Hebrew. Or, according to our meaning of the word *serve*, thou shalt not *minister or perform any duties to*. Such distinctions, without any essential difference as to the spiritual import of the question, are poor refuges of

conscience; though fashioned to delude the ignorant and credulous, and justify errors against which some of the primitive fathers of the Church fought long and faithfully. But even if the word עבד—Abhad—to *serve*, did not dispose of the whole matter against the advocates of this form of idolatry the *true interpretation* of the original word rendered “adore” would be conclusive on the subject. The Law of God as written by Moses has the Hebrew word תשתחווה—chisht chweh—from the root שחה—which means expressly *bow down*. The words of the Commandment are emphatically “thou shalt *not bow down* thyself to them, *nor serve them*.” Whether it is kept by Catholics in Spain, he who through it *runs*, may read.”

The Angel of Annunciation hailed the Virgin Mary, “Blessed art thou among women!” And she replied “Behold the handmaid of the Lord! My soul doth magnify (Him) and my spirit doth rejoice in *God my Saviour*. For He hath regarded the *low estate of His handmaid*.” Can humanity and humility be better told than by these words? So consciously lowly! So devoutly submissive! So tenderly pious! So reverently joyful, are they, that one born to an inheritance of Christian liberty and its enlightening influence, wonders at the folly that dishonours itself by blindness to her really lovely human attributes, and their inculcations of obedience and reverence to God; and by its setting up in disregard of Divine command, a “graven image” for worship—aye, for *adoration*, for that is the act, despite the Church rendering of the word—on a pedestal, fitted, by the consecration of superstition, for a statued Juno! The sum, really, of a material idolatry

of most heathen type, before which to *prostrate* itself, in prescribed prayer, or dumb show, as fanatical duty, or convenience, enjoins! If the sorrow of earth could still be hers in heaven, how keen the pang to know that sinful man, yet clinging to the idolatry denounced by Jehovah, puts hers in the place of the "Only One Name," to which worship is due! And how truly may she sing with the Psalmist, "My heart showeth me the wickedness of the ungodly. *O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify His name together!* Give the Lord the honour *due* unto *His* name; worship the Lord with *holy* worship!"

What said that Apostle, "Minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles," when proposing his "journey into Spain," for the salvation of those, who now so grossly pervert the "Gospel of God?" "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus, that ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Praise the Lord all ye Gentiles, and laud Him all ye people." And in the same Epistle to the Romans, "I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me, to make the Gentiles obedient by word and deed." If then St. Paul, with a vision of truth that struck from his eyes the scales of unbelief, and inspired by a boldness that stood not in awe of principalities and powers, dared not dream dreams, nor fabricate decrees, for the salvation of souls; but deemed the Revelation of God, as taught of his Master, sufficient for the purposes of eternal life; how presumptuous is that depravity of dogmatism, which, after the lapse of ages, would fashion



these as foundations of immortal hopes! With a profound sense of the responsibility of his great duty, did he say, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord!"

Such is the picture of El Pilar, and its worship, and the thoughts coming of them. That pillar of superstition may truly be called, in the words of St. Peter, "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient."

Will Zaragozans—the question may take wider scope—will Spaniards, continue in such sin? A fearful fate awaits the land which cannot shake off the incubus of bigotry and superstition, and bows before a tinselled idolatry, in blindness of the spiritual religion taught of Christ.

It was with profoundest interest, that an intelligent, zealous, and candid, as courteous Roman Catholic Priest of Barcelona, was heard to complain, "the Church had not now power to enforce its decrees. Hence but few come to confession and communion, and even to occasional mass as a mere form. Infidelity is the result with nearly all, especially among men." He referred this deplored fact, not to any error of the Church itself, but to the curse of a national government, which, "whatever its profession of the Catholic faith, was its worst enemy." "The tendency of things," he added, "was rapidly to universal irreligion, unless some miracle were wrought to arrest it." There was no difficulty in perceiving from further remarks, that the "miracle" to which he looked forward, was the restoration of Don Carlos, and the re-establishment of exclusive Catholic ecclesiastical privileges and powers, under a decree of enforcement. The same opinion of spreading infidelity,

we have heard expressed by others, with different impressions, however, as to causes and cure.

But it has been left for Señor Zorilla, Prime Minister of Spain at the time this page is written, by official declaration to put the fact before the world, that one half of the nation is emancipated from the trammels of Catholicism. He says, "we shall demand of the ecclesiastics what civilization must insist upon, but we must respect the feeling of the Catholics, which is at all events that of our wives and daughters." Though inferential, the conclusion is fair that the men are not Catholic. And this, with exceptions, is true. What the greater number of non-conformists have become, may be surmised from the prevailing impression among such, that Protestant Christians are more obnoxious to those who continue true to Rome, than either Jew or Gentile; or than those who have drifted into disbelief of a Supreme Being. Hence they have preferred, by a passive indifferentism, to avoid an active persecution from an ecclesiastical element of sleepless vigilance, and still a power in the land. One, whose spirit and means of mischief, may be measured by the perpetual manifestations of discontent, and insurrectionary resistance, made to every administration of the national Government based upon liberal principles, and not acting in the interests of associated State and Church despotism.

Such is the religious condition of Spain, admitted by Spaniards, and confirmed by foreigners long resident in the country, engaged in various pursuits of industry, and mingling freely with natives of all classes. And what better can be looked for, when those who have

heretofore claimed and exercised, by right of both civil and religious law, the teaching of godliness, and of the straight-jacketed science and literature doled out to a favoured few, are found clinging to the effete nonsense of an overthrown paganism; hugging the silly traditions of delusion and of crafty invention; and advocating an interpretation—which they have also illustrated in practice to the extent of their power—that the exercise of force is the fulfilment of Christ's injunction "Go ye therefore and teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you?" And what was the sum of this commandment? Worldly passion? Constraint? Persecution? Oppression? Torture? Let the Lawgiver, himself, answer, when asked by the Pharisee "What is the great commandment?" And well would it have been for the Church of Spain if it had marked and meditated, and made manifest the reply—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great Commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets." The law and the prophets he taught on the Mount in the sublimest of all sermons that he came "not to destroy, but to fulfil." And it was the blotting out of this Law of Love; the enthroning in its place, selfishness and all uncharitableness; the steeling of the heart against pity, and the blinding of the mind by fanaticism; in short, the surrender of the soul to the sway of sin, which would not know and obey a God of Love; that brought a doom of degradation, and bitterness on a country, than which, none

other for a time, had promise of nobler name and fame. Internal dissention, and external dissolution; rapidly recurring revolutions at home; the loss of viceregal possessions abroad, surpassing in extent and riches those of the old mistress of the world; ignorance, impoverishment, and scepticism, or indifferentism; all these are the fruits of that Upas of religious error, which, spreading over the whole land has covered it with thick darkness, and threatened to poison to their deepest depths the sources of national happiness and prosperity. This state of things fills the enlightened traveller in Spain with painful thoughts and forebodings. But trusting in the immutable laws of Him Who created all things for good, he may await their operation in assurance of beneficent results. It is the demoralization, which, like the disorganization of Nature, from whatever causes of wreck and seeming ruin, precedes new combinations of elemental forces for higher results. And we may not err in believing, that the Guiding Hand of these forces, is even now outstretched for the consummation of good. We have seen that the responsible head of the Spanish Government, justly sensible of the duties of his station, has publicly declared, "we shall demand of the ecclesiastics what civilization must insist upon." And what does civilization insist on? That neither the well-being of man individually, nor the destinies of nations, shall be left to the despotism of the few, or to the ignorance of the many. Nor is it meant that the form of government, and the mental acquisitions of the people, alone, are to be considered. The material welfare, moral, and spiritual purity, of the popular masses, must be looked to as essential to the permanent good

of communities. Who can doubt that the religion of Christ, as taught of his Gospel, will give being and beauty to these? Any form of government may become a curse when it upholds iniquity. And a reign of righteousness, whether of King or Commons, is the safety of the State, and the salvation of society. The traveller cannot fail to see, throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, proofs of the struggle which has been going on, and is still being waged, of *right* against *wrong*. The overthrow of the Inquisition—Satan's tribunal of crime and cruelty; the suppression of Monasteries—which had become pest-houses of sensualism; the dethronement of a corrupt Church from the seat of the State; and the consecration of the last to the uses of constitutional prerogative; may rightly be regarded as evidences of the will and power of the thinking Spanish people, now awake to their interests and duty, perseveringly to work out a nobler national destiny than that, which has so long discredited them in the eyes of others. And such, it is believed by the observing and just will be theirs, fully achieved under the direction of supreme laws; when the secular arm, untrammelled by the bigotry of any special profession of faith, unparalyzed by conflicts of creeds, and free from the sin of having children taught to hate each other in the interests of sectarianism, shall make knowledge—in its exalted sense of knowing *right*, as well as rightly knowing *whatever may contribute to human progress*—the inheritance of everyone owing allegiance to the country. Let us return from this digression to sight-seeing.

The church of *San Pablo* will interest the architect and ecclesiologist, as an example of 13th century work.

Such will make the descent, instead of an ascent, to reach the interior, with an agreeable sensation at least of novelty, and look at its thick walls, and lancet-shaped arches within them; its enormous piers, and multiple groining-ribs; its rich reredos, and octagonal steeple, brick diapered and inlaid with tiling; much after the manner of a naturalist who has just got hold of a *lusus naturæ*. And, then, if he be still eager for unaccustomed sights, he may stroll through the Portillo to the *Aljaferia*, the palace of Moorish Sheikhs, and afterwards of the Kings of Aragon. Ferdinand made it one of the seats of the Inquisition, whose bloody deeds gave it a hateful prestige with the people, and ushered in its continued degradation as a prison for thieves and murderers, and barracks for those engaged in like pursuits of plunder and slaughter. Though a wreck, this fortress-palace retains traces of former grandeur, especially in the blue and gold stalactitical ceiling of the Salon de Santa Isabel of Portugal. This sainted Queen was daughter of Pedro III, King of Aragon, and grand niece of that other Saint Isabel of Hungary, from whom she inherited rare virtues. Married to Dionysius of Portugal, her conjugal relations were most unhappy. But she never faltered in her trust in God; nor in that duty coming of it, whose fruit is patience, peace, and a final realization of the blessed promise "well done good and faithful servant." Deservedly was she called *Sant Isabel de Paz*! A much damaged staircase still shows signs of past splendour, when the first gold sent by Columbus from the New World, was used in the decorative gilding of this Palace-Citadel.

This fact is interestingly referred to by Washington Irving in his "Life of Columbus." When the offer of service by Columbus for the discovery of a new route to India was rejected by the Court of Spain, Luis St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues in Aragon, sought to persuade Queen Isabella of the error of that decision. Enkindled by his enthusiasm and eloquence, yet knowing the opposition of her cold and crafty husband, she responded—"I undertake the enterprize for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." As is recorded by the American historian of these events, "St. Angel, eager to secure this noble impulse, assured Her Majesty that there would be no need of pledging her jewels, as he was ready to advance the necessary funds. His offer was gladly accepted; the funds really came from the coffers of Aragon; seventeen thousand florins advanced by the accountant of St. Angel out of the treasury of King Ferdinand. That prudent monarch, however, took care to have his kingdom indemnified some few years afterwards: for in remuneration of this loan, a part of the first gold brought by Columbus from the New World, was employed in gilding the vaults and ceilings of the royal saloon in the grand palace of Zaragoza in Aragon, anciently the Aljaferia, or abode of the Moorish Kings."

## CHAPTER VII.

RAILROADS WEST FROM ZARAGOZA: WESTWARD, INTERSECTING THE NORTHERN ROAD TO FRANCE: SOUTH-WESTWARD TO MADRID. TOBACCO-SMOKING. CALATAYUD. ALHAMA. ARIZA. HUERTA. MEDINACELI. SIGÜENZA—ITS CATHEDRAL. DANGERS OF TRAVELING—MISAPPREHENSIONS AND MISREPRESENTATIONS. GUADALAJARA. ALCALÁ DE HENARES. UNIVERSITY OF CARDINAL XIMENEZ—HIS POLYGLOT BIBLE: OPPOSITION TO ITS FREE CIRCULATION. TABLE LANDS OF OLD CASTILE—TO MADRID.

BRIGHT skies and genial airs in a variable season, should be diligently availed of for sight-seeing and journeying. Apart from the heightening of our own pleasure, it is generous to a country to judge of it by its fairest face. And thus we leave Zaragoza. If the visit thither from Barcelona, shall have been made with the view of returning, and resuming the route thence coastwise southwardly, the tourist will do so. Or deviating from the road at Lerida, he may shorten his journey by striking the railway from Barcelona to Valencia, at *Tarragona*. It is convenient to tell here, what we have to say about the road to Madrid from Zaragoza. The station of the *western* railroad, is on the south side of the River Ebro, not so near the hotel as to make tardiness in starting for it altogether safe. The road, at the distance of eight miles—*Las Casetas Station*—



divides into two main lines. One running north-westwardly, subdivides at *Castefon Station*, into two roads, both of which join the great northern railway from Madrid to San Sebastian; one at *Miranda de Ebro*; the other farther north at *Alsasua*, fifty miles from San Sebastian, near the French frontier. The second main line from Las Casetas Station, runs south-westwardly to Madrid—214½ miles—two trains daily, in from ten to eleven hours. He who does not wish to travel blind-folded, and for the mere sense of motion, will of course take the morning train. Enough of unavoidable opportunities for night travel in Spain, will be had, without selecting them when one can do otherwise. There are many things better worth travelling for than sleeping and eating, frequently the chief occupations of railway-carriage life; to which many men add smoking in a public conveyance, as if they were not sufficiently stupid without the narcotism of tobacco. The stench from this latter cause is sometimes revolting in the extreme, and takes from a journey a great delight, and often a necessary good, that of breathing unhindered the pure air of nature, the rightful inheritance of all God's creatures; and which, none, in social life should pollute, any more than the water we drink. Foreigners complain of the incessant use of the cigarette by Spaniards. They certainly do seem to think tobacco a panacea for national ills—probably in faith of the homoeopathic precept "similia similibus curanter." The New World curse for Spanish crime, poisoning their physical being, it must of course be a cure for the New World curse. At home, and abroad; when they lie down, and before they rise; with chocolate, and at

déjeûner, and dinner; on the street, and the Paseo; in the studio, bureau, counting-house, and café; on horse-back, or in a carriage; whether idle or busy; it might—without being wide of the truth—be said, whether asleep or awake; tobacco smoke, duly mixed with the required proportion of phosphoretted and sulphuretted gases from matches, is the breath and being of Spanish life, of both sexes. For the women cannot escape the cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night, which invades even their inner sanctuaries. Poor creatures! with but few exceptions, their complexions are besmoked beyond the remedy of pearl powder, or enamel. Even the highest class hotel salons, and dining rooms *during courses*, are not free from this Spanish besetting sin. And it is of the practice in these, that foreigners mostly complain, without reflecting, that what they call an “uncivilized habit” is in truth, but a farther indulgence in that offensiveness, which many of themselves are guilty of in places forbidden to it by the laws of good breeding; especially when representatives of that sex are present, whose greater sensitiveness and refinement should determine the law of propriety; and who regard the practice of smoking in public places as contrary to good manners—however they may submit to an objectionable habit at home, in the interest of domestic compromise.

The railway south-west from Zaragoza soon losing sight of the valley of the Ebro, winds among mountain spurs, bare and bleak, with scattered openings of verdure and purling streams making pretty pictures along the way. But there are no hedges or palisades to tell of small landed proprietors—although under the operation

of new laws enforcing division of property, these latter are multiplying in many parts of Spain. Even a far west New World post and rail, or worm-fence, would give a pleasant thought of human equality, and strengthen still more the hopes of improved social and political life. Often the road creeps along narrow defiles overtopped by rocky fastnesses; nature's citadels of independence, accounting for the long maintenance of a separate kingdom by the hardy Aragonese, who became merged in the Castilian crown only by the marriage of their monarch Ferdinand, with Isabella la Catolica. Escaping from this series of defiles, united by many tunnels piercing intermediate spurs, the road comes out upon a plain, through which winds the River Salo a branch of the Ebro, set in a crescentic ridge to the south; while a bald precipice borders it to the north, surmounted by castle and towers overlooking the town of *Calatayud*—terraced on crumbling ledges far below, and looking, at the distance of a mile, like a cropping out of the huge dusky-grey rock wall itself. A foreground of churches and better buildings, relieves the somewhat barren picture. But so desolate and dreary does it still look, that one wonders, that the spicy Martial, after having written and revelled, thirty-five years in Imperial Rome, during her proudest period of power and luxury, should have been tempted to return to this his native place—then a Roman possession called *Bilbilis*—and contented himself with its outpost provincialism. Martial was a compatriot of Lucan and the two Senecas, being born a Spaniard, though of Celtic descent, and of *Naturalized* Roman parents. While in Rome he was a servile flatterer of Domitian—thus illustrating the com-

mon frailty of poets laureate. His descriptions of the games of the Colosseum are full and curious. Pliny, writing of his death deploras it, and says "he was a man of genius, acute and keen, who showed the greatest wit, and sarcasm, yet fairness." Quoting some of his verses, he says further—"what can be given to a man greater than glory, praise, and eternity?" He had many plagiarists, and many detractors envious of his writings, of both of whom he spoke with bitterness. He wrote also on the Saturnalia. A constant subject of complaint by Martial is the "loss of time, and the weariness, and unprofitableness of the city life of a togatus—or client;" adding, one "cannot write epigrams and attend levees." These may have been among the considerations which induced him to return to the cheerless and barren heights of his native Bilbilis; otherwise, a strange choice after partaking of the pomp and splendours of the Palatine, and the Pincio. Yet the Spaniard of to-day inherits an ancestral pride of place. Where, for him, can be found Spain's counterpart of material, or of moral grandeur?

Leaving Calatayud, the way again winds for nearly two hours through narrow defiles, and tunnels cut through spurs of schist and slate-hills, until reaching *Alhama*—not that of mournful Moorish memory, but —*de Aragon*; near which, mineral springs for the cure of gravel, gout, and rheumatism, are found. The road then crosses a wide, and sparsely cultivated expanse—treeless, fenceless, and almost houseless;—highlands being seen dimly in the distance. And in three-quarters of an hour *Ariza* is reached; a *mud-built town*, at the foot of a huge *dried-mud-mound*, on which stands a

*mud*-coloured tower—once, possibly, the pride of the place, if anything could be found about the wretched rubbish-heap, to which even a sprig of ivy scorns to cling, to be proud of. The broadcast characteristic of surroundings agrees with the town, dirtiest sterility fashioned into hillocks and hollows, disdaining the garniture of garden, field, or meadow. As to the people, “dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return” is easy of realization. And so it is for a long way beyond, except where tillage has stolen an occasional slip on which to plant a patch of green, that the colour of heaven’s bounteous gifts to man elsewhere, might not fade from the memory of the unfortunates hereabouts. In an hour and a half, hill, dale and water, better soil and cultivation, give more pleasing expression to the wayside. Not far off the line of the road lies *Huerta*; the beautiful garden-spot polluted by the amours and perfidy of Alonzo VIII of Castile and Leon, to whom repentance came when too late to restore earthly happiness. It afterwards became a palace—monastery of St. Bernard Monks; who with it, received the agricultural garden which gave the name *Huerta*. *Medinaceli* ten miles beyond—once the stronghold of the famous Moorish Chief Al Mansur, the dread of Spanish Christendom—realizes to the eye something of this charm of culture. And here, commences on this railroad route, one of the principal grain regions of Spain. In the centre of this and a little more than two hours beyond *Medinaceli*, is *Sigüenza*, a flourishing town of 5,000 inhabitants, showing church-steeple and towers, and the prelate’s castellated palace, amid a forest of fruit and ornamental trees, in token of thrift and taste. This really pretty little town,

is not only the most convenient, but the most attractive stopping place, if it be intended to break the journey between Zaragoza and Madrid. And if Gothic Cathedral architecture be a matter of special study, or its sight be welcome, either for the charm of the beautiful and imposing, or for the gratification of religious sentiment, that of Sigüenza may justly claim a brief delay. Its restoration commenced by Alonzo VI in the 11th century, was so long before completion, that the original design doubtless underwent later and deteriorating changes. Nevertheless the first, and purer style, predominates so largely; the clear significant pointed arches, lifting their lines of grace to bear up a canopy of impending sublimity; the ponderous buttresses of support; and the groups of clustered shafts, each, delicate in decorative detail, yet proudly expressive of strength in unity; that grandeur and stability, are the features that attract the eye, and fasten attention. There is something in massiveness itself, awaking awe. But it is when united to graceful outline and harmony of parts, the sense of one's nothingness in presence of might, becomes merged in a feeling of subdued rapture, which leads the spirit to worship the Divine Source of true beauty and majesty. And this, one realizes in the Cathedral of Sigüenza. There was nothing of the gewgaw of finish, and brick and mortar fragmentary economy, about its great features, significant of perishing and passing away. The desire to build for everlasting, and a longing after renown, if not sure of their achievement, at least are more likely to make a noble effort for success. This Cathedral is a monument of the original architect's devotion to a pure and sublime religious art.

On quitting Sigüenza, the gently swelling plains of verdure of this land of promise, soon disappear, and rugged hills succeed, clad in scant and scrubby shrubbery. Then come deep cuts and tunnels, alternating with scarcely less uninviting clearings. Nothing to please or profit, unless the armed "Guardias Civiles" at railway stations, tramping the road-side, and sometimes accompanying the train, should light up useful reflections on the subject of government, its duties, and responsibilities. The Civil Guard of Spain, in their absurd gendarmerie dress—which should have been sloughed with the effete ideas of which it was an offshoot—and subject to French gendarmerie drill and discipline, are a quasi military force, for upholding the national rulers of the day, and their abuses—if need be—however great these, though they profess the duty of protecting the life and property of the citizen. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, that these are in greater danger—except in the event of political revolution and insurrection—or that there is more murder and robbery, in Spain, than elsewhere. The Anglo-Saxon, on either side of the sea, will find his own country hard to beat in the sins of swindling, imposition, and extortion, whenever the door is left open by the unwary for their indulgence. And murders and robberies, perpetrated in all Spain, are overbalanced in *two cities alone*, those festering hot-beds of crime, London and New York. And then, if the Spaniard strike, it is more apt to be from a nobler impulse of offended pride, than for the purpose of plunder, or in the madness of drunkenness. Indeed as to brawls, and their bloody results, they are the curses of countries where moral sense and humanity

are drowned by gin and whisky. The watered wine of the Spaniard does not degrade his humanity to the level of the brute. In censuring the faults, let us not be unmindful of the justice due to Spanish life and character. We have condemned customs and institutions, in Spain as they may be thought to deserve it, and shall continue to do so. But the wonder is that the social being of the country has been able to resist to the extent it has, the corrupting influences of Church and State. The sooner we get rid of the common, and unsupported belief, of wide spread brigandage here, the better for our longings after the knowledge and pleasure coming of travel, where both may be had, if sought in the right spirit. And nowhere in Europe is it more necessary to seek them for one's-self than in Spain. Other parts are so well known that misrepresentations are checked by truth. But the surface-sketching correspondents who have flitted through Spain, ambitious of a journalistic sensationalism that *pays*, rather than a full and faithful setting forth of things as they are which will *not* pay, have too commonly hashed up exceptional startling incidents, with stereotyped crudities of complaint and nonsense, for home consumption. Those who have seen their own countries misrepresented by such missionaries of mischief, should not look too credulously on their pictures of Spain. A few months of residence in Spain will suffice to show their worthlessness.

From Sigüenza it is fifty-one and three-quarter miles to *Guadalajara*—population nearly 7,000. This town has an imposing appearance at a distance; rising roughly, and with dilapidated battlements, to remind



one of its stern history in the hands of Roman, Visigoth, Moor, Gaul and Spaniard; and of many a stubborn defence. But although in the days of the Mendozas, and especially in that of their great Cardinal, its pride was upheld by stateliness and grandeur, such is its reality of ruin now, that one may reasonably hesitate ere deciding to lie over for the sake of seeing the only two things offering the slightest attractions—the palace *del Infantado*, and the *Panteon*, the Sepulchre of the Mendozas. The former, by the strictly critical eye will probably be condemned, for what might seem the entanglement of Gothic, Moresco, and ruder Pagan styles. Nor will details, either for beauty of design, or finish, bear close inspection. Yet the general effect, from the very affluence of intricacy, disarming unprofessional criticism by vagueness, is striking and pleasing. *The patio*—court—is not less effective, with its carved and twisted columns, cuspid arches, spandrels filled with coarsely sculptured, but powerfully expressive, animal life, bold, embroidered-looking balustrades, all surmounted by a delicate cornice, and an overhanging corbel-table, under the tiled eaves. The contradictions of style, without, are strangely significant of the mockeries of interior magnificence and squalor. Ceilings decked in azure and gold, beyond reach of the despoiler, look down on pavements broken and begrimed; and traceried entablatures, overhang walls and chimney-pieces, shattered and stained by the malicious envy, or wantonness, of invaders.

The Sepulchre of the Mendozas was also wantonly damaged during the French occupation. Though of great richness—costing nearly 1,000,000 dollars—it will

scarcely repay the delay of a train to see it; especially in view of the fact; that the Escorial and its tomb of kings will lay claim to attention hereafter.

Beyond Guadalajara, fourteen and a half miles, is Alcalá de Henares—with a population of nearly 9,000—the birth-place of Cervantes, and the seat of the famous University, founded by Cardinal Ximenez in 1510, and afterwards, most munificently endowed by him. Nineteen colleges completely organized and equipped, and thirty-eight churches, indicated its means of secular and religious instruction of eleven thousand students at a time. It is not surprising that Francis I, when seeing this vast machinery for good or evil, as might be, should have said, that “one Spanish Monk had done what it would have taken a line of French Kings to accomplish.” The printing of the Polyglot Bible here by Ximenez, in 1514-15, was completed before his death. But its publication was delayed for seven years, and then restricted to six hundred copies by Pope Leo X, for fear of the blasting light of Divine Revelation, on priestly rule and papal supremacy. *Six hundred* copies for nearly *twenty millions* of Spanish people—at that time. The seeds blown by the winds of the Reformation from the north, were beginning to take root at this age, even in the sterile soil of Spain; and it was deemed necessary to purify “the faith,” being poisoned by heretical growths. The “Holy Office,” with fire and faggot, was fitted for the task; and tracts, teachers, and the Sacred Text, itself, condemned as a version of falsehood, perished at its hands. Whatever the chances in other lands, in this, truth had none of success, in its contest with ecclesiastical error,

armed with the power of the State, as well as with the terror of the triple crown, whose emblazoned keys are to the deluded the sign of eternal reward and punishment. The conflict was short, the carnage terrible, the triumph so complete, that men feared even to look at God's written promise, without the sanction of Satan's most steadfast agents of sin. Dr. Mathisio, the favourite physician in attendance on the Emperor Charles V, in his cloister-life at Yuste, dared not read the words of divine goodness. Asking the Royal Secretary of State to procure for him the liberty to keep and read a French Bible, free from notes and commentaries, he was told *the Inquisitors demurred*. Well knowing the consequence of hesitation, as of disobedience, he burned the book in the presence of the Emperor's confessor. With the Imperial-Christian, *in name*, but worse than *heathen in heart*, and his fierce coadjutors in bigotry and butchery, "ignorance was saving faith, and the heights of spiritual perfection were to be attained only by those, who walked with stopped ears and hood-winked eyes." There are now but three known copies of Ximenez's small edition of the Bible—printed at the almost fabulous cost of 52,000 ducats—supposed to be extant. That one at the Vatican is probably the most accessible to those interested in bibliography. Since the removal of the University grant to Madrid, the buildings have fallen into an utter state of dilapidation. The chapel of San Ildefonso, by the side of the College buildings, contains the ashes of the great "Friar, General, Viceroy, and Cardinal," who died near Valladolid in 1517—aged 81 years—"broken-hearted at the ingratitude which Charles V showed, like his grandfather, toward an old

and faithful minister." Alcalá, now impoverished and degraded, has tasted the full bitterness of war; churches, convents, colleges, all things held most sacred have repeatedly been sacked by the invader; until scarcely a trace is left to tell how lofty were her aspirations, and glorious her realities of literary and religious grandeur, as shown by the material monuments of the time.

Eight Spanish towns long disputed with each other the honour of being the birth-place of Cervantes. All doubt is now removed from the matter by the discovery of Cervantes' manuscript of his captivity in Algiers, and his petition for employment in America, in both of which he styles himself "Natural de Alcalá de Henares." In the narrow Calle de Cervantes leading off from the Calle Mayor, in a garden wall is a tablet setting forth—"Here was born Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, author of Don Quixote. By his fame and his genius he belongs to the civilized world; by his cradle to Alcalá de Henares." He was sponsored in the neighbouring parish church of Santa Maria la Mayor by Juan Pardo, witnessed by Baltazar Vazquez, and baptized by Bachelor Serrano—who little thought that he was stumbling into immortality, by having his name connected with that of the little screamer to whom he vouchsafed the saving grace of a deluge of holy water; duly salting and anointing him also. A life of wandering, waywardness, and want, was finally wound up in Madrid; where he died on the same day with Shakespeare—23rd of April, 1616: and where he was buried in the Convent of the Trinitarians—with that "monster of literary labour," Lope de Vega. In this convent, each had placed a daughter, the pledge of

an early and unlawful passion. Each had clung to that neighbourhood, in lingering love of his innocent offspring during later life. And each seemed to think that his sin would receive a surer pardon by lying in death where lived the child of his early shame. The street in which these great Spanish writers dwelt in Madrid is now called Calle de Cervantes. That in which they are buried, Calle Lope de Vega.

Twenty and a-half miles from Alcalá is *Madrid*. Like most of the upper level of Old Castile already passed, that onward to the capital is characterized, by an almost treeless, streamless, thriftless waste. Two thousand feet above the sea, and without shade or shelter, the summer sun is scorching, and the winter winds coldly piercing to a degree, on these table-lands, that makes one wonder how this Castilian region, should have gathered to itself the territory of the north, the south, and the east, of this vast Peninsula. These hedgeless, barren, nearly tenantless stretches, appearing more so from the slow railway time—not over fifteen miles an hour—however we promise patience and contentment to ourselves, become at last cheerless, comfortless, and vexatious, to one accustomed to Anglo-American scenery, improvements, cultivation, and kaleidoscopic variety coming of speed. We long for the sufficiently leisurely forty or fifty miles an hour; and a newspaper to tell us that the progress of events, with nations who are awake, is apace with the demands of the age. And for the hawthorn hedges, and honeysuckle and ivy-twined cottages; embowered hamlets, and flower gardens; green lawns, golden harvest fields, and sweet-scented meadows of old England; and an

American forest, and a prairie billowy with grass and grain; a new-born village, and waving Indian corn and cotton; to hold up to us the mirror of home and happiness. And a sower, reaper, mower, and thresher; something more than a sickle and an ox-cart, to remind us of human invention, and cheer us on the path of enterprise and duty.

Having described the route to Madrid viâ Zaragoza, let us proceed next from Barcelona southward, according to the plan heretofore proposed. This of course involves a retracing of route; a thing not to be avoided to some extent whatever programme may be adopted, provided all the most interesting places on the R. R. highways are to be included. For if the tourist enter Spain by San Sebastian, and thence proceed direct to Madrid, and so on to the south and east to Barcelona, and by Zaragoza back to Madrid, he might, it is true, avoid the Gerona and Perpignan Diligence route, but the northern railway from the Capital to San Sebastian will again have to be passed over. To one intent on gathering and storing up information, beyond the attainment of a tourist too chary of time and trouble, this double opportunity of sight-seeing will not be considered a misfortune.

## CHAPTER VIII.

RAILWAY SOUTH FROM BARCELONA. MARTORELL STATION. ROMAN BRIDGE. WAYSIDE. TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS. TARRAGONA. HOTELS. TRADE. WINE MANUFACTURE. ROMAN AQUEDUCT. PLAIN OF FRANCOLI. VILLA SECA. RAMBLA. REMAINS OF AMPHITHEATRE AND PALACE OF AUGUSTUS; ROMAN MASONRY AND WALLS. MODERN RAMPARTS. DISTANT VIEWS. MUSEUM. CATHEDRAL. SANTA ISABEL.

Two trains from Barcelona to the south—early morning, and afternoon—give the traveller a choice of time. At the distance of twenty-two miles *Martorell station* marks the stopping-place for the Monastery of Monserrat, for those who propose to visit the "Shrine of our Lady" by this route. An ancient bridge over the Llobregat river, said to be of Roman construction, bears an inscription assigning its building to Hannibal, in honour of his father Hamilear, thus making it a Carthaginian instead of a Roman monument. Partially destroyed by the ravages of time and war, the Moors, when masters of this part of Spain, restored the central arch; one of great span and beauty. The run of between three and four hours, from Barcelona to Tarragona, affords little else of interest, except occasional glimpses of the sea to the left; and on the right, now and then, well cultivated

rolling plains, bounded beyond by mountain outlines, misty and dim in the distance. Between two and three miles, ere reaching Tarragona, a dilapidated monument of dusky stone, about thirty feet in height, to the right of the road, and near by, is half hidden by tropical cacti, as formidable in their stern guardianship of the ashes there said to have been buried, as the great owner of those ashes was of the rule and renown of Rome. The popular tradition of the neighbourhood, that this is the tomb of the Scipios, is not likely to be accepted by those who have threaded, taper in hand, the cavernous passages of their last resting-place on the Via Appia; and have seen the sarcophagus of Scipio Africanus, removed thence to the museum of the Vatican.

Less than two days will not suffice to gratify the interest of the ecclesiologist and the antiquarian in Tarragona. The former will find in the cathedral a wondrous source of delight. While the latter will see on every hand objects dating far back into the past for their origin. The hotel nearest the railway station is the *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones*. It is in the lower town, and most convenient to the harbour and places of business. Plainly kept, with moderate charges. In the upper town, not so convenient of access from the station, are the *Fonda de Paris* and the *Fonda de Europa*, on the Rambla, nearer to objects of general interest, more pretentious and expensive.

The extensive production of wine, in and around Tarragona, has given to this place a considerable commercial importance in later years. For, although raised by Augustus Cæsar to the rank of Roman capital in Spain, and having then a population of more than



one million of inhabitants, it had sunk in the conflicts of many races for possession of the Peninsula, to little more than a heap of ruins, with scarcely enough people to preserve the identity of this once proud recipient of imperial favour. Long dispossessed of the metropolitan primacy of Spain because of its sunken condition, it might have been supposed that the restoration of that ecclesiastical dignity would serve to enhance its claims to distinction, and to restore its lost fortunes in some degree. But the nearness of Barcelona on the north, which had become an important seat of Christian commerce; and of Valencia on the south, where Moorish trade had centred; checked any reaction in favour of the growth and prosperity of this old mistress of the Spanish Mediterranean coast, until the present century; when it is seen, that her favourable position, climate, and productions, have once more drawn mercantile attention toward her, until a population of 20,000 have gathered together from distant places, to work, and weave a new destiny for this city of varied fortunes; and to wonder, if not to weep, over the crumbling proofs of power and prosperity, which lie scattered around.

The trade of Tarragona is coastwise with other ports of Spain; and chiefly with Great Britain, Italy, Germany, and Norway abroad. That with the United States is very small. The exports in 1871, amounted in value to 3,193,000 dollars—the wine alone being estimated at 2,500,000 dollars of that sum. The imports—coal, petroleum, sulphur, pine-wood, staves, and cotton, were valued at 3,172,000 dollars for 1868. Access could not be had to official reports of later

importations. Although all the wines produced here are from grapes grown in the neighbourhood, yet some of them bear names similar to those of other districts of Spain, and even of other countries. Indeed it is only necessary to give a manufacturing house a sample of any wine wanted, and an imitation will be furnished, which bears so close a resemblance in appearance and quality to the original, that but few experts even will be able to distinguish between them. Thus it is, that Madeira, Malmsey, Sherry, Muscatel, Malaga, and even Port wines are found in many markets, particularly of England, America, Northern Germany, and Russia, which have never been near the native places of these *precious* beverages when pure and of choice vintages. It should be stated, however, in justice to Tarragona, that most of the wine produced here, bears her own brand; and that whatever deception is practised upon the consumer, is at the hands of the home dealer from whom he purchases. Such producers as the Anglo-German-American House of Bonsoms, Müller and Bacot, are too chary of reputation to discredit themselves by the tricks of the trade, which have made the warehouses of Cette, in France, by-words of reproach throughout the world. Very many of the peasants of the Tarragona district are landholders; and their small vineyards, it is said, are much more reliable as certain sources of grapes, than those larger, though not so industriously cultivated, of the nobility. Yet, when looking at the enormous Foudres-butts for the mingling and settling of wines—some of which contain as much as five hundred pipes (one thousand hogsheads) each, it becomes matter of surprise to the inexperienced

in these things, that these vineyards can produce such a quantity of the purple juice. The substance used for clarifying wine at Tarragona is a chocolate-coloured, tasteless clay, obtained from Lerida. Formerly a greyish white tasteless clay, from Jerez in Andalusia—the same used there still for clarifying sherry wine—was used in Tarragona; but its high cost now precludes its use. It is curious to see what a crystalline amber clearness will be produced by this mud-coloured mixture of Lerida clay, duly softened with wine or water and stirred in a cask of turbid wine.

A main street, running northward from the *Plaza de Olozaga*, leads from the lower to the upper town. The ascent is steep; and when one sees the banging of animals to make them drag up it loads beyond their strength, he will have little inclination, if he possess a modicum of humanity, to pay a peseta by way of bribe to Spanish cruelty for a car, but will prefer to walk. To the left of this ascent, several hundred yards, is the gate of the road to Lerida; near which road, three miles from Tarragona, the remains of an ancient *Roman aqueduct*, are situated. Other portions of this duct of twenty miles length, for the supply of pure water to the city, are likewise to be seen nearer the town. But that first-named, which spans a valley of great width, is probably, next to those at Nismes in France, and at Segovia in Old Castile, the largest and most striking fragment of this description of Roman work now known. Two still standing tiers of arches, of yellowish stone—the lower, eleven; the upper, twenty-five in number—support what was once a stone duct lined with flinty cement, of which but a small part is now seen, merely

enough to show a capacity of three by five feet. The arches, thus flung across the valley, have an aggregate length above of  $705\frac{1}{2}$  feet, below of 207 feet, and a height of 70 feet: and at each end are seen the mouths of tunnels in the hills, with which the aqueduct communicated. From two to three hours will be found sufficient, even, by the pedestrian, to visit this monument of antiquity and return.

On re-entering the city gate, one of the really formidable-looking bastions of the ramparts may be sought, a little to the right, and a scene to the west and north-west looked on, both refreshing to the eye, and profitable for reflection. Situated as is the upper town several hundred feet above the Mediterranean, a fine view is had, to the westward, of the sea, and its foam-fringed coast line, bordering the broad plain of Francoli, once covered with Roman palaces, temples, and villas, now crumbling into their original elements, to enrich the soil from which Nature has spun her threads of new being, and woven a web of evergreen things, to show that nothing perishes beneath the sun. A dimly distant mountain, cuts the clear blue sky with wavy outline beyond; and sends forth from its fountains the streams which form the river Francoli. This, disintegrating the solids in its way from mountain and over plain, has borne them on to the sea, there to deposit them and claim new empire for the land. *The Villa Seca*, once washed by the waves of the Mediterranean, now stands a mile and a half inland, a river deposit of that width being covered with richest vegetation between it and the shore. Few prettier pictures can be found of green garniture, than this of the *plain of*

Francoli, in a pale purplish setting of its crescentic border mountain *Priorata*, and skirted seaward by breaking billows. Across this plain—first north-west, then north—lies the railway from Tarragona, *via Reus*, toward *Lerida*. About twenty miles, from Vimboli to Lerida, remain unfinished. A Diligence running in connection with the trains, conveys passengers between these points.

And thus we see, side by side, nature's re-productive bounty, and the track of the locomotive, treading on the dust of ancient empire. An empire, which, from unrestrained ambition of dominion, power, and plunder; from greed of gain, and disregard of the duties of virtue and justice; reaped retributive ruin. One, can scarcely look abroad on these wondrously illuminated pages of history, without profiting by their lessons. And Anglo-Saxons, perhaps too rapt in the contemplation of their own national glories, may not be harmed by the question, shall this also be our fate? Shall our material grandeur, vast dominion and power, perish, and be known of in the long future only as things that had been? The answer is in the unchanging law of Him who created all things for *good*; and by which, *death* is the penalty of *evil*. Even the railway, symbol of modern progress, is seen also by the eye of wisdom as significant of self-destruction coming of recklessness, haste, and unrestrained impulses and ambition.

*The Rambla*, further up the hill than the bastion from which we have been looking, is the main street of the upper town, and a convenient starting point for the sights in this direction. It runs from north-west to south-east, and the gate of *Sta. Clara* at the latter end, gives passage to a favourite promenade; whence

immediately below, are seen the scantiest remains and scarcely skeleton outline of an old Roman *amphitheatre*; upon part of the site of which, and of some of its materials, was built a *galley-slave prison*; while nearly all the rest of the massive stone wall, was used in the construction of a fine *mole* for the protection of the port.

Beyond these structures the blue sea rolls its waves onward, to break in ceaseless cadence at their feet. And to the left, lifted above all, are the huge walls and gateways of the *palace*—now also converted into a prison—of the Imperial Augustus; whence, resting from his labours of conquest, and ordering the Temple of Janus to be closed, he gazed on the watery domain that bathed the shores of his vast empire, and saw in it the type, as well as the bond, of Rome's dominion.

Returning by the gate of Sta. Clara, and taking the first street to the right, the inside face of the palace-prison is passed. In the immediate vicinity, and farther onward in the same general direction toward the gate of San Antonio, huge, stone blocks and fragments of pillars are the signs of Roman masonry. Ancient buildings of two thousand years ago have been quarried by moderns for materials of the shapeless habitations, and filthy hovels, which cling to the spot like meanness striving to filch some living favour from dead fame. Strolling through this part of the town, it is provoking to see "to what base uses" beautifully sculptured capitals and cornices, classic pedestals and friezes, have been put.

*The Paseo de San Antonio*, without the gate of the same name has little about it worthy of attention. The

"Hand-book"-lauded crucifix, so "exquisitely carved," seemed to us a caricature of art—disproportioned, false in posture, and coarsely cut. Nor does the similarly praised view from this promenade compare in extent, and scenic effect, with that which may be reached by re-entering the gate of San Antonio, taking the first street to the right, and following it to and through an arched passage-way; when, a short distance again to the right, will be seen a gate in the main wall, giving access to the outer defences. Near at hand, from one of the great northern bastions, may be had a sight of sea, and of land from the Tarre de Barra and the tomb of the Scipios on the east to the still stupendous remains of the old Roman aqueduct leaping a wide valley close to the city on the west, than which few can be found of more varied pictorial beauty. A walk from this point westward, along the line of the outer defences, shows the great strength of these works landward, when bristling with the heavy artillery of modern warfare. While the stern old wall of times long past, lifts its pierced battlements and missile-walls to the left, high above all, to show how utterly desperate would have been an assault without breaching. The enormous foundation stones of this wall, each of many tons weight, and their irregular polygonal shape, indicate a date long anterior to that of the Roman rectilinear construction. The far back Pelasgic and earliest Etruscan epochs, are brought to mind when looking at these Cyclopean rocks; which doubtless crested the hill, on which the olden Tarragona and its citadel fortress were first built. Returning by the gate last passed, the Rambla—not far off—will be found by the stranger, the most direct way

to the *Museum*. A street, not far from its west end, leads northward to the *Plaza de la Fuente*, on one side of which is the Museum of Antiquities found in and around Tarragona. Many of these, and others carried to Madrid, taken from various parts of the plain of Francoli, as far as the village of Constantine, three miles from the city of this day, confirm the statement of the great size of ancient Tarragona. Space could scarcely have been found on the site of the present city, for the temples alone, said to have been built to every god and goddess of the Roman Mythology—including one to Augustus. Strolling through the Museum, and looking on its local archæological treasures, of fragmentary columns, capitals, and entablatures; mosaics, bronzes, and coins; relievos and statues of deities; and busts of Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Hadrian, and others of old renown, one feels that he has been indeed treading on ground consecrated by Roman conquest and possession to a progressive civilization.

From the end of the Plaza de la Fuente a street leads northward—still ascending—to the *Cathedral*. The fact that the ecclesiastical primacy of Spain, has been conceded to Tarragona, though reluctantly, by Toledo, leads the tourist to expect here a more than ordinary material show of sanctity. He is not disappointed. And he finds this material show, in the main, not merely consistent with good taste, but strikingly simple, solid, and imposing. The chief façade—facing somewhat south of west—as seen from the top of the broad stairway leading from the narrow street below to the Plaza in front of the cathedral, presents a striking appearance, not only from the rich yellowish grey