

my views of the former and present development of the arts and sciences in Spain, as far as these subjects came under my observation. Subsequent visits to the country have only tended to confirm my first impressions.

The way in which the Spaniards chiefly succeeded in producing a great effect on civilization in Europe, was by the commanding influence of a few men of great genius in several departments of literature and art. The remarks of the passing traveller on these, as well as on the people, may be permitted, even if they are not strictly founded on technical knowledge. I do not, however, claim more than to be treated as a rapid sketcher of those facts and phenomena that fell under my observation, and what I have done, any one with a few weeks at his disposal, and a wish and determination to examine for himself, may do likewise. With these few prefatory remarks, I enter at once upon the subject before me.

I entered Spain from France by way of Perpignan and Gerona, and for the benefit of doubting and comfort-loving travellers, I may say that I was accompanied throughout my travels on one occasion by my wife, who made no extraordinary complaints of want of accommodation, or of the absence of any of the necessities of female existence, except indeed occasionally when bonnets required re-arranging, or dresses re-fitting. The Spaniards have, it seems, borrowed or smuggled the fashions from their French neighbours, but do not appear to have imported at the same time much of the good taste which has generally instigated these personal adornments. Although, however, ladies can certainly travel without discomfort on the high roads in Spain, and from one great town to another, I can hardly recommend them to follow exactly in my steps, when I had occasion to visit less known districts, on matters connected with my own department of scientific employment.

Perpignan is a picturesque fortified town, with narrow winding streets, few windows in the houses towards the streets, mats and curtains suspended before most of these few, small courts to most of the houses, and wooden balconies decorating both the insides of the courts and the streets. Most of the buildings are Spanish, and numerous signs both of Spanish and Moorish taste, tell the traveller at once that he is leaving behind him the climate and customs of northern Europe, and approaching both

a warmer and more characteristic and unchanging race. The cathedral and churches are dark, and richly decorated in the Spanish style. The building called La Loge, now a coffee-house, but formerly a bazaar, is a fine specimen of mixed Moorish and Gothic architecture, and exhibits a great amount both of light elegant decoration and solidity of construction. The façade resembles the most florid Gothic style, but is flat, and wants Gothic effect. The interior, on the other hand, is clustered, elegant and solid, and is extremely pleasing.

At Perpignan the passports of travellers entering Spain require the *visa* both of the French and Spanish local authorities. This costs a little both of time and money, but is not very troublesome to a careful traveller, and is a form that cannot be dispensed with. Indeed, only a few days before our arrival, a large German family, travelling post, had been turned back from the frontier, owing to the absence of the necessary signatures. The Spaniard has little consideration for any one, when requisite formalities are neglected.

There are two or three very tolerable inns at Perpignan. We selected that of the Petit Paris, and had no reason to complain, although our hotel was very different indeed from any that are found in ordinary French towns. It had but little frontage, and that very unpretending. Entered by a porte-cochère a small open court is seen, occupied during the day partly as a coach-house and partly as a dining-room for the domestics, but at night turned into a sleeping apartment for the porter and his family, with the smallest possible amount of extra accommodation. As we departed very early in the morning, we had to disturb their rest, the bed being placed before the outer gate. The stairs and some wooden galleries were round the outside of the house within the court, and all the rooms appeared to open into each other, without passages. To reach our room we had to traverse the sitting-room of the host and another small apartment, and we found in the morning that these apartments were both used as bedrooms.

The inhabitants of Perpignan are a fine mixed race, with dark complexion and dark eyes, well-grown, lively, pleasant, and conversable. They speak a very mixed patois, which is much more Spanish than French.

Leaving the town early on a fine summer morning, the road

continued for some time longer to traverse the gravel-covered plains of Roussillon, approaching gradually the Pyrenean range, which becomes both more picturesque and more characteristic, without, however, assuming any grandeur. At about fourteen miles from Perpignan, the last French town (Boulon) is passed, and immediately afterwards the Tech is crossed, and the road begins to ascend by a series of zigzags towards the Col de Pertus. A small suspension-bridge across the Tech has two piers, constructed of handsome brecciated marble, and thus affords an intimation of the characteristic mineral wealth of the adjoining mountains. The road rises continually from this point, and after passing the fortress of Bellegarde crosses the frontier of Spain, and soon reaches La Junquiera, the first Spanish town.

The view of the Pyrenees from near Boulon, where the Tech is crossed, is not without considerable interest. We are here close to the eastern extremity of the mountain range, where it gradually lowers towards the sea, and passes into the French chain of the Cevennes. At this part the breadth of mountain land is not more than twenty miles, and with the exception of Canigou, a peak of upwards of 9000 feet, the elevations are inconsiderable. But the character of the chain is well shown. The features are distinctly mountainous, though the ground is covered with rich vegetation. There is even here that wall-like abruptness, which more towards the centre becomes so exceedingly striking, and the vegetation also soon begins to indicate a change of climate: the road-side scenery is cheerful, the broken ground covered with numerous flowering shrubs of various colours, and the partly stripped trunks of the cork-trees mingle wildly but picturesquely with the other trees and shrubs. Bellegarde itself is near the highest part of the pass, which is less picturesque than the entrance of the mountains from Boulon.

The Pyrenean chain begins to rise above the sea abruptly at Cape Creus, near Roses, on the Mediterranean, almost immediately attaining an elevation of from 1500 to 2000 feet; and at the Col de Pertus, the only carriage-road on the eastern side, they undergo a small depression before rising rapidly towards the lofty peak of Canigou, at a distance of about twenty-five miles further west. For some distance the mountains are rounded, the summits consisting of plateaux, and covered

with pastures and forest. The passes, of which there are very few, are rather paths and roads across this table-land, than depressions in the main chain. Beyond Canigou the outline becomes abrupt and jagged, putting on the somewhat repulsive features which render the chain so striking and so difficult to traverse, the passes being rarely less than 5000 feet high, and by no means easy of access. The eastern extremity of the range has no mountain lakes, and does not rise above the limit of perpetual snow.

The valleys of the Pyrenees are for the most part transverse, deep, and very unapproachable. On the French side they are generally the beds of mountain torrents, and in the central districts are often covered more or less by glaciers. On the Spanish side the mountains are usually more abrupt, the valleys less watered by streams, the slopes less covered with wood, and the small lakes or ponds occasionally found on the French summits, less frequently to be seen. The rock in this part of the Pyrenees is chiefly granite, but the small flanking ridge consists of schistose and altered rocks of the Silurian period.

The frontier is passed soon after leaving the castle of Bellegarde, which stands picturesquely on a lofty insulated mountain, and defends the defile on the French side. An early and most significant indication of Spain is at once perceived in the state of the roads, which in France are generally excellent, but in Spain almost always bad, frequently altogether neglected, and as detestable as can be imagined. The transition, however, is not here so great as might be, as the road to the foot of the mountains is tolerable, and about three miles from the head of the pass we descend to the small town of La Junquiera, situated at the entrance of a plain formerly covered with rushes (*Juncus maritimus*), whence its name is derived. This little town is essentially Spanish, and the North-European traveller is at once struck with the style of the houses, the appearance of the people, their habits and costumes, and a number of those trifles which are so interesting, but admit so little of description. The houses are small and very dirty, with open fronts and wooden balconies to every window, the shops being in fact mere sheds, little to be distinguished from unusually neglected pigsties. The costumes of Northern Catalonia were seen both near the entrance of the town and in it, and they differ somewhat from those of the

South of France; the men wearing bright scarlet caps and broad red sashes, striped and often fringed at the edges; and the women bright handkerchiefs on the head, instead of caps. The customs of smoking and drinking chocolate were immediately forced on our notice, and something of the Spanish indifference to the whole world impressed us with a rather unfavourable idea of the people.

The general geological condition of the country between the first approach to the Pyrenean chain and its termination at Junquiera, is sufficiently simple, and may be described in a few lines. After leaving the rich plains between the Tet and Tech, a much less fertile valley is crossed; the debris from which the soil is derived ceasing to consist of calcareous marls, as in the former case, and being formed chiefly of quartzose and micaceous rocks derived from granite. The mountains, rising to a small elevation near Boulon, and consisting first of schist, and afterwards of granite, traversed by quartz veins, are found still further on to contain limestone and grey marble, dipping N.N.E. between Ecluse-haute and Ecluse-basse, before reaching Bellegarde. These are evidently metamorphic. Still further on the schists and granite alternate for a short space, but are soon seen to pass into unbroken granite. Not far from Bellegarde, however, nearly vertical schists re-occur, and thence to Junquiera granite everywhere prevails. A little to the west of the line of road across the pass, and in the line of strike of the limestones, mineral waters occur in several places.

At La Junquiera is the Spanish custom-house, and there, of course, the usual formalities of passport and examination of luggage were gone through. Our passport being in proper order, and our bags and portmanteau not very large, we were soon in a condition to look about us, and were not a little amused at seeing a gigantic trunk belonging to a fellow-traveller disgorge a vast collection of scraps of black stuff, lace, silk, &c., packed round a huge iron crucifix. Owing to some cause which we could not clearly make out, the old lady to whom these belonged could not arrange matters with her Catholic Majesty's representatives of the *aduana*, and she was actually left behind when the rest of us with the diligence went on, apparently much to her consternation. Some little attention is required here, as the authorities are very strict, both about passport and the intro-

duction of cigars and French goods. Much has been said as to the advisability of seeing the various authorities, and I doubt not that any such generosity would be readily accepted; but I can speak in my own person as to the absence of any necessity of the kind, as I passed everywhere with the greatest facility and no delay, without bestowing a single real in this way; nor could I find that my fellow-companions either paid anything or were relieved from any difficulty if they did so. We found the public officers on the frontier much like their fellows elsewhere, and certainly not worse than their neighbours the French. For the sake of those who may follow in our footsteps, I may mention that a *visa* of the Spanish consul at Perpignan is absolutely requisite before crossing into Spain, and it is understood, though with what truth I am not prepared to say, that the signature of the Spanish Ambassador in London or Paris is also needed. My own passport (from the foreign office) was completely *en règle*, and I found it a far less expensive document in Spain than I had previously done in Italy, the continual repetition of *visas* mentioned and advised by Mr. Ford, in Murray's Handbook, being in no case asked for.

Leaving the custom-house and the group of dirty houses around it, forming the town of La Junquera, we advanced to Figueiras. The road runs between and by the side of hills, frequently crossing the river Llobregat, often the dry bed of a torrent, but sometimes almost impassable from the presence of the torrent itself, and giving the first foretaste of the peculiar condition of most of the Spanish streams. After about two leagues the river Muga is passed, and we enter at once on one of the vast plains, here covered with rich vegetation, which also characterize the Peninsula. Immediately on emerging from the hills (which are of metamorphic rock), we come upon an alluvial deposit, apparently derived from the disintegration of granite; and here at once begins the modified flora of Spain, olive-trees reappearing, and numerous fruits and vegetable productions indicating a return to the fertility of the country north of the Pyrenees.

Figueiras is a pleasant town, situated in the middle of the plain; the streets are wide; there is a square, and the houses are decently built, the inn being a clean, respectable-looking house. At this place the diligences are changed, the rest of the

journey being made in a Spanish conveyance; and here also the luggage is re-examined, with the exception of such articles as have been *plombé* at the first frontier. Here we began really to feel ourselves in a country in which light and heat are in excess, and where comfort is to be sought for in the gloom of darkened rooms. All the shutters were shut to avoid the noon-day sun, but the walls and furniture were of the gayest, most strongly contrasted colours. The rooms were large and convenient, and tolerably clean, and the hotel on the whole by no means unpromising. Our first experience of Spanish, or rather Catalanian cookery, was also made at this point in our journey, and it did not prove at all less satisfactory than we were prepared to expect. The meal included a curious mixture of tough fowls, tougher beef, cabbage, haricot beans, pork, potatoes, and raw tomatoes soaked in oil, with fried gourds, which latter might be singled out as especially greasy, where everything was soaked and fried in oil. The fruits, however, such as melons, pears, grapes, and peaches, were excellent and abundant, so that whilst the peculiarities did not make us wish to exchange our own home style of cookery for that of the Peninsula, there was no difficulty in making a very fair luncheon.

After waiting at Figueiras for about two hours, until the mid-day sun was a little past, we started in another diligence on the road to Gerona. The Spanish diligences are, on the whole, larger, heavier, and more cumbrous, but at the same time more comfortable than the French, and far exceed in speed those of the South of France. Eight, ten, or even twelve horses or mules are attached two abreast, according to the state of the road; a postillion is mounted on the near leader, and there is a driver, who is, however, more frequently off than on the box. The reins reach only to the two wheel-horses, the rest being altogether without such guidance. Besides the coachman and postillion there is a third person provided with a whip, and all three begin at starting a series of shouts, enough to alarm the most courageous passenger, and the whole affair is off at a rapid pace over the stones, rattling and bumping and vibrating in the most frightful manner, now rushing through the crowd assembled to see the departure, then swinging desperately through a narrow street, making turns at right angles half a dozen times in as many minutes, and at last shooting out safely between the low

narrow gateway of the town, which seems to have been constructed so as exactly to allow the monster conveyance to pass, but would as infallibly destroy anything above or on either side, as it would crush to atoms anything beneath it. Once out of the town, the postillion jumps down, gets up to the top of the carriage, and goes quietly to sleep amongst the luggage for an hour or two, while the horses, totally without any control, except that exerted by the voice of the driver and the management of the wheelers, gallop, trot, walk or stop, as the condition of the road seems to them to require, or as they may choose to arrange with the driver himself. At first, I confess that I felt a good deal of astonishment, and not a little alarm at this state of things, but I soon found that everything was going as usual, and that the horses perfectly understood what they were about; and so the matter continued, our postillion sometimes on his horse, but far more frequently on the ground, on the box, or among the luggage, till we got near a town, when the only change was that the three authorities provided with whips exerted their voices yet more than before, and with the chorus of *hi's*, *ho's*, and numerous utterly unwriteable sounds, the carriage was twisted somehow or other into the narrow court-yard of a house just large enough to hold it. Such, without exaggeration, is any one stage by a diligence in the north of Catalonia, the birthplace of such conveyances in Spain.

The road from the French frontier on the east of Spain passes round the walls of the ancient city of Gerona, and thence runs to Mataró, from which port there is a railway completed to Barcelona. After once passing the Pyrenees, there is only a small transverse chain of hills to be crossed before reaching the coast, but we obtain in various places a view of some of the mountain scenery characteristic of the interior of the Peninsula. Several streams and dry river-courses are crossed, most of them without bridges, though apparently at some seasons conveying considerable quantities of water, and the road after passing Gerona advances at once towards the shores of the Mediterranean. Gerona itself is a highly interesting town of considerable size, and its walls are washed on one side by a small river (the *Fluvia*), with water in it, by no means a common event in Spain. The town has a cathedral approached by a lofty flight of eighty-six steps, but the façade is not in itself good. The streets are

very narrow, and were shaded by a kind of avenue formed of innumerable branches of some plant, suspended by strings drawn across from house to house. The place is clean, and very lively, and the people seemed all to be out of doors. We staid there an hour, which we passed pleasantly enough in wandering about the town, as the ostensible object—a dinner—was rather too close on the meal we had taken at Figueiras to be tempting under the Spanish *régime*. While at this town we saw a curious funeral procession, the corpse being carried on the bier with the face exposed. The evening was closing in when we left Gerona, and we found enough to do in admiring and rejoicing in the exquisite softness and freshness of the air, the pleasant temperature, the deep blue sky, and the signs of cultivation manifested from time to time. Towards morning we reached the coast, and by five o'clock arrived at Mataró. At six we left, after taking a cup of chocolate made in the true Spanish style, and soon after seven were in Barcelona by the railroad.

One of the matters that very much strikes a person unaccustomed to the peninsular sun and temperature, is the appearance there of some kinds of vegetation which we are accustomed to regard as almost tropical. Thus all along the road from near Gerona, and by the coast, the aloe is seen forming hedges, sometimes mixed with a large kind of cactus, and the lofty flower-stalks of the former plant are so common, as almost to give a character to the vegetation. The orange-tree too, instead of being a stunted and rather ugly tree, here puts on its natural appearance, and grows freely and perfectly well, with its fruit in all degrees of ripeness, both green and golden at the same time. These and similar proofs of the climatal relations on this side of the Pyrenees are interesting to see, though perhaps rather trite to remark on, but they add much to the charm of a new country.

The country from Figueiras to Gerona is across undulating ground, with streams of running water and fair cultivation. There are also some inconsiderable ridges of sandy limestone and marly sandstone of the oolitic period, and about half-way a few narrow gorges with granite and porphyritic rock. Most of this country, however, is covered with alluvial deposits derived from decomposed granites. Near Gerona a lofty ridge of metamorphic schist is met with, rising suddenly to a height of nearly

3000 feet, and having at a few points granite or porphyritic rock. This connects with the spurs of the Pyrenees, but is somewhat exceptional in its character. It brings up to the surface certain fossiliferous beds of palæozoic age, and effectually breaks the monotony of the plains on this part of the coast. Further on towards the coast the tertiary beds are repeated, but they appear to belong to a somewhat ancient part of the series, and abound with nummulites and other foraminiferous shells. Very extensive deposits of the cretaceous period range westwards, almost to the Bay of Biscay.

Not far from Gerona is the interesting group of extinct tertiary volcanos, at Olot, described by Spanish writers early in this century, and more at length in 1806 by Dr. Maclure, an American geologist. The whole country hereabout is occasionally subject to earthquake action, and numerous volcanic products, such as lava, volcanic ash, pumice, and even columnar basalt, have been observed. The age of this Catalonian volcanic district is uncertain, but no proof exists of any eruptive action having taken place within the historic period.

The tertiary deposits on the coast near Gerona extend not only to Barcelona, but considerably further south, and even reach to the mouth of the Ebro. A short distance in the interior the cretaceous and altered rocks appear, and near Barcelona are sandstones and limestones of the carboniferous period, besides some granite*. There are thus two granitic and metamorphic ridges, more or less nearly parallel to each other and to the Pyrenean chain and occurring between the main ridge and Barcelona. Most of the surface-deposits, however, even to a considerable depth, are the result of decomposition and disintegration.

The country near Barcelona is fertile and well cultivated, yielding abundant returns to the labour of the husbandman. The high road runs through an avenue of nut-trees, for whose fruit Barcelona has long been famous, but the railroad leaves little to be observed in this as in other places. Still, the approaches to the city are fine and even grand, and there is an air of movement and progress about the people, that shows at once

* Coal is described to exist in workable beds at no great distance, but I had not time to visit the locality.

their difference from the hidalgos of Castille and other parts of ancient Spain. Indeed, the fact of the railway being completed for some other purpose than amusement is of itself sufficiently characteristic.

The railway from Mataró is constructed entirely on the English plan, the carriages, &c. being exactly like those used in our own country, and just as uncomfortable. The distance is seventeen miles, and the time occupied by the journey about an hour. The road runs close along the shore between the sea and a low but picturesque range of hills, and as it approaches Barcelona there is a decidedly cheerful and busy aspect.

The costumes of the people in this part of Spain (Catalonia) are not, on the whole, either very picturesque or characteristic. The sash or girdle of red or blue material going several times round the waist, the peculiar long Phrygian cap of bright red woollen stuff turned back square over the head, the sandals of packthread only covering the toes, the bare legs and the high waists are the points that most attract attention. In the towns, many but not all these are neglected; and although in the crowd that assembles nightly, from dusk to near midnight, on the *Rambla*, as the principal promenade is generally called, there is a decided preponderance of such dresses as are familiar to us in England, there is yet a fair sprinkling of bright colours as well as of dark complexions.

Barcelona, whose general appearance from the sea is bright, lively, and picturesque, is a fine flourishing city, well-placed, but, unfortunately for its advancing condition, it is enclosed within walls, and surrounded by fortifications. Its origin dates back very far into history, as it had existed a long time before being refounded by Amilcar Barca, the father of Hannibal, by whom it was called *Barcino*, whence its present name. It has now upwards of 120,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, but tolerably clean; the houses lofty, but not very handsome. The churches and public buildings are interesting, and several of them ancient, the cathedral especially, which, like many others in this part of the world, is approached by a long flight of steps. All the churches are extremely dark in the interior, owing to the almost total absence of windows in the nave, and even transept. A few stained glass rose and other windows, placed very high, admit sufficient light to answer all required purposes, and the absence

of too many entrances for the sun keeps the building cool during the greatest heats of summer.

The interior of the cathedral of Barcelona surpasses in grand and solemn effect, and rivals in architectural beauty, the very finest of those in the north of Europe. As it is in the best sense a Gothic edifice, it differs greatly from most of the Italian cathedrals, which are either classical (so-called), or afford a mixture of styles which I confess has few charms for me.

One peculiarity in many of the Spanish ecclesiastical edifices is worthy of notice, as contrasting with the custom in other countries. In the rest of Europe the exterior is generally the finest part, and that which is first completed, while the interior is often far less imposing, and is even left bare and naked in appearance. Here, on the contrary, it is not uncommon to find the west or principal front either altogether absent, or very imperfectly finished, the towers or spires not more than indicated, and the whole of the exterior wanting in grandeur and harmony. Such is the case to some extent with the cathedral of Barcelona, for although there are two handsome towers of no great elevation, the decoration of the west front is not even commenced, and we see a flat surface almost like a dead wall, with a few coarse paintings in fresco to indicate the intention of the architect. The inside, however, amply atones for any such imperfections. Lofty, elegant, and even light, in the grouping of the numerous and large clustered columns that support the noble roof and sketch the position of a sort of central choir, a peculiarly solemn and almost stern effect is produced by the total absence of windows near the ground, and the rarity and small size of the openings for light, which even where they do occur are filled for the most part with fine old coloured glass, and admit but little of that broad intense glare of day which prevails outside. On first entering it is difficult to recognise any object distinctly, but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the partial gloom, and the rich yet simple proportions of the interior become developed. It is customary in some of the Spanish cathedrals to place the consecrated Host in a magnificent framework, representing the Ark of the Covenant as constructed in Solomon's Temple; and this display of gold, silver, marble and painted woodwork is really not so inconsistent with the feeling of the place as might be expected, and as it would be if it were not for

the gloom. In the cathedral of Barcelona there is also an open descent, by a wide flight of numerous steps under an elliptic arch, from the middle of the choir to the crypt, exhibiting an altar with some relics, and by no means in bad taste. The high altar, and indeed all the altars,—of which the number, as well as that of side chapels, is very large,—are decorated and built up with gold and tinsel to an unusual extent; and although this is not very pleasing under ordinary circumstances, the effect when illuminated is extremely fine, and hundreds of wax lights are sometimes employed for this purpose, being placed so as to bring out the most impressive result.

The cloisters on the north side of the cathedral are of singularly elegant light gothic work, and enclose a curious and pleasant garden. They are all that cloisters should be; calm, quiet and solemn, but perfectly light and dry, and in this respect very different from those sad abodes of damp and gloom which our English climate produces, when time and neglect have exercised their influence on such works of our forefathers.

Barcelona is essentially a manufacturing city, and it is both interesting and curious to mark the well-directed activity of the people assisted by the powers of steam and machinery, contrasting strongly with the constitutional idleness of the rest of the Spaniards. We here see the steam-engine and the loom in close contiguity to the aloe, the cactus, and the orange-tree, and there is no present appearance of any ill effect produced on these or on the habits of the people.

One word before concluding this chapter, as to the first impressions produced by the manners of the Catalonians. As a people, they are certainly not remarkably polite or attentive to strangers; the comforts to be found at the hotels, whether in essentials or luxuries, are by no means numerous, nor are the shops at all well supplied with goods. At Barcelona we went to the Fonda del Oriente, a large hotel in the principal street (La Rambla). It was certainly one of the best hotels in the place, well-frequented, and the table d'hôte excellent, but the bedroom into which we were first shown was filthy even beyond the ordinary expectations of a traveller in the smallest and most neglected villages. We afterwards got a room which was a little more comfortable, although still dirty, and abounding with insects. The only mode of cleansing the brick floors, which seem common to

all the rooms, is by sprinkling water and occasionally stirring up the dust with a broom. This seems to have a favourable effect on the constitution of fleas, since they always appeared particularly lively after the ablutions.

Notwithstanding such trifles, there is no reason why those accustomed to travelling, and prepared to endure the smaller inconveniences of life, should not visit these interesting towns, which are so perfectly within reach. With few exceptions, the travelling is more agreeable, the annoyances from personal dirt and garlic less considerable, and the facilities of getting along on the high road almost, if not quite, as great as in the north of Italy. The heat is considerable in summer, ranging from 76° Fahr. in the night and morning to 85° or 86° in the middle of the day, but there are pleasant sea breezes in the morning and evening, which prevent any feeling of oppression. The coolest time of the day is about 4 A.M., and the nights are delicious for travelling.

The country around Barcelona is pretty, and may safely be called interesting, but advancing towards the interior on the road to Zaragoza, it begins soon to take the character peculiar to Spain, and resolve itself into a somewhat lofty plateau, with little vegetation and much dust. Before the Zaragoza road branches off from that to Tarragona and Valencia, which is not within several leagues of the town, some interesting views are obtained of the peculiar scenery of Monserrat and its vicinity, which are equally striking and beautiful. For the first ten or twelve leagues the road runs through wooded ravines and scenery which has been compared to that of Switzerland. During all this time, and for a considerable distance, indeed as far as Cervera (twenty leagues from Barcelona), we are gradually rising towards the higher level which is there reached, and is continued with more or less undulation into the interior. Cervera itself is a poor town, but looks well from a distance, being situated on a height and seen on all sides. Thence to Lerida the traveller finds but little to occupy him, but at this city the river Segre is crossed, which afterwards uniting with the Cinca, forms one of the principal tributaries of the Ebro, and empties itself into that stream at Mequinenza, a few leagues to the south.

Advancing from Lerida and crossing the Cinca, the kingdom of Aragon is entered, and at the same time, owing to the pre-