

sence of water, a rich, luxuriant vegetation takes the place of the dry, parched hillocks between the two streams. The town of Fraga is on the banks of the Cinca, and is fine and picturesque, but the rest of the road to Zaragoza offers little worthy of notice till we reach the valley of the Ebro*.

The whole distance between the capital of Catalonia and that of Aragon may be described, in a few words, as a high broken table-land near the lower step of the Pyrenees, never, however, affording fine distant views of the high mountains, owing to the intervention of other and much lower flanking ranges. The ground is generally barren of trees, and is only partly cultivated as arable land.

If, however, instead of taking the high-road, we descend the Ebro, or rather follow its course on land (as the river is not navigable at present), we shall find that the dry, barren and unsatisfactory high-road is exchanged for a route which affords a series of interesting observations connected with the past history, and bearing on the future prospects of this great river.

The Ebro is one of the principal rivers emptying into the Mediterranean. It drains nearly thirty thousand miles of country, having a course of more than 400 miles. It rises in the Western Pyrenees (in the province of Santander, in Old Castile), not far from the Cantabrian coast, whence it proceeds through the provinces of Burgos and Zaragoza, and after passing through an interesting section of Catalonia, enters and crosses part of the province of Tarragona, where it finally reaches the Mediterranean.

In its course it passes a large number of towns, many of them anciently, and some still, of importance; but, owing to the fact of its bed being now greatly choked and the navigation interrupted except at distant intervals, there is no comparison whatever between the former and present state of these towns. When in former times the country was in possession of the Moors, a complete system of irrigation of the land on both sides was so contrived as to utilize almost all the water of the stream, by damming up its bed with huge masses of rock. Canals have also been constructed of larger size than were needed for mere

* Zaragoza itself, the capital of Aragon, is a large and well-built, but dull city—well-situated, but without business. The main street is extremely handsome, but my knowledge of it is confined to a passing glimpse at midnight.

irrigation, and the general result has been that the whole bed of the river has become choked up, and a needless accumulation of transported material entirely precludes the possibility of bringing the stream back to its former course without the construction of works on a very extended scale, the difficulties attending which are every year becoming more considerable.

The Ebro receives in its course a large number of streams coming down from the Pyrenees, and some of these are of no inconsiderable magnitude. Even in the latter part of summer, when I crossed some of them, I found an abundant supply of water rushing at a rapid pace, and evidently conveying important, although unequal, additions to the volume of the principal stream. As far as I could learn also, these sources are rarely dry even towards the latter end of a hot summer, and as I have seen them in the month of August on two occasions, I am prepared to believe that much water is thus constantly conveyed. It must be remembered indeed, that during unusually dry seasons, hardly any even of the great rivers of the Peninsula actually convey water to the ocean; but as the Ebro is one of these*, and the tributaries are fed by rains falling on the whole length of the Pyrenean chain, it must be a very unusual event for all its sources to fail entirely and at the same time.

The valleys of the Ebro and its tributaries are like almost all the valleys of Spain, extremely rich and productive whenever they can be irrigated, and utterly barren without water. The Romans seem to have taken advantage of the river for fostering commerce and improving the means of intercommunication, and so long as they remained masters of the country, the Ebro appears to have been navigable not only to Zaragoza, but even as far up as Logroño, on the confines of Navarre and Old Castile. This is rendered probable by the condition of the stream at this point, and the strong bridge with its huge triangular buttresses and corresponding recesses. After the Romans had left, the country suffered from neglect, and then, when the Moors were in possession, these singular people, following out the practice adopted in warmer countries, and more fully alive to the advantages of agricultural success than anxious to convey to a distant market their superfluous produce, lent all their efforts to

* Neither the Ebro nor the Guadalquivir has been known to be so much affected by drought as not to admit of partial navigation by boats.



check and divert the course of the stream. They thus in time effectually succeeded in raising the bed not only of the river, but of all the numerous small channels through which it was conducted along the fields, the mud accumulating that would have been conveyed further down, and the river-course permanently dammed up by placing in its bed large rocks and obstacles of all kinds, and ensuring a much more rapid evaporation than would have obtained naturally. In the course of centuries, the effect has been most disastrous, and except for a short distance near its mouth, and in a few small canals at distant points, the Ebro is now practically lost as a navigable stream.

The damage thus caused has been increased rather than diminished by the occasional torrents rushing down from the mountains and sweeping with resistless violence over the plains. In the natural course of things, these would have flushed the river and removed obstacles; but as it is, they have merely added to the mass blocks of stone deposited intentionally, and artificially placed. Such impediments, when too large to be carried away by the floods, have now become impenetrable walls, enforcing the subsequent divergence of the stream, lengthening its course, diminishing therefore its rate of motion, and rendering it afterwards more easily interfered with by other impediments.

The value of water in Spain is greater than can be easily understood by those who have not visited this parched and thirsty land. A perfect paradise where this element is present, and a perfect desert in its absence, no one can wonder that the Moors, in their anxious love for gardens and delight in succulent vegetable food, should exercise all their ingenuity in ensuring the means of existence and enjoyment. Their very ingenuity, however, has ruined the country, and the plains of Aragon, one of the most fertile provinces of Spain, lose half their value from the absence of regularity in water supply, and even when most productive are of little use to the rest of the country, owing to the want of water-communication to carry the crops to market.

In considering the valley of the Ebro, and the course that has to be taken by the waters that run through it, the high level of the land on the south of the Pyrenees, as compared with the plains of Languedoc, must not be forgotten. The whole of Spain in the interior is at a high level, and the rivers generally

run through fissures of greater or less magnitude in this plateau. The greater part of the streams that feed the rivers, and the upper part of the main channel, are usually at a high level, so that the water does not run off in torrents, but quickly occupies a definite channel. In its further progress the river valley is more shut in, and the bed descends at a greater average rate than is usual in plain countries. The consequence is, that when obstacles are placed in the way, or occur naturally, the bed is sooner choked up, and the general injury to the stream greater than under other circumstances. The rivers will also naturally be less navigable, more variable and more impeded by shoals and rocks, while there will of necessity be a more constant accumulation of large blocks and boulders than when the general level of the country was nearer the water-level.

The valley of the Ebro, where it opens out and admits of extensive and easy irrigation, is remarkable for extreme richness. This is the case near Zaragoza, where there is a somewhat extensive flat, well-watered and converted into a perfect garden. A portion of the stream turned into a canal traverses about fifty miles of plain country, and not only fertilizes the land, but ensures navigation. There are several boats on it, conveying passengers and goods at very small cost, and at a more rapid rate than by the ordinary mode of land-carriage.

Below this rich plain, where the valley closes in and hard rock appears near the water's edge, the navigation is stopped, and the injury effected by the Moors becomes apparent. For a distance of upwards of 170 miles, the water-line is tortuous and the river-bed narrow, the small tracts of land near the water's edge being covered with delicious gardens, while the whole of the upper lands are completely divested of vegetation, except where a few scattered and dwarf pines seem to point to hopeless aridity as the cause of the barrenness.

Below Cherta to Tortosa, and thence to Amposta, the country opens out once more, and the mountains rise and recede from the valley. The river from this point is quite capable of being rendered navigable at moderate cost, and always conveys down a large body of water. From Amposta to the sea is a wide alluvial flat, consisting of about 70,000 acres of low land, which is at present unhealthy and subject to inundation, but which might readily be drained and afterwards irrigated. The fertility and

consequent value of this tract under such treatment would be unquestionably very great.

The quantity of water conveyed down the Ebro at Zaragoza at low water is estimated at nearly 100 cubic yards per second, and at Amposta upwards of 260. This is of course independent of all loss by evaporation and irrigation, and also of occasional increments by freshets, which are unfrequent and extremely transitory. The rapidity of the current varies from half a mile to four and a half miles per hour.

It is chiefly between La Cherta and Amposta that the scenery of the mouth of the Ebro is grand and picturesque. It is so more from the bold and simple outline of the hills and their delicate grey tints seen against the deep blue sky, than from any varieties of colour or vegetable covering. Here, as so commonly in Spain, all kinds of forest vegetation are absent.

The delta of the Ebro already referred to, called from Moorish times *Alfaques*, extends for about fifteen miles from north to south, and eleven from east to west, and the channel through which the waters are delivered is very little subdivided. There is also a Port Alfaques, affording scarcely any shelter, but celebrated in history, and yielding a good deal of salt from the evaporation of the sea-water in shallow lagoons which abound in the alluvial mud of which its houses are built. All this part of the coast greatly requires draining. Like many other spots offering natural facilities for the landing or habitation of people, it has numerous historical reminiscences, and is especially known as the place where a great victory was obtained by the Carthaginians under Amilcar over the Roman fleet.

Having thus obtained some idea of the general condition of that district of the north of Spain watered by the Ebro, let us return to the coast and trace the condition of the country as seen on the high road going southwards from Barcelona towards Valencia.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

TARRAGONA AND VALENCIA—THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWNS.

LEAVING Barcelona in the evening at about 5 o'clock for Tarragona, we enjoyed greatly the fine scenery surrounding the town, coloured by the rich tints of the setting sun. For the first few miles the road enables one to see little more than a somewhat wider range of the coast district than could be observed from the sea, but on approaching the hills, we meet with the peculiar and interesting features characteristic of the Peninsula. Of these, the extensive but dry river-beds, and the numerous deep and narrow chasms or *barrancas*, which have at some time or other certainly been water-courses, but whose bottoms are now covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation, including trees of many years' growth, produce scenery not to be seen elsewhere in Europe, and attracting the attention of the naturalist, both by the peculiar nature of the physical geography of the country and the variety of natural products obtained from it. These features claim also the attention of the geologist, as affording proof of certain modifications of the surface, due to the eroding power of water, although on a scale very different from that observable in England.

The low ground and parts of the hills near Barcelona are covered thickly with a boulder and sand deposit of deep red colour easily washed away. This is doubtless due to the decomposition and disintegration of a slaty and red sandstone rock, developed in the neighbourhood, and seen in the cuttings made for the passage of the road in various parts of the hilly range crossed in proceeding southwards. These hills are partly granitic and partly calcareous, but they are a good deal metamorphosed, and gradually rise in altitude and form a more distinct barrier towards Tarragona. They are there covered with tertiary rocks and contain some fossils, but the geology of the whole district is obscure, owing to the peculiar conditions under which the rocks are presented.

The geological as well as geographical peculiarities of Spain

are everywhere connected with the existence of table-lands of considerable elevation, having numerous broad and deep ravines, separating rocks which were once continuous. With few exceptions the mountain-chains are rather portions of the table-land than true detached ridges rising to any marked elevation, and thus the interior of the country, although of great elevation, presents few features of bold rocky scenery compared with its real mass and mean altitude above the sea. Many of the high lands reach to the sea, and there terminate abruptly in cliffs, and these are usually intersected by crevices, across which the only way is by a steep descent and subsequent steep ascent. Thus in coming towards Tarragona, the road runs down a steep slope towards the Mediterranean, and the town is built on portions of this slope, which commences with a kind of terrace about 50 or 80 feet above the water, and rises rapidly many hundred feet behind, in a succession of highly picturesque rocky steps. The town is considered to have been founded by the Phœnicians, but was afterwards the seat of a highly important Roman colony, which at the commencement of the Christian era became for a time the habitation of Augustus, and when universal peace reigned through the world, the decree for closing the Temple of Janus was promulgated from hence. At that time it boasted a million of inhabitants. Nearly five centuries afterwards it was partially destroyed by the Goths, and at a later period was utterly annihilated by the Moors, who left it in this state of desolation and almost without inhabitants for four centuries. Since then it has been in Christian hands, and has become a tolerably active town (for Spain) of about 11,000 people, the buildings being tolerable, although the fortifications, which have been partly renewed and again destroyed and rebuilt, are in a crumbling state.

Notwithstanding the general destruction of the old buildings, the cathedral, which was commenced early in the twelfth century on the ruins of a Roman temple, is still extremely fine, and in a singularly pure Norman taste, with a mixture of Saracenic. Many portions are of a much more modern date, and some of the chapels were only completed towards the close of the last century. Simple and noble in its general proportions, rich in its decorations, and admirable in many points of detail, it attracts and well repays close examination. The west façade, seen at

the end of a narrow but picturesque street, and approached by a lofty flight of steps, is very fine. The interior is also good, and the ark for receiving the Host is richly finished, while the painted glass in the transept is unusually magnificent. The cloisters here, as at Barcelona, are exquisite, and contain some fragments of Moorish architecture in the walls. The cloister garden is very pretty, and full of quaintly-cut trees.

The chief charm of Tarragona is in the utter desolation of its vast defences, contrasted with the glories of nature immediately around. Placed upon a rock of hard white limestone rising from the sea to a height of nearly 800 feet, its walls are built to a great height above this, and the fortifications have included a considerable area beyond the town not now occupied. From the terrace at the foot of the inner walls a superb view is obtained of the Mediterranean, while the distant Sierra is seen stretching far away towards the south and east, and a nearer and lower range of hills is partly covered by vegetation. A few roads and some remarkable walls are traceable to a great distance; but the aspect of the whole is lonely, severe, and grand. Marks of war are seen everywhere, as the town has been often attacked and still more frequently taken by hostile armies, and nothing is wanting to complete the impression of sadness that accompanies the feeling of admiration at the grandeur of the scene. It is a case in which the pencil even of the greatest artist could hardly succeed in producing the required effect, as the charm of feeling one's self on a spot in which nature and man have done and destroyed so much is perhaps necessary to bring the imagination and the intellect to a proper tone, and enable one to appreciate the strong contrasts that exist.

From Tarragona to Reus is a tedious ride of about two hours, the distance being stated at two leagues (seven miles), but from the rate of travelling and time occupied appearing to be half as much again.

Leaving Tarragona at 5 A.M., we arrived at Reus about 7, having been unable to obtain room in the diligence to Tortosa, which we hoped to have reached the same day, and finding it better to be this one stage in advance. Reus is a thriving, bustling, modern town, but offers little for remark beyond the contrast observable between it and Tarragona, and the rarity of any appearance of business in any Spanish town whatever.

The road hence to Amposta is chiefly along the shores of the Mediterranean, with a considerable but barren range of hills completely excluding any view into the interior, along the whole distance. The hills are composed of limestone, and the space between the foot of the hills and the present level of the Mediterranean presents all the appearance of a raised sea-beach, being chiefly made up of gravel and rolled or angular boulders of various sizes, evidently derived from the adjacent rock, which weathers easily on exposure.

At some distance from Amposta the scenery begins to assume a different and more varied aspect; the mouth of the Ebro opens gradually before us, and we see the grand range, enclosing the wide valley of this noble river, expanding before the eye in bare and naked beauty. The mouth of the stream, and its long delta extending like a tongue of sand into the Mediterranean, then come into sight; and on the opposite bank is seen the ancient town of Amposta, formerly a place of some importance from its position, but now much decayed and lifeless, though rather more animated than usual, owing to the recent commencement of works about to be carried on on a large scale to improve and canalise the navigation of the Ebro, a project which seems perfectly feasible, and which, with proper management, cannot fail to yield ample returns for almost any amount of capital properly expended. The Ebro is not very broad at its mouth, but the body of water is considerable. The water is muddy, and the current tolerably rapid, but not so much so as to be at all dangerous.

Leaving the main road at the ferry which here crosses the river to Amposta, and keeping on the north or left bank, we struck off on a cross road to Tortosa, in a tartana,—a common enough vehicle in Spain,—provided for the purpose, and resembling a small light omnibus placed on an axle between two wheels without the intervention of springs, which indeed would be utterly useless in the present state of the roads, as they must inevitably be broken before the vehicle had advanced a hundred yards. Proceeding at a slow mule's walk for about two hours, we accomplished the two leagues that intervene between Amposta and Tortosa, and reached the latter town, which is well-placed, part of the town being on the river and part at a considerable height above, while the whole is commanded by a

fortress—picturesque if not strong—frowning over the adjacent country.

The town itself presents few objects of great interest. The interior of the cathedral is fine, and the cloisters pretty, but the architectural effect is destroyed by a barbarous admixture of bad and corrupt classical styles with the Gothic, which was originally intended to characterize the building. The people in this part of Catalonia construct their houses and streets so as to defend them as much as possible from the sun, and have little regard for any other object; least of all do they care for uniformity or regularity of construction, and thus it happens that in many cases, as here, it is totally impossible to see the exteriors of the public buildings from any favourable point of view.

On arriving at Tortosa we found that there was to be a sort of mock bull-fight in the circus in the afternoon. After dining at the small inn (the best in the town) where we had put up, I proceeded to the scene of the combat, which, as usual in Spain, is outside the walls of the town, and is most picturesquely placed immediately below one portion of the fortress, and commanding magnificent views of the country. The building itself is shabby and poor, but constructed after the fashion of the Roman amphitheatres, and quite open at the top. Unlike the Roman custom, however, the seat of honour and the grand tier of boxes is the uppermost, there being below it another nearly similar range, and then numerous rows of seats for the mass of the people, descending to within about six feet of the ground, so that from time to time the more active of the spectators jump down to the stage and become actors, while on the other hand the performers themselves, both biped and quadruped, occasionally pay visits in return. After waiting patiently for an hour beyond the time announced, about a dozen rather ragged fellows, with cloaks of coloured calico in their hands, entered the arena at the sound of a trumpet in a sort of procession, bearing with them a stuffed figure resembling a very indifferent Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, and having bowed to the Alcalde, who was seated in a state box, the orchestra struck up, the trumpet sounded again, the door was opened and out rushed a bull. It must be understood that there was nothing of earnest in this case, as the bulls were young and by no means fierce, and the object of the men was more to tease than torment their

victims, who with one exception were let off without any injury whatever. The whole amusement consisted in the different ways in which this teasing was performed, at one time holding out the red and yellow cloaks and attracting the animal by trailing them on the ground; at another exposing a man in a wooden frame to the horns of the animal, who could do no more than throw over the frame without hurting the inhabitant; another time making the poor creature exhaust his fury on a basket, and such like tricks. At length the stuffed figure above referred to was once more brought in, and after being for some time dragged about by the heels, as if made of straw, it gradually warmed into action, first standing up, and then dancing. A bull was now introduced, who rushed at the figure and of course upset it, without however doing mischief. When this had gone on for some time there was a short pause, and then one of the bulls, who had been several times teased, was exposed to still more exciting play; sticks without points were poked at him by a number of men ranged in a semicircle; fireworks were stuck into his side; and at last the matador—a dirty butcher-like fellow with a very shabby-looking straight sword—was introduced, made his bow, and proceeded to his work of despatching the bull, in which he succeeded, but not without making numerous false and ineffectual attempts, and inflicting some cruel but useless wounds. The whole affair was a burlesque, except to the poor bull who was killed, and was chiefly interesting as illustrating the habits, feelings, and costumes of the people. I was told that between 2000 and 3000 persons were present, and the effect of this large multitude assembled in the open air in broad daylight, dressed in several varieties of costume, was decidedly good.

In this part of Spain, and a little further to the south, the climate on the coast is almost subtropical, and the people being much exposed are of the darkest brown-red colour*. The common dress both here and in the adjoining province of Valencia is simple and picturesque, consisting of a sort of shirt of coarse linen, the lower part of which is sewn into very

* The view of Dr. R. G. Latham, that darkness of colour in the human race is produced by exposure to low, flat, alluvial soils at the mouths of rivers in hot climates, is supported by the present state of the people in the east of Spain. The dark colour prevails only on the coast.

wide short trowsers, reaching about half-way down the thigh. The waist is tied round with a sash, generally of some bright colour, and the head covered with a kind of turban constructed of a handkerchief. The feet are covered with sandals. Thus clothed, the peasants are able to stand exposure to the sun under circumstances which would almost seem impossible. Their food is chiefly vegetable, and includes a large quantity of vegetable oil and stimulants, such as onion, garlic, capsicums, &c., but they also consume grapes and melons to a surprising extent. Some idea of the abundance of fruit may be had, when I state that the extreme price asked in the market, in the middle of August, for the best grapes in small quantities, and of a stranger speaking the language very imperfectly, was rarely more than a penny per pound; that of magnificent apricots, apples and peaches being about the same. The grapes, however, are taken freely by every one from the vines by the road-side, and the trespass, if any, is hardly noticed.

The road from Amposta to Valencia, carried for the most part along or near the shore of the Mediterranean, offers little that admits of detailed description. With the exception of a range of hills running into the sea at Peniscola, which is a rather remarkable rock crowned with a fortress, like a small Gibraltar, there is little high or undulating ground, but the landscape is everywhere rich with a profusion of vines, olives, figs, Indian corn, rice, and various food-bearing plants and trees, which, as is usual in Spain, entirely supersede trees of larger growth. At no great distance from the Port of Alfaques, the frontier of Catalonia is passed and the road enters Valencia, one of the ancient kingdoms of the Iberian peninsula, remarkable amongst the Mediterranean countries for its fertility, its delightful climate, and the character of its vegetation. It possesses a coast-line of about sixty-five miles, of which a part consists of rich alluvial plains watered by ingenious contrivances of various kinds, and it is thus enabled to yield the most abundant and frequent returns for the labour of the agriculturist. Of the crops, that of rice is the grand staple, and the produce is in some places extraordinary; but where this is the case, miasma and ague, the natural accompaniments of abundant fertility in hot moist climates, are too apt to make their appearance. Away from the marshes, whether natural or artificial, the climate is delicious and perfectly healthy; never

cold, and rarely so hot as to be oppressive and painful. Palms grow luxuriantly, the aloe and the cactus are in every hedge, and the orange and lemon are found in the gardens.

The towns along the coast between Amposta and Valencia are few in number,—amounting to five or six, and only noticeable on account of the ruinous state of their old defences and the apparent poverty and wretched condition of their inhabitants. This appearance is, however, rather deceptive. Although poor, the Valencians are gay and happy, and with a very moderate amount of labour obtain sufficient food of a simple kind, while the sky or a bare shed is all that is required for lodging. Rain and cold can hardly be said to exist, for they never last long enough to be troublesome. The heat of the sun also, though extremely fierce in summer, is deliciously tempered by the morning and evening breezes, and winter cold is unknown.

The hills crossed on the road to Valencia (the Peña Golosa range) do not attain to great height, but offer some pleasing scenery. Here, as elsewhere along the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean, the condition of the gravel, which abounds in so many places and is of great thickness, appears to render probable a gradual elevation of the whole district within the recent period, and the result of this has been to produce a kind of terrace nearly parallel with the present shore, and of no great elevation.

The vines of this district are remarkable for the strong dark red wines made of their grapes. The flavour of these wines is by no means agreeable, but they are richly coloured and heady, and are said to be greatly used in concocting Port wines for the English market. It is lamentable to see a district so eminently calculated to yield the best supplies, both in quality and quantity, of numerous natural and manufactured products of great value, almost neglectful of this source of wealth, careless of improvement, and inhabited by a race of peasants, who, though both physically and intellectually well-developed, at present only care to find food from day to day. The raisins, or dried grapes, and the figs are neglected like the wine. The former are coarsely and rapidly dried after exposure to a ley, and are therefore chiefly of value for puddings and inferior purposes. I have not, however, seen finer-flavoured or better-grown grapes, and there is nowhere a more steady and burning sun to prepare them for the market; the figs are also most delicious.

The latter part of the road, within a few leagues of Valencia, is at present, and has evidently long been, in a most wretched state. Covered thickly with white powdery dust, full of irregularities, and constantly laid bare to the foundation stones or the solid rock, the roads are everywhere detestable, and the diligence jolts and drags along, now brought to a sudden standstill by some more than usually hopeless portion, now tearing on through clouds of dust for a short distance, and occasionally taking as it were a fresh start, and vainly endeavouring to improve the pace and enter towns and villages with some *éclat*. At last the City of the Cid—as Valencia is sometimes fondly called—becomes distinctly visible before us, the brightly tinted tiles of some cupolas, the elegant square towers of a few of the churches, and some other more prominent objects being mixed with a few lofty palms, which here grow to a great height in the gardens. These are seen on the other side of a broad but nearly dry water-course spanned by numerous long and fine bridges, which in summer are rather viaducts. We soon enter the streets, which are narrow, short, and intricate to a degree hardly imaginable by one accustomed only to northern cities. Odd angular little spaces with all sorts and numbers of corners are passed as we wind along towards the post-office and hotel, until at length we find ourselves deposited in the cleanest and most comfortable rooms that we have seen since we entered Spain. We have reached our quarters in the *Fonda del Cid*.

Valencia abounds with objects of interest. The cathedral and other churches are not fine, in an architectural sense, nor are they very picturesque, but they contain some noble works of art of the Valencian school, nowhere else to be studied. The streets are certainly neither well-constructed nor filled with gay shops, but they include some that have undergone little if any change since the Moor reigned here supreme; while there are also some few really good buildings, and there is a general aspect reminding one of the East in everything around. Within the houses the floors are generally paved with a peculiar kind of glazed tiles, made near Valencia, and celebrated throughout Spain under the name of *azulejos*. Samples of these were exhibited in London at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and attracted some attention. Here they are universal, and the patterns are original and good. Broad expanses of dead wall, broken here and there only by