

golah girl, when she saw Burkhardt's white head; but it is a strange thing for a European Catholic people to represent the chief object of their worship of the same complexion as they paint his Satanic Majesty.

There are still many pilgrims to this celebrated shrine, and in September, there is a great *fête*, when the mountain is covered with thousands winding their way up this steep ascent; and assuredly great is their merit, if they have no taste for the beauties of nature. A pilgrim was there to-day with a picturesque broad-brimmed hat, strangely decorated with shells, and the rest of his dress a russet brown. He had a staff in his hand, and a wildness in his demeanour, reminding me of the santons I have seen in the East. I saw him entering a second time with his hands full of wild flowers, as if he thought it better to make such an offering, rather than appear empty-handed before the shrine of the Virgin. In the evening we went into the church to hear the monks sing the vespers. Their organ was not good, but many of their voices were fine; and whether it was the darkness of the large church, a dozen small candles barely lighting the altar, and making only the darkness visible; or the solitude of the place, no one being present but the poor pilgrim; or whether one of their brethren being on a bed of sickness, which must in a day or two end fatally, gave an unusual fervour and earnestness to their chants, certain it is, their singing was very impressive, and I listened to

it with great delight, with feelings of awe and reverence; I forgot I was of a different creed, and assuredly I shall leave the mountain with respect for the men who are not rolling here in Benedictine idleness and luxury, their pay for the masses they recite being barely an existence; but living away from the pleasures, though not I fear from the cares of life, and serving God in the way they have been taught to consider most acceptable, praising Him morning, noon, and night.

There is a posada near the convent, and as we had nearly consumed a chicken we had brought from Barcelona, we were not well pleased to find on our arrival that the landlord had nothing but eggs and potatoes, and were agreeably surprised to see served up for dinner some excellent pork and a partridge. There was a servant of the convent present when we arrived, and being Friday, the landlord dare not say he would let us have meat and game. The chambers in the posada looking wretched, we asked if they had no better, and they took us to an excellent room adjoining the chapel; and as it appeared quite clean and had good beds, we rejoiced in our good-fortune; but the floor was literally swarming with fleas.

In the wildest parts of the mountain are several hermitages, but, as they are not tenanted now, we regretted less not having time to visit them, especially as the ascent is difficult for ladies; a few winter storms having probably destroyed

the paths the hermits formerly kept in some order. Many of these recluses were of good family, and even of rank. They lived on bread, fruit, and water; and each hermitage was provided with a bell, in case of sickness, otherwise they seldom visited the convent, and did not associate with each other, though, according to Sir John Car's account (who surprised a pretty girl alone with one of them), they were not very strict.

We were two hours and a half descending to Colbato, about the same time we took to ascend the mountain, making no use of the mules we had ordered. We there found a tartana waiting to take us to Esparraguera. This conveyance had a rope-bottom, covered with mats, like the caratella we rode in yesterday, but is much more showy in appearance, having a gaily-painted roof, in form exactly like the cabin of a gondola, and inside the vehicle is a seat covered with cloth; neither conveyance was on springs, and therefore their motion may be imagined on bad Spanish roads, especially when the driver goes at a gallop, which he sometimes does if allowed.

Having arrived at Esparraguera too soon for the diligence to Barcelona, we rambled through the parish church, which is a very respectable one for so small a town; and afterwards, a shower of rain coming on, we took refuge in the porch of a priest's house. He came to the door, and insisted

on our entering his clean little habitation ; and producing a bottle, would have me take a glass. As I saw it would vex him if I declined, I consented, expecting such a jolly-looking priest would have some of the fine old wine of the country, but it proved to be a vile spirit, stronger than Greek arracke, with a detestable flavour of aniseed.

There are few paintings at Barcelona, and apparently no taste for them. It was only after repeated inquiries and several fruitless journeys, that I accidentally heard of two galleries. One is in the house of D. Tose Carreras en la Rambla de S. Tose en casa de la Verreyna. Unfortunately the owner was out, and there was no catalogue ; but amongst many indifferent paintings there were several good ones ; a Holy Family of Viladomat, of considerable merit ; a Christ bearing His Cross, I think by Luis de Morales, who was born at Badajoz in 1509, and died in 1596, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century, according to Bermudez, and is the only artist of great merit Estremadura has produced. His pictures are always on panel, covered with a composition of plaster. His drawing is often hard and deficient in boldness, and sometimes incorrect ; but his colouring is generally rich and harmonious, though often too brown and hard, apparently of the fifteenth, not the sixteenth century. Some of his heads remind one of Leonardo da Vinci. The accessories of his paintings, such as crosses

and ropes, are sometimes so elaborately and truthfully painted, that anything more real cannot be conceived. Bermudez mentions with great truth his laborious manner of painting the hair and beards. His great merit, which gains him to this day the name of "El Divino"—the divine Morales—is the noble expression and deep feeling exhibited in his countenances. He always painted sacred subjects, which was doubtless the reason at first of his being called "El Divino." He was poor all his life, though well deserving the patronage Philip II. showered on far inferior artists. The King, passing Badajoz, on his return from Portugal, and seeing him so poor, said: "Morales, you are very old." "Yes, Sire, and very poor," said the artist. The King ordered him a pension of three hundred ducats, says Bermudez, or, as others say, of two hundred ducats for his dinner. "And for supper, Sire?" said the artist. Philip relished the joke, and ordered him another hundred.

There were also some paintings by Orrente, the Spanish Bassano, and an exquisite painting, a Magdalen, by Alonso Cano. In one of the rooms there is a beautiful group of three figures in coloured carved wood, representing St. James destroying the Moors. The name of Alonso Cano is written underneath, and though the colouring has been restored, and not with the brushes and taste of

Alonso, it is an exquisite group: the figure of the prostrate Moor is admirable.

This distinguished artist was born in Granada, according to Bermudez, in 1601, and after studying sculpture under Montanes, and painting under Pacheco and Castello, he settled at Granada as a carver of altar-pieces, called in Spain retablos. He is supposed by some to have murdered his wife, who was found pierced with fifteen wounds; but as her jewels and Italian servant were missing, poor Alonso was probably put to the torture without any cause. He was on bad terms with his wife, and unfaithful to her, and foolishly fled to Valencia; which was quite sufficient to make him suspected. Bermudez disbelieves the tale, as he could find no record of the prosecution.

He was a man of wild and uncontrollable passions, but at times gentle and melancholy; and to these moments of deep feeling we are probably indebted for the softness and exquisite beauty which distinguish his best works, and especially for his little coloured statues of Saints and our Saviour, which surpass his paintings, and are truly exquisite.

His drawing and compositions are always admirable. His colouring varies, sometimes resembling Guido, but with more red tints and less blue; often it is wild and sombre, and frequently

his little St. Johns and the Lamb are almost difficult to distinguish from one of the styles of Murillo.

This gallery is on the first floor of a handsome palace, beautifully furnished with expensive furniture, marbles and prints, as well as pictures. The lady of the house was at the door when we entered, and with great politeness accompanied us through the gallery, and invited us to come again when her husband was at home. She spoke no other language but Spanish, and I have not been long enough in Spain to sustain without difficulty a conversation in that language; yet nothing could exceed her good-humour and politeness. The other gallery is that of D. Antonio Sebastian Pasqual en la Calle del Chuela à las Cipaldas del Colegio del Obispo Senario; but I did not succeed in seeing it.

We went one evening to the great theatre of the Liceo, to see a representation of the passion of our Saviour, a subject which makes one's blood almost run cold to think that it should be made a spectacle of in a theatre; though, perhaps, to many of the spectators such a representation may be more improving than what they see and hear in their churches. The best scene was the entering of our Saviour on an ass into Jerusalem; the crowds with palm-trees and olive-branches, strewing their garments in the way were picturesque, though the dresses were not good, nor the scenery first-rate. The

grief of the Virgin at parting with her son, and our Saviour taking leave of his disciples, were well acted. I must confess there was a certain degree of decorum, and not a laugh during the representation, except one, caused by an expression of the avaricious Judas, and again at his refusing one of the thirty pieces because it was not good. Judas indeed, in voice and manner, seemed the buffoon of the representation. At the Last Supper, the disciples advanced two and two and bowed to each other, as is the custom with the cardinals and priests at high mass, and perhaps this custom is introduced to impress upon the people, that such was the ceremony amongst the simple followers of our Lord. I saw half the representation, to have an idea of the sacred dramas which have always been so popular in Spain, but had no wish to see the remainder. The theatre is particularly handsome, the balcon has a pretty effect. The pit and boxes were crowded to excess, and also the galleries with a very noisy and unruly mob.

My last visit at Barcelona was to my banker. On entering a new country, it is always a trouble to learn the money; but the coinage in Spain is so magnificent and so simple, the trouble is a pleasure. The onza, worth £3 7s., or sixteen duros (dollars), is the finest coin in Europe, but inconvenient to change in the small villages; the media onza is better, but the smaller gold coins, the doubloon, worth four dollars, and the pieces of two and one duro are very

pretty and most convenient. The old Spanish dollar, worth twenty reals, is almost superseded by the French five-franc piece, which is worth only nineteen reals. The bankers generally give about ninety-five reals for the pound sterling. The other silver coins are the real, the piece of two reals, the half-duro, and the peseta, the fifth of a duro. It is best to travel both with Herries' notes, and a letter of credit from Barings on merchants in the principal towns; but I could not procure from them or their agents here a credit on a banker at Granada or Murcia, so little communication exists between the capitals or principal towns of extensive districts.



CHAPTER III.

TARRAGONA—ROMAN WALLS AND AQUEDUCT—THE CATHEDRAL
—BEAUTIFUL CLOISTERS—SAN PABLO—CHARACTER OF THE
CATALONIANS—KINGDOM OF VALENCIA—ANCIENT TOWERS—
SEGUNTUM.

WE left Barcelona at ten o'clock, in the Courier, for Tarragona. The first part of the road, as far as Molins del Rey, was the same we passed on our way to Monserrat. Crossing the Llobregat again, over the fine stone bridge, we had a pleasant drive until one o'clock, through hills covered with pines and other trees, but sometimes barren and rocky. All the little valleys and strips of tolerable land are carefully cultivated by the industrious Catalonians. On leaving this hilly district, we descended into a richer country, where the views were more extensive. At half-past two we dined at Villafranca, on certainly the worst dinner I have yet seen in Spain; but a leg of lamb for the last dish was good, and each person had

a glass of rancio wine, so rich and strong, though rather sweet, that a glass did not satisfy me.

The Spanish posadas we have yet met with are certainly better than the worst class of Italian inns; the floors look clean, and altogether there is more cleanliness and comfort about them. The ride from Villafranca is through a rich and well-cultivated country, and the views very extensive, over plains bounded by ranges of hills. We passed through the industrious little town of Arbos, situated on an eminence, in a large plain, bounded by hills, and soon after reached the blue Mediterranean and a still richer plain, covered with a few olives and a great many fine carobs. The leaf of this tree is darker but not unlike the olive; and the trunks being very picturesque and of considerable growth, they formed a beautiful foreground and a charming contrast of colour to the deep blue sea and the lapis-lazuli sky above.

We passed through several little villages and towns, but did not think it worth while to record their names, as they all presented the same active, comfortable appearance; women working lace at their doors, gaining their one or two shillings a-day, shops in abundance, and well supplied with the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. One of the towns, Vandrell, we passed after Arbos, is more considerable than the others, and has a church with a good tower, which looks well at a distance.

About three hours and a half before arriving at Tarragona, we drove under a Roman arch, ornamented with pilasters of the Corinthian order. It looked well in the rich plain, with a background of fine carobs and the sea in the distance.

Tarragona, originally a Phœnician city, the splendid capital of the Romans, and celebrated as the abode of Augustus, the Scipios, and Adrian, is finely situated on a rock nearly eight hundred feet high, sloping to the sea. The imperial capital is now sadly changed. Goths under Euric, Moors under Taric, and French under Suchet, seem to have rivalled each other in the horrors they committed in storming this unfortunate city. Its population, which exceeded a million in the time of the Romans, is diminished to eleven thousand, and commerce has fled to other places. It is difficult to believe, that a capital, which might be compared to Paris or London, existed here, but monumental evidence still remains of its former magnificence. The walls are splendid, and are all Roman, and not Ciclopian, as they have been described. The stones are sometimes very large, but are all hewn regularly, not having at all the character of Ciclopian walls.

Outside the gate of the Rambla, and also within it, are remains of ancient Roman forts, which give a good idea of their fortifications. The form of the amphitheatre, elegant as usual, may still be

clearly traced, though there is little remaining, war, and especially modern war, having destroyed these interesting monuments of the mighty people who conquered Spain, and by their conquest made the country more flourishing than it has ever been before or since, except perhaps under the Umeyyah dynasty. A few of the steps of the amphitheatre still exist, and a portion of one solitary arch of the exterior walls. It is situated close to the sea, and the enjoyment of the breezes, a great luxury in this hot climate, would be added to the excitement of the games.

Under a broiling sun, though only the 11th of March, we toiled up an old Roman road to the modern city. Several inscriptions and fragments of sculpture and Roman stones may be traced and seen in various parts of Tarragona. It is surprising so little remains; but antiquities in every country have ever been considered as a mine of hewn stone, ready for every necessity, and made use of as such, except where appreciated as works of art.

We hired a tartana, the best vehicle Tarragona possesses, and went to the Roman aqueduct, called, *Il perle del diavolo*. The situation of this ruin is wild and desolate, surrounded by bleak rocky hills, uncultivated, and without a tree to relieve their barrenness. Between the hills, is a narrow strip of land, which the ever industrious Catalans have cultivated and planted with vines. This aqueduct

was constructed to lead the water across this narrow valley, and is a proud memorial of the useful and splendid works Rome erected in her colonies. Mr. Ford says, the length of the aqueduct is seven hundred feet, and the loftiest arches rise ninety-six feet high. There are two ranges of arches; the lower range consists of eleven arches, the receding hills on each side reaching now almost the summit of the side arch. Besides the eleven arches above these, there are four more on one side and ten on the left, making twenty-five on the upper tier. The buttresses between the arches of the lower tier increase in width towards their base, and one course of stones projecting beyond the others, gives the appearance of capitals. The masonry is admirable, but the stones are not so large as those of the walls of the ancient city.

The cathedral of Tarragona is very interesting. An inclined approach leads up from out of the market-place to the principal entrance, which is very fine, consisting of a noble pointed arched doorway, ornamented on each side with colossal statues of the apostles under canopies, and beneath the apostles, small lancet arches. Between two small doorways, comprised within the arch, is an image of the Virgin, standing on an animal quite Lombardesque. Above this noble arch is a remarkably fine rose window, but the *façade* and towers are unfinished. Besides the principal doorway there are two smaller entrances

with circular arches. The effect of the interior is fine, though certainly of a heavy style, but the solidity of the Norman buttresses sustaining the pointed arches is very striking. The capitals of the columns of the buttresses consist of beautiful fret-work.

The chapel of Santa Tecla is modern, but worth observing for the rich marbles of which it is entirely constructed, except some carved altar-pieces in stone representing the history of the Saint. Adjoining this chapel, I think the next to it, are two very large pictures, one representing the Massacre of the Innocents, the other, the Adoration of the Magi. They have their faults, especially in the drawing, but are not badly painted. The baptismal font is a Roman bath, of one plain piece of grey marble. The stained glass of the windows in the transept is extremely rich, and the retablo of the grand altar is also very imposing at a distance, the pinnacles being very elegant; but the elaborate sculpture representing the life and miracles of Santa Tecla, is indifferently executed.

Santa Tecla is the tutelar of Tarragona, and her festival, on the 23rd of September, is a gay affair. Mr. Ford says she is reckoned the first of female martyrs, and was converted by St. Paul, to whom she consecrated her virginity: thereupon Thamiro, to whom she was to have been married, brought an action for the breach of promise, and the judges

ordered her to be burnt alive. She came unburnt from the furnace, and was then exposed to lions, who only licked her feet ; and next to the rage of bulls ; and, lastly, to the lust of soldiers, who resisted a temptation difficult to their habits.

The entrance into the Capilla del Sacramento is Corinthian, and very good ; but there is little to remark inside but the tomb of Archbishop Augustin, and some paintings in the retablo, by Isaac Hermes, of very little merit. Nothing can be more striking, more magical I may say, than passing from this gloomy and massive interior to the light, elegant, and exquisitely beautiful cloisters. They are constructed of pointed arches, supported by clusters of columns, the capitals of which are all different ; some are quite plain, others of the lotus form, and many are decorated with rudely executed figures, representing the life of Adam and other biblical histories.

Beneath each of the large pointed arches there are three circular Norman arches, richly ornamented with the zig-zag ornament, and supported by two light elegant columns. Above the small arches, and still within the large pointed arches, are two circular windows, ornamented with zig-zag lines, and some with stars. Notwithstanding this rich architectural detail, the interior of the court is only veiled, and the views through the arches exhibit cypresses cut into quaint forms, with a fountain

in the centre of the court, and still more beautiful trees, untouched by the deforming shears, in full blossom, and orange and lemon trees laden with flowers and golden fruit.

I lingered there two hours with my pencil, less for the sake of carrying away some memorial of its architecture than to enjoy the enchantment of the scene, and the cool and quiet of this retired spot, where nothing disturbed the silence that reigned but occasionally some delicious chanting from an adjoining chapel.

The little church of San Pablo is of very great antiquity. The *façade* is plain, with a lofty column at each angle; and the small chapel of San Miguel is similar in style and antiquity, and more curious than the other.

Tarragona has its Rambla and pretty little garden, near which is a lofty carved stone cross of a single piece, and worth observing. The port is but indifferent, and it does not now contain a dozen vessels, all of small size.

There is only one public conveyance from Barcelona to Valencia, and as it passes through Tarragona at nine o'clock in the evening, we were obliged to start at that inconvenient hour, or ride, as there is no posting in Spain. At daylight we were in view of the sea, with a foreground of fine carob-trees; and at eight o'clock arrived at the muddy Ebro, which has very much the appearance of the Tiber.

Amposta, on the Valencia side, is a poor-looking place; but the range of mountains which is behind the town, and forms the background to the picture from the Catalonian side, is picturesque. There we breakfasted, and then went through the same kind of scenery, which would certainly be wearisome, if it were not for the carob-trees, which give the plains a very park-like appearance.

Soon after leaving Amposta, we passed two stone crosses, with inscriptions on them. "In Oct. 30, 1826, the mayoral and zagal of the diligence were barbarously murdered by three footpads, not regular banditti." All who have read "Spain," by an American, who was in the diligence, will recollect the story of poor Pepé, and the distress of his mother.

Soon after, we crossed a good bridge, which spans the deep, rocky bed of the Cenia, and entered the kingdom of Valencia.

The Catalonians are generally described as a rude, barbarous people, coarse and even brutal in their manners, and violent in their passions; but if it were not presumption for one who has been so short a time in the country, I should doubt if they really deserve so much abuse as has been poured upon them. The lower orders have certainly not much of the *suaviter in modo*, and their Limousin dialect grates harshly on the ear; but they seem always inclined to do civil things, and are good-hearted and honest.

In travelling through the country, I have been amongst all classes, and invariably found them anxious to oblige; and although they quarrel with every Government that is set over them, they do not appear to deserve the character of being quarrelsome among themselves. Every traveller admits their unwearied industry. Never have I seen a people apparently more deserving of the prosperity they enjoy; but the Catalonians are never content with any Government, be it weak or strong. As leaders of every revolution, they have indeed been a thorn in Isabella's throne; and now they are discontented, and ready to raise the standard of revolt whenever there is a chance of success. They complain bitterly in the country, as well as in the capital, that the taxes are unequal and heavy, land paying about 13 per cent.; but, with all this grumbling and hostility to their rulers, there is a sincerity, patriotism and honesty about them, which, combined with their enterprise and activity, command respect, and promise advancement and increased prosperity.

On crossing the Cenia, we immediately perceived the difference of dress and feature. The red or brown long cap is changed for the gay handkerchief, tied like a turban round the head. Instead of the dark trowsers of the Catalonians, the Valencians have a kind of wide, loose drawers, which reach to about the knee, exactly similar to what many of the Arab

tribes wear. A portion of a stocking fits tights on the leg from the knee to the ankle, and a picturesque sandal, with its cord, is the only shoe used by the Valencian peasant. When their gay, picturesque blanket of many colours is gracefully thrown around their shoulders, a more Oriental dress, to set off their light figures and Moorish features, cannot well be conceived. On both sides of the Ebro we observed towers, formerly used as defences, they say, against corsairs. Probably these are some of the fortifications which were erected when the kingdom of Valencia was in great alarm at a meditated invasion of the Turks, under the redoubtable Barbarossa. Fears were entertained also of a rising of the Morisco population; and amidst the general panic, one man alone was calm and self-possessed—the priest Gasca, the good Bishop of Palencia, who happened to be there, and advised them to erect these fortifications, which baffled the efforts of Barbarossa.*

We passed through the little towns of Villaray, Morella, Benicarle, and other smaller villages, all prosperous-looking places; the scenery of the same character, extensive plains, generally cultivated and invariably covered with the beautiful carob-trees with their old trunks, often extremely picturesque. The towns and villages which we passed, and others we saw in the distance, with the lofty towers of

* See Prescott's Peru, vol. II, p. 201.

the churches, and the white tint of the houses, had a very pleasing effect. The large plains were generally bounded on our right by a high range of hills, rocky and wild, and often picturesque in their form, and on our left by the Mediterranean.

At eight we arrived at Castellon de la Plana, the birthplace of Ribalta, where we left the Valencian courier, not liking to encounter two nights on the road when it could be avoided, especially as we heard that the Posada del Leon was a good inn, which it turned out to be.

We left Castellon at six, in the *coupé* of a diligence which runs from there to Valencia. Near the village of Almenara, we had a delightful view of the sea, the magnificent outlines of the hills, and the rich plain covered with carob-trees, aloes, prickly pears, and a few palm-trees, and several villages with towers rather similar to the Italian campaniles, and not less picturesque. In three hours we came to Murviedro, a name derived from Muros viejos (ancient walls), being in truth built from the ruins of Saguntum, celebrated for its siege and capture by Hannibal. According to Mariana, this city was founded two hundred years before the Trojan War, by a colony from Zacynthus (Zante), hence the name in time became Saguntum; and the castle there is said to have been built to contain the treasures of gold and silver obtained from the simple Spaniards, who knew not the value of those precious metals.

The situation of that once famous city on a large, steep, and rocky hill, commanding extensive views over the plain, the mountains and the sea, is remarkably fine, and admirably calculated for defence. A line of fortifications, consisting of walls and towers, rises up picturesquely from the modern town to the citadel on the hill under which the rambling modern town is built. I had an admirable view of the site from outside the diligence, and did my best to bribe the mayoral to wait half an hour whilst I visited the scanty remains of the theatre; but, as it appears from the handbook, little is now remaining of the ancient grandeur of the Romans, and the posada is bad, and our anxiety to get to Valencia was very great, we were satisfied with seeing the site of this interesting city.

In three hours we arrived at Valencia, passing through rich plains well cultivated, but here, I observe, they use the plough and not the spade, as in Catalonia. The aloes, prickly pears, palm-trees, and roads covered with dust as in summer, and a glowing sun above, make one almost doubt whether it is possible that it can now be only the middle of March.

CHAPTER IV.

VALENCIA—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
—THE CATHEDRAL—NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LOS DESEMPARADOS
—CHURCH OF SAN ANDRÉS—THE ACADEMIA—THE VIRGIN
DEL MILAGRO.

VALENCIA has experienced the fate of her neighbours ; Romans, Goths, Moors and Spaniards, have in succession possessed this beautiful city. Though founded by the Romans, it is not probable she derived much benefit from their dominion, the neighbouring city of Saguntum being their favourite residence. No Roman monuments are now existing. To the Moors she owes her useful aqueducts, portions of the walls and towers, and the Oriental customs which still prevail. Abdu-I-Aziz, the son of Musa, conquered Valencia from the Goths in 712, and the reigns of the Abdu-r-rahmans and the Alhakems, the wise kings of Cordova, probably developed here, as in other places, the great resources of this rich kingdom. When divisions