

became intirely uselefs, and were thrown aside. This answer of M. Maritz to his enemies was conclufive; his method prevailed, and fourteen hundred pieces of ordinance have already been cast in the arfenals he founded. Three hundred cannon or mortars may be annually furnished from the arfenal of Seville, and two hundred from that of Barcelona. M. Maritz has also erected in Catalonia and Biscay feveral melting houfes, in which eight million quintals of balls are cast every year. He left Spain in 1774, with the rank of field-marshall and a well earned pension; he now resides in the neighbourhood of Lyons, and has been fo obliging as to furnish me with some particular information relative to the arfenals he founded and directed.

The cathedral of Barcelona is very ancient; the roof is extremely lofty, and supported by a great number of columns which have a good effect; the inside is spacious but gloomy; the entrance is by twenty steps, each of the whole length
of

of the front, which is not yet begun; for nothing is seen from the street except an old wall blackened by time and the weather.

The palace of audience is a magnificent edifice; the architecture is equally noble and elegant: the inside is ornamented with marble columns, and in a great hall are found the portraits of all the ancient counts of Barcelona.

The exchange, which is not yet finished, is opposite the governor's palace, and will be one of the finest monuments in the city; some of the halls or chambers are occupied by the Junto of commerce, and others serve for drawing schools like those of Paris, where the art of drawing is taught gratis. They were founded by the company of merchants for the improvement of arts and trades, and already consist of eight hundred students. A collection is making of the best models in plaster of the finest pieces of antiquity, and a choice

will shortly be made, among the scholars, of those designed to become artists, who will be taught to draw after Nature: the others will be instructed in the different arts and trades exercised in that industrious city.

The museum of M. Salvador, an apothecary at Barcelona, is equally famed and valuable: his collection of shells is remarkably curious and complete. The minerals are but few in number; but there is a fine choice of the different kinds of Spanish marble, several vases, urns, and antique lamps, valuable medals, and an extremely large herbal, or *hortus siccus*, carefully composed according to the system of Tournefort, and a numerous collection of all the books which treat of natural philosophy, medicine, botany and natural history; such are the contents of this cabinet, of which the polite and modest proprietor does perfectly well the honors, whenever the curiosity of a stranger leads him to see it.

The collection was begun in 1708, and brought nearly to the state of perfection in which it now is, by John Salvador, grandfather to the present proprietor, a man of considerable learning, and called by Tournefort, the Phoenix of Spain. He had travelled through many countries, and contracted a friendship with most of the learned men of his time, with whom he corresponded until his death, which happened in 1726. There is a great eulogium on his museum in the *Histoire Naturelle des pierres et des coquilles*, written by the members of the Royal Society of Montpellier.

During my residence at Barcelona, (in April, 1779) I was witness to a fact which proves the degree of power the Monks still have in Spain, and that they are certain of escaping with impunity whatever may be their crimes. The bare-footed Carmelites having surpris'd a poor wretch who was robbing their church, took him into custody, and asked him, whether he would prefer
suf-

suffering the punishment they should inflict upon him to being given up to regular justice. The unhappy man, undoubtedly relying on their humanity, and the vow of charity made by his judges, gave them the preference, and they instantly condemned him to receive a severe discipline. The wretch was stripped and tied down upon a table; several of the Monks beat him from head to foot with their leathern girdles, armed with an iron buckle, until overcome with insupportable pain, he cried out in the most frightful manner, and fainted. The reverend fathers then gave him a little relaxation; but after he was restored and refreshed, they continued their cruelty, until a part of the flesh was torn from the bones of the miserable sufferer, and then turned him out of the convent. The hospital being near at hand, he crawled to it as well as he could, and died there in six hours afterwards. This barbarity went unpunished, but it excited general indignation. The begging brother of the order having had the impru-

imprudence to say, that it was better the man had so been scourged than for him to have been hanged, would have been tore to pieces, had not an alcalde delivered him from the hands of the people.

ROAD FROM BARCELONA TO MORVIEDRO.

THE road from Barcelona is wide and magnificent, bordered with poplars, elms, and orange trees, and ornamented with handsome houses, fountains and villages. Two leagues from the city, near an hamlet called *Los Molinos del Rey*, the King's Mills, you pass the Lobregat over a most beautiful bridge about four hundred paces in length. The causeways and parapets, and the four pavillions by which it is terminated, are of a species of red granite. The same width and
good-

goodness of road continue until you arrive at a bridge of a particular construction, a work worthy of the Romans, and which was projected to unite two high mountains. It is composed of three bridges one above another. The first, in the form of a terrace, was intended for foot passengers; the second, for beasts of burthen; the uppermost, for carriages. The work was almost finished when the principal arches fell in. Nothing of it remains but the first platform, and the enormous pillars which supported the two upper bridges. The platform rests upon eight arches, six fathoms wide; each pillar is about two and an half thick: however, the construction of the road and the bridge is discontinued, on account of a law-suit between the architect and the undertakers, which has been brought before the council of Castile.

Villa Franca, a little city surrounded by walls, is two leagues from the bridge. It is supposed to be the *Carthago Vetus* of the

the ancients. The fine roads of Catalonia terminate here, but beyond the city are several villages agreeably situated, and the country about them has a pleasing appearance. The principal villages are Arbouen, situated upon an eminence whence Mont-Serrat is seen from its summit to the base, and Vendrell, to which water runs from every quarter. Three leagues from this village the road passes under a triumphal arch, a Roman monument almost destroyed by time; the frieze, by which it is terminated, bears an inscription in large characters, but so much effaced that it was impossible for me to read it. You afterwards pass through the villages of Torrade Embarra and Alta-Fouilla, and soon have no other road than that you trace out for yourself upon the sand of the sea. The waves break against the feet of the horses, and often wet the traveller. This view of the sea, ever new and striking, is here embellished by a fine country, and a distant view of Tarragona. The walls of this city seem to
rise

rife from the bosom of the waters, and the houses are built upon high ground, which commands the whole country.

Tarragona is one of the most ancient cities in Spain, and said to have been built by the Phœnicians, who gave it the name of *Tarcon*, of which the Latins made *Tarraco*. It gave its name to one of the most considerable parts of Spain, called by the Romans *Tarraconensis*: the city was fortified by Scipio, who made it a place of defence against the Carthaginians.

The inhabitants built a temple in honour of Augustus, and were the first who burned incense before his statue; an homage which that emperor, although one of those the most flattered, thought ridiculous.

Tarragona has but few remains of its ancient grandeur; inscriptions almost destroyed by time, some coins, and a
few

few ruins give but an imperfect idea of what it formerly was.

It is now depopulated, and of but little importance. The harbour is dangerous, and not much frequented; there are a few bastions in bad repair, which were formerly built for its defence.

The waters of the Francoli, which falls into the sea a quarter of a league from the city, are famous for the fine lustre they give to linen which is washed in them.

Tarragona is the metropolis of Catalonia, and disputes with Toledo the primacy of Spain. The establishment of the see is said to have been in the first ages of the church; the succession of archbishops was interrupted by the Moors, and remained suspended until the eleventh century.

The cathedral is worthy of attention for its vast dimensions, the elegance of its
gothic

gothic architecture, and a magnificent chapel, built with rich marble and jasper, in honour of Saint Thecla tutelar faint of the church.

After leaving Tarragona, you pass the Francoli over a stone bridge; the roads are tolerably good, the lands well cultivated, and the country is enlivened by several hamlets and villages. The principal of these are Villafeca and Cambrilis, which have a considerable trade in wines made in the neighbourhood, and brandies. The English and Dutch take in cargoes of them in the road called the port of Salo. Several of the towers which at different distances formerly served to defend the whole coast still remain, but are falling very fast into a state of ruin.

My feelings were frequently wounded in these districts, by seeing women employed in the labours of the field. Their hands were not made for the spade and pick-axe. Nature has prepared them
more

more easy occupations at home; the women, thus employed, have not that beauty and fine complexion which we admire in those who weave lace in the northern part of Catalonia.

The scene changes after you have left Cambrilis; the country is a vast solitude covered with bushes, and terminated by the sea. You meet with some remains of fortifications, called the *Hospitalet*. The part of it in the best preservation serves at present for an inn: there is a Latin inscription in gothic characters upon a piece of white marble over the door of the highest tower. I could not decypher many of the words. On each side of and over the inscription are several escutcheons, one of which is *semée* of *fleurs de lis*. This fort seems to me to have been built after the expulsion of the Moors from Catalonia; it is within an hundred paces of the sea.

I here cannot avoid mentioning a reflection I have frequently made in tra-

velling. I have been surpris'd at seeing in provinces enriched by arts, commerce and agriculture, the people appear more wretched than in those in which a kind of mediocrity reigns. Is not this because commerce and the arts naturally produce an inequality of fortune, and increase population; and that workmen, hereby becoming more numerous, are poorer and worse paid? Catalonia is certainly the province which, in Spain, presents to view the greatest activity and population; the roads are full of travellers; and women, who seldom go abroad, and work but little, in the two Castiles and Andalusia, here meet upon the road; they seem to be affected by the change of place, which commerce and manufactures require; yet both men and women, of the lower classes, are badly clothed; the latter are generally without shoes and stockings; whilst in Andalusia, where the misery of the people is more real, the men and women have the appearance of a sufficiency. It is in the houses only where broken furniture,

ture, the worst of food and disgusting filth, fully discover the hideous face of poverty.

I return to my route from which this digression has made me wander. Two leagues from the Hospitalet we arrive at the Col de Balaguer; this name is given to a narrow passage between two mountains, and to a castle, tolerably well fortified, which commands the sea, and at the same time defends the passage of the mountains; it has within these few years been repaired and almost rebuilt. The king has now a garrison in it.

Fort Saint George, and some towers flanked with cannon, are seen from the side of a steep mountain by which the road descends: the bottom is a hollow called *el Barranco de la Horca*, or the valley of the gallows, on account of a scaffold formerly erected there, instantly to hang, without ceremony, the robbers who infested the coast.

These uncouth downs are uninhabited, and the traveller meets with no places of entertainment except miserable huts, in which he is obliged to take refreshment. The country becomes more and more frightful; the mountains seem to grow out of each other, yet they are covered with plants, shrubs and verdure which is some recompence for fatigue and thirst; the latter is often felt severely, water being extremely scarce throughout the whole district.

The limits of this uncultivated soil are at a little village called Perello, the poorest and most frightful place in Catalonia: the king has exempted the inhabitants from every kind of tax. The whole country is destitute of water, and, when a few weeks pass without a fall of rain, the people are obliged to go in search of it to the distance of several leagues.

Two leagues from this village the road becomes better, the country more fertile,

fertile, and we soon afterwards arrive at the agreeable and shady valley of Tortosa.

The city of this name is ancient and ill built; it is said to have been founded two thousand years before the Christian æra: but the proofs of this illustrious origin are unfortunately lost: Scipio gave it the name of Dordosa, and made it a municipal city.

Among the numerous and trifling combats between the Spaniards and the Moors, there was one in which the women of Tortosa signalized themselves. They courageously mounted the ramparts of their city, and performed such prodigies of valour, that Raimond Berenger, the last count of Barcelona, instituted for them, in 1170, the military order of the *Hacha*, or flambeau. They merited and obtained the same day several honourable privileges, which exist not at present; they have, however, preserved the right of precedency in matrimonial

trimonial ceremonies, let the rank of the men be ever so distinguished.

Tortosa is four leagues from the sea, and six from the mouth of the Ebro; this river washes the ramparts of the city, which at present serve but for ornaments. The most remarkable edifices are the cathedral and the castle: the cathedral is vast, and built in fine proportions; the principal front is of the Corinthian order, and equally noble and magnificent: the first body only of the building is finished; a vestry is now finishing, which is ornamented with the finest jaspers of the country, but the heavy architecture answers not to the expence.

Devout persons and connoisseurs admire in the old vestry several interesting objects; the former revere a ribbon or web of thread, of which the Virgin made a present with her own hands to that cathedral. A canon, in his stole, took a bit of this relict, enshrined in gold and diamonds,

diamonds and applied it to the forehead, temples and lips of the spectators who were upon their knees; I was of the number, and modestly submitted to every thing he thought proper to do. Those who have a taste for the arts see with pleasure a triumphal arch in silver, which weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. The architecture is fine and noble, and the arch serves as an *Ostensoir* in the processions of the *Fête-Dieu*. There is also a fine golden chalice decorated with enamel which belonged to Peter de Luna, an anti-pope, known by the name of Benedict XIII. who, during the long quarrels of the church, went to reside in Peníscola, his native place; the patine or cover, as well as the chalice, which is very heavy, are ornamented with the most beautiful miniatures. The baptismal font is of porphyry, and well finished after the manner of the ancients; it formerly served as a fountain in the gardens of the same pope.

The castle is upwards of a mile square, and is now in a state of ruin; it how-

ever serves as an habitation to a governor, who is old and lame, and to a young and charming woman who is his wife; the lady seemed dissatisfied with her elevated abode, and very glad to have a few moments conversation with me and my companion, whom she very courteously invited to her apartments. She has much wit and a very fine figure, and was by far the most pleasing object I saw in the castle. It must, however, be remembered, that the Ebro decorates the whole country with verdure and flowers, and that the most delightful landscapes are discovered from this elevation: there are also some precious remains of antiquity; amongst others, the following inscription to the god Pan, the ancient tutelary deity of Tortosa.

PANI. DEO. TUTELAE
 OB. LEGATIONES. IN
 CONCILIO. P. H. C.
 APVT. ANICIENVM
 AVG. PROSPERE
 GESTAS

M.

It

It is an acknowledgment made to the god *Pan*, by the colony of Tortosa, for having obtained what they asked by their deputies in an assembly of the farther provinces of Spain, *Anicienum Augustum* was a city of the Gauls, now called Puy-cerda; but as it is not to be presumed that the assembly was held so far from Tortosa, the learned are of opinion, that there was then in Spain a city of the same name.

The curious in ruins will find a considerable number of them in the esplanade of the castle. There are also several subterraneous caverns which resemble the *masmoras* of Granada; they are supposed to have been prisons constructed by the Moors, but appear to me to be more ancient, and seem to have been public granaries like those of Burjafol near Valencia.

Several Roman inscriptions are still found in Tortosa; two are incrusted in the wall of the cathedral, and some are
placed

placed without order and mixed with gothic inscriptions, which, form the corner of the house of a player upon the guittar: Finestres has given an account of them*.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the beautiful environs of Tortosa; the country is fertile in wines and fruits, and contains great quantities of marble, jasper and alabaster. The Ebro abounds there with fish, and is covered with a great number of little barks, which give to the city an appearance of commerce and population.

You go out of Tortosa over a long wooden bridge, much admired in the country, but which is not one of the wonders of the world; the road is one of the most agreeable I met with in Spain: and the good effects of cultiva-

* Sylloge inscriptionum Romanarum, quæ in principatu Catalauniæ, vel existunt, vel aliquando existiterunt a D. D. Josepho Finestres, M.D.CC.LXII.

tion are displayed in the most lively verdure. The traveller soon arrives at *la Venta de los Fraines*, a rich domain which belongs to the fathers of La Merci, where tolerable good lodging may be had at an easy expence.

Two leagues from this Venta is the little town of Uldecona; the principal street is long, and a part of the great road; the houses are supported by a colonade, or, more properly speaking, pillars of granite. The church, and some of the houses, have a respectable gothic appearance; the windows of an ogive form, and the slender columns, by which they are divided, give to this last village of Catalonia an air of antiquity always pleasing to the eye of the curious. It is necessary to remark, that in this province the distance from one place to another is not reckoned in miles; the computation is made by the time necessary to go over it. The Catalans say, we have so many hours travelling to go to dinner, &c. a manner of counting which,

to me, appears more natural than that of our leagues, which are longer or shorter in different provinces.

Benicarlos, the first city upon this road in the kingdom of Valencia and famous for its wines, is a few leagues from Uldecona. After having passed through another considerable town the road leads to the sea side, near to which are high mountains covered with pines, shrubs and fine verdure, and to which numerous flocks are driven to feed. When I saw this beautiful landscape the sea was calm and majestic; but the winds by which it is agitated must sometimes make considerable ravage in the neighbouring part of the country. I observed, that the branches of all the trees upon the coast projected towards the mountains, and presented nothing but their naked trunks to the sea. At the feet of these mountains the road which becomes even runs by the side of the Mediterranean, and the country is more fertile. Villareat, Noules, and other villages in the

the

the neighbourhood, all furrounded with ramparts, were formerly so many strong holds; but they were severely punished for having taken the part of the competitor of Philip V. in the struggle for the crown of Spain. General Las Torres pillaged and burnt them, and put the inhabitants to the sword; sparing none but women and children: these devastations, which political reasons may command, and which may be carried into execution in a moment, require the industry of ages to be repaired; but the strong never reason, and arguments and oppression have ever fallen to the lot of the weak. The remains of Saguntum are striking proofs of the truth of these observations.

M O R V I E D R O .

THIS city is the famous Saguntum destroyed by Hannibal, and which fell a victim to its fidelity to the Romans. According to Livy, it had acquired immense riches * by interior and exterior commerce, and by just laws and a good police; but the treasures fell not into the hands of the conqueror. The inhabitants made a resistance of eight months, and, not receiving the succours they expected from their allies, fed upon the flesh and blood of their children, and afterwards turned their rage against themselves; they erected an immense pile of wood, and, after setting fire to it, precipitated themselves, their women, slaves, and treasures into the flames; so that instead of a lucrative conquest

* In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis, seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplinæ, qua fide socialem utque ad perniciem suam coluerunt. Liv.

Hannibal found nothing but a heap of ashes. About the eighth year of the punic war the Romans rebuilt Saguntum, but never could restore it to its primitive splendour.

The city of *Morviedro* is full of the remains of its antiquity; the walls of the houses, the city gates and doors of the churches and inns are covered with Roman inscriptions. The poet Argensola truly says,

*Con marmoles de nobles inscripciones,
Theatro un tiempo y aras en Sagunto,
Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones*.*

The most curious monuments in *Morviedro* are the castle and the theatre; the former contains heaps of ruins which belonged to the monuments of several centuries, and are at present upwards of a quarter of a league in extent. Most

* Vile public houses are now built with marble, covered with noble inscriptions, which formerly in Saguntum decorated the altar and the theatre.

of the towers and edifices, of which the remains only are now seen, appear to have been constructed by the Moors with the materials left them by the Romans; all the works of the latter, except a few arcades in good preservation towards the south of the castle, have totally disappeared.

The castle covers almost the whole top of the mountain upon which it is situated; it is of an irregular form, and consists of five divisions; that in the middle still contains a magnificent cistern two hundred feet long, and, although half filled up with rubbish, eighteen feet deep. The roof by which it was covered, was supported by twenty-one pillars; these are composed of a cement which time has made harder than stone.

At a little distance from the cistern, towards the principal gate of the castle, leading to the theatre, are three steps that seem to have been at the entrance of some temple of which the plan still remains

remains visible. The temple was supported by enormous pillars; this appears from some of their bases which still remain; the distance from one column to another was about eight feet.

This part is surrounded with walls and towers of Moorish construction, and which form the square called *Saluquian*. Here, as well as in many other parts of the castle, are several inscriptions, in which the names of Emilius, Fabius, Acilius, the Calphurnian family, and several other illustrious persons of ancient Rome are mentioned. I shall give all these inscriptions, and those found in the streets and squares of Morviedro, some of which are in unknown characters, at the end of this chapter.

The theatre is situated at the foot of the mountain upon which the castle stands; from the confused remaining traces of it, and the mutilated forms it presents, we rather imagine than see what it must once have been. A few

years ago government had the good sense to forbid the inhabitants of Morviedro, and the environs, from building houses with the stones of this monument: had the same prohibitory order been made, and rigorously observed, a century and a half sooner, this famous theatre would still have been almost entire; for it has been more destroyed by men than time.

Don Emanuel Marti*, dean of Alicant, and one of the most learned men in Spain, having given, in a letter to the nuncio, Antonio Felix Zondadari, at Madrid, a very exact description of the theatre of Saguntum, I shall present the reader with a short abstract of the letter, adding to it some reflections of my own, suggested by the remains of the monument.

* He is the author of twelve volumes of Latin letters, which were printed at Madrid, and in 1738 reprinted at Amsterdam; also a treatise upon the passions, left unfinished; remarks upon Pliny the naturalist, which are in manuscript, &c. &c.

Though

Though the theatre is in a valley, its situation, equally agreeable and healthy, is sufficiently elevated to command a view of the sea, and a part of the adjacent country; the environs are rural, and watered by a little river. A mountain by which it is commanded, and, if I may so speak, surrounded, shelters it from the south and west winds; in a word, the situation is such as Vitruvius particularly recommends as the most healthy; the theatre is also constructed in such a manner as to render it very sonorous; a man, placed in the concavity of the mountain, easily makes himself heard by persons at the opposite extremity, and the sound instead of diminishing seems to increase. I made this experiment; one of my friends, standing upon the place where the stage formerly was, recited a few verses from the Amphitruon of Plautus: I was in the most elevated part of the theatre and heard him very distinctly. These rocks may be said to have a voice, and one five times stronger than that of a man; so