

of the Apostles at a side door, but they were scarce worth noticing.

The tower of the collegiate of San Feliu looks picturesque from the front of the cathedral.

We had a scramble for chambers at the inn, so many diligences having arrived ; but a trifling bribe obtained us a good room, and our beds and supper were better than I have met with in many Italian inns. The supply of water is miserably small in Spanish bed-rooms, but more can always be procured.

We left Gerona at seven o'clock, and soon afterwards entered a forest of pines and fine cork-trees, which are stripped of their bark every four or five years ; every tree of any growth showing traces of having been repeatedly peeled, but each time to a less height than the season before, so that the number of crops which have been taken from them may be counted. The form of the tree is frequently picturesque, but in this forest they are not so fine as in the mountains of the Pyrenees. The pines are rounder at the top, and less picturesque than the pines in Italy, but still they are very beautiful ; and with a background of hills, the views were often wild and interesting.

We breakfasted at Kenale, at one o'clock ; and soon after leaving there, we arrived at St. Pol, a village on the coast, which we followed to Mataro. Some of the views were very picturesque ; rocks as splendid as on the Riviera, on the road to Genoa ;

while in the plains we had thriving villages, gardens of orange-trees laden with their golden fruit, olive-trees, and every field cultivated with the spade, as much as the nature of the soil, often too sandy, would admit.

Nothing can exceed the industry of the Catalonians. Every patch of land, good or bad, is made the most of, and guarded often with its picturesque hedge of aloes, and sometimes the prickly pears. The background to these views consists of a line of hills, studded with villages, picturesque churches, little chapels, telegraphs, and other buildings.

The villages and little towns we passed through seemed well built; the windows of some of the houses were adorned with architectural ornaments, which were curious and often elegant; and the fronts of the houses were frequently decorated with frescoes, in a pleasing and tasteful manner. Some of the houses seemed very good, and all appeared clean and comfortable. The people were well dressed; not a beggar to be seen. The wheat is generally sown in clusters, allowing a space between each of about six or eight inches, to afford greater facility for weeding.

I observed a solitary palm-tree, but scarcely one-third of the height of my Egyptian friends; still it looked pretty, waving with the breeze, and a young plant rising at its foot.

At Mataro, which is a large and well-built town,

containing many excellent houses, we took the railway to Barcelona; passing a crowded, busy, populous district; observing, as we whirled along, several vessels building, and all the indications of wealth and prosperity; and at five o'clock arrived at Barcelona.

There is only one great drawback to this route—the road is execrable. Passing through the villages and towns (where indeed the other streets appeared to be much better), the great thoroughfares we drove through were so full of holes and ruts, and such a depth of mud even in this dry weather, that I frequently thought the diligence would have been upset. I had mounted on the top, into the *banquette*, in order to see the country better; but the diligence rolled so fearfully, I had sometimes great difficulty in keeping my seat.

The roads in the country are rarely good, frequently as bad as in the towns, and often, near the coast, indifferently guarded from the precipices. They are, however, perfectly safe from brigands, though we heard rumours at Perpignan, and saw three robbers in the custody of some soldiers. The road is regularly patrolled. Every quarter, or at most half an hour, we met with two of the *guardia civile*, who are as fine a body of men, and as well equipped, as can be seen in any country.

CHAPTER II.

BARCELONA—REVOLUTIONARY INCLINATIONS—THE RAMBLA—
STREETS—ANCIENT HOUSES—CATHEDRAL—SANTA MARIA
DEL MAR AND OTHER CHURCHES—EXCURSION TO MONSER-
RAT—PRIVATE GALLERIES—SACRED DRAMAS—SPANISH
MONEY.

COMMERCE is generally the source of order as well as of wealth. Men of any property are unwilling to risk their hard-earned gains by revolutions, which may procure them trifling advantages; but which, if unsuccessful, must diminish their trade, and may end in their ruin. Barcelona, however, seems to care more for liberty than wealth. Prosperity seems only to raise the proud, independent spirit of the citizens; and perhaps there is not a commercial city in the world which has experienced more changes, sustained more sieges, and so frequently raised the standard of revolt. Romans, Goths, Moors, and French have in their turns been possessed of this originally Punic city, until they had princes of their own, from the ninth to the

twelfth century, when the twelfth Count of Barcelona ascended the throne of Arragon, having married Patronilla, the heiress of that kingdom. After this marriage they still retained their own assembly of nobles, clergy, and commons, where they originated laws, or sanctioned or refused such as the King of Arragon proposed.

This was the glorious period of the wealth and power of Barcelona. The trade to the Indies enriched her citizens, and for several centuries Barcelona was undoubtedly one of the wealthiest and most flourishing commercial ports of the Mediterranean. The municipal privileges were very extraordinary, and are a curious instance of the liberties then enjoyed by cities whose merchants were truly princes. Her municipal government consisted of a council of a hundred, selected from the merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics of the city, and a body of six councillors; the former entrusted with the legislative, the latter with the executive functions of government. They made treaties with foreign powers, superintended the defence of the city in time of war, granted letters of reprisal, raised funds for the construction of useful works and for commercial speculations too hazardous for private enterprise; in fact, their power was more that of sovereigns than that of a municipal body.*

* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. I, p. 82.

They have left many substantial monuments of their wisdom.

In 1401, the first bank of exchange in Europe was established in Barcelona, and their commercial code *El Consulado del mar de Barcelona* not only became the law of Europe at that period, but is quoted now in our best treatises,* and frequently in our courts. The first few chapters are obsolete, but the rest of the book contains a great deal that is curious, and often useful to commercial lawyers. In 1239, they refused to follow their King, James the Conqueror, in his expedition against Valencia. In 1277 and again in 1283, they revolted against Pedro III. In the fifteenth century, the city was twice besieged by Juan II., King of Arragon, against whom they had rebelled, but were at last subdued.

Annexed to Castile, when Ferdinand married Isabella, the Castilian prejudices crippled the energies of Barcelona, and wars and sieges completed their ruin.

In 1640, they threw off the yoke of Philip IV., but in 1652, after fourteen months' siege, they were compelled to surrender. In 1689, they resisted unsuccessfully Charles II. ; and nine years afterwards they were obliged to surrender to a French army, under the Duc de Vendôme. They sided with Austria in the War of Succession ; and in 1705, Lord Peterborough surprised the celebrated citadel of Monjuich, one of the most extraordinary feats of that war.

* Abbot on Shipping.

In May, 1714, Philip V. bombarded the city, and laid one-third of it in ruins; and in September following, whilst the English fleet blockaded the fort, Berwick, with forty thousand French, stormed the city, and though a white flag was hoisted, entered and set fire to the place and slaughtered a great number of the inhabitants.

Louis XIV., the real Sovereign of Spain, was the last to tolerate independent Princes for subjects. The municipal privileges of Barcelona were abolished, and have never been restored. The population was at this period miserably reduced, but revived rapidly, when peace allowed commerce and industry to prosper.

The Barcelonese have not, however, lost their taste for wars and revolutions. Whenever there is any *pronunciamento* in Spain, it is always Barcelona which sets the example. There have been several during the present reign of seventeen years. In 1834, General Lauder opposed Christina. In 1840, Barcelona pronounced for Espartero, who, in his turn, in 1842, was compelled to bombard the city before another revolution was subdued. In 1843, they raised the standard of revolt against Espartero; and again the same year, and also in 1846, against Narvaez. Now they grumble at the taxes: one merchant complained bitterly that his friend at Marseilles only paid half what he did. They grumble also at the despotism of the Government; but the

great grievance is the new tarif, showing a disposition (for it does little more) to throw down protection, and adopt the English principles of free trade.

A city so admirably situated for commerce, where everything is cheap, where the climate is propitious, and where the taxes are not very oppressive, in a province which seems to comprise within its limits all the industry and activity of the Spanish people, need not fear competition with any country. A more liberal tarif might destroy the immense smuggling carried on with France, and it is doubtless the interest of the men engaged in that lucrative traffic to fill the papers with articles against all changes.

Great as certainly is the discontent created by these imaginary grievances, and the influence of the priests, almost all Carlists, there seems to be a general impression that the time is not very propitious for another revolution. The country is full of well-paid soldiers. Narvaez is a harder bit in their mouths than they have ever experienced before. Espartero did not treat them gently, and they cannot expect better treatment from such a determined man as the present Premier. Yet such is the rebellious, ungovernable disposition of the mass of the people, it is not improbable that their grumbling may end in another revolution, though trade is flourishing—everybody is employed, and Barcelona has seldom enjoyed greater prosperity.

The entrance into Barcelona is very striking: a gateway, with a horse-shoe arch, leads to the Plaza del Re, which is ornamented on one side by the royal palace, a salmon-coloured stone building, which, with its balcony and painted cornice, has a very good effect, and in its general appearance reminded me some little of the Doge's Palace at Venice.

Opposite to it is the custom-house, a large building, with frightful windows. The Lonja, on the other side of the Plaza, is a noble edifice; and the street is fine leading from the Plaza to the Muralla del Mar, which commands a fine view of the sea. This promenade is fashionable in warm weather, and charming at all times.

The place of greatest resort is, however, the Rambla, a noble and very wide street, nearly one thousand yards long, with a broad promenade in the centre, planted with fine trees.

The Rambla is everything at Barcelona. In the Rambla are the best hotels—the Orient and the Quatre-Nations, both excellent; and it is better to write for rooms in one of them, to avoid driving about the town, as we did, for an hour, though we were glad at last to put up with a poor room in the Quatre-Nations, which we despised at first.

In the Rambla are the best theatres, open day and night to gratify the tastes of a pleasure-loving people. In the Rambla are the diligence offices,

where there is generally a scramble for places, which had better be secured for departure as soon as possible. In the Rambla is the post-office, where all the names are exposed alphabetically, according to the dates of the arrival of the letters; but it is just as well to look through all one's names, Christian as well as surnames, and also through the list of Spaniards as well as strangers. An hour's amusement of this kind must be expected by those who are really anxious to find their letters. In the Rambla, also, is the English Consul's, who was very civil, and lent me a good Spanish guide of Barcelona.

On each side of the Rambla are shops, but by no means the best in Barcelona. In the calle of San Fernando, and in the Plateria, where are curious ornaments, of an antique form, and jewellery and silver articles, chiefly from Paris, the shops are much better, and infinitely more attractive.

The first day of our arrival at Barcelona, the Rambla was very gay. Cordova had just arrived from Naples, and six thousand men were drawn up on the promenade and on the Muralla del Mar, and fine military-looking men they seemed, though they did not march with great precision. Their officers were generally good-looking, and many of them tall; their accoutrements excellent, and their bands not bad, but too noisy. Cordova himself is a fat, though at the same time an energetic-looking man,

with fine expressive eyes ; but he seemed more taken up with acknowledging the homage he received from the admiring crowd than reviewing the troops.

He was accompanied by the Capitan-General of the province and a brilliant staff, and rode a splendid horse at such a rate through the ranks, that in a quarter of an hour the review was finished. The soldiers who had served in the Italian campaign had brown copper-coloured medals (baiocchj, the smallest coin in the Roman States, the Barcelonese called them satirically), but why they received any decoration for their services in Italy it is difficult to imagine, though most persons must regret that they were not more actively employed, instead of the French. The Papal Government restored and sustained by Spaniards would not have been surprising.

A grand entertainment was given at the Orient Hotel to the General ; the court was decorated with arms, and the staircase with choice shrubs ; and perhaps the Great Captain himself, when he returned from his splendid Italian campaign, was not more sumptuously feasted, and did not create a greater sensation. The Plaza della Ciudad is small, as are all the plazas in Barcelona ; it contains two handsome buildings, the town-hall and the Casa del Audiencia. The streets are generally very narrow and twist in every direction, particularly in the old town, where it is difficult for a stranger to find his way without

a guide. The fronts of some of the houses are decorated with fresco paintings, which have a pretty effect, and the entrances, courts, and staircases are often very handsome. Some of the old houses are worth visiting, and give a good idea of the taste and opulence which Barcelona enjoyed centuries ago. In the Casa Douar, there are three beautiful circular arches of the court of the ancient palace remaining, sustained by columns with Ionic capitals, and above these, forming the loggia on the first floor, are ten slight fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, extremely elegant in their forms and proportions. These columns rise from pedestals on which arms and trophies are admirably sculptured, the subject of each pedestal different from the others. This court is now turned into a dyer's yard, and one of the most interesting pieces of architecture in Barcelona is certainly rendered unpleasant to visit.

La Casa Cardonas is also worth visiting; three elegant pointed arches remain of the loggia, supported by very slight and graceful columns. The roof of the loggia is admirably carved; ascending the stairs there is a small door beautifully sculptured, and above it are the arms, I presume, of the family; the supporters on each side are very well executed. The Casa de Medonia Celi is also worthy of a visit. The entrance is richly sculptured, and the windows elaborately ornamented, but in the style called in Spain, plateresque, which I cannot

say I admire. In the court are pointed arches, supported by elegant fluted columns with composite capitals.

A drive round the churches of Barcelona is interesting, though they contain no works of art, or at all events, their almost universal darkness did not permit me to distinguish any pictures of high merit. The first in rank and in attraction, is the cathedral, which is in an unfinished state. The *façade* is painted, and a fine pointed arch is certainly well executed; but for such an edifice, painting is paltry, and it is disgraceful to the rich city of Barcelona, that their cathedral should remain in such an unfinished state. The two towers are completed and have a good effect, ornamented with balconies on the top, supported by lancet arches. The entrance under one of the great towers is finished in the pointed style, and is very handsome. The interior is splendid, with its noble pointed arches, supported by lofty buttresses formed of clusters of columns and its semicircular *absis* ornamented with charming painted glass windows, spreading a rich and solemn gloom, which enhances wonderfully the fine effect of this really noble interior. I saw no works of art worthy of so fine a cathedral; the few silver reliques now remaining were locked up, and I could not see them. The cloisters are exquisitely beautiful, the pointed arches very noble, yet light and elegant in the extreme. In the centre of the

court there are two fountains and orange-trees laden with fruit; and as the sun was shining gloriously we felt almost reluctant to leave this delicious retreat.

The church of Santa Maria del Mar ranks next in importance. The principal entrance is in a fine pointed style, and the interior is very imposing, consisting of a fine broad nave with lofty pointed arches, supported by plain but light and elegant pentagonal columns; and the windows of the aisles of the cathedral are rich as usual with splendid stained glass. There is a tolerable picture behind the high altar by Antonio Viladomat, the only good artist Barcelona has ever produced. He was born in 1678, and his pictures appear to possess simplicity and beauty in their composition, and great richness of colouring; but it is only at Barcelona that they are to be seen, and but few there. The convents which contained scores of paintings by this master, are now destroyed, and the pictures have taken wings and flown nobody could tell me where, or I should have been glad to have purchased one.

The old church of San Miguel contains a curious mosaic pavement, representing dolphins and tritons, and supposed by some to be Grecian of the thirteenth century, but I conceive it may be Roman. The colours are blue and white, and the pieces of mosaic about an inch square. It is very much injured, a few precious fragments only remaining. The archi-

ecture of the principal entrance is very well worth observing, especially for the plateresque ornaments of the square pilasters on each side of the door, which are quite Raphaelesque.

The church of San Just y Pastor is not worth visiting, and the same may be said of San Jaime. Santa Maria del Pi, which, like the last two churches, has only a single nave, is worth seeing. The *façade* is adorned with a handsome entrance and circular window, and the interior is very fine, with its noble nave and semicircular absis, as usual richly decorated with stained glass. It was full of soldiers and their band was playing remarkably well. The effect of a military mass is always grand, the kneeling and rising in a body, the grounding arms on the stone floor, have an imposing effect. Santa Anna, which they say is interesting for its architecture, was closed.

We visited these churches on a Sunday, and were surprised to find them all crowded to excess. The incomes of the clergy are greatly reduced, but their fortunes are gradually reviving. The interiors of the churches are well kept, and the dresses and services of the altar do not exhibit any lack of means.

The museum contains some antiquities, several inscriptions, and some heads of Roman Emperors, one of Domitian, which is very fine. There are also many sarcophagi. One I admired particularly,

ornamented with chariots and horses, trampling down women and children, with baskets of flowers. The court of the museum is painted and filled with orange-trees, and has a very pleasing effect. This was the only portion of the museum I could get into, but I was told there were some few paintings, though none by good artists. We then visited a little garden behind the palace of the King, adorned with statues of little merit and plants now in full flower, which we enjoy in May or June; auriculas, hyacinths, and roses in full bearing. The beautiful box borders and aviaries of this little garden were really pretty, and there were rare plants in white vases, which would have looked very well had the vases been of better form.

We then drove to the Muralla del Mar, where there were crowds of the Barcelonese enjoying the view of the sea and their vessels; and afterwards to the Rambla, which on festas is always full. The men, who were far more numerous than the other sex, were not good-looking, nor can I say more of the women. About one-third of the fair sex had bonnets, the others wore the becoming lace mantilla, the only production of Catalonia deserving of admiration.

None should visit Barcelona without making an excursion to Monserrat. We started at six o'clock in the morning, and immediately on leaving the city we had a picturesque scene, which lasted

for several miles; crowds of carts of all sizes, large, heavy waggons laden with merchandise, small rude carts loaded with vegetables, tartanas full of peasants and farmers and their wives and daughters, and such a jingling of bells and screaming of drivers as never was heard, except perhaps at Naples. Then there were diligences starting to various places, and peasants on foot, bringing in poultry, vegetables, eggs, &c. to market, the women's heads and shoulders covered with white shawls, as large blankets, and all the men were enveloped in as much larger, red-striped blankets, with gay tassels. It was a characteristic Catalonian scene, on a dusty road, with hedges of aloes on each side. On our left was the fine fortress of Monjuish, the pride of Barcelona; and afterwards, a rich plain, extending to the deep blue Mediterranean, and studded with farms and country boxes, the delight of her citizens; and on our right was a range of picturesque hills and numerous country-seats of the wealthier classes.

We passed the river Llobregat over a handsome bridge, and soon after arrived at Martorel, and there saw another bridge, which may be Moorish, but apparently not more ancient. The pointed centre arch, the span of which Mr. Ford says is one hundred and thirty-three feet wide, is very fine. Adjoining it are the remains of a triumphal arch, undoubtedly Roman. We had an agreeable

drive to Colbato, where we arrived at half-past twelve; pleasing views of picturesque hills studded with villages and houses, and for a long time before our arrival, Monserrat was almost continually in sight. The form is fine at a distance, and yet we had misgivings that it could not repay a sacrifice of two days and the discomforts of the journey. We passed several small villages, where we observed the women working different patterns of lace, and everybody engaged in some industrious pursuit. Whenever we met with a beggar, it was almost always a poor creature with some misfortune, which prevented his working.

We ought to have hired a private carriage from Barcelona to Colbato; for though we started tolerably comfortable in a *coupé* to ourselves, our wretched diligence was soon changed for a worse without a *coupé*; and though the groups which crowded our omnibus were picturesque, the odour of garlic was very offensive. From Esparraguera we went to Colbato in nothing better than a small open cart, a caratella with a rope bottom, covered with matting. We gave a doctor a ride in our machine, as the day was hot and he was going to walk to the convent of Monserrat, to visit a monk who was dying; and in return, when we arrived at the inn, he offered me some of his soup, which he took great pains in concocting himself. As several eggs were floating at the top, and it did not

look bad, I ventured to taste it, but sincerely hope the poor monk will not have to swallow doses of physic half so nauseous. The doctor said he was going to the convent "to bleed the monk," having wisely come to that resolution before he had seen his patient. I fear, from all accounts, Dr. Sangrados still exist in Spain, and I made a little resolution never to call in a Spanish doctor, however ill I might be.

At Colbato we obtained excellent mules, and began the ascent of the mountain. The first part of the road is through olive-groves and passes the village church, which, with its almost Italian campanile is pretty. The ascent soon begins to be rough and difficult, but not dangerous, for there are few loose stones, and when the mule has a firm footing, especially if it is not a slippery one, there is little to apprehend. The views gradually improve, splendid masses of pudding-stone, of most picturesque forms, and all the crevices and lines of the rocks are filled with box-trees and other more rare odoriferous shrubs, which seem to spring out of the bare rocks, and require neither earth nor water for their support.

There was a charming view when we came in sight of the village of Colbato, of the magnificent plain which surrounds it, and in the distance a fine range of hills. Some of the gorges or glens of the mountain are very striking, and there is, indeed,

a continual succession of these fine views, which astonished me, as from what I saw of the mountain at a distance, I did not expect such scenery. We passed the remains of an ancient fountain, a great desideratum, no doubt, in the palmy days of the pilgrimages to the Virgin.

Before arriving at the convent, the views become rather less interesting; but when a point is turned, and the convent bursts upon you, it is very fine. The cluster of buildings is picturesque, some of them eight stories high; their situation is magnificent, the rocks, fine conical masses, rising precipitately behind, towering three thousand three hundred feet above the plain, and their beautiful grey colour contrasting vividly with the green shrubs which fill every crevice and line of their surface. Beneath the convent is a splendid gorge, with rocks almost bolder and more picturesque than above, reaching to a plain, not remarkable for its verdure or richness, but infinitely more striking from its singular formation, frequently appearing like the waves of an agitated sea. Under a Catalonian mid-day sun, the colouring of the plain was of a greyish-yellow; the morning tint was a more picturesque red, and here and there were several dark forests and shadows formed by slight hills, producing splendid effects.

The Llobregat winds beautifully through this plain, and from every point adds greatly to the

scene. It is, however, the peculiar formation of the surface of this immense plain which is so striking. One would almost imagine it to have been a vast mass of liquid lava, which had rolled down from the mighty Pyrenees, and covering the verdure of the plain, had assumed the tints I have described. And what a background to this splendid view—the magnificent mountains of the Pyrenees, strikingly picturesque in form, and hiding their snow-clad summits in the clouds.

The convent of Monserrat once contained one hundred and twenty monks, with servants, about two hundred and fifty persons; but war, horrid war, reached even this peaceful abode. Circular and pointed arches still existing of excellent masonry and elegant in their design, attest the splendour of the edifice the French destroyed; and they say it was rich in pictures and other works of art. Now, there are only ten monks and three servants residing in the monastery. The church is large, and consists of one fine nave, and the sides are ornamented with circular arches. I observed a good painting of a Holy Family and St. Ann, altar size, which appeared to me a *Viladomat*. It is the gift of a Capitan-General, and the monks value it highly. There is here also, a miraculous image of the Virgin, and wonderful stories are told of her efficacy: of how a holy man almost a century old, fell a victim to a sudden temptation, and violated and murdered

a noble maiden; how he wandered for years as a beast of the field; and how the lady recovered her life and her virginity, and became the first Abbess of the convent.

Mr. Ford, whose book is full of quaint lore, says, "The image is believed to have been made by St. Luke, and brought to Barcelona in the year 50 by St. Peter. In 717, the Goths hid it away from the invading Moors in a hill, where it remained until 880, when some shepherds were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon, the Bishop of Vique came in person, and being guided by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave, but it refused to be moved; whereupon a small chapel was built on the spot, in which it remained one hundred and sixty years. A nunnery was then founded, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. It rested on the primitive altar 700 years, until a new chapel was built in 1592, to which it was removed by Philip II. in person."

I was surprised to see that the Virgin is black in the face, which certainly has the effect of making her more conspicuous at her present elevation, and contrasts well with her rich habiliments of purple and gold, but the colour does not say much for their geographical knowledge. Different nations generally represent Satan of a different colour to themselves. "God preserve me from the devil!" said the Don-