

curving *jet d'eau* in place of a tail. Beside these fountains dwell the flocks of geese which have been kept here for generations. They stretch out their long necks and hiss at the intruder, and are famous guardians of the treasures of the Cathedral.

The churches of San Pablo del Campo, and San Pedro de las Pudellas, with their early architectural features, — heavy, low, round arches, — and the grand nave of Santa Maria del Mar, with its octagon columns, are all worth a visit. We heard a sermon in one of these, from a very eloquent priest, who warned the people against the heresies of Protestants and the sin of unbelief. The church was crowded to the door with people, a large majority of whom were men, standing in the aisles and against the pillars, while the women mostly sat upon cane-bottomed chairs. In all of these buildings the gloom was intense, but there was no dampness as in the Italian churches. The windows were full of rich glass, the architecture was grand, the floors were dirty beyond description; but upon them men and women kneeled, praying aloud, and often weeping and sobbing piteously. One evening we heard a special mass with grand music which echoed through the long-drawn aisles and among the arches, like heavenly melodies; but when the singing ceased in the chapel and we were alone in the great nave, the silence and darkness became so oppressive that we were glad to get out into the Rambla among the gay crowds, to dissipate the impression of sadness which the service had inspired.

Barcelona possesses a little park, upon which much money has been spent. It is full of palm trees and

aloes and coffee trees, and has fine artificial terraces and caverns and fountains. It is carefully kept and very pretty. Near by is the barracks of the troops, a large number of whom are always quartered here; and our evening drives were enlivened and distracted by soldiers practising upon their musical instruments, with every variety of discord. There was no other music in or near the park, and perhaps those who "have no music in their souls" might mistake these fearful sounds for the music of a band.

Beyond the gates there is a curious cemetery, a kind of city of the dead, with long streets of walls. These walls are full of crypts, or shelves. The dead are placed in the walls lengthwise, arranged in rows, like volumes on the shelves of a library. On a depression in the wall over every crypt the name of the person within is inscribed, and either glass or wire netting is placed over it. The space is often large enough to contain little offerings of pictures, photographs, and artificial flowers; and in some cases the toys and playthings which are placed within indicate that children are buried below. These spaces are rented by the year; and if the rental is not paid the casket is taken away and deposited in the paupers' cemetery, the glass is removed, the name is erased, and the crypt made ready for a new occupant. The cemetery is very extensive, and between the part occupied by the middle classes and the very poor, among trees and flowering shrubs, is a fine marble chapel. Barcelona has stretched out its streets and avenues like an American town, in advance of population. The new portions of the city, most of which



owe their construction to the international exhibition of 1888, are very handsome; but they loaded the city with debt and ruined many contractors. The exhibition did not prove a success, and it will be some years before the natural growth even of such a prosperous city as Barcelona will recover from the strain.

## IV

### TARRAGONA

AN EVENING RIDE — DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLERS — A  
NOBLE SITE — A CITY OF MANY CONQUERORS — A RARE  
CATHEDRAL — WONDERFUL CARVINGS AND CLOISTERS

THE days allotted to Barcelona had passed all too swiftly away, and we bought our tickets, and sent our luggage to the railway office. The arrangements for luggage in the chief towns of Spain are equal to anything in New York. A porter will carry your trunks to the railway office, which is usually near to the hotel, and return with the paper check, which you can fold up and put in your pocket-book. You pay him for his trouble and repay the amount charged for weight. When you reach your journey's end, you hand your paper check to another porter, and he brings your luggage to the omnibus which is waiting to convey you to the hotel which you have chosen. I prefer this arrangement to the choicest plans yet invented by Dodd or Westcott or their numerous compatriots. One does not have so much brass to cumber his pocket, nor so many fees to pay; and the service is more prompt and trustworthy. Spain is usually considered as a retrograde country and very slow, but this branch of the baggage express business is far better managed than it is in the United States.



We left Barcelona in the evening train for the short ride to Tarragona. It was full moonlight and the road ran for a part of the way along the sea. The ride would have been very pleasant had the company been agreeable, but after we were nicely settled in a comfortable "no fumar" (no smoking) carriage, four large Germans forced their way in. They had second class tickets and were very angry at being obliged to pay extra fare, the train being composed of first class carriages only. They had been drinking heavily, as persons often do in these countries where wine is furnished free at meals. They soon began to smoke, and upon being informed politely by the Spanish guard that the compartment was "non-smoking," and that there were two ladies to whom smoking was offensive, they became very angry and cursed the guard and abused the railway, and were exceedingly brutal and disgusting. I have known many very agreeable and polite persons of this nationality, but as a rule those who are met in travel are, since the Franco-Prussian war, extremely arrogant. We have had many experiences with them while travelling in Europe during the past three years, and all have been disagreeable. We were heartily glad when the express train had crawled as far as Tarragona and we could change our company. We were bundled into a long omnibus, to which a string of mules was attached, and whirled through devious ways to the Fonda de Paris, a good hotel near the ramparts.

The old part of Tarragona is finely situated on the steep slope of a hill, eight hundred feet high. The

stately Cathedral crowns the city, which is encircled by grand and lofty walls. Beyond and below the walls is the modern town, which has no interest except as the centre of the present trade and business. A broad street, called, after the one in Barcelona, "Rambla," separates the upper and lower towns. A narrow-gauge tramway runs from the railway station through this street, and even climbs into the narrow street in the upper town in front of the Cathedral.

The views on all sides are beautiful. There are charming promenades on the ramparts, from which one can look far out southward on the sea, dotted with sails and steamers. Looking to the east, hill rises beyond hill, point succeeds point, jutting out from the shore line, the green and dark colors of the land contrasting with the deep-blue waters of the Mediterranean, and making a most charming picture. The western view is over a large expanse of cultivated land, studded with a rich growth of trees, till the view is bounded by hills, beyond the old town of Reus, a centre of business and manufactures.

Tarragona has been recommended for invalids on account of its delicious climate, but authorities differ greatly as to this matter. A place situated on such a lofty cliff overlooking the Mediterranean could hardly be a good winter resort, but sea breezes might greatly temper the summer heats of this interesting old town; and persons of antiquarian tastes could find much to occupy their time here, for there are many Roman ruins, and the Cathedral is one of the most noble and interesting in Spain.



Tarragona makes a considerable figure in history. It was an ancient Phœnician settlement, subsequently colonized by Carthaginians, who sent their soldiers to increase the army of Hannibal. Then it passed under the Roman sway, and was a winter residence of Augustus, twenty-six years before the birth of Christ. As a Roman province it sided with Pompey against Cæsar, a mistake of which it hastened to repent when the latter became the master of the world, sending ambassadors who successfully sued for pardon. Under Augustus the city grew to wealth and importance, possessed many splendid temples, fine baths and a magnificent amphitheatre, of which a few vestiges remain, a castle and a palace. Remains of the Roman period are still discovered in the shape of coins and mosaics and fragments of statues. After the Romans, came the Goths with their spirit of destruction, and what they left of Carthaginian and Roman splendor was ruthlessly effaced by Tarik and his Berber hordes. O'Shea says: "Its falling into the hands of Christians did not better its fate. It rose and prospered as the rival of Rome in magnificence and power; it stood a monument of greatness that was to pass away, and fell and lies there a hopeless and distorted mass — a skeleton whose very bones are now but dust — a vast necropolis." Its last disaster was in 1813, when it succumbed to the attack of the French, under Suchet, and was cruelly sacked.

Allusion has been made to the Cathedral of Tarragona. Every Spanish town has some wonderful religious edifice, and I do not intend to describe,

even in brief, all of the cathedrals that I visit; but where the building is so unique and beautiful as in Tarragona it would be impossible in justice to omit some description.

The Cathedral was begun in the twelfth century by San Olaguer, and work was continued on it to the fifteenth century. Like many such buildings, it was never completed; but enough has been finished to show the magnificent and beautiful plans of its many architects. The building is approached from the west by a steep flight of eighteen steps, which lead to a wide and deeply recessed doorway, flanked by two massive square piers crowned by pinnacles, and over which is a glorious rose window. Around the bases of these piers are a series of little decorated arches, and just above are niches for twenty-one statues of apostles and prophets under Gothic canopies. A number of the niches are vacant, which is accounted for by a tradition that the old saints get stiff and weary of the monotonous position, and so, every hundred years, one of them comes down and disappears. The interior of the church is cruciform, with a lofty nave, and two aisles; and the roof is light and elegant. The twenty piers are massive, and at the time of our visit were swathed in superb old tapestries. Hare says that some of the tapestries which decorate the walls once belonged to St. Paul's in London, and that they were sold by Henry the Eighth with a lot of other church furniture! The carvings throughout the church are rich and in exquisite detail, especially those of the high altar, where you may observe insects hanging from inter-



twined leaves, and draperies of statues of saints wrought with the utmost delicacy and minuteness.

The cloisters, however, are the choicest part of the Cathedral, and among the most interesting in Spain. The door by which you enter is divided in the centre by a pillar resting on a base of intertwined serpents; and its capital is adorned with a number of carvings, among which is the Adoration of the Magi. Above this are the symbols of the evangelists. Another capital represents the three magi asleep in the same bed, while a winged herald is waking them up to go on to Bethlehem.

The detailed architectural and carved work of these cloisters is exquisite and curious. The upper circle of one of the pillars is extremely quaint. There are two scenes carefully carved. In one, some mice are conducting the funeral of a cat, which is borne on a bier; in front, march priestly mice carrying the sprinkling brush and the holy water; alongside, walks the sexton mouse with a trowel to dig the grave. The corpse of the cat is admirably carved. In the second scene, the cat, who had counterfeited death, is springing from the bier; while the mice priests, mourners, undertakers, sexton, and all are scattering in every direction. The capitals of the columns beneath this ring of sculpture represent a cock-fight. Other capitals have hunting scenes, and legends of the saints, and historical events. The gardens of the cloister contain Gothic arches cut and trimmed from box, and other shrubs, and large beds of ivy and myrtle in quaint shapes.

There are fine chapels, and glorious windows of rich purple and orange glass, and the tombs of heroes, and all the paraphernalia of a cathedral at Tarragona; but the building itself is here more interesting than the things which it contains.



## V

### JOURNEYINGS IN CATALONIA

LEAVING TARRAGONA — REUS AND ITS PROTESTANT  
CHURCH — THE STORY OF POBLET — A MONKISH LE-  
GEND AND A TRUE HISTORY

WE left Tarragona early in the morning, driving down from the hotel upon the ramparts to the dirty little railway station. With great deliberation our luggage was weighed, labelled, and placed upon the platform, and then the process of ticket-taking consumed another quarter of an hour. As the train was to start from Tarragona these processes were only tedious and amusing. Had an express train been coming — but then an express train never is coming in Spain; we “learn to labor, *and to wait.*”

The scenery was extremely beautiful; hill and plain and distant mountain were robed in the freshness of spring. The air was full of fragrance and melody, and the bright sun shone upon a landscape which, in every direction, greeted the eye with charms.

Not long after leaving Tarragona we came to the lively manufacturing town of Reus. It is said that a great deal of the champagne which is used in the United States is made from New Jersey cider; however this may be, there is no concealment of the fact

that Reus is the great manufactory of imitations of French champagne and Burgundy wines.

Rev. Mr. Martinez, a minister of the Free Church of Vaud, has a Protestant church in Reus. The Spanish law forbids that the place in which Protestants meet for worship should by its outward shape or form proclaim the purpose for which it is used, or that there should be on the outside walls any notification of its character. So the Reus building is externally an ordinary dwelling-house. But the ground floor, on the one side, is taken up with a boys' school, and on the other with a girls' school and the little chapel. Upstairs, on the first floor, lives the pastor, while on the next floor live the teachers and the caretaker of the premises. In addition to his schools and preaching services at Reus, Mr. Martinez has a little flock of about twenty communicants in Tarragona, with which he meets in an upper back room twice a week.

In Roman days the Apostle Paul is said by local tradition to have preached in Tarragona; and a very tiny and ancient church building, which bears the apostle's name, occupies to-day the reputed site of the house in which he is said to have preached. And now, after Goths, and Moors, and Romanists have in turn held the place, there is here a Presbyterian church, a little seed that may grow, by wise culture and the divine blessing, into a tree of life.

As we journeyed on, the scenery became more grand, the railroad running along the foot of the Sierra de Prades as far as Espluga. This is the point from which to drive two miles over a wretched road,



or better far to walk, to the once rich and celebrated Cistercian Monastery of Poblet. The story of the foundation of the place runs thus: When the Moors ruled in Catalonia, a holy hermit sought refuge in the Sierra de Prades. But a Mohammedan emir, while hunting in the mountains, came upon him at his prayers. The emir seized the hermit and put him in prison. Angels came to his relief, as they did to Peter in the dungeon; and when the saint had been thus three times miraculously released, the Moor believed the miracle, and gave the hermit not only his liberty, but a choice parcel of land. In due time the hermit Poblet died, and in 1140 the Christians recovered their country from the Moors. The body of Poblet was revealed to the true Church by lights that danced above his grave; and the king, Ramon Berenguer IV., granted to its clergy all that the Moors had originally given to the hermit. This is the legend.

The real history of Poblet is far more wonderful than the monkish tale. The story is best told by Hare in his "Wanderings in Spain," though his brilliant periods are also to be found in Gallenga and others. After giving the legend, he continues: "Every succeeding monarch increased the wealth of Poblet, regarding it not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place. As the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hitherto, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the conventual life. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, but did not fill, the magnifi-

cent buildings; their domains became almost boundless; their jewelled chalices and gorgeous church furniture could not be reckoned. The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered the Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquises and counts less honored had a cemetery assigned to them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house. Gradually the monks of Poblet became more exclusive. Their number was reduced to sixty-six, but into that sacred circle no novice was introduced in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sat in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings. Every monk had his two servants, and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules of the friars were sought through the whole



peninsula at an enormous expense. Within the walls every variety of trade was represented; no monk need seek for anything beyond his cloister. The tailors, the shoemakers, the apothecaries, had each their wing or court. Hospitals were raised on one side for sick and ailing pilgrims; on the other, rose a palace appropriated to the sovereigns who sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards of the mountainous region which depended upon Poblet was brought to the great convent's wine-presses and was stowed away in its avenue of wine-vats. El Priorato became one of the most reputed wines in the country; the pipes, the presses, and the vats where it was originally prepared still remain almost entire." The power of the convent increased, and the monks abused it; then rumors of wrong-doing began to float about, peasants disappeared, and tales of secret dungeons and the rack were whispered. The people who had felt oppression were aroused. "Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted on by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. All gave way before them; nothing was spared. 'Destroy! destroy!' was

the universal outcry. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service. No fatigue, no labor was evaded. Picture and shrine, and tomb and fresco, fell alike under the destroying hammer, till wearied with devastation the frantic mob could work no more, and fire was set to the glorious sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap upon heap, were consumed to ashes."

At the present time the story of that day of destruction is engraved on every wall. It is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers; and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger the contrast with the coarse gaps, where the outer coverings of the walls have been torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground. Such is the story, and such the present appearance of the renowned monastery. The place is now the resort of artists and tourists from all parts of Europe and from America, who come to gaze upon its desolation. The natural scenery is grand and beautiful; but if the friars who were hurried from destruction on that eventful night ever revisit their once luxurious home, they must feel like the Jews who wail at the old wall of the temple in Jerusalem over glories and delights departed never more to return.



## VI

### LERIDA TO ZARAGOZA

THE CATHEDRAL-FORTRESS — THE HEAD OF HERODIAS —  
DISMAL SCENERY — AN AGREEABLE TRAVELLING COM-  
PANION — ARRIVAL AT ZARAGOZA — HOTELS AND  
THEIR CUSTOMS

LERIDA is an interesting old city, consisting of one long street, running parallel to the river Segre, of which stream tradition records that the daughter of Herodias danced upon the ice till she broke through, and the sharp ice cut off her head, which continued to dance after the body had been whirled away by the current. Behind the town the fortress hill rises abruptly to the height of three hundred feet, and upon the top is the old Cathedral. In 1707 the French made a fortress out of the building, and it has never been restored to religious uses. The Cathedral dates back to 1203, when King Pedro II. laid its corner stone; but it was not completed till after Columbus had discovered America. It is a steep walk up the hill, under a hot sun; but if the tourist will take the walk, and then, under the escort of a soldier, go to the top of the belfry tower, a superb prospect will reward him. The Cathedral has a nave, with two aisles, transepts, and at the eastern end a threefold apse. The octagonal steeple is built

in five stages, and from its position on the edge of the lofty cliff seems to be of enormous height. Soldiers sleep and eat within this ancient sanctuary, and not far off is a huge powder magazine. Here Cæsar defeated Pompey, and the Goths established a university, and here French and English have fought for the mastery, to the misery and destruction of the native Spaniards. Its last disaster was during the Peninsular War, when the town was surrendered, after unexampled barbarities by the French troops under Suchet.

From Lerida to Zaragoza the ride was dreary and desolate beyond description, — a rough country, absolutely without herbage, the soil a reddish brown and broken up by clefts and fissures, treeless hills and verdureless fields, and long stretches of dry and dusty land. Where houses and villages occurred, they only added to the monotony of the scenery, because their coloring was the same as that of the soil. The people at the stations were largely composed of beggars in the raggedest of old brown cloaks, Wellington boots cracked and rent, and dilapidated sombreros. As we drew near the mountains, clouds gathered and a storm of rain, hail, and snow came sweeping down upon us. When the storm had passed, the ground was covered with snow and hail, which added to the dreariness of the landscape. At Tardienta, where there is a branch line to Huesca, a fearful wreck of humanity performed upon a guitar in front of our carriage, drawing forth sounds from its belly compared with which a cat concert on a back fence would be dulcet melody.



We implored him to cease, adding a donation of copper coin which was more potent than our prayers. Such strains in the midst of such scenery were too lamentable and depressing to be borne.

At Lerida a pleasant middle-aged gentleman entered the carriage, and, finding that smoking was not expected, was about to withdraw. A polite intimation that the ladies would not object to his cigar after dinner induced him to remain, but he took great pains to puff the smoke out of the window and to shorten the period of his fumigation. As the time passed we began to converse in French, and although it was evidently difficult for him to recall the language and he often lapsed into Spanish, we became well and pleasantly acquainted. He shared his afternoon lunch with us, and a lady of our party made tea for him, and civilities and courtesies were interchanged in the real Spanish style. He proved to be one of the editorial fraternity, the editor of three Spanish journals published in Barcelona and Madrid, and a prominent member of the Cortes. We were sorry to part with a pleasant companion when we reached Zaragoza, and he continued on by night to Madrid.

Alighting at the railway station we struggled through the dirty crowd into a dingy room, where our luggage was examined, as it is in every Spanish town of any size. In the course of our journeying we met travellers who had been robbed at these examinations of a variety of portable articles, but we were so fortunate as to escape this kind of internal revenue in our many wanderings through Spain.