SECTION V.

VALENCIA.

CONTENTS.
The Kingdom; Character of Country and Agriculture; Character and Costume of the People; History; and Works to Consult.

VALENCIA.

ROUTE XXXVIII.—VALENCIA TO DENIA.
The Albufera; Denia.

ROUTE XXXIX.—VALENCIA TO MURVIEDRO.
Chelva; Portaceli; Segorbe; Murviedro.

ROUTE XL.—VALENCIA TO TARRAGONA.
Almenara; Peniscola; Morella; the Ebro.

TOURS IN VALENCIA.
The S. portions will be found described in the last pages of Sect. IV. The towns are few; Elche, Xativa, the Albufera, and Route xxxix., are the leading features. The Summers are intensely hot; the Springs and Autumns are the best periods for travelling. Valencia is a charming Winter residence.

This, although one of the smallest provinces in Spain, yields in fertility and delight to none. If the poets of antiquity placed their Elysian fields on the banks of the Baetis, the Moors, with no less justice, placed their Paradise in the Huerta, or the garden of the Turia. Over this they imagined Heaven to be suspended, and that a portion of it had fallen down on earth—Colum hic cecidisse putes. This Reino is very mountainous: it consists of 838 square leagues, of 20 to the degree, and of these only 240 are level land, being chiefly the maritime strip, which extends in length about 64 miles. It is defended from the cold central table-lands by a girdle of mountains, which act not only as a barrier against the winds, but are magazines of timber and fuel, and reservoirs of snow (an article of absolute necessity), and sources of rivers. Of these the principal are the Turia, Jucar, Millares, Segures, Palancia, Albayda, and that of Alcoy.

The width of the province varies from 6 to 20 L.; it is narrowest near Orihuela and widest in the centre. The valleys of the Jucar and Turia, and all the intervening hollows between the mountain spurs, are very fertile, especially the Campo de Liria and the Vega de Segorbe. The mountains abound with marbles and minerals. Cinnabar is found in the Crevicta, between Artana and Eslida, iron in many places, marbles and jaspers at Cervera, lead at Xeldo near Segorbe. The roads are good, and the Inns, when kept by Catalans, superior to those of the out-of-the-way portions of the Peninsula.

The Huerta extends about 25 L., and is the heart of the kingdom.
sumptive patients Valencia is far superior to Italy; there is a most delicate softness in the air, which is so dry withal, that salt undergoes no change. Frosts are almost unknown, whilst the sea breeze tempers the summer heats, and the fresh mountains offer verdurous retreats. Summer here is no mistake: it may be calculated on, as a certainty from May to September, which never can be done in England, a climate of chance and accident. The Flora of Valencia is of that of a natural hot-house; in colour and perfume it is unrivalled. The Huerta, most truly the garden, is irrigated by the Turia, or Guadalaviar, Arabice Wadalabyad, the white river. This great vena porta is so drained or bled sangrado, that when it reaches the capital it is almost as dry as the Manzanares is at Madrid in summer. The Moors have bequeathed to the Valencians their hydraulic science, by which they exercised a magic control over water, wielding it at their bidding; they could do all but call down the gentle rains from heaven, that best of all irrigations, agua del cielo, el mejor riego. The net-work of artificial canals is admirable. The canal del Rey on the Jucar near Dutilla, and the whole water-system about Aljamesí, deserves the examination of engineer and agriculturist. The Moorish influence is nowhere more marked than here: many of the villages (as near Ronda) retain the name of the “Beni” or “children” of their tribe. The Arragonese, more commercial than the Castilians, wisely left well alone, and did not, after their conquest, alter or persecute, as was done in Andalucia and Estremadura, and until 1610 Valencia really was cultivated by Moors, and therefore scientifically. It is by no means so easy to irrigate these plains as it might seem, for although apparently level, the real levels are very unequal; sometimes the water must be raised by aqueducts, at others it has to be depressed, and sunk in subterraneous channels.

The whole system of artificial watering is Oriental and Moorish, as the still existing technical names and machinery prove: thus the common and most picturesque noria (Arabice, anaoura) is the Cairo sakhir, or large water-wheel, which, armed with jars, descends into the well, and as it rises discharges the contents into a reservoir. The Egyptian “shadoof,” the pole and bucket, or galley-pump, such as is seen in our market-gardens near Hammersmith, is also very frequent. In the Huerta of Valencia, a main-trunk artery or principal canal, “mucannatnin,” supplies all the smaller veins, acequias, “ciquia,” of the circulation: this is managed in a reticulated net-work of minute ramifications, and dams, azudas—sudd. The idea is simple, but the execution is most difficult; and often the greatest triumph of the hydraulist is where his works are least apparent. The chief object was to secure a fair distribution, so that none should be left dry, none overflooded. Thus, when the engineer ceased, the legislator began, and both were Moorish. The supply was divided into days of the week and hours of the day. The owner of each plot knew his appointed period, and was ready to receive his share. Since water here, as in the East, is the life blood of the soil, and equivalent to fertility and wealth, the apportionment becomes a constant source of solicitude and contention. Similar instances are recorded in the Old Testament, and rivalry has been well derived from Rivus, the bickerings about water-brooks; so wells in Genesis xxvi. were named Esek, contention, and Sitnah, hatred. Accordingly, in this irritable climate, where the knife is always ready, precautions have long been taken to keep the peace. The regulating tribunal, de los acequiers, or del riego, said to have been instituted by the Moor, Alhaken Almonstansir Billar, was wisely retained by Jaime I. It is truly primitive and Oriental: seven syndics or judges are chosen by each other, out of the yeomen and irrigators, the labradores y acequiers of the Huerta; they sit at 12 o’clock every Thursday, in the open air, on benches at La puerta de los
Valencia.

RICE CROPS—SILK.

431

apostoles, at "the gate" of the cathedral; all complaints respecting irrigation are brought before these Solomons and decided in a summary way. There must be no law's delay, for water here gives daily bread, and if the suit went into our Court of Chancery, land and cultivators would be ruined; time accordingly is saved by prohibiting the use of pen, ink, and paper; there are no bills and answers, no special pleadings. In this—oh rare court of common sense!—no attorneys are allowed to practise, no barristers are allowed to obfuscate the plain matter-of-fact. The patriarchal judges understand the subject practically, and decide without appeal; the discussion is carried on *viva voce* in public and in the "Lemosin," or the dialect of the people: consult for curious details the *Memorias* of Fr. Javier Borrull. Thus irrigated, the rich alluvial plains, which bask in the never-failing irritating sun, know no agricultural repose; nothing lies fallow; man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun of calling into life. The produce, even where the land is poor, is almost incredible under this combined influence of heat and moisture, and the Valencian, with all his faults, is hard-working and industrious, and, like his soil and climate, full of vitality. Thus, in one year, four, nay five, crops are raised in succession. The Huerta is a garden of continuous spring and summer; winter scarcely is known, and consists rather in rain than in cold. Rice, *arroz*, Arabice *aroɔ* (*oryza*), is the great cereal staple. The annual produce is estimated at 12 million *arrobas* (25 lb.), the average price of which may be taken at 3s. the *arroba*, or about £1 per lb. The stalks shoot up from tufts into most graceful ears; as heat and water are absolutely necessary for this grain, many portions of Valencia are admirably calculated by nature for this culture, since the rivers, which in some places are sucked up, reappear in marshy swamps, or *marjales*, and in lakes, of which the *Albufera*, "the Lake," is the most remarkable. In these *arrozales*, or rice-grounds, the sallow amphibious cultivator wrestles with fever amid an Egyptian plague of moskitos, for man appears to have been created here solely for their subsistence. The mortality in these swamps is frightful; few labourers reach the age of 60. The women are seldom prolific, but the gap is filled up by Murcians and Arragonese, who exchange life for gold, as there is a fascination in this lucrative but fatal employment; so closely and mysteriously do the elements of production and destruction, plenty and pestilence, life and death, tread on the heels of each other. The culture of rice was introduced by the Moors; the grain enters largely into the national cuisine of the Valencians, their *pilafs* and *pollos con arroz*, yet it is by no means so nutritious as wheat, or even potatoes. These rice-grounds, from the injuries they do the public health, have long been opposed by the legislature, thus so early as 1342, the conversion of dry lands into *arrozales* was prohibited; and, moreover, the water necessary for one acre of rice-ground is sufficient for seven acres of garden cultivation.

The province produces good wines, which, when of a certain age or *rancios*, are excellent. It also is rich in oil, barrilla, esparto, hemp, flax, cochineal, and fruits, especially figs, almonds, dates, oranges, and grapes; of these last the "Valentias" are made: they are a coarse raisin, exported from Denia, and called there *Leñas*, from the lye in which they are dipped. The honey is also delicious; from this and almonds is made the celebrated sweetmeat *el turron*; silk is another staple, and the Huerta is covered with the white mulberry, "food for worms." The loss of S. America dealt a heavy blow to the silk interests, and the invading troops wantonly cut down the mulberry-trees; many have since been replanted. The sequestration of convents and appropriation of church property also deprived the silk-mercer of his best customer, the church, which required rich brocades and dresses for the altar. The *Raso* and black silk, for
Mantillas and Sayas, is equal to anything made in Europe. The profusion of mulberries has rendered the purple colour of the fruit, the morada, a favourite one with the painters of Valencia, and the makers of Azulejos and stained glass, just as the rich brown olla colour of Seville was with Murillo in Andalucia, or the chorizo tint with Morales in Estremadura. Valencia is deficient in animal and cereal productions; corn and cattle are brought from the Castiles and Aragon; both men and beasts eat the garrofas or sweet pod of the Garrofal, Algarrobo (Arabice el gharoob); this is the carob-tree (Ceratonia siliquestris), or St. John's locust-tree, on which the forerunner is by some supposed to have lived, and not on the insect locust. These pods and husks, which ripen early in August, were the food of the prodigal son, and are everywhere hung up like kidney beans outside the ventas, as signs of the neat accommodation within. The cacahuete, or pistachio, is abundant; so also is the chirimoya, a tropical tree. The over-irrigation diminishes the flavour of vegetables, which lose in quality what they gain in quantity, "Irrigo nihil est elutius agris." Hence the proverb allusive to the aqueous unsubstantial character of Valencian men, women, and things: "La carne es herba, la herba agua, el hombre muger, la muger nada." This is a mere play upon words, for these ethereal women are much more than nothing, and the cuisine is excellent. Those who eat the national "Pollo con arroz" (see p. 70 for the receipt) will never talk about the mere "idea of a dinner," facetious tourists to the contrary notwithstanding: as for the women, they will speak for themselves.

The sea-coast, like that of the W. of the Peninsula, is the terror of mariners; yet it is not the iron-bound barrier which fronts the fierce Atlantic, but a low sandy line, fringing the quiet Mediterranean, still it is open and portless. The whole line is studded with Torres y Atalayas, which have been raised as watch-towers against the African pirates (see p. 238). The population of this province is on the increase, although the Castilian and Frenchman have done everything to reduce it to the solitude of Andalucia and Estremadura. About the year 1610 more than 200,000 industrious Moorish agriculturists were expelled by Philip III. In the next century Valencia, having espoused the Austrian side in the war of succession, was all but exterminated by the French in 1718, and her liberties taken away; but Philip V. could not unfertilize the soil. The population recovered like the vegetation; and however since trampled down by the iron heel of Suchet's military occupation, it has kept pace with subsistence; now the province contains more than a million inhabitants. Competition renders the peasant poor amid plenty; but he is gay and cheerful, his mind and costume are coloured by the bright and exciting sun, which gilds poverty and disarms misery of its sting. The fine climate is indeed health and wealth to the poor; it economises fire, clothes, and lodgings, three out of the great four wants of humanity. Since the death of Ferd. VII. numbers have emigrated to the French possessions in Algeria, weary of the impoverishing civil wars.

The upper classes are among the most polished of Spain, and the Valencian has always distinguished himself in art and literature. Under the Moors this city was the repository of theological science; under the Spaniards it boasts of San Vicente, whose miracles have employed the Valencian artists; and of the learned divine Juan Luis Vives, the Spanish Bacon, who, however, lived and learnt in Oxford, and was a friend of Erasmus. Valencia also is proud of her poet Christobal Virues, and of Guillen de Castro, the dramatist; while her Juanes, Ribalta, Ribera, Espinosa, Orrente, and March form a school of painters second only to that of Seville. In the last century Valencia took the lead in
Valencia.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

Valencia was the first place in Spain where printing was introduced, viz., in 1474, and in latter days the volumes from the presses of Monfort vied with those of Baskerville and Bulmer, Bodoni and Didot.

The lower classes are fond of pleasure, the song and the dance, their "round-about," rondallas; the national air is called la fiera. They dance well, and to the tamboril and dulzayna, a sort of Moorish clarionet requiring strong lungs and ears. The vulgar dialect is the Lemosin; it is less harsh than the Catalan, which some have attributed to the admixture of a French Auvergnat idiom introduced by the number of volunteers of that nation who assisted Don Jaime in the conquest of Valencia; for this dialect consult 'Diccionario Valenciano y Castellano,' Carlos Ros, 8vo., Vala. 1764; or the more modern 'Vocabulario Valenciano Castellano,' Justo Pasto Fuster, Vala. 1821. Ros also published a collection of local proverbs, 'Tratat de Adages,' 8vo., Vala. 1788.

In darker shades of character the Valenciana resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors; they are perfidious, vindictive, sullen, and distrustful, fickle, and treacherous. Their is a sort of tigre singe character, of cruelty allied with frivolity; so blithe, so smooth, so gay, yet empty of all good; nor can their pleasantry be trusted, for, like the Devil's good humour, it depends on their being pleased; at the least rub, they pass like the laughing hyena, into a snarl and bite: nowhere is assassination more common; they smile, and murder while they smile. The Cruz del Campo is indeed a field of crosses, records of the coward stab, and the province has been called Un paraiso habitado por demonios. The Pontiff Alexander VI. and his children Lucretia and Caesar Borgia were Valencians. Under great names, which here cost nothing, these delincuentes honrados were a disgrace to male and female nature: Lucretia had the beauty without the chastity of her namesake, and Caesar the ambition of his: he was the incarnation of his father's bad faith and thirst for gold and blood; his chosen Sicarios and bravos were Valencians; their leader, Miquel de Prats, has bequeathed his name to the armed companies of Miquelites (see p. 41). The narrow streets of Valencia seem contrived for murder and intrigue, which once they were; consequently, in 1777, a night-watch was introduced, and the first in Spain; the guardians were called Serenos, "clears," from their announcing the usual fine nights, just as our Charleys ought to have been termed "cloudies." The Valencians are great drivers of mules and horses, and many migrate to Madrid, where the men are excellent Caleseeros, and the women attractive vendors of delicious orgeat and iced drinks. Like the Andalucians, although wanting in essentials and necessaries, they are rich in what in England are luxuries and the superfluous; they may not, like people who live in our Fore streets, have carpets, votes, trial by jury, beef, beer, breeches, 'Punch' and the 'Examiner,' but they have wine, grapes, and melons, ices, songs, dances, and the guitar, love fans and melodramas in churches gratis; and they are happy: but life in Saturn or Jupiter is probably not more different than in Exeter and Valencia.

The physiognomy of the Valencians is African: they are dusky as Moors, and have the peculiar look in their eyes of half cunning, half ferocity of the Berbers. The burning sun not only tans their complexions, but excites their nervous system; hence they are highly irritable, imaginative, superstitious, and mariolatrous; their great joys and relaxations are religious shows, pasos, pageants, processions, cars, Comparsas y Rocas, and acted miracles; these melodramas the clergy supplied without stint. Formerly no less than 150 mum-
Religious Character.

Sect. V.

Mefies took place every year; the dramatized legends and the "Miracles de San Vicente" ranked first in these "Fiestas de calle," or street festivals, in which little children play a great part, dressed like angels, and really looking like those creatures of which Heaven is composed. The Dia de Corpus, or procession of Christ present in the Sacrament, is the grand show; in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was the sight of Spain, and was accordingly brought out to amuse princes, whenever they chanced to be in Valencia. This Piadosa curiosidad, as Villanueva calls it (Carta xxi.), was gratified, among other instances, by Alonzo V. of Arragon, in 1426; Carlos V., in 1528; Felipe II., in 1586; and in our time Ferd. VII., the beloved, having expressed a pious curiosity, the incarnate Deity, locally present, as they believe, was paraded out to amuse such a mortal. Since the suppression of convents and church-appropriation, the expense of these exhibitions is defrayed by pious subscriptions, and by the many Cofradías y Hermanadades, the exact Sodalitia of the Pagans (see p. 112). One of the most powerful was in honour of the correa, or leather strap which the Virgin gave to St. Augustine, thereby supplanting the cistus of Venus.

The Valencian San Vicente de Ferrer led the way in preaching the crusade against Jew and Moor. He renewed the cruel bigotry and persecution for which this Eastern side of Spain was notorious in the age of Diocletian; his disciples took as an example the principles recorded in the inscription copied at Tera by Masdeu (H. C. v. Inscript. 353), when a temple was raised to the Mother of the Gods, on account of the suppression of "Christian superstitions," or that found in Spain and quoted by Muratori (i. 99), in which Nero is praised for having cleared the country of robbers and those who preached this "novum superstitionem." Their ancestors, bigoted then as now to female worship, spurned the new Christian religion, just as the votaries of La Virgen de los Desamparados do the new Protestant doctrine, which refuses the transfer of adoration and salvation from the Son to the Mother. San Vicente only repeated the argument of the Spanish pagan in Prudentius (Per. v. 24) against new gods and rituals.

The Valencians always adhered to their "old" gods which had a legal settlement, and were most intolerant of any competing deity, never admitting into their Pantheon any rival. Having taken the name of Roma for their city, they imitated its exclusiveness (Cic. de Leg. ii. 8); for the Romans attributed plague to the worship of foreign gods (Livy, iv. 30), and burnt the mass books of strange religions (Livy, xxxix. 16), just as Ximenez did the Koran: in vain in 1715 the government wished to introduce at Valencia the Madrid saints' days and calendar, in order to preserve some degree of unity and uniformity in the soi-disant one and the same faith and practice: what was the reply?—"'no parecía cosa conveniente introducir aquí Santos incognitos y excluir a los NATURALES y algunas festividades ab antiquo celebradas" (Villanueva, ii. 160). They refused to exchange their native saints and household gods for strange ones. Their patron was San Vicente, not San Isidro: what's Hecuba to them? Nor are such religious feelings, deep-fanged like trees rooted on the tomb of Geryon, to be plucked up without drawing blood. Thus even religion is local in Spain, the worship of the Virgin alone excepted; she is the tutelar of Valencia, and the first book ever printed in Spain was here and in her honour. 'Obres o Trobes—de l'honor de la Sacratissima Verge Maria,' 4to., 1474; and Villanueva (i. 108) prints in 1803 a Te Deum Marial, in which she is thus acknowledged to be their goddess. Te Matrem Dei laudamus, te Dominam confitemur, te dominationes honorant Angelorum—Dominam; Tu es Regina caelorum, tu es Domina Angelorum—tu es nostra interventrix—Fiat misericordia tuae, Domina, super nos, ut tua...
mansuetudini grati simus; in te, Domina, sperantes, perfruamur tuis aspectibus in aeternum. Again, the Valencian University was the first in 1530 to swear to defend her immaculate conception.

The male costume is antique, pagan, and Oriental: the men wear the hempen sandal, or alpargata, called also espardines, and their legs are either naked or covered with stockings without feet; these Greek leggings, grieves, the media Valenciana, are a common metaphor for a Spanish student’s purse. The white linen drawers are very classical, and are called calces de traveta, bragas, or sarahuells, the original Arabic name; their type is the Kvrracors of the Greeks, which survive in the Romain fousanelli. These bragas are the bracco of the Celtic Gaul, the kilt, breeks, breeches, which Augustus, when at Tarragona, put on in order to please the natives, as George IV. did the kilt at Edinburgh, thereby displeasing the Lowlanders. Augustus, however, set the fashion, and they became so wide that sumptuary laws were passed to curtail these broad-bottomed extravagancies. The Maragatos in the Vierzo continue to offend, “more honoured in the breach than the observance.” These bragas somewhat resemble the bragon bras of Brittany. Their waists are girdled by a gay silken-sash, faja, the Roman zona; the upper man is clothed with a velvet or gaudy jacket, faieco, with open shirt-sleeves; over the shoulder is cast the manta, the many-coloured plaid, which here does the duty of the Castilian capa; on the head, and long, lanky, red Indian-like hair, is bound a silk handkerchief, which looks in the distance like a turban. These bragas, and the manta of every stripe and hue, are exactly what Tacitus has described (H. ii. 20)—Vercicoleare sagulbraccas, tegmen barbarum. It is the precise “coat of many colours” mentioned in the Old Testament (Gen. xxxvii. 3) (see also p. 31).

The Valencian women, especially the middle and better classes in the capital, are by no means so dark complexioned as their mates; like Lucretia Borgia, they are fair and false. They are singularly well formed, and are among the prettiest and most fascinating in all Spain; they sit at work in the open streets, and as they wear nothing on their heads but their hair, “their glory,” they have to us a dresty look. Their ornaments are most classical; the roll of hair, el moño, is pierced with a silver-gilt pin, with knobs, the acus crinatoria of Martial (ii. 66); it is called aulla de rodet; the silver-gilt comb is the pinteta, and one of a singular triangular shape is called la pieza, la llae; this is frequently engraved with the great local Diana—Na. Su. de los Desamparados; the cross is called la creu. As they are very superstitious, talismans and small penates, or idols of saints in silver, are sold in great quantities, as also little hands and horns, the old phallic antidote to the evil eye, el mal de ojo, which is dreaded by the Roman Catholics here as much as among the Pagans, Moors, and Neapolitans (see pp. 35, 160).

The collector of topography and local history will find an ample field in the many tomes which treat of Valencia and its province and worthies; happy, thrice happy, he who sees on one goodly shelf clean and perfect copies of the ‘Coronica’ of Pero Anton Beuter, 2 v. fol., Valencia, 1546-51; or the edition 1 v. fol., Val. 1604; the ‘Chronyca’ of Martin de Vicyana, black letter, 1 v. fol., Val. 1564; ‘Anales del Reyno de Val.’ Fr. Diago, fol., Val. 1613; the ‘Historia,’ by Pero Anton Beuter, 1 v. fol., Val. 1538; the ‘Historia,’ by Gaspar Escolano, 2 v. fol., Val. 1610-11; ‘Sagrario de Val.’ Alonzo del Castillo Solorzano, 1 vol. du., Val. 1635; ‘Lithologia,’ Joseph Vicente del Olmo, 4to., Val. 1653; ‘Resumen Historical de Val.,’ Esclapes, 4to., Val. 1738. And for the worthies, ‘Escritores del Reyno de Val.,’ Vicente Ximeno, 2 v. fol., Val. 1747-9; ‘Biblioteca Valenciana,’ Justo Pastor Fuster, Val. 1827,—both of which u 2
are most excellent works; 'Elogio funebre de los Valencianos,' Pujalte, 8vo., Val. 1813; 'Viaje Literario,' Joaquin Lorenzo Villanueva, v. 1 and 2, 8vo., Mad. 1803. The Manual by Jose Garulo, 1841, is a useful guide. For Natural History, the excellent 'Observaciones,' Anto. Josef Cavanilles, 2 v. fol., Mad. 1795-7, with a very accurate map of the province. Consult also Ponz, vol. iv., and 'España Sagrada,' viii.

The name of Valencia, this town and province of unsubstantial disrepute, is fondly derived from, or considered equivalent to, ROMA, because Ρωμη in Greek signifies power, as Valenciæ does in Latin, for Estos muy valientes (con los dientes) leve a finely sounding name, which hides inefficiency under a manly epithet. Thus, because for a wonder Valencia was not taken in 1843 by the Esparteristas, owing solely to the treachery of Zabala, the wishy-washy citizens, insensible to ridicule, petitioned to be called "magnanimous." Valencia was founded by Junius Brutus for the veterans who had warred under Viriatus (Livy, ep. iv.). It was destroyed by Pompey, and when rebuilt became a "Colonia," and the capital of the Edetani. It was taken from the Goths by the Moors under 'Abdu-l'-aziz, son of Musa Ibn Nossyr, in 712, and was annexed to the kingdom of Cordova; when the Ummeyah dynasty fell to pieces, it threw off its allegiance in 1056. The Christians, as usual, took advantage of these intestine dissensions between rival rulers, and Alonzo VI. placed Yahya on the throne, and surrounded him with Spanish troops under Alvar Fanæz, a kinsman of the Cid. This created an insurrection, and a rebel chief, one Ibn Jehaf, murdered Yahya. Thus a pretext was afforded for Spanish interference, and the celebrated guerrillero, the Cid, aided by the local knowledge and influence of Alvar Fanæz [may Allah show him no mercy! say the Moors], took Valencia, which capitulated after a siege of 20 months, A.D. 1094-5. The first act of the Cid, whose perfidy and cruelty is the theme of the Arabian annalists (see Conde Xedris, 165, and more fully 'Moh. D.' ii. Ap. xxxix.), was to burn Ibn Jehaf alive on the great plaza. Here he ruled despotically until his death in 1099. The Moor, Oct. 25, 1101, dispossessed his widow Ximena, but Valencia was retaken Sept. 28, 1228 (others say Sept. 29, 1239), by Jaime I. of Arragon, and was brought into the Castilian crown by Ferdinand's marriage with Isabella, being inherited by their grandson Charles V.

Valencia flourished under the Austrian dynasties, and opposed the French claim in the war of succession, in consequence of which it was robb'd of its liberties and gold by Philip V. The remembrance of past ill usage, and the dread of future, induced the populace to rise instantly on the news of Murat's excesses of the Dos de Maio, 1808. Then the national character of the Valencian broke out, and the tree of patriotism and independence, watered everywhere else with blood, was inundated in this land of irrigation: 363 inoffensive French residents were massacred, June 5, 1808, in the Plaza de toros, butchered to make a Valencian holiday; the mob, nothing loth, were goaded on by the canon Balthazar Calvo, a Sr. Vicente Ferrer redivivus; the few French who escaped were saved by an Englishman, Mr. Tupper, and this while the Moniteur was ascribing every horror in Spain to la perfide Albion. Money advanced in June with 8000 men, and had he not loitered the 25th at the Venta de Buñol, Valencia, utterly without means of defence, must have fallen. In the town all was cowardice and confusion: the generals and nobles wanted both hearts and heads; but while they fled, their vassals combated, as at Zaragoza, Seville, and elsewhere; the "stuff" of a nation was found in the lower classes, and a monk named Rico, poor in money but rich in valour, was the true Rico ome or valiant leader, while the nominal chief, the Marques de la Conquista, was both a fool
and a coward, and Marquis of Defeat should have been his title; but Spanish titles, whether of Peace or Victory, must frequently be taken in the reverse of their apparent signification, in a land where all are noble save nobility.

Rico animated the populace, and Moncey was beaten back, retiring with great loss on Almansa, and there, had the Ce. de Cervellon shown either courage or brains, not one of the enemy could have escaped. Subsequently the Junta of Valencia neglected everything but intrigue, and no preparations were made for future resistance. Then Blake, after courting defeat near Murviedro, fell back on the city instead of taking up a position near it, and on Suchet's advance, the poor pedant concluded his ignoble career by surrendering with 20,000 men and 390 guns: "misfortunes to be attributed," said the terse Duke (Disp., Jan. 20, 1812), "to Blake's ignorance of his profession and Mahy's cowardice and treachery." Suchet now, like the Cid, violated the whole capitulation; he was pledged that no man should be molested, but no sooner was he master of the city than he put to death all who had most distinguished themselves in the national cause: "Nous versions le sang des moines, avec cette rage impie, que la France tenait des buffoneries de Voltaire, et de la démence athée de terreur," says Chateaubriand. Suchet continued his executions through all the province, from which in 38 months he extorted 37 millions of reals, while his bombs and pickaxes created irreparable loss to literature and the fine arts. The Duke, at Vitoria, repaired the failures of Blake before Valencia, and Suchet evacuated the impoverished city July 5, 1813; then Fr. Javier Elio entered with his troops from Requena, and welcomed Ferd. VII., who arrived here April 16, 1814; and then first hearing of Buonaparte's downfall determined to upset the Cortes. He found a tool in this Elio, who during the struggle had been a time-server, and so disgraced at Biar and Castalla as to be suspected, says Napier (xxi. 1), of a treacherous understanding with the French. He was rewarded by being made Captain-General of Valencia, where he signalised himself by persecuting his former friends, by whom he was murdered when the constitution was proclaimed in 1820.

VALENCIA. The inns are numerous and good: Pos. de las Diligencias, P° de Villaraza; Fonda de Europa, de la Paz o Union; Fa. de las Cuatro Naciones: the Casas de Pupilos are indifferent; the best is in the Ce. de Caballeros. Among the best tradesmen are, Booksellers, Mallen, Cabreroio, Ce. St. Vicente. Milliners, Tadea Daisi, P°. St. Catalina; Lopez Hermanas, Ce. Zaragoza. Shoemakers, Fr°. Alos, Ce. de Caballeros. Tailor, Josef Ortiz, Ce. de Zaragoza. Hairdresser, Tiffon, Ce. de Mar. Pastrycooks, La del tros alt. Cafés, del Sol, Ce. de Zaragoza; delicious Orchatas are sold, el Mercado, and en el Palau. The baths are good, especially those of Espinosa, and in the "Hospital." Valencia is well supplied with shops; the Plateria should be visited, as the silver flowers made for the hair are peculiar, and still more so are the ornaments à la antique, made for the peasants.

Valencia del Cid is the capital of its province, the see of an archbishop, the residence of a captain-general, formerly a viceroy, and has an audiencia or supreme court of justice, a university, theatre, Plaza de Toros, museo, and two public libraries, etc. It is a cheap well-supplied city, for here fish, flesh, fruit, and green herbs abound. The society is easy and agreeable, the climate delicious, the winter-shooting first-rate; the population, including the suburbs, reaches 120,000. It has a cathedral and fourteen parish churches; the countless convents, first plundered in the war, are now suppressed. The city in shape is almost circular; the
Turia flows along the N. base of the battlemented walls: the sandy bed of this exhausted river is crossed by five wide bridges, which serve as viaducts in time of inundations. The walls built in 1356 by Pedro IV. are very perfect. Walk round them. There are eight gates; some with their towers and machicolations are very picturesque: that of El Serranos, begun in 1349, and of El Cuarte 1444, are used as prisons. Outside the latter is the Plaza de Toros, and the highly interesting Botanical Garden; and here the French under Moncey were repulsed by Rico and Tupper. The city inside is very Moorish and closely packed: it has very few gardens within the walls; the streets in general are narrow and tortuous, and the houses lofty and gloomy-looking.

Those who land only for a few hours from the steamer, may obtain a rapid general notion of the best parts of Valencia by getting a guide to take them this route: Start from the great door of the cathedral, passing down the C. de Zaragoza into the C. de San Martin and San Vicente, coming back to the C. de San Fernando, to the Mercado; thence by the C. del Cuarte and Caballeros, turning to the L by the C. de Serranos, and going out at the gate to the banks of the Turia; thence to the Puerta del Real, crossing over and following the Alameda, and recrossing at the Puerta del Mar to the Glorieta, and then back again to the Grao. The streets are in some cases left unpaved, in order that the scrapings may furnish manure for the Huerta: all this is managed by El tribunal del repeso, whose president is the exact Roman Aedilis and Moorish Almotacen. For excursions to the Grao and elsewhere hire a Tartana, the common Valencian vehicle, which resembles a dark green covered taxe cart; the type is the Oriental or Turkish Araba. It may be compared to a Venetian gondola on wheels, and, like that, although forbidding-looking, often contains a deal of fun, like mourning coaches when the funeral's done. The name is taken from a sort of felucca, or Mediterranean craft. Good riding horses may be hired at El meson de Teruel.

The first thing which the Cid did on capturing Valencia, was to take his wife and daughters up to a height, and show them all its glories.

"Ala las subi, en el mas alto lugar
Miram Valencia como yace la cibdad."

Ascend, therefore, the cathedral tower, El Micalete, or del Miguelete, so called because its bells were first hung on St. Michael's Feast. This is an isolated octagonal Gothic belfry, built with a brownish stone 162 ft. high, and disfigured by a modern top. It was raised in 1381-1418 by Juan Franck (see the inscription), and was intended to have been 350 ft. high; the panorama is very striking, nay, to the northern children of the mist and fog, the bright sky itself is wonder enough, it is a glimpse of the glory of heaven, an atmosphere of golden light which Murillo alone could paint when wafting his Blessed Virgin into Paradise. The air is also so clear and dry that distant objects appear as if quite close.

By taking up the map of the town by Fr. Ferrer, the disposition will be soon understood. The streets are so narrow that the openings scarcely appear amid the irregular close-packed roofs, of which many are flat, with cane cages for pigeons, of which the Valencians are great fanciers and shooters. The spires rise thickly amid blue and white tiled domes; to the N. are the hills of Murviedro, Saguntum; the Huerta is studded with Alquerias, farm-houses, and cottages, thatched like tents. In the Micalete is the great bell, La Vela, which, like that of the Alhambra, gives warning of irrigation periods.

The cathedral, El Seo, the See, was built on the site of a temple of Diana. This the Christian Goths dedicated to the Saviour; the Moors substituted their Mahomet, and now the Mariolatrous Valencians have restored it to a
female goddess as before. It was raised to metropolitan rank, July 9, 1492, by Innocent VIII.; Rodrigo de Borja, afterwards Alexander VI., being the first archbishop. The suffragans are Segorbe, Orihuela, Mallorca, and Minorca. The edifice is one of the least remarkable of Spanish capitals; it has also been modernised inside and outside, and in both cases without much taste. It was begun in 1262 by Andres de Albalat, the third bishop. The original edifice was much smaller, extending only to the chapel of Sn. Fr. de Borja; it was lengthened in 1482, by Valdomar; but as the height of the first building was preserved, now it appears low and disproportioned to the length. The original style was Gothic, but the interior was Corinthianised in 1760 by Anto. Gilabet; the principal entrance is abominable, the concave form is in defiance of all architectural propriety. It was modernised by one Corrado Rodulfo, a German, and is a confused unsightly jumble of the Corinthian order, with bad statues of the local goddess, gods, and Div. Sa. Vicente de Ferrer, Sa. Luis Beltran and others, by Ignacio Vergara, a pupil of Bernini. The Gothic interior has three aisles, with a semicircular termination behind the high altar. The transept and finest cimborio, built in 1404, are the best portions: here are two Gothic gates, one of the apostles, the other of the archbishop (observe the fourteen heads of founders of Valencian families), whose palace lies outside to the r.: behind the circular end is the celebrated chapel of Na. Sa. de los Desamparados.

The great lions are the paintings by Juanes, Ribalta, Orrente, and others. The Corinthian Silleria del Coro is carved in walnut; this with the bronze portal were given by the Canon Miedes. The elaborate Trascoro was wrought in alabaster about 1466, although it scarcely appears so old. A variety of holy subjects in low relief, six on each side, are set in eight reddish pillars with gilt Corinthian capitals; the high altar was unfortunately modernised in 1682. The original Retablo was burnt on Easter Sunday, May 21, 1469, having been set on fire by a pigeon bearing lighted tow, which was meant to represent the Holy Ghost in the religious melodrame. The altar mayor was restored in 1498 in exquisite silver work by Jaime Castellnou, the Maestro Cetina, and Nadal Yoo, but most of the bullion in 1809 was stript off and melted. The painted door panels, once framed with plate, escaped, and of these Philip II. well remarked, that if the altar was of silver they were of gold: they are painted on both sides and in a Florentine manner, and have been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, or at least to his pupils Pablo de Aregio and Franco. Neapoli, 1506. Villanueva (i. 39), however, thinks them to be the works of Felipe Paulo de Sa. Leucadia, a Burgundian artist. They were ordered and paid for by Rodrigo Borja in 1471, who, whatever his vices, was a magnificent prince, as his decorated chambers in the Vatican still evince. Observe particularly the Nativity, Ascension, Adoration, Pentecost, Resurrection, and the Ascension of the Virgin. The walls were painted in fresco by P. de Aregio and Fro. Neapoli; but all was destroyed in the barbarous "improvements" of Archbishop Cameros in 1674-82.

Next observe the painted doors behind the altar, especially the Christ seated: this grand work has been injured by the key, and the friction of opening and shutting. Here are preserved the spurs and bridle of Jaime the Conqueror. Part of the old Retablo exists and is put up in the Capilla de San Pedro. At the Trasaltar is an elegant tomb, with plateresque ornaments and pillars; observe in the superb painted windows the rich greens of the centre one, and the purples and scrollly gold-work of the others. Near the Puerta del Arzobispo is the chapel of Sn. Vicente Ferrer; observe two fine pictures of him and his model and
master, the ferocious Dominick. Over the door of the Sacristia is a grand “Christ mocked before Pilate,” in the Venetian style. In the Ante Sacristia is a “Christ bearing his cross,” equal to Sebó del Piombo; also a “Deposition,” ascribed to Jean Belino, and a “Conversion of St. Paul;” in the Sacristia, modernised in white and gold, is a “Saviour with a Lamb,” an “Abraham and Isaac,” by Espinosa, and a truly Raphaelian Holy Family, by Juanes, in which St. John gives the Saviour a blue flower. Observe also a crucifix of ivory, which once belonged to Sn. Fr. de Sales.

The Relicario, once rich in relics and gold and silver, was much thinned in 1809 of the latter. The bullion, however, was mere dross compared to Las Reliquias, as described by Villanueva (ii. 22), especially a tooth of San Cristobal, big as an ass's, which was adored every July 10, a particular holiday, inasmuch as the Jewish synagogue at Valencia was plundered on that day in 1391, and the Hebrews massacred, Sn. Cristobal being seen on the house-tops encouraging the bloodhounds of Sn. Vicente Ferrer. Villanueva gives an engraving of this noble molar, for the benefit of posterity, in case the original should decay. Yet when alive the good ferryman must have had a new set of teeth every year, or a mouth better furnished than alligator's; for there was scarcely a relicario in Spain which could not boast of a noble grinder. But the clergy know the full value of a good masticator, which is more precious in a canon's jaw than the pearl in Cleopatra's ear. The glorious custodia of 1452 was melted during the war. The emphatic relic is el santo calix, the identical cup used at the last supper, of which so many are shown in different orthodox relicarios. This one was brought from the monastery of San Juan de la Peña, but it was broken in 1744 by a clumsy canon named Vicente Trigola. A solemn festival and service was performed to this relic Aug. 31; and Agn. Sales, in 1736, wrote a volume to prove its authenticity and power of working miracles. Besides the usual assortment of bones, is the head of Sn. Tomas, which was taken every year in grand procession to revisit his body, in which the Socos convent formerly rejoiced. The fine crucifix by Alonzo Cano, once in the Socos, is now in the cathedral. Inquire also particularly in the sacristia to see the Terno, and complete set of three frontales, or coverings for the altar, which were purchased in London by two Valencian merchants, named Andrea and Pedro de Medina, at the sale by Henry VIII. of the Romish decorations of St. Paul's. They are embroidered in gold and silver, are about 12 feet long by 4, and represent subjects from the life of the Saviour. In one—Christ in Limbo—are introduced turrets, evidently taken from those of the tower of London. They are placed on the high altar from Saturday to Wednesday in the Holy week. A torno is only used on grand funciones, when a Missa de tres is celebrated by a Presbítero in casulla and two Diaconos en dalmáticas. There is also a paño de pulpito, de atril, a frontal, and a palla to cover the patena or top of the sacramental cup. In the altar de Sn. Miguel is a Virgin by Sassoferato, and above a fine Christ holding a globe. Inquire also for a “Virgin” and superb portrait of the priest Agnesio by Juanes; his “Baptism of the Saviour,” over the font or pila, is very fine. The expression of patience and devotion in the Son's face is very remarkable. In the Capilla Sn. Luis, is the tomb of Archb. Ayala, 1566; the prelate lies in his robes; the fresco paintings are by Josef Vergara, and bad. The Ca. Sn. Sebastian contains several paintings by Orrente, of which observe the tutelar saint, the masterpiece of this Valencian Bassano. Ribalta when told that he was going to paint it, said, “then you will see a fine Santo de lana,” alluding to his sheepish style. The Sepulchres of
The chapel is Diego de Covarrobias, obt. 1604, and Maria Diaz, his wife, are fine. The Ca. de Sra. Pedro was modernized in 1703; the altar is churrigueresque; the walls were painted by the feeble Palomino, and the cupola by the more feeble Canon Victoria. Observe the exquisite “Christ in a violet robe with the chalice” by Juanes. The square old Gothie saloon was built in 1358 by the walls were painted by the feeble 1703; the altar is exquisite and the thone cast on to the altar is formed the Rejo of the high altar; the “Entombment” by Ribalta; the “Christ bearing his Cross” and the Raphaelian “Holy Family” by Juanes, are glorious pictures. Inquire for the portrait of “El Beato Ribera,” and the “S. Tomas de Villanueva,” both by Juanes. The Sala Capitular has also been modernised, in white and gold, with pinkish marble pillars. The Ca. de Sra. Fvo. de Borja is painted in fresco by the poor Bayeu and Goya.

Leaving the Puerta de los Apostoles, is an incongruous modern brick building stuck on to the cathedral, the old gate contrasting with an open circular white Ionic erection, which, with its double gallery, looks like a Plaza de toros; an arched passage leads to the gay and gaudy chapel of Na. Sra. de los Desamparados, the Virgin of the Unprotected, the great Diana to whom, when not protected by allies, the Blakes and Mahys applied in times of danger, instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel. “Beautified” in 1823, it was built in 1667, on the site of a temple to Esculapius, whose practice has now past to this Minerva Medica: numerous pagan votive tables evince the success of her prescriptions as in the days of Tibullus (iii. 27).

“Nunc, dea, nunc succurre mihi, nam posse mederi
Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.”

But as Diagoras said, there would be many more if all who were not cured offered also (Cic. ‘N. D.’ iii. 37). An image of this Virgin is judiciously placed in the Valencian hospital, El General, as the Medicos de Valencia, according to the proverb, have luengas faldas y poca ciencia. Among the infinite names and attributes of the Virgin none is more common in Spain than that de los Remedios (but see p. 173). The chapel is a gaudy oval, enriched with marble pillars and gilt Corinthian capitals: the dome was painted and puffed by Palomino, in his own book (ii. 296). He inscribed it “Non est inventum tale opus in universalis regina.” The subject is the “Coronation of the Virgin by the Trinity;” the execution is below mediocrity: the sagrada Imagen is placed under a superb camarín of jaspers; every knee in Valencia bows down to the “Queen of Heaven,” who is sumptuously arrayed, and is one mass of pearls and precious stones, rings, and trinkets. This palladium was “graven” in 1410, by order of the Spanish antipope Luna, Benedict XIII., who destined it for the chapel of a lunatic asylum. During the war it was created by the same Valencians Generalissimo, just as Teresa of Avila was made Commander-in-Chief by the Cortes of Cadiz, which refused to appoint the Duke. When the French entered Valencia, this Virgin was wearing the three gold bars, the emblems of the rank of Captain-General. The Marques de los Palacios, commander of the city, took no other steps of defence than laying his baton at its feet. The image was then carried in pomp round the walls, the whole population exclaiming, “the divine mother will protect us.” Much reliance was also placed on lighted candles, as two placed before La Madonna having escaped a bomb, a Spanish colonel assured the inmates that the Virgin would save Spain because the number two signified perseverance. See for curious details Schep, iii. 437, 485. But “their idols are silver and gold, the work of men’s hands; they that make them are like unto them, and so are all such as put their trust in them.” (Psalm cxv. 4.)
The prelate's palace is close to el Seo: it once contained a fine library, formed by Don Andres Mayoral: the chapter library was also very rich in medals, antiquities, and liturgical codices, with a fine one from the old Abbey of Westminster, all of which were during the French occupation made food for bombs, and fuel for camp kettles. Next visit the fine saloons in the Casa Consistorial, or the Audiencia, a noble Doric pile: the view from its balustrades is fine: in a splendid saloon inside the silly Valencian juntas: observe the azulejos, the portraits of Jaime I., deputies, &c. The Audiencia has a jurisdiction over 956,900 souls. The trials amounted in 1844 to 2928, being about one in every 390.

The Calle de Caballeros is, as its name implies, the aristocratic street. The character of these Valencian houses is anything but unsubstantial, as they have an air of solid nobility: a large portal opens into a patio, with arched colonnades, which are frequently elliptical; the staircases are remarkable for their rich banisters, and the windows are either Gothic or formed in the ajimez style, with a slender single shaft dividing the aperture; the long lines of open arcades under the roofs give an Italian lightness. Whenever a house is now taken down it is obliged to be set back, with a view of widening the streets; the rebuilt mansions are uniform and commonplace, with rows of balconies. Of the most remarkable houses observe the fine specimen "La Casa de Saliofiras, with noble patio and marble colonnade. The upper corredor is charming, with slender ajimez pillars. Observe the portals and doorways. Another good house is in the Cé. Cadiéisers: observe that of the M. de dos Aguas, Pa. de Villaraza, which has a grotesque portal, a fricasee of palm-trees, Indians, serpents, and absurd forms, the design of one Rovira and the work of Vergara. In the house of the Cé. de Cervellon, near the Puerta del Mar, Ferd. VII. was lodged on his return from France.

The vast mansion of the Cé. de Par­cent, Cé. de Carnieros, contains some good pictures: observe the Adoration of Shepherds, a St. Catherine, Christ breaking the bread at Emmaus, by Ribalta. The Ms. del Ráfol has also a collection: observe the San Pedro Pascual, a head of Christ, Morales, 2 Dominican Monks Plucking Flowers, a Crucifixion, San Bernardo, Isaak and Abraham, all by Ribalta; also his portrait by himself. San Vicente Preaching, Janus. None should omit visiting the collection del Peluquero, Plaza S. Vicente. This hair-dresser, Pedro Perez, has filled his house with an omnium gatherum of art and antiquity. The pictures are not of a high class, although all the geese here are swans. The Spanish and Celtiberian coins were good until the perruquier polished off the venerable ærugo, latering and shaving them as it were; a common fate in Spain (see p. 284). This numismatic Figaro is, himself, however, like old Tradescant, the most curious of his rarities. (For the ancient coinage of Spain, see some remarks, Madrid, Biblioteca Nacional). This Figaro of taste has recently laid aside his razors, having been appointed "Consorte" to the Academy of Nobles Artes of San Carlos, Po. de las Bar­cas, where are some second-rate objects of art. A barber, however, is a personage in this land of Figaro (see p. 177); Suchet, too, who shaved Valencia pretty well, began life as 'prentice to a perruquier.

The Colegio de Corpus or del Patri­arca is a museum of Ribalta. It was founded in 1586, and finished in 1605 by the Archbp. Juan Ribera, a scion of that powerful family of Seville. He is generally called "El Santo Ribera," having been canonized in 1797: he died in 1611, aged 78, having been primate of Valencia 42 years: see the engraved stone in the middle of the transept. His life has been written by Fro. Escriba, 4to. Val.
CORPUS CHRISTI.—THE SERVICE.

1612, and by Juan Ximenez. The noble Corinthian chapel of the college was built by Anton del Rey, after, it is said, a plan of Herrera. It is somewhat dark, the windows being small; the walls again, like in the temples of Babylon (Baruch vi. 21), are “blackened through the smoke” of the “incense offered to the queen of Heaven” (Isa. xliv. 25), nigra foedo simulacra fumo; but the daylight was purposely excluded by desire of the founder, who wished to give the impressiveness of religious obscure to the mysterious ceremonies performed here, which show the best in their own dim shadow. None should fail to attend the miserere on a Friday morning, as it is the most impressive religious service of Spain: exactly at half-past ten the darkling chapel is rendered darker by drawing blinds over the windows and shutting the doors, to exclude also the idle trifler: the whole space above the high altar is now covered with a purple pall, the colour of mourning; none stand near it save the silent quiresters; next an aged priest approaches and prostrates himself, then all kneel on the ground, and the solemn chant begins. At the first verse, the picture above the altar descends by a noiseless unseen machinery, and the vacancy is supplied by a lilac veil with yellow stripes; as the chant proceeds, this is withdrawn, and discloses one of a faint grey, which when removed, discloses another of deep black, and then after a lengthened pause another and the last. The imagination is thus worked up into a breathless curiosity, which is heightened by the tender feeling breathed out in that most beautiful of penitential psalms. Then at once the last veil of the temple is as it were rent asunder, and the Saviour appears dying on the cross; a sepulchral light is cast on the brow on which a sweat of agony seems to mantle, while “the shadow of death hangs on the eyelid” (Job xvi. 16). It is the reality of the Crucifixion, and is too harrowing to be long looked at; but soon a distant quire of silvery voices strikes up, and the pall is closed again over a spectacle which is not to be profaned by irreverent or lengthened curiosity. However the well educated Protestant may know that all this is borrowed from Pagan antiquity, yet he cannot but be deeply affected by the scene: what must not be the feeling of a sincere Roman Catholic, and still more if poetry be added to faith, to the illiterate native, who reasons through his eyes, and is taught to bow down to graven images, this must be the crucifixion itself.

These many curtains, these “hangings” (2 Kings xxiii. 7), and their gradual withdrawal, are described by Apuleius (Met. xi. 252), “Velis reductis in diversum;” and still closer by Tertullian, in his first chapter ad Valentianos! where the phallic idol was revealed: “nihil magis curant quam occultare, quod praedicant—tantam majestatem exhibere videat; sequitur jam silentii officium, attenté custodiat quod tardé invenerit; cæterum tota in adytis divinitas, tota suspicabatur, totum signaculum revelatur.” Some have read instead of the “sighs of the admitted eye-witnesses,” tota sipsaria portarum, “so many curtains of doors;” but either reading is equally applicable to what takes place on this occasion in Valencia.

The sculptor, Catholic or Roman Catholic, should examine this crucifix as a work of art; and by application to the rector, and a fee to the sacristan, it can be seen in the afternoon, when the chapel is closed to the public; get a ladder and lights, and then will be revealed the ropes and contrivances by which all this solemn scene-shifting is managed. The carving is one of the finest in Spain, but nothing is known of its origin. It belonged to the founder, and was placed here by his express order. To us it appeared to be Florentine, and of the time of Jean de Bologna. The material is a dark wood; the feet, extremities, and anatomy are
very fine. If, as Apuleius says (Met. xi. 250), the simulacra of the ancients were spirantia or life itself, this is indeed a graven image of death.

The whole church deserves a careful inspection, as here Ribalta is properly to be estimated: in the first chapel to the l. is one of his masterpieces, and painted in a style between Titian and Vandyke; "San Vicente de Ferrer visited on his sick-bed by our Saviour and Saints;" he rises on his pallet, his expression of humble gratitude contrasts with the kindness and sympathy exhibited towards him; the light is unfortunately bad. Next pass to the high altar, which is a superb pile of green marbles and jaspers; the crucifix is concealed by a grand "Last Supper" by Ribalta; the head of an Apostle with a white beard is equal to anything painted by the old Venetians; the Judas in the foreground is said to be the portrait of a shoemaker by whom Ribalta was worried; above the Supper is a charming "Holy Family," also by Ribalta; the child is painted like Titian; in the small recesses on each side of the altar are two fine pictures on panel in the style of Juanes; in that to the r. our Saviour is at the column, in that to the l. he bears his cross. The cupola is painted in fresco, with martyrdoms and miracles of San Vicente, by Bartolomé Matarana (Kill Frog). The picture in the Capilla de las animas is by F. Zuccaro. The body of the founder is preserved in a sarcophagus, and lies clad in episcopal robes, with a crosier between the legs; the gold and silver ornaments were stripped off by the French: the features are pinched and wasted; the gorgeous cope and trappings mock the mouldering mummy: in the Ca. de S. Mauro is another of these melancholy relics.

The Sacristia is fine, and was built by Geronimo Yavari. The wardrobes with Doric ornaments are good; in an inner room is the Reliquario; the bones, &c. are arranged in rows like an anatomical museum. The French removed the gold and silver settings. The spectator kneels while the showman points to each, and an assistant draws out the items as by rote. This exhibition usually takes place after the Friday miserere, and destroys all devotional sentiment; it is a farce after the tragedy. Observe, however, a small altar painted by Juanes, and the picture of a dead prelate with Satan and an angel contending for his soul, which belonged to El Santo Ribera, and was always kept in his room as a memento mori. Notice also an ivory and a bronze crucifix of Florentine work. The Sala Capitular contains a few pictures, but the light is very bad. The Doric cloisters, with an Italian marble colonnade, were erected in the Herrera style by Guillem del Rey; Suchet converted them into a magazine or receiving-house. Observe an antique Ceres, which has been bunglingly repaired. Here are 4 pictures by Joannes Stradanus, The Ascension, Birth, Supper, and St. John; they are kept covered, except on el dia de Corpus. Next ascend by a noble staircase to the library: over the door is a statue of Hercules. Those books, which escaped the modern Omars, are put away in handsome Ionic cases, for the banquet of worms. Here are some portraits of Spanish kings, &c., and in a sort of chapel a good copy of the La Madonna de la Scodella of Barocci. The rectoral lodgings are also upstairs, and contain fine pictures; inquire for a portrait of Clement VIII., and for that of the founder, an intelligent old man with long pointed nose and square beard; it is by Juan Zarineña: also for a Christ in the garden of Olives, by Ribalta; and by the same master a superb Christ at the column, painted in the style of Sebastian del Piombo: observe also a Christ bearing the cross by Morales, and a noble picture of a Beata in a brown dress, by Ribalta; the best time to see these interesting objects is of an afternoon, but ladies are not admitted; thus the ungalant priests of the temple of
Hercules at Cadiz warned off female trespassers, coupling them, *que cockinos*? with swine. Sil. Ital. iii. 22.

"Femininos prohibent gressus, ac limine Satigeros arcere sues."

Formerly travellers who wished to scourge themselves (see San Gines, Madrid), found every accommodation, after *Las Oraciones*, in the church of *La Congregacion*; now this is converted into a college for officers, to whom the mention of these previous practices is unpleasant. That fine church, built in 1736, by one Tosca, has been given to the clergy of St. Thomas, and has some tolerable pictures: but the Virgin is not by Leonardo, as is here pretended. Since the suppression of the convents a national museum has been established in the former *Carmen*, where the great Valencian school may really be studied and appreciated: it contains 600 or 700 pictures. The chief painters to be observed are Vicente Juanes, the Spanish Raphael, who was born at Fuente de la Higuera, 1523, ob. 1579; then Fr. de Ribalta, who is the Spanish Domenichino and Sebastian del Piombo combined; he was born in Castellon de la Plana about 1551, died at Valencia 1628, and is buried in the *San Juan del Mercado*: he was the painter of San Vicente de Ferrer, i.e. a local painter of a local subject; just as Murillo was of the *Concepcion*, so worshipped by Sevillians. There is a grand specimen of Ribalta in Magdalen Chapel, Oxford, although even his name has not penetrated into those cloisters, and the picture is ascribed to an artist with whose works it has not even a remote resemblance: the mau­dlin sygillogism runs thus:—Morales was a Spanish artist, and painted "Christ bearing the Cross;" this "Christ bearing his Cross" was taken in a Spanish ship, therefore it is by Morales.

Another great Valencian, Josef Ribera (Spagnoletto), was pupil of Ribalta: he was born at Xativa, 1588, and died at Naples, 1656, where he led the Hispano-Neapolitan school. He painted cruel martyr subjects in a decided Caravaggio style of marked shadows and lights (see p. 428). Jacinto Geronimo Espinosa, the best of a family of painters, was born in Co­centaina, 1600, and was also a disciple of Ribalta: he died at Valencia, 1680, and is buried in San Martin: he imitated the Carracci school. Pedro Or­rente, the Bassano of Spain, was born at Monte Alegrre about 1560, and died at Toledo, 1644: he principally painted cattle and adorations of shepherds: although he was a mannerist he coloured well; he was the master of Pablo Pontons, whose pictures are seldom seen out of Valencia, and of Esteban March, a painter of battle-pieces, who died here in 1660; both these imitated the Bassanos through Orrente. The Zariñenas are another Valencian fa­mily of painters of second-rate merit. Valencia has produced no great sculpto­r.

Among the best pictures by Juanes are 3 "Salvadores," especially that from *So. Domingo*, in a violet dress: this is the favourite *mortaja* or mulberry-colour; a magnificent *Sa. Fro.* de Paula, in a brown dress leaning on his staff, from *Los Minimos*. Observe Ribalta, *Sa. Vicente* preaching, from *So. Domingo;* *Sa.* Francisco, from *Los Capuchinos*; a Cardinal, by Espinosa; a Holy Family; a St. Jerome; an Assumption, from *So. Domingo*; a *Sa.* Jose from *Los Agostinos*: observe, by Alonzo Cano, the pictures which were in the Cartuja of Portaceli; by Orrente, the fine St. Jerome, as a cardinal, from El Temple; by El Bosco, the 3 singular pictures from *So. Domingo*—the Crowning with Thorns, the Christ at the Pillar, and in the Garden. In the *Capilla de la comu­tion de los Santos*, is the celebrated *Concepcion* of Juanes, brought from *La Compania*; the Virgin appeared in person to the Jesuit, Martin de Alvaro, and desired him to have her painted exactly as he then beheld her. He applied to Juanes, giving all the de­tails of the vision; the artist after
many failures, by the advice of Alvaro, confessed and went through a long religious exercise, and then produced this picture; the Virgin when it was finished descended from heaven and expressed herself satisfied. Charles IV. wished to remove it to Madrid, when he founded her order, but refrained from fears of a popular outbreak. The figure is colossal, but the expression is meek and innocent: on each side are emblems and mottoes allusive to her manifold perfections.

Visit the church of San Martin; over the door is a bronze equestrian statue of the tutelar dividing his cloak; it weighs 4000 lbs., and the horse is heavier. In the interior is a grand Dead Christ, lamented by the Marys, by Ribalta, and a crucifixion over a Retablo. In the San Nicolas, originally a Moorish mosque, the frescoes were by Dionis Vidal, a pupil of Palomino. The church is disfigured by stucco abortions. Calixtus III. was curate here, and his medallion is placed over the principal entrance. Observe a Last Supper, by Juanes, kept under a case, which is also painted in 6 smaller subjects connected with the creation of the world and birth of our Saviour; behind the altar is a grand Christ, and in the C4 de S4 Pedro, the martyrdom of that Dominican, by Espinosa, one of his best works, and painted in a Bolognese manner. The Escuela Pía, a tolerable seminary, was built in 1738 by the Archb. Mayoral; the rotunda is very noble, but has been injured by lightning. The green marbles of Cervera used here are rich: observe the San Antonio, a fine picture by Ribalta, painted something like Guercino. The saint in black holds the child in his arms, while an angelic quire hovers above.

The Puerta del Cid, by which he entered, is now in the town, and near the gate el real; it is built into the Temple, where was the tower called Alibufat, on which the Cross was first hoisted. It once belonged to the Templars, and was given to the order of Montesa in 1317: ruined by an earthquake in 1748, it was rebuilt in 1761, by Miguel Fernandez. The portico is fine: observe the circular altar, with choice jaspers and gilt capitals, under which is the Virgin's image, and the doors leading to the Presbitero; in this edifice the Liceo artístico hold their meetings. Suchet plundered the Temple of much plate, and made it into a custom-house. The numerous convents of Valencia, like most of the churches, were tawdry in decoration, for in no place has churriguerism done more mischief; whole Cuenca pine forests were carpentered into deformity and plastered with gilding. A fondness for stucco ornaments is another peculiarity of this unsubstantial city.

The principal plaza, called El Mercado, is in the heart of the city, and contains its only fountain: here the Cid and Suchet executed their prisoners without trial or mercy. The market-place is well supplied, and the costume of the peasants is very picturesque. Here is the Lonja de Seda, the silk hall, a beautiful Gothic building of 1482: observe the windows, medallions, and battlements. The saloon is magnificent, and supported by spiral pillars like cables: this is the Chamber of Commerce; observe in a pretty garden attached to it the beautiful Gothic windows, medallions with heads and coronet-like turrets. The staircase of the Lonja is good. The window ornaments and armorial decorations were mutilated by the invaders. Opposite to the Lonja is the church of the Santos Juanes, which also has been disfigured with heavy overdone ornaments in stucco and churrigueresque. The much admired cupola is painted in fresco by Palomino, and although puffed in his own book (ii. 290), is a poor performance; Sa. Vicente figures like the angel of the Apocalypse. The Retablo, by Muñoz, is bad; the marble pulpit was wrought at Genoa by one Ponzanelli.

The Plaza de Sa. Catalina is the mart of gossip, like the Puerta del Sol
at Madrid. The fair sex returning from mass make a point of passing through it to see and to be seen. The hexagon tower of the church, built in 1688, is disfigured by windows and rococo pillars and ornaments. The Gothic interior has been ruined by stucco. It was made a straw magazine by Suchet, who tore down and destroyed the glorious altar de los Plateros, painted by Ribalta; the adjoining Plaza de las Barcas is nothing more than a wide street. Close by is the Colegio, founded in 1550, by St. Tomas de Villanueva, archbishop of Valencia; inquire for the grand picture by Ribalta, of the prelate surrounded by scholars, parts of which are as fine as Velazquez. The Santo was buried in St. Agustin (El Socós), and his sepulchre is a noble monument.

The N.E. corner, between the gates El Real and del Mar, is full of interest. On the P.a. de la Aduana is a huge red brick Doric pile, built for Charles III. by Felipe Rubio, in 1760, as a custom-house: absurd tariffs and the smuggler having rendered it useless, it was, like that of Malaga, converted into a manufactory of cigars, the only active commerce and flourishing handicraft of tobaccore Spain. The sad drawback to Valencia is the want of a good seaport as an outlet for her productions. The Paseo de la Glorieta was laid out and planted in 1817 by Elio, who converted into a garden of Hesperus a locality made a desert by Suchet, who razed 300 houses to clear a glacis for the adjoining citadel. When Elio was massacred in 1820 by the Constitutionalists, because a royalist, they selected this very garden for his place of execution, and the mob wished to tear up even the trees and flowers, because planted by an aristocratic hand (compare San Lucar).

When Ferd VII. was restored to his full power in 1823, Elio was restored to his rank and honours, and his name figured for years afterwards in the Spanish army-list; and being dead, although immortal, was probably far from being the worst of his brother generals. Death has long been defied by the powers in Spain; the Inquisition perpetuated infamy, and the absolute king guaranteed honour, beyond the grave. Elio, El delincuente honrado, although defunct, was thus held out to his surviving comrades as an example of successful jobbing at court and incapacity in the field.

The citadel was built by Charles V. to defend Valencia against Barbarossa. The Glorieta, with its fountains and statues, is a delicious promenade, and frequented by the fashion and beauty of the town; of course the traveller will go there at the proper hour. On the N. side is the Plaza de St. Domingo. The convent was founded by Jaime I., who laid the first stone; it was once a museum of art of all kind, but Suchet's damages were frightful. It is now occupied by the captain-general, and the church and chapels are converted into store-rooms for the scanty artillery and ammunition; the pictures were removed to the Museo; it once was the Lion of Valencia, and still deserves a visit. Observe the Doric portal and statues. The chapter-house and cloisters are in excellent Gothic; the latter, planted with orange-trees, and surrounded with small chapels, was the burial-place of the Escala family, whose sepulchre was most remarkable on account of the costume of two armed knights. Suchet, who bombarded Valencia from this side, destroyed the exquisite windows and shattered the noble belfry. In the C.a. del Capitulo, supported by four airy pillars, St. Vincente Ferrer took the cowl. His chapel by Anto. Gilabert is a pile of precious green and red marbles, jaspers, and agates. The chapel of San Luis Beltran, where his body, uncorrupted of course, was kept, was adorned with pillars of a remarkable green marble; here were the beautiful tombs of the monks, Juan Mico and Domingo Anadon. The chapel of the Virgen del Rosario was all that gold and de-
coration could make it, and contrasted with the severe sombre Gothic of the Capilla de los Reyes, founded by Alonzo V. of Aragon. Here are the Berruguete sepultures of Rodrigo Mendoza, obt. 1554, and Maria Fonseca his wife. The superb railings were torn down by Suchet's troops, who also burnt the noble library.

San Vicente is the tutelar of Valencia, and none can understand Ribalta without some knowledge of his hagiography, which has given much employment to the pencils, chisels, and pens of Spaniards. Consult his life by Vicente Justiniani, Val. 1652, and his 'Milagros,' Fr. Diago, 4to. Barcelona, 1600; ditto, Juan Gabaston, 4to. Val. 1614; 'Historia de la vida Maravillosa,' Valdecebro, 4to. Mad. 1740; or the 'Sagrario' of Solorzano (see p. 455), from which we shall now briefly extract. San Vicente is called the St. Paul of Spain, and is the "glorious apostle," the "magnus Apollo" of Valencia. He is often painted flying in the air, like the winged angel in the Apocalypse, with an inscribed scroll, "timete Deum," while mitres and cardinals' hats lie neglected on the ground, alluding to his repeated nolo Episcopari. Miracles preceded his birth, for his father was an honest Escribano, i.e. attorney. His mother when pregnant heard a child barking in her womb, Thus Pliny (N. H. viii. 41) mentions a pagan dog speaking, but not in a woman's belly; and Livy (xxiv. 10) tells us that a babe in utero matris exclaimed Io triumphe. So the mother of the bloody Dionysius dreamed that she produced a Satyriuscus ('Cic. de Div. i. 20). So Hecuba and the dam of the Inquisidor St. Domenick dreamt that they were pregnant of fire-brands. San Vicente's mother, instead of consulting a sage femme in this uterine dilemma, went for advice to the Bishop Ramon del Gasto, who assured her—a compliment to her sex—that she would produce a "mastiff who would hunt the wolves of heresy to hell." The babe was whelped in 1350 in the Calle del Mar, where an oratorio still marks the sacred spot. He became a monk of the persecuting Dominican order, and soon a leader of these Domini Canes, those bloodhounds of the Inquisition. He then commenced an itinerant preaching crusade against the Jews (see Toledo). He agitated even Ireland, travelling there on an ass. He was followed by a pack of disciples who, credite posteri, whipped each other for their mutual solace and benefit.

Spain, however, was his "best country;" here he converted 100,000 heretics. He preached a crusade of blood and confiscation to a fanatic people whose dark points of character are envy, hatred, cruelty, avarice, and intolerance. Thus they gratified their worst passions ostensibly for the sake of religion, and the foulest crimes that could disgrace human nature were travestied into acts of piety. San Vicente still is the schoolmaster of Valencia. Visit his imperial college, which is well managed. He was a true Valencian; such Ribera was in painting, Borgia and Calvo in practice. He died in France, April 5, 1418, aged 60: his miracles pass all number and belief. He began working them as soon as he put on the cowl. His first essay was on a mason, who, tumbling from a house-top as Vicente was passing by, implored his aid. "Nay," replied the humble monk, "I dare do nothing without first having the permission of my superiors." He returned to the convent, obtained leave, and then came back and saved the mason, who in the meantime had remained suspended in mid-air, arrested in his fall by an emanation of power unknown to San Vicente himself: but see Salamanca. The saint afterwards cured the sick, expelled devils, raised the dead, had the gift of prophecy, and predicted the papacy of Calixtus III., who rewarded it by making him a saint, a natural empeño or job, which most Spaniards will always do for a paisano. He lived and died a virgin, having continually kicked the devil out of his
cell whenever he came in the shape of a pretty woman; he never washed or wore linen, and as he slept in his woollen clothes, which he never changed, his odour of sanctity spread far and wide, and three days after his death his fragrance converted many Frenchmen from their sins.—may Suchet, too, take benefit thereby; he was always refusing mitres; the Virgin constantly visited him in his cell, and when he was sick, the Saviour, attended by St. Francis and St. Domenick, came to comfort him. The events of his life and miracles still form the religious melodrames of Valencia. He was baptized in St. Esteban, and here his “Bautismo” is still regularly performed, by appropriately dressed characters, every April the fifth, not first. His “miracles” are represented in the open streets, where altars are erected to him; these exhibitions on the Mercado, Tros Alt., and Plaza de la Congregacion, are the most extraordinary, but they must be seen to be credited; and all this under the reformed “ilustracion” of Spain in 1845. St. Vincent of the Cape is also a Valencian tutelar: his prison in the Pa. de la Almoína was renewed in 1832. He was put to death in St. Tecla, C. de Mar. The exterior of his prison or gruta is adorned with jaspers: observe his marble statue. In this church is also a miraculous image, El Cristo del Rescate, which is prayed to when rain is wanted, and the glass falls.

The new church of San Salvador possesses the miraculous and much-adored image, El Cristo de Beyrut, which is described by all local historians as made by Nicodemus; many Jews have been converted by the blood and water which issue from its wounds. It navigated by itself from Syria, and worked its way up to Valencia against the river stream. (Compare Santiago, and El Cristo de Burgos.) A monument, erected in 1738, marks the spot where it landed. Consult the work of J. Bau. Ballestor, Val. 1672, on the undoubted facts and miracles of this image. Garulo’s garrulous manual mentions many convents, etc., which we in mercy omit, but the sight-seer, if not weary, may look at some pictures in San Andres, and by Juanes in the Retablo of San Bartolomé, and in St. Pedro y Nicolas. He is buried in St. Cruz, in the first chapel to the r.; there are some paintings by his daughter. Observe also a grand Paso N. Señora del Carmen, which has a rich cofradia to defray the culto and candles. In St. Esteban is the adorable and miracle-working body of St. Luis Beltran: he was born close by, where there is an oratory, at which divine service is performed on his holiday. Valencia is indeed, as Schiller described pagan Greece, Engötterte, or studded with gods and goddesses; and Cicero, could he behold this restoration of his Pantheon, would merely change a few names: still here is “numerus Deorum innumerabilis,” still “plures quoque Jovies,” i. e. many St. Victorios, still “Dianae item plures” whether of Carmen or Desamparados (see his remarkable passages, “De Nat. D.” i, 30; iii, 16, 22).

There is a good new theatre in the C. de las Barcas, with a handsome room, in which, sometimes, an Italian opera is performed. There are two public libraries; one in the university, the other in the archiepiscopal palace. There are some books and natural history at the Sociedad Economica, Pa. de las Moscas (and moskitos figure largely inside and outside): the public archives are in the Jesuitas. The hospitals of Valencia are very well managed for Spain; at El general are baths, &c. The Casa de la Misericordia, or poorhouse, is a fine edifice, tenanted by miserable inmates, and like La Inclusa adjoining the hospital, with its starving foundlings, excites feelings of pity in all but the officials (see p. 271). But funds and bowls are wanting in a country which itself is a pauper. The arms of the city are the four bars of Catalonia, with a bat, indicative of vigilance, a quien vela, todo se revela, a device altogether forgotten during the war by the local junta.
Valencia is celebrated for its Azulejos. The best shops are in the Cn. nueva de Pescadores, and near the Cn. de Rusafa; many subjects are kept ready-made, and any pattern can be imitated. The richest colours are the blues, blacks, and purples. The clay, of a chocolate brown, is brought from Manises. The white varnish is given by a mixture of barrilla, lead, and tin; the ovens are heated with furze, and the clay is baked three days and three nights, and requires four days to cool.

Valencia abounds in pleasant walks. The circuit of the Moorish tapia walls offers an open space to the equestrian and pedestrian. These walls are well seen, as they have not been built against. Some of the gates, with their towers and machicolations, are picturesque. Those of el Cuarte and Serranos are used as prisons. The latter was opened in 1238 by Jaime I. The towers were built in 1357; it was remodelled in 1606, and it is the Carcel del Corte, the Newgate. It leads to the river, or rather the river bed, for, excepting at periods of rains, like the Manzanares at Madrid, it scarcely suffices for the washerwomen. The massy bridges and their strong piers denote, however, the necessity of protection against occasional inundations. Thus the Puente del Mar was carried away in the flood of Nov. 5, 1776, although the bridges are protected by heavy statues of river gods and local tutelars. In the dip, at La Pechina, pigeon shooters resort for El tiro de las palomas, a favourite pastime of Valencians, who now, for want of Jews and Moors, persecute the fowls of the air; there is a cockpit near the Pu. Mosen Sorell, and cock-throwing outside the gate Sn. Vicente. Observe near La pechina an inscription found here in 1759; "Soda-llicium vernarum coientes Isid." This was a cofradia to Isis, which paid for her culto. Change but the word Isid into Carmen, and how little matters would be altered in substance (see p. 112). There is a treatise on this inscription, by Agustin Sales, Val. 1760.

Valencia once abounded in inscriptions, most of which were buried in 1541 under the bridge Serranos, by a priest named Juan Salaya, because pagan. The next bridge, walking to the r., is that of La Trinidad, built in 1356; then comes the Real, the Moorish Jerea, which fell in, and was restored by Charles V. Crossing over was the site of El Real, the royal residence of the viceroys, which was pulled down in the war, and the space since converted into a pleasant plantation. The river now divides the Glorieta from the long avenues of the delightful Alameda, whose shady overarching branches continue to El Grao, the gradus, or steps, to the sea. This agreeable drive is the lounge of the natives, who flock here in the summer for the sea-bathing. Vast sums of money have been expended, since 1792, in the attempt to make a port of this bad sandy roadstead, which is much exposed to gales from the S. and the S.W., but the French invasion arrested the good work. The Muelle, or mole, was to be pushed forward in two piers, with towers and batteries at each extremity, están por acabar. The temporada de los Baños is a gay period. The baths are thatched with rice-straw. The road is then thronged with tartanas, which convey all sexes to their immolation, hissing hot like horseshoes. The Grao waters are said to soften the female heart, and to cure confirmed sterility.

Of all the rascally tribe of watermen the boatmen of the Grao are the most unconscionable. Those who arrive or depart by the steamers are advised to make a previous bargain; the proper charge per person is a peseta.

It was from the Grao that Christina embarked, Oct. 12, 1840; a victim to gallo-doctrinaire schemes of centralization, at the expense of local and municipal fueros, the last remnants of the chartered liberties of Spain. So Christina of Sweden departed from the north—Christina senza fede, Regina senza regno, Donna senza verguenza.
Spain, however, is the land of the unexpected and accidental; accordingly the selfsame Christina relanded at Grao March 4, 1844, and was welcomed by some as a modern Cleopatra, by others as a Zenobia.

Those returning to Valencia should enter by the Puerta del Mar; here once stood El Remedio, which, with the splendid sepulchres of the Moncada family, has disappeared, scheduled away by ruthless reform.

An excursion should be made from Valencia to Denia, visiting the Albufera lake, and returning by Alcira, where the rice-grounds and acequias are highly interesting. The towns are very populous; the fertility of the soil is incredible. It is a land of Ceres and Bacchus, Flora and Pomona, while the sea teems with delicious fish.

ROUTE XXXVIII.—EXCURSION FROM VALENCIA.

- Cilla 2
- Sueca 3 5
- Cuillerà 1 6
- Gandia 4 10
- Denia 3 13
- Gandia 3 16
- Carcaixent 4 20
- Alcira 1 21
- Aljamesí 1 22
- Valencia 5 27

This celebrated lagoon, the Albufera, Arabice "the lake," commences near Cilla, and extends about 3 L. N. and S., being about 10 L. in circumference. It narrows to the N., and is separated from the sea by a strip of land. A canal which can be opened and shut at pleasure communicates with the sea. It is fed by the Turia and the Acequia del Rey. It swells in winter and is then a complete preserve of fish and wild-fowl. The fishermen dwell in chozas, exposed to agues and moskitos, and from which Na. So de Buena Guía, their patroness, cannot protect them. Sic te diva potens Cypri. Seventy sorts of birds breed here; the small ducks and teal are delicious, especially the Foja. There are 2 public days of shooting, the 11th and 25th of Nov., when many hundred boats of sportsmen harass the water-fowl, which darken the air. The desesa, or strip between the lake and sea, abounds with rabbits and woodcocks gallinetas. There is not much difficulty in getting permission to shoot on other besides these public days. This lake and domain, valued in 1833 at 300,000l. is a royal property, and was granted to Suchet by Buonaparte, who created him a Duc by the title of Albufera, in reward for his capture of Valencia. The English Duke, at Vitoria, unsettled the conveyance, and rendered this water Suchet another of the aqueous nonentities of Valencia, which he had pretty well rassd, rassiaed, and Sangradoed, alike after his pristine barber, as his later barbarous habits; tonsoribus notum. Ferd. VII. would have confirmed the gift to a destroyer, although he made difficulties about the Soto of Granada which had been granted to his saviour, to whom this albufera was contemplated being given, had not the Valencians raised objections. Charles IV. had made it over to the minion Godoy, as he had also done the Soto de Roma.

Sueca is in the heart of the rice country, Las tierras de Arroz. So is Cullera, which is built on the Jucar, crossing which the hills come down to the sea. The land through the Huerta of Gandia and Oliva is a perfect Eden of fertility. The sea teems with fish, of which the Parejas del Bou are fine eating. Sugar also is raised here. At the village Dayemus is a Roman tomb, inscribed thus, "Bebim quietm." Denia, the capital of its Marquesato, is a plaza de armas, but utterly destitute of any means of defence; pop. above 3000. The sea by retiring has almost ruined this once celebrated port; now, near the Torre de Carrus, carob trees rear their stems in the place of the masts of ships, when Sertorius made it his naval station (Strabo, iii. 239). Denia lies under the rock el Mongo, which rises about 2600 feet above the sea, and from whence the
views are most extensive; one of the ancient names was Emeroscopium, and derived from this peep of day look-out for pirates; the present name is a corruption of Dianium, for here was erected a celebrated temple to Diana of Ephesus, who now is supplanted by La Virgen de los Desamparados. The Huerta is covered with vines, olives, fig and almond trees; the great traffic is in the Denias or coarse Valencian raisins, which are so much used in England for puddings, being inferior to those of Malaga; the latter are dried in the sun, while the former are cured in a lye, whence they are called Lexias. The Mongó slopes down to the Cape San Antonio, and at its back 1 L. from Denia is the picturesque town of Jabea, pop. about 3500, which the lovers of Claude Vernet and Salvador should visit: indeed the whole Marina, like the coast of Amalfi, is a picture: you have a beauteous sky, blue broken headlands, a still deep green sea, with craft built for the painter skimming over the rippling waves, and a crew dressed as if for an opera ballet; then inland are wild mountain gorges, mediæval turrets and castles, rendered more beautiful by time and ruin: the geology south of Denia is very interesting, especially the stalactical grottos: visit particularly that at Benidoleig 1 L. S.W.; the cueva lies about half a mile outside of the village: the mouth looks N. and is a grand natural portal: take torches and a local guide. In the bowels of the earth is a curious lake.

The coast on rounding Cape San Antonio is broken by headlands, of which those of San Martin, Monayra, and Hifac or Ayfac, are the most remarkable; in the bay is Calpe, a small Gibraltar, distant 3 L. by land from Denia; it was the site of a Roman town: antiquities and mosaics are constantly discovered, and as constantly neglected or destroyed. At the Baños de la Reyna, between two promontories, are the remains of a Roman fish-pond. From Calp to Gandia there is a wild inland route through the hills, by Benisa, Alcanall, Orba, Sagra, and over the ridge of Segarra to Pego, and then crossing the Bullent or Calapata river to Oliva. From Gandia the road turns off to the left over the hills, through Barig and Aygues to Alcira.

The district of Alcira is admirably irrigated; the high road passes through an "isolated" tract (Gesirah—Island, Alcira), round which the rivers Albayda, Sellent, Gabriel, and Requena flow into the Jucar. The Aaexquía del Rey passes from Antella by Alcendia into the Albufera. The hydraulic system is admirably imagined and executed. The parish church of Aljamesi has a good Retablo, and pictures by Ribalta—a Last Supper, and subjects relating to Santiago.

Those proceeding N. by steam, should previously make an excursion inland, while those who are going by diligence to Tarragona may ride to Murviedro, and there take up the coach, having secured their places for the number of days in advance.

ROUTE XXXIX.—VALENCIA TO MURVIEDRO.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liria</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chelva</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Segorbe</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murviedro</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On quitting Valencia we strike into the rich Campo de Liria. Manises, where the clay for the azulejo pottery comes from, lies to the l. Liria is a large town: pop. under 10,000, and principally agricultural: the huerta is exceedingly fertile, while the hills feed flocks of sheep and goats. Liria was built in 1252, by Jaime I., on the site of a Roman town, Edeta, destroyed in the wars of Pompey and Sertorius, of which a portion of a reservoir yet remains. Liria gives a ducal title to the Duque de Alva, who represents the D. de Berwick. In the handsome Parroquia, observe the coro placed round the presbiterio, as it always should be. The naves, transept, and dome were designed by the Jesuit
monk Pablo de Rajas, and built by Martin de Orinda; the classical façade with statues of the St. Vincent's Virgin, &c., is by Thomas Estevé, 1672; in the inside observe a Concepcion by Espinosa, 1663. *Liria* is best seen on the 29th of Sept., as Michaelmas Day, the feast of the Archangel, attracts the peasants in their classical dresses; the *Eremitorio* on his mountain is also much visited: the broken hills and glades are favourable to devotion and love (see p. 121).

At *Benisano*, a village below Liria, and near the high road, are the ruins of the castle in which François I. was confined until July 20, 1525. He was landed a prisoner after Pavia, at the Grao, on June 29th, and was allowed to remain only two days in Valencia.

In the neighbouring hills of *San Miguel* and *Barbara* are singular marble quarries; from the hermitage of *San Miguel*, the view of the plains and sea is delicious. An excursion should be made to the now suppressed *Cartuja de Porta Coeli*. It lies in the opposite hills near Olocau, and is about 24 L. from Liria, and 4 L. from Valencia, and commands a fine view of the plain and sea. It was founded in 1272 by the bishop, Andres de Albalat. It was once a museum of art. Here Alonzo Cano took refuge after the death (murder?) of his wife. He carved for the monks a crucifix, now lost, and painted the "Nativity," and "Christ at the Pillar," now in the Museo of Valencia. The convent is desolate, yet the picturesque wooded mountain situation is unchanged. The superb aqueduct is of the time of the Catholic sovereigns. The "vino rancio" is excellent. From Liria to Chelva the direct road is through *La Llosa*. It is better to turn off to the left and visit *Chestalgar*, near the Turia, where are some remains of a Moorish aqueduct. All this district, up to 1609, was inhabited by industrious Moriscos. At *Chulilla* is the *Salto* or leap of the Turia, which is an extraordinary scene: the river has cut its way through perpendicular walls of mountains. Re-entering the Campo, and keeping the Turia on the left, is *Chelva*, a rich village; pop* 4500. In the *Rambla de los Arcos* is a fine Roman aqueduct: the arches which span the defile are rare bits for the artist. One portion is injured, the other nearly perfect. The *Campo de Chelva* is very fertile; the "Pico" hill is singular.

From Chelva it is better to retrace the route to *La Llosa*, and thence to *El Villar*, for the circuit by Alpuente and Yesa is tedious; then strike into the *Lacobas* hills famous for rich marbles; a cross road of 5 mountain leagues leads to Segorbe. At *Alcubas*, 2 L., which is in the heart of the rugged country, the road branches and leads W. through Oset to *Andilla*, distant about 3 L.; this hamlet of 700 souls has a very fine parish church, and some noble pictures by Ribalta. The *Retablo* is classical, and enriched with statuary and *Basso Relieves*; the inside of the shutters are painted with the following subjects—the Visitacion of the Virgin, her Presentation, *San Ana* and *San Joaquin*, and the Circumcision; the outsides with—the Dispute with the Doctors, a Riposo, the Birth and Marriage of the Virgin. These were executed in Ribalta's best period. *Ponz* (iv. 194) prints some curious details as to the erection and prices of this fine Retablo, which is buried in these lonely regions. 1 L. from Andilla is Canales; the villagers exist by supplying the snow, of which so much is used in Valencia, from the Bellida hill.

Returning to Alcubas, about half way in the hills is *La Cueva Santa*, or a deep cave, in which is a sanctuary of the Virgin. The chapel is below, the rock forming the roof, and you descend by a staircase. This holy grotto is visited on the 8th of Sept. by the peasantry from far and near, as those of Delphi and Trophonius were by the Pagans.

*Segorbe*, Segobriga Edetanorum, is a well built town, contains about
6000 souls, and rises above the Palancia, surrounded by gardens, which, under a beneficial climate and copious irrigation, are incredibly fertile. The view from the rocky pinnacle above the town is charming. Segorbe was taken from the Moors by Don Jaime in 1245. There is a history of the cathedral by Fr. de Villagrasa, 4to. Valencia, 1664. The edifice is not remarkable. There is a Retablo of the Juanes school, and a good cloister. Parts of the ancient castle and walls were taken down to build the Casa de Misericordia. The limpid Fuente de la Esperanza, near the Geronomite convent, like that of Vauclose, gushes at once a river from the rock, and the water has a petrifying power. San Martin de las Monjas has a Doric façade; inside is the tomb of the founder Pedro de Casanova; inquire for the fine Ribalta, the descent of Christ into Hades. In the Seminario is the tomb of the founder Pedro Miralles; his effigy kneels on a sarcophagus, on which some of the events of his life are sculptured. Near the town is the suppressed Carthusian convent of Val de Cristo, with its picturesque paper-mills. Unresisting and defenceless Segorbe was sacked by Suchet, March, 1812. For the high road to Zaragoza, through Xerica, Teruel, and Daroca, see R. civii. and cvi.

Murviedro lies on the Palancia. The long lines of walls and towers crown the height, which rises above the ancient Saguntum. This city was founded 1384 years before Christ, by the Greeks of Zacynthus (Zante) (Strabo, iii. 240), and was one of the few emporia which the jealous Phoenicians ever permitted their dreaded rivals to establish on the Peninsular coasts. It was formerly a sea-port, but now the fickle waters have retired more than a league. No Spanish city has been more described by the ancients than Saguntum. Being the first frontier town, and allied to Rome, and extremely rich, it was hated by Hannibal, who attacked and destroyed it. The obstinacy and horrors of the defence rivalled Numantia, and, in our days, Gerona. Sil. Italicus (i. 271) gives the sad details. The town perished, said Florus (ii. 6.3), a great but sad monument of fidelity to Rome, and of Rome's neglect of an ally in the hour of need; but Saguntum was revenged, as its capture led to the second Punic war, and ultimately to the expulsion from Spain of the Carthaginian. So, in after-times, the taking of Zahara led to the conquest of Granada and final ejection of the Moor. Saguntum was taken in 535 B.C. See also Pliny, iii. 3; and read on the site itself Livy, xxii. 7.

Saguntum was rebuilt by the Romans, and became a municipium. Whatever it was once, now it is almost a matter of history, as the remains have been ever since used by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard, as a quarry above ground. As with Italica, near Seville, mayors and monks have converted the shattered marbles to their base purposes: with them the convent San Miguel de los Reyes, near Valencia, was partly constructed, and the walls of the castle of Murviedro repaired. A few mutilated fragments are here and there imbedded in the modern houses; so true is the lament of Argensola:—

"Con marmoles de nobles inscripciones / Teatro un tiempo y aras, en Sagunto / Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones."

The name Murviedro (Murbiter of the Moors) is derived from these Muris veteres, Muros viejos; the La vieja of Spaniards, the παλαια of Greeks. (See Cordova, p. 299). Fragments of the once famous red pottery are found, with many coins: the mint of Saguntum struck 27 specimens (Florez, 'M.' ii. 560). The modern town is straggling and miserable, and contains about 5000 inhabitants, agriculturists and wine-makers. The great temple of Diana stood where the convent of La Trinidad now does. Here are let in some six Roman inscriptions relating to the families of Sergia and others.
At the back is a water-course, with portions of the walls of the Circus Maximus. In the suburb St. Salvador a Mosaic pavement of Bacchus was discovered in 1745, which soon after was let go to ruin, like that of Italica. The famous theatre is placed on the slope above the town, to which the orchestra is turned; it was much destroyed by Suchet, who used the stones to strengthen the castle, whose long lines of wall and tower rise grandly above; the general form of the theatre is, however, easily to be made out. The Roman architect took advantage of the rising ground for his upper seats. It looks N.E. in order to secure shade to the spectators, thus looks N.E. in order to secure shade to the spectators, thus resembling those of Merida. They have been measured and described by Dean Marti; Ponzo, iv. 232; in the ‘E.S.’ viii. 151; and in a small work in Latin and Spanish by Joseph Ortiz, dean of Xativa. Read them not, dear reader! it is a sin to crush the poetry of the scene with such carpenter details, with those disquisitions on vomitories by which a Roman Cicerone makes one sick in the Coliseum, and disenchants the illusion by illustrating the rich spirit with water.

Ascending to the castle, near the entrance are some buttresses and massy masonry of the old Saguntine castle. The present is altogether Moorish, and girdles the irregular eminences like that of Alfarache, the key to Seville, as this is to Valencia. The citadel, with the towers San Fernando and San Pedro, is placed at the extreme height, and probably occupies the site of the Saguntine keep described by Livy (xxi. 7). Suchet stormed the fortress from this side, and was beaten back in every direction. Up in the Castle there is not much to be seen: it is rambling and extensive. There are some Moorish cisterns, built on the supposed site of a Roman temple. There is a remarkable echo, and a few fragments of sculpture. These, neglected as usual by the inesthetistic governors, were mutilated by Suchet's soldiers. The views on all sides around are very extensive, especially looking towards Valencia from the governor's garden.

This most important and almost impregnable fortress is the key of Valencia, which never can safely be attacked from this side while it remains untaken; yet, although ample time and warning of coming calamities were given, neither Blake nor the Valencian junta took any steps to render it tenable; the cannon were not even mounted. Luis Andriani, the governor, was, however, a brave man, and everywhere re-pulsed the French attacks, in spite of most inadequate means. Suchet's only chance was the winning a decisive battle, and a Fabian, defensive policy must have caused him to retreat. If Blake had only done nothing, Valencia was saved; but he was determined, like Areizaga at Ocaña, to "lose another kingdom by the insatiable desire of fighting pitched battles with undisciplined troops, led by inexperienced officers." Ipse dixit (Disp. Nov. 27, 1811).* Accordingly, Blake marched from Valencia with 25,000 men, and attacked Suchet, who had less than 20,000 in the plain, Oct. 25, 1811. Before the battle he made every disposition to ensure its loss; and during the engagement, like Areizaga at Ocaña, lost his head, and, as Toreno states (xvi.), entailed defeat on his unhappy troops, victims to their leader's "ignorance of his profession." Blake very soon fled with his whole army under the very eyes of the garrison,

* Schepeler (1, 430) although an ultra partisan of Blake's, corroborates this axiom: he admits that his hero and Cuesta "eurent en commun la manie, de se faire battre en bataille rangée," and assigns as a reason that they thought it beneath their dignity as generals to fight anything but general engagements.
who caught the infection and capitulated that very night, unworthy children of Saguntine ancestors, and forgetful of the religio loci. The loss of Valencia was the result (see p. 437).

The communications between Valencia and the other provinces are numerous; for those with Alicante and Murcia see R. xxxiv., v., vi., and vii. The steamers communicate with Alicante and Cadiz. With Madrid there are two routes. One, R. ciii., taken by the diligences, runs through Almansa. The 2nd, R. civ., which passes through Cuenca, is nearer and by far the most interesting. It is not good, although practicable for carriages to Requena, to which there is a diligence. When the long-commenced line is completed, and the works at Cabrillas have latterly been much advanced, diligences will probably be placed on it: for Cuenca and its vicinity are numerous; for those going to Requena, to which there is a diligence. The Ebro divides the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia; those going by R. ciii., that were placed at each side of the high altar, but the convent was utterly sacked and desecrated by Suchet, who burnt the precious library, while Sebastiani bought the lands for less than one-fourth of the value, and even this he did not quite pay. A trial took place in Paris in 1843 between him and the heirs of one Crochart, a French paymaster, who speculated in these joint investments. The curious evidence lifted up a corner of curtain, and revealed how these things were managed under the empire.

Passing the convent to the r., is Burjasolt, the favourite country resort of the Valencians: here are some curious Moorish mazmorras, or caves for preserving corn, which here retain the primitive Basque name Silos, Scilo, an excavation (see p. 383). Passing Albalat, Puig lies to the r. near the sea; here Jaime I. in 1237 routed the Moorish king Zaan, and in consequence captured Valencia. We now approach the sites of Blake's disgrace, by which the Spaniards lost this capital on the same field where it was won by their better led ancestors. Crossing the Palancia, and leaving Murviedro, under the spurs of the Sierra de Espadan, is not particularly interesting. A couple of days may be spent at Tarragona, in which and its vicinity are many objects of interest.

On leaving Valencia to the r., amid its palms and cypresses, is the once celebrated Geronomite convent, San Miguel de los Reyes, once the Escorial of Valencia. It was built in 1544 by Vidaña and Alonzo de Covarrabias for Don Fernando, Duke of Calabria. This ill-fated heir to the throne of Naples surrendered to the Great Captain, relying on his word of honour, and was perfidiously imprisoned for ten years at Xativa by Ferdinand. He was released by Charles V.; and appointed Viceroy of Valencia. He raised this convent for his burial-place, and endowed it splendidly. The Doric and Ionic cloisters savour of the Escorial; the effigies of the founder and his wife were placed at each side of the high altar, but the convent was utterly sacked and desecrated by Suchet, who burnt the precious library, while Sebastiani bought the lands for less than one-fourth of the value, and even this he did not quite pay. A trial took place in Paris in 1843 between him and the

ROUTE XL.—VALENCIA TO TARRAGONA.

Albalat. 2
Murviedro. 2 . 4
Almenara. 1÷ 51
Nules. 1÷ 7
Villa real. 2 9
Castellon de la Plana. 1 10
Oropesa. 3 13
Torreblanca. 2 15
Benicarló. 3 18
Vinaroz. 1 19
Amposta. 4 231
Perolló. 4 271
Hospitalot. 3 31
Cambrils. 2 331
Tarragona. 3 361

This is the regular diligence road; it coasts along the Mediterranean, and
Almenara, Arabice the lantern, the pharos, or place of light, with its ruined castle on a triple-pointed hill, on which once stood the temple of Diana, to which the sea formerly reached. A stone pyramid, with four coats of arms, marks the jurisdictions of four bishoprics—viz. Tortosa, Mayorca, València, and Segorbe. Here, July 27, 1710, the English, under Stanhope, completely routed the French, under Philip V. The allies were inferior in number, and the Archduke and Germans refused to advance, like Lapeña at Barrosa; cries of shame resounded in the British ranks, and Stanhope threatened to withdraw from Spain, as the Duke did after Talavera; but the English bayonet charge was irresistible, and the French ran in every direction. Philip escaped by mere accident: his baggage was taken, like Joseph's at Victoria. "Had there been two hours more daylight," wrote Stanhope, "not a Frenchman would have got away." So wrote Wellington after Salamanca, Marliorhough after Ramillies. The road now passes the aromatic spurs of the Peña Golosa hills, emerging near Cabanes. Near Oropesa, whose fine castle was dismantled by the French, are the remains of a Roman arch. Traversing the plains of Torreblanca, we reach Alcalá de Gisbert, a tortuous town with a fine Parroquia, which has a classical portal and a good belfry of masonry, erected in 1792. On emerging from a gorge of hills, the promontory of Península, with its square castle on the top, appears to the r., looking like an island or a penisula.

Península, Peninsula, is a miniature Gibraltar; it rises out of the sea, inaccessible by water, about 240 ft. high. It is connected with the land by a narrow strip of sand, which sometimes is covered by the waves. It surrendered to Jaime I., who ceded it to the Templars; and a portion of their church yet remains. At the dissolution of this order it was given to that of Montesa. Here Pope Luna, Benedict XIII., took refuge after he was declared schismatic by the Council of Constance, and from Dec. 1, 1415, to Jan. 29, 1423, surrounded by his petty conclave of four cardinals, fulminated furious bulls against his enemies. Península is supplied with a fountain of fresh water, the one thing wanting to Gibraltar. There is a singular aperture in a rock, through which the sea boils up; which is still called El Bufador del Papa. Península is a miserable place. It is a plaza de armas, but wretchedly kept up. The castle was strengthened for Philip II. by his Italian engineer Autonelli.
was scandalously betrayed to the French in Feb. 1810. One Pedro García Navarro was appointed governor by Blake, because anti-English; according to Schepeler, iii. 450, he had also a pretty wife, a not uncommon cause of promotion in Spain. Suchet intercepted a letter filled with suspicions against England, which the afrancesados encouraged by stating, whenever we wished to repair or garrison a fort neglected by the Spanish authorities, that our object was to keep it for ourselves. Accordingly Suchet opened a correspondence with this second Imaz (see Badajoz), and obtained the fortress. Navarro was made a member of the Legion of Honour, in reward for having been false to his king and his country. Sed honores non mutant mores; see the Duke’s masterly summary on this Españolismo (Disp. Aug. 29, 1811): “I am convinced that the majority of the officers of the Spanish army would prefer submitting to the French to allowing us to have anything to say to their troops;” and his surprise is fully borne out by José Canga Argüelles, who in his ‘Observaciones’ (i. 129) decidedly states that they would have selected in the alternative, the Eagle for their guide and master.

Benicarló, pop. 6000, is a walled town with a ruined castle and a sort of fishing port called el grao, but like most of these towns, is miserable amid plenty; being a residence of poor agriculturists, the streets are like farm-yards. The church has its octagonal tower. This district is renowned for red and full-flavoured wines, which are exported by Cete and the Languedoc canal to Bordeaux to doctor poor claret up to the vitiated taste of England; a good deal also comes to us to concoct what the honest trade properly call curious old port. Much brandy is also made and sent to Cadiz. During the vintage the mud of these towns is absolutely red with grape-husks, and the legs of the population dyed from treading the vats. Nothing can be more dirty, classical, and, unscientific than the ‘modus opere-randi.’ The torcular, or press, is most rude; the filth and negligence boundless. Everything is trusted to the refining process of Nature’s fermentation, for “there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hewn them how we will.”

Vinaróz is a busy old sea-port on the Cervol: it has crumbling walls, and an amphibious population of some 8500 souls, half-peasant half-sailor. The sturgeon and lampreys are excellent. Here Vendome, the descendant of Henry IV., and a caricature of his virtues and vices, died of gorging the rich fish, parejas di Bru, a death worthy of a man whose habits were only fit for the pen of a St. Simon or a Swift. Philip V. removed the body of Vendome to the Escorial; to him indeed he owed his throne; and Villa Viciosa in some degree redeemed the crushing defeat which he had received from Marlborough at Oudenarde. The bay is open and unsafe. The Chalupas are picturesque, and truly Mediterranean craft.

Morella lies 9½ L. to the W. of Vinaróz through La Jana 3½ L. It is the capital of its hilly partido, and being on the frontier of Aragon and Valencia, becomes an important fortress in war time. The climate and vegetation is no longer that of the warm plains, and the people are wild, rude peasants. It is a scrambling city of 6000 souls, built like an amphitheatre, and girdled by Moorish walls and towers; it rises up in tiers to the point of the hill, which is crowned by its castle. Morella has a noble aqueduct. The arrangement of the quire in the Iglesia Mayor is singular, being raised on arches and pillars; thus the general view is not cut up; the clergy ascend by a staircase which winds round a column. In the S: Juan B: is a picture of San Roque, by Ribalta. This strong place surrendered to Suchet after the fall of Mequinenza, without even the shadow of a defence. Morella was the chief hold of the Carlist Cabrera, who here, in 1838, twice defeated the Christinos under Oraa and Pardiñas, but it was
Valencia.  
ROUTE LX.—AMPSTA.—THE EBRO.  

459

... bombarded and taken by Espartero in 1840.

Leaving Vinaróz, and crossing the Cenia by a fine bridge built by Charles IV., Catalonia is entered, as the harsh dialect and red woollen caps announce. This is the district of the “truces Iberi,” the most ferocious of ancient Spaniards: nor are they much changed; the dangerous road to Amposta is infamous in robber-story. The traveller will pass the two rude stone crosses where, Oct. 30, 1826, the murder was committed of which the “young American,” Mr. Slidell—the Commodore Mackenzie of the brig Somers and mutiny execution—gave such a true and affecting account. The poor lad was named Ventura Ferran, and was killed with 28 stabs, “each a death to nature.” Carlos Nava, the Mayoral, had his brains beaten out with a stone: the culprits were three vile Rateros or footpads.

San Carlos de la Rápida was built by Charles III. The road continues to coast the beach, with carob-planted hills to the l., and the Salinas, or port de los Alfaques, to the r. These are the “chops” of the Ebro, as Al-fakk in Arabic signifies a jaw. A canal is destined to connect the river with the sea, for its natural mouth is dangerous, from a long reef and sand-bank. A fine road leads to Amposta, a miserable, aguish, muskito-plagued port on the Ebro, with some 1000 sallow souls. The Ebro, which eats its turbid way through these levels, is the largest of the rivers which flow eastward in the Peninsula. It rises in the valley of Reinosa, meanders in a tortuous direction through the basin between the Pyrenean and Idubedan chains, and disembogues by many mouths into the Mediterranean, after a course of 120 L. A communication by means of a canal has been contemplated between this river and the Duero. The Eber is the Ιβηρ Iβηρος, the Iberus, Hiberus of the ancients, a name in which Spaniards, who like to trace their pedigree to Noah, read that of their founder Heber. Bochart considers the word to signify “the boundary,” Ibra, just as it is used in the sense of the “other side” in Genesis xiv. 13; and this river was, in fact, long the boundary; first between the Celts and Iberians, and then between Romans and Carthaginians. Others contend that this river gave the name to the district, Iberia: Iber, Aber, Hebro, Havre—signifying in Celtic “water.” Thus the Celt-Iber would be, the Celt of the River. Humboldt, however, whose critical etymology is generally correct, considers all this to be fanciful, and is of opinion that the Iberians gave their name to the river. It formed, in the early and uncertain Roman geography, the divisional line of Spain, which was parted by it into Citerior and Ulterior; when the Carthaginians were finally subdued, this apportionment was changed (see p. 470).

On leaving miserable Amposta, the Ebro is crossed in an inconvenient ferry-boat. The road continues over a muskito-infested plain, Tortosa appears in the distance to the l. The traveller soon approaches the sea amid gorges of rocky hills, the immemorial lairs of robbers and pirates. Having been always and long a frontier-disputed border between Celt and Iberian, Roman and Carthaginian, Moor and Christian, the blood-fattened soil is pregnant with armed men—those latrofactualo weeds which civilization has yet to eradicate. The sea-coast and villages are defended against sea-pirates by towers (see p. 238). The costume of the women changes: many protect their arms from the plague of flies by a sort of mitten, or rather a Valencian stocking without feet. Their earrings are truly Moorish, and so heavy that they are suspended by a thread round the ear: during meals, maid-servants, with flags made of the Palmita, or with fans painted with flowers, and silvered handles, drive away the flies. These are the classical muscaria—the original fan, and are described by Martial (xiv. 67), and such are the Manasheh of the Arabs.
Approaching Perelló, the uncultivated plains are covered with aromatic herbs; after which a gentle ascent leads to the gorge, or "Coll de Balaguer," a chosen robber lair. The Barranco de la Horca, the "ravine of the gibbet," connects the vocation and its end. Above, on an eminence, is a hermitage dedicated to Nuestra Señora de la Aurora, a rare pasticcio of female goddesses: the view is charming. Fort S. Felipe, the key of the gorge, was taken by some English sailors, June 7, 1813. A magazine exploded, and thus Sir John Murray was saved the additional disgrace of spiking his guns, and retreating (see Biar; Tarragona, p. 472). The locality is highly Salvator Rosa-like, both land and seaways, until the road emerges into a cultivated plain. Hospitalet is so called because founded by an Arragonese prince for the reception of way-worn pilgrims; it is strengthened with a square and machicolated tower. Now the vineyards recommence, and continue to fringe the coast for 30 L. The red wines are strong, the muscadels delicious. Much brandy is also made, which is sent to Cadiz to convert bad St. Lucar wine into "pale and golden" sherry: during the time of the slovenly vintage, all these villages are redolent with wine, and stained with the blood of the grape. Cambrils is a vinous town, pop. 2000; here the palm and aloe flourish. It was inhumanly sacked in 1711 by the troops of Philip V., under the cruel M. de los Velez. Approaching Villa Seca, the busy town of Reus sparkles to the L, while, in front, Tarragona lords it over its fertile campo,—seated on a rock-built eminence, the tiers of wall and bastion rising one above another, while the cathedral seems the donjon-keep of the imposing outline. The shipping come close under the mole to the r.; while the aqueduct connects the mass with the Fuerte del Olivo, on the other side. Passing the Francoli, either through it or over a narrow Moorish-looking bridge, Tarragona is entered by the modern gate of San Carlos. For Tarragona see next Section, p. 470.
SECTION VI.

CATALONIA.

CONTENTS.

The Principality; Character of the Country and Natives, their Commerce and Smuggling; History; and best Authors to consult.

ROUTE XLI.—AMPOSTA TO FRAGA. 
Tortosa; Mequinenza.

ROUTE XLII.—TORTOSA TO TARRAGONA.

TARRAGONA.
Reus and Poblet.

ROUTE XLIII.—TARRAGONA TO BARCELONA.
Arbos; Ordal.

BARCELONA.

ROUTE XLIV.—BARCELONA TO GERONA.
Monserrat; Manresa; Cardona; Urgel.

ROUTE XLV.—URGEL TO MONTLUIS. 
Puigcerdá.

The most interesting Routes are xlv., and those in the Pyrenees; the Springs and Autumns are delicious on the coast; but the mountain districts should only be visited in Summer.

The principality of Catalonia—Catalunya—constitutes the north-eastern corner of the Peninsula: in form it is triangular, with the Mediterranean Sea for the base. It is bounded to the N. by the Pyrenees, W. by Aragon, S. by Valencia. It contains about 1000 square L., and a population exceeding a million, and increasing. The sea-board extends about 68 L., and to the north is girdled by the spurs of the Pyrenees. The coast opens to the S. after the bay of Rosas, but is destitute of good harbours. It is a province of mountains and plains. The former to the N.W. are covered with snow, the lesser hills with wood, the valleys with verdure, and each is watered by its rivulet. This barrier between Spain and France is intersected by picturesque and tangled tracts, well known to the smuggler. One high road by Gerona passes into France: the only other high roads run to Zaragoza and Valencia, and are good. It is in contemplation to make a new Carretera from Barcelona to Madrid, by Mora del Ebro, and Molina de Aragon: thus a distance of 100 miles will be saved between the
capital and its Manchester. There is some talk of a railroad from Mataró to the frontier, and of another to Tortosa. Meanwhile commerce drags its circuitous route either by Almansa and Valencia, or by Calatayud and Zaragoza. The active and industrious Catalans are amongst the best tradesmen, innkeepers, and carriers of Spain; indeed "Vamos al Catalan" is equivalent in many places to going to a shop. The transport of manufactures has raised up a tribe of Caleseros, Correteros, and Arrieros, as well as of Venteros, at whose taverns they put up: long habits of traffic have accustomed them to the road, its wants and accommodations. The diligence system of Spain commenced here.

The principal rivers empty themselves into the Mediterranean. They are the Fluvia, near Figueras, the Ter near Gerona, the Llobregat, near Barcelona, and the Francoli, near Tarragona: but the Ebro is the grand aorta, receiving in its course a host of tributaries. The Cenia divides this province from Valencia, and with it we may be said to leave the tierra caliente, or the hot zone, which extends to the S.E. from Andalucia. The climate and productions now vary according to the elevations: the hills are cold and temperate, the maritime strips warm and sunny; but whether climate or soil be favourable or not, the industry and labour of the Catalan surmounts difficulties, and the terraced rocks are forced to yield food, De las piedras sacan panes, while in the valleys, by patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin. The Tarragona district, as in the days of Pliny, produces wines, which, when rancios, or matured by age, are excellent; the best of those are of Benicarló, and the delicious sweet malvoises of Sitges. Nuts, commonly called Barcelona nuts, are also a great staple. The Algarroba, or carob-pod, is the usual food for animals, and sometimes for men. The cereal productions, except near Urgel, are deficient, and, as well as cattle, are supplied from Aragon. The abundance of sea-fish, however, compensates; and this pursuit renders the Catalans some of the best sailors of Spain. The principality abounds in barrilla, especially near Tortosa. Marbles and minerals are found in the mountains, with jaspers and alabasters, and the finest at Tortosa and Cervera. Iron is plentiful in the Pyrenees, and coal at Ripoll and Tortosa. The salt mountain of Cardona is quite unique. There are eight cathedral towns, of which Tarragona the metropolitan, and Barcelona are the most interesting. Catalonia has never produced much art or literature; commerce and the utilitarian have been the engrossing pursuits, especially during the last four centuries. The objects best worth seeing are the Pyrenees, the salt mines of Cardona, the convent of Montserrat, and the town and antiquities of Tarragona. The ecclesiastical architecture partakes more of the Norman-Gothic than is usual in Spain.

The Catalans are not very courteous or hospitable to strangers, whom they fear and hate. They are neither French nor Spaniards, but sui generis both in language, costume, and habits; indeed the rudeness, activity, and manufacturing industry of the districts near Barcelona, are enough to warn the traveller that he is no longer in high-bred, indolent Spain. Remnants of the Celtiberian, they sigh after their former independence; and no province of the unamalgamating bundle which forms the conventional monarchy of Spain hangs more loosely to the crown than Catalonia, this classical country of revolt, which is ever ready to fly off: rebellious and republicans, well may the natives wear the blood-coloured cap of the much prostituted name of liberty. They and their country are the curse and weakness of Spain, and the perpetual governmental difficulty. Catalonia is the spoilt child of the Peninsular family, to which, although the most wayward and unruly, the rest of the brood are sacrificed. The Catalans, intensely selfish, have little sympathy with the other provinces; while their active, enduring, and turbulent character renders them more than a match for their passive
Catalonia.

SMUGGLING.

463

indolence. However rude their manners, it is said that when well-known, they are true, honest, honourable, and rough diamonds. Their language is suited to their character, as they speak a harsh Lemosin, with a gruff enunciation. The 'Diccio-
nario Manual,' by Roca y Cerdá, 8vo., Barcelona, 1824, is a useful interpreter between the Spanish and Catalan. The Catalonians, powerfully constituted physically, are strong, sinewy, and active, patient under fatigue and privation, brave, daring, and obstinate, preferring to die rather than to yield. They form the raw material of excellent soldiers and sailors, and have always, when well commanded, proved their valour and intelligence on sea and land. Commerce and freedom, which usually enlighten mankind, have never extinguished their superstition; thus Barcelona alone, in 1788, contained 82 churches, 19 convents, 18 nunneries, besides oratories, etc. (Ponz, xiv. 7). These fierce republicans and defiers of the sceptre have ever bowed abjectly to the cowl and crosier; like the Valencians, while they tremble to disobey a monk-enjoined form, they do not scruple to kill a man; but their ancestors were the first to deify Augustus, while alive. They set an example of servility to Spaniards, who at last were despised, even by Tiberius, for erecting temples to him (Tac. An. i. 78, iv. 37).

The Catalonians, under the Arragonese kings, during the 13th century, took a great lead in maritime conquest and jurisprudence. Trade was never thought here to be a degradation until the province was annexed to the proud Castiles, when the first heavy blow was dealt to its prosperity. Then ensued the constant insurrections, wars, and military occupations, which crushed peace-loving commerce. To these succeeded the French invasion, and the loss of the S. American colonies. The former export trade has consequently dwindled down, with the exception of Cuba, to the home market, and there it is met by the competition with France and England. Catalonia is to the former what Gibraltar is to the latter, that is, the inlet of contraband goods. "Everybody smuggles," (see p. 323), especially the custom-house officers, commissioners, and preventive guards. The plea of "protecting the infant manufactures of the country," by heavy duties, against foreign wares, is the official cloak under which prohibited goods are clandestinely introduced. The English import into Spain about a million and a half in value, and take at least double, in wine, oil, fruit, and other Spanish produce; hence the exchange is usually in favour of Spain. The French manage things better; they sell about three millions, and purchase about one and a half.

The manufactures of Catalonia are not much more than a blind, as is proved by Marliani, and all who understand the subject; nor can they supply one-third of the national consumption. If the number of spindles alleged to exist here were true, Spain ought to consume more than double the raw cotton that she really does. The Catalans are the advocates of total prohibition; and what has it availed them? In spite of bounties and protections, their manufactures are, as they always have been, quite second-rate compared to those of France and England. Our trade with Barcelona, the commercial capital of Spain, was once extensive, but now it scarcely exists beyond sending coal and machinery, for the French have completely ousted us; indeed many Catalans are not much more than agents for the smuggling French goods, which are frequently introduced with counterfeit marks, and as if of Spanish manufacture. Once abolish the prohibitory system, and both these interests would fall to the ground. To the N. of Spain, thus hermetically sealed, one-third of all the cotton goods of France are sent. Open the trade, and give a fair stage and no favour, then England, with her cheaper and better wares, must get the lion's share—hinc tilae lacrymæ!—hence these powerful, rich, active, and well-organised interests oppose every mention of commercial treaties or alterations of
tariffs. A Gallo-Catalan conspiracy bribes the government commissioners, tampers with their reports, purchases the venal press, and if all that fails, threatens, as an *ultima ratio*, a rebellion. The whole Peninsula suffers, and is pauperised and demoralised, from these intrigues, of which Philip IV., that the "golden trade" of Spain is of *vital importance* to England; and that a treaty is urged on by us to save our people from absolute starvation. This nonsense is disseminated by legions of *commiss voyageurs*, gentlemen who hate razors, truth, and soap, and who now invade Spain; for to them this commerce is indeed of vital importance; but England, that "nation of shopkeepers" forsooth, sends no travellers for commissions, bribes no newspapers, nay, it would seem as if Spain's custom were beneath the notice of our princely merchants.

Meanwhile (for the crime of absurd tariffs, sooner or later, is visited on the offender), the Spanish treasury is the real loser, and *finance* is, and always has been, the dry-rot, the weakness of the *bisoño* misgovernment; however, to abuse free trade and Manchester is just now the staple of Catalanian conversation, which is neither amusing nor conciliatory to the stranger. Wherever society is engrossed with bales, dollars, and envy, it assumes the worst form of counting-house second-rate. Catalonia is, therefore, no place for the man of pleasure, taste, or literature. The lower orders are brutal, when compared to the frivolous Valencian or the gay Andalucian; nor have they the good manners of the high-bred peasant of the central provinces. Their costume, like their painted stuccoed houses, is rather Genoese than Spanish. The men wear long loose cloth or plush trousers of dark colours, instead of the Valencian *bragas* or Andalucian *calzones*. These trousers come so high up to the armpits that they are all breeches and no body, therein alone differing from the French *sans-culotte*, whose cap and revolutionary qualities are identical with theirs. The gay silken Spanish sash *faja*, is, however, indispensable. Their jackets are very short, and hang in fine weather over their shoulders. In winter they wear a sort of *capote*, or *gambote*, which supplants the Spanish *capa*. Another peculiarity in the head gear is that they neither wear the *sombrero gacho* of the S., nor the *montera* of the central provinces, but a *gorro*, or red or purple cap, of which the Phrygian bonnet was the type; the end either hangs down on one side or is doubled up and brought over the forehead. As their complexions are cadaverous, their faces generally unshorn, and their expressions harsh and high-tempered, this Robespierre blood-coloured cap of liberty fits them well; the wearers are fond of broils, are gross feeders, and given to wine, which they often drink after the fashion of the Rhytium and phallovitrophic vessels of antiquity; they do not touch the glass with their lips, but hold up the *porrón*, or round-bellied bottle with a spout, at arm's length, pouring the cooled liquor into their mouths in a vinous parabola; they never miss the mark, while a stranger generally inundates either his nose or his neckcloth. The women are fit to marry and breed Catalans. In general they are on a large scale, neither handsome nor amiable. They lack the beauty of the Valenciana, the *gracia y aire* of the Andaluza. The ordinary costume is a tight bodice, with a handkerchief *mocado*, or a serge *manto* on the head. Their amethyst and emerald earrings are quite Moorish, and so large and heavy as to be supported by threads hung over the ears. The better classes are better dressed. The ladies, however, frequently wear caps under their *mantillas*, a heresy in true Spanish costume, and only done in Seville by invalids. Besides a local unintelligible language, the Catalanians have local coins, *ardites*, weights, and measures, differing from the Spanish,
and perplexing the stranger; and they usually reckon by pesetas, not reals, which represent the old libra catalana, the French livre or franc.

The history of Catalonia is soon told. France, from the earliest period, here began her aggressions, and the Celtic Gaul invaded and harassed the Iberian. The border races at last united, by a compromise rare in the history of rival neighbours, into the Celtiberian, which, partaking of both stocks, inherited the qualities of each, and became the most avaricious, cruel, perfidious, warlike, and brave population of the Peninsula. Catalonia was the first conquest of Rome; and here that empire, raised by the sword, first fell by the sword, for by this province the Goths also entered Spain, and it still bears the record in the name Gothalandia. The Goths were welcomed by the people oppressed by the rapine and extortion of Roman governors, and bands of Bacaudee or Bocanude rose against them, as in our times against the French; the Goths were dispossessed by the Moors, or rather the Berbers, the real ravagers of the Peninsula; these in due time were beaten by the Spaniards, aided by the troops of Charlemagne, whose principle was to uphold all who were enemies to the Kalif of Cordova; when the Moslem was driven back beyond the Ebro, the reconquered province was divided into departments or Veguerias, and governed by deputed counts. The national liberties were secured by a code of Usages, and the people were represented by local parliaments, or Universidades. The sovereignty became hereditary about 1040, in the person of Ramon Berenguer, who allied himself with the French and Normans; hence the introduction of their style of architecture. Catalonia was united to Aragon in 1137, by the marriage of Ramon Berenguer IV., with Petronila, the heiress of Ramiro el Monje; and both were incorporated with Castile by the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, being inherited by Charles V., their grandson.

Always hankering after former independence, Catalonia has never ceased to be a thorn to all its foreign possessors. It rebelled against Pedro III. of Aragon, in 1277 and 1283; again in 1460, against Juan II., by espousing the cause of his son Don Carlos, and afterwards by declaring itself a republic, which was not suppressed until 1472. It yielded only a surly allegiance to the Austrian dynasty while in vigour; but in 1640, seizing on Philip IV.'s infirmity as its opportunity, it threw itself into the arms of Louis XIII., who proclaimed himself Count of Barcelona, taking, in 1642, Perpiñan, the great object of Richelieu, and thus depriving Spain of Roussillon, her north-eastern bulwark, at the moment when she lost her western in Portugal. This insurrection, put down in 1652, was renewed in 1689. Louis XIV., at the peace of the Bidasoa 1660, guaranteed to Catalonia her liberties, which his grandson Philip V. abolished altogether, having previously carried fire and sword over the ill-fated province. Then was laid on, as a punishment, a heavy income-tax, in lieu of all other Spanish imposts, but this, by unfettering commerce, proved to be a saving benefit, since the native industry expanded once more. In our later times there never has been an insurrection, whether for the French or against them, whether for a Servile or Liberal faction, in which the Catalans have not taken the lead. They have espoused every opinion and cause, constant only in a desire to rebel, decentralize themselves, and regain their former liberties and monopolies. The Catalan, placed between two fires, and alternately the dupe and victim of Spain and France, has no reason to love his neighbours, although willing to side with either, whenever, as the case may be, it suits his private and local interests. This has always been a marked, and perhaps necessary policy on the Pyrenean frontier, and is the result of position. Thus Mumuza, the Berber chief of Cerdaffa, and Amoroz, the Emir of Huesca, sided with the French against the Cordovese Moors. Thus at Gerona the townsfolk
allied themselves alternately with Pepin and Soleyman. Thus at Zaragoza they called in Charlemagne, and then when delivered from their enemy, turned round against their protectors, refusing to admit them into their walled towns, violating every promise, attacking them when returning home, and abusing them afterwards, just as the Spaniards in our days behaved to their English deliverers: see La Coruña. Nowhere does fear and hatred against France rankle in reality so deeply as in Catalonia. "Nulle part ailières," says Foy (iv. 157), "les pères ne transmettent aux enfans plus de haine contre les Français leurs voisins. Ils leur reprochent de les avoir entraînés pendant le 17ème siècle dans les révoltes continues contre les Rois d'Espagne, et de les avoir abandonnés ensuite au ressentiment d'un maître outragé." It was always so from the time of the Celts, and never burnt stronger than under the Goths. Bishop Julian, in Wamba's time (A.D. 672), does not mince matters or words, in his stinging records of the perfidy, atheism, and terrorism of the French invaders (E. S., vi. 536). Such truths, if now told, would be resented as positive libels, but those who will compare the many subsequent transactions, whether under Louis XIV., the Republic, Buonaparte, or Louis Philippe, will find that a something remains unchanged and unchangeable in national character, conduct, and consequences. The Berber-like Catalans may just now seem friendly to their neighbours, in order to use them in abetting their anti-commercial opposition to Esparterist treaties; but give them both time and full swing, and they will return to their fear-engendered hatred. The French can no more play on the Catalan guitar, than the blundering meddlers in Hamlet could govern their protectors, when returning home, and abusing theirEngli~hmen pipe; the stops of his pipe, and the honest smuggler will eventually bring things to their true level.

The best authorities on Catalonia are 'Chroniques de Espaya,' Miguel Carbonell, B. Le fol. Barcelona, 1547; 'Historia de los Condes,' Pro. Diago, fol. Bara. 1603; 'Coronica,' Geronimo Pujades, fol., Bara. 1609; or better far the new edition, 8 vols. 4to., Bara. 1829-32; 'Historia,' Bart. Descot, fol., Bara. 1616; 'Idea del Principado,' Josep Pellicer, 8vo., Antwerp, 1642. For Philip IV.'s wars, the 'Historia de los Movimientos,' by Pro. Manuel de Melo, 4to., Lisbon, 1645, or the Sancha edition, Mad. 1808. Also 'Anales de Cataluña,' Narciso Feliu de la Peña y Farell, 3 vols. fol., Bara. 1709; also, the 'Memoirs of Dunlop.' For the wars of succession, Lord Mahon's excellent history. For commercial history, 'Memorias sobre la Marina,' Anto Capmany, 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1779-92; and 'El Codigo o Libro del Consulado,' 2 vol. 4to., Mad. 1791, by the same able author. For the ecclesiastical, Florez, 'E. S.,' xxiv., Parte i. 2; and for Roman inscriptions, the 'Sylloge' of Josef Finestres.

Those who enter Catalonia from Valencia (R. x.), may, if going to Zaragoza, turn off from Amposta (p. 459) joining the Barcelona high road either at Fraga or Lérida (see R. cxxvi.). This cross route is scarcely carriagable; it is better to ride it.

ROUTE XLII.—AMPOSTA TO FRAGA.

| Tortosa | 2 |
| Jerta  | 24 4 |
| Pinell | 2 64 |
| Miravet | 2 8 |

Mora de Ebro... 2 104
Asco... 2 124
Flix... 1 134
Tayá... 3 164
Mequinenza... 3 194
Fraga... 3 224

Ascending the banks of the Ebro we reach Tortosa, a picturesque old town placed on a sloping eminence, and parted by a cleft or barranco; it rises grandly with its fortified walls, castle, and cathedral, over the river. It has an imposing look when seen
from the Roquetas, on the opposite bank. To the l. is the outwork Tenajas, a suburb, and the castle; above are the forts San Pico and Orleans. The Ebro is subject to inundations, and the bridge of boats is contrived to meet these risings and falls. Small ships come up from the Mediterranean; the quay has been compared to the Rípa Grande of Rome. The river higher up ceases to be navigable on account of La Cherta, the fall of which sometimes is 15 feet, and like that of old London Bridge.

Tortosa contains between 10,000 and 11,000 souls; the posadas are very bad; it is a dull town, with narrow streets. The houses are marked with the local character of solidity; the territory around is very fertile in fruit, wine, oil, corn, and green herbs; it is watered with numerous Norias. Vast quantities of soda are made; the fish is excellent, especially the sturgeon and lamprey. The hills abound with coal, minerals, and marbles, and the magnificent jaspers of Tortosa, the montes reales produce fine pine timber. The wild-fowl shooting in the salt marshes, all the way down the Ebro, is first-rate.

Tortosa, Dertosa, is of extreme antiquity; it was an important city of the Ilercaones, and was called by the Romans "Julia Augusta Dertosa," whence the modern name. It had a mint. The coins are described by Cean Ber. 'S.' 30, and Florez. 'M.' i. 376; for the history, see 'E. S.,' xlii.

According to Martorell the local annalist, Tubal first settled at Tortosa, Hercules followed, and then St. Paul, whose local name here is San Pau, and who here instituted as bishop Monseñor Ruf (Rufus, Ep. Rom. xvi. 13). Be this as it may, it is certain that under the Moors Tortosa became, in the words of the conqueror, "gloria popolorum et decor universæ terræ," and was the key of the Ebro and of this coast, just as Almeria was in the south. It was besieged in 809 by Louis Le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne, who was beaten off. He returned, however, in 811, and captured the town. It was soon recovered by the Moors, and became a nest of pirates, and a thorn to Italian commerce. Hence Euge-nius III. proclaimed a crusade against it, and the place was taken in 1148, nominally, by the Spaniards under Ramon Berenguer, but in reality by the Templars, Pisans, and Genoese, who fought and gained the battle, just as they had previously done at the S. pirate port of Almeria. The Spaniards were in utter want of everything, although Ramon had taken even the sacred plate of the churches of Barcelona. The Moors made a desperate attempt, in 1149, to recover Tortosa, and nearly succeeded, for the inhabitants, reduced to despair, meditated, like the Saguntines, killing their wives and children. One husband, splendidissime mendax, revealed the plan to his spouse, who collected and armed all the women, and, encouraged by the Virgin, managed that the foe should be deceived by the report of an arrival of relieving troops; the women then mounted the battlements, while the men sallied forth and routed the Moors. Don Ramon Berenguer, in consequence, decorated them with a red military scarf, the order of La Hacha. The considerate monarch also permitted these Amazons to receive dresses free from duty, and at marriages to precede the men.

Tortosa was taken by the French under Orleans (afterwards the Regent), July 15, 1708, who compelled the garrison, in defiance of the laws of civilized warfare, to enlist in the French service. This bulwark of Valencia and Catalonia surrendered shamefully in the recent war. Gen. Lilli (Conde de Alacha), who had fled, worthy of his title, from the route of Tudela, was in command there in July, 1811, with 7179 men. This veritable lache had made no sort of preparations for defence; nay, untaught by the past, he even neglected the S.E. approaches, by which the French had entered in 1708.
Suchet arrived in December, 1811, and, as usual, bombarded the town. A feeble resistance was made, for the women of old were even wanting. Alacha, in the hour of danger, lost what his friends call his head; and such was the indecent haste to surrender, that three white flags were waving at one and the same time, hoisted by separate parties. Thus were lost, on the 1st of January, 1812, all the magazines supplied by the English. Alacha was tried for cowardice, condemned to death, and pardoned by Ferdinand XII., like the La Penas, &c.

The Gothic cathedral occupies the site of a mosque, built in 914 by Abdur-rahman, as a Cufic inscription preserved behind the Sacristia recorded. The name of the tower, Almuadena, is an evident corruption of the Al Mueddin, or the summoner of the faithful to prayers. The cathedral was dedicated to the Virgin in 1158-75, by the Bp. Gaufredo. The chapter was formed on a conventual plan, the canons living in community after the rules of the order of St. Augustine; this arrangement was confirmed in 1155 by Adrian IV. (Breakspeare, the English pope), and the identical curious bull is printed in the ‘E. S.’ xlii. 303. The present cathedral, raised in 1347, has a fine approach, but the principal classical façade, with massive Ionic pillars, has been modernised, and with its heavy cornice is out of character with the Gothic interior; there also the demon of churriguersismo has been at work. The E. end terminates with a semicircular absis. The Coro is placed around the high altar, and not in the central nave, as is more usual. The Silleria, with rich Corinthian ornaments, “poppy-heads,” and saints, was carved by Christobal de Salamanca, 1588-93. The ancient pulpit with basso relievo deserve notice. The beautiful reja del coro was raised by Bp. Gaspar Punter, and is enriched with jaspers and Berrugueite details. The iron reja to the high altar is equally remarkable: the modern overdone organs are sadly out of character. The cathedral is full of precious marbles, especially the chapel of the Cinta, but the paintings on the cupola, and the style of architecture, are beggarly, when compared to the materials. The baptismal font is said to have belonged to Benedict XIII., who also gave his golden chalice to the chapter. The relicario is rich in bones, for the invader only removed the gold and silver mountings. Observe in the Capilla de Sa. Candida, the inscriptions of the tombs of the four first bishops, Gaufredo, ob. 1165; Ponce, ob. 1193; Gombal, ob. 1212; and Ponce de Torrellas, ob. 1254: observe also the tomb of Bp. Tena. Look at the portal leading to the cloister and its five statues. A small portion, also, of the original conventual building yet remains, and a curious old chapel with red and green pillars. Adrian VI. was Bp. of Tortosa.

The great Palladium of the cathedral and the city is the Cinta. The history of Tortosa, by Pro. Martorell de Luna, 12mo., 2 vols., Tortosa, 1626, is mainly dedicated to this girdle, which the Virgin, attended by St. Peter and St. Paul, brought down in person from heaven in 1178, and delivered herself to a priest, whose name and the why and wherefore are unknown; there is, however, a poem on the subject in Latin and Spanish by Jose Beltran y Ruis. This happy idea was borrowed from the Cistus of Venus and the cingulum of Claudia (Lactantius, ‘Or. Er.’ ii. 7); and Prato, in Italy, can also boast its Sacra cintola. The Cinta appears to those who lack faith to be nothing more or less than a Catalan Redecilla of brown silk; that, however, which the Virgin gave to Simon Stock was a leather strap, like the Correa bestowed by her on St. Augustine. A grand mass is performed to this Cinta every second Sunday in October. The gift was declared authentic in 1617, by Paul V., and to justify his infallibility it works every sort of miracle,