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BEGGARS IN THE CLOISTER OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

irrigation. These buckets are so arranged that four or five discharge their contents while an equal number are filling. The motive power which drives this curious machine is usually supplied by some poor superannuated horse. Often a tawny child, clad in rags or else entirely nude, directs this jaded brute; sometimes the child is required for other work, when an ingenious piece of mechanism is brought into play: it consists of a long stick so arranged that it comes down with fearfully persuasive force upon the jaded animal whenever it stops, leaving the horse but little inducement to prolong its rest. It is said that a single *noria* will irrigate land sufficient to maintain an entire family.

In a neighbouring village not far from the scene of our accident we made the acquaintance of a country priest, an excellent man, who had a joyous and prosperous appearance. It was Sunday, and he was strolling along peacefully, smoking in the society of several of his parishioners on the *Plaza de la constitucion*; in Spain no town or village is without its *Plaza de la constitucion*. In France people would be very much surprised to encounter a priest smoking in public; here no one pays the slightest attention. We once even saw a priest light his cigar at the censer in the sacristy.

The railway to Barcelona follows the seashore: the journey is most agreeable, recalling the route from Naples to Castellamare. On the left the sea, blue as a sapphire, was dotted with fishing craft, whose long lateen sails were spread out to the morning breeze, white and smooth as the wings of a seagull; on the right, the vast plain was mantled with the dark foliage of the orange and other fruit trees. We passed through about twenty villages and towns, of which the most industrious is Mataró, celebrated for its glass factories. On each side the road was bordered with cactus, forming a fence that is strong and at the same time picturesque.

The railway is only slightly above sea-level: thus during high tides the rails seem to be submerged. When the sea has risen it produces a singular perspective effect, which we noticed when one day sailing in a boat off the coast near Barcelona; the train appeared to be running through the water just in the same way as when, sailing on the Dutch coast, the land disappears and the trees and dwellings of the Hollanders seem to rise up out of the sea.

Barcelona, as we approached, was bathed in bright sunlight. "Barcelona," says Cervantes, "is the home of courtesy, asylum of strangers, shelter of the poor, land of the brave, refuge of offenders; the common centre of all that is sincere in friendship; a city unequalled for situation and beauty." It stands at the foot of Mont-Juich—the mountain of the Jews—an immense rock, whose summit, bristling with fortifications, rises above a forest of Gothic spires. Cervantes said truly that Barcelona was during the Middle Ages, and in his own time, one of the most flourishing cities and frequented ports in the Mediterranean, equal to Venice, Genoa, or Pisa, with which places it held intimate trading relations. During the fifteenth century it was celebrated for its sculpture, and its early masterpieces are still admired; it had also a well-merited reputation for the beauty of its work in bronze and iron. Barcelona boasted a numerous corporation of *rejeros*, the artists who forged and cut the marvellous iron gates of the churches and cloisters, which are so finely wrought that they have been compared to microscopic filigree-work.

The capital of Catalonia, the first industrial city in the Peninsula, has lost nothing of its commercial activity, and its port is still as animated as in the days of the valiant Don Quixote and his faithful attendant. Steamers have now however replaced the galleys which the brave Sancho mistook for monsters ploughing their way with a hundred

crimson feet across the water. He would have died of panic-fear had he beheld the great steamships of the Mediterranean calmly advancing against wind and waves.

Barcelona nowadays resembles Marseilles; it presents nearly the same activity, the same mixture of diverse nationalities, and the same absence of any distinctive type. The *mantilla* is rarely seen, and it is in vain we have tried to discover the least trace of the "*Andalouse au teint bruni*" of Alfred de Musset. Even in Andalusia they become rarer every day, and Doré never lost an opportunity of studying those we came across, for a day will come when railways, forming a network over Spain, will cause them to disappear.

Some of the old parts of the town still retain their original features, such as the *Calle de la Plateria*—street of the goldsmiths. Most Spanish towns have their *Calle de la Plateria*, where one can study the gold and silver work, which forms an important feature in the costume of the people. The shops display an attractive array of gold and silver ornaments, coarse and heavy in workmanship, but whose angular designs have a charming originality. There are earrings so ponderous that they require to be partly suspended by strong thread; rings with red and green stones, and all sorts of ex-voto; figures also of the Madonna de Monserrat, held in great veneration by the Catalonians. All this jewelry is designed for the use of the peasantry. Side by side with these are the jewels *al estilo de Paris*, for people who pride themselves on following the Parisian fashions.

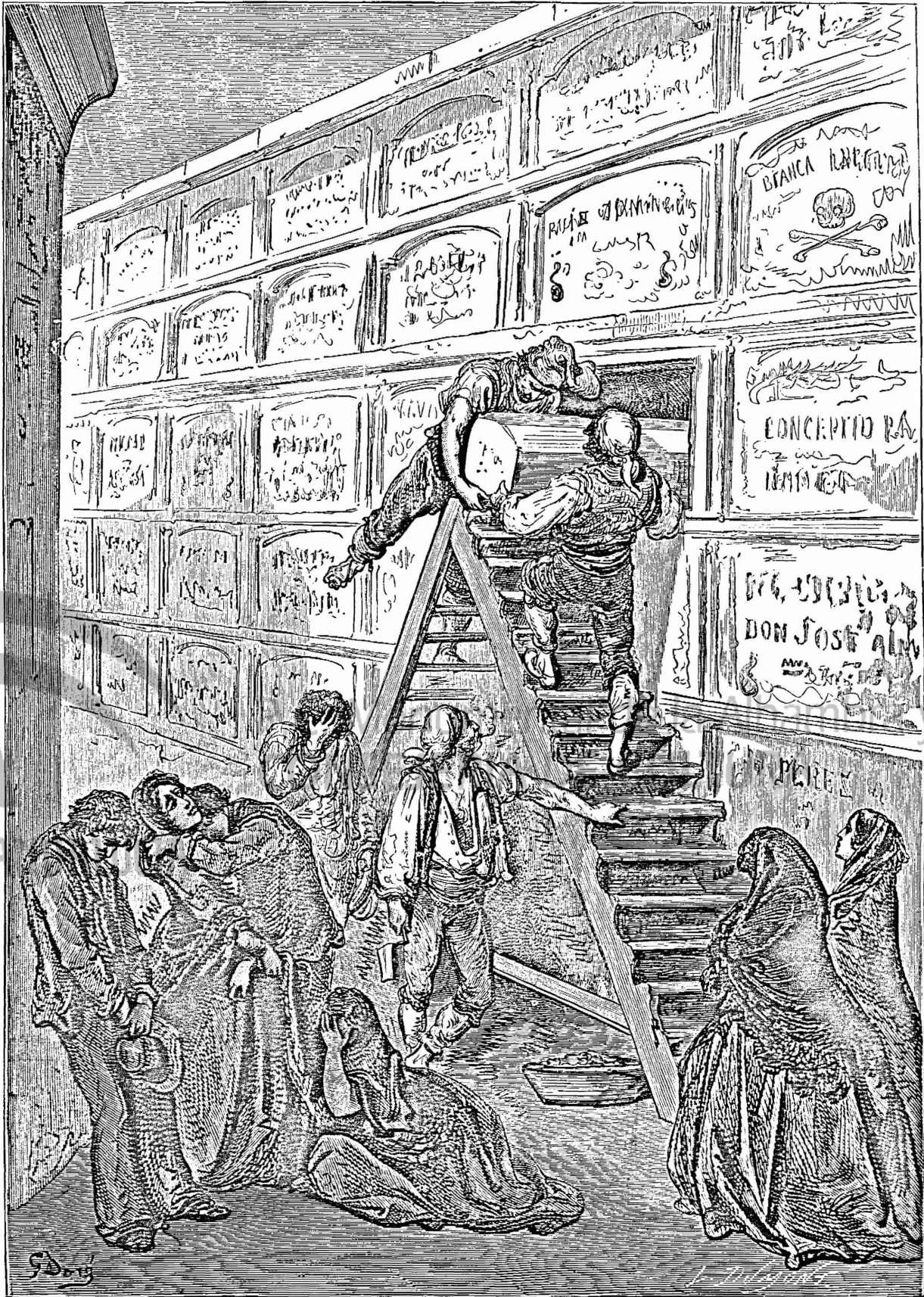
The Cathedral of Barcelona, called the *Seu* (pronounced *Séou*), from the Latin *sedes*, while outwardly unattractive, has at the same time a most imposing interior. Beneath the choir, tapers are kept constantly burning in honour of the patron saint of the city.

"Esta es la Eulalia, la de Barcelona,  
De la rica ciudad la rica joya!"

"It is Saint Eulalia," says the popular refrain, "that of Barcelona, rich jewel of a rich city."

The organ pipes, in place of standing upright, as in our churches, are ranged horizontally, and resemble the pointed cannons of some infernal machine. The base supporting them is terminated with a huge Saracen's head, wearing a long red beard which looks as if it had been dipped in blood. This singular ornament, the symbol of the deep-rooted hatred which the Spaniards felt for their Moorish foes, is frequently met with in Spain.

The cloister adjoining the church contains a number of chapels shut off by the beautiful iron *rejas* of which we have already spoken. It is impossible to find anywhere more carefully finished and patiently elaborated work; happily the *rejeros* who executed these masterpieces have left us their names. In the centre of the cloister there is a charming fountain shaded by orange-trees. Here we felt as if transported to the midst of a scene in the Middle Ages; and to complete the illusion this cloister is a sort of *Cour des Miracles*, where is found a motley crew of importunate whining vagrants, who, although now almost unknown with us, still flourish in some parts of the Peninsula. There is indeed hardly any civilised country, unless it be Italy, where one sees mendicinity establish itself in broad daylight, and with less ceremony than in Spain. Full of dignity, one might almost say pride, the Spanish beggar wraps himself in the remains of his mantle, and is seen armed with an immense stick, used to drive off the dogs, which by instinct are hostile to men of his type. Shrouded in his rags, he philosophically carries on his



A BURIAL AT BARCELONA.

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profession or his art—which you please—as his highest ambition is to be accounted an accomplished mendicant. A modern Spanish author who has paid special attention to this subject assures us that in many families the profession becomes hereditary; the children religiously observe the precepts of those who have grown old in the arts of mendicity, and are not slow to profit by the hard-won experience of their teachers. Thus the veteran knows full well how to portion out his time and lay his plans for each day's campaign, so that by appearing in a certain place at a time carefully determined beforehand, his tatters, tricks, and misery will meet with their fullest reward.

After the churches we visited the cemetery, where the path lies through long parallel alleys hedged in on each side by high walls pierced with a multitude of compartments, one above the other, at regular intervals, not unlike the niches of a Roman *columbarium*, or pigeon-house; each one of these compartments is destined for the reception of a corpse, enclosed in a coffin, and when an interment has been effected, masons are employed to wall up the opening with bricks and mortar. This city of the dead contains many streets, which form a singular perspective. The sepulchres of the rich are closed with slabs of white marble, adorned with bas-reliefs and inscribed with the names of the defunct. When an interment takes place, the parents and friends of the deceased repair to the cemetery to lend their aid in placing the coffin in its niche. We were witnesses of a scene of this kind; the masons had just placed the large and heavy ladder by means of which they were enabled to reach an elevated opening in the wall. A *sepulturero* approached, bearing a child's coffin decked with artificial flowers; then followed a group of mourners, who halted at the foot of the ladder, in vain attempting to console the poor mother, who burst into an agony of grief as she caught the last glimpse of the coffin passing out of sight. Leaving this sad scene, we were led to an apartment where the bodies of the dead are required to rest for twenty-four hours before interment, in order to make certain that life is extinct. Here a precaution is used which seemed strange to us: a cord fastened to the arm of the corpse is attached to a bell, in such a way that the least motion sounds an alarm and summons the guard, who watches day and night in this waiting-room of the dead. The attendant assured us that never in the memory of man had they heard the sound of the bell.

The Rambla is the great promenade, the Boulevard des Italiens of Barcelona; where one can form some notion of the Catalonians of all classes, from the *señora* covered with satin and lace, to the simple fisherman in a red cap and with his jacket carelessly thrown over his shoulder, or the Catalonian exquisite strutting daintily along, the slave of capricious fashion. Not far from the Rambla rises the Palace of Justice, a charming structure of the fifteenth century; the *patio*, or inner court, is shaded by orange-trees, whose topmost branches reach nearly to the roof of the edifice. Under a covered gallery are ranged a number of tables for the use of the lawyers, who there give their professional advice in public.

The ancient prison of the Inquisition may still be seen in Barcelona; it is a massive gloomy building, pierced with a number of narrow windows. There the terrible tribunal sat in all its splendour. We were shown the *Prado de San Sebastian*, beyond the walls of the town, the site of the *Quemadero*, where heretics were consumed by fire for the good of the faith. Never was edifice more purely in harmony with its design, and the famous Torquemada, the model inquisitor, the great burner of heretics, ought to have found it to his taste.

Before bidding adieu to Barcelona we visited the convent of Monserrat, where the

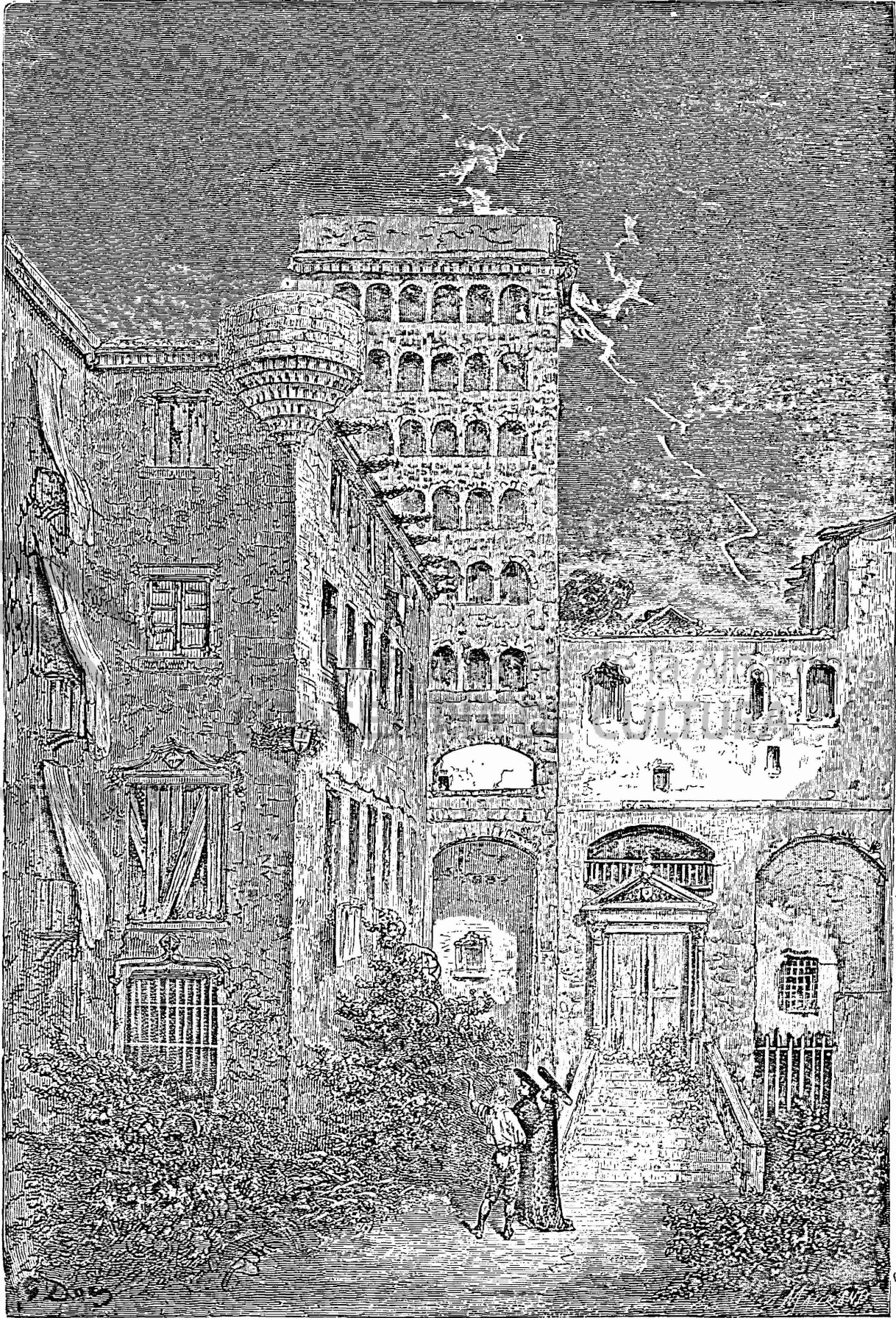
Virgin, held in great veneration by the Catalonians, is supposed to work innumerable miracles. This convent is built on a peak more than a thousand feet in height, and not far off rises a group of conical mountains, whose jagged summits remind one of the teeth of a saw, which accounts for the name Monserrat. Since the suppression of the Spanish convents, more than thirty years ago, that of Monserrat has lost much of its ancient splendour; nevertheless the view from the terrace of the convent amply repays a visit. In the distance there is a bright blue line of sea which borders one of the grandest panoramas of the Pyrenees.

Tarragona, nearly the same distance from Barcelona, but to the south, is a small city, which we reached by sea in a few hours. During the Roman period it was the most important city of the Peninsula, when its population is said to have been about a million. Tarragona as it now stands is almost entirely built out of the ruins of the Roman city; at each step one stumbles on some fragment of ancient bas-relief. The cathedral is one of the oldest in Spain, and in its cloister we noticed a remarkable arch of horse-shoe shape, whose finely sculptured ornaments and inscriptions date from the tenth century. In spite of the early fame of the city and its environs, the only trace we could discover of its great works was an ancient aqueduct in partial preservation, and the ruins of a tomb near the sea, to which tradition has given the name *Torre de los Escipiones*.

At the time of our first visit to Spain the railway from Barcelona to Valencia, now many years completed, was hardly commenced. Taking our place in the coach, drawn by a team of six mules, a hailstorm of blows with the whip gave the signal for departure. The heavy machine unexpectedly kept on its wheels, notwithstanding the violent jerks and plunging motion to which it was subjected along the rough road, and night was falling as we lost sight of the ancient capital of Catalonia.

The route from Catalonia to Valencia enjoyed an unenviable fame for brigandage. If we can credit travellers' tales no one ever set out without preparing for some adventure, and those who lived to return, if they had not been actually attacked, had barely escaped, and could tell at least one tale of mysterious Spaniards, wrapped alike in their mantles and the gloom of night, or disappearing suddenly, on some deed of darkness bent, with their uplifted swords or daggers gleaming in the pale moonlight. These were the good old times, when the coaches were regularly stopped, and no one ever settled in his seat without having his ransom ready at hand. The brigand's profession was then a lucrative one, carried on in broad daylight, and each highway was scoured by its own peculiar band, who regarded it as private property. It is even said that the *cosarios*—drivers—were in league with the bandits, and agreed with them to share their booty, or rather the coachman paid a regular blackmail, which was contributed by the passengers; and curiously enough the members of the band always knew when and where to receive this tribute. Sometimes the chief of a band, having earned a competency by the exercise of his noble profession, would settle down to an uneventful life of simple respectability, but before abandoning the king's highway he was careful to sell the goodwill of his business to some enterprising successor, who probably inspected the accounts, and was fully instructed in the secrets of the profession.

In spite of these attractive stories, alas! we have never seen, far or near, the figure of a single brigand, although we have frequently traversed the roads and rocky defiles recommended as the most likely and dangerous. For example, on the road from Gerona to Figueras, where the coach stopped on the evening of our journey in May 1872, we had not the good fortune to encounter a single armed adventurer, which is much to be regretted, as we had nothing to lose, and a few words from the lips of a living bandit would have greatly



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION AT BARCELONA.

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enlivened our narrative. At times we did meet men wearing a fierce and defiant expression of countenance, and armed with nothing more formidable than a blunderbuss; but in passing, instead of demanding our purse or our life, they greeted us with the traditional salutation, "*Vayan ustedes con Dios,*" God be with you!

But everything has improved in this age of progress; they have found the means of stopping the railway trains in this the year of grace 1872, as actually happened near Sierra-Morena hardly more than twelve months ago.

We had already passed through the country watered by the Llobregat (Rubricatus), a name appropriate to this red muddy stream. Our rumbling vehicle raised clouds of white dust, but it hardly reached us, as we had taken our seats on the box, where we were enabled to study at leisure all the arrangements of a Spanish coach. It was well for us that its body was strongly braced with iron, in a manner calculated to resist the roughest shocks. The interior differs but slightly from our diligence; there are two compartments, separated by a partition fitted with a shutter, which may be opened or closed at pleasure, while Venetian blinds afford protection against the heat. The horses or mules, numbering from six to fourteen, are clipped, so as to leave the upper half of the coat intact, and are harnessed in pairs. Coaching is very costly in Spain; we had frequently to pay at the rate of two *pesetas* a mile, that is to say nearly five times the cost of a first-class railway fare. Baggage is charged at the same exorbitant rates, and the traveller is only allowed to carry a nominal weight free. Mr. Barringer, United States Minister, stated in a report to his Government that about fifteen years ago he had to pay three hundred *duros*—more than fifteen hundred francs—for the transport of a carriage from Cadiz to Madrid, which had only cost fifty *duros* from New York to Cadiz. The attendants of the diligence are invariably made up of the *mayoral*, the *zagal*, and the *delantero*. The common type of *mayoral* is a big man with a broad florid face, encased in chop-cut whiskers; his head is protected by a silk kerchief knotted behind, and topped by a *sombrero calañés*, an Andalusian hat with upturned brim, and decked with two tufts of black silk. He wears the *marsille*, a short jacket embroidered and tagged at the elbows with pieces of red and green cloth and a great embroidered pot of flowers, which spread their charms over the middle of the back. The pantaloons, descending a little below the knees, are edged with velvet or sheepskin *calzon de pellejo*, while his feet are encased in white shoes covered with a sort of buskin or leathern gaiter, which leaves the calf half exposed.

The *mayoral* is a most important personage, and knowing this, he abuses his power by tyrannising not only over his subordinates, but over the unfortunate traveller as well.

Here is a short dialogue jotted down on the spot by a Spaniard between a *mayoral* and a traveller.

"*Mayoral*, will you have the goodness to listen to me for an instant?"

"What's the matter?"

"*Hombre!* I wish to leave with this coach; if there is no room inside may I have a seat on the box?"

"Impossible!"

"Consider, *mayoral*. Do not leave me thus in the lurch; could I not at least sit under the tilt?"

"We shall see."

"How much will that cost?"

"The inside fare."



It is said that the name *zagal* was derived from an Arabic word which signifies agile, or quick. Indeed the work of the *zagal* is of the most active description: half his time at least is spent in running by the side of the mules, and in urging them on; at times he leaps from the first to the last mule, distributing to each in turn a blow with his stick. Sometimes he darts off in advance in order to discharge a store of small pebbles, which he adroitly shoots into the ears of the most sluggish mules. These missiles rarely miss their mark, and the mules, electrified and tickled by the unwelcome projectiles, kick vigorously right and left; there is then a jumble of legs tangled in the traces, and the spirited *zagal*, to restore order, begins anew a distribution of the pebbles, and succeeds as if by a miracle.

It is wonderful how the Spanish mules survive the blows with which they are overwhelmed. If they had only to bear the brunt of the *zagal's* blows it would not matter, but the established usage of the country secures to them a large additional supply, and no one armed with a stick fails to contribute his share. The *zagal* wears a light and simple costume: a kerchief tied round the head, a coloured shirt, cotton velvet pants, a striped waistband, and sandals of spun flax. This functionary is always furnished with a supple stick, stuck in his waistband and carried behind his back; like the wand of a harlequin, the badge of his profession.

The *delantero*, or postillion, is thus named because he rides in front on the leading near-side mule. He rejoices in the cognomen of "the condemned," as his toil is incessant. Formerly he spent forty-eight hours in the saddle, and at times more; from Madrid to Bayonne the *delantero* was not relieved a single time during the long journey. He usually wears a cap of lambskin, which imparts a most savage expression to his bronzed face. The staff of attendants was formerly considered incomplete without the *escopeteros*, a name given to two gendarmes charged with the protection of the travellers in case of attack, and who, seated on the top of the coach, commanded the route.

Throughout the entire journey the *mayoral* and *zagal* kept shouting to the mules, addressing them each by name, sometimes in friendly, sometimes in threatening tones, according to circumstances, in this style: "Colonel, on arriving I will make me a cap of your skin." Night did not stop the discordant sounds, and even when the *mayoral* had succumbed to sleep one heard him murmuring: "*Capitanaaaa . . . comisariooo . . . raa . . . puliaaa . . . bandolero . . . arre carboneraaa*," &c., until he was quite overcome, when he was ably supported by the *zagal*.

The diligence offers the most aristocratic mode of travelling, as it is only found on the king's highways. More correctly, its journeys have become extremely select, for since railways have furrowed Spain, this superannuated vehicle has almost entirely disappeared. Besides the inconvenience we have pointed out, there is the constant danger of the coach upsetting; at such times the *mayoral* escapes by paying a fine of about sixty francs. Twice we were upset without suffering any serious inconvenience; but passengers are not always so fortunate. When travelling from Barcelona to Valencia we passed a frightful ravine, into which a diligence had been precipitated, carrying in its fall both travellers and horses.

There is a mail-coach, which travels faster, and only carries one or two passengers, a badly suspended vehicle; also the *coche de colleras*, a small diligence, only covering about thirteen miles a day. Next in order is the *galera*, and never was instrument of torture more deserving of its name. Imagine a very long cart on four wheels, the bottom made up of a strong network of ropes, which, curving downwards, nearly touches the



AN ACCIDENT.

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