

are from the history of the Virgin. The colours are perfectly fresh—unharmd by time or retouching.

We tried in vain to induce the sacristan to show us the *MISSAL* which once belonged to Westminster Abbey. He professed utter ignorance on the subject, and it was long before we succeeded in seeing the tapestry hangings, which once adorned the altar of St. Paul's Cathedral, and were sold to Spain in the time of Henry VIII.

The Cathedral presents a most incongruous variety of styles of architecture, abundance of whitewash, and but little painted glass, but it contains pictures of rare beauty by Juanes.

In the Sacristia is his painting of *THE GOOD SHEPHERD*, gently laying on His shoulder the lamb which had strayed, and bearing it home. This is near the door, and attracts the eye at once by its beauty; but there are several other fine paintings on the walls of the Sacristia, also by this Spanish Raphaël. Amongst others are the portraits of the two archbishops, St. Thomas of Villanueva (the patron of Juanes), and Ribera, the persecutor of the Moors.

One strange feature in this Cathedral is the pulpit; it has no door, and no visible means of reaching it! Among the relics is *THE HOLY CHALICE*, which devout Spaniards regard with especial reverence, as the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper.

THE BIBLE OF ST. VINCENT FERRER is another relic.

St. Vincent is the great saint of Valencia. In his

life we are told that he made it his daily practice to meditate upon some portion of the Bible, and that the subject which he chose most frequently was the Passion of our Lord. This, too, was the theme which he loved to dwell upon in his preaching, as the moving spring of repentance; and it is said that convulsive sobs would burst forth from the crowd at his impassioned words; but he was a Boanerges when his text was on the coming Judgment, and the people trembled with fear and agitation as they listened to the Great Revivalist of the fifteenth century. His preaching was not confined to Spain; he visited England also as a missionary in the time of our Henry IV.; and though he has been cruelly misrepresented, he was in truth "a shining light in a dark age."

In his work on "Spiritual Life" this Dominican monk urged men of letters to consult God more than their books, and humbly seek wisdom from the Most High, if they would study with advantage. He advised them to interrupt their studies occasionally by short fervent prayer; for study drained the mind and heart, unless men went from time to time to be refreshed at the foot of the Cross of Christ; when the thought of His sacred wounds would infuse fresh vigour, and give new light to the soul. "Science," he argued, "was the gift of the Father of lights, and not to be looked upon as merely the result of mental application and industry."

St. Vincent refused all Church dignities. Neither a cardinal's hat nor a bishopric could seduce him

from the one object of his life—to preach the Gospel in every city in Europe. Moors, Jews, and Christians were won by his earnestness; and his voice of thunder, we are told, actually arrested the massacre of the Jews in Valencia.*

There is a curious sermon of this saint, addressed to the fair sex, in which he thus denounces the feminine weakness of having recourse to artificial colouring:—"Would you affront God by adding white and red, as if to correct the work of His hands? He has given you dark hair—you change it to red—red as the tail of a bull. How will you kneel before Him, and say, 'Lord, I am Thy creature, the work of Thy hands.?' Will He not say, 'Depart—I know you not?'"

On his death-bed, St. Vincent desired that the Passion of Our Lord should be read to him; and on Wednesday, in Passion Week, 1419, he expired.†

COLLEGIO DE CORPUS.—This college was founded in the sixteenth century, by Archbishop Ribera,

* See Dean Milman's "History of the Jews."

† The brother of St. Vincent translated the Bible into the Valencian dialect. It was immediately seized and burnt by order of the Inquisition. One of the relics in great repute with Philip II. in his last illness was the arm of St. Vincent Ferrer. He would never suffer it to be out of his sight. It was therefore placed on the high altar of the Escorial, so that, when he was not using the arm-bone of the Saint as a charm to heal his diseased body, he might behold it from his bed.

the relentless persecutor of the Moors. It contains a famous collection of pictures by *Ribalta*, which we had before attempted to see, but without success—a black and thickly veiled bonnet not having been regarded as a substitute for the indispensable mantilla. But the Friday service in this Church is so impressively described in Mr. Ford's book; that, having purchased the necessary Spanish head-gear, we set forth at an early hour for the Collegio. Service was going on in a little side chapel. The Church is excessively dark in itself, and it was impossible to see the pictures. We could just distinguish the subject of the large painting over the high altar (the Last Supper), but nothing more.

On our left, a priest, in white surplice, was seated in the open confessional; on each side knelt a veiled figure; the one whispering out her misdeeds, the other waiting. Suddenly there were voices heard chanting the Miserere, and every knee was bent; the already dark Church was made still darker by covering the windows. The candles on the high altar were lighted, and the picture above was slowly lowered, and curtain after curtain somewhat rapidly took its place; then far back, as if in the centre of a dark vault or cavern—two feeble, glimmering lights alone relieving its intense gloom—appeared the dim outline of a large Cross, and the form of One hanging upon it—so death-like, so real, that tears involuntarily started to some eyes; and, whether the sober judgment of the beholders approved or not of the exhibition, the heart responded to it, though all the

while there was a whisper within, telling of "a more excellent way."

We left the Church, and as we were passing out a friendly voice behind us exclaimed, "A *very* mild performance that!"

I simply give the two different impressions produced by the morning's service.

Shopping at Valencia is very pleasant: the owners of the shops, with courteous gesture, invite you within as you stop to admire the gay mantas—excellent in colour—which are suspended outside. Silks, mantillas, and shawls of Valencian manufacture are also exhibited, and the English traveller would at all events do well to purchase a *manta* before he quits Valencia.

The glass sold in the market-place is of a very beautiful colour, and, though not blown into perfectly accurate forms, is nearly equal in quality to the Venetian, and excessively cheap. The Valencia matting is another manufacture which should not be overlooked, and the common tiles (Azulejo) are more subdued in colour, and have a better effect than the more finished tiles of Minton.

THE VALENCIA MUSEO.

THE VALENCIA MUSEO.—The unsifted mass of pictures collected together in this gallery, is undeserving of the name of El Museo.

It contains but few pictures of real interest. Among these, however, are some *chefs d'œuvre* of the Valencian School, which the government would do well to withdraw to Madrid, as Valencia apparently counts herself unworthy of a befitting gallery. Nothing can be worse than the lighting and arrangement of the pictures or more confused than the catalogue.

At the end of the principal sala is the great picture of *Juanes*, which has been removed from the Church of San Juan, and which is called "LA PURISIMA CONCEPCION."

The confessor of *Juanes* is said to have had a vision of the Virgin, and he charged *Juanes* to put this vision upon canvas. He prepared himself for this great work by prayer and fasting, and never ventured to paint the Virgin Mother without having first received the Holy Sacrament.

It was thus that *Juanes* executed his task, and whether the picture is, or is not, acceptable to the

taste of the spectator, the devout spirit of the man must commend itself to the conscience.

This picture is said to have been lost for a time, but was at length found in the Church of San Juan, from whence it has been carried to this Museo. We do not pretend to criticise, but the impression left on our minds was that the picture of "La Purisima" might turn out to be a copy.

It is admitted to have been "refreshed" since the Revolution, and has all the appearance of a picture recently painted.

THE NAILING TO THE CROSS. (*Juan Ribalta.*)

At the same end of the room hangs this grand picture by the son of the Spanish Domenichino, *Francisco Ribalta*.

The figures are life size: on the right stands one of the thieves, old in years, with hands bound behind with cords, and head bent down, watching with absorbing interest the work of the executioner, as he bores the holes for the nails which are to transfix the culprit to his Cross. The bent form seems to shrink at the punishment before him—"the due reward of his deeds"—and his mind is too intent on his approaching misery to heed the inscription which lies close to his feet, destined for the Cross of Him "Who had done nothing amiss." In the centre is the Saviour, with hands outstretched, already in the grasp of the executioners.

The Cross is on the ground, slightly inclined, and

the Saviour rests upon the wood, in sitting posture, with eyes lifted up from earth to heaven: the whole expression is that of willing sacrifice—"Lo, I come to do Thy will."

Behind is the centurion on horseback, surrounded by Roman soldiers, and on the left is the other thief undergoing his punishment.

This picture is very dark, but if full time is given to it light will come.

It was painted by *Juan Ribalta* when eighteen: a fact which would seem incredible, were it not that there is an inscription which attests it on the picture itself: "*Juannes Ribalta pingebat et invenit, 18 ætatis suæ, anno 1615.*"

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

Next to this is

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN. (*Juanes.*)

In this charming picture the Virgin rises out of the tomb; two angels, with clasped hands, support her feet; whilst her arms rest on two other angels. A glowing light is seen, as of sunrise on the Resurrection morning.

Close to this is a small picture—

THE LAST SUPPER. (*Juanes.*)

St. Peter is represented beckoning to St. John, who whispers to his Master, "Lord, who is it?" Judas, with dark averted face, is thrusting his daring

hand into the dish. A finger of the sacred hand—in a few hours to be nailed to the Cross—rests gently and pitifully on that of the traitor. The face of the Saviour has a look of infinite compassion, and the mouth is slightly open, as though He would breathe into him, even now, the breath of life.

On the table are oranges cut in two, and the small loaves of Spanish bread, common at the present time.

Through a window in the background is seen the sun setting upon the earth.

There is a deeply religious sentiment in this picture; one thinks not only of its artistic beauty, but of the prayers which went up as a memorial before God from the heart of the devout Juanes, ere he deemed himself worthy to paint it; and something of the painter's devotion may well be kindled within oneself as one stands before this "Cena."

ST. THERESA. (*Ribera.*)

She is represented in the Carmelite dress, with a pen in her hand and a skull on her table. Her head is raised as if waiting for inspiration, and a dove is seen hovering over her as she writes. "The soul should ever live," said St. Theresa, "as if standing before the face of Almighty God; knowing no sorrow, no pain but that of not enjoying His presence." In her description of prayer, she says: "The holiest prayer consists in forgetfulness of self, and drinking in the voice of the Divine Master."

St. Theresa, required from her followers hard household work—labour of the hands as a means of spiritual good.

ST. BRUNO. (*Francisco Ribalta.*)

The saint is in his white cowl. He holds the Gospel in one hand, and lays the finger of the other hand upon his mouth, as if to remind the beholder that "Life and death are in the power of the tongue."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. (*Francisco Ribalta.*)

St. Francis is represented in adoration before his crucified Lord, upon whom his gaze is fixed, with an expression of sorrow so intense, that, though you may not like the picture as a whole, your sympathy is invoked by the sad tear-stained face of the saint.

Francisco Ribalta, and his son Juan, rank next to Juanes amongst the painters of the Valencian school.

Francisco was born in 1551, at a small town on the frontier of Valencia, and came early to the city, where he placed himself under a good master, and carefully studied the works of Juanes. It was whilst so engaged that he met his future wife, the only daughter of his master. Francisco asked her in marriage, but was scornfully refused by the old maestro, "who would have no unknown artist for his son-in-law." Ribalta was in despair, but the young girl was nothing daunted; she advised him to go and study

in Italy, assuring him that she would wait till he should return—no longer a nameless artist—to claim her as his bride.

Ribalta obeyed, and studied with such success at Bologna under the Caracci, that at the end of four years he returned with confidence to Valencia. The maestro was out, but he was received with joy by the daughter, and, finding an unfinished sketch on her father's easel, he instantly set to work and completed it. When the old man returned and saw the picture, his surprise was only equalled by his admiration, so masterly was the execution. Calling his daughter to his side, and pointing to the picture, he exclaimed, "Whoever painted this shall be your husband, and not that poor apprentice, Ribalta." The truth was then confessed, and the marriage took place. The fame of Ribalta quickly spread through Valencia, and his fortune was made.

Juan was the only son of Ribalta; his talent was remarkable from his earliest years. With the exception, perhaps, of Ribera, he was the most distinguished of his father's pupils. Indeed the works of the two Ribaltas are often confounded, and are looked upon as of equal merit. Francis Ribalta died in 1628, and was followed to the grave in the same year by his son.

THE SAVIOUR WITH THE CHALICE. (*Juanes.*)

In this last picture we have represented the actual chalice still to be seen in the Cathedral at Valencia,

and which Spaniards venerate from the belief that it is the very eucharistic cup of the Last Supper.

THE VISION OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. (*Espinosa*.)*

Stern and rigid is the expression on the face of the Saint, even whilst he beholds in a vision the "meek and lowly One." Human sympathy was scorned by the writer of the "Spiritual Exercises," whose sole aim was to bring into absolute subjection every power of the mind and body. In 1491, the year that Columbus was commissioned to sail on his first voyage, Ignatius Loyola was born.

His mother's devotion led her to refuse the comforts to which her position in life entitled her, and she brought forth her son Ignatius in the stable of the Castle of Loyola.

The boyhood of Ignatius was spent at the Court of Ferdinand the Catholic, he being one of the royal pages. As he advanced to manhood, there was but one career open to the high-born Spaniard, that of a soldier, and the chivalrous nature and romantic bravery of the young Ignatius soon made him distinguished. At the siege of Pampeluna, when thirty years old, he was desperately wounded in both legs by a cannon ball; and as he lay on his couch of pain, he asked for books to relieve his weariness. The life

* *Espinosa* was a pupil of Francisco Ribalta, and is supposed to resemble Guercino in style.

of the Saviour was brought to him, and the lives of the Saints. He now saw before him a new and better existence; though maimed in body, he could still fight; there was a banner, invisible to others, ever waving in his sight, and with the sword of the Spirit he would manfully wage the battle of the Lord against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

His resolution was taken, and with limping gait he departed from his home to offer his sword and lance at the shrine of the Virgin Mother at Monserrat.

The year 1521 is an eventful epoch in Ecclesiastical history. In April, that year, the Augustine monk, Martin Luther, boldly denounced before Charles V., at the Diet of Worms, the sale of indulgences and other grievous abuses of the Church of Rome; and in that same year the Spanish noble, Ignatius Loyola, made the solemn vow that he would lay his sword before the altar of Our Lady of Monserrat, and devote himself to the service of God as His faithful soldier unto his life's end.

On the road to Barcelona is a high mountainous ridge, with jagged peaks, resembling a saw, from whence its name—Monserrato. About midway on this steep and rugged site stood a Benedictine Abbey and the Church of Our Lady. On the stony heights above lived the hermit saints, thirteen in number: each having a separate cell and a chapel dedicated to his own especial Saint. It was on the eve of the Feast of the Annunciation that the vow of Ignatius Loyola was fulfilled. After passing the whole night in prayer, he received the Holy Sacrament in the Church of Our

Lady, and then having doffed his knightly robes for the garb of a pilgrim, journeyed slowly to Manresa.

Luther was still concealed in the castle of Wartburg, when Loyola hid himself in a cave at Manresa. There he prepared his soul for the conflict which awaited him, holding, as he believed, visible communion with his Lord and Master, but like Luther at Wartburg, tormented by evil spirits.

His desire was to preach the Gospel at Jerusalem, but this he was unable to accomplish: he then repaired to Alcala, where he was looked upon as a schismatic and imprisoned by order of the Inquisition. On his release, he commenced a course of theological study at the University of Salamanca, and finally proceeded to Paris, where he found five companions of like zeal and energy, with whom he entered into a solemn spiritual compact. These were Faber, Xavier, Salmeron, Laynez and Bobadilla. They took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but beyond these, they added yet another vow, that of unconditional obedience to the Pope as the Head of the visible Church.

After three years spent in Rome, Ignatius Loyola succeeded in obtaining the sanction of Pope Paul III. to the raising of the "Company of Jesus," of which Loyola himself became the first-general, carrying out his soldier-like ideas in the name which he gave to his order, and enforcing upon his Company a military discipline and obedience.

St. Ignatius died in 1556, and was canonised in 1662.

VALENCIA TO TARRAGONA.

THIS is a journey of twelve hours, the train starting at six in the evening. Shortly after seven we were at MURVIEDRO—the ancient SAGUNTUM—famous for the resistance it offered to Hannibal 219 years before the Christian era.

After a siege of eight months, the inhabitants chose rather to perish in the ruins of their city than surrender. They burnt their houses and treasures, and then threw themselves on the burning pile, leaving a heap of ashes for the conqueror.

At six in the morning we reached TARRAGONA, the ancient TARRACO of the Romans, and one of the chief cities in Catalonia; and were soon established in comfortable rooms at the FONDA EUROPA.

Rain had fallen through the night, and rain is a thing of note in a country where it is of no common occurrence. The FONDA EUROPA is in the principal street—the RAMBLA—which extends the whole length of the city, and ends on the south side in a charming terrace overlooking the Mediterranean. The rain had passed away, and the deep blue of the sea blended in the horizon with a sky as blue; not a ripple was to



Tomb of the Scipios - Tarragona
M 16 May 1869

be seen on the smooth surface; only a thin streak of foam where the blue sea met the green land, which is cultivated down to the very edge of the shore. On the right, looking towards Valencia, successive headlands jut out into the Mediterranean, the hills at the back covered with pine woods. On the left, on a steep ascent, stands the Cathedral, guarded by the old Roman walls of the upper town, beyond which is a beautiful line of coast stretching out in the direction of Barcelona.

This terrace of the RAMBLA is sheltered from the north by high ramparts, and as we sat on the low wall listening to the faint murmuring of the sea beneath, we could not but call to mind those in England, to whom this place would be a paradise in the early spring; the air so soft and yet so dry; the whole scene so full of placid enjoyment, without even a beggar to disturb its peace and serenity.

THE CATHEDRAL.—From the terrace a short steep walk of a few minutes brought us to the upper town—the centre of architectural interest. After passing Roman walls and a beautiful Gothic Cross in the PASEO DE SAN ANTONIO, we were obliged to ask our way of a poor woman carrying water, who immediately left her "Alcarazza,"* and led us through a small archway, when the Cathedral rose grandly before us at the end of a steep street. A remarkable

* Earthen pot.

change from former experience was observed in the course of this walk; for whereas, in every other Spanish town crowds of beggars had pursued us, here there were positively none. Even the poor woman who with ready courtesy had insisted on accompanying us to the very door of the Cathedral, would accept no recompense, but gently put aside my hand, crossed herself, and withdrew.

We entered the Cathedral by a door in the north transept; a heavy covering was drawn aside with some difficulty; and the outer brightness was exchanged for inner darkness so complete, that, unable to distinguish anything, we were forced to pause before proceeding to the nave. Gradually the eye became accustomed to the obscurity, and we could discern something of the form of this magnificent Gothic Church, magnificent in its simplicity. It dates from the twelfth century, and perhaps produces a deeper impression of awe and solemnity than any other church in Spain.

The whole attention is concentrated on the building itself, as there are no pictures and no relics of interest.

Spanish Churches are shut at twelve, and we were hurried out into the cloisters, where pointed and Norman arches are seen together in harmonious beauty.

Through Norman arches, raised on slender double columns, you look into the cloister garden, trim and green, and filled, like all Spanish gardens, with sweet-smelling flowers.

We rested here for awhile on a stone bench opposite the west wall, and perceived almost facing us a Moorish arch, richly decorated, before which no doubt the Moslem was wont to worship in ages past; the form and tracery of the arch are perfect, but its recess is filled up, and its beauty marred by white-wash. It is interesting to see this relic of Moorish times allowed a place on the walls of these cloisters, but still more ancient relics meet the eye from this same spot.

Broken fragments of Roman architecture likewise have a space allotted to them, telling of an age when Rome was mistress of the world, and Tarragona a Roman city.

A simple but more touching memorial to an English eye follows close upon these. On this cloister wall are inscribed the words *5th Company*, no mention of name or regiment—no other record of English soldiers who fought and fell in the Peninsular War, save these rude letters.

What strange shifting scenes pass before the mind, looking upon this patchwork wall!

“Dumb historians in stone” may these fragments be termed—recalling three empires which have crumbled away.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the drives and walks around Tarragona. Small carriages are to be had at the hotel, and we drove to the Roman Aqueduct, which is a short distance from the city. The

view from the northern end of the RAMBLA is even more striking than from the Terrace. It is one of those views which, though seen but for a moment, never pass away from the memory. We looked abruptly down upon a rich plain, studded with palms; on the left was a shelving beach, broken by creeks and sheltered by hills; and on the rippling sea floated innumerable little fishing boats—nautilus-like—with their white sails spread before the breeze.

THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT.—We had to leave our carriage and make our way to this wild spot on foot. This marvellous work spans a wide valley, and consists of a double tier of arches, twenty-six in number. They are still in sufficient preservation to be crossed by the traveller, with no other fear than that of the giddy height at which he finds himself. Beneath the arches a shepherd was leading forth his sheep and goats to pasture amidst dwarf palms and wild myrtles: reminding us of the divine parable, and affording another striking instance of the enduring hold with which the habits of Eastern life yet cling to Spain. Here again we were surprised by the refusal of this shepherd boy to receive a reward for a small service rendered.

Whitsunday, May.—The deep bells of the Cathedral sounded early on the ear, and all Tarragona was in movement. We followed the crowd up the grand flight of steps into the church, where velvet hangings and quaint old tapestries covered the massive piers:

tapestries which are said once to have decorated the Altar of our St. Paul's. Innumerable candles lighted up the sombre church; every face was turned to the high altar; every knee was bent on the marble pavement. The service commenced with a procession round the Cathedral; the Archbishop of Tarragona, "Déan," and Canons, were in magnificent vestments, in which red and gold brocade predominated; but in the procession moved another figure, whom to overlook was impossible. This was the Sacristan, clothed in scarlet, with painted cheeks and a stiffly-curved wig!

The pulpit in a Spanish church is placed in an angle outside the chancel, so that the preacher commands his congregation without turning his back on the high altar.

The sermon was extempore, and the subject "Charity." The preacher invariably addressed his hearers as "señores," but notwithstanding his earnest and even impassioned appeals, they never turned towards him, but sat looking straight before them, as chill and cold as the pavement on which they crouched. The sermon was followed by an extempore prayer from the pulpit.

A curious effect was produced by the mingling of the chimes of silver bells with the tones of the organ and voices of the choristers—now swelling forth, now dying in the distance, as the procession passed along.

On the step sat two young acolytes, one on each side of the high altar—apt image to the mind of those

other two who sat "the one at the head, the other at the foot" of the empty tomb, saying, "He is not here, He is risen." The service lasted two hours.

We observed a small Pietà in marble in this church, which well deserves to be noticed. All the figures are coloured, save the One Lifeless Body.

There is also a beautiful memorial chapel of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It was erected by her Sister Donna Violante, whose husband Don Jaime reconquered Valencia from the Moors.

A short drive from Tarragona brought us to the **TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS.**—Who can look unmoved at this impressive monument?—A monument built two hundred years before the Christian Era, when Spain was overrun by Roman legions, and Scipio Africanus made Tarragona his winter quarters.

We are led back to the second Punic War, when the fall of a Spanish town caused Rome to declare war against Carthage. Hannibal had attacked Saguntum (Murviedro), a Spanish city under the protection of Rome, and Rome demanded that Hannibal should be given up.

"Behold here are peace and war," said the Roman envoy, "take which you choose." "Give which thou wilt," was the haughty reply of Carthage. "Then here we give you war," thundered forth the Roman. Such was the commencement of the struggle between Hannibal and Rome. Onwards

from the farthest point of the east coast of Spain to the Ebro and the Pyrenees, marched the hostile force of the great Carthaginian general, to attack the Roman legions on the other side of the Alps. Spanish troops accompanied his army, and fought on the side of Carthage at the battle of Thrasymenus, whilst Spanish mines furnished gold and silver wherewith to pay his troops. But whilst the victorious Hannibal menaced Rome, Roman legions under the two Scipios disputed with Carthage the possession of Spain. The legions were defeated, the Scipios slain, and Roman influence seemed lost for ever, when a new general appeared in the person of Scipio Africanus.

Tarragona was the place selected by the younger Scipio for the winter quarters of his army, and on the shore of the Mediterranean he raised this monument to his father and his uncle.

From Tarragona the fleet sailed to attack New Carthage, the stronghold of Carthage in the south.

Scipio advanced by land. His troops scaled the city walls, and the citadel was taken by assault. Many battles ensued, but success followed his arms, and before long the contest in Spain was at an end. The power of Rome was established from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules.

Through all the countless changes which Spain has since undergone, this tomb of the Scipios remains, telling how the Conqueror of Zama once ruled at Tarragona.

Far from any human habitation the Roman mauso-

leum rises in solitary grandeur. Two mutilated figures carved in stone keep their solemn watch over the sepulchre: above is the imperfect outline of an arch, and the still more imperfect vestige of an inscription, of which but one word can be deciphered—that word “Perpetuo.” No sound breaks the stillness save the waves on the seashore; and the air is perfumed with the scent of the aromatic herbs on which you tread, as you stand beneath this lonely monument, so full of dignity and calm repose.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

TARRAGONA TO BARCELONA.

At six o'clock in the morning we started for Barcelona, distant by rail three hours and a half from Tarragona. The rail follows the line of the Mediterranean. Stone pines, aloes, and cactus are washed by the waves on the sandy beach, and the scenery on either side is most lovely.

At 8.30 we were at MARTORELL, and passing the Roman bridge built by Hannibal in honour of his father Hamilcar, who died in Spain. It is interesting to remember that it was the Carthaginian expedition to Spain which led to the well-known vow of Hannibal.

His father was on the eve of departure when Hannibal, then a boy of nine years old, entreated to be permitted to accompany him. Hamilcar took the boy's hand in his, telling him that if he would accompany the expedition, he must swear to be the enemy of Rome for ever.

Before the propitiatory altar on which Hamilcar had offered sacrifice to the gods, the boy made his solemn vow. After nine years Hamilcar died in battle; another nine years and Hannibal was in command of the whole Carthaginian force in Spain, and ready to accomplish the vow of his childhood.

MONSERRAT, bristling and dentated, now rose high on our left, and we looked wistfully up at the rugged ascent to the monastery, where Ignatius Loyola laid his sword before the altar of Our Lady; but passing rapidly below the sombre mountain, with its hermit cells shadowed by great rocks, we soon found ourselves in gay, bustling BARCELONA. The streets were full of people—such a crowd we had never seen before in Spain. It was Whit-Monday, and all Barcelona was making holiday.

BARCELONA.

FONDA ORIENTE.—Our excellent apartment looked on the RAMBLA, the great promenade of Barcelona, stretching from the sea right through the heart of the city. The scene from our windows was most animated, and it was difficult to believe that we were still in Spain. Indeed except for the different climate, and more picturesque aspect of the people, we might have fancied ourselves Unter den Linden in Berlin, so strong is the resemblance between the two streets.

Barcelona, in point of commerce, is the Spanish Manchester, and the city which gave Aragon her Kings is now the most Republican and the most thriving in Spain.

THE CATHEDRAL.—This Gothic Church, of which Barcelona is justly proud, is reached by a grand flight of steps, a peculiar feature in Catalonian Churches. It is of later date than that of Tarragona,

and hardly so striking. The interior is very dark and solemn; there is a double line of chapels on the south side, placed back to back; the outer line looking into the cloisters, which, though considerably higher than those at Tarragona, are far inferior in beauty. Tanks of water are in the centre of these cloisters, with quaint fountains, shaded by oleanders and citrons.

The shrine of St. Eulalia, a Spanish martyr of the fourth century, is in the crypt, to which you descend by a flight of steps in front of the high altar. The east end of the Cathedral is, as usual, apsidal. Behind the high altar are nine small chapels. One of these is THE MARINERS' CHAPEL, with a small model of a ship suspended at the entrance, and as we passed, a throng of people, old men and maidens, women and children, knelt before the rude Cross above the altar, praying to Him Whom the winds and the sea obey. It was an impressive scene, and recalled Keble's lines—

“Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn them all to gain.”

From the Cathedral we went to

SANTA MARIA DEL MAR.—There is no *coro* to take from the length and breadth of this vast Church, but we were startled by a multitude of chairs! Were it not for the retablo, we should not have imagined we were in a Spanish Church. It was built in the four-

teenth century, and is considered only second in grandeur to the Cathedral, but its interior arrangements are modern and in the worst taste, and we could not reconcile ourselves to the innovation of seats.

It was at Barcelona, in the early spring of the year 1493, that a royal reception was given to Columbus on his return from his first voyage. The expedition had been undertaken at the sole expense of the Queen, and it had been crowned with success. After a voyage of ten weeks, when his despondent crew had risen in mutiny, the great navigator, on the night of the 11th October, 1492, came in sight of the Bahama Isles. In the following January he discovered Hispaniola, and then returned to Spain to lay at the feet of Isabella the gold and silver he had brought from the New World. The Court listened with breathless interest while Columbus described the beauty of those Western islands—of the trees which never lost their leaves; full of bud, flower, and fruit; as fresh and green in November as in the month of May in Spain. He told them of rivers whose waters carried gold; and spoke of the timorous natives as a simple race, professing no idolatry, but believing that all good, and power, and might were in heaven; and showing so much love and liberality, that they would give their very hearts to serve the white men. When Columbus had ended, the whole Court knelt down to offer up prayer and praise.

Twenty-six years passed, and Barcelona witnessed another royal ceremony. Charles V. held an instal-

lation of the Golden Fleece in the old Gothic Cathedral. This military order, of which the King of Spain was Grand Master, was instituted by the Burgundian Princes. The first installation took place at Bruges in 1429, and the only one which Spain witnessed was in 1519, in the Cathedral of Barcelona. The knights were twenty-five in number. Clothed in scarlet wool, lined with ermine, and wearing the collar of the Order, from which hung the Symbolic Lamb, to remind them that wealth and power must be adorned by a Christ-like spirit, they sat in the stalls which yet bear their coats of arms. One of the stalls is emblazoned with the royal arms of England: it was that of our Henry VIII., married to Catherine of Aragon, the aunt of Charles V.

To those who are curious in Spanish lace and old silver, the shops in Barcelona offer great attraction—but the great promenade after the Rambla is the MURALLA DEL MAR, a wall fifty feet in height, with a broad walk on the top, overlooking the port, and having a grand view of the Mediterranean. On the left is the citadel, and BARCELONETA, a suburb built by Philip V., and inhabited by fishermen; and on a rock to the right stands the famous FORT OF MONJUICH, associated with the name of an English hero—Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

In 1705, during the War of the Succession, Barcelona was besieged; for three weeks the city had been invested, but without result; the Spanish governor continued to hold out, and every day increased the

difficulties of the besiegers. Peterborough had been opposed to the undertaking, but his invincible spirit rose in proportion to the obstacles which met him, and he determined upon one of the most daring exploits in military history. He first made a secret survey of the defences of Monjuich, a fortress deemed impregnable, and completely commanding the town and port. Consulting no one, but taking with him one aide-de-camp, he stealthily pursued his way to the fort. Having made his observations, he returned to his post, unperceived by the enemy, and satisfied that the garrison might be surprised. He carried out his measures with infinite precaution, and, the better to disguise his intentions, proclaimed that he had resolved to raise the siege. The troops and heavy artillery were embarked, in spite of indignant remonstrances from the other generals; and at night, whilst the whole city was rejoicing at the withdrawal of the enemy, Peterborough, followed by a band of picked soldiers, was silently scaling the heights leading to Monjuich. The fort was taken, the governor was obliged to capitulate, and Barcelona was entered in triumph by the gallant Peterborough and the army of the Archduke Charles.

The cause of Philip V. was, however, ultimately successful; the Bourbon dynasty was established by the Peace of Utrecht: and the Archduke Charles, though vanquished in Spain, lived to become Emperor of Germany.*

* He was the father of the Empress Maria Theresa.