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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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ef

A Cyrus Redding

YEAR IN SPAIN.

BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es ponerle a un hombre en el entendimiento que pueda componer y imprimir un libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama. CERVANTES.

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Donativo de ...
... a la Biblioteca
de la Alhambra. 1909

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1831.



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

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TO

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, ESQ.,

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED STATES

TO THE COURT OF SPAIN,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR'S RESPECT

FOR HIS TALENTS AND PUBLIC SERVICES,

AND ESTEEM FOR HIS CHARACTER.



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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P R E F A C E.

GIVING his Satanic Majesty due credit for the temptation mentioned in our motto, the present work originated in a desire to convey some notion of the manners and customs of the Spanish nation. The writer found much that was peculiar and interesting in them, and was thence led to think, that what had furnished so much pleasure in the immediate study, might not be wholly unattractive when contemplated through the secondary medium of description. Though this object should not be attained by the work now offered to the public, it may, perhaps, serve to attract attention to a country, which, though inferior to none in interest, has been of all others the most neglected.

The author merely proposes to enable those who have not visited Spain, and have no expectation of doing so, to form an idea of the country and its

inhabitants, without abandoning the comforts and security of the fireside. As for the traveller, he may find most of the local information he may require, in Antillon's Geography, and Laborde's View of Spain. He will do well to journey with as little state as possible, and to keep to the popular conveyances. He will be thus most likely to avoid unpleasant interruption, and to have favorable opportunities for observing the manners of the people. Nor should he fail to follow the old adage of conforming to the customs of the country, among a people, who, more than any other, are attached to their peculiar usages; to smother his disgust at whatever may be in contradiction to our own habits and institutions; above all, to exhibit no irreverence for their religious ceremonies; to enter their temples with a sense of solemnity, if not due, in his opinion, to their forms of worship, due at least to the dread Being to whom that worship is addressed; in short, to respect outwardly whatever they respect, down to their very prejudices. The traveller who makes this his rule of action in Spain will not fare the worse by the way, and will not think the worse

of himself for this exercise of charity when arrived at the end of his journey.

If, by any accident, this work should find favor among his countrymen, some apology for the many faults, which, though hidden from the author, will be obvious enough to nicer eyes, may be found in disqualifications for the task which every one will appreciate—the inexperience of youth, and the disadvantages of an interrupted education.

Some reason may, perhaps, be required for the work being put forth without a name. The author's name would insure it no acceptance; and there would, besides, be little modesty in appearing as the hero of a narrative, which, to be interesting, must become egotistical and exclusive. If it should succeed, the author will not enjoy it the less that he will enjoy it in secret. But he dreads the contrary. The difficulties which he has encountered in procuring publication are ominous of evil, and he would willingly avoid the odium of having made a bad book.

CONTENTS

OF

VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

PROVINCES OF ROUSSILLON AND CATALONIA.

South of France.—Motives for visiting Spain.—The Diligence, its Cargo and Passengers.—The Pyrenees.—Junquera.—Figueras.—Fording the Tordera.—Catalan Village.—Coast of the Mediterranean to Barcelona.—An Assault of Arms.—The Fonda.—The Rambla . . . Page 1

CHAPTER II.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA.

Barcelona.—Its Environs.—The Noria.—History of Barcelona.—Its present Condition.—Departure for Valencia.—The Team of Mules.—The Bishop of Vique.—Ride to Tarragona.—The City 41

CHAPTER III.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA AND KINGDOM OF VALENCIA.

New travelling Companions.—Departure from Tarragona.—The Ebro.—Valencian Village.—Renewal and Interruption of our Journey.—Vinaroz.—Crosses along the Road.—Our Escort.—Saguntum.—Approach to Valencia 73

CHAPTER IV.

KINGDOMS OF VALENCIA, MURCIA, AND
NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Valencia.—Origin and Fortunes of the City.—
Its actual Condition.—Take leave of Valencia.—Elevated
Plains of New Castile.—Costume and Character of the
Inhabitants.—Almansa.—El Toboso.—Scenes at Quintanar.
—Ocaña.—Aranjuez.—Madrid Page 111

CHAPTER V.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Accommodations for the Traveller in Madrid.—Don Diego
the Impurificado.—A Walk in the Street of Alcala.—The
Gate of the Sun.—A Review.—Don Valentin Carnehueso.—
His Gacetas and Diarios.—His Person and Politeness.—
His Daughter.—His House and Household.—His Mode of
Life

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

CHAPTER VI.

NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Castile.—Situation and Climate of Madrid.—Its
History.—General Description of the City.—The five royal
Palaces.—Places of public Worship.—Museum of Painting.
—Academy of San Fernando.—Museum of Armour.—Cha-
ritable and scientific Institutions.—Royal Library . . . 199

CHAPTER VII.

NEW CASTILE.

Social Pleasures in Madrid.—Drama.—Tragedy.—Sainete.—
Theatres.—Actors.—Bolero.—Bull Fight.—Ancient Fight.—
Modern Fight.—Corrida de Novillos 246



CHAPTER VIII.

NEW CASTILE.

The Paseo.—The Prado.—The Paseadores.—Madrilenio and Madrilenia.—Vehicles and Horsemen.—The Prado on a Feast-day.—San Anton.—Beggars.—Blind Men.—Lottery.—Hog Lottery.—An Execution.—La Plazuela de la Cebada.—Mode of Execution in Spain.—The Verdugo and the Multitude.—Delay.—The Criminals.—Conduct of the Crowd Page 295

CHAPTER IX.

NEW AND OLD CASTILE.

Journey to Segovia.—Choice of Conveyance and Preparations for Departure.—Galera.—Manzanares and the Florida.—Galera Scenes.—The Venta of Guadarrama.—Passage of the Mountains.—Segovia.—The Aqueduct.—The Cathedral and Alcazar 354

CHAPTER X.

OLD AND NEW CASTILE.

La Granja.—Pedro.—Perplexities in the Mountains.—The Summit of the Pass.—Pedro's Anxiety.—Guadarrama.—Escorial.—Return to Madrid 383

The Woodcuts which embellish these volumes have been borrowed from "A SHORT HISTORY OF SPAIN" by Mrs. Callcott; a work which all who desire a popular guide to the history of that country will do well to consult.

Many of the illustrations in it are taken from Sketches of Stothard and Callcott.

A
YEAR IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

PROVINCES OF ROUSSILLON AND CATALONIA.

South of France.—Motives for visiting Spain.—The Diligence, its Cargo and Passengers.—The Pyrenees.—Junquera.—Figueras.—Fording the Tordera.—Catalan Village.—Coast of the Mediterranean to Barcelona.—An Assault of Arms.—The Fonda.—The Rambla.

IN October of 1826 I found myself in Roussillon, after having made the circuit of most of the French provinces with great delight. Touraine and the Orléanais had proved all that could be desired: the country fertile, well cultivated, and abundantly productive; the scenery of a peaceful, quiet cast, yet full of attraction; the people honest, kind-hearted, and unaffectedly polite, speaking the best French in the whole kingdom, and worthy in all things to do the honors of their country. I had

found Normandy by turns rugged and verdant, with a coarse, rude, scheming, yet brave, sturdy, and laborious population; the North wet, smoky, and hypochondriac, with inhabitants busy, bustling, and great drinkers of strong beer; the East assimilating itself, by turns, to the neighbouring countries of the Netherlands, Germany, or Switzerland; Dauphiné more beautiful than Italy; the valley of the Isere, worthy of being called the valley of Paradise. All this I was in a measure prepared for, and it therefore brought no disappointment. But in the South of France I was doomed to have all my expectations reversed. I had been taught to associate it with whatever is lovely in nature; I had cast the face of the country into a succession of hill and dale; I had watered it with many streams; the hill-tops were crowned with forest-trees, and the slopes devoted to fruit-orchards, with the vine stretching itself abroad in festoons from tree to tree, while the valleys were spread out into meadows of the brightest verdure, and animated by herds of cattle. The villages, too, were to be neat, and the houses well white-washed, each with its little arbor and clambering grape-vine. Nor was this Arcadian region to be peopled with unworthy inhabitants: the women were to be beautiful, and well-made young men were to be seen everywhere, leading them off in

the graceful mazes of the dance. This picture was not entirely gratuitous; for my guide-book had sanctioned the most extravagant reveries, by telling me, in doggerel and impious rhyme, that, if God were to take up his abode upon earth, it would surely be in Roussillon.

Such, however, I did not find the original. The surface of the country was, indeed, broken; but I looked in vain for the meandering streams which my fancy had created. Forest-trees there were none; and the hill-sides, though devoted to the cultivation of the vine, were destitute of fruit-trees. This favored plant, which furnishes man with so much comfort, and the poet with so many associations, is here laid out in detached roots, placed at convenient distances from each other. In the spring, the shoots of the last season are pruned close to the ground; three or four new ones spring up from the stump; and these, when they can no longer sustain themselves erect, are supported by small poles planted beside them. Thus a vineyard in the south of France, when most luxuriant, greatly resembles a bean-field. In October, however, the case was very different; the vine having yielded its fruit, no longer received the care of the cultivator; the props had been removed, to be preserved for the next season, and the leaves, already scorched, and deprived of their verdure, had been

blown away by the last *mistral**. The mournful olive added a lugubrious solemnity to the picture; and the parched valleys, instead of being green with herbage, showed nothing but a sun-burnt stubble, to tell that they had once been verdant. Though goats were occasionally discovered, climbing the hills in search of their subsistence, sheep and oxen and droves of horses were nowhere to be seen. The villages, though frequent and populous, were any thing but neat; the streets were filthy, and the dwellings neglected. It is true, however, that the women were beautiful: their glowing eyes and arch expression denoted passionate feeling and intelligence; while their ruddy hue and symmetric conformation gave assurance that they were both healthy and agile. The men, too, were well made, and of larger size than is general in France; but though the wine-presses were still reeking from the vintage, there was no music, no song, and no dance. That the Provençals were noisy and turbulent, I had already been told; but I had occasion to make the remark for myself, at a bull-fight in the amphitheatre of Nismes, and at an execution in Montpellier, where I first beheld the fatal *guillotine*. The conductor of the diligence grew harsh and

* *Mistral*—strong north wind, well known in Provence, and which alternating suddenly with the warm breezes of the Mediterranean produces the effects of the most intense cold.

brutal, and even the French postilion, that model of good-natured civility, beat his horses harder and became more surly, as I approached the Pyrenees.

I had promised myself long before to spend a year of remaining leisure in Spain, and I now determined to carry my purpose into immediate execution. My motives for going to a country which travellers ordinarily avoid were a wish to perfect myself in a language which is becoming so important in the hemisphere which it divides with our own, and a strong desire to visit scenes so full of interest and attraction. It chanced that a young Frenchman, with whom I had come to Perpignan, had the same intention. He had been in Germany, Russia, and England, and spoke our language with a fluency which Frenchmen rarely attain. We had sat beside each other in the diligence, and our conversation, among other things, had revealed our mutual plans; so we agreed to keep on in company to Barcelona. We were yet talking over the necessary arrangements with our landlady, when our group was joined by a discontented old captain of foot, who had fought beside Dugommier when he fell in battle in the neighbouring Pyrenees, and who had remained stationary since the downfall of Napoleon. As he also had been our fellow-passenger the day before, he could not see us go into Spain without a word of warning. He said, that

he had just seen a friend who had come lately from Zaragoza, and who had been twice plundered on the way; and endeavoured, by drawing a terrible picture of the state of the country, to deter us from trusting ourselves in a land where, according to him, we might be robbed and murdered at any hour of the day. This, however, was but a trifling impediment to men already resolved. There was a fair chance of escaping untouched, whilst the little danger that might be incurred would heighten the pleasure of every scene and incident, reached with some risk, and enjoyed with a sense of insecurity; and even to be pounced upon on the highway, and thence carried off, like Gil Blas, to some subterranean cave, to feast with the bandits on the fat of the land, and be instrumental in saving some beautiful widow, were no bad alternative. So our journey was determined upon; and having taken our seats in the interior of the diligence which was to set out early the next morning, and having bought Spanish gold with our French money, we returned to the hotel to eat our last meal in France. Quitting the table, where a party of friendly and social *commis voyageurs*, who had never seen each other before, and might never see each other again, were discussing in the most earnest and familiar manner the relative merits of their respective departments, we withdrew early to bed. We went more

reluctantly forth the next morning, before dawn, at the summons of the porter; and by the time we had seated ourselves, the horses were ready, and the gates of the town being open, we rattled over the drawbridge, and took leave of Perpignan.

For some time after our departure, each continued sleeping or ruminating in his peculiar corner; but by and by the day stole gradually upon us, until the sun rose at last above the horizon, sending its rays through the broken clouds, which grew thinner as we advanced. I was now enabled to discover something of the economy of our diligence, and to speculate with more certainty upon the profession and character of my fellow-passengers, than I had been enabled to do when we took our seats by the light of a single lantern.

One of the first things with which the traveller is brought into contact on his arrival in France, and which, as much as any other, attracts his attention, is the public coach, very gratuitously named the diligence. This most curious of vehicles is composed of three distinct chambers or cabins for passengers. From without, it has the appearance of as many carriages, of different constructions, which have formed themselves into a copartnership for the public accommodation. The front part, called the *coupé* or *cabriolet*, resembles those old-fashioned chariots that have only a back seat, with windows

in front and at the side. Here three passengers may be very comfortable; for the seats are roomy, and an extra passenger is never crowded in. Each seat is numbered, and on taking your place it is marked upon your ticket, and all cause of difficulty and altercation is obviated. As an additional convenience, the sides and backs of the seats are cushioned up to the top, and overhead are bands for placing hats. Having thus disposed of his stubborn beaver, and equipped himself instead with a pliant travelling-cap, or a still more accommodating nightcap of silk or cotton, the traveller can not only read, but sleep with some comfort in the diligence, which, from its slow rate of about five miles an hour, is forced to travel all night, in order to make a tolerable progress. The interior carries six passengers, who sit on two benches, facing each other; and the rotunda, which, though the after-cabin, is not the post of honor, an equal number. Last comes the imperial; so called, doubtless, from its stately appearance. It stands upon the summit, and is covered at pleasure with a leathern top. From this proud elevation the captain of the diligence overlooks all the concerns of his land-ship, and gives his orders with the peremptory air of one accustomed to command. In a square box at the back of the conductor, which occupies the whole roof, the baggage is stowed, and covered with a leathern apron;

a singular assortment of trunks, bags, dogs, monkeys, bandboxes, and parrots. The whole fabric rests upon horizontal springs, which are, in turn, sustained by a woodwork and wheels of corresponding solidity. Five horses are sufficient, over the fine roads of France, to form the team of this moving mountain: one is attached on each side of the pole, the remaining three go more sociably together on the lead. The whole are driven by a postilion, who bestrides the left wheel horse, and who, from the singularity of his costume, and the incredible size and heaviness of his boots, is by far the most wonderful particular of this truly wonderful whole*.

My attention, when the day had dawned, was first attracted to the portion of the diligence in which I rode. My former companion was beside me, and in front of us were a lady and gentleman.

* The immense weight of these vehicles, when overladen and top-heavy—for they also carry freight—renders them very difficult to manage in a long descent. The wheels are shod as a matter of course; but the chains which hold them, and keep the wheels from revolving, sometimes break, when the horses, to save themselves from being run over, are forced to set off at a gallop. As the momentum, however, is constantly increasing, they cannot long preserve their station in advance. They are, at length, overtaken and crushed beneath the resistless impetus of the mass, which passes over them, and is at the same time overturned, or, being diverted from its course, is precipitated over the roadside. Fearful accidents of this nature sometimes occur; and on the road between Geneva and Lyons, which passes over the Jura, they are not unfrequent.

The latter was an officer, some thirty or forty years old, with a mixture of fearlessness and good-humor in his countenance. He wore the broad-breasted capote of blue, peculiar to the French infantry, and had the number of his regiment engraven upon each of his buttons. A leathern sword-belt hung from his left pocket flap, and on his head was a military bonnet of cloth, with a *fleur-de-lys* in front. His beard was of some days' standing, indicating the time he had been upon his journey; and his long mustaches hung about his mouth, neglected and crest-fallen. When the sun rose, however, he hastened to twist them up, until they stood fiercely from his face; then, having run his fingers through his hair, and replaced his bonnet on one side, his toilette might be said to be complete, and he turned with an air of confidence to look at the lady beside him.

She was much younger than himself, and was very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were as black as they could be; and her features, full of life and animation, were of a mellow brown, which, while it looked rich and inviting, had, besides, an air of durability. It was somewhat difficult to understand the relation subsisting between the officer and the lady. He had come to the diligence with her, made her accept of his cloak to keep off the cold air of the morning, and was assiduous in his attentions

to her comfort. Their conversation soon showed, however, that their acquaintance was but of recent date; that the lady was going to Figueras, to join her husband, a sub-lieutenant in the garrison; that the officer had been on *congé* from his regiment in Barcelona, whither he was now returning; and that they had travelled together accidentally from Narbonne. The difference between the French and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost any situation, is, simply, that they endeavour to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. *Utiliser ses moments* is a maxim which they not only utter frequently, but follow always. They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin, where duller spirits end, by gaining the good-will of all who come near them. In this way our officer had turned his time to good account, and was already on excellent terms with his fair companion. Nor was he inattentive to us, but exceedingly courteous and polite; so that, instead of frowning defiance upon each other, and putting ourselves at ease without regarding the comfort of the rest, we all endeavoured to be agreeable, and even to prefer each the convenience of his fellow-travellers to his own.

Generalife
 Very fine
 Barcelona
 etc.

JUNTA DE ANÁLISIS

There were no passengers in the cabriolet, and the conductor, in spite of the ordinance, had descended from his stately station on the imperial to the humbler though warmer birth in the front of the diligence, where he sat, wrapped up in a great variety of fur jackets, with a red comforter round his neck, and a seal-skin cap on his head, which he would occasionally project from the window to hail a passing acquaintance, or give some order to the postilion. The rotunda, however, was full, as I could see by opening a small window which communicated between it and the interior. Some of the passengers were still sleeping, with their cotton nightcaps drawn over their faces; while others were smoking cigars, and carrying on a discordant conversation in French, Provençal, or Catalan. In one of the sleepers I recognised a pastry-cook, whom I had met at the office of the mayor at Perpignan. The mayor, who was a worthy old gentleman, and a chevalier of St. Louis to boot, had refused at first to let him leave the kingdom in consequence of some defect in his passport; but had finally yielded to the poor fellow's solicitations, and made him happy, by telling him that he might go and make *petits patés* for the Barcelonians. Beside this gastronomical missionary, there was another, who might belong to his sect, as he was going to buy cork. A third was a glove-maker.

of Grenoble, who had been settled some years in Barcelona, and was now returning from a visit to his native town. This was a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, with a short bull-neck and a stubborn countenance, not at all improved by a low fur cap without a brim, by which it was surmounted. He had married the wife of his former master, who had taken a fancy to him, on or before the death of her husband, stepping thus, at once, into his bed and business. The old lady came forth a half-day's journey to meet and welcome him at Mataro; where, as they encountered, the cloying fondness of the one, and the patient endurance of the other, furnished a singular and amusing picture of matrimonial felicity.

The country through which our road lay, on leaving Perpignan, was highly cultivated, producing some corn, but chiefly wine, oil, and silk. These branches of agriculture, however, though they carry with them so many associations of luxuriance and beauty, furnish by no means so many picturesque attractions as are to be found in a pastoral district, with its simpler combination of trees, and streams, and meadows. The season of the year, too, was very unfavorable for rural display. A powerful sun had already destroyed the leaves of the vine and mulberry, so that the

only remaining verdure was offered by the olive, which still preserved its foliage and its fruit, blackening as it ripened—if, indeed, that could be called verdure, whose gray and lifeless hue was akin to the soil which nourished it. The olive, in truth, owes every thing to association: it has the sadness of the willow, with little of its grace.

As seen from Perpignan, the Pyrenees had stood in rugged perspective before us, rising gradually from the Mediterranean, and bending westward, where Mont Perdu reared his snowy head, until lost in the heavens. Their apparent elevation did not, however, increase upon us in advancing; for our road, instead of attacking the loftier ranges, sought an inferior pass, not very distant from the sea, where the Pyrenees may scarce claim the character of mountains. There are three principal roads communicating between France and Spain: one from St. Jean de Luz into Guipuscoa; another from St. Jean Pié de Port into Navarre; and a third, by which we were crossing, from Roussillon to Catalonia, by the pass of Junquera. There are, however, a variety of passes through the Pyrenees, which are not only practicable for horses, but even for carriages and artillery; yet does this famous range offer an admirable boundary to the two great nations which it divides, defined as it is, on both

sides, by the course of water, which marks the French territory when its direction is northward, the Spanish when it seeks an outlet to the south.

When the ascent commenced, the postilion left his saddle, jumped out of his boots, which he hitched together and threw over the back of the *bidet*, that he might not miss his rider, and sauntered along at the side of the team in the light shoes which he wore within his boots, smacking his whip, and thundering out an oath or a hard name occasionally for the animation of his cattle. The conductor, too, got down, and we all took to our legs, except our female companion, and the captain, to whom a march offered no novelty. In ascending, the crests of the mountain became craggy, but the gorges were still cultivated. There was little, however, to merit the name of fine scenery; for our windings along the bottoms of the ravines cut us off from any extended vista, while around us there were neither woodlands nor mountain streams, with their attendant fertility.

At the last French post our passports were examined; and when we reached Junquera, the first village in Spain, diligent search was made for the necessary countersign of some Spanish consul or other authorized functionary. Here our trunks were likewise inspected with much eagerness, to discover if they might contain any contraband ar-

ticles or prohibited books; under which title are included all, except such as preach political and religious obedience, but especially the works of Marmontel, Voltaire, and Rousseau, together with the modern metaphysicians and economists. The orders to search were the more particular at this moment, in consequence of a large package of books having lately been detected in attempting to pass the barrier, bearing on their backs the pious title of *Vidas de los Santos*; but which were in fact nothing less than Spanish translations of the Social Contract, and pocket editions of Llorante's History of the Inquisition. As I chanced to have with me the *Henriade* and a few plays, productions of the arch-sceptic, I was glad to avoid the trouble of search and the risk of detection by slipping a piece of silver into the hands of the officer, who had given me to understand that it would not be unacceptable.

Junquera is a miserable village, owing its existence, not to any advantages of soil, but to its situation near the top of the pass, where a stopping-place is essential to the accommodation of travellers. Like most places similarly situated, it has but a squalid appearance; so that the traveller who enters Spain by this route will always receive an unfavorable impression of the country which he is about to visit. As usually happens, in passing the frontier

of two countries, he may likewise be surprised at finding so little difference in the manners and appearance of the inhabitants. Remembering that those who live north of the frontier are Frenchmen, those south of it Spaniards, he may wonder that there should exist so much conformity between people of two nations which, in all their essential characteristics, are as different as they can well be. But here, as elsewhere, there is a sort of neutral ground, where the dress, manners, and language are made up of those peculiar to the neighbouring countries. Thus at Perpignan the Provençal begins to blend itself with the Catalan, the latter entering more and more into the compound as you approach the Pyrenees, until there is little of the former left but such words and expressions as are common to the two languages. They may be called languages, because, besides being generally spoken, they are both written, and have their respective grammars, their literature, and their poetry. Even now, as in the days of the troubadour, there are perhaps more ballads hawked about in the cities of Provence than in any other country; and there is a softness and harmony in their versification which French poetry does not always possess. The Provençal is a degenerate offspring of the Latin, between the French and Italian, the French words being terminated by aspirated vowels, and softened

into an Italian pronunciation; but the Catalan, though chiefly derived from the old language of the troubadour, is a rougher and much harsher tongue: it has a hawking, spluttering sound, which may have come with the barbarians from the north of Europe.

In the public officers, police, military, in fact in every thing which relates to the general service, the traveller will, however, notice a most decided change in passing from France into Spain. On the French side he finds snug buildings to shelter the custom-officers, who are men that would repel a bribe with indignation; cleanliness and uniformity in the dress of the *employés*; and *gens-d'armes* well accoutred and well mounted, patrolling the country, guarding it from robbers, and enabling the citizen to pursue his avocations in security. On the Spanish side how different! Miserable-looking *aduaneros* crawl forth, with paper cigars in their mouths, in old cocked hats of oil-cloth, and rolled in tattered cloaks, from beneath mud hovels, which seem to be only waiting for their escape that they may tumble down. They make a show of examining you, ask for something for cigars, and if you give them a *peseta*, they say that all is well, and you go by unmolested. Here there is no law but that of the strongest, and every man is seen carrying a gun to protect his person and property.

On leaving Junquera, the road followed a rivulet, and, after descending a while, the barren region of the Pyrenees softened into scenes of partial cultivation. The valleys and sheltered situations were covered with corn, vines, and olives, and the hill tops were fringed with cork-trees. This useful production is known in Spain by the name of *alcor-noque*. It is a species of the *encina*, which, though of very different appearance from our oak, furnishes a wood of the same grain, and produces acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told that Sancho was a great lover of *bellotas*. The cork-tree grows to the height of our apple-tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner; but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old, but is then of no use, except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and

continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.

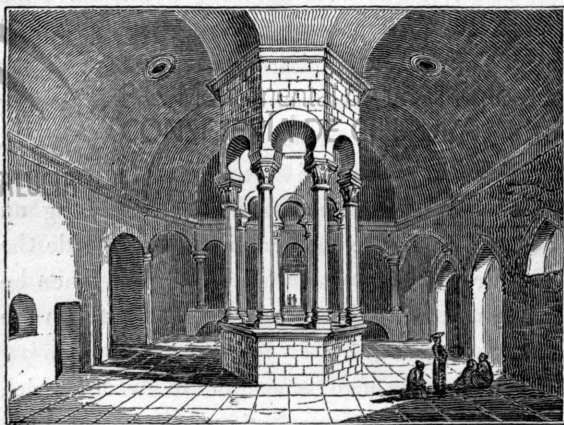
Towards noon we drove into the town of Figueras, the first place of importance within the Spanish frontier. It is overlooked by a citadel, in which the science of fortification has been exhausted. There is an old proverb, which, in characterizing the military excellence of three great nations, prefers 'the French to take, the Spaniards to fortify, and the English to keep.' The Spaniards have proved, at Figueras, that they are entitled to the praise awarded them; for, with a sufficient garrison and supplies, the place is esteemed impregnable. It is now occupied by the French, to secure their communications with the army in Barcelona. When it will cease to be thus occupied is another question.

As soon as we drove up to the *posada*, a party of wild Catalans rushed forth from the stable-yard to assist in carrying away our team; and the conductor, who had long since abdicated his elevated station, and descending along the iron steps placed at the side of the diligence, had taken his stand upon the lowest one, supported by a rope from above, now jumped to the ground and hastened to release us from our captivity. Our captain alighted first, and having refreshed himself by a well-bred

stretch, was just holding out his hand to assist his female friend, when he was suddenly saved the trouble by a stout, fine-looking fellow, a sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, who stepped in before him. This was a rough Provençal with a black beard, who had fought his way to his present station without fear or favor. He was evidently the husband of the lady; for she, declining the captain's courtesy, jumped into his arms and embraced him. The husband seemed pleased enough to find himself once more so near *sa petite*; and when he had called some soldiers, who were standing by, to carry his wife's bandboxes, he took her under his arm, and carried her away in a hurry to his quarters, his spurs jingling at each step, and his sabre clattering after him over the pavement. The captain twisted his mustaches, and glared fiercely after the receding couple; but as the man was only exercising an honest privilege, he said not a word, but bade the conductor hand him down his sword, and when he had thrust it through his belt, we all went into the posada.

The next place of any consequence through which we passed was Gerona, a fortified town situated on a mountain. Its foundation is ascribed to the Gerons, who make so distinguished a figure in the fabulous history of Spain, and whose destruction by the Libyan Hercules constitutes one of the

twelve labors of the god. Gerona is very celebrated in Spanish history for the many sieges it has sustained, and for its successful resistance on twenty-two occasions, which gained it the name of La Donçella—'The Maiden.' It lost its character, however, in the War of Succession, when it was entered by the Marshal de Noailles; and since then its fame is gone entirely. It was near nine at night when we reached the gate, where we were kept waiting half an hour, until the key could be procured from the commandant.



Arab Baths at Gerona.

The next morning at four we were again in motion, ascending and descending hills in rapid succession, until we came to a stream of some width,


over which there was no bridge, as we had already found to be the case with several others since crossing the frontier. While we were yet descending the bank, the postilion put his cattle to their speed, so that we proceeded a good distance with this acquired velocity. When in the middle, however, we were near stopping; for the river, which was much swollen, entered at the bottom of the diligence, washing through the wheels, and striking against the flanks of our horses, until it rendered them powerless, and had well nigh driven them from their legs. They were for a moment at a stand; but the whip and the voice of the postilion encouraged them to greater exertion, and, after much struggling, they succeeded in dragging the coach over the stones at the bottom of the torrent, and in bringing it safely to land.

We were not alone in this little embarrassment; for there was a party of about a hundred Frenchmen crossing the stream at the same time. They were going to join a regiment at Barcelona, and, with the exception of a few *vieux moustaches* among the non-commissioned officers, who did not need their badges of service to proclaim them veterans, they were all conscripts, as any one who had seen Vernet's inimitable sketches would readily have conjectured. It happened that there was a small foot-bridge, only one plank in width, which stood

on upright posts driven into the bottom of the stream. The water was now nearly even with the top, and in some places flowed over. This, however, afforded a more agreeable way of crossing than wading the river with water to the armpits. The commander of the party had already passed, and stood, buttoned in his capote and with folded arms, upon an eminence beyond the stream, watching the motions of his followers. Those of the soldiers who had already crossed stood upon the bank, laughing and hallooing at the unsteady steps of the conscripts, as they came faltering over with caps and coats fitting them like sacks, and their muskets held out before them to assist in maintaining a balance. Though many tottered, only two or three fell; and these came to land well drenched, to the infinite amusement of their comrades. Last came a young sub-lieutenant, evidently on his first campaign, tripping along the plank with the airy step of a *muscadin*. Unfortunately, just as he had cleared two-thirds of the bridge, and was quickening his pace with an air of great self-complacency, a blast of wind, rushing down the ravine, caught the skirts of his oil-cloth coat, and throwing him out of the perpendicular, he fell full length, like a thresher fish, upon the water. The soldiers respected the feelings of their officer, and repressed their mirth: they rushed into the stream, each with exclamations

of anxiety for *mon lieutenant*, and soon drew him to land dripping with the water, from which his patent cloak had not availed to protect him.

The little village of Tordera lay just beyond the bank of the stream, and its whole population had come out to the corner of the last house to witness our simultaneous arrival. It happened to be Sunday, and, as I have sometimes fancied is apt to be the case, it brought with it a bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The inhabitants, in consideration of the day and the weather, were decked in their gayest apparel, furnishing me with a first and most favourable occasion of seeing something of the Catalans and of their costume. The men were of large stature, perfectly well made, and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair and the exaggerated cast of their countenances, partly by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half-way down the ribs, studded thickly with silver buttons at the breasts, lappels, and sleeves; the trowsers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground to the armpits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a



brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, whilst their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes in Spain, who say that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow scarfs of red or yellow silk: some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer the look of a cut-throat. Whether from the associations of ideas with the *bonnet rouge*, or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable head-gear.

As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered

with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same color. They were generally bare-headed, just as they had come from their dwellings: a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the *mantilla*. The Spanish mantilla is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with lace or with broad velvet riband. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front. These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever-moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavours to conceal her neck furnish a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though in former times the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock had been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well-turned ankle, terminated in a round little foot, neatly shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were besides of a graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace and ease and fascination of the Pro-

vençelle, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun.

We were detained a short time in Tordera to change horses, so that before we departed the French party filed into the little square by beat of drum; the captain marching sword in hand at the head, while his lieutenant slunk past us, with the water oozing from his boots at each tread, and sought out the kitchen of the posada. When the line was formed, the serjeant proceeded to call the roll. Sentinels were placed to parade on each side of the square, and then the arms being stacked, and the sacks and accoutrements suspended upon them, the soldiers became instantly as merry as crickets, stretched their backs, now relieved of their aching burdens, or capered about the square, wrestling with each other, or fencing with their hands, as if they had foils in them. Others wandered away to a neighbouring wine-shop to stay their stomachs while their rude meal was preparing, levying a subscription of coppers for the purpose as they went; whilst a solitary swain preferred rather to roam aside to a neighbouring alley, and make love to a damsel of Tordera.

Leaving this little village and its pleasant scenes, we ascended a hill and came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean, and of a far-stretching extent of coast, whitened, at short intervals, by busy little

American keel. I felt sure of the matter from the first, being somewhat of a connoisseur in matters of ships and rigging; for, when yet a child, I had loved to loiter about the wharfs of my native city, watching the arrival of ships from countries which I knew as yet only through my geography, or witnessing the casting-off of departing vessels, the last halloo and later greeting of shawls and handkerchiefs as friends were separated from each other. It was not, however, without a feeling of additional satisfaction, that I presently saw the proud ship turn towards the wind, present the opposite side to its efforts, and change the direction of her sails, offering her stern to our view, and, as if pleased with the opportunity, hoisting aloft and displaying in the bright sunshine the stars and stripes of that banner, which has never been branded with dishonor, nor sullied by strong-handed injustice. I was alone in a foreign land, strange sights were before me, and stranger sounds were echoing in my ears; yet the home feeling, thus called up, asserted itself within me. I brushed a tear from my cheek, rather in exultation than in sorrow, and, when the gallant ship had faded from view, offered an inward prayer that the winds and waves might be propitious.

Our road now lay along the coast through a great number of villages, which formed themselves

into a double row of houses on either side. I was struck with the neat appearance of these dwellings, unlike any thing I had seen in France. Some were two stories, more but one, in height, plastered and whitewashed, with red-tile roofs. The door opened into a long passage or hall, neatly arranged and matted. Not unfrequently, a little altar stood at the extremity, illuminated by a single lamp. A rude image of Our Lady of the Pillar was usually the prominent object, and around was an abundance of pewter ornaments and pictures. It was the family shrine; its refuge in the hour of distress; when the storm rages, and the boat of her husband is not upon the beach, the only succour of an anxious wife—if not the source of real protection, at least a foundation for confidence and hope.

Beside the door revealing this shrine of family devotion was a high window, grated with iron bars and ornamented with flower-pots. This was also a shrine, though devoted to a different order of excellence. A lovely girl might often be seen, sitting with her chair in the window; one foot concealed under it, the other projecting between the gratings of the balcony, displaying perfectly its graceful curve and well-defined outline. Her left arm over the back of her chair, the right holds a fan, with which she presses her under lip into more inviting relief. Her full dark eye glances rapidly at all

who pass, frowns upon some and favors others, whom she at the same time salutes with a gracious bending forward of the head, and of those winning and prolonged shakes of the fan or fingers, which, though so common in Spain, are yet quite enough to turn the head of any man. One of our passengers, a young student whom we had taken in at Gerona, had never before been from home. He set out sad and tearful, as boys are wont to do, and during the whole morning dealt only in monosyllables. As his home receded, however, he grew less sorrowful, and the unaccustomed scenes of the coast and the shipping became so many sources of amusement. But the bright eyes of these brown beauties were far more effectual; indeed they put the devil into the boy. Whenever we passed one of these favored balconies, he would jump to the window, shake his hands with a smile, after the fashion of the country, call the lady "the heart of his soul," and utter many tender speeches in Catalan. Once, when a rarer combination of lips and eyes had raised his rapture and admiration too high for words, he took refuge in signs, loading the ends of his fingers with kisses, and wafting them tenderly, after the manner of the Turks. Nor did the damsel thus saluted grow angry at his impertinence. When she saw how fast the diligence went, and that it was only a

boy, she took courage, and returned the salutation by mimicking it.

In this merry way we rattled through many villages, which lay in the road to Barcelona. Nor was the country itself without attraction. The protecting Pyrenees formed a barrier against the bleak *mistral*, while the sunny exposure of the coast and the moist winds of the Mediterranean tended to keep vegetation alive. There were cornfields, vineyards, and olive orchards, all divided from each other by hedges of aloe. This hardy plant, while it forms enclosures which take care of themselves and are impenetrable, furnishes fibres which are woven into a coarse cloth, used in the country, and sent to America to make bales for cotton, and are sometimes wrought even into lace and other fine manufactures. The orange, too, might occasionally be seen at the sunny side of a house, loaded with its rich fruit, and its leaves still verdant and exhaling fragrance; nor had the singing birds yet ceased their carol.

Such was the succession of objects that varied our ride to Barcelona, which we reached before sunset. The population, dressed in various and fantastic costumes, and intermingled with French soldiery, were returning from their Sunday's promenade, and hurrying to reach the gates before they should close for the night. We entered with

them, wound through the streets of the Catalonian metropolis, and were presently set down at the coach-office beside the Rambla. We were not long in dispersing, some one way, some another. The young Frenchman and I remained together, and when we had obtained our trunks from the top of the diligence, which the porters were able to reach by means of a long ladder, we sought lodgings at the neighbouring Fonda of the Four Nations.

Before separating, however, we had exchanged addresses with our companion the captain, and received an invitation to visit him at his quarters. We took an early occasion of redeeming our promise, and at length found him out in a little room, overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona. As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a schaike, which hung from the wall by its nailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau, containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travelling equipage and moveable estate of this marching officer. We accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertain-

ing us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed, his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet, which he had prepared, from the cuff of his capote, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy; instead of a signature at the bottom, they had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were folded in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her; and protested that he had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of mustachoes, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.

When we were about to depart, our captain said that he was going to the *caserne* of his regiment to assist in an assault of arms which was to be given by the officers, and asked us to go with him. The scene of the assault was a basement room. The earthen floor was covered with plank, to make it more pleasant to the feet. We found a couple already fencing, and our companion soon stripped to prepare for the encounter. It was singular to see

the simplicity of his dress. When he drew off his boots to put on the sandals, his feet were without stockings, and under his close-buttoned capote there was no waistcoat, nothing to cover his shaggy breast, but a coarse linen shirt without a collar; for the French officers wear nothing about the neck beside a stock of black velvet edged with white. Having taken off the sword-belt which hung from his shoulder, and bound his suspenders round his loins, he rolled his sleeves up, chose a mask and foil, and was ready to step into the arena. It appeared that our captain was master of his weapon, from the difficulty in finding him an antagonist. This, however, was at length removed, by the stepping forth of a close-built little *sabreur*. It was a fine display of manly grace to see the opening salutations of courtesy, and the fierce contest that ensued, as they alternately attacked and defended, winding themselves within the guard of each other with the stealth and quickness of the serpent, and glaring from within their masks with eyes of fire. The buttons of their foils were not covered with leather, as is usual among more moderate fencers, lest the motion of the points should be embarrassed. Hence the rough edges, as they grazed the arm or struck full upon the breast, brought blood in several places. This same weapon, the foil, is generally used by the French military

n duels, with the single preparation of cutting off the button. When the assault was concluded, the antagonists removed their masks and shook hands, as is the custom, in order to remove any irritation that might have occurred during the contest. Then commenced a brisk and earnest conversation upon the performance, furnishing matter for many compliments and never-ending discussion. During a year's residence in France, I had never before met with any one who had taken part in the campaign of Russia. As I now looked, however, upon the muscular arms of the captain and his iron conformation, I was not surprised that he had been of the few who had gone through the horrors of that disastrous expedition.

Our fonda was situated upon the Rambla, a broad highway through the city, the chief thoroughfare and promenade of Barcelona. Being of modern construction, we found large and commodious apartments. But to one accustomed to the convenience and luxury of a French bedchamber, which constitutes indeed the chief excellence of their inns, my present room was but dreary and desolate. Besides the tile floor and whitewashed walls and ceiling, there were a few chairs, a table, and no mirror; on one side a comfortless bed, hidden by curtains in an alcove; on the other, a large window with folding screens and grated balcony.

It overlooked an open field, which had no trees, but was covered with ruins and rubbish. The place had formerly been the site of the convent and spacious garden of a Capuchin fraternity. The property had been sold during the late period of the Constitution, and the buyers were proposing to build houses, and to render it productive, when the royalist insurrection, which the despoiled clergy had stirred up, aided by French armies, brought about the counter-revolution. Those who had paid for the land were dispossessed with little ceremony, and the materials which they had been collecting to erect stores and dwellings were now fastened upon by the returning fugitives, to renew the demolished combination of church, and cell, and cloister. The good fathers might be seen all day from my window, moving about as busy as bees, with their long beards and dingy habits of gray, girded with a rope, superintending the labor of twenty or thirty workmen. In watching their manœuvres, and commiserating the poor Spaniards, I found a gloomy distraction for my idle hours.

The balconies in the front of our fonda offered a gayer view, overlooking the wide walk of the Rambla, which was constantly frequented by every variety of people, and in the afternoon was thronged to overflowing. The scene then became animated indeed. There were many well-dressed men and

women, evidently the fashion of the place; country people and artisans; French officers and soldiers, moving along with pretty girls hanging on their arms, and each apparently as much at home as though he were in the centre of his own department. There were also students arrayed in long flimsy black cloaks; their breeches, stockings, and cocked hats, also black, and without even so much as a shirt collar to relieve the gloom of their attire. But the most numerous class of pedestrians were the clergy. The seculars, canons, curates, and vicars, wore frocks of black, concealing their breeches and stockings of the same colour. Over all, they had an ample cloak of black cloth or silk, without a cape, which either hung loosely around them, or was thrown into a graceful fold by placing the right skirt over the opposite shoulder. The hat, however, was the most remarkable object of their dress. It consisted of an immense flat, three or four feet in diameter, turned up at the sides until the two edges met above the crown. It was worn with the long part pointing before and behind; for, had it been carried sideways, a few would have served to block the Rambla and render passing impracticable. The best time to convince one's self of the convenience of this head gear is in a gale of wind. Many a severe fit of laughter have I had in Spain, when it has been blowing hard, to see a

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priest coming unexpectedly upon a windy corner and struck by a blast. One hand is stretched to the front of the long hat, the other to the back of it, as though devotion had prompted a new way of signing the cross; and then his many robes fluttering and struggling to the sad entanglement of the legs, combined to form a figure perfectly ludicrous. Besides the secular clergy, there was a goodly store of monks in black, white, blue, or gray, with their fat and unseemly heads shaved bare at the crown and about the neck and temples. A few were worn down and emaciated, as if from fasting, vigils, and maceration, with an air of cold-blooded and fanatic abstraction; the greater part were burly and well-conditioned, with sensuality engraven on every feature. As they waddled contentedly and self-complacently along the Rambla, they would peer into the mantilla of every pretty girl that passed them, exchanging a shake of the fingers or a significant glance with such as were of their acquaintance. There is no part of Spain where the clergy are more numerous than in Catalonia; for they form more than two per cent. of the entire population. Two men in a hundred, who neither sow, nor reap, nor labour; and who, nevertheless, eat, and drink, and luxuriate! The fact is its own best commentary.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA.

Barcelona.—Its Environs.—The Noria.—History of Barcelona.—Its present Condition.—Departure for Valencia.—The Team of Mules.—The Bishop of Vique.—Ride to Tarragona.—The City.

THE principality of Catalonia forms part of the kingdom of Arragon, and extends along the Mediterranean from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. It is by nature broken, mountainous, and sterile; but the stubborn industry of the inhabitants has forced it into fertility. It is not long since that it had more manufacturers than any other part of Spain, carried on extensive fisheries, and traded to the remotest corners of the world; thus offering the noble spectacle of a country sustaining a numerous and flourishing population, though unaided by the bounties of nature.

Barcelona is the capital of the principality. It is situated upon a plain beside the sea. Without the walls, towards the south-west, is an insulated hill called Monjui, which is crowned with a fine fortress, and is impregnable by any regular attack. The Lobregat runs behind it, whilst the horizon on the north and west is closed by a bold range of

mountains, which arrest the bleak winds of winter. Among these, Monserrat, celebrated not less for its venerated shrine, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, than for the horrors of its scenery and situation, lifts its crest, fringed with a forest of rocky pyramids*. The port is partly formed by a natural indentation of the coast, but chiefly by an artificial mole, of noble construction, which stretches far into the sea. Vessels drawing sixteen feet may cross the bar at the mouth of the harbour, and be protected from most winds within the mole. In the season of easterly winds, however, there comes an occasional hurricane, forcing in a terrible sea, which drives the ships from their anchors, dashes them against each other, and covers the beach and bay with an awful scene of confusion and disaster.

Barcelona yields only to Madrid and Valencia in extent and population. Antillon estimates the latter at one hundred and forty thousand. The greater part of the city is very ill built, with streets so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. This is especially the case in the centre, where the old Roman town is supposed to have stood, from the ruins found there—arches and

* It takes its Latin name from its rugged and saw-like crest: *sierra*, the word so much used in Spain, and so applicable to the character of the mountains, is a corruption of *serra*.

columns of temples, incorporated with the squalid constructions of modern times. Here the public square, or *Plaza*, is found, with arcades and balconies; the scene of many an *auto-de-fé* and many a bull-feast. It has, however, witnessed one redeeming spectacle; for it was here that Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a wondering and proud array of cavaliers and courtiers, received from Columbus the tribute of the new-found world.

The churches of Barcelona are not remarkable for beauty; but the custom-house is a noble edifice, and so is the exchange. In the latter, public schools are established for teaching the sciences connected with navigation, and the arts of architecture, painting, and statuary. These noble institutions are maintained at the expense of the city, and all, whether natives or strangers, children or adults, may attend the classes gratuitously, and receive instruction from able masters. The Catalans have much taste for music, and have long supported an Italian opera in Barcelona. I found the performance better than in Madrid. The company confines itself to the music of Rossini, which, doubtless, contributes to its success. The comedy is very inferior, lacking as it does the support of the lower classes, who are but little acquainted with the Castilian tongue. The only performance which I attended gave me but a poor opinion of

the Spanish drama: it was not thus with Spanish dancing, which I there witnessed, with delight, for the first time. Notwithstanding the great size of Barcelona, it has no public journal of its own, nothing, indeed, which approaches the character of a newspaper, except a little diary, as big as your two hands, which contains a description of the weather, and a marine list, together with such a collection of commercial advertisements as indicates too clearly the fallen condition of trade.

The environs of Barcelona, as seen from Monjui, are exceedingly picturesque. Beside the noble metropolis, which spreads itself at your feet, with all its combination of palaces, churches, promenades, and lines of circumvallation, you have the bay before you, filled with its shipping, drawn up within the long white mole, terminated by a noble faro; and beyond, the open sea, spotted by many a white sail, and stretching far east, wave following wave in diminished perspective, until lost in the horizon. In the interior is seen the rugged barrier of mountains, while the verdant prospect below bespeaks its protecting influence. The fields about Barcelona are cultivated with the greatest care, and are extremely productive in silk, wine, oil, figs, oranges, almonds, apricots, and pomegranates; flax, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and Indian corn, with every species of esculents. When contemplated

from above, this scene of varied production, neatly divided into fields, and enclosed by hedges of aloe, delights the eye and fills the mind with the most pleasing ideas. The leading feature in the cultivation here, and to which much of this fertility is owing, is the system of irrigation. With a view to facilitate the operation, the fields are levelled into terraces; and a small stream, which runs by the city, furnishes the lands through which it passes with water; but it is more generally procured on each little farm by a machine called the *noria*, introduced by the Saracens. It is of general use throughout Spain, and is of essential value in so dry a climate.

The *noria* consists of a vertical wheel placed over a well, and having a band of ropes passing round it, to which earthen jars are affixed. These jars, set in motion by the turning of the wheel, descend empty on one side, pass through the water in the well below, and having small holes in the bottom for the air to escape, fill easily before they ascend on the opposite side. A little water leaks from the holes during the ascent, and falls from jar to jar. When arrived at the top, the water is emptied into a trough leading to a reservoir, elevated above every part of the field which it is intended to irrigate. Connected with the reservoir is a basin for washing clothes. As for the vertical wheel

X

which immediately raises the water, it receives its motion from a horizontal one, turned by a horse, cow, mule, or more commonly an ass. There is something primitive in this rude machine that carries one back to scripture scenes and Oriental simplicity. Often have I sat by the road-side for an hour together, watching the economy of these little farms, in the environs of Barcelona. While the laborer was digging among his lettuces, that old-fashioned animal, the ass, performed unbidden his solemn revolutions; the wheel turned, and the ropes of grass brought up the jars and emptied them of their burthen, while at the neighbouring reservoir a dark-eyed damsel would be upon her knees beside the basin, her petticoats tucked snugly around her, and as she rubbed the linen with her hand, or beat it against the curb-stone, singing some wild outlandish air, like any thing but the music of Europe.—Much labor is doubtless lost by the rude construction of the noria; but the system of irrigation, with which it is connected, is an excellent one, and is the means of fertilizing lands which must otherwise have remained uncultivated.

Barcelona is of very great antiquity, having been founded more than two centuries before Christ, by Hamilcar Barcas, father to the great Hannibal, from whom it derives its name. It made no great

figure under the Roman domination, having been eclipsed in those days by the immense city of Tarraco. When the Saracens overran Spain, Barcelona shared the common fate, and yielded to the dominion of Mahomet. Its remoteness, however, from Cordova, the seat of the Saracen empire, rendered its tenure precarious, and, accordingly, in the ninth century, it was recovered by Louis le Débonnaire, son and successor of Charlemagne. He erected it into a county, which he vested in the family of Bernard, a French noble. The Counts of Barcelona continued to yield allegiance to the French crown, until it voluntarily relinquished its sovereignty in the thirteenth century. The county became annexed to Arragon by marriage, as the latter afterwards blended itself with Castile to form the present Spanish monarchy, whose kings still use the title of Counts of Barcelona*.

Though Barcelona remained inconsiderable under the Romans, it made a distinguished figure in the days of returning civilization. From the Jews, who took refuge in it when driven from their homes, it derived that spirit of frugal and persevering industry which still characterises its inhabitants. The Catalans became enterprising traders, and the Me-

* Mariana, *Historia de Espana*. Most of the historical matter introduced in the course of this work is upon the authority of the same author.

diterranean, which lay so convenient for commercial pursuits, was soon covered with their ships. Barcelona became the rival of Genoa, and the dépôt whence christian Spain received the precious commodities of the east. Nor was the valor of the Catalans inferior to their industry and enterprise. They fitted out piratical expeditions, with which they worried the commerce of the Saracens; and even when they encountered armed fleets, victory was almost ever sure to declare for them. One fact, recorded by Mariana, may be sufficient to show the character and reputation of the early Catalans. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Turks, led on by Othman, the fierce founder of their empire, began to extend their conquests in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, the emperor Andronicus, conscious of the effeminacy of his warriors, sent an embassy to Barcelona to ask assistance of the Catalans. Reguier, one of the most distinguished Catalan captains of that day, accepted the invitation. Having obtained the consent of his king, he enlisted five thousand adventurers equally fearless with himself, and set sail for Constantinople. They gained many battles in Phrygia, and drove the Turks from the vicinity of the Black Sea, until they at length became so powerful, and withal so insolent, that the Greek emperor would willingly have been de-

ivered from their friendship. He made war with little success against his rapacious auxiliaries, until, after losing many battles, he was obliged to beg the interference of the pope and of the king of Arragon before they would leave his territory. Thus compelled to yield obedience to their spiritual and temporal masters; these Catalans seized, as a last resort, upon Athens and Negropont, where they long continued to maintain themselves. To this romantic expedition the kings of Arragon owed their title of Dukes of Athens and Neopatria, still used by the Spanish sovereigns down to the present day.

At length, however, when the discovery of America had opened new realms of commerce, and the progress of knowledge had advanced the spirit of civilisation, the Catalans were among the foremost to yield obedience to the change. Barcelona became a vast magazine, where goods of wool and silk, fire-arms and cutlery, with almost every other species of manufacture, were prepared for the distant colonies of Spain. The Catalan ships repaired with these commodities to every part of America; and commercial adventurers, after an absence of a few years, would return with fortunes to increase the resources and quicken the industry of their native province*.

* It appears from a late valuable publication, Navarrete's collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, that the first

Such was Barcelona in former days: her present reverse is a very sad one. The manufactories of cut-

known experiment of propelling a vessel by the agency of steam was made at Barcelona, more than eighty-five years before the idea of procuring motion by means of it was first started by Brancas in Italy, more than a century before this power was first applied to any useful purpose by the Marquis of Worcester in England, and near three centuries before Fulton, adapting and combining the inventions of a host of contemporary mechanists, successfully solved the same wonderful problem in the United States. Singular, however, as the fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archives of Simancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible. It appears that in the year 1543 a certain sea officer, called Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit before the Emperor Charles V. a machine, by means of which a vessel should be made to move without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. It consisted of Don Enrique de Toledo, Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Ravago, the Vice-chancellor Gralla, and many experienced seamen. The experiment was made the 17th June, 1543, on board a vessel called the Trinidad, of two hundred barrels' burden, which had lately arrived with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment to move forward and turn about at pleasure, without sail or oar or human agency, and without any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles. The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbour of Barcelona resounded with plaudits, and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favorable reports to the emperor, except only the Treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine. He took great pains to undervalue it, stating,

lery and firearms are ruined and forgotten, and the wines and brandies of Catalonia, the cotton and woollen goods, which used formerly to be carried to

among other things, that it could be of little use, since it only propelled the vessel two leagues in three hours, that it was very expensive and complicated, and that there was great danger of the boiler's bursting frequently. The experiment over, Garay collected his machinery, and having deposited the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house.

Notwithstanding the invidious representations of Ravago, Garay was applauded for his invention, and taken into favor by the emperor, who promoted him one grade, gave him two hundred thousand *maravedises*, and ordered the jealous treasurer to pay all the expenses of the experiment. But Charles was then taken up with some military expedition, and the occasion of conferring an inestimable benefit on mankind was neglected for the business of bloodshed and devastation, while the honor which Barcelona might have received from perfecting this noble discovery was reserved for a city which had not yet started in the career of existence. The fact that a vessel was propelled by steam as early as the sixteenth century thus rendered certain, the question next occurs, whether it in any way detracts from the honor due to Fulton, not for having made the first successful application of steam to purposes of navigation (for he was even anticipated by Fitch in the United States), but for having brought it into use over the whole civilized world. By no means. This experiment at Barcelona, owing to the absence of journals and newspapers, those modern vehicles and wings of intelligence, was unknown to the world generally at the time of making it, as it ever was to Fulton. And besides, who can tell but that in like manner many inventions, which constitute at once the pride and profit of the present age, may have existed centuries ago in countries of forgotten civilisation?

every corner of the Americas, are now either shipped away by stealth or consumed only in Spain. In place of the ships and brigs, whose tall masts once looked like a forest within the mole of Barcelona, there are now to be seen only a paltry assemblage of fishing-boats and feluccas. Even these are not allowed a free navigation along the coasts of the Peninsula; nor does Spain even enjoy the pitiful privilege of an interchange of her own productions. Pirates and outcast adventurers of every nation, except Columbia, assuming the easy flag of that country and the name of patriot, rendered loathsome by its wearers, post themselves along the headlands of the Peninsula, and pilfer all who pass. Will this state of things last? Those who believe that the prosperity of one country does not involve the ruin of another may hope that it will not. Spain must sooner or later sacrifice her prejudices to her interest; and when the Americas shall be independent in name as in fact, the influence of a community of language, manners, and wants will not fail to assert itself. The spirit of enterprise, smothered, but not extinct, among the frugal and industrious Catalans, will revive, and Barcelona may again resound to the rattle and clang of the loom and the hammer.

Having passed a week in Barcelona, I set out early one morning for Tarragona, on my way to

Valencia and Madrid. At three o'clock the waiter who had served me in the fonda came to call me and carry my trunk to the diligence-office. There it was carefully weighed, and all that it exceeded an *aroba*, or twenty-five pounds, was paid for, over and above the charge for passage, which, from Barcelona to Valencia, a distance of fifty-seven Spanish leagues, of seventeen and a quarter to the degree, or two hundred and twenty-eight miles, amounted to about fifteen dollars*. There was besides one real, about twopence halfpenny, for

* Though there be some variety in the currency of the different provinces, yet the following division of money is generally used throughout Spain. The highest gold coin, the ounce or *doblon* of eight, is equal to sixteen dollars; the *doblon* of four is equal to eight dollars; the *doblon* of gold to four dollars; the *escudo* or *doblon* simple to two; and the *durito* to one dollar. The silver coins are the *duro* or *peso fuerte*, equal to one dollar; the *escudo* to half a dollar; the *peseta* to one-fifth of a dollar; and the *real* of *vellon* to the twentieth of a dollar. This last is divided into eight copper *cuartos*, and nominally into thirty-four *maravedises*. The *real*, however small, is yet the unity of Spanish currency. Formerly there were but eight *reales* to the dollar or ounce of silver, which was then called the *real* of eight; but the progressive depreciation of the copper or *vellon* money, arbitrarily forced into circulation, has reduced it to its present value. In America, where the copper money was not issued, the *real* still preserved its value. It is the same coin which passes among us for twelve and a half cents; and it is to the original *real* of eight that we are indebted for our unity of a dollar.

The Spanish weights are the pound, the *aroba* of twenty-five pounds, and the quintal.

each postilion during the journey, and a gift of courtesy, of nearly as much more, which usage had taught the conductor to expect at its termination. The disadvantages of the exclusive system—for diligences in Spain belong to the general system of monopoly—were here brought home to me in the way which travellers are most apt to appreciate. In France a seat in the cabriolet, for a corresponding distance, would not have cost more than the half of what I was now paying. I was farther struck with some items of the stipulations printed on the back of my receipt: one interdicted the carrying of more money than was strictly necessary for the expenses of the way, under penalty of being liable for any detriment which might result to the diligence; another held out to the traveller the consoling assurance that the company would not be liable for any loss which might be sustained by *robo a mano armada* (i. e. from armed robbers).

By the time I had snugly adjusted myself in my corner of the cabriolet, and made all the knowing and comfortable arrangements of an experienced traveller, an absentee, for whom we had been waiting, arrived and took his seat beside me. This done, the door was closed with a slam, the iron steps were turned up with a grating sound, the guttural '*Arre!*' rattled out by the *mayoral* was repeated by the *zagal*, and our ponderous diligence

heaved itself into motion, as it were, with a universal groan.

In riding from Perpignan to Barcelona, the horses had been exchanged for mules very shortly after crossing the boundary. In Spain mules are generally preferred to horses both as beasts of burden and of draught, and are seen before the most elegant carriages. Horses are employed for the saddle, to make a display in cities; but to travel any distance, even in this way, the mule is preferred as an easier-gaited and hardier animal, capable of enduring the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Hence the mule commands a much higher price. The female, being of showy figure, with limbs beautifully formed and sinewy, is used for draught; while the *macho* or male, the most stubborn and stupid animal in the world, is laden upon the back, doomed to carry burdens, and to all kinds of ignominious labor. The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs, abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head, and was honored with the name of *capitana*. Their harness was very different from any thing I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were

X
attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills by a leathern strap fastened to the end of the pole, through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of capitana, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their head-stalls for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their bodies were smoothly shaven, to enable them better to endure the heat; but in this an eye was had to decoration by leaving the hair in partial stripes: the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat fly brush, and the hair on the haunches was clipped into a curious fretwork, not a little resembling the embroidery of a hussar's pantaloons. They were besides plentifully adorned with plumes and tassels of gaily-colored worsted, and had many bells about the head to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a zagal and mayoral, or postilion and conductor. The zagal with whom we set out from Barcelona was a fine-looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The *mayoral*, who was much older, was in similar attire; but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning

and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.

Thus drawn and thus conducted, we wound through the streets of Barcelona; and when we came to narrow and intricate passes, the zagal would place himself beside capitana, and lead her by the head-stall. The day had not yet dawned, and the gates of Barcelona were not yet open, when we reached the one towards Monjui. We were therefore compelled to wait a few moments, embarrassed among a great number of carts, which were carrying off the filth of the city to manure the fields, and did not offer the most agreeable society. A gun, however, from Monjui, coming at first with a heavy peal, and then dying away among the mountains, gave the signal for which we were waiting. Before the reverberations had ceased, the gates grated upon their hinges as they were thrown open by the punctual Frenchman, and the chains of the drawbridge creaked and jarred with the weight of the descending mass. Our filthy neighbours opened right and left to make room for us, and the zagal, taking capitana by the head, led her over the bridge, through the zigzag approaches of the exterior works. When we had fairly gained the high road without the city, he gave her a good lash with his whip, and, standing still, bestowed the same greeting upon each mule as it passed in review before him. They all