set off at a gallop, and he, grasping with his left hand a rope which depended from the top of the diligence, and the tail of the hind mule with the right, vaulted to the bench of the mayoral.

On leaving the gate of Barcelona, we ascended the side of Monjui at a round pace; and when we had crossed the summit of the ridge, our descent to the valley of the Lobregat was not less rapid. The diligence was of less heavy construction than in France, insomuch that the hind wheels were not now shod, but allowed to revolve. It would have been bad enough to descend rapidly so long a hill in the daytime and with a clear road before us; but we had the further disadvantages of almost perfect darkness, and of having the whole hill strung with market carts repairing to the city. The mayoral and zagal were both looking sharply into the obscurity before us; and when one or more objects suddenly appeared in the road, the sagacity of the mules, or, when they slackened their pace and moved unsteadily, as if in doubt which side to go, a sudden twitch of the reins of capitana, would send them all in a hurry upon the course most likely to extricate us. This succeeded generally, but the cartmen could not always anticipate our motions; so that we several times grazed closely by them, and even caught the shaft of one that stood across the road, through the perverseness of

the mules, in our hind wheel. Our drivers had neither the inclination nor the ability to stop the diligence in order to inquire into the damage; but a loud crash and louder curses that rose behind us gave assurance that the contact had not been harmless.

When the daylight came, and the sun at length rose into a spotless sky, I looked with pleasure upon a varied and animated scene. Our road, though it followed the general outline of the sea-coast, and commanded occasional vistas of the Mediterranean, sometimes struck into the interior to avoid a headland, and thus gave an insight into the character and cultivation of the country. From my first entrance into Spain till my arrival at Barcelona, I had seen ranges of mountains constantly rising in the interior, and had placed them all to the account of the neighbouring Pyrenees; but the same state of things now continued to fix my attention. The land rose rapidly as it receded from the sea, ridges overlooking ridges; and I found, what, indeed, I have everywhere found in Spain, a broken country and a constant succession of mountains. These, however, do not baffle the efforts of the cultivator. Many of them were covered with forests of cork-trees and orchards of olive, or furnished pasture to goats and sheep; while the hill-sides, declining towards the sea, were spread out

in vineyards or grain-fields, now no longer verdant. The wine here raised is much esteemed in the country, and Villafranca, through which we passed at seven in the morning, produces a Malvoisie or Chian of some celebrity. The population was every where busy, ploughing the fields and laying the foundation of a future harvest. The spirit of industry seemed strong, and yet there were not wanting appearances of a pervading poverty. The implements of husbandry were ill contrived and rudely made; and the plough, instead of making a regular and rapid furrow, went forward deviously and slowly, and seemed to linger in the soil. It was drawn sometimes by mules or oxen, sometimes by meager cows; and I once saw a poverty-stricken peasant, rolled up in a tattered blanket, and pushing his plough through an ungrateful-looking field, with no better assistance than an ass and a cow. The scene was a characteristic one, and as I looked upon the gaunt form and wasting figure of the poor peasant, as he struggled for the bread that was to meet the cravings of a hungry family, I could not avoid the conclusion that he must be kept poor by some unfriendly participation in the fruits of his labor; that he must be toiling to pay the pageantry of some degenerate noble in Madrid, or to fatten and sensualize the monks I had seen rolling along the rambla of Barcelona.

Early in the morning we came to a place which had been the scene of a cruel tragedy during the late short and violent period of the Constitution. I learned from the gentleman beside me, that, at the time of the regency of Urgel and of the religious and royalist insurrection, which of itself would doubtless have sufficed to overturn the offensive system, the bishop of Vique became obnoxious to the constitutional party; for, at the same time that he claimed the character of a liberal, he was lending secret assistance to the opposite party. His treasonable practices being discovered, he was seized in some village of Catalonia, and brought towards Barcelona. His crime was clear, and merited the punishment of a traitor. But it was feared that the reverence of the people for the clergy, and especially for the episcopal office, might produce a commotion, if the treacherous bishop should be openly put to death; so they contrived a plan to place a band of ruffians in concealment by the road-ride, who should take the bishop from the hands of his escort and slay him. The place chosen for the act was a hill-side, where rocks and trees disputed possession of the soil. The assassins took advantage of the concealment; and when the escort arrived at their ambush, they sallied out and relieved it of its charge. The aged bishop was ordered to alight from his carriage,

dragged a short distance from the road, and there cruelly butchered. Though the murdered man was not remarkable for the virtues which, even in Spain, are usually associated with the episcopal dignity, he is nevertheless now reverenced as a martyr throughout the land. At the solicitation of the Catalonian clergy, he has lately been duly enrolled upon the list of the beatified; so that, from having only been bishop of Vique, he is now become its patron saint. A cross elevated upon a rock indicates the site of this horrible tragedy, so similar, not only essentially, but even in its details, to the murder of the Scottish archbishop, as related by Robertson, or as brought before us in one of the most graphic productions of the great genius of our age. As we caught through the trees a passing view of this sad memento, I could not help expressing my horror at the outrage. The person who had related the story attempted to justify the act by the many crimes of the clergy, and by political expediency; but I am unwilling to believe that the happiness of a nation, any more than of an individual, can be promoted by crime. A government which could resort to such acts of retribution is entitled to but few regrets.

The individual who shared the cabriolet with me was a pleasing man of thirty, who had been a *miliciano* during the constitutional period, which

with the present government was a fair title to proscription. After the return of despotism he had gone into voluntary exile, and remained a year at Marseilles; whence he had only returned when the licensed assassinations and plunder of the royalists had in a measure subsided, or been put down by the establishment of the police. He complained bitterly of the vexations to which he was still subject, and mentioned, among other things, that, being fond of shooting, he had been at some expense in taking out a licence to carry fire-arms: he had likewise purchased a very valuable fowling-piece, and had scarce used it half a dozen times, when down came a royal order to disarm the late *milicianos*. His house was entered and searched by the armed police, and his fowling-piece taken off, and deposited somewhere, whence, in all probability, it would never return. All this served to give some notion of the degree of liberty now enjoyed in Spain, and to make the time pass;—if, indeed, there could be any thing wearisome amid scenes which, beside the charm of novelty, were fruitful enough in amusement and excitation.

The road from Barcelona is, or rather has been, one of the most beautiful in Spain. It is constructed in a manner which combines present convenience with great durability, winding round hills where they are too steep to be crossed, and some-

times cutting directly through the side of them and making a deep gap for its passage. As the hills are pierced for the passage of the road, so the ravines are rendered passable by bridges thrown across them, of one and sometimes two rows of arches, rising above each other, as in the aqueduct at Nismes *. This road, though out of repair and neglected, was not positively bad; and even though it had been, why should we care, with a string of seven mules to drag us, and two wild men to drive them? Indeed, we kept trotting up one side of a hill and galloping down the other, and up again and down again, the whole way to Tarragona. There was a pleasing excitement in this heels-over-head mode of travelling, after the slow and easy pace of the French diligence, their heavy-headed and thick-legged horses, and the big boots of their postilions. The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules was quite peculiar. The zagal kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling them by their names, and apparently endeavouring to reason them into good conduct, and make them keep in a straight column, so that each might draw his share of the burden, and not rub against his neighbour. I say he called them

* The roads in Spain are all made upon the M'Adam principle, as it is termed, and have been so made from time immemorial.

by their names, for every mule in Spain has its distinctive appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, beside Capitana, we had Portugesa, Arragonesa, Coronela, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road or failing to draw its share, the zagal would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable, and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postilion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the zagal called to Coronela, and Portugesa obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry, sharply, *Aquella otra!*—"That other one!"—and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow: the zagal would jump to the ground, run forward, and beat and belabor the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately behind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is, indeed, wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of the diligence. In general, the zagal ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole

way, and stopping occasionally at the road-side to pick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed in his sash, or more frequently in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While descending, he would hold his cap in one hand, and with the other throw a stone first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their proper stations, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs. These precautions would not always produce the desired effect; the traces would sometimes break or become entangled, the mules be brought into disorder, and a scene of confusion follow. This happened several times in one stage, when a vicious mule had been put among the team to be broken to harness. It was, indeed, an obstinate and perverse animal, and even more stupid than perverse. It would jump first to one side, then to the other, and kick the ribs of its neighbour without mercy. When, at length, it had succeeded in breaking its own traces and entangling its legs in those of its companions, it would stand as quiet as a lamb until the damage was repaired, and then renew the same scene of confusion. Nor did the more rational mules behave themselves much better. They would start to one side when the zagal cried out *Arre!* and when he whistled for them to stop,

they would sometimes go the faster. If one had occasion to halt, the rest would not obey the hissing signal of the postilion, but drag the reluctant animal forward; and presently after, the mule which had been most unwilling to stop would be itself taken with a similar inclination, and receive similar treatment from its comrades; whereas the horses of a French diligence would all have halted sympathetically at the invitation of the driver. I hate a mule most thoroughly; for there is something abortive in every thing it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice of thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech and has not courage to finish it.

On our approach to Tarragona, and when yet at a short distance from it, we passed under a stone arch of vast dimensions, and of elegant though unadorned construction. It was perfect in all its parts, and though the rain and winds of

many centuries had rounded the angles of the uncemented stones that composed the pile, not one had fallen from its place. This road, then, over which our mules and diligence now hurried so rapidly, was the relic of a Roman way; and that arch, which still rose over us in all the simple elegance of classic times, had been raised by a Scipio or a Cæsar in honor of some forgotten triumph.

Just before reaching Tarragona, the road led along the beach, where a number of boats were hauled up with nets suspended to their masts. All was bustle and activity among the Catalan fishermen; some carrying their fish to market, others mending their nets and greasing the bottoms of their boats in preparation for the next day's voyage. At the end of the beach before us stood Tarragona, perched on a rocky eminence. It was everywhere surrounded with walls and irregular fortifications, and bristling with steeples and antique towers; while at the foot of the rock a mole stretched far into the sea, giving shelter to a few square-rigged and smaller vessels. The diligence soon arrived at the foot of the hill, wound slowly up its side, entered the town, and drove to the wide open door of the posada. This building was of very different construction from any inn I had yet seen; for the

whole of the ground-floor was left open for carts and other vehicles, while the stables for mules, horses, and asses stood farther in the rear. The kitchen and all the apartments were in the stories over head. Conducted by the stable-boy, who carried my trunk, I was able to find out the obscure staircase, and trace my way to the common eating-room, where our dinner was already smoking on the board.

I found my companions in a room, whose balconies overlooked the Plaza, or large open square, earnestly employed in swallowing their food; for they were to set off again in a few moments for Reus, a very flourishing agricultural and manufacturing town, which lies inland from Tarragona, and where the Catalan industry still continues to make head against the pervading depression. They soon after rose from table, descended, and took their seats in the diligence; and when they disappeared at the end of the Plaza, I returned from the balcony to which I had wandered, as if loth to part with these acquaintances of a few hours' standing, and proceeded in silence to despatch my solitary meal. Never in my life did I feel more completely alone; for the girl that waited upon me at table spoke even less Spanish than myself, and it was therefore vain to attempt a conversation

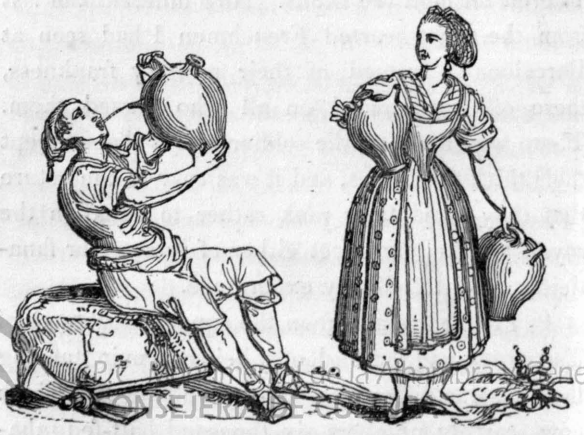
What would I not have given for the friendly presence of my social and familiar Frenchman! I had a letter for a merchant, and the delivery of it might have secured me a pleasant afternoon, and an insight into whatever was curious in this once famous city; but not feeling in the most pleasant mood to deliver a note of hand for hospitality, I took my hat and wandered forth into the streets of Tarragona, without any fixed purpose, bending my steps whichever way chance might lead them. At the western end of the Plaza I found a gate opening upon a cultivated valley, which was not without its attractions. Over the ravine below was an aqueduct, raised upon a double row of arches, which furnished the city with water, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. I wandered towards this monument which Roman hands had raised, and found near it a small stream, beside which a number of women were employed in washing. Seating myself near them, I listened to their prattle, their laugh, and their song, until the sun sank below the horizon; and when they all gathered their work together and departed, I followed them into the city.

As I returned to the Plaza, it was the hour of *paseo* or promenade, and in any other city in Spain it would have been crowded by walkers of every sex and age, enjoying this salutary recreation; but

here a few priests and friars, fewer citizens, and one or two Spanish officers, variously and grotesquely dressed in antique cocked hats of oil-cloth, military surtouts, and jingling sabres, were all who loitered through the walks. How different the last from the light-hearted Frenchmen I had seen at Barcelona! Instead of their military frankness, these officers scowled on all who passed them. There was little of the soldier about them except their thick mustaches, and it was easy to conjecture that they owed their rank rather to a zeal in the royalist cause, the effect either of interest or fanaticism, than to military experience.

As I looked round upon the squalid structures of Tarragona and these gloomy beings moving among them, it was difficult to believe that the city which now scarcely numbers six thousand half-fed inhabitants, was indeed that Tarraco which had been founded by the Phœnicians, and which, under the Romans, counted nearly half a million of population, and became the largest city that ever existed in Spain. Yet history furnishes abundant proof of the importance of Tarraco; and the remains of temples that still exist in Tarragona, of a palace of Augustus, a theatre, an amphitheatre, and an aqueduct, are conclusive as to its site. It is sufficient to name Hamilcar, Hannibal, and Asdrubal,

the Scipios, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus, as having trod the soil of Tarragona, to awaken the loftiest associations.



Costume of Catalonia.

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.

THE morning after my solitary ramble among the ruins of Tarraco, I was called very early, in order to be in readiness for the departure of the Barcelona and Valencia diligence, in which my seat had previously been taken. I had come thus far in the Reus coach, with the view of rendering the ride less continuous, and travelling as much as possible by day. My new travelling companions, less mindful of their comfort, had only enjoyed a halt of two or three hours, and had not therefore been at the trouble of undressing; so that when I entered the eating-room, they were already assembled. Among them was a middle-aged man, dressed in a harlequin frock coat, buttoned high in the neck, and covered with frogs and gimp, wide-striped pantaloons, and a pair of brass-heeled boots; on his head was a plush cap bound with tawdry gold lace, round his neck a bandana, and over his other garments an ample

brown cloak, well lined with velvet. This was the most distinguished-looking personage of our party; his air was decidedly soldierlike, and I set him down at once as a military man. He turned out, however, to be only a Valencian merchant, or shopkeeper, which in Spain are synonymous terms, there being now no merchants in the country except those who likewise keep shops. The same may be said of Spanish bankers as a class; for the universal depression of commerce does not admit of that subdivision of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. I had, afterwards, frequent occasion in Spain to notice the military air and bearing even of its more peaceable inhabitants, and a disposition in them to increase this effect by their mode of dressing. This fierce-looking, but good-natured Valencian, as he proved to be, had with him his wife, a woman of thirty, round and fat, as Spanish married women usually are. Their daughter, who sat between them, with a shawl covering her head and neck instead of the cooler mantilla, was an interesting girl of fifteen. The rest of my future companions were students going to Valencia to attend the university, whose exercises were to commence with the coming November. They were all accoutred in the gloomy garb in which science may alone be wooed in Spain, and with which the life and animation of countenance

incidental to youth, especially when thus relieved from the eye of authority and brought into congenial company, were utterly at variance.

The party thus assembled, and of which I now became one, was seated round a deal table, taking chocolate from cups scarce bigger than wine glasses, which they ate like eggs by dipping narrow slices of bread into it, carefully rubbing the sides of the cups that the scanty pittance might not be diminished, and each finishing with a glass of water. This chocolate, of such universal use in Spain, is a simple composition of cocoa, sugar, and cinnamon, carefully ground together and formed into cakes. To prepare the usual portion for one person, an ounce is thrown into three times its weight of water, and when dissolved by heat, it is stirred by means of a piece of wood turned rapidly between the palms of the hands, until the whole has a frothy consistency. When the chocolate was despatched, and the no less important matter of paying for it and rewarding the maid, we all obeyed the summons of the mayoral, took our seats in the diligence agreeably to the way-bill, and were soon outside of the ruinous walls of Tarragona.

On leaving Tarragona the road passes through a country of vines and olives, tolerably well cultivated, keeping generally along the levels of the sea-coast, and only seeking the interior when necessary to

avoid a projection of land and too great an angle. This is the case at Col du Balaguer, which, as its French name indicates, is a narrow pass lying between two mountains. The castle of Balaguer crowns the crest of the mountain on the right, and completely commands the passage of the defile. Beyond this the road passes over a deep break, called Barranco de la Horca—Ravine of the Gallows. This place was formerly infested by robbers, who, taking advantage of the seclusion and concealment of the ravine, and the impossibility of escape from it, would take their stand at the bottom, survey at leisure those who entered the pass, and then selecting their game, plunder and murder it at pleasure. To check these atrocities, a gallows was erected on the very site, where every robber caught in the neighbourhood was hanged with little ceremony.

Before reaching Amposta, we came to a fork of the roads, where a small covered cart was in waiting to receive the mail for Tortosa—a considerable city, raised to the municipal dignity by Scipio. While the mail was shifted from the top of the diligence, we all set off to walk the remainder of the distance to the Ebro. The country for the whole way was a barren and sandy down, entirely destitute of trees and underwood; so that it was easy to catch sight of the neighbouring sea and of a number of small

islands which lay along the coast, forming an interior navigation, as is the case in other parts of the Gulf of Lyons, and in a still more remarkable manner along the coast of the United States.

We reached the Ebro at four in the evening, just as the diligence drove down to the bank. The river before us was the Iberus of the ancients, the classic stream which has furnished the poet with another and a softer name for Spain, and which in distant days has witnessed scenes of the highest importance. It was on this Ebro that the Scipios, Cneius and Publius, met and conquered Asdrubal, when on his way into Italy with a strong force to join his fortunes to those of his kinsman Hannibal, already in the neighbourhood of Rome; and it was thus that the destinies of the future mistress of the world were decided by a battle fought in Spain, as was afterwards the case on the banks of this same stream in the civil wars of Pompey and Cæsar.

No river, however, can stand in greater need of the poet's fancy and the scholar's associations than the Ebro, at least such as it presents itself at Amposta. It is a turbid stream, flowing through a flat, sandy, and uncultivated country; with nought but a desert on the left bank, and on the right the poverty-stricken town of Amposta, with tottering battlements, and a few antique coasters and fishing-boats, clinging to its walls for support against the

rapidity of the current. Here we found a large flat-bottomed boat waiting to receive the diligence. The mules were detached from it, except two, and these drew it on board. This done, the remainder of the team were fastened to the boat by a long line, and made to draw it far up the stream, when we struck across, and, by the assistance of two ponderous oars, were enabled to gain the opposite beach, and the kingdom of Valencia.

We were not long in reaching the posada at which we were to sup and pass the night, and which lay near the ferry. Here preparations were at once made for our evening meal, while, to pass the time, the passengers loitered along the bank of the river, or through the equally cheerless streets of Amposta. The fishermen and laborers had already returned from their daily occupations, and were sitting alone, at the thresholds of their doors; or else were collected in groups at the corners, eyeing us as we passed, and making remarks, doubtless, upon the singularity of our attire, compared with their own. My own astonishment was probably greater than theirs; for I had never before seen the singular costume of the Valencian peasants. In the short distance of a few leagues, and without any sensible change of climate, the long pantaloon of the Catalan, extending from his shoulders to the ground, is exchanged for loose

breeches of linen, called *bragas*, which are tied above the hips with a drawing-string, and which, like the Highland kilt, terminate above the knee. Besides this airy and convenient garment, the Valencian wears a shirt, a waistcoat, straw or hempen sandals, and a long red cap like the Catalan, or a cotton handkerchief, tied round the head and hanging down behind. His legs are in general bare, or only covered with a leathern gaiter laced on tightly, or more frequently a stocking without a foot. Instead of the velvet jacket and silver buttons of the Catalan, the Valencian wears a long woollen sack, called *manta*, edged with fringe, and chequered like a plaid. This hangs carelessly over one shoulder on ordinary occasions, and when the air is sharp he wraps it closely about him; if he has a burden to carry, he puts it in one end of his sack, and lets it hang behind him, whilst the remainder serves to keep him warm; and in sowing a field, the manta is the depository whence he takes the seed to drop it into the furrow. Nor was there a less striking difference in the figure and faces of these natives of two neighbouring provinces of the same kingdom, than I had noticed in their dress. The stature of the Valencians seemed less than that of the Catalans, and their faces, instead of indicating a northern origin, were of an Asiatic cast. Indeed, as I looked upon their red and well-turned

limbs and sunburnt faces, unshaded save by the straight black hair that hung about them, I was strongly reminded of the red inhabitants of the American forests.

When the sun was down, I wandered back to the posada. Three of these oddly accoutred Valencians were sitting in a group before the entrance to the court-yard, with their naked legs crossed before them, and busily engaged with a pack of dirty cards, which they dealt upon the manta of one of them spread out in the midst. They had been thus engaged when the diligence arrived, were still at it when I went forth to walk, and now at the end of an hour the gambling continued with undiminished ardor. Within the court our mayoral had been employed in examining the harness and oiling the wheels of the diligence, and having finished this task, was turning the unwieldy vehicle round with the assistance of the stable-boy, in readiness for our departure, which was to take place at two in the morning. I put my hand to a wheel, to assist the operation, and when every thing was adjusted to his wish, the mayoral drew on his jacket, pulled his red cap closer over his head, as if sensible of the growing coolness, and having thrust his hands under the sash which girded his loins, we continued to talk of the journey of the next day, of Valencia, the

fair city to which we were going, and of a thousand other things, until the summons came that supper was ready.

I found our table spread in a very large room which was strewed with boxes and straw panniers, while in one corner was a heap of *algarroba* beans, which are used as fodder for the mules, and are gathered from a large overgrown tree, very common in this part of the country*. In the middle of the chamber was a wooden table covered with a clean cloth, plates of English earthen-ware, and an odd assortment of knives, with French forks of iron tinned over in imitation of silver. My companions were already seated upon long wooden benches, and silently employed with the soup. This was succeeded by the *puchero* or *olla*, a dish of universal use in Spain, which takes its name from the earthen jug or iron pot in which it is prepared. It consists of an odd mixture of beef, chicken, a species of pulse called *garbanzo* (a kind of chick-pea), in great favor among the Spaniards, and of a great variety of vegetables, the whole being seasoned plentifully with garlic, and a small piece of salt pork or bacon †.

* The carob tree, or St. John's bread. Ceratonia siliqua.

† No good Spaniard can make a meal without a piece of pork, however small. In every compound, there must always enter a *miaja de tocino*. Their fondness for this greasy food originated in those days, when great numbers of Jews and

This is the common olla, such as one meets with everywhere in Spain; but the *olla podrida* is a rarer dish, a species of ark where animals of every color and every kind meet, and are represented as in a common congress. After the puchero came roast fowls and salad, which we ate together, as in France; and then a dessert of olives, apples, figs, and almonds, together with grapes dried in the shade, which, though a little withered, still preserved their juice and sweetness. Last of all a decanter of brandy impregnated with anise, as Spanish brandy usually is, was placed on the table. Each person, ladies and all, swallowed a portion of it unadulterated, from small Dutch cordial glasses curiously ornamented and gilded; which, from the manner in which they were produced from an antique chest that stood in the corner, were evidently in high estimation at Amposta.

Such was the nature of our repast; and a hungry man could scarcely have complained of it. But

Saracens forswore their faith, and became Christians, in order to escape the edicts which would drive them from their houses. Those who still leaned to their ancient religion continued naturally enough to observe its tenets, and of course to reject the food of an unclean and forbidden beast. Hence the eating of pork became, among the trusty and true Christians, at once a profession of faith, and proof of orthodoxy. It must be acknowledged, however, that the pork throughout Spain is excellent, and superior to most of its butcher's meats.

the manner in which it was eaten, or rather devoured, was by no means so free from objection. Each of our Catalan students would grapple the dish he fancied, tear off a portion with his fork or fingers, as was most convenient, and then resign what was left to the first applicant.

When these uncouth Catalans were pretty well gorged, they gradually became less exclusive, and occasionally offered to others the dish of which they had already partaken. Their politeness went on increasing as their hunger diminished, until they actually, in one or two instances, helped others before helping themselves. This politeness was more especially extended to our fair Valenciana; and when the dessert came, each one who sat near her, after paring an apple, would first offer her a portion of it on the end of a knife. This she always accepted, and ate either the whole or part of it, as if usage rendered it obligatory.*. These acts of courtesy were sometimes accompanied with gallant speeches, which, instead of being received amiss by the lively girl, either excited a laugh or a

* It is in some degree obligatory, according to the old and popular usages of Spain. In the same way the Spaniard, particularly of the lower classes, offers the cup from which he is drinking to the bystander, and rather thinks his offer slighted if the cup be not at least touched to the lips. It is a custom of hospitable origin, and worthy of respect.

repartee. After being accustomed to the retiring modesty of young girls in France, I was much startled at this freedom of manners in our Valenciana, and still more so at the indifference of her father and mother; who, so long as they saw that she was in sight and sitting between them, seemed to care little for a few hardy words.

Supper being over and paper cigars lit by most of the company, the landlady went round the table to collect her dues, followed by a modern Maritornes, with hand outstretched to receive the expected gratuity. The demand was sixteen reals for each, and two more for those who wanted chocolate in the morning. The Catalans exclaimed against the charge, pronounced it outrageous, and swore that at least ten reals must be for the *ruido de casa*, or noise of the house, which is a fair subject of taxation in any Spanish posada. Finding, however, that the matter was not to be got rid of in any other way, each fell to chasing his money about in his pockets, and having drawn it forth, reluctant to appear on such an occasion, the account was at length balanced; not, however, without a supplemental dispute with Maritornes, on the questions of a real or a half real. This done, we were shown to our sleeping-place, which was next to the eating-room, with a small double door, fastened with a swinging-bar, as in our stables. It had

likewise a single latticed window, looking upon the court-yard, and secured by an iron grating. Eight beds, spread on cots or stretchers, were arranged at convenient distances round the room, for the accommodation of our party, with the exception of the Valencian family; and at the head of each couch was a rickety chair, which, from its own infirmity or the inequalities of the earthen floor, leaned fearfully with one leg in the air, or else sought support by reclining against the bed. Having closed the window, to keep out the night air, I chose a bed, and, without investigating the sheets too nicely, threw myself upon it and was soon unconscious of the discordant Catalan jargon of my companions, as well as of the munching of the mules, and jingling of their bells, in the adjoining stable.

Towards two the next morning, a knocking at the court-yard gate announced the arrival of the courier from Tortosa, for whom we were waiting to recommence our journey. This noise was succeeded by the voices of the hostlers and the jingling of bells, as the mules were brought out and attached to the diligence; and very soon after, all further idea of sleep was banished by the mayoral with a lamp in his hand, putting his head and red cap inside of the door, and shouting long and loudly, *Arriba! arriba! señores! ya vamos*, or "Up! up! masters!

we are off!" In a few minutes we had drawn on our clothes, swallowed the chocolate with which the maid was waiting in the outer apartment, and taken our seats as before. The mayoral placed himself on the box, and a young Catalan, our postilion, taking the leading mule by the head, guided it out of the court, and continued to run beside it until we were completely clear of Amposta, and on the high road to Valencia; then releasing the impatient animal, he bestowed the customary lash on it, and on each of its followers, and vaulted to the station of his companion. The mayoral relinquished the reins to the lad, whom he called Pepito, which is a diminutive of Pepe or Jose, and is expressive of affection. This Pepito was even more lively and active than is common with those of his age and stirring occupation; and when he had taken the reins, as the mayoral rolled himself up in blankets and prepared for a nap, he spoke inspiringly to the mules, and smacked his whip, as if satisfied and happy. Poor fellow!—I remember these little circumstances the better from the fate which afterwards befel him.

Before we had been an hour beyond the barrier of Amposta, our mayoral had yielded to the drowsiness occasioned by two sleepless nights, and was snoring audibly as he leaned his head against the window in front of me. Pepito, too, had wearied

himself by his own gaiety, and, ceasing to encourage the mules with whip and voice, allowed them to trot onward in the middle of the road at their own gait. Beside me, on the right, was a young man whom I had known to be a candidate for the priesthood, by a narrow stock of black silk with violet stripes, which he wore about his neck, in addition to the common garb of the student. Though there were in the party several other aspirants to the sacred office, he alone was moping and reserved; indeed he seemed to have put on, in anticipation, that cloak of gravity, which, as it is in the Spanish church the surest road to honors and preferment, is also the closest covering for an irregular life. Though we were alone together in the cabriolet, we had scarce exchanged a dozen words since leaving Tarragona; and now he too was motionless in his corner, either wrapt in pious abstraction from the cares of this world, or buried in the more mundane forgetfulness of sleep. Thus powerfully invited by the example of those who were near me, I caught the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into my corner, soon lost entirely the realities of existence in that mysterious state which Providence has provided as a cure for every ill.

As the thoughts of a man, when alone in a distant

land, without any outward objects to attract his attention, are apt to do, mine, before I fell asleep, had wandered back to a home from which I had been some time absent, and which, in contradiction to every other law of attraction, is ever found to draw us more powerfully the further we recede. These waking reflections passed insensibly into sleeping dreams, and I soon realized what before I had only hoped; for, if it be true that men easily believe whatever they anxiously desire, how much more is this the case when sleep has taken the place of sensibility! Thus I was suddenly transported some thousands of miles nearer home, and, having connected what was real in my situation with what was only fanciful, I believed that I was on the last stage of my journey towards my native city.

This pleasing deception had not lasted long, when the noise of the hoofs and bells of our mules, and the clattering of the wheels, were silenced. The rapid progress of the diligence ceasing as suddenly, my body, which it had kept snug in the corner, still retaining its momentum, was thrown forward with my head against the pannel. I was now awake; but, as if loth to relinquish so pleasing a dream, I at first fancied myself arrived at the end of my journey. The delusion was but momentary. There were voices without speaking in accents of

violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I now roused myself, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows.

By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta. His red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was in front drawn closely over his forehead, and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side, the scene was somewhat different. Pepe, being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished

his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers —for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La bolsa!* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed. He raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, *Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!* "Take it, cavalier; but do not take away my life!" The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad.* He might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Vir-*

gin del Pilar, and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain: the murderer redoubled his blows, until growing furious in the task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows had first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, then declined into low and inarticulate moans, until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath and an occasional convulsion alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have ensured him compassion: but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians; who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel, as an additional security against escape,

opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps, I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a short time at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it contained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, returned to the spot where the zagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him, he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows in every part of the body. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back

shuddering into his corner, and hid his face within his trembling fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance; but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visitors, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and slipped it into my

boot; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an undertone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral, and struck his head with the buts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathings and the chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; whilst our mangled guides, by groans

and writhings, gave evidence of returning animation. My companion and I slowly let down the windows beside us, and, having looked round a while, opened the door and descended. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left, and those within sat each in his place in anxious conversation. In the rear of the coach was a black heap on the ground, which I presently recognised for the six students who had occupied the rotunda, and who, lying flat upon their faces, made the oddest figure one can conceive, rolled up in their black cloaks, with their cocked hats of the same solemn color emerging at intervals from out the heap. As we came cautiously towards them, they whispered among each other, and then first one lifted his head to look at us, and then another, until finding that we were their fellow-travellers, they all rose at once like a cloud, notwithstanding a threat which the robbers had made to them at their departure, to wait by the road-side and shoot down the first who should offer to stir. It will readily occur to the reader that if resistance to this bold and bloody deed could have been made at all, it might have been by these six young men, who, being together and acquainted with each other, might have acted in concert, whereas the rest of the party were as completely separated as though they had been in distinct vehicles. But if it be

considered that they had been awakened suddenly by armed ruffians, that they were destitute of weapons, and knew not the number of their assailants, it will appear more natural that they should have acted precisely as they did.

Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if any thing could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took the lead in the Samaritan office of binding, with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men. While thus engaged we heard the noise of footsteps in the direction of Amposta, and shortly after a man came up, with a musket in his hand. Having heard our story, and inquired the route which we supposed the robbers to have taken, he discharged his musket several times in that

direction. He wore a mongrel kind of uniform, and proved to be one of the *resguardo*, or armed police, which is scattered over the country for the prevention of smuggling, and the protection of lives and property; but its members receiving a salary insufficient for their support, as is the case with almost all the inferior servants of the Spanish crown, are obliged to increase their means the best or worst way they can, and are often leagued in practices which it is their business to suppress. It would perhaps be bold to say that this man was either directly or indirectly engaged with those who had just robbed us; but his appearance at this conjuncture was both sudden and singular.

The tragedy over, a farce succeeded which lasted until daylight. Many carts and waggons that were passing on the road came to a halt about us; but we could not proceed in our journey, nor could the bleeding guides be removed from the road, until the *alcalde* of the nearest town should appear and take cognizance of the outrage. He came at length, a fat little man with a red cockade in his hat, in token of the loyalty which had doubtless procured him his office. He commenced his examination of the scene of bloodshed with an air of professional coolness which showed that this was not the first time he had been called from bed on such an occasion. He put his hand into the puddle of blood beside the mayoral,

and gave the stone with which his head had been battered in care to one of his attendants. This done, one of the carts which had halted near us was put in requisition to carry off the poor fellows, who had now lain rolling and weltering in the dust for more than two hours. There was some difficulty to get the people who stood by to lift the bodies into the cart, and we were ourselves obliged to perform the task. I afterwards learned, that in Spain a person found near the body of a murdered man is subject to detention and imprisonment, either as a witness, or as one suspected of the crime; and it is owing to this singular fact that Spaniards, instead of hurrying to lend succour, avoid a murdered man as they would avoid a murderer. Indeed it may be doubted whether in Spain the law be not more dreaded by the peaceful inhabitant than the very robbers and murderers from whom it should protect him. Hence it is, that now, as in the time of Gil Blas, the word *Justicia,* which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder.

These painful scenes at length had an end, and the cart, into which the guides had been placed, returned slowly towards Amposta. Before it drove away, the mayoral showed symptoms of returning sensibility; but Pepe seemed in his last agony. Two soldiers of the resguardo took their places to

conduct the diligence; and when the rope which the robbers had stretched across the road from tree to tree had been removed, the mules were again set in motion, hurrying from the scene of disaster, as though they had been sensible of its horrors. The day had now completely dawned, and the sun, rising into a cloudless sky, shone abroad upon a fertile country and the peaceful scenes of cultivation. There was little, however, in the change to inspire cheerfulness or consolation; for if nature looked so fair, man sank in the comparison.

The first place we came to was San Carlos, one of the *new villages* established by the patriotic Olavide. We halted in the public place, which stood in the form of an amphitheatre, and were soon surrounded by all the village worthies to hear, once and again, from the now loquacious students, the story of our misfortunes. It was, however, no novelty to them; and when they had seen us entering the town, driven by the cut-throat resguardo, who held muskets in their hands instead of whips, they were all, doubtless, as certain of what had happened as when in possession of the details. The alcalde of San Carlos came forth with especial consequence to receive official information of the outrage; then, consulting with the rusty commandant of a few ragged soldiers who composed the garrison, part of them were sent off to search for the robbers, already

snug a-bed, perhaps, in Amposta, and part were ordered to accompany the diligence to Vinaroz, where our mules were to be changed.

Vinaroz is quite a large town, and, as we entered it, the inhabitants were in a buzz of anxious curiosity, at the unusual detention of the diligence. We had scarce stopped ere we were completely hemmed in by a questioning crowd; so, leaving my Catalan companions to find consolation in imparting their sorrows, I pushed my way through groups of half naked Valencians, royalist volunteers of most unprepossessing appearance, and greasy monks of Saint Francis, until, having cleared the crowd and reached the court-yard, I mounted at once to the eating-room of the posada. Here were parties of travellers still more interested in the story of our misfortune than those below, who had merely an idle curiosity to gratify. Two Catalan gentlemen, who were travelling from Madrid to Barcelona in their own carriage, cross-questioned me as to the dangers that lay in the road before them, and, in return for the consolation I imparted, told me that the same thing might happen to me any day in Spain; that in La Mancha the robbers no longer skulked among the trees and bushes, like snakes, but patrolled the country on horseback and at a gallop; that hitherto I had passed along the sea-coast, where the country was well cultivated and

populous, and the inns good; but that towards Madrid I should find a naked plain, destitute of trees, of water, of houses, and of cultivation; with inns still more miserable than the poverty of the country justified; and, learning at last that no motive of business or necessity had brought me into Spain, they wondered that I should have left the kind looks and words, the comforts and security which meet the stranger in France, to roam over a country which they frankly owned was fast relapsing into barbarity. I half wondered at myself, and, dreading further discouragement from these sorry comforters, abandoned their society, to seek something to eat; for, in consequence of the detention we everywhere met with, it would be three in the afternoon before we should reach Torre Blanca, the usual stopping-place of the diligence. There was fish frying in some part of the house, and now, as I scented my way to the kitchen, I thought that there was still a consolation.

The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the Diligence Company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had

already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit, and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that was frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all the while. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, every thing was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

So long as the daylight lasted, our road continued to follow the general line of the coast, and passed through a country of vines and olives, which, by its fertility and labored cultivation, began already to indicate the fair kingdom of Valencia, the garden

of Spain, so renowned throughout all Europe. The season, though much later than in Catalonia, and still more so than in Provence, was nevertheless the season of decaying cultivation, and nature was beginning to put on a graver dress. There was enough in this and in the events of the past night to promote melancholy, had other causes been wanting; but the whole road was skirted with stone crosses, that had been raised opposite to as many scenes of robbery and assassination*. They were rudely fashioned from blocks of stone, with a short inscription cut on each, simply mentioning *aqui mataron* (here they killed) such a person, on such a day and year; and almost every one had a stone upon it in a hollow which had been gradually worn there. This usage, which is not peculiar to Spain, is variously accounted for. Some say that it originates in a desire to cover the ashes of the dead. But

* "And here and there, as up the crag you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath;
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life."
Childe Harold.

such cannot be the cause here, since the bodies of the people thus murdered are not buried by the road side, but in the *campo santo* of a neighbouring village. It is also asserted that a superstitious feeling leads to the placing of a stone in this manner, as an evidence of detestation towards the murderer. Be it as it may, the continual occurrence of these crosses, placed singly or in groups of two or three along the road to Valencia, seemed to me to corroborate that character for perfidy which the Valencians bear throughout Spain. It furnished a well filled index of treachery and murder, of avarice, revenge, and all those darker passions which degrade our nature. Many of the crosses were very old; others bore date in the last century; many denoted the murderous struggle for independence in later times, whilst a still greater number had been erected in the turbulent period of the Constitution, and bore testimony to the fury of religious and political fanaticism. As we passed rapidly along, I glanced with a feverish interest at each, whilst my fancy, taking the brief inscription as a text, and calling up the recollections of the night before, endeavoured to furnish forth the story of disaster.

At Torre Blanca, as at every place we came to during the remainder of the journey, there was a

t annoying scene caused by the garrulity of the lents and the curiosity of the gossiping inha- nts. Acting upon the principle of shutting the le door after the steed was stolen, the military mandant of the town ordered four ill-fed dra- ns to mount on as many worse-fed horses, and ompany us to Villareal. Though the number hese soldiers was so limited, there was as great ariety in their caps and uniforms as though they belonged to different corps. Some had boots h spurs on the heels, others laced shoes with a r on the right foot; and, instead of snug valises eather, they had old canvas saddle-bags tied to ir saddles. To make up for the poorness of ir accoutrements, they had long black mustaches, l eyes of fire that were constantly on the look for enemies; and, when there were any objects suspicious appearance in the road before us, y would prepare their carbines, and, kicking ir jaded beasts into a gallop, hurry forward in a y that showed that good looks were the least of ir qualifications.

At Villareal we were beset as before; but an ellent supper, served with neatness and clean- ss, furnished a solace to our party, which by time had nearly emptied itself of its grief. At ven in the night we once more set forward with

an escort of four foot soldiers; for there were no dragoons at Villareal to relieve those who had come with us from Torre Blanca. These fellows belonged to the corps of Provincials, a species of drafted militia, furnished as a quota by each province. They were miserably accoutred, and, instead of shoes, wore the straw sandal of Catalonia and Valencia. Few soldiers, however, could have matched them on a march. There was only room for one of them on the bench of the mayoral, and the remaining three were obliged, therefore, to run beside us, loaded as they were with muskets and cartouche-boxes. In this way they performed the twenty-three miles that lie between Villareal and Murviedro, always keeping pace with the rapid motion of the diligence.

The inconsiderable town of Murviedro, in which we paused towards daylight for a change of mules, was no other than the ancient Saguntum, once so flourishing and celebrated, and whose cruel destruction by Hannibal gave rise to the second Punic war. Saguntum is said to have been founded about two centuries before the fall of Troy, by Greeks, who came with an immense fleet from Zante, in the Ionian Sea. These, seeking to have something in their new home to remind them of the older and dearer one which they had left, called their

colony Zaynthus, which afterwards was changed into Saguntum*.

We left Murviedro as the day was dawning, and continued on through a fertile and highly cultivated country. Shortly after leaving the town, I noticed a young man with his manta hanging from his shoulder with something in it that seemed to be seed or grain, and who ran constantly at the side of the diligence. I watched him with some curiosity. Sometimes he would be before us, and then when our guides used their whips he would get behind, when I supposed that he had stopped. But presently he would overtake us again, first his shadow, and then his head and lank hair enveloped in a red handkerchief, and with a step or two more his whole person would emerge, manta, bragas, naked legs, and sandals. This did not last for a short time merely, but during the whole distance of fifteen miles to Valencia, for we only lost sight of him, finally, in the immediate environs of the city. I was not a little curious to learn the meaning of this singular proceeding, and therefore asked

* Three lines of a Spanish poet have been often and happily quoted to express the fallen condition of this once splendid city.

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

our new mayoral what made the fellow run beside the diligence. "*Quien sabe?*" says he; and then after a pause, "*Va á Valencia y lleva priesa.*"—"Who knows? He is going to Valencia, and is in a hurry."

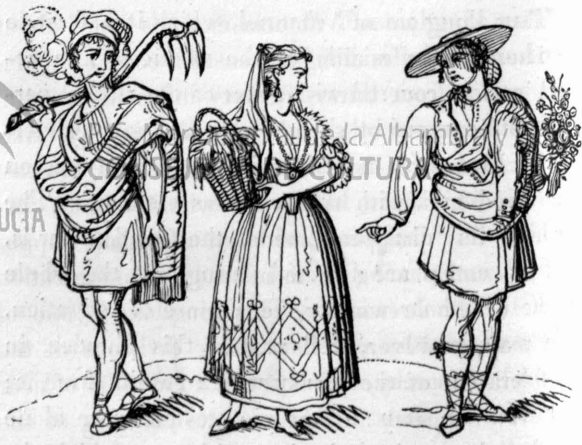
At the distance of three miles from Valencia we came to the extensive convent of San Miguel de los Reyes. This princely establishment owed its foundation to the Duke of Calabria, who was captain-general of Valencia about the middle of the sixteenth century. He caused this convent to be built, according to the fashion of the day, to receive his remains, and made a provision for sixty monks of Saint Jeremy, who, in return for their fine habitation, warm clothing, and good cheer, were bound daily to say a mass for the soul of the generous duke. It is not a little curious and indicative of the change which time brings about in the manners and institutions of men, that the pillars and arches of the amphitheatre at Saguntum should have been torn down, to furnish materials for the construction of this monkish edifice.

The country had grown more and more populous throughout our morning's drive, and as we drew near to Valencia, the villages became almost continuous. Nothing can be finer than the northern approach to this city. Domes and towers without number are seen gradually to emerge from out the

continuous orchard of lemon, orange, fig, pomegranate, and mulberry, which extends itself over fields laid out in kitchen gardens, and thus made to yield a double tribute to the cultivator. At length, after passing through this grove, the source at once of usefulness and beauty, we came to the bank of a wide ravine, bounded on both sides by strong parapets of hewn stone. This ravine was the bed of the Guadalaviar, and is evidently formed to contain the waters of a powerful stream; but, when I saw it, a brook could with difficulty be discovered, trickling along a small channel, which it had made for itself in the middle of the ravine. The remainder was covered with grass of the richest verdure, and cropped by sheep and goats, now wandering fearlessly over the soil which in the rainy season is covered high with the resistless element. The cause of this disappearance of the Guadalaviar is, that its waters are diverted throughout the whole course of the stream, for the purpose of irrigation. We may, however, well pardon this plunder, in consideration of the plenty which results from it; and even if poetry and the picturesque were alone worthy of attention, the loss of beauty which the Guadalaviar thus sustains is far more than requited by the verdure which it imparts to so large a portion of the plain of Valencia.

The bridges over this ravine were five in number,

and their stout piers and massive arches gave sufficient indication of the occasional force of the Guadalaviar. The one over whose noisy pavement we were now rapidly drawn had been ornamented and sanctified by a rude shrine, dedicated to the patron saint of the city. At its southern extremity was a time-worn gate, covered with antique ornaments and inscriptions, through which we now entered into Valencia—Valencia the Fair—Valencia of the Cid.



Costume of Valencia.

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.

THE kingdom of Valencia extends itself about two hundred miles along the eastern coast of Spain, and varies from thirty to sixty miles in breadth. Whilst on every other side it is bounded by Catalonia, Arragon, Cuenca, and Murcia—on the east the Mediterranean bathes its whole extent, furnishing its inhabitants with an abundant supply of food, and placing them in ready communication with the whole world. This kingdom is one of the most wealthy and flourishing divisions of the Spanish monarchy, and boasts a population of near a million of souls. Towards the confines of the central provinces, are ranges of mountains, abounding in iron, marble, jasper, and other valuable minerals; while the space which intervenes between these mountains and the sea, forms a continuous and sloping plain, like the Milanese, watered by

no fewer than thirty-six small rivers, which take their rise in the mountains of the interior, and flow eastward to the Mediterranean.

The more elevated parts of the kingdom consist of dry situations, producing figs, wine, and olives, and of watered fields, either level by nature, or rendered so by art, for the convenience of irrigation, forming luxuriant platforms, covered with vegetation, and rising above each other in animated perspective, like the grades of an amphitheatre. These produce abundant crops of hemp, flax, cotton, wheat, rice, Indian corn, algarroba beans, apples, pears, peaches, oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, dates, almonds, beside melons which are renowned throughout Spain, and every species of culinary vegetable, with such an infinity of mulberry trees, that they furnish annually a million and a half pounds of the richest silk. In addition to these natural productions of Valencia, the industry of her inhabitants enriches commerce with a variety of manufactured articles; such as brandy, barilla, paper, crockery, fabrics of straw, hemp, flax, and especially of silk, which may be considered the staple of the country.

Such are the fertilizing effects of the system of irrigation universally applied in Valencia, that the mulberry trees are thrice stripped of their leaves, and the meadows of clover and lucerne are mown

eight and even ten times; citrons are often gathered of six pounds, and bunches of grapes of fourteen pounds; wheat sown in November yields thirty for one in June; barley in October gives twenty in May; rice in April yields forty in October; and Indian corn planted as a second crop gives one hundred-fold. Beside these there are intermediate crops of vegetables; so that with a varied choice of productions, a powerful sun, and the fertilizing aid of water, the farmer may here realize two and even three harvests in a single year*.

* Antillon and Townsend. It results from this important use of irrigation, that the value of lands in Valencia depends entirely on the facilities of procuring water. The right to the use of every stream is of course nicely defined. When the fructifying seasons arrive, those who enjoy water privileges sedulously prepare their fields, open their sluices, fill the ditches, and inundate the whole, even to vineyards and olive orchards. In consequence of this system, productions are multiplied to a wonderful extent, and the earth continues prolific throughout the year. It is, however, remarked by Bourgoanne, that this artificial fertility does not bestow on plants the substance which they elsewhere receive from nature alone; and that hence the aliments in Valencia are much less nourishing than in Castile. Hence, too, the deterioration which the excessive use of water communicates to plants is said likewise to extend to the animals, to which they in turn furnish subsistence; a fact which has doubtless authorized the Spanish proverb, "*En Valencia la carne es hierba; la hierba, agua; los hombres, mugeres; y las mugeres—nada!*" In Valencia the flesh is grass; the grass, water; the men, women; and the women—nothing!

Though disposed to think this proverb hyperbolical, at least

Nor is the climate of Valencia unworthy of such a soil. The mountains, which form its landward barrier, intercept the cold winds of the interior, whilst the genial and equalizing influence of the Mediterranean tempers alike the summer heats and the colds of winter. In summer, sudden showers are neither unfrequent nor unwelcome; but in the intervals, and generally throughout the year, the air remains ever pure, pleasant, and healthful, the sky ever serene, and the whole system of seasons seems lost in one continual delicious spring. The Cardinal de Retz, whose blood was rather warmer than became his office, thus speaks of this country in his singular Memoirs. "The kingdom of Valencia may well be pronounced, not only the healthiest country, but also the most beautiful garden in the

so far as it relates to the lovely and not too ethereal Valencianas, it proves, if nothing else, the low estimation which the people of Valencia enjoy throughout Spain. It is well known—we may learn the fact even from novels and romances—that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it was customary for every distinguished personage to have his hired assassins at command, they were almost all natives of Valencia. Even their dress and weapons are described. The miscreant went forth, enveloped in his cloak, and favored by the obscurity of night. Having found the individual proscribed by public policy or personal hate, he would steal after him until time and place were propitious, then raising his hand from beneath its concealment drive the murderous weapon which it grasped deep into the back of his unsuspecting victim.

whole world. Lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees form the palisadoes of its highways, whilst crystal and transparent rivulets meander in trenches beside them. The whole plain is enamelled with an endless variety of flowers, which, whilst they enchant the eye, delight the smell with the most grateful odours." Father Mariana, too, who was also something of an enthusiast, assures us that in the environs of the city "the gardens and orchards, mixing and entangling their vegetation, form a continuous arbor, always green and always pleasant. Such is the beauty of Valencia!—Such were the Elysian fields which the poets fancied!"

In the midst of the mingled beauties and bounties of this favored plain stands the city of Valencia, upon the south bank of the Guadalaviar, at whose mouth it has an inconsiderable and unsafe harbour. Though known in the time of the Romans by the name of Valencia, this city increased so greatly in importance under the Saracen domination, that it may be said to owe its origin to that industrious people. They introduced the system of rural economy which has converted this vast plain into one extensive garden; and, seeking new sources of wealth, commenced the culture of silk before it was known in Italy. Nor did the sciences, and such arts as are tolerated by the Koran, fail to keep pace with the progress of industry. The

Valencians became celebrated for the cultivation of letters; and of the sixty libraries which then existed in Mahometan Spain, at a time, too, when books were scarcely known in the rest of Europe, that of Valencia yielded for extent and value to none but the library of Cordova.

But though this literary and scientific superiority of the Valencians may have sharpened their intellects and humanized their hearts, it gave them but little advantage in the field over the hungry and strong-handed Spaniards, who used no other logic than the sword, and knew but one way of signing their name, upon the visage of an enemy. Towards the close of the eleventh century, the famous Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, surnamed by the Saracens the Cid, or Lord, being banished from Castile for having broken the peace with the King of Toledo by a predatory excursion into his territories, collected a party of *hidalgos**, equally reckless with himself, and made war on many petty kings among the infidels, assisting one against another, until he conquered several, and rendered them his vassals. He at length became an auxiliary in a war between two rival competitors for the crown of Valencia; and having conquered the one and set aside the

* *Hidalgos* or *hijosdalgo*, nobles. Some derive this word from *hijos del Godo*, sons of the Goth; but its literal meaning is evidently—sons of somebody.

other, took possession of the subject of contention. In order to conciliate the good-will of the king his master, the Cid sent him a present of two hundred beautiful horses, richly caparisoned after the fashion of the Moors, and with as many scimitars hanging at the saddle-bows, beseeching him at the same time to allow his wife and daughters to come from their convent in Cardenia. This being granted, the Cid established himself in Valencia, and, notwithstanding several sieges on the part of the dispossessed Moors, he maintained the conquest until the day of his death. This took place at a moment when the African prince Bekir was before the city with a strong force, and, resistance being now hopeless, it was determined to abandon every thing and return to Castile. The body of the Cid was placed on a litter with his wife, the proud-spirited Ximena; and the whole garrison, forming in the funeral procession, ready to defend him who hitherto had needed no other safeguard but his own good arm, thus marched forth from Valencia. The Moors, being ignorant of what had happened, fled before the Cid, and opened a passage through which the mourners were allowed to return to their country. The old romances, which have connected so many fictions with the real achievements of this wonderful man, even tell us that the dead champion was mounted upon his good steed Babieca, with his

terrible sword Colada in his right hand, and his long black beard hanging down upon his burnished cuirass *.

Valencia was thus restored to the dominion of the Moors, from which it had been prematurely wrested by the valor of the Cid. Its day, however, at length arrived. In 1238, just after the taking of Cordova by Saint Ferdinand, King James of Arragon determined to lay siege to Valencia. The number of his troops being no more than a thousand foot and half as many horse, his followers became discouraged; but the king having taken a solemn oath that he would not return without being master of Valencia, they became inspired with his resolution. Having crossed the Guadalaviar, he intrenched himself between the walls of the city and the neighbouring sea, and was soon joined by soldiers drawn from all quarters to share in the glory of the siege and the spoils of the city. Among these adventurers was a body of Frenchmen under the command of the good Bishop of Narbonne. If we are astonished that so small a force as fifteen hundred men should have laid siege to a city like Valencia, let us remember that the tide of victory was rolling back; let us go back to the period of the conquest, and we shall see Cordova besieged

* See Romancero del Cid; Southey, Chronicles of the Cid.

and taken at a gallop by six hundred cavaliers of Arabia *.

The army of Don † Jayme, thus reinforced from all quarters, amounted at length to seventy thousand soldiers; and the people of Valencia being disappointed in the succour which they had expected from the King of Tunez, began to think of a surrender, for famine had already commenced its ravages among them. After much debating about the terms, the capitulation was at length signed. It was agreed that the city of Valencia should be given up to Don Jayme, that its inhabitants should be allowed to go unmolested to Denia, and that each might carry away with him as much gold, silver, and precious commodities as he could carry on his person.

The fatal day at length arrived which was to separate for ever the inhabitants of Valencia from the fair city so deeply endeared to them. The mournful procession of dejected men, heart-sick women, and helpless children, to the number of fifty thousand, was seen to emerge from the south

* Conde, Historia de los Arabes en Espania.

† *Don* is from the Latin *Dominus*. It was originally the attribute of royalty, then was extended to princes and nobles, and now courtesy has made it the appellation of every Spaniard. In Portugal, however, *Dom* is still peculiar to the king, and princes, and royal bastards.

gate of the city which opened towards the sacred promontory of Denia. The priests and soldiers of the Christian army formed a lane without the gate, through which the unhappy exiles tottered forth, assailed by the revilings of their persecutors, and bending not so much under the burden which each bore, as under the weight of their common misfortune. When all had thus passed onward, the Christians made their solemn entry into the city, the mosques were purified and consecrated, a bishop installed into the long-vacant see, and thanksgivings forthwith offered to Him in whose name and for whose glory the conquest had been effected. The neighbouring country, which the labor of the exiled cultivators had brought to fertility, was duly divided between the prelates, military orders, and nobles, who had taken part in the siege, not forgetting such convents as had lent the more passive assistance of their prayers. From Gerona, Tortosa, and Tarragona, people were invited to come and fill the vacancy in the industrious classes occasioned by the promiscuous departure of so many citizens.

It must have required centuries for Valencia to recover from the effects of this severe blow to her prosperity; and the vicious division of property must have been, as it still is, a constant check to every species of melioration. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the growth of the city had gradually

continued until the beginning of the present century, when its population amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand souls, twenty thousand of whom were engaged in silk manufactories, which annually consumed nearly a million pounds of the raw material. The war of independence and the political struggles which followed checked the prosperity of Valencia; the city itself was twice besieged, and even bombarded by the French; but it nevertheless continues to be the second city in Spain, and may even dispute with the capital for superiority in wealth and population.

The climate of Valencia has often been compared to that of Greece, and the genius of its inhabitants is said not to be dissimilar to that of the ancient Greeks. A taste for poetry prevails among the people, and even improvisatori are not unknown. Letters, which under the Moors attained an advancement in Valencia to which the age was a stranger, have likewise flourished here in modern times. Until lately, more books were annually printed in Valencia than in any other city in Spain; and several works which I have seen, that were printed towards the close of the last century, can scarcely be surpassed for embellishment and execution. Printing, however, has declined here since the French revolution. No new works are now allowed to go to the press except books on devotion

and French novels translated into Castilian: even the old works which during centuries have formed the pride of Spanish literature are now well searched by ghostly censors, and gleaned of their most pithy sentences before they are allowed to be republished. In this way the book-trade in Spain is now reduced to the buying and selling of second-hand works; and I was not a little surprised in Valencia, on going into several book-shops, to find myself surrounded by a venerable collection of well-worn tomes, bound in parchment and tied with strings, or fastened by huge clasps of brass.

The fine arts have always been cultivated with great care in Valencia. The style of building, too, is generally good; and the Gothic taste, which has left many monuments in Barcelona, can no longer be traced here. The most remarkable of its buildings is the cathedral; of vast extent and various construction, but very noble and imposing within. The city possesses a university which is much esteemed in Spain, a gratuitous academy of noble arts, two public libraries, a seminary for the education of noble youths, a general hospital, and a commercial exchange. The theatre of Valencia is very inferior to that of Barcelona. The house itself is small and miserably arranged, whilst the threadbare and ill-fed appearance of the players forms the best apology for their indifferent performance.

The principal dwelling-houses of Valencia are built in a quadrangular form, with a large gateway in front, and a square court in the centre; but the greater number have a narrow door and staircase at one side, as with us. In addition to casements which open inwards like folding doors, the windows near the ground have cages of iron, composed of perpendicular bars called *rejas*, and to which the French give the more appropriate name of *jalousies*. These serve to prevent the entrance of a thief or a lover, or the evasion of a wife. The windows of the upper stories descend commonly from the ceiling to the floor, and open on balconies of iron, which are decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and thronged by both sexes, whenever any religious or military procession is passing, and by the females at all seasons when not better employed. The houses are constructed of stones of every shape and size, coated with cement, and whitewashed. When animated by gay groups of well-dressed people in the balconies, they make a very good appearance.

The streets of Valencia are very crooked, and so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. From this reason and the treacherous character of the people, there is great risk of being robbed in the night; and I was repeatedly cautioned at my hotel to be on my guard, and to keep to the principal streets. The streets are not paved, for the

dryness of the climate renders it unnecessary. Hence they are very dusty, and the inhabitants resort for exercise to the *paseos*, or public walks, of which there are several, well watered and beautifully planted, and furnished with benches, along the banks of the Guadalaviar, and in the direction of the seaport at the mouth of the river. The most beautiful of all, however, is the Glorieta, a very small square, contiguous to the custom-house. It is enclosed by a railing, and planted with the trees most grateful to the eye and smell, among which the orange, the lemon, and the still fairer pomegranate are most conspicuous. The ground is covered with shrubs and flowers native and exotic, whose thrifty appearance attests the genial influence of the climate. These form hedges to the various walks which intersect each other, and are ornamented at their angles with sparkling and gushing fountains. There is a principal alley along which those who court observation make repeated turns; while others sit and review them upon stone benches that skirt the walks, or on rush chairs hired out by a provident old woman. There are more secluded alleys on each side for those modest groups and whispering couples who prefer privacy and the shade. Whether the peasants and laboring classes are excluded from the Glorieta, or are unwilling to mingle with people so much richer and better

dressed than themselves, there were none of them to be seen, except, indeed, a solitary bare-legged Valencian, in bragas, who carried about a lighted match for the accommodation of the smokers. Outside of the Glorieta were bodies of royalist volunteers or regular troops, with bands of music, passing in different directions, intermingled with crowds of pedestrians and horsemen; and antique carriages on four wheels, in attendance on their owners; and light tartanas, waiting to be hired. The tartana, so generally in use at Valencia, is a small cart, covered with a canvas top, and drawn by a single horse or mule, whose harness is well studded with brass tacks and hung with small bells of the same metal. The entrance is from behind, and the seats are along each side. The interior of the tartana is adorned with curtains of silk, while without it is painted with a variety of gay colors, which, like the grotesque paintings upon the outer walls of the churches, long preserve their brilliancy in this dry climate. As it has no springs, it would be but a comfortless vehicle in a paved city; but it moves noiselessly and without jarring over the level streets of Valencia.

The Glorieta was laid out and planted by a late captain general, a testy and high-handed don, who punished delinquents, hung up robbers, and did on the spot whatever seemed right or pleasant to him.

In short he was just the man to govern the Spaniards of the present generation. He took the land of the present Glorieta from a convent or other useless establishment, and converted it into the delightful little place which now adds so greatly to the amusements of the Valencians. When the Constitution came, however, and the captain general exchanged his palace for a prison, the uncurbed populace wreaked their fury upon every thing connected with the memory of the man who had restrained them, and would even have restored the Glorieta to its original state, by cutting down the trees and tearing up the shrubbery, had they not been opposed by others whose ideas of liberty were less fanatical. The present captain general of Valencia is likewise a tyrant, but of a much worse kind than the one we have been speaking of; for he is a tyrant at second hand, and to suit the views of his employers. Notwithstanding his severity towards the persecuted Liberals, he is flexible enough in the hands of the priests, who very lately made a successful opposition to his authority. They had the audacity, a few months before I passed through Valencia, to take a poor Jew who had avowed his opinions, and hang him publicly, in defiance of the injunction of the civil officers and even of Oreilly himself.

The interval of three days between the departures

of the Barcelona diligence for Madrid having at length passed by, I rose early on the morning of its expected arrival to hear what had been the fate of the mayoral and Pepe, whom I had last seen bleeding and groaning in a cart on their way to Amposta. The mayoral was still alive three days after the event, when the diligence stopped at Amposta; but his head was so badly fractured as to render recovery doubtful. Poor Pepe breathed his last at ten o'clock, about eight hours after our attack, and long before his widowed mother could have arrived to close the eyes of her child. More than a month elapsed before I again heard any thing of the still-surviving mayoral, or of the men who had committed the violence; for such things never being published in Spain, one half the population might be murdered without the rest knowing any thing of it. It may, however, be as well to repeat here what I at length learned in Madrid from a Valencian wagoner, whom I questioned on the subject. The mayoral, after lingering about a week, shared the fate of Pepe; and the three robbers were at length detected and taken into custody. One of them was a native of Perpignan, son to a man who had formerly kept the inn where the diligence put up in Amposta. The other two were natives of the town, and all were acquaintances of Pepe; possibly the very varlets who were playing