

his garden, which is remarkable for its profusion of flowers, its myrtle bowers, its acacias, and its orange-trees, which I saw there for the first time as a wall-fruit. I counted no fewer than sixteen in one cluster.

I have several times spoken of "Valencia tiles," which, in all the cities of the south of Spain, are used for floors; and are not only highly ornamental, but most appropriate to the climate. In Valencia, these tiles are, of course, more universally in use than elsewhere, owing to their greater cheapness; but the best qualities are expensive, even when bought at the manufactory. I saw there a very large assortment, varying in price according to the design, from two to six reals; and when it is considered that the squares are not more than nine inches, it is obvious, that to cover an extensive suite of apartments with these at 1s. a-piece, must be greatly more expensive than the most sumptuous carpet. A good workman, employed in painting the tiles, earns as much as a dollar per day.

I now prepared to leave Valencia. There is a diligence twice a week to Barcellona;

but, being desirous of visiting the site of the ancient Saguntum (now Murviedro), I resolved to make only partial use of the public conveyance. Accordingly, having hired a tartana, I left Valencia after an early breakfast, and took the road to Murviedro. About half a league from Valencia, stands the *Convento de los Reyes*, one of the richest in Spain; and leaving my little vehicle at the gate, I applied for leave to see the interior, which was immediately accorded by a very civil, and even courteous monk, who accompanied me through the building. In a former chapter, when speaking of the riches of the convents, I referred to this, and mentioned the conversation that passed between the friar and myself; I need not, therefore, repeat it here. The chief distinction, however, of this convent, is the collection of manuscripts which were bequeathed to it by the founder, who, along with his magnificent endowment, enjoined that every day, and for ever, a mass should be said for the repose of his soul. Among the manuscripts, I was shown a fine copy of Livy, and many illuminated copies of the fathers; but the chief treasure is the

Roman de la Rose, of so early a date as the ninth century. I was glad to see the friar show something like enthusiasm in displaying these literary treasures.

Still continuing to pass through the rich vale, we gradually approached the ancient Saguntum; and passing a thick olive wood, where I observed two Franciscan friars tending a flock of sheep, we wound round the base of the hill upon which the fortress stands, and entered the town. One can scarcely be accused of affectation in saying that this spot, so connected with the most momentous periods in Carthaginian and Roman history, cannot be viewed with indifference; and I hastened to leave the posada and ascend the hill. The hill of Saguntum, about a mile and a half long, and less than a quarter of a mile broad, is now surmounted by a modern fortress; but mingled with its walls, and covering other parts of the summit of the hill, and strewing its sides, the ruins of the ancient Saguntum are every where visible. The most entire among these ruins, though quite a ruin, is the theatre; parts of the outer walls are still standing, and the seats

hewn out of the rock, are likely to remain for ever. I ascended to the summit by a steep ascent, but by a good road, constructed from the town to the fortress, where I was admitted after a little hesitation. Even if there had been no vestige of antiquity here, the view from the summit would have well repaid the labour of the ascent; for the wide, rich, and populous plain of Valencia stretched before me, bounded, forty miles distant, by the mountains of San Felipe,—the city in its centre; the sea, almost washing the foot of the hill, spread towards the south, bounded by the horizon; while to the north and east, ruins spread over the fore-ground, backed by a range of romantic mountains; and the coast of Valencia, stretched in a long curve of green and wooded fertility, till no longer distinguishable from the waters that laved it.

Whether owing to the length of time I lingered in the fortress, or my narrow scrutiny of its walls and ramparts, or the rumours of revolution and refugees, I somehow awakened the suspicions of the non-commissioned officer on guard; and while looking into a small ruined building that seemed half ancient,

half modern, I was addressed by a soldier, who said he had instructions to carry me before the governor. I of course made no remonstrance, especially as I had satisfied my curiosity, and suffered myself to be marched into the town, and to the governor's house, attended by a corporal, and followed by a soldier with his shouldered musket. The governor had gone to the paseo, and although I knew that dinner was ready at the posada, I was obliged to wait the return of this great man. The soldiers desired me rather roughly to wait in the open yard; but I took the liberty of knocking at the governor's door, and entering his house without leave, I seated myself upon his sofa to wait his arrival. When he entered the room, I took the first word, saying it was the most extraordinary thing in the world that an Englishman, carrying a proper passport, should be marched through the town like a felon, and detained for an hour, when his conduct had afforded no ground of suspicion. The governor replied that the soldiers supposed I was a Frenchman. He looked slightly at my passport, said he was sorry I had been detained,

and I made my bow, well pleased to return to the posada and to dinner.

But although I had escaped from the governor, the alcalde thought himself bound, as civil magistrate, to take some cognizance of a stranger who had attracted the suspicion of the military powers. Accordingly, while I was sitting after dinner, enjoying my dessert, and a bottle of excellent wine, two visitors were announced; and the alcalde, with a sabre buckled round his waist, and with some lesser insignia of office, and accompanied by a friend, entered the apartment. He laid aside his sabre, lighted his segar, and then explained the object of his visit. Strict orders, he said, had been received at all the fortified towns along the sea coast, to keep a watchful eye upon strangers, particularly French; and as positive injunctions had been given by the governor, that no stranger should be admitted within the fortress, it was supposed I had bribed the soldiers. I answered, that in the first place I was not a Frenchman; and that in the second place, I had not bribed the soldiers, unless he considered it bribery to give a peceta to the person

who took the trouble to walk round the fortress with me. The alcalde then said, that if I was not a Frenchman, that altered the case; that he knew I had told the governor I was an Englishman; but that the governor was so short-sighted, that he could not read my designation, &c., in the passport; and that he (the alcalde) would be glad to see it. With this request I of course immediately complied; and the alcalde being satisfied from an inspection of my passport, that I was, what I pretended to be, buckled on his sabre, re-lighted his segar, which the importance of his mission had made him forget; and with an apology for the intrusion, left me to relate the history of his visit in the next room, where I heard his voice, along with others, at least an hour longer.

I knew that between Murviedro and Tarragona there was not much to interest the traveller; and I accordingly resolved to take advantage of the diligence which passes through Murviedro before midnight, on its way to Barcellona. I found a vacant place, and rolled onward as fast as seven mules

could carry me. I passed in the dark; through Nules, and Villa Real; and through a country, as far as I was able to judge, fertile and well wooded. At the earliest dawn we reached Castellon; but it was too early to gain admittance to the church of Dominicans, or the chapel of la Saugne, where there were once, and perhaps still are, some good pictures by Ribalta, who was a native of this town. By travelling six hours in the dark, I had also missed the aqueduct of Almasora, interesting to antiquarians. But this aqueduct being a tunnel almost the whole of its length, cannot possess any of those attractions which are allied with the majestic, or the picturesque; and which are the chief sources of interest to those who do not make antiquities a study.

From Castellon we passed through a fine country, and between immense fences of aloes, to Venicasi,—an inconsiderable place with a fine church,—and not long after, we reached Cropesa, whose castle, crowning the summit of a high rock, and rising out of woods, overlooks the sea. The castle of Cropesa, which gives its name to a military

order, is now a ruin, having been entirely destroyed by the French. A country, but partially cultivated, lies between Venicasi and Torreblanca. The rich carpet of aromatic plants, and the luxuriance of the trees, shew what the soil is capable of; but the temporal, as well as spiritual sovereignty exercised by the Bishop of Tortosa, falls so heavily upon the produce of land, that it is not able to support its burdens; and therefore lies for the most part uncultivated. Torreblanca, a poor little place, is undeserving of notice; but Alcala, which lies two leagues behind it, is a pretty town, remarkable for a magnificent church, and for the number of its clergy. The dinner at the posada appeared so little inviting,—the soup covered with oil, and the stew fragrant with garlic,—that I preferred a stroll through the town, and a loaf of bread.

The drive along the sea coast, from Alcala to Venicarlo, is singularly pleasing; the road is generally close to the sea, which is not here, as we are accustomed to see it in northern countries, bounded by barren sands,

or chalky cliffs ; but is fringed by the finest verdure, and often throws its little impotent waves almost to the roots of the lovely Algarrobos that bend over it. The sun, too, was getting low ; the sea glittered beneath it, and the crowded trunks of the dark green trees, were all bright in its beams. Venicarlo, I have already mentioned as famous for its exported wines ; but there is also a wine made for consumption, which I tasted as we changed mules, and found it so excellent, that I filled a small wine-skin with it, which I borrowed from the conductor. The chief produce of the country between Venicarlo and the river Ebro, after the vineyards cease, is the Algarrobo. In this part of Spain, the bean is bought of the owner at sixteen reals three quarters the quintal ; and I was informed, that a good bearing tree will produce about four quintals and a half : this, however, I can scarcely credit. The produce of a single tree would, in that case, be worth 15s. ; and a forest of Algarrobos would therefore be the most productive of all lands. It was dusk before we reached the confines of Catalonia, and the bank of the Ebro,—here a

very different stream from that which I had crossed at Miranda, where it divides old Castile from Biscay. The river, at Amposta, is about three hundred yards wide,—less than might be expected from a river which runs so long a course as the Ebro,—and within so short a distance of the sea. We crossed in a boat, and walked to the venta, which is about a mile distant from the bank. Here we remained all night; but the entrance to Catalonia was rather discouraging. Although the diligence was expected, no supper had been provided, nor was there any thing in the house that could be converted into a supper. I was forced to be contented with a cup of chocolate; and the night being cold, and the fire bad, I was glad to escape to bed.

We were now in Catalonia, which in its accommodations, in the industry of its inhabitants, and in the perfect security with which it may be travelled in every part, has the advantage over all the other provinces of Spain, with the exception, perhaps, of Biscay. It is not, however, more, but perhaps less interesting to the traveller, for these very

reasons; if the accommodations on the road are better, they are more like other countries, and therefore less novel; if there be no danger from robbers, there is less excitement; and as for the industry of the Catalunians, industry, although always a pleasing spectacle, possesses no novelty. Catalunian industry does not arise from any superior education, by which men obtain a clearer insight into their moral duties, and higher views of the human character; on the contrary, no Spanish peasant is more ignorant than a Catalunian boor; none are more enslaved by the priesthood; and in no other province, have the inhabitants shewn so much, their veneration for the apostolical party both in church and state. The secret of Catalunian industry, is the same as that which has covered with fertility many an Alpine valley in Switzerland,—self-interest. Give to the labourers of the earth an interest,—a property in the land which they cultivate, and the world would become one wide extended garden. The land upon which the Catalunian labours, is either his own, or held by him upon a lease, sometimes for lives,

sometimes in perpetuity, with a fine upon succession or alienation; but at all events, for so long a period as to invest the tenant with a real interest in the property which he cultivates.

From the Venta, where we slept, to Tarragona, the road winds among rugged hills, along the sea shore. I noticed many beautiful heaths by the way side, but the soil is not rich enough to repay cultivation. At a venta close by the sea, called Hospitalet, we stopped to breakfast. Soon after, we entered the plain of Tarragona, almost vieing in fertility with the huertas of the more southern provinces, and reached the city to a late dinner.

I had expected much from the antiquities of Tarragona; but I confess they disappointed me. They possess few of those features which strike or delight the traveller who is not professedly an antiquarian. When a Roman amphitheatre is shewn to me, I always think of the amphitheatre of Nismes; if I look upon an aqueduct, I see placed beside it the Pont de Gard. The remains of the amphitheatre are little more than visible;

the aqueduct, though fine, is certainly not comparable to that which I have named; and the tower of Scipio is merely the tower of Scipio. I was greatly surprised at the ignorance of the inhabitants respecting their antiquities. The cicerone whom I first engaged, scarcely knew of their existence; and one group of priests whom I addressed, and another group of respectable looking men, could give me no information upon the subject.

The cathedral of Tarragona is worth a visit, particularly the court and cloisters, which are surrounded by innumerable pillars. The canon who accompanied me, said they were Roman, but upon one I noticed a representation of the crucifixion, and upon another the last supper,—and upon others I could trace Gothic designs. It is possible that some Roman pillars found elsewhere, may have been conveyed to this court. The ecclesiastic who walked round the cathedral with me, spoke in earnest language of the decline of piety; and so deeply did the old man lament this that, as he laid his hand upon his heart, I saw the tears start into his eyes.

I was delighted with the posada at Tarragona; the posadero, an Italian, put forth his utmost skill in cookery, and seeing that I relished the wine he set before me, which was really excellent, he brought a pint bottle of choice wine, which he had had eleven years in his cellar. It proved perfect nectar, and the owner was quite charmed with the praises I bestowed upon it.

I found it impossible to understand the Catalunian dialect, which is indeed almost a distinct language,—this is a difficulty that is felt in all the provinces. The dialects of Biscay, Andalusia, Valencia, and Catalonia, are all different from each other, and distinct from the Castilian; the better classes in all the provinces, of course, understand and speak Castilian,—with certain imperfections in pronunciation, such as in Andalusia, where *th* is used in place of *s*, which gives a softness, but an indistinctness to the language; but the lower classes, the persons met with in the ventas, and the muleteers, often speak a dialect that is altogether unintelligible.

I was much pleased at the port of Tarragona, with the operation of sorting the nuts,

which form an important article of export. In one of the principal warehouses I saw from two hundred to two hundred and fifty girls, seated upon stools, at a table which extended the whole length of the room; heaps of nuts lay upon the floor, and men were constantly filling baskets with these and emptying them upon the table. The girls drew the nuts towards them by handfuls, and distinguishing, as if by an instinctive knowledge, the empty from the full nuts, they swept the good into a basket between their knees, and the empty, they dropped into a basket at their feet. Nothing can exceed the rapidity with which these operations are performed; it is really a busy and an animated scene; the labour employs the hands only, for it is by the touch the quality of the nut is distinguished; and the mind being disengaged, the constant prattle and the frequent laughter, give to the scene an appearance almost of a party of pleasure.

Tarragona is the chief exporting port of Catalonia. Its exports consist of nuts, almonds, wines, and brandy. The nuts sent to the English market are known by the

name of Barcellona nuts; but they are neither grown near, nor exported from Barcellona. They are grown more in the interior of the province, and are all exported from Tarragona. The average export of nuts from Tarragona is from twenty-five to thirty thousand bags. There are four bags to a ton; and they were placed on board last autumn at 17*s.* 6*d.* per bag. The whole of this export is for the English market. The export of almonds is about twelve thousand bags. From five thousand to five thousand five hundred pipes of wine are exported from Tarragona, to Rio Janiero, the Brazils, Guernsey, and Jersey; and of brandy, about four hundred pipes are exported, chiefly for Cette, and Cadiz, from which places, it finds its way into the wine butts of Bourdeaux and Xeres. Cork wood, and cork bark, also form a small export from Tarragona.

I left Tarragona for Barcellona in a small carriage, something better than a tartana, and two mules, which trotted all the way. The country is chiefly a wine country; and the road winds among hills, covered in the lower parts with vines, and higher up, with pine.

Numerous villages, engaged in the wine and brandy trade, are scattered along the shore, but all of these have considerably suffered from the loss of the colonies. After passing Vendrill we left the sea coast; and about three leagues from Barcellona, entered a charming country, covered with romantic hills,—clothed with fir, and embosoming numerous small and beautiful valleys; and emerging from these, I found myself in the Huerta of Barcellona. The approach to Barcellona is less striking than the approaches either to Murcia or Valencia; nor does the city itself present so imposing an appearance; but the commerce upon the road, greatly exceeded what I had seen in the neighbourhood of any other city in Spain. I reached the gate before dusk, and alighted at the Fonda de las quattros Naciones.

CHAPTER XXI.

BARCELONA—JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER.

General Character of Barcelona, and its Population; Paseos, Ramparts, and Fortifications; the Conde de Espana; his Policy; Interview with the Conde; his Character and Government; Anecdotes of his Government; Political Feeling in Barcelona; Churches and Convents; the Opera; Montjuich; Barcelonetta; Decrease of Trade with England, and its Causes; General Trade of Barcelona; an Execution; the Priesthood and the People; a Miracle in 1827; Prices of Provisions; Visit to Montserrat; Journey from Barcelona to the Frontier; Delightful Scenery; Proofs of Catalunian Industry; Gerona Figueras; the Pyrenees, Reflexions.

A glance at Barcelona is sufficient to show, that we approach the frontier. We no longer see a purely Spanish population. Spanish hats are scarcely to be seen, nor is the mantilla altogether indispensable. In the buildings too, we perceive a difference; the streets

are wider, and few of the houses are adorned with balconies. I thought too, but this might be fancy, that I could perceive a different expression in the countenances of the people. Of one thing I am certain, that although the women of Barcellona have not perhaps the grace of the Andalusians; their claims to beauty are stronger: their features are more regular, their complexions are clearer, their hair less coarse, and their forms slighter: still it must be admitted, that there is more witchery hid in the eye of an Andalusian, than perhaps in all the separate charms of a woman of Barcellona. No one, however, can walk along the streets, without perceiving in the female population, sufficient evidence of being no longer among a people exclusively Spanish. I found another peculiarity in the aspect of the Barcellona population—a peculiarity however, that refers only to the time I visited Barcellona. No caps were to be seen: these, as well as grey hats, were forbidden, immediately upon the revolution breaking out in France. For my own part, I continued to wear my grey hat while in Barcellona, without being challenged; but I have good reason

to believe, that this forbearance arose from the authorities knowing that I had the honour of being acquainted with the Conde de España, the ruler, and dictator of Catalonia. But the strange, and gaudy dress of the Catalunian peasantry is the most striking peculiarity in the appearance of the Barcelona population: all wear their red caps, which hang at least a foot down their backs; and with their crimson girdles, and gaudy coloured woollen plaids, they give a peculiar grotesqueness to the appearance of the Rambla—the principal street of Barcellona—which is almost always crowded.

Barcellona is particularly fortunate in its promenades; the Rambla is scarcely inferior to the Boulevards of Paris; and there is a charming walk round the whole of the ramparts; every moment the view changes, sometimes looking towards the huerta, and sometimes towards the mountains, with the villages, and country houses of the merchants lying under them; sometimes towards the hill and fortress of Monjuich; and sometimes towards the sea; and that part of the promenade which is above the sea, is without

exception, the finest promenade in any city I have ever seen. Barcellona would be better without its fortifications; for owing to them, the city has been confined within too narrow bounds; and the whole space within the walls, is filled up with houses, in place of (as in other Spanish cities) gardens mingling with the buildings, and adding both to the beauty and the healthfulness of the place. The fortifications of Barcellona are of little real use to it. I was informed by the commander of the citadel, that the city could not maintain a siege of one week, against a sufficiently well appointed army; nor could the occupation of it be maintained for one day, if the citadel or Monjuich were in possession of an enemy.

The day after my arrival in Barcellona, I was presented to the Conde de España, a man who has made himself to be respected by some, and feared by all; owing to the promptness, decision, and tyranny of the measures by which he has from time to time put down the most formidable insurrections; and owing also to the influence which he has more than once shewn he has the power of

wielding, over the determinations, and the actions of the king. No man has more enemies than the Conde de España, both at court, and in the province which he governs; and constant attempts are made in the highest quarters, to remove him from his government, and from the confidence of his royal master. The Archbishop of Toledo is his bitterest enemy, and has never forgotten the insult he put upon the dignitaries of the church, in the year 1827; but the king knows that whatever his faults may be, they are faults that prove him to be a zealous and faithful servant; and the fittest man to govern the turbulent Catalunians; and when upon a late occasion, the Duke del Infantado strongly urged upon the king, the unpopularity of the Conde de España, and the propriety of removing him, his majesty cut the matter short by saying, "I wish I had a Conde de España in every province;" one of the most sensible things the king ever said, if he wishes to preserve his authority.

The Conde de España is not very easy of access; he is seldom seen, though his pre-

sence is always felt; his system of government is secret; and in the province of Catalonia, it may be said to have come in place of the inquisition,—with instruments as numerous and as masked, with power as unanswerable, with measures as prompt, and sometimes as unjustifiable, and with a bolder heart and a stronger head to direct the machine. It was a mere chance whether I should be admitted to an audience: indeed, no one in Barcellona knows, whether he be in the city or not. The parade takes place before his residence, and the guards are mounted at his gate every morning, but this is no proof that he is within. The Conde was at home however; and the names of his Britannic Majesty's Consul, and English gentleman, were passed inward. We walked into an anti-room where a Spanish general, and several other persons were waiting. How long they might have preceded us I cannot tell, but in a few minutes, we were informed that the Conde would see us; and we were conducted through a long suite of magnificent apartments, and ushered by an aide-de-camp, into a little mean dirty parlour, without a bit of

matting to cover the brick floor, the walls white washed, a wood fire almost burnt out, and the furniture consisting of one small table, and two or three chairs. There sat the Conde de España, writing, or, at least, signing his name to a number of papers. He immediately rose, and received us with the utmost curtesy, made us sit down, and asked me some particulars of my journey, and in what state I had found Spain. I told him, what I really believed to be true, that Spain was at that time, the most tranquil country in Europe; and that I had no where found the slightest indication of commotion. This reply was no doubt gratifying: the Conde ordered wine and segars, and the conversation took a more general turn. He spoke of France, and said he considered it hastening towards republicanism. He then spoke of himself, his conduct, and his enemies; and said, that as a private individual, he always acted justly, and morally right; but as a public man, he clothed himself with a garment of policy,—an ingenious, but not a new apology for the commission of iniquity. I remained about a quarter of an hour; and

when I took leave, he did me the honour to offer me the freedom of the royal box at the opera; and also to invite me to his country seat, where he said he spent much of his time, for that to be respected, (he meant feared) one must not be seen too often. The Conde appears to be about fifty, he is rather under the middle size, and somewhat lusty; his head and face are large, and his eyes expressive of much. One may read in them, violent passions, penetration, reflection, and cunning.

The character of the Conde de España has been variously represented. All admit, however, that he is a man of most determined and fearless character; and that Catalonia, which, to be preserved in tranquillity in these perilous times, requires to be ruled with a rod of iron, could not be entrusted to any man better qualified to wield it. When he first took upon him the government of the province, he committed many oppressive acts; some of which I have related in the chapter entitled "State of Parties," consisting, for the most part, in banishment without trial; and even in some instances, carried so

far as secret execution. This was soon after the fall of the constitution; and some apologists of the Conde excuse these proceedings upon the plea of political necessity; an expression that, in my mind, involves a sophism, because I do not believe that the moral government of the universe can ever include in it a necessity for doing evil.

The government of the Conde de España has sanctioned many lesser acts of inquisitorialness and oppression. Several despotic orders were issued immediately upon the French revolution breaking out: ever since that time, no greater number than four persons are permitted to dine together in a coffee-house; nor are politics allowed to form the subject of conversation in any house open to the public; and it is believed, that the Conde is not entirely ignorant of the conversation that passes in many private houses also. He has even had the boldness to interfere with the usages of the church, by interdicting the celebration of the midnight mass in the cathedral, at Christmas; probably, because he disliked the assemblage of so great a number of persons during the night:

but, of course, mass was permitted to be celebrated in a more private way. The strictness of the Conde extends also to morals: all houses of ill-fame are suppressed, and instances occurred, even while I was in Barcellona, of inquisitorial strictness in more private matters relating to morals. Dining one day in company, one of the gentlemen at table received a message while at dinner, which he immediately attended to, and withdrew; I saw a smile pass round the table, and I afterwards learnt, that the occurrence was not unusual. The gentleman had a *liaison* with a *chère amie*, who lived in lodgings provided by him; but this the police would not permit; and, to escape their interference, these lodgings were changed every few days; and every few days he was questioned as to his secret, and obliged to pay a fine. This was the act of the police; and, although the police is not within the department of the Conde, who is captain-general, not civil governor of the province, yet it is well known that both the military and civil government are in his hands; and that the civil authorities do not move a step without

his permission. Along with this strict surveillance of morals, the Conde's own morals are irreproachable, and he neglects no opportunity of showing his regard for religion; he is present at all its public ceremonies; and assumes an air of the deepest devotion. This is doubtless to please the party of Carlists, who might otherwise prove dangerous. But with all these inquisitorial and tyrannical acts, even his enemies admit, that he is the only man who could have kept Catalonia tranquil: and peaceable-minded persons, however they may condemn the means by which the quiet of the province has been preserved, are satisfied with a government under which they feel a security against civil commotion.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the Conde de España is attached to the apostolical party; quite the reverse: he is a decided, thorough-going royalist, who will exert himself to the very uttermost for the preservation of the king's government; and come when it may, a revolution in favour of either Carlists or liberal, the deadliest stand against it will be made in Catalonia, if the

Conde de España be then captain-general. But, that he is no Carlist, is evident from his conduct in 1827, when he put that affront upon the bishops, which I have already said has been one means of securing the enmity of the Archbishop of Toledo. The circumstances are as follow:—In the latter part of 1827, when the Catalunian insurrection in favour of the Carlists took place, and when fifty thousand men in arms threatened the province with anarchy, and Barcellona with capture, the Conde de Espana represented to the king the necessity of his appearing in Catalonia; and after his majesty had arrived, he, by advice of the Conde, called a convocation of bishops, ostensibly to consult respecting the state of the province. The Conde well knew the connexion of the bishops with the plot; and was in possession of documents that proved their guilt. The Conde, as representing his majesty in that province, or by express delegation, presided; and all the bishops being assembled, he addressed them to this effect, if not almost in these words:—“My Lord Bishop,” said he, taking a paper from his pocket, and unfolding it, “you