

know this,"—and turning to another, and shewing another paper,—“and you, my Lord, know this,” and so on, producing documents that connected every one present with the conspiracy; “and now, gentlemen,” said he, addressing the assembly, “you perceive that I hold in my hands proofs of treason; you who have fomented this rebellion, can put it down; and I have instructions from his majesty, if the rebellion be not put down within forty-eight hours,—I am sorry for the alternative, gentlemen,—but my instructions are peremptory, to hang every one of you; and it will be a consolation for you to know, that the interests of the church shall not suffer, for the king has already named successors to the vacant sees.” This reasoning was effectual; the bishops knew the man they had to deal with; and within forty-eight hours, the insurrection was at an end. A man who threatens to hang a bench of bishops, cannot surely be called an apostolical.

At the same period, but before the council had been called, when Gerona was closely pressed by the insurgents, the bishop dis-

patched a letter to the Conde de Espana, saying, that it would be necessary to give up the city to the besiegers. The Conde, who very well knew how the inclinations of the bishop lay, and what were the defences of the city, but who also knew the influence possessed by him over the inhabitants, who might force the troops to give it up, wrote, in reply to the bishop, that his lordship being upon the spot, was no doubt best able to judge of the state of the city; and adding, that along with the letter which he had sent to the bishop, he had also sent instructions to Gerona, that when the enemy entered the gate, the first thing they should see, might be the gibbet of a traitor bishop.

It is generally understood that, but for the Conde de España, the French army would not have evacuated Spain; and that the king was brought down to Catalonia with this ultimate object. When the Conde was made captain-general, he refused to reside in Barcellona, because it was in possession of the French, and he established himself at Tarragona. He then advised the king to pay a visit to Barcellona, and obtained permission

to write to the French authorities there to prepare for his majesty's reception. To this the French general replied, that he would receive the king, but not any guards ; and the Conde, who knew that such would be the reply, told the king that he was insulted ; the king got angry, and refused to go to Barcelona, and even left Catalonia. The French general now suspected he had committed an error, and he sent for instructions ; an ambassador was despatched in consequence to the king, who was then at Valencia, requesting to know what were his majesty's wishes. The Conde de España had been busily employed in the meanwhile, priming Ferdinand to act with spirit ; and when the king was asked what his wishes were, he replied that he wished the French army to evacuate Spain. The only pretext for the occupation of Spain, was to defend the king ; and the king declaring that he wanted no defence, this pretext was at an end.

The Conde de España is of French extraction, but at an early age he entered into the service of Spain, and by his talents and zeal, he has raised himself to the highest honour

that could have been conferred upon him,—in having received for his title the name of the country that conferred it. The count dislikes, or affects to dislike, every thing French, and likes, or affects to like, every thing English. He speaks English fluently, and few things are more disagreeable to him than to be addressed in the French language.

With respect to political feeling in Barcelona, I may say that, among the upper ranks, there is a secret wish for some change,—for a milder government, less tyranny, and a free press; but there is no feeling in favour of what is called a constitution. At the time the French revolution broke out, there was naturally much excitement in Barcellona; but I found the universal opinion of the best informed classes to be, that the state of moral and political feeling among the Catalunians must prevent the progress of any movement in the province; and that no attempt in favour of greater liberalism has the smallest probability of success on that side of Spain, unless by foreign interference. When I was in Barcellona, there were many Carlists prisoners in the city; and before I left it,

thirty prisoners were brought from Zaragoza. It was generally thought that if the Conde de Espana had a *carte blanche* as to the disposal of them, many ran a risk of visiting Ceuta.

The public buildings of Barcellona are not deserving of much notice, with the exception of the custom-house and the cathedral. The cathedral is light and beautiful, in the late Gothic stile, with finely painted windows, and a choir of wood workmanship of singular delicacy. The convents, with the exception of the Dominicans, are without any attraction. In that convent there were formerly some curious records in the cloisters, of the heretics who had been burnt, from the year 1489 to the year 1726; but these the monks have thought proper to remove. I saw nothing in the convent to attract attention, excepting a picture of a certain saint who came from Majorca to Barcellona in six hours, with no other boat than his cloak. Great part of this convent was destroyed in the war of independence; and the monks are now erecting a large and handsome building for the reception of their library. The only other

religious edifice worth a visit, is the church of the Jesuits, which is remarkable for the beauty of its marbles.

The opera house is also a respectable building, and the interior is large and handsome. I several times availed myself of the *entree* to the royal box, presented to me by the Conde de España. The Conde is never seen in it; but it is always lighted in the interior, by elegant candelabras, and centinels stand at the door, as if ready for the reception of royalty, or its representative. The opera of Barcellona enjoys a considerable reputation among the European operas; and the inhabitants are passionately attached to it: but last year, it was considered below its usual strength. The whole of the boxes in the house, with the exception of five, are private boxes; and cost 50*l.*, 55*l.*, and 60*l.*, according to their situation, for the season. This impresses one with no mean idea of the inhabitants of a provincial city, who can afford to rent the whole of the boxes in a large opera house, at so considerable a price. Single places too, in what is called the *lunetta*—a row of seats all round the front, and a little

beneath the level of the boxes, are taken by the season; and it is rarely that one of these remains unlet after its commencement. These places cost fifty dollars, and many of the best seats in the pit, are also let for the season, at forty dollars. The first bass is paid the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars for the season, the first tenor three thousand dollars, the principal female singer two thousand four hundred dollars, the second two thousand dollars; and a benefit is worth eight or nine hundred dollars; for, upon these occasions, besides the free places, presents are made by proprietors of boxes.

While at Barcellona, I walked one morning to the hill and fortress of Monjuich, accompanied by Colonel Barry, then commandant of the citadel. I believe that if sufficiently provisioned, the fortress is considered to be impregnable. There are about two hundred brass cannon mounted, and an immense number of unmounted guns, and a large garrison. In descending the hill, and making a circuit towards the sea, some large stones with Hebrew characters upon them, were pointed out to me; but the inscriptions

are now illegible. It is believed that this was the burying place of the Jews, and the name Monjuich seems to favour the supposition.

From Monjuich, after walking through the citadel, which is even a more perfect fortification than the other, though by situation, less strong, I continued my walk to Barcelonetta, the port of the city: the buildings are modern, and ugly; all built upon the same plan, and all constructed of red brick. A massive breakwater defends the entrance of the harbour to the south; it is already four hundred yards in length, and four hundred yards more are to be added to it. It is forty feet broad, and thirty feet high. There were few vessels of any size in the harbour, excepting two Spanish sloops of war, and a few foreign brigs. The foreign trade of Barcelona is reduced almost to nothing; particularly the trade with England. About thirty years ago, seven hundred British vessels entered the port in one year. Since then, the number has rapidly decreased. In the year 1825, fifty-three British vessels entered the port, and in the year 1830, only eleven. This decrease in the trade with England, is

owing to several special causes. One of these, is the non-importation of English hardware, which used formerly to supply almost exclusively, the Spanish markets. This trade has changed its direction; and in place of hardware of British manufacture, it is now the manufacture of Germany that is used: they say it is much cheaper, and nearly equal in quality. Another cause of the decline of commerce between England and Barcellona, is a change in the direction of the fish trade. The Swedish and Norwegian fish are now preferred by the retail dealers, because, when steeped, they imbibe water, which the cod of Newfoundland do not; and, as they are sold by weight, the dealer finds his profit in this preference. Besides this preference, which has deprived England of an important branch of trade, the fish trade of Barcellona has suffered a general decline ever since the year 1826. At that time, a house in Madrid (Shea) obtained a monopoly of this trade in the Catalunian ports; and immediately, with a short-sighted policy, additional duties were

laid on. From that time, the general import declined; and, although the duties have since been lightened, the trade has not revived; because, when fish was scarce and dear, the convents, where it is chiefly consumed, made use of vegetables in its stead, and have now become accustomed to this change in diet. Still another branch of trade which is lost to the commerce of England, is cotton. The Catalunians have discovered that it is cheaper to import cotton direct from Pernambuco, than to take it by way of England.

All these are *changes in the direction* of the commerce of Barcellona, operating upon the trade with England; but, some of them not affecting the *extent* of Barcellona commerce; nor, with the exception of cotton, connected with its export trade. But the export trade of Barcellona has almost entirely ceased. This, which consisted in silk and cotton manufactured goods for the Spanish colonies, is now at an end, with the exception of the small quantity still sent to the Havannah; and the export of shoes also, which employed in their manufacture at Barcellona, before

the loss of the colonies, upwards of two thousand hands, has also entirely ceased.

I had an opportunity, while at Barcellona, of being present at an execution—the first I had seen in Spain. The man had been condemned to the galleys for some previous offence, and had murdered one of his fellow-convicts; and, although this is not an agreeable spectacle, yet, as in every country, public spectacles, whether agreeable or the reverse, exhibit some peculiarities either of character or of manners, I resolved to be present. Three o'clock was the hour appointed; and all that morning, as well as great part of the day before, there was an unceasing noise of little bells, carried through the streets by boys in scarlet cloaks, with the bell in one hand, and a box in the other, collecting alms to purchase masses in the different convents and churches, for the soul of the felon. There is another thing worth relating, connected with the last days of a felon in Spain. A society, called the Benevolent Society, undertakes to soften the last three days of his existence, and to diminish

the terrors of death, by the singular device of increasing the pleasure of life. During these three days, he may have every luxury he desires; he may feast upon the daintiest viands, drink the choicest wines; and thus learn, in quitting the world, new reasons for desiring to remain in it.

I obtained a good situation, close to the military who guarded the ground. Besides the platform, there was erected, at a little distance, an altar, upon which was placed an image of the Virgin and Child; and opposite to this, a cross, with an image of Christ extended upon it. I was much struck with the procession; the unfortunate felon was accompanied by upwards of two thousand masked penitents, who looked more like a train of devils than human beings; a black cloak entirely enveloped the body and the head, holes only being left for the eyes and mouth; a black pyramidal cap, at least eighteen inches high, crowned the head; and each carried in his hand a long white wand. This strange escort was the result of an indulgence published, and addressed to all persons conscious

of secret crimes, and penitent; granting its benefits to such of them as submitted to the humiliation of accompanying the felon to the scaffold. Two accomplices of the felon also accompanied him, that they might benefit by seeing him hanged; and a friar of the Franciscan order, was his spiritual guide.

After having been led to the altar, and then below the cross, where he repeated a number of prayers, he ascended the platform attended by the friar, who carried a large cross in his hand. When the offices of religion were concluded, the man wished to address the people, and twice began "Mis Hermanos," but his voice was instantly drowned by shouts from a crowd at some distance behind the platform, no doubt so instructed; and when he found that he could not be heard, he gave the signal, and the executioner immediately leapt upon his shoulders, and swung off the platform; while the friar continued to speak, and extend the cross towards him, long after he was insensible to its consolations. The spectacle concluded by the friar ascending to the summit of the ladder, and delivering a sermon, in

which he did not omit the exhortation of contributing largely towards masses for the soul of the deceased. The exhortation was not without its effect; the little bells immediately began to ring, and hundreds obeyed the invitation to piety.

Barcellona has always been celebrated for the zeal of its priesthood, and for the pains taken by them to hoodwink the people; and even in these days, religious bigotry is far more prevailing than might be expected in a city so near the frontier; and which has had so much connexion with foreign nations. In another chapter, I related a circumstance that occurred eight years ago, when a peasant was condemned to ten years imprisonment in the citadel, because he said unthinkingly, that an image of some virgin was made of wood; and so late as the year 1827, another very flagrant example of religious superstition, and of the use made of it even in these days by the clergy, occurred at Barcellona. There was in one of the churches, or convents, an image of a Virgin, called I believe, the Virgin of St. Pilar, and this image was black. It was at this time, that an outcry

had been raised against the liberals, who were called Negroes; (negro is the Spanish for black) and the rumour got abroad, that the negroes went to this church, to pay adoration to the Black Virgin. Such being the case, the priests and friars ventured upon and concerted a miracle which might have the double effect of strengthening the faith of the people, and of bringing the negroes into still greater discredit. One morning it was publicly announced, that the Virgin of St. Pilar, had changed from black to white; and the good Catholics of Barcellona were invited to go and see the miracle with their own eyes; and they went by thousands. Let it not be forgotten that this happened only three years ago.

I have to add to these notices of Barcellona and its inhabitants, the price of provisions. Beef sells at thirty-two quartos per pound, of thirty-six ounces. Mutton, thirty-five quartos; scarcely cheaper than in England. Pork, twenty quartos per pound of sixteen ounces; a good fowl costs twelve reals; and a pair of chickens the same—both as dear as in England. A turkey, thirty-two

to forty reals. The best bread, seven quartos (2*d.*) per pound. The wages of artizans are, in general, 2*s.* 6*d.* per day; and field labour about 1½*d.*, without including victuals.

Before finally quitting Barcellona, I resolved to pay a visit to Monserrat,—a place that has derived remarkable notoriety from the singularity of its situation. I accordingly left Barcellona at the early hour of four, in a galera, which passed within half a league of the foot of the mountain. The country between Barcellona and Martorrel is the same as I have described on my journey from Tarragona; and from Martorrel to the foot of Monserrat, the land is divided between corn and wine; it is every where populous, and every where exhibits proofs of Catalunian industry. The approach to Monserrat from this side, is not remarkably striking, owing to the elongated form of the mountain; but as we approach nearer, its height, and singular conformation, become sufficiently imposing. After quitting the galera, I walked to the small village that lies at the foot of the mountain; and having got some chocolate, and a guide, I began the ascent. A zig-zag path, of

not less than a league and a half, leads up the mountain to the convent, which is not seen until at an abrupt turn it is discovered lying on a platform, in a recess of the rocks which rise in perpendicular cliffs directly behind it. The view from this platform is wild and imposing; towards the north, a long line of snowy summits marks the Pyrenean boundary of the Peninsula; towards Barcelona, the Mediterranean is seen beyond the rich and diversified country that lies between the mountains and the sea; while the mountain itself,—its lower part encircled by a belt of wood,—its grotesque range of rocky peaks above, and its convent, and hermitages, are not the least striking features of the landscape. In the interior of the convent I saw little deserving of notice; the occupation of it by the French, and other causes, have left it nearly a ruin; but its ruins shew its former extent. The architecture of the building is mixed; part of it is Gothic; while later parts were built in the time of Julius II., and of Philip III. There were formerly seventy monks in the convent; but now, it is in-

habited by thirty only. I saw in the refectory, a pilgrim who had come all the way from St. Jago in the Asturias, and who was going to Rome. By the rules of the convent, a pilgrim is fed three days within it. He was a man past the middle age, and was rather reserved in his communications; not appearing willing to tell any more than where he had come from, and whither he was going. His habit was covered with scallops and little images.

Monserrat is not the interesting spot it was formerly. The numerous hermitages were then tenanted, and the convent possessed many curious and valuable things; but the French carried away the latter, and destroyed the former; and now, Monserrat is worthy of a visit only on account of its situation, the view enjoyed from it, and the singularity of its aspect and conformation. The mountain is said to be four thousand feet high; and the platform of the convent is two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean; the lower parts are treeless, with the exception of a few scattered and stunted ilex; but its

acclivities are covered with a thick carpet of box, juniper, rosemary, and a thousand fragrant shrubs.

I returned to the inn about dusk, and found the accommodation so bad, that I regretted I had not accepted the letter offered by the Conde de España, to the abbot; but I did not, at that time, purpose visiting Monserrat; and perhaps a dormitory in the convent might have been as comfortless as the quarto in the venta. Next morning, at day-break, I left the village on muleback, and arrived in Barcellona in sufficient time to make one at the hospitable board of Mr. Annesley, nephew of Earl Annesley, and his Britannic Majesty's consul at Barcellona, whose many kindnesses, gentlemanly attentions, and unwearied hospitality, I eagerly and gratefully acknowledge.

My journey in Spain now approached its conclusion,—I had only to travel from Barcellona to the frontier; and as the general aspect of the country could be seen as well by rapid as by slow travelling, I resolved to take advantage of the public conveyance, and left Barcellona by the Diligence, for Perpignan, some hours before day-break. The

year had already expired, but winter had scarcely made itself felt. The mornings and evenings, indeed, had been chilly enough to turn one's thoughts towards the comforts of a fire; and once or twice at Barcellona, when I walked round the ramparts before breakfast, I observed a thin covering of ice upon the pools; but there had been no rains,—the days were clear and sun-shining; and one might liken the season to a dry month of March in England,—only with fewer clouds.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more beautiful drive than between Barcellona and Gerona. The road keeps near to the sea all the way, and an enchanting country lies on the left. You pass through a succession of little plains, each from half a mile to three miles across, and each containing a village. These plains lie in little recesses of the mountains, which screen them behind, and separate them from each other, leaving one side open to the sea. They are covered with the finest vegetation, which advances within twenty yards of the sea, and are generally skirted by a hedge of aloes, that runs all along the coast. Between these plains the

hills run forward into the sea, generally terminating in perpendicular cliffs; and the road, after traversing the green level, approaches close to the sea, and is carried along the front of the precipice, till having passed the barrier, it then descends into another of these little smiling recesses. These plains were covered with beautiful and promising crops when I passed through them; and round the villages, beds of every kind of vegetable,—cauliflower, cabbage, carrot, onion, and pease, shewed excellent crops, all ready for the kitchen. Every house, the centre of its own little farm, has a draw-well in its neighbourhood, from which the land is supplied. Some of these villages were singularly beautiful, particularly Cardetta, hanging upon some heights above the sea, with its little fertile plain,—all that the mountains would allow to it,—lying at its feet. These heights were entirely covered with the prickly pear, the last I saw; and near that village I also saw the last palm tree; but it was of stunted growth, not the stately and branchy palm of Elche.

The difference between the villages and

cottages of Catalonia, and of the other provinces of Spain, is seen at a glance ; and in the state of the inhabitants, the difference is equally striking. The houses and cottages have an air of greater neatness and comfort,—there is glass in the windows, and the insides display the articles of furniture in common use. No beggars, and fewer ragged people are seen,—industry is evidently active,—stones are removed from the ground, and collected in heaps,—fences are more general, and more neatly constructed,—nobody is seen basking in the sun,—even the women and girls who are tending the cattle, are not sitting idly wrapped up in plaids, but every one has her spindle in her hand. In short there is altogether a new order of things.

We breakfasted at Mataro, a considerable and once a flourishing sea-port, famous for the excellence of its wine ; and, till lately, famous for its linens and laces, which were exported to the colonies ; and about mid-day we left the sea-coast, and entered the mountains. New and charming scenes awaited us in passing through these mountains to Gerona. Covered with stately pine, their

sides were also clothed with the richest underwood of evergreens, flowering shrubs; and fragrant plants; among which the beautiful arbutus was particularly distinguished. After emerging from the mountains, we entered the fertile and sheltered valley of Gerona, where we arrived about sunset. This was once a place of importance, now chiefly attested in the number of its religious edifices, for here there are no fewer than thirteen churches, besides the cathedral and eleven convents. The bishopric is richer than that of Barcellona. At Gerona we supped, and slept, and set out next morning about day-break.

Between Gerona and Figueras, I saw nothing that deserves to be recorded, excepting the change in temperature; a bitter wind blew off the Pyrennees, and reminded me that I had left the regions of the south behind; and when we reached Figueras I hailed a blazing fire upon the hearth, with the satisfaction of a northern traveller. The fuel here, attracted my notice; it was a thin dark cake, which, upon inquiry, I found to be the refuse of the olive, after it is pressed, and

which, I have no doubt, might be given with advantage to the cattle. I learned, however, that it is not put to this purpose, though it is given to pigs and poultry. The price of this cake is sixteen reals (3s. 4d.) the 100 lb. It is singular, that at this town, so near the frontier, the inn should still be in all respects, the Spanish posada: it is just as little French as the posada of Murcia or Andalusia: the fire still blazes in the middle of the floor; coffee and tea are still unattainable; and meat is to be found not in the inn, but in the market: how numerous and expressive must be the shrugs of the Frenchman who makes Figueras his first halting place. *Caffé au lait*, or *coutelettes*, are alike out of the question.

From Figueras to Junquera, the last town in Spain, I passed through a pleasant undulating country, and then entered the valley that lies under the Pyrenees,—a valley not fertile, but picturesque, traversed by a small mountain stream, covered with the olive and the cork tree, and winding into the recesses of the mighty barrier that shuts out the Peninsula from the rest of the world. Rising

above the valley, I found myself inclosed among the mountains, and leaving Spain behind; I had left the carriage, to walk up the steep ascent; and soon, Bellegarde, upon the summit of the pass, and the pillars that mark the boundary of the kingdoms, appeared in sight. The valley behind was still visible through the defile; and as I turned round to look upon Spain for the last time, a thousand recollections and vague fancies crowded upon my mind. I felt a sensation something like pride, in having traversed Spain. Much I had seen to interest, much to delight, much to lament, much to remember; and as I turned away, regret was not unmingled with my other feelings. As I pursued my way up the mountains, that had now shut out the view of the valleys below, Spain, as fancy had once pictured it—and Spain, as I had seen it, rose successively to my memory. But it pleased me to discover, that romance had outlived reality, or was mingled with it; for the fragrant, and palmy valleys of Spain, still lay among the regions of fiction; Seville retained in my mind, its

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character of a fabled city; the Sierra Morena was yet traversed by the knight of La Mancha; and Spain, with all its realities before me, was still the land of romance.



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