

had, for when, after resting awhile, its bearers attempted to lift it from the ground, it was found to be immovable "Human force was incapable of separating it from its resting-place."

So the bishop knew it was the will of the image to have there erected a chapel worthy of its sanctity, wherein it might be worshipped for all time.

That "The Image" was a first-rate judge of a site for a monastery, no one who has visited this charming spot will doubt. Indeed I question if the world can show one more admirably suited, in every respect, for being a point of pilgrimage. But the idea was not original. Already did a halo of sanctity rest on the spot. Already was a convent being erected close at hand, one commemorative of even more astonishing events. Which occurrences, being also vouched for by "unimpeachable authority," and well illustrative of Spanish credulity, I must also relate. It is a long story, but shall be cut very short. It is frankly minute in details. Most of them shall be left out, for obvious reasons.

Friar Juan Garin, a Goth of noble blood, was born in Valencia. Filled with "sacred ardour," he separated himself from the delights of the world, retired to the solitude of Montserrat, and there made his bed of hardest rocks; living solely on the wild herbs of the mountains. He put in his spare time musing and meditating on the wickedness of other men and his own sanctity, until "his soul attained to the purity of a seraph." To so great a height, indeed, did he rise in celestial consideration, that when he made his annual visits to the sepulchres of

the apostles, at Rome, the bells of all the places of worship on his route rung out, "of their own accord," joy peals as he passed.

Juan Garin's proceedings had for a long time been very trying to the devil. He could stand much, but those confounded bells beat him. He could not stand the nuisance of all the bells from Montserrat to Rome and back again, making the row only Catholic bells can make, as an annual infliction, so he conspired against this annoying friar.

Transforming himself into an angel of light, Satan visited Juan Garin, told him he was engaged on a penance, and solicited the favour of becoming his disciple in sackcloth, much, no doubt, to the holy man's private satisfaction. It must be very gratifying to a hermit to have an "angel of light" for his first disciple.

At the same time "*se entró Satanás en el cuerpo de Requilda*" (daughter of Wilfredo II., Count of Barcelona) "*y maltratándola horribilmente.*" The afflicted father sent for all the priests of known piety and wisdom to exorcise the demon, when *Satanás* declared, with malicious intention, he would only desist from his outrageous proceedings at the command of one Friar Juan Garin, and not only that, but vowed he would come back to the unfortunate girl, and do worse, whenever she should leave the friar's protecting presence.

The count, therefore, informed himself of the whereabouts of this said Garin, conducted the fair Requilda to his retreat, recounted what had occurred, and left her to his pious ministrations.

The counsels of the disguised devil and Requilda's charms were too much for Juan Garin's morality, and he committed a crime that by old English law was punished with death, and now is by penal servitude; after which, fearing the consequences thereof, he murdered his unhappy victim and buried her body in the ground.

Then the devil flew away, satisfied he had stopped those horrid bells.

Left to himself, Garin became a prey to remorse, hastened to Rome, confessed with tears his crimes to the Pope, and was sentenced by him to do penance. Juan Garin was bid to return and abide in a cave in Montserrat, close to the grave of Requilda, "crawling on all-fours like a cat," and without looking at the heavens, and to keep on all-fours and to hold his tongue until further advised by a tender infant. This did he, and in time, his clothes falling off him and his body becoming covered with hair, he looked more like some wild beast than a human being.

Several years had passed, when one day two of the count's huntsmen, while looking for game, encountered a strange beast (our unfortunate friar), captured him, chained him, carried him in triumph to Barcelona, and presented him to the count their master. Forthwith he, for whom the bells of Christendom had been wont to ring of their own accord, was attached to a balustrade of the hall-stairs of the Count of Barcelona's palace, an object of wonder and curiosity, and, no doubt, often well kicked by the footman for getting in the way, when his serenity deigned to carry up the letters, the coals, or a tray.

Seven years after the murder of Requilda, a son was born

to the Count of Barcelona, who, without loss of time, celebrated the joyful event by giving a *soirée*, attended by the rank, fashion, and beauty of Barcelona. To them the heir was exhibited; and after he had been duly admired, the strange beast was brought in for their further entertainment, that he might amuse them with his antics. Immediately on the entrance of the remarkable curiosity, the newly-born babe opened his mouth, and with a loud voice, plainly cried: "Rise, Friar Juan Garin, Heaven has pardoned you." Instantly Juan Garin stood upright before the whole assembly; he confessed all things to the count, craved for, and received his pardon.

I expect the rank, fashion, and beauty of Barcelona was considerably shocked. No doubt, had such a *dénouement* been at all suspected, the "strange beast" would certainly have had some clothes put on him.

With the friar to point out his daughter's place of burial, the count proceeded to Montserrat, to disinter the remains of poor Requilda, and give them Christian burial. When, however, the grave was opened, Requilda was found to be alive and well, but showing the mark of her strangulation in the form of a red circle round her neck. Recognising the hand of the Virgin in her preservation, she expressed a desire that the count, her father, would found a convent on the spot, of which she would be Lady Superioress, Garin undertaking the post of *major domo* and *servidor* to the nuns, "in which occupation he died in the odour of sanctity."

The cave of Garin, his abode during his penitence, is not far in an air line from the monastery of Montserrat, within pistol-shot in fact. It is situated under an over-

hanging ledge of rock, in front of, and about one hundred feet higher than it. But it is a quarter of an hour's walk therefrom, owing to the steepness of the mountain, and to the fact that it lies on the other side of a deep ravine.

The cave is not a commodious dwelling-place, only high enough for a small boy to stand upright in ; is not much longer than a man stretched on the ground at full length, and about half as deep. It is now closed with an open iron railing, and in it can be seen an old cross, a cruse of water, and a full-sized representation, in marble, of the notorious friar, reposing on the ground, contemplating the cross and telling his beads.

This piece of sculpture is a work of great merit. Garin appears of a noble countenance, and his hands are admirably done. But there is a still more extraordinary relic in the cave—the veritable skull of Juan Garin himself. As with my own eyes I beheld the skull of a man who had been dead nearly a thousand years, and perceived it was still ungnawn by mice or insects, unstained by the elements, the water in the cruse hard by not yet evaporated, I found no difficulty at all about believing the entire history ; for, of course, to suspect the holy fathers of furnishing fresh “original” skulls and water from time to time would be most outrageous.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Descent to the Plain—Esparagueva—The Devil's Bridge—Inscription Tablets—Historical Associations—Semaphore Stations—*La Puente del Molins del Rey*—A Poor Man's Eating-House—Arrival at Barcelona—Astonished Crispin—A Spanish Tailor and his Rooms—Hotel Charges—We are Eight.

FEBRUARY 25, 1877.—Thursday, the 22nd February, early on a bright morning, having completed the time of pilgrimage, paid my restaurant bill, and delivered into the hands of the monk presiding at the *Almacen* my votive offering to "The Pearl of Cataluna," "Jewel of the Mountain," and "Queen of Montserrat," &c. &c. &c., I slung my haversack and gun, and started to rejoin the world of work, reality, and disbelief in the plain below.

I had not slept much the night before, for though physically tired from a long day's mountain scrambling, I had been so mentally awakened by all I had seen and heard, that sleep was an impossibility until a few hours' writing had exhausted restlessness, then I slept with all my might for a couple of hours, and a few breaths of that potent tonic, the fresh mountain air of early morn, having made me feel bright and vigorous, I bustled round and succeeded in getting a pretty good start, it being but

7.50 A.M. when, by the mule trail to Collbato, I left the monastery.

Certainly a mountain road on the descent has many advantages over a climbing one. It is easier; a man faces the views as he travels, and he feels more certain he has not taken a wrong fork of the road, for he has continual glimpses of its turns and winds below him.

The gravel being very sharp, I went at a rattling pace, being wishful to make distance ere the day got hot; and at 9.45 A.M. reached the foot of the mountain.

The plain was occupied by vineyards, olives, and almonds; very sandy and dusty, and by no means interesting after the mountain. A little over half an hour's walk brought me to the village of Collbato. There I refreshed myself with a *copa de aguardiente* and a long drink of cool water, and pushed on along an awfully bad, rocky, stony trail, until by eleven o'clock I struck the high road from Igualada to Barcelona—the road I had left to my right four days before, when, turning north-east, I commenced the ascent of the mountain I had recently come down.

For some distance the fields were fenced with aloe hedges, the first seen since leaving Central America; they looked strange and yet familiar. The way soon wound amongst red clay hills, when the aloes became of larger size, and the road ankle-deep in fine dust. Near noon the town of Esparagueva was reached. At its entrance stood a fine monolithic cross, round whose capital were sculptured scenes from the legend of the Queen of Montserrat, and which was further ornamented (?) with a stone skull—Garin's, I suppose. In the one long street of the town was

a rather fine church—St. Eulala—over the porch of which appeared an image of her saintship. ✕

A good-sized and very clean *posada* furnished an excellent breakfast-dinner for me and Juan for a consideration of one shilling and tenpence-halfpenny. And we continued on our way, passing, as the town was left, a large circular basin, in whose centre played a fountain of pure water: Juan seized the opportunity to take a plunge and cool himself. I should have liked to do so also, for it was very hot.

Soon after two in the afternoon, the Barcelona and Igualada diligence tore past me. There were ten fine large mules to it; they were turning a corner, on a sharp descent, at full gallop, and I looked for an upset. They passed in such a cloud of red dust, and so fast, I but just managed to count the number of pairs of mules, and see it was full of passengers.

At four o'clock I arrived at the small town of Martorell. I crossed the river Noya, on whose bank stands Igualada as well as Martorell, by a timber foot-bridge one hundred and forty-three yards long. Just above were the shore piers of a new stone bridge now in course of construction; still beyond were those of the old bridge that was washed away by a big flood six years ago. At the time I passed along, the river Noya was a small clear stream that would not wash a crane's feet away from under her.

Martorell was prospected pretty well for a *posada* to stop at—not thinking any I saw very inviting. At the least discouraging-looking I put up, though it was quite evident that bad was the best. Having two hours to spare before

dinner-time, I strolled off to see the famous "Devil's Bridge" over the Llobregat. I came to the river's banks at a curve some little distance below the bridge, and had a fine view thereof. It is a most striking structure. Evidently it had furnished the model for the bridges over the Imperial Canal I had so much admired and wondered at. It has four arches. Three of them are insignificant land arches. The chief, or central span, is so large, so lofty, so light, and so bold in its lines, as to at once rivet the attention. But, excepting for its extraordinarily peaked gable-end appearance, the bridge did not look to me antique, for the joints of the bricks it seemed built of appeared quite sharp and fresh. Indeed, perceiving I could count the courses of the bricks from where I stood, I did so, to enable me to judge the bridge's dimensions.

After duly admiring this fine work from a distance, I sought my way to it to make a close inspection. Then I found I was a deluded individual. The bridge was not brickwork. I had mistaken for bricks blocks of red stone, like bricks, indeed, in shape and colour, but big enough for gravestones. I paced the bridge, re-counted the masonry, measured some of the stones to get an average, and arrived at an approximation of the bridge's dimensions. The central arch is a very acutely-pointed semi-ellipse, whose apex is about seventy-six feet above the ordinary level of the river, and of a span of not less than one hundred and thirty feet. The length of the half of the bridge's roadway which is on the side where there is one land arch is seventy yards; on the other sixty-eight. Width of roadway between the approaches four yards; of

the approaches, seven yards. This bridge is so pointed in the centre, so sharp in the rise and fall of its roadway as to be quite unfit for vehicles to traverse ; nor had it been intended for such purpose, as immediately above the keystone of the central arch is a stone lodge, through which the roadway becomes but a narrow passage, for on each side are stone seats. In the wall of this lodge are two inscribed tablets. One sets forth : "This bridge was built five hundred and thirty-five years after the foundation of Rome by ANIBAL, CAPITAN CARTAGINES, who also erected the triumphal arch in honour of his father, AMILCAR." The other states : "This triumph of antiquity, being in danger of destruction, was repaired by order of Carlos III., A.D. 1768."

The triumphal arch mentioned in the inscription still stands. It is composed of massive blocks of concrete, and looks quite able to stand for another two thousand and ninety-four years. The bridge's foundations are of bossage masonry, and rest on a bed-rock of slate, which crops out, and forms the river's banks as well as bed.

I think this grand old bridge is, on some accounts, the best worth-seeing object I have beheld in Spain, as an historical curiosity, as a monument of the past, as a specimen of the engineering skill of the ancients, and as being associated with the entire history of the country ; built by the Carthaginians, used by the Romans, fought over by the Goths, partly rebuilt by the Moors, repaired by the moderns. If all bridges could speak, how few of them could tell such a history as this one.

Accommodation and fare at the *posada* much below

average; bill as much above, to square things, I suppose; fleas plentiful and intrepid; morning cloudy and chilly; but the blazing vine-faggot fire in the kitchen very pleasant to toast oneself over, while being kept half an hour waiting for chocolate, for it was nearly half-past eight before I obtained it and started from Martorell.

The road ran parallel to, and not far from the Llobregat's right bank; and many charming views of river-bends, backed by picturesque and broken hills, presented themselves. Before I had travelled far I overtook a bright, intelligent boy, of twelve years of age; and, slackening my pace to his, we walked together conversing, for he spoke good *Castellano*, which he had learned at public school. The lad carried a biggish satchel on his back, and proved to be a post-boy. He told me his beat took him a good half day to walk over, delivering and collecting letters, &c., and that his pay was only at the rate of fourpence-half-penny a day, while he had to clothe, board, and lodge himself; but, added he: "It is better than nothing, and when I get big they will give me more; and as I live at home it costs me nothing, and I give my wages to mother, and I have my half-day to go to school."

I think that boy will get on if he is not too good to live.

At 9.40 the sun broke with a grand "effect" through the clouds, and illuminated a broad river-reach.

I noticed continually that little towers crowned all commanding eminences on the line of hills beyond the river, and it puzzled me to divine their origin and use. The little postman explained they were old semaphore stations, built long long ago, to notify by signs, from Barcelona to

the interior, any appearance of an enemy's fleet; and that they had been used again in the war, under protection of *Alfonsista* troops, when the *Carlistas* cut the wires of the electric telegraph. 'Twas a sharp twelve-year-old of a boy. He also informed me the Llobregat was full of large eels and huge sturgeons, besides lots of little fish.

At eleven o'clock I was abreast of a large, handsome-looking square castle, on the opposite side of the river, crowning a big rock on the top of a small hill, and dominating a village.

My little cicerone said the *Carlists* tried to take it several times, but could not, for it had been well garrisoned. Just below I saw a fine dam across the river, to make the head for an irrigating canal, and also furnish power to some large factories situated a short distance below where it struck the left bank of the river, and surrounded with high handsome trees. Soon after I sighted a beautiful stone bridge of fifteen fine arches. It had a very slight spring, and was evidently quite modern. The post-boy told me it was the *Molins del Rey Puente*, that I had to cross it, and would enter the town at its other end. Then he left me, his route turning off to the right.

I found the "Mills of the King Bridge" extremely well built, wide, and furnished with broad flagged pavements for pedestrians. It is four hundred and fifty feet long, and a creditable piece of work for any country and any age; but that it will last as long as has the "Devil's Bridge," erected by the Carthaginian captain, is doubtful.

Midday had arrived when I reached the town of *San Felin de Llobregat*, and seeing it was a place of some size,

having a long, wide, chief street, and many side ones, expected no trouble in finding a good house to breakfast at; but neither hotel nor restaurant could I discover, though I made inquiries of several persons, until at length I came across a regular poor man's eating-house. However, I was getting impatient, so entered and risked the accommodation. Nor did my personal appearance forbid the presumption that a poor man's eating-house was my appropriate place. To confess the truth, scrambling up rocky places on hands and knees, forcing my way through thorny thickets, making short cuts while exploring the mountain of Montserrat, had put the finishing-touch to the wear and tear my garments had sustained between the two seas; and the dust arising from a road over ankle-deep in powdered soil, uniting with the perspiration caused by walking in a blazing sun, had coated my face and hands with a mask of dirt, and plastered my hair with a pomatum of thin mud. The only thing respectable about me was my handsome gun and *distingué* dog. I looked a dirty, ragged, almost shoeless tramp.

Walking through a long sitting-room—which had once been whitewashed, and whose only furniture was a narrow table on trestles, nearly as long as the chamber, two benches of charity-school pattern, and a coloured and badly fly-insulted print of "Her Majesty Queen of Montserrat," and empty of occupants—I pushed open a door and entered a very clean, tidy little kitchen, whose large open French window led to a pretty garden.

A fat old woman, looking as clean and trim as a prize dairy-maid, was busy cooking in this culinary boudoir,

making soup, and a small girl-child sitting near was trying to say her alphabet. "Oh, ho!" thought I, "this will do," and immediately made myself agreeable to the old woman, and explained that I wanted a good meal and had the wherewithal to pay for it.

"Let your worship be content. Your worship shall eat plenty with satisfaction," was the promising speech she made me.

And this much-appreciated old soul was as good as her word, for while, after a thorough brushing of clothes, I with the assistance of a large snowy-white towel, a big piece of soap, and a bucket of water, made an *al fresco* toilette amongst the flowers of the pretty back garden, she busied herself in preparations for my inner comfort. Soon a spotless cloth covered a little deal table, standing near the window, on it was set out a bottle of good Tarragona, a roll of such bread as is hardly seen out of Spain, the necessary tools for eating with, and my first course—a plateful of excellent clear bread-soup. Then came lamb cutlets, nicely crumbed, cooked in olive oil, and just pointed with garlic—so good!—afterwards omelette of eggs, finely-chopped ham, and herbs, followed by—crisply-fried in oil—fresh sardines, and a wind-up of cheese resembling gruyère, olives and dried fruits, and then a "grace" of *aguardiente*. The fragments that remained made an amply-sufficient breakfast for Juan; we were both well rested and refreshed. The bill was but one shilling and tenpence; the old woman was delighted by a small gratuity, for which she solemnly and elaborately blessed me, then we pushed on.

Villages, manufacturing establishments, residences, became more and more closely clustered together, and after an interesting walk of about twelve miles, principally down the vine-covered valley of the Llobregat, I found myself between continuous houses. I was in a street. I had reached Barcelona.

Barcelona being a big place, the second capital of Spain, having a population of one hundred and ninety thousand souls, I had a considerable way to go ere I at length arrived at the locality of the good hotels. I repaired to the reputed best, and presented a striking contrast in personal appearance to the white-tied, white-waistcoated, swallow-tailed, patent-leather-slippered varlet who, standing at its doorway, with evident difficulty realised that I purposed to become a guest. However, as they had done before, my dog and gun vouched for my respectability, and I was admitted with sufficient bows and scrapes, and shown into an undeniably good room.

It was too late in the day to visit a tailor, but I could improve my comfort by obtaining such ready-made things as one can wear, so I beat up the shops.

My feet being nearly on the ground for lack of sole-leather, a bootmaker's was first entered. Spain has a just reputation for eminence in her Crispins, who consider themselves, and perhaps truly, to be the best shoemakers in Europe, so I had no difficulty in astonishing my lower extremities by getting them into a stylish pair of promenade boots. The shoemaker was quite as much astonished by those I took off, at which I left him intently gazing. I have never inquired after them; never entered the shop

since. Perhaps those old familiar friends are on exhibition as curiosities. Certainly the remains of a pair of "half-scotched" ankle-jack English shooting-boots are such in smart-footed Barcelona. Then a glover, a hatter, and a gentleman's outfitter supplied the rest.

I found a first-class bath-house, revelled in a most luxurious hot bath and cold plunge, and arrayed myself in my fresh underclothing. I then went to a hairdresser's and was groomed. After all that I suspect I looked more queer than before. Then indeed I had been *en suite*, a seedy, dirty, ragged tramper—now much mixed. Was I not as well dressed as any man, excepting my coat, my waistcoat, my trousers? Was I not a most disreputably-attired individual, excepting my modish hat, neat boots, irreproachable linen, handsome scarf and pin, Estaban Comella light kids? verily I was an incongruous *mélange*.

A good many people grinned at me as I strolled along. I grinned at myself, too, whenever I beheld my reflection on the plate-glass of some shop-front. So the first thing next morning I took steps towards completing my metamorphosis.

Whilst at Lerida, I had noticed that a Barcelonian, who was a fellow-guest at mine *fonda*, was an unquestionably well-attired man. Of him I had inquired the address of a first-class tailor. "Go to mine," said he; "I will give you a card, saying I have recommended him for your custom, and request his best endeavours, and he will, I feel sure, give you satisfaction." Armed with this document, I repaired to the *Plaza Real* (a *Palais Royal* in a smaller and prettier pattern), soon found the place, and introduced myself.

It was not a shop. A flight of handsome white marble steps led to a suite of elegantly-furnished rooms, all mirrors, gilding, and damask; the easy-chairs, sofas, and window hangings were of blue satin, the wood-work ebony, the floors waxed and polished oak. One of the partners waited on me; and, while showing patterns, talked of the topics of the day like an educated man of the world.

There was nothing of the tradesman in his manner or discourse. He spoke French perfectly and English tolerably well. I ordered what I wanted, and was promised my garments in a week.

"The trousers we will try on, for the rest a fit is a certainty," said he on parting.

It strikes me that if living is absurdly cheap in Spain, clothes are not. The charge for what I had ordered was about the same as Bond Street would have made; but as it afterwards proved, cut, materials, and workmanship were quite equal to Bond Street's best, there was no cause for grumbling.

After breakfast I set out to hunt for a *Casa de Huespedes*. Not that I was discontented with my hotel as such, for it was a very good one; and considering its rank—being one of the best in the largest town of Spain, except Madrid—and that it was patronised by all foreigners of distinction, and the native magnates and nobility, not a dear one; its inclusive charge being but eight shillings a day. But in a large cosmopolitan hotel of a capital city, a man is more or less isolated and alone. I have not come to Spain to retire on my individual

dignity or natural exclusiveness, but to make as many acquaintances as possible, as many intimacies as advisable and practicable, therefore a *Casa de Huespedes* is the place for me; and besides, I had been recommended to an excellent one. The young officer at Lerida, who so politely obtained for me permission to see, and was the companion and guide of my visit to, the citadel and ancient Gothic cathedral of that city, gave me a note to the landlady of a house he always stopped at when in Barcelona, which he said was most comfortable, and where I was sure to meet good company, chiefly military men. I soon found the place. There was just room for one more. I immediately secured my quarters, and here I am. I have a comfortable bedroom, the usual meals—and very excellent ones—a latch-key, plenty of feed for Juan, good wine *ad libitum*, and pleasant company. The house is in a central position and good street. All for the very moderate price, as compared with other countries, of fourteen reals per day—not quite three shillings. Of a truth, as I said before, Spain is really a wonderfully cheap country.

We are eight in number, that is to say, an aide-de-camp to the Captain-General and Military Governor of the province, two artillery captains, two advocates; an old Spaniard, who having made a large fortune in Spanish America, spends each winter in Spain; a Cubaña, who is here for political reasons, and "*El Inglés*." And we are as friendly together as though old comrades.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Barcelona—The royal Visit—"The same Dogs with new Collars"—Landing of King Alfonso—The King's Reception—A "Red"—Ominous Demonstrations—A terrible Court Scandal—A Scene not soon to be forgotten—*Gran Teatro de Liceo*—"Aida."

MARCH 3, 1877.—I have now spent considerable time in this city, and been well pleased. The weather has been delightful, for Barcelona can boast of an average winter temperature warmer and more equable than Naples; the place unusually gay, for the king had been visiting it. There are numerous objects of interest—antiquarian, architectural, historical, and military—to be seen; and last, but not least, as a source of pleasure, I have had the good fortune to make some most charming acquaintances.

Barcelona is another of the cities fabled to have been founded by Hercules, and is really of considerable antiquity. It has existed, with varied fortunes, one thousand one hundred and twelve years; has been a Carthaginian, a Roman, a Gothic, a Moorish, a sovereign independent, and a Spanish city. Here, on his triumphant return, was the intrepid discoverer of a new world received by the king and queen, at whose feet he laid an empire. In the Middle Ages it was the

ruling maritime power of the Mediterranean. It is now Spain's first mercantile port. As Barcelona is increasing daily in size, population, and wealth with astonishing rapidity, the boast of its inhabitants that it will eventually surpass Liverpool in commerce, Manchester in industry, New York in luxury and opulence, does not appear wholly chimerical; certainly the newest portion of the city (*La Ronda*, and beyond) reminds me, by its width of streets, height and style of house-frontages, and general flourishing and growing appearance, more of first-class American towns than any other place I have seen this side "the mackerel pond." Her fine port, her geographical position, the energy and business qualifications of the Cataluñans insure Barcelona's prosperity in spite of every obstacle that a Government, hopelessly ignorant of the very rudiments of political economy, and Past-masters in the arts of grasping, extortion, and petty annoyance, can invent to bar her advancement. No wonder her citizens, the shrewdest people in Spain, are disaffected and turbulent under an infliction of combined folly and tyranny.

As the royal visit has been the chief event during my stay here, it merits first mention. Its publicly announced object was, "that his Majesty wishes to open the Industrial Exposition of Cataluña, about to be held in the building just completed for the exhibition, and to confer personally with the *savants*, local authorities, and leading citizens, with a view to ascertain how the arts, industries, and commerce of the place can be best advanced." This stereotyped form of speech has, whenever repeated to me, been invariably accompanied with the slight closing of one eye, or

the waving to and fro of the raised index finger of the right hand before the nose—national expressions whose significance is unmistakable.

The general belief here is, that the visit was merely a portion of a programme of a pleasure trip having three objects: to divert the young king, to try and make him less unpopular, and to distract his attention from certain schemes supposed to be in course of incubation at Madrid.

On the day appointed for the august event the king did not arrive, and I learned at dinner it was unknown precisely when he would; that the exact time of his advent would be kept secret, for a conspiracy to kill or capture him had been discovered, several arrests made, and that much uneasiness was felt by those in authority. More closing of eyes and wagging of forefingers. The arrests were actual facts, but public opinion is that the only plot was one hatched in the brains of the authorities themselves, to enlist sympathy and excite interest for the boyish king, by pretending he had been the object of secret machinations; if so, it ignominiously failed. These Catalans do not care a *maravedi* what happens to "the little Alfonso." In fact, whether he remains or not, the people do not seem to concern themselves. Experience has taught that it practically matters little to them what set of conspirators rule the country, for as they say here, it is but a case of "*Los misimos perros, con nuevos cuellos*"—the same dogs with new collars. However, some day there will be a revolution that will change things pretty effectually. The enlightened intelligence of the nation will rise against rascality in high places on the one hand, and demagogism on the other.

Those who dream that patriotism is dead in Spain will then have a rough awakening.

Great preparations had been made for the king's reception. The landing at the end of the *Rambla de Santa Monica* was the site of a pavilion of evergreens, profusely decorated and lively with pennants and streamers. The long approach thereto was bordered with trees transplanted for the occasion, alternated with flagstaves, all gold and ruby—the national colours—and bearing aloft their respective flags of many devices. All over the town, windows and balconies had been draped in ruby velvet cloth with gold fringes. Paint, gilding, and upholstery had done their best, and in a manner only practicable in a climate on which dependence can be placed, as for a whole week decorations had been exposed to the weather, or in progress of completion, that were most expensive, and which a single shower would totally ruin.

At last the king did come. Yesterday, as I was dressing, word was brought that the escorting fleet was in sight, steaming straight for the harbour. Hastily I finished my toilet, and hurried down to the *Muralla de Mar*, to secure a coign of vantage. Close to the landing-steps, just without the enclosure surrounding the pavilion, were numerous huge blocks of building-stone, remains of those carted there some time since to repair the sea-wall. On these stones I had previously cast the eye of speculation, and straightway made for them. They were already in possession of spectators, but spying room on the highest for one more, I succeeded by a short run and good jump in securing a first-rate point of observation.

Soon after nine the magnificent war-steamers *Numancia* and *Vitoria* entered the harbour, the *Numancia* flying the royal standard. Instantly the heavy artillery of *Monjuich* opened in salutation, the guns of the *Fortaleza de Las Atarazanas* followed suit, and the *Numancia* and *Vitoria* turned loose their monster armament in reply. Then the military bands on board the vessels, those stationed on the platforms near the landing, that of the awaiting escort of mounted *guardias civiles*, and dragoons, crashed forth the "Marcha Real," an anthem only played in the king's presence, and at the elevation of the Host. And through clouds of smoke and a din indescribable, the young Alfonso took his seat in the stern of the *Numancia's* barge, and was rowed across the harbour. As he did so a numerous *cortège* of handsomely-horsed carriages, filled with gorgeously-apparelled magnates and officials, drove down the *Rambla*, headed by gold and ruby heralds, trumpets in hand. Every street converging on the route was a sea of heads, every window and balcony crammed, the very housetops black with people.

Of course, as soon as his Majesty set foot on shore, he had to suffer from the modern phase of the king's evil—to wit, to listen to an address, and Spanish addresses are not mild forms of the disease. There is more six-syllabled grandiloquence in them than entereth into the imagination of the most gushing body of English aldermen and councillors, even when assisted by the prosiest and most verbose of town clerks.

After a short and, I suppose, suitable reply—I did not hear it, nor (L.D.) the address—the king mounted his

carriage. Immediately the troops presented arms, the escort closed up, the rest of the carriages filled, the heralds blew a fanfare, and the progress commenced.

As his carriage started, the young king stood up for a second, and lifting his hat completely off, bowed right and left most graciously and gracefully. I looked for a deafening roar of responsive applause. There was a faint official cheer from the occupiers of the carriages behind, considerable waving of ladies' handkerchiefs and fans, but otherwise profound silence. And what looked even worse, not a hat, not a cap was raised to answer their king's salute; and this in Spain, where not to answer a beggar's salutation is to insult him. I turned to my fellow-occupier of the building block, and asked him what it meant, why the people did not cheer their king? He was a stout, good-looking Catalan peasant; in appearance, thanks to his national costume, a *beau-idéal* "Red." His velveteen slashed kneebreeches, short jacket, broad sash, crimson Phrygian cap, made him look most melodramatically such. His answer was as "Red" as was his cap. "*C—jo* the king and his *p—a* of a mother." And this not *sotto voce*, but aloud, and accompanied by the placing of the right elbow in the palm of the left hand, and shaking aloft of the right fist, a gesture which could be seen farther than he was heard, and was understood by all there—a gesture whose meaning it is impossible even to hint at in print. I felt very sorry for the young king. He looked gallant and bold. It was very disheartening.

At breakfast, I learned his Majesty was being entertained at the *Casa Consistorales*, in the *Plaza de la*

Constitucion, and thither I shortly repaired, to see him leave on his temporary return to his ship. There was a dense crowd filling all available space in the *Plaza*, and the heads of the streets leading therefrom. It was a polite and obliging crowd, and though there was such a crush that several ladies had to be taken home in a fainting condition, and only succeeded in emerging from the throng through the strenuous efforts of their escorts and the *guardias civiles*, a man accustomed to London mobs found little difficulty in working his way up to the edge of the main guard, that held the entrance porch of the building in which the king was being regaled. In fact, I got my heels upon a projecting basement string-course, and so, my head raised above the general level of the crowd, and braced firmly against the wall by its pressure, I securely and advantageously surveyed the scene.

Immediately in front of the *Casa Consistoriales*, a clear space was held by a close line of cavalry, who with serried rank pressed back the people. In this space was the king's carriage and his escort of dragoons. The escort held their carbines butt on thigh, finger on scroll-guard, and at full cock; every balcony, every window, every house-top, was a mass of heads. Soon the king appeared, entered his carriage, and drove off. As he did so, a perfect snowstorm of fluttering handkerchiefs, waved by fair *señoras* covered the front of every house, and a soprano cry of "*Viva el Rey*" was audible. But the feminine cheer was drowned in hisses, which grew louder and more aggressive as the king drove on, and which were freely "shotted" with derisive whistles.

The king's reception was the engrossing topic at dinner-time, and was considered as very ominous. Bets that there would be an attempt on his person before the visit was over were freely offered—no takers.

I learned that his Majesty's unpopularity was not only because the Alfonsist party have only official friends in Cataluña, but that the young monarch himself is personally obnoxious to the Catalans.

Then was told to me a terrible story, and I was assured, "all decent Catalans consider Spanish personal honour has been nationally disgraced and degraded through the royal complicity therein."

I submitted that it could not be true—must be a calumny of the king's enemies.

"Not a bit of it," said in chorus my informants. And one of them added: "The whole world knows it. It is a matter of public notoriety; and though only those in the colonel's chamber know, to a certainty, whose was the fatal hand, yet everybody does who, to get the old colonel out of the way while his wife and daughter were visited, ordered him on the distant duty, from which he so unexpectedly returned to meet his death.

Not only did I hear all this at dinner, stated too with direct and circumstantial evidence, in language much more to the point, and with details not repeatable, but afterwards in the streets. And though, on account of the extreme youth of Alfonso, the notorious old *roué* the *D—de C.* is execrated as the misleader of his sovereign in this as in many other shady scrapes, everybody had a fling at the king about it, and some had at the

ladies too, saying it was a disgrace that he should be so favourably received by them, but that they always do like a man that is a scoundrel where they are concerned. I believe the majority of the women have never heard the particulars of this court scandal; certainly fathers, husbands, or brothers would not be likely to impart them. I think the young ladies are cordial in their reception of Alfonso because he is a rather good-looking young man, with an elegant figure and fine eyes, single, and a king, and has besides a reputation for general gallantry—quite sufficient causes for female admiration.

At night the public buildings were illuminated—brilliantly illuminated—and with a taste and elegance I was not prepared for. In artistic effects for official rejoicings I have heretofore believed the French to be pre-eminent; I now award the palm to Spain; certainly the midnight torchlight procession was the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen.

Through a friend's interest, I got a place on a balcony overlooking the *Rambla del Centro*, down which the procession moved. The *Ramblas* are a continuous boulevard running through the centre of the city, north and south. They consist of a wide gravel walk, bordered by two rows of fine large trees, whose branches, now bare of leaves, nearly inarch it; of carriage-ways, one on each side, then of the pavements and the houses. The entire width of the *Ramblas* varies from sixty to one hundred feet, for though all run continuously in direction, they are not of the same wideness. Up the *Ramblas* I had a vista of about a mile in length, down which I could see the gleam

of the advancing torches. Along the roadways, on each side, rode the cavalry—lancers, dragoons, *guardias civiles*—each trooper bearing aloft a blazing flambeau. In the centre, under the trees, illuminating the trunks, lighting up the delicate tracery of branch and spray against the darkness of the sky, tramped along infantry, artillery, marines, mariners, officials, all carrying flaming lights—white lights, blue lights, red lights. At intervals were the regimental bands playing martial strains.

After the head of the procession had well passed, I looked up and down the long boulevard. It was a rainbow blaze of moving lights and shadows, a stream of glitter and colour, while from it up to heaven rolled through the lit-up overhanging branches clouds of blue smoke and blended music. A scene not soon to be forgotten.

To-day his Majesty held a levee and visited the chief manufactories. At the levee he was very affable, addressed many of the consuls in their native tongue, apparently speaking English, French, and German with equal facility as *Castellano*, and, in short, displayed himself to good advantage. In the evening he attended a performance of Verdi's new opera "Aïda," at the *Gran Teatro de Liceo*. This theatre is one of the finest opera-houses in Europe, it being, as I am informed on excellent authority, the same size and built on the same lines as *La Scala* at Milan.

A good Italian opera company is nearly always in Barcelona, and the house is never thin, though it can seat four thousand persons and stand two thousand more; for Spaniards love opera. The hours are reasonable—seven to ten o'clock—the charges moderate: boxes, sixteen shillings

and eightpence; stalls, half-a-crown; general entrance, fifteenpence. The house is well ventilated, comfortable, and temperate, the entertainment always good, and so numbers of the citizens of all grades and their families can and do go regularly each and every night there is a *funcion*, without injury to health or purse, and greatly to their satisfaction, and not, as the majority of the same classes in London would, rarely or never.

But if opera is plentiful in Barcelona, kings are scarce, so on this occasion seats were simply fabulously high-priced in theory, and not obtainable in fact; at least not so for those who had not engaged them long in advance. However, in this country authority is more potent even than coin, so, having a good friend inside the official rope, I was not left out in the cold.

The *palcos*, the *butacas* were crammed with the beauty and fashion of Barcelona, the cheaper portions of the house full of soldiers and their sweethearts; and uniforms, official costumes, orders, everywhere and all over, showed that the house was full of "the king's party," and when he entered there was an ovation. The whole audience rose to their feet. The play was stopped. The house rung with cheers. Evidently, when they choose, these Spaniards can be as demonstrative as Frenchmen, as loud in their acclaims as Britons.

"Aida" was extremely well rendered and mounted; but the manager had unusual facilities. All the assistance the military could afford had been placed at his disposal. As a consequence, the march scene was superb. The bands were regimental ones, in gorgeous properties; the trum-

peters, bandmasters, the triumphant army and their prisoners, real drilled soldiers of the line, brilliant in stage braveries, seemingly endless in numbers, and marching and wheeling as if on parade, not slouching about absurdly and confusedly like a lot of supers. It was very fine. The singing, too, was of excellent average ; the whole thing very good indeed.

There were very few loiterers outside the theatre to see his Majesty drive off surrounded by his guard. Those who were gave him a hiss or two. I did hear, too, that a stone was thrown at him, but did not see it, and hope it was a false statement ; but there might have been, it was a dark night. As on Friday the king returned to his ship, the people say he is afraid to sleep ashore.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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

CHAPTER XXX.

The Industrial Exhibition of Cataluña—Inauguration by King Alfonso—Grand Review—*Sainete* at *El Teatro Principal*—A gay Boy—*La Capitolana*—“Then he is yours”—Monjuich—Highway Robberies—The *Cafés* of Barcelona—Gallant Company—Arena of the Psychological Contest.

MARCH 10, 1877.—Eleven o'clock last Sunday morning, after his Majesty King Alfonso should have attended high mass, was the appointed time for him to open and inaugurate the *Exposicion Industrial*; a ceremony all the world wished to witness, but all the world could not, because admittance was only permitted to those who were provided with tickets. Of such were two kinds, pink and white; the number of pink tickets quite limited, and except to expositors and head officials almost unattainable. They admitted at ten o'clock. The white tickets admitted at one o'clock, after the opening ceremonies. They were numerous, and not hard to obtain by anyone who was *comme il faut*, having been placed for general distribution in the hands of all the leading citizens whose discretion could be thoroughly depended on. Thanks to the kind consideration of the gentleman whose acquaintance I made at Montserrat, when he was there with the

Belgian nobleman and bride, I was the distinguished possessor of the honour of a pink ticket, and, armed with it, made my way to the chief entrance at eleven o'clock sharp.

El Palais del Exposicion is a fine, large, handsome building, and the ample open space forming its frontage was, excepting a lane held by mounted *guardias civiles* for the royal *cortége* to drive through, covered with lines of handsomely-appointed carriages and an extremely well-dressed crowd.

My experience in this country having been that Spaniards are always behindhand, I had taken things coolly, and, as I said before, only arrived at the time appointed for the king to do so. Just as I was passing the guard at the entrance I heard a cheer, a cry of "*El Rey! El Rey!*" and the guard falling back, right and left, I remained solitarily conspicuous standing on the steps, and in the middle of the grand entrance. Being of a retiring disposition and not accustomed to receive kings, I incontinently took "a header" through the close sentry line, and had barely got out of the way when, in a cloud of dust, and surrounded by a brilliant escort, the king's carriage dashed up to the spot. He was greeted with acclamation, the band struck up the "*Marcha Real*," a gold-laced, bestarred, and ribboned reception committee advanced to meet him, he entered, and the ceremonies began. Alas! I did not, for the grand entrance closed behind his Majesty, and left me without disconsolate. But I remembered the sayings of the country, "*Cuando una puerta se cierra, otra se abre*," and "*Quien no cansa alcanza*"—"When one door shuts

another opens," and "He who strives arrives." So a side door and a little persuasion was tried with entire success, excepting that the crowd within prevented my approaching his Majesty sufficiently closely to hear what was said, or clearly note what was being done in his immediate vicinity.

I have since learned that King Alfonso has the excellent quality of being punctual, and has repeatedly stated he will teach his *entourage* and the public to be so too if he has to go where appointed without the one, and disappoint the other by leaving before they arrive. In the forcible and unstudied vernacular of the Great West I say, "Bully for Alfonso!"

The opening ceremony finished, the king made a progress through the building, to see and to be seen; principally to be seen I take it. Then, with the chief swells, royalty retired to a refreshment-room to eat his breakfast. Immediately the doorways to the sacred spot were taken in charge by strong bodies of *guardias civiles*, and it became impossible for common mortals to "see the animals fed." After breakfast the king departed, closely surrounded with officials and *guardias civiles*. Indeed, so well was he guarded, that the lately-admitted white-ticket holders could not get even a glimpse of his Majesty.

The Industrial Exhibition was extremely creditable to Cataluña in general and Barcelona in particular. The variety of products, the excellent finish of workmanship, the high artistic development occasionally displayed, were most gratifying to a lover of progress in arts and manufactures, and to me as astonishing as pleasing, for I had

no idea that in many things Spain held such a foremost rank.

In the afternoon there was a review. It was to take place in the *Paseo de Gracia* (five spacious avenues of fine trees) and along *La Ronda*, and again was I in luck. A foreign diplomatist asked me to a capital luncheon, graced by some charming ladies, and with them I afterwards shared a balcony overlooking the line of review.

There were between four and five thousand troops of all arms in line, not a large force, but of excellent raw material, admirably uniformed and equipped, and officered in lavish proportion. Those in sight of our balcony were drawn up along the opposite side of the street, our side being kept by a sentry line. Soon the king, on horseback and closely followed by the captain-general and a brilliant staff, rode past. He went very fast, riding beautifully, and with his hat raised a few inches from his head in a prolonged salute. As he galloped by our corner he got a hearty cheer. His face beamed with smiles. He checked his horse into a slow trot, bowed right and left, and dashed off again, getting, as he did so, another *viva*, louder than the first.

The king returned slowly to the saluting-point, and the march past began, the troops farthest off taking the van, and the others as they passed wheeling into column behind. The infantry went by our balcony in open order, with a front of eight, going at their usual terrific pace. They carried their breechloaders slung crosswise behind, and swung their hands across and back from right to left in front of them, as they marched, hands going left when

left foot led, right when right foot led. I have since tried that way of marching, when out for a brisk walk, and am inclined to approve of it. The cavalry passed in close order and four abreast. They were very well mounted. The dragoons had their carbines in slings, and sabres drawn. The mountain artillery—on muleback— attracted much attention, deservedly, for the animals were splendid ones, and the entire equipment ingenious, compact, and serviceable.

The review over, I went to a little dinner with some more friends, and then to the *Teatro Principal* to see a *Sainete*, with my fellow-boarder, the aide-de-camp.

The theatre was a fine large house, very well filled, the playing good enough, and the dancing admirable, especially the *Baile*. I will back two first-class Andalusian performers, male and female, against the world for grace and go in dancing. They can posture better than Nautch-Wallahs, outskip the French, and are never scraggy.

By-the-bye, I owe this said gallant officer quite a debt of gratitude for the results of his kind attentions to me, for, thanks to him, I have been able to see much that was interesting, which otherwise I might not.

The captain may be most emphatically described as a gay boy. To him is known the entire *arcana* of Spanish town life. His position here, for he is a favourite, and oft companion of his chief—the captain-general of the province—his means, his address and personal appearance, give him the *entrée* everywhere. Therefore has he proved a most excellent guide, philosopher, and friend to a foreign stranger whose keenness for information concerning the

manners and customs of the natives is, like that of an entomologist for strange beetles, quite reckless; and so it has come to pass I have been willing to go, and there made welcome, where without the introduction of an *habitué* I could not have obtained admission, and have seen the most exclusive phase of a social problem that in its more common and open manifestations has, more or less unavoidably, been almost continually under notice during my walk here from San Sebastian.

But this is a matter fit, both as regards its facts and conclusions, for philosophical disquisition, and not apropos in narrative letters; sufficient to say, therefore, in this country, where *all* women are sober, a reflecting observer behind the curtain of propriety must indisputably conclude that nine-tenths of what are at home considered the necessarily attendant evils of transgression, and nearly all its repulsiveness, is entirely the result of transgression *plus*—and very much *plus*—intoxicating beverages.

A witty foreigner has said: "When, in conversation, you wish to turn it from a *subject*, turn it to a beautiful woman." So as I have not yet said anything about the fair *queens* of Barcelona, I will seize the occasion and follow such admirable advice.

There is a great deal of female loveliness in this capital of Cataluña, but it is principally immigrant from other parts of Spain, for the Catalan type is too coarse in outline of face, too masculine in figure, to be fascinating. Still, Valencia is in close connection with this port, and the fair *Valenciañas* are reputed to be the handsomest women of Spain. No wonder that in Valencia the Moors placed their

paradise. And as enough of these houris are here to affect the general average, Barcelona prides itself, justly, on its pretty women.

Thanks again to the gay aide-de-camp, I have made the acquaintance of one of these lately arrived from Valencia, who is physically as near perfection as modern civilisation allows. She is quite a typical beauty of her locality, and so, fairly entitled to be described. Slightly above medium female height, inclined to fulness of figure, with most diminutive yet well-developed hands and feet, and a walk and carriage inimitable in grace; face, classical in outline; hair, profuse in quantity, of great length and glossiness, and the darkest of browns in colour; complexion, a bright, soft, clear, ruddy, light olive; and glorious eyes, the true "*ojos Arabes*," large, tender, almond eyes, breathing love, sentiment, and passion—that is to say, always seeming to, it being their natural and usual expression—exactly such eyes as I suspect Cleopatra had; eyes to "*trastorno el mundo*," as they say here, and she is just the age when Spanish women reach their perfection—twenty-four, and as sweet-tempered and kind as she is handsome; the only thing I regret about our acquaintance is, that it began so lately and has to finish so soon. But "*Vamos!*" as the aide-de-camp says, "*En la tierra el carnero, en el mar el mero.*" By which saying he intends both to console me and flatter my patriotism, meaning to infer I shall soon find at home an equally beautiful substitute for *La Capitolana*. Ah! little does my lively military friend realise the discreet decorum of respectability in virtuous England. No more *Capitolanas* for me when I

return to the land of Messrs. Barlow and Pecksniff, Mesdames Grundy and Goody.

I have given away my faithful *compagnon de voyage*; Juan and I have parted. I shall miss the dog greatly; he was an affectionate, caressing, intelligent creature, and I have got to be very fond of him. He and "Capi" are two more cases of "dear gazelle;" but it is a longish way to take a dog from here to the West of England; he would be a great inconvenience during my sojourn *en route* in Paris; I shall have no use for him at home; he will then be a dog too many; and I have got him into happy permanent quarters, which is better for him.

Juan's new master is my countryman; a gentleman long since domiciled here, and moving in Barcelona's best circle. Like all Englishmen of his class, he was a sportsman in his youth, and having an eye for a well-bred dog, at once spotted and admired mine. From this compatriot I have received much kind politeness; without introduction, without recommendation, excepting his private judgment, he has cordially extended to me the genial hospitalities of his house and home, and admitted me to the society of the *bien distingué*, elegant, and accomplished ladies who adorn it; and further, he has paid me every social attention in his power; so one day, seeing that Juan tempted him to sin against the tenth commandment, hearing him praise the dog, and the ladies declare they were in love with him, I made the reply of a true Spaniard, "Then he is yours," and insisted that, for once, the phrase of the country should be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

The present was received with such evident delight

that I was quite gratified at what I had done ; indeed, I felt happy for twenty-four hours. It is so nice to confer pleasure, especially when by so doing a man at the same time consults his own convenience.

The king left on Monday. There was not much fuss made about it, only a parting salute from the guns of Monjuich.

Monjuich is much bragged of by Spaniards. They are fond of comparing it and Gibraltar, much to the disparagement of our stronghold. According to Spanish military authorities, modern improvements have rendered Gibraltar quite takable, indeed untenable, should Spain determine to repossess herself of it ; whereas Monjuich is absolutely impregnable when garrisoned to its proper strength. But it is all moonshine. Monjuich is not, as confidently repeated, "the strongest natural position in the world." I have seen—I speak advisedly—hundreds far stronger. But, no doubt, "twill serve," for it holds the city at its mercy, and can knock it into a cocked hat should its citizens again rise against military dictation—the chief use Spanish forts are put to. And the guns dominate the harbour too, and perhaps could keep an enemy from entering it ; but as town and harbour can be easily shelled from, and troops landed at, places it does not command, *cui bono?*

"The hill of the Jews" is, to its extremest altitude, but seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, and though partly precipitous on its sea face, for the rest slopes so gradually that there are but few places where, were there not artificial obstructions, a Californian stage-driver would hesitate to put his conveyance along at a gallop up or down.

The great strength of Monjuich lies in the fact that it is not dominated by superior elevations, and that an immense amount of money has been very well laid out in earthworks, casemates, cisterns, and guns. But "*Mons Judaicus*" being not a small mountain, not a rock, but a hill, whose soil landwards is deep and easily workable, its defensive lines are as easy to sap up to, and easier to undermine, than were it an entrenched camp in the middle of a plain. However, nobody wants to meddle with Spain. If she will only leave herself alone she will do well enough.

As I do not mean to stop here for ever, I begin to think the sooner I depart the better, for reasons not at all necessary to mention; but how to go, what route to take, know not. There are two courses, each open to objection. If I take passage by steamer to Marseilles, I shall see absolutely nothing between the two ports, for the course stretches straight out to sea and across the Gulf of Lyons. If I go overland by rail and diligence, I shall see much, but, *per contra*, may be robbed, for quite an epidemic of road agency has lately broken out in these parts adjacent. For instance, while I was *en route* from Montserrat, the train between here and Monistrol was twice stopped and "gone through." Quite lately the diligence from Figueras to Perpignan—my route if I go overland—has been "interviewed." However, I think I shall risk *los ladrones*, though I do not want to hear the cry "*Abajo, boca, á tierra*," having had some experience of its Yankee equivalent, "Throw up your hands, G—— d—— you." It is not the actual loss of property so much as the feeling of degradation at being obliged to obey such miscreants that hurts.

And, as I have parted with my gun, and do not carry a revolver, should I be "stuck up," will have to submit. However, in such case, I shall not lose much. Only a few trifling presents—remembrances from Spain—the aluminium watch brought on "spec," to be taken from me, and my clothes.

These last would be very inconvenient to part from, for I might catch cold before they could be replaced, but robbers will get no money from me, as I intend to spend my last coin, excepting enough to feed me on the way, and see me past the customs, ere I leave this gay city, for can I not cash the traveller's blessing—a circular note—at Perpignan? and I would sooner be eased of my money here by *fair* means, than on the road by foul. I have crossed one extremity of *Los Pirineos*; I should like to traverse the other. The chances of being robbed are, on the one hand, not greater than of being sea-sick on the other. I would sooner lose the coats off my back than the coats of my stomach.

The *cafés* of Barcelona excel any I have seen in Spain, and are no more expensive to such as frequent them than those of the meanest inland hamlet. Not only are they the best of Spanish ones, but absolutely the best I know of; very large and airy, handsome, clean, and comfortable. In all the leading ones are pianos, played by professionals of no mean proficiency. I have heard as good piano-playing in these *cafés* as at many London concerts. They are almost always full of company, and though in Spain, generally speaking, *cafés* are not considered quite the places for ladies, here it is quite correct for the fair sex to

be present, even without a male escort, and therefore there is almost always to be seen in them a goodly sprinkling of *Doñas Catalañas* sipping coffee, sugar and water, orgeat, or some other such light drink; fooling with their fans and by their fans, listening to the music, laughing, chatting, ogling, and flirting. Many is the flirtation begun, continued, but not ended in a Barcelona *café*. And what is the expense to enjoy all this—brilliant chandeliers, marble tables, velvet-covered seats and lounges, plate-glass mirrors, paint, gilding and glitter, attentive and respectful waiters, good professional music, a sight of youth, beauty, and innocence engaging the experienced, brave, and knowing, and coming off first best? Why, only twopence-halfpenny. You are expected to order "*uno café*"—unless you want something else—and there will be placed before you a small cup of coffee, milk, sugar, *eau-de-vie* in a decanter, ladies'-fingers in a plate. For these the waiter will demand one *real*, and leave you. He expects no fee, and unless you want something more, and call, will not come near you again if you sit there and smoke all night. Nor will you be considered mean if you should, and yet spend no more. Plenty of well-off and respected citizens do so every night. I did not, but only because I used to get thirsty, and besides, not playing dominoes nor being given to flirting, I liked to have a something to sip and play with. Why should I not amuse myself by flirting a spoon, as well as my neighbour by spooning a flirt? It is quite as innocent an amusement, and somewhat less dangerous, except to a kleptomaniac.

And its *cafés* are not the only commendable things of

Barcelona. The shops are, for goodness, elegance, variety, and choiceness of wares, quite equal to Paris or London, and by no manner of means as dear, nor are their attendants so much given to taking strangers in, though of course it is always safest for a foreigner to deal at a "*precio fijo*" shop until he learns the local values.

But, on one account, Barcelona has been to me the least interesting place I have visited since crossing the Bidassoa, for of any of them it is the one least typically Spanish; and having come to this country to see Spanish customs and ways, familiarise myself with Spanish ideas and peculiarities, that which is cosmopolitan, being neither new nor attractive, I care not for.

A study of the almost inextricable maze, jumble, and confusion together of the old beliefs and usages of Pagan, Roman, and Eastern occupation, mixed and blended with those of civilisation and to-day, which this country presents to even the least observing stranger is, and must be, a source of wonder and delight. Surely the Spain of to-day is in Europe the chief arena of the psychological contest, the *Gran Plaza de Toros*, where the *matador* of Modern Thought is pitted against the "Bull of Superstition," where in his calm hand the keen *espalda* of Science firmly encounters on its gleaming point the fierce expiring onslaught of that beast whose characteristics are tail, horns, and cloven foot. Most certainly if, going south, "*L'Afric commence aux Pyrénées*," on the return, modernism begins at Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Summary of Opinion—The Holy Inquisition—Spanish Wives—The Start Home—Interesting Objects—*Arenys de Mar*—A Skirmish for Forage—*Diligence* Travelling in Spain—Figueras—Ascending the Pyrenees—Crossing the Frontier—The French Customs Post—The “Straight Tip” to pass the Customs—Fort Bellegarde—Ho for Home!—“*Vaya usted con Dios.*”

MARCH 15, 1877.—I have recrossed the Pyrenees. Spain is now to me a dream that is past—a very pleasant dream. Fatigue, thirst, dust, annoyances, and vexations will gradually fade from recollection; but many a bright picture of fair scenery, many a joyous revel, the incidents of some few charming interviews, are laid away in memory's “dark room,” intangible, invisible—treasured negatives in photographic clearness, to be reproduced at will, to gladden and beguile the lonely hours of the future.

Nor has my trip been altogether devoid of instruction. It has dissipated many erroneous, previously-conceived opinions, informed me of many an unsuspected fact. I had considered Spain to be a worked-out country: the undeveloped wealth of her natural resources is great beyond all calculation. I had presupposed a people proud, intolerant, bigoted, indolent, shiftless, lawless. I have found an upper

class courteous and considerate to their equals, kind and familiar to their inferiors, fairly liberal and enlightened in opinion, and very wide awake to the faults and shortcomings of their country; a peasantry full of self-respect, of manly independence, honest, hard-working, frugal, law-abiding, sober.

With such a grand substratum for national tranquillity, prosperity, progress, how comes it Spain is the home of chronic disorder, revolution, strife? Because since the Goths she has been either the battlefield of contending foreign forces and intrigue, or of contest between national virtues and the powers of darkness. A gallant people, purposely and cunningly kept in poverty and ignorance, imbruted and cajoled, have made a long struggle against combined priest and kingcraft. For four centuries a cruel, subtle, inscrutable, and omnipotent conspiracy, remorseless, omnipresent, bloody, sought to crush manhood in the dust; mutual confidence between classes, between individuals, was sapped, destroyed, and disappeared. Crime was the only safe road to prosperity; to think was dangerous, to utter thought aloud, if that thought was truth—death. Between 1481 and 1808, thirty-four thousand six hundred and twelve victims are officially reported as being burnt to death, and two hundred and eighty-eight thousand one hundred and nine as otherwise made away with by the "Holy" Inquisition.

A nightmare of fear, distrust, lethargy, paralysed the country. To prosper in business, to be enterprising, to amass a little money, was to become a prey. The goods and chattels of him who fell into the clutches of the black

alguacils were the perquisites of a body of men craving for gold and utterly irresponsible. The youth of the nobility were thoroughly demoralised by the inculcation of the most dishonourable code of ethics ever conceived—one destructive to confidence, truth, and mental improvement. The people learned that to be idle, uninquiring, servile, was absolutely necessary to life. Literature was made an engine of ignorance; government, one of plunder. The intelligence, talent, enterprise of the country was banished, destroyed, or silenced.

A people who have suffered this, and still retain such traits of character as the Spaniard of to-day, must have an innate nobility of soul, that in the end will insure to their country a foremost place among the nations of the earth.

In one thing Spain is quite behind the three countries leading civilisation's van—England, the United States, France. Spanish women do not know even the meaning of "sphere," as that word is used by the strong-minded. What are her rights, wherein lie her wrongs, trouble not her. She is content to be—and is—a careful, notable housewife, a good mother, a kind mistress. She dresses well and elegantly for her station, but not extravagantly; loves amusement, but never neglects her home; is coquettish and attractive in her manner, but proper in her conduct. There may be "more advanced" women—women with "higher purposes," with more "lofty aspiration;" but more comfortable women to live with—more charming women to make love to—more gentle, unselfish, amiable, domestic, loving women, I do not think the world can show. And they seem utterly unaware of the

"degradation" of being so, and quite happy and contented with their "sphere."

No wonder the Spaniard loves his home; no wonder there are so few bachelors in Spain. False start—whoa! This sort of thing will never do. It is not giving an account of my peregrinations, and I have taken no contract to furnish "reflections"—only to report progress.

Having "done" Barcelona pretty thoroughly, wished my friends *a dios*, paid my bills, got my through ticket to Perpignan, *vidè* rail and diligence, and put by a few *pesetas* for use *en route*, I succeeded by two o'clock A.M. yesterday in getting rid satisfactorily of my last coin, and retired to my virtuous couch to snatch a short repose, ere I should be called to catch the 'bus to the *Estacion del Norte*, advertised to start at four A.M. "to the moment."

Of course I was called half an hour after the 'bus should have departed. Of course I had half an hour to wait. Of course I was in time at the station. And at 6.45 A.M. the whistle blew and the train started for Gerona.

It was a pleasant run, and thoroughly enjoyed, though I was in solitary grandeur all alone; for, as usual on the Continent, being *au premier*, I had a whole compartment to myself.

The weather was superb, clear, bright, calm. Occasional glimpses of the blue Mediterranean, enlivened with queer-looking craft, recalling by their strange rakish rig the pictured Algerine pirates of story, and lake-like in its glassy surface, charmed the vision.

The inland scenery was varied, striking, and romantic, and several spots of interest were passed.

Soon the ancient town of Badalona came in view, surrounded with its famous orange groves and watered by the brawling Nesos; in antiquity, a very grandmother of a city to Barcelona. Then appears a hill, crowned by *El Castillo de Mongat*, famous for a most gallant defence against an entire French army, in which its garrison lost its last man. There was no Metz about that. Then another castle—*Vilasar*—and some watch-towers of the Moors.

A little town and a fine church are passed, and we stop a few minutes at Mataro, a handsome, thriving, if small town, very Genoese in the *al fresco* ornamentation of its houses. Soon after leaving there we cross the Llevaneras by a well-built, picturesque stone bridge, run past the ruins of *El Castillo Rocaberto*, and behold, still another old-time castle—*Nofre Arnan*—appears in sight. Then we make another stop—we are at *Arenys de Mar*.

I call up the "highly-intelligent guard," and at his dictation write the names of the places I have noticed against the circles and cross indicating their situation in the little sketch-itinerary I amuse myself by making in my pocket-book as I am whirled along, adding thereto such other information as he volunteers, and obtaining his promise to "post" me about the remainder of the trip when we arrive at Gerona.

He tells me *Arenys de Mar* boasts of very fair dock-yards, and makes quantities of soap, lace, and linen. I can see that it is a prosperous and a pretty port—three P's that do not always go together. A league farther and we pass another *embarcadero*, then, by an iron bridge, cross the Rio San Pol, catch a passing glimpse of a pretty little town,

cross another stream by another and much finer iron bridge—the Tordera. Ere long the town of that name is left behind, and the celebrated *Barranca*, then the junction station of Empalme, and at 10.40 A.M. we are arrived at Gerona.

Gerona is a town of some size and importance, with a rapid river flowing by it, clean and decent in its old age ; but evidently having in its youth been given to an exhausting dissipation of energy in overmuch church-building. Had the time as well as the occasion served, I would have taken a peep at its cathedral, because I had heard much of its extraordinary merits, and it has the widest Gothic vault in existence. But the *diligence* was billed to start at eleven o'clock, "*en punto*," and the inner man demanded immediate attention.

There was no time to lose. Already the coach stood before the hotel door, its driver and the helps putting in and strapping down luggage. Already the harnessed horses were in sight, being led up by the groom and straps. It was quite evident the stage was intended to start "on time."

It lacked an hour to the breakfast-time of the country. To expect to get that meal cooked at any other than the regular one, much more cooked and eaten in twenty minutes, would be a wild delusion, one I know Spain too well to harbour, so forthwith I skirmish for forage. I dive into a *bodega* and buy a bottle of wine ; into a *tienda* and procure a *longanisa*—a high-spiced sausage, requiring no cooking—and some excellent cream cheese. Then I prospect the stage and interrogate the coachman.

It is ready to start, will be off instantly. "Just a little moment."

That "little moment" set my mind at ease. Seeing my traps safely stowed away on my seat, and learning which street the coach route followed, I strolled along in the direction indicated, found a *panadera*, went in, bought some delicious milk rolls, explained the situation to the bakeress in waiting, knocked off the neck of my bottle, and, confident the *diligence* could not get by unseen and unheard, sat down, spread my frugal repast before me, and had a very comfortable "little moment" of about a quarter of an hour's duration; after which I lit my pipe, and sauntering back to the hotel, arrived and took my place as Jehu started his team.

There were six good horses to the *diligence*, the road was excellent, and we bowled along at a good lively rate, arriving at the town of Figueras—where we changed our stage for one more fitted to mountain travel—at three in the afternoon; twenty miles, with a considerable grade against us, in about three hours and a half.

We had passed three little villages, another ruined castle, the small town of Buscara, and some pretty *Casas de Campos*, called "*Torres*"—a Catalan word, signifying country houses. (What a chance for a derivation of the old *sobriquet* of England's Conservative party.) The view had all along been getting more and still more enchanting as we progressed, for the Pyrenean chain was in full view, getting clearer and fuller in its lovely details every mile, while the day was warm and bright as though a summer one.

While approaching Figueras, my attention was drawn to very extensive military works, covering a bench of the plain. As well as could be judged by a passing spectator, I was looking at an example, on a large scale, of a most complete system of earthwork defence, and was struck by the admirable choice of its position, its size, and apparent strength. It seemed large enough to contain a covering army of very respectable size, and the ground commanded from its embrasures to be a natural formation that was highly favourable for a strong garrison to assume the offensive over. I do not recollect that I have ever seen a good natural position better utilised. My fellow-passengers in the *berlina* of the *diligence* could tell me little about it. They were men of commerce, and it was simply a *castillo* to them. However, one knew its name—San Fernando—so I determined to seek information when we should stop in the town.

Our detention at Figueras was to be but short; only a quarter of an hour was the *mayoral's* announcement, so I had to stir myself, for it was my last chance, for many a long day, to buy really good smoking tobacco. I had to provide also against getting hungry, appease my thirst, and learn what I could about the *Castillo de San Fernando*. An *estanco*—Government tobacco agency—was easily found, and I there laid in a small store of *Picardo Pico Fina de Habana*; then I purchased a pocketful of biscuits; finally entered a *taberna*, and regaled myself with *aguardiente* and water.

I singled out that particular tavern because in it I caught sight of uniforms, and saw my chance to pick up

information about the fortifications in sight. An invitation to drink immediately made the two *cabos de esquadra* my *buen amigos*, and the extent of their knowledge on the subject was at my disposal.

According to them, the fortification was the strongest in the world; the bomb-proof barracks amply sufficient to lodge twenty thousand men, the bomb-proof stables to contain five hundred horses. There were nine proof magazines, a fine park of artillery, sixty heavy guns in position, and "only just let the *c—jo* French try to take it." I failed, however, in ascertaining who was the military engineer who planned it. My informant stated his name appeared in a mural tablet over one of the gateways, but they did not recollect it.

A few miles from Figueras we traversed an immense olive plantation, and in its centre passed the little village of Molina, so called on account of its many olive mills. Once clear of the olive wood the road became very steep, with numerous short, sharp descents; in fact, we were climbing the Pyrenees. As the *diligence* progressed very slowly, I took to walking most of the way, only jumping up whenever we came to a level run, for, on foot, I could better enjoy the magnificent scenery, and loiter at such spots as afforded advantageous look-outs. Besides, I so escaped the dust and closeness of the *diligence*, both which were excessive. Indeed, the day was so hot that I left coat and waistcoat in the *diligence*, and walked without them.

We were passing the places where the late robberies took place. Judging by the frequency we have seen pickets

of *guardias civiles* since we got amongst the spurs of the mountains, there is an evident determination on the part of the authorities to block that little game. As I am sometimes a mile ahead of the *diligence*, and without coat, waistcoat, collar, or hat—my necktie being twisted turban-wise round my head—I wonder none of them have stopped me as a suspicious character; but they have only made the salutation of the country as I passed. Perhaps they think I am a harmless lunatic or an Englishman. They have some queer notions about Englishmen in Spain.

It was beginning to get dark as we drove into the last Catalan town of La Junquera, the Spanish frontier customs station. A strong body of *carabineros* were stationed there.

The *diligence* stopped at La Junquera to change horses, and I walked on. Two passengers descended from the *banquette* and did so likewise. At a turn of the road, out of sight of the town, they struck off up a ravine to the right. I thought it strange conduct, and sat down to smoke, wait for the *diligence*, and see if they would reappear when it did. They did not, and nothing was said about it.

Shortly after we arrived at a barrier, looking not unlike an English turnpike, only the "lodge" was of stone, and loopholed for musketry, and the "keeper" a *carabiniere*. We had reached the frontier.

We are halted, a light is thrown on us, we are scanned and counted by the *carabiniere* and a companion. A few words are said in an inaudible tone to our driver, his reply is as *sotto voce*, then from the first *carabiniere*, in a loud voice :

"It is well, go with God, your worships." A reply from us, in chorus: "Remain you with Him." A flick of the whip to the horses and we are across the line. We have left the old kingdom of the Spains, we have entered the novel Macmahondom of France.

For some time the conversation of the two men of commerce sharing with me the *berlina* had turned upon passports, permits, and *visas*, and one of them expressed a hope I had my papers all right, adding, the French authorities have been excessively strict and annoying of late. I told him I had a Foreign Office passport.

"*Visa* by the French consul of Barcelona?"

"No."

"Then they will never let you pass."

"Just as good a thing as I want. I will return to the best hotel in Barcelona, file a heavy claim for detention and expenses, and have a jolly time at the cost of the authorities. They shall be made to respect my papers."

"Ah! I see by your sentiments you are English or American: they will not try to stop you. It is only us poor devils they harass and plunder."

These remarks were hardly made before we arrived at the little hamlet in which is situated the French customs post, and drew up before a long shed and a knot of gendarmes. It was by this time quite dark, but the interior of the shed was dimly lit by oil-lamps, and the gendarmes carried lanterns. We were all marched into the shed. "Give me your waybill," said the gendarme in command to our driver. It was produced. The man in authority looked it and us over.

"You are two passengers short ; where are they ?"

"I don't know."

"Then you ought: Does anyone know what has become of the two *banquette* passengers?"

This last question in a loud domineering voice, and addressed to all and sundry. A woman, who had been riding in the *interior*, volunteered a statement.

"They walked from La Junquera. Perhaps they are in the *guinguette* refreshing themselves."

"Perhaps *les sacrés scélérats* are no such thing ; they are *polissons*, without papers, giving us the slip." It looked very like it.

"Bring in all luggage to be examined, and show your papers, masters and mistresses," shouted the irate, jack-booted Jack-in-office.

The other passengers' "papers" were all shabby scraps, on which were written permits signed by the French consul of Barcelona, at a cost to them each of ten francs. They were *en règle* of course.

My "Derby" was a different affair. There was not a word of French about it, nor any, to those present, known signature attached thereto ; but it was a most imposing-looking document as compared with the shabby, crumpled scraps from the French consul's office ; large, on vellum, headed by a regal-looking coat-of-arms, sealed with most official amplitude, it certainly looked a most authentic document ; what it said was an Egyptian mystery ; whether it belonged to me or not, unapparent.

"English?" said the chief gendarme, interrogatively.

"Yes."

It was returned with a bow and "All is regular."

I picked out my little luggage ; a *douanier* asked for my keys ; I slipped the hand holding them, &c., quietly in his.

"There they are."

"Monsieur has nothing to declare ; Monsieur's luggage is passed ;" and the official chalk marked my traps as being free to be replaced in the *diligence*. Not so simple was the process with the remainder of the passengers, and soon the counter was strewn with a varied and indescribable assortment of personal effects, and great became the vehemence of gesticulation and figurativeness of oratory of the respective owners thereof, and most especially distinguished as a performer was the vigorous female who had volunteered the information about the missing passengers, when she found herself detected in an attempt to evade a payment of a few francs duty.

After a tiresome detention, we proceeded more rapidly on our way, for the grade of the road soon began to fall rapidly. We were descending the French slope of the Pyrenees. The darkness sadly militated against seeing the face of the country, but it was perceivable that on the north side of the pass the descents were more precipitous, and the scenery far wilder and more weird than on the southern ; and a castle perched on the top of an isolated peak, amongst a nest of ravines and summits, irresistibly recalled reminiscences of Doré. However it might look in daytime, by the light I saw it the scene was almost grotesquely extravagant in savage grandeur. The castle was Fort Bellegarde, built nearly two hundred years ago by

Louis XIV., and doubtless a very strong place for self-defence. I do not think, considering the exigencies of modern war, it is advantageously placed, either as a menace to an invading, or a *point d'appui* for a covering force.

It was half-past nine last night when, arrived at Perpignan, I found my way to the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, sufficiently tired with my sixteen hours' journey, but well repaid by what I had seen of the country passed through.

To-day I shall devote to looking around this extremely prettily-situated place.; to-morrow take the through express for Paris, stop there awhile, and see my artist friends and their works for the coming *salon*, and then "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," and—Ho for home! which I trust to find blooming with spring. Certainly I have this year dodged English winter in a highly satisfactory manner. I have passed nearly five months very agreeably and instructively, experienced much pleasure, and enlarged my stock of information in the most reliable of all ways; and that, too, at a less than no expense, for had I remained quietly in England, I should certainly have disbursed more money for no satisfaction in the world that I can perceive, unless a series of trials of constitution and temper against depressing weather and colds in the head can be considered as such. And if anyone, encouraged by my example, takes heart of grace, a light kit, a few circular notes, and his ticket for Spain, I can promise him that, unless he there makes himself decidedly disagreeable—which of course he will not—every Spaniard, on learning he is English, will treat him as a personal friend; that his money will go

farther, and procure him better fare and quarters than at any English watering-place ; that he will find the climate exhilarating and healthy, and the annoyances and dangers of the country greatly exaggerated ; and to him I say in the phraseology of Spain : "*Vaya usted con Dios, y buen provecho le haga á usted*"—"Go you with God, and much may it profit your grace."



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