

towards accepting the offer, and her embarrassment and vexation seemed only to grow greater, at thus losing the cause of her displeasure. By this time, the old man, who had thought it was all over when he had kissed the children, began to grow impatient, and gave the word of command. Away went the mules. Andres would not part in anger. He went to receive a farewell kiss from his wife; but Margarita turned away pettishly, striking her little foot on the ground and shaking her head, as though she would have torn her mantilla. Without more ado, he left her to her ill-humour, and overtaking the coach, caught the left mule by the tail, and leaped to the wooden platform beside his father.

Meantime, Beatriz and I put our heads out of the window; she from interest and affection, I from curiosity. The girls remained where we left them, throwing up their handkerchiefs, and sending after us a thousand kind words and well-wishes. Margarita alone stood motionless in the same place, with her head turned away. Gradually, however, she moved round to catch a sight of us; and when she saw that her husband was not looking at her, seemed to be sorry for what she had done, shook her fan at him fondly, and cried out at the top of her voice, "Until we meet, Andrew!"—" *Hasta la vista, Andrés!*" But it was too late, he would not hear, and beating the mule nearest him with

great energy, we were soon descending the opposite hill. The last I saw of Margarita, she had hid her face in her hands, and her companions were drawing round to offer consolation.

Andres forgot his wife and his vexation at the bottom of the second hill, and went onward laughing and joking with every one whom we either met or overtook upon the road. Sometimes he walked beside the mules, cheering them with a tuneless ditty; sometimes he sent them galloping down one hill and up another, himself standing with one foot in the step and holding by the door, as he spoke comforting words to Beatriz, telling her how many fine things were to be seen in Madrid, and describing the palace and the Prado. Sometimes he ran away to exchange a word with a fellow zagal; for we met many coaches going to Toledo, to be there in the holy week, when it is one of the most wonderful places in Christendom. The cardinal archbishop was among the number. He had no other attendants than his confessor and a single servant, who rode with him in a plain carriage, drawn by four hired mules. His own heavy well-fed pair followed a league or two behind, conducted by an ancient postilion, half lost amid cocked hat and leather. This prelate is said to be the head of the ultra-faction, as he is of the Spanish church, and one of the prime movers of the Portuguese rebel-

lion. For the rest, he is of very simple and unostentatious habits, giving most of his substance in alms to the poor.

Before sunset we arrived at the little village where we were to pass the night. The mules were soon led away to Andres, who helped them to some barley, and the old man proceeded to search the coach-box for the rabbit, the rice, and the garlic, which were to be stewed for our supper. Taking my cloak, I seated myself upon the stone bench outside of the door, where the landlady was nursing her child. I had not been there long before a traveller arrived with quite a fine horse, which he tied carelessly to one of the bones driven into the wall for the purpose. The horse, in rubbing his head, chanced to disengage the bridle, and, finding himself at liberty, strayed out into the street. The hostler, coming out at that moment, went slowly and slyly towards his head to catch him; but the knowing horse cocked his tail, and throwing his heels into the air, set off at the top of his speed, the sides of the saddle standing far out like a pair of wings, and seeming to account for the extreme velocity of his motion. The whole village was presently in a hue and cry. The women ran out and caught up their children, and the traveller started, bareheaded, in search of his beast. But the animal only wanted a little diversion, and when he had

rolled in a neighbouring wheat-field, and stretched his legs a little to please himself, as he had done all day to please his master, bounding onward with the lightness of a deer, and throwing his raised head round with a joyful air, he presently grew tired of his liberty, and returned towards the door of the posada. Finding that we had made a line, and were throwing our cloaks up to keep him from going past, he trotted boldly into the court-yard.

This source of disturbance was scarcely over before a loud grunting announced the arrival of the public swineherd, bringing home the hogs of the village from their daily pasture. He had on a tattered cloak, a sugar-loaf hat, and a pair of ruined leather gaiters. In his left hand was a long staff, pointed with a nail, and in the right a singularly sculptured cow-horn, through which he uttered a fearful noise, that brought the tears into my eyes. The hogs which had minded the horn of the swineherd, and followed him very obediently hitherto, when they reached the first corner of the village, suddenly gave a loud and general grunt, which might be interpreted "the devil take the hindmost;" for they all, with one accord, set off at a full gallop in different directions, each bolting into the open door of his own house, and hopping over the threshold, to the terror of the little children.

Before eight we were seated round our supper,

which was placed on a small table in my own bedroom. It consisted of bread and wine, besides a well-seasoned preparation of rice and rabbit, which, that it might keep the warmer, was served in the same iron stewpan in which it had been cooked. A board was placed beneath, to keep the cloth from burning; and Andres, having politely turned the long handle towards himself, that it might incommode no one else, stirred the viands briskly with his spoon; and, as the savoury vapour rose curling along his hand, he smacked his lips, and said, "Here, sirs, is food for great folks!"—" *Esto es para señores!*" The old man would have served me in a separate plate; but as it is considered among these worthy roadsters a friendly and fraternal act to eat from the same dish, I declined the offer, and we fell to with one accord.

Supper over, I was left in quiet possession of my chamber, and soon went to bed. I did not, however, get at once to sleep; for some of the guests were talking in the neighbouring court-yard, without my door. In the various changes of conversation I found that I myself furnished a topic. One asked what countryman I was. The old man answered, *Ingles*. One said then that I must be a *Judio*, and another a *Protestante*. Beatriz took my part: she had seen me cross myself as I went into church, where we stopped at noon; and Andres,

who, being a Biscayan, was more enlightened than the rest, contended that I was an *Irlandes* and a *Cristiano*.

The next morning we departed before the dawn, and ere the sun was many hours high we began to approach the capital. The surrounding scenes had nothing new for me; but it was not thus with Beatriz, who had never before been a league from Toledo, and who saw and caught at every thing that was peculiar. The day before she had partly got over the grief of a first parting from friends and home, and when she saw any of the cocheros and arrieros whom she knew, she would salute them kindly, and halloo to them with much vivacity as they came up; but when they had passed, and she looked back upon them as they went their way to Toledo, the delighted expression forsook her countenance. Sometimes a tear burst from her eye and hung quivering from the lid, until, growing too big, it fell heavily along her cheek; sometimes she eased her grief by a sigh and a long-drawn yawn. I noticed that, at each yawn, she crossed her open mouth devoutly with her thumb; and once or twice, when Andres stood on the step, beside the carriage, talking with us, he had interrupted his discourse, to utter the invocation of, "*Jesus, Maria, Jose!*"—a call for protection which I had never before heard made, except on the occasion of a sneeze.

Now, however, every object was a novelty to Beatriz; and presently, when we came in sight of Madrid and the Manzanares, she was completely lost in admiration—asked what this was, and what that—then fell to exclaiming, “*Que de torres—que puente—quanta gente!*”

In this merry mood we entered the city, where, having taken leave of the old man, of Andres, and of Beatriz—who, from being pleased, had again become melancholy and tearful, at finding herself in a dirty inn-yard, surrounded by so many strange and noisy people—I took my sack under my arm, and covering all under the full embozo of my capa, made for the Puerta del Sol, where I presently after received the hearty greeting of my friend, the old woman, of Don Valentin, and of Florencia.

CHAPTER XIII.

KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE—JAEN AND CORDOVA.

Final Departure from Madrid.—Ocaña.—Cacaruco and his Robber Band.—The Guadiana.—Manzanares.—Val de Peñas.—Dispeñaperros.—New Populations.—Fate of their Founder, Olavide.—Carolina.—Baylen.—The Guadalquivir and Andujar.—Herds of Horses along the Road to Cordova.

ON the eleventh day of April I took my last leave of Madrid. It was with no little regret; for, with all the magnificence of a great city, and all the splendor of a brilliant court, it had something quiet, retired, and unhackneyed. My departure was the more painful, that several friends came to take leave of me at the office of the diligence. We shook hands heartily, and being summoned by the conductor, I took my lonely station in the rotunda. The cabriolet and the interior had a supply of passengers: I was all alone. "May you arrive with sound ribs!" said one; and just then the clock struck twelve. The postilion mounted on one of the fourth pair of mules which composed our team, smack went the whip of our conductor, and away we went. In a twinkling we had reached the Puerta del Sol, and as we were drawn at a gallop

through the dispersed crowd, I for a moment caught sight of the balcony of my apartment, that favorite lounging place, where I had passed so many happy moments in pleasant company, gazing upon the varied and characteristic scene below. Florencia was in her old station. She, too, was alone, and waving her handkerchief. I had scarce time to answer, before the white-washed wall of the clumsy house at the corner introduced itself between us, and snatched her from my view.

Traversing the Prado and taking into rapid review the Retiro, the Museum, the Botanic Garden, and that beautiful promenade, over which I should never again ramble, we passed under the Gate of Atocha, and halted without the portal. Our conductor, a fine stout fellow, in the prime of life, who had a military air, and had doubtless been a soldier, got down to take leave of a young woman with an infant in her arms, who had come thus far to greet with well-wishes the beginning of his journey. He kissed his wife on either cheek with great affection; then hugged the child to his bosom, and abandoning it to its mother, jumped to the box of the diligence. When we had crossed the Manzanares and were on the point of losing sight of Madrid, I thought that I had never seen it look so beautiful. Its steeples and cupolas were gleaming to the powerful sun of this elevated and cloudless

region, while the alamedas of trees leading to it had just put forth their foliage; and the neighbouring hills and plains, in winter so naked and monotonous, were now covered everywhere with young corn, forming one vast expanse of velvet verdure.

Crossing the valley of the Jarama and the Tagus, at sunset we arrived at Ocaña. I had already passed through Ocaña in coming from Valencia, and it may serve to give an idea of the imperfect state of communication in Spain, that the Valencia and Seville high roads are confounded for a distance of thirty-six miles, though those two places are situated in nearly opposite directions from Madrid. The Valencia road was probably constructed when Toledo was the capital and great manufacturing city of Spain.

We found the diligence from Seville already drawn up in the court-yard, and the passengers waiting for us to sit down to supper. Having shaken off the dust, with which we were literally whitened, we hastened to take seats beside our temporary companions. The Spaniards, from most of the provinces of Spain, are very agreeable travelling companions. This is particularly the case with the Andalusian, who always endeavours to make himself agreeable to those into whose company he is thrown, though never so transiently.

So much, it is true, may not be said of the Catalans and Valencians, who are rough and uncouth. As we, however, had none of these in our little party, we enjoyed ourselves much; and many a hearty joke went round at the expense of a good friar of the order of Mercy, who was one of our number, and who was accused of being too polite to the buxom Manchegas who served us. The good father joined in our mirth with as loud a laugh as any, and if we did not set him down as immaculate, we at least acquitted him of hypocrisy. The order of Mercy originated in those days when many Spaniards were torn from their homes, either by the chances of war, or by the incursions of Barbary corsairs, to languish in slavery. This order was then instituted, with the benevolent motive of ransoming captives; money being collected for the purpose by mendicant expeditions through the country. As our friar was going to Malaga, I took it for granted that he was bound on some benevolent errand to Algiers or Tunis; but I learned by accident, some time after in Malaga, that the bishop of that city, who had lately died, had left all he possessed to the convent of our companion, of which he himself had long been an inmate, and that the good friar in question was hurrying on to secure the prize.

Supper being finished, we found our way to the long

bedroom, furnished with a double row of mattresses on stretchers, where, as is usual in Spain, the passengers were lodged together, so as to be called up with greater ease and certainty. Now a lady and her son had their beds in the antechamber, which furnished the only passage to our room; for in this land of suspicion there is a great poverty of doors and windows. When, therefore, his mother was snug, the young man came to conduct us through; and when he had succeeded in driving us all into our pen, he double-locked the door. We were to be called up at two in the morning; so I jumped at once, boots and all, into bed. The others were more dilatory, especially the padre. Having taken a huge gold snuff-box from the bag sleeve of his outer garment, which served as a pocket, he fairly loaded his nostrils with tobacco, and then placed the box beneath his pillow. This done, he took off, one by one, his flowing robes of soiled flannel, and laid them over a chair, hanging on the corner his huge long clerical hat; until at length nothing remained of all this covering to hide the individual, but a black silk nightcap and a jacket and drawers of the same white flannel. When I beheld this portly, helpless man of God so suddenly metamorphosed into as strapping and raw-boned a sinner as ever stripped at a boxing match, I could scarce persuade myself that the friar was not still leaning over the chair at his devotions;

and that a loquacious and sinewy Biscayan of our number had not taken his place at the bedside.

We renewed our journey the next day at an early hour, and arrived by eight at Madrilejos, being escorted the whole way by four wild horsemen, armed with a singular collection of guns, pistols, and sabres. It chanced to be Holy Thursday, an occasion of great solemnity in the Catholic church. It is the custom in Spain to abstain from meat throughout the whole passion week, and the inn-keeper of Madrilejos, whose pocket would be no less benefited than his conscience by giving us meagre fare for our three pesetas, was preparing to serve us up a most catholic breakfast of eggs and codfish. But our female companion protested that her rest had been sadly disturbed the night before by the garlicky soup of Ocaña; and since it was impossible to travel without proper nourishment, she insisted on a pullet or a partridge. I put in a plea of indigestion, and when the birds were at length produced, even the padre joined in eating them, and none observed the fast in strictness, except our Biscayan, who seemed a truly conscientious and single-minded man. On our way to regain the diligence, we were surrounded by beggars, who besought alms in a suppliant tone. It would have been impossible to give to one without giving to all, and to give to all would have been poor economy; so I pushed my

way through, closing my heart to their supplications. I found, however, the door of the rotunda in possession of a poorly clad friar, with a shaven crown. He opened it for me, offering at the same time a small money box, upon which was erected a copper mage of the Crucifixion, and saying, in accents that thrilled through me, "*Señor! por la Pasion de Jesu Cristo!*" The appeal would have been irresistible at any season, much more upon Holy Thursday; so, dreading the misgivings of conscience, felt on a similar occasion by Yorick of old, I dropped him a peseta, and as we drove away he said, "Go in a good hour—God will reward you!"

Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I.—O for Don Quixote to protect us!—In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the

window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

Our four wild partisans were seen flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carbine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this, such as I had frequently before seen on canvas, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favored as to witness in reality.

Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party, who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words "*Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that ajo means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation, "To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first

attempt of the person from whom it proceeded; a youth scarce turned of twenty, and evidently a novice—a mere Gil Blas—at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated, that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visiters, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his Paters and Aves.

We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. Indeed, their chief was no other than the celebrated Polinario, long the terror of La Mancha, until he had been brought over to

guard the diligence, and had turned royalist volunteer. We could distinctly hear them cursing and abusing the robbers, and daring them to come *tantos por tantos*—man for man. As honor, however, was not the object of these sturdy cavaliers; they contented themselves with keeping the guard in check, whilst their comrades were playing their part at the diligence. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call to the conductor for his hat; after which he bade him mount upon the diligence, and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around, and see if any thing was coming—adding, with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carabine, “And take care!”—“*Y cuidado!*” The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor’s hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of making a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy chink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case

might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming-pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

"*Cuñado!*"—"Brother-in-law!" said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, "take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be any thing in them that will suit us."—"Las llaves, señores!"—"The keys, gentlemen!" "And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle." The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our *cuñado* dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appear-

ance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre; you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the worthy trunk inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilboa, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it, until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our cuñado brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-filled trunk; and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very

bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Señor Cuñado slipped it slyly into his side pocket, and, though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoke of it to his brother-in-law.

Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather-beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. It chanced that among the other contents of the trunk was a brass weight neatly done up and sealed, which our minister had procured from the Spanish Mint, and was sending with some despatches to the United States. This shone well, and had a golden look, so that our cuñado would have put it in his pocket, but I showed him that it was only brass; and when he had smelled and tasted it, and convinced himself that there was neither meat nor drink in it, he told me I might ask the captain, who graciously relinquished it to me. He also gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologize for the trouble he was giving

us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—" *Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco*"—said he—" I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No ratcatcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency *."

In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visitors, they had finished levying their contribution, and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspector was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams were generally horses. The horse now loaded with such a singular burden was a spirited animal, and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them, thus

* A ratcatcher means one who does not follow the profession habitually, but only makes it a subsidiary pursuit. Thus, a contrabandista who has been plundered and dismounted by an aduanero, and who requites himself on some unhappy traveller, and a carbonero, who leaves his charcoal heap to put himself in ambush at the road-side, are both *vateros*.

roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose, had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed, the postilion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them he was a ruined man: he begged him, at least, to leave him the poorer of the two. After a short parley, the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved towards a ravine which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings in which it had been packed driven in every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the butt of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts, and there waistcoats—and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; everywhere, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive lamentations. I tried to console myself, as I locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down—how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it; but this was poor consolation. My little port-

manteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk, and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have touched the ground on either side, had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk; and as I still stood with one foot on my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers, and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that at a moment too when the robbers, having crossed a slight elevation, were descending into the hollow beyond. The apropos seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers bobbed up and down, and just blew the last note as they sank below the horizon.

By this time a number of galeras, and carts, and muleteers, whose progress had been arrested on either side of the road, got once more in motion, and when they had come up with the diligence

halted around it to learn the particulars of what they had only seen at a distance and in pantomime. The sufferers were willing enough to let out their sorrow in words; and our pains-taking Biscayan, who had very exactly ascertained the amount of his loss, told over the missing articles with a faltering voice and a countenance so sorrowful, that to have heard him and to have seen him must have drawn pity even from the stern Cacaruco. "A new brown cloak that cost me thirty hard dollars only a week ago in Bilboa; six shirts—two most beautiful, with sleeve and breast ruffles; and a long list of trousers, drawers, and socks!"—"Calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines!" At first I almost forgot my own losses in the misery of the disconsolate Biscayan, who, in sooth, had been more unfortunate than the rest of us, having lost his cloak, that indispensable appendage of a Spaniard; but at every place where we either ate or changed horses, until our arrival at Cordova, he would ring over the changes of his *capa parda*, *calzones*, *calzoncillos y calcitines*, until at length I only regretted that Cacaruco had not carried off the owner.

Having received the consoling commiserations of the many passing travellers who had witnessed our misfortune, we once more set forward with our curtailed team and lightened burden. The escort, who had returned to take their station at the side

of the diligence, and with whose conduct we could not reasonably quarrel, now commenced railing terribly at the authorities of the villages, who, they said, were openly protecting the robbers, and persecuting them. As a reason for this singular conduct, they told us, that the *alcaldes* and *ayuntamientos*, a kind of a mayor and aldermen appointed from the inhabitants by the king, were bribed by the innkeepers and wagoners, who had conspired against the diligence, and had even vowed to burn it. The motive of this hatred to the devoted diligence is, that formerly travellers loitered slowly through the country, leaving a little of their money at every *venta*, whereas now they are whirled along without stopping, except at distant intervals.

Shortly after renewing our journey, we came to an extensive morass, which we traversed by a long causeway. This is the river Guadiana, which has here disappeared as a stream, and hidden its lazy waters under ground. This morass, in which the waters of the Guadiana are lost, has an extent of nearly thirty miles from the first disappearance of the stream. As it is exceedingly rich in pasture, Antillon tells us, that the *Manchegos* are wont to boast that their river has a bridge which furnishes nourishment to many thousand heads of cattle. It was perhaps in allusion to this disappearance of the Guadiana, too, that a Spaniard, being a pri-

soner in Africa, and boasting, as people who go abroad are apt to do, of his native land, took occasion to say, that his king was the mightiest in the world, and that among other great and wonderful things contained in his dominions was a bridge seven leagues long and a league wide*. This singular phenomenon was no stranger to the ancients. Pliny, who came as procurator to Spain, speaks of it in his Natural History. "The Ana," says he, "sometimes confounds its waters with some lakes; sometimes passes through mountains, which appear to absorb it; sometimes hides itself in the earth; and after disappearing often, for its own pleasure, at length empties into the Atlantic." It would seem that the inquisitive of more modern times have not been inattentive to the subject; for Cervantes, who ridiculed every thing that was ridiculous, makes his hero discover the true secret of the weeping Guadiana. It was in this very neighbourhood that Don Quixote descended into the cave of Montesinos. Thus we met with that valiant knight just before and just after our disaster, and only missed him at the moment that we needed his assistance.

On our arrival at Manzanares, the whole town came forth to hear the story of our disaster. Among

* Peyron.

the troops of children who gathered round to look at the smoking mules, and to gaze at and envy the strange people, who were going so swiftly to the happy land they had heard of beyond the Sierra Morena, we were shown the daughter of the man who robbed us, the identical Cacaruco. She was an interesting girl of seven or eight, very neatly dressed, with a gold cross and rosary. The poor little thing, on seeing herself the object of general attention, shrunk behind the door of the stable-yard, and kept out of sight, until we had passed on. We here learned that Felipe Cano had commenced his career of honor as a *guerilla* soldier in the war of independence. By his superior courage and conduct, he rose to command among these wild warriors; and when Ferdinand came back from his French visit, he made him a captain. When the Constitution was restored, in 1820, Cano entered into it with ardor, and of course became a freemason. It occurred to me that had I been a brother, I should certainly have saved my effects; and I secretly determined to avail myself of the first occasion to get the brand of the hot iron. In his new political career, our hero, leaving behind the duller spirits of his time, managed to make himself very obnoxious to the opposite party; for on the return of the king from Cadiz, he was sent to Ceuta for his excesses, to pass the remainder

of his life in the Presidios. The Presidios are remote fortresses, where criminals are confined and kept at hard labor, a punishment which has been substituted for the galleys. As is not unfrequent with Spanish prisoners, Felipe Cano contrived to escape from his ball and chain, and returned once more to Manzanares, and the poetic but shadeless plains of La Mancha. Finding no easier means of gaining a livelihood, he collected a band of worthies, not less conscientious than himself; and commenced levying contributions under the nickname of Cacaruco, which has become the terror of the whole country. He does not appear publicly at Manzanares; but comes and goes in the night, passing much of his time with his family, who are living comfortably without any visible means of support. Nay, we were told that it was more than likely he would return to sleep at home that very night. His worthy brother-in-law, the trunk inspector, is another robber quite famous in La Mancha under the name of *El Cochimero*, the pig-driver, probably from having once been of that profession*.

* As the reader may feel some interest in the history of Cacaruco and his followers, the following information, contained in a letter from a friend, may not be unacceptable.

“So you were stopped on your way to Andalusia, and made to pay toll to the knights of the highway. By the way, the robbers must have had a particular respect for you with your two watches. You must have been as great a personage

Leaving Manzanares, we arrived at Val-de-Peñas towards dark. It was Holy Thursday, and the entire population had formed in procession along the principal streets. We did not join it, but contented ourselves with kneeling in the balconies of the posada, and crossing ourselves as the host went by. We were well paid for this act of penance by passing in review a whole army of handsome Manchegas. The women of this province are said to be lively, animated, and full of fascination, great singers of seguidillas, and dancers of the fandango. Of course we saw nothing of this on Holy Thursday; but the well-modulated harmony of their voices told that there was much music in them—and the elasticity and precision of their step, and the vivacity with which they fluttered their fans and adjusted their mantillas, making the action an excuse for turning their faces towards us, and darting upon us their full and flashing eyes, gave sufficient assurance that they would appear well in the fandango. The females were dressed as

in their eyes, as that renowned chieftain, Two-guns, was among the Indians. I hope you told them you had bought one for their express accommodation. L— has been more fortunate: he escaped unharmed, which now-a-days is somewhat extraordinary. But perhaps you have not heard that the leader of the gang who robbed you has been shot by soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and that his band is broken up."

usual in black—mantle, gown, and stockings, all were of the same solemn color. The men wore blue stockings, with breeches and jackets of brown, and montera caps of the same, or of black velvet. The ample *capa parda* hung loosely from their shoulders, or was thrown into a variety of graceful folds.

Val de Peñas is famous for the delightful wine of the Burgundy kind, which grows in its neighbourhood. There is, perhaps, no pleasanter table wine than this; for it adds the strength of port to the rich and pleasant flavor of the original stock; and yet is so plentiful, and so cheap, that you may buy a bottle of a very tolerable quality for two or three halfpence. This is quite a fortunate circumstance; for the water in La Mancha is generally very bad, and here is hardly potable. The people of La Mancha drink freely of their generous wines from necessity, as is done in other parts of the country from choice, and yet there is no intoxication. Indeed, drunkenness is so rare in Spain, that it may be said to be unknown. The French are deservedly praised for their temperance; but this praise, both as it respects eating and drinking, is due in a far greater degree to the Spaniards. During nearly a year that I remained in Spain, I do not remember to have seen one single man reeling drunk. The Val-de-Peñas wine, though so