



La presente colección bibliográfica digital está sujeta a la legislación española sobre propiedad intelectual.

De acuerdo con lo establecido en la legislación vigente su utilización será exclusivamente con fines de estudio e investigación científica; en consecuencia, no podrán ser objeto de utilización colectiva ni lucrativa ni ser depositadas en centros públicos que las destinen a otros fines.

En las citas o referencias a los fondos incluidos en la investigación deberá mencionarse que los mismos proceden de la Biblioteca del Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife y, además, hacer mención expresa del enlace permanente en Internet.

El investigador que utilice los citados fondos está obligado a hacer donación de un ejemplar a la Biblioteca del Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife del estudio o trabajo de investigación realizado.

This bibliographic digital collection is subject to Spanish intellectual property Law. In accordance with current legislation, its use is solely for purposes of study and scientific research. Collective use, profit, and deposit of the materials in public centers intended for non-academic or study purposes is expressly prohibited.

Excerpts and references should be cited as being from the Library of the Patronato of the Alhambra and Generalife, and a stable URL should be included in the citation.

We kindly request that a copy of any publications resulting from said research be donated to the Library of the Patronato of the Alhambra and Generalife for the use of future students and researchers.

***Biblioteca del Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife
C / Real de la Alhambra S/N . Edificio Nuevos Museos
18009 GRANADA (ESPAÑA)***

+ 34 958 02 79 45

biblioteca.pag@juntadeandalucia.es

JENNINGS'
LANDSCAPE
ANNUAL.

BISCAI ETC.

1857.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

A-1
3
8

**BIBLIOTECA DE
LA ALHAMBRA**

Est. A-1

Tabl. 3

N.º 8



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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



Drawn by David Roberts.

Engraved by J.B. Allen.

HIGH ALTAR, CHURCH OF SAN ISIDRO, MADRID.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALMUNDA

Printed by A. Lloyd

London, Published Oct. 28, 1836, by Robert Jennings & Co. St. Cleopaid.

R5.400

THE
TOURIST IN SPAIN,

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

BISCAY AND THE CASTILES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

DAVID ROBERTS.

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



Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life :
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !

CHILDE HAROLD.

LONDON :
ROBERT JENNINGS AND CO., 62, CHEAPSIDE.

1837.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

LONDON :
PRINTED BY MAURICE, CLARK, AND CO.
FENCHURCH STREET.

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

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM BAYONNE TO VITORIA.

	PAGE
Bayonne—a Carlist Volunteer—Politics of the Middle Ages	
—a Russian Liberal—Spanish Diligences—Theatre—	
Scott's "White Lady"—Search after the Picturesque—	
Church of the Holy Ghost—Cathedral—Parting with the	
Carlist—the Muleteer—St. Jean de Luz—View of Fontarabia—	
Departure from Bayonne—Ancient Fountain—Scenery—	
Costume—the Frontier—the Lazaretto—Scenery on the	
Bidassoa—Détenus—Sketches of Character—Departure—	
Irun—Hernani—Beautiful Valley of the Ormaiztegui—	
Picturesque Scene—Tolosa—Overtake a number of Carlist	
Prisoners—an Old Friend—Escape of the Prisoners—	
Arrival at Vitoria	1

CHAPTER II.

VITORIA.

The Parador Viejo—Inmates of the Kitchen—a Student of	
Salamanca—the Chimney Corner—the Great Square—	
Market Day—King Joseph—Battle of Vitoria—Valour of	
the Spaniards—Antiquarian Disquisition on Gaels, Biscayans,	
&c.—Spanish Contentment not founded in Humility—	
English and Foreign Politeness—the Public Promenade—	
View from the Florida—Exploit of Zumalacarregui	31

CHAPTER III.

FROM VITORIA TO BURGOS.

	PAGE
Valley of the Zadorra—Orchards of Alava—Adventure among the Basques—Christino Cavalry—Town of Puebla—Miranda del Ebro—General absence of Trees—Scarcity of the Picturesque—Vermin—Duke of Wellington—Rocks of Pancorvo—Grandeur of the Scene—Traverse the Pass—Beautiful Islet—English study of Topography—Rich and Picturesque Valley—Pride of the Castilians—Briviesca—Rudeness of Innkeepers—Feathering of Women—Anecdotes—Curate Merino—Lakes of Briviesca—Mountain Pass—Exploit of the Carlists—Arrival at Burgos	45

CHAPTER IV.

BURGOS.

Ancient Glory of Spain—Government—Birth-place of the Cid—Rivalry of Burgos and Toledo—the Cathedral—Young Spanish Artist—Beautiful Façade—Poetry of Architecture—View in the Interior—Style and Effect of the Sculpture—Pictures and Relics—Chest and Legend of the Cid—Comparison of the Cathedral with York Minster—View from the great central Tower—Scarcity of Timber—Convent of Miraflores—Carmelite Convent—San Pedro—Tomb of the Cid—Beauty of Spanish Women—Costume	64
--	----

CHAPTER V.

FROM BURGOS TO VALLADOLID AND SEGOVIA.

Quit Burgos—Valley of the Arlanzon—Storks' Nests—Torquemada—Naked Plain—the Pisuerga—Poverty of the Inhabitants—Worship of Despotism—Vineyards of Dueñas—Wines of Cabezon—Gil Blas—Valladolid—Cookery—Romantic Reminiscences—the Giant—Promenades and Churches—Drilling Conscripts—Desertion—Departure—Simancas—Hornillos—Valley of the Eresma—Olmedo—Cow's Tail—Approach to Segovia—Arrival	87
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

SEGOVIA.

	PAGE
Antiquities of Segovia—Hercules—Form of the City—the Eresma and the Clamores—the Roman Aqueduct—Scenery about Segovia—Urban Groupes—Romans and Spaniards—A Digression on Morals—Anecdote—Defence of auricular Confession—the Alcazar—the Prisoner in Gil Blas—Effigies of Kings—Musulman Prisoners—the Mint—Merino Sheep—Effect of Climate on Wool—Migratory Flocks—Shawl Goats—Wandering Shepherds—the Mesta—Origin and Regulations—Pastoral Life—Real and Poetical—Bucolics of Spain.....	103

CHAPTER VII.

ST. ILDEFONSO AND THE ESCURIAL.

Apology for Digressions—Diego's Mules—Monks of Burgos—Barren Plains—Change in the Landscape—Approach the Mountains—Palace of St. Ildefonso—Tomb of Philip—Variable Climate—the Escorial—the Pantheon—the Gardens—Works of Art—Funeral Procession—Treasures of Learning—Portraits—the Tabernacle—Road to Madrid—Silent Palinodia.....	137
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

ROUTE AND ENTRANCE TO MADRID.

A pleasant Prospect—Diego's good Humour—View of Madrid—Character of the Scene—National Groupes—Philosophy of Travel—Political Strictures—Gravities and Gaieties—Our solemn Procession—Gate of Fuencarral—Street of San Bernardo—Custom-house Officers—Varieties—National Characteristics—Ranks—Causes of suffering and degradation of the People—Exterior View of the Royal Palace—Unexpected Meeting—German Dialogue—an Adventure—the German's Tale—Visit to the Prado—the Royal Palace—Botanic Garden—Museum, &c.	184
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

MADRID.

	PAGE
Impressions of Travel—Madrid—Strictures on Sight-seeing —Bores—Anecdote—German Bonhomie—Walks— Sketches—Dialogues—the Bull-ring—the Grand Opera— the Play—Don Quixote—Music—Moorish Airs—Histo- rians—Instrumental Provincial Music—the Carnival— Grand Procession—Church of San Isidro—High Mass— Catholic Influences—Balls—Masquerades—Sports on the River, &c.	224

CHAPTER X.

TOLEDO.

Happy Release—Unhappy Anticipations—German Disqui- sitions on Art—Bleak Prospect—Adjournment to the Posada—Conventual Memorials—Picture of Toledo— Hudibras—Enchanted Castle—Spanish Traits—Vicissi- tudes—History—Archbishop—Gil Blas—Antiquities—the Castle—Orders of Architecture—Hospital of St. John— Archiepiscopal Palace—Ancient Cathedral—Chapel of Muzaraba—Rivers—Palmyra—Inns—an Asturian and his Daughter	267
--	-----

LIST OF PLATES,

ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

	PAGE
FONTARABIA, FROM ST. JEAN DE LUZ	10
VIEW ON THE BIDASSOA, LOOKING TOWARDS IRUN	17
GREAT SQUARE AT VITORIA	34
MIRANDA DEL EBRO	50
PASS OF PANCORVO	53
ENTRANCE TO THE CITY OF BURGOS	62
RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF THE CARMELITES, BURGOS	77
WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL, BURGOS	81
STAIRCASE IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT, BURGOS	82
TOWER OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE, BURGOS	84
CITY OF SEGOVIA	102
GREAT ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA	106
THE ALCAZAR, SEGOVIA	111
THE ESCURIAL	136
ENTRANCE TO MADRID BY THE GATE OF FUENCARRAL	180
STREET OF SAN BERNARDO, MADRID	189
STREET OF ALCALA	208
THE ROYAL PALACE	214
THE HIGH ALTAR, CHURCH OF SAN ISIDRO	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
FOUNTAIN ON THE PRADO, MADRID	<i>Vignette.</i>
VIEW OF TOLEDO	267

THE
TOURIST IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

FROM BAYONNE TO VITORIA.

Bayonne—a Carlist Volunteer—Politics of the Middle Ages—a Russian Liberal—Spanish Diligences—Theatre—Scott's "White Lady"—Search after the Picturesque—Church of the Holy Ghost—Cathedral—Parting with the Carlist—the Muleteer—St. Jean de Luz—View of Fontarabia—Departure from Bayonne—Ancient Fountain—Scenery—Costume—the Frontier—the Lazaretto—Scenery on the Bidassoa—Détenus—Sketches of Character—Departure—Irun—Hernani—Beautiful Valley of the Oria—Picturesque Scene—Tolosa—Overtake a number of Carlist Prisoners—an Old Friend—Escape of the Prisoners—Arrival at Vitoria.

NOTHING could surpass the beauty of the weather, the clear mellow days, the delicious air, and the refulgent nights of the autumn of 1835. It was perfectly inviting to push at once across the Pyrenean boundaries, and reach that land of a yet brighter south; but as, on quitting Bayonne, we were to take leave of a peaceful country to journey through one in which civil war—generally the most uncivil of all wars—was raging in its worst forms, it was not un-

natural that we should wish to enjoy a few quiet days before passing the frontier. Of our companions in the diligence from Bourdeaux, there was one—an Englishman by the way—who appeared to be very doubtful whether or not he should be able to pass the Bidassoa. He was an enthusiastic legitimatist, and, imagining he saw in me something more than indifference towards both parties, confessed, in confidence, that he was desirous of gathering his first laurels in the service of Don Carlos. Had I been returning out of Spain, I might have considered myself authorized, by my experience, to endeavour, however uselessly, to dissuade him; but as I could pretend to know no more than himself about the real state of things, it would have been absurd to interfere with his purpose, farther than by showing, that if Don Carlos really possessed, as he had been taught to believe, the affections of nine-tenths of the Spanish nation, it would be somewhat Quixotic in a foreign adventurer, to throw himself with his maiden sword into the already overloaded scale. It was precisely the Quixotism of the thing, however, that principally recommended it to his imagination; observing which, I ceased to disturb him with arguments, particularly as he appeared pensive, though resolved, and had probably been driven into this step by circumstances into which no stranger had any right to inquire.

He had come thus far under protection of a passport, and, for form's sake, went along with me to have it examined by the Spanish consul. But we were

here to take leave of each other, though bound towards the same point; as, while I pursued my way along the king's high road, the warm partisan of the Don, and whatever, in short, emanates from the institutions of the Middle Ages, would be compelled to turn aside and associate with *contrabandistas*, the enemies in ordinary times of all authority, whether regal or democratic. Strange to say, however, we had contracted a sort of intimacy and liking for each other, without any reference to political views or opinions, and, more than all, as regarded age,—the down of manhood having scarcely budded on his chin. His heart nature had furnished with noble feelings; but he might have picked up his ideas from novels, where it is common to find power clothed by imaginative rhapsodists with a sort of stage glitter, captivating to the young and ignorant. We thought differently, therefore, but felt alike. The interests of mankind we both desired to see consulted; only he imagined them inseparably bound up with supreme authority both in matters of state and religion, while I took a more calm and philosophical view of the subject.

On the morning after our arrival, we strolled round the environs of Bayonne with Mr. Barton, an English merchant resident at Bilboa, now returning homeward, and a Russian, whose name I would write if I could. My Carlist friend expected to find in the Muscovite—who spoke very bad French, and worse Spanish—a congenial spirit, and in this persuasion almost betrayed himself; but was confounded to discover that, not having the prospect of Siberia before his

eyes, he spoke like a partisan of the movement party, an admirer of municipal institutions, which, he was persuaded, must be the best form of government for merchants, as well as for others. But detesting all politics which, particularly here on the dusty promenade, are excessively heating and annoying, we went into a cabaret, where we got some very excellent sweet wine, and better cakes than I had ever before met with in France.

From Mr. Barton, who had been often at Madrid, I learned, that during the first part of our journey we must proceed with mules, or in a mule-drawn vehicle, hired expressly for ourselves; but that, at Burgos, we should find a diligence for Valladolid every Sunday and Wednesday, which performed the journey, a distance of ninety miles, in one day. He would, however, notwithstanding the state of the country, rather recommend travelling by a conveyance of our own, by which means only we could hope to form any tolerably correct opinion either of the country or the people. This was also the opinion of a friend in England, who had himself made the tour of Spain; and, as will be seen in the sequel, we acted upon their joint advice.

In the evening,—my travelling companion being otherwise engaged,—I accompanied the youthful Carlist to the theatre, where we derived considerable amusement from the opera of "La Dame Blanche," taken from Scott, though the imitation of Scottish costume, like the rest, was sufficiently extravagant. At the close of the evening, when the play for the following night had been announced, there was a

general call for the Marseilloise hymn, which, after some little delay, caused partly by want of singers, was complied with by the managers. In fact, the audience were vehement and imperative in their demand, and an *émeute*, on a small scale, might have been the consequence of a refusal. It was executed by the whole strength of the company, one of whom appeared with a tri-coloured flag on the stage; and the whole theatre, except the Carlist and myself,—for I hate all sorts of military music,—joined enthusiastically in the chorus.

Most travellers, by the time they reach Bayonne, are tired of France, and impatient to be in Spain; for which reason this town is too commonly neglected. It would probably also have been the case with us, had circumstances permitted of our pushing on at once; but, being involuntarily detained, we employed the leisure thus created in seeking out the picturesque, which generally lurks, like unassuming characters, in quiet and out-of-the-way places. Nor were we by any means unsuccessful in our pilgrimage, though dire was the number of dirty lanes and alleys, both within and without the walls, which we threaded in search of it. In spite of the spirit of improvement, numbers of antique houses, not at all dilapidated, are still found here, and each of these would form an interesting study for the pencil.

In the suburbs we found an old church, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which, poor as need be in the interior, presents at the eastern exterior several very striking features. Close adjoining is the gable end

of another church, with a fine Saxon doorway, now stopped up and converted into a small shop, where a pretty grisette deals forth tapes and laces to the belles—if there be any—of Bayonne. Not far behind we were shown a much larger building, formerly a convent, but now occupied as a private dwelling, and kept in very good repair. It appears, moreover, to have suffered little from the Revolution,—whose shoulders are thought broad enough to bear the sins of ages,—or, indeed, from any other cause; so that we advise those who love to be pathetic over ruins to pass it by entirely, as there is absolutely nothing to lament over. The dormitories now afford shelter to a number of industrious and, we hope, honest men, which, for aught we know, might be predicated as well of their predecessors; the cloisters remain as formerly, and the square in the centre is at present a garden.

But what more particularly commanded our admiration, was the chapel, which is still in a state of high preservation and extremely beautiful. It was originally lighted up, on one side, by six painted windows of exquisite workmanship; but the mullions have been mostly destroyed, and the windows themselves are blocked up. The ceiling is of wood, richly painted, with groins springing from corbels between the windows. At the western end, over the principal entrance, is a gallery still entire; and here also is a door communicating with the cloisters.

The cathedral is situated in the old town,—though it be somewhat hard to say which part of the town is

the more ancient,—and is fallen very much to decay. Like many other sacred edifices, it suffered considerably during the paroxysm accompanying the dissolution of despotism. The western entrance, for example, together with the porch looking towards the north, have been totally defaced; which is the case, also, with the statues, canopies, tabernacle-work, &c., though the place they once occupied can still be traced. Judging, however, from what remains,—particularly a doorway in the south cloister,—all these decorations must have been extremely gorgeous.

The church itself is oblong without transepts, and, towards the south, has a cloister which presents a far more antique appearance than the rest of the building. Marks every where appear of hostile hands. The arched screen surrounding the cloisters, and separating them from the square plot of ground in the centre, has been greatly defaced, and the mullions, in most cases, have been torn away. Part of the building seems to be desecrated, and used as workshops; but the large crucifix, with the image of Christ nailed to it, still retains its original position in the midst of secular objects. This church must once have been exceedingly rich in stained glass. The inhabitants attribute the erection of it to the English, as they generally do that of the finest churches in the north of France; but, however this may be, the windows are highly beautiful, particularly those running round the upper part; the lower ones, no doubt the finest, have been destroyed. The interior is singularly light and elegant, more especially the

open gallery which extends round the upper part. By far the greater portion of the exterior, at least near the ground, is masked by paltry shops, which look like so many wasps' nests stuck against it; and though painters, ignorant of what is truly beautiful, affect to admire this grotesque assemblage of incoherent parts, it must always appear unsightly to the philosophical observer.

Our stay at Bayonne was somewhat prolonged, and, although the accommodations and the champagne of the Lion d'Or were not amiss, I, at least, was heartily glad when the day of starting arrived. My Carlist friend, who had found a smuggler ready, for a consideration, to smuggle him over the frontier, left three days before us, late in the evening, in the midst of heavy rain; and when we parted, not without some misgivings of the heart on both sides, it seemed to be with a mutual conviction that we should never meet again. He no doubt expected I should get shot, some fine morning, by the legitimatists; and, it must be confessed, I was not altogether without suspicion that the Christinos would terminate his career with a screw and collar. With these comfortable mutual reflections we took our leave of each other, but, as I shall presently relate, were again within a very few days brought together under extremely different circumstances.

The muleteer, who had undertaken to conduct us as far as Vitoria, and was afterwards tempted to prolong his engagement through both the Castiles, was a fellow whose exterior bore no great promise of agree-

ableness or fidelity. He was stout, square, thickset in make, and his costume partook of that of the smuggler of the Pyrenees, and of the common Basque mule-driver: a coarse short jacket, black velveteen trousers, kept in their place by a broad red sash, sandals, a thick warm night-cap, stuffed, along with his head, into an ample flapped hat, and a capacious brown cloak, which seemed to have seen its best days. Diego—the only name we ever knew him by—had received from nature, or acquired by associating with fashionable muleteers, a downright roguish look; and the long spur on his heel, though designed for the mule's flanks, seemed rather intended to catch at shawls or fine linen, in riding through narrow lanes, and transfer them to a new owner. But he could not help his face; and if fortune meant him to be a rogue, it was the more to his credit that he knew how to overcome his evil genius.

One very fine day, during our sojourn at Bayonne, we strolled along the high road to St. Jean de Luz, the last French town of any consequence in approaching Spain. *Luz*, in the Basque language, signifies "mud;" and, from the ample supply of dust now every where to be met with, I make no doubt that, when it rains, the Saint's boots, if he ever walks abroad, bear an undoubted testimony to the propriety of the name. Being pedestrians *acharnés*, as our guide's compliments assured us, we greatly enjoyed the walk, as well as the cognac and cigars with which, at his suggestion, we fortified ourselves by the way. The sun, however, was somewhat powerful,

and we could read in each other's mahogany faces that we should very shortly want nothing but a pair of thick lips, and a respectable fell of woolly hair, to pass for people from the Gold Coast.

Our walk, three long leagues, performed before breakfast, called the gastric juices into such active operation, that, on entering the suburbs, we felt a disposition to devour the steeple of San Juan, just then heaving in sight. We had serious apprehensions of not finding sufficient provisions in the town to pacify our voracious appetites; but when four new-laid eggs, a quantity of bacon,—there was no ham to be found,—several *pains à café*, and I blush to enumerate how much more, had convinced us of the contrary, we sallied forth in an excellent humour to enjoy the picturesque.

Travellers have always remarked that at St. Jean de Luz one feels already out of France without being exactly in Spain. The Basquinos, indeed,—supposed descendants of the ancient Cantabrians,—are neither Gauls nor Iberians; and their language, unintelligible to both, has in it all the flavour of antiquity, without being cultivated or possessing a literature. In the character and appearance of the people there is something very peculiar. The men are clean-limbed and robust, the women light and graceful; and their costume is admirably adapted to exhibit the beauties of their form.

The town is situated in a most admirable position. At some distance below, the Ninette, having first swelled into a double bay capable of admitting vessels



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de ... Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE ...



Engraved by A. Adams del Rey

Después de ...

FONTEBARRIA.

Impreso y publicado en ...

... ..

of considerable size, falls into the sea. Lines of pretty picturesque buildings run along the shore, here protected by hills of no great height, which gently rearing their green slopes and woody summits, afford a fine contrast with the blue expanse of the ocean. Looking Spain-ward, the eye travels over a country richly cultivated, and rests on the promontory of Fontarabia, a name embalmed in everlasting fragrance in the memories of Englishmen, (we leave Ariosto to his Italians), from being found in that poem which forms the highest culminating point of modern literature. Who, in fact, does not, at the bare mention of this little town, find a glorious pageant involuntarily sweep over his imagination? Who does not recal that sublime recapitulation of the armies, that amused his boyhood with their exploits, from those

“ That fought at Thebes and Ilium,”

down to

“ What resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jostled in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebizond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarbia?”

This town, whose Spanish name is Fuente Rabia, from the Latin *Fons Rapidus*, was formerly called Ocaso. It is surrounded by strong fortifications, and considered one of the keys of Spain, which has known better how to preserve it than that other key at the

pillars of Hercules. It occupies the point of a small tongue of land projecting into the sea, on the left bank of the Bidassoa, and enjoys the rank of a city, but notwithstanding its strength and importance, is somewhat diminutive. Nothing, however, can be finer than its situation, rising in terraces upon the amphitheatrical slope of a hill facing the sea, and backed by the lofty and picturesque sierras of Jasquevel, clothed with forest, and not unfrequently a resting-place for heavy and gloomy clouds. Now, however, the whole landscape absolutely sparkled in the morning sun,—the sea calm and blue,—the mountains also clothed with cerulean tints,—the valley of the Bidassoa escaping inward, and partly concealing its loveliness from the eye; and best of all we approached not too closely to examine the elements of the picture, and risk the dissipating of the whole charm of the view. Having to dine at five at the *table d'hôte*, our eyes only for the present passed the border; and we returned to Bayonne to find ourselves, and all other *non-militaires*, thrust into a small insignificant room,—the large *salle à manger* had been appropriated to the officers of the garrison, who, having been presented with a set of colours, had that day determined to dine in state.

To observe how they managed these things at Bayonne, we took a peep at them. The table was handsomely laid out. The *property dishes*, as they would be termed on the stage, were decorated with the tri-coloured flag; and the band, stationed in a small ante-room, played several lively and agreeable

airs. Further than this, our hunger would not permit us to explore the regulations of the *Mounseers*, for our own soup was soon *servie*, and we hastened to do honour to it.

We quitted Bayonne at break of day, and having got clear of its fortifications, which always appears like escaping from a prison, found ourselves, as the light grew stronger, advancing rapidly into the open country, with the Pyrenees, rising like a ridge of dark clouds, lying between us and Spain. Not far from the gates is a fountain, or rather well, of very picturesque appearance, and situated, notwithstanding its proximity to the road, in a very romantic and, apparently, little frequented spot. It had previously attracted our attention, and from the old woman who is its guardian, we learned the legend which tradition has attached to it. Formerly, there lived a bishop,—a very pious and charitable man, who being too good for the times in which he flourished, was, for I know not what cause, murdered near this spot. Whether the perpetrators of the deed were apprehended by the old gens d'armes, and punished as they deserved, the story recordeth not, as it had no connexion with the miracle; but as they were removing the corpse to a place a little higher up, it bled anew, and some of the holy fluid falling on the earth, a beautiful spring of water gushed forth, and has continued flowing ever since. The doorway, by which it was formerly entered, is now blocked up, and the water is obtained by the aid of a pump. We could not, therefore, examine the interior; but, upon the whole,—the cross upon the

summit excepted,—it may be said to resemble St. Margaret's well in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, though of larger dimensions. In a tablet over the doorway is an illegible Latin inscription; and near the bottom lies a statue so extremely mutilated, that it would be difficult to say whether it was meant to represent our friend the bishop, or the Virgin.

The country round, as far every way as the eye could reach, is barren and covered with heath, interspersed with small forests of pine and cork trees. On the right lies the sea, now beginning to look blue and interesting, as the light fell in warmer profusion on the scene. It being market-day, great numbers of peasants from the country were making the best of their way towards the town, some mounted on asses, which appeared to have made their wills; others on spirited little nags, that looked down, like patricians, on the ass-riders and foot-walkers. The women, it may, *en passant*, be remarked, make in this part of the world the most of their legs, riding astride like their sturdier helpmates, and showing very gay garters, sometimes above sometimes below the knee. The costume of the drinking and swearing sex—though the distinction is hardly kept up—resembles nothing seen elsewhere in France, consisting of a bonnet, precisely that of the Lowland Scotch, a great coat, fashioned like a herald's tabard, with one piece hanging before, another behind, and a third extending over and protecting the arms. It is easily put on or off. Their hair is worn long, and spreading over the shoulders. All go buttoned up in jackets and trousers, in colour

principally brown or blue; and held up, like those of Diego, by a red sash twisted like that of a Turk round the waist. In the warm part of the day the jacket enjoys quite a sinecure, being taken off and thrown jauntily over one shoulder, the sleeves meeting under the opposite arm, and being tied in a knot on the breast. A pair of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, completes their visible equipment; we never presumed to inquire about their shirts, and stockings are a luxury which seem to be universally voted useless. Nearly all the women wear, as at Bourdeaux, handkerchiefs, red, blue, or yellow, neatly twisted about the head. Stays are rarely worn, even by the wealthier classes. Their principal garment is a short gown, like what is common in many parts of Scotland,—with a slit on either side through which appears their delicately white linen. Their petticoat is generally of a flaming red colour, though it is sometimes blue; and a red handkerchief over the bosom, a smart pair of wooden shoes, and a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers, complete the paraphernalia of a Bayonne belle.

As we proceeded, the aspect of the country improved rapidly, assuming at every step a more variegated appearance; the fields, now somewhat browned by the sun, divided—as in England—by quickset hedges, and undulating with a perceptibly upward slope to the craggy ridges of the Pyrenees. In winter, or bad weather, this road would doubtless be exceedingly bleak and uninviting; but the sun, not long risen, was now shining brilliantly upon every thing, and clothing the whole landscape with beauty. The most inveterate

grumbler would therefore have found little to complain of. We discovered no ground of uneasiness, nothing to abuse, nothing to apprehend, at least on the hither side of the border; and about what we were to encounter beyond it, we very sagely judged it would be as well to form no useless conjectures.

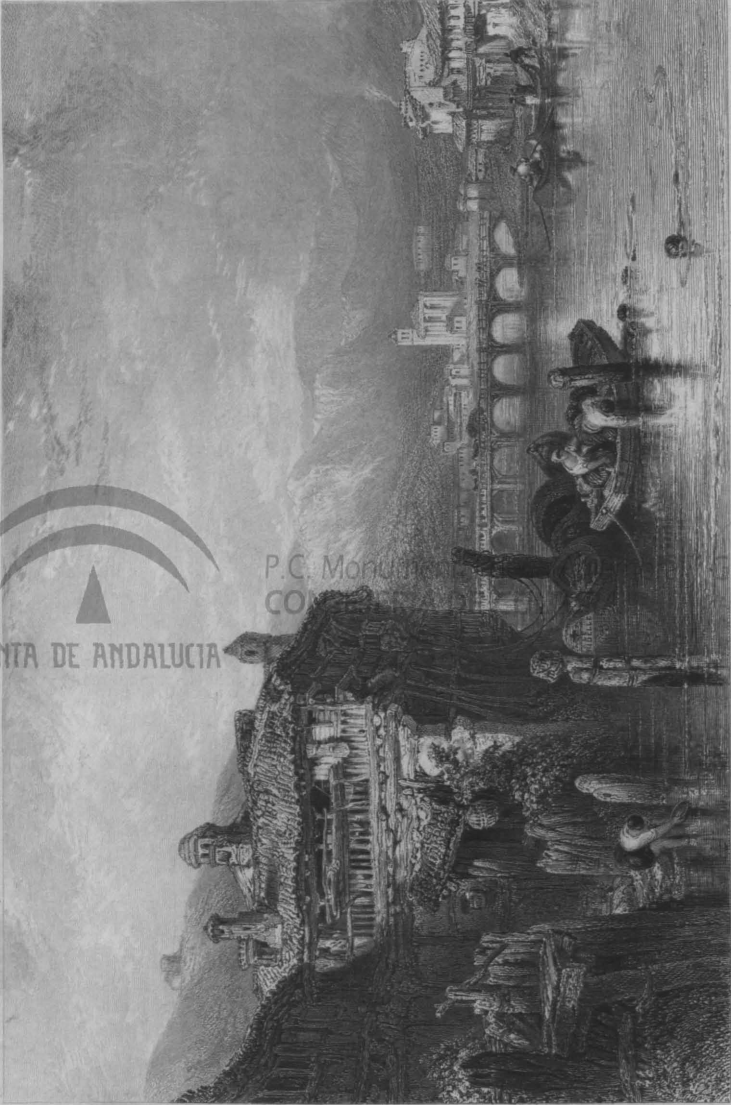
The country, like an April day, put on various appearances in the course of our seven hours' ride. Sometimes we pronounced it beautiful, and spoke highly of the industry which had been employed in calling forth its resources; but, in a short time, it was necessary to call in the aid of different language. Barrenness, at length, as we drew nearer and nearer to the Pyrenees, became the predominant characteristic. Trees of a stunted growth,—*rabougris*, as the peasants express it,—seemed to have a hard task of it to coax any nourishment out of the ungrateful soil; and, as man cannot live—at least none but a poet or an artist—out of the picturesque, the appearance of human dwellings was rare. From time to time we met or overtook a knot of peasants, rarely less than three, transporting charcoal or brushwood towards some distant hamlet in rough, unwieldy carts, of very primitive form and construction. The wheels are of solid plank, and the whole is said to be made entirely without iron. They are invariably drawn by cows or oxen, which are attached, not by the neck, as with us, but by the horns.

As we approached the frontier, the face of the country grew more than ever dreary, until we entered the pleasing valley in which the town of Anoa, the

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monument
CO

Generaline



Engraved by J. Cason

Drawn by David Roberts

IRUN, FROM THE BIDASOA.

London, Published Oct. 28, 1836, by Robert Jennings & Co 67, Cheapside.

Printed by W. Lloyd

last in the dominions of Louis Philippe, is situated. It was already past noon,—and the *passage* opens at twelve,—yet we were detained, I know not wherefore, till six o'clock, when we entered Spain and pushed forward to our halting-place, where we were destined to become acquainted with Biscayan comforts.

On arriving at this capacious hut, which, in the time of the cholera, had been the lazaretto, Diego obtained intelligence which determined him to make a halt of at least two or three days. The Carlists and Christinos were by the ears in the valleys hard by; and the former, it was said, being hard driven, were daily seizing upon every mule of decent appearance that came within their reach, in order to make ragouts of him,—their other provisions, just then, running very low. One comfort—for such it really was—we at least enjoyed in our barn: we were not the only *détenus*, there being nearly forty other travellers, all of whom pretended, as we did, that their muleteers alone were to blame, inasmuch as they themselves feared neither liberal nor legitimatist.

Without instituting a rigid inquiry into the strength of their apprehensions, which were, perhaps, not greater than our own, we sought, after demolishing a large tureen of soup, to extract what amusement we could from our position. The whole company, to speak the truth of them, appeared remarkably gay for people within three musket-shots, perhaps, of hostile troops; for the Carlists were said to be close upon the frontier. There was an old Frenchman, whose only travelling companion was a fiddle, which morning,

noon, and night—as we found to our cost—was patriotically engaged in scraping the air of the Mar-seilloise. Besides this republican instrument, the company mustered two guitars; and, as every body could play, and, in his own estimation, sing too, heaven knows at what hour they would have broken up their serenading orgies, or given respite to their cigars, had not a hurricane came on, which made still louder music and threatened to transfer us, fiddles and all, to the Bay of Biscay.

Our farm-house, hostelry, or whatever else it might be called, was situated on the banks of the Bidassoa, within sight of the bridge, and the view from the window was infinitely picturesque. In the left foreground was a house of the same age, apparently, as the mountain, out of which it seemed to have sprung like a wart upon Olympus. Its colour was the same—that nondescript sort of gray which one means when it is said “the sky is gray,” or “the morning is gray.” Moss and creeping plants, attracted by the moisture of the river, audaciously projected their roots, over the roof, and along the “wooden walls,” until they at length met the water, where, at the bottom of some rude steps, there was a damsel, who sported as handsome a pair of legs as Dorothea in Don Quixote, when, weary and exhausted, she was found cooling her feet in a stream. Boats of exceedingly rude construction, and seemingly as heavy as Chinese junks, were comfortably moored among green and rotten old posts, while two or three of the female inmates appeared nearly ready for bathing. The

bridge itself, and the buildings beyond, look very well as component parts of a landscape; but the former, at least, when approached near, seems in its erection to have preceded Noah's ark, and been left as a specimen of the taste, and invention, and architectural resources of the contemporaries of Tubal Cain.

But the river and the mountains are exquisitely modern; such, at all events, was the opinion of the French fiddler; who entertained the most profound contempt for every thing which dated beyond the year 1789. "Bah!" said he to a Spaniard, who was hinting his admiration of his country's former glory, "what is the good of looking back at old times? What were you then, at best, but the handles with which a king moved, or the scoops with which he filled his revenue coffers; or else the manure for his fields, which he drenched with your blood?—Allons, Monsieur! let us not look back, but forward, to those glorious times when the Peninsula shall be a republic, and that old bridge be trodden by democratic feet!"

The Spaniard shook his head, and gave a grim smile. He was a Carlist. But neither the admirers of the old, nor the admirers of the new order of things had a spark of admiration to spare for scenery. Politics and their cigars, to our infinite annoyance, engrossed them entirely. The landscape before us was, nevertheless, exceedingly fine, consisting of a sweep of undulating country rising gradually, and terminating in the distance in a chain of mountains Alpine in character, which encircled the vale and bounded the horizon. Bare and arid, above a certain elevation, but of diver-

sified outline, and rising in precipitous cliffs like the secondary chains of the Lower Valois, they are invested with more grandeur than generally belongs to unforested ridges; and, being commanded by no higher mountains, rise like a chain of clouds above the common level of the country.

But if we had elevation and grandeur out of doors, to make up for it there was the very reverse within. Never did farce or comedy bring together a more complete set of uncouth originals. To begin with the top of the list, there was an old actor and manager, named Petto, who amused himself with railing at his betters, in setting at nought matrimony, and travelling about the world with a *chère amie*. Like all other managers, he imagined himself born to play the tyrant, and his philosophy, if it ever was more extensive, had now contracted to the comprehension of one single proposition: viz. "self is every thing." He ate like a half-starved wolf from the Pyrenees, voraciously and unintermittingly, till every thing within his reach had been consumed; and then seemed to eye the company, as if he would next have liked to try the taste of one of them. He was now returning from South America, where he was said to have realized a fortune of at least eight hundred per annum, invested in the French funds.

The next person in importance to Petto was Señor Torino, with a wife, nephew, and two children, the worst in manners I ever in my whole travels encountered. They spoke a little English, and proved their proficiency by swearing in it incessantly like troopers.

Señor Torino had been during nine years engaged in the wool trade at Liverpool, where he had ended by becoming a bankrupt; but very fortunately possessed some little property in Spain, whither he was now retiring, to vent his oaths, for the remainder of his life, on his own lands.

Third upon the list was a lady, now married; but whose beauty had formerly been public property at Madrid. The husband who had taken unto himself this relict of the capital, was a merchant, engaged, like Torino, in the wool trade; but his wife preserved so much of the elegant style of thinking acquired during her professional practice, as to consider it necessary, after marriage, to retain as *cortejo* a Mr. O'Flannighan, who, growing tired of Madrid, absconded with a considerable part of her husband's property. In pursuit of the delinquent, her very sagacious lord had despatched her to Bourdeaux, where she of course arrived just in time to be too late. The lady was now on her way back; and instead of the Irishman above commemorated, had contrived to enlist in her service two cavaliers, who would have made a figure, with clothes-bags on their shoulders, in the most celebrated second-hand purlieus of the metropolis. The first of these worthy successors to Mr. O'Flannighan, was a conceited little fellow called Belasco, aid-de-camp in the Spanish army, and, in his own estimation, a hero of the first water. His partner, for they were not rivals, appeared to have more right to the honour they were enjoying, having Irish blood in him, and rejoicing in the magnificent appellation of O'Flinn.

Why Diego had not chosen to take up his quarters at Irun, close at hand, did not at first appear; but intelligence, which afterwards proved to be unfounded, had been diligently circulated, that the Carlists were about to make an attack upon it in the night, and carry off whatsoever they could lay hands on. However, seeing no vestiges of Don Carlos's heroes, our establishment was soon broken up, and the several inmates transferred to the *posadas* of Irun, ourselves among the number. Here we hastily comforted ourselves with a garlic and saffron stew, and some tolerably good wine, after which we resumed our journey, putting implicit confidence in Diego and his mules, who led the way at what pace, and in whatsoever direction they pleased.

The country now grew extremely beautiful, the level lands being profusely watered, while the uplands and mountains, from their roots to the summit, were clothed with magnificent oaks, beech-trees, and chestnuts, with some few specimens of the *encina*, or evergreen oak, which bears an acorn equal in flavour to the chestnut. A short ride brought us to Hernani, a large village recently rendered remarkable by the courage of our countrymen, who, under the command of General de Lacy Evans, taught the Carlists a lesson they will not soon forget; and thus furnished an exemplification of those high qualities and that superior discipline brought into resistless action by their brilliant and illustrious leader in the Peninsular war. Hernani, which then possessed no particular interest in our eyes, is situated in an agreeable

valley, fertilized by a river which, like the Pisuerga farther on, comes frequently under the eye of the traveller, as he advances towards Vitoria. Mountains of vast height impend over the valley, into which they every moment appear ready to precipitate themselves, to swallow up the town where anchors, in former times, were forged for the Spanish navy, when such a thing existed. Recently nothing was forged there but lies, which lighter than anchors, flew with nimble feet over the Pyrenees, transformed themselves into paragraphs in the French and English papers, travelled northward to the gates of St. Petersburg, and there, as here, gave rise to other paragraphs which, just as it happened, raised or lowered the Spanish bonds.

A road striking off to the right leads to St. Sebastian; but this town having, at that time, no particular attractions for us, we took that to the left, leading through Tolosa towards Vitoria. At first our route lay over the hills, which, branching off at Andaya, enclose and shelter an extremely narrow valley, kept in perpetual verdure and fertility by the romantic little river Oria, which flows in a winding and willow-fringed channel down its centre. Every object that meets the eye bears testimony to the industry and comfort of the people. Villas, or rather, perhaps, farm-houses, interspersed through the valley at frequent intervals, peep forth from amid encircling groves of walnut, mulberry, apple, and other trees; and the sparkling whiteness of the walls, like those of the Welsh cottages, contrasts agreeably with the

verdure, now tinged by autumn, of the surrounding trees. Every where, high and low, where the plough could bite, cultivation had been at work, and the eye was refreshed and delighted by the result. Nature, no doubt, had done still more than man; but whatever the agents which had produced it, few prospects in Spain can be contemplated with more satisfaction than the valley of the Oria, on the way to Tolosa. Hills of different elevations rise in tiers behind each other, and gradually lead the eye backward, and upward, till it rests on mountain-peaks clothed with forest, and overcanopied by a brilliant sky. Here and there, in windless nooks embosomed in trees, we discovered while moving along, small picturesque hamlets, or larger villages, each with its church spire towering above the woods. Now and then, as we advanced, not too rapidly it must be confessed; we came to beautiful cascades in the river, which precipitated its clear waters over green mossy rocks, sometimes bare to the sun, at others closely hemmed in and almost hidden by overhanging oaks.

As we were approaching Tolosa, forgetful of the fact that our road lay through a country torn by civil war, fortune presented us with a spectacle well calculated to call it to remembrance. This was a party of Christinos conducting towards Vitoria a number of Carlist prisoners, who, it was expected, were there to be shot. They were tied two and two, with their arms bound behind their back; and it at once struck me that my eye was not unfamiliar with at least one face among them. They did not lift up their heads

as we passed; fortune had humbled them; they appeared to be counting the steps, the very minutes, that led them to death. I stopped my mule,—for it was only at Vitoria that we determined upon enjoying the luxury of a carriage,—and looking down upon the shirtless, shoeless captives, I immediately recognised my Carlist friend of Bayonne, whose romance appeared to be drawing too rapidly towards a conclusion.

“Gracious God!” I exclaimed, “can that be you?” He turned up his eyes with a start, as my voice struck upon his ear, and seeing who had accosted him, made an effort to put on a smile. I was on my feet in a moment, and before the peseteros could interfere to prevent us; “Can I do any thing, my friend, to get you out of this scrape? Do you know of any way? I have some acquaintance with the English general, and will despatch a messenger to him this moment.”

“It would be useless, my dear sir!” he replied. “The king has recently refused to pardon a number of the rebels who had fallen into his power; and now that it is their turn, nothing can prevent them from using their advantage. It will be all over with me by this time to-morrow. But push on, and leave us. You see they are going to command you. I would not involve others in my misfortunes; particularly one who——”

He was unable to finish the sentence; not from an interference of the Christino soldiers; but from the state of his own feelings, the bitterness of which, too visible in his countenance, no words of mine could portray. There were tears in his eyes. He trembled

with emotion. "Go on, my friend!" said he: "leave me to my fate. God bless you!"

I left him accordingly; but, going up to the officer, who, indeed, partly spared me the trouble, I inquired into the circumstances under which the prisoner had been taken. He was a civil and a gentlemanly man; but could not withal conceal the strong prejudices he entertained against Englishmen in general, but especially against such,—few, indeed, and those mostly foolish young men,—who had taken part with the Pretender. There was a reluctance in his manner to hold communication with one who evinced an interest in a Carlist. He at length, however, informed me that my countryman had scarcely passed the Pyrenees before he fell into their hands; and having been captured in company with several native *rebels*,—for it is thus that each party designates the other,—it was not to be expected he should escape the fate which awaited them.

I knew, of course, that nothing in this affair would ultimately depend on him, but wished to obtain permission to hold further communication with my countryman, which was politely, but firmly refused. It was hinted, moreover, that it would be well if I myself escaped the imputation of being a Carlist, since no one could understand, on any other ground, the interest I appeared to take in one of that detested faction. Perceiving that nothing was to be gained by perseverance, I took my leave, and pushing forward, entered Tolosa considerably before them.

Determining not to lose sight of the Carlist until his

fate should be decided, we lingered in a posada, overlooking the road to Alegria, until the escort had passed with their prisoners; and then, resuming our journey, followed slowly in the distance behind. Setting aside the poor prisoners, the cavalcade made a fine appearance. The peseteros, with their handsome vests of rifle-green, with yellow stripes down the trousers, were mingled with an almost equal number of chapelgorris, or Biscayan volunteers, many of whom, besides their red chakos, wore trousers also of red. Their horses were light and spirited, and seemed to rejoice in the dust they every now and then raised about them. It was the dark dress of the ordinary volunteers which caused the peasantry to bestow on them the name of *los negros*, or "the blacks," an appellation afterwards extended to the Christinos generally, and by many foolishly supposed to signify "negroes." A report has gone abroad, but I know not on what founded, that many of these troops, as well as the carabineros, carried at the end of their muskets a long four-edged bayonet, with teeth like a saw near the point, which inflicted incurable wounds. For myself, seeing the fierce spirit which animates both parties, I should feel little surprise, if, like savages, they should have recourse to poisoned weapons, that whomsoever they touched might perish.

Our road now lay through a most charming country, where agriculture seemed to be conducted on enlightened principles. The hamlets and scattered farm houses, visible from the highway, were clean, and exhibited signs of comfort; and in one or two of the

small towns there were manufactories of poniards, swords, and fire-arms. Towards dusk we saw the soldiers, who had evidently driven their prisoners to the utmost of their strength, enter an inn in a small hamlet on the northern slope of a mountain, over which we were to pass. Arriving not long after them, we also took up our quarters there, in the hopes that chance would afford some opportunity of conversing with the English captive, who, though I felt for all, excited the greatest share of my commiseration.

On entering the kitchen, we found round the fire a knot of Navarrese peasants, who seemed to be returning homeward from a considerable journey. They were travel-stained and way-worn; but eyed the soldiers, as it appeared to me, with most unfriendly glances. Their costume was highly curious and characteristic, consisting of a *beret*, or blue round cap, a jacket and breeches of the coarse brown cloth usually worn by the Franciscans, a blue or red sash, and *alpargatas*, or hemp sandals, which, both in Navarre and Biscay, are worn instead of shoes.

It was not an occasion to look for much attention or civility from the inn-people; but, paying for what we required, it seemed reasonable to expect some little more than we found. By dint, however, of coaxing and perseverance, we at last succeeded in obtaining something to eat. Still the principal object of my stay remained unaccomplished; the *peseteros* appeared to fear lest I might eat or otherwise spirit off their captive, and watched me so closely, that I could get no opportunity of conversing with him even for a

moment; and, after trying uselessly till a late hour, I retired in exceedingly bad temper to bed.

Fate had ordained that we were to meet no more. About midnight we were suddenly startled from our sleep by the firing of muskets and pistols, as it at first appeared, in our bed-room; but, on starting up, rubbing our eyes, and rushing forth into the corridor, we found the whole house in an uproar, several of the peseteros shot, and the prisoners gone. Nothing could exceed the external manifestations of sorrow and rage on the part of the landlord, who cursed Don Carlos, and all dons whatever, in a manner which seemed to satisfy the peseteros, who serve not a don, but a donna; though, for myself, I have little doubt that he was deeply concerned in the rescue, and considered Don Carlos the legitimate lord of Spain. In my heart I rejoiced no less than he, though I took much less pains to conceal it; and felt, what he probably did not, sincere sorrow for the honest chapelgorris, who had lost their lives in the affair.

It will readily be imagined that, after such a scene, we felt but little inclination to sleep. Diego and his mules were fresh, and ready for starting; we had no longer any motive for delay: so, bidding adieu to the Christino chief, if chief he might be called, we resumed our journey considerably before day. We had already achieved the ascent and descent of the mountain, and arrived at the village of Ansueta, before day completely broke upon us. In a short time we quitted the province of Guipuscoa and entered that of Alava, where the great high road all the way from Vergara to

Vitoria may very well be compared to a long street. Villages, farm-houses, and other dwellings, are constantly seen on either hand—the Zadorra winds before us through the valley,—and at length the mountains sink rapidly into the vast rich plain of Vitoria, where we arrived with sharp appetites rather late in the afternoon.

Scarcely a foot of ground we had that day traversed, not a town or city of importance, or strong position upon hill or river, but had afforded us an object of interest as associated with British history, the skilful combinations of the greatest of living commanders, and the persevering indomitable valour of his armies. On how many spots did we trace the memory of his exploits, and the impress of the iron foot of war! The Pyrenees—the passage of the Bidassoa—Irun—Hernani—St. Sebastian, and the surrounding valleys and heights, had been carried, position after position, by a masterly series of movements, which thwarted the manœuvres and best efforts of a brave and experienced foe. Neither old Numantium, nor modern Saragossa need blush to boast of allies whose deeds may be emblazoned with their own; and their combined influence ought to serve as a future war-cry against the invader, should the foot of a foreign foe again threaten Spain's independence.

CHAPTER II.

VITORIA.

The Parador Viejo—Inmates of the Kitchen—a Student of Salamanca—the Chimney Corner—the Great Square—Market Day—King Joseph—Battle of Vitoria—Valour of the Spaniards—Antiquarian Disquisition on Gaels, Biscayans, &c.—Spanish Contentment not founded in Humility—English and Foreign Politeness—the Public Promenade—View from the Florida—Exploit of Zumalacarregui.

ON our arrival at Vitoria, the capital city of Alava on the Castilian frontier, it was, as I have said, drawing near dusk, and our predilection for the picturesque was consequently compelled to yield precedence to the more homely gratification afforded by a good dinner and the blazing kitchen fire of the posada, by which this meal is always eaten in this country. The Parador Viejo has been admitted, by most travellers, to be the best inn in Spain, which, however, is not saying much for it. I will be more encomiastic: it is, in many respects, not unworthy to be compared with a good English inn, its apartments being neatly fitted up, and furnished with fire-places; its beds curtained and clean; its floors well swept; and, though last, not least, its provisions and style of cookery worthy of high commendation.

Its spacious kitchen was, as usual, the place of general rendezvous for the travellers who patronised the establishment, and whose numbers, on the present occasion, were so considerable, and their costume, stature, and complexion so various, that, but for the roof and the female attendants, I might almost have fancied myself in the court of an eastern caravanserai. Close to me, on the high-backed wooden seat, fixed for greater comfort in the chimney corner, where I enjoyed the genial warmth of the fire, sat a tall Aragonese in his capusay, not unlike the Moorish haik, or Grecian capote. The hood, thrown back on the shoulders, exhibited to view his small sheep-skin cap, from beneath which escaped, in matted flakes, a profusion of black greasy hair. His countenance, though disfigured by several cicatrices, beamed cheerfully on all around; and his tongue moved quicker than the flappers of Don Quixote's windmills. His neighbour, who received this volley of vivacity, was an Andalusian merchant, in travelling costume: a sheep-skin jacket with silver clasps, tight breeches, buskins of leather, large silver spurs, and a gancho hat. They were both smoking paper cigars, and had engaged in argument on general politics, occasionally glancing more or less adroitly at the contest going on in the province.

Clustering around the fire in front was a motley group, composed of individuals from almost every part of the country—Castilians, Biscayans, Navarrese, Galicians, all puffing forth smoke like furnaces, and bandying, in the midst of the cloud thus created,

arguments somewhat infected by the mistiness of the atmosphere. My attention was by degrees fixed upon a young student from Salamanca. His robe, which had doubtless once been new, now displayed sundry unseemly rents, and was altogether so threadbare and brittle, that the first storm that should overtake him out of doors, would certainly carry the better part of it to the crows. With regard to his cap, it was in somewhat better condition; for, not having been endowed with the faculty of growing with his head, it had long been reduced to an article of mere show, and was carried under the arm, to prove that, in rainy weather, his locks had once skulked under cover.

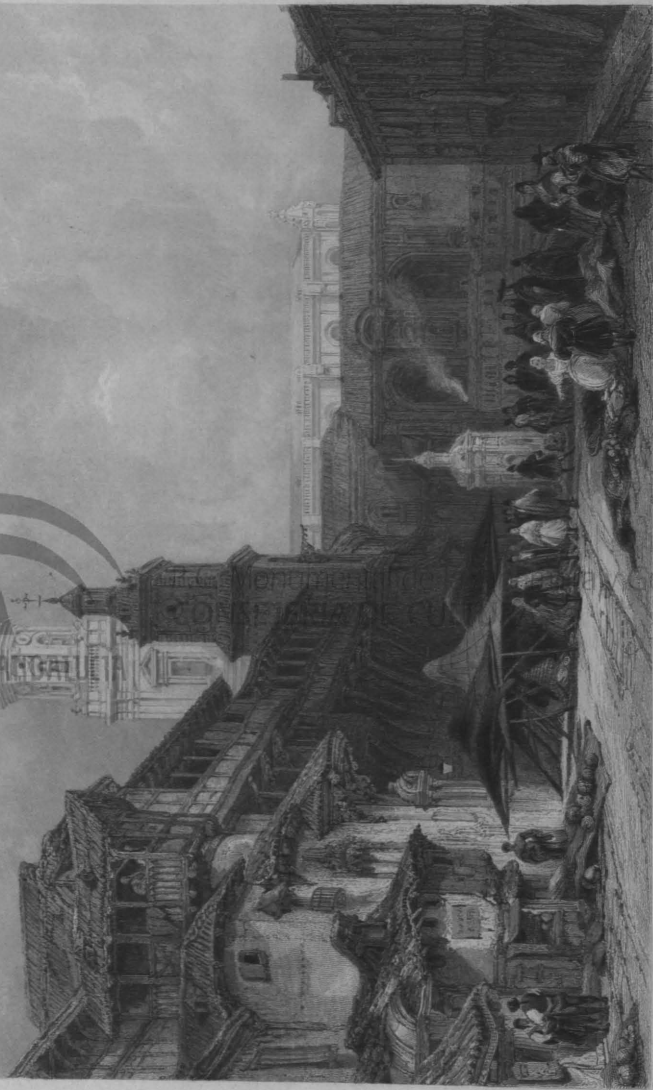
He had engaged in conversation with a Catalan merchant, to whom he was recounting the brief story of his life. He then descanted on his studies with much earnestness, and some complacency; and I discovered that, if his robe was somewhat antiquated, his ideas were of the newest stamp, full of lively and benevolent tendencies, and far more enlarged than I should have supposed it possible for a man to have picked up in a Salamanca education. With such notions, he was not likely to be an enthusiastic Christino, still less a Carlist. He evidently disliked both parties. He considered them as old tide-marks, over which the waves of a much higher flood must very shortly break, to sweep away and conceal for ever all trace of their existence. He met, however, with but little sympathy in his hearers, who, altogether absorbed by the interest of passing events, heard with impatience all reference to a state of things, possible

perhaps, but remote, equally from their experience and their hopes.

As the air of the evening was chill, and the kitchen of great extent, every person present sought to obtain a glimpse of the fire, consisting of a pile of live embers fed by numerous logs, and a liberal supply of brush-wood, cast on from time to time to make a blaze. The culinary operations were carried on, as in France and Italy, upon a number of small furnaces, fixed in a solid platform erected against the wall, and faced with painted and varnished tiles. To render the affair more interesting, the superintendents of the copper stew-pans were young and pretty, dressed too in a costume admirably adapted to show off all the graces of their forms, and constitutionally and from education disposed to join in all the frolic, gaiety, and broad humour which usually bubble forth in companies of so motley a character.

Being somewhat fatigued with our ride, we retired early to rest, where it was not long before imperious sleep had triumphed over the uncouth noises of every description which resounded through the streets of this miniature Babel. In the morning, after fortifying the inner man with a profusion of such good things as the larder of the Parador Viejo afforded, we sallied forth towards what constitutes the great point of attraction in Vitoria—the Great Square. Its beauties, as the reader will perceive, have employed the pencil of Mr. Roberts, which, much more compendiously than language, will convey a correct idea of the material and immoveable features of the scene. But this is

JUNTA DE REGALADO



Drawn by David Roberts.

Engraved by Ashurst.

GREAT SQUARE AT VITTORIA.

London, Published Oct 28, 1845, by Robert Jennings & Co. 69, Cheapside.

Printed by R. D. King.

neither all, nor perhaps the most interesting portion of what here presents itself to the eye of the traveller. Its greatest charm lies in the vivacity, the animation, the almost tropical warmth of countenance observable in the various groupes, called into existence in its wide area, or beneath its shady and comfortable piazzas, by the spirit of trade; for it is here that the market is held, and here the unoccupied labourers assemble, and stand, each with the implements of his calling, as of old in the market-places of Judea, plying for employment. Around the fountain, which stands in the centre of the square, the watermen, a race, as Juvenal terms them, of strong-backed knaves, are found busy at all hours, bottling up for the use of the citizens large quantities of that element, which an ancient poet pronounced the most excellent of all things.

Here, on the one hand, were peasants from the surrounding districts with grain and pulse; and on the other, rough-handed Basques with vegetables cultivated in large market-gardens on the southern banks of the Zadorra. With one old fellow of the latter class, dressed in a woollen bonnet resembling that worn in the Highlands, a striped manta, and sandals instead of shoes, I fell into conversation. Upon his finding we were English, his memory appeared to be suddenly quickened. He recalled the day—and he recalled it with vivid pleasure—on which his countrymen, inspired by the energetic co-operation of the British, defeated the last remaining strength of the usurper Joseph, and sent him baffled and humiliated to smoke his *cigarillo* beyond the Pyrenees. The old Basque was

eloquent in his description of the battle. But I observed that his sympathies—which depend much, in all of us, upon our habitual associations—were no less painfully excited by the magnificent crop of corn which the combatants trampled down and spoiled, particularly in the neighbourhood of his own village of Abuchaco, than by the number of his countrymen—for the others were nothing—who that day bit the dust. He exhibited considerable enthusiasm in describing the attack—whether he witnessed it himself, or only spoke from the report of others—made by the Spanish troops under General Morillo on the French corps posted above Puebla. Supported by a party of English under Colonel Cadogan, who fell there, they in the most gallant style mounted the heights, and after much hard fighting, succeeded in dislodging the enemy at the point of the bayonet. He appeared almost willing to forget the timely aid afforded by a detachment sent by Sir Rowland Hill. It was always *we*—“nosotros”—who performed whatever there was of heroic in the action of that day; and, it must be owned, that if the Spaniards could be prevailed upon to fight half so well as they talk of fighting, no troops in Europe would be able to stand before them. There was a particular infusion of glee in the tone of triumph in which he related the disasters of Joseph, whom he was careful not to honour with the title of *El Rey*, which a Spaniard's imagination still surrounds with a misty halo of veneration. It was fortunate for him, he said, that he had been able, while in Spain, to filch a good horse, for it was to

that circumstance he owed his life; since, when Captain Wyndham and his squadron of cavalry fired into the fugitive's carriage, in the hope of picking him off by accident, he had just a moment to fling himself upon his Andalusian, which, like an unpatriotic beast as it was, in a moment carried him out of danger.

The amusing nationality of this gasconading old Basque, which seemed to make his very woollen cap perspire, strongly reminded me of those spiritual natives of the Emerald Isle, who woke lively figures of rhetoric out of whisky. And, indeed, there have not been wanting, among later travellers, those who trace the Vascongades, the Navarrese, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Irishman, to one common Keltic stock, which, if this be true, must have been endued with portentous fertility. In one point, it would give me pleasure to discover a resemblance in the Irish, or, indeed, in the Gael, to these hardy mountaineers; a sober, cleanly, industrious people, who extract from the rude soil, to which they are enthusiastically attached, wherewith to maintain a sturdy independence.

“ But my pen wanders—I demand it back! ”

To say three words of the architecture of the square, which the battle of Vitoria, and the Irish origin of the Basque, or the Basque origin of the Irish population, had nearly caused me to overlook. The houses are erected with a sort of freestone, in a very tasteful and handsome style, with a suite of arcades below and airy balconies above, where ladies in the evening

may listen to serenades, and enjoy the cool breeze. Seats with railed backs, placed at intervals against the interior of the columns, enable the lounge to enjoy his cigarillo and daily dram of politics, which, of late, has been substituted for private scandal, more safe and exciting under the old regime. Señor Olarvide, from whose designs the square was built, is said to have been himself a native of Vitoria, who devoted his distinguished talents to the embellishment of the place of his birth.

This city has always excited the admiration of foreigners, whether they have merely paid it a passing visit, or have enjoyed the experience of a longer residence. Provisions are plentiful and cheap, and the climate, notwithstanding the vicinity of the mountains, which bound the horizon towards the north, is extremely mild and temperate, excepting perhaps a few days in the depth of winter. We may, perhaps, seek in vain for that Arcadian simplicity and innocence of manners celebrated with credulous enthusiasm by former travellers,—and for this the civil war may charitably be called in to account; but one feature of the national character, observable here and every where, cannot fail to strike you, as you sit with one leg over the other in the arcade of the Great Square,—I mean that tone of repose, of calm, unanxious reliance upon the future, which pervades every group around you. Doubtless the climate may lay claim to something of this, but not to all. Other causes must co-operate. And of these, perhaps, the chief is the absence of the commercial and speculating

spirit, and the reliance of the majority upon the more certain, though more moderate returns of agriculture and of unambitious trade. Here, as in the East, the cobbler is as content to be a cobbler, as the duke to be a duke. His pride consists in being a Spaniard; and for this he knows no other reason upon earth, than that his father before him indulged the same pride, and transmitted it, as a sort of heir-loom, to him. There is, moreover, a sort of equality, which is not that of freedom. On the contrary, it derives its source from despotic rule; for, where the sovereign is regarded as every man's master, those who share in the feeling of inferiority thus engendered, and from the cradle accustom themselves to look up to him as to a being above the ordinary level of humanity, naturally view all below that level as little or nothing better than themselves. That such is the case, any man may convince himself who will be at the pains to examine the structure of society in countries where the most rigid despotism prevails;—in the Ottoman empire, or in Persia, for example. He will there find precisely the same equality as in Spain, accompanied necessarily by the same slovenly ease of manners, which, wherever it appears, is based on the most profound ignorance that in the economy of human actions there is such a thing as good-breeding. The uneducated and untutored Englishman is awkward, because his active aspiring mind has obtained some glimpse of a system of manners more beautiful than his own; and though ignorant of the means, he would fain appropriate something of this enviable possession

to himself,—a wish which almost necessarily involves him in affectation. In one word, every Englishman would, without precisely knowing how, be a gentleman; and, thanks to the finer and more free element of his government, the desire, accompanied by industry and good fortune, may be realized. But in Spain, and every other country under a purely monarchical government, men, to adopt a common phrase, know their place; they are under the influence of a modification of the system of castes; such as is the father, such must be the son; there is no jostling for precedence. A traditionary acquiescence in the wisdom of established institutions has grown up among them; and hence that contentment and animal satisfaction which delude the superficial observer—the man who can envy the felicity of a sloth—into a belief that beings so gross, so unprovided with mental resources, can be considered really happy.

But, whatever the Spaniards may be in an ethical or political point of view, they generally furnish good subjects for the artist, whether he chooses to paint them with language or with colours. This is particularly the case at Vitoria, which, being situated near the confines of several provinces, formerly kingdoms, is generally filled with a mixed population, every individual of which presents some peculiarity of costume or feature. I was made strongly sensible of this on the Florida, a fine public promenade stretching along the southern suburbs of the city, reminding me, by many of its features, of the noble walk that encompasses the sunny ramparts of Dijon.

Here the view, as there, after wandering over a rich plain, roughened at intervals by inconsiderable elevations, is terminated on all sides by mountains. There are points, however, of difference. On the great flat of Burgundy, there are few of those green lanes, or pleasant hedgerows, whose chief merit consists in their reminding one of England, or affording shelter in a raw day; as, in an extended landscape, nothing can be more adverse to the picturesque, since they chequer and break up the face of the country into a resemblance with a Highlander's tartan. In Biscay, however, the fields are, as with us, divided by hedges, and intersected by numerous cross-roads, fenced and shaded by tall trees.

The objects occupying the fore-ground on the Florida were more interesting than the distant landscape; groupes of fine children, attended by handsome deep-bosomed brunettes with large liquid eyes, such as the reader may become acquainted with on the canvas of Murillo. Nurse-maids are in no country a very staid or pensive race. Compelled to take abundant exercise in attending on their little charges, and imbibing too, perhaps, from them some portion of their infantine nonchalance, they generally possess an overflow of health and good spirits, and their character becomes rather hoydenish than demure. They were now engaged in a sort of game, which has been noticed by other travellers; striking with a small bat from one to another a wooden substitute for a ball, which those towards whom it was directed caught in their aprons. The little mock bull-fight is

another favorite amusement of the young, as described in a former volume.

But the inhabitants of Vitoria, though now so gay and apparently free from care, had not many months before been visited by the scourge of civil war, when the mirth of many families had been quenched in blood. It had, in fact, been the scene of one of Zumalacarregui's exploits. This general, active, cruel, and ambitious, suddenly entered Vitoria, where, finding the Christinos in small force, his valour increased in proportion to the little need there was for it. At the head of six thousand men, he put to flight three hundred militia, overpowered the feeble garrison, and immediately proceeded to exact a heavy levy upon such of the inhabitants as were supposed to favour the liberal cause.

From his subsequent conduct there seems room, however, to suspect that the possession of wealth was the principal offence punished by Zumalacarregui. He no doubt wanted money for himself, or for Don Carlos; and, of course, considered it insolent in "fat choughs" of citizens to be hoarding their pesetas and feeding with the gusto of aldermen, while his pockets, like his stomach, were empty. His behaviour, on this occasion, has been differently interpreted. From the superiority of his numbers, and the rapidity with which he made himself master of the town, he was enabled to secure about one hundred and twenty prisoners, whom, after remaining in possession of the place about six hours, he carried off along with him. His object, not at first suspected by any one, soon

became manifest. He had along with him a priest, Don Juan Antoño Laserte, curate of Arroyala; and, perhaps against his advice, rather than with his concurrence, proceeded, at the village of Hereida, two leagues from Vitoria, to give a practical proof of what the liberals were to expect, should fortune ultimately desert their cause. The prisoners were parcelled out into parties of five, stripped naked, and shot; after which, death not having been able to satisfy the vengeance of the gallant victors, knives and bayonets were drawn, with which their savage revenge was sought to be slaked upon the warm corpses of the dead. One man, however, escaped from this nefarious butchery. He had been wounded, but not in a vital part; and falling among the dead, where both knives and bayonets missed him, he recovered consciousness when all was over, and returned with the tale of what he had witnessed. Such are among the barbarous excesses committed on both sides throughout this lamentable war.

It might, by the charitable, be supposed, that Zumalacarregui was actuated by the humane desire of killing off his enemies, the sooner to bring about a peace. I wish so much could with truth be said for him. But this excuse for his severity he was careful, at the outset, to remove, by sparing the military prisoners who fell into his hands, after having stripped them of their arms and uniform. He felt that if these were removed, there would be none to keep up the ball, and his occupation, with all the delights attending it, would be at an end. It is possible that the gentle-hearted old curate of Arroyala assisted by

compulsion at this characteristic fête, never having been used to similar exhibitions in the Holy Office. He was thought, however, to have exceeded the bounds of priestly charity, and suffered the gentle punishment of banishment. But the general, supposed also I imagine, to have been a Christian, accountable to God for his deeds, received, so far as I can learn, neither check nor reprimand; but on the contrary, was doubtless applauded by Don Carlos as a good and faithful subject. We have seen, however, the natural result of such a line of policy. The spirit of civil war, every where peculiarly sanguinary, has subsequently become more and more savage; atrocities have been repaid with atrocities, murders with murders, until, in the depth of their degradation, the Spaniards have resumed the practices, common in the French invasion, of wreaking on the wives and mothers of their foes the vengeance they could not, or dared not, on the husbands and sons.

CHAPTER III.

FROM VITORIA TO BURGOS.

Valley of the Zadorra—Orchards of Alava—Adventure among the Basques—Christino Cavalry—Town of Puebla—Miranda del Ebro—General absence of Trees—Scarcity of the Picturesque—Vermin—Duke of Wellington—Rocks of Pancorvo—Grandeur of the Scene—Traverse the Pass—Beautiful Islet—English study of Topography—Rich and Picturesque Valley—Pride of the Castilians—Briviesca—Rudeness of Innkeepers—Feathering of Women—Anecdotes—Curate Merino—Lakes of Briviesca—Mountain Pass—Exploit of the Carlists—Arrival at Burgos.

ON leaving Vitoria, which we did early in the morning, our road lay over the plain and inconsiderable heights above Gomecha, where the French took up their position on the memorable twenty-first of June. Crossing several small streams, which carry their sparkling waters towards the north with a rattling current, we ascended a small hill, from whence the eye commanded a fine view of the valley of the Zadorra, hastening to bear, through a smiling country, its tributary waters to the Ebro. As our muleteer partook largely of his countrymen's disregard of time, it was always practicable, particularly when there were any wine or brandy shops on the way, to outwalk his beasts, and loiter at our ease wherever there happened to turn up any thing to invite examination.

Upon reaching the brow of the hill, just where the road brings us in sight of the small hamlet of Nauclares, being, as usual, considerably a-head of Diego, we turned aside into a pretty footpath leading among the orchards and gardens that covered the whole slope of the declivity. The fruit was ripe, and hung temptingly on the boughs. We longed to transfer some of it to our pockets, but having made small progress in Basque, we vainly sought, through the medium of our Spanish, which, to confess the truth, was none of the purest, to explain our wishes to the ruddy peasants who were there at work. As to the language of signs, which travellers every where find many occasions to employ, it serves very well to make known the fact that something is wanted, but not what, or how much; at least it does this very imperfectly.

We were soon encircled by a little crowd of Biscayans, some of whom imagined we had lost our way, and offered, as we could clearly see by their movements, to conduct us to the great road. Others supposed we were hungry, and with the benevolent design of supplying our wants, led us to their cottages, where boiled chestnuts, pork sausages, and excellent fat bacon,—which they considered much better for our stomachs than raw fruit,—were placed with profusion at our disposal. It was impossible not to be delighted with their hospitality, though we would just then have preferred that they should have exhibited more quickness of apprehension. To convince them that it was not provisions, but dainties,

we demanded of them, we had recourse to a step which, in any other part of Spain, might have cost us dear,—we showed them our purses; and, pointing to the delicious pears and apples which, like Tantalian fruit, on all sides mocked the eye, signified by most intelligible pantomime what we would have them comprehend, pointing towards the road and to a most primitive vehicle standing within sight, to intimate that we were travellers. Upon this they laughed heartily, I suppose at their mistake about the bacon, and one of the young men going to a tree covered with ripe pears, soon with a single shake, brought down a shower of them upon the grass; and putting these, with a quantity of fine apples into a basket, insisted upon carrying them to our carriage, where he indignantly refused all remuneration.

In the course of the morning, we encountered a considerable party of horse, proceeding from Castile to join the queen's army in Biscay. They moved along enveloped in a cloud of dust, through which, when it cleared away for a moment, we could discover from afar the flashing of their helmets and cuirasses in the sun. Their horses, principally from Andalusia, were full of fire, and exhibited that strength of limb, and roundness about the haunches, which bespoke their descent from the Arab; and the riders, though they awakened less magnificent ideas than their steeds, appeared, nevertheless, to want only training and the inspiration of a truly popular cause, to render them good men and true. We were allowed to pass without even being questioned; and, on reaching Puebla,

learned with satisfaction,—as it appeared to promise us an undisturbed journey to Miranda,—that the above-described cavaliers had already been engaged, and done some service in routing a body of Carlists, which had been posted on the road to intercept their advance.

The town of Puebla, Carlist perhaps at heart, was now in possession of the Christinos; and every face wore that anxious, uneasy expression which near-impending danger gives birth to. People congregated together in small knots, and though apparently, from long acquaintance, sure of each other's politics, conversed in dubious expressions, endeavouring all the while to look into each other's thoughts, to discover in what direction they might really be leaning. Here and there sentinels were patrolling the streets, and other soldiers, partly idle, partly on duty, collected on various points, buried in reflection, or discussing with unusual seriousness the chances of being engaged. Few women made their appearance. Even the boys, as they walked along, looked as they do in London on a windy day, when, at every street-turning, they expect to be saluted with a falling tile or chimney-pot. It was clear that a visit from the Carlists was anticipated; and, in fact, I afterwards learned at Madrid, that, notwithstanding the force possessed in the neighbourhood by the Christinos, a flying incursion was that very night made into their district, and much booty in sheep and cattle carried off.

Pushing forward at a snail's pace we arrived, early in the afternoon, at Miranda del Ebro, where, though

much of the day remained, we resolved to pass the night. To this arrangement Diego was always favourable. He saw no wisdom in hurrying forward at a break-neck rate; particularly as in every town through which we passed he possessed a number of acquaintances, male and female, with whom, in order to continue on good terms, he considered it necessary to smoke a cigarillo, or sip a goutte. The Ebro, which is here in its infancy, having effected its escape from the mountains of the Asturias, and begun its southern career in search of warmer weather, divides Miranda into two unequal parts. In front of the town, on a rocky hill, a ruinous castle tries to impart an air of picturesqueness to the landscape, which, in spite of the river, is peculiarly bleak and arid, more especially towards the west, where the eye toils upwards over the dismal slope which leads to the high table-land of New Castile. A few trees, stunted and mean-looking, skirt the great road to the capital. In all other directions you may look in vain for any signs of verdure, though industry, perhaps, under the guidance of an enlightened rural economy, might clothe those barren hills with wood, and the plains and valleys with rich harvests.

Though taste may here and there select a subject for the pencil, this is certainly not a country abounding in landscapes. For, even where there is grandeur, there is generally nothing characteristic, nothing peculiarly Spanish, or, with the exception of the costume where figures are introduced, which might not be found in any other country. But this complaint was

not long to continue. Our journey soon brought us into contact with very different scenery, which required not the excitement of civil war, the apparition of armed bands of robbers or military,—which often in the Peninsula mean the same thing,—or the alarm of a rustic population, to enable it to take a hold on the imagination.

Miranda del Ebro possesses little to repay the traveller for the risk he encounters from vermin in sleeping there. He should think himself lucky indeed, if by some of the miracles common in Spain, he is enabled to resist the efforts of those countless myriads that swarm about his dormitory, to bear him into the Ebro, and be suffered to proceed with a whole skin towards Castile. We enjoyed this piece of good fortune, and set off in the morning, *prima luce*, bidding farewell to the river which had formed the boundary of Charlemagne's conquests in Spain.

On our right, as the vehicle began to ascend the eminences west of the stream, we caught a glimpse of the road leading from Puente de Arenas, traversing rude gorges through craggy, precipitous, and almost inaccessible mountains, by which, after having crossed the Ebro nearly at its sources, the Duke of Wellington led his army towards Vitoria.

The sun, just risen behind our backs, now flung its warm rays upon the lofty rocks of Pancorvo,—the passes to which have become celebrated by the victories of the great duke,—towering in picturesque grandeur above every other object within the circle of the horizon. Never were their giant forms beheld


JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA



P. C. MONTES
CONSEJERA

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

Printed by R. D. G.

MIRANDA, ON THE RIBRO.

London. Published Oct. 28, 1836, by W. Jermings & C^o 67, Cheapside.

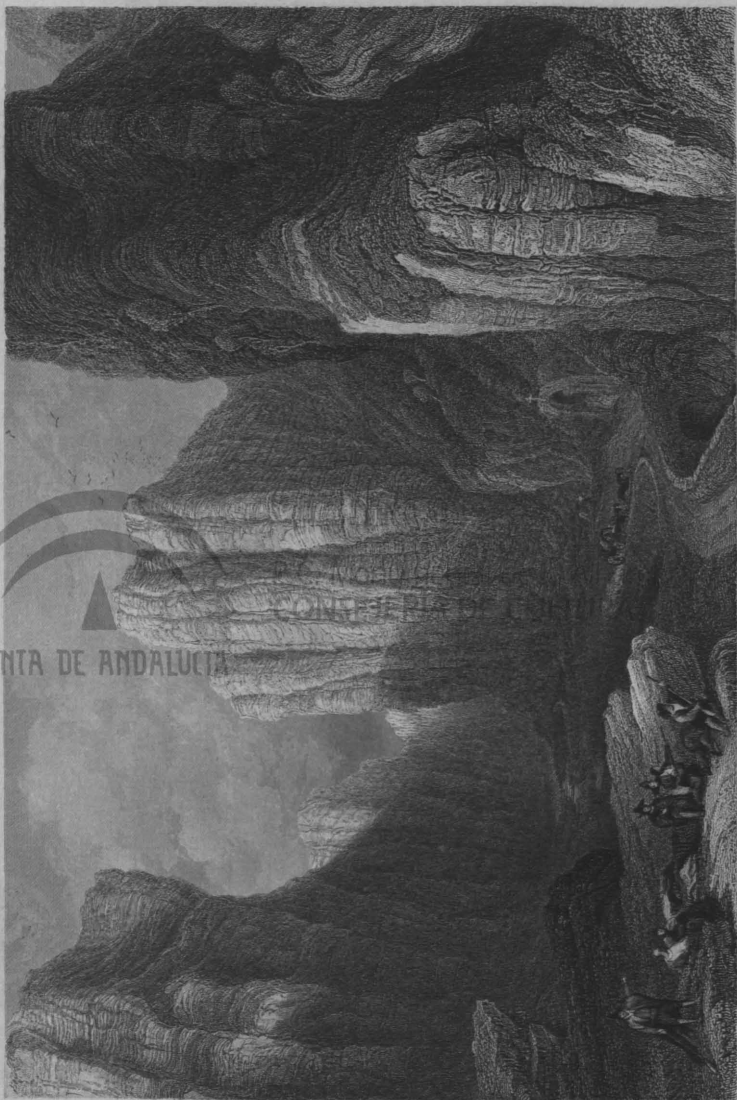
Drawn by J. B. Allen.

to more advantage. Relieved against the bright blue sky, their jagged and shattered outline rendered startlingly distinct by the purity of the atmosphere, which appeared to annihilate the distance and bring the whole scene close under the eye, and painted with rich and brilliant colours by the sun, we appeared to be transported with a fragment of the Valaisan Alps beneath a more genial heaven. The eye was now fascinated by this avatar of the picturesque. Every moment, as the carriage rolled on, some new feature, some inexplicable charm of the landscape, some pinnacle that sunk or blended with the rocks beyond, some scarcely perceptible inequality which rose momentarily into importance, kept the fancy constantly awake, and on the look-out for novelty.

At length, at Mayago, we entered the narrow winding valley formed by these rocks, which, as at Morez in the Jura, rise up like a wall on either hand, and excluding the rays of the sun, produce in broad day a gloom like that of evening. The resemblance to the scene in Franche Comté was rendered more complete by the Oroncillo, whose waters, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the gorge, tumble in noise and foam over their rocky bed; leaving, however, here and there small patches of soil, which the industry of the peasants had converted into so many gardens. In one part of the pass, or garganta, there was a spot which, from contrast with the savage scenery around, appeared to be invested with peculiar beauty. An immense block of stone, rolling down the precipices, had taken up its station in the centre of the stream,

which, fretting uselessly about its feet, found itself too weak to remove the obstacle. In process of time a quantity of mud accumulated beneath the rock, and seeds of grasses, blown thither by the wind, shot up and bound the islet together with their roots. Mosses and lichens covered the rock itself,—beautiful feathery shrubs grew in the shelter it afforded,—and man stepping in to the aid of nature, the islet was dammed round with stones, tilled, planted, and sown; and, when we passed, ripe apples were nodding from its banks over the translucent waters of the Oroncillo.

Having achieved this pass, and traced the masterly positions and movements of our great British general, we arrived at the village of Pancorvo, situated close to the foot of the rocks at the western extremity of the garganta. The fortress which commands the entrance of the gorge was, in 1813, strongly garrisoned by the French, then in full retreat before the English army; and it was this circumstance that compelled the Duke of Wellington to abandon the great road towards Biscay, and move with all his forces towards the left, over a country until then deemed impracticable for carriages. On this occasion General Foy, who, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, complains of our neglect of topography, found to his cost, that even sportsmen who traverse districts, Manton in hand, may possess a sufficient knowledge of the *local* to out-general the best map-eaters going. This hint, however, may be worth the attention of our military authorities.



Engraved by A. G. Brown

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner

PASS OF PANCORBO.

London, Published Oct. 28, 1845, by Robert Jennings & Co. Clerkenwell.


JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

General

The people of Pancorvo, where we entered upon the cookery of Castile, appear to be liberals of the first water. All the time we were at dinner, an inquisitive circle of politicians surrounded us, and discovering from what part of the world we hailed, entered with us into such a discussion as our hunger would allow us to keep up between mouthfuls, respecting the merits and prospects of General Evans and the British Legion. Though not over addicted to be polite towards strangers, they seemed desirous of showing the good opinion they entertained of English valour, and the beneficial results expected from it. What they may say after the war is another thing. According to Colonel Napier, who, if experience be worth any thing, should know them, Spaniards display but little gratitude towards those who may have delivered them; but, on the contrary, when the danger is past, claim to enjoy all the honour of removing it. Be this as it may, they were clamorous in their beforehand gratitude. Our prowess was lauded to the skies; our soldiers were all heroes; our nation whatever is most high-minded and disinterested. Convinced, whether they were sincere or not, that there was some truth in what they said, the garlic-stew and tolerably good wine we were also discussing, went down more sweetly for the flattery; for, of the praise bestowed on England we took some small part to ourselves.

Dinner being concluded, and Diego in readiness, we took our leave of Pancorvo, and, inwardly well fortified, proceeded along the road to Briviesca,

through a richly cultivated vega interspersed with frequent hamlets. The weather continuing beautiful, every thing wore its best aspect. At all times, however, the scene we were now traversing must possess considerable interest, at least for the traveller; who, seeing it constantly shifting, as one valley, one ravine, one dingle after another, each with its grassy flat and shady brook, comes under the eye, has no time to experience weariness, and often, perhaps, confounds the animal delight produced by motion and novelty, with that arising from the contemplation of the grouping discoverable in lovely landscapes.

Having proceeded for some leagues along the mountains of Occa, and passed through two or three villages of most unprepossessing appearance, where the peasants were sufficiently poor and miserable to have been mistaken for mendicants, we entered the district of Burena, a country invested by nature with so many features of beauty, that almost the first impulse of the traveller is one of regret that it should have fallen to the lot of so unadmiring a people. It has been asserted, that the peasants every where throughout Spain are indolent, ignorant, and proud. If the reflection were true,—which fortunately is not the case,—there would be no difficulty in comprehending why it should be so. Their indolence is the cause of their ignorance, which again, in its turn, is the cause of their national pride; and their pride which, if enlightened, would impel them irresistibly towards knowledge, being based upon profound ignorance, only serves to keep them perpetually grovelling in

their antediluvian prejudices. It is not through indolence alone, however, that they are slaves to the notions of their forefathers. The same stupidity which causes them to rejoice in the continuance of absurd customs, leads to the neglect of all improvement in agriculture, in manufactures, in the most necessary arts of life, and converts their villages and dwellings into nests of filth, where pride and vermin swarm together. Every reader will remember the vanity of the Arcadians, which led them to claim for themselves an existence antecedent to that of the moon. This was simply ridiculous, or founded on some mythological tradition misunderstood. But the pride of the Castilian sometimes plunges him into blasphemy, as in the case of the Bellasco family, whose motto was—

“ Antes que Dios fuese Dios,
O que el sol iluminaba los peñascos,
Ya era noble la casa de los Bellascos.”

Before God was God,
Or the sun shone upon the rocks,
Already was the house of Bellascos noble.”

It is to this feeling also, I presume, we are to attribute the saying of the Castilian, who, having stumbled and broken his nose against a stone, got up in a furious passion and exclaimed,—“This is what comes of walking upon the earth!” In the same way we may, perhaps, account for the extreme laziness every where observable. People here prefer living in penury, to the degrading of their nobility by carefully cultivating the soil, ridding their hovels of misery, or

providing themselves with clean linen. The discovery having long ago been made that people cannot live upon proud crests and armorial bearings, the descendant of a hundred *marquesas* and *condes* is compelled to put his aristocratic hand to the plough, or spade; but he considers it due to his ancestors not to be guilty of plebeian industry, or to procure any thing more for himself and family than what may enable them to starve and be ragged in state.

The country itself, however, upon which we now entered, though far from what it might be made by a laborious population, exhibited more neatness and attention to agriculture than are commonly witnessed in Spain. Numerous brooks and rivulets, the confluents of the Occa,—which itself at no great distance falls into the Ebro,—supply moisture and fertility to the valleys and hollows opening on all sides into the bosom of the hills. The villages, or pueblos, are frequent, and, as we move along the road, peep forth picturesquely from amid encircling orchards, and groves of chestnut and elm.

On arriving at Briviesca, the principal town of the district of Burena, our first care was to provide ourselves with the materials of a good supper, an undertaking which the padrona of our posada declined in no gentle terms: *Que tiene usted de bueno?*—"What good things have you got?" inquired we on entering the kitchen, where an ominous absence of every thing like preparation cast a damp over our spirits. *Lo que ustedes han traido!*—"Whatever you may have brought with you!" replied she, with an indolent

drawl, at the same time turning round and dragging her feet and slatternly person towards the fire-place. Presently, however, her daughter came in, and being of a kindlier disposition, our wants were not suffered to remain long unsupplied. She was the first woman I had seen in Castile who had been what is called "feathered" by the Carlists; that is, who, for having betrayed a leaning towards the liberal cause, had been caught by the curate Merino, and had her long hair cut off close to the head.

This punishment was devised by the far-dreaded Zumalacarregrui, who made the most of his brief career in taking all the delight which the infliction of cruelty affords a Spaniard. He at one time thought proper, with a degree of hardihood perfectly original, to proclaim the blockade of all the towns and villages occupied by the Christians in Navarre and the neighbouring provinces, which Rodil had fortified. But, as the blockading force had no existence out of his own imagination, the very idea was treated by the enemy with contempt. He found some resource, however, in his unbounded cruelty. Having no other allies upon whom he could depend, he called in to the aid of legitimacy numbers of those ruffians, half assassins half smugglers, who for ages have set the laws at defiance in the vicinity of the Pyrenees; and forming them into bands, called *partidas*, consisting each of some fifty or sixty men, let them loose upon the country, under the pretence of blockading the constitutional towns, with free licence to murder every man, and cut off the hair and feather (*emplumar*).

every woman, who should be found endeavouring to enter the towns. The indescribable atrocities to which an order like this, issued to miscreants of so desperate a character, must necessarily have given birth, may easily be imagined. Merino sought, upon a small scale, to imitate Zumalacarregui in Castile, more particularly in "feathering" the women,—an employment highly suitable to an old priest; but so deep was the hatred his conduct excited throughout the country, that nothing but the fear of being shot by the more powerful chief, who menaced him openly, could at length restrain him, and he escaped beyond the Ebro from the scene of his exploits.

To return, however, to the young woman: we learned in the course of the evening that she had a betrothed lover in the constitutional army, and it was performing some service for him and his comrades that had drawn down upon her the resentment of the savage old priest, who skulked when the Christinos were at hand, but issued forth as soon as the coast was clear to wreak his valour on the weak and defenceless. As might reasonably be expected, both he and his employer are detested in Castile; where it must, at the same time, be admitted, the opposite party are also viewed with little enthusiasm, there being, among the more enlightened, no strong leaning towards either side. This, it will be remembered, was, in the early part of his life, the bias of Zumalacarregui, who, from motives best known to himself, becoming a renegade, was animated by all that fierceness of hatred

known only among those who have abandoned their principles.

Briviesca is a walled town, and has four gates which correspond with each other. Its *fasti* comprehend few events, it being chiefly remarkable in history as the place where the Cortes were held by King John in 1388, when the title of Prince of Asturias was entailed on the eldest sons of the kings of Castile. In a valley at no great distance are two considerable lakes, known among the peasantry by the names of the *Black Well*, and the *White Well*; which, being supposed to possess medicinal properties, are necessarily placed under the protection of some member or another of the celestial hierarchy, and, accordingly, are denominated the Lakes of St. Vincent and St. Castilda. The site of Briviesca is exceedingly fine. Standing in a valley closely hemmed in on both sides by lofty and rugged mountains, it is encircled by beautiful gardens and orchards, where autumnal flowers mingled their bright colours with those of the ripe fruit, which now literally perfumed the atmosphere.

We set forward next morning before sunrise, though the east already exhibited that ruddy blush which, in Spain, betokens fine weather. At such an hour and under such a sky, even very homely landscapes seem beautiful, borrowing at least half their charms from the buoyant spirits of him who looks on them. But here this was by no means the case. The valley through which we rode was fertile, thickly dotted with human dwellings, and richly varied in aspect; and having at length traversed a mountain-pass, our road

entered into a delightful dale, of no great extent, through the bottom of which flows a stream whose banks are shaded by willows and poplars. Continuing to follow the windings of this mountain stream, we passed through the village of Momasterio, celebrated throughout the Peninsula for its excellent cheese. By degrees, however, as we still proceeded to ascend, the streams forsook us, and our track lay over arid ground till we reached the summit of a ridge, said to be one of the loftiest in Spain. Here, at all events, the waters separate, the springs on the northern slope finding their way by the Duero to the Atlantic; while those on the opposite side swell the current of the Ebro, and fall into the Mediterranean. The view from this airy summit is of vast compass, embracing a singularly striking assemblage of hills and dales, not unlike the prospects one enjoys from the northern exposures of the Apennines. Burgos, with its glittering spires and pinnacles, was distinctly visible; and the intervening sweep of country, clothed with verdure and warm with sunshine, refreshed the eye, mingling all the charm of contrast with that of pastoral beauty and repose.

In descending the mountain, the road traverses a country lavishly clothed with magnificent oaks and cistuses, about the base of which flourishes the hypocistus, which impregnates the atmosphere with a delicious fragrance. We missed the *encina*, or evergreen oak of Navarre and the neighbouring provinces, the acorn of which, when roasted, is not inferior to a chestnut. No doubt, however, it is found in these

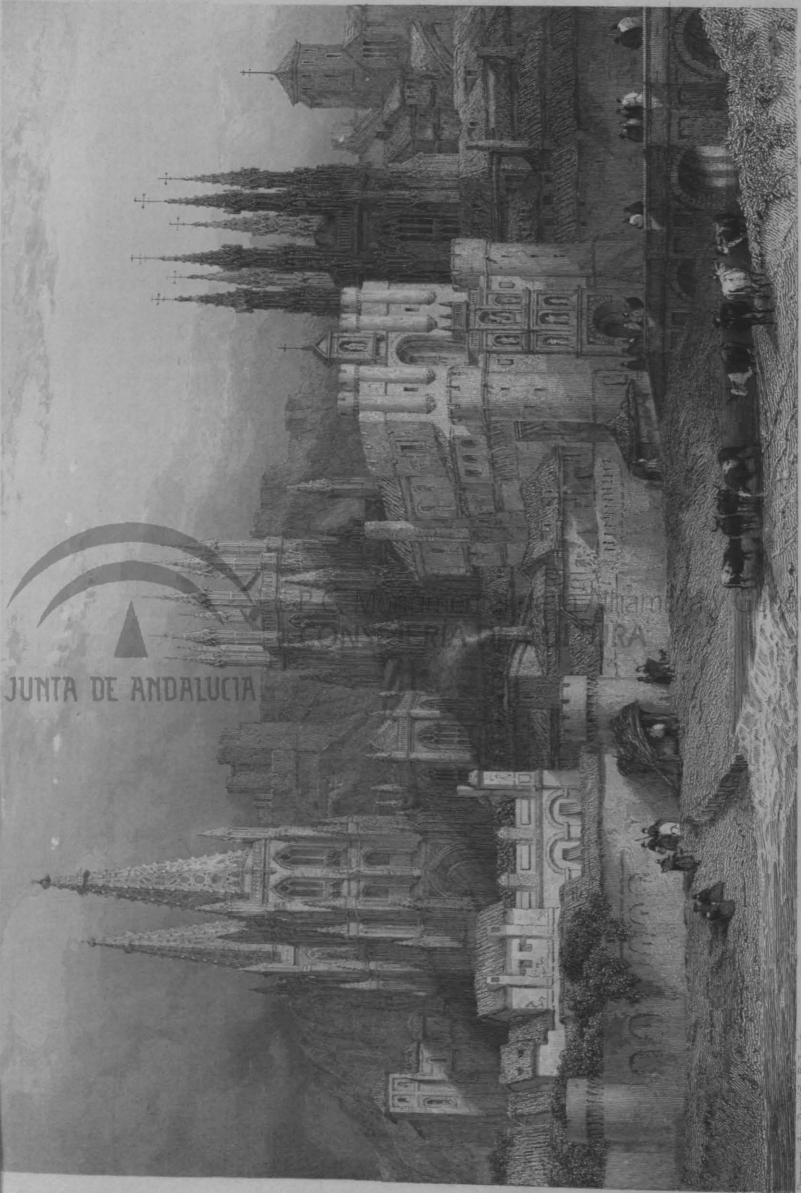
woods, though not observable on the skirts of the highway.

At Quintanapalla, a village situated near the foot of the mountains, we heard a story, which, whether true or not, appears to be always kept ready on the tip of the tongue, to be related to every traveller that passes. Like the ladies, too, it has the faculty of remaining ever young; for, as long as the civil war continues, to give a colour to it, the narrator will be sure to add that it happened only *a few nights ago*. But, however this may be, the legend recounts that the escort of cavalry appointed to convoy the mail to Burgos was surprised and made prisoners, only a very short time before our arrival, by the *Carlistas*, or, as the northerns mispronounce it, *Calristas*. The horsemen, it is said, were feasting jovially in the posada kitchen, singing, joking, or swearing over their wine, when a party of the legitimatists, it is not stated how many, suddenly sprang into the room, and, presenting the muzzle of a musket or blunderbuss to each man's breast, required them to surrender or die. Seeing themselves thus taken at disadvantage, and knowing they must have been betrayed by their hosts, who had probably harboured the ruffians for the purpose, the Constitutionalists were constrained to submit to their fate, and were carried away prisoners to the mountains, where, having been stripped and robbed, they were dismissed, with each a blanket to cover him and a piece of money to purchase food. This tale, repeated with a few necessary variations in forty different places, was evidently a Carlist nouvelette, founded perhaps on fact, but in-

tended to show the superior daring of the partisans of the prince. The sequel, if not apocryphal, would show that the government considered the peasants of the village no less guilty than the marauders, who were probably followers of the curate Merino; for it imposed a heavy fine on the place, and imprisoned the padrono, who had, perhaps, shared in the plunder. This has been, by some writers, stigmatized as base; but as, throughout the provinces, it has been customary with the opposite party to put men to death for much slighter offences, the government ought rather, it is argued on the other side, to be applauded for its forbearance. However this may be, it was beyond the scope of my views to make myself a party to any political feeling or prejudice whatsoever.

Having reached the plain, our road lay along the course of the Arlanzon, and was shaded on either side with trees, which already began, in many places, to shed their leaves, or assume the rich hues of autumn. The sun's beams, penetrating between their umbrageous boughs, played in broad patches upon the dusty avenue, and the chequered shade, cool and refreshing, was extremely agreeable to the eyes, fatigued by many hours' exposure to an unmitigated glare. A gentle breeze, too, was playing above among the rustling leaves, which, as they alternately shook and swung backward and forward with their sustaining boughs, imitated the sound of the ocean heard at a distance inland. In a short time we again caught glimpses of Burgos, of which we had entirely lost sight since quitting the summit of the mountains above;


JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



Engraved by J. Gorman

ENTRANCAS DE BURGOS.

Drawn by David Roberts