

*Apostoles* and the terra-cotta statues of 1458. The interior, consisting of one noble nave, with a semicircular absis, is simple and grandiose.

The *Silla del Coro* is of the early part of the sixteenth century; observe the episcopal throne. The altar is isolated, and belonged to the older church; observe the frontal, the paintings, and some early enamelled figures, A.D. 1038. The noble *Retablo* and pillared tabernacle are by Pedro Benes. Formerly it was one mass of silver and precious materials, which the invaders plundered. Observe the sepulchres of Ramon Berenguer II. and his wife Ermesendis, obt. 1058, and that of Bp. Bernardo de Amplasola. Next visit the *Sala Capitular*, and the cloisters with quaint capitals like those of Vich and Ripoll, and executed by Berengario Portell, 1325. In the Galilea and the *Cementerio de los Negros* are some early lapidary inscriptions. In the archives in the cloister are some early MSS. and a Bible, written in 1374 by Bernardin Mutina for Charles V. of France, and therefore ascribed here to Charlemagne.

The *Colegiata de San Feliu*, is also approached by a staircase between two polygonal towers, one of which has a light Gothic spire. The masonry is solid, for from the earliest times this church was half a fortress, and built accordingly. The grand relics are the head of San Feliu and the body of San Narciso. This Narcissus must not be confounded with the Pagan puppy; he was bishop of Gerona from 304 to 307. Some say he was a German, which makes the Geronese angry; some say he was killed running away from Spain, which does not mend matters. Padre Roig has written his life; see also Ribad. iii. 311. San Narciso, with his deacon Feliu (Felix), were lodged in Ausburgh, at a "Burdel," and there wrought his first miracle, by converting Afra his hostess, and three of her ladies, called Digna, Eumenia, and Eutropia, names of worth and good conduct, which doubt-

less refer to the later periods of their career. On his return to Spain, he was killed by the Gentiles while saying mass. The site where his body was buried was revealed by angels to Charlemagne, since when he has been the tutelar of Gerona. Thus, when Philip le Hardi, anxious to avenge the Sicilian vespers, invaded Catalonia, and began à la Brennus by appropriating the silver on the saint's tomb, there forthwith issued from the body a plague of flies: the authorities differ as to their colour, some affirming that they were white, others that they were tri-coloured, blue, green, and red, while Father Roig is positive that they were "half green, half blue, with a red stripe down their backs." Be this as it may, these blue-bottles destroyed no less than 24,000 horses and 40,000 Frenchmen; nay, the king himself sickened and died at Perpignan Oct. 5, 1285. Hence the proverb, "*Las moscas de Sn. Narciso.*" These gad-flies re-appeared Sept. 24, 1653, and compelled the French, under La Mothe-Houdaincourt, to retire once more, having then stung to death, according to Padre Roig (c. xvii.), more than 20,000 horses. Again, May 24, 1684, an enormous single party-coloured fly appeared miraculously on the image of the saint, and the French army, under Bellfonds, either died or ran away. This miracle was authenticated by Isidro Vila, the town-clerk. Thereupon Innocent XI. decreed a national thanksgiving to Narciso, as "the Saviour of Spain;" and the 29th of every October is still a first-rate holiday. Wisely, therefore, did the Junta in 1808 declare this Hercules Muscarius, this *Απομυιος*, this Baalzebub, to be their captain-general; and on his tomb was laid the staff of command, in order that this *glorioso e invicto martir*, as *especialisimo protector y generalisimo*, might infuse *luces y valor*, intelligence and courage, into mortal Spanish generals. The whole decree was republished in 1832, in the E. S. xlv. 90, with the names of the 32 deputies who

signed it, headed by the identical Jaime Creux who, as the representative of Catalonia, opposed the giving command to the Duke, when the Cortes preferred S<sup>ta</sup> Teresa. So San Antonio was nominated the generalissimo (the San Narciso) of the Lusitanians. Although he never served while alive, he was called into active employment when dead, and was enrolled in 1668 as a private—the Virgin being his surety that he would not desert; in 1780 he was made a general officer, and Junot, in 1807, received his pay with the regularity of a true believer (Foy, ii. 19).

San Narciso is buried in a superb modern chapel, built in 1782 by Bp. Lorenzana; but his tomb, with his history in relief on the four sides, is of the date 1328. His original coffin was placed in the chapel of S<sup>ta</sup> Afra, "mine hostess" of Ausburgh. To the r. of the *Presbiterio* is a simple sarcophagus, dedicated to Mariano Alvarez, the gallant defender of Gerona in 1809. The sepulchre of San Feliu is at the altar, and appears to be a rude Roman sarcophagus, with a group of cloaked figures. There are some ancient lapidary inscriptions, of the 12th or 13th centuries, and two Roman bassi-relievi—one of a lion hunt, the other a birth of Aurora; both of which have been whitewashed.

Gerona, in the war of the Succession, made a desperate resistance with 2000 men against 19,000 troops of Philip V., who abolished its university and all its liberties. In June, 1808, Gerona, with 300 men of the Ulster regiment, under O'Daly, beat off Duhesme with 6000 men. He returned with fresh forces in July, boasting that he would arrive the 24th, attack the 25th, take it the 26th, and raise it on the 27th; but he was beaten off again by that marine gad-fly Lord Cochrane. Not daring to go near the sea, Duhesme retreated, Aug. 16, by the hills: he was pursued by Caldagues, and lost his cannon, baggage, and reputation. At that critical mo-

ment 10,000 English troops were ordered from Sicily, and had they landed France never could have won Catalonia. Unfortunately the loss of the island of Capri by Sir Hudson Lowe enabled the French to threaten the poor creature Sir John Murray, and the troops did not sail. The Catalans were thus left unassisted, and thereby this province and Valencia were lost. The English only interfered when too late, and then only, under the same Murray and other Sicilian incapables, to do worse than nothing (see Biar, Ordal, Tarragona, etc.).

Gerona was again besieged in May, 1809, by the French with 35,000 men, under Verdier, St. Cyr, and Augereau. It was defended by Mariano Alvarez, who was left by the Junta in want of everything, even of ammunition; but he was brave and skilful, and well seconded by some English volunteers and the gallant Col. Marshall, who took the lead and was killed in the breaches: Pearson, Nash, and Candy also distinguished themselves. The women of Gerona enrolled themselves into a company, dedicated to S<sup>ta</sup> Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery, and fit mate to San Narciso and his Spanish flies. The French bombarded the city—the resistance was most dogged—general after general failed, and the siege became so unpopular that Lechi, Verdier, and others took French leave, and gave up their commands. At last famine and disease effected what force of arms could not. Alvarez became delirious, and with him Gerona fell; for Samaniego, his poor successor, forthwith capitulated, Dec. 12, 1809 (comp. the traitor coward Imaz at Badajoz). The defence lasted seven months and five days, against seven open breaches. The French expended 60,000 balls and 20,000 bombs, and lost more than 15,000 men. Augereau broke every stipulation, and insulted the invalid Alvarez, instead of honouring a brave opponent. He confined him in a solitary dungeon,

where he was soon "found dead," say the French—"poisoned," says Toreno (x. Ap. 3); and Southey compares his fate to that of Wright and Pichegru.

For the siege of Gerona consult 'Memorias,' J. A. Nieto y Samaniego, Tarragona, 1810. Thus fell this key of Catalonia, and with it the province; but Alvarez lives immortal, and redeems the infamy of Alacha at Tortosa, and Imaz at Badajoz. Gerona was much dismantled by Suchet when evacuating Catalonia after Vitoria.

Gerona has suffered much recently during the Prim and Ametler bush-fightings of 1843.

La Bispal lies to the l. of Gerona. Here, in Sept. 1810, Henry O'Donnell surprised the ever unlucky bungler Swartz, and took him prisoner, with 1200 men. Toreno (xii.) omits, in recording this Spanish victory, any allusion to the English tars, who were, as at San Payo, the salt of the enterprise.

From Gerona there is a bridle-road to the l. into France.

ROUTE LI.—GERONA TO ST. LAURENT.

Bañolas . . . . .	2	
Besalú . . . . .	2	.. 4
Entreperas . . . . .	3	.. 7
Basagoda . . . . .	2½	.. 9½
St. Laurent . . . . .	1½	.. 11

Turning to the r. from Besalú it ascends the Llera, on which Entreperas is placed. Basagoda communicates with Camprodon by the Coll de Fac, and is the last town in Spain.

ROUTE LII.—GERONA TO PERPIÑAN.

Bascara . . . . .	4	
Figueras . . . . .	3	.. 7
A la Junquera . . . . .	3	.. 10
Al Boulou . . . . .	4	.. 13
Perpiñan . . . . .	4	.. 17

On leaving Gerona the Fluvia is crossed. On these banks Ferd VII., travelling under the title of Conde de Barcelona, was restored to Spain, March 24, 1814, by Buonaparte, whose pride had too long obscured his military judgment. Had he taken that

step sooner, Ferd. would have been another apple of discord to the English; again, by withdrawing Suchet's army, Buonaparte would have had greater means to resist the allies when invading France; but Spain was his evil genius, and poetical justice required that this should be his pit. He mismanaged the whole campaign, and especially by grasping at Valencia and Andalucia, instead of concentrating his overwhelming superiority of numbers against the Duke: "as it is ridiculous to suppose that either the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted for a moment, if the British force had been withdrawn,"—ipse dixit (Disp. Dec. 21, 1813); writing from France, after he alone had saved the Peninsula, and in spite of the juntas and generals of Spain.

Ferdinand came back attended by his tutor, Escoiquiz, who had lured him into the Bayonne trap. Pedant and pupil returned as Spanish as they had gone forth—nothing learnt, nothing forgotten. The Duke, however, thought better of the king than of his ministers. He was well disposed, and meant and wished to have acted fairly, but it was impossible, as his party was too strong for him, and clamoured for Iberian *Venganza*. He fell also into the worst hands, and especially Freire and Ballesteros, his war ministers, who prejudiced him against the English, and especially against the Duke, falsely stating that he patronised a liberal newspaper called *El Conciso*. Thus, when the Duke arrived at Madrid, Ferd. VII., although outwardly very civil, never touched on political subjects. The Duke was very nearly being obliged to go and lodge at his brother's house, when a hint was given by Gen. O'Lawlor to the Duque de San Carlos, and a proper residence was provided; nor did the king, although the Duke would have liked it, ever offer to give him a permanent house there in his quality of grandee. The Duke saw at once how things were going on, and passing through Tolosa on his return, told Gen.

Giron, "c'est une affaire perdue," and he was right.

*Figueras*, *Ficaris*, is a straggling place, which rises in its rich plain of olives and rice: it contains about 7500 souls. Here the traveller should exchange his Spanish money for French, or his French for Spanish, as the case may be, remembering always that five-franc pieces, or the pillared *duro*, are the safest coins to take. Those who now enter Spain for the first time should read our preliminary remarks on money, passports, sketching, costume, &c. *Barcelona* is a good place for an outfit.

In the parish church of *Figueras Philip V.*, Nov. 3, 1701, was married to *Maria Luisa of Savoy*. The glory of *Figueras* and her shame is the superb citadel, which is called *San Fernando*, having been built by *Ferd. VI.* It is pentagonal, cut out of the rock, and planned on the principles of *Vauban*. It is of truly Roman magnificence and solidity, and as far as art can go, it ought to be impregnable. The arsenals, magazines, &c., are capable of containing enormous stores, which, as usual, are *not* there, and quarters for 16,000 men, who also are wanting. In the prison *Alvarez* was "found dead," although *Augereau* held no coroner's inquest on the body. *Gen. Castaños* marked the spot by an inscription. This fortress, thus placed as a central point of communication, is the key of the frontier, or ought to be; for well did *Mr. Townshend* observe, in 1786, while it was building, "When the moment of trial comes, the whole will depend on the *weakness* or treachery of a commander, and instead of being a defence to the country, it may afford a lodgment to the enemy;" and his prophetic apprehensions proved too well founded. The miserable governor, one *Andre Torres*, surrendered, Nov. 27, 1794, at the first summons of the republican *Gen. Perignon*, the same who two years afterwards negotiated with *Godoy* the treaty of *San Ildefonso*, which degraded Spain to being the

slave of France. The conquerors, who were under 15,000 men, could scarcely believe their success, or the astounding cowardice of a garrison which had every means of resisting even 50,000 men for at least six months.

Again, March 18, 1808, this citadel, like most others on the frontier, was perfidiously gained by *Buonaparte*, whose agent, *Dubesme*, entered the town as the ally of *Charles IV.*: he prevailed on the governor, one *Prats*, to confide in his honour, and to imprison therein 200 unruly conscripts: instead of whom he sent his picked soldiers in disguise, who immediately overpowered the Spanish garrison, inefficient in numbers, and unprovided, as usual, with the commonest means for defence (compare *Pamplona*).

*Figueras* was recaptured in one hour. April 10, 1811, by *Rovira*, a doctor in theology. This clever *partisan* had trusty friends in the town, and had long wished to attempt its surprise, but was thwarted by the blundering *regular* generals, who laughed at the idea as a *Quixotism*, a *Rovirada*: the doctor, at last, led his brave peasants, and succeeded in his wild enterprise from sheer boldness of conception and execution, just as our gallant *Peterborough* did with the fortress of *Barcelona*. The careless French governor, one *Mons. Guyot*, was condemned to death for form's sake, and a theatrical scene was got up, when *Buonaparte* pardoned him. All this French farce is bepraised by *Napier* (xiii. 6), who blinks his idol's subsequent cruelty to the brave Spaniards. *Rovira* was rewarded by preferment in the cathedral of *Vich*, a common practice. Thus, when *Amarillas* commanded in *Gallicia*, the usual form of *Empeño*, or request for a job, was to "procure the applicant either a commission in the army, or a benefice in the church," and this mode of rewarding the brave was actually decreed by the *Cortes*; so the mediæval warriors retired into hermitages, exchanging the hauberk for the cowl; not that a well paid canon,

in any country, is ultra ascetic. Figueras, thus taken by the reverend doctor, was lost by the blundering regular general Campoverde, who, while creeping *con pies de plomo* to its resupply of troops and provisions, was met, May 3, by General Baraguey d'Hilliers, who, with some 4000 men, by one dashing cavalry charge, completely routed 10,000 Spaniards, killing 900, and taking 1500 prisoners. When one reads the French and Spanish accounts (compare V. et C. xx. 307 with Mald. iii. 54), it would seem that they were describing different actions.

Figueras, left to itself, was now besieged and bombarded by 13,000 Frenchmen. The governor, Martinez, made a splendid defence, and at last, after nearly five months' resistance, food and ammunition failing, capitulated (Aug. 16) on, say the Spaniards, honourable terms, all of which were violated by Macdonald. After sundry executions the brave garrison was marched half-naked to the hulks of Brest and Rochefort, and there compelled by Buonaparte to work like convicts. See the sad but true details in Southey (Chr. 38).

Figueras was much injured during the internecine *et plus quàm civile bellum*, carried on in 1843 between Prim and Ametler.

Leaving this place the road passes the Llobregat, and reaches La Junquera, in its reedy plain or *garganta* between the hills. From the quantity of *Esparto* which grows here the site was called by the ancients *Campus Juncarius*, and "the plain of Marathon," from *μαραθων*, a rope (Strabo, iii. 240). Here is the Spanish *aduana*; the custom-house officers, taught by the scrutiny of their French colleagues, are severe, unless judiciously soothed, for *mas ablanda dinero, que palabras de caballero*, and few searchers can find it in their hearts to resist an insinuating dollar. The old Celtiberian *Salondicus* carried on the war with a *silver spear*, which he said had fallen from

heaven (Florus, ii. 17. 4). The meaning of the myth is obvious.

Now we ascend the mountain barrier of the Pyrenees, and passing over the *Col de Pertús* descend to *El Boulou*. The height looks over Spain and France, which the Rubicon Tech separates. To the l., above the village Pertús, is the fort of Bellegarde, raised in 1679 by Louis XIV. to prevent the passage of the Spaniards, and guard his newly acquired slice of dominion. It is placed on a conical hill between two ridges, and is strong, although commanded by the Spanish height, from whence there is an extensive view looking back towards Figueras. This *Puerto* in ancient times was crossed by Pompey, who erected on the spot a monument inscribed with the names of 876 places which he had subdued. Cæsar, when he passed by, having vanquished the generals and sons of this conqueror, raised an altar by the side of the former trophy. Nothing now remains of either. *Sic transit gloria!* (See Hand-book for France.) Soon the appearance of the semi-soldier French douanier, the rigorous searchings of trunks, nay persons, and the signing of passports, announce another kingdom (see our remarks at Irun). Then adieu hungry Iberia, charming land of the original, racy, and romantic, and welcome *Belle France*, chosen country of most unpicturesque commonplace, and most poetical cookery.

*Roussillon* ought, according to geographical position, to belong to France, as it now does. Its not having always done so proves the former superiority of Arragon over its limitrophe neighbour. To obtain this *Angulus iste* was the dream of Louis XI. The crafty Ferdinand the Catholic recovered this frontier (which had been mortgaged to Louis XI.) from his weak son Charles VIII., but the policy was revived by Richelieu, who encouraged the Catalans to rebel against Philip IV. The result was that Louis XIV. was enabled, by the treaty of the Pyrenees,

to obtain this desirable nook, which in all probability will never revert to Spain; yet the Catalonian character still lingers in Perpiñan, and breaks out in costume and in the dance called "*Lo Salt*."

ROUTE LIII.—FIGUERAS TO ROSAS.

From Figueras there is a wild and picturesque riding route into France, along the coast of the gulf of Rosas. On one side stands *Castellon de Ampurias*, now a miserable ruined fishing hamlet: it is all that remains of the ancient commercial *Emporiæ Emporium*, *Ἐμπορία Ἐμπορείον*. This colony of the Phocæan Greeks from Marseilles was founded 550 B.C., and became the rendezvous of Asia and Europe. It traded much in linen, which calico has now supplanted in these parts. The Spaniards beheld these foreign settlers with great jealousy, and after many contests came to a singular compromise: the Greeks were allowed to occupy the island rocks *Las Métras, Medas*, but their city, Paleopolis, was divided from the Iberian town by a party wall, which was regularly guarded as in a case of siege, and all intercommunication cut off; an arrangement not unlike the partition in the church at Heidelberg, between the irreconcilable Papist and Protestant congregations. The Romans, when Spain was conquered, broke down the barrier, and united the two portions under their paramount authority. The mint was very busy, and the coins have survived the city, as thirty have been discovered, all of which bear the head of Minerva on the reverse (Florez, 'M.' ii. 409). For ancient details consult Livy, xxxiv. 9; Strabo, iii. 241; and E. S. xlii. 202.

The Goths used *Emporiæ* kindly, and raised it to a bishopric. The strong town resisted the invading Moors, and was by them dismantled; it was finally destroyed by the Normans, and the

sea, by retiring, has completed the injuries of man.

*Rosas*, placed on the upper part of the bay, was the Greek *Ῥόδιον*, Rhodos; the old town, it is said, lay towards the head-land, at San Pedro de Roda. Below the town is the citadel, which was besieged, Nov. 1794, by the French under Perignon, and gallantly defended by Isquierdo, who, when his inadequate means were exhausted, managed, Feb. 3, to embark and save his garrison. The defences, half ruined, were never repaired. Thus, when the next war broke out, this important key to the coast was left exposed to the mercy of the enemy. It was attacked, Nov. 1808, by 7000 French under Reille, Souham, and St. Cyr, and was gallantly defended by O'Daly and Fitzgerald, who had good Irish blood in their veins, and it held out for 29 days, surrendering Dec. 5. No effort was made by any Spaniards to relieve this important maritime place. Lord Cochrane, however, with his truly English self-relying, self-acting spirit, just threw some eighty blue jackets into the head-land fort, which the religious Spaniards called *La Trinidad*, and the more æsthetic French *Le bouton de rose*. These tars played such pranks with their cutlasses, as only British sailors, rendered reckless by uninterrupted victory, can venture to practise. They beat S<sup>ra</sup>. Narciso and his Gerona Spanish flies hollow: the name of Cochrane, however, was enough to inspire terror to the enemies of England all along the coast; he was a true son of the Drakes and Blakes who ruled these waves, nor is the breed likely to fail.

Crossing the head-land, and passing the *Cabo de Creux*, the site of the temple of Venus and her promontory, a wild coast-road leads by Cervera to France and *Porte Vendres*, *Portus Veneris*, where the steamers touch in their passages to and from Cadiz and Marseilles.

## SECTION VII.

## ESTREMADURA.

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## PLACENCIA.

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ROUTE LXI.—PLACENCIA TO CIUDAD RODRIGO.

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The grand objects in this too little visited province are the battle fields of Badajoz, Arroyo Molinos, and Almaraz; the Roman antiquities of Merida, Alcantara, Coria, and Capara; the geology at Logrosan; the convents of Guadalupe, San Yuste, and the extraordinary valley of the Batuecas, and scenery near Placencia. The Springs and Autumns are the best seasons for travelling.

The country between Seville and Badajoz has been described in Routes ix. and x.

The province of Estremadura was so called, quasi *Extrema ora*, because it was the last and *extreme* conquest of Alonzo IX. in 1228. It lies to the W. of the Castiles, on the Portuguese frontier. The average length is 190 miles and breadth 90. The Tagus and Guadiana, flowing E. and W., divide the province; the former passing through Estremadura *Alta* or upper, the latter through Estremadura *Baja* or lower. The upper province is a continuous layer of slates intercalated with beds of fine quartzite and granite. In both vast districts of land, fertile in themselves, and under a beneficent climate, are abandoned to sheep-walks, or left as uninhabited wastes overgrown with cistus; yet the finest wheat might be raised here in inexhaustible quantities, and under the Romans and Moors this province was both a granary and a garden. It is still called by the gipsies *Chin del Manro*, "the land of corn;" and wherever there is common irrigation and cultivation, wheat crops and excellent wine and oil are largely produced. The lonely *dehesas y despoblados*, like portions of Barbary and Andalucia already described (see p. 148), are absolute preserves for the botanist

and sportsman; nothing can be more striking than the greenhouse-like smell, temperature, and exotic appearance of the aromatic shrubs and weeds: everything displays the exuberant vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, and neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance. The swampy banks of the Guadiana offer good wild-fowl shooting in winter, but in summer they are unwholesome and infected with fever and agues, while the survivors are eaten up by mosquitos and other light militia of the air and earth.

In proportion as the animal creature abounds, man, the lord of the creation, is rare. The population of Estremadura ranges at about 600,000, which is scarcely at the rate of 350 souls to the square league. The *Estremeños* live in their isolated province, like the Murcians, in little intercommunication with the rest of mankind; here the moral and material obstacles to the prosperity of Spain are painfully exemplified; ignorance, indolence, and insecurity combine with poverty and an absence of small proprietors; here is alike a want of fixed capital in the landlord as of circulating capital in the tenant. The backward population is indifferent even to amelioration; a liability to taxation almost according to means of payment takes away the interest of advancement; as to keep body and soul together is enough, there is little inducement to improve or accumulate. The half-employed population vegetates without manufactures or commerce, except in the bacon line, which is brisk, and the sole source of what little wealth there is; all traffic in other matters is merely passive, the smuggler excepted. Each family provides rudely for its limited wants; contented with the barest necessaries, they go on from father to son in an Oriental routine; they dread all change, well knowing that generally it is for the worse; and so bear and bear on evils to which they are accustomed, rather than risk the uncertainty of a possible good, exclaiming *mas vale el mal conocido, que el bien a conocer*; thus their present evil, not good, *est l'ennemi du mieux*, and militates against all exertions to bettering their condition.

Their cities are few and dull, their roads are made by sheep, not men, and their inns are mere stables for beasts. The *Estremeños*, who have been considered by investigators of race to be remnants of Roman colonists, are simple, kind-hearted, and contented; with them ignorance is bliss, and they prefer to enjoy a siestose negation not merely of comforts but of necessaries, rather than to labour or worry themselves with an over-struggle to get on and "go a-head," which they consider rather an element of wealth and intelligence than of animal happiness. They are remarkably civil and courteous, especially to the passing stranger; they are a mixture between the gay swaggering Andalucian, and the serious, proud Castilian. As, however, in the East, where the philosophy of indolence is also studied and practised, the *Estremeños*, when urged by an adequate stimulant, avarice for instance, are capable of great exertion. Thus from the swine herds of Trujillo and Medellin, Pizarro and Cortes sallied forth to conquer and murder myriads, and thousands of their *paisanos*, or fellow-countrymen, allured by their success and by visions of red gold, emigrated to this new conquest, just as the needy Arabs and Berbers quitted Syria and Africa for Spain in the eighth century. Spanish authors, who did not dare hint at the truth, have ascribed the depopulated condition of Estremadura to this outpouring; but colonization never thins a vigorous well-conditioned mother state. *Bad government*, civil and religious, was the real cause of this abomination of desolation, which all who run in Estremadura may read; but this people always loves to look for causes from *without*, for those failures which are the necessary results of causes *within*.

A peculiar curse is superadded to Estremadura in the *Mesta* system of Merino sheep called *Los trashumantes*, or the migratory; they are true flocks of the



nomad Bedouin, and to wander about without house or home, check or hindrance, suits the Oriental habits alike of men and beasts. The origin is stated after this wise: when the Spaniards in the thirteenth century expelled from these parts the industrious Moors, they razed the cities and razzia'd the country, while those inhabitants who were not massacred were driven away to die in slavery, thus making a solitude and calling it pacification. Vast tracts previously in cultivation were then abandoned, and nature, here prolific, soon obliterating the furrows of man, resumed her rights, covered the soil with aromatic weeds, and gave it up to the wild birds and beasts. Such were the *talas*, a true Moorish word *talah*, "death, extermination;" and where the oriental army sets its foot the earth is seared like by a thunderbolt, and the grass will never grow (compare Andalusia, p. 148). Only a small portion of the country was recultivated by the lazy, ignorant, soldier conquerors; and the new population, scanty as it was, was almost swept away by a plague in 1348, after which fifty whole districts were left unclaimed; these were termed *Valdios*, a truly Moorish term, *Batele* signifying "worthless" in the Arabic, whence the Spanish term *de Valde—Baledo*—under *Valdio*, that is uncultivated.\* These unclaimed, uninhabited pasturages at last attracted the attention of the highland shepherds of Leon, Segovia, and Molina de Aragon, who drove down their flocks to them as to a milder winter quarter; hence by degrees a prescriptive right of agistment was claimed over these commons, and the districts at last were *retazados*, or set apart and apportioned. This feeding their flocks at the expense of others exactly suited the national predilection for self, and as the profit of the wool was great, and long one of the most productive staples of Spain, the flocks naturally multiplied, and with them their encroachments. As the owners were powerful nobles and convents, the poor peasants in vain opposed such overwhelming influence; and however Spanish political economists may deplore the system, it is very questionable, supposing this lucrative wool-system had been put down, whether the plains of Estremadura would not have been left to this moment as *Dehesas y jarales*, like such vast districts of Andalusia still are.

As the population of Estremadura increased, infinite disputes arose between the wandering shepherd and the fixed cultivator, until a compromise was effected in 1556, whereby the privileges of a few sheep proprietors, like the hunting laws of our Norman tyrants, have doomed, say their opponents, to barrenness some of the finest districts of Spain. The *Mesta* was abolished by the Cadiz cortes, but was re-established by Ferd. VII. in 1814, with the Inquisition, being almost the first acts of this beloved Bourbon at his restoration: true to his breed he returned nothing learnt and nothing forgotten. The landed proprietors now see the evil, and are gradually paring away some of the overgrown abuses. The term *Merino* is said to be derived from *Marino*, because the original breed of sheep was imported by sea from England, under our Henry II. Sheep also formed part of the primitive portion—*Pecus unde pecunia*—given in 1394 by John of Gaunt, when his daughter Catherine married the heir of Enrique III. Previously, however, the Bætican wools were the most celebrated, and a ram sold for a talent (Strabo, iii. 213), but no doubt the breed was improved by the English cross. The sheep, *Ganado* (Arabicè *Gunam*, cattle), are called *Trashumantes*, from the ground they go over. They formerly exceeded four millions in number: thus, before the recent war and troubles, the Duke of Infantado possessed 30,000, and the Convento de Paular as many. These flocks are divided into detachments, *Cabañas* (Arabicè, a tent), of 10,000 each, and are the

\* Capt. Widdrington (i. 427) has thrown light upon the general system of commons in Spain. He traces the custom back to the Visigoths, and considers them one of the many causes of the deplorably backward condition of Spanish agriculture.

armies which Don Quixote attacked, like Ajax. They quit their highland summer quarters, *Agostaderos*, about October, and then come down to their winter quarters, *Invernaderos*, in the warm plains. Each *Cabaña* is managed by a *Mayor*, a conductor, who has under him 50 shepherds and 50 huge dogs. Some travel more than 150 L., performing from 2 to 4 L. a day, and occupying 40 days in the journey. At the "folding star of eve," they are penned in with rope-nettings of *Esparto*, and a most picturesque Oriental "watching of flocks by night" takes place. By the laws of the Mesta the king is the *Merino Mayor*; his deputies, wolves in Merino clothing, compel landed proprietors to leave a *Cañada de Paso*, or free sheep-walk, 90 paces wide, on each side of the highway, which entirely prevents enclosure and good husbandry. The animals soon get to know their quarters, and return year after year of their own accord to the same localities. In April their migratory instinct renders them restless, and if not guided they set forth unattended to the cooler hills. When they first arrive at their ground, salt is placed on flat stones at the rate of a *Fanega* or about a cwt. for every 100 sheep. This they lick eagerly, and it improves their appetites. They are shorn, *Trasquilados*, about May: the shearing, *El Esquilmo*, is done with great care, and is an epoch of primitive and Oriental festivities (see Segovia). The sheep which migrate have the finest fleece; those which stay at home produce a coarser wool, a *lana basta*. The rams give the most; three fleeces will average 25 lbs. The names of the animals are as numerous as those of Irish pigs, and also vary with the age: thus, the lambs are called *Corderos*; the two-year olds, *Borros*; the three, *Andruscos*; the four, *Tras-andruscos*. Their ages are ascertained by the number of teeth or *Palas*; at the fifth year they are called *Cerrados*, and after that *Reviejos*, and useless. The rams lose their teeth at eight years, and the ewes at five. In September the flocks are *Almagrados*, daubed with a red earth from Almarrazon, which conduces to the fineness of the wool. In keeping up stock, great care is taken in selecting rams with round bellies, and white soft wool, and the clean-faced ewes, *las Calvitas*, are preferred. The ewes are put to the rams, *Morruecos*, about the end of June, when six rams suffice for 100 ewes: they remain together a month. They lamb in their winter quarters: March is a very busy month with the shepherds, who then mark their flocks, cut the lambs' tails, and tip their fathers' horns. The sheep are always on the move, as they seek grass, which is scarce, and will not touch thyme, which is abundant, and is left to the wild bee. They are never fed, until the dew is dry, nor allowed to drink after hail-storms. The flesh is bad, as no Estremenian ever has dreamed of putting a Merino fleece on a Southdown carcass, for however curious in pork, they just take their mutton as the gods provide it. The shepherds are mere brutes, like the animals with whom they live, and in whose skins they are clothed. They refute those pastorals in which the sentiments of civilization are placed in the mouths of the veriest clods of earth. These shepherds never dwell in cities, seldom marry, and thus in nowise contribute to population, which is so much wanted, or to any arts that refine. When not asleep or eating they stand still, fixed and silly as their sheep, leaning on their crooks, and only good for an artist's foreground or a poet's stanza. Their talk is about rams and ewes: they know every one of their sheep, although lambs, like babies, appear all alike except to a nurse's eye, and the sheep know them: all this is very Oriental; and this idle avocation and pasturage in general is more popular with the Spaniard than tillage, for the latter requires a fixed residence, foresight, some machinery, much bodily labour, while in pastorals, Nature, which provides the green herb, does all the work; therefore to tend cattle is the joy of the roving nomad, whether living in the *Dehesas* of Spain, or the *Bedowi* of Arabia. For

the Mesta consult '*Concejo de la Mesta*,' folio, Madrid, 1681, which details the privileges so justly condemned by Jovellanos; also Bowles, '*Sobre el Ganado Merino*,' p. 501; and the '*Viaje*' of Ponz (let. 7). Sir Joseph Banks, in 1809, wrote a memoir on these Merinos.

Second only to the sheep are the swine of Estremadura, and here again Nature lends her aid, as vast districts of this unreclaimed province are covered with woods of oak, beech, and chesnut. These parklike scenes have no charms for the eyes of the natives, who, blind to the picturesque, only are thinking of the number of pigs which can be fattened on the mast and acorns. The *Jamones*, hams, the bacon, *Tocino* (Arabicè *Tachim*, fat), and the sausages of this province have always and deservedly been celebrated: *περνη διαφορη* is the classical eulogy. Lope de Vega, according to his biographer Montalvan, never could write poetry unless inspired by a rasher. "*Toda es cosa vil*," said he, "*adonde falta un pernil*." This is the *Perna* by which Horace, too, was restored (ii. S. 4. 61): but Anacreon, like a vinous Greek, preferred for inspiration the contents of the pig-skin to the pig. Be that as it may, the *Matanza* or pig-slaughter takes place about the 10th and 11th of November, at their particular saint's day, *por el San Andres*, for a *cada puerco su San Martin*, and they have then been fattened with the sweet acorn, *Bellota*, Arabicè *Bollöta* *Bollöt*. *Belot* *Belotin* is the Scriptural term for the tree and the glands; these, with water, formed the primitive dietary of the poor Iberians (Tibullus ii. 3. 71). Bread was also made out of them when dry and ground (Strabo iii. 223). When fresh they were served at dinner in the second course (Pliny, 'N.H.' xvi. 5). Sancho Panza's wife was therefore quite classical when she sent some to the duchess. Now the chief consumers are the young Estremenians and the pigs; the latter are turned out in legions from the villages, which more correctly may be termed coalitions of pigsties: they return from the woods at night,—*glande sues læti redeunt*,—and of their own accord, like the cattle of Juno (Livy xxiv. 3). On entering the hamlet, all set off at a full gallop, in a handicap for home, into which each single pig turns, never making a mistake; there he is welcomed like a prodigal son or a domestic father. These pigs are the pets of the peasants, they are brought up with their children, and partake, as in Ireland, in the domestic discomforts of their cabins; they are universally respected, and justly, for it is this animal—*propter convivia natum*—who pays the "rint." Estremenian man in fact is quite a secondary formation, and was created to tend herds of these swine, who lead the once happy life of the Toledan cathedral dignitaries, with the additional advantage of becoming more valuable when dead.

The quantities of *Chorizo* and *Pimentesco* eaten in Estremadura produce carbuncles. For some remarks on the orthodoxy of Bacon, and its being the *sine qua non* of national sermons and *ollas*, see p. 27. The Spaniards, however, although tremendous consumers of the pig, whether in the salted form or in the skin, have to the full the oriental abhorrence to the unclean animal in the abstract. *Muy puerco* (like the Moslem *Haluf*) is their last expression for all that is most dirty, nasty, or disgusting. *Muy cochina* never is forgiven, if applied to woman. It is equivalent to the canine feminine compliment bandied among our fair sex at Billingsgate, nor does the epithet imply moral purity or chastity. *Montanches* is the chief place for the ham and bacon commerce of Estremadura, refer therefore to it for prices current, &c.

The geology and botany of this province are little known. It, says Capt. Widdrington, who has given us the best account, is the locality to which the ignorant professors of Spain refer the *habitats* of all unknown animals—*omne ignotum pro Estremense*; insects and wild animals breed securely in the *montes dehesas y jarales*, where no entomologist or sportsman destroys them. Thus the

locust, *Langosta*, and all the tuneful tribe of *Cicalas* enliven the solitudes with their rejoicings at heat, insomuch that the phrase indicative of their chirping, *canta la chicharra*, is synonymous with our expression the "dog days." These shrill *Cicalas*, who make their life one summer day of song, hide in the pollard olives, heard not seen, *vov*, as Lipsius said of the nightingale, *et præterea nihil*. It is affirmed that only the male makes these noises; and poets, for whom we do not vouch, assert that

"The chirping cicad leads a merry life  
And sings because he has a voiceless wife."

The Spaniards, like the ancients, delight in the *Grillo*. The first thing Sancho gives his boy is, *una jaula de grillos*, and this, a large black cricket, is sold in the markets in small wire cages: by one of these Cabeza de Vaca, when sailing to the Brazils, was thus saved. The insect, bought by a sailor, had been silent in the wide seas, but suddenly chirped, when the vicinity of rocks was suspected, which, an instant look-out being made, were discovered close a-head. The locust is to Estremadura what the autochthonic grasshopper was to Attica: it is indigenous. Instinct teaches the female never to deposit her eggs in ground that has been cultivated. Their gaudy, delicate, rose-coloured wings seem painted by the sun, and rustle like dry leaves. The Arabs imagine that they could read in the transparent fibres the words, "We are the destroying army of Allah." Their march, to use the comparisons of Scott and Byron, is that of "Gaul's locust host" eating up the earth; a "garden of Eden lies before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness;" and having scarred the face of the earth while alive, their dead bodies poison the air. Bowles (p. 238) has detailed some of their habits. The parents die after impregnation and incubation: they destroy more vegetables than they consume, devouring every green herb, except the red *Tomata*, which is providential, as Spaniards almost live on it. The Spaniard, in return, will not eat the locust, which the modern Moors do in retaliation, especially the female with eggs, either pickled or boiling them in salt water. This is an old Arab delicacy, and among the Jews was accounted "a clean meat" (Levit. xi. 22); and the taste is something like bad shrimps. Such are supposed by some to have been the food of the Baptist (Matt. iii. 4). The Spaniard prefers the locust-tree, and the pods and "*husks*" of the *Algarrobo* fill the bellies of both the swine and prodigal sons of Valencia (see p. 432).

The pigs of Estremadura, however, eat both the insect locust and the locust pod. Their masters wage war against their winged enemy, sweeping them into trenches, and burning them in heaps. Sometimes a relic is brought forth by the curate, which drives the invading hordes into the next parish, and so on—*usque in partibus infidelium*. As wet destroys the viscid matter in which the eggs are enveloped, and as heat is required to hatch them, these dry plains are natural breeding-grounds, and there is little agriculture to disturb the deposit.

Birds of prey of all kinds abound; and in the summer, flights of turtle-doves come over from Barbary to breed, and as they are never molested, they scarcely avoid man's approach, but coo about in pairs, images of connubial felicity: they alight in the wild olive-trees, like the one sent forth by Noah after the Deluge was subsided. These are the doves of the west, or *Al-garb*, who brought ambrosia to Jupiter (Od. M. 63), and who retired into Africa to visit the Temple of Venus. They are, indeed, such very loving things, and form such admirable similes, that no man who has poetry in his soul would make a pie of these pretty pigeons. Among other birds of rich colour may be cited the Blue Pie (*Pica cyanea*), *Mohiño*; the Bee-eater (*Meriops apiaster*), *Abejaruco*; and the Hoopoe (*Upupa*), *Abubilla*.

The entomology of Estremadura is endless, and perfectly uninvestigated—*de minimis non curat Hispanus*; but the heavens and earth teem with the minute creation, and in these lonely wastes, where no human voice disturbs the silence, the balmy air resounds with the buzzing hum of multitudinous insects, which career about on their business of love or food without settlements or kitchens, in the fine weather, the joy of their tiny souls and short-lived pleasant existence. These matters, and the sheep, pigs, locusts, and doves have been mentioned at length, because for hours and days they will be the only living things which the traveller will see in these *despoblados*. You may ride for leagues without meeting a human being; now and then a man is seen, just to prove how rare his species here is. Estremadura is very hot in the summer; the out-of-the-way districts can only be visited on horseback. Attend to the "Provend." The roads are solitary and safe: where there are no travellers except sheep why should there be robbers? All fleshly comforts, barring *porcine* ones, are rare. The cities are poor and unsocial. There is only one grand road, that from Badajoz to Madrid (R. lv.). The horse is elsewhere the best, nay, the only means of locomotion; attend, therefore, to our preliminary remarks. Estremadura, we speak from repeated personal investigation, abounds in objects of interest to the traveller, although hitherto it has been much neglected, from lying out of the ordinary track of those who, like wild geese, follow the one the other. Railroads are projected *on paper* to Madrid, Lisbon, and Seville.

BADAJOZ is the capital of its province. The best *Fonda* is "de las tres Naciones," No. 30, C<sup>a</sup> de la Moraleja. There are two *Posadas* in the Calle de la Soledad; one "del Caballo Blanco," the other "de Caballeros." The best cafés are "de los dos Amigos," on the Plaza, and "la Lealtad," near the theatre.

Badajoz is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago, and the residence of a captain-general of the province. As this is a frontier fortress, much jealousy is shown towards all prying foreigners, and it will be better to call on the captain-general, and, if possible, obtain permission to look about, and an attendant.

This strong city rises about 300 ft. above the Guadiana, near the confluence of the streamlet Rivillas. The highest portion is crowned by a ruined Moorish castle. Long lines of walls descend to the river, while most formidable bastions, glacis, and counterscarps defend the land side. Pop<sup>n</sup> about 12,000. It is a dull place, with a second-rate theatre, and few social attractions. The river is crossed by a superb granite bridge, finished in

1596, from designs by Herrera. It is strengthened by a *tête du pont*, and the fortified height San Cristobal, which commands by far the best view of Badajoz. The name was corrupted by the Moors from the Roman "Pax Augusta," *Πεζαυγοῦρα* (Strabo iii. 225). Some have said that it was once called "Beturia," and derive Badajoz from "Beled Aix," Arabicè the "land of health," it being that of ague; others prefer "Bab-geuz," or "goz," Arabicè the "gate of walnuts," of which there are none.

Those who do not take interest in the details of sieges may pass on at once to p. 524. The military man may be told that Badajoz is distant about 5 miles from Portugal, and is therefore an important frontier-place. Alonzo IX. took it from the Moors in 1235. The Portuguese besieged it in 1660 and 1705. Kellermann and Victor failed before it in 1808 and 1809. When Buonaparte, in 1810, ordered Soult to advance on Estremadura, to relieve Massena at Torres Vedras, the Duke foresaw this move, and in vain cautioned the Junta to be prepared. Ballesteros, as if in mockery,

was recalled into the South on the very day that Soult left Seville; next Olivenza was surrendered without a struggle by its miserable governor, Manuel Herk; but Badajoz was commanded by Rafael Menacho, a brave man; and the strong garrison was assisted outside by an army under Gabriel Mendizabal, who unfortunately neglected every suggestion of the Duke, and was surprised, "in the strongest position in the country," by Soult, who with 5000 men utterly routed 11,000 Spaniards on the Gevora. All was over in an hour, and the French only lost 400 men. As a trait of character it may be mentioned that when the report was brought to Mendizabal that Soult had thrown a bridge across the Guadiana, he was playing at cards, and observed, "Then we will go and look at it *to-morrow!*" but *Manaña*, that morrow, saw the procrastinator surprised and crushed: he had before neglected to entrench his position, although repeatedly urged to do so by the Duke. "All this would have been avoided had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards. They oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them." "The presumption, ignorance, and misconduct of these people are really too bad." "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned" (see Disp. vol. vii. *passim*). On the 4th of March Menacho was unfortunately killed, when José Imaz, a traitor, succeeded in command, and sold the place to Soult, who on seeing the tremendous defences is said to have remarked, "There are few forts so strong but what a mule laden with gold can get in." *Aurum per medios ire satellites*: our ingenious neighbours, who rail so amusingly against *l'or de la perfide Albion*, never scruple in war or peace to work against places or press with this metallic pickaxe, which our rulers, either too honest or too unread in Horace, most systematically neglect. The purchase was handed over to

him on the 10th; it included the city, citadel, 7155 men in garrison, provisions, and unbreached bastions. Yet Imaz knew, even on the 6th, that Massena was in full retreat, and that Beresford was hastening with 20,000 men to his relief. Instead of availing himself of this intelligence, of which Soult was ignorant, he communicated the information to the French, and thus rescued them from ruin, and this at the precise moment when La Peña was saving Victor from disgrace at Barrosa. Had Badajoz been held but a few short days Andalusia must have been evacuated by the French, and "*we,*" as the Duke said, "should have saved Spain." "Its fall was certainly the most fatal event in the war" (Disp. Dec. 4, 1811).

Soult's besieging Badajoz at all was an error; he ought to have marched day and night to aid Massena before Torres Vedras, but jealousy of a brother marshal made him loiter half-way; and had Imaz been true, and Badajoz held out, Soult himself, like Massena, would have been crushed.

No sooner had the fortress been surrendered to Soult than Beresford attempted its recovery. He failed, as even the indulgent Duke said, from "his unfortunate delay" (Disp. April 10, 1811); and when he had given the French time to render success impossible, he risked the needless battle of Albuera, and thus, as Napier proves, caused two subsequent years of most harassing operations to the Duke.

The Duke now determined to try what he could do himself, and after he had taken Ciudad Rodrigo, made his preparations with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe divined his plan. He pounced, March 16, 1812, on Badajoz, while Soult and Marmont were too far separated to relieve it. The place, much strengthened, was defended by the brave Philipon and 5000 men. Their defence was splendid; there was no traitor Imaz now; but "no age," says Napier (xvi. 5) "ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed

and carried Badajoz." The operations were so nicely calculated that Soult imagined the Duke must have intercepted some dispatch of Marmont's. He was delayed eleven precious days by unusually unfavourable weather, and the misconduct of the Portuguese; the town of Elvas, although so close by, refusing to afford even means of transport. Man and the elements opposed the Duke; but, like Cæsar at *Ilerda* (Lérida), he in himself was sufficient to surmount every obstacle. What Voltaire observed of Marlborough may truly be said of Wellington. "Cet homme qui n'a jamais assiégé de ville qu'il n'ait prise, ni donné de bataille qu'il n'ait gagnée:" but they are of the unchanged unchangeable race which produces Black Princes and Nelsons, and who win Agincourts and Trafalgars.

The trenches were opened before Badajoz on March 16th; the Picurina outwork was heroically carried on the 24th by Gen. Kempt. Sheer British valour was left to do the work, for, from the gross neglect of our ministry at home, the army, as the Duke said, "was not capable of carrying on a regular siege." He sued Badajoz, said Picton, *in formâ pauperis*, beseeching not breaching; every day was precious, for Soult was advancing from Seville, Marmont from Castile; thus, placed between two fires, the prize was to be snatched before they could meet. April 6, the breaches in the bastions S<sup>a</sup> Trinidad and S<sup>a</sup> Maria, to the S.E., were declared practicable: at 10 o'clock that night the assault, so well described by Napier (xvi. 5), was made; the obstacles were found to be much more formidable than the engineers had reported: no human force could have succeeded. Most unfortunately the hour fixed for the assault was put back later, the intelligent active enemy had time to prepare new defences, and the brave troops, headed by Colville and Barnard, were mowed down by the French, secure behind new entrenchments and defences: even the scaling-ladders were

found to be too short; but meanwhile the 5th division, under Walker, got in at the S<sup>a</sup> Vicente bastion, which lies close to the river to the W.; and Picton, converting a feint into a real attack, carried the lofty castle to the N.E., which the French never dreaming that it would be attempted, had left comparatively undefended. Exactly thus the strong citadel of Illiturgis was surprised and taken from the Spaniards by Scipio (Livy, xxviii. 20). This decided the conflict. The French, now assailed both in flank and front, were lost, and Badajoz was won.

The town, according to the usages of war and successful storm, was sacked, the officers and the Duke doing everything to prevent excesses. The Duke himself was obliged to retire to escape being shot by the infuriated soldiers. These sad events, deplorable, although unavoidable, are now coupled with S<sup>a</sup> Sebastian by our calumniators, as horrors which a "barbarous, uncivilised" nation like the English alone could perpetrate; yet not a tithe of the atrocities of Lérida, Tarragona, as at Ucles, &c., was committed; nor did any British *Victor* set the example of lust, fire, and pillage, &c.

The English lost in killed and wounded 5000 men. Philipon retired to San Cristobal, and surrendered the next day, being treated by the Duke with the honour due to a brave opponent; the baffled and outgeneraled marshals had now no safety but in retreat, so Marmont fell back on Salamanca, and Soult on Seville; then Hill advanced on Almaraz, and destroyed the forts, the enemy flying before him to Navalmoral. The British bayonet had thus again cleared a road to Andalucia, and the Duke prepared to rush on Soult at Albuera, where he would not have handled him à la Beresford; but now, as so often before, his plans were marred by others: Ciudad Rodrigo was not provisioned, as the Spaniards had neglected even to move in the stores provided by the English. Thus he was baulked of

his whole victory, and Soult was again saved.

The traveller should next cross the bridge, and ascend to the *San Cristobal*, then return to Badajoz and go out by the Merida gate; in front is the *Picurina*; to the r. are the quarries where the Duke stood during the assault on the opposite bastions of S<sup>a</sup> Maria and Trinidad, where the unsuccessful murderous attempt was made; to the l. is the *Sierra del Viento, las Pardeleras*, from whence Soult attacked; at the W. extremity is S<sup>a</sup> *Vicente*, by which Walker entered; ascend the castle; this was the site of the ancient city. In the *Plaza* underneath is a mixture of ruined Spanish and Moorish works; part of the mosque with red brick arches, resembling those of Cordova, exists in the castle; a lofty thin tower in the upper keep commands a view of the whole of what was the English position; the fortifications are now in a miserable state of neglect and dilapidation, and the graves of the brave Britons defiled with weeds.

The cathedral is not important; it was begun in 1248, by Alonzo el Sabio; the façade is later, and in the Græco-Romano style, with Ionic pillars, and a statue of the Baptist; at a side portal is fixed, on a marble stone, the hammer which used to be knocked when a canon was dying, before the passing-bell was introduced. The ancients on these occasions beat brazen kettles to scare away the furies, as the passing-bell now frightens off the devil. Observe the Magdalen, by Mateo Cerezo; although hard and indifferent, it is here called a Vandyke. The *Capilla S<sup>a</sup> Aña* has some damaged paintings by Luis de Morales, called *El Divino*, more from painting subjects of divinity than from divinity of painting; he was born at Badajoz, early in the sixteenth century, and a street bears his name; and here he was living in 1581, when Philip II., on his way to Lisbon, sent for him and said, "You are very old, Morales;" "And very poor, sire," was the reply; when Philip,

a true patron of art, gave him an annual pension of 300 ducats, which he enjoyed until he died, in 1586. He painted chiefly Saviours crowned with thorns, and Madonnas dolorosas; he finished highly, and was the Parmigianino of Spain, being defective in his lengthy drawing, and often dark and cold in colouring; he painted many large pictures which, from lying out of the way, are scarcely known (see *Arroyo del Puerco* and *Alcantara*). The French took away the four best from the cathedral, and those which they left have been repainted; observe a Crucifixion, with a Parmigianino-like old man. The cloister of the cathedral contains some singular arches and twisted pillars.

In the *Parroquia de la Concepcion* is a retouched Saviour with the Cross, and a fine seated Virgin and Child, painted in 1546, by Morales: it has been much injured; in the *San Agustin* were other of his works, and a ludicrous tomb of the M<sup>a</sup> de Bai, a general of Philip V.; the heroic deceased's effigy resembles a baboon in a periwig.

Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace—mark the blasphemy of such a creature, taking such a name in vain—was born at Badajoz, in 1768. Estremadura, which once could furnish a Pizarro and Cortes to gain worlds, now, what a falling off! has become the cradle of an Imaz to lose its capital, and of a Godoy to barter away its kingdom; to this thing of avarice and extravagance, *alieni appetens et sui profusus*, Spain owes the impoverishment of her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose funds he seized, giving them government securities, which proved worthless as a French *assignat*; none were benefited save courtier sharks, while the sick and orphan were despoiled. Godoy, like a foul beast of prey, was always craving, always swallowing, and yet always gaunt, needy, and hungry; he plundered without scruple, and spent without advantage.



To the loss of valuable institutions at home, he added that of the navy and colonies of Spain abroad. Foy (ii. 248) has admirably sketched this dangerous minion—for nothing is so dangerous as a fool. He was the exponent of the corrupted system of Madrid misgovernment, the prominent ulcer which denoted the plague; for when despot kings reign, a Dubarry governs, and when despot queens command, a Godoy really rules; he had the rare lot to be loved by her and idolized by Carlos IV., thus being at once the paramour of the wife and the favourite of the husband. The superstitious Spaniards believed this to be the effect of witchcraft. The king delegated to him his power and prestige in a country where, like a sultan, the king is everything. The vizier aped the pride of birth, and flattering heralds, being well paid, soon derived his name from the illustrious Goth; Godoy quasi *Godosoy*: nobilitant me, orti Gothorum ex sanguine reges. Power did little more than develop his weaknesses and incapacity, and Buonaparte, by flattering this upstart's vanity, made him his tool, and used him for his own purposes. After an exile and obscurity of thirty-six years, he was recalled to Madrid, in 1844, by Christina, the widow of Ferd. VII., whose bitterest enemy he had been, even aiming at his life and throne. This Godoy wrote his memoirs, which, translated into French by d'Esmeard, were published at Paris by Lavocat, in 5 vols.

The arms of Badajoz are the pillars of Hercules and the motto *Plus Ultra*. This *beyond* has yet to be accomplished; here it may well allude to Portugal, the *angulus iste* of Spanish ambition; and the want of this rounding corner is a real source of weakness, since its possession would have done more for Spain than that of Italy or the Low Countries; now, instead of being a buttress to Spain, it is a thorn in her side, and a vulnerable frontier. Philip II. knew this well, and pounced upon the prey, which was lost by his grand-

son Philip IV. when the clay-footed Colossus of Spain was tottering rapidly to its fall.

## ROUTE LIV.—BADAJOZ TO LISBON.

Elvas . . . . .	3	
Alcaraviza . . . . .	4	7
Estremoz . . . . .	2	9
Venta del Duque . . . . .	3	12
Arrayolos . . . . .	3	15
Montemor novo . . . . .	3	18
Vendas novas . . . . .	4	22
A los Pegoes . . . . .	3	25
Aldea Gallega . . . . .	5	30
Lisboa . . . . .	5	35

This route, although not belonging to Spain, may be useful to those who wish, at Badajoz, to return to England by Lisbon; or *vice versâ* to those who, having landed in Portugal, desire to visit Seville or Madrid. It must be ridden, and is one of hardship and discomfort; attend to the provend: the roads and accommodations are a degree worse than Spanish. The Portuguese have never been anxious to facilitate the approaches of a dreaded neighbour. This journey is to be ridden by a well-girt traveller in three days, sleeping at *Estremoz* and *Montemor*; attend to the provend. Our friend Borrow has given us a true and graphic account of his adventures on this wild road. Lisbon, however, possesses a capital inn, No. 28, *Rua do Ferregial de cima*, kept by Mrs. de Belem, an Englishwoman by birth, who has introduced fire-places and cleanliness, rare blessings in this fireless, dirty town; her charges are 10s. a day per head for everything; her hôtel at Cintra is also very comfortable.

Those who only want just to set their foot in Portugal may ride over to Elvas, for no Chinese wall of art, no natural Pyrenees, no deep Tagus divides the antipathetic kingdoms, nor do the geography, geology, and botany indicate any separation; a small rivulet, the Caya, is the Rubicon, and parts those who speak the sonorous Castilian from the squeaking Lusitanian. The neighbours do not love each other as they ought; their intense

hatred and rivalry was thus sung by Byron, and felt by Wellington:—

“But these between a silver streamlet  
glides,  
And scarce a name distinguisheth the  
brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant  
sides.  
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves does  
look,  
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen  
flow,  
For proud each peasant as the noblest  
duke,  
'Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest  
of the low.”

“I have,” says the Duke (Disp. June 12, 1811), “had to contend with the ancient enmity between the Spaniards and Portuguese, which is more like that of cat and dog than anything else, and which no sense of common danger or common interest, or anything, can get the better of, even in individuals. The Spanish muleteers would rather serve a French division than convey provisions for a Portuguese division allied to us and them.” The Spaniard despises the Portuguese, as God (says he) first made the Castilian, and then the Portuguese to wait upon him. When the Peninsular war began, the English expected nothing from the one and everything from the other; for Spain, ignorant even of her own decay, and whose “national disease,” says the Duke, “is to boast of her strength,” took a high tone, and spoke as if Charles V. still presided at her councils; while Portugal, a smaller state, and always accustomed to rely on England for national existence, had the better sense to place her sons more fully in the arms of her great deliverer, until, in the words of the Duke (Disp. May 2, 1812), they were the next best troops in Spain to the British. His secret was, “Discipline and a system of good order, which can only be founded on regular pay, food, good care and clothing; hence the Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army; we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets

and *bellies* than to the instruction we have given them” (Disp. July 25, 1813).

These English fed and led Portingals faced and beat back even the French; what greater honour could they desire? Now that they have neither English beef, pay, nor leaders, they and their country are truly beggarly inefficient and *hors de combat*, and yet this paltry port-wine kingdom, which in a week would become either a Spanish or a French province, except backed by the alliance of England, out-Herods even her neighbour in scandalous violation of treaties, ingratitude and contumely towards her best and only ally. But her very weakness is her safeguard, as England passes over slights as beneath notice, and continues her forbearance and protection, to prevent the common enemy of both from becoming master.

ROUTE LV.—BADAJOZ TO MADRID.

Talavera la real . . . . .	3	
Lobon . . . . .	2	5
Perales . . . . .	1	6
Merida . . . . .	3	9
San Pedro . . . . .	2	11
Va. de la Guia . . . . .	3	14
Miajadas . . . . .	3	17
Puerto de Sa. Cruz . . . . .	3	20
Trujillo . . . . .	3	23
Carrascal . . . . .	2	25
Jarraicejo . . . . .	2	27
Po. de Miravete . . . . .	2	29
Almaraz . . . . .	2	31
Navalmoral . . . . .	2	33
Pajar del Rio . . . . .	3	36
Torralba . . . . .	3	39
Laguna del Conejo . . . . .	3	42
Talavera de la Reina . . . . .	3	45
Sotocochinos . . . . .	2	47
El Bravo . . . . .	2	49
Maqueda . . . . .	3	52
Sa. Cruz del Retamar . . . . .	2	54
Valmojado . . . . .	3	57
Navalcarnero . . . . .	2	59
Móstoles . . . . .	2	61
Madrid . . . . .	3	64

This is the *camino real* taken by the diligence, which is the best method of performing a long uninteresting route. The road is bad, the coaches slow, the inns miserable. It is very little travelled, although the line from Madrid to Lisbon. There is some talk of a rail-

road which is to connect Merida with Lisbon and Cadiz: *Veremos!* Merida is the great attraction. The traveller should secure his place three days before the coach leaves Badajoz, and then ride over to Merida, remain there two days, and be taken up there, and so proceed on to Madrid. The rest of the journey is uninteresting, save the victory-field of Talavera. A charming *détour* may be made from Merida by riding to Alcantara, Coria, Placencia, S<sup>a</sup>. Yuste, and then taking up the diligence at Miravete or Talavera. Better is it still, for those who have time, to lengthen the circuit, and proceed from Placencia to the Batuecas, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Avila, Segovia, and the Escorial.

The first 5 L. from Badajoz are over a dreary plain. *Royal* Talavera is full of ague and poverty.

MERIDA is a clean, cheap, and dull town, with a pop. of some 4500. There are two inns; one is in the town, the other, a smaller and quieter one, is outside and on the Madrid road; at this we always put up, partly from the fine view, and more from the excellent red wine, which is something between claret and burgundy. Merida is the Rome of Spain in respect of stupendous and well preserved monuments of antiquity: at every step we tread on some vestige of the past. Those Spaniards who love Tubal, say that he was its first founder, and that the ante or post diluvian name was Morat, not Merida. *Emerita Augusta*, at all events, was rebuilt by the Legate Publius Carisius, in the year 23 B.C. Augustus here settled the veteran *Emeriti* of the 5th and 10th Legions, who had served in Cantabria. The city became the capital of Lusitania. Its splendour, as existing down to the 4th century, is described by Prudentius (*Peris.* iii. 3, 186), in his hymn on the death of the patroness Eulalia. This Diana of Merida must not be confounded with her namesake the tutelary of Barcelona (p. 487). She of Merida was born there in 292, and was one of the

earliest female martyrs of Spain. Florez (*E. S.* xiii. 266) gives her biography. The number of Spanish towns called *Eulalia* and Olalla testify her widely-spread renown. The name is evidently Greek, *Ευλαλία*, "fair discourse," unless the Milesian Phœnician O'Lalor be preferred. She was quite a child when she was put to death, but her miracles were worthy of a grown-up saint, for in the year 453, according to San Isidoro (*Chron.* Æra 491), Theodoricus was deterred from plundering her city, from fears that she might treat him as Ceres did the troops of Alexander at Miletus (*Val. Max.* i. 2).

The Goths used *Emerita* kindly. Thus Sala, Duke of Toledo, repaired the Roman bridge in 686, at the request of Zenon the bishop. They here fixed the metropolitan see, a dignity which was transferred to Santiago in 1120. The town remained purely Roman; and such was its solid magnificence, and so unlike Oriental filigree, that Musa and the Moors who came to attack it exclaimed, "All the world must have been called together to build such a city:" who, says their Rasis, "can tell the marvels of Merida?" It capitulated, Oct. 23, 715. It held out at first, say the annalists, because the inhabitants, seeing the white hairs of Musa, said he never could live to take it. Thereupon the wily Moor dyed his hair black, and appeared to them as a youth. Terrified at this miracle, the superstitious *Emeritans* surrendered: fair terms were granted, and they retained their temples, creed, and bishops, for the Moors observed a good faith, never afterwards shown to them. They built the Alcazar in 835, and the importance of Moorish Merida may be collected from its having been sometimes made the residence of the heir apparent of the Cordovese Califate. Recollections of former majesty, and the usual intrigues of the Berber tribe against the Arab race soon sprung up, insomuch that in 826 Louis le Débonnaire opened a corres-

pondence with the insurgents. He followed up the policy of Charlemagne, which was to defend Europe, by encouraging dissensions among the Moors, and by aiding and abetting all parties opposed to the formidable power of Cordova. Reinaud (*Inv. des Sarasins*, p. 133) prints the curious correspondence. When the Ummeyah dynasty broke up, these districts were seized by Shabūr, formerly a eunuch of the Beni-amir, who declared himself independent of Cordova, but he was put down; then Merida was degraded as a punishment, and the seat of government transferred to Badajoz.

Merida was taken from the Moors, Nov. 19, 1229, by Alonzo el Sabio: from that day province and city date their decline; and now this locality, which under Roman and Moor was "Urbe potens, populis locuples," under the Spaniard is poor and almost depopulated. It retains nothing but its name and the ruins of the past, and these are here considered as "old stones and useless;" and that even by Ponz (*Viaje* viii. 115-167). They have been, as usual, made a quarry by the corporation. Philip II., in 1580, going to Portugal, had, however, the good taste to see their merit, and ordered the celebrated architect Juan de Herrera to take admeasurements and make drawings of everything. These precious recollections were all burnt in the palace at Madrid, in 1734. In vain, again, at the instigation of the English ambassador at Lisbon, did Florida Blanca employ a Portuguese, one Manuel Villena, to excavate: the thing dropped and nothing was done; for Charles III., although the excavator of Pompeii, when king of Spain, caught the apathetic influence of the climate; yet Merida is a museum above and below ground: 104 inscriptions have been copied, and are in the Academy of History at Madrid. 36 different coins were struck here (Cean Ber. 'S.' 393; Florez, 'M.' i. 384). The common reverse is a "turreted gate," with the words "Augusta Emerita;" these still consti-

tute the city arms. Observe over the prison door a curious ancient sculpture of this charge.

Merida has been strangely neglected by our artists, architects, and authors, who too often only go over and over again the same beaten track; thus Beckford congratulates himself on "his happiness in sleeping through this journey;" while Southey, who could devote pages in his 'Letters' to reiterated details of his bad eating and vermin, passes Merida by moonlight. "Ne l'imites pas," as Voltaire said to the Padre Pediculoso; but Southey was then very young, much in love with a "milliner of Bath," whom these letters were meant to amuse, so not a flea escaped him: Baretti, also, when travelling in these parts was so scarified by these tormentors, that he likened them to the gentle craft of *Reviewers*, a boldish comparison for an author to make, and which Heaven forbid, that we should imitate.

Merida is unique in Spain, and assuredly in many things rivals the eternal city itself. It rises on the r. bank of the Guadiana, which is crossed by a Roman bridge of 81 arches, 2575 feet long, 26 broad, and 33 above the river; it is indeed a bridge, and worthy of its builder, Trajan—a true *Pontifex maximus*. Repaired by Goth and Moor, it was not neglected by Philip III. in 1610, as the inscription in the portico on it records: it is built of granite with bossage work, *almohadillado*, or "pillowed." On an island in the river-bed up stream is a Roman dyke of masonry, called *el tajamar*, and erected to protect the arches against inundations: this singular enclosure is also said to have served as a market; now the ruined space is given up to washerwomen. The Roman and Moorish Alcazar towers proudly with its palm-tree over the bank, as seen from this spot; some of the arches of the bridge were destroyed, April, 1812, during the siege of Badajoz, in order to impede Marmont's advance to the relief. Here, in 1808, 800 French

kept at bay the whole army of Cuesta for a month, although the river was fordable; and, to make the contrast more marked, this very same strong point was abandoned Jan. 8, 1811, by Mendizabal and his whole army, at the first sight of only the advanced guard of Soult; a feat which the Duke considered to be "surpassing anything that the Spaniards had yet done."

Recrossing the bridge to the r. is the castle, built by the Romans, and added to by the Moors; it then became the episcopal palace, and next that of the knights templars, whence its present name, *El conventual*. In 1305, at their suppression, it was granted to the order of Santiago, whose *Provisor* resided in this frontier outpost. These knights represented the half-soldier, half-monk, the *Rábido* of the Moor; and hence the number of commanderies, "*encomiendas*," outpost commands, which belong to these military orders in Spain.

The *conventual* was plundered and ruined by the French, by whom Merida was constantly garrisoned, from its vicinity to Portugal, and by whom it was as often injured, and the environs laid waste; then the ornamental Alameda was cut down, nor were even the olives spared, although the source of existence to the poor peasantry. Among those who most desolated Merida was Gen. Reynier, a collector of antiquities. The accumulated rubbish in the great court-yard of the *conventual* shows his handy work. He "made of a city a heap, of a defenced city a ruin" (Isa. xxv. 2).

Then perished the ancient chapel in the *conventual*, which had survived even the barbarous infidel; the colossal thickness of the shattered walls is evidence of the villainous saltpetre of those who destroyed what time and Goth had spared. There are now only the remains of a temple, and a court of granite pillars; in the centre of the enclosure is a square tank, and near that a descent to some ancient baths. The staircase is ornamented with Corinthian pillars and friezes, of the usual

inferior sculpture of the Romans in Spain. The Roman gateway, near the river, has a marble tablet with an Arabic inscription.

The antiquarian will next observe the arch of Santiago, of vast size, 44 ft. high, and built by Trajan: now it is a mere shell, having been stripped of its marble casing. Around, and heaped like a stonemason's yard, is some mutilated and neglected sculpture; near this is the half-Roman, half-Moorish palace of the Conde de la Roca, a diplomat of Philip IV., and author of the '*Conquista de Sevilla*,' a poor aping of Tasso: observe the granite blocks in the tower, and the Roman portions, now a stable. In the open Patio and perishing, is a painting of the Conde presenting in 1630 his credentials to the Doge of Venice; in any other country such a family picture would be placed under glass. Visit *La Casa de los Cerdas*, where is a well built up out of Corinthian fragments; so at the *Descalzas* and *Calvario* former temples have been used up as mere old stones, the monks working into the buildings inscriptions of former times, which they neither could read nor understand. The *Casa de los Corvos* is constructed like the custom-house at Rome out of a temple dedicated to Diana; it was peripteral, with fluted granite pillars and Corinthian capitals; the interstices have been built in: the best view is from the garden. The granite of Estremadura is perishable; thus the angles are worn away like half-melted lumps of sugar, while the brick remains perfect where the stone is consumed by the gnawing tooth of old tempus edax rerum et hominum.

The modern house is also much dilapidated, thus all is going to a common ruin. The absentee lord consigns it to the neglect of a steward, who occupies a few rooms. The Roman setting remains, but the gem and life are gone, and a mean insect has crept into the untenanted shell of the larger animal.

The Forum was near the convent of

*Descalzos*; the area and some shafts of columns only remain, for this huge convent was erected at the expense of antique remains; below ran the *Via lata*, *πλαταια*, *ὁδος πλατος*, the broad way to Salamanca, now called *Via de Plata*, a common corruption in Spain, where the ear catches greedily at even the sound of silver. The Roman bridge of four arches still crosses the rivulet *Albarregas*—Alba regia; quite perfect, it is 450 ft. long by 25 ft. wide, and the original pavement exists in spite of a traffic of seventeen centuries. It runs close to the great aqueduct, which, beyond question, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity in the Peninsula or the world; ten arches are nearly perfect, 37 shafts remain, some are 90 ft. high; they are arched in three tiers and made of brick and granite, the latter worked in bossage, the former in string courses. The magnitude of these monuments is very impressive; they are the standards which the Romans have left whereby to measure their power and intellect. Below still trickles the streamlet, *labitur et labetur*, and so will it flow gently on when even these gigantic ruins shall have crumbled away. How when all this greatness has vanished, can any man who looks on, fret about the petty griefs of his brief hour. It is a lonely scene, a thing of the past; the wild figs amid the weeds and crumbling ruins attest the fertility of nature, and the neglect of man: all is silent save when the frog croaks in the swamp, and the stork\* clicks his bill from the top arches, on which his unmolested nest is built: well may the pigmy natives call these *Los Milagros*, as to them indeed they are *miracles* and the works of greater beings, which they can scarcely even destroy (see Segovia).

\* The stork is a common visitor in the warm localities of Spain, and, as among the ancients and orientals, is a privileged guest bird, and is never disturbed. It usually builds on the church belfries, *tuto ciconia nido*, and therefore is held out by the priests to the people as example in selection of abodes: but *detrás de la cruz está el diablo*.

Here let the stranger sit and muse of a still evening, as we have done after long intervals—these monuments, like himself, have nothing to do with the present Emeritan; they are of a different age and people, and have outlived the names of their founders; there they stand grey and shattered, but upright and supporting nothing now but the weight of centuries. Above them is spread like a curtain the blue sky, beautiful and bright, as at the first dawn of the creation, for nature decays not; yet perhaps these arches never, even when perfect, were so touchingly picturesque as now; the Vandal has destroyed their proportions, but time has healed the scars with lichens, and tinted the weather-beaten fragments; their former glory is indeed subdued, but how tender the pity which the past conjures up.

This was only one of the many Roman aqueducts of Merida; another crosses the Madrid road, of which only three shafts remain, as if to shame the rambling make-shift modern aqueduct built by the Maestro Esquivel under Philip II. It conveys water from *El Borbellon*, a spring which rises about 2 L. from Merida near the village Truxillanos.

The Romans perfectly understood that water conveyed in pipes would rise to its level (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxi. 6). Pipes, however, are more easily cut off by besiegers, and utility and solidity were the principles of the Roman architecture, while the construction of roads and aqueducts "made a name" to generals, and gave occupation to soldiers, *propter otium castrense*. Beyond these three shafts and passing the hermitage of S<sup>n</sup>. Lazaro is the *Circus maximus*: it lies in a hollow to the r. of the Madrid road, and is so well preserved that a chariot race might easily be given there. The area of this hippodrome is now a corn-field, but the central elevation on which the *metæ* were elevated, is perfect with its original pavement. The whole length is 1356 ft. by 335. The outer walls are of

prodigious thickness: the eight tiers or rows of seats for spectators still remain. The view of Merida from the hillock above is charming.

Continuing outside the town to the E. is the theatre, called *Las siete Sillas*, from the seven divisions of the seats: it is also almost perfect, nothing is wanting but the Proscenium. The vomitories are quite uninjured; observe the singular holes cut in the stones. The Spaniards, by adding to the stern solidity of the Roman work another half circle in paltry brick nogging, had turned this theatre into a *Plaza de Toros*; this the French destroyed, and the modern portion is now a worse ruin than the ancient one: near it, is what was the amphitheatre, or, as some contend, the Naumachia; it has been much used up both by the Moors and Spaniards as a quarry. When last we were there, a keeper of pigs had constructed in it a sort of shed, and was a living type of the oriental idea of an outcast, "who lodges in monuments and eats swine's flesh" (Isaiah lxxv. 4).

Opposite to the Posada, on the Madrid road, is the convent of S<sup>a</sup>. Eulalia. *El Hornito*, the "little oven," in which the "little girl" was baked, was converted into a chapel in 1612; now it is abandoned to the pigs and their less cleanly proprietors. The portico is low and disproportioned: observe the peculiar purple-streaked truncated pillars: an ancient inscription runs thus, "Marti Sacrum Vetilla Paculi;" with a modern one, "Jam non Marti sed Jesu Christo, D. O. P. M. ejusque sponse, Eulal. V. M. denuo consecratum." The pillar in the *Campo de San Juan* was raised in 1646: all these works are in bad taste—mere pasticcios made of the *disjecta membra* of ancient temples and fragments brought from the temple of Mars on the Plaza now dedicated to Santiago, and of Roman capitals and altars placed one above another: thus are the crumbs of Paganism served up again, thus Mars and Diana are now displaced, or metamorphosed into Santiago and Eulalia,

in principle the same, *mutato nomine tantum*. The forms of error may be varied, but the substance is unchangeable. The adjoining church, dedicated to S<sup>a</sup>. Eulalia, is said to be of the fourth century: observe the Gothic portal and singular capitals of pillars; on each side of the high altar are ancient chapels. That to the l. belongs to the *de Roca* family. There are other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Merida: first, *El lago de Proserpina* or the *Charca de la Albufera*, which lies about 1 L. N. The granite wall which dams up the water is gigantic. The towers, by which staircases lead down into the reservoir, are called *Los Bocines*. There is another Roman reservoir near *Truxillanos* 2 L., which is called *Albuera de Cornalvo*; it is smaller than the *Charca*, but equally colossal in style of execution. The rows of steps have induced some antiquarians to imagine that Naumachia were performed here.

There is a local history, a thick 4to. of 672 pages, '*Historia de la Ciudad de Merida*,' Barnabe Moreno de Vargas, Mad. 1633. He was the Corregidor, and as he tells us wrote his book with the assistance of S<sup>a</sup>. Eulalia. The verbiage does the "well-spoken" young lady no discredit. The different antiquities are carefully described by Cean Bermudez, 'S.' 384.

Those who wish to visit the Phosphorite deposit at Logrosan and the convent of Guadalupe (see R. lvi.) will only take their places from Merida on to Trujillo. Those who proceed at once to Madrid may sleep, like Beckford, if they can, or if the *mala gente* will let them, for the first stage is usually called "*El confessorario de Sn. Pedro*," from the number of travellers sent by bandits to that bourn from whence none return, with and without previous confession. The Duke soon settled them: "I hear there is a band of robbers between Trujillo and Merida, who are playing the devil: desire Penne Villemur to destroy this people."

Those who are riding may make an excursion to Medellin, which lies about 5 L. to the right: those who do not, will pass on to the next page.

Medellin was, before it was sacked by Victor, one of the most flourishing towns of this district. There is a large but ruined castle on the hill, which commands a most extensive panorama; below flows the Guadiana, which has a fine bridge built by Philip II. The remains of an old Roman one are remarkable: consult '*Historia y Santos*,' Juan Solano de Figueroa Altamira, 4to. Mad. 1650.

Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, was born here in 1485, on the same day, says a Spanish author, of more zeal for the true faith than the historic, "that that *infernal beast*, the *false heretic Luther*, went out of it;" Luther having in fact come into it in 1483 (see Prescott's excellent work, the '*Conquest of Mexico*,' i. 208).

The rise, career, and end of Cortes, were truly Moorish. Elevated from nothing, he, like Musa or Tarik, conquered kingdoms, trampled on foreign kings, and was rewarded by his own with ingratitude. After 40 years passed, to use his own words, with little food, less sleep, his arms constantly at his side, he applied, when old and infirm, and embarrassed with debt, to Charles V. for aid: his petition was not even answered, for Charles, dazzled by the gold of Peru, which Pizarro was sending home, undervalued the past services of a worn-out servant, and barely would give an audience to a man who had conquered for him more provinces than he before had cities. But well did Humboldt remark, "We may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet with a national monument which the *public gratitude* has raised either to Columbus or Cortes:" both, indeed, died broken-hearted at cutting coldness of neglect, and thankless breach of promise.

Cortes was a fine specimen of a Spanish *Guerrillero*; his types were Ser-

torius, Al-Mansúr, and the Cid. He was deeply impregnated with the combined principles of the Moslem conquest and propagandism. He began life as an adventurer, greedy only of gold, but rose, when successful, to higher notions of glory and religion. Reckless, devoid alike of mercy, justice, or good faith, no laws, human or divine, ever arrested him in his advance. His objects were the Moorish *Algara*, or foray, and the Spanish *Algihad*, or crusade. He forced his Christianity on the conquered by the sword, but he was satisfied, like the Moslem, with mere nominal conversion, content with the admission of the new faith, and the mere passing from one creed to another, without any regard to the spirituality or real belief of the neophyte. His dispatches have been translated and published at New York, by G. Folsom. They are Oriental in language, and breathe the stately tone, the arbitrary cruelty of a fanatic follower of Mahomet. Cortes, a true representative of Spain, whether in turban, cowl, or plumed helmet, carried out the besetting sins of both Moor and Spaniard—avarice, cruelty, bloodshed, bigotry, and bad faith, gilded by a chivalrous, bold, lofty, adventurous daring and talent; and as he sowed his descendants have reaped. Look on the picture and contrast presented by Spanish and English America; the former a Frankenstein abortion of a corrupted and corrupting parent, ignorant, superstitious, treaty-breaking, poverty-stricken, and turning its suicidal hand upon itself; the other rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, and giving birth to works which would do honour to the science and literature of the mother country.

Victor arrived at Medellin to avenge the manes of pillaged Mexicans, and soothe the ghost of Montezuma by pulling down the natal house of his murderer. It was in the fatal plain below that Cuesta risked, March 28, 1809, a battle, and was instantaneously put to the rout. He had drawn up his forces



in a line of 3 miles long, with no reserve, intending to "catch Victor in a net," and re-enact Baylen; his motto was *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, and he achieved the latter alternative (Schep. ii. 304). The skilful and dashing French thereupon burst upon his centre; then three Spanish regiments turned at once and the whole cavalry, Echevarri, of Alcolea disrepute, again leading the way in flight. According to Belmas (i. 68) the French loss in killed and wounded was only 240, while that of the Spaniards exceeded 10,000; for the French gave no quarter. The "épouvantable massacre" (Laborde, i. 124) and Victor's ferocious treatment of his prisoners led to the cant expression "à la Medellin." "Le cruel Maréchal fit encore après la bataille fusiller 403 prisonniers" (Schep. ii. 307); "et l'infanterie remplissant l'ouvrage déshonorant de bourreau massacrait les blessés."

The bodies of Victor's victims were left to the vulture, the Iberian undertaker (see p. 349), and the plains, as at Salamanca, were for years afterwards covered with bleaching bones. The central Junta, aping the Roman Senate after the defeat at Cannæ, showed honours on the defeated; Cuesta was made a Captain General, and to encourage future officers to fight foolish battles and lose them, all the survivors obtained a step in rank; while for the rank and file, an express order was instituted.

The results of this day were unimportant, as Victor neglected military advantages in order to plunder and gratify a personal pique against his rival marshals (see p. 221): by not advancing rapidly into the now open Portugal, he contributed to the defeat of Soult at Oporto, to his flight to Lugo, and the abandonment of Galicia and the Asturias by Ney.

Continuing the high road from Badajoz to Madrid, p. 531, before reaching Miajadas, which is 5 L. from Medellin, observe the hill and castle of Montanches, which rises to the l.: the

desolate *Camino Real* then continues to *Trujillo*, Turris Julia, because said, of course, to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. There is a very decent and clean *Posada de los Caballeros*, kept by a widow, up in the town, through which the road does not pass, as it is carried below under it. The ancient city, rising as it does to the l., has from its position a very imposing effect, which going into it immediately dispels: pop<sup>n</sup>. about 4500. It is a dull, misery-stricken place, as it was reduced to beggary by the exactions of Gen. Foy, who was long quartered here. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, yet some of the dilapidated houses mark the former opulence of those adventurers who returned here laden with the spoil of Peruvian conquest. The granite knoll on which Trujillo is built has protruded from the slate basis; the site is fine, and commands the country: the town lies on the eastern slope of the ridge, which to the N. and W. is rugged and precipitous. The city is divided into two portions; the *Villa*, the acropolis, is the upper and most ancient; once the seat of the aristocracy and garrison, now it is abandoned, and consigned to the dead and their burial: few living *Trujillanos* ever go up there, or comprehend the interest with which the views and ruins inspire the stranger; they prefer the lower and more convenient site of the under town or *Ciudad*: exactly the same process has taken place in regard to Burgos.

The *Villa* was much ruined by the enemy, yet the remains are curious: the entrance is by the arch of Santiago, who appears mounted in sculptured relief: near it is a tower of Norman character, connected to a small church; observe the doorway and circular windows. On the opposite side of the gateway is another tower, attributed here to Julius Cæsar of course, but it looks very Moorish, and at all events contrasts with the modern classical portico close by, an academical affair of V. Rodríguez. The *Villa* itself is bounded

by a wall which crests the ridge: at the N. end is what was the Roman fortress, of which that of Merida is clearly the type: the flanking towers are of granite. Walk over the open esplanade before the entrance. This castle has been much added to in modern times, since Trujillo from its position commands these plains, and is an important strategic point, supposing it were well kept and garrisoned; but all is now neglect and dilapidation. The paths and streets in the *Villa* are narrow and cut out of the granite; it is a place for the artist, abounding in ancient gateways of cyclopean Roman work and Moorish-looking towers. The *Santa Maria* has a Lombard-like tower older than the church; observe the rose window to the W. and the two lancet windows to the N. The building has been much shattered by an explosion: the natives of course ascribe the tower to Julius Cæsar.

Observe inside the tombs of the Card. de Gaeta and of Diego de Paredes. "He (says the Curate in Don Quixote, i. 32) was a gentleman of note, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a windmill, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and being once posted, with a two-handed sword, now at Madrid, at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it: and he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, the Achilles, and Orlandos." There is a life of this Hercules and Sampson of Estremadura appended to the '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' Alcalá de Henares, fol. 1584; and another by Thomas de Vargas, 4to. Mad. 1621.

Near Trujillo is shown the well, 30 ft. wide (truth no doubt being at its bottom), over which Diego jumped

forwards and backwards: he died at Bologna in 1534, aged 64, and his bones were moved to Trujillo in 1545. Diego, unrivalled in personal prowess and daring, served as a boy at the capture of Granada; became a general of Alexander VI., and was one of the 11 champions at Trani, at the *Paso de Armas* with the French, where he himself overthrew 3 of his opponents; he was the right arm of the "Great Captain," and at the victory of Cerignola alone defended the bridge against a whole company of French knights: he fought also at Pavia, when François I. was taken; wherever Moor or Gaul were to be beaten he was present; his glory may be summed up by saying that he was the friend of the "Gran Capitan," to whom he was true through good and evil report; thus when some courtier popinjays were speaking slightly of Gonzalo before Ferdinand, with whom he was in disgrace, Paredes threw down his gauntlet, and exclaimed, "Whoever asserts that the Great Captain is not the king's best vassal, let him pick up that!"

Descend now into the *Ciudad*: in the upper portion, near the *Villa*, is the *Plaza*, a picturesque jumble of buildings public and private. The church of *San Martin*, in one corner, has a fine rose window, a single nave supported by noble arches, and a stone roof of singular beauty and construction. It contains curious tombs; one has reliefs sculptured in granite of combats with the Moor: here also is a lapidary inscription to the conqueror of Peru; for Trujillo was the granite cradle of the fierce, false, cruel, yet energetic Pizarro, a "slate" as hard as Spain itself. Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ! He was one of that caste described by the soldier-poet Ercilla—

"De aquellos Españoles esforzados  
Que a la cerviz de Arauco no domado  
Pusieron duro yugo por la espada."

Fro. Pizarro was born in 1480, and like Milosch, the recent Prince of Servia, was the son of a swineherd, and suckled, it is said, not by a Romulean

wolf, but by an Estremenian sow, a very proper and local wet nurse; but these theriotrophical legends are of all countries; thus, Habis, king of Spain, was reared by a doe: Justin, xlv. 4. Pizarro, like Milosch, was unable to read or write, but, another Cortes, he was a true guerrillero, bold, cunning, false, cruel, avaricious, indeed, and capricious as an Oriental Pasha, but endowed with a temper of mind no less daring than his body was robust; foremost in every danger, patient under hardship, unsubdued by fatigue, unrestrained by any scruples, he was successful in every operation that he conducted. His end was that of a rocket, which bursts at its highest elevation. He was assassinated, like Sertorius, June 26, 1541, by the traitor Herrera. Pizarro's house is on this Plaza: it was let go to decay by his unworthy descendant, the M<sup>o</sup>. de la Conquista (see Valencia, p. 436). At the corner are figures of manacled Indians, fit badges of the bloody "Conquest," of the plunder and murder of Atahualpa.

In the Plaza is the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, with some damaged paintings in the salon. Near *San Martin* is the vast palace of the Duke of San Carlos, with a patio of pompous pretension, to which, as in the palace of Charles V. in the Alhambra, interior comfort has been, or rather would have been, sacrificed, for both are unfinished monuments of mighty promise and beggarly performance. Visit also the house of the *Conde del Puerto*, with a good staircase; observe the granite *Retablo* in the parish church of Santiago, the patio of San Francisco, and the fine house and gardens of the Martilla family, destroyed by the French to use the materials to construct a fort. The *Alberca*, from its Arabic name, has been ascribed to the Moors, but it is probable, from its form and construction, that it was a Roman reservoir, of which such fine types exist at Merida. Trujillo is a sad monument of an effete city, in which the shells of former greatness mock the present poverty;

now the population is agricultural, and without life, shops, or commerce—mere tillers of the earth, or tenders of swine, and of the latter particularly, for the land is neglected and uncultivated; much indeed is stony and poor, hence the saying, "*por do quiera que a Trujillo entrases, andarás una legua de berrocales.*"

ROUTE LVI.—EXCURSION TO  
ALMADEN.

Herguijuela . . . . .	3	
Zorita . . . . .	2	.. 5
Logrosan . . . . .	3	.. 8
Cañamero . . . . .	2	.. 10
Guadalupe . . . . .	3	.. 13
Logrosan . . . . .	5	.. 18
Casas de Dn. Pedro . . . . .	3½	.. 21½
Tallarubias . . . . .	3½	.. 25
Espiritu Santo . . . . .	2	.. 27
Almaden . . . . .	7	.. 34

This is an excursion which every geologist and botanist who is not pressed for time should make, and at all events as far as Logrosan and Guadalupe; those who do not, will find R. lv. continued to Madrid, at p. 539.

The whole routes to Cordova and Seville were performed in 1843, by our learned and accurate friends Professor Daubeny and Cap<sup>n</sup>. Widdrington; the latter in his recent work (chap. vi.) gives full details, which dissipate the errors of previous authors, who drew for facts from their imagination, being ignorant alike of the locality as the subject. The route is very wild, and ill-provided with fleshly comforts; attend to our preliminary hints and to the provend, and take a local guide; there is some difficulty in procuring horses or mules even at Trujillo. The first day's ride to Logrosan threads a lonely, partially cultivated country; *La Conquista*, is a ruined *cortijo* with a sounding name, an estate granted to the Pizarro family. So it will be better to proceed on to the *Ermita*, where there is an excellent well and an obliging hermit; passing through *jarales y encinares*, at Zorita, the road branches off S. E. to Almaden, through *Madrigalejo*, 3 L., a miserable village, where Ferdinand the

husband of Isabella, died, Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1516, aged 64. "Tot regnum dominus, totque palmarum cumulis ornatus, Christianæ religionis amplificator et prostrator hominum, rex in rusticana obiit casa, et pauper contra hominum opinionem obiit;" so writes his faithful friend, Peter Martyr (Ep. 566).

The Posada at Logrosan is very bad; this town contains some 4000 souls; it is placed in a narrow valley of the *Sierras Pollares*, N. E., and *San Cristobal*, S. and W., and at the beginning of the Guadalupe range, which consists of clay-slate, alternating with quartzite, and occasionally pierced by masses of granite. The grand object is the presence of phosphorite of lime, which is almost a solitary instance in Europe; the vein or rather deposit lies about half a mile to the N. N. E. and S. S. W. of the village, and occurs amid clay and slate, except in the centre, where it is intermixed with quartz; it has been made out for about two miles, sometimes emerging above the loamy soil and at other times below it, in a bed which, in some places, is ten feet deep, and in general is from six to seven feet wide. It may easily be traced by its general light straw colour, but the finer parts have a purple and white laminated and reniform structure, like some depositions of carbonate of lime: it is extremely phosphorescent when pulverised and thrown on lighted charcoal; as it contains no ingredient of organic life it is presumed to be of primitive formation: it was first noticed by the Irishman Bowles (see p. 56), in his account of his tour to Almaden; his statements were exaggerated by Spanish and French authors, who descanted very learnedly thereon, until Mons<sup>r</sup>. Proust reported that whole hills were composed of it; unfortunately, from never having been on the spot, his remarks were clever but inaccurate. Our friends however ascertained that phosphorite of lime did not exist in sufficient quantities to be available for British agriculture, in case of any

failure of bone dust. It contains about 14 per cent. of fluoride of calcium; thus Nature has here provided amply for that material which enters into the bones of animals, both of this and of a former age.

Logrosan stands upon and is chiefly built out of a mass of very hard and compact black schist, with veins of quartz, and is placed, like Trujillo, on a granite knoll; the view from the top is very extensive. The town is poor and dirty, while the protruding slates render the narrow streets still more inconvenient; it is without shops or commerce, the population being mere peasants and pig feeders, but it has a fine unfinished church, rising like a cathedral, with a beautiful *absis* and a pointed *retablo*.

Another great object of interest is the Jeronimite convent of Guadalupe, once one of the richest and most venerated in Spain, but now sequestered and sinking into poverty and decay. It lies about 5 L. distant, about half of which are over the plain, and half over the *Sierra*; they are equivalent to seven at least. After passing a wide *jaral*, the picturesque village of Cañamero stands at a rocky gorge through which the beautiful Ruecas flows, while a bold ridge towers to the E. Capt. Widdrington compares these sites to the Alban Mount and Campagna of Rome. Now the defiles of the Sierra are entered, amid exquisite scenery and wild aromatic herbs; then a lofty table-land is ascended, commanding a sweeping panorama; hence, by a charming *cortijo*, into the tortuous ill-built streets of Guadalupe. The *posadas* are iniquitous; but the muleteer generally can obtain lodging in some private house on the Plaza, at which the traveller will do well to put up, following the classical example of Horace at Mamurra.

The narrow wynds of Guadalupe are rendered more inconvenient by being built on a slope; the ground-floor of the houses under colonnades, is given up to stabling. The convent towers grandly

above the *Plaza*, once lord of all it surveyed; indeed the wretched hamlet gathered around these semi-castellated defences, like chickens under a mother-hen. It depended on the outlay of the rich monks, and the numerous pilgrims attracted to the Palladium image; now that these sources of prosperity are dried up, the convent is destined to be a barrack, but the splendid chapel is preserved as a parish church. It once was the Loreto of central Spain; how full it was of gold and jewels, before *el tiempo de los Franceses*, is detailed by Ponz, vii. 53.

The Virgin of Guadalupe was the great Diana of Estremadura; she guided the invaders of the new world to victory and spoil, and to her a share was always apportioned; thus Cortes, on landing in Spain, in 1538, hurried to worship her image for nine days. He and his followers hoped by offering at her altar the *spolia opima* of their strangely-achieved wealth, to obtain death-bed pardons.

Victor, immediately after the rout of Cuesta at Medellin, instead of following up military measures, came here also, not indeed to pray, or offer gold, like a *pagan* Victor in Spain (Livy xxi. 21; Sil. Ital. iii. 15), but tempted by the auri sacra fames, and the knowledge that Cuesta, although in want of everything, had, from what Schepler calls a *sainte simplicité*, respected the church plate, of which Victor carried off just nine cart-loads.

There is a 4to. history of the most sacred image of Guadalupe, the second in holiness in all Spain, by Diego de Montalbo, Lisbon, 1631, which details its miracles. The legend runs thus: In 1330, a cowkeeper of Caceres discovered the statue, an undoubted work of St. Luke, and formerly given to S<sup>n</sup>. Leandro, the Gothic uprooter of Arianism, by Gregory the Great: this carving had been miraculously preserved during the six centuries of Moorish invasion. A hermitage was built on the spot, and in 1340 Alonzo XI. raised a chapel, which Juan I., in

1389, converted into a Jeronimite convent, subject to the Pope alone. The site of the miracle was a warm southern fertile slope, abounding in fruit, water, and trout streams, and was, with the whole *Sierra de Altamira*, given to the monks. This order always was peculiarly agricultural; they formerly possessed 80,000 Merinos, and were so rich that the proverb ran—

“*Quien es conde, y desea ser duque,  
Metese fraile en Guadalupe.*”

Navagiero, who went there with Charles V., describes (p. 12) the place as a city rather than a monastery, and speaks of a tower said to be filled with gold; the cellars for wine were proportionate. The castellated walls show how strong it was; indeed, like in the convents in Syria, this precaution was necessary, to defy the attacks of the infidel.

The first view from the *plaza* is very imposing; one regrets that the ancient balustrade should never have been finished; the pointed front of the chapel contrasts with the old towers, turrets, buildings, and library, to the l.; the whole were strengthened with new works when the Carlist Palillos held it during the civil war; the grand entrance is by a noble vestibule with a Moorish arch to the l.; here is the *Sagrario*, and to the l. the Gothic tomb of Alonzo de Velasco; the walls were hung with the votive chains of captives delivered by the Virgin, a purely pagan practice. In an adjoining chapel is a representation of a general council held here in 1415; ascending to the grandiose Gothic church, to the l. lies buried the architect Juan Alonzo, *Maestro que fizó esta santa Iglesia*. The church consists of three naves, in a massy pointed style, but the extension of the *coro* has destroyed the symmetry. The superb lofty *reja* which divided the monks from the populace, is a masterpiece of Fr<sup>o</sup>. de Salamanca and Juan de Avila. The cupola above the transept is octagonal, with gilt capitals. The classical *Retablo*, designed by Juan Gomez de Mora, and executed by Giraldo de Merlo, is im-

posing in itself, but out of keeping in a Gothic church. It was filled with paintings by V<sup>e</sup>. Carducho and Eugenio Cajés; it has, in later times, been modernized in the worst taste.

The walls of the *Capilla Mayor* were ornamented in marble by J<sup>n</sup>. B<sup>a</sup>. Semeria, a Genoese, and by Bartolomé Abril, a Swiss. Observe the royal sepulchres, statues, and carvings; and in *La Capilla de los cuatro altares*, the effigies of Prince Dionisio of Portugal, and Doña Juana his wife, erected in 1461, and moved to their present place under Philip II. Notice also the tomb of Doña Maria de Guadalupe Lancaster y Cardenas, Duchess of Aveyro. A jasper staircase leads up to the *Camarin* of the Virgin; this *Donarium* or treasury is in vile taste, with some sketchy paintings by Luca Giordano. Neither Isis nor Astarte ever had more dresses than this graven image. Ponz mentions 80, one of which cost 40,000 ducats. The silver lamps, &c. were carried off by Victor, with the glorious *Custodia* made by Juan de Segovia; then disappeared the silver throne of the image, the silver angels, the 80 silver lamps, the diamonds, pearls, gold, and jewels, the offerings of kings. It was indeed a *tesoro*. Victor left the image behind, because, although carved by St. Luke, it would not have fetched five francs on the Pont Neuf at Paris. Those who wish to know the items of his spoil, and the wonderful relics of this sanctuary, are referred to "*Historia de Na. Sa. de Guadalupe*," folio, Gabriel de Talavera, Toledo, 1597.

The splendid Sacristia contains eight fine Zurbarans, representing the life of St. Jerome. From monkish neglect they are, as yet, pure and uninjured, and Capt. Widdrington suggested to the Madrid authorities their removal to the capital. The church is surrounded by an assemblage of buildings, at once extensive and sumptuous. There are two noble cloisters, one of a Gothic pointed, the other of a Moorish style. In the principal one is an elegant

Gothic shrine, or temple, and an extremely beautiful double arcade, one above the other. Observe in an angle the injured tomb of Gonzalo de Illescas, Bp. of Cordova. These courts, in the time of the monks, were planted with oranges and flowers; now all is going to decay. *La Botica*, or medicinal dispensary, yet remains; and the library, from whence the best books have disappeared. It is lamentable to reflect that this splendid pile, on which so many thousands were expended, is, like the Escorial positively of no use in this out-of-the-way situation. It will gradually fall to ruin, like the monastic system for which it was raised, and for which alone it was fitted. The monks have served their turn: they it was who introduced agriculture into these former forests and "valleys of wolves." They made roads; and it was in order to facilitate the approach of pilgrims that Pedro Tenorio, Archbishop of Toledo, built his magnificent bridge over the Tagus in 1337. He gave to the convent a fine bronze font, which used to be near the refectory. *The Serrania* of Guadalupe is a continuation of the *Montes de Toledo*. The highest range is behind the convent, and is said to be 7000 ft. These mountains divide the basins of the Tagus and Guadiana. The forests have fallen under the axes of the monks. In the cistus-clad plains game of every kind is most abundant. Those who propose to visit Almaden must return to Logrosan: which is a wild ride of guess-work distances, over aromatic *dehesas y despoblados*. The first day's midday halt will be at *Casas de Don Pedro*, half a league, beyond which the Guadiana is crossed at a ferry: Sleep at *Tallarubias*, Lacipea, a pretty town of 3100 souls, but the accommodations are very bad. Here the sandstone and quartz cease. The next day's ride to Almaden is, if possible, more lonely. The first and only village; *Espiritu Santo*, is too near the starting-place to be of any use for a midday halt: rest, therefore, at a streamlet be-

fore ascending the Sierra beyond *La Puebla de Alcocer*. After leaving the pasture-land, the hills become extremely wild and solitary, with a wide moor on their summit, and thence descend to Chillon, a dependency, as it were, of Almaden, although separated by a steep hill. For Almaden, and the Route to Cordova, see R. vii.

ROUTE LV. (CONTINUED).

Those continuing to Madrid must return from Logrosan to Trujillo. The high-road, after crossing the Monte by a good bridge, ascends to *Jaraiseco*, a miserable hamlet, which commands the plain, where the conical hill of S<sup>a</sup> Cruz and Trujillo form fine objects. Here the Duke lingered, a victim to the misconduct of the Spanish government after Talavera, until famine and the breach of every promise forced him to withdraw his starving troops to the agues of Merida and Badajoz. The Spaniards now, as then, blink all their puny bad faith, and falsely assert that political motives, and a desire to secure Portugal for England, not a want of food, were the real reasons why the Duke retired from Spain (Schep. ii. 415).

Hence to the *Puerto de Miravete*, the culminating point, from whence the eye sweeps over interminable plains, studded here and there with conical hills. The Tagus is crossed at a most inconvenient ferry near the broken but picturesque bridge of *Almaraz*, which hangs from its superb cistus-clad rocks over the deep sea-green coloured river. It was built in 1552 by Pedro de Uria, and paid for by the city of Placencia, as opening communications with it and La Mancha. Lower down is another bridge built by a Placencian, the Card. Juan de Carvajal, and hence called *El Puente del Cardenal*, which opens communications with Trujillo. The bridge of *Almaraz* consists of two arches, one of which was destroyed in 1809. It is 580 ft. long, 25 wide, and 134 high, and spans a most picturesque gorge. Lord Hill took his title from Almaraz,

as here, May 18, 1812, he conducted "with consummate ability one of the most brilliant actions in the war." Following the Duke's instructions, he passed the intricate defile *La Cueva* with such secrecy, that both Drouet and Foy were deceived. He next assaulted Fort Napoleon, although guarded by 1000 French and 18 guns, and carried it without artillery by the bayonet, the garrison leaping down into the river from sheer panic at such unheard-of audacious gallantry. By this splendid affair Soult was cut off from Marmont, and the Duke then wrote home that he should try the latter single-handed, "no man in the army entertaining a doubt of the result;" that result was Salamanca. Sir Wm. Erskine, as at Almeida, marred the *whole* success by recalling Hill just when about to attack and carry the works on Miravete. Hill, with a mere handful of men, was the terror of the French in Estremadura: and Buonaparte writing *privately* to Soult, for then even he could tell the truth, inquired, "Comment il est possible que six mille Anglais et quatre ou cinq mille Portugais aient enlevé les magasins de Merida, se soient avancés jusque sur les débouchés de l'Andalousie, et y soient restés un mois, et cela devant votre armée composée forte de 24,000 hommes, et composée des meilleures troupes du monde, pouvant présenter plus de soixante mille hommes présents sur les armes, et une cavalerie si supérieure en nombre."

Leaving the Tagus the road turns inland to *Navalmoral*, and soon the province of New Castile is entered. For its character and peculiarities turn to Sect. xi.

*Oropesa* gives a title to the Duke of Frias, who has here an irregular dilapidated palace, and a fine castle with round towers and keep: hence through oak woods to *Talavera de la Reina*, or *Reyna*, of "the Queen," because given by Alonzo XI. as an appanage to the royal consort. There are two other Talaveras; one, *La Real*, is near Bada-

joz, and the other, *La Vieja*, which lies 10 L. from that of *La Reina*, on the l. bank of the Tagus. The remains of this last old Roman town have served to build the modern hamlet. The pillars and arch of a temple, however, have escaped. See two papers in the '*Mem. de la Acad. de Historia*,' i. 345; and Cean Ber. 'S.' 115.

*Talavera de la Reina*—Talabrigo—is a decayed place, but charmingly situated on the Tagus in a verdurous vega; the *Posada del Fresco*, on the Plaza, is the best. The *ordinarios* and *cosarios* generally put up either at *La Casa de Pijorro* or *La del Tigre*, near the Madrid road.

The town is ancient, straggling, ill-paved, and inconvenient, but full of nice bits for the sketch book; the inner circumvallation is Roman; the *Torres Albarranas* were built in 937 by the Moors; these old girdles rise picturesque among the houses; see the arch of S<sup>n</sup>. Pedro, and the irregular Plaza, with red houses, porticos, and balconies. There is a fine but dilapidated bridge and a pleasant *Alameda*, whose groves in the spring are tenanted by nightingales. Talavera, indeed, with its river and plantations, is an oasis in these deserts; another pleasant and favourite *paseo*, is on the Madrid road, leading to N<sup>a</sup>. S<sup>a</sup>. del Prado, a hermitage built on a pagan temple, and where pagan rites continued to be celebrated down to 1807. These *floralia* were called *las Mondas de Talavera*; a sort of chief magistrate was chosen for the day, who was called *Justicia de Mogiganga*, because he presided over the large images then paraded about, as our Lord Mayor does over Gog and Magog. A complete pagan *lectisternia* also took place, and idols were "borne on men's shoulders" with curious rites, a remnant of those of Flora. So in parts of Barbary, a female image called *Mata*, dressed like a large doll or *Paso*, is carried round the fields when the corn is young.

The population of Talavera is about 7000; the former silk and hat manu-

factures have declined; that of coarse earthenware, *alfareria*, made from a clay brought from *Calera*, still languishes. The Gothic *Colegiata* is not remarkable: begun in 1211, repaired in 1389, it afterwards was modernised. The Jeronomite convent near the river was once fine; it was begun in 1389, by the Archbishop Pedro Tenorio, and altered in 1549 and 1624; the staircase and Ionic façade are excellent. The *Dominicos* contained three grand sepulchres—Cardinal Loaisa, and Pedro Loaisa, with Catalina his wife. Mariana, the historian, and Alonzo de Herrera, the writer on agriculture, were both born here. The bridge over the Tagus, and dedicated to St. Catherine, was built in the 15th century by the great Cardinal of Toledo, Pedro Mendoza; it is much dilapidated from neglect.

On the hill to the l. and on the plain on the Madrid road was decided, July 27 and 28, 1809, what the Duke justly calls "the long and hard-fought action against the French, with more than double our numbers," and commanded by Jourdan, Victor, and Joseph in person. This was the first time that he advanced into Spain, relying on the co-operation of Spanish generals and the promises of Spanish juntas, and it was the last. The Spanish army was commanded by Cuesta, a brave man personally, but a mere "child in the art of war," and too old, proud, and obstinate to be taught. Never were the two nations more truly represented than by their respective leaders; the decrepid formal Don coming in a coach and six, and keeping his ally waiting, when minutes were winged with destinies; while the other, the very personification of eagle-eyed power, iron in mind and frame, was of lightning decision. Cuesta, rather than take a hint from a younger officer, twice lost the tide of affairs, and thus the first time saved Victor from defeat, and the second almost ensured it to himself. Had he advanced on the Alberche on the 22d, as the Duke entreated him to



do, Victor single-handed must have been crushed; but during the delay, the French, warned, says Napier, by traitors in the very tent of Cuesta, fell back, the Spaniards thinking that they were running away from them; and now Cuesta, just when the Duke wished him to remain still, would advance. He imagined\* that he was following "flying deer, but found that he was hunting tigers." He would have been annihilated at Torrijos, but was rescued by the Duke.

The allies then took up a position before Talavera, the English being posted to the l. on the *Cerro de Medellin*, and the Spaniards in the woods of the plain. Victor concentrated all his forces against the English, by whom, in spite of desperate French gallantry and superior numbers, he was everywhere beaten back. Night terminated the contest, the Duke sleeping on the ground in his cloak. Victor's second attack failed from Sebastiani's neglecting to assist him, as he did again at Barrosa. Victor himself had committed the rash error of risking this battle prematurely; jealous of Soult, he hurried it on before that marshal could arrive from his defeat at Oporto. The French finally abandoned the field, having lost 20 cannon, and 10,000 killed and wounded; the English lost 6200; thus 16,000 brave men resisted 34,000 French 16 hours, and at last drove them back. Alone they did it, for the Spaniards remained inactive spectators, as at Barrosa and Albuera, as from a total want of discipline they could not be moved. "Their army," wrote the Duke (*Disp. Aug. 25, 1809*), "with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged, yet whole corps threw away their arms, and ran off in my presence, when they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack, but fright-

\* This conceit was so inveterate in the ancient Iberians, that the Romans constantly shammed a flight, and then turned round on their pursuers, "effusé sequentes," and scattered them to the winds. See Livy, xxxiv. 14; xl. 48.

ened, I believe, by their own fire." "When these dastardly soldiers run away, they plunder everything they meet, and in their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that time bravely engaged in their cause." His Grace might have quoted Lucan (ii. 572), when Cuesta's rabble exhibited their backs to those allies whom they had sought for to defend them, "territaque ostendunt terga Britannis."

Cuesta, insensible to shame and untaught by experience, next neglected, in spite of the Duke's urgent request, to secure the passes of Baños, and left a path open to Soult to fall on our flank; yet in spite of his imminent danger he continued to linger, risking the loss of himself and ally; then in the nick of time the Duke passed the bridge of the *Arzobispo*,\* and thus saved Cuesta and Andalucía from ruin; and even as it was, such was the slowness and carelessness of the Spaniard, that he was surprised by Mortier, and routed, flying even to Guadalupe, abandoning 30 guns and all his baggage, and this before one squadron of dragoons.

After the battle the town of Talavera, which refused bread to the starving English ally and in vain offering money for it, was found by the French enemy to contain corn enough for their army for three months (*Schep. ii. 424*). Twice did the French sack the town. "Victor assembled his troops to pillage: every man was provided with a hammer and a saw; they filed off by the beat of drum (Victor originally was a drummer-boy) in regular parties to their work, as a business with which they were well acquainted; nothing escaped their search" (*Southey, 24*).

Thus enemies obtained by force and iron what was denied to the entreaties and gold of allies. Those who brought nothing and seized everything, were feasted, while the truly brave and

\* This bridge lies about 7½ L. below Talavera, and is so called because built in 1338, by Pedro Tenorio, *Archbishop* of Toledo.

honourable friends hungered. But the French, says the Duke, "everywhere take everything, and leave the unfortunate inhabitants to starve." Now Foy (i. 311), in demonstrating the great superiority of French soldiers over English, states, among other reasons, that "20,000 Français vivront pour rien, où 10,000 Anglais mourront de faim la bourse en la main." No wonder.

Venegas, who commanded a Spanish army in La Mancha, and was to have co-operated, never advanced; appointed because nephew to one of the ministers, he had had secret orders from the Junta to leave Cuesta in the lurch. They dreaded a success, having ill-used the savage old man after his defeat at Rioseco.

The Spaniards, as at Barrosa and Albuera, where all was nearly lost by their own leader's misbehaviour, now, as then, claimed the glory for themselves; and Cuesta, in his bulletin, affirmed "that the terrific fire of the Spaniards overwhelmed the French;" and Byron, then at Cadiz, wrote that "the Spanish dispatch and the mob called the victory Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount." "These reports and insinuations," said the Duke, "may do very well for the people of Seville, but the British army will not soon forget the treatment it has received" (Disp. Aug. 31, 1809). "I might almost say we are not treated as friends; had Spaniards in any way kept their word, and if I could have been fed, I should after Talavera have turned and struck a brilliant blow on Soult at Placencia."

The French version by Mons. Bory de St. Vincent (Guide, ix.) is characteristic: "Lord Wellington, *alors simple Marquis de Wellesley*, par une marche inconsidérée, menacé Madrid, mal instruit qu'il était. Le canon de Talavera se faisait encore entendre, que le général Anglais apprit notre arrivée sur le Tage, et de victorieux qu'il se croyait déjà s'exagérant le danger il abandonna précipitamment

le champ de bataille." The conqueror was justly raised to the peerage for this splendid battle, although Mr. Whitbread affirmed that "it would have been better for Sir Arthur if he had never changed his name;" and Lord Grey criticised his "want of capacity and skill." Thus encouraged, old Cobbett cut coarse jests, and vented out his anti-English treason on Baron Talavera and his wars. Buonaparte was so pleased with their sayings and writings, that he had them translated into the Paris papers, but even the French thought them to be only his usual forgeries. "The truth is," said Lord Dudley, "that the opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure;" but party is the curse of England, and must ever be so where men can be found to pray that just so much calamity may befall the nation as will turn out their opponents, and bring themselves into place and power.

To complete this eventful history, Belmas (i. 92), writing but the other day, and under Soult's eye and patronage, gives Cuesta 38,000 men, Venegas 28,000, and Sir Arthur 22,000 English and 5000 Portuguese;—thus drawing up on paper 113,000 "men in buckram" against only 40,000 French. Thus is written what our ingenious neighbours call *history*: the real numbers of the English being only 16,000 raw troops, who withstood and repulsed 34,000 splendid French veterans.

Quitting Talavera, the dreary country resembles La Mancha, a wide expanse of corn-plains, denuded of trees, with here and there miserable villages (see p. 307). To the l. rise the snowy Avila and Guadarrama chains. At *Maqueda* is a ruined tower, called *la Torre de las Infantas*, where Berenguela resided while guardian to her nephew Henrique I. *Fuensalida*, which gives the title of Count, and is so well known to readers of ballad romance, lies to the r. of the road between *Maqueda* and *S<sup>a</sup> Cruz del Retamar*.

The mangy wearisome country continues to Navalcarnero, "the plain of sheep," where a tolerable wine is made: then crossing the Guadarrama river at Mostoles, and soon after the Manzanares, we reach the ignoble mud walls of Madrid (see Sect. xi.) Those artists and antiquaries who have leisure may diverge from *Maqueda* either to the r. or l.: as this was once a frontier line, it contains many fine but ruined castles of the former great nobility, who guarded the marches; and first for the l. The traveller will make for Avila, and thence by the Escorial to Madrid; he must ride and attend to his provend. *Escalona*, distant from *Maqueda* about 9 miles, rises nobly on a hill above the charming trout-stream, the Alberche, which is crossed by a good bridge. Portions of the old walls remain, and the once splendid *palacio* of the counts, with a chapel. It was built in 1442, by the great Alvaro de Luna, in rich decorated semi-saracenic taste of the age; visit also the *Colegiata*: hence to *Cadalso* is a pleasant ride, amid vines, olives, and covers abounding in game: pop<sup>n</sup>. 1000; placed on an eminence it commands a fine view over the champaign plains. Visit the castle and gardens of the Conde de Miranda, now dilapidated: here it was that Isabella met her brother Henrique IV. after their reconciliation at Guisando, where he had declared her to be his heiress to the crown.

1½ L. through a country of fruit trees and pines, leads to the celebrated monastery *Toros de Guisando*, and so on to Avila (see R. xcvi.).

Those who strike to the r. for *Toledo* must ride also; and first for *Torrijos*, 2 L., pop<sup>n</sup>. 1600; it is placed in the fertile Sagra. This now dilapidated hamlet, like *Zafra*, was once patronised and decorated by its powerful lord, and the remains of past magnificence in the churches and palace mock the present poverty of the denizens; all hastens to decay, becoming every day more delectable in form and colour to

the artist: outside the walls is a pretty Gothic fountain and cross; inside, in the long street, all delicious bits, are a superbly decorated Gothic church, a gateway, a convent going to ruin, a grand *palacio*, with vestiges of ceilings and former state, but now abandoned to the usual fate which broods over the provincial mansions of the absentee nobles of Spain: hence, passing Barciencia, with its ruined castle, 1 L. on to Rielves and 3 more to Toledo. It however is much better to branch off from *Torrijos* S. W. to *Escalonilla*, 1 L. pop<sup>n</sup>. 2000. It has a fine ruined castle, a good *Parroquia*, dedicated to the Magdalen, with a grand relic, the body of St. Germain de Auxerre. The artist should manage to be here July 31, when the chapel is visited by all the picturesque peasantry of the Sagra. Outside the town, about 1 mile E. near *Casas Albas*, is the hermitage of *Na. Sa. de la Estrella*, Our Lady of the Star, the "Lucida Sidera" of antiquity; here also a grand festival is held every Easter Monday: at 1 L. from *Escalonilla* is the large hamlet of *La Puebla de Montalban*, pop<sup>n</sup>. 4000. It is well worth visiting, the environs abound in corn, oil, and wine: there is a good bridge over the Tagus, which flows near it, through wild rocks with a ruined castle, really put up for a picture, like those on the Rhine: the town contains a *Palacio* of the Duques de Uceda on the *plaza*, a handsome decorated hospital, two noble parish churches, one with three grand naves, the other, *San Miguel*, with a fine brick tower, built in 1604 by Christobal Ortiz; the imposing masonry façade of the Franciscan nunnery was built in 1543, by Laurencio de Ilachoa: observe also the ruined hermitage of *Na. Sa. de la Soledad*. Toledo lies distant 5 L. and Rielves 2.

Those who have ever performed this tiresome Route lv. will never do it twice; accordingly, on our second visit to Merida we struck off on horseback to Alcantara, continuing indeed our pilgrimage to Santiago and the Asturias,

and riding down to Madrid through Leon and Valladolid, a route we strongly recommend to those who have leisure.

ROUTE LVII.—MERIDA TO PLACENCIA.

Alcuescar . . . . .	6	
Arroyo de Molinos . . . . .	1	.. 7
Montanches . . . . .	1	.. 8
Caceres . . . . .	6	.. 14
Malpartida . . . . .	2	.. 16
Arroyo del Puerco . . . . .	1	.. 17
Brozas . . . . .	4½	.. 21½
Alcantara . . . . .	3	.. 24½
Garovillas . . . . .	5	.. 29½
Cañaveral . . . . .	2	.. 31½
Coria . . . . .	4½	.. 36
Placencia . . . . .	9	.. 45

This must be ridden: take a local guide, as the country is chiefly lonely *dehesas*; and as the accommodations are indifferent, attend to our preliminary precautions and the commissariat. There is a shorter cut to *Arroyo del Puerco* of 12 L., avoiding *Caceres*; 6 to *Casas de Don Antonio*, and 6 on.

On quitting *Merida* and the *Charca*, a waste of cistus commences: here and there Roman military columns about 7 feet high still stand in their original positions, and mark the *Via lata*, or great Roman road from *Merida* to *Salamanca*, which in some places is admirably preserved. The best work on Roman roads is the '*Histoire des Grands Chemins*,' Nic. Bergier, 4<sup>o</sup>. Paris, 1622.

At 4½ L. after an ascent *Montanches* appears on its hill; *Alcuescar* lies to the r., and below it *Arroyo de Molinos*, where, October 28, 1811, Lord Hill caught Gen. Girard in a trap. He with 5000 men had been sent by Soult to interfere with Spanish recruiting, and levy contributions, which he did in a careless unmilitary manner, whereupon the Duke planned a surprise, and ordered Hill to effect it: this able executor of everything entrusted to him halted the night of the 27th at *Alcuescar*: the honest villagers kept the secret so well that the French remained ignorant of their danger, and early the next morning, during some rain, Hill, with the 71st and 92nd, surprised and

put them to flight. They ran, throwing away their packs, arms, and everything that constitutes a soldier; and yet these were some of the "finest French troops" in Spain; they were lusty and strong, filled with wine and meat, while the English were hungry and foot-sore; and even then, had not our cavalry missed their way, not a Frenchman could have got off: as it was, 1300 prisoners were taken, all their artillery, colours, baggage, and plunder. Girard narrowly escaped. M. Dumas (iii. 234) accounts very satisfactorily for this affair: "*Les Français, surpris, attaqués avec impétuosité, durent céder au nombre;*" "*quoique les Anglais fussent dix fois supérieurs en nombre, le Gén. Girard conserva tout son sang froid.*"

Those who do not care to visit this glorious site, may avoid it by taking a bad but shorter road to the l., which leads up to *Montanches* (*Mons Anguis*). This hill-fort has a castle which was the prison of the minion minister, Rodrigo Calderon. This is the capital of the bacon district, and the pork is superlative; possibly it was on this *Mons Anguis* that the Duque de Arcos fed "*ces petits jambons vermeils,*" which the Duc de S<sup>t</sup> Simon ate and admired so much; "*ces jambons ont un parfum si admirable, un goût si relevé et si vivifiant qu'on en est surpris: il est impossible de rien manger si exquis*" (Mem. xx. 30). His grace used to shut up the pigs in places abounding in vipers, on which they fattened. Neither the pigs, dukes, nor their *toad-eaters* seem to have been poisoned by these exquisite vipers, which rival those of *Chiclana*. So among the modern Moors men still live like these pigs, for the followers of *Seedna Eiser* feed on snakes. By-the-by, the biped *toad-eater* is not so called from eating this unsavoury variety of the frog. The Spanish grandees were attended with little slaves, pages of both sexes, who did *everything* for them: "*mi todo, mi todito, mi todita,*" my *toad-eater*, my very serviceable, humble, and devoted

servant. Our term *alligator* is another of these absurd corruptions from the Spanish, being nothing but *una lagarta*.

Naturalists have remarked that the rattlesnakes in America retire before their consuming enemy, the pig, who is thus the *gastador* or pioneer of the new world's civilization, just as Pizarro, who was suckled by a sow, and tended swine in his youth, was its conqueror. Be that as it may, Montanches is illustrious in pork, in which the *Estremeños* go the whole hog. We strongly recommend *Juan Valiente* to the lover of delicious hams; each *jamon* averages about 12 lb.; they are sold at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  *reales* for the *libra carnicera*, which weighs 32 of our ounces. The duties in England are now very trifling. The fat, when they are boiled, looks like melted topazes, and the flavour defies language, although we have dined on one this very day, in order to secure accuracy and inspiration. We have before alluded to the orthodoxy as well as the savoury charms of this pig's meat (see p. 27). It enters largely into the national metaphors and stews. The Montanches hams are superb; it would perplex a gastronomic Paris to which to adjudge the prize, whether to the *jamon dulce* of the Alpujarras, the *tocino* of Galicia, or the transcendental *chorizos* of Montanches. The nomad habits of Spaniards require a provision which is portable and lasting; hence the large consumption of dried and salted foods, *bacalao*, *cecina*, &c. Their backward agriculture, which has neither artificial grasses nor turnips, deprives them of fresh meats and vegetables during many months; hence rice and *garbanzos* supply green herbs, and appropriately accompany salted fish and bacon. *Montanches* is a central and almost equi-distant point between Merida, Medellin, Trujillo, and Caceres, half-way to which is Torremocha.

*Caceres*, *Castra Cæcilia*, *Castra Cæsaris*, is the capital of its swinish district. There is a tolerable *Meson*, *el de los Huevos*. N.B. Order *Magras con Huevos*. Pop<sup>n</sup>. under 10,000. It is

the residence of the petty authorities, and of many provincial proprietors, *hidalgos y hacendados*, who fatten and get rich by the saving and selling their popular bacon. The climate, like the bacon, is delicious, and the environs very fertile. The elevation keeps the tidy town cool, while the rivulets which flow from *el Marco* irrigate the gardens that produce excellent fruits and vegetables. There is not much to be seen here, and the people are dull and porcine. There is a fine suppressed Jesuit convent, and a *Seminario*, founded in 1603. The Gothic *Parroquia* of *S<sup>n</sup>. Mateo* was built by Pedro de Ezquerria. Observe in the *S<sup>a</sup>. Maria* the retablo, and Assumption and Coronation of the Tutelar. The *Hospital de la Piedad*, founded by Gabriel Gutierrez, has a good *patio* and staircase. On the *Plaza* is some mutilated sculpture, a Ceres, and inscriptions. Antiquities are constantly turning up in the environs, especially in the *dehesa de los Arrogatos*, and are as constantly reburied or destroyed. Caceres has an *Audiencia*, whose jurisdiction extends over 547,000 souls; in 1844, 2220 persons were tried, which is about one in 250.

It was near Caceres, according to his flattering eulogists, that Mons<sup>r</sup>. Foy covered himself with glory. Surprised by some Spaniards, March 14, 1810, he and his troops got over "six lieues d'Espagne en cinq heures: cette retraite fit le plus grand honneur au Gén. Foy" (V. et C. xx. 11). "L'Europe," says the modest hero himself, "a vu la célérité de nos mouvemens de stratégie et de tactique, et elle a été saisie d'épouvante, car le secret de la guerre est dans les jambes" (i. 89).

Those who do not wish to go to Montanches or Caceres will turn off at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  L., before reaching Alcuesar, and then proceed through oak woods to *Casas de Don Antonio*, a poor place, where, however, a bed and supper are to be had at the *venta*: a six hours' ride next day, over a treeless, granite-strewed country, leads to *Arroyo del*

*Puerco*, "Pig's Brook;" for here the unclean animal is the joy and wealth of rich and poor. In the parish church of this miserable village are 16 of the finest pictures ever painted by Morales: 12 are very large; and although chilled, dirty, and neglected, they are at least pure. The altar divides them into two portions, which again are subdivided into two tiers, each tier containing four pictures, three large and one small. The subjects are "Christ in the Garden, bearing the Cross;" the "Annunciation;" "Nativity;" "Christ in Limbo," very fine; "St. John preaching;" a "St. John," three-quarter length, and a "Saviour bound," its companion, both very fine; the "Descent," fine; the "Burial;" the "Christ and Joseph of Arimathæa" are grand; "Adoration of Kings;" "Circumcision;" "Ascension of Christ;" the "Pentecost;" "Saviour with the reed;" and "St. Jerome." It is miraculous how these pictures escaped the French, who long occupied the hamlet.

A six hours' lonely ride, amid wild oaks, leads to Alcantara, by *Brozas*, which stands with an old castle, and the *Torre de Belvis*, on a naked hill. In the house of the C<sup>o</sup>. de Canilleros was the sword of the redoubtable Garcia Paredes. 3 L. of a treeless, miserable country, with a stone wall, Oxfordshire look, now extends to *Alcantara*, Arabic<sup>e</sup> Al-Kantarah, the Bridge. It was the Lancia of the Vettones, the *Norba Cæsarea* of the Romans. The town is placed on an eminence over the *Tagus*. Pop<sup>n</sup>. under 4000. It is a ruined abode of misery, where gutted churches and roofless houses bear record of Gen. Lapisse, who was sent to his account at Talavera, and who came here in 1809: "his whole route had been marked by the most wanton cruelties: he remained at Alcantara only one night, but that night was employed in plunder, and in the commission of every crime by which humanity can be disgraced and outraged." See, for disgusting details, Southey (chap. xx.).

*Alcantara*, in consequence, is now

reduced to misery. It formerly belonged to a military order of monks, founded in 1156 by Suero Rodriguez Barrientos, to defend the frontier, a principle borrowed from the Moorish *Rábitos*. The order was at first called *de San Julian de Pereyro*, and was Benedictine. They, like the Templars, soon became rich and powerful; their wealth then was coveted by the crown, as much as their influence was dreaded, and both were absorbed in 1495 by appointing the King the "Master." Consult '*Orden de Alcantara*,' folio, Mad. 1663; '*Historia de las Ordenes Militares*,' Fr<sup>o</sup>. Caro de Torres, folio, Mad. 1629; and the '*Cronica de la Villa de Alcantara*,' Alonzo Torres y Tapia, 1763. Their noble granite-built convent, S<sup>n</sup>. Benito, is almost a ruin, the work of the invaders; it was built in 1506 by Pedro de Larrea, and improved by Philip II. The church is lofty and grandiose, the slim pillars elegant. The decaying high altar contains some injured pictures of Morales, the best of which are a fine S<sup>n</sup>. Miguel, a St. John, a Pentecost, an Apostle reading, and a Resurrection—doubtful. Observe the chapel of *Piedra Buena*; it was erected by Pedro de Ibarra in 1550, and enriched with granite and cinque-cento work by Fr<sup>o</sup>. Bravo, Comendador de *Pietra Buena*. Observe his fine marble sepulchre. The pictures in the chapel have been shamefully used and neglected. Many knights are buried in the church, e. g. Diego de Santillan, 1503; Nicolas de Ovando, 1511; also many others in the solemn cloister. Here is a small temple and some injured sculpture, especially a Resurrection, and an Adam and Eve.

Observe the wooden tattered chest in which Pelayus floated down 250 miles from Toledo. Morgado, in his history of Seville (p. 22), gives the legend; but the preservation of future legislators and rulers in arks is of much older date, for Osiris was thus saved in Egypt, as Adonis was by Venus; so Ion was rescued by Creusa,

and also in a "well made" ark, says Euripides. This exposure the Greeks called *Κυρσιμος*, in a pipkin, or an "olla," which would have suited a Spaniard exactly. But they took legends ready made: thus the Pagans showed the box in which Cypelus was similarly saved, and hung it up in the temple of Juno at Olympia (Paus. v. 17. 5). The legend of Pelayus, his exposition in a boat, and his preservation in order to found a dynasty, is neither more nor less than giving a new name to the older Spanish tale, as detailed by Justin (xliv. 4) in regard to Habis. For Pelayus see Asturias; the reader at home will find the whole fable in Southey's 'Don Roderick,' notes, 51.

*El Puente de Alcantara*, "the bridge of the bridge," is however worth going 100 L. to see; it stems the rock-walled lonely Tagus, striding across the wild gorge:

"Dove scorre il nobil Tago, e dove,  
L'aurato dorso Alcantara gli preme."

Filicaia and other poets have clothed the barren crags with imaginary flowers, and stranded the fierce bed with gold; but all this is a fiction, which avarice readily believes of distant unvisited regions; the deep sullen river rolls through a desolate arid country; and here resembles a mountain enclosed narrow lake; but the bridge is the soul of the scene, and looms like a huge skeleton, the work of men when there were giants on the earth: loneliness and magnitude are the emphatic features. To be understood it must be seen, grey with the colouring of 17 centuries, during which it has resisted the action of the elements, and the worse injuries of man; it is 600 ft. long by 28 wide, and 245 ft. above the usual level of the river, which here is about 40 ft. deep, rising however in floods to 176, for the narrow pass is a funnel: the best point of view is from the other side, turning down the rocks to the l. The work tells its authors, and is simple, majestic, solid, useful, and commensurate

with their power and intellect. It was built for Trajan, A.D. 105, and is worthy of an Emperor. The architect, Caius Julius Lacer, was buried near his work, but barbarians have demolished his tomb. At the entrance of the bridge a chapel yet remains with a dedication to Trajan and some verses: one couplet deserves mention, as giving the name of the architect:

"Pontem perpetui mansurum in sæcula  
Fecit divinâ nobilibus arte Lacer." [mundi,

There are 6 arches: the granite is worked in *bossage*, or pillowed work, *almohadillado*, and no cement was used. The centre arch has sunk: one arch was destroyed in war time before 1200, and remained only repaired in wood until 1543, when Charles V. restored it, as an inscription records, which is given by Cean Ber. (S. 398): the 2nd arch on the r. bank was blown up, June 10, 1809, by Col. Mayne, who had been directed to do so if the enemy advanced. This order, when the danger was past, was unfortunately either not rescinded by Cuesta, or the bearer of the message was killed, and Mayne had not kept it secret; whereupon Victor menaced the bridge, "with no other view than to cause its destruction" (Napier, viii. 3). This vandalism, of no use to him in a strategic point of view, was solely done to throw the odium on the English: *sed qui facit per aliam facit per se*. See the Duke's Dispatch to Cuesta, June 11, 1809. The bridge was repaired in 1812 by Col. Sturgeon.

There is a direct road to *Coria* 7 L., by *Ceclayin* 3 L., *Pescuenza* 2 L., and thence 2 L. more: it is without interest. We made the following *détour*, and let none omit to do so: keep along the l. bank, over hill and dale, to *Garovillas*, and thence descend to the river, which pours here through a more level country a tranquil deep blue stream, which reflects the azure sky and not the dun tints of calcined rocks, and pass over at *La Barca*; at this ferry are the remains of a noble Roman

bridge de Alconetar, or del Mandible; the high road from Merida to Salamanca crossed the Tagus here: all is now a ruin, save 5 arches on the r. bank; the masonry resembles that of Alcantara: to the r. the rivulet Monte enters the Tagus; a shaft of a Roman bridge and a miliary stone remain: above is a ruined castle. This lonely scene is made for the artist. An infamous *Rambla* now leads up to *Cañaveras*, a poor village, where we slept; hence to Coria the hills throughout the ride command glorious views, especially after passing the convent S<sup>n</sup>. Pedro de Alcantara and the cork-woods. Coria rises over the Alagon, which is crossed by a ferry, for the bridge with 5 arches stands high and dry in the meadow, since the river has changed its course, or *ha salido de madre*, and deserted its mother, which neither seems to "know that it is out" nor care, and the Corians take no steps to get it in again, but trust to the proverbial habit of unfaithful rivers returning to their old beds like repentant husbands: *Después de años mil, vuelve el río a su cubil*. Most Spanish rivers want bridges, but occasionally bridges want rivers, for Spain is the land of the anomalous and unexpected, and these Pontes asinorum are plentiful as blackberries (see Olloniego, Dueñas, Zaragoza, &c.), and yet the poor Corians alone are called *Los Bobos*, bridge boobies: Bovo is an Arabic word for fool.

*Coria*, Caurium, a decayed town of some 2500 souls, is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago. The curious walls are among the few which escaped the order of Witiza, by which the cities of Spain were dismantled: they are Roman, built of simple solid granite, without cement, and average 30 ft. high, by 19 thick: they are defended by towers placed at intervals, and disfigured by paltry houses built up against them. The best point of view is from the pretty Alameda near S<sup>n</sup>. Francisco. Observe the modern aqueduct and the huge *Torre de S<sup>n</sup>. Francisco*, with corner turrets and machico-

lations: it is Castilian, and was constructed out of ancient materials. The view from the top is good: the old gates have been modernised; in that of *La Guia* is some mutilated sculpture. The cathedral is Gothic, built of granite, with buttresses and a pepper-box steeple: the principal entrance is ornamented with elaborate cinquecento work; the cardinals' heads, in the open gallery to the r., are finely designed. The interior, without aisles, resembles a large college hall. The *Silla del Coro* is very old and curious, of the rude but bold carving of 1389. The *Retó.* is all gilding and churriguerismo. Observe the highly enriched sepulchre of Catalina Diaz, obt. 1487, and wife of the architect, Martin Caballero, obt. 1495, and the kneeling figure of Bishop Garcia de Galarza in his magnificent tomb, on the gospel side of the high altar; and near it another kneeling effigy of another prelate, Pedro Ximenez de Prexamo, obt. 1495.

*Coria*, in 1812, was the winter quarters of Lord Hill, whose kindness, coupled with valour, strict discipline, and punishment of plunderers, won golden opinions, when contrasted with the misconduct of the enemy. The whole country to Placencia was ravaged by Soult; for dreadful details see Toreno ix. and Durosair 231; *Coria* was sacked Aug. 15, 1809, by the invaders: "the heavens blushing by night at their fires, while columns of smoke by day marked their progress." The bishop of *Coria*, aged 85, was sick in bed at Hoyos, where, Aug. 29, a detachment of French were hospitably received by him, and the officers entertained by his clergy at table. This they repaid by murdering 6 of their hosts and a servant, plundering the house, and to conclude, tore the sick prelate from his bed and shot him (Schep. ii. 432).

Quitting *Coria*, the first 4 L. to Placencia run on the r. bank of the Alagon, through desolate *encinares* to the ferry at Galisteo; and in case (as it