

The elevated slopes are covered with oak and chesnut trees; the produce of the latter is exported to England, or enters into the diet of the frugal natives. As this pastoral country is akin to portions of the Asturias and Galicia, refer to the introductory observations of Sections ix. and x. Corn only ripens in favoured localities; maize is the staple "bread-stuff;" good milk, bad cheese, and fine apples are plentiful. A poor wine also is made called *chacoli*, Arabicè *chacalet*, weakness, thinness; and the drink justifies the derivation, since it is far inferior to good Devonshire cider, and resembles those very *ordinaire* French wines *de Surene* and *de Brie*. The Basques, from having little better, drink it copiously, and, from habit, have even got to like it; however, it disagrees with the palate and stomach of most foreigners, who have not the *dura Bascorum* illia; but the bowels, digestion, and endurance of the Cantabrian are inherited by the Basques, who are still "*hiemisque æstusque famisque invicti*" ('*Sil Ital.*' iii. 326). The lower classes, as in the East, are frugal rather from poverty than will, temperate from necessity, not choice. Where meat and drink are set before them, they will consume any *given* quantity, and lay in a provision for at least 24 hours, being always uncertain of getting a similar supply. The way to their heart lies through their belly, and their blessing on the hospitable stranger is connected with "savoury meat."

The Basque, as being the head of the Iberian family, is naturally prejudiced in favour of his country and himself; ultra local, he rarely quits even his parish, and therefore overrates his own ignorance as much as he underrates the intelligence of others. If the *Castellano* sees double in his own favour, the Basque sees quadruple, and his power of vision is keen in all that concerns himself and his interests, for in his limited scope *self* forms the foreground and emphatic feature of his parochial picture; but *self* being placed so near, stands forward in too large a scale and in too bright colour; and as his eye for perspective is as defective as it is for proportion, every thing and person beyond his boundary appears too diminutive and subordinate.

Sunday, the day to observe the costume and amusements of the peasantry, is still called *Astartea*, or the feast dedicated to Astarte, who is practically replaced by the Virgin.

The Basque holidays are celebrated with the song, dance, single-stick, and broken heads, amusements which they love as much as do their neighbours the Asturians, whom they hate. Their songs resemble those of the Gallicians, whom otherwise they abhor. Their so-called musical instruments consist of the Moorish *pandero* and *gaita*, or bagpipe. *Gayt* in Arabic signifies the long neck of the ostrich, and hence its secondary meaning of a pipe. The Basque dances are Salic and singular; the *Zortico*, *Zorzico*, or "evolution of eight," consists of two parts, *la danza real*, the opening, and the *arrin arrin*, or the conclusion. This is largely capered at Azpeitia to the sounds of rude fifes, tambourines, and a sort of flageolet, *el sibato*, which resembles those rude instruments of the Pifferari at Rome, and is probably equally antique. The *Carrica* is a dance performed in the streets; the *Espata danza* is a remnant of the primitive *Tripudium* of the Iberians. The Basques delight in every other sort of noises, and especially in the Moorish *lab el barood*, the firing off guns at weddings. Their costume is not becoming, their shocking bad hats are quite Irish. These hirsute and galligaskined rustics wear brogues, *abaracas*, *espadillos*, made of skins and tied loosely with thongs; thus the water and mud ooze out. In dry weather they prefer the sandal, *alpargata*, which, however, will not stand much wet. Shoes are in some places a rarity, whether of leather or of wood, *madreñas*. The women wear their hair in long plaited tresses, *trenzas*, and cover their heads with a hood or *capuz*, which is more convenient than picturesque: when young they are fresh and fair, somewhat muscular; their beauty, from overwork, poor fare, and exposure, is shortlived and they pass into *haghood* after thirty. The Basques are much given to pil-

grimaces to holy sites in the hills, where the *chacoli* and *shillelah* are devoutly used: and how well chosen are these "high places!" How the fresh air exhilarates, how the views delight, how as we ascend is the earth left below, while we mount as it were to heaven, and then with what an appetite do all descend, and how sweet is sleep when the conscience is at rest and the frame is weary from this combination of devotion and exercise!

Among other antique customs corn and bread are offered to the manes of the deceased on the anniversary of death; these oblations are called *robos*, from an Aragonese measure taken from the Moorish *arroba*. Compare the "Sparse fruges" of Ovid (*Fasti*, ii. 538), and the barley offered to the Polian Jupiter (*Paus.* i. 24. 4). The Basques, as becomes a people *sui generis*, have a language of their own, which few but themselves can understand; nor is it worth the trouble of learning, as it is without a written literature, while the conversation of the natives is scarcely of that high intellectual quality which repays the study. The enunciation is not easy, at least, if the Andalusian's joke be true, who says, "that the Basque writes Solomon and pronounces it Nebuchadnezzor." The fine-eared fastidiousness of the ancients rejected as barbarous these Basque words, spellings, and sounds; they could neither be written nor spoken from their *το ανδεις της γραφης* (*Strabo*, iii. 234; see also *Pliny*, *N. H.* iii. 3; and *Martial*, iv. 55-9). *Pomponius Mela* (iii. 1) goes farther:—"Quorum nomina nostro ore conceipi nequeant." We therefore protest against being held responsible for the spelling or meaning of any Basque word which we may be compelled to use. Again, our readers are cautioned against the wild philological theories and treatises of Basque antiquarians, which rival the Irish Vallencey's and such like. *Humboldt*, a critical German, and free from national prejudices and predilections, is the safest guide. He considers the Basque to have been formerly spoken all over the Peninsula, as is evidenced in the nomenclature of localities and other things which are not subject to changes.

The Basques call themselves *Euscaldunac*, their country *Euscaleria*, and their language *Euscara*. This *Eusc* is the old *Osc*, *Vesc*, *Vasq*, of Italy and Iberia. According to *Perochegui*, Adam spoke Basque, as being the language of angels, which seems strange. This idiom was, moreover, brought pure into Spain, by *Tubal*, long before the confusion of tongues at *Babel*. Angelic or not, it is so difficult that the devil, who is no fool, is said to have studied seven years in the *Bilboes*, and to have learnt only three words. The grammar and declensions, as therefore may be supposed, are very intricate. The language is distinct from the Irish, Celtic, and Welsh, with which it has been often supposed to be a sister idiom. *Mr. Borrow* believes that the Basque is of a Tartar origin, resembling in structure the *Manchou* and the *Mongolian*, with a decided Sanscrit element. The Basque student is referred to the philological works of *Larramendi*, '*Antigüedad y Universidad del Bascuence*,' 8vo. Salamanca; '*El imposible Vencido o Arte de la Lengua Bascongada*,' 8vo. Sal. 1729; '*Diccionario Trilingue*,' 2 vols. fol. St. Sebastian, 1745.

The best general works to consult on these provinces are '*Averiguaciones de Cantabria*,' *Gabriel de Henao*, fol. Salamanca, 1689; '*Ilustraciones de Vizcaya*,' Zaragoza, 1631; '*Noticia Utriusque Vasconia*,' *Arnold*, Oihenart, 4to. Paris, 1638-56; '*Discursos Historicos, &c., de Vizcaya*,' *Lorenzo Roberto de la Linde*, 2 vols. 8vo. Sevilla, 1740; '*Discurso Historico de las tres Provincias*,' *M. Larramendi*, 8vo. Mad. 1736; '*Urbewohner von Hispanien*,' *Wm. Von Humboldt*, 4to. Berlin, 1821; six volumes of curious documents in *Simancas*, (collected by *Dr. Tomas Gonzalez*) '*Coleccion de Cedula*,' 4to. Mad. 1829-33; '*La Cantabria*,' *Florez*, 4to. Mad. 1768; '*Historia de Alava*,' *Joaquin Landazuri*, 4to. Vitoria, 1798; '*Noticias Historicas de las tres Provincias, &c.*' (there is a good map of Alava by *Martin de Sabacibar*); '*Historia Ecclesiastica, &c., de Alava*,' Pamplona, 4to. 1797, '*Compendios Historicos, &c., de Alava*,' Pamplona, 4to. 1798, *Juan Antonio*

Llorente, 4to. 5 vols. Mad. 1806-8; and the excellent '*Diccionario Geographico de la Academia*,' by different authors, 4to. 2 vols. Mad. 1802: unfortunately it has not been continued. We may add, '*Historia de las Naciones Bascas*,' J. A. de Zamacola, 3 vols. 8vo. Auch, 1818; '*Semanas Historica Bascongada*,' Thomas de Sorregineta, 4to. Pampl. 1804; '*De la Antigua Lengua, &c., de Cantabria*,' Andres de Poca, 4to. Bilbao, 1587; '*Discursos de la Antigüedad de la Lengua Cantabria*,' Balthasar de Echave, 4to. Mexico, 1607.

VITORIA is a busy, flourishing coach town, and, being on the high road between France and Madrid, is full of diligences and decent inns; *el Parador Viejo*, *el Parador Nuevo*, *Parador de Postas*, de Pallares—good.

Vitoria, pop. about 10,000, is the capital of Alava: it is placed on a gentle eminence above *its plain*, for such the word *Beturia* signifies in Basque. The city was much improved about 1181 by Sancho *el Sabio* of Navarre, to commemorate a victory gained here over the Moors. That name Wellington has confirmed and fixed forever (for the victory see p. 866). The town is divided into the old and new portions, which contrast with each other; the former, the *Campillo* or *Villa Suso*, with its curious *plaza*, its dark tortuous streets, being in perfect contrast with the latter, which is all line and rule. Vitoria has a *Colegiata*, which Adrian VI., who in this place received the intelligence of his having been elected Pope, promised to elevate to a see, but which he did not.

The public *alamedas* are charming, especially *la Florida* and *el Prado*, outside the town, where under leafy avenues the lower classes meet and dance. There is, moreover, a theatre, a *Liceo*, and *Circulo*. The climate is temperate, the living cheap and abundant, the fruits and vegetables much like those in the west of England. The fine modern *plaza nueva*, like that at Salamanca, which was its model, is an arcaded square of 220 feet, and was built in 1791 from designs of Justo Antonio de Olaguibel. The *Casa Consistorial*, with fine portal and staircase, is handsome. There is little to be seen else. Visit the hospital with its clas-

sical façade, designed in 1630 by the Capuchin Lorenzo Jordanes; the dark stone from the quarries of Anda adds to the grandiose character. Ascend the belfry of the collegiate *Santa Maria*; the vast plain is studded with some 168 villages. Observe the porch under this tower, with niche-work and statuary; before the high altar widows prostrate themselves the anniversary of their husbands' death on a black cloth, lighted with yellow tapers. In the *Sacristia* is or was an injured "Dead Christ" by Ribera, 1645, and in *el Noviciado*, upstairs, a "St. Peter and St. Paul," by the same painter.

Look at the *retablos* in the churches of *San Vicente*, once a fortress in the old city, and *San Miguel*: the latter is built by Hernandez; the statue of the Conception is excellent. Vitoria bears for arms "a castle supported by two lions." The inhabitants, like those of most other Basque towns, during the Peninsular war denied all assistance to our wounded, although the army expended in it most of the money and booty wrested from the invaders, thus enriching a place which the enemy had impoverished. Again, the authorities refused the use of empty convents and churches which had been gutted when Vitoria was sacked by Verdier, June 5, 1808. The treatment of Gen. Evans and his gallant legion was even more inhospitable. There is a local '*Historia*,' by Joaquin Joseph Landazuri y Romarate, 4to. Mad. 1780.

There are diligence communications with Irun, Route 120; Burgos, Route 118; Madrid, Route 116; Pamplona, Route 121; Bilbao, Route 122; Cestona Deva; and the baths of Santa Agueda.

ROUTE 120.—VITORIA TO IRUN.

Arroyabe	2	
Salinas de Leniz	2½	4½
Escoriaza	1	5½
Mondragon	1	6½
Vergara	2	8½
Villareal	2½	11
Villafranca	3	14
Tolosa	3	17
Andoain	2	19
Astigarraga	2	21
Oyarzun	2½	23½
Irun	2½	26

Quitting Vitoria, we soon enter the Welsh-like hills with green copses, maize-crops, and pretty villages perched on the eminences, amid chesnut-groves. Now the Irish-looking hat gives place to the low blue cap or *bereta*. The legs of the peasants are swathed up to the knees with Moorish bandages, and their feet encased in Iberian *abarcas*, brogues. The women toil at their hard tasks, and look old and broken. The architect will now remark the pepper-pot belfry-domes of the churches, the carved coats of arms over the portals of the *family* mansions, and the solidly built houses, with projecting cornices and protecting roofs. Here rain and damp are the enemies of the climate, while stone and iron are the drugs of the soil.

Soon we ascend the ridge of *Adrian*. At *Arlaban*, May 25, 1811, the *Guerillero* Mina surprised Col. Lafitte, who was convoying Masséna's accumulations of plunder to France after Santarem had settled his pretensions to soldiership. Mina spared his captives, but Masséna he meant to have hung, had he not escaped by accident, from having loitered behind in the stews of Vitoria. Consult the '*Memorias*,' of Mina, 5 vols, published in Madrid in 1851 by his widow. The enormous booty became, says Toreno (xv.) a powerful incentive to new recruits, who swelled the roving bands, confirming thereby Napier's assertion, that much of this sort of patriotism was grafted on the stock of pillage—*Viva Fernando, y vamos robando*—a remark which, because true, gave such dire offence to Arguelles, who, like Maldonado (ii. 442), beheld in these semi-bandits the personifications of purity

and patriotism, and the real and sole deliverers of Spain. That these *guerrilleros* were a most formidable nuisance to the invaders cannot be doubted, and none more cheerfully acknowledged the value of their co-operation than the Duke; but great military armies, like the French, are never to be subdued by such desultory antagonists, however brave or active. Indirectly they did us good service by scaring the French and causing them to break up their armies, by detaching troops to chase the phantom of the partizan; thus neither Foy nor Clausel were present at the *scratch* of Vitoria.

After descending the ridge of *Salinas* the province of *Guipuzcoa* is entered. *Escoriaza*, a fine hamlet of 1600 souls, has a parish church, with a good nave and transept, and a hospital founded in the 15th century by Juan de Mondragon, and now abandoned. Observe the bridge and arch over the trout-stream, the devious Deva. To the r. are the baths of *Archavaleta*, much frequented for cutaneous disorders.

Mondragon, a walled town, is also well placed on this beautiful river and the *Aramayana*. Diligence inn, decent; pop. 2500, and chiefly blacksmiths. The isolated *el Campanzar* may, in the words of Pliny (N. H., xxxiv. 14), be termed "a hill of iron." Here is a mine of most remote antiquity; the ore is found in a reddish clay, and yields at least 40 per cent. of the finest metal. Very fine iron is also procured from *la mina de hierro helado*, "the ice-brook's temper," and from *la Cueva de Udala*. (For steel and swords, see pp. 835, 796.) One L. from *Mondragon* are the excellent sulphur-baths of *Santa Agueda*.

Vergara, which lies 2 L. out of the road from *Mondragon*, is a Swiss-like town on the banks of the Deva, whose pleasant basin is girdled by mountains. *Parador de las Diligencias*. Pop. about 4000. The plaza has a good *casa consistorial*; there is, as usual, a capital fives-court. The town was taken by the Carlists under Zumalacarregui in 1835. It soon witnessed the conclusion of the famous, or infamous, convention, or Carlist capitulation, of

Aug. 31, 1839, between Maroto and Espartero. In this, the former, reeking with the blood of his comrades whom he had executed at Estella (see p. 956), consummated his career by betraying his king and master. Thus were sold those mountain posts which, defended by stout highlanders, long had defied alike the Christinos and Legionaries. For this *transacion*, consult 'El Campo y la Corte de Don Carlos,' with an appendix of 'El Convenio de Vergara,' 3rd edit. Mad. 1840. Dissensions prevailed in the camp of Don Carlos, who himself was fitter to lose than to win a crown, for, had he evinced a particle of talent or spirit, he long before must have been at Madrid; at last even the wearied and impoverished Basques were anxious to *fraternise*. The site of the Judas kiss is called *el Campo del Abrazo*. But Ardoz paid off Vergara, and then Espartero in his turn was bought and sold, and the first then to abandon him was the very Zabala who here had been his go-between with Maroto; this worthy soon fell into universal disgrace, and obtained permission to exile himself to Cuba: "'tis sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard." Spaniards, like the Orientals, have no horror of treachery in the abstract: had Zimri peace who slew his master? If the treachery fails, then they turn on their base agent, threatening sword and "fire" (compare Judges xiv. 15). Maroto published a '*Vindicacion*,' Mad. 1846; but his name, in Spain and out, became a synonym to vile turncoats, who prove false to professions of their life, ruin their parties, and play the enemies' game; and even here, while all rejoiced to see the civil wars concluded by fair means or foul, in the latter case none esteemed the instrument; *la traicion aplace, pero no el que la hace*.

Passing Villareal is Ormaiztegui, where Zumalacarregui, the excellent Guerrillero chieftain of Don Carlos, was born Dec. 29, 1788; now a ridge is crossed which separates the valleys irrigated by the Deva and Oria. A new road is to be made, which is to go by Oñate, and thus avoid this ascent.

Villafranca is a solid, well-built town; on the heights of *Descarga*, Zumalacarregui entirely routed Espartero, driving with his wild guerrilleros the regular troops before him into Vergara. Passing a Swiss-like country, intersected by trout-streams, of which the Zubin is renowned, we reach Tolosa, with a decent *parador de las diligencias*. Tolosa Ituriza (Ituria in Basque means "a fountain") is one of the best towns of Guipuzcoa, of which it is the central place, and therefore has been made the capital, to the infinite disgust of *San Sebastian*. The neighbours hate each other like poison. It is built on the Oria and Arages, under the mountains Ernio to the W., and Loaza to the E. Pop. under 8000. The town consists of six streets, intersected by three others; the fine old gates were wantonly defaced by the invaders. There is the usual fives-court on the new plaza. The church *Santa Maria* has a good portico between its towers: the *retablo*, of a simple classical elevation, is enriched with different local marbles. Tolosa abounds in the *casas solares*, the family houses of men of ancient pedigree, among whom Miñano mentions that *Andia*, in whom he erroneously states that our order of the Garter is *hereditary*, it having been conferred on their ancestor Domenjou Gonzales, Aug. 20, 1471, by Edward IV., in compliment to the aid rendered to him by a legion sent from Guipuzcoa to meddle in English civil wars. The records of our Garter are missing from the 7th to the 12th year of Edward IV. (Anstis. ii. 184); and possibly this Basque member may have been decorated in that disturbed interval. During the civil wars this city was the court of Don Carlos. Being a regular coach town, it is full of dillies and tables d'hôte. During the Peninsular war, the authorities of Tolosa not only refused assistance to our soldiers, but "positively ordered the inhabitants not to give it for payment;" they plundered even our magazines, and refused to give up their pillage when discovered. ('Disp.,' Nov. 27, 1813). Call ye that backing your friends?

From Tolosa there are diligences to *San Sebastian*, distant $4\frac{1}{2}$ L.; but the traveller, if he be bound for that seaplace, had better by far make the détour by *Azpeitia* (see R. 128). There is also a very good diligence to *Pamplona* (R. 140), to *Bilbao*, and elsewhere, for this is a regular coach town.

The road continues through an excellent fishing and sketching country, and, crossing the rivers *Oria* and *Leizaran*, ascends by the strong defences of *Andoain* (from whence a new road is to be carried to *Irun* round by *San Sebastian*, thus avoiding the heights of *Oyarzun*, &c.) to *Hernani*, a long narrowish street, which is built under the fortified hill *Santa Barbara* on the river *Urumea*: although shattered and scarred during the civil wars, it has a good town-house and five-court. Pop. about 2300. Here the Legion suffered a defeat, March 16, 1837, when Evans, relying on being assisted from the *Lecumberri* side by the *Christinos* under *Sarsfield*, sallied forth from *San Sebastian*, distant about $1\frac{1}{2}$ L., to assault the strong *Carlist* lines both here and on *Santa Barbara* to the l.; but in the moment of danger he was left by his allies to bear the whole brunt, for *Sarsfield*, scared by "a snow-storm!" marched *not* to the field of battle, but back to *Pamplona*, and that without giving *Evans* proper notice. Thus unsupported, the false position of the *Legionaries* was completed by the withdrawal of the 450 royal marines, who, by a widish interpretation of the laws of non-intervention and the rules of sea-service, had been marched inland: nothing then could impede the *Carlist* advance, and the *Legion* were compelled to turn. *Hernani* has two good streets, called *Mayor* and *Urumea*, and some pretty *alamedas* on the road-sides, and is a good head-quarter for the man of the sketch-book, rod, and gun.

The road continues hence to *Astiggarraga*, amid dove-tailing mountains: Inns, *parador* and *casa de postas*; thence crossing a crystal stream, the *Chaparrea*, into picturesque *Oyarzun*, with its square tower rising over the defile:

the arcades indicate the constant rain and necessity for shelter. It has a pretty *alameda* and the usual five-court. The *Pyrenees* now soar to the r., while to the l. lies rock-built *San Sebastian* and the land-locked bay of *Pasages*. This line of broken country was taken by our libeller *Foy* when running away from *Bilbao* after the battle of *Vitoria*, when he made for France with such extraordinary rapidity—practice makes perfect—that even our gallant fox-hunter *Graham* could not catch him; but *Foy's* pace was ever a subject of praise to his fond eulogists (see p. 490).

ROUTE 121.—VITORIA TO PAMPLONA.

Salvatierra	4	..	
Aranaz	5	..	9
Irurzun	3½	..	12½
Pamplona	3	..	15½

This is the line by which the *Black Prince* advanced in 1367 to victory, and that by which *Marshal Jourdan* retreated in 1813 after his defeat at *Vitoria*. The rich country or basin lies between the *Sierras* of *San Adrian* and *Andia*, and the scenery is fresh and full of fruit and cultivation. *Guevara* lies to the l. on the *Zadorra*, and was one of the strongholds of the *Carlists*; the castle on the hill was meant to be an imitation of that of *St. Angelo* at *Rome*. Observe in the town the *casa solar* or *casa fuerte* of the *Ladrones de Guevara*, an illustrious house; the name *Ladron*, "robber," was given as an augmentation of *honour*, a good thief as it were, to *Sancho de Guevara*, in the tenth century. In the year 885 *Garci Iniguez*, king of *Navarre*, was surprised at *St. Juan de la Peña* by the *Moors*, who, having killed him and his queen, left their bodies naked on the plain, after which *Sancho*, riding by, perceived a hand issuing from the female corpse, which he delivered of a boy, and, after bringing up the orphan, ultimately presented him to the people, having thus robbed death of their king. His descendant *Gen. Santos Ladron* was the first victim of the recent civil war, having been executed by the *Christino Castañon*. The *Ladrones* of *Spain*, no doubt indigenous, are scat-

tered over the length and breadth of the land, and are to be found sometimes on the high roads, and often in the offices and treasuries of cities. Good thieves being scarce are proportionally estimated; thus San Dimas is universally worshipped as *El buen Ladron*, but the patron of the light-fingered and unprincipled is *San Nicolas*, our "old Nick," who is also the sea-god of modern Greek pirates. The lady patroness in Spain of rogues is *Na Señora del Carmel*, who is generally represented with a large crowd of kings and monks, &c., who creep under her capacious petticoat.

Salvatierra, safe ground, a name which Joseph, resting for the first time after his *saue qui peut* from Vitoria, must have thought very appropriate, is the chief place of its *Hermandad*. Pop. about 1000. It stands picturesquely near the *Zadorra*, on the spurs of the hills, overlooking a rich plain, which its agricultural inhabitants cultivate. The ancient walls were very perfect previously to the late civil wars. Passing hence to the valley of *Borunda*, are the villages *Alzazua* and others, the scenes of *petty wars* between the Carlists and Christinos. At *Echauri* is a small but clean *venta*, where good wine and trout are to be had. The road in some parts enters Old Castile and then Navarre through a pleasant farm-studded country; soon the two Sierras *Acalar* and *Andia*, to the r., stand like mountain sentinels guarding the gorge; then after wilder bleaker districts we reach the capital Pamplona.

Vitoria to Bilbao. There are several routes; those who love a mountain ride may bid adieu to wheels, and scale the heights of *Altubi*, and then thread the valleys of *Orozco*.

ROUTE 122.—VITORIA TO BILBAO.

Murguia	3	
Barambio	2	.. 5
Orozco	2	.. 7
Areta	1	.. 8
Bilbao	3	.. 11

Another good but circuitous road strikes up the Swiss-like valley of *Orduña*, starting from Miranda de Ebro.

ROUTE 123.—VITORIA TO BILBAO.

Miranda de Ebro	6	
Berquendo	2½	.. 8½
Berberana	3	.. 11½
Orduña	2½	.. 14
Llodio	3	.. 17
Areta	3	.. 20
Bilbao	3	.. 23

The country is hilly and pastoral. At *Beberana* there is an old castle and a new *posada*. Then the hills are ascended, at the top of which, 1 long L., is the ominously named *Venta del Hambre*; attend to the provend. The road over *la peña sobre Orduña* is finely engineered, while from the eminences the panoramas are noble. *Orduña*, from its position, and backed by *Amurrio*, is of great military importance; the latter spot, as commanding four roads, was strongly fortified by *Espartero*, and became to Bilbao what *Ramales* is to Santander, the inner or land-side outwork. It was for taking *Ramales* that *Espartero* was made the Duke of *Victory*. *Orduña*, one of the last towns of Old Castile, is placed on its beautiful plain, near the *Nervion*, which flows hence to Bilbao. Pop. 2400, and principally agricultural. This city, long the only one in the Basque provinces, preserves its ancient walls and towers; it has a good *plaza*, with arcades, and shops under them, and a handsome custom-house and fountain: the principal streets communicate with this square. The climate is damp, the fruit and trout-fishing good. Ancient *Orduña* was built nearer to its celebrated Alp *la peña de Orduña*, which formed the mountain barrier frontier of the refugee Iberians; the peaks are covered with snow the greater part of the year. The road now follows the *Nervion* river through a charming cultivated country filled with villages, with an air of industry, comfort, and rural prosperity, more like England than the desolate and poverty-stricken districts of the central Castiles. From *Orduña Gomez* started in June, 1836, on his military tour of Spain, and passed unmolested through the length and breadth of the land, frightening Christino towns and armies out of their propriety. He was pursued by

Espartero and Narvaez; but these great generals were always just too late, arriving, as their bulletins stated, after the "bandit had fled in terror from their victorious veterans."

ROUTE 124.—VITORIA TO BILBAO.

Luco	2½
Ochandiano	3 .. 5½
Durango	3 .. 8½
Zornoza	1½ .. 10
Bilbao	3 .. 13

This, the diligence road, is well engineered: leaving Vitoria, it passes through the villages *Gamarra menor y mayor*, and the sites where Graham dislodged and beat Reille during the battle of Vitoria, thereby turning the French position and forcing them to abandon the Irun high road and retreat by Salvatierra. After a succession of hills, dales, clear streams, and villages, we reach *Durango*, a Swiss-like walled old town, with rectangular streets, placed on its river of the same name; pop. about 2600. Here are the usual *alamedas* and fives-court. The altar in the church of *Santa Ana* was raised in 1774 by the academical Ventura Rodriguez. *Durango*, the capital of its *Merindad*, from the central position is an important military point. Between it and *Elorio*, at the hermitage of San Antolin, Maroto met Espartero, Aug. 25, 1839, to plan the betrayal of Don Carlos, who, instead of boldly advancing with his Castilian battalions and seizing his traitor-general, fled to *Villareal*, and thus encouraged defection.

From Durango he had before issued his decree, that all *foreigners* taken in arms against him should be put to death without trial; an Oriental and Draco proceeding, which, however disgusting to Europe, was in perfect accordance with all the immemorial and still existing laws and feelings of Spaniards, among whom it was, is, and will be of an every-day occurrence, being simply one of the common form, and almost stereotyped *Bandos*, which every Spanish man armed with brief authority issues at once, and acts upon without mercy or remorse; witness the wholesale executions, without form

or trial, of the *Españas*, *Eguias*, *Minas*, *Rodils*, *Zurbanos*, &c., for their name is legion: or cross the Atlantic, and observe the identical policy and practice carried out by the cognate *Oribés*, *Rosas*, *Santa Anas*, &c. Here and there they are so completely *cosas de España*, or matters of course, that they create neither surprise nor pain; and this Durango decree, like the similar *bando* and executions at Malaga of Moreno, only attracted European notice because some *foreigners* were its victims.

By some wiseacres it has been ascribed to the personal cruelty of Don Carlos, who has been stigmatised by penny-a-liners as a monster, on the ground that he was the inventor of such a summary process; but such accusers are either biassed by political prejudices or utterly ignorant of the history and philosophy of Spain and Spaniards, when they thus argue about the matter as if it had taken place in England. Don Carlos, whatever may have been his faults, which were rather those of head than heart, was a man of strict honour, and one by no means of a sanguinary or unforgiving disposition: he merely acted as his cabinet advised him, and exactly as ninety-nine out of one hundred Spaniards always have done before him, and always will do. There, as in the East, a policy of perfidy and death has generally been pursued against enemies, and especially if they be intermeddling foreigners; there war assumes a personal character, and becomes one of petty hatred and revenge rather than a general contest for great principles; there life has never at any time been valued; in the prevailing indifference or fatalism, all know that they owe nature a death, and fancy that the moment is predetermined, which no forethought or precaution of theirs either can advance or retard when the fatal hour is come; and this is one of the secrets of the valour of the individual Spaniard and Oriental. In Spain life is staked every day, and all parties stand the hazard of the die; those who win exacting the whole pound of flesh, and those who lose

paying the forfeit as a matter of course; to beg for or grant pardon would alike degrade the petitioner and sparer, as strength is estimated by the blows struck, not by those that are withheld. Mercy to a foe when down is thought imbecility or treachery; the slightest forbearance, concession, conciliation, or hesitation would be imputed, not to kindly principles, but to weakness and timidity. Fair play and equity are motives which would be received with incredulity or shouts of derisive laughter; for here, as in the East, wherever there is power, it is used without scruple, and is submitted to however unjustly exercised, as each and every individual Spaniard feels that he in similar circumstances would have done the same. To attempt to conciliate those who are not to be conciliated is holding out a premium to agitation; and whenever a people from *inherent vices of race* are unfit for self-government, and have no control from *within*, they must have it forced upon them from *without*.

A real Spanish authority prides itself on a stern, harsh inexorability, and adopts what have been blandly termed "prudent and vigorous" measures, a "salutary intimidation," by just lopping off opponents' heads, as Tarquin did those of the sweet lillies. Political antagonists, and much more, if foreign ones, are presumed to be guilty, and, if identified, are shot on the spot, without trial. However frigid and dilatory the government may be on all questions of domestic improvement, when traitors take the field, it is indeed brief—off with their heads: nor on these occasions does it ever become unpopular with Spaniards, who, like Orientals, have no other abstract notion of sovereignty except a despotism: it is the really strong and civilised who alone can afford to be generous, while the weak resort to cruelty, which is proportionate to their previous terror.

To defraud, ill-use, and abuse the *foreigner* is one essence of *Españolismo*, against whom the Iberians waged a war of fire *πυρρινος*, one *á cuchillo*, to the knife, and without quarter or

treaty *ασπονδος* (Polyb. xxxv. 1, i. 65). In the East prisoners have always been killed almost as a matter of course (see 1 Sam. xi. 34; 1 Sam. xv.; Isa. xiii. 6). And as Amaziah cast down ten thousand at once from a rock (ii. Chr. xxv. 12), so Hannibal cut the throats of five thousand Romans; *ινα μη εν τω κινδυνω νεωτερισειαν* (App. 'An.' 556), or *que no haya novedad*, as a modern Spaniard would say while starving them or doing the same thing: and the common phrase of the day is *asegurarles*, to make sure of them; just as the soldiers proposed to do with St. Paul (Acts xxvii. 42). Mercy is held to be expensive, while death is economical, and saves rations, which are scarce in Spain. The manner in which the Spaniards massacred the French prisoners during the war is well known; and in justification it may be stated that such reprisals were a natural retaliation for the wholesale executions of the terrorist *Victors*, who first taught the lesson, and were only compelled to lean to mercy by having their own measure of death dealt out to them. In vain the Duke counselled amnesties towards the *Afrancesados* ('Disp.' June 11, 1813): in vain again did he send Lord Eliot to stay the fratricidal bloodshed. The Spanish premier, for only listening to the proposal, was hurled from office amid the *mueras* of Madrid. A copious "*shedding of viúe black blood*" is the ancient uninterrupted panacea of all military *Sangrados*, whatever their shade of politics. Amnesties, &c. have always been scouted as the base inventions of the *foreigner* and enemy; therefore, when the Spaniard, whether Carlist or Christinist, perused the diatribes in the English press against the decree of Durango, they only smiled at the writer's total ignorance of Spanish common-sense and customs, and murdered on, unchecked by the public opinion of Europe, of which they are either entirely ignorant, or for which they have a profound scorn and contempt. Those, therefore, who prefer the practice of Westminister Hall to the summary proceedings of *cuatro tiros, pasale por las*

armas, and the bowstring garrote, should not interpose in the domestic quarrels either of Spain or Barbary. The *foreign* adventurers moreover sought the penalties of the decree of Durango, of which they came forewarned, for it was passed before they landed; nor had even a Christino packed jury been assembled, would it have found Don Carlos guilty, as regarded these *foreigners*, of infringing the laws of Spain, or of doing anything repugnant to the feelings of the nation. Those who measure Spaniards by a European standard, and condemn their *things* because differing from ours, certainly prove that they have better hearts than heads, and a clearer perception of the laws of humanity and justice than of logical reasoning, or of the usages of this Oriental country and people.

Approaching Bilbao is *Arrigorriga*, where Espartero and Evans were defeated by the Carlists, Sept. 11, 1835. The *punte nuevo*, near the scene of battle, is made for the artist.

Bilbao. — *Posadas*: La de Maria Anton, C. Sombrereria; the *San Nicolas*. Bilbao (Bello vao, "the beautiful bay or ford"), the capital of Vizcaya, is placed on the Nervion, the *Ria*, which divides the old town from the new: the river disembogues at *Portugalete*, distant about six miles, and has a dangerous bar. The name in Basque is *Ibaizabel*, and this is the "narrow river," whose windings are "the *Bilboes*," where in steam-tugless days our ancient mariners feared to be caught, and to whose entanglements Beaumont and Fletcher ('Wild Goose Chase,' i. 2) compared the noose of being married. The passage boats to Portugalete are called *Carrozas*, carriages. Bilbao, being situated in a gorge of hills, is damp, liable to be flooded, and pulmonary diseases are prevalent; pop. about 11,000: the city is purely mercantile, and possesses very little fine art; many of its older churches and convents were destroyed during the recent sieges, or since suppressed. There is a poor Museo, a public library, a theatre, *liceo*, and a good civil hospital in the Doric style.

The principal streets are straight and well built, the houses lofty and substantial; the roofs project, forming penthouses and protections against sun and rain. *Bilbao* is well supplied with fish, flesh, fowl, and green herbs, and the foreign merchants are hospitable. The *Café Suizo* is a favourite resort, where the Biscayans eat ices, play at dominos and at *Mús*, a game of cards, and grimace. They are, moreover, considerable cock-fighters. There is very little else to be seen. The *Campo Santo*, or new burial-ground, is admired by judges of cemeteries. The *Arenal*, or "Strand," is the favourite *alameda* and public walk. The Nervion is crossed by a new iron suspension-bridge; but the old bridge *de San Anton* of the twelfth century, is much more artistical, and was also once the boast of Bilbao; it still forms the charge of the city arms with two wolves, the cognizance of Diego Lopez (Lupus) de Haro, Lord of Biscay, who built it circa 1356. On the *plaza vieja* is the *Casa Torre*, the site where, June 12, 1358, Don Pedro the Cruel had the infanta Juan, who aspired to be Lord of Biscay, thrown out of the window and killed. (Chro. Ch. 6.) The Tuscan *carniceria*, or shambles, is also considered to be a lion, second only to the cemetery—pleasant sights! The streets are clean and the town quiet, for no carts or carriages are allowed to enter, and goods are drawn about on trucks. The female porters, *las Carqueras*, have strong legs and show them. The women in Bilbao do porter's work, just as in the fields they do that of men and asses. The walk to the *Punta de Banderas*, whence the merchants telegraph arriving ships, is agreeable, being enlivened with gardens, mountains, and sea. There the river presents a considerable show of business. For the river and coast see Rtes. 125, 126.

The Bilbaese during the Peninsular war refused even the use of the convents which the French had gutted, for the wounded English, who, by their victory at Vitoria, had delivered their city (Disp., Aug. 19, 1813); and yet the place had been sacked without re-

morse by Gen. Merlin, who boasted in his bulletin that "he had extinguished the insurrection in the blood of 1200 men" (Toreno, v.). This *conjuror*, like Victor at Talavera, obtained, by a wand of iron, everything that was denied to the gold of a merciful ally.

Bilbao, in the recent civil wars, was twice exposed to destructive sieges; the dilapidations have, however, been much repaired. Don Carlos, in the first case, had absurdly ordered Zumalacarreghi to attack this place, in order to satisfy Russia, and the other powers, who complained that he had mastered no important city in the Basque provinces: thus his cause was lost, for had he at once pushed on to Madrid, it must have surrendered. Such was the prestige of the *Guerrillero's* victories over the Rodils, Quesadas, Osmas, and other regular Christino generals; thus in the War of the Succession the Archduke Charles forced Peterborough to besiege Barcelona, instead of pouncing on the dispirited capital, and these sieges lost to both these Charleses the crown of Spain. Bilbao was defended by Mirasol, a personally brave man, but "a child in the art of war," who selected a line of defence beginning at the rise Larrinaga, on to Santa Cruz, and down to the Zendeja, thus actually leaving to the enemy the heights Morro and Artagan, which commanded his position and the town. On the 10th of June, 1835, Zumalacarreghi, having routed Espartero at Descarga, came to Bilbao and seized the church and *Palacio de Begoña* (the holy image here is much venerated, the grand holiday is Aug. 15); from this position the town is commanded, which, having been left by Mirasol undefended, must have capitulated had not a ball struck *el Tio Tomas* in the calf of his right leg while standing in the balcony. The Basque surgeons did the rest, and with him died the Carlist cause, for Eraso raised the siege on the 1st of the ensuing July. The conduct of the Christinist generals, Mirasol inside and Alaix outside, was, in the words of even their partisan, Mr. Bacon, "a burlesque on war;" both

did everything that they ought not to have done, and did nothing that they ought to have done; the chief and real work was performed by the English sailors, under Captains Ebsworth, Lapidge, and Henry. Bilbao, relieved by others, now called itself a modern Sanguinum, and, reposing under its laurels, made no sort of preparation against future attack, although warned of its approach; thus, October 23rd, when the Carlists re-appeared they at once carried all the undefended positions on the right bank of the Nervion, from San Agustin to *Los Capuchinos*, the Christino general San Miguel abandoning everything without a struggle; and then, had the Carlist Eguia occupied, as he ought to have done, the Begoña hill and the opposite *Miravilla*, the *ciudad invicta* would have been conquered at once. But now the English blue-jackets, came again to the rescue. Meanwhile Espartero, either from want of means or talent, was busy doing nothing but "marching and countermarching" his poor soldiers, and issuing orders, counter-orders, and disorders; he wasted fourteen precious days in moving from *Balmaceda*, distant only twenty miles, and that never would have been done had not every sort of supply been furnished by us. Such, indeed, was the destitution of this army, that its officers wished to retire and leave Bilbao to its fate. Then it was that Captain Lapidge and Colonel Wylde, the real heroes, pointed out the true line of relief by crossing the river to Espartero, and, it is said, using towards him a gentle violence: then English sailors prepared rafts, which the fire of English artillery protected, and so the Nervion was first passed by Espartero, and next the Asua was crossed at Luchana; thus Bilbao was relieved, after a sixty days' siege, on which the whole question of the war turned; and one short day more would have exhausted both the townsfolk and their enemies, who were equally reduced to the last extremities of destitution, and the weather was terrific. The Carlists made a very feeble resistance against the Christinists, who advanced in a snow storm,

and bivouacked that night without food and half naked, on the ground, with true Spanish endurance of hardships. The garrison in Bilbao in the meanwhile offered no sort of co-operation by way of sortie, such was the incredible ignorance or want of vigilance on the part of their commanders. Espartero, although in bad health, displayed much courage under fire, while the besieged and besiegers, during the desultory contests, fought with all the desperate personal valour and individual implacability of local hatreds, hand to hand, knife to knife. The emphatic want on both sides, when everything was alike wanting, was a head to plan the war greatly and carry it out worthily. *Cosas de España.*

The best Carlist account is Henningsen's '*Twelve Months' Campaign with Zumalacarregui*;' for Christinist details consult '*Scenes and Adventures of Poco Mas*, in which Mr. Moore, a hearty partisan, while "reporting" the glories of his "grace," proves beyond doubt that Wylde and the English did the work. Again, Mr. Bacon, an equally staunch and honest partisan, admits, in his '*Six Years in Biscay*,' that "no satire can be written equal to the official bulletins" of the Christinos on this burlesque of war; and those who wish to see a choice specimen of the style called Rigmarole are referred to Madoz, iv. 333. But the Castilian is such a sonorous sesquipedalian language that it seems to be made for *valientes* who trumpet forth their own *prodigios de valor*, their own "*glorias y fatigas*." Espartero was only compared, on this 24th of December, to our Saviour! The Madrid government responded with equal eloquence; cheap ribbons, thanks, odes, oranges, and cigars, in short every reward was given except money; and now Mel-lado, writing in 1843, does not even allude to the English; thus the stout Legion was done not only out of its glory, but its pay. And only the other day, April 15, 1848, the minister Sotomayor wrote to our envoy, Sir H. Bulwer, "that his loyal countrymen could and would have fixed the crown on their youthful Isabel by their own

unassisted effort!" So much for Lord Palmerston's non-intervention of the Marines, 500,000*l.* advanced in stores (and not yet paid for), to say nothing of Evans and the stout Legion which did the work. *Cosas de España.* However there is nothing new in all this, and the Black Prince fared no better (see *Navarrete*, p. 863). And when will our worthy countrymen, who fight and pay for all, consult Spanish history, that old almanac, but in every page of which it stands thus recorded, for the benefit of foreigners—

Those who in our "things" interpose
Will only get a bloody nose?

There is a dull '*Guia de Bilbao*,' 1846. There is some talk of a railroad from Bilbao to Madrid; meanwhile, there are plenty of diligences for inland communication, and steamers and ships for the seaboard.

ROUTE 125.—SANTANDER TO BILBAO.

Langre	2	
Meruelo	3	.. 5
Santoña	2	.. 7
Laredo	1	.. 8
Islares	2	.. 10
Castro Urdiales	2	.. 12
Somorrostro	2	.. 14
Bilbao	3½	.. 17½

For *Santander* see p. 870. This bridle-road is much cut up by the bays and rivers of a hilly and indented coast, and almost impracticable in winter; an occasional steam-communication in summer offers a shorter and more convenient passage by sea. If the weather be fair cross the *rio* to *Langre*, thus avoiding the land circuit. If you ride, take a local guide, and attend to the provend. The arm of the sea, half a mile across, with bad boats for horses, but better ones for fishing. *Santoña* and *Laredo* rise opposite each other on their excellent bay; but neither need be entered, as they can be passed by on the l. *Santoña*, pop. 700, was formed by nature to be the Gibraltar of Cantabria, however neglected by the poco curante Spaniards. The *Monte*, under which it is built, is severed by the Isthmus *el Arenal de Berria*, which intervenes

between the hills *Brusco* and *Groma* and the isolated *Ano*, just as the neutral ground does between the "Rock" and *San Roque*. The land approach was much strengthened by orders of Buonaparte, who at once saw the importance of this stronghold, of this key of the coast. The view over the sea is not extensive. The city is protected chiefly by the miraculous little image of the patroness, which came from Antioch. It is worshipped in the Parroquia *la Virgen del Puerto*; the grand fête, September 7, is celebrated by the peasantry and sailors: her votive offerings are costly. The bay contracts opposite *Santoña*, and is crossed at the passage *Pasaje de Salue*. The Franciscan convent, higher up on the *Canal de Ano*, is pleasantly situated. From *Santoña* the corn of Castile and iron of Biscay are largely exported. The storms off the coast are sometimes terrific; and here, in October, 1810, a British squadron was wrecked. *Santoña*, during the war, was fortified by the French, who were regularly supplied from France by sea! and became one of their chief magazines. See the indignant Lesaca correspondence of the Duke to Lord Melville, who so miserably mismanaged our admiralty. The place capitulated in March, 1814; but the Duke refused to ratify the treaty in consequence of the breach of all faith shown by the French garrison of Jaca (Disp. April 1, 1814).

Laredo is protected by its headland and fort *el Rastillar*, which defends the S. side of the bay. The lands gain on the coast; and this port, which under the Romans contained 14,000 souls, now has dwindled to 3000. Part of the Moorish chain of the Seville bridge was long hung up in the *Santa Maria* here, having been broken by a *Laredo* ship, and it forms the charge of the city's shield. All this line of coast is very picturesque and piscatose; the men labour on the waters and the women on the lands; soon we enter the province of Santander. *Castro Urdiales*, pop. 3000, is placed on a pleasant peninsula, and once could

boast of our Black Prince as its *Señor*. This pretty port has also its bay, headland, rocks, castle, and hermitage of *Santa Ana*, of which the artist should sketch the curious rocks and arches. The place was sacked by our libeller, M. Foy, May 11, 1813, on quitting it to retreat to France, when, says Southey (Chr. 43), "He butchered men and women, sparing none, and inflicting upon them cruelties which none but a devilish nature could devise." His troops marched out with babies stuck on their bayonets. The ravaged town has since been rebuilt. M. Foy could not destroy the port, one so beloved by the sailors of the storm-tossed Bay of Biscay, that they say, "*A Castro ó al Cielo*." On this iron-bound coast the mighty Atlantic is first repelled, and the volume of waters thrown back on the fresh incoming waves, and thus a boiling race is created. At *San Anton*, near the town, is a ruined convent of the Templars; the fish is excellent, especially the *besugo* and *bonito*, a sort of tunny and bream. The rocky hills are terraced with vines, which produce a poor *chacoli*, a sort of cidrous wine, to which the natives are more partial than strangers. The *Somorrostro* district has been immemorially celebrated for iron; the ore occurs abundantly in beds from 3 to 10 ft. deep, in a calcareous earth, and, when taken up and wetted, sometimes it is of a blood colour. It yields from 30 to 35 per cent. metal; it is softer and with a longer fibre than our iron, because smelted with charcoal, not coal; the mining and smithies are primitively rude. Foreigners, however, are slowly introducing more scientific methods; the steel for swords was better made, a manufacture in which the warlike Spaniards have always excelled: the "good Bilbos" of Falstaff were wrought from the produce of the hill *Triano*. (For swords see p. 796.)

All this district affords much occupation to the mineralogist and geologist, as the *Monte Serrantes* was once a volcano; leaving it to the r., and crossing the *Concha de Bilbao*, is *Portugalete*, placed on the neck of the