

medals; occasionally a good old rapier may be purchased, as Andreas Ferrara lived at Zaragoza; the best local blades are those marked with the bear and little dog, *el oso y el perrillo*. For swords, see Toledo, p. 797.

The chief street in Zaragoza is *el Coso*; the houses are still pitted and riddled with shot-marks, the honourable scars of the memorable sieges. Here are many good specimens of Zaragozaan architecture: observe No. 168, and *la Casa de los Gigantes*. Among other houses are *la del Comercio*, *Calle Santa Maria mayor*, with fine *azulejos*, ceilings, and spiral pillars, windows, and delicate open work, in the *patio*; also those of *Castel Florit* and the *Duque del Hjar*, and No. 26, *Calle Zaporta*, with fine mouldings. The house, however, which no amateur or architect should fail to visit, is that of the *Infanta*, No. 77, *Calle de San Pedro*, which was built, in 1550, by the wealthy merchant Gabriel Zaporta, in the richest Arragonese cinque-cento style. Enter the beautifully-decorated *patio*, and observe the fluted pillars and torsos, the projecting medallions with most Italian-like heads. The magnificent staircase has a rich roof with groups of musicians, but all is hastening to decay.

Among the churches, visit *San Pablo*, A.D. 1259, with its brick octangular tower, fine façade, and columns: the high altar, a grand specimen of the plateresque, is the work of the illustrious Damian Forment. In the *Capilla de San Miguel* is the tomb of Diego de Monreal, bishop of Huesca, ob. 1607. The cupola is painted by Geronimo Secano. Inquire for the silver *Gancho*. Visit also the church of *Santiago*; a chapel marks the site where the Apostle lodged when on his tour to Zaragoza. This church glories in the possession of his pilgrim's staff, and also boasts of a *Campana Goda*, or bell, cast by the Goths. The *Museo Nacional*, in the old convent of *Santa Fé*, contains some 300 indifferent pictures.

Visit the *Torre Neuva*, *plaza San Felipe*. The view from it, especially of different points of the siege, is ex-

tensive. This octangular clock-tower for the city, built in 1504, leans some 9 feet out of the perpendicular, like those of Pisa and Bologna, which is unpleasing, as conveying a feeling of insecurity opposed to the essence of architectural principle. It seems to totter to its fall—*Ruituraque semper, stat mirum!* Here this want of the perpendicular is not the silly triumph of an architect, but has arisen from the sinking of a faulty foundation; and there has been some talk of taking it down; it is richly ornamented with brickwork, which at a distance looks Moorish, but it is much coarser both in design and execution. The noble university, with its precious library, was destroyed by the invaders, but a new one has been partly constructed with a fine quadrangle. The grand Hospital, *el general*, is dedicated to the Virgin, and is one of the largest in Spain. The former one was burnt by the enemy with its patients in it alive. In vain a white flag was hoisted, imploring mercy for the wretched inmates, for that very flag was made the especial mark for their bombs; but the enemy spared nothing, and when the town was entered, the sick, and even lunatics, were massacred in their beds (Toreno v.). The *Casa de Misericordia*—there was no mercy then—is a sort of large hospital and poor-house, in which some 600 to 700 young and old are taken in and employed at most trades; the funds, however, are inadequate. Near it is the *Plaza de Toros*, and the grand fights are in honour of the Virgin, when the profits go to aid the hospitals. The N. W. gate, *el Portillo*, is the spot where *Agustina*, the maid of Zaragoza, snatched the match from a dying artilleryman's hand, and fired at the invaders; hence she was called *la Artillera*. This Amazon, although a mere itinerant seller of cool drinks, vied in heroism with the noble Condesa de Burita, who amid the crash of war tended the sick and wounded, resembling in looks and deeds a ministering angel.

Outside the *Portillo* is the *Aljaferia*, the old irregular citadel, built, for the

city's *Alcazar*, by the Moor Abu *Gi afar* Ahmed, king of Zaragoza, and hence called *Giafariya*; this palatial fortress was assigned to the Inquisition by Ferdinand the Catholic, partly to invest the hated tribunal with the prestige of royalty, and partly as the strong walls offered a security to the judges after the murder of Arbues (see p. 909). Here also Antonio Perez was confined in 1591, and liberated by the populace. Suchet having first damaged the palace with his bombs, used it as a barrack; afterwards it became a military hospital, and was degraded into a prison during the civil wars, hence its present deplorable condition. It is a true type of dilapidated Spain, fallen from its pride of place; some *talk* of restoration has taken place, but "no funds"—the old story—has allowed decay to be let alone; nothing has been done, barring some white-washing, and a burial of his baby by a Captain-General. For this official Mæcenas see Madoz, xvi. 568—*Cosas de España*. Observe the once splendid staircase, adorned with the badges of Ferdinand and Isabella. One room is called *el Salon de Santa Isabel*, because the sainted queen of Hungary was born in it in 1271: above hangs, luckily out of reach, and in contrast with present decay, the glorious blue and gold *artesonado* roof with stalactical ornaments; notice an elegant gallery, and a rich cornice with festoons of grape leaves; a Gothic inscription bears the memorable date 1492, which was that of the conquest of Granada, and of the discovery of the new world: and the first gold brought from it was employed by Ferdinand in gilding this ceiling. There is a poor account of this edifice by Dr. M. Nougues y Secall.

The other gates of Zaragoza best worth notice, are that of *Toledo*, used as a prison, as a Newgate, and that of *La Ceneja*, so called from the ashes of martyrs found there in 1492, when it was rebuilt by Ferdinand. The public walks, with long lines of poplars, extend on this side of the city, close under the walls, and up to *La Casablanca*, a house

placed on the canal, where there is a decent *Fonda*, much frequented by the Zaragozans, who dance and junket here on the festivals of *San Juan*, June 24, and *San Pedro*, June 29. *El Canal de Aragon* was one of the first to be begun in Europe, as it probably will be the last to be finished. This grand conception was projected in 1528 by Charles V., in order to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic: vast in promise, slow in execution, and impotent in conclusion, only 8 leagues were cut by 1546; then the affair was dropped and languished until 1770, when one Ramon Pignatelli advanced it a few more leagues. It now connects Zaragoza with Tudela, and a boat plies backwards and forwards with passengers. The engineer may walk out and examine the manner in which the canal is carried over the *Jalon*, and consult for details '*La Descripcion*,' &c., fol. Zaragoza, 1796, and Ponz. xv. 102. This canal suggested that of the *Canal du Midi* to Louis XIV., which was begun in 1681, and finished with Roman magnificence: thus is Spain ever outstript by those to whom she sets an example. A foreign company, they say, is to finish it, and make the Ebro navigable. Veremos.

Now return to the hill called *El Torrero*: below this, Aug. 20, 1710, Stanhope came up with Philip V., who was flying from his defeat at Lérida; but the German allies hesitated to advance, when the English general charged alone, crying "This is a day to retrieve Almansa," and it did so most effectually: although our troops were foot-sore and starving, they drove the foe everywhere before them, who abandoned cannon, 63 colours, and everything. The modern French version is, "Here Stanhope *obtint quelques avantages!*" (Biog. Un., xliii. 430.) Stanhope's first care then was for the disabled French, for "among the wounded," said he, "there are no enemies" (Mahon, viii.). The heavy Austrian Charles now entered Zaragoza in triumph, and the crown might have been his, for Stanhope urged an immediate advance on cowed Madrid,

but, like our Duke, he was thwarted by the pottering generals of his ally, and mediocre ministers at home.

The *Torero* being an elevated and commanding point, was strongly held by the Spaniards in 1808, when the invaders advanced; instead, however, of checking the enemy, Col. Falco, the officer in command, fled at their first approach, and thus not only abandoned the key of this front, but left behind him all the tools of the canal company, as if on purpose to furnish the besiegers with instruments in which they were deficient (compare p. 596). Accordingly it was from this side that the enemy attacked Zaragoza, and entered at what was the beautiful convent of *Santa Engracia*, which they destroyed: this, commenced in the richest Gothic of Ferdinand and Isabella, was completed in 1517 by Charles V., who could finish convents, but not canals: the portal, in the form of a *retablo*, was filled with marble sculpture by Juan Morlanes, 1505. The elegant semi-Saracenic cloisters, with round-headed arches, were the exquisite design and work of Tudelilla, and there reposed the ashes of the learned Zurita and Blancas, which, with their splendid libraries, were all burnt by the invaders, and this in spite of the tutelary, *Santa Engracia*. She was a Portuguese virgin, who, accompanied by 18 gentlemen (tu decem sanctos revehes et octo, Prud. Peri. iv. 53), was on her way to France to be married, but went out of it, to insult Dacian, who put her and her suite to death, April 16, 304; part of her liver was seen and immortalised by Prudentius (Peri. iv. 137), Vidimus partem jecoris revulsam, &c., and this relic was long resorted to in Spain, in cases where in England blue pill would have been preferred: the remains of the martyrs were mixed up with the bones of criminals, with which they would not amalgamate, but separated into white masses; hence the curious subterranean chapel is called *de las masas santas*, not from the *misas*, or masses sung there: remark also the well out of which in 1389 the bones were fished

Spain.—II.

up, pink, say all the church authorities, as roses: there is a Roman sarcophagus, which is here called the tomb of a Christian martyr. The oil of these lamps cured *lamparones*, or tumours in the neck. The oil which burnt before the statue of Minerva, which fell from heaven, lasted for a year without any fresh supply (Pausan. i. 26-7); it, however, did smoke, and the smoke was conveyed away by a brazen palm. Consult '*Historia del Subterraneo Santuario*,' by Leon Benito Marton, fol. Zar. 1737.

The modern martyrs are those brave peasants who fought and died like men; si monumentum quæris, circumspice: look around at the terrific ravages of the invader, which testify his relentless warfare, and the stubborn defence during the two sieges which have rendered Zaragoza a ruin indeed, but immortal in glory. One word of record. This city, like others in Spain, rose after the executions of Murat on the *dos de Mayo*, 1808; on the 25th Guillelmi the governor was deposed, and the lower classes were organised by *Tio Jorge Ibort*, Gaffer George, one of themselves; a nominal leader of rank being wanted, one José Palafox, an Arragonese noble, who had just escaped from Bayonne in a peasant's dress, was selected, partly from accident, and because he was an *hijo de Zaragoza* and handsome, for in Spain, as in the East, personal appearance is always influential. "There is none like him, long live the king" (1 Sam. x. 24). Palafox had served in the Spanish royal bodyguards, and therefore, as Mr. Vaughan justly says, necessarily "knew nothing whatever of the military profession;" according to Toreno (vi.) and Schep. (i. 205), he was totally unfitted for the crisis, nay, even his courage was doubted; but he was in the hands of better men: thus his tutor Basilio Boggiero wrote his proclamations, the priest Santiago Sas managed the miraculous, while *Tio Jorge* commanded, and with two peasants, Mariano Cerezo and *Tio Marin*, for his right and left hands, did the fighting: all the means of defence under Guil-

elmi (says Southey, ch. ix.) were 220 men, 100 dollars, 16 cannon, and a few old muskets. Lefebvre arrived June 15, 1808, and had he pushed on at once must have taken the place, but he paused, and thus enabled Tio Jorge to prevent a coup-de-main: to the French summons of surrender, the bold Tio replied, "War to the knife." The invaders in their strategies did not evince either common humanity or military skill; but the defeat of Dupont at Bailen relieved Zaragoza, which, when it occurred, was on the point of surrendering; then Lefebvre retired Aug. 15, boasting, and with truth, that he had left the city "un amas de décombres," see Belmas (ii. 115). Compare the siege of Illiturgis, when Scipio and his disciplined veterans were desperately resisted by brave Iberian peasants (Livy, xxviii. 19). Palafox, *una cabeza llena de viento*, now went madder with vanity than any Gascon or Andaluz; puffed out with smoke, he claimed all the glory to himself in stilty bombast, and reposing under his laurels, neglected every preparation for future defence; meanwhile Buonaparte silently made ready for his great revenge, and in three short months, while *Juntas* were talking about invading France, appeared at Vitoria, and crushed all the ill-equipped armies of Spain at one blow, the heroes of Bailen and Zaragoza being the first to fly; for Castaños at Tudela, Nov. 23rd, scarce gave the French time to charge, and had they then pushed on at once Zaragoza again would have fallen: the city was soon invested, and attacked by Buonaparte's sagacious suggestion on both sides, and especially from the Jesuit convent on the other bank of the Ebro, which the Spaniards had neglected to secure. Now four marshals conducted the siege, Lannes, Mortier, Monecy, and Junot; and after 62 days of dreadful attack and resistance, plague and famine subdued Zaragoza. The city capitulated Feb. 20, 1809, the rest of Spain having looked on with apathy, while Infantado, with an idle army, did not even move one step to afford relief—*socorros de España tarde ó nunca*.

Lannes had pledged his *honour* that Palafox should depart free, and that no one should be molested; and the capitulation was printed in the Madrid Gazette: but, in the words of Southey, "this man was one after Buonaparte's own heart, and with so little human feeling, that he would have carried out the system of terror to any extremity:" accordingly he pillaged the temples, shed innocent blood in torrents, put Boggiero and others to death under prolonged torture, insulted Palafox, robbed him "even of his shirt," although sick, and then sent him to the dungeons of Vincennes; "thus every law of war and humanity was violated," says Toreno, vii. But the Virgin avenged her insulted shrine and massacred people, and ere one short year was fled, she winged a bullet at Essling which sent this man to his dread account, after a life, says Mons. Savary, of kidnapping veracity, "too short for his friends, although a career of glory and *honour* without parallel." Lannes the Ajax of his camp, valiant, but coarse and unscrupulous, had risen from being a journeyman dyer of cloth to be a wholesale dyer scarlet in blood. (See Michaud, Biog. Univ. xxix. 474.) He first tried his talents for plundering the Peninsula at Lisbon, where according to Bourrienne, he was sent to make money by Buonaparte, who wanted to get rid of him.

These two sieges cost the lives of nearly 60,000 brave men, which were lost for nothing, as the defence of the town was altogether a military mistake, and entirely the result of popular impulse and accident, the moving powers of things in Spain. The Spaniards now liken Zaragoza to Numantia; but the old Iberians died and did not surrender; then and there 4000 of them resisted 40,000 Romans for fourteen years (Florus, ii. 18), and this they did in a really weak town, whereas Zaragoza was a city of castles, and how strong it was may be estimated by what has escaped the bomb and mine. The junta of Seville passed a paper decree to re-build the place at the public expense, but it need not be said

that not one *real* of cash has been forthcoming. Ferdinand VII. visited Zaragoza after leaving France, and created a *Maestranza*, which, with fine epithets, were all the rewards bestowed. Palafox was not made a *Duque* until 1833, and even then not from any national gratitude, but simply because Christina wished to make herself a party; and now Tio Jorge is scarcely mentioned by name, for it would offend the pride of Spain's misleaders to admit the merit of a peasant, whose valour and intelligence shamed the cowardice and incapacity of the Alachas and Imazes. The *Tio* was a true son of the *people* of Spain, and his treatment from his so-called betters is purely Oriental and national. Thus "there came a great king against a small city and besieged it; now there was found in it a *poor wise* man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same *poor wise* man," Eccles. ix. 15. For details of the sieges consult '*Memorias*,' &c., Fernando Garcia y Marin, duo. Mad. 1817; '*Historia de los dos Sitios*,' Agustin Alcaide Ibieca, 2 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1830; read also the interesting Narrative of Mr. Vaughan; the French account of Rogniart; consult the romantic description of Southey; and the scornful truth of Napier, in their respective histories.

Zaragoza is a central point of many indifferent roads: beginning S. is the diligence road to Madrid, R. 114. This branches off at Calatayud for Daroca, R. 112, and so on to Molina de Aragon, Teruel, and Cuenca, 111, and thence to Murcia and Valencia. R. 113 leads to Murviedro, and thence to Valencia or Barcelona. For communications with Navarre, see Sect. xiv. There is talk of a railway which is to connect Madrid and Barcelona via Zaragoza, and also a project of forming a canal from the latter to Lérida.

ROUTE 129.—ZARAGOZA TO BARCELONA.

La Púebla	3
Osera	3 .. 6
V ^a . de Santa Lucia	3 .. 9

Bujaroloz	3 .. 12
Candasnos	3 .. 15
V ^a . de Fraga	2 .. 17
Fraga	2 .. 19
Alcarraz	3 .. 22
Lérida	2 .. 24
Belloch	2½ .. 26½
Golmes	2½ .. 29
Villagrasa	2½ .. 31½
Cervera	2½ .. 34
La Panadella	2½ .. 36½
Al Gancho	2½ .. 39
Igualada	2 .. 41
Castelloli	2½ .. 43½
Codul	2½ .. 46
Martorell	3 .. 49
Molins del Rey	2 .. 51
Barcelona	3 .. 54

This route, which takes about 36 hours per diligence, is extremely uninteresting. Crossing the Ebro is an *arrabal* or suburb, which was almost demolished by the invaders: here on every Thursday is held a sort of horse-market, which is frequented by picturesque blackguards. Soon the clear Gallego is passed over by a new suspension bridge, while the old brick one remains high and dry on the land. The road now enters the *desert* of Arragon, and dreary is the waste, without trees, life, or cultivation; the soil is poor and chalky, the climate ungenial. The Ebro flows to the r., and on it stands *Velilla*, a village so named from the alarum bell of its church San Nicolas, which tolled of its own accord whenever coming calamities cast their shadows over Arragon. There are in fact three bells in this belfry, but the real one, *La Campana del Milagro*, was cast by the Goths, who threw into the fused metal one of the thirty pieces of silver received by Judas Iscariot. When this bell was inclined to toll, "ninguno puede detener la lengua:" its clapper, like the tongue female, was not to be stopped. Canon de Castro, who tried in 1601, got a pain in his arm for his pains, which he never got rid of. It rang furiously in 1516, when announcing the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, and again in 1679 for the twentieth and last time, giving notice in fact of its own dissolution and funeral. The soldier-like Romans, in whose days bells were not invented, were warned of approaching danger by the clashing of

arms in heroic sepulchres (Cic^o. Div. i. 34); but armed men, and not cowed priests, were then the managers of miracles. For details, see 'Discursos Varios,' by Diego Josef Dormer, 4to., p. 198, Zaragoza, 1683, and 'Discursos,' by Juan de Quinones, 4to. Mad. 1625. Velilla bears this bell gules on its shield. The tale and toll are now pretty well worn out, or the clapper would indeed have worked hard during the Peninsular war, so multitudinous were Spanish reverses in this very valley of the Ebro from Tudela downwards.

When Bailen had delivered Madrid, and forced the defeated French to fall back on the Ebro, "for the sake only of better water," according to Buonaparte's *truthful* bulletin, the third Spanish army was advanced on this important line, and destined to co-operate on the r. with Belveder at Burgos in the centre, and with Blake at Epinosa. Castaños was the chief in command, but nothing could exceed the inefficiency of the troops, who were left by the central government "in want of everything at the critical moment." The natural consequence was that the powerful French everywhere scattered them like sheep at the first attack. At *Maria*, Suchet, with 6000 men, had, June 15, 1809, put Blake and his 17,000 men to flight, one cavalry charge under D'Aigremont and Burthé being enough. Blake, however, on whom experience of defeat was thrown away, halted, for he was a brave man, at *Belchite*, where the French came up, June 18, and again, by one charge of Burthé, routed the remnant, killing nearly 4000 men, and only losing 40 themselves. Lower down is *Alcaniz*, where, January 26, 1809, Vattier, with 500 men, had with equal ease defeated 4000 Spaniards under Areizaga (of Ocaña misconduct); the wretched town was almost demolished in 1813 by Severoli, in pure spite, as his parting legacy when evacuating it after the French rout by the Duke at Vitoria. 6 L. from Alcaniz, on the road to Morella, is *Monroyo*, a red hill, near which is the hermitage of our Lady of the *Fountain*, whose waters are medicinal. The chapel once belonged

to the Templars, and curious paintings still exist under the *coro alto*.

Continuing our route is *Bujaroloz*, population 1900, and placed in a fertile valley; hence to ruined *Fraga* (Fragosa, Stony), with a dismantled castle, and built on a slope above the Cinca, over which there is a suspension-bridge; a modern convenience, which has superseded the ancient *Maza*. This poor, rough, ill-paved place is worthy of its name—population 3500. The environs, however, abound in pomegranate and figs: the small green ones are delicious, and when dried are the staple; but they are very inferior to those of Smyrna, although our mediæval pilgrim in Purchas (ii. 1233) describes them in terms of rapture:—

"And figez full gret so God me save,
Thei be like to a great warden,
Blew and faat as any bacon."

There is a bridle-communication with *Mequinenza*, 3 L., and thence by *Flix* to *Tortosa* (see R. 43).

The Cinca divides Arragon from Catalonia. The wearisome country now resembles that near Guadix, and is cut up with ravines and studded with small conical hills. *Lérida* (pop. 40,000) is a well-supplied, cheap place, and healthy, although exposed to cold winds, especially the N. or *Tarp*, and the S.E. or *Morella*. The district is well irrigated by *Acequias*; an engineer may visit that of the *Segre* at *Riba Gorzana*. The best inns are *La Posada del Hospital* and *La de San Luis*. There is a local diligence to Barcelona, in case the traveller may wish to halt in this city of classical and military recollections.

Lérida, *Ilerda*, a name which Bochart derives from the Syriac *Illi*, lofty, is built on the river *Segre* (Sicoris), under its acropolis; this rises an imposing mass of lines of fortifications, with its old cathedral and lofty tower, some 3000 feet above the *Segre*. The principal street below consists of one long line of white houses with red and green balconies. *Lérida*, being one of the keys of Catalonia, has from time immemorial been the theatre of sieges and war.

Ilerda, when a Celtiberian city, is

well described by Lucan (B. C., iv. 13), "Colle tumet modico," &c., and the foundations of the present fine stone-bridge are built on those of the Romans. It was held for Pompey by Afranius and Petreus, who were encamped on Fort Gardeñ, until out-generalled and beaten by Cæsar: here, therefore, read his terse dispatches (B. C., i., 37, &c.), and compare them with those of our Duke before Badajoz, for the iron energy of their swords passed into their pens. Everything was against them both, the elements as well as man, but both, left wanting in means, supplied all deficiency in themselves and triumphed. *Lerida* soon recovered its prosperity, and had a mint: for the coinage see Florez (Med., ii. 450). It became a *Municipium* and a university, one, however, of such disagreeable "residence" that the reculant youth of Rome were threatened to be rusticated there (Hor. E. I. xx. 13). In after times Lérída was made the chief university, the Salamanca of Arragon, and its annalists boast with pride of its pupils, San Vicente Ferrer and Calixtus III. (Borgia), *i. e.*, a bloody inquisitor and a jobbing profligate pope.

The Goths, after the downfall of the empire, patronised Lérída, and held here a celebrated council, having raised it to a bishopric in 546. Moorish Lérída was sacked by the French in 799, but recovered and rebuilt in 1149 by Ramon Berenguer, who restored the see. It was the site of the death of Herodias and her capering daughter, who were drowned while performing pirouettes on the frozen Segre, while the ice broke and the young lady fell in; but her head got cut off and continued dancing of itself (see, for authentic details, p. 183, '*Lithologia*,' José V. del Olmo, 4to., Valencia, 1653).

Lérída, in the Catalonian revolt of 1640, chose Louis XIII. for its king, and Leganez, the general of Philip IV., by failing in his attempt to retake it, entailed the downfall of his kinsman, the great Conde Duque Olivares. Thereupon Philip IV. came in person to the siege, and defeated *La Mothe*, who commanded the invaders. The

French, in 1644, failed to regain it, whereupon the Grand Condé opened another siege to the tune of violins, but Gregorio Brito, the Portuguese governor, sallied out and drove fidlers and Frenchmen headlong before him; so 'tis said Lord Percy at Lexington, advanced playing Yankee Doodle, and retired to the tune of Chevy Chase. Next day Brito sent to the Grand Condé some iced fruits, begging him to excuse his non-return of the serenade compliment from a want of catgut, but promising, if his previous accompaniment was agreeable, to repeat it as often as his Highness did him the honour to perform before Lérída; this did not last long, for the Great Condé soon departed re infectâ, and did *not* print his intended parallel between himself and Cæsar: venit, vidit, et evasit; but who has not read the piquant description of this siege in Grammont's Mémoires, ch. viii.? Consult '*Gratulacion de la Feliz Restauracion de L.*,' Francisco Ortiz Valdez, 4to., Mad. 1644.

Lérída, in the War of Succession, was again long besieged in 1707 by the French under Berwick and Orleans. It capitulated in November, but, nevertheless, was most cruelly and faithlessly sacked. However, it was avenged July 27, 1710, by Stanhope, who near it, at *Almenara* (4 L.) completely routed Philip V. The allies were inferior in number, and the pottering Archduke Staremberg and heavy Germans refused to advance, like Lapeña at Barrosa. Cries of shame resounded in the British ranks, and Stanhope threatened to withdraw from Spain, as the Duke did after Talavera; but the English bayonet-charge was irresistible, and the French fled in every direction. Philip escaped by mere accident: his baggage was taken, like Joseph's was in our times at Vitoria. "Had there been two hours more daylight," wrote Stanhope, "not a Frenchman would have got away." But there is nothing new in this—so wrote Wellington after Salamanca, Marlborough after Ramillies—nor that M. Madoz (i. 92) should ascribe the victory to the *Germans!* or that neither

the English nor Stanhope should be named by him—*Cosas de España!* Philip V., afterwards writhing under recollections of this disgrace, transferred the university to Cervera, and the two places have detested each other ever since.

Lérída, in the Peninsular war, was taken by Suchet, May 14, 1810. Gen. Harispe having seized upon *Fort Gardeñ* and the town; the unarmed inhabitants, women and children, were driven out on to the glacis, and there exposed to the fire both of the citadel and the invader; thus they were harassed all night and next day by shells, until the Spanish governor, Garcia Conde, overpowered by the frightful scene, hoisted the white flag. Suchet, in his 'Mémoires,' ch. 4, dwells with honest pride on this well-imagined destruction, which he repeated at Tarragona and elsewhere—a proceeding which Col. Napier thought "politic, indeed, but scarcely admissible within the pale of civilisation." Confound their politics! but the eloquent Mons. Foy (i. 258) sneers at our dull soldiers as being insensible to "Les révélations sublimes du Génie de la Destruction, qui éveille une puissance de pensée supérieure à celle qui préside aux créations de la poésie et de la philosophie." Suchet, after this splendid feat, which thus out-clipped the sublime of Milton and Burke, removed from Zaragoza to Lérída, where "*Madame*" held her "court," and ruled him as her hair-dresser ruled her, for she was consistent at least in love for a profession of which her husband had once been a bright ornament (Schep. iii. 352). Suchet was a simple scourge of God: he had no feeling for art, and, compared to the Verres Soult, was a mere Mummius.

Lérída is the second city of Catalonia, and is strongly fortified: the engineer may examine the W. side, the fort *Gardeñ*, *el Pilar*, and *San Fernando*; the artist and ecclesiologist should ascend the hill and the belfry of the old cathedral, which commands a glorious hill and plain panorama. This cathedral presents a jumble of styles, having

been converted from a mosque about A.D. 1202. All is going to ruin: the entrance is dilapidated, and the statues dethroned. In the *Capilla de Jesus* lies a natural son of *Fernando el Católico*. Look at the transept and semi-moinesque cloister. The ruin of this sacred pile dates from 1707, when the French made it a fortress; nor has it ever been restored to pious uses, for in the piping times of peace the steep walk proved too much for the pury canons, who abandoning their lofty church, employed General Sabatini! to build them a new cathedral below in the convenient and Corinthian style. The old churches of *San Juan* and *San Lorenzo* were originally mosques.

Pilgrims on their road to Zaragoza and Compostella may visit at the *Plazuela de la Pescaderia* the *Peu del Rameu*, where the Apostle ran a thorn in his foot by night, when angels brought lanterns, a pious custom still adhered to by the good little boys and girls of Lérída.

Proceeding onwards between *Golmes* and *Villafranca*, and near *Bellpuig*, in the Franciscan convent, is (or was) the magnificent tomb of Ramon de Cardona, viceroy of Sicily, which was raised by Isabel his widow. The armed noble lies on a splendid cinquecento *Urna*, which is enriched with mythological and marine deities, while the basement is divided into three portions: in the centre is a sea-battle; the others are inscribed with Latin verses on tablets supported by children; in the l. corner is the name of the Neapolitan sculptor, "Joannes Nolanus, faciebat 1522." Observe above the Caryatides, and the Virgin and Child in a vesica piscis of clouds upheld by angels.

The dreary country which now ensues, and the interminable leagues, have long been the horror of riding-travellers. *Tarega á Cervera, legua entera, y si fuere mojada cuentela por jornada.*

Cervera is built on an eminence which descends to Barcelona: pop. 4000. To this place Philip V. transferred the university of Lérída, which recently has been removed to Barce-

lona; there he raised the huge unsightly edifice with pointed roofs and French towers, which Suchet and others afterwards gutted, having first burnt the library in order to fit it up for a barrack. *Cervera* is seen from afar on all sides, and its heights command extensive views. The Gothic church has a good chapel of *La Vera Cruz*, and there is a fine cloister in the Dominican convent. At *Cervera*, Oct. 11, 1811, Eroles defeated the invaders and took their *Corregidor*, one Isidoro Perez Canino, prisoner; this renegade Spaniard had before placed all his countrymen who did not pay French contributions into a cage, leaving outside their heads besmeared with honey to attract a plague of flies. This *Afrancesado* was torn to pieces by the populace (Toreno, xvi.); but in the words of the Duke ('Disp.,' Nov. 22, 1812), such a wretch

had been "guilty of the greatest crime of which any individual in modern times can be guilty, viz., he has aided the French in invading his native country, in which they committed horrors until then unheard of."

From *Cervera* the road is more interesting, running through wooded ravines and Swiss-like scenery to *Iqualada*, which is also built on an eminence. The older portions are narrow and tortuous, but the *Rambla* is a good street, and the new suburb handsome. Here also is a fine arch constructed to introduce water; here, in the summer of 1840, Christina met Espartero, and by persisting in the French scheme of abolishing local *fueros*, prepared the way to her loss of the regency and expatriation. Soon commence rich corn-plains and vineyards, which continue along a busy road (see p. 407) to Barcelona.

THE SPANISH PYRENEES.—This mountain range was called by the Romans *Montes* and *Saltus Pyrenei*, and by the Greeks Πυρηνη, probably from a local Iberian word, but which they, as usual, catching at sound, not sense, connected with their Πυρ; they then bolstered up their erroneous derivation by a legend framed to fit the name, asserting that it either alluded to a fire through which certain precious metals were discovered, or because the lofty summits were often struck with lightning and dislocated by volcanos. According to the Iberians, Hercules, when on his way to "lift" Geryon's cattle, was so hospitably received by one Bebryx, a petty ruler in these mountains, that the demigod got drunk and ravished his host's daughter *Pyrene*, who died of grief; whereupon Hercules, sad and sober, made the whole range re-echo with her name (Sil. Ital., iii. 420): but Pliny (N. H., iii. 1) held this Spanish legend to be an idle fiction. Bochart (Can. i. 35) supposes that the Phœnicians called these ranges *Purani*, from the forests, *Pura* signifying wood in Hebrew. The Basques have, of course, their etymology, some saying that the real root is *Biri*, an elevation, while others prefer *Bierrienac*, the "two countries," which, separated by the range, were ruled by Tubal ('*Origen*,' Perochegui, p. 19); but when Spaniards once begin with Tubal, the best plan is to shut the book.

This gigantic barrier, which divides Spain and France, is connected with the dorsal chain which comes down from Tartary and Asia. It stretches far beyond the transversal spine, for the mountains of the Basque Provinces, Asturias and Galicia, are its continuation. The Pyrenees, properly speaking, are placed between 42° 10' and 43° 20' N. latitude, and extend E. to W., in length about 270 miles, and being both broadest and highest in the central portions, where the width is about 60 miles, and the elevations exceed 11,000 feet. The spurs and offsets penetrate on both sides like ribs from a back-bone into the lateral valleys. The central nucleus slopes gradually E. to the Mediterranean, and W. to the Atlantic, in a long uneven swell: thus from *Monte Perdido*, which is 11,264 ft. high (some say more), it descends, rising again at the *Maladeta* to 11,424 ft.; then it descends into the valley of *Andorra*, rising again in the

Moncal to 10,663 ft.; dips once more, rising again in the *Canigú* to 9141 ft., and then shelves into the Mediterranean.

The *Maladeta* is the loftiest peak, although the *Pico del Mediodia* and the *Canigú*, because rising at once out of plains and therefore having the greatest apparent altitudes, were long considered to be the highest; but now these French usurpers are dethroned. This central nucleus is a net-work of gigantic masses and heights, which rise almost from the same bases: thus *Neouvielle* (ancient snows) soars 9702 ft., *Marboré* 10,950 ft., *Monte Perdido* 11,264 ft., and *Viquemale* 10,330 ft.: all these are placed between Huesca and Tarbes.

The width of the range is narrowest to the E., being only about 20 miles across near *Figueras*, while the heights are the lowest at the W. extremity, seldom exceeding 9000 ft. The width opposite *Pamplona* ranges at about 40 miles. Seen from a distance the general outline appears to be one mountain-ridge, with broken pinnacles; but, in fact, it consists of two distinct lines, which are parallel, but not continuous. The one which commences at the ocean is at least 30 miles more in advance towards the south than the corresponding line, which commences from the Mediterranean. The centre is the point of dislocation, where the ramifications and reticulations are the most intricate; it is the key-stone of the system, which is buttressed up by *Las Tres Sorellas*, the tria juncta in uno of those sisters three, the *Monte Perdido*, *Cylindro*, and *Marboré*. Here is the source of the Garonne, *La Garona*; here the scenery is the grandest, and the lateral valleys the longest and widest. The Spanish or S. front is most in advance, is the steepest, and descends abruptly; while on the French or N. side the acclivities shelve down in tiers with a succession of terraces, dips, and basins; and the natives of each side differ no less than nature: the French all smooth, social, and civilized—the Spaniards hard, sullen, and uncouth. Oh dura tellus Iberiæ! The average height of perpetual snow ranges between 8000 ft. and 9000 ft., a datum which is useful in calculating elevations. In the Alps this line is at 6600 ft., in the Andes 14,000 ft.

In the highest elevations on the French side are glaciers, *Sernelthes*, and frozen lochs; and in general there are more lakes on that side than on the Spanish, which being steeper, affords fewer positions in which waters can lodge. The lake on *Monte Perdido* is 8393 ft. above the sea. The smaller buttresses or spurs of the great range enclose valleys, down each of which pours a stream: thus the Ebro, Garona, and Bidasoa are fed from the mountain alembic. These tributaries are generally called in France *Gaves*,* and in some parts on the Spanish side *Gabas*; but *Gav* signifies a "river," and may be traced in our *Avon*; and Humboldt derives it from the Basque *Gav*, a "hollow or ravine;" cavus, *καυλος*. The parting of these waters or their flowing down either N. or S. should naturally mark the line of division geographically between France and Spain: such, however, is not the case politically, as part of *Cerdeña* belongs to the former, while *Aran* belongs to the latter; thus each country possesses a key in its neighbour's territory. It is singular that this obvious inconvenience should not have been remedied by some exchange when the long-disputed boundary-question was settled between Charles IV. and the French republic (see also '*Esp. Sag.*' xlii. 236).

The lateral valleys vary in length from 10 to 40 miles; sometimes they narrow into gorges, *gargantas*, or expand into basins, *ollas*, which are encircled by mountains as by an amphitheatre; hence they are called by the French *oules Cirques*. These circular recesses were once lakes, from which the waters have

* The word *Gavacho*, which is the most offensive vituperative of the Spaniard against the Frenchman, has by some been thought to mean "those who dwell on Gaves." Marina, however (Mem. Acad. His. iv. 59), derives it, and correctly, from the Arabic *Cabach*, detestable, filthy, or "qui prava indole est, moribusque." Some, however, say that the word is derived from *gavache*, a cloak worn in the Pyrenees.

burst: the smaller lochs, *Ibones*, abound in trout. The valleys in Arragon are among the most beautiful in the whole range, especially those of *Anso*, *Canfranc*, *Biescas*, *Broto*, *Gistain*, and *Benasque*.

The highest points or pinnacles are called *Puigs* in Catalonia, *Pueyos* and *puertos* in Arragon, *Poyos* in Navarre, *Puys* in French, words which are said to be a corruption of *Podium*, an elevation. *Poyo*, however, in Castilian signifies a stone doorpost. The depressions at the heads of valleys or *necks* of the ridges are called *Colls*, and in Castilian *Collados*, and over them the *passes* of intercommunication are carried; hence they are called *Puertos*, *gates*, *doorways*, *Portæ*; and the smaller ones *Portillos*. The equivalent terms on the French side are *Col*, *Hourque*, *Hourquette*, *Fourque*, *Core*, *Brèche*, and *Porte*. Of these in the whole range, there are some 70 or 80, but scarcely a dozen of them are practicable for the rudest wheel-carriages. They remain much in the same state as in the time of the Moors, who from them called the Pyrenean range *Albort*, the ridge of "gates" or *Portæ*. Many of the wild passes, only known to the natives and smugglers, are often impracticable from the snow, while even in summer they are dangerous, being exposed to mists and hurricanes of mighty rushing winds. Generally speaking, the ascents are the easiest from the French side, and to those who cross the barrier the following local names may be useful:—*Cacou*, *Couilla*, a shepherd's cabin; *Chaos*, a heap of rocks—"chaos come again;" *Couret*, the course of a river when it leaves a lake; *Estibe*, fine meadows; *Penc*, the extreme point of a mountain; *Pouey*, *Puch*, *Pech*, *Puy*, *Sarre*, *Serre*, *Sarrat* (*Sierra*, *Cerro*, Arabicè), a back; *Tuc*, *Tuque*, a mountain; *Turon*, a hillock; *Ramade*, a large flock of sheep.

The two carriageable lines of intercommunication are placed at each extremity; that to the W. passes through *Irun*, that to the E. through *Figueras*. On these lines are the best towns and accommodations. The chief secondary passes are the *Puerto de Maya* and *De Roncesvalles* in Navarre; those of *Canfranc*, *Panticosa*, *Gavarnie*; *Vielsa*, *Brecha de Roldan* and *Marcadau* in Arragon; and of *Plan de Ause*, *Puigcerdá*, and the *Col de Pertus* in Catalonia.

The Spanish Pyrenees offer a few attractions to the lovers of the fleshly comforts of cities, for the objects of interest relate solely to Nature, who here wantons in her loneliest, wildest forms. The scenery, sporting, geology, and botany, are Alpine, and will repay those who can "rough it" considerably. The contrast which the southern or Spanish side offers to the northern or French side is great, alike in man and nature: the mountains themselves are less abrupt, less covered with snow, while the numerous and much frequented baths on the latter, frequented as watering-places "in the season," have given rise to roads, diligences, hotels, table-d'hôtes, cooks, cicerones, donkeys, and other things suitable for the *Badaux de Paris*: they indeed (the *badaux*) babble about green fields and *des belles horreurs*, but seldom go beyond the immediate vicinity and hackneyed "lions;" a want of good taste and real perception of the sublime and beautiful is nowhere more striking, says Mr. Erskine Murray, than on the French side, where mankind remains profoundly ignorant of the real beauties of the Pyrenees; these have been chiefly explored by English tourists, who love Nature with their heart, strength, and soul, who worship her alike in her shyest retreats, in her wildest forms. Nevertheless, on the French side infinite comforts and appliances are to be had; nay, invalids and ladies in search of the picturesque can ascend even to the *Brèche de Roldan*. Once, however, cross the frontier, and a sudden change comes over all facilities of locomotion and the comforts of existence. Stern and inhospitable is the welcome of Spain, and scarce is the food for body or mind, and deficient the accommodation for man or beast, for which there is small demand. No Spaniard ever comes here for pleasure; hence the localities are given up to the smuggler and izzard. The Oriental inæsthetic incuriousness for *things*, old stones, wild scenery, &c., is increased by political reasons and fears. France, from the time of the Celt

down to to-day, has been the ravager and terror of Spain. While she therefore has improved her means of approach and invasion, Spain, to whom the past is prophetic of the future, has raised obstacles, and has left her protecting barrier as broken and hungry as when planned by her tutelar divinity. The frontier castles and defences with which the country, especially on the Catalan side, was once studded, since the war of the Succession have been dismantled by the French, and an inroad thrown open. Here, however, dwell highlanders, less practicable than their broken fastnesses, the smuggler, the rifle sportsman, the *faccioso*, and all who defy the law; here is bred the hardy peasant, who, accustomed to scale mountains and fight wolves, becomes a ready raw material for the *guerrilleros*; and none were ever more formidable to Rome or France than those marshalled in these glens by Sertorius and Mina; when the tocsin bell rings out, a hornet swarm of armed men, the weed of the hills, starts up from every rock and brake. As Burke said in 1791, so now "this old national hatred of France is the only safety of Spain;" the best of barriers is one based not on treaties and parchments, but on eternal national antipathies. There are crimes, say the semi-Oriental Spaniards, who are better Catholics than Christians, too evident to be blinked, and which never can be written away or lied down; they are too deadly to be forgiven, and to revenge them becomes a sacred duty. The hatred of the Frenchman, which the Duke said formed "part of a Spaniard's nature," seems to increase in intensity in proportion to vicinity and better acquaintance, and, as they touch, they rub and fret each other: to hate "your neighbour" is indeed so natural, that a *command* to love him was necessary for Spaniards. Here it is the antipathy of an antithesis, the incompatibility of the saturnine and slow, with the mercurial and rapid; of the proud, enduring and ascetic, against the vain, the fickle, and sensual; of the enemy of innovation and change to the lover of variety and novelty; this party-wall of ice and the hurricane, these mountains

That like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land,

we may trust, will never be removed by a phrase; and however despots or tricksters may assert in the gilded galleries of Versailles, *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*, the barriers do and will exist for ever; placed there by Providence, quasi de industria, said even the Goths (S^a. Isid. Or. xv. 8), they ever have forbidden and ever will forbid the banns of an unnatural alliance; so it was said in the days of Silius Italicus (iii. 417):

Pyrene celsâ nimbosi verticis arce
Divisos Celtis latè prospectat Hiberos
Atque æterna tenet magnis divortia terris.

If the eagle of Buonaparte could not build in the Arragonese Sierra, the lily of the Bourbon assuredly will not take root in the Castilian plain; so says Ariosto (xxxiii. 10):

————— Che non lice
Che 'l giglio in quel terreno habbia radice!

This inveterate condition either of pronounced hostility, or at best of armed neutrality, often renders these localities dangerous and disagreeable to the man of the note-book. Again, these localities consist of a series of secluded districts, which constitute the entire world to the natives, who seldom go beyond the natural walls by which they are bounded, except to smuggle. This vocation is the curse of the country, fosters a wild reliance on self defence, a habit of border foray and insurrection, which almost seems necessary as a moral excitement and combustible element, as carbon and hydrogen are in the constitution of their physical bodies. No preventive service, no cordon of custom-house officers, can put down contraband in these broken ranges, nor guard the

infinite tracks which thread the wild rocks, forests, and glaciers. Again, the recent civil wars were injurious, by whetting the *suspicion* against prying foreigners; this Oriental and Iberian instinct soon converts a curious traveller into a spy or partisan. Spanish authorities can no more understand than a Turk the gratuitous braving of hardship and danger for its own sake—the botanizing and geologizing, &c., of the nature and adventure-loving English. The *impertinente curioso* may escape observation in a Spanish city and crowd, but not in these lonely hills: he at once becomes the observed of all observers, who, from long smuggling and sporting habits, are always on the look-out, and keen-sighted as hawks, gipseys, and beasts of prey. Meanwhile the gaping, gazing stranger is as unconscious of the portentous emotions and fears which he is exciting as were the birds of old of the meaning attached to their movements by the Roman augurs, and few augurs ever rivalled a Spanish *Alcalde* in quick suspicion and perception of evil, especially where none is intended. As it is always well, even in pleasant and peaceful times, to be on the right side, be careful to have the passport en règle, and always to call on the *Alcalde* and frankly state the object of the visit. When, however the suspicions of these semi-barbarian officials are once allayed, they become civil and hospitable according to their humble means. Latterly some of those who, by being placed immediately under the French boundary, have seen the glitter of the tourist's coin, have consequently become more humanized, and anxious to obtain a share in the profits of the season. Generally speaking, a local guide is necessary: those tourists who can speak Spanish will of course get on the best, and will easily find some bold smuggler or local sportsman to attend them; those who only speak French must put up with one of those amphibious guides who are always to be found on the French side, and who, occasionally, besides being bilingual, are also both rogues and ignorant. They conduct strangers to the same places, to the conventional lions, omitting the secret and yet to be explored charms of the terra incognita. For guide-books in the French Pyrenees, consult the excellent '*Observations de M. Ramond,*' Paris, 1789; the Saussure of these Alps: also a '*Summer in the Pyrenees,*' by Mr. Erskine Murray, and '*Handbook for France,*' by Mr. John Murray.

The geology and botany have yet to be properly investigated. In the metal-pregnant Pyrenees rude forges of iron abound, conducted on a small, unscientific scale, and probably after the unchanged, primitive Iberian system. Fuel is scarce, and transport of ores on muleback expensive. The iron is at once inferior to the English and dearer; the tools and implements used on both sides of the Pyrenees are at least a century behind ours; while absurd tariffs, which prohibit the importation of a cheaper and better article, prevent improvements in agriculture and manufactures, and perpetuate poverty and ignorance among backward, half-civilised populations. The natural woods of these *Saltus Pyrenæi* have long been celebrated, and Strabo (iii. 245) observed how much more the southern slopes were covered than the northern ones. The timber, however, has suffered much from the usual neglect, waste, and improvidence of the natives, who destroy more than they consume, and rarely replant. The sporting in these lonely, wild districts is attractive, for where man seldom penetrates the *feræ naturæ* multiply: the bear is, however, getting scarce, as a premium is paid for the head of every one destroyed. The grand object of the *Cuzador* is the *Cabra Montés*, or *Rupicabra*, the Bouquetin of the French, and the Izzard (*Ibex*, becco, bouc, bock, buck). The fascination of this pursuit, like that of the Chamois in Switzerland, leads to constant and even fatal accidents, as this shy animal lurks in almost inaccessible localities, and must be stalked with the nicest skill. The sporting on the French side is far inferior, as the cooks of the table-d'hôtes have waged a *guerra á cuchillo*, a war to the knife, and fork too, against even *les petits oiseaux*; but a true cook, a *cordon*