

generals, and the multitudinous Quixotes and Quesadas of the Peninsula.

This truth to Spanish nature, and the constant contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous, of grandeur and poverty, runs like a vein of gold throughout the whole novel. If true wit consist in bringing together things which have no apparent connexion, then all books must yield to this. The high is always being brought alongside the low by the master, and the low raised up to the high by the servant, by Don Quixote in ventas, and by Sancho among dukes and duchesses. It is the true Mock Heroic, and another charm is the *propriety* of the story: everything is possible, nay probable, to happen to any one whose head was turned by knight-errantry, and who set forth in search of adventures at that period and in that country. The simple-spoken villager, thus transported into new society, delights mankind by his earnestness, his absence of all pretension to be saying good things, and his utter unconsciousness of the merriment which they produce. He never laughs at his own jokes, which others do all the more, for although he never read a word of his countryman Quintilian, he fully acts on his principle:—"Quam plurimum dictis severitas affert, sitque ridiculum id ipsum quia qui dicit non ridet." (Inst. vi. 3.) So Sancho, like Falstaff, is not only droll himself, but the cause of wit in others. The happy idea of juxta-position of this novel is one reason why all nations love it; however ill translated, there is no mistaking the rich racy wit of sayings, doings, and situations; from our delight in this well-conceived plot, and in our eagerness to get on with the story, to the master and his man, we skim over the episodes, the beautiful descriptions, the rural and poetical disquisitions. The delicate Spanish "*Bor-racha*" is, however, untranslatable; like Burgundy, it must be quaffed on the spot; the aroma is too fine for transportation. The proverbs of Sancho are comparatively misplaced out of Spain. To English ears they con-

vey a sort of vulgarity, which they neither do, nor were intended to do, with Spaniards. Cervantes, like Shakspeare, is honourably distinguished from his contemporaries, by an avoidance of those coarse, dirty, and indecent allusions, which were then so prevalent in the picaresque and fashionable literature, insomuch that he was condemned as austere: he felt that a want of decency is a want of sense. His moral is always high, he shuns and abhors the low,—odit profanum vulgus et arceat. With him repressed thought took refuge in light burlesque, in hidden irony, and side-wind assaults. His critical taste led him equally to eschew the affected euphuisms of the day; his fact and judgment always kept his wit and ridicule in its proper place, while a rich air of poetry, and a dramatic delineation of character, which are breathed over the whole, show that he was not merely a writer of novels, but of tragedy almost reaching the epic. Never let Don Quixote be out of our readers' *alforjas*. Let it be one of the "*little books*" which Dr. Johnson said no man ought ever "not to have in his pocket." It is the best HAND-BOOK for La Mancha, moral and geographical: there is nothing in it imaginary except the hero's monomania. It is the best comment on Spaniards, who themselves form the most explanatory notes on the work, which reflects the form and pressure of them and their country.

One word on the different and the best editions of this Shakspeare of Spain.* Happy the man whose eye can glance on a goodly set of the

* Cervantes and Shakspeare died *nominally* on the same day—Pellicer says, 23rd April, 1616; but it must always be remembered, in comparing Spanish dates with English, that dates apparently the same are not so in reality. The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Spain in 1582, in England in 1751. We must therefore make an allowance between the old style and the new style, and add to the English date, in order to obtain the true corresponding Spanish date previously to 1751, 10 days up to 1699, and 11 afterwards. Cervantes lived and died poor. Spain, ever ungrateful to those who served her best, raised no monument to his memory. It is only the other day that she has given him a stone, to whom living she denied bread.

earliest, worthily arrayed in fawn, olive, and tender-tinted old morocco! and such as may be seen in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. The first edition of the first part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1605; the first edition of the same, as amended by the author, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1608: the first edition of the second part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1615; and consult Brunet, "Manuel du Libraire" (i. 370), and "Nouvelles Recherches" (i. 295). Of the reprints of the original text the first really fine one was published in London by Tonson, 4 vols. 4to. 1737, as the first really critical one was that of John Bowles, 6 vols. 4to. 1781, and from which every subsequent commentator has borrowed largely. Of modern Spanish editions the finest, that "*de lujo*," was published for the Academy of Madrid, by Ibarra, 4 vols. fo. 1780. That of Juan Ant^o. Pellicer, 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1797, contains many valuable notes. The last, and not the least, is that of Don Diego Clemencin, the author of the "Memoirs of Queen Isabella," 6 vols. 4to. 1833-39.

Don Quixote has been translated into most languages; but England, whose practical genius had anticipated this travestie of the knight-errant in the Sir Topaz of Chaucer,—England, the real nation for wit and genuine caricature, the land of Butler, Fielding, and Hogarth,—has published far more splendid translations of Don Quixote than the rest of the continent. The best, in some respects, is the earliest, that of Thomas Skelton, 1612-1620, which breathes the spirit of the age and quaint manners. Of those by Smollett, Jarvis, and Motteux, the last is the very worst. It is, however, a *peccado mortal*—a heresy—to read Don Quixote except in his own language. Such authors, like Dante, fix a language; from the feeling that they cannot be adequately translated we learn the original. What idea can be formed of Shakspeare, when curled and powdered by Monsieur Ducis? Even Schiller and Schlegel, translating into a cognate idiom a cognate work, have often

Spain.—I.

missed the charm, and turned English gold into German silver.

Cervantes, like Velazquez, was not merely a portrait-painter of the Hidalgo, but a poet—a critic of poets, and somewhat too true a one to be very popular—an author of comedy, tragedy, satire, and light novels. To him was granted that rarest gift of the Deity, *invention*, that spark of the *Creator's* own prerogative. The popularity of Don Quixote has eclipsed, and justly, the other works of Cervantes, and his taste and style in the drama approached too nearly to the Greek theatre to succeed with Spaniards, whose *Españolismo* prefers the particular nature by which it is surrounded. His "Numantia" and "Trato de Argel" have been compared to the "Persæ" and "Prometheus." This Iberian Æschylus gave way before the rising sun of Lope de Vega; he retired as Walter Scott did before Byron, to immortalise himself by his novels. Lope de Vega was also imitated by the elegant and poetical Calderon and the soft harmonious Guillen de Castro. These three illustrious authors were as nearly contemporaries as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks; Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Ford among the English. They elevated their stage to the highest pitch of excellence, from whence it soon declined, for such is the condition of human greatness. The first edition of the theatrical works of Cervantes, "*Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses*," was published at Mad. by the Viuda de Alonzo Martin, in 1615. It was republished at Mad. in 2 vols., 1749.

The amusing little satire in verse of Cervantes, "*El Viaje al Parnaso*," has not been sufficiently estimated out of Spain. The first edition is that of Alonzo Martin, Mad. 1614; Sancha republished it at Mad. in 1784.

The first edition of his other novels, "*Novelas exemplares*," that of Juan de Cuesta, Mad. 1613, is rare: in default of which the collector must be contented with the Mad. edition of Sancha, 2 vols. 1783; "*Los trabajos de Persiles*," were first published at Mad. in 1617.

One word now for honest Sancho Panza's proverbs, *Refranes*, which are peculiarly classical, Oriental, and Spanish. These ethical maxims, Γνωμαί, these wise saws and instances, are in the mouth of every Solomon or Sancho of the Peninsula; they are the "refrain," the chorus and burden of their song: they are the philosophy of the many, the condensed experience and knowledge of ages, when the wit of one man becomes the wisdom of thousands. The constant use of a *refran* gives the Spaniard his sententious, dogmatical admixture of humour, truism, twaddle, and common sense; a proverb well introduced—*magnas secat res*: it is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. This shutting a discourse always is greeted with a smile from high or low: it is essential, national, and peculiar, like the pitched skin *borracha* to Spanish wines, and garlic in their stews: therefore we have sometimes larded our humble pages with this flavouring condiment.

Collectors of Spanish proverbs may purchase *Proverbios*, Lopez de Mendoza, fol. Sevilla, 1509; *Refranes*, Hernan Nuñez el comendador, fol. Salamanca, 1555; or the 4to. ed., Lérida, 1621, which has the curious work of Mallara reprinted with it, the original edition of which, entitled *La Philosophia Vulgar*, by Joan de Mallara, is a folio, Sevilla, 1568, and absolutely necessary to curious collectors. There is also *Lugares communes*, 4to., printed at Madrid, 1613, by Juan de la Cuesta, the publisher of Cervantes. The modern collection by Repulles, in 6 duo. volumes, is useful.

Santa Cruz de Mudela is a dull, unwholesome town: pop. 5500. It is celebrated for its garters, which the women offer for sale to the passengers; some are gaily embroidered and enlivened with apposite mottos, *e. g.*

"Te digan estas ligas
Mis penas y fatigas."

Soy de mi dueño; Feliz quien las aparta; intrepido es amor, de todo sale vencedor; and so forth; but "Honi soit qui mal y pense." These epigram-

mata are truly antique, and none wrote them neater than the Spaniard Martial. Of such class was the inscription on the girdle of Hermione—*φιλῆι με καὶ μὴ λυπέθεις ἢν τις ἐχῆ μ' ἑτερος*: compare them with the devices on the Spanish *cuchillos* of Albecete, the "cutler's poetry."

Hence to *Valdepeñas*, a straggling mud-built place of some 11,000 souls, with an indifferent inn. The red blood of the grape issues from this *valley of stones*, and is the produce of the Burgundy vine, transplanted into Spain. The liquor is kept in caves and in huge *tinajas* or jars; when removed it is put into goat and pig-skins, *cueros*, such as Don Quixote attacked. The wine, when taken to distant places, is generally adulterated; and, however much is pretended to be sold in London, "neat as imported," nothing is more difficult than to get it there pure and genuine. When pure, it is rich, fruity, full-bodied, high-coloured, and will keep well, and improve for 10 years. The best *Bodegas* are those which belonged to Don Carlos, Juan Puente, and the Marques de Santa Cruz, who has a mansion here. The wine is worth on the spot about 4*l.* the pipe; the land-carriage is, however, expensive, and it is apt, when conveyed in skins, to be tapped and watered by the muleteers, whence *vino moro*—that is, wine which has never been thus *baptized*—is proverbially popular: Valdepeñas sometimes goes wrong during the sea voyage; the best plan is to send up *double* quarter sherry casks, which then must be conveyed to Cadiz or Santander.

The town of Valdepeñas was sacked by the invaders, June 6, 1808, under Liger Bellair; 80 houses were burnt, and the unresisting, unarmed population, butchered in the cellars in drunken sport (Toreno, iv.).

Valdepeñas lies about half-way between Granada and Madrid; those who wish to go to Estremadura will turn off to the rt. through *Saceruela*. The geologist and botanist, proceeding to Seville, may make a riding detour,

visiting Ciudad Real and Almaden (see p. 247), and thence to Cordova, avoiding thereby the uninteresting angle of Bailen and Andujar; the route will be found at p. 221.

After leaving Valdepeñas the misery of villages and villagers increases to *Manzanares*. Pop. 9000. *Parador del Carrillo*. The men get browner and poorer, the women more ugly, country and cloaks more rusty and threadbare. Hemp is a luxury for shoes, and the rare stocking is made like that of Valencia, without feet, an emblem of a student's purse, open and containing nothing. The cloaked peasants grouped around their mud cabins seem to be statues of silence and poverty, yet the soil is fertile in corn and wine. At the *Venta de Quesada* Don Quixote (*quesada*, lantern-jawed) was knighted, and Cervantes must have sketched the actual inn, and its still existing well. The water communicates with the Guadiana, the under-ground Mole of Spanish rivers. Indeed, the ancient name, Anas, is derived from this "hide and seek" propensity; *Hanas* in the Punic, and *Hanasa* in the Arabic, signifying "to appear and disappear." It is called the *Lucallee* by the Spanish Gitanos. The Wadi-Anas, like the Guadalquivir, eats its dull way through loomy banks—a subterranean not a submarine Alpheus: it rises in the swamps, or *Lagunas de Ruidera*, and loses itself again 15 miles from its source, at Tomelloso; it reappears, after flowing 7 L. underground at Daymiel. The lakes which it throws up are called the eyes, *Los ojos de la Guadiana*, and the ground above is called the bridge. This and the eyes lead to trivial witticisms, in regard to the dark glancing Manchegas, and this bridge's superiority over the Pont Neuf at Paris. The disappearance is not sudden, like that of the Rhone, which descends into a gulf, as here it is sucked up into unpicturesque marshes. Their chief interest arises from Don Quixote. The *Cueva de Montesinos*, into which the knight descended, although the name savours of romance and the peerage of Charlemagne, really exists in

the *Campo de Montiel*. This site was the last scene of the fratricidal warfare between Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastamara, who here butchered his king and brother, aided by French knights, by whom the monarch was held unfairly down in the death-struggle. The decisive battle of *Montiel* was fought Wednesday, March 14, 1369. The dilatory Spaniard Pedro was surprised before his forces joined, by the rapid Frenchman Mosen Beltran de Claquin, the "hero" Du Queslin of the French, *un vil traidor* according to the Spaniards. (See *Cronica del Rey Don Pedro*, c. vi.). An indifferent history of this king has been written by P. Merimée. The cave lies about 1 L. from the village of *Osa de Montiel*; it is near the *Ermita de Saellices*, and one of the *lagunas*, of which by the way there are 11, and not 7, as Cervantes says. They are full of fish; each has its own name, that of *La Colgada* being the largest, deepest, and most interesting, because its cool waters are guarded by the rock-built ruined castle of *Rochafrida*, in which lived Roca Florida, to whom Montesinos was married.

Al Castillo llaman *Rocha*,
Y á la fuente *Frida*.

These lakes, these eyes of the Guadiana, which, according to the Don, were fed to overflowing, as the Nile was by the tears of Isis (Paus. x. 32, 18), from the tears of Belerma, with her 7 daughters and 2 maidens weeping for her Durandante, slain at Roncevalles, are really formed by the accumulation of waters which flow down from the *Sierra de Alcaraz*. The *Cueva de Montesinos* (Don Quix. ii. 23) itself is about 40 yards wide and 60 deep, and is used as a refuge in storms by hunters and shepherds. The entrance is blocked up with underwood. As in the Don's time, it is the haunt of bats and birds, who have deposited a bed of *guano* nearly a foot thick. The cave probably was part of an ancient mine, as a labyrinth of shafts have been traced, and heaps of metallic rubbish, *escoriales*, found. There is a lake at the bottom.

Perhaps *Madridejos* is the most convenient place to start from on a trip into Don Quixote's country, as *El Toboso* lies about 7 L. distant, through *Guero 4*, and *Osa de Montiel*; and only 8 L., through *Solana 1*, *Alhambra 3*, and thence 4 more. A pleasant tour might be made by following the Don's route, which commentators have laid down, or rather attempted, for Cervantes wrote with the greatest geographical carelessness and inaccuracy. See, however the map of his route in the 2nd vol. of Pelliser's Madrid edition, 1798.

El Toboso is a poor place on a plain, although of a European reputation; the name is derived from the *tobas*, or sort of porous stones, which still, as in the time of Cervantes, are much used in making water-jars. According to Pellicer and Cervantic commentators, the original of the Don's *sweetheart* Dulcinea, Aldonza Lorenzo Corchuelo, was a Miss Aldonza (a word which means sweet) Zarco de Morales, and she lived in the still existing *Casa de Torrecilla*. *El Toboso* was moreover founded by Don Perez Correa, for whom the sun stood still (see *Detentudia*, p. 218).

Continuing the high road to Madrid is *Puerto Lapiche*, a poor place, where the Don informed Sancho that they might get elbow-deep in adventures. The "Pass" is placed between two olive-clad gentle slopes, with sundry groups of windmills, which, being smaller than ours, are really not unlike giants at a distance; they are very numerous, for this is a country of much corn to grind, and little water-power. The crack-brained knight might well be puzzled by these mills, for they were novelties at that time, having only been introduced into Spain in 1575, and had just before perplexed even Cardan, the wise man of his age, who describes one as if it had been a steam-engine: "Nor can I pass over in silence what is so wonderful, that before I saw it I could neither believe nor relate it without incurring the imputation of credulity; but a thirst for science overcomes

bashfulness" (De Rer. Var. i. 10). A new road is in contemplation from *Puerto Lapiche* to *Almaden*, and hence into *Estremadura*.

Four L. from *Manzanares* to the rt. is *Argamasilla de Alba*, in the prison of which Cervantes is said to have written his *Don Quixote*. According to a tradition in the village he was confined in the *Casa de Medrano*. But free and immortal have been the works composed in durance vile: the Bible was translated by Luther in the Castle of *Wartburg*; the prison-engendered poem of Tasso, and the pilgrimage of Bunyan, roam over the world fresh, and unconfined as the air we breathe.

Near *Villarta* the province of New Castile is entered, which here resembles *La Mancha*. *Madridejos*, pop. 7000, has a nice, cool, refreshing inn. The bread is exquisite, although the water is bad, and the cheese not much better, however well it did for the *Alforjas* of honest, hungry Sancho, and his muleteer digestion. The railroad which runs in 3 h. to Madrid commences at *Tembleque*, a cold, stony, wretched place. *La Guardia*, rising on a ridge of rocks, was once an outpost guard against the Moors. This hamlet was the birthplace of *Juan Passamonte, el Niño de Guardia*, the theme of many a pen and pencil of Spain. The Toledan clergy in 1490 accused the rich Jews of crucifying a Christian boy at their Passovers, and putting his heart into a *Hostia*, and for the pretended sacrifice of this Juan, the wealthiest Israelites were burnt and their chattels confiscated. This accusation was very prevalent, e. g. our St. William of Norwich, and the boy Hugh of Lincoln. Consult, on this legend, and miracles of *el Niño de Guardia*, works by Rodrigo de Yepes, 4to. Madrid, 1583; by Juan Marieta, 8vo., Mad. 1604; by Sebastian de Nieva; by Ant. Guzman, 1720, and also by Pisa. The orthodox account is painted in the parish church of *La Guardia*, and in the hermitage *Jesus* the actual cave is shown in which the martyred boy was kept and scourged three months before the Jews crucified

him: credat Judæus. Here, and indeed generally in these corn-growing central plains, the traveller should remark the *eras*, the common Spanish and Oriental threshing-floors in the open air, and the driving the *trillo* over the corn, with horses, after a most Homeric fashion (see Gatherings, p. 115). The females hereabouts look half Swiss, half Dutch, with their blue and green petticoats and handkerchiefs under their chins. The miserable population, whose houses were burnt by the invaders, burrow like rabbits in troglodyte excavations, whence they emerge to beg of the diligences as they ascend the hill.

Thence to *Ocaña*, between which and *Los Barrios* the Spaniards, Nov. 19, 1809, suffered a defeat, one of the greatest of these many feats. In that year the Junta of Seville, urged by intriguers who sighed to get back to Madrid, and by others who wished to do without the English assistance, determined, in defiance of the Duke's warnings and entreaties, to assume the offensive. His letters seem really to have been written *after* the events, and not before them, so completely, with the intuition of strong sense, did he understand the Spaniards; and so truly did he prophesy their certain discomfiture, the loss of Andalucía, and his own compulsory retreat into Portugal. The Junta prepared an army of 60,000 men, armed and equipped by English monies. The leader, one Juan Carlos de Areizaga, advanced from the defiles, giving out that the English were with him; and such fear thereupon prevailed at Madrid, where the report was believed, that the enemy thought at once of retreating without a fight; and had Areizaga advanced, he must have surprised and overwhelmed the handful of French at Aranjuez (Belmas, i. 99): having, however, by his delay given Soult the means of collecting troops, he then, as if infatuated, risked a battle in the plain. There two short hours more than sufficed for 25,000 brave French to put 55,000 Spaniards to an indescribable rout, during which Areizaga placed himself on a belfry in *Ocaña*, a mute

spectator of his own disgrace, giving no directions whatever, except to order his reserve, a body of 15,000 men, who had not fired a shot, to retreat. He then, and Freire, the *hero* of San Marcial! set the example of flight; nor did either even attempt to make a stand behind the impregnable rocks of *Despeña-perros* or *Alcalá la Real*. Their unhappy troops, deserted by their chiefs, could but follow their leaders. *La Mancha* was covered with runaways. Soult took 42 cannon, 26,000 prisoners, and killed 5000, while his loss barely reached 1600. The Spanish army disappeared from the face of the earth: after the Oriental fashion, every man fled to his city and country. But *Ocaña* is but a thing of Spain, past and present, where misfortune is no school. Compare *Medellin*, *Ciudad Real*, &c. *Ocaña* was forthwith sacked, and the precious archives of the Ayuntamiento burnt.

Buonaparte, who, jealous that it could be supposed in France that any one could do great things except himself (Foy, i. 159), scarcely noticed the event. "*Le Moniteur* fit à peine mention de cette mémorable affaire, dont celui qui l'avait conduite eut pu comme César rendre compte en trois mots, veni, vidi, vici." Yet as a victory it was most important, since it fixed Joseph on the tottering throne, gave Granada to Sebastiani, Seville to Soult, and placed the treasures and supplies of rich unpillaged Andalucía in their clutches. "Alas!" said the Duke, whose great plans were thus frustrated, "that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago should have been so completely lost by the *ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement* of those to whose direction it was confided" (Disp. Dec. 6, 1809). "Nothing would do but fighting great battles in plains, in which their defeat is as *certain* as is the *commencement* of the battle." Ferdinand VII., a prisoner at Valençay, was mean or false enough, probably both, to write to congratulate Joseph on this victory (Schep. i. 69); while this incompetent Areizaga—*Honradis-*

simo militar! repeats Madoz now-a-days, xii. 210—who lost it, instead of being cashiered, was presented by the Junta with a fine horse, and was afterwards made Captain General of Biscay by this very Ferdinand in 1814: *Cosas de España*.

The diligence *Parador* and *Posada de los Catalanes* are decent; *Ocaña* is an uninteresting place, with some dilapidated barracks: pop. 5000. As the roads from Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia meet here, there is a constant passage of carriages, carts, and muleteers; members of the temperance society will find the water here, which is so scarce and bad in La Mancha, most abundant and delicious. The *f fuente vieja*, with its aqueduct, has been attributed to the Romans. The public *lavadero* is worth the artist's attention for picturesque groups of garrulous particoloured washerwomen. Alonso de Ercilla, the author of the '*Araucana*,' the epic of Spanish literature, was buried in the convent of *Carmelitas Descalzas*. His ashes were scattered to the dust by Soult's troops; yet Ercilla was a soldier, and soldiers have been the best poets and novelists of the Peninsula. At *Ocaña* the natural son of Philip IV., Don Juan of Austria, who played such a distinguished part in the minority of Charles II., was brought up. The natural children of the Spanish kings never were allowed to enter Madrid during their father's life, from the grandees disputing their taking precedence over them.

Emerging through a rocky gorge of volcanic hills, we reach Aranjuez (for details consult Index); and on passing the palace, and the *Plaza de San Antonio*, the Tagus is crossed by an iron suspension bridge. Driving up the verdurous *calle larga*, a noble stone bridge, built by Charles III., is carried across the Jarama. After ascending the *Cuesta de la Reina*, the descent recommences, and the oasis Aranjuez, with its green meadows, gardens, nightingales, and watersprings, disappears, while its remembrance becomes doubly delightful from the contrast with tawny

nakedness. A railroad, opened Nov. 13, 1850, runs from the portal of the palace to Madrid.

Continuing by the road soon after passing *Valdemoro*, which, why and wherefore we know not, is coupled with *Pinto*, to express a "half tipsy, half-seas-over man" in Spain, is the castle of *Pinto*, in which the Princess of Eboli was confined by Philip II. The Hermitage and Telegraph of *Pinto* is considered to be the central point of the Peninsula. Soon Madrid is perceived, rising on a broken eminence out of an apparent plain. Only a portion being seen, it looks small, modern, and un-Spanish, from its low domes and extinguisher-shaped spires: the last relay is at *Los Angeles*, "The Angels," where devils would not live could they help it. Approaching the bed of the Manzanares the scene improves, especially when there is any water in it. The dip is crossed by a superb viaduct. The diligence usually winds round the mean mud walls to the rt., enters the *Puerta de Atocha*, and then passes through the *Prado* and *Calle de Alcalá*; thus offering, for the first sight, the best promenade and finest street of the capital. For Madrid, see Sect. xi., New Castile.

ROUTE 10.—VALDEPEÑAS TO
ALMADEN.

Moral	2	
Almagro	2	4
Ciudad Real	3	7
Al Corral de Caraqueel	3	10
Cabezarados	3	13
Abenobar	1	14
Saceruela	4	18
Almaden	5	23

The road to Ciudad Real is carriage-able. It is in contemplation to improve the whole route from *Puerto Lapiche* and thence on to *Almaden*, and so on into Estremadura. *Almagro* is a well-built, agricultural town, with a fine convent of the Calatrava order of the 16th century: observe the staircase and cloisters. Much blond lace is made here. At 1½ L. distant, on the

road to *Almodovar del Campo*, is *Granatula*, the village in which Baldomero Espartero was born, in 1790. His father was an humble dealer in Esparto. The son, destined to be a monk, began life as a poor student, but, when the war of independence broke out, his martial turn led him to join *el batallon sagrado*. In 1816 he volunteered to serve in S. America. Having, it is said, won money of Canterac and other generals, with whom pay was in a case of stagnation, he was paid by promotion. He fought well during the previous campaigns against Bolivar. This war was ended by the battle of *Ayacucho*,* in Lower Peru, where Sucre (Dec. 8, 1825) completely defeated the royalists. A *Cintra* convention ensued, by which the beaten officers secured their safe *transportation* to Spain, and to new titles; hence the depreciatory *apodo*, or nickname, *Los Ayacuchos*, of which Maroto, Valdes, Rodil, Tacon, Seoane, and sundry other mediocrities were among the stars. Espartero having obtained the rank of a colonel, and being quartered at Logroño, there married Doña Jacinta de la Cruz, a most excellent lady of considerable fortune. The *Ayacuchos*, companions in disgrace, clung afterwards together; the defeats by the Carlists of the blundering Valdes, Cordova, and Co., made way for Espartero, whose fortune was completed by the death of Zumalacarreñu, and his relief of Bilbao by help of the English; then he soon managed the Vergara convention with his brother *Ayacucho* Maroto, and thus rose to be the Duke of Victory. Personally a very brave and honest man, he was timid and vacillating in authority, and therefore fell under the intrigues of Christina and Louis Philippe; as Regent he was disposed to govern according to constitutional law. Now-a-days—1854—he has a better chance. *Vereinos*.

Ciudad Real; Posada de las More-

* *Ayacucho* is an Indian word, and signifies the "plain of the dead," as it was the site of one of Almagro's and Pizarro's early butcheries of the poor aborigines, whose manes were now avenged.

ras: this *royal city*, although Cervantes did call it "imperial and the seat of the god of smiles," is one of the poorest and dullest of the inland capitals of Spain, and one of the most *atrasado*, and that is saying something: pop. about 10,000. The capital of its province, one rich in mines and in neglected capabilities, it was built on a plain near the *Guadiana* by *Alonso el Sabio*, and entitled *Real* by Juan II. in 1420; portions of the walls with towers remain. Before the final conquest of Granada it was, in fact, the frontier city and seat of the Court of Chancery for the south. Here Ferdinand and Isabella organised the *Hermandad*, a mounted brotherhood, a *gendarmerie* or *guardia civil*, to protect the roads. Among the few objects at Ciudad Real, visit the noble pile of the hospital founded by Cardinal Lorenzana, converted into a barracks by Sebastiani; notice the curious strong semi moresque *Puerta de Toledo*. The city is under the patronage of the *Virgin del Prado*; her image, found in a meadow, is the palladium of the parish church; the silver offerings disappeared mostly in the last war. This church has a magnificent single Gothic nave and a Retablo with subjects from the Passion, carved in 1616 by Giraldo de Merlo, and almost equal to Montañes: a lofty tower has recently been built.

Near Ciudad Real, on the 27th March, 1809, while Victor was routing the "old blockhead" Cuesta at Medellin, did Sebastiani, with only 12,000 men, by one charge! put to instantaneous flight 19,000 Spaniards, commanded by Urbina, Conde de Cartoajal, This *pobrecito* had marched and counter-marched his *Bisoños* almost to death for 48 hours, and for no object (Toreno, viii.). In the moment of attack he lost his head, and one regiment of Dutch hussars! scattered the whole Spanish army! 1500 were killed, 4000 taken prisoners. Cartoajal and the rest they ran away: then, as usual, were lost all the English arms and stores provided for the defence of the Sierra Morena, but which, entrusted to fools and cowards, became, in fact, so much

assistance, as elsewhere, to the common enemy. Cartoajal, instead of being cashiered, was *praised!* by the Cadiz regency, and was declared to have deserved well of his country! (Schep. ii. 671).

The Spanish army disappeared from the face of the earth; after the Oriental fashion, every man fled to his city and country. But all this is but a thing of Spain, past and present. What says Livy (xxx. 17), describing the victory of Manlius: "Turdetani (the Andalusians), freti tamen *multitudine sua obviam* ierunt agmini Romano. *Eques immissus* turbavit *extemplo* aciem eorum. Pedestre *prælium nullius ferme certaminis* fuit. *Milites veteres, perites hostium bellique*, haud dubiam pugnam fecere." Again, on another occasion, "Pulsi castris Hispani, aut qui ex *prælio effugerant sparsi primo per agros* (see Talavera, &c.), *deinde in suas quisque civitates redierunt*" (Livy, xxix. 2).

leaves, still appears on the chief edifices, although generally defaced by the French. First visit the ducal *Palacio*, passing out by the handsome granite *Puerta del Acebuche*: this Gothic *Alcazar* was erected, as an inscription over the portal states, by Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, in 1437. Near the porch is one of the curious primitive iron-ribbed cannon, saved from the many others which the invaders destroyed when they plundered the once curious armoury and made a fortress of the palace. The patio has been modernized in the Herrera style, and is handsome, with fine marbles, Ionic and Doric pillars, and a fountain. The interior, gutted by the enemy, has been degraded by the stewards of the duke, who have from time to time suited this once lordly dwelling to their base wants and tastes. The open arched galleries between the huge towers of the *Alcazar* command fine views over the gardens and olive-grounds of the environs.

ROUTE 11.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Aracena	18
Segura de Leon.	6
Valencia.	3
Zafra.	3
Fuente del Maestre	3
Santa Marta	2
Albuera	3
Badajoz	4

Adjoining to the *Alcazar* is the unfinished convent of *Santa Marina*, which was desecrated by the invaders. In the chapel observe the sepulchre of Margaret Harrington, daughter of Lord Exton, erected in 1601 by her cousin, the Duchess of Feria, also an English woman; she was the Jane Dormer, the most trusted of Queen Mary's ladies of honour, and the wife of Philip II.'s ambassador in London at the important moment of Elizabeth's succession. Her body rests here, but, true to her country in death, she sent her heart to England. Her effigy kneels before a prie Dieu, with a mantle on her head; it was once painted, but has been whitewashed: her portrait was destroyed by the French.

Going out of the *Puerta de Sevilla* is a nice little *alameda*, with a delicious water-spring, brought in on arches, and called *La fuente del Duque*. Among the Græco-Romano buildings in *Zafra* observe the magnificent marble Doric and Ionic *patio* of *La Casa Grande*, built by the Daza Maldonados, and the fine colonnades; notice also the Doric and Ionic brick tower of the *Colegiata*; neither of these edifices are finished, or

This, the mountain road, must be ridden: for the first 24 L. see p. 216. At *Valencia*, 3 L. from *Segura de Leon*, is another fine castle. Passing *Medina de las Torres* we reach *Zafra*, placed under a denuded ridge to the l.: pop. some 5000. *Posada* de Pepe indifferent. This most ancient city was the Segeda of the Iberians and Julia Restituta of the Romans. It is full of buildings begun in better times and on a grand scale, but they have either remained unfinished, or have been destroyed by the invaders under Drouet, in 1811.

The great lords of *Zafra* were the *Figueroas*, whose dukedom of *Feria* is now merged in that of the *Medina Celi*. Their shield, charged with canting fig-

ever will be: meantime the *Plaza de Toros* has been completed.

Visit next the *Santa Clara*, founded by the *Figueroas* in 1428 (see date over portal); the invaders desecrated this convent and mutilated the recumbent figures of the founder and his wife, and a Roman statue in a toga and sandals: observe the effigy of *Garcilazo de la Vega*, killed before *Granada* in the presence of *Enrique IV.*; remark his singular bonnet. The French made this gallant knight's statue, with others of the *Figueroa* family, the butt of wanton outrage; observe that without a head, called *Doña Maria de Moya*.

The road at *Zafra* diverges, and passes either to *Merida*, 9 L., by dreary *Almendralejo*, where, Aug. 25, 1847, the great silver *Disco* of *Theodosius* was found, now at *Madrid* in the Academy of History, and then either by arid *Torre Mejia*, or by the high road through *Albuera*.

ROUTE 12.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Guillena	4	
Ronquillo	3	7
Santa Olalla	4	11
Monasterio	4	15
Fuente de Cantos	3	18
Los Santos	4	22
Santa Marta	5	27
Albuera	3	30
Badajoz	4	34

A diligence, bad and dear, runs this line in from 24 to 30 h.: the *posadas* are indifferent throughout. This extremely uninteresting road winds over the *Sierra Morena* chain. Few travellers are ever met with save the migratory caravans, which bring corn down from *Salamanca* and take back salt from *Cadiz*. The carts, oxen, men, and dogs are made for artists, and their nightly bivouacs of sheep, folded or rather netted in *enredelados* with ropes of *esparto*, and clustering by the sides of the roads, in the glens and underwood, are very nomade, national, and picturesque. *Ronquillo* rejoices in having given birth to the famous *Alcalde* of *Charles V.*, a Spanish *Jeffries*, whose

Draco process has passed into a proverb; he convicted and executed all culprits—the old for what they had done, the young ones for what they would have done, had they been spared and grown up; he it was who hung up the *Bishop* of *Zamora* at *Simancas*.

Above *Santa Olalla* is a ruined Moorish castle, whence enjoy a panorama of mountains. Soon we enter *Estremadura* (see Sect. vii.). At *Monasterio*, *Posada del Montañes*, is the point where the waters part, descending either into the *Guadiana* or *Guadalquivir*. *Fuente de Cantos* is the birth-place of *Zurbaran*; the hill towns are uninteresting and agricultural; the natives seldom stray beyond their parishes or are visited by strangers. Pigs and game of all kinds thrive in these ranges of the *Sierra Morena*.

Albuera—*Parador del agua*—an insignificant hamlet of itself, owes its European fame to its "glorious field of grief," and the murderous conflict, May 16, 1811, between *Soult* and *Beresford*. Passing the bridge the town rises in front; the battle took place on the ridge to the l. After *Massena*, instead of driving the English into the sea, as he boasted, was himself driven by them from *Santarem*, the Duke advanced on *Estremadura* to retake *Badajoz*; but his plans were marred, by *Mahy's* negligence in *Gallicia*, which forced him to return. Now, rapid expedition was everything, as the fortress was to be pounced upon before the French could relieve it, yet *Beresford's* "unfortunate delay" gave *Philippon* the governor, ample time to provision and strengthen the place, besides enabling *Soult* to march from *Seville* to its relief. *Blake* and *Castaños*, gluttons for fighting, then persuaded *Beresford* to risk a general action when nothing could be gained by a victory, for the siege was virtually raised, while a reverse would have entirely paralysed the Duke, and neutralised the glories of *Torres Vedras*. *Beresford* had only about 7000 English, and, although he knew the ground well, "occupied it," says *Napier*, "in such a manner as to

render defeat almost certain." He was the only man in the army who did not see that the hill to the rt. was his really vulnerable point, and where, to make bad worse, he placed the Spaniards. Soult, who saw the blot, attacked and drove them back without difficulty, and the "whole position was raked and commanded." Then Houghton led up the 57th, who saved the day, the Spaniards remaining, as at Barrosa, "quiet spectators." "Out of 1400 men 1050 were killed and wounded;" "the dead lay in their ranks, every man with a wound in the front." Their brave leader fell at their head, cheering them on to the bayonet charge, which, as usual, settled the affair. "Then 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7000, stood," writes Napier, "triumphant on the fatal hill." "This little battalion," says the Duke, "alone held its ground against all the French *colonnes en masse*." Soult in vain pushed on with the reserves under Werlé, who was killed, and his troops fled, throwing away their arms (Vict. et Conq. xx. 242): "Mais que pouvaient 5000 baïonnettes contre un ennemi *quatre fois plus nombreux*?"—for thus 1600 men are converted into 20,000 men in buckram by one dash of a French pen.

Beresford, who had actually ordered Halket to retreat, was saved, says Napier (xii. 6), by Col. Hardinge, who, on his own responsibility, brought up Cole and Abercrombie; others, however, and Beresford's dispatch, assign this merit to Cole, who in fact was the superior officer.

Both armies bivouacked on the ground; and had Soult the next day, with his 15,000 Frenchmen, ventured to renew the attack against 1600 English, he must have succeeded; but, awed by their bold front, he retired, leaving nearly 1000 wounded to his repulser's mercy. His army, even in the words of Belmas (i. 184), his own author, "se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre; le moral se trouvait fort affecté." The French real loss was between 8000 and 9000 men—even they admit 2800; that of the English was

4158, of the Spaniards 1365. The Duke in public shielded Beresford, whose great capabilities for drilling the Portuguese he justly appreciated. "Another such a battle, however," wrote he privately, "would ruin us. I am working hard to set all to rights again." On the 21st he visited the field, and in a few weeks offered Soult another chance of another *victory*, which the Marshal, who knew that a better man was come in, politely declined; he, however, claimed the "complete victory" as his; and now his *non-succès* is ascribed to the numerical superiority of the English. Durosoir (Guide, 244) simply states that 20,000 French fought against 45,000 English or Spaniards; which Bory de St. Vincent (Guide, 109) makes out to be 22,000 against 50,000, Soult's real forces amounting to 19,000 foot and 4000 horse; thus *history* is written in France; for the *truth*, read Napier (xii. 6), and his unanswerable and unanswered replies to Beresford, vol. vi. and the Duke's 'Dispatches' (vol. vii.). The Portuguese also claim the fighting as theirs: "après la bataille d'Albuera," relates Schepeler, "j'entendis moi-même un officier Portugais dire, 'Les Espagnols se sont battus comme des lions, les Portugais comme des serpents, mais les Anglais *Niente Niente*?' (not at all,) dit-il avec dédain;" and the Spaniard Blake, in his letter thanking the Regency for making him a captain-general for his services on this day, never even alluded to the English; and now-a-days, *all* the glory is claimed by *Nosotros*; according to Madoz (i. 343), the English division was saved by Ballasteros! and this signal instance of Spanish inefficiency termed, "Una de las mas dignas glorias del Pueblo *Español*!!" Recently, however, a sort of monument has been erected in which, *credite posteri!* even the names of the English generals are inscribed—what a compliment to them—*pari passu*, with those of the Spaniards! For *Badajoz*, see Sect. vii. Those who wish to avoid *Badajoz* can ride in one *long* day direct from *Albuera* to *Merida*, about 10 L. through *Lobon*.

SECTION III.

RONDA AND GRANADA.

CONTENTS.

The Serrania de Ronda; Character of the Country and Natives; Smuggling.

PAGE	PAGE
ROUTE 13.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA 254	GRANADA 291
Osuna; Loja.	Excursions near Granada; Soto de Roma; Sierra Nevada; Quarries of San Juan; Ultimo Suspiro.
ROUTE 14.—CORDOVA TO GRANADA 256	
ROUTE 15.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA. 258	ROUTE 26.—GRANADA TO ADRA . . 329
ROUTE 16.—ANDUJAR TO GRANADA 258	The Alpujarras; Lanjaron; Berja.
Jaen.	ROUTE 27.—ADRA TO MALAGA . . 332
ROUTE 17.—SEVILLE TO RONDA . . . 260	ROUTE 28.—MOTRIL TO GRANADA . 332
Moron; Olvera.	ROUTE 29.—ADRA TO CARTAGENA. 333
ROUTE 18.—SEVILLE TO RONDA . . . 260	Almeria; Cabo de Gata.
Zahara.	ROUTE 30.—ALMERIA TO JAEN . . 335
ROUTE 19.—SEVILLE TO RONDA . . . 260	Macael; Orcera; Ubeda; Baeza; Linares.
Ronda.	
ROUTE 20.—RONDA TO XEREZ . . . 263	SKELETON TOURS FOR RIDERS.
Grazalema; Arcos.	No. 1.
ROUTE 21.—RONDA TO GRANADA . . 264	Ecija. Gibraltar.
Teba; Antequera.	Osuna. Malaga.
ROUTE 22.—RONDA TO MALAGA. . . 266	Ronda. Alhama.
ROUTE 23.—RONDA TO GIBRALTAR. 267	Gaucin. Granada.
Gaucin; San Roque; Gibraltar; Trips to Africa; Ceuta; Tangiers; Tetuan.	No. 2.
ROUTE 24.—GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA 280	Granada. Almeria.
Fuengirola; Monda.	Padul. Adra.
MALAGA 283	Lanjaron. Motril.
ROUTE 25.—MALAGA TO GRANADA. 288	Ujjah. Durcal.
Velez Malaga; Alhama.	Berja. Granada.

The last of these two Routes is well suited for geological and botanical pursuits. The early summer and autumnal months are the best periods for these excursions.

THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

THE jumble of mountains of which Ronda is the centre and capital, lies to the l. of the basin of the Guadalquivir, and between the sea and the kingdom of

Granada. The districts both of Ronda and Granada are an Alpine interchange of hill and valley: although only separated a few leagues from the plains and coasts of Seville and Malaga, the difference of climate and geography is most striking; thus, while the barley harvests are over in the *tierra caliente* about the middle of May, the crops in the *Vega* of Granada are green in June. These mountains form the barrier which divides the central zone from the southern, and are a sort of offshoot from the great Sierra Morena chain. Temperate *Ronda* is consequently much resorted to in the summer by the parched inhabitants of the hotter districts. *Ronda*, elevated amidst its mountains, enjoys at once the fresh breezes from the sea and the open country; the air is pure, rare, and bracing: thus, in summer the mornings and evenings are cool, although the thermometer in the shade reaches 80° at mid-day, when the prudent traveller, invalid or not, will restore his bodily vigour by an indoor siesta.

The roads are steep, rugged, and bad: many are scarcely practicable even for mules. The Spaniards in olden times never wished to render their Seville frontier very accessible to the Moors, and now the fear of facilitating an invasion from Gibraltar prevented the Bourbon from improving the communications. The *posadas* are not much better than the roads, and suit the iron frames, and oil and garlic *itia* and digestions of the smugglers and robbers, who delight, like the chamois, in hard fare and precipices. The traveller must attend to the provend or "proband," as the great authority Captain Dalgetty would say: a *caballero* visiting these hungry localities should "victual himself with vivers" for three days at least, as there is no knowing when and where he may get a tolerable meal. Ronda and Granada are good central spots for excursions. Their snowy sierras are river sources for the *tierras calientes*, and the fruits and vegetation in the fresh hills are those of Switzerland; thus to the botanist is offered a range from the hardiest lichen of the Alps, down to the orange and sugar-cane in the maritime strips. This *serrania* is best seen in the summer, for at other times either the cold is piercing, or the rains swell the torrents, which become impassable.

The natural strength of this country has from time immemorial suggested sites for "hill-forts" (Hirt, 'B.H.' 8), the type of which is clearly Oriental; perched everywhere like eagles' nests on the heights, and exactly where a painter would have placed them for a picture, they are the homes of brave highlanders, to whom the chase and smuggling are daily bread. The French, during the Peninsular war, were so constantly beaten back by these sharpshooters that they became very shy of attacking hornets' nests fuller of lead than gold. These partisans were true sons of the Iberians of old, those Spanish cohorts which defeated the Romans "sub jugo montis," in rocky defiles, the types of Roncesvalles and Bailen. "Adsuetor montibus et ad concursandum inter saxa rupesque." (Livy, xxii. 18). The hills were their "country;" for Diod. Siculus has anticipated Rob Roy's designation of his wild domain. "The *Guerillero*," said the Duke, "is the only useful arm; he is better acquainted with his trade than what is called the officer of the regular Spanish army; he knows the country better, and is better known to the inhabitants, and above all he has no pretension to military character" (Disp. May 3d, 1810). The raw material of the *guerillero* was in all times the bandit; robbery was the stock on which this patriotism best sprouted. Compare Livy, xxviii. 21; Florus, ii. 17, 15; Strabo, iii. 238, with the modern warwhoop, "*Viva Fernando y vamos robando*." The system of smuggling is the best organised one in this uncommercial land, where the *contrabandista* corrects the blundering chancellors of exchequers and custom-house officers. Spain has an enormous frontier to watch, and is a land in which an *honest* official seldom grows; all duties above 25 per cent. everywhere encourage the smuggler, and here the fiscal regulations are so ingeniously absurd, that the fair merchant is