

cause it militated against their interest, but it is also one November. which circumstances seemed to have rendered eminently expedient.

About two miles from Bordeaux, a pillar is erected to commemorate the first restoration of the Royal family in 1814. Soon after you pass this pillar you enter what are called the *Landes* of France. They are called also the desert of France; but this appellation applies more properly to those portions of the *landes* which are situated near the sea. Within view of the Bayonne road these *landes* stretch without much variety almost the whole way from Bordeaux to the Pyrenees; yet they are not without a certain degree of interest. Immense forests of pine, vast plains covered with rough herbage, herds of goats and flocks of sheep, browsing upon them, attended by a peculiar race of shepherds, who move about generally in the autumn and winter on stilts, are not without the attraction of novelty to an English traveller.

The reason for using these strange auxiliaries to the human figure seems to be in order to keep the feet out of the water, with little pools of which the *landes* abound after rain. The soil being, for the most part, like the sandy beach of the sea, it takes some time before the rain that falls upon it is imbibed by the earth or evaporated by the sun. The stilts also give the shepherds a larger sphere of vision over the *landes*, which are as remarkable for their flatness as they are for their wild and uncultivated appearance.

We were obliged to have eight horses to the diligence from Paignac to Bazas, so heavy and deep are the sands. For about two miles of this road, even this number of horses was not sufficient, and the toil of passing it was not facilitated by the approach of night, though certainly a fine one, the host of stars being all lighted in the firmament, and shining with silvery lustre. The first notice the new tra-

November. vellers had of the difficulty before them was the appearance of four or five peasants, who followed us from Pagnac, one of whom carried on his shoulder a lighted torch, formed of a bundle of long laths of pine wood, tied together. The wood is so impregnated with turpentine, that it needs no addition of any other substance to preserve it in a state of continual and bright conflagration, when once it is ignited. I was lost in looking at the flame of the torch playing on the faces of the peasants, and on the woods through which we passed, until at length we found ourselves in the midst of a dark forest, and were all politely requested by the conducteur to descend. The light of the torch revealed two fine oxen, and behind them, in the shade, were discerned two others, and a number of peasants with ropes, waiting for the diligence to come up. The torch-bearer now and then changed his station, as if to show the effect of the light upon the objects and scene around us. Now it gave the large unwieldy vehicle to view—now the group of passengers who had just descended, and contemplated the scene with interest; now the peasants—now the oxen, whose large heads and sides were so peculiarly brightened in the light, or darkened in the shade, that they seemed the principal objects in the picture. They were at length harnessed to the diligence with strong ropes, and it required all their strength, in addition to six of the horses, to draw it through a sandy mire of a mile in length, where the wheels were sunk to the axle. The latter part of the road was rendered still more difficult. By way of amending it, it was recently strewed over with loose gravel, and the peasants employed for this purpose were complaisant enough to leave several high heaps in the middle of the carriage-way, which the oxen and horses had to level with their feet, as they painfully dragged along the heavy weight behind them. It was midnight when we

reached Bazas, and then we sat down to—*dinner*. In November. French stage-travelling little attention is paid to regularity of meals. I have more than once breakfasted, dined, and supped, at one and the same time. Sometimes I have dined at three o'clock in the morning, and breakfasted at two in the afternoon. Sometimes I have neither breakfasted, dined, nor supped at all within twenty-four hours.

After toiling all the night through deep and rather perilous roads, we reached Roquefort on the morning of the 7th, just as the day was breaking. Roquefort is nearly half-way between Bordeaux and Bayonne. The sky was covered with light blue clouds, and as the sun rose and dispersed them, we, for the first time, had a distant view of the Pyrenees. They completely bounded the horizon in the south, stretching from the south-east to the ocean in the west, in a line that appeared nearly straight to the distant eye. The masses of mountains, however, which form this line, are different as to their form, and unequal as to their height. The mass towards the east is the highest. It consists of a pile of mountains apparently detached from the others, rising abruptly in the east, and after stretching a considerable distance towards the west, terminating in a precipice of vast height and steepness. The next mass following the direction from east to west is composed of mountains which rise gradually on one side, and decline as gradually on the other. It is not so extensive, so imposing, nor, in the aggregate, so lofty as that just described; but towards its eastern extremity one of its mountains rises high above all the Pyrenees in a pyramidal shape, and its point pierces the clouds. A third mass of mountains continues the line towards the west. These are a little inferior to the others as to height, but they stand clustered together in greater number, and present projections of a spherical form, which have a striking and sin-

7th.

November. gular effect. These three masses form what are called the "High Pyrenees." They completely conceal from view the "Eastern Pyrenees," which extend behind them to the Mediterranean. The remaining masses, which stretch to the ocean, and which cover Oleron and Bayonne, are formed of irregular and lesser mountains, which are called the "Low Pyrenees."

Roquefort is romantically seated amidst a collection of hills. You see houses, vineyards, and gardens in the bottom of deep valleys, or climbing declivities, in which steps are cut for ingress and egress. It is watered by two small rivers which meet near the rustic wooden bridge of the town. Looking down from this bridge you see the principal stream pursuing its winding turbid course at a considerable distance below, between the branches of trees, shrubs, and herbage. Every body naturally expected to breakfast at Roquefort; but no such thing was to be had. A few, who were content to take the world as it came, purchased small loaves from a baker who was just opening his shop, repaired to a clear spring which burst from a rock immediately above the town, and like the hermits of old, after consuming the crust, drank from the living fountain. They had, besides, the satisfaction of chatting with several young women, remarkable, as the Gascon women generally are, for their beauty, who came in groups to the fountain for water. They gaily bantered us on the austerity of our living, but consoled us with the assurance that the water was peculiarly excellent. They received the spring in baked earthen vases, containing about three gallons, with a small handle, a small round aperture in the top for which there was a tin cover, and a short straight pipe—not unlike the form of our China old fashioned tea-pots. A napkin twisted round was placed on the head, upon which the vase found a firm seat; and as

each group were supplied they returned down the hill, November. singing and laughing as they tripped along. The lash of the postillion, who took nearly half an hour in getting through this hilly town, at length summoned us away from a scene which recalled to mind the days of primeval simplicity.

The road from Roquefort was still through the *landes*, which presented a heathy appearance near us, but the distance on either side was generally bounded by vast pine woods. Occasionally these woods approached to the border of the road, and it was observed that the trunks of the trees were uniformly chipped on one side. This operation was performed in the summer, its object being to afford a channel to the turpentine, which, during the latter part of that season and the first months of autumn, distils in great quantities from the pines. When we passed through close parts of the woods, we felt the air strongly scented with their fragrance. Now and then a hunter emerged from the thickets in quest of game, attended by his dogs; sometimes a travelling peasant appeared suddenly from the by-paths. We journied several leagues without meeting a village, and even single houses were but rarely seen. In a few spots of arable land that presented themselves to our view, women were employed equally with the men in spreading the manure, guiding the plough, and performing the other various offices of agriculture. They seemed to have come from some distance, as they usually had small temporary huts erected on the ground, where they slept at night and prepared their food. The few farm-houses that we observed were very much in the style of those which are commonly seen in paintings of the Flemish School.

There is nothing more remarkable in this country than the echo, which is capable of being awakened in several parts of it. The crack of the postillion's whip was

November. heard repeated in twenty vibrations, each lessening as they resounded along the interminable waste. The tick of a cloth mill, which we passed, was heard distinctly for at least three miles of the road. A peculiar stillness pervaded the atmosphere—not a leaf on the trees trembled; now and then a prolonged call was heard from some cottage buried in a distant part of the forest, which died away in the air with a melancholy cadence. The echo is rationally accounted for, by the peculiar solidity of the sandy soil, which rather reflects than absorbs the sounds that pass over it. But the stillness which it produces is almost supernatural.

7th. I arrived at Bayonne in the afternoon, and one of the first objects which attracted my attention was a considerable body of infantry marching into the town to the sound of trumpet and drum. In every street through which I passed I observed soldiers passing and repassing, and soon found that I had reached a division of the “Army of Observation,” under the command of General Count Charles d’Autichamp.

During a week which I staid at Bayonne it was crowded with Spaniards belonging to the army of Quesada, who had been defeated by Espinosa at Los Arcos, in Navarre, on the 27th of October. They were, generally speaking, miserably dressed; a few wore cloaks and round cloth or fur caps. Among the refugees was Quesada himself, who remained only two or three days, and set out to pursue those solicitations at Paris which have since proved so effectual.

10th. On Sunday I attended the military mass at the cathedral. Count d’Autichamp and his brilliant staff were present, as well as the officers of the different battalions, forming almost a regiment in themselves. The principal officers had seats immediately before the great altar,

the others were placed in the choir behind, and the soldiers November. with their caps on, and their arms shouldered, were ranged along the aisle. A body of pioneers, dressed in their white long aprons, large fur caps, their firelocks slung behind them, and their brightly-polished axes in their hands, stood at the side of the altar. During the service the band played several solemn and beautiful movements. At the elevation, the soldiers grounded their arms, knelt on one knee, put the left hand up to the cap, as they do in saluting, the drums rolled and the trumpets sounded. I cannot, however, believe that this is altogether the best mode of attending Divine service. The soldiers are necessarily more observant of their positions, and of the words of command from their officers, than of the more imperative duties which the solemn occasion demands.

The refugees who were at Bayonne entertained even at this period a confident hope that the French troops would pass the frontiers as soon as they should be sufficiently provided with artillery and munitions of war. The French officers also spoke of their entrance into Spain as a matter of which it would be ludicrous to doubt. It was evident that the reception which the refugees experienced was calculated to sustain the spirit of the royalist party under every reverse of fortune.

From twenty to thirty coasting vessels arrived in the port laden with shells, cannon balls of different weights, mortars, pieces of light and heavy artillery, and the carriages necessary for their equipment. For several days the quay was heaped with these instruments of war, which were afterwards removed to the arsenal at Maracq, about a mile from the town off the high road to Spain. What with the sailors counting the balls as they heaved them out of the vessels, the soldiers hauling up the shells, the artillery men hauling

November. up the cannon, sentinels pacing up and down, officers giving directions, the hurry of cars and waggons rolling along the quay to the road which leads to the arsenal, one might have imagined himself either within, or near, a town besieged.

Riding one day amongst the hills in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, I observed several detachments of the army occupied in different ways: some performed sham-fights; some were firing at a target; some were employed in ascending eminences in regular order; and, by the sun's glancing on the brightly burnished arms, I perceived that others, at a distance, were engaged in marching through narrow defiles. Occasionally I lost sight of those in the valleys, but now and then the gleaming of a bayonet directed my eye until I saw them emerge again, and wind over the distant hills, from whence the beat of the drum was but faintly heard.

About a league from the town I encountered a group of fresh emigrants, who were flying from the triumphant armies of Espinosa. They consisted of four priests, a Carmelite monk, and eight respectable well-looking men, most of whom appeared in Spanish cloaks, common round hats or fur caps, and in every other way well-dressed. They had one horse, which a sickly young man of gentlemanly appearance rode. The group walked abreast along the road in animated conversation, the meaning of which was often perceptible from their gestures of alternate indignation and despair. The priests walked at a little distance behind. I stopped for some time to observe them, and could not help pitying from my soul, men, who for whatever reason, were obliged to abandon the land of their birth, their affections, their hearths, and their altars. There were on the road-side several Spaniards sitting in melancholy postures, apparently waiting to see what num-

bers this day's emigration drew from their unhappy country —haply also waiting to see if among the travellers they might find a father, a brother, or a friend. November.

There was a striking contrast between these various groups and a body of French cavalry, who just galloped by them along the road towards the mountains, where the setting of the sun was creating a scene novel to an English eye, and as beautiful as it was new. The orb was going down, unattended by a single vapour, behind the ocean, and almost in a line with the Lower Pyrenees, some of which assumed an ethereal purple colour; others more distant, a dark blue; while the Higher Pyrenees, more distant still, as if exulting in the majesty of their rank, were all clothed in gold, the snow, that never leaves their tops, shining like a hoary diadem. After the sun went down, the mountains still retained their hues for awhile, and thus they stood strongly defined in all the variations of their ridges, peaks, and bold declivities, against a pale yellow sky, until twilight restored them to their usual frowning appearance.

In the neighbourhood of Bayonne, as well as in the town itself, the young women who are engaged in out-door employments wear a coarse straw hat, with a very wide leaf, which is lined on the inside with glazed linen of a violet colour. It is worn on the side of the head. Being more or less arched, according to the taste, or rather perhaps the beauty of the wearer, and being fitted over the handkerchief of plaided violet and blue, which forms the general indoor head-dress of the women in this country, it has a gay, and at the same time a pastoral effect, sufficient to make even ordinary features look handsome. The Basque women (so those of this country are designated) are, however, remarkable for a fine round full face, the features often as regular and noble as those seen in Grecian statues; the eyes full of languid fire, and the eyebrows dark, well de-

November.

finer, and delicately arched. Most of the women distinguished by these straw hats are employed about horses, whose dingy colour and famished limbs form a strange contrast with their own interesting appearance. There is a number of these women generally about the market-place who let their horses out for short journeys, of a league or two. The machine in which passengers sit is formed of wooden bars, exactly in the shape of the letter W. The central angle is fitted down on the horse's back; if there be two passengers, one sits in the inverted angle at one side, and one at the other, thus balancing each other like two panniers. The fair proprietress follows behind on foot, and with her whip urges the horse along the road. If there be only one passenger, she occupies the other seat herself, and thus they trot along, offering a very original and patriarchal picture of the first approaches towards the invention of carriages.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY FROM BAYONNE TO MADRID.

As I was not in any particular haste, and was anxious to see as much of the country as possible, I agreed to join a party of four, who were about to proceed to Madrid in a voiture. This vehicle is not unlike one of the London hackney coaches, with this difference, that it is built on a stronger principle, and has a small cabriolet in front. It is drawn by seven mules, two-and-two a-breast, and a leader, which are connected with the pole and cross-bar by small strong ropes. Their heads are ornamented with red and blue worsted trappings, and round their necks is a leathern belt, to which are attached a number of small bells and three large ones, which emit a slender and not disagreeable sound as the animals move along. The leader obtains his principal station on account of the instinctive intelligence with which he guides the others through the short turns of the mountain roads. In order to give the voiture sufficient space, he walks slowly to the border of the angle; after traversing it, he suddenly quickens his pace, the rest of the mules, always obedient to his example, precisely follow his track, and the vehicle is thus drawn with facility and security over the most precipitous windings. The voiturier sits on a low bench, placed immediately under the cabriolet, and carries a small whip, which, however, he seldom applies. When he wishes the mules to go fast (a wish, by the way, he very rarely entertains), he speaks to them, and they trot on. He has names for each; now he accosts one, by and by another, and tells them to do their duty. But there is a tolerably good understanding between the voiturier and his mules that they

November.

November. are not to distress themselves for any particular set of passengers, not one of whom, perhaps, they may ever see again after carrying him to his destination. There is also a postillion, who sometimes rides on the bench with the voiturier, but most generally walks by the side of the mules. Over this servant the voiturier exercises a most capricious control. The latter also walks a considerable part of the journey; when he is not walking he is sleeping in his seat, or rather nodding. It is sufficiently amusing sometimes to hear him call out to the mules while his soul is merged in slumber. They know by the dozing sound that he sees them not; on such occasions they pay him not the slightest attention, and almost go to sleep themselves. Such is the establishment of the voiture. It travels generally ten, seldom twelve leagues a day, and takes nine days and a half to go from Bayonne to Madrid, a distance of about one hundred leagues.

Two months previous to this time there were two diligences which set out from Bayonne alternately once a week; but they were both burned near the frontiers by parties of "the factious," as it was said, because they were suspected to have carried despatches for the Constitutional Government. Upon this point, however, doubts may be entertained. The diligences performed the journey to Madrid in three days, and it is rather probable that they were found to be too speedy for the series of auberges, or small inns, which have been established on the road time out of mind. The voiture, with its cargo of passengers, stops every night, which makes a considerable difference in the eyes of the hosts and hostesses, when they calculate the advantages they derive from the one vehicle, and the losses they sustained by the other. The voituriers also were most particularly interested in this subject, as while the diligences existed, their occupation was gone.

Before we left Bayonne, we were informed that we had November.
 very little chance of arriving at Madrid without being robbed. This very agreeable information was repeated in so many respectable quarters, that we could no longer have any doubt upon the subject. Thus situated, my fellow-travellers and I agreed with the voiturier to pay the whole expenses of our route, and exchanged such money as we had for orders on Madrid, securing this part of our property at least from the dangers that were so much talked of. Our luggage was packed on a platform behind the vehicle.

We set out from Bayonne on the 15th of November. 15th.
 The road to Irun passes over part of the Lower Pyrenees. It is, consequently, very uneven, and its natural inconveniences are very little mitigated by the care of the French Government. It is formed of rough small stones, full of ruts, and while the vehicle is dragged along, it is constantly shaken from one side to the other*. After ascending the heights, we had occasionally some fine views of the sea, on the right hand. The hills are covered with thorns and heaths, but here and there are ridges and valleys, pretty well cultivated, and in almost every well-protected spot there are hamlets and separate cottages. The gables of the cottages generally face the road, and the roofs extending over the walls on every side, give them a picturesque effect, which is improved where the walls are well whitened, and the wood-work, both of the roofs and walls, is painted red, as is frequently the case. The windows are guarded by shutters, which open on the outside. There are trees to be seen in one or two sequestered places, and orchards of considerable extent. Now and then one begins to feel that he is approaching Spain, by seeing cottages with large heavy wooden balconies

* It is proper to state, that on my return to France I found the roads, both here and between Bayonne and Bordeaux, much improved.

November. before the windows. In harmony with the dreary aspect of the scene are some large comfortless-looking houses of stone, gray with age, and mouldering, which are occasionally observed in the most solitary recesses of the mountains, without windows, unless narrow apertures like the port-holes of baronial castles might be so called.

St. Jean de Luz, which is seated on the Nivelle, consists of a considerable number of houses, very old and strongly built, the gables all facing the streets. After passing this town, the mountains become interesting, as they afford a genial soil, and are covered with woods, interspersed with pastures and arable fields. It had been raining all the morning, but towards evening the mists began to roll away. At different points along the road, where a large barn or house of any sort afforded shelter, parties of the Army of Observation were posted.

As we were going down the descent which leads to the Bidassoa, the river that divides France from Spain, we met a caravan of Spanish carriers, consisting of forty mules, laden with saffron and other merchandise. The manner of packing goods in bales, and disposing a proportionate weight on each side of the mule, is a well-known peculiarity of the Peninsula. There is a little regard to effect in the way in which the carriers cover their merchandise, sometimes with carpets of various brilliant dyes, but generally plaided with stripes of blue and white. Under the wide-leaved hat, the Spanish carriers and muleteers also pride themselves in wearing handsome kerchiefs, which are tied round the head, leaving one corner to dangle down behind the left ear. We crossed the Bidassoa in a gabarre, which took over passengers, voiture, and mules, without the latter being unharnessed. They are so accustomed to the passage, that there was no trouble whatever in getting them on board. At low water the Bidassoa is a narrow shallow river ;

but when the tide replenishes its channel, it assumes an im-
 portant appearance. Parts of the bridge, which formerly
 was thrown over it, still remain. It was cut down by the
 Spaniards at an early period of the late war, and it has not
 been since repaired. November.

Half an hour after crossing the river, we entered Irun. It consists of one street, which ascends a rugged hill; and, with the exception of the town-house in the Plaza de la Constitucion*, and a new house of great extent, in a handsome style of architecture, which an American is now building, there is not a well-looking house in the town—or, rather village, for such in fact it is. A striking difference immediately manifested itself in every thing around us. A new language; faces of a totally different character; labouring men of a wretched appearance, their naked feet bound in rude sandals; women without even sandals or shoes of any sort, with their dark hair falling behind to the waist, neatly platted, large dark eyes, and a cordial expression of countenance, assured us that the Bidassoa is no ideal boundary. The auberge, or posada, at which the voiture stopped, was also of a character entirely Spanish. A large gate in front admitted us to a wide, empty, paved apartment, which is commonly used as a coach-house. In one corner of this rustic hall was a step-ladder, by which we ascended to the inhabited part of the house, where we were shown into a large

* In almost every town and village of Spain there is a square, called the Plaza, or Place. Since the Constitution was revived, the name of *Plaza de la Constitucion* has been given to these squares. The name is usually written in letters of gold under the *stone* of the Constitution, which is inserted in the wall of some house, generally the town-house, in the most conspicuous part of the Plaza. What is called the *stone* of the Constitution is a large block of marble, with the arms of the country carved upon it.

November. room, the walls well white-washed and hung with four or five common prints, glazed in frames. The favourite subject of these prints was the story of the young and valiant Dunois, who, on going to the wars, prayed only that he might be the bravest among the brave, and be blessed with the love of the fairest among the fair—a wish which the romance accomplishes, after the young knight has passed through several adventures. On one side of this chamber were two small bed-rooms, which were separated from it by a slight curtain, and at the extremity was a separate room, honoured by the tenancy of the Alcalde. The dinner consisted of eggs, (generally the first course at the Spanish posadas), beet-root, mutton-chops, and poultry, the latter copiously suffused with oil: the dessert, apples, nuts, grapes, and confectionery; the wines, the red ordinary wine of the country and Malaga; the former has rather a sweet medicinal taste, which is not much relished at first by a stranger. The Malaga is a white wine, also sweet and medicinal. The best species of the latter is, of course, not to be found in a village so remote from the place of its growth, but when pure and genuine, it is an excellent and agreeable beverage. One reckons on waiting at least an hour always for dinner at a posada, and if he expects to find a good bed, it is most probable that he will be disappointed. If he be fortunate enough to light on a clean one, he may think himself blessed indeed.

Irun is hemmed in by mountains on one side, and the sea on the other. It wears a look of poverty and idleness, but its situation is picturesque. The town-house, which was occupied by a company of the Constitutional troops, was placed in a state of rude defence. In front of it a small ditch was formed, over which was thrown a drawbridge about five feet wide. The arcades of the building were stopped up with rough walls, in which port-holes were