

formed, presenting altogether a sort of caricature of fortification. The ragged uniforms and unwashed faces of the sentinels were quite in keeping with the scene. The inhabitants, I was told, were divided into two parties, one for the constitution, the other for the king, and of the two the latter were the more numerous. Over the doors of several of the houses in Irun we observed large stones elaborately carved with the arms of the family. These are distinctions of ancient and, as it is termed, noble blood, which are held in such estimation amongst the Spaniards, that a poor peasant, who has only five ounces of gold in the world, will expend three of them on a stone of this description. In the course of the journey we observed some of these tokens of family pride placed in the fronts of houses of most wretched aspect, which cost, perhaps, as much as the building itself. Had the Spaniards been taught to seek the gratification of their pride in neat cottages and well tilled gardens, instead of these ostentatious and unreal enjoyments, how different would have been the appearance of their country at this day!

We left Irun, and as we ascended from the town we had a fine view of the sea, which forms a kind of bay here, having on the outer point of the coast at one side, a French village, and on the other, Fontarabia, the walls of which were levelled to the ground by the British troops when they were about to enter France. The Lazaretto of Behobia was seen seated on a salubrious hill behind Irun. A fine mountain prospect opened before us, ridge rising beyond ridge, cottages scattered among them, and still permitting the eye to catch indistinct views of many higher peaks, blue and misty in the distance. Now and then we passed handsome valleys, green with herbage, or newly sown with wheat, peopled with cottages, and watered by limpid streams.

November.

Passed through Oyarzun, a small town, the upper windows of the houses mostly covered with lattice-work, which projected from the walls, and opened in different compartments. Sometimes through a small square aperture of these lattices, a pretty face, animated with curiosity, was seen peeping; sometimes the whole lattice was open, giving to view the handsome busts of young women, who, under the pretext of seeing, wished only to be seen. In the balconies were generally ranged rows of large melons, as much for the benefit of the sun, as for exclusion from the smoke, which seemed a familiar guest in the interior of the house. The day was remarkably fine, the sun was traversing an unclouded sky, the mountain air, unvexed by rude currents of wind, softly penetrated to the heart, purifying and cheering its inmost recesses. The atmosphere was placid, and so silent that not a sound was to be heard on either side, save the soothing murmur of waters falling down the mountains, harmonizing with the perpetual tinkling of the mule-bells, and now and then a deep, prolonged peal from the tower of a convent or a village church.

Still ascending, we passed through Astigarraga and Andesain; the *Plazas de la Constitucion* all fortified after the manner of that of Irun. Arrived at Tolosa at night: bad dinner, for which we waited two hours; excellent red wine—indifferent beds. Tolosa is a considerable town, but it presents no particular features worth describing.

17th.

We set out from Tolosa at half-past six in the morning. The dawning of a fine day soon after showed us a river running parallel with the road on the left hand. Beyond the river rose a high range of mountains, and immediately on our right was another range equally high and parallel with it. These mountains are covered to their summits with apple and pear-trees, and in some places afford herbage, but they are so steep that one wonders how the sheep which are seen

on their ridges could have climbed thither. Here and there November.
a rude stone bridge, with one high arch, is thrown across the river, which, if a painter sketched with a carrier passing over it,—a cottage hard by, the grey smoke curling upwards from its chimney top,—high mountains on each side, crowned with fruit trees,—here and there a green spot, whitened with sheep, glowing in the partial beams of the rising sun,—and in the distance a mountain higher than all, its peak clothed with the golden morning,—he might render it the centre of one of those beautiful pictures which every turn of this road presents; but of which his pencil alone could afford an adequate idea. At one time a theatre of mountains is seen in front over which one imagines he must inevitably pass. But when he approaches nearer he finds an opening unperceived before, and turning into it, he loses sight of the scenery he had just been enjoying, and lights upon new combinations that afford an endless and indescribable variety.

It being Sunday, we observed several groups of well-dressed peasantry going to or returning from the chapels in the villages. A wide-leafed hat turned up full at the sides, a brown jacket and trowsers, a vest generally of a gay pattern, a red worsted sash tied round the waist, white cotton stockings, and sandals, together with a cloak, formed the dress of the men. A few wore gaiters, round which were wrapped pieces of flannel. The women usually appeared in a white kerchief, tied loosely round the head and under the chin; under the corner that hung behind fell also their long platted hair, in which they seemed to take peculiar pride. A cotton slip, a coarse dark cloth spencer, cut low at the bosom, and a large white kerchief covering the bosom and neck, forcibly reminded me of the dress of the Irish women. The expression of countenance too, both in the

November. men and women, and particularly in the children, is perfectly Hibernian, and to complete the resemblance, we seldom met a peasant on the road who did not carry under his arm a long staff, which in Ireland would be called a shilelah. The only difference with respect to the appearance of the women was the long platted hair, and frequently a showy apron of a deep blue or violet colour.

In Villa Franca, as well as most of the towns and villages through which we had hitherto passed, the windows of the houses are quite small and unglazed. The manner is to fit a shutter to the aperture, which is seldom opened in the day-time, the object being to exclude the light and heat of the sun, which operates so powerfully in this country. In the better order of houses the windows are larger, and the upper pannels of the shutters are formed of glass.

The road from Villa Franca to Villa Real is far from being so interesting as that from Tolosa to the former place. The mountains are lower and less picturesque, and the river which accompanied us hitherto dwindled into a shallow, irregular stream. But the mountains, though lower, are not less fertile; they are clothed with a rich earth, which is well cultivated, and are crowned with fruit trees.

While an early dinner was in preparation at Villa Real—where, by the way, the posada is the only good one on the road—we strolled into the chapel, and were surprised at finding in such a village one so handsomely and richly ornamented. The altar is surrounded with Corinthian pillars, of green, red, and dark marble. The foliage of the capitals is richly gilt. They produce a chaste, and at the same time, a brilliant effect. The custom of burying the dead, immediately under the floors of the churches, seems to prevail every where in Spain except in Madrid. It is scarcely necessary to add, that such a custom is eminently

injurious to the health of the people, and ought to be abolished. Such churches and chapels as I have seen in Spain are also very badly ventilated, or rather not ventilated at all. The windows are few, of very limited size, and are never opened. The consequence is that upon entering those edifices when the door is first opened, an odour, such as is felt in sick rooms, offends the sense; and there are no means of removing it. In England it would be deemed of itself sufficient to produce a plague. The woman who showed us the chapel informed us that the clergy explained the Constitution every Sunday from the pulpit, and that the inhabitants were some for the new system, some against it. The point in which all were agreed was, a love of peace and quietness, as to the rest they were not particularly anxious one way or the other. November.

Shortly after leaving Villa Real, we ascended a new pile of mountains, the highest which we had yet traversed. Viewing the Pyrenees, from France, one imagines that they are only a single range, stretching from the Mediterranean to the ocean, and that having once passed the line, he has done with them; but when he crosses the frontiers, he finds, league after league, mountains rising beyond mountains. The road frequently passes over their summits, and in order to facilitate the ascent, it winds in a zig-zag course, the angles being sometimes very narrow, the roads steep, and running along the verges of precipices of great height. Soon after passing houses and men in the declivities the traveller ascends so high that on looking back he sees them suddenly dwindled into diminutive forms. It was constantly a source of wonder to a stranger to observe how carefully the mules trod along the brows of the precipices, going frequently to their very edge, where the road suddenly turns from one side to the other.

November. As we were passing through a village near Villa Real, a crowd of boys gathered around the voiture, and cried out repeatedly *Viva la Constitucion! Viva! Viva!* It was a novel way of begging a few quartos*, which seemed to be their principal object; but upon one of the passengers crying out *Viva el Rey!* they shouted *No—no! Viva la Constitucion!* To try his principle, the passenger offered a quarto to a boy if he would exclaim *Viva el Rey!* To do him justice, he rejected the offer. This was the first place that I observed any signs of enthusiasm in favour of the Constitution.

At every town we were accosted by a sentinel, who demanded our passports, which were not returned to us until after a very strict examination. The gates were rigidly watched by guards of soldiers. They were closed at sunset, and before we were permitted to enter, the *voiturier* was obliged to give a full account of his passengers.

We stopped for the night at Mondragon. On descending at the Posada, we found it filled with soldiers of the Constitution, who just marched in after an affair which they had had with a party of the “factious,” about seven leagues from hence. They were in great spirits. Their whole occupation was in relating the result of the action, which they did with a juvenile air of triumph, and in singing songs of victory. In some of these a number joined in chorus, and their harmony was by no means unpleasing.

12th. We departed from Mondragon at four o'clock in the morning, the road still ascending over a lofty mountain. It is between this place and Salinas that the robbers gene-

* The Spanish quarto is a small copper coin, equivalent to a farthing, eight of which and a fraction amount to a real.

rally collect their *dues* from the traveller. Three or more brigands collect round the vehicle in which the passengers are seated; one of them presents a pistol, another a blunderbuss, and they tell you, very politely, that you will pass uninjured if you give them your money; but that if you do not deliver, you must prepare for the other world. After a short parley, however, which there is no difficulty in obtaining, they soften down their first demand to a settled tribute of two crowns a head, which satisfies them. They wish you a good journey, and are full of gracious compliments.

The mountains, as we proceeded, began to assume characters of nakedness and sterility to which we had been hitherto unaccustomed. A few produced fruit-trees, but the greater number were bare. After leaving these mountains, the eye is at length refreshed with the view of an open, a fertile, and a comparatively level country, and so it continues as far as Vittoria. This large and handsome city is seen in all its extent from a considerable distance. It is seated at the foot of a range of mountains, which extend on each side at the back of it to the utmost limits of the horizon, and its many steeples, spires, and lofty buildings, stand in distinct and high relief against the broad dark shade behind them. The road was busy with carriers and farmers, riding to and from Vittoria on their mules and ponies, in saddles with large wooden stirrups, which are made in the form of a square wooden slipper, if such a thing can be imagined, and admit the whole foot from the heel to the toe. Some rode in paddings formed chiefly of goatskin, without any stirrups, and from their great cloaks covering the whole back of the animal, one might sometimes almost have imagined the fable of the Centaurs realized, so much did the limbs of the quadruped seem to belong to the bust of the rider. There were several parties of soldiers on the road,

November. cooking their breakfast by large fires, which they hastily kindled; and peasants were seen coming from the town, laden with large round loaves of bread, and goatskins full of red wine, for their use. It may be here remarked, that the bread of Spain is generally of a very superior quality: beyond all comparison better than is found in France, better even than the bread of London.

The entrances of Vittoria were defended by new rough temporary walls, with port-holes in them. The town was inundated with soldiers. At the smiths' forges some were repairing their firelocks, some sharpening and brightening their swords; some had their horses shoeing. Every where we observed the bustle of warlike preparation. The sound of drums and trumpets drew us to the Plaza de la Constitucion, a magnificent square, where we found a body of about two thousand infantry drawn up, preparing to march against the "factious," towards the western part of the province. Before they moved, the commanding officer cried out "*Viva la Constitucion!*" It was answered by a loud *Viva* shouted along the whole line. "*Viva Riego!*"—another *Viva* replied by the soldiers. "*Viva el Rey Constitucional!*" was the third cry, which was answered in a similar manner. The drums and fifes then struck up the "Hymn of Riego," and the body proceeded at a slow rate, pacing in time to the music.

I looked into three or four of the principal churches. They were gloomy without being solemn; richly gilt, and decorated with paltry wooden images, which are inconsistent not only with the sublime simplicity of religion, but with the common rules of taste. The theatre, which has only been recently built, was nearly finished. It is small, and remarkably handsome, both as to the exterior and interior. The performances for the evening were advertised on a small written paper affixed to the door—a Drury-lane sheet of

large letter and eulogies in rubrick being an advanced state of the art, to which the dramatic authorities of Vittoria seemed not yet to have arrived. The theatre is of a semi-circular form, and it is lighted by a handsome glass lustre. It is called *Teatro Nacional*—for every thing which before the revolution had the epithet of Royal added to it is now called national. There are some fine streets in Vittoria, in most of which a considerable degree of industrious activity and an appearance of wealth appeared to prevail. November:

After remaining here for three or four hours, we returned to our voiture, and began to ascend the mountains beyond Vittoria. They are poorly cultivated, wild and steep, but they are the heights of La Puebla! the heights amidst which that battle was fought by the Duke of Wellington, which was soon followed by the expulsion of the French troops from the Peninsula. I looked about with a lively interest, thinking I might descry some of the bones of my victorious countrymen. It was an idle, and yet an irresistible impulse, for those relics of England's chivalry have long since mouldered in the dust. I looked also for a column, or a memorial of some sort, which I was confident the gratitude of Spain must have erected in a spot where the domination of the *stranger* was first turned to dismay. But nations are more inclined to remember the injuries which they mutually inflict, or suffer, than the benefits they receive. There is not even a grey stone set up to mark the cold repositories of so many English hearts and arms. These mountains are their only monument!

La Puebla is a village of the second order—the Posada barely tolerable. We found the hostess and a female attendant (whose woolly head and rude voice seemed to speak her just taken in to be tamed from some of the neighbouring rocks), and her companion, more civilized in her appearance, but

November. equally rough in her manners, all out of humour, scolding one another, and uttering ejaculations, as if disturbed by our arrival from the luxurious enjoyment of a lazy, sleepy, slothful evening. There were, however, beds for all, to which we retired after a slight supper, and the night speedily wore away until four o'clock in the morning, when we departed.

19th. We descended to Miranda de Ebro, and passed the bridge over the Ebro, which is here neither broad nor deep. At the bottom of the bridge, a new gate admitted us into the town, which is protected by a fortress, seated on a high rock. The only street through which we passed was narrow, and not very remarkable for its cleanliness. Whenever we came in sight of a town or village, it was a warning to prepare for close, unhealthy odours of every kind, and for broken roads, which shook the voiture from one side to the other. With the exception, however, of those in the villages and towns, the roads are perfectly superb, very much superior to those of France.

After passing out of Miranda, a range of mountains appeared directly before us, which we afterwards found to be of a remarkable character. At this moment (the sun was just appearing) those in front of us looked dark and barren, masses of gray clouds reposing all along their ridges. But to the left were seen mountains, whose tops were dyed in saffron and gold—tops, some of which consisted of piles of dark gray naked stone, and towered to the skies, like castles and battlements hoary with antiquity. On the right lay, at a distance, a third range, sweeping in the form of a semi-circle, its lower declivities green with pastures and corn-land, while its higher ascents and summits appeared to be covered with a brown mould, unfriendly to the toil of the husbandman. The rays of the morning soon pierced the hollows of

these mountains, giving their unfruitful breasts to view, and forming strong contrasts between them and the light green fields that lay sheltered at their feet. November.

As we penetrated the mountain through which the straight road lay, we found it consisting mostly of immense rocks, piled horizontally one over the other, or standing perpendicularly, presenting a thousand shapes, and giving this part of the country a very peculiar character. It is while passing the village of Ameyubo that the traveller first perceives the wild and druidical aspect of these mountains. The road, after passing over a bridge, beneath which rushes an impetuous current, winds through the pass of Pancorvo, which would seem to have been formed and decorated by nature herself. Rocks, or rather immense slabs and blocks, rise to an amazing height on each side; some rough, like grotto-work—some slanting and fluted—some shaped like hideous monsters, couched near each other, their heads scowling down on the road, as if they were placed there to defend it; some of gigantic dimensions stand erect like sentinels on each side of the pass; some project over it, whose weight, if they fell, would have crushed our voiture, mules and all, to dust; some appear like pillars of Cyclopean gates, and some like the remains of ruined arches. There is one group of four or five hundred smaller rocks, which occupies the whole side of one of these mountains, and it required no imagination to assign to them the shapes of so many human beings, enveloped in hoods and mantles, some in prayer, some in meditation, but all as if occupied with the progress of some dreadful incantation, which they feared, yet dared to celebrate. Men and mules, moving through these strange scenes, appeared reduced to diminutive forms, and the works of men standing among them looked like the playthings of an infant.

After passing Pancorvo, this singular range of rocks con-



November. tinues on the right hand, but its summits and sides are covered with a black and barren mould; and though the weather was remarkably fine, and those summits are not very high, they were covered with dense mists, which brooded upon them all the day long. The left was bounded by hills of an inky hue, extensively cultivated, and forming in the gentleness and kindliness of their aspect an agreeable contrast with those on the opposite side.

In the early part of the afternoon we stopped to dine at Santa Maria, a small village. While dinner was preparing, and we were all standing in the shade, avoiding the heat of the sun, which was intense, a way-worn traveller came up and told us a long story of a robbery which was committed upon him near Tudela, in Navarre. Three of the robbers, or factious, for they are synonymous in Spain, ran after him, he said, suddenly from beneath the arch of a dry bridge, where they had concealed themselves. They plundered him of his little money and baggage, and made him exchange his good jacket for a vile one which one of them wore.

20th. The road from Santa Maria to Pradano, where we stopped for the night, was uninteresting. At the latter place we found the posada indifferent, and left it an early hour on the following morning. We arrived at Burgos at noon. The famous citadel of this place, which is now in ruins, was seated on the peak of a high hill, immediately over the town, made higher by artificial additions, and so steep, that to climb it is a work of considerable difficulty. The fortifications appear to have been most skilfully planned, and, to all appearance, impregnable. But nothing now remains of their towers, and curtains, and ramparts, save the traces of their foundations, and a small part of a castle and wall on the side towards the town. In these, some round apertures, perforated by the English artillery, still remain; but, with

one or two inconsiderable exceptions, the other parts of November. those once formidable walls are utterly demolished. The Cathedral of Burgos is a curious and, in some respects, a magnificent building. It is most elaborately ornamented on the outside with various figures, and its interior is decorated with equal minuteness. In the choir are two bronze pulpits; the great altar is magnificent, and nearly over it is suspended the famous standard of the Cross, which is said to have witnessed the death of upwards of two hundred thousand Saracens. In the vestry we were shown an old trunk, covered with red calf-skin and bound with iron clasps, which we were told had been once the military chest of the celebrated Cid. There are one or two handsome streets in Burgos, particularly that which runs along the side of the river. We left Burgos after a stay of two hours; and, after traversing a series of hills and plains, barren and uncultivated, covered with heath and broom, we arrived for the night at the petty miserable village of Cohillo.

We were now pretty well acquainted with the disadvantages of travelling in a country reputed to be disturbed. Every body with whom we had to do turned this state of things, in some way or other, to the purposes of profit. If the auberge were not well provided, the excuse was, that either the factious had taken away their stores, or they had none, for fear they should be taken away. Our arrangements with the voiturier we also found to have been little better than a gross deception on his part. We allowed him liberally for our expenses on the road; but in return he set us down at the very worst auberges to which his experience could direct him, in order that he might make the most of his bargain. At Cohillo a supper was served, which not even native Spaniards could touch. Imagine us all seated round a rickety deal table, covered with an old, torn, stained green baize, upon which were placed a soiled cloth, a bowl

November. of pottage, the odour of which was of itself an antidote to hunger, and a round deep dish of baked clay, in which were huddled together shreds of meat and vegetables exhausted of their nutriment. Two knives, three pewter forks, with one wooden spoon, were the only utensils upon which we could reckon, had we been disposed to use them. The room was little larger than the table. On each side were two bed-rooms, and on the same floor were the kitchen, the landlady's bed-room, and another sleeping-room, full of strange faces of carriers, muleteers, and pedestrian travellers, all very proper or very dangerous men for aught we knew. The hostess, an immense muscular woman, with a face as red as the fire at which she cooked our supper, and a voice as rude as the noise of a door creaking on rusty hinges, completely ruled every thing and every body. She abused us all in the lump, for not eating of the dishes she had so much trouble in preparing; and from the time we entered her auberge until we left it, her tongue never ceased to wage war, except for the hour or two that it was subdued by slumber. The only symptom of gentleness about this horrid place was one of our attendants, a little girl of about nine or ten years of age; she was of slender figure, a mild and beautiful countenance, animated by eyes of dark hazel; her brown hair was negligently folded up on her head, her bodice was laced, in the old Spanish fashion, across the breast, and round her neck hung a silver cross, a locket, and one or two little silver trinkets. Her person, though cruelly neglected, seemed to belong to a very different sphere from that in which she was now placed. She was assisted by another little girl about her own age, quite a contrast to her in appearance, with rough hair, and a pallid fierce countenance; both seemed to be timorously submissive to the hostess, and performed the few duties with which they were troubled as if they were frightened at what they were doing. It was

observable that the only occasions on which our hostess November. spoke in any thing like woman's accent were when she addressed the pretty little girl; to the other she was as rude as to any body else.

We left this miserable place at three o'clock in the morning, and when the day appeared, we found ourselves in the midst of a hilly, heathy, barren country, offering no object, even of wild nature, worthy of notice. Passed through Lerma, a small wretched village, near which is a seat of the Duke del Infantado, and a convent for females, which is surrounded by a high wall. After leaving this village, the country all around is a complete desert; not a trace of cultivation to be seen any where, except the superb road we were traversing—not a sign of population, except that now and then we met peasants returning from the woods, their axes in their hands, and their donkies laden with fuel. To live, and to remove from the fire as seldom as possible, seemed to be the only objects in the world which these miserable-looking peasants cared about. There are vast tracts of land around them, which a little industry would render productive of corn and vines; it is painful to see how they have been neglected. In passing through them, one asks if this be Spain—a country so long subject to a regular government? And if it be, how has it come to pass that such extensive tracts of lands have never been reclaimed from their original state? Such is the aspect of the country, with very little variation, all the way to Aranda de Duero; where we found quarters, of which we had no right to complain after those of Cohillo. Aranda is among the considerable towns of Old Castile.

21st.

The nearer we advanced towards the metropolis, the aspect of the country became ruder, and the posadas still more incommodious and more miserable. After leaving Aranda, indeed, we saw a few vines for the first time, and a few fertile hills moderately cultivated. But, though the greater

22d.

November.

part of the country is evidently capable of producing vines, fruit-trees, and even, in many places, corn, it is left a mere waste—not a cottage to be seen for many miles, nor the least sign of industry. Extensive pastures without a sheep upon them, lands warmed by a genial sun, and irrigated by numerous streams, spread themselves every where around, inviting the attention of the husbandman, but inviting it in vain.

After ascending a considerable height, we came in view of the range of mountains called the Somosierra, whose tops were slightly sprinkled with the first snow of the season. Some plains on the right and left were cultivated, and the distant hills were here and there whitened with flocks of sheep. While ascending the Somosierra, we wound round the foot of one of its mountains, and came suddenly over an extensive vale on the right hand, which presented an interesting contrast to the snow-crowned mountains above it, and to the country through which we had been travelling for the last three days. In the middle of this valley stood a village, with a handsome church, near which was a bridge, thrown across a wide tranquil stream. The current came down from a distant hill, and, after meandering through the village, separated into several lesser streams, which flowed through corn lands and pastures, giving their surface a fresh and tender shade of green, seldom to be seen in Spain.

The night began to draw in as we penetrated the high and lonely mountains of the Somosierra. In one of its most solitary passes we overtook a party of villagers, who were returning from the woods. They were driving before them a number of donkies laden with faggots, and carried their axes on their shoulders. Several of them looked with prying curiosity into the voiture—very probably deliberating whether they ought not to levy a tribute on the travellers. The moon was shining brightly above our heads, in a cold frosty sky, a circumstance which was rather unfavourable to their