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CONTENTS.

The Province; Character of the Country and Natives; the Mesta and Merinos; the Swine, Locusts, and Doves.

The chief objects in this too little visited province are the battle-fields of Badajoz, Arroyo Molinos, and Almaraz; the Roman antiquities of Merida, Alcantara, Coria, and Capara; the geology at Logrosan; the convents of Guadalupe, Yuste, the valley of the Batuecas, and scenery near Plasencia. The Springs and Autumns are the best seasons for travelling.

THE province of *Estremadura* was so called (like Etruria—the ελερα ὄρια) from being the *Extrema Ora*, the last and *extreme* conquest of Alonso IX. made in 1228. It lies to the W. of the Castiles, on the Portuguese frontier. The average length is some 190 miles, and breadth 90. The Tagus and Guadiana, flowing E. and W., both noble rivers, which might be rendered navigable, and would be made so in any other country, divide it into two; the former passing through Estremadura *Alta* or upper, the latter through Estremadura *Baja* or lower. The upper province is a continuous layer of slates intercalated with beds of fine quartzite and granite. In both, vast districts of land fertile in themselves, and under a beneficent climate, are abandoned to sheep-walks, or left as uninhabited wastes overgrown with aromatic underwood, yet the finest

wheat might be raised here, and under the Romans and Moors this province was both a granary and a garden, and it is still called by the gipsies *Chin del Manro*, "the land of corn." The Spaniards have pretty well converted this Arabia Felix into a desert: its very existence seems to be forgotten by the government at Madrid. Except in the immediate vicinity of towns, so few labourers appear that production, be it of weed or grain, seems rather the caprice or bounty of Nature than the work of man; meantime the lonely *dehesas y despoblados* are absolute preserves for the naturalist and sportsman: everything displays the exuberant vigour of the sun, and a soil teeming with life and food, and neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance. The swampy banks of the Guadiana offer good wild-fowl shooting in winter, but in summer they are infected with fever and agues, mosquitos, and other light militia of the air and earth.

In proportion as the animal creature abounds, man is rare, and the scanty population of Estremadura ranges at about 600,000, which is scarcely at the rate of 350 souls to the square league. The *Estremeños* live in little intercommunication with the rest of mankind. Easily contented, and with few wants, the peasants have hardly any motives to better their condition; indifferent even to the commonest comforts, the half-employed population vegetates without manufactures or commerce, except in the bacon and the smuggler line.

The cities are few and dull; the roads are made by sheep, not men; and the inns mere stables for beasts; yet the *Estremeños* are simple, indolent, kind-hearted, and contented; civil and courteous, they offer a mixture between the gay swaggering Andalucian and the serious proud Castilian. Nevertheless, when urged by an adequate stimulant, avarice for instance, they are capable of great exertion. Thus, from the swineherds of Trujillo and Medellin, Pizarro and Cortes—great men, called for and created by great times—sallied forth to conquer and christianise a new world; and thousands of their *paisanos*, or fellow-countrymen, allured by their success and by visions of red gold, followed their example, insomuch that Spanish authors, who did not dare hint the truth, ascribed the depopulated condition of the province to this outpouring; but colonization never thins a vigorous well-conditioned mother state. *Bad government*, civil and religious, was the real cause of this abomination of desolation, which all who run in Estremadura may read.

A peculiar curse was superadded to Estremadura in the *Mesta* or migratory system of Merino sheep; these are the true flocks of the nomade Bedouin, and to wander about without house or home, check or hindrance, suits the Oriental habits alike of men and beasts. The origin is stated to have been after this wise: when the Spaniards in the thirteenth century expelled from these parts the industrious Moors, they razed the cities and razzia'd the country, while those inhabitants who were not massacred were driven away to die in slavery, thus the conquerors made a solitude calling it pacification. Vast tracts previously in cultivation were then abandoned, and nature, here prolific, soon obliterating the furrows of man, resumed her rights, covered the soil with aromatic weeds, and gave it up to the wild birds and beasts. Such were the *talas*, a true Moorish word *talah*, "death, extermination;" and where an Oriental army sets its foot the earth is seared as by a thunderbolt, and the grass will never grow. Only a small portion of the country was recultivated by the lazy, ignorant, soldier conquerors; and the new population, scanty as it was, was almost swept away by a plague in 1348, after which fifty whole districts were left unclaimed; these were termed *Valdios*—from *Baledo*, uncultivated—a truly Moorish term, *Batele* signifying "worthless" in the Arabic, whence the Spanish term *de Valde*. These unclaimed, uninhabited pasturages attracted the highland shepherds of Leon and the Castiles, who drove down their flocks to them

as to a milder winter quarter, returning to their cool hills on the return of scorching summer; hence by degrees a prescriptive right of agistment was claimed over these *commons*, and the districts were *retazados*, or set apart and apportioned. This system, suggested naturally by the climate and country, like that of the *trattari* in the Abruzzi which existed in the time of the Romans, is of remote antiquity. As the owners of the flocks were powerful nobles and convents, the poor peasants in vain opposed such overwhelming influence; and however Spanish political economists may find fault it is very questionable, supposing this lucrative wool-system had been put down, whether there would have been more stacks of corn: certainly there would have been fewer flocks of sheep and less wool, as now is the case.

As infinite disputes arose between the wandering shepherd and the fixed cultivator, a compromise was effected in 1556, whereby the privileges of a few sheep proprietors, like the hunting laws of our Norman tyrants, prevailed. The peculiar jurisdiction, the *Consejo de la Mesta*, one coeval with the monarchy, was finally suppressed in 1834, when the General Cattle Association was placed under the ordinary tribunals. The term *Merino* is said to be derived from *Marino*—quasi ultra-marine—because the original breed of sheep was imported by sea from England, under our Henry II., while others derive it from *Imri*, the far-famed flocks of Palestine. Sheep certainly formed part of the primitive portion—*pecus unde pecunia*—given in 1394 by John of Gaunt when his daughter Catherine married the heir of Enrique III. The Bætican wools, however, were long before celebrated, and a ram sold for a talent in the days of Strabo, iii. 213, but no doubt the breed was improved by the English cross. The sheep, *Ganado* (Arabicè *Ganam*, cattle), were called *trashumantes*, from the ground they go over. These flocks were generally divided into detachments, *Cabañas* (Arabicè a tent), of about 10,000 each. Their highland summer quarters, *Agostaderos*, were quitted about October for their *Invernadores*, or winter ones, in the warm plains. Each *Cabaña* was managed by a *Mayoral*, a conductor—the Italian fattore—who had under him 50 shepherds and 50 huge dogs. Some flocks travelled more than 150 leagues, performing from 2 to 4 leagues a day, and occupying 40 days in the journey. At the "folding star of eve," they were penned in with rope-nettings of *esparto*, and a most picturesque Oriental "watching of flocks by night" took place. By the laws of the Mesta a *Cañada de Paso*, or free sheep-walk, 90 paces wide, was left on each side of the highway, which entirely prevented enclosure and good husbandry. The animals soon knew their quarters, and returned year after year of their own accord to the same localities. In April their migratory instinct rendered them restless, and if not guided, they set forth unattended to the cooler hills. When they first arrived at their ground, salt was placed on flat stones at the rate of a *fanega*, or about a cwt., for every 100 sheep. This they licked eagerly, and it improved their appetites. They were shorn, *trasquilados*, about May: the shearing, *el Esquilmo*, was an epoch of primitive and Oriental festivities. The sheep which migrated had the finest fleece; those that remained at home produced a coarser wool, a *lana basta*. The rams gave the most; three fleeces averaged 25 lbs. The names of the animals numerous as those of Irish pigs, varied with the age: thus, the lambs were called *Corderos;* the two-year olds, *Borros;* the three, *Andruscos;* the four, *Tras-andruscos*. Their ages were ascertained by the number of teeth or *Palas;* at the fifth year they were called *Cerrados*, and after that *Reviejos*, and useless. The rams lost their teeth at eight years, and the ewes at five. In September the flocks were *Almagrados*, or daubed with a red earth from *Almarrazon*, which conduced to the fineness of the wool. In keeping up stock great care was taken in selecting rams with round bellies, and white soft wool, and the clean-faced ewes, *las Calvitas*, were

preferred. The ewes were put to the rams, *Morruecos* (possibly so called from having been imported from Morocco—*Marrekosh*), about the end of June, when six rams sufficed for 100 ewes: they remained together a month. They lambed in their winter quarters: March was a very busy month with the shepherds, who then marked their flocks, cut the lambs' tails, and tipped their rams' horns. The sheep were always on the move, as they sought grass, which was scarce, and would not touch thyme, which is abundant. The flesh was bad, as no Estremenian ever has dreamed of putting a Merino fleece on a Southdown carcass, for however curious in pork, they just take their mutton as the gods provide it. The shepherds are mere brutes, like the animals with whom they live, and in whose skins they are clothed. They refute those pastorals in which the sentiments of civilization are placed in the mouths of the veriest clods of earth. These shepherds never dwell in cities, seldom marry, and thus in nowise contribute to population, which is so much wanted, or to any arts that refine, which are so scarce. When not asleep or eating they stand still, fixed, silent, and silly as their own sheep, leaning on their episcopal crooks, and only good for an artist's foreground or a poet's stanza; and in truth they have a most patriarchal appearance, and form the very type of a St. John in the Wilderness or the National Gallery. Their talk is about rams and ewes: they know every one of their sheep, although lambs, like babies, appear all alike except to a nurse's eye, and the sheep know them: all this is very Oriental; and this idle avocation and pasturage in general, is more popular in these districts than tillage, for the latter requires a fixed residence, foresight, some machinery, much bodily labour, while in pastorals, Nature, which provides the green herb, does the chief work; therefore to tend cattle is the joy of the roving nomad, whether of those living in the *Dehesas* of Estremadura, or of the *Bedowi* of Arabia. For the Mesta consult '*Libro de las Leyes del Consejo de la Mesta*,' folio, Madrid, 1609; also Bowles, '*Sobre el Ganado Merino*,' p. 501; and the '*Viaje*' of Ponz (let. 7).

Second only to the sheep are the swine of Estremadura, for this province is a porcine paradise, and the Hampshire of Spain; and here again Nature lends her aid, as vast districts are covered with woods of oak, beech, and chestnut. These parklike scenes have small charms for the eyes of the natives, who, blind to the picturesque, only are thinking of the number of pigs which can be fattened on the mast and acorns. The *Jamones*, hams, the bacon, *Tocino* (Arabicè *Tachim*, fat), and the sausages of Estremadura have always and deservedly been celebrated. They were περνη διαφορη of classical eulogy. This is the *Perna* by which Horace, too, was restored (ii. S. 4, 61); but Anacreon, like a vinous Greek, preferred for inspiration the contents of the pig-skin to the pig. Lope de Vega, according to his biographer Montalvan, never could write poetry unless inspired by a rasher. "*Toda es cosa vil*," said he, "*adonde falta un pernil*." Be that as it may, the *Matanza* or pig-slaughter takes place about the 10th and 11th of November, at their particular saint's day, *el San Andres*, for *á cada puerco su San Martin*, and they have then been fattened with the sweet acorn, *Bellota* (Arabicè Bollŏta Bollŏt). Belot Belotin is the Scriptural term both for the tree and the glands, and the latter, with water, formed the primitive dietary of the poor Iberians (Tibullus ii. 3, 71). Bread was also made out of them when dry and ground (Strabo iii. 223). When fresh they were served at dinner in the second course (Pliny, 'N. H.' xvi. 5). Sancho Panza's wife was therefore quite classical when she sent some to the duchess, and they furnished the text to Don Quixote's charming discourse on the golden age, and joys of a pastoral life. Now the chief consumers are the juvenile Estremenians and the pigs; the latter are turned out in legions from the villages, which more correctly may be termed coalitions of pigsties: they

return from the woods at night,—glande sues læti redeunt,—and of their own accord, like the cattle of Juno (Livy xxiv. 3). On entering the hamlet, all set off at a full gallop, like a legion possessed by devils, in a handicap for home, into which each single pig turns, never making a mistake; there he is welcomed like a prodigal son or a domestic father. These homesick droves will really sometimes in their runs carry an unwary stranger off his legs, as befell Don Quixote (ii. 68) when swept away by the *piára gruñidora*. These pigs are the pets of the peasants, they are brought up with their children, and partake, as in Ireland, in the domestic discomforts of their cabins; they are universally respected, and justly, for it is this animal—propter convivia natum—who pays the "rint." They, in truth, as at Sorrento, are the citizens, while Estremenian man in fact is a secondary formation, and was created to tend these swine; these animals lead the once happy life of the Toledan cathedral dignitaries, with the additional advantage of becoming more valuable when dead. The bacon of Catholic Spain is most orthodox: abhorred by Jew and infidel, it was the test of the true Christian.

The quantities of *Chorizo* and *Pimentesco* eaten in Estremadura produce carbuncles. The Spaniards, however, although tremendous consumers of the pig, whether in the salted form or from the skin, have to the full the Oriental abhorrence to the unclean animal in the *abstract*. In delicate parlance he never was named except with an excuse, *con perdon sea dicho*. *Muy puerco* (like the Moslem *Haluf*) is their last expression for all that is most dirty, or disgusting. *Muy cochina* never is forgiven, if applied to woman. It is equivalent to *vacca* or cow of the Italians, or to the canine feminine compliment bandied among our fair sex at Billingsgate, nor does the epithet imply moral purity or chastity. Montanches is the chief place for the ham and bacon commerce of Estremadura, refer therefore to it for prices current, &c.

The geology and botany of Estremadura are little known, and this remote province is generally made the *habitat* of all unknown animals—*omne ignotum pro Extremense;* insects and wild animals breed securely in the *montes dehesas y jarales*, where no entomologist or sportsman destroys them. Thus the locust, *langosta*, and all the tuneful tribe of *Cicalas*, enliven the solitudes with their rejoicings at the heat, insomuch that the phrase indicative of their chirping, *canta la chicharra*, whose song serves but to make the silence heard, is synonymous with our expression the "dog-days." Here the insect is indigenous. Instinct teaches the female never to deposit her eggs in ground that has been cultivated. Their gaudy, delicate, rose-coloured wings seem painted by the sun, and rustle like dry leaves. The Arabs imagine that they can read in the transparent fibres the words, "We are the destroying army of Allah." A "garden of Eden lies before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." The Spaniards also imagine they can read *Ira de Dios* in the fibres of the wings, that wrath of God, which they execute with their mouths. These insects destroy more even than they consume; sparing no green herb except the red *tomato*, which is providential, as Spaniards half live on it. The Spaniards on their part will not eat the locust in retaliation, which the Moors do, especially the female with eggs, either pickled or boiled in salt water. This is an old Arab delicacy, and was accounted among the Jews (Levit. xi. 22) as a "clean meat," a sort of white bait. The taste is something like bad shrimps; some think this with wild honey formed the food of John the Baptist. But Spaniards prefer the *locust*-tree to the insect, and the pods and "husks" of the *Algarrobo* (see p. 362) fill the bellies of both the swine, the prodigal and the prudent sons of Valencia; the pigs of Estremadura eat both pod and insect; their masters wage war to the knife against the latter, sweeping them up and burning them in heaps like heretics; their holy church assists. San Gregorio of Ostia is the special advo-

cate. The Virgin's image also scares them, and generally some relic which the curate brings out, drives the invaders into the next parish, or usque in partibus infidelium: see '*Compendio de la Rioja*,' M. Anguiano, p. 323. Bowles (p. 238) has treated on some of their natural habits. The parents die after impregnation and incubation. As wet destroys the viscid matter in which the eggs are enveloped, and as heat is required to hatch them, these dry and arid plains are their natural breeding-ground, nor is there any agriculture to disturb the deposits.

Birds of prey of all kinds abound; and in the summer, flights of turtle-doves come over from Barbary to breed, and, as they are seldom molested, scarcely avoid man's approach, but coo about in pairs, images of connubial felicity. They alight in the wild olives, like the one sent forth from the ark by Noah. They are the doves of the West, who brought ambrosia to Jupiter (Ov. M. 63), and who retired to Africa to visit the temple of Venus. No man who has any poetry in his soul will make a pie of these pretty pigeons. Among other birds of rich colour may be cited the blue pie (*Pica cuanea*), *Mohiño;* the bee-eater (*Meriops apiaster*), *Abejaruco;* and the hoopoe (*Upupa*), *Abubilla.*

The entomology of Estremadura is equally endless and uninvestigated; the heavens and earth teem with the minute creation, and in these lonely wastes nature seems most busy where man is most idle; she is at work reproducing; and while no human voice disturbs the stillness, the balmy air resounds with the buzzing hum of multitudinous insects, which career about on their business of love or food without settlements or kitchens; happy in the fine weather, the joy of their tiny souls and short-lived pleasant existence. How sweet the air, how striking the silence and loneliness! A human being every now and then is seen, as if to show that the country is just not uninhabited. This province is very hot in the summer. The roads or sheep-tracks are solitary and safe: where there are few travellers except Merinos, why should there be robbers? Attend to the "provend." All fleshly comforts, barring *porcine* ones, are rare. The cities are poor and unsocial. The chief high roads run from Badajoz to Madrid and to Seville. The horse is elsewhere the best means of locomotion. Railroads are projected, *on paper*, from Madrid, through Toledo to Badajoz, and thence branching to Lisbon and Seville.

BADAJOZ, a dull unsocial town, pop. about 11,000, is the capital of its province. The best *fonda* is *de las Tres Naciones*, No. 30, Calle de la Moraleja. There are two *posadas* in the Calle de la Soledad; one *del Caballo Blanco*, the other *de Caballeros.* The best cafés are on the Plaza and near the theatre: consult '*Dialogos, patrios*,' &c. Rodrigo Dosma Delgado, 4to. Mad. 1601. The diligence between Madrid and Seville passes through Badajoz.

Badajoz is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago, and the residence of a captain-general of the province. This strong city rises about 300 ft. above the Guadiana, near the confluence of the streamlet Rivillas. The highest portion is crowned by a ruined Moorish castle. Long lines of walls descend to the river, while formidable bastions defend the land side. The river is crossed by a superb granite bridge, finished in 1596, from designs by Herrera, and strengthened by a *tête du pont*, and by the fortified height San Cristobal, which commands a fine view of Badajoz. The name was corrupted by the Moors from the Roman "Pax Augusta," Πεζανγουστα (Strabo iii. 225). Some wiseacres derive Badajoz from "Belad Aix," Arabicè the "land of health," it being that of ague; others prefer "Babgeuz," or "goz," Arabicè the "gate of walnuts," of which there are none.

Badajoz, distant about 5 m. from Portugal, is an important frontier-

place, and owes its chief interest to military events. Alonso IX. took it from the Moors in 1235. The Portuguese besieged it in 1660 and 1705. Kellermann and Victor failed before it in 1808 and 1809; Buonaparte, in 1810, ordered Soult to advance on Estremadura, to relieve Massena when arrested before Torres Vedras; the Duke, having foreseen the move, cautioned the Spanish Junta to be prepared. But Ballesteros, as if in mockery, was recalled by them into the South on the very day that Soult left Seville; soon the fortress of *Olivenza* was surrendered without a struggle by Manuel Herk; but *Badajoz* was commanded by Rafael Menacho, a brave man, and the strong garrison was assisted outside by an army under Gabriel Mendizabal; this blunderer also unfortunately neglected every suggestion of the Duke, and was surprised on the Gevora, "in the strongest position in the country," by Soult, who with only 5000 men utterly routed 11,000 Spaniards in an hour, losing himself only 400 men. As a trait of Spanish character it may be mentioned, that when the report was brought to Mendizabal that Soult had thrown a bridge across the Guadiana, he was playing at cards, and observed, "Then we will go and look at it *to-morrow!*" but *Mañana*, that morrow, saw the procrastinator surprised and crushed, for he had before neglected to entrench his position, although repeatedly urged to do so by the Duke. "All this would have been avoided had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards. They oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them." "The presumption, ignorance, and misconduct of these people are really too bad." "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned" (see Disp. vol. vii. *passim*). On the 4th of March Menacho was unfortunately killed, when José Imaz, his successor in command, sold the place to Soult, who, when he first beheld the tremendous defences, quietly remarked, "There are few forts so strong but what a mule laden with gold can get in," as his one soon did: *Aurum per medios ire satellites:* but Buonaparte and his sect, who railed so eloquently against *l'or de la perfide Albion*, never scrupled in war or peace to work against places or press with this metallic pickaxe, which our rulers, either too honest or too unread in Horace, most systematically neglect. Accordingly, when the purchase was handed over to Soult on the 10th, it included the city, citadel, 7155 men in garrison, provisions, &c. Yet the traitor Imaz knew, even on the 6th, that Massena was in full retreat before the English, and that Beresford was hastening with 20,000 men to his relief. Instead of availing himself of this intelligence, of which Soult was ignorant, he communicated the information to the French, and thus rescued them from ruin, and this at the precise moment when his coward-like countryman, La Peña, was saving Victor from disgrace at Barrosa. Had Badajoz been held by the Spaniards but a few short days only, Andalucia must have been evacuated by the French, and "*we*," as the Duke said, "should have saved Spain." "Its fall was certainly the most fatal event in the war" (Disp. Dec. 4, 1811). Soult's besieging Badajoz at all was a military error; he ought to have marched day and night to aid Massena before Torres Vedras, but jealousy of a brother marshal made him loiter halfway; and had Imaz been true, and Badajoz held out, Soult himself, like Massena, must have been crushed by the Duke. No sooner had the fortress been surrendered to Soult, than Beresford attempted its recovery. He failed, as even the indulgent Duke said, from "his unfortunate delay" (Disp. April 10, 1811); and when he had given the French time to render success impossible, he risked the needless battle of *Albuera*, and thus, as Napier proves, caused two subsequent years of most harassing operations to the Duke.

The Duke then determined to try what he could do himself, and, after

he had taken Ciudad Rodrigo, made his preparations with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe divined his plan. He pounced, March 16, 1812, on Badajoz, while Soult and Marmont were both too far separated to relieve it. The place, much strengthened, was defended by the brave Philippon and 5000 men. The French defence was splendid; there was no traitor Imaz now: but "no age," says Napier (xvi. 5), "ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed and carried Badajoz." The operations were so nicely calculated that Soult imagined the Duke must have intercepted some dispatch of Marmont's. He was delayed eleven precious days by unusually unfavourable weather and the misconduct of the Portuguese; the town of Elvas, although so close by, refusing to afford even means of transport.

The trenches were opened before Badajoz on March 16th; the *Picurina* outwork was heroically carried on the 24th by Gen. Kempt. Sheer British valour was left to do the work, for, from the neglect of our ministry at home, the army, as the Duke wrote, "was not capable of carrying on a regular siege." He sued Badajoz, said Picton, *in formâ pauperis*, beseeching not breaching; every day was precious, as Soult was advancing from Seville, and Marmont from Castile; thus, placed between two fires, the prize was to be snatched before they could effect a junction. April 6, the breaches in the bastions *Santa Trinidad* and *Santa Maria*, to the S.E., were declared practicable: at ten o'clock that night the assault, so well described by Napier (xvi. 5), was made; the obstacles were found to be so much more formidable than the engineers had reported, that no human force could have succeeded. Unfortunately too the hour fixed for the assault was obliged to be put back, whereby the brave troops, headed by Colville and Barnard, were mowed down by the French, secure behind new entrenchments and defences; even the scaling-ladders were found to be too short; but meanwhile the 5th division, under Walker, got in at the *San Vicente* bastion, which lies close on the river to the W.; and Picton, converting a feint into a real attack, carried the castle to the N.E., which Philippon had left comparatively undefended, never dreaming that it would be attempted. This possession decided the conflict. The French, now assailed both in flank and front, were lost, and Badajoz was won. The town, according to the usages of war and successful storm, was sacked, the Duke and the officers doing every thing to prevent excesses, until obliged himself to retire to escape being shot at by the infuriate soldiers. These sad events, deplorable, although unavoidable, are now coupled with San Sebastian by our calumniators, as horrors which a "barbarous, uncivilised" nation like the English alone could perpetrate; yet not a tithe of the atrocities of Lérida, Tarragona, Ucles, &c., was committed, nor did any British *Victor*, as at those and other places, set himself the example of lust, fire, rapine, and murder.

The English lost in killed and wounded 5000 men. Philippon retired to San Cristobal, and surrendered the next day, being treated by the Duke with the honour due to a brave opponent. The baffled and out-generaled marshals had now no safety but in retreat, so Marmont fell back on Salamanca, and Soult on Seville; then Hill advanced on *Almaraz*, and destroyed the forts, the enemy flying before him to Navalmoral. The British bayonet had thus again cleared a road to Andalucia, and the Duke prepared to rush on Soult at Albuera, where he would not have handled him à la Beresford, but his plans were marred by his *allies*. Ciudad Rodrigo was not provisioned, as the Spaniards had neglected even to move in the stores provided by the English! Thus, as at Talavera and elsewhere, he was baulked, thanks to *nosotros*, of his whole victory, and Soult was again rescued from annihilation. Now-a-days Madoz (iii. 26) deals with this splendid capture of Badajoz, in which no Spaniard took a