

part except first to sell it to Soult, and next save him from perdition, in two words: "Logró ocuparla,"—the Duke "managed to gain possession!"

The traveller should next cross the bridge, turn to the r. and ascend to the *San Cristobal*. The town presents a noble front, you may either pass the Guadiana in a boat near some limekilns, or return by the bridge to Badajoz and go out by the Merida gate; in front to the r. is the *Picurina*; whence the view is excellent, and between it and *las Pardeleras* are the quarries where the Duke stood during the unsuccessful murderous assault on the opposite very strong bastions of *Santa Maria* and *Trinidad*; to the l. is the *Sierra del Viento*, from whence Soult made his previous attack; at the W. extremity is *San Vicente*, by which Walker entered. Ascend the castle, which was the site of the ancient city. The *Plaza* underneath is a mixture of ruined Moorish and Spanish works, an abomination of desolation: part of the mosque with red brick arches, resembling those of Cordova, exists in the neglected crumbling castle: a lofty thin tower in the upper keep commands a view of the whole of what was the English position.

The cathedral, which has survived so many sieges, is heavy inside and outside, and was begun in 1248 by Alonso el Sabio; the façade is later, and was built in the Græco-Romano style, with Ionic pillars, and a statue of the Baptist: at a side portal is fixed, on a marble stone, the hammer which, when a canon was dying, used to be knocked before the passing-bell was introduced, the exact *Σημανδρον Σημειον* of the Greek Church. Observe a hard and indifferent picture of the Magdalen, by Mateo Cerezo: here considered a Vandyke. The *Capilla Santa Ana* has some damaged paintings by Luis de Morales, called *El Divino*, more from his painting subjects of divinity than from any divinity of painting: he was born at Badajoz early in the sixteenth century, and a street bears his name; here he was living in 1581, when Philip II., on his way to Lisbon,

sent for him and said, "You are very old, Morales." "And very poor, sire," was the reply; when Philip, a true patron of art, gave him an annual pension of 300 ducats, which he enjoyed until his death in 1586. He chiefly painted Saviours crowned with thorns, and Madonnas dolorosas; he finished highly, and was the Parmigianino of Spain, being defective in his lengthy drawing, and often dark and cold in colouring. Meantime in Spain, and still more out of it, every lanky small head of Christ with a brown skin and suffering expression, is ascribed to Morales, just as most old castles are to the Moors. He painted many large pictures also, which, from lying out of the way, are scarcely known (see *Puebla de la Calzada*, *Arroyo del Puerco*, and *Alcantara*). The French took away his four best from the cathedral, and those which they left have been repainted; observe a Crucifixion, with a Parmigianino-like old man. The cloister of the cathedral contains some singular arches and twisted pillars.

In the *Parroquia de la Concepcion* is a retouched Saviour with the Cross, and an injured Virgin and Child, painted in 1546 by Morales. In the *San Agustin* is the ludicrous tomb of the Marquis de Bai, the general of Philip V., who was so soundly beaten by Stanhope at Zaragoza, in 1710. The heroic deceased's effigy resembles a baboon in a periwig.

Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace—mark the blasphemy of such a creature taking such a name in vain—was born at Badajoz in 1768. Thus Estremadura, which once could furnish a Pizarro and Cortes to gain worlds, now, what a falling off! has become the cradle of an Imaz to barter its capital, and of a Godoy to bargain away its kingdom: to this thing of avarice and extravagance, Spain owes the impoverishment of her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose funds he seized, giving them government securities, which proved worthless, and while none were benefited save courtier sharks, the sick and orphan were despoiled. Godoy, like a foul beast of

prey, always craving and swallowing, yet always gaunt, needy, and hungry, plundered without scruple, and spent without advantage, *alieni appetens et sui profusus*. This Spanish Sejanus had the rare lot of being loved alike by Charles the dotard and by his Messalina wife, who indeed selected a vigorous *garde de corps* for her *minion* with more judgment than her husband did for his minister. Godoy made the sneaking peace with the French regicides, and became the tool of Buonaparte, who, by flattering the upstart's vanity, used him for his own purposes; and so entirely that the superstitious Spaniards believed it to be the effect of witchcraft. The king delegated to him his power and prestige in a country where, like a sultan, the king is everything. So the vizier aped the pride of birth, and flattering heralds, being well paid, soon derived his name from the illustrious Goth; Godoy quasi *Godoy*; *nobilis* tant me, *orti Gothorum ex sanguine reges*. After an exile and obscurity of thirty-six years, he was recalled to Madrid, in 1844, by Christina, the widow of Ferd. VII. whose bitterest enemy he had been, even aiming at his life and throne. This Godoy wrote his memoirs, which, translated into French by d'Esmeard, were published at Paris by Lavocat, in 5 vols.

The arms of *Badajoz* are the pillars of Hercules, and the motto *Plus Ultra*. This *beyond* has yet to be accomplished: Portugal is still the *angulus iste* of Spanish ambition; the want of this rounding corner is a real source of weakness, since its possession, with the outlets of the Tagus and Minho, would have done more for Spain than that of Italy or the Low Countries; now, instead of being a buttress to her, Portugal is a thorn in her side, and a vulnerable frontier. Philip II. knew this well, and pounced upon the prey, which was lost by his grandson Philip IV. when the clay-footed Colossus of Spain was tottering rapidly to its fall.

## ROUTE 56.—BADAJOZ TO LISBON.

Elvas . . . . .	3	
Alcaraviza . . . . .	4	7
Estremoz . . . . .	2	9
Venta del Duque . . . . .	3	12
Arrayolos . . . . .	3	15
Montemor novo . . . . .	3	18
Vendas novas . . . . .	4	22
A los Pegoes . . . . .	3	25
Aldea Gallega . . . . .	5	30
Lisboa . . . . .	5	35

This route, although not belonging to Spain, may be useful to those who wish, at Badajoz, to return to England by Lisbon; or, *vice versá*, to those who, having landed in Portugal, desire to visit Seville or Madrid. A French company has started a diligence between Badajoz and Lisbon, and profess to run it in 24 hrs.: they generally take 30. There is a sort of "refreshment room" at Vendas Novas. Attend to the provend: the roads and accommodations are Spanish. The Portuguese have never been anxious to facilitate the approaches of a dreaded neighbour. This journey, over wild aromatic dehesas, is to be ridden by a well-girt traveller in 3 days, sleeping at *Estremoz* and *Montemor*, both perched on their picturesque hills. There is an excellent inn at Lisbon, the hotel of Braganza, No. 36, Rua Do Thezouro Velho: it is kept by Charles Dyson, is clean, and has fireplaces; charges 9s. a-day. The "*Durand Hotel*," both here and at Cintra, is also well spoken of.

Those who only want just to set their foot in Portugal may ride over to *Elvas*, an imposing looking place on its garden-fringed height. Notice the noble aqueduct, and the N.W. bastion, with the graves of English officers. No Chinese wall of art, no natural Pyrenees, no deep Tagus, divides the antipathetic kingdoms, nor do the geography, geology, and botany indicate any separation: a small rivulet, the *Caya*, here called *Calle*, is the Rubicon, and parts those who speak the sonorous Castilian from the squeaking Lusitanian. The incompatible neighbours love not each other; their intense hatred and rivalry was sung

by Byron (Childe Harold, i. 33) and felt by Wellington:—

“But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.  
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
That peaceful still ’twixt bitterest foemen flow;  
For, proud each peasant as the noblest duke:  
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
’Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest of the  
low.”

“I have,” says the Duke (Disp. June 12, 1811), “had to contend with the ancient enmity between the Spaniards and Portuguese, which is more like that of cat and dog than anything else, and which no sense of common danger or common interest, or anything, can get the better of, even in individuals. The Spanish muleteers would rather serve a French division than convey provisions for a Portuguese division allied to us and them.” When the Peninsular war began, the English expected nothing from the one and everything from the other; for Spain, ignorant even of her own decay, and whose “national disease,” says the Duke, “is to boast of her strength,” took a high tone, and spoke as if Charles V. still presided at her councils; while Portugal, a smaller state, and always accustomed to rely on England for national existence, had the better sense to place her sons more fully in the arms of her great deliverer, until, in the words of the Duke (Disp. May 2, 1812), they were the next best troops in Spain to the British. His secret was, “Discipline and a system of good order, which can only be founded on regular pay, *food*, good care and clothing: hence the Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army; we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and *bellies* than to the instruction we have given them” (Disp. July 25, 1813).

These English fed and led Portingals faced and beat back even the French: what greater honour could they desire? Now that they have neither English beef, pay, nor leaders, they and their country are truly ineffi-

cient and *hors de combat*; and yet this paltry port-wine kingdom, which in a week would become either a Spanish or a French province, except backed by the alliance of England, occasionally out-herods even her neighbour in ingratitude, contumely, and violation of treaties; but her very weakness is her safeguard, and England, great and generous, passes over these offences as beneath her notice, and continues her forbearance and protection to prevent the common enemy of both becoming master; meanwhile the Spaniard despises the Portuguese, as God (says he) first made the Castilian, and then the Portuguese to wait upon him, the truth being just the reverse, as the Gallician Spaniards actually are the slaves and white niggers of the Portuguese.

From Badajoz you can ride to Alcantara, cross the Gevora to Villar del Rey, 5 L., thence to Aliseda, 6 L., a 13 hours' ride: Arroyo del Puerco, 2 L. (see p. 490).

ROUTE 57.—BADAJOZ TO MADRID.

Talavera la Real . . . . .	3	
Lobon . . . . .	2	.. 5
Perales . . . . .	1	.. 6
Merida . . . . .	3	.. 9
San Pedro . . . . .	2	.. 11
Va. de la Guia . . . . .	3	.. 14
Miajadas . . . . .	3	.. 17
Puerto de Santa Cruz . . . . .	3	.. 20
Trujillo . . . . .	3	.. 23
Carrascal . . . . .	2	.. 25
Jaraicejo . . . . .	2	.. 27
Puerto de Miravete . . . . .	2	.. 29
Almaraz . . . . .	2	.. 31
Navalmoral . . . . .	2	.. 33
Pajar del Rio . . . . .	3	.. 36
Torralba . . . . .	3	.. 39
Laguna del Conejo . . . . .	3	.. 42
Talavera de la Reina . . . . .	3	.. 45
Sotocochinos . . . . .	2	.. 47
El Bravo . . . . .	2	.. 49
Maqueda . . . . .	3	.. 52
Santa Cruz del Retamar . . . . .	2	.. 54
Valmojado . . . . .	3	.. 57
Navalcarnero . . . . .	2	.. 59
Móstoles . . . . .	2	.. 61
Madrid . . . . .	3	.. 64

This, the dilapidated *camino real* taken by the mail and diligence, is the best method of performing a long tiresome route. There is some talk of a new road from Badajoz to Trujillo, through Caceres; 2 L. will be saved, but then Merida, the great attraction to

artists and antiquarians, will be left out. Meanwhile the traveller going to Madrid should secure his place 2 days before the coach leaves Badajoz, and then ride over to *Merida*, remain a day, which is enough if he does not sketch, and be taken up there. The rest of the journey is uninteresting, save the victory-field of *Talavera*. Our urgent advice is to mount horse and make a charming tour from Merida to Alcantara, Coria, Plasencia, Yuste, thence taking up the diligence at Miravete or Talavera. Better still, to lengthen the circuit, from Plasencia to the Batuecas, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Avila, Segovia, and the Escorial.

The first 5 L. from Badajoz are over a dreary plain. The city and castle, on looking back, reminds one of Stirling. *Royal Talavera* is full of ague and poverty. Lovers of Morales *el Divino* might proceed by the opposite bank of the Guadiana to *Puebla de la Calzada*, 6 L. from Badajoz, to see his ten pictures of the passion of the Saviour, in the parish church.

MERIDA is a clean, cheap, dull, and decaying town; pop. some 3500. There are two inns: one is in the town, *Posada de Las Animas*; the other, *P. de Sa. Eulalia*, outside, and on the Madrid road: at this we always put up, from the fine view, and in order to drink the excellent red wine, which is something between claret and burgundy. *Merida* is the Rome of Spain in respect of stupendous monuments of antiquity—at every step we tread on some vestige of the past. There is perhaps but a day's work here for ordinary tourists, but antiquarians and architects may halt much longer. *Emerita Augusta* was built by the Legate Publius Carisius, in the year 23 B.C. Augustus here settled the veteran *Emeriti* of the 5th and 10th Legions, who had served in Cantabria. The city became the capital of Lusitania. Its splendour, as existing down to the 4th century, is described by Prudentius (*Peris*, iii. 3, 186), in his hymn on the death of the patroness Eulalia; this

Εὐλαλία, Olalla, O'Lalor, she of good discourse, must not be confounded with her namesake, the tutelary of Barcelona; the Eulalia, born here in 292, was one of the earliest female martyrs of Spain. Florez (*Esp. Sag.* xiii. 266) gives her biography. She was put to death when quite a child, but her miracles are worthy of a grown-up saint; for in the year 453, according to San Isidoro (*Chron. Æra*. 491), Theodoricus the Goth was deterred from plundering her city, from his fears that she might treat him as Ceres did the troops of Alexander at Miletus (*Val. Max.* i. 2). Santa Eulalia failed in our times, alas! when Merida was so often sacked by the invaders.

The real Goths used Emerita more kindly. Thus Sala, Duke of Toledo, repaired the Roman bridge in 686, at the request of Zenon the bishop. They here fixed the metropolitan see, a dignity which was transferred to Santiago in 1120: The town remained purely Roman; and such was its solid magnificence, and so unlike Oriental filigree, that Musa and the Moors who came to attack it, exclaimed, "All the world must have been called together to build such a city." "Who," says their Basis, "can tell the marvels of Merida?" The place resisted the infidel, because the inhabitants, seeing the white hairs of Musa, said he never could live to take it. Thereupon he dyed his locks, and appeared to them as a youth. Terrified at this miracle, the Emeritans surrendered Oct. 23, 715, on fair terms, and they retained their temples, creed, and bishops, for the Moors observed a good faith, never afterwards shown to them. They built the Alcazar in 835. The town was taken from them, Nov. 19, 1229, by Alonso el Sabio: from that day province and city date their decline; and now this locality, which under Roman and Moor was "*Urbe potens, populis locuples*," has under the sway of the Spaniard become poor and almost depopulated. Merida retains little but its name and the ruins of the past, and these are here considered as "*useless old stones*,"

and made a quarry by the corporation. Philip II., in 1580, going to Portugal, had, however, the good taste to see their merit, and ordered the celebrated architect *Juan de Herrera* to take admeasurements and make drawings, which were burnt in the palace at Madrid in 1734. In vain, again, at the instigation of the English ambassador at Lisbon, did Florida Blanca employ a Portuguese, one Manuel Vilena, to excavate: the thing dropped, and nothing was done, for Charles III., although the excavator of Pompeii, when king of Spain, caught the apathetic influence of the climate. However, some 104 inscriptions have been copied, and are preserved in the Academy of History at Madrid. 36 different coins were struck here (Cean Ber. 'S.' 393; Florez, 'Med.' i. 384). The common reverse is a "turreted gate," with the words "*Augusta Emerita*," which constitute the city arms. Observe over the prison door a curious ancient sculpture of this charge. Merida has been strangely neglected by our artists, architects, and authors, who too often only go over and over again the same beaten track: thus Beckford congratulates himself on "his happiness in sleeping through this journey;" while Southey, who could devote pages in his 'Letters' to reiterated details of his own bad eating and being eaten up himself by bugs, passed Merida by moonlight. "Ne l'imites pas," as Voltaire said to the Padre Pediculuso; but Southey, then very young, was much in love with a "milliner of Bath," whom these letters were meant to amuse, so not a flea escaped him. Baretti, also, when travelling in these parts, was so scarified by these tormentors that he likened them to the gentle craft of *Reviewers*, a boldish comparison for an author to make, and which Heaven forbend that we should imitate.

*Merida*, unique in Spain, in some points a rival of the eternal city itself, rises on the r. bank of the Guadiana, which is crossed by a Roman bridge of 81 arches, 2575 feet long, 26 broad, and 33 above the river: this is indeed

a bridge, and worthy of its builder, Trajan, a true Pontifex Maximus. From its long, low, and flat proportions, it has somewhat the air of a causeway. Repaired by Goth and Moor, it was not neglected by Philip III. in 1610, as the inscription in the portico on it records: it is built of granite with *bossage* work, *almohadillado*, or "pillowed." On an island in the river-bed up stream, is a Roman dyke of masonry, called *el tajamar*, and erected to protect the arches against inundations. This singular enclosure, said to have served as a market, is now given up to squeaking pigs and garrulous washerwomen. The Roman and Moorish Alcazar, or *tête du pont*, towers proudly with its palm-tree over the bank, as seen from this spot. Some of the arches of the bridge were destroyed, April, 1812, during the siege of Badajoz, in order to impede Marmont's advance to the relief. Here, in 1808, 800 gallant French kept at bay the entire forces of Cuesta for a month, although the river was fordable; and, to make the contrast more marked, this very same strong point was abandoned Jan. 8, 1811, by Mendizabal and his whole army, at the first sight of only the advanced guard of Soult, a feat which the Duke considered to be "surpassing anything that the Spaniards had yet done;" and this took place in Estremadura, where their local hero Paredes, according to Cervantes, stopped entire legions with his single sword.

Recrossing the bridge to the r. is the castle, built by the Romans, and added to by the Moors: afterwards it became the episcopal palace, then that of the Knights Templars, whence its present name, *el conventual*. In 1305, at their suppression, it was granted to the order of Santiago, whose *Provisor* resided in this frontier outpost. This edifice was gutted and ruined by the French, by whom Merida was constantly garrisoned, from its vicinity to Portugal, and by whom it was repeatedly injured, particularly by Gen. Reynier, who cut down even the ornamental Alameda; nor were even

the olives spared, although the source of existence to the poor peasantry. Then perished the ancient chapel in the *conventual*; the colossal thickness of the shattered walls is evidence of the villanous saltpetre of this Gaul, who destroyed what time and Goth had spared. There are now only the remains of a temple, and a court of granite pillars: in the centre of the enclosure is a square tank, and a descent to some ancient baths. The staircase is ornamented with Corinthian pillars and friezes, of inferior Roman sculpture. The gateway near the river has a marble tablet with an Arabic inscription.

The arch of Santiago, of vast size, 44 ft. high, built in the town by Trajan, is now a mere shell, having been stripped of its marble casing. Around, and heaped like a stonemason's yard, is some mutilated and neglected sculpture, *etiam periere ruinae*. Near this arch is the half-Roman, half-Moorish palace of the Conde de la Roca, a diplomat of Philip IV., and author of the '*Conquista de Sevilla*,' a poor aping in verse of Tasso: observe the granite blocks in the tower, and the Roman portions, now degraded into a stable. In the open patio is a painting, fast perishing, of the Conde presenting, in 1630, his credentials to the Doge of Venice: that of his colleague, Sir Henry Wootton, by Fialetti, is better preserved at Hampton Court. In the *Calle del Portillo*, No. 47, is a Roman mosaic pavement; at *la Casa de los Cerdos* is a well built up out of Corinthian fragments; so at the *Descalzos* and *Calvario* former temples have been used up by the monks as mere old stones. The *Casa de los Corvos* is constructed out of a temple dedicated to Diana: it was peripteral, with fluted granite pillars and Corinthian capitals; the interstices have been built in; the best view is from the garden. The granite of Estremadura is perishable: thus the angles are worn away like half-melted lumps of sugar, while the brick remains perfect. The modern house is also much dilapidated: thus all is going to a common

ruin. The absentee lord consigns it to the neglect of an unjust steward, who occupies a few rooms, as a mean insect creeps into the untenanted shell of the larger animal. *Cosas de España*.

The Forum was near the convent of *Descalzos*; the area and some shafts of columns only remain, for this huge convent was erected at the expense of antique remains; below ran the *Via lata*, *πλατεια*, *ὁδος πλατος*, the broad way to Salamanca, now called *Camino de Plata*, a corruption common in Spain. The Roman bridge of 4 arches which still crosses the rivulet *Albarregas*—*Alba regia*,—is quite perfect, 450 ft. long by 25 ft. wide; thus built for eternity the original pavement exists in spite of a traffic of 17 centuries. It runs close to the great aqueduct, and is one of the grandest remains of antiquity in the Peninsula: 10 arches with 37 shafts remain, some 90 ft. high; they are arched in 3 tiers, and made of brick and granite, the latter worked in bossage, the former in string courses. The magnitude of these colossal monuments is very impressive; they are the standards which the Romans have left whereby to measure their ambition, power, and intellect. Below still trickles the streamlet, *labitur et labetur*, and so will it flow gently on, when even these gigantic ruins shall have crumbled away. There is indeed a sermon in these stones, and the idea of the once mistress of the world rules even in decay. How, when all this greatness has vanished, can any one fret about the petty griefs of his brief hour? This indeed is a lonely scene, a thing of the past; the wild figs amid the weeds and crumbling ruins attest the fertility of nature and the neglect of man: all is silent save when the frog croaks in the swamp, and the stork\* clicks his bill from the top

\* The stork is a common visitor in the warm localities of Spain, and, as among the ancients and orientals, is a privileged guest bird, and is never disturbed. It usually builds on the church belfries, *tuto ciconia nido*, and therefore is held out by the priests to the people as an example to be followed in selection of abodes; *but detrás de la cruz está el diablo*.

arches, on which his unmolested nest is built: well may the natives call these *los Milagros*; as to them indeed they are *miracles* and the works of giants, which they can scarcely even destroy.

Here let the stranger sit and muse of a still evening, as we have often done—these monuments, like himself, have nothing to do with the present Emeritan, on whom their poetry and attractions are lost; these mighty relics, which have defied ages, are of a different age and people, and have outlived the names of their founders, yet there they stand gray and shattered, but upright and supporting nothing now but the weight of centuries. Above them is spread, like a curtain, the blue sky, beautiful and bright as at the first dawn of the creation, for nature decays not; yet perhaps these arches never, even when perfect, were so touchingly picturesque as now; the Vandal has destroyed their proportions, but time—and who paints like it?—has healed the scars with lichens, and tinted the weather-beaten fragments; their former glory is indeed subdued, but how tender the pity which the past conjures up. Woe to him who disenchants this scene by measuring proportions with line and rule or geologising materials! Thankfully let all the poetry be enjoyed for itself and in the bliss of ignorance, unworried by the jargon of Ciceronis and professors prosy: the charm of antiquity, the privilege of the ancient of days, and the one denied to man, whose life is but a span, here satisfies.

This was only one of the many Roman aqueducts of Merida which poured in rivers; another crosses the Madrid road, of which only 3 shafts remain, as if to shame, by prodigal solidity, the rambling make-shift modern aqueduct built out of its relics by the Maestro Esquivel under Philip II., in which poverty of material keeps pace with the decay of power and taste. It conveys water from *el Borbollon*, a spring which rises about 2 L. from *Merida*, near the village *Truxillanos*.

The Romans perfectly understood

that water conveyed in pipes would rise to its level (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxi. 6). Pipes, however, are more easily cut off by besiegers, and utility and solidity were the principles of the Roman architecture; the construction of roads and aqueducts "made a name" to generals, whose severe, unpliant character delighted in defying and conquering natural difficulties, and the work gave occupation to their soldiers, *propter otium castrense*. Many aqueducts exist in thirsty Spain, as their public utility has led to their preservation, and to their repair when broken from military reasons.

Beyond these 3 shafts, and passing the hermitage of *San Lazaro*, the *Circus Maximus* lies in a hollow to the rt. of the Madrid road, and is so well preserved that a chariot-race might easily be given there. The area of this hippodrome is now a corn-field, but the central elevation on which the *spina, metae, &c.*, were elevated, is perfect with its original pavement. The whole length is some 1356 ft. by 335. The outer walls are of prodigious thickness: the 8 tiers or rows of seats for spectators still remain. The view of *Merida* from the hillock above is charming.

Continuing outside the town to the E. is the theatre, called *las siete Sillas*, from the seven divisions of the seats: it is also almost perfect, nothing is wanting but the proscenium. The vomitories are quite uninjured; observe the singular holes cut in the stones. The Spaniards, by adding to the stern solidity of the Roman work another half-circle in paltry brick nogging, had turned this theatre into a *Plaza de Toros*; this the French destroyed, and the modern portion is now a worse ruin than the ancient one: near it is what was the amphitheatre, or, as some contend, the Naumachia: it has been much used up both by the Moors and Spaniards as a quarry. When last we were there, a bacon-eating keeper of pigs had constructed in it a sort of shed, and was a living type of the oriental idea of an outcast, "who

lodges in monuments and eats swine's flesh" (Isaiah lxxv. 4).

Opposite to the *posada*, on the Madrid road, is the convent of Santa Eulalia. *El Hornito*, the "little oven," in which the good little martyr girl was baked, was converted into a chapel in 1612. The portico is low and disproportioned: observe the peculiar purple-streaked truncated pillars: an ancient inscription runs thus, "Marti Sacrum Vetilla Paculi;" while a modern one records the easy transfer from the Pagan to the Papal system, "Jam non Marti sed Jesu Christo, D. Op. M. ejusque sponsæ, Eulal. VR. MR. denuo consecratum." The pillar in the *Campo de San Juan* was raised in 1646: all these works are made in bad taste out of the *disjecta membra* of ancient temples and fragments, brought from the temple of Mars on the Plaza now dedicated to Santiago, and of other Roman capitals and altars piled one above another. As is the creed, so are the temples, a pasticcio; and thus are the crumbs of Paganism served up again, thus Mars and Diana are now displaced, or metamorphosed into Santiago and Eulalia, in principle the same, *mutato nomine tantum*. The adjoining church, dedicated to Santa Eulalia, is said to be of the 4th century: observe the Gothic portal and singular capitals of pillars; on each side of the high altar are ancient chapels. That to the l. belongs to the *de Roca* family. There are other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Merida: first, those mighty "pools" or water reservoirs, *el lago de Proserpina*, or the *Charca de la Albufera*, which lies about 1 L. N. The granite wall which dams up the water is gigantic. The towers, by which staircases lead down into the huge tank, are called *los Bocines*. There is another Roman reservoir near *Truxillanos* 2 L., which is called *Albuera de Cornalvo*; it is smaller than the *Charca*, but equally colossal in style of execution. The rows of steps have induced some antiquarians to imagine that Naumachia were performed here.

There is a local history, a thick 4to.

of 672 pages, '*Historia de la Ciudad de Merida*,' Barnabe Moreno de Vargas, Mad. 1633, by whom (its Corregidor) also was edited in 4to. Mad. 1633, the '*Emeritensis Liber*,' written by Paulus Diaconus. Consult also '*Advertencias de Merida*,' Juan Gomez Bravo, 4to., Florencia, 1638. The different antiquities are carefully described by Cean Bermudez, 'Sum.' 384.

Those who wish to visit the phosphorite deposit at *Logrosan* and the convent of *Guadalupe* (see Rte. 58) will only take their places from *Merida* on to *Trujillo*. Those who proceed at once to Madrid may sleep, like Beckford, if they can, or if the *mala gente* will let them, for the first stage is usually called "*El confessorio de S<sup>n</sup> Pedro*," from the number of travellers sent by bandits to that bourn from whence none return, with and without previous confession. The Duke soon settled them: "I hear there is a band of robbers between Trujillo and Merida, who are playing the devil: desire Penne Villemur to destroy this people." Those who are riding may make an excursion to *Medellin*, which lies about 5 L. to the rt.: those who do not will pass on to page 482.

*Medellin*, before it was sacked by Victor, one of the most flourishing towns of this district, is now wretched and decayed: pop. about 800. There is a large but ruined castle on the hill, which commands a most extensive panorama; below flows the Guadiana, which has a bridge built in 1636, now much out of order. The remains of an old Roman one are visible: consult '*Historia y Santos*,' Juan Solano de Figuerroa, 4to., Mad. 1650. Hernando Cortes was born here in 1485, for whose life and deeds see Prescott's excellent work, the '*Conquest of Mexico*,' i. 208. His dispatches have been translated and published at New York by G. Folsom. His family chapel remains at *Medellin* in the San Francisco.

The rise, career, and end of Cortes, were truly Moorish. Elevated from nothing, he, like Musa or Tarik, con-

quered kingdoms, trampled on foreign kings, and was rewarded by his own one with ingratitude. After 40 years passed, to use his own words, with little food, less sleep, his arms constantly at his side, he applied, when old, infirm, and embarrassed with debt, to Charles V. for aid: but his petition was not even answered, for Charles, dazzled by the gold of Peru, which Pizarro was sending home, undervalued the past services of a worn-out servant, and barely would give an audience to a man who had conquered for him more provinces than he before owned cities. But well did Humboldt remark, "We may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet a national monument which the public gratitude has raised either to Columbus or Cortes." Both, indeed, died broken-hearted at cutting coldness of neglect and thankless breach of promises.—*Cosas de España.*

Cortes was a fine specimen of a Spanish *Guerillero*: his types were Sertorius, Al-Mansúr, and the Cid. He was deeply impregnated with the combined principles of the Moslem conquest and propagandism. He began life as an adventurer, greedy only of gold, of the precious metal for itself; but he rose, when successful, to higher notions of glory and religion. Reckless, devoid alike of mercy, justice, or good faith, no laws, human or divine, ever arrested him in his advance. His system combined the Spanish *Algara*, or foray, with the Moorish *Algihad*, or crusade. He forced his Christianity on the conquered by the sword, but he was satisfied, like the Moslem, with mere nominal conversion, content with the admission of the new faith, and the mere passing from one creed to another, without any regard to the spirituality or real belief of the neophyte. His dispatches, oriental in language, breathe the stately tone of a cruel, arbitrary propagandist of the sword. This true representative of a Peninsular worthy, whether in turban, cowl, or plumed hat, carried out the besetting sins of

both Moor and Spaniard—avarice, cruelty, bloodshed, bigotry, and bad faith, gilded by a chivalrous, bold, lofty, adventurous daring and talent; and as he sowed, his descendants have reaped. Look on the picture and contrast presented by Spanish and English America; the former a Frankenstein abortion of a corrupted and corrupting parent, ignorant, superstitious, treaty-breaking, poverty-stricken, and turning its suicidal hand upon itself; the other rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, and giving birth to works which would do honour to the science and literature of the mother country.

Marshall Victor arrived at Medellin to avenge the manes of pillaged Mexicans, and to soothe the ghost of Montezuma by pulling down the natal house of Cortes, his murderer. In the fatal plain below, Cuesta risked, March 28, 1809, a battle, and was instantaneously put to indescribable rout. He had drawn up his forces in a line of 3 miles long, with no reserve, intending to "catch Victor in a net," and re-enact Baylen; but at the first charge 3 Spanish regiments turned, the whole cavalry following, Echevarri, of Alcolea disrepute, again leading the way in flight. According to Belmas (i. 68) the French loss in killed and wounded was only 240, while that of the Spaniards exceeded 10,000; for no quarter was given, indeed, the "épouvantable massacre" (Laborde, i. 124) and Victor's ferocious treatment of his prisoners led to the cant expression, "*à la Medellin.*" "*Le cruel Maréchal fit encore après la bataille fusiller 403 prisonniers*" (Schep. ii. 307); "*et l'infanterie, remplissant l'ouvrage déshonorant de bourreau, massacrait les blessés.*" The results of this day were unimportant, as Victor neglected military advantages in order to plunder *Guadalupe*, and to gratify a personal pique against his rival marshals: by not advancing rapidly into the now open Portugal, he contributed to the defeat of Soult at Oporto, and to his flight to Lugo, as also to the abandonment of Galicia and the Asturias by Ney.

The bodies of Victor's victims were left to the vulture, the Iberian undertaker (see p. 281), and the plains were for long years afterwards covered with bleaching bones. The central Junta, aping the Roman Senate after the defeat at Cannæ, showered honours on the defeated; Cuesta was made a Captain General, and to encourage future officers to fight foolish battles and lose them, all the survivors obtained a step in rank; while for the rank and file, an express order of merit was instituted.

Continuing the high road from Badajoz to Madrid, a little before reaching *Miajadas*, 5 L. from Medellin, the hill and castle of *Montanches* rises to the l. The desolate *Camino Real* then continues to *Trujillo*, Turris Julia, because said to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. Near the high road is a clean *Parador de S. Isidoro*, and a decent inn, the *Posada de los Caballeros*, kept by a widow, up in the town, through which the road does not pass, as it is carried below under it. The ancient city, rising as it does to the l., has from its position a very imposing effect, which going into it immediately dispels. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, yet some of the dilapidated houses mark the former opulence of those adventurers who returned laden with the spoil of Peruvian conquest. The granite knoll on which *Trujillo* is built has protruded from the slate basis; the site is fine, and domineers over the country: the healthy town, on the eastern slope of the ridge, which to the N. and W. is rugged and precipitous, is divided into two portions; the *Villa*, the acropolis, the upper and most ancient, once the seat of the aristocracy and garrison, is now abandoned, and consigned to the dead and their burial. The entrance is by the arch of Santiago, who appears mounted in sculptured relief: near is a tower of Norman character, connected to a small church; observe the doorway and circular windows. On the opposite side of the gateway another (a Moorish) tower, attributed here to Julius Cæsar, con-

trasts with the modern classical portico close by, a poor academical affair of Ventura Rodriguez. The *Villa* itself is bounded by a wall which crests the ridge: at the N. end is what was the Roman fortress, of which that of Merida is clearly the type: the flanking towers are of granite. Walk over the open esplanade before the entrance. This castle has been much added to in modern times, since *Trujillo* from its position commands these plains, and is an important strategic point, supposing it were well kept and garrisoned: all is now neglect and dilapidation. The narrow paths and streets in the *Villa*, cut out of the granite, will delight the artist, as abounding in ancient gateways of cyclopean Roman work and Moorish-looking towers. The *Santa Maria mayor* has a Lombard-like tower older than the church; observe the rose window to the W. and the two lancet windows to the N. The natives ascribe the tower to Julius Cæsar. Observe inside the tomb of Diego de Paredes—James Wall. "He (says the Curate in *Don Quixote*, i. 32) was a gentleman of note, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength that he could stop a windmill, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger, as easily as Hercules did the wheel of Ixion; and, being once posted, with a two-handed sword (now preserved at Madrid), at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army of Frenchmen, killed 400, and prevented their passage over it." Now-a-days the lively French sneer at all this lion "Moonshine and Wall." There is a Life of this Hercules and Samson of Estremadura, appended to the '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' Alcalá de Henares, folio, 1584; and another '*Relacion breve*,' by Tamayo de Vargas, 4to. Mad. 1621. Near *Trujillo* is shown the well, 30 ft. wide, over which Diego jumped forwards and backwards: he died at Bologna in 1534, aged 64, and his bones were moved to *Trujillo* in 1545. Diego, unrivalled in personal prowess and daring, served as a boy at the capture of Granada, became a

general of Alexander VI., and was one of the 11 champions at Trani, in the *Paso de Armas* with the French, where he himself overthrew three of his opponents; he was the right arm of the "Great Captain," and at the victory of Cerignola alone defended the bridge—his favourite feat—against a whole company of French knights: he fought also at Pavia, when François I. was taken: in short, wherever Moor or Gaul were to be beaten he was present.

In the upper portion of Trujillo, near the *Villa*, is the *Plaza*, a picturesque jumble of buildings public and private. The ch. of *San Martin*, in one corner, has a fine rose window, a single nave supported by noble arches, and a stone roof of singular beauty and construction. It contains curious tombs, one of a Cardinal Gaeta, while another has reliefs sculptured in granite of combats with the Moor.

Trujillo was the granite cradle of the fierce, false, cruel, yet energetic Pizarro, a "slate" as hard as Spain itself. Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ! He was one of that caste described by the soldier-poet Ercilla—

"De aquellos Españoles esforzados  
Que á la cerviz de Arauco no domado  
Pusieron duro yugo por la espada."

Fr<sup>o</sup>. Pizarro, born in 1480, was, like Milosch, the recent Prince of Servia, the son of a swineherd; he was suckled, it is said, not by a Romulean wolf, but by an Estremenian sow, a very proper and local wet nurse; but these therio-trophical legends are of all countries; thus, Habis, king of Spain, was reared by a doe: Justin, xliv. 4. Pizarro, again, like Milosch, was scarcely able to read or write, but, like Cortes also, he was a true guerrillero, bold, cunning, false, cruel, avaricious, indeed, and capricious as an Oriental Pasha, but endued with a temper of mind no less daring than his body was robust; foremost in every danger, patient under hardship, unsubdued by fatigue, unrestrained by any scruples, he was successful in every operation that he conducted. His end was that of a rocket,

which bursts at its highest elevation. He was assassinated, like Sertorius, June 26, 1541, by the traitor Herrera. Pizarro's house on the Plaza was let go to decay by his unworthy descendant, the M<sup>o</sup>. de la Conquista. At the corner are figures of manacled Indians, fit badges of the bloody "*Conquest*," of the plunder and murder of Atahualpa. His history and character have been exhausted by Mr. Prescott.

Pizarro lies buried in the *Sa. Maria de la Concepcion*: his armed effigy kneels in a niche; the helmet in front is said to have been actually his.

In the Plaza is the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, with some damaged paintings in the salon. Near *San Martin* is the vast palace of the Duke of San Carlos, with a patio of pompous pretension, to which, as in the palace of Charles V. in the Alhambra, interior comfort has been, or rather would have been, sacrificed, for both are unfinished monuments of mighty promise and beggarly performance. Visit also the house of the *Conde del Puerto*, with a good staircase; observe the granite *Retablo* in the parish church of *Santiago*, and the titular carved by Gregorio Hernandez, the *patio* of *San Francisco*, and the fine house and gardens of the Martilla family, destroyed to use the materials to construct a fort by the French, who, under Gen. Foy, made this wretched city a "heap" of ruins. (See Madoz, xv. 169). The *Alberca*, from its Arabic name ascribed to the Moors, is probably, from its form and construction, a Roman reservoir, of which such fine types exist at Merida. The population of Trujillo is agricultural—mere tillers of the earth, or tenders of swine. The land is neglected and uncultivated; much indeed is stony and poor, hence the saying—"Por do quiera que á Trujillo entrases, andarás una legua de berrocales." Those curious to verify this may ride to Placencia (Rte 59).

## ROUTE 58.—EXCURSION TO ALMADEN.

Herguijuela . . . . .	3	
Zorita . . . . .	2	5
Logrosan . . . . .	3	8
Cañamero . . . . .	2	10
Guadalupe . . . . .	3	13
Logrosan . . . . .	5	18
Casas de Don Pedro . . . . .	3½	21½
Tallarubias . . . . .	3½	25
Espiritu Santo . . . . .	2	27
Almaden . . . . .	7	34

This, a rough excursion, is most interesting to the naturalist. Meantime, Rte. 57 is continued to Madrid at p. 482. As this detour is wild and ill-provided with fleshly comforts, attend to the provend and take a local guide; there is some difficulty in procuring horses or mules even at Trujillo. The first day's ride to *Logrosan* threads a lonely, partially cultivated country; *La Conquista* is a ruined *cortijo* with a fine-sounding name, on an estate granted to the Pizarro family. So proceed on to the *Ermita*, where there is a clear fresh well and an obliging hermit; passing through *jarales y encinares*, at *Zorita*, the road branches off S. E. to *Almaden*, through *Madrigalejo*, 3 L., a miserable village, where Ferdinand, the husband of Isabella, died, (see the inscription in the chapel of the *Casa Sa. Maria*) Jan. 23, 1516, aged 64. "Tot regnorum, dominus, totque palmarum cumulis ornatus, Christianæ religionis amplificator et prostrator hominum, rex in rusticana obiit casa, et pauper contra hominum opinionem obiit;" so wrote his faithful friend, Peter Martyr (Ep. 566).

*Logrosan*—Posada bad; pop. about 3,000; stands in a narrow valley of the *Pollares*, at the beginning of the *Guadalupe* range, which consists of clay-slate, alternating with quartzite, and occasionally pierced by masses of granite. The presence of phosphorite of lime is almost a solitary instance in Europe; the vein, or rather deposit, lies about half a mile to the N.N.E. and S.S.W., and occurs amid clay and slate, except in the centre, where it is intermixed with quartz: made out for about two miles, sometimes it occurs emerging above the loamy soil, and at

other times below it, in a bed in some places from 6 to 10 feet wide. It may be traced by its general light straw colour, but the finer parts have a purple and white laminated reniform structure, like some depositions of carbonate of lime: it is extremely phosphorescent when pulverised and thrown on lighted charcoal; as no ingredient of organic life is to be found, it is presumed to be of primitive formation. It contains about 14 per cent. of fluoride of calcium; thus nature has here provided amply for that material which enters into the bones of animals, both of this and of a former age. This vein was first noticed by the Irishman Bowles in his '*Historia Natural*' (p. 56); his statements were exaggerated by Spanish and French authors, who descanted very learnedly thereon, until Mons. Proust reported that whole hills were composed of phosphorite of lime: unfortunately, from never having been on the spot, his remarks were extremely clever, but altogether inaccurate.

*Logrosan*, chiefly built out of a mass of very hard and compact black schist, with veins of quartz, is placed, like Trujillo, on a granite knoll, with an extensive view. The protruding slates add to the inconvenience of this wretched poverty-stricken hamlet, which, however, has a fine unfinished church, rising like a cathedral, with a beautiful *absis* and a pointed *retablo*.

The Jeronomite convent of *Guadalupe*, once one of the richest and most venerated in Spain, lies about 5 L. distant, about half of which are over the plain and half over the *Sierra*, and are equivalent to seven at least. After passing a wide *jaral*, the picturesque village of *Cañamero* stands at a rocky gorge, through which the beautiful *Ruecas* flows, while a bold ridge towers to the E. Soon the defiles of the *Sierra* are entered, amid exquisite scenery and wild aromatic herbs; then a lofty table-land is ascended, commanding a sweeping panorama. The *posadas* of *Guadalupe* are iniquitous, but the muleteer generally can obtain lodging in some pri-