

English (Mariana, xvii. 10, says 20,000) opposed at *Navarrete* to 80,000 French and Spaniards, enough, as our Duke said at *Rueda*, to "eat him up." The Spaniards despised the foot-sore Britons, who were shrewdly out of Monsieur Foy's "beef and rum." They were only afraid that we should run away before they could catch us all in a net; so thought the Cuestas when "hunting" the French.

In vain Du Guesclin, who remembered Poitiers (an untoward affair, which Henry of Trastamara, who was at it, might also have remembered) spoke of prudence, and counselled a Fabian defence. He said, like Soutl on the Tormes, "Let them starve in hungry Navarre, and rot on the marshes of the Ebro." The French counsels, like those of our Duke before *Ocaña*, were lost on the Spanish chiefs, who cried "We are double their number, we will out-general and beat them." The French opened the battle with one of their characteristic en avant attacks, but the English stood silent, and firm, receiving the head of the column with an iron sleet of arrowy shower. Then the foe wavered; then "Up, guards, and at them!" then followed the usual "Sauve qui peut." The French were sacrificed by their allies; for Don Telmo, who before the battle had been the greatest boaster, now ran ere it commenced, and thus exposed the flank of his allies, who were left to bear the whole brunt, to do the work; just as the Cuestas, La Peñas, and Blakes did in regard to us at Talavera, Barrosa, and Albuera. Don Telmo next himself set the example of flight, like Areizaga and Venegas at *Ocaña* and Almonacid.

The victory was settled before twelve o'clock, the English having lost, according to even Froissart, a French author, only 40 men, while the loss of their opponents amounted to 17,500, a mistake, no doubt, in subtraction and addition. The Spanish army disbanded "each man to his own city." Pedro now proceeded to butcher his prisoners, and his murderous *vinganza* was with difficulty restrained by the Black

Prince, as Cuesta was by the Duke after Talavera; sweet mercy is nobility's true badge, and humanity in the hour of victory is an older English adage than even immortal Nelson thought. Pedro next claimed all the glory for himself. Active in "vile, black blood-shedding," he neither repaid one farthing of the loans nor made good one promise or pledge. At length the Black Prince—bright mirror of English good faith and chivalry—quitted Spain in disgust, exclaiming that "the Castilian had shamefully and dishonourably failed in his engagements;" and so the Duke retired after Talavera: and so again, when he had finally replaced Ferdinand on the throne, he withdrew from the scurvy concern. "Le gouvernement ayant manqué à tous les engagements faits avec moi, j'ai donné ma démission" ('Disp.' Oct. 30, 1813). No sooner were the English under the Black Prince withdrawn than the French reappeared; and now, having only the Spaniards to deal with, overran the Peninsula at a hand-gallop: thus the *promenade militaire* of the stout Du Guesclin in 1369 was but the prototype of that of the puny Angoulême in 1823.

*Navarrete* was the *Vitoria* of the age, as it cleared Spain of the pillaging invaders, while their general fell a prisoner into the hands of the Black Prince, who, knowing well how to honour a brave opponent, saved him from the false ferocious Pedro.

Meantime no satire can be more severe on *Las Cosas de España* than the account of Mariana himself, who by the way calls Du Guesclin, Bertran Claquin. Henrique II., when enabled to dethrone his brother by this foreign general, granted to him his own previous title of *Conde de Trastamara*, and also made him *Duque de Molina*: thus introducing the ducal title for the first time in Spain. But the new Duke was robbed of his appanages by insurrections fostered at the Spanish court, just as Pedro, having granted the *Señorio* of Biscay to the Black Prince, sent secret orders to impede his taking possession. Such has before

been the reward which *foreign* generals have received from Spanish kings; so their ancestors the Carthaginians, having been saved by Xantippus, a Lacedæmonian, covered him *publicly* with honours, but had him *privately* drowned (App. 'B. P.' 6).

Now-a-days Spanish historians simply talk of a "decisive battle between Don Pedro and his brother," the part of Hamlet being left out. Señor Goyvantes, in his '*History!*' p. 129, does not even name the Black Prince: Don Pedro and *Nosotros* do all the work—*Cosas de España*. And so Señor Melado and Co. blink our great Duke's recent doings, while, to complete the traits of national character, Mons. Foy (i. 205) ingeniously ascribes this victory, *not* to the English, but the "Normans and Gascons" who served under the Black Prince. Well done, Gascons! See also Roncesvalles. Near Najera is the hamlet *Tricio*, the ancient *Tricium*, founded, according to Anguiano (ch. 36), by Noah, and preached in by St. Paul, and where Roman antiquities and inscriptions are at all events often found.

For *Logroño* and its communications see R. 137.

#### ROUTE 118.—BURGOS TO VITORIA.

Quintanapalla . . . . .	3
Castel de Peones . . . . .	2 .. 5
Briviesca . . . . .	2 .. 7
Cubo . . . . .	2½ .. 9½
Ameyugo . . . . .	2½ .. 12
Miranda de Ebro . . . . .	3 .. 15
Puebla de Argamon . . . . .	2½ .. 17½
Vitoria . . . . .	3 .. 20½

This is the great line from Madrid to France, and is travelled by many mails and diligences; the road is tolerable, and runs through a hilly but well-cultivated and agreeable country. *Briviesca*, *Virovesca*, has a good inn, where the dilly stops. It is a square regularly-built town on the Oca, and Isabella took it as a model for Santa Fé, near Granada. In the *Colegiata*, in the *retablo* of Santa Casilda, are images of St. Peter and St. Paul, by Becerra. Look at the *sacristia*, the fine *custodia*, and the chapel of the Marquises of Sopraga, by Diego de Guillen. The *retablo* of Santa Clara, by Quillen, 1523, is fine. At *Briviesca*

in 1388 Juan I. held a Cortes, in which he gave to his eldest son the title of Prince of the Asturias, in imitation of our Prince of Wales, and at the express desire of John of Gaunt, whose daughter was married to the heir apparent.

Those who have time should make an excursion to the celebrated Benedictine convent at *Oña*, which stands in its hamlet near the Ebro, about 4½ L. from *Briviesca*: for details consult *Florez* ('*Esp. Sag.*' xxvii. 250) and *Berganza* (i. 30). It is dedicated to *San Salvador*, and once lorded over its rich hill-encompassed valley, watered by the sweet rivers the *Vesga*, *Omino*, *Oca*, and *Bureba*; the gardens and fishponds were delightful. The perennial fountain *Sagredo* gushes out in a volume of crystal water. The whole *merindad* of *Valdiviello* is truly Swiss and pastoral. The mills are very artistical. About 1 L. from *Oña* is *la Horadada*, a lofty bridge of one arch thrown over the Ebro, and thought to be Roman. The convent was founded in 1011 by the Conde Don Sancho for his burial-place; he died Feb. 5, 1017; his epitaph, in a Leonine versification and play upon words, records his deeds and worth. *Oña* has been derived from *Maiona*, the count's mother, who, fearing her son was about to marry a Moorish princess, gave him poison in a cup, which he managed to make her drink, and then raised the monastery in expiation. *Mariana* (viii. 2) states that the custom of women drinking before men arose from this maternal malice (see the ballad, *Duran*, iv. 203). The exterior of the convent is ancient, simple, and severe; the interior was formerly *duplex*, that is, conveniently arranged for monks and nuns under the same roof—abuses which were reformed in 1032. The Gothic chapel was begun in 1470; the cloisters were finished in 1503, and are most airy and elegant, and of the finest period. Observe the slim windows, pinnacles, and shields, and among the lay sepulchres those of the *Bureva*, *Sandoval*, and *Salvador* families: the royal tombs in the chapel consist of four rich *urnas*; here repose the *Infante Garcia*, *Sancho de Navarra* and his wife,



and Sancho II., who was assassinated at Zamora. Observe the old paintings and shrinework canopies. The prosody of Sancho's epitaph would perplex Porson: "Sanctus formá Paris, et ferox Hector in armis," &c. It was on the high altar here that St. Ferdinand was placed by his mother until the Virgin cured him of the worms; on this miracle Alonso el Sabio wrote a '*romance*.' This convent was pillaged by the invaders, who burnt the fine library; again in 1835 it was made a barrack by Cordova, who used the cloisters as a stable, while his troopers added new injuries to the already mutilated sepulchres. The halt of this Bombastes was made here during one of his absurd "marchings and counter-marchings" over mountains higher, as he said, than eagles ever soared, in order to tire his unfortunate troops, which he *did*, and to assist Gen. Evans, which he did *not*, as he left his brave ally in the lurch in the hour of danger. *Socorros de España!* But the grievous military mistake of wasting time and strength in operations which can lead to nothing, passes for vigour, activity, and skill in most Spanish generals. The progress of ruin has been recently arrested by the new purchaser, who formerly a great slave-dealer, is doing penance by the *obras pias* of restoring a sacred edifice. There is a finely engineered road from Oña to Villacayo, 6 L. over the heights.

After quitting *Briviesca* the road continues to *Pancorbo*, Porta Augusta, the picturesque pass between the defiles of the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenean spurs; the river Oroncillo and the road have scarcely room to thread the shadowy narrow gorge or *garganta*, a cleft in the limestone rock; in the middle is a chapel to Nuestra Señora del *Camino*, our Holy Lady, and *way* warden, who superintends the *road*, and protects travellers from avalanches; all around arise fantastic rocks, which hem in this natural portal and barrier of Castile, and in which the old Spaniards defied the Moorish advance, and where the modern ones ran away frightened at the mere name of Buonaparte. Above, to the W., is a ruined castle,

which commands a fine view of the Rioja; in it Roderick is said to have seduced the ill-omened Cava: *ay! de España perdida por un gusto*. The modern fort, Santa Engracia, built in 1795, was dismantled in 1823 by Angoulême, who, although then the ally to Spain, was glad to destroy a barrier to future French invasions. Now all is *hors de combat*, except the Moorish caverns or *algibes*; not even the guns spiked by the French, nor the shot and shells rolled down the rocky crevices, were removed when last we there, and this military gate, the natural defence of Madrid, is barely stronger than a turnpike one.

Leaving *Pancorbo*, soon the Bilbao road branches off to the l.; the Ebro is passed at *Miranda* by a fine bridge. Nature becomes fresher, fountains more abundant, the population increases, and the towns have more trees and gardens near them; the face of man, too, is ruddier. How beautiful the contrast of these Welsh-like hills and dales after the dreary desert of the Castiles! The open belfry of the churches now is changed for a square tower. *Miranda*, with a decent diligence inn, contains 2300 souls, and is utterly uninteresting. Here are placed the custom-house offices, as this is the fiscal frontier of Castile, whose system does not obtain in the Basque provinces, which we now enter. The Ebro is a geographical and vegetable line of demarcation; soon maize becomes the staple food, and the cereal region is left behind. *Miranda* has an ancient church with the porch in front, the common protection against weather in these damp N.W. provinces. *Logroño* lies 10 L. from *Miranda de Ebro*; the first three to *Haro* are picturesque, as following the windings of the river. *Haro*, with its 6000 inhabitants, is prettily placed on the Ebro in a fertile vega, where much wine is grown; but all its time-honoured glories and interests belong to the past.

*La Puebla de Arganzon* is placed in the defile of the *Morillas* hills, and is the gorge by which the waters of the basin of *Vitoria*, once a lake, made their exit. The road and the river *Zadorra* run through this pass into the plains,

at the head of which *Vitoria* rises in the distance. This undulating basin is about 12 miles in length by 10 in width, and is cut up by the *Zadorra*, which serpentine down the portion to the l.; it is interspersed with woods, villages, and broken ground, with good wild-fowl shooting in winter. This rugged country offered strong positions of defence to the French against the English attack.

On the 20th of June, 1813, our army bivouacked on the *Bayas*, a mountain stream which flows to the l. of the road, and occupied *Tuto*, *Subijana de Morales* (the Duke's head-quarters), *Zuazo*, *Vitoriano*, and *Marquina*. The enemy, commanded by Joseph and Jourdan, was strongly posted in front, at the opening of the pass; their rt. was drawn up at *Tres Puentes*, and their l. at *Subijana de Alava*, with the hill of *Arinez* in their centre, not far from which is a height called *Inglesmendi*, the "English mound," where five centuries before they had defeated the French. On the 21st the Duke ordered Hill to open the ball: he, with *Morillo*, scaled the elevations to the rt., where *Col. Cadogan* fell mortally wounded; he begged to be so placed that he might die happy at the sight of the foe in flight, and his last wish was gratified, for the French under *Gazan* and *Darricau* were forthwith driven down. Meanwhile *Graham*, who had been sent with 20,000 men from *Marquina*, on the extreme l., to sweep round to the *Bilbao* road, routed *Reille* at every point, *Lonja* and the Spaniards holding *Gamarra menor*, and the English turning the enemy at *Gamarra mayor* and *Abechuco*, and thus depriving them of the possibility of retreating by the *Irun* road. While these two distinct battles and victories were being gained, the Duke led the centre and struck the heart of his opponents. He threaded the defile by *Nanclares*, *Kempt* at the same time, with the light division, crossing the *Zadorra* at *Tres Puentes*, and, bursting into the French position, of which the *Mamario de Arinez* was the key; Joseph wavered and detached *Villate* to *Gomecha* in his rear; the Duke saw the

moment—and ordered the splendid rush at the hill of *Arinez*. Old *Picton* led on his "invincible division," encouraging them kindly as he was wont, "forward, ye fighting villains!" and they followed their brave leader to a man; although opposed to five times their numbers and to 50 cannon, they bore everything down before them, *Joseph* being the first to run; just as at *Cressy*, where, says old *Aleyn*, "the kinge turned head, and so soon his men turned tayle." The French, relates *Southey*, "were beaten before the town, in the town, through the town, out of the town, behind the town, and all about the town." They fled, leaving behind them baggage, eagles, 6000 killed and wounded, 150 cannon, and even their plunder. The battle was soon over, for, as at *Salamanca*, the numbers being nearly equal, the Duke took the aggressive; yet not two-thirds of his army were British, and the returns of losses separate the wheat from the chaff, our loss was 3308, the Portuguese 1049, the Spanish 553, who now claim the glory as *theirs*. According to the Memoirs of poor *Joseph*—who ended in believing his own lies—the English force was *double de la notre!* How unlucky! 80,000 to 39,000. Even then had but *Foy* and *Clausel* obeyed *his* orders, the English must have been *culbuté!*—*risum teneatis?* Be that as it may, the victory was so complete that the French at least have not yet claimed it as theirs; *Gen. Clausel*, who had had a taste of the British bayonet at *Salamanca*, again escaped by a miracle to *Huesca*, as *Joseph* did to *Roncesvalles*; while *Foy*, who had failed to come up to the battle, fled to France by the *Basque hills*.

Then the Duke pressed on in his pursuit of the fugitives to the *Pyrenees*, and on their summits, says *Napier*, "emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, he stood a recognised conqueror; then, on those lofty pinnacles, the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and his splendour appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations." Alone he did it, for the blundering *Bentincks* and *Murrays*,



by repeated failures on the E. coast, had, like the Spanish generals, been an incumbrance to him instead of an aid, and this alike when present and when absent; the former had departed for Sicily, just when most needed to act as a diversion, having just before crippled the Duke's finance by sweeping the money-market with most ill-advised competition.

Vitoria not only cleared Spain of the invader, but cheered Europe at large, for the recoil shook Buonaparte at Dresden, as Salamanca had done when he was in Russia. He indeed kept the news of this "affaire" even from his minister Maret; but when the event was learnt by Lord Castle-reagh, it "at once," as he wrote Desp. viii. 45, "put us on strong ground," and thus realized the political objects of the Duke. It induced the allies to refuse the armistice, fixed the wavering adhesion of Austria, and thus was harbinger of glorious Leipzig. Mons. Bory de St. Vincent (Laborde, i. 132), describing this battle, after severely criticising the *mollesse* of the English attack, continues thus:—"Les braves, débandés par le découragement des chefs, se jetèrent vers les Pyrénées, tandis que Lord Wellington, qui se crut vainqueur de Vitoria, s'arrêta paisiblement avec toutes ses forces dans une ville sans importance (which he did not), au lieu de marcher vivement sur Bayonne. Sans avoir vaincu selon la signification du mot, les Anglais demeurèrent en possession de quatre-vingt pièces de canon au moins (i. e. 151). La France n'eut pas à regretter plus de cent braves (i. e. 6000) tués ou blessés qui restèrent sur le champ de bataille."!! The comparative smallness of the French loss arose, first, because, as at Oudenarde and Ramillies, they were beaten by us too quickly; and, secondly, because, as at Salamanca, their fugitives threw away arms, &c.—all that constitutes a soldier, but impedes escape.

Again, the enormous booty, to save which the French *risked* the battle, and which the runaways left behind, offered a temptation which our troops could not resist; they who had defied

the steel of the enemy were vanquished by his gold. And yet these were fair battle prizes, won from strong men by stronger; and after a well-fought field, not the pillage of unresisting citizens. Now five millions of dollars were taken by the English troops, but thereby all "order and discipline were annihilated," as the indignant Duke said, who, as a soldier and gentleman, hated the very sound of pillage: "je suis assez long temps soldat pour savoir," wrote he in his nervous Anglo-français, and how truly English both the sentiment and the French form he puts it in! "que les pillards et ceux que les encouragent ne valent rien devant l'ennemi" (Desp. Dec. 23, 1813, March 5, 1814, June 27, 1815). The English troops wearied themselves in searching for booty rather than in following up their victory, and thus stopping to pick up gold, they lost, like Atalanta, the race of honour. The old curse of the *Aurum Tolosanum* pursued both conquerors and the conquered. Here, as at Bailen (see p. 233), the French movements were hopelessly hampered, for behind the town was collected in nearly 2000 vehicles the aggregate French plunder of the whole Peninsula during five years. These impedimenta rendered retreat by the high road impossible; so there was some truth in poor Joseph's lamentation ('*Mem.*' vii. 462) —"Tout ce que l'on a volé ici, est payé tot ou tard par le sang Français." Southey has graphically described the variety of the church plate and pictures, the delicate eatables, the mistresses, the poodles, parrots, and monkeys. Poor Joseph, after all his gigantic pickings, narrowly escaped with only one Napoleon in his royal pocket ('*Mem.*' x. 342). His carriage was taken, like that of his brother at Waterloo, and it was filled, says Toreno (xxii.), with pickings and stealings and obscene objects, while Marshal Jourdan's *baton* was found in his *fourgon de comestibles*! this, with the colours of the 100th regiment was "laid by the Duke at the Prince Regent's feet," who, with great good taste, repaid the compliment by returning the staff of

an English field-marshal to the captor. The enemy's losses were so complete as to furnish jokes to themselves. Thus *l'Apothicaire*, in his clever '*Mémoires*' (chr. 42), consoled his friends, so cleaned out by this Wellington purge, or steel prescription, by quoting Horace: "You all of you came into Spain thinner than weasels, and now as thin you must go out." The French soldiers also derided their general, who from his continual beatings at *Talavera* and elsewhere, was called the "anvil," and exclaimed irreverently, "The sea fled, and Jordan was driven back."

Joseph's own carriage was gorged with stolen goods, for his Royal and Imperial Majesty had there stowed away in its imperial many of Ferdinand's choicest cabinet pictures, which now worthily ornament Apsley House. These *spolia opima* are indeed fair battle-won trophies, not the free gift of bayonet-threatened chapters, nor the fee of bribed violence, à la Soult (see pp. 180, 610). Nay, no sooner had the Duke learnt that the pictures were more valuable than he thought, than he wrote to express his desire to "restore" them to Ferdinand, suspecting that they might have been "*robbed by Joseph*" from the royal palaces (Desp. March 16, 1814). According, however, to Napier (xx. 8) all the plundering on this great day was now on our side, and the French in consequence "were not half beaten." Another prize, more precious for the sacred cause of truth and history than plate or paintings, was also taken here in the usurper's carriage, namely, the official and confidential correspondence between Madrid and Paris; this reveals some secrets of Buonaparte's prison-house and lifts up a corner of his mantle of ruse doublée de force; these thoughts, shot from his innermost quiver, give the best contradiction to his *public bulletins* and "enormous lies," that poison with which he fed his slaves instead of bread. These *private papers*, never destined for the *Moniteur*, fully corroborate the Duke's *public despatches*, for the noble mind will dare do all but lie. *Bon sang ne peut*

*mentir*, and when will any French marshal venture to print his private letters?

Our Duke, as unlike the gang of revolutionary "*Victors*," as like the heroes of antiquity, preferred bright honour to filthy lucre; his motto was *τιμη μαλλον η κρηματα*, his pursuit was "*gloriam ingentem, divitias honestas*." He never contaminated his golden mind with the dross of speculation or pillage. He never sold his large glory "for what might be grasped thus." His shrine of renown was only to be approached through the temple of virtue, and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means for the support of a dignity which he carved out with an untarnished soldier-sword. Such also is our *sailor's* maxim. "*Corsica*," writes Nelson (Desp. June, 27, 1794), "in respect to prizes, produces nothing but *honour far above wealth*." But the Massenas and Soult and Co., marshals of the rapacious eagle, *qui se ressemblent comme deux gouttes de feu*, have proved that military heroism may exist with an utter absence of all moral or principle: officers but not gentlemen—they rose it is true from the ranks.

Mons. Bory attributed the loss of Vitoria to the soldiers' want of confidence in their chiefs; so Sallust (B. C. i.) dated the decay of Roman arms to the misconduct of the Syllas in Asia, who then first collected "*tabulas pietas—vasa cælata*." These spoilers never scrupled "*ea privatim ac publice rapere, delubra spoliare, sacra profanaque omnia polluere*;" but there is nothing new under the sun. *Tel maître tels valets*. And who can fail to apply to these marshals' master, that wonderful man, one of true Italian intellect and Machiavellianism, all those characteristics which Livy (xxi. 4) so unjustly predicated of the mighty Hannibal?—"Has tantas viri virtutes, ingentia vitia equabant, inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jus jurandum, nulla religio." For *Vitoria*, see p. 878.



## ROUTE 119.—VITORIA TO SANTANDER.

Miranda de Ebro . . . . .	6	
Ameyugo . . . . .	2½ ..	8½
Valderada . . . . .	4 ..	12½
Frias . . . . .	1½ ..	14
Trespaderne . . . . .	2 ..	16
Monco . . . . .	2½ ..	18½
Villarcastro . . . . .	2 ..	20½
Espinosa . . . . .	3 ..	23½
Salcedillo . . . . .	1 ..	24½
San Roque . . . . .	2½ ..	27
Lierganes . . . . .	2 ..	29
Santander . . . . .	3 ..	32

Retracing our steps to *Miranda de Ebro*, we soon turn off from the high road to *Frias*, a dilapidated old town hanging over the Ebro, with a bridge said to be of Roman foundation; from the ruined castle of this place the great Velasco family derive their ducal title. At *Villarcastro* the Burgos road branches down, and crosses the Ebro at *Puente de Arenas*, by which the Duke, June 14, 1813, marched and turned the enemy's position at *Pancorbo*, "the glories of twelve victories playing about their bayonets, their foes flying like sheep before wolves, all their combinations baffled, rivers dried up, ravines levelled by the genius of him who was soon to annihilate them" (Napier, xx. 7). Our brave men poured through the intricate passes between *Frias* and *Orduña*, in which they toiled for six days, and then "trickling from the mountains like raging streams from every defile, went foaming into the basin of *Vitoria*," to victory.

Not far from *Villarcastro*, on the road to *Bilbao*, is the old Castilian city of *Medina de Pomar*, pop. 1200. It is pleasantly placed on the trout-streams the *Trueba* and *Nela*, and has a good bridge, a fine fountain on the *Plaza*, and some grand tombs of the Velasco family in *Santa Clara*. One Duke of *Frias* lies clad in armour, with his wife near him; observe the animals at their feet. But the time-honoured tombs of this ancient family, the hereditary constables of Castile, have decayed like their degenerate chief. The *Duque de Frias* of our day used to boast, so it was said, that he possessed all the essentials of grandee-Spain.—II.

ship, that he was *chico, endeudado, y cornudo*. From *Villarcastro* to *Santander* there are two roads, one by *Soncillo*, 3½, and hence 12 by the *Camino Real de la Rioja*, and the other, a bridle and shorter, by *Cabada* and *Espinosa*. *Espinosa*, pop. 2000, lies on a slope of the *Somo*, in a pleasant valley watered by the *Trueba*, which, with the *Nela* soon joins the *Ebro*. The inhabitants had the privilege of mounting guard over the king's person at night: hence it is called *Espinosa de los Monteros*. This honour was granted in reward of the valour of *Sancho Montero*, by whom the *Conde Sancho's* life was saved in 1113. Consult '*Origen de los Monteros*,' *Pedro de la Escalera Guevara*. 4to. *Mad.* 1632, or the reprint, *Mad.* 1735.

At *Espinosa*, Nov. 10 and 11, 1808, *Blake*, *Mahy*, and *Mendizabal*, when posted on strong heights, were surprised by *Victor*, and put to instant flight, and this just at the moment when *Castaños* was losing the battle of *Tudela*; thus *Moore*, who had advanced into the Castiles, relying on Spanish co-operation, was left with his handful of Britons to bear the whole brunt. The incapables *Blake* and *Mahy*, when out of breath, halted at *Reinosa*, from whence and its almost impregnable passes they again fled at the mere report of the French approach, leaving *Santander* to its fate, which was utterly and most brutally sacked.

*Lierganes* lies on the trout-stream *Miera*, and furnishes itinerant blacksmiths and needy knife-grinders. Here was born, in 1660, *Francisco de la Vega Caz*, the Spanish merman, or *hombre pez*. He took to the sea in 1674, and was caught in some nets near *Cadiz* in 1679, whereupon *Señor Caz*, on being hauled out, exclaimed "*Pan, vino, tabaco*," bread, wine, tobacco; on hearing which the sailors saw at once that he was a countryman and Christian; and, as he afterwards said "*Lierganes*," they identified his locality. However, this amphibious mountaineer, like a fish out of water, soon got sick of land, and disappeared again among his finny friends. His natural history was vouched for by Span-

ish archbishops, and even Feijoo, the refuter of popular fallacies, gives the whole *critical* account, '*Teatro Critico*,' vi. Dis. 8.

Now we enter the iron district, and the best mines are those of Pamanes, Vizmaya, Montecillo; but *Somorrostro*, the finest of all, is distant 12 L. The forests of oak and beech furnish a bad fuel for the furnaces; yet the port of *Gijón* could supply coal to any amount. At *La Cavada*, on the Miera, Charles III. established an artillery foundry.

*Santander*, although some Spaniards assert that it was founded by Noah!! others only by Tubal! was probably the Roman *Portus Blendium*. Inns: *El Suizzo*, *Café Frances*, *la Fonda de Boggio*, *de Cristou*, and *el Parador de Moral*, *Calle de Becedo*. The damp and wind-blown town is picturesquely placed on the extremity of a headland, protected by a hill, with a harbour of easy access, sheltered to the N. and N.E., but open to the S.; it has a lighthouse and good anchorage: pop. 16,000. It has a theatre, made out of the old convent *S. Agustín*, a *Círculo*, *Liceo*, and good baths. The fine quay and newly-built houses of the chief merchants have rather a French than a Spanish look, and the shops abound with Parisian *colifichets* and poor hagiographical engravings. The busy quay, with its bales, sugars, flour-barrels, and bustle, contrasts with the fishy poverty of the older town, especially the quarter of San Pedro. Here porter's work, as in Bilbao, is done by women, if those androgynous epicene Amazons can so be called. The local carts are coffin-looking concerns, built after the Affghan waggon with solid creaking wheels. The fresh-aired walks on the hill command pretty views over the *Ria*, the *Muelle de los Naos*, the mole crowded with shipping, and the *Castillo de San Felipe*: the *Alamedas de Becedo* and *de los Barcos* are the fashionable promenades. *Santander* is a cheap and well-provided place; the fish both of sea and fresh water is plentiful and excellent. The green valleys of the Pas supply butter, which is brought in by Swiss-like *pasiegas*, who carry baskets, *cuebanos*, fastened

with straps, and by which they are bent double; however, when the weight is removed, they spring up straight like a bent cane. The *vin du pays* is a poor cidery *chacoli*, nor is the water good, but there is a mineral spring called *la Salud* about two miles off, which is much frequented for visceral disorders from June to October, and about 20 miles off, at *Ontaneda*, there are baths, with a large and decent *parador*.

*Santander* is the residence of the provincial authorities, and the see of a bishop, suffragan to Burgos, which was founded in 1174 by Alonso IX.: the cathedral is one of the least important in Spain; the ancient tower has been disfigured by a modern cupola of bad taste, and the curious crypt underneath painted! in 1845; the cloister commands pretty sea-views. The relics of Saints Emerico and Celedonio (see p. 945) sanctify this cathedral, of which the *Christian* baptismal fount is an Arabic one, with an Arabic inscription, like the Pope's chair at St. Peter's.

*Santander* has long been a seaport: the bay and port were much esteemed in the early periods of Spanish history. From hence, in 1248, St. Ferdinand's fleet sailed to blockade Seville, which is commemorated on the city's shield. It afterwards decayed into a mere fishing-town, but rose when made a *puerto habitado*, or a port entitled to trade with S. America; it still supplies Cuba with corn from the Castiles, bringing back colonial produce; and as it is, in fact, the seaport of Madrid, whenever the canal of Castile or the railroad to Reinosa be finished, it must necessarily profit largely. Now, next to fish, cigars are the staple, and the *Santa Cruz* convent has been converted into a fabrica of the filthy weed.

Here Charles V. landed, July 16, 1522, to take possession of Spain; and from the same quay our Charles, embarked to quit Spain after his romantic visit to Madrid; he arrived here on the 11th of Sept., 1623 (old style, *i. e.* on St. Matthew's, the 21st), and was nearly drowned on Friday the 12th,



when going to visit his ship; he sailed, however, on the 17th, and landed safely at Portsmouth on Sunday October 5, to the inexpressible joy of the whole nation, which, 26 years afterwards almost as gladly saw him beheaded.

*Santander* was ferociously sacked by Soult, Nov. 16, 1808, and yet no place during the war exhibited more selfish localism or greater unfriendliness to our delivering armies. The Junta having clamoured for our aid, turned round like Berbers when it was granted, abusing and ill-using its defenders; the citizens refused even to lodge the Duke's couriers, although paid for by England and for Spanish purposes. They placed his wounded in quarantine, and in the most offensive manner ('*Disp.*' Jan. 14, 1814). "The town of Santander," wrote he, "has at one stroke virtually cut of the supplies of the allied armies of every description, and has thereby done that which the enemy has never been able to effect." Again, Oct. 14, 1813, he notices the "bad temper shown by Santander to the English, which he had not observed in any other part of Spain."

In fact, next to "His Majesty's" Opposition at home (see p. 486), the Duke's worst enemies abroad were his allies the Liberals of Cadiz. The democratic party, from feeling that the cause of

Royalty was upheld by him, set themselves to thwart his efforts; thus their patriotic tool Ballasteros neutralised the victory of Salamanca. The Cortes, which insulted and injured the priesthood, led the church party to fancy the Duke was the upholder of the absurd constitution. Thus, when Wellington had delivered the Peninsula, and finished the good work despite of the Spaniards, and when he stood a conqueror in France, his chief anxiety arose from his *friends!* in the rear; and he recommended our Ministers "to take steps with a view to a war with Spain" ('*Disp.*' Nov. 27, 1813). This painful conclusion to a career so glorious was averted by the sudden downfall of Buonaparte.

The Santandrians have not changed, for again when Gen. Evans landed with his legion, the citizens refused to contribute to the bare necessities of those brave men whose assistance had been implored. The capital fishing districts extending westwards to Oviedo have been described in Rtes. 95 and 96. There are diligences from *Santander* to Burgos, Rte. 116, and to Valladolid, Rte. 77; one runs to Madrid in about 55 hours; a coasting steamer communicates up and down between San Sebastian and Cadiz, and sometimes to Havre and Liverpool. For the land route to *Bilbao*, see Rte. 125.

## SECTION XII.

## THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

## ALAVA ; VIZCAYA ; GUIPUZCOA.

## CONTENTS.

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*Las Provincias Vascongadas* consist of the three united provinces of *Alava*, *Vizcaya*, and *Guipuzcoa*. *Vizcaya*, the largest, contains about 106 square leagues ; *Guipuzcoa*, the smallest, only 52, but it is the most densely peopled, and at the rate of 2000 inhabitants to the square league ; *Alava*, containing about 180 square leagues, lies between *Guipuzcoa* and *Navarre*. These provinces, forming the mountainous triangle of the N.W. of the Peninsula, constituted the *Cantabria* of the ancients, a name derived by some from *Kent-Aber*, which they interpret the "Corner of the Water." This corner of the land, like our Wales, is the home of the remnant of the indigenes or aboriginal inhabitants, who never have been expelled or subdued ; \* thus the character of an unadulterated primitive race, an ethnological fossil, remains strongly marked in language and nationality. These highlanders, bred on metal-pregnant mountains, and nursed amid storms in a cradle indomitable as themselves, in a country difficult to take and not much worth the taking, have always known how to forge their iron into arms, and to wield them in defence of their independence ; and what sword equals that moulded from the ploughshare ? This *sufficiency in self* is the meaning which *Senor Perochequi* reads in the Basque name, a word derived by him from *Bayascoyara*, "somos bastantes." A sense of separate weakness has taught

\* The Goths could not subdue these rebellious highlanders, although Recared, as San Isidoro tells us, used especially to send his troops there to keep his soldiers' hands in fighting condition—quasi in palaestri ludo (Chron. Era 585).



these provinces the secret of *union*. This federal association is expressed in their national symbol of three hands joined together, with the motto "*Irurac Bat*," which is equivalent to the *tria juncta in uno* of the Bath order of our united kingdoms. The armorial shield is "argent, the tree of Guernica vert, two wolves gules, with an orle of eight crosses or."

The Basques have been less successful in resisting invasions by sea, for they were partly overcome about the year 870 by a fair-haired Northman, named Zuria, an adventurer either from Norway or Scotland; and to this foreign admixture their fair complexions and immemorial representative government have been traced. These provinces, when the descendants of the Goths began to gain ground on the Moorish invaders, formed themselves into a confederation of small detached tribes or republics, placed under a nominal Lord or *Señor*, until at length, in the 14th century, Nuña, the 19th Lord, died, leaving two daughters, one of whom having married Juan of Arragon, Pedro the Cruel seized the opportunity, put her husband to death, and annexed the *Lordship* (*el Señorío*) to the crown of Castile. Soon afterwards he ceded it to the Black Prince, in reward for his assistance at Navarrete; however, private instructions were given to the Basques not to allow the *foreigner* to take possession, which he never did: and considering the Punic character of Don Pedro *el cruel*, his deliverer was fortunate to escape even with life. The Basques have not forgotten their double-dealing monarch's hint, and have turned his own arm against his successors; thus, whenever they have issued decrees militating against their *fueros*, they have been received with lip obedience, and treated like waste paper—*obedecido pero no cumplido*, obeyed but not carried out. Although incorporated with the Castilian monarchy, these provinces were considered *exentas*; the national *fueros* were rigidly retained; and these, the kings of Spain, as *Señores* only of Biscay, always swore on their accessions to maintain, and as regularly endeavoured to subvert. The first impolitic act of Castañon, after Ferdinand VII.'s death, was to abolish these *fueros*, which threw the Basques into the cause of Don Carlos, in whom they beheld a non-innovating principle; their cry was, "*Conservar intactas la Fué, y las costumbres antiguas*;" and they fought more for their own independence than for his cause. The Basque *fueros* were regularly classified and digested for the first time in 1526, by a native commission appointed by Charles V., and have been often printed: these privileges breathe a parochial isolation and monopoly, each *partido* or district treating its neighbours as rivals, and almost as enemies, seldom even purchasing anything from them until all raised at home be first consumed; but men will bear and glory in any chains provided they be self-imposed, and in local self-government national character and fitness for liberty is formed; therefore the Basques, who take the good with the bad, and who have been happy and free under their chartered rights, cling to them as guarantees of future vitality and prosperity; and their shadows of liberties, as we English may think them, were as bright lights shining in the circumambient darkness. The *fueros* of the Peninsula have survived many a change and chance, and have resisted many a foe domestic and foreign; they have continued to exist when little Spanish existed save the fertile soil and the noble hearts of the honest people; they kept Spain Spanish, because such institutions were congenial to national character, which, essentially local, abhors a foreign centralising system. They again have grown with the country's growth, and have become part and parcel of the constitution; and although not perhaps abstractedly the best, yet are the only ones which it has been possible to obtain and maintain. Sooner or later, however, the Basque *fueros* must be abolished whenever a really strong government can be formed. Meantime the policy of an imperium in imperio continues, and the *alcalde* is the Sheikh, and the *cura* the petty Pope, of their particular villages, which they rule in temporals and spirituals, indifferent to the orders or wishes of those who are their nominal

superiors, whose commands they either evade or disobey. The religious independence secured by the *fueros* presents a strange anomaly in prelatical Spain; here the episcopal office is unknown, and the parish priest is exempt from all diocesan control. The amount of taxes, again, is determined by the popularly elected representatives, and the supply is called *donativo*, a gift, not a tribute or *service*, as it is in Navarre. The Basques are free also from the *quinta*, or conscription, that *contribucion de sangre*, as Spaniards call this blood-tax, the fit invention of a French Revolution which, like Saturn, devoured its own children. Each *partido* here raises its own *tercios* or militia, who are not compellable to serve beyond their respective provinces; hence the difficulty which Don Carlos had to get his Basques to advance into Aragon or the Castiles. Again, the Basques are exempt from the burdensome *papel sellado* and stamps and taxes of Castile, from governmental *escribanos*, and from the fiscal scourge of Spanish custom-houses and their officers, which are placed on the Ebro, not the Bidasoa.

Another privilege is universal nobility, the appanage secured to all by the mere fact of being born in these provinces. Sons of old and good Christians, free from all Jewish and Moorish taint, they represent the "Hebrew of the Hebrews," and are the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain, and are consequently all *Caballeros hijos de algo*. It is true that where all are so noble, the distinction is of small importance; nevertheless, like other Highlanders, they are grievously affected with genealogy and goitre: thus Perochegui (Origen, p. 96) modestly eulogises his beloved Cantabreria: "*Hidalga en abstracto, rio caudaloso de Nobleza, solar indicativo y demostrativo de Nobleza, antiquisimo seminario de la Nobleza de España.*" Peppery as the Welsh, proud as Lucifer, and combustible as his matches, these pauper peers fire up when their pedigree is questioned, and well did Don Quixote (i. 8) know how to annoy a Biscayan by telling him that "he was no gentleman." Basque gentility often consists rather in blood than in manners; better born than bred, the Cantabrian is not always courteous nor over quick in rendering honour to whom honour is due; he considers a sort of boorishness to indicate a republican independence, and thinks the deference which one well-conditioned person pays to another, to be a degradation to his noble birthright; their provinces may be the three Graces of Spain, but the natives sacrifice but little to those amiable types.

The modern Basques, however brave and active as individuals, form very bad *regular* soldiers, as they are too obstinate and self-opinionated to tolerate drill and discipline; again, they can only be managed, and that imperfectly, by one of themselves; hence Gonzalo de Cordova affirmed that he would rather be a keeper of wild beasts than a commander of Basques. As *Guerilleros* they are excellent, since their active mountain and smuggling habits educate them for a desultory war of frontier ambuscade, foray, and bush-fighting. In the wild sierras of *Guipuzcoa* bands were raised by the shepherd Gaspar Jauregui, which were always a thorn in the path of the invader. The treatment which our soldiers have met with from the Basques, from the Black Prince down to Sir De Lacy Evans, has always been the reverse of friendly, even while fighting their battles. The Duke never found an enemy among the honest PEOPLE of Spain until he entered these provinces, when the Basques, saved from the invaders by him alone, rose in his rear, as in olden time, "*impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos*" ('*Georg.*' iii. 408); so they repaid Charlemagne, whom they had called in to assist them. From such allies well might the Duke pray to be delivered; from all enemies in front he could protect himself; and at last, when a conqueror on the Pyrenees, ever prescient, he warned the ministry at home to prepare for a war with that very country which without him would have remained a province of Buonaparte's, who had been welcomed by the Basques with arches of triumph, inscribed, "*à l'héros invaincu, les Cantabres invaincus.*"

The English are not very popular in these parts; the lies and libels of



St. Sebastian, circulated by the Afrancesados (see p. 901), are remembered and rankle. Nor are the deeds of the *Legion* forgotten, who, not themselves exactly the *élite* of society, put down Don Carlos, the favourite of the Basques, and the hero of their *fueros*.

In time of peace, commerce and fishing form the occupations of those who dwell on the sea-board, while agricultural and pastoral pursuits do of those who live inland: the ores of the iron-pregnant hills are also worked at smithies rude as in the days of the Iberians. The limited attractions offered to strangers are chiefly those of nature, for the towns are without much social, historical, or artistical attraction, while the villages have been almost all ravaged during the civil wars. Nevertheless there is less of squalid poverty and ragged misery in them than in the mendicant mud hamlets of Castile and La Mancha. A tour in these provinces is rather suited to the lover of nature than of arts. The chief cities have small charms except to commercial travellers, for these republican nonepiscopalians have neither palaces, picture-galleries, nor cathedrals; and since wealthy prelates and chapters have been wanting, there are few churches of architectural pretension. The towns are Swiss-like, surrounded with green hills and enlivened by clear trout-streams; the streets are often drawn in straight lines, which intersect each other at right angles; the *alamedas* are pretty; a *Juego de Pelota*, or fives-court, and a public *plaza*, are seldom wanting: the defences and walls are solid, for stone and iron abound, and the climate is damp and rainy. The sombre-looking balconied dwellings are so strongly built that they look like fortresses; here every gentleman's house is indeed his castle: they also resemble prisons from the iron *rejas* with which they are barred and blockaded. The soffits which support the projecting sheltering eaves are often richly carved; the eaves, indeed, protect the houses from the rains, but deluge passengers with shower-baths. To these *Casas Solares* or family manor-houses is added a pomp of heraldry, as armorial shields large as the pride of the owners are sculptured over the portals.

The antiquarian will not fare much better in these provinces than the dilettante or ecclesiologist. The towers of the ancient factions between the *Gamboino* and *Oñecino* are fast disappearing: these local Guelfs and Ghibelines differed to the death on the mode of offering lighted candles at religious ceremonies; the former bearing them aloft, the latter carrying them low.

Agriculture, as being the occupation of Adam, the first gentleman who bore arms, is not held to degrade these peasant peers. Their *hidalgos*, or better classes, are something between our small squires and substantial yeomen, and their claim to nobility is much higher in regard to birth than intellect: whole coveys of them would never make a single Cervantes; but how can he get wisdom that only holdeth a plough, and whose talk is about bullocks; here there are neither turnpike trusts nor quarter-sessions, which so enliven and enlighten some of our country gentlemen. As both skill and capital are scarce, cultivation is imperfectly conducted; human thews and sinews supply the place of machinery, and overworked man, woman, and child are truly *maquinas de sangre*. Both the roads and agriculture are better managed here than in Spain. The Basque farms are small, many not exceeding four or five acres, or so much land as a man, his wife, and family can labour: cultivation with the spade is much in vogue, or rather with a sort of prong-fork or mattock called *laya*. Meanwhile the peasantry are the best portion of the Basques, and if kindly treated are civil and hospitable as far as their humble means allow. Simple, hardy, and patient, they have the virtues and vices of highlanders; from knowing no better, they do not repine at their lot, but feeling strongly the attaching power of a mountain home, love their rocks and Alps, and are wretched when torn from them.

These provinces are made up of mountain and valley, with a sea-board line. The plains are verdurous from damp, and cultivated with great industry.