Montaracias, growing much corn, which is exported into Andalucia. They are also breeders of cattle on a large scale, which they manage with the primitive sling, or *honda*, as near San Roque (see p. 267). The *conocidores*, or herdsmen, ride down the animals, *los agorrachan á caballo*, just as their descendants do in South America. At their cattle-brandings and family feasts, *herraduras y fiestas de familia*, as at their marriages, they keep open house with much eating, drinking, singing, and dancing the *habas verdes*, after the fashion in Don Quixote at the wedding of Camacho. These are the unchanged convivia *festa* Carduarum of Martial (iv. 55. 17); and such were the Oriental sheep-shearings of Nabal (1 Sam. xxv. 36).

The houses of the humble Leonese, like their hearts, are always open to an Englishman; they have not forgotten the honesty, justice, and good conduct of our triumphant soldiers, which contrast with the rapine, sacrilege, and bloodshed of "Gaul's locust host." They remember Salamanca, and Him whom they call the "Great Lord," *El gran lor*, the Cid of England. Their houses are substantially furnished and clean, one peculiarity is the loftiness of the beds; the mattresses and pillows, *colchones y almohadas*, are often embroidered with the heraldic lions and castles, and the coarse but clean home-spun sheets are fringed with *flecos y randas*.

Costume naturally exists where there is so little communication with European civilization. These dresses, worn only on holidays, last long, and would last longer did they not smack of "picturesque barbarism" in the eyes of the *Español illustrado;* his wish is to efface these nationalities with cheap cotton and commonplace calico. Meantime notice the *Maragatos*, p. 537. The *Charro y Charra* of Leon are here what the *Majo y Maja* are in Andalucia. The *Charro** wears a low, broad-brimmed hat; his shirt, or *camison*, is richly worked in front, with a gold knob-brooch, or *boton;* his *chaleco*, or waistcoat of figured velvet, cut square, comes low down to the pit of the stomach, to display his shirt, and is garnished with square silver buttons and cross ribbons; his jacket is open at the elbow, and edged with black velvet; his sash is a broad belt, a *cinto* of leather not of silk; his long dark cloth gaiters are embroidered below the knee; with large silver buckles in his shoes, a stick in his right hand, and a cloak over his left shoulder, the rustic dandy is complete. The gay *charra* worthy of such a beau, wears a *caramba* in her hair, and a mantilla or hood of cloth cut square; this *cenerero* is fastened by a brooch or silver clasp, *el colchete*, and is richly embroidered; her red velvet boddice, *jubon*, is adorned with bugles, or *canutillo*, worked into fanciful patterns; her wrist-cuffs are wrought with gold, and her sash is tied behind; her petticoat, *manteo*, either of scarlet *de grana*, or with purple *morado*, the favourite colour, and like her apron, or *mandile*, is embroidered with birds, flowers, and stars. She has also a handkerchief, *rebocillo*, worked in gold, and wears many *joyas*, jewels and chains bedecked with coloured stones, which descend as heirlooms from mothers to daughters. But these fine clothes have not corrupted the wearers, whose honest simplicity of character, "*La honradez y sencillez de los Charros*," is proverbial; thus one of them being at a theatre, where in the play a traitor was deceiving the king, cried out, thinking the transaction a reality, "*Señor, Señor, no crea V. M. á ese!*"—"Sire! Sire! do not believe him." The Leonese rustic disputes with the *Sanchos* of La Mancha, for the palm of being the *Juan Español*, or Goody Gaffer of the Peninsula.

In the districts between *Benavente* and the capital *Leon* the men spin and the women delve. Their delight is telling ghost stories *el filanquiero*, and in offering at harvest-time to venerated images an amount of corn equal in weight to that of the local idol. In the mountain-chain, the *Arguellos* or *Mediana*, which separates Leon from the Asturias, the highlanders are wild as

* Charra, in the Basque, means Proletarius, serf.

their country, agricultural and pastoral after the most antiquated and vicious system. The waste of water-power and wood is prodigious. Of the *encinas*, or oak trees, rude sticks, *shillelahs*, are made, and *gabuzos*, or wood candles constructed from the *Brero*. N.B. Among the apples eat the *Repinaldo*; the strawberries and arbutus, *Memendanos*, may also be remembered, and the mutton confection, the *Caldereta*. The young women in these parts delight in good-natured teasing and tormenting strangers, *le dan los cucharones*.

CIUDAD RODRIGO, *Posada de la Colada*, pop. about 4500, rises on a slight eminence above the Agueda, which flows under the walls to the W., being here intersected by small islands. It is crossed by a fine bridge, which leads to Portugal, distant over the plains a few miles. This fortified place although "weak in itself, is," says the Duke, "the best chosen *position* of any frontier town that I have seen." It is one of the keys of Spain, hence the important part that it played in the retreats and sieges during the Peninsular war, when its capture, succeeded by that of Badajoz, opened the way to the Duke to deliver Spain: and in these glorious recollections consist its present interest, for, it is now dull, poverty-stricken, and perfectly unprovided with any requisite for real defence.

Ciudad Rodrigo was so called after the Conde Rodrigo Gonzalez Giron, who founded it in 1150. Three Roman columns, brought from ancient Malabriga and preserved on the *Plaza*, are borne by the city for its arms. It is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago. As this is a *Plaza de Armas*, all who wish to examine and make sketches had better apply for permission of the governor.

The cathedral was begun in 1190 by Ferdinand II. of Leon: the architect, Benito Sanchez, lies buried in the cloister. The edifice was enlarged in 1538 by Cardinal Tavera, Archb. of Toledo, and previously bishop here. An inner door of the old cathedral exists near the entrance, with curious statue-work and alto-relievos of the Passion. The quaint Gothic *silleria del coro* was carved by Rodrigo Aleman. The classical *Colegiata* or *Capilla* de Cerralvo, built in 1588 by Francisco Pacheco, Archbishop of Burgos, *was* very fine. Being converted into a powder-magazine, it was blown up in 1818 by *accident*—a thing almost of course in pococurante Spain and in the East. The shattered fragments were left for many years exactly as they fell, pictures flapping in the *retablo*, &c. The cardinal's leaden coffin had been torn from its sarcophagus by the invaders to furnish bullets against the living; the uncovered corpse was cast into a niche, and then moved to a loft, where it remained for years, lying in the tattered episcopal robes. The chaplain, on this indecency being pointed out by us, merely shrugged his shoulders: yet he was a descendant of this prelate, and enjoyed the revenues of his endowment; although he duly dined himself, he cared little about burying his dead. He at least was not neglectful of the conditions of the national proverb, *Los vivos á la mesa, los muertos á la huesa.*

The cathedral being placed at the N.W. angle of the town, and exposed to the *Teson*, has suffered much during the sieges.

The town walls were built by Ferdinand II., and the large square tower was erected by Henry II. in 1372. The Duke, when here, lodged at *La Casa de Castro;* observe its portal with spiral pillars. The costumes of the *Charro* and *Charra* are to be seen in Ciudad Rodrigo in great perfection on holidays.

Ciudad Rodrigo is a point of military interest in itself, while in the vicinity are *El Bodon*, *Sabugal*, *la Guarda*, *Fuentes de Oñoro*, and other sites where the moral and physical superiority of our chief and his troops

over the enemy was signally tested and manifested. Near it also, are *Celorico*, *Fuente Guinaldo*, *Freneda*, and other head-quarters of the Duke, while hovering on the borders of Spain and patiently planning her deliverance. From these once obscure places some of his most remarkable dispatches were written: then and there, while all at home and abroad despaired, his prophetic eye saw in the darkest gloom the coming rays of his glory.

The first siege, undertaken in the spring of 1810 by Massena and Ney, was a gross mistake, as during it the Duke was given time to prepare his lines at Torres Vedras. Although anxious to relieve the place he refused to risk an action against an enemy "double his number in infantry, and three times so in cavalry." He disregarded alike the sneers of allies and enemies at "his cowardly selfish caution." He well knew, which they did not, that the fate of Spain did not depend upon this point, but on the preservation of the little English army, which eventually delivered the Peninsula.

After a most desperate resistance, the *accidental* (*i.e.* a *certainty* in careless Spanish and oriental citadels) explosion of a powder-magazine forced its governor, gallant Herrasti, to surrender July 10, when every article of the capitulation was dishonourably violated by Ney (Toreno, xii., Madoz, vi. 459).

After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo the Duke continued patient. He waited through fair and foul report until his time for action was come. He knew that Buonaparte would never rest without making another attempt on Portugal, in the hopes of retrieving the misfortunes of Junot before Lisbon, and those of Soult at Oporto. The Duke was, therefore, prepared for the invasion of Massena in July, 1810; and the result was signally decided at Torres Vedras.

While Ney and Massena differed on the field of battle, Soult at a distance was influenced by those rivalries which so often sapped the French cause. Instead of hastening day and night, as he ought, to his comrade's relief, he never moved from Seville until December, when it was too late, and then loitered at Olivenza and Badajoz, where, but for the misconduct of Mendizabal at Gebora, of Imaz at Badajoz, and of Lapeña at Barrosa, both he and Victor would have been beaten at the same time as Ney and Massena. The Duke was thus robbed by Spanish misconduct of his full reward; he could deserve success, but 'tis not in mortals to command it.

The next year the Duke pounced upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and took it in 11 days, being in less than half the time which he himself had expected. His secresy and boldness of plan, rapidity of attack, and admirable strategics baffled both Soult and Marmont alike. Now, as afterwards at Badajoz, the French scarcely began to move before the deed was done, and yet this fortress, which when weak had defied Ney and Massena for three months, had in the meantime been rendered much stronger by General Barrie, an able officer who worthily commanded a most gallant garrison; he had thrown up new works, and fortified the two convents, S^a^. Cruz to the N.W. and San Francisco to the N.E. into redoubts. The Duke, in spite of the winter season, appeared before the place Jan. 8, 1812, and at dusk that very evening took the strong fortified *teson* to the N.; Graham, with the light division, having converted a proposed reconnaissance into a real attack. This daring dash determined the rapid fall of the fortress, as precious time was gained, and breaching batteries securely established. On the 19th two practicable breaches to the N.E. were nobly carried by Picton and Crawfurd, the latter receiving his death-wound. After Ciudad Rodrigo was taken the Duke rode back to Gallegos; he outstripped his suite, and arrived alone and in the dark. Marmont was so taken aback by the rapidity and brilliancy of this capture, that in his official report he observed, "There is something so *incomprehen-*

sible in all this, that until I know more I refrain from any remarks." What can be greater praise to those, who thus puzzled him? Yet Monsieur Foy (i. 259, 302) refuses to the Duke and our engineers even a knowledge of the "alphabet of their art," and sneers at their profound ignorance and bungling in every siege; and this when Cadiz, Tarifa, Gibraltar, and Alicante were attacked by the French, and *not* taken, because defended by the English, while Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Almaraz, S[n]. Sebastian, &c., defended by the French, *were* taken, because stormed by the English. The captor was made an English earl, and the Cortes bestowed on him the rank of *grande*, making him duke of his recovered fortress; and by this title, *Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo*, Spaniards are fond of calling him, as it Españolises to *their* ears *our* victorious general, and thus blinks the *foreigner*, whose genius and success shamed the incapacity and failures of their own wretched chiefs.

Wellington gave over Ciudad Rodrigo to Castaños, but his confidence was miserably disappointed; for Don Carlos de España, who was placed in command, forthwith broke all promises of pay to his men, and as a mutiny ensued, the repairs were neglected, and even the stores furnished by England not even moved in! By this Spanish *co-operation* the Capture of Badajoz was neutralized, and ever lucky Soult again saved, as by Lapeña at Barrosa, from ruin. "If Ciudad Rodrigo had been provisioned as I—ipse dixit—had a right to expect, there was nothing to prevent me marching to Seville at the head of 40,000 men" (Disp. April 11, 1812).

Visit the English position, walking out to the suburb by the Alameda to San Francisco, then to the smaller *teson*, now called de Craufurd, and then to the larger *teson*, now termed *el fuerte de Wellington;* return by *Santa Cruz* and the Agueda, on whose banks, Oct. 11, 1811, Julian Sanchez, the *guerillero*, surprised Mons. Reynaud, the governor, while out riding, and carried him off. The Spaniard treated his French prisoner with hospitality, and yet the Don had taken up arms because his house had been burnt, his parents and sister murdered, and he himself at that very moment proscribed as a *brigand* by Gen. Marchand (Toreno, x.). Ciudad Rodrigo became in the hands of the Duke an important base for future operations, and its capture may be termed the first blow by which he struck down the invader. The Duke's capture of Ciudad Rodrigo is omitted altogether in Mons. Maison's French Handbook.

Excursions from Ciudad Rodrigo.

An interesting morning's ride may be made, taking a local guide and attending to the provend—first to *El Bodon*, 2 L., and to *Fuente Guinaldo*, 2 L., which lie to the S.W. up the basin of the Agueda. "Here," says Wellington, "the British troops surpassed every thing they had ever done before." In Sept. 1811, while the Duke was blockading *Ciudad Rodrigo*, Marmont and Dorsenne advanced with 60,000 men to its relief. Thereupon the Duke, whose forces barely reached 40,000, fell back towards *El Bodon*, in the plain to the r. Fifteen squadrons of superb French cavalry, under Montbrun, now charged our 5th and 77th in squares, attacking them on three sides at once: but they were repulsed at every point, and the two magnificent regiments retreated some miles in the plain with all the tranquillity and regularity of a parade. Marmont on that day proved his military incapacity, having failed to seize the most favourable moment of the war to crush the English army (Nap. xxiv. 6). On the 26th the Duke took up a position at *Fuente Guinaldo*, and Marmont, as if to amuse his opponent, went again through certain beautiful manœuvres in the plain below, like a ballet-master.

A little behind flows the Coa, and here, near the heights of Soito, the Duke again offerred Marmont battle,

which, notwithstanding all his numbers, he politely and prudently declined. Remembering Massena's defeats and retreats, he was rather shy of advancing into Portugal.

Those who have leisure may prolong their excursion by making a circuit into Portugal, and coming back by Almeida, thus visiting many spots the scenes of the Duke's victories, and long his head-quarters. Take, however, a local guide, and attend to the provend. The distances are given approximately.

From *Fuente Guinaldo* you can, if you have time and inclination, strike W. to *Alfayates;* and entering Portugal, wind over the spurs of the Sierra de Meras, and by *Torre* to *Sabugal;* and thence N.W. to *Pega*, where, says Walter Scott, March 30, 1811, the enemy's rear-guard was overtaken by our cavalry; thinking themselves safe from the strong position, they played "God save the King" in derision, when their minstrelsy was deranged by the *obligato* accompaniment of our artillery, and the rout complete; they were pursued and cut up for four long miles.

Continuing, we reach *Guarda*, a picturesque Portuguese episcopal town on the *Sierra de Estrella*, about 6 L. from the Spanish frontier, with stout walls, and castle, which *guarded* the frontier against the Moors. These almost impregnable heights were abandoned, March 29, 1811, by Massena, who, with 20,000 men, retired without firing a shot, before Picton, who had only three English and two Portuguese regiments. Thence on by *Prades* and *Salgaraes*, over a hilly peninsula formed by a bend of the Mondego, to *Celorico*, pop. about 1500. Cross the river and strike N.E. by *Alverca* to *Valverde*, and then ride on over the Coa to *Almeida*, distant about ½ L.

This frontier fortress of Portugal, distant from the Spanish *raya* 1 L., rises on a gentle eminence, almost surrounded by a desert *plain*, or table, as the word signifies in Arabic. Pop. about 1200. The citadel, never properly repaired since the Peninsular war, and still one of the finest in Portugal, commands a full view of the surrounding country. The artist should sketch the castle. The first result of the Duke's victory at *Fuentes de Oñoro* was the capture of *Almeida*, to relieve which Massena had risked the battle; such was his fright and flight after its loss, that he left the garrison to shift for itself, without even communicating his retreat to Gen. Brennier, the able French governor; he, however, blew up the bastions on the night of May 10, and skilfully escaped, through the astounding negligence of Gen. Campbell and Sir William Erskine, a mishap which caused infinite vexation to the Duke, who said—"This is the most disgraceful military event that has occurred to us; I have never been so much distressed as by the escape of even a man of them" (Disp. May 15, 1811); but, as he then remarked, he could not be everywhere at once; whenever he was absent something went wrong.

The rivers Coa and Turones, at which the smuggler laughs, divide the two kingdoms; from *Almeida* you can ride S. by the ridge to *Freneda*, under Monte Cabrillas, and distant about 5 L. from *Ciudad Rodrigo;* thence by *Villa Formosa* to *Fuentes de Oñoro* (*de la Noria*); visit the village, cross the streamlet *Dos Casas*, and then make for *Alameda*, or for *Gallegos*, a poor hamlet about ½ L. from the Agueda.

The glorious history of *Fuentes de Oñoro* is soon told: after the first capture of Ciudad Rodrigo by the French, the Duke foresaw that Buonaparte would make a third attempt on Portugal, to "drown the leopard," and efface the disgraces of Junot and Soult: accordingly, in July, 1810, Massena crossed the frontier with overwhelming numbers. *Busaco*, which, Sept. 26, checked his fool-hardy advance, did not teach him wisdom; for he pushed on to *Sobral*, and there, Oct. 10, found out for the first time the deep pit which his greater rival had dug for him. Massena's whole campaign was a failure: begun in fanfaronade, carried

out in rapine and butchery, it ended in total defeat, in the loss of 30,000 of his men, and of every pretension of his own to generalship. Massena's only strategics were rash, rapid advance, and reliance on great numerical superiority. "His retreat in March, 1811," says the quiet Duke, "was marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed." Women were foraged for and sold in the market, while the filthy slime of the foul French quarters was "degrading to human nature" (Pen. Camp. iii. 54).

Massena, after his *sauve qui peut* from Santarem, made another and his last desperate effort to restore his faded laurels, and crossed the Agueda, May 2, 1811, with 45,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, to relieve *Almeida*, which the Duke was blockading with less than 36,000 infantry and 2000 horsemen. His object was, in spite of inferior numbers, to protect both his approaches to *Almeida*, and his line of communication with Portugal by *Sabugal;* hence he was obliged to overextend his line; his centre was the village on the ragged hill of *Fuentes de Oñoro*, a name derived probably from *Noria*, the Moorish water-wheel, but now most truly *Fountains of Honour;* this point, rising above the stream *de Dos Casas*, was made, May 5, the grand object of Massena's attack, whose repulse was most complete. Nothing ever surpassed the charge of the 71st and 79th Highlanders, who, their colonel being killed, raised the war-cry of the Camerons. The 88th cleared the streets, and bayoneted down the "finest body of French grenadiers ever seen." Our cavalry, feeble in number, caught the generous inspiration, and crushed the splendid horsemen under Montbrun, whose hesitation lost what Picton called their "golden moment," for they might have destroyed the whole light division. But Massena withdrew just at the critical moment when a real general would have pressed on; he retreated, having lost 5000 men and his entire military reputation. Our loss was 2000 men.

This day settled the "spoilt *child* of victory," who under the Duke's tuition had grown up to be a finished *man* of defeat. Massena surrendered his command to Marmont on the 11th, and retired to Bordeaux, having carried off 800,000 dollars, "extorqués par le sang, et le pillage, une malédiction générale le suivit" (Schep. iii. 252). Plunder, indeed, says the Duke, was the original motive of Massena's Santarem expedition, "against every military principle, and at an immense sacrifice of men" (Disp. Dec. 29, 1810). He lived to prove false to both Buonaparte and the Bourbons. "Signalez-le," say his countrymen (Biog. Univ. xxvii. 407), "à l'horreur de la postérité, ses rapines lui ont acquis une honteuse célébrité." He died April 4, 1817, the disgusting death of a low debauchee, an end worthy of his origin. The son of a Jew pothouse-keeper at Nice, hooted out of the ranks for theft, he rose from being a fencing-master to be a favourite of Buonaparte; he obtained, as Suchet did in the E. of Spain, a great name by easy victories over feeble enemies; tested against the iron Duke, this potsherd, always found utterly wanting, was forthwith smashed to shreds.

ROUTE 64.—CIUDAD RODRIGO TO SALAMANCA.

Santi Spiritus	3	
Martin del Rio	2	5
Boveda de Castro	4	9
Calzada	3	12
Calzadilla	2	14
Salamanca	2	16

The road is bad and uninteresting. There is a sort of *galera* conveyance, and an isolated and tolerable *posada* near the church at *Boveda.* The battle-field of Salamanca may be visited the next morning by turning out of the high road to the r. through *Tura* and *Miranda de Azan;* coming out of which and the trees which fringe the brook *Azan* and the Zurguen, is the point at Porquerizos where Pakenham attacked the height and checked the extreme French left; instead of following the road straight on to *Torres,*

keep now to the r.; in front of *Azan* was the scene of the grand cavalry charge which shivered the superb French lines, and decided their defeat. Thence descend to the poor village of *Arapiles*. About 1½ mile E. rise the two knolls, the *Arapiles*, one flattish, the other conical, by which name our lively neighbours call this "affaire" at Salamanca, an untoward event, *omitted* by M. Maison in his French Handbook.

Salamanca with its domes rises about 4½ miles N. The battle was the result of a false move made by Marmont, who commanded in these districts more than 100,000, the Duke having at his disposal less than 60,000 (Nap. xviii. 4), of which scarcely half were British. This numerical superiority gave Marmont the power of every initiative, and reduced Wellington to act on the defensive: his own account to Graham is short and sweet. "I took up the ground which you were to have taken during the siege of Salamanca. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached heights: this race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action. I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the army of the North on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the army of the centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it; but instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have carried our *Arapiles*, or would have confined us entirely to our position; this was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating. I had desired the Spaniards to continue to occupy the castle of *Alba de Tormes;* Don Carlos de España had evacuated it, I believe, before he knew my wishes, and he was afraid to let me know that he had done so, and I did not know it till I found no enemy at the fords of the Tormes; when I lost sight of them in the dark, I marched upon *Huerta* and *Encinas*; if I had known that there had been no garrison in *Alba*, I should have marched there, and should probably have had them all" (Disp. July 25, 1812).

His position, July 22, 1812, was in the village of *Arapiles*. About three in the afternoon, Marmont over extended his line towards *Miranda de Azan*. When this was reported to the Duke, he with eagle-eyed intuition exclaimed, "Egad! I have them;" and so he had. He "fixed the fault with the stroke of a thunderbolt." A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and the English masses advanced; Pakenham on our r. about five o'clock, breaking the head of Thomières's splendid column into fragments with the force of a giant. Then the 4th and 5th divisions attacked the enemy's centre, gaining manfully the crest of *La Cabaña*, on which hill some desperate fighting took place: but the English cavalry, under Le Marchant, had before trodden to the dust 1200 Frenchmen, "big men on big horses," says Napier, "trampling down the enemy with terrible clamour and disturbance, smiting mass after mass with downright courage and force." Marmont was wounded in the arm: then Clausel, with much skill, endeavoured to repair the battle by changing his front; but the Duke turned round and smote him so grievously, that he fled, having abandoned everything that can constitute an army, and writing in the first agony of truth that not 20,000 men could be reorganised. He retreated on Burgos, sending Col. Fabvrier to convey the news to Buonaparte, which reached him on the Borodino, Sept. 7, on the eve of that battle, and this untoward intelligence was the real cause of Napoleon's heaviness of soul that night, and of his strange hesitation and "want of alacrity" during the conflict (see *Quar. Rev.* No. 184, p. 528). The

late time at which the battle of Salamanca began saved the enemy. "If we had had an hour more daylight the whole army would have been in our hands" (Disp. July 28, 1812). So wrote the Duke again when he crushed Soult at Nivelle. How wrote Marlborough at Oudenarde?—"If I had had two hours more of daylight the French army would have been irretrievably routed, and the greater part of it killed or taken." So again wrote Marlborough at Oudenarde, and so did Stanhope at Almenara, all using much the same words for the same great facts.

Salamanca was indeed a victory, nor have Messrs. Thiers and Co. yet claimed it as theirs; the Duke in 45 minutes beat 45,000 Frenchmen, although these lively historians are positive, had their general Marmont *not* been wounded that the victory must have been theirs; but so they said of the "untoward affair" of Malplaquet.

All, we are told, went on well for the French; according to Marmont, *Maucune culbuta les Anglais!* when the "cruel fatality" of the Marshal's wound (!) prevented a complete victory; nor did the Duke venture to move until he knew of this luck!! But Buonaparte knew better, and wrote, when Marmont's bulletin reached him, thus:—"Il est impossible de rien lire de plus insignificant; il y a plus de fatras, et plus de rouages que dans une horloge, et pas un mot qui fasse connoître l'état *réel* des choses" ('*Mémoires de Joseph*,' ix. 82; x. 104). The shortness and completeness of the affair arose from the combatants being nearly equal in numbers; the English and Portuguese amounting to 46,000, the French to 45,000, but in fact very superior, in being of one nation, and so much stronger in artillery and position, that Marmont was only afraid that the Duke would *escape* to *Ciudad Rodrigo:* the Marshal, in fact, made so sure of victory, and was so desirous of monopolising all the glory, like Victor at *Talavera*, that he would not wait for Joseph, who was coming up with 15,000 more men. The enemy lost 2 eagles, 11 cannon, and 14,000 men; our loss amounted to 5200, and their whole army would have been taken had it not been for the marplot Spaniard *Don Carlos de España:* all this misconduct is blinked now-a-days! nay, Madoz (xii. 869) now talks of the *serenidad y acierto*, with which Don Carlos executed the Duke's orders! Yet the victory was most important; Madrid and Andalucia were delivered, the Opposition was silenced in England, the traitor members of the Cortes of Cadiz were prevented from making terms with Joseph, while the recoil shook Buonaparte even in Russia, and raised the courage of the rejoicing world. Wellington now felt his growing power: "I saw him," says Col. Napier, a soldier portraying a soldier, "late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was won. He was alone—the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful; but his voice was calm, and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."

The peasant who attended the Duke as guide was named Fr°. Sanchez; he lost a leg in the fight, and was therefore always called afterwards *El Coco*. He had a pension of six reals a day, which the *Liberals*, so he told us, took from him in 1820.

These plains, bleak, commonplace and such indeed as elsewhere would be hurried over without notice, are henceforward invested with an undying halo; and little is that Englishman to be envied who when standing on such sites does not feel his patriotism grow warmer. Now every vestige of the death-strife of giant nations has passed away, like the smoke of our triumphant artillery, or the memory of Spain for services done. Nature, ever serene, has repaired, like a bountiful parent,

the ravages of these quarrelsome insects of a day. The corn waves thickly over soil fertilised by the blood of brave Britons who died for ungrateful Iberia; and the plain for twenty years afterwards was strewed with their bleaching bones, left to the national undertaker the vulture; nay, for want of cover in these denuded steppes, the sculls in our time were strangely tenanted:

"Beneath the broad and ample bone
That buckled heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare built her lowly nest."

And, for another trait of character, the peasant *El Coco* assured us that although 6000 Spaniards, under even Sarsfield, in whose veins flowed Irish blood, had been quartered two months in Salamanca in 1832, not one Spanish man or officer had ever been to visit this battle-field; and truly, as at Barrosa, no single blow was struck there by Spanish sabre: nor has delivered Spain reared any chronicle of stone, or filled any niche at Salamanca with aught to record an English ally; nor does Mellado, in his Guia of 1843, even allude to the victory at all; yet he can devote pages to the paltry bush-fightings of Carlists and Christinists.

But there still bask those plains in a sunshine bright and enduring as our Duke's glory; and there they still stand, more enduring than brass, those gray Arapiles, those pillars of the Hercules Britannicus, engraved with his conqueror sword. They will exist for ever, silent but eloquent witnesses of a glorious truth, which none can ever rail from off the bond.

The results of the victory of Salamanca were again neutralised by misconduct of Ballesteros, which led to raising the siege of *Burgos*, and in November, three months after Marmont's disaster, the Duke stood again on these plains; then, as he had predicted, the relief of Andalucia threw on him the additional army of Soult, who, joining Jourdan on the Tormes, now commanded 100,000 infantry, 12,000 horse, with 120 cannon. The Duke and Hill were resting their weary forces, which did not exceed 52,000 men; but he knew his old ground, and wished to fight and to conquer again and again. Deprived by some absurd proceedings of the Cortes of his usual sources of information, he lingered at *Salamanca*, challenging the French to battle one day too long. Jourdan, who had forgotten *Talavera*, wished to engage at once; but Soult—*l'homme coupable des malheurs de l'Espagne*, according to Joseph ('*Mém.*' x. 395)—who remembered Oporto, hesitated, and his *discretion* was backed by Clausel, who disliked les souvenirs des Arapiles, and thus they lost the precious chance. Both, although brave and skilful, were cowed by the mere presence of the Duke, and hoped—relying on vast superiority of numbers—to cut him off from Ciudad Rodrigo, *par des savantes manœuvres*. Then it was that Wellington made that magnificent move, defiling, as at *Burgos*, in the very face of the enemy, who did not dare even to molest him. Thus he gained on them the advance, and, bringing his army to the river Valmuza, marched hence by the upper road through *Vitigudino* to Ciudad Rodrigo, a retreat unparalleled in daring and complete success, and more glorious than many aggressive campaigns.

After leaving these plains, and riding over a bleak, treeless, unenclosed country, cold in spring and winter, scorched and calcined in summer, we reach Salamanca, rising nobly, with dome and tower, on its hill crest over the Tormes, which is crossed by a long Roman bridge of 27 arches, one that becomes an ancient and wise university better than Folly Bridge does Oxford.

SALAMANCA. The inns very bad. *Posada de los Toros—De las Diligencias.* There is a *Casa de Pupilos* at Doña Inez Romero in the Plaza Santo Tomas. But gastronomy never was an Iberian science, and if Salamanca has produced 100,000 doctors, it never has reared one good cook. The food

for body and mind, however copious in quantity, is unsatisfactory in quality, the *panes pintados* not excepted: it cannot even boast of the "brawn and puddings" of Oxford, which Heads of houses digest. However bad the inns, there are many *posadas secretas*, or "private lodgings," and *tiendas de Habaceria*, and *Botillerias*, where the undergraduates lodge, and drink bad aniseed or Castilian brandy with or without Castalian streams, as copiously as German Burschen do beer.

Salamanca is the capital of its modern department, the see of a Bishop, suffragan to Santiago; pop. 14,000. The town is dull, without learning, society, or commerce; the climate is cheerless and cold, for the air bites shrewdly, and as fuel is very scarce, the sun is the fireplace of the poor: hence "the South" takes precedence in the three "Marvels" of Salamanca: "*Medio dia, medio puente, y medio claustro de San Vicente.*"

Salamanca, built on three hills, and in a horse-shoe shape, stands with its ancient walls and domes over the Tormes, whose waters often disagree with strangers. This river rises in the Sierra de Gredos, near Tormelles, and after a course of 45 L. flows into the Duero near Fermosella; it contains fine trout, some have been caught weighing 18 lb; the best fishing is nearer the source: at Salamanca the dingy waters rather resemble the Cam than the Isis, and they are supposed to produce stupifying effects. The phrase "*Ha bebido de las aguas del Tormes*"—a compliment or a satire—alludes either to the waters of Castalia, or to those of oblivion, as the case may be, and generally to the latter; for Salamanca is presumed to be learned, because all bring to it something, and few take anything away: thus Fabricio advises Gil Blas not to go there, because having some natural cleverness he risked its loss.

Seen from outside Salamanca has an antique picturesque look; the beautiful creamy stone of which it is built comes from the quarries of Villa Franca, 1 L., and is infinitely superior in colour and duration to the perishable material used at Oxford. This university, although in a land of Alamedas is, however, altogether deficient in those academic groves and delightful gardens of her English rival.

Salamanca (Salmantica), a name some have derived from *Elman*, the Iberian god of war, was a large and ancient city of the *Vettones*. Plutarch (De Virt. Mul.) calls it μεγαλη πολις; he relates how, 532 U.C., Hannibal raised its siege, the Spaniards having "promised to pay" 300 talents of silver and give 300 hostages, but performed neither; thereupon the real Punic chief, not to be so done, came back and destined the place up to plunder, having ordered the male population to come out in jackets, and without arms or cloaks. The women, however, hid swords under their *sayas* (as their descendants the Madrid Manolas still do knives); and when the Massæsylian guard placed over the prisoners left their charge to join in the pillage, these Amazons armed the men, who killed many of the plunderers; Hannibal thereupon re-appeared, when the Spaniards ran to the hills, but he was so pleased with the *brave* women, and so anxious to do what would the most gratify them, that he allowed them to re-people Salamanca. The ladies only spoke Iberian, and Hannibal only Punic, but he had a bilingual interpreter named Bacon.

Under the Romans Salamanca became the ninth military station, on the *Via Lata*, the broad road from Merida to Zaragoza. Trajan built the bridge, of which the original piers exist. The Goths patronised Salamanca, and here coined money in gold, which they seldom did elsewhere (see Florez, 'Med.' iii. 272). Ravaged by the Moors, and finally reconquered by the Spaniards in 1095, the city abounds with early specimens of architecture; thus, the old cathedral is of 1102; *Santo Tome de los Caballeros* of 1136; *San Cristobal* of 1150; *San Adrian* of 1156; *San Martin* of 1173: *Santo*

Tomas á Becket of 1179. Salamanca has been called *Roma la chica*, from its number of stately buildings, and is still a university to any *architect* who wishes to study style from the earliest periods; it contains superb specimens of the simple and florid Gothic, of the richest cinque-cento and plateresque, down to the most outrageous *Rococo;* for Josef Churriguera, the heresiarch of bad taste, and whose name is synonymous with absurdity in brick and mortar, was born here about 1660.

The pride of Salamanca was laid in the dust by the invaders, whose ravages were thus described by the Duke, June 18th, 1812:—"The enemy evacuated on the 16th, leaving a garrison in the fortifications which they have erected on the ruins of the colleges and convents which they have demolished." "It is impossible to describe the joy of the people of the town upon our entrance; they have now been suffering more than three years, during which time the French among other acts of violence and oppression, have destroyed 13 out of 25 convents, and 20 of 25 colleges which existed in this celebrated seat of learning." Again, Feb. 10, 1813, he writes: "I have received intelligence that the enemy have destroyed the remaining colleges and other large buildings which were at Salamanca, in order to use the timber for firewood." The western portion of Salamanca is consequently one heap of ruins. Conceive what Oxford would be were Christchurch, Corpus, Merton, Oriel, All Souls', the Ratcliffe, Bodleian, Brazennose, and St. Mary's reduced to mere shells. Life and spirit are now departed, for these architects of ruin while they levelled its material forms cut at the root of its moral existence. Now, in the new order of things, *Les écoles primaires*, &c., supersede *Salamanca*, and if the Bible be disbelieved, nothing better has been substituted. For what Salamanca was before Messrs. Ney and Marmont went into residence, consult '*Historia de Salamanca*,' Gil Gonzalez de Avila, 4to., Salamanca, 1606; and '*Compendio Historico*,' Bernardo Dorado, 4to., Salamanca, 1768, 1776; Ponz, xii.; Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xii.; '*Historia*,' Pedro Chacon, 8vo.; the apologetical '*Reseña Historica*,' M. H. Davila; Salam. 8vo. 1849.

The first university in *Castile* was that founded at Palencia by Alonso VIII., which induced Alonso IX. of Leon to establish this one for his *Leon*. When the two kingdoms were united under his son St. Ferdinand, Palencia was incorporated with Salamanca, and he gave the united universities new statutes in 1243. Alonso el Sabio, his son, being learned, *not* wise, favoured this seat of learning, and endowed professorships in 1254. Oxford takes precedence of Salamanca, a question decided at the Council of Constance, 1414, when Henry de Abendon, warden of Merton, advocated our university, a decision the Spaniards never forgave. Salamanca was first governed by its own Rector, and by a code drawn up in 1300; this officer, one of great authority, was chosen for a year every 11th of September, and entered into his functions on the 25th. The discipline of the university was placed under his tribunal. The details of office, the *Maceros*, silver bedels, &c., will be found in Davila and Dorado, together with the niceties of tufts or gowns, *Roscas*, of those worn by graduates, of the *Borla* (the pileus of the pagan Flamen), the details of the *Becas*, the old cock crest emblematic of nobility and adopted by clerical dignitaries, &c. &c.; the particulars of the hoods that were worn with the gown, *Manto* or *Loba de Buriel*, a closely fitting cloth dress—quasi λοβος, the bark of the cork tree—and much more will be found in Salazar's chronicle of the '*Gran Cardenal*,' ii. 11, and in that quaint old 'Handbook' for Spain, '*Grandezas de España*,' Pedro de Medina, 1566, p. 97. In the matter of tufts it may be mentioned that a *white* tassel on a cap signified divinity; *green*, common law; *crimson*, civil law; *blue*, arts and philosophy: while *yellow* (biliously appropriate) betokened medicine.

The colleges were divided into *Mayores* and *Menores:* at the *larger* were taught divinity, law, medicine, and the classics; at the smaller, grammar and rhetoric. The *Escuelas*, or schools, were three: first, the *Mayores*, or greater, teaching theology, canonical law, medicine, mathematics, philosophy natural and moral, languages, and rhetoric; next, the *Menores*, or smaller, whose province was grammar and music; and last, the *Minimos*, or smallest, destined to the mere accidence, reading and writing. The *larger* colleges were aristocratical foundations, and the rigid proofs of birth and purity of blood, *Hidalguia y limpieza de sangre*, rendered them a monopoly in the great families, insomuch that simply to be a member of one of these colleges ensured subsequent promotion in law and church. Of these *Colegios Mayores* there were only six in all Spain —one at Seville, one at Valladolid, and four at Salamanca, and those here were *San Bartolomé*, *Cuenca*, *del Arzobispo*, and *del Rey*. The other colleges are, or rather were, 21 in number, and by name, Monte Olivete, Santo Tomas, Oviedo, San Millan, Santa Maria, Santa Cruz, La Magdalena, Alcantara, y Calatrava, de los Angeles, Santa Susana, Guadalupe, San Pelayo, San Bernardo, Los Irlandeses, Santa Catalina, Las Viejas, San Juan, Jesus, San Miguel, San Pedro y San Pablo, and Burgos. The *Colegios Mayores* were first curtailed of their privileges by the minister de Roda, who, having when young been rejected at one from his low birth, persuaded Charles III., about 1770, to *reform* them; thus, they were deprived of their patronage and remodeled. Blanco White (Lett. 104) gives the secret history of this private revenge, cloaked under the disguise of public good.

Salamanca, which in the 14th century boasted of 17,000 students, had already, in the 16th, declined to 7000, and it continued to languish until the French invasion: now it is so comparatively a desert, that when the Term, *el curso*, was opened, Oct. 1, 1846, by the rector, attended by military bands! only 30 doctors and 400 students appeared; the establishment of local universities in large cities has broken up the monopoly which Salamanca enjoyed of granting degrees; and now this time-honoured university itself has been rendered subject to the modern one of central Madrid; the actual system of education in Spain, since the decree of Sept. 17, 1845, is modelled on that of France, while the power given to *Seminaries* to grant degrees injures the university; but to secularise education is the object of modern reformers, who hope to get that powerful lever out of the hands of the clergy, and make religion and theology—different as they are—an extra study, and optional, like dancing; so the glories of Salamanca are past.

Meanwhile, in Spain there are no public schools as in England, the students, day-pupils, return home to board with their parents; accordingly filial and parental relations are better maintained than with us, at the expense, however, of the sciences of boating, football, and cricket. Again, in Spain, as on the continent generally, the rising generations lack an early initiation into the miniature world, such as Eton and Winchester, where conceit is taken out, and all find their level; where *fair play and high principle* and true manliness are taught; where "*English gentlemen*" are formed, that first and best material for everything else.

The poorest students of Spain, who aspire only to be humble hard-working curates, have always been the subject of witticisms and satires: indeed, *un Estudiante* has long been synonymous with an *impertinente*. The inferior orders of them were simply beggars, "licensed by act of Parliament," just as our "poor scholars" were by 7 Richard II. The Spaniards were permitted by law (Recop. lib. i. tit. 12, ley 14) to vagabondize and finish their education by soliciting charity. They might be known by costume, by their "threadbare cope," as was the poure