

yard), and had given up all hope of being joined by the Don, when I heard a loud shouting behind me calling on me to stop for my compañero, and up came Don Diego out of breath, complimenting me on my valour, and saying, that being determined not to be outdone by an Englishman, he had at last screwed up his courage to the enterprise. We might well have spared ourselves this useless adventure, for before we reached the post-house the Diligence overtook us.

Such then you will observe is the probability of every traveller being detained on his journey along the high road from Madrid to Zaragoza and Barcelona, from the want of a bridge over a mountain stream in a country where heavy rains are always common. And yet, in other respects, this road carried over the difficulties of a continued chain of mountains, has been constructed at the cost of government with much skill and ingenuity. “*Quam cum parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus?*” Such were the adventures of our second day’s journey.

The third passed over smoothly enough. At

about eight o'clock we entered a large town called Calatuyd, seated in a most fertile valley watered by a limpid river, and situated at the base of steep impending rocks. Calatuyd is a manufacturing town, with a population of nine thousand, and the only one of the least consideration between Madrid and Zaragoza, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles. The stile of its buildings, and the elegance of several of its towers, shews it evidently to be one of Moorish construction.

From hence we again pursued our way over a bleak and naked Sierra, and I presume the soil was here sulphurous from the noisome stench which every now and then arose from stagnant pools of water, a circumstance which, together with the dreariness of the scenery and the rain which was pouring down reminded me of that stanza describing the third circle of *Dante's Hell*.

Grandine grossa e acqua tinta e neve

Per l'aer tenebroso se riversa ;

Pute la terra che questo riceve.

Towards sun-set we descended into the im-

mense plain which stretches round Zaragoza on every side, bare and uncultivated, till we arrived within two miles of the town. Crossing over the Zaragoza canal, and by the side of the Alhafesija, the antient palace of the Moorish kings, we entered the capital of Arragon by the gate Santa Engracia. You have already had my description of this town in the account of my tour in the autumn of 1831, and not being now disposed to stay an hour longer at this brutal town than is necessary, and wishing to avail myself of traveling in company with Don Diego and four other of our fellow passengers who are bound for the same route as myself, I have accordingly secured my place with them in the Diligence for tomorrow morning. The arrangement by the Diligence is the following. We are to be conveyed the first day's journey on wheels to Ayerbe: from thence to be furnished with mules and guides over the Pyrenees by Jaca for the second and third day's journeys, and from Urdoz, the first French village, to be forwarded to Oleron in a carriage. With the rainy autumn that has

set in, my anticipations of such a journey are not very delightful.

Yours, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.

* * * Should the gentle reader honour this tour with his approbation, he will find an account of Zaragoza from the same writer in the second volume of this work.—EDITOR.

LETTER XVII.

ANALYSIS OF DANTE CONTINUED.

DEAR SIR,

WE now proceed to the sixth Canto of the Inferno, and here we find ourselves in the third circle among the condemned Gluttons.

“ The black and curtain'd atmosphere unceasing spouteth forth
Big hail stones, snow and foul discolour'd sleet,
Stinks fetidly the earth that drinks the deluge up.”

Cerberus is here introduced, with his triple throat, a beard black with matted gore, and a belly of portentous size. Armed with claws, he gripes, he shakes, he mangles the condemned.

“ Like dogs they howl, as beats on them the ever pouring rain,
From side to side they turn and twist and writhe,
And roll themselves in agony about the souls profane.”

The dog of Hell on beholding Virgil and Dante, quivering with rage, opens his jaws and shows

his menacing tusks. Virgil to appease him
throws a clod of earth down his throat.

“ And as some craving hound that hunger-baying stands,
In silence fastens on the food that’s to him thrown,
And now intent on gorging only, tussles with it to and fro,
So straight this monster clos’d his mud begrimed jaws,
Cerberus dog of Hell, whose thundering yells
So stunn’d the ears of them below, that envied they the deaf.”

While they are passing over the miserable ghosts,
beat down to the earth by the rain, mere images,
mere semblances of material forms, as Dante
describes them, which they tread beneath their
feet like impalpable shadows, one of these un-
fortunates suddenly raises himself up, addresses
Dante and asks him if he can recognise his face.
‘ Thou hadst from dust sprung forth ’ere I to
dust return’d’—he says. The expression in the
original is very remarkable. ‘ Tu fosti prima,
ch’ io disfatto, fatto,’—translated by Cary, ‘ Thou
wast fram’d or ’ere my frame was broken.’
Dante replies he is unable to recognise a single
one of his features, perhaps because the agony he
is enduring has so distorted them—but tell me,
he says who art thou ?

“ Within thy city, he replied, thy native city’s walls,
So full of envy, that the cup o’erswells the brim,
Pass’d I life’s listless days beneath that sky serene.”

He then informs him that in Florence he had obtained the nickname of Ciacco, which signifies, Hog, and that for his gluttonous excesses he is here damned and buffeted by the infernal shower.

This Ciacco was a vile parasite, but according to Landino, eloquent, full of urbanity, facetious, spirited and agreeable in conversation. We have many a Ciacco be it observed among us,—dinner-hunters and hangers on. Some are agreeable and lively, others intolerably stupid, and all despicable parasites.

“ Many others,” says Ciacco, “ besides myself are weeping here.” Dante replies that his unfortunate state forces the tears from his eyes, and then prays him to prophecy the future fate of Florence. Ciacco then enters into the party feuds and struggles of Florence, with which I shall not detain you. He tells him that there are but two just citizens in his native town, and they unknown; that pride, envy and avarice

have steeled the hearts of all the rest. What a picture of republican Florence? The spirit is then silent, as though anxious to close his weary lips which announce so much woe to his country from its factious divisions, but the poet entreats him still to say where are those worthy patriots Tegghiajo Farinata, Mosca and Jacopo Rusticucci—are they amidst the spirits of the dead breathing the sweet air of Heaven, or the poisonous blasts of Hell? The spirit replies.

“ Amongst the souls most deeply dyed in guilt,
 By other crimes ; in lowest depth of Hell,
 Thou shalt behold them, if so low thou divest down.”

He then intreats Dante to recall his memory to the recollection of his fellow citizens, as soon as he is returned to that sweet world of life above,—this ardent longing for fame being the prevailing passion of all these condemned spirits.

“ Thereon askance he roll'd his eye-balls, and a look
 At parting gave me, as he dropp'd his head
 And down amidst the other damn'd in silence sunk.
 Thence cried my guide, no soul of these again shall rise
 Till peals the Archangel's trump on high
 And summons them before the judgement seat to stand.

To his sad sepulchre thereon shall each return
 His weeds of flesh and living form put on
 And hear the eternal sentence through Heav'n's concave ring."

Dante then following Virgil with slow and thoughtful steps, questions him on the awful subject of the state of the soul after the final judgement shall be pronounced—shall these torments abate, be augmented, or shall their fierceness continue with equal wrath? He replies to him to consult the lessons of his Ethics, which teach him, that to the greater perfection arrives the soul, so more intensely does it feel the good or evil of its fate. These unhappy souls shall never reach the state of true perfection, yet do they hope to reach nearer to it than in this their present. What Dante's speculations on this subject were, he very discreetly veils from us—he merely says they *hope*. "On this subject the lessons of Aristotle teach that, the nearer the nature of man approaches towards perfection, the greater is the aptitude of his nature to feel either the misery or happiness of his condition; and Augustin observes in the same sense "cum fiet resurrectio carnis, et bonorum gaudium erit

et tormenta majora." They then prepare to descend to the fourth circle, to which I shall act as your guide and showman in the next letter.

I remain, my dear Sir, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.

Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER XVIII.

JOURNEY OVER THE PYRENEES BY JACA TO THE
FRENCH FRONTIER.

Pau, Oct. 13.

DEAR SIR,

I HALT a day here on purpose to give you an account of my journey over the Pyrenees. It was one which I contemplated with very unpleasant anticipations on account of the state of the weather, for as to dangers or difficulties they had never entered into my speculations.

On the 8th of October, before day-light stood two very antient vehicles ready drawn out before the inn to convey us to Ayerbe our first day's journey. Four of our party having taken possession of one carriage, leaving the other to me and Don Diego, between whom there had been several little out-breakings of mutual dislike. Opposite to us sat, likewise bound for Ayerbe, two bare-legged sandalled Arragonese peasants, men of unexceptionable manner and behaviour,

although the Don, declared they were a couple of savages, and exhaled an odour very similar to that of wild-beasts.

Leaving Zaragoza by the bridge over the Ebro, we passed by the naked scathed walls of a huge convent on our right which had been burnt and sacked during the late commotions. On entering Zaragoza we had in like manner remarked, a proof of the ferocity of these Saragossans, in a number of crosses by the side of the road the memorials of so many assassinations.

Arriving at a broad and foaming river at about the distance of seven miles, we crossed it by a wooden bridge the substitute for a Moorish one of stone, one ruined arch of which remained the only memorial. The vast plain of Zaragoza now lay before us, stretching in this direction for forty miles, presenting a wild scene clothed only with rosemary and other wild herbs, except for a few miles during which we skirted a fine canal constructed by the Moors, which was bordered by flourishing orchards and vineyards. Nothing could be more wild and desolate than

the character of the scenery—the roads flooded with rain—pools of mud and stagnant water before us, as we were slowly approaching, the bare lime-stone ridges of the lower Pyrenees.

After several delays in crossing intersecting streams, and some of the most surprising feats of coachmanship in mounting and descending the various ups and downs of the road, during which we were pitched to and fro as though we had been on ship-board in a troubled sea, we arrived at a most excellent inn in the evening at Ayerbe. It had been the palace of a Spanish nobleman and might have accommodated half a regiment in its spacious halls and corridors.

We were joined at supper by several travellers from France who gave us accounts of the perils of the Pyrenean road, which Don Diego who had some time back performed the same journey confirmed. This road had been in fact constructed by Napoleon during the war of independence, for the express object of moving down his train of artillery to batter Zaragoza and has never since been kept in repair by the Spaniards. It now forms the only communication between

France and Spain and is well defended by the Arragonese, who sensible of the advantage they derive from its being so much travelled, take good care to secure it against the bands of Carlists who are committing daily atrocities on the road between Zaragoza and Barcelona.

On the following day we set off on our mules at the dawn of a promising morning, accompanied by four guides and two baggage mules leading the cavalcade. The clouds, however, before we had completed two hours of our journey rose suddenly up from the vallies, hanging on the sides of the mountains, and at twelve o'clock in the midst of a drizzling rain we entered a wretched village called Anzanio. After a repast seasoned with rancid oil even to the very soup, at one o'clock we were again on our mules, and the difficulty of our journey commenced. Here we were skirting the banks of precipices, with torrents swelled by the rain roaring and foaming at the bottom, and mounting and descending abrupt and stony declivities, while the rain was now pouring down on us in earnest.

We had quitted Anzanio about an hour,

when we met a party of travellers mounted like ourselves on their way to Zaragoza, and a curious scene took place, that of exchanging mules on each side. Imagine the dismounting, the saddling and unsaddling of sixteen animals and shifting the baggage, the various antics of the mules, as one feeling himself free from his load began rolling himself in the mud, and another kicking at his neighbour, the blows and vociferations bestowed on them by the guides, and amidst all this noise and confusion thoroughly characteristic of the Spaniards, there was my friend Don Diego who had managed at Ayerbe to secure the best mule for himself, (another aggravation of the ill-will that our four other companions had before testified towards him) swearing and protesting most manfully that no power on earth should compel him to relinquish his beast.

The chances of war after this exchange having given me a horse with some signs of mettle in him, in place of a sluggish mule, I was congratulating myself on my luck, but when can we safely pronounce ourselves to be the favourites

of the blind Goddess—we who are equally blind ourselves? All of a sudden down came the object of my self-congratulation and as I had only one end of a rope-halter to pull him up by, instead of a bridle, you will say it was no bad proof of horsemanship that I managed to relieve him from this attitude and escape a fall myself. The rain had now thoroughly soaked through our boots, though our umbrellas kept us dry above, and the ruggedness of our road increased at every mile.

As for the scenery of these mountains it is of a cheerless and disconsolate character. Occasional features of grandeur there were, but stern and rude. Few were the marks of life—rare the sight of a hamlet, of a flock of sheep or of a herd of cattle.

It had been dark for now above an hour, when we heard the welcome sound of firing of cannon from the fort of Jaca—and in about half an hour after we reached the walls, and entered the gate of this melancholy isolated town, the rain pattering on the pavement, and the eaves of the houses discharging their waterspouts on

our heads. At what an inn were we housed for the night? The wind found an entrance at every window, and whistled through a hundred chinks and crannies of the crazy tenement. While I was standing by the kitchen-fire of this specimen of a Spanish posada vainly attempting to dry my boots, the landlord a fine and respectable looking old Arragonese, told me if the bad weather should continue, it would be dangerous to attempt the passage of the higher Pyrenees, for as yet we had merely crossed the lower. In such case Don Diego and myself came to the determination of staying at Jaca the next day, though the rest of the party seemed inclined to proceed.

Our supper here was a second edition of our repast at Anzania, two of our party who were the arrantest scamps that I had ever the honour of being associated with, shouting and hollaing as usual, and bandying their jokes with the girl who served us. These two specimens of Madrid bagmen having fairly sent the Don to Coventry, he after supper entered into a personal remonstrance with them. They charged him with

giving himself airs, making himself exclusive, helping himself to the best mule and saddle at Ayerbe, and various grave and weighty matters, to all which the Don replied in such good set terms, as brought them a little to their senses. The storm that had been so long lowering having thus expended itself produced a calm, and for the rest of the journey Don Diego accommodated himself so well to their humour, that he hollaed and shouted and joked with them as though in rivalry.

At six o'clock the next morning one of the guides awoke me and inquired if I had made up my mind to continue my journey. Hearing the melancholy sound of the rain still streaming on the pavement, I answered certainly not, and again turned my head on my hard pillow. In an hour after one of the party entering my room informed me that the rain had ceased and that they had all determined to resume their journey. Accordingly I dressed myself in haste, and after swallowing a cup of chocolate, mounted my mule with the rest.

The sun was shining bright as we sallied out

of the gate of Jaca. Before us rose the hautes Pyrenees in all their grandeur capped with snow ; but scarce had we traversed the plain that lays between Jaca and the mountains, before a driving fall of snow was beating right in our faces. Storm succeeded storm during the whole day's journey, as we continued to climb the heights before us, torrents roaring beneath, and a hundred water-courses streaming down the sides of the mountains, while our rugged path continually wound round them on the edge of precipices, with just footing for a single mule at a time, with depths below which the eye could not fathom.

At one o'clock we were stumbling over the sharp-pointed ruined pavement of the dark and narrow street of one of these poverty-struck villages of Arragon. The posada we entered here was every way worthy of the village ; a dark hovel, with a stable for the ground-floor, and a wooden stair-case, or rather ladder, leading up to the kitchen ; and the repast was in keeping with the posada.

At two o'clock fresh animals stood waiting for us before the inn-door. The rest of the party

having got the start of us and helped themselves to the best mules, there remained but one (as the sixth had not made its appearance) for Don Diego and myself. On this animal there was nothing but an albarda, a packsaddle without any stirrups, instead of a saddle. The Don, who, during the whole day, had been in an unintermitting fever at various desagréments during the journey, swore he was not the man to be put off with such a specimen of saddlery as this. As the rest of the party were now mounted, and as I perceived that the d—l take the hindmost was the order of the day, not thinking this a moment to be very nice, and anxious to bid adieu as soon as possible to the scene of wretchedness and beggary that surrounded us, I got myself lifted upon the albarda, which towered full three feet above the animal's back, and after waiting some time for the Don, the rest set off, and I followed, imagining that we had left him with a guide and a forthcoming mule caparisoned in proper form.

We had proceeded more briskly than usual, amidst the now incessant fall of snow, for three quarters of an hour, when at last up came the

Don, alone, and without a guide; they had left him to find the way as well as he could. Almost breathless with hurry, rage and vexation, he broke forth against the barbarity of such a proceeding. "Carambo! es una infamia; Hombre! es una barbaridad." He was indeed in a most devouring rage, and you will agree with me it was enough to excite the choler of a less irascible being than himself.

Amidst gusts of wind and unceasing snow we continued our weary travail. At one time arriving at a stream too deep to ford, we had to climb up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, and make a detour to avoid it, and descend again into our road at the hazard of our necks; at another we had to cross narrow bridges, formed of pine-trees laid across, over the torrents.

We had been mounting higher and higher since our departure from the last village, until at last no vestige of a path remained, and one wide trackless sheet of snow whitened around us on every side. The animals were now labouring up the steep ascent with greater and greater diffi-

culty at every step, as their feet continually wedged deeper in the snow, and the tempest of snow, driven by the wind, froze on us as it fell. For the last two hours not a word had been spoken by any of the party. We ascended still higher and higher, till we reached the region of perpetual snow, silence and desolation. The streams and the torrents were now roaring far beneath us out of hearing. At last I observed but one solitary and inaccessible pinnacle above us. We *must* have reached the summit of our journey: we *had!* and when we began to descend on the other side it was a moment of congratulation to the whole party. The guides began chattering to each other and bounding over the drifted snow with fresh agility. The French custom-house now appeared in sight. We showed our passports, and descended the French side of the Pyrenees, amidst groves of luxuriant beech in full leaf, all spangled with snow, presenting, even under the chilling aspect of winter, one of the most singularly beautiful scenes I ever beheld, and the most extraordinary contrast to the Spanish side. We now found a

safe road, and wound our way down free from alarm, arriving two hours after night-fall at the French village of Urdoz.

Imagine not that I have exaggerated the difficulties of this journey. You may have crossed the Alps in every direction, and sometimes in snow-storms, but compared to this journey over the Pyrenees it is but mere child's-play.

I was so benumbed with cold, and stiff from having been stretched across a pack-saddle without stirrups for six hours, that I was obliged to be lifted off my mule, and with great difficulty managed to crawl up stairs, where I made my appearance among a crowd of guides and muleteers sitting round a blazing kitchen-fire.

I had reckoned, on reaching France, on finding something of the comforts of a decent inn; but I found I had reckoned without my host. The inn at Urdoz was overflowing with travellers, and kept by a great gawky loon who, with the most stolid indifference, left everybody to shift for themselves. He had but one answer for every complaint—"well, but you had better put

up with this than pass the night in the street." After securing, as I imagined, a bed, one of the scamps of our party swore me out of it; but his fellow, to make up for this perjury, swore some other traveller out of his in my behalf, or I should have got none at all, though never more in need of one; and a most luxurious bed it was: like Don Quixote's, I believe the mattress was stuffed with pebbles; and I almost doubt if a sheet stretched across the shingles of the sea-beach had proved a harder one.

And thus ends my little journal in Spain. I landed in that country on the tenth of August, broiled with heat, and passed its frontiers benumbed with cold, October tenth, having traversed it from South to North without meeting with danger, or impediment, or inconvenience, saving the last two days, that is worth enumerating.

I am now once more in the great stream of civilization, homeward-bound towards England, the land of wealth—wealth not itself a subject of boast, but as the index of those causes from whence it has sprung—Liberty, Industry and

Public Confidence ; to England, distinguished over all other countries by its charity and public beneficence, and the manly courage of its sons, unmixed with bravado and ferocity ; the land of beauty and, if on earth the blessing can be found, of domestic peace ; and the asylum and sanctuary of the persecuted and homeless exiles of every nation. And I now conclude my correspondence with the mention of a circumstance during my tour which seems to me to mark, in my humble person, the estimation in which my country is held. Twice it occurred to me in the course of it to be singled out by the Spaniards from among their own countrymen, by those to whom I was an utter stranger, to be the bearer of a letter to their friends. Why this peculiar confidence in me, but because I was an Englishman ?

Believe me, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.