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BY

THE AUTHOR OF "A YEAR IN SPAIN."

"Salve! tierra de amor, mil veces salve!

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
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SPAIN REVISITED.

CHAPTER I.

ALCALA DE HENARES.

Early Morning—Departure of Diligences—Start for Alcala—Scene at the Gate—Mayoral's Story—Hungry Justice—Alcala—Chambers—Academic Breakfast—Rector of Manriques—University—Rector—Library—Courses—Tomb of Ximenez—Cervantes—Return.

BEFORE leaving Madrid, on my return from Spain, I made a short journey to Alcala, as a sort of prelude to the longer one which was speedily to follow. Having risen at five, I took my way to the office of the diligence, which was at no great distance. The carnival was not yet quite over, and the Gate of the Sun was traversed by an occasional masquerading party, or solitary troubadour, enlivening his homeward journey with the tinkling of his guitar, and a plaintive exclamation against

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the cruelty of his mistress. At one of the corners, an old woman, seated beside a portable furnace, was preparing coffee, which she offered, in a cracked voice, to the early loiterers near her stand. A few carts began already to rumble, with no little noise, over the pavement, disturbing the researches of groups of lazzaroni dogs, guiltless of any masters but themselves, which were foraging, with scanty success, among the heaps of rubbish in the centre of the street. One or two of these accosted me in the course of my walk, and sought to make acquaintance with me. I was at a loss to conjecture whether these friendly advances had their origin in a desire to obtain a master, growing out of a comparison of their own hollow-sided condition with the plumper shapes of such dogs as had one, or in the cosmopolite and dog-of-the-world habits acquired by a wandering life, and an extensive intercourse with society.

On reaching the administration of the company of diligences, I found the courtyard full of people, and, among others, the young fellow-countryman who was to be my companion. We had to await the departure of the diligences for Vitoria and Aranjuez; but this delay was not disagreeable, because a journey in Spain, where there is such a good chance to be robbed at the bottom of every ravine, is a very serious affair, and many of the travellers were attended by all their relatives, forming some interesting groups, as they commended

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each other, at departure, with heartfelt fervour, to the keeping of Our Lady, assisted by all the saints in the calendar.

Many of the passengers in our own and the other diligences, moreover, were young students in the solemn professional garb in which alone science may be acquired in Spain. Most of them had come directly from the masquerade, at the Theatre of the Prince, to the diligence, instead of preparing themselves, as would better have beseemed clerical aspirants, by hearing mass. They were talking of various women whom they had entertained, and recounting their respective adventures in a flippant tone. The postilion happened to ask one of them for his flint and steel. He lifted his cassock, and drew forth a leather pouch containing his smoking apparatus, which he delivered up with the remark—"I am one of those who always carry the most necessary things with them; is there any thing else in which I can serve you? you have only to command! this house is very much at your service!" Thus giving him to understand, that, like the student in the masquerade, he carried all his worldly goods with him, and, at the same time, ridiculing the pompous customary profession of service with which a Spaniard places his habitation, and all which it contains, at the service of the first comer.

Shortly before we started, a female vender of cakes and aguardiente came in, crying forth her

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wares in a shrill cracked voice. Our young student, whose sprightliness contrasted oddly with the solemnity of his garb, forthwith commenced a joust of wits with her, into which she, being nothing loath, and having also words at will, though none of them were Latin ones, entered with equal enthusiasm. Such, and so cutting, indeed, was her volubility of speech, that she silenced her opponent in a few broadsides, delivering him over to the ridicule of his comrades, as she magnanimously proposed a truce, since it was an unnatural and bootless struggle to keep up between "hunger and misery."

Happily for the discomfited student, we now set forward, our long train of mules being skilfully guided out of the court-yard, which we left in possession of the shrewish aguardientera. Traversing the entire length of the street of Alcala, we soon came to the gate of the same name where it terminates, at the summit of the hill. Although the day had already dawned, and many country people coming to market were waiting without for admission, the gate was not yet opened; a characteristic exhibition of the manner in which the meaner, as well as the higher officials of despotism, whether it be called liberal or anti-liberal, oppress the industrious poor.

On our approach the portals were thrown open, the proprietors of the diligence taking care, no doubt, to stimulate the alertness of the officers by

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an occasional douceur. As we emerged, we found ourselves in the midst of a vast concourse of peasants, conducting mules and asses, laden with flour, vegetables, milk in tin canisters, and kids, hung on iron hooks, affixed to wooden saddles. One fellow, who was anxious to get in motion with the rest, was engaged in a serious dispute with his ass, which had lain down in the road with its burden. He was tugging at its tail with all his might; now twisting it, now lifting it upward with angry energy, accompanied with a volley of oaths. The tail being shaven, and looking very taper and delicate, I felt a nervous anxiety lest the boor should pull it out by the roots, which would have been very distressing, both to the sensitive spectator and to the ass.

The morning was very cold, and the diligence, being old, with broken doors and windows, was sufficiently uncomfortable. We got at last, however, to the *Parador nuevo de Dios*, which, as might have been expected from the name, was tolerable enough, though not exactly celestial. While we were warming ourselves, we fell into conversation with the mayoral, who was quite new on this road, having been employed hitherto between the capital and Coruña. The occasion of his leaving that road is a curious specimen of Spanish manners and jurisprudence. One night, as they were going on at a rattling pace, they saw a woman in the road before them, and called to her at the

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top of their voices to get out of the way. She was deaf and dumb, and not moving, the mules passed over her, trampling her down and mangling her in a shocking manner. As soon as the mules could be stopped, the mayoral and the guard carried her to the nearest house, and knocking at the door, demanded succour for the unfortunate person. The inmates, seeing the body of a dead or dying person, and dreading to become amenable to the justicia and its vexations, refused to open the door or receive her. There was nothing to be done but to leave the poor woman to her fate on the steps of this inhospitable dwelling, in whose inhabitants a vicious perversion of justice had extinguished the natural sense of humanity. She was found dead in the morning by those who passed; for the people of the house were careful not to open their doors or give signs of life, until this means of perplexity and persecution to them should be removed. The justicia, that is, the alcalde, being called to the spot, took the verbal process of what appeared, and thinking it probable that some money might be extracted from the mayoral and the escopetero, who had carried the body to the steps of the house, (this being the whole front of their offending; for, had they simply passed on, and left the poor creature in the road to be trampled over by others, they might have run over as many deaf women as they pleased,) took measures to arrest them. Upon this the two men were withdrawn from the route, and not pass-

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ing through the jurisdiction of the alcalde, would have been in no danger, though they had wilfully killed a dozen. On expressing our wonder to the mayoral at such absurd persecution, he shrugged his shoulders, and summed up in an expression which is proverbial in Spain, and exemplifies at once the nature of Spanish justice, and the estimation in which it is held — "*La justicia quiere comer*—Justice must eat, like everything else."

The diligence did not enter the rumbling old town of Alcala de Henares, lest it should shake its crazy and ruinous habitations down about the ears of its antiquated inhabitants. It only remained therefore for us to alight at the gate, and accompany to his lodgings a young aspirant to the degrees of bachelor and licentiate, our companion in the cabriolet of the diligence, who was an intimate acquaintance of my countryman, and who, having been charged by a person of rank to be particularly civil to us, stepped considerably beyond the wonted courtesy of the land in asking us to breakfast.

Halting before an antique mansion, whose door was surmounted by a shield sculptured with armorial bearings, our young entertainer rang, answered satisfactorily the customary interrogatories, and we were admitted into a courtyard having a corridor supported on marble columns. A flight of steps brought us to the upper gallery and to the apartments of our friend, which, like the rest of the house, and the old woman who kept them in order,

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were scrupulously neat. The rooms were matted with straw; a brasero burnt under the table in the centre of the floor; a few prints, and a single head of a saint on canvass, hung against the walls, while at one side was a stand of shelves, piled with parchment-covered or richly gilt old volumes; three or four ponderous leather-backed chairs stood invitingly about. I was delighted with the whole air and fashion of the place, and fancied that I could willingly have sat down there to scribble and read for a dozen years to come.

Having arrived once more within academic precincts, our young friend forthwith assumed the prescribed costume of the student, accommodating to his neat person the cassock, cloak, and other unmanly habiliments, such as are worn by the Spanish clergy, and depositing on the table, ready for use, his sombre cocked hat. First, however, he presented us to his young friend and room-mate, Don Antoño, a youth as gallant and as gay as himself, though accident, family interest, or other considerations, had assigned him a very different lot; for while one was preparing to seek preferment at the bar, the other was destined to the austerer duties of the church. The ponderous tomes spread out on their common table, indicated their opposite pursuits; a volume of the canon law was the intellectual nourishment on which banquetted our comrade of the diligence, while his friend pored over an illuminated copy of St. Thomas de Aqui-

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nas, or rather would have done so, had not a lesser volume, deposited on top, interposed between the student and his theology: it proved to be a work on heraldry, which claimed in the title-page to be of a character very useful for nobility—"*muy utile para la nobleza.*"

We had a capital breakfast, consisting of poached eggs and stewed mutton, with tomatoes, accompanied by true Spanish bread and delicious val-depeñas, having preluded, while this was in preparation, with some highly-flavoured chocolate, and little delicate rolls of the *pan pintado* which Sancho Panza celebrates. It was easy to see that our entertainers were no poor students of Salamanca—no *sopistas*, carrying their spoons in their cocked hats, and receiving their daily pittance at the convent gate, whilst they acquired that learning which was to fit them to figure as a country curate, a switch-wielding pedagogue, or the surgeon-barber of some little village, shaving and depleting as custom called, at the sign of the brass basin and the bleeding leg; but young men of rank and family, aspiring, the one to high and lucrative employment in the colonies or at home, the other born to the reversion of some prebendal stall, with a fat share of tithes and first-fruits.

After breakfast we went to see an old canonigo, to whom we had a letter, in the Manriques College. We found him seated in a capacious leather-backed chair, resting his feet on a brasero, the comforts of

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which he shared with a purring old cat, whose ire seemed stirred by the unceremonious intrusion of so many people. After reading the letter, he called for his nephew, who greatly resembled him in appearance, and charged him to conduct us to the university, and to whatever else was best worth seeing in Alcala.

The university first attracted our attention. It is a spacious and massive building, having a court-yard enclosed by a double row of columns and arches, supporting an airy corridor. This was traversed in various directions by odd groups and figures, passing from lecture-room to lecture-room; there were secular priests in black, with hats of immense length turned up at the side, ordinary students similarly accoutred, with the exception of their wearing cocked hats, *caballeros verdes*—young nobles dressed in green robes, with square silk caps, who filled certain endowed scholarships, and finally there were cowled and sandalled friars of every possible colour, though chiefly robed in sackcloth, or in white.

We were presented to the rector of the university, whom we were astonished to find a layman of middle age, being a lawyer by profession, very courteous in his manners, and sprightly and intelligent in his conversation. His apartments were hung with pictures of persons who had enjoyed the honours of the university, and reflected credit on it; among these one represented a female of great

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beauty, who had been in her day a prodigy of learning, winning for herself the degree of doctor, and the rare honour of having her portrait thus installed for the admiration of after ages, instead of simply hung to the neck of a love-sick swain. Here, too, was the only means of heat which we met with in the university—a stove, to which we paid our addresses, and which we contemplated with no less curiosity and admiration than we did the learned lady.

The rector accompanied us through the various rooms, of which the library was the most interesting. It was spacious, well arranged, and sufficiently filled. Tables ran along the centre, flanked by enormous chairs, and having at stated intervals ponderous inkstands chained to the table, though they seemed already sufficiently protected from abstraction by their weight. Adjoining the library was the cabinet of reserved books, where are collected every work of celebrity of an immoral or irreligious tendency, and many that are of a very different character, though they may shock some of the received and prescribed opinions of the land. Thus, I chanced to see Locke's Essays and Robertson's America in very questionable company. These books are not accessible to the students, except with permission from the head of the university; the faculty has access to them, and thus the corruption, if any there be, is applied to the root of the tree, while the branches are sedulously protect-

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ed. In this cabinet there were some rare copies of the Bible, the keys of Oran, which the illustrious priest and scholar Ximenez had taken, and various of his letters concerning the university, which was the object of his especial solicitude. Here, too, was once a most precious collection of medals, stolen, as the rector stated, during the war of independence by the French, or by Spaniards connected with the institution, to prevent the French from stealing them.

In the course of conversation with the rector we found that the University of Alcala is not resorted to by poor students, like those of Salamanca, Valladolid, Valencia, and others; probably from the absence of those means of support through conventual charity, to be found in larger cities—this being, indeed, a city of colleges, devoted exclusively to learning. Most of the students resorting here are young men of rich parentage, from Madrid. They come furnished with some little modicum of early instruction; the reading and writing which are acquired at a school of *primeras letras*, and versed in gramatica, or the Latin language, a knowledge of which is indispensable, since all the lectures are delivered in that language. During the constitution, indeed, the vulgar tongue was substituted; but returning despotism brought back the Latin, and all the usages of the ancient time. The courses here consist, then, of grammar, meaning the Latin language, philosophy, embracing logic, ethics, and

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metaphysics, theology, and law. Arithmetic, mathematics, geography, astronomy, medicine or its various dependant sciences, and modern languages form no part of the courses of study. Yet this is called a university, and its reputation in times past for learning renders its name familiar to the world. The young men educated here are for the most part reared in ignorance of those branches which are omitted in the course. The decay of the university, and the extinction of many professorships, have caused the institution to retrograde in many respects, while in that which is still taught, nothing has been caught from the improvement of science in other countries. Having seen the theatre and the chapel, in which last repose the remains of the great Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, surmounted by a stately tomb, on which his recumbent statue reclines, we took a respectful leave of the rector, with many thanks for his kindness, and gladly passed into the open air and the presence of the sun's vivifying rays.

From the university we went to the military college, in which noble youths are trained for the artillery service. We had a letter to the officer at the head of this establishment, and had the benefit of his company in examining it. Every thing about this establishment was on as different a footing as possible from the university. If the other bore the impression of the ages that are gone by, this spoke entirely of the century in which we live. We

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were glad, in our walk through the town, to discover that an effort was making to improve its appearance and smooth away the traces of decay. Workmen were busy in planting and laying out the public square, and arranging benches, while the centre was to receive an appropriate ornament in the statue of a native of Alcala—himself the brightest ornament of Spanish genius, and whose fame is bounded only by the limits of the earth—the immortal Cervantes.

On leaving Madrid it had been our intention to pass a day or two at Alcala. But the sights of the place were so much more easily exhausted than we had anticipated, and finding ourselves, moreover, disappointed in the expectation of seeing a masquerade enlivened by the scholastic pranks of a population of students, we determined to make our way back to Madrid in sufficient time to dine, without trusting to the unpromising posada of Alcala, or trespassing too far on the ready hospitality of our friendly student. On the way back we saw symptoms of carnival in every pueblo, the tinkling of guitars, the measured tread of the fandango, and the applauding shout or song of the encircling spectators, resounding from many a thatched hovel. The Quinta of the Holy Ghost, within a short distance of the city, had, however, attracted the greatest share of revellers; calesas and coaches, drawn by long trains of mules, were employed in carrying the throngs to and fro, while a still greater number

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trusted to the cheaper transportation of their legs. Many groups were scattered about in the fields, seated round a napkin spread with provisions and wine, while others, having finished their repast, were singing in accompaniment to the guitar, or dancing the jocund fandango to the clatter of the castanet.

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CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM MADRID.

Adieux—A Murdered Man—The Asturian—Gate of St. Vincent—Galera—Ship's Company—Merchant of Penaranda—An Invalid Officer—A Friar of St. Francis—His Reception—Breakfast—Cigar-making—Working a Passage—Travellers on the Road.

It was on Sunday, the twenty-second of February, that I left Madrid for Salamanca. I had made an engagement with the captain of a galera to become his passenger, and the Asturian porter of the inn at which it halted had agreed to come at a given hour, to convey my baggage to a nearer point without the walls, where we were to intersect the conveyance. I took an affectionate leave of my patrona, who was a kind old soul, and had done her utmost to promote my comfort under her roof, and plunged at once into the street of Carmen. I had not, of course, forgotten to take leave of the many kind friends of high and low degree that I claimed within the walls of Madrid, nor of Florencia any more than the rest.

Traversing a small square, which was filled with a chattering crew of buyers and sellers,

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we met a party carrying the body of a youth, of eighteen or twenty, whose clothes were covered with blood, flowing, apparently, from many stabs. It had been found in the street, and lain until the arrival of the alcalde of the quarter, who ordered it to be carried to the customary place of exposure, before the Prison of the Court. The spectacle seemed to attract little interest; the women crossed themselves from behind their gratings as it passed, and some of the lords of creation paused to gaze a moment, without however permitting their cigars to go out.

Passing between the royal stables and the barracks of the carbiniers, we descended the steep hill leading to the valley of the Manzanares, and passed through the Gate of St. Vincent, into the promenade of the Florida. Here the Asturian deposited my luggage on the ground, and seated himself on it, while I, making use of the curb of a fountain, beside which we had placed ourselves, for the same purpose, and having bribed him by the present of an Havana cigar, extracted from him some of the particulars of his history. He had left his native province about a year before, to seek his fortune in Madrid. He had not done very well at first; but now that he had the good-will of so noted an inn as the Dragon, he had no fear of getting, in six or eight years, the two or three hundred dollars that were necessary to permit him to es-

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tablish himself. It seemed he was engaged to be married; he heard occasionally from his true-love, (who was serving in a noble family of Oviedo,) through an occasional arrival of some young countryman. He pulled out a purse which he had got from her last week. It was not a very delicate love-token, in form or material, being of stout leather, though likely to serve a very good purpose, by reminding him, both in receiving and spending, of the girl who was waiting for him to grow rich.

I passed my time thus, without growing weary, in listening to the story of the aspiring young Asturian, and in gazing at the pleasing objects which were scattered profusely about me, and on which a Castilian sun shed the dazzling effulgence of its early rays. The leafless trees of the Florida stretched in formal avenues in either direction beside the Manzanares, which gently murmured over its pebbly bed, and amid the less formal groves that grow upon its banks and islands, while far above me rose the glittering domes and towers of the capital of Spain, and the steep hill side which descended to the Florida was crowned with the proud palace of her kings.

Ere long we descried a string of mules stirring up the dust in the direction whence our galera was to come; it proved, however, only to be a party of Gallician muleteers, returning homeward. They

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had for passenger a sturdy, middle-aged man, in the dress of a waterman, whom my Asturian porter recognized as a well-known aguador, of the Fountain of Good Success, in the Gate of the Sun. The two friends exchanged a few words, from which it seemed that the Gallician had sold out every thing, stand, customers, and water-jug, to a first cousin of his, and was now on his way to his native village, doubtless, to raise up a new race of watermen. As he passed on, planted upon the rump of the hindermost mule of the train, he began to sing loud and merrily, a token of gladness, which I fancied awoke an expression of jealousy and regret in the countenance of my youthful attendant, still doomed for years to toil with rope and shoulder-cushion.

By-and-by the galera came rumbling along in good earnest, drawn by seven mules, the eighth being allowed to run *suelta*, or loose behind, in merciful consideration, as I learned in good season, of its having a sore back. Permit me, reader, for the sake of avoiding after embarrassment, here to introduce you to our mayoral, Mr. Jose Sanchez, surnamed Manteca, on account of some greasy story about butter or lard, occurring years before, which supplied him with a cognŏmen, as familia between Salamanca and Madrid, as that of Jose Maria on the highways of Andalusia. He is clad in a mayoral's jacket of brown, ornamented with patches of red and yellow, representing trees and

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flowers on the back and elbows, hearts and points, instead of buttons and buttonholes, a gacho hat, turned up, and covered with beads and ribands, a red sash about the waist, loose trousers, with a broad band of red velvet on the outer seam and round the bottom, and stout gaiters of leather. Would you know aught of his figure and appearance? Learn that he is of good height, stout, well-set, and active, standing firmly upon his legs, with a sprightly, joyous, and intelligent countenance, furnishing the assurance, by no means unsustained by after experience, of his having a ready wit. Next in rank is the zagal, or chief mate, Francisco el Cojo, Lame Francis, so called from the unequal and discrepant length of his supporters, and the ugly halt which was the consequence, as he pursued the mules, cursing, whooping, and throwing stones. If I present you to Lobo, the stout, gaunt, wolf-like dog, who, being now unchained from beneath the galera, stalked proudly at the head of the mules, you will know as much about the *officialidad* of our land-ship as I do. As for our fellow-passengers, we shall have time enough to make their acquaintance, and perchance to tire of it too, between this and Salamanca.

After stowing my effects in the galera, and giving the young Asturian something towards the purchase of a cradle, when he should be in a condition, some ten years hence, to marry to his mind, I joined company with one of my fellow-travellers,

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who sauntered behind the vehicle, and who, saluting me as a comrade, began the conversation very naturally by asking for a light. He was dressed with a fantastic oddity, which would have excited both attention and ridicule in any other country than Spain. A gacho hat surmounted his head; next came a black sheepskin jacket, with a plentiful supply of gilt basket buttons, and a pair of riding trousers, lined with leather wherever there was any risk of chafe. In process of time, I discovered that he was a merchant of Peñaranda, and that the galera was almost entirely laden with his goods. He was a fierce liberal, having been a miliciano during the constitution, for which he had undergone much persecution, having very recently been imprisoned a year, with confiscation of goods, in consequence of a letter having been directed to him by an exiled liberal, and opened in the post. Though he devoted all priests and friars to the evil one, this did not hinder him from entering with me the beautiful little hermitage of San Anton, to which our walk now brought us, and we had the satisfaction of crossing ourselves with holy water, and preparing for a journey of peril—as every Spanish journey is—with at least the fag-end of a mass.

At the last venta beyond the city barriers, Manteca stopped to fill his bota with wine, which, having paid no duties to the king, was likely to be both cheap and good. I recollected with pleasure,

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that seven years before, Manuel Garcia, with whom I had made the journey of Segovia, had stopped, in like manner, to fill his bota at this very inn, the reminiscence being the more pleasing, as it brought to mind the fact of the wine being particularly well-flavoured. At the summit of the hill we found two other comrades, waiting to enter the galera; an ancient retired captain of infantry, who was going to the baths of Ledesima, to seek relief for a nervous affection occasioned by a wound, accompanied by his brother-in-law, who was taking care of him.

Our party was now all assembled, save only a Franciscan friar, who was returning to his convent on the frontier of Portugal. We at length overtook him nearly two leagues from the city, Manteca having first pointed him out, some time before I could discover him. He was seated on the ruins of a quinta, or farmhouse; and his habit being of white serge, with the cowl drawn over his head, it was almost impossible to distinguish him from the fallen masses of freestone, which were so nearly of the same colour. I watched the object said to be the Franciscan with the interest which such a doubt inspires, until at last I saw the head move, and could trace out the whole outline. An idle friar, seated on the ruins of an edifice which had once been devoted to the productive uses of agriculture, in the midst of a field which had relapsed into sterility, seemed no unfit emblem of Spain,

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and the cankerworm of priestcraft, which has long eaten at her vitals.

At length the friar rose from his sitting posture as we drew nearer, towering, as he stood on the top of a ruined edifice crowning the hill, to a height which seemed colossal. We halted, and he came towards us, having on his arm a pair of serge alforjas, or saddlebags, containing the slender wardrobe necessary to furnish forth a Franciscan friar. There was a disposition to receive him badly, and a frown on almost every brow except that of Manteca, to whom a passenger was a passenger, whether saint or sinner, and of the old captain of infantry, who, being likely to die in a month or two, unless some virtue were to be found in the waters of Ledesima, seemed willing to be in charity with all men, and not the least with men of God, and had evidently, from his solemnity of manner and conversation, begun already the necessary business of preparing for his end. No way irritated by this ungracious reception, the holy man preserved his air of meekness, and came among us with the pious salutation of "God preserve you, my brethren!" Passing with much care over the outstretched limbs of the previous occupants of the galera, who made no place for him, he crawled onward and stationed himself, with modest humility, behind every one. Being disposed to feel for the unpleasant predicament of a fellow-creature, thus unwelcomely received into a scowling group of his kind,

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I made what room I could for him to pass, taking note, as he went leisurely by me, (drawing himself up and letting himself out, after the manner of a caterpillar,) of the different portions of his singularly attired person. This proved, from the length of time it occupied in passing me, to be of even greater size than I had imagined. First came the half-cowled head, having a long and skinny neck, the features being marked with the traces of vigils, fasting, devotion, and solicitude for the future fate of his soul; then the falling pelerine, which, terminating in a point, served likewise as a pocket, and subsequently proved to be the customary depository of flint and steel and tobacco-pouch; next, the cloak and flowing robes, confined with a rope girdle, having knots to hold it, at various lengths, and from which depended a rude rosary of ebony beads, and a cross, inlaid with ivory; lastly, at the end of prodigiously long legs, that seemed unlikely ever to get by, came a pair of coarse, nail-clad shoes, with soldiers' gaiters, which gave a military termination to the apparition, inharmonious with all that had preceded it. Coiling his limbs and body about as best he might, the long-sided man of God sought to dispose of himself, less with a view to his own comfort, than to avoid giving inconvenience to his brethren.

The whole of this goodly company being now assembled, Mantoca called out, with a voice of authority, "Cavaliers! let us break our fasts." To

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this proposition, all with one accord assented. Francisco el Cojo, who hobbled by the side of the galera, now detached a cloth bag which hung without, and handed it to his illustrious chief. On being opened, it proved to contain a pair of well-matched wooden trenchers, within which were amicably assembled sundry stout blocks of baked veal, with a family of attendant sausages; and now, from a pair of alforjas, hanging from the top of the wagon, he drew forth sundry rolls of delightful bread, which he threw unceremoniously among us. Each taking out and wiping his knife, one parted the bread and distributed it, another the meat, and, after the observance of all due ceremony and etiquette, being formed into a circle, of which the well-filled wine-skin constituted the focus, we commenced an energetic and hearty attack on the good cheer which the providence of Manteca had prepared. Our store was, moreover, further increased and varied by a pair of roast chickens, a ham, and some capital brown sherry, for which I was indebted to the motherly kindness of an excellent, amiable, and most exemplary countrywoman, (now no more,) and who, not content with heaping her attentions upon me during my stay in Madrid, thus contrived to pursue me with good offices far onward in my journey.

Each traveller, the friar not excepted, now showed himself to be a valiant trencherman and boon companion. How quickly the viands disap-

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peared! and how soon waned the goodly bulk of the once rotund wine-skin! Eating salt and drinking wine from the same dish and bottle with the modest friar, seemed to efface somewhat of the sullenness of his first reception; place was made for him to approach the centre of the circle at a radius no greater than the rest. This was dearer to him as a proof of courtesy than on its own account, for he had easily overcome by length of limb any discrepance of distance separating him from skin or trencher. Now, too, he received a kind word or two, and the appropriate designations of *reverendo* and *padre*, begun in jest, continued with him to the end of the journey. Nor was the dog Lobo, any more than Lame Francis, excluded from this universal feast: since he ran beside the wheel-mules, just in front of the wagon, catching with great dexterity each bone or rejected morsel that fell to his share, and endeavouring to evince a degree of address suited to stimulate the curiosity of the benevolent and encourage its renewed exercise.

The fragments being collected, every Spaniard of the party fell to making a paper cigar. This is a most interesting study to the cosmopolite and the philanthropist. How does the true Spaniard embody his whole soul in the interesting operation! The picking of the tobacco with knife or thumb-nail, the rolling it between the hands to reduce it to powder, the tearing of the paper, and then the pious

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care with which each particle of the precious weed is emptied into it, and the rare art, known only to the initiated, and in which the Spaniard alone can ever hope to excel, of rolling it firmly, yet not too firmly, together—all constitutes a picture which may seem absurd to those who have not seen it, but which the Spanish traveller will join me in remembering as most curious. This is indeed one of the few subjects which in Spain the civilisation of the nineteenth century has enlightened. Hence the invention of a paper free from noxious principles, invented expressly for the *cigarillo;* bound, moreover, in books, with leaves of the proper size, to be torn out as required, and embellished on the outside with gay devices, serenading groups, majos and majas mingling in the windings of the fandango, orsimply proverbs graced with the charms of poetry: a counsel against marrying for money to prick the conscience of the smoker who has already done so, or oftener, perhaps, to console the husband of a poor wife for her poverty,—

" En casa de la muger rica,
Ella manda y ella grita!"

Others, intended, doubtless, for the use of the fair sex, give the most sensible advice about the danger to be anticipated from a hungry husband,—

" Quieres tener á tu marido contento?
Tenle puesta la mesa con tiempo!"

While another, addressing itself to an ill-married

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woman likely to sigh after widowhood, seems to suggest the expediency of aiding the course of nature.—

"Quien mal casa tarde envinda."

In the course of the morning's ride I discovered that, in addition to our regular passengers, there was another who travelled beside the galera, a penniless soul, who was evidently working his passage for the sake of travelling under the all-sufficient protection of Manteca. He was a sallow, half-gipsy looking fellow, who, when I first discovered him, carried a pair of saddlebags over his shoulder. Afterwards he walked without this burden, having, doubtless, been invited to hang them at the back of the galera; soon after he made bold, without leave, to dispose of his cloak in the same manner. He had a decided disposition to make friends, and reaped the fruits of it. He was courteous to the passengers, but still more so to Manteca and limping Francis, whom he invited repeatedly to drink from his bota; moreover, he conciliated the dog by occasionally sharing his crusts with him, and had some little share of civility even for the mules, which he patted caressingly on the rump, after he had discovered that they were not given to kicking.

Although it was Sunday, the road was full of travellers, and we encountered at each step armies of muleteers, conveying wheat, barley, peas, straw, and every consumable production, to the capital.

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Sunday is, indeed, in no Christian country, less a day of rest than in Spain. The peasant and the labourer, to be sure, never fail in attendance to their religious duties on that day. They rise early if the day is to be a busy one, hear the mass of cock-crowing, and go with a good heart to their ordinary avocations. I was amused with the singular varieties in the dress and manners of the travellers whom we met, and who, coming upon the capital by the same road, could not belong to provinces very remote from each other. There was the neat cavalier-like dress of Segovia; that of Astorga, with the leathern corslet, secured by a broad belt, and the quaint montera cap, turned up with velvet; there were Marigatos, the born muleteers of a community devoted entirely to transportation; apparently a distinct race of Spaniards, having the decided air of Dutchmen; the immense flat hat, the broad-bottomed doublet, destitute of collar, the eternal breeches, gathered up at the knee, and the cloth gaiter, confined by a garter of bright worsted. The drivers of ox-carts seemed the poorest travellers of all. Their carts were made without iron of any sort, even in the wheels. They went screaming and rumbling over the plain, threatening to break down at every gully; and we met more than one that had kept its word, its driver encamping beside it, tinkering like a rude Indian, with wood and stone, or seated on the ruin in utter despair. These ox-drivers were clad in

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sheepskins from head to foot, very inartificially put together. They do not use the ventas, on account of the expense; but, having their own provisions and fodder with them, they encamp in large parties on the open commons, build their fires, cook, eat, and make merry as they may, and lie down at night upon their mother earth to look the moon and stars in the face.

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CHAPTER III.

MOUNTAINS OF GUADARRAMA.

Castilian Scenery—Ascend Mountains—Pilgrim's Bridge—Lovers of Terjuel—Defence of Indulgences—Medicine against Law—Guadarrama—Ascent—Friar's Tale—Summit of Ridge—View—Descent—Discharged Convicts.

NOTHING can be more monotonous than the ordinary character of Spanish scenery, especially throughout the great central plateau, which is embraced by the two Castiles. As we now journeyed onward, the country before us spread itself out in one vast naked plain, uniformly level, to all appearance, yet proving to be broken at intervals by an occasional barranca, of which the first intimation usually consisted in a sudden descent into it. The surface of the country, occasionally green with the young corn, was more commonly covered with the dry stubble of some departed wheat crop, or lay entirely fallow. Not a tree was any where to be seen; and the glittering sun, shining without intervention of cloud or haze, through an atmosphere unaccustomed to their influences, was reflected from the bare soil with a heat which was unpleasant in February, and which, in connexion with the

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glare and dust, combined to make the shelter of the wagon acceptable. One object, however, presented itself, to qualify the pervading monotony; the mountains of Guadarrama, which bounded the western horizon, and which, as if to contradict the summer-like indications of the weather around us, were everywhere covered with snow.

Towards noon we began to get among the first swells of the mountains, and our road was gradually on the ascent, the country being rugged, stony, destitute of cultivation, and in a half-chaotic state. During leagues we encountered no water, or any habitation where it might be procured. Occasionally a flock of sheep might be seen browsing among the cliffs, under the care of a wild-looking shepherd, attired, like his flock, in skins; our prayers for water, proffered to these genii of the wilds, were invariably answered by a shrug of the shoulders, and a laconic "*no hay!*" and the wine of the galera, which increased the thirst it was meant to slake, was our only refreshment. Thrice happy were we, therefore, to reach the venta, where the mules were to munch their customary barley, and we our puchero.

It was quite a new building, very long, and open at both ends in the direction of the road, so that travellers might drive in at one end, and, when ready to pursue their journey, pass on, without turn or angle. One side of this vast caravansary was assigned to the mules and asses, the other to

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their masters, the two being simply separated by the carriage-way, filled with loaded carts and wagons, and the whole receiving the shelter of the same roof.

Dinner was soon prepared, consisting of egg-soup, with bread, oil, saffron, and pepper in it, a stewed hare, and boiled fish at the last, followed by the customary raisins and almonds, being served by two young women in very full petticoats, and with long waists: one of them was a little pockmarked, but she had very fine eyes and teeth, which gave great animation to her countenance, as she took part in the usual joust of words carried on at meal-time between muleteers and Maritorneses, and in which the passengers occasionally partook, consisting of compliments and their rejoinders, racy speeches, and playing upon words, in which the women sustained their part admirably, evincing the superior sprightliness of the female intellect, in usually carrying off the victory. Having finished our dinner, and recompensed the lively serving-women for their attendance and consumption of wit, under the general demand for pins, we crawled into the galera, and trundled out of the venta by the Guadarrama door.

Our road continued to ascend from one elevated plain to another, occasionally climbing ridges, which rose into the dignity of hills. At the bottom of a gorge which we traversed early in the afternoon, stood the Bridge of the Pilgrims, more fa-

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miliarly known to travellers as the Bridge of Miracles, from the many annually performed there by robbers. A few months before a Maragato muleteer was murdered here, for having less money on his person than was thought dignified in one of his calling, and as an example to all other Maragatos to come more suitably provided. Here, also, had been more recently waylaid an Asturian woman, who made the journey from her remote province to the capital, for the purpose of selling a quantity of linen. Having converted her merchandise into money, and hidden it in her hair for better security, she was on her return home with the fruits of her industry, when she was arrested at this Bridge of Miracles by a miscreant, who, by some means, had learned the double secret of her having money, and how she carried it. The poor woman was long expected by her relations and those who had intrusted to her the proceeds of their toil ; but she never arrived, and nothing was known of her until some time after, when her headless body was found in a ravine at some distance from the road-side. Probably the gold was so well concealed in the folds of the hair as for a time to elude the search of the robber, and he had cut the head off in his impatience to escape. This story, which is perfectly well attested, and which I had heard repeatedly in Madrid, where it would not have been remembered a day but for its singularity, struck me as being equally touching and

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extraordinary. Miracles were still wrought in sufficient numbers in this neighbourhood; and, indeed, the robbers finding immunity in the weakness of the government and the perplexity of the times, had never been more numerous or more hardy than at the present moment. A band had been hunted down and a few shot not many days before, quite close to the Florida paseo; and there were many similar stories to beguile the way, and excite the lively interest of our little community of travellers.

Conversation of this nature, and especially the fate of the poor Asturiana, gave a sober and saddened turn to our minds, and led the way to the recital, by different members of the party, of various real or imaginary catastrophes. Spaniards are good listeners, as well as pleasing narrators; never interrupting each other, or changing the theme abruptly, but each occupying the vacant arena in turn, and after a sufficient pause of expectation. In this way we were entertained with the unhappy lot of the Lovers of Terjuel (which, I believe, figures as an episode in Gil Blas, and has been often dramatized) by our veteran captain, who had seen their tomb in Terjuel, and the skeletons of the ill-starred pair, now united in death. It seems their bodies, owing to some process of embalming, or a peculiarity of the climate, have been but slightly decomposed; a fact, the relation of which piqued the pride of the friar, who presently

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began to relate a wonderful story of the sainted founder of his convent, whose body was found entire, centuries after his interment, and spicy with the odour of sanctity.

When the captain had related the calamitous loves of a young French officer of Napoleon's army, and a nun of a convent in Cordova, who had yielded to his suit, and consented to be his companion in the retreat upon the Pyrenees, the conversation turned to that season of Lent upon which we were just entered, and the grievous fastings which were a necessary part of it, and finally settled upon the subject of indulgences, to which the transition was sufficiently easy. The sense of our little community in the galera was very decidedly opposed to the Papal Bulls of Indulgence, and their unholy traffic, the most unanswerable argument against the system being found, apparently, in the unseemly and luxurious sensuality of Varella, the commissary-general of crusades. This person, originally a poor Gallego of low extraction, was now raised by the commerce in indulgences to princely wealth, and the possession of unbounded means to gratify his morbid appetites, and had become the Apicius of Spain, the entertainer of bishops, nobles, and ambassadors, who are conducted to his presence through perfumed stairways and galleries, to banquet on shell-fish, fed upon milk, and trout brought alive upon the table, and cooked in the presence of his guests. The friar, constituted by his condition

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the champion of his Church, under circumstances so unequal, did not of course venture to defend an unseemly luxury, so opposite to his own humility; yet he did not fail to offer such arguments as occurred to him concerning the institution itself, contending that indulgences originated, not in the avarice of the Church, but in the frailty of our forefathers, who, finding themselves weak of stomach to support the appointed abstinence, appealed to the holy father of the Church to grant them indulgence. This, in his paternal goodness, he conceded, on condition of a slight fine of money, to be applied to the necessities of the Church, and which now is abandoned entirely to the king, as an alms to be expended by him in pious works, so that not an ochavo of it reaches Rome, or is expended out of the Peninsula. The argument was necessarily against the friar, since he had to contend against the whole party, excepting only Manteca and the old captain, who, as we have already seen, was engaged in making his soul, and had no time for doubts or discussions. The friar bore the attack, however, with a patience suited to his condition, and as a part of his cross. He concluded his expostulation by ejaculating, with a resigned air, "*Pobres frayles! pobres frayles! nunca tenemos razon!*".

After a time the conversation, which, being of a measured and tempered character, with only one person speaking at a time, never entirely ceased,

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turned to the subject of education, which seemed greatly to interest the merchant of Peñaranda, who professed his determination to give his only son every possible advantage of this sort, if he were able to give him nothing else; and who, carrying his speculations a little farther, entertained us with the doubts that had occurred to him, as to the best of the two learned professions of law and medicine, between which his choice would be restricted, for the church was his aversion. By way of enlightening the merchant on a subject which so greatly interested him, the captain availed himself of a pause to relate a little anecdote, illustrative of the merits of the two professions.

It concerned two brothers of nearly equal parts, one of whom became a lawyer, the other a doctor. In process of time, the lawyer, struggling hard for his existence, waxed poorer and poorer, from day to day, while the doctor gradually became comfortable, of consideration in the village, and well to pass. It so happened, that one day that they strolled together along the paseo, the cloak of the lawyer, looking very threadbare, and concealing, no doubt, a pair of breeches still more so, that of the doctor being glossy and lustrous, and, moreover, left open to exhibit the rest of his dress, every article of which was presentable, and to give room for the display of a rich gold-headed cane, the two turned to compare their conditions, and the lawyer asked, with a bitter feeling of regret, why he should

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be so much worse off than his brother, who was, moreover, his junior. In losing his causes, he not only lost his fees, but incurred the ill-will of his clients, which was to last him through life. Discoursing thus, they came to the Campo Santo, or place of burial; and the doctor taking his brother by the arm, drew him towards it. They walked among the tombs in such a mood of silent and subdued contemplation, as the place was suited to inspire. At length the doctor paused before a newly-covered grave, and placing one foot upon it, proceeded to reciprocate the confidence of his brother. "Brother of mine! here you see the tomb of my worthy friend and patient, Don Sancho Ortiz; he died of debility and a pulmonia. I mistook his disease, bled when I should have stimulated him, despatching him, if not according to art, at least with little loss of time." They continued their walk, the doctor giving the amount of his bill, which was paid in pillared dollars, as the moral of the story. A little farther they paused before a second tomb—"Here lies the worthy Canonigo Father Antoño Gomez. His malady proved, in the end, to be a violent fever, brought on by repletion; his tastes for stimulants, however, continued; it would have been cruel not to indulge him, and the result is before you." And thus they paused before many graves, and each grave had its separate story, the man of medicine completing his illustration by saying, "These are all my cus-

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tomers, all clients of mine; their accounts with this world and with me are all settled, their bills paid, and they make no complaints of me."

At nightfall we entered the village of Guadarrama, and I saw, to my infinite regret, that instead of making for the venta of my fat old landlord of lang syne, we rumbled into the courtyard of a new-fangled inn, with the pompous title of *Parador de las Diligencias*. A fire of pine splinters, placed against the wall, threw a broad light about the courtyard, casting a strong glare upon the faces of the travellers, and picturesque shadows from the mules, vehicles, and various groups which were congregated within the enclosure. Instead of assembling, as usual, about the kitchen fire, we were shown into a private room, with a chimney, in which the fire was not yet made, and which, considering that this attempt at civilisation was unwonted in the land where it was made, naturally distributed the smoke very equally, upwards and downwards.

After supper I sought the street, and took a solitary ramble through the town. Without much difficulty, I contrived to find out the posada of my fat friend, whom I saw for a moment at the kitchen door, with a pine knot in his hand, and looking as hale and rotund as ever. There was little possibility that he would have recognised a transient guest after so long an interval; it would have been awkward to go to see him, and renew my acquaint-

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ance, by informing him that I was the inmate of the new hotel of the diligences; and I did not like to be seen lurking about, lest I might be mistaken for a *salteador de caminos*, observing the travellers of the hostlery, to see who might be worth plundering on the morrow.

According to the custom in Spanish post-houses established in connexion with the diligences, we were all packed into a common dormitory. Had I not before chanced to see a friar in his skin, I might have wondered at the transition, and been shocked at the bony appearance of our worthy Franciscan; for, divested of his serge robes, every appearance of an old woman, common to friars in general, had disappeared entirely. The morning brought its customary chocolate, and saw us again in motion ere break of day. It was quite cold, and we were glad to let down the straw curtains of our galera, and make our moving habitation as tight as possible.

At daylight the friar took advantage of a momentary halt, and I followed his example, for the cold was pinching, and exercise was the only remedy for it within our reach. As we walked side by side we fell into conversation, and gradually he told me his whole history, which was sufficien tly eventful. His previous profession had been a very different one, since he had begun life as a soldier, and served eight years during the war of independence, having received many wounds, some of which were visible, particularly a very ghastly one in the hand,

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which had occurred in an effort to protect his head against a sabre wound. The first corps he served in was a regiment of lancers, which he joined, bringing with him a very fine horse, which he had stolen during the night from a French officer quartered in his village. It was an injustice that he still remembered with some remaining bitterness, that when the lancers were disbanded, his horse was taken from him without ceremony or compensation. From the cavalry he was transferred to the infantry of the line, becoming first a grenadier of his regiment, and afterward second sergeant. By a more singular transition, not two months after the close of the war, he found himself a monk of St. Francis.

The convent which had the honour to receive our worthy father when he became a soldier of Christ from having only been a soldier of the king, was in the mountains that lie between Ciudad Rodrigo and the Portuguese frontier. In the course of our conversations about the place and its neighbourhood, it came out that there was a convent of nuns at no great distance, a circumstance which we afterward made the theme of some good-natured jokes against him. He said that his present life was very severe, but not by any means to compare with the military, with its watching, starvation, long marches, and exposure to the weather, "not to count," he added, "as I never did, the dangers of the field." In giving his reasons for so sudden a

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change of life, he concluded them by shrugging his shoulders, and saying that it was the will of God. According to the interpretation which the man of Peñaranda afterward made, it was more likely the will of the creature which brought about the conversion. He mentioned it as a very curious fact, that many soldiers became monks and friars at the close of the war, their object being to get their regular allowance of the good things of this life without any stated toil, and to secure themselves, to the end of their days, whatever was needed for the comfort of their body, a decent burial when all was over at the expense of the convent, with display of candles and propitiatory masses, to say nothing of the reversionary prospects of comfort in another world. What the friar said about the will of God deciding his conventual vocation, reminded me of a singular conversation in the galera the day before about destiny, which convinced me that the Spaniards have inherited part of the religious tenets, as well as much else, from the Mahometan domination of Spain. Even the friar acquiesced in the opinion universally expressed among them, of predestination extending to everything that happens in the world, although he afterward qualified it so far as it relates to the duration of life, by saying, that we hastened our ends by our vices and evil passions. "Not a leaf of a tree falls," said he, "or even trembles, but by the will and appointment of God."

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When near the summit of the mountain, we were overtaken by two young horsemen in slouched hats, long capeless cloaks, and jackets cut low in the neck, breeches, leggings, and vaquera spurs. Their horses were not well-fed or showy beasts, but they seemed capable of undergoing much fatigue. On seeing the friar they saluted him with reverence, as one whom they knew: they then reined up to our pace, and carried on a short conversation with him in a low tone, afterward speaking louder on indifferent subjects. These young men were of a different cast of countenance from the other descriptions of Spaniards which I had already seen; their countenances were handsome and expressive, with fine eyes, and teeth unstained by tobacco, which in Spain is a sufficiently rare spectacle; from their resemblance to each other they were evidently brothers. Soon after they bade adieu and rode on, being saluted by a parting benedicite from the friar. He told me that they were indeed brothers, as I had supposed; that they lived on the frontier, which they had left only five days before, and were again returning. It was so very unusual to see persons of the condition of peasants travelling in this way, without mules or burdens, that I felt sure they were charged with some correspondence between Carlos and his adherents in Madrid, a conviction which was not at all diminished by their secret intercourse with the friar, who was himself, in a political point

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of view, something more than a suspicious person.

We had now reached the summit of the pass, where we halted to take breath and await the slower progress of the galera, seating ourselves on the steps of the pedestal supporting the Castilian lion, which marks the boundary between the two provinces. The sun had already risen in a cloudless and transparent sky, and the view was most extensive in all directions. Madrid was seen in the distance below, its white buildings gleaming in the midst of a vast extent of plain country, which was becoming verdant in many places with the new crop, and scantily watered, at remote intervals, by a few trickling streams falling into the Manzanares or the Xarama, while here and there a denser smoke announced the labour of the carboneros who supply the capital with fuel. All below seemed one uniform plain, the inequalities of the land being nowhere seen until swelling into the craggy and snow-covered ridge on which we stood. The Escurial, which we had seen the day before, was now concealed from view by the interposition of an angle of the mountain, but Nava Cerrada lay plain in sight to the left; notwithstanding the extent of the prospect, it embraced few villages, and exhibited slight indications of a teeming and industrious population. On the side of Old Castile it was bounded by the too gradual descent of the mountains, subsiding into slightly inferior ranges,

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though beyond them might be seen a plain, or rather succession of plains, descending like the grades of a hanging garden. Here the aspect was far more wintry than to the south-east; the mountains, as they stretched towards Aragon and Estremadura, overshadowing their own declivities at this side, had given occasion to vast accumulations of snow.

The galera at length arrived, and began its descent, being prepared by a rude effort to check the revolutions of its hind wheels, which was the more necessary, as the road was frozen, and very slippery. One of the wheel-mules lost its legs, and after sliding some distance, only stopped the galera by getting under the wheel. It was blocked with stones, and the poor animal extricated at length with some difficulty. She was wounded in several places, and I noticed it as being a curious veterinary study, that one of the first acts of Lame Francis, who had a compassionate soul, was to pour some wine from the bota on the chafes and bruises, carrying it next to his lips, doubtless to drink success to his surgery, and long life to the mule.

Towards the top of the mountain there was a stunted growth of pines, which gradually became larger, and mingled with the other forest-trees as we descended. On our way we encountered an ox-cart, which had broken down entirely, and fallen into as many pieces as composed it; the oxen were seeking some consolation by browsing on the young trees, while the hapless hind was seated, in

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utter despair, on the largest fragment of the wreck, brooding over his misfortune. Farther on we met a band of *presidarios*, who had been fulfilling their sentence by working on the canal near Valladolid, and were now making their way to the capital, to swell the number of robbers and murderers which a vicious legislation and worse police perpetually entertain there. They were very likely to commence their depredations ere they arrived at their journey's end, and I was well pleased, being on foot, and at a distance from my party, to be allowed to pass free among them.

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CHAPTER IV.

APPROACH TO SALAMANCA.

Villacastin—Lavajos—Roads—Blasco Sancho—Scenes in the Inn—Penaranda—The Rosary—A Mercenary Soldier—Lorenzo de Aguilas—His Heroic Wife—Huerta—New Costumes—A Begging Group—The Tormes—Salamanca.

At noon we halted to dine and bait in the antiquated village of Villacastin, which is remarkable for the curious construction of its houses, many of which had armorial bearings over the door, chiefly of very simple form, crossed cimeters, castles, ships, or anchors, the family seat of some admiral of other times, who, after winning glory for himself and his country, had retired to close his days where they had begun. From one of these I observed a decayed-looking serving-woman coming with a bottle and a few cuartos, and taking her way to the arguadenteria opposite. The achievements of other times, in the glorious days of the monarchy, and the nobility which was its common reward, as well as that which dates from the Gothic conquest, contribute to render noble blood sufficiently common in Spain. It is often found con-

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nected with poverty, and sometimes with want; and not unfrequently an hidalgo, whose blood on either side may be traced through ages without any pollution, and which, with systematic dilution, would make the fortunes of a dozen, in countries where money is more plenty and nobility is rarer, may be seen in Spain shivering over a starveling brasero, with an attenuation of figure, and threadbare condition of garments, which denote an insufficiency even of food and raiment.

It was a meagre day in the calendar of the Spanish church, but the friar alone observed it, fasting faithfully until twelve o'clock, which would have been no great hardship if he could have lain quietly in bed until that time. Owing to a special dispensation, the fasts are much fewer in Spain than in other Catholic countries, amounting, indeed, to only eighteen fish days throughout the whole year. This dispensation had its origin in the circumstance of Spain's having no fisheries, and to avoid the payment of so large a sum to foreigners, as would be occasioned by a greater consumption of fish. As a necessary consequence of the infrequency of fish days, they are hailed with pleasure when they come, and make the occasion of a frolic, fish being esteemed a great delicacy. When the friar was urged to join us at our morning meal, in the wagon, which we dignified by the name of breakfast, he begged us not to tempt him, saying that he was by no means too scrupulous, and wishing that he were a little more so.

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In the afternoon we passed beside the town of Lavajos, one of the changing-places of the diligence for Valladolid, which was expected that afternoon, a circumstance affording sufficient excitement to attract to the roadside all the idlers of the village, and the greater part of the female population, who were not, however, losing their time entirely, most of them being employed in sewing or knitting; many of them wearing an article of dress which I had not elsewhere seen, consisting of a woollen petticoat, gaily bound with bright-coloured worsted, which they brought over the head like the Limanian manta. Some were singing in a plaintive strain, and a party of beggars, not having yet assumed the halting gait or dolorous look which was to move to compassion the expected travellers, were gambling or making merry in a sunny corner.

Beyond Lavajos we left the high road to Valladolid, and struck into the open country to the left, moving over a slightly broken country, with occasional clumps of pine, through which there had never been a regularly-made road; indeed, we found none throughout the rest of the journey, nor any bridges, though we had to traverse many small streams tributary to the Tormes. This fact is not less illustrative of the dryness of the climate, by showing that travelling could be kept up in winter over such an extent of country without either roads or bridges, than of the wretchedly unimproved condition of this fine country; for we passed through heavy sands, and sufficiently deep streams,

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which increased greatly the labour of the cattle, and showed sufficiently, that if there were neither roads nor bridges, it was not because they were unnecessary.

Soon after we came in sight of a vast edifice, which looked down upon us from the summit of a hill at the roadside. It proved to be the country palace of a nobleman, though without either trees or gardens, and with the air of having been long uninhabited. The taste for country life is unknown in Spain, and the rich and poor live equally in towns and cities; or, if it exist, it only evinces itself in a semi-annual *dia-de-campo*, a day in the country, passed by some river-side, under the shade of trees, with food, music, and dancing.

We had not advanced far on this road, when Lame Francis was mounted on our led mule, La Collegiala by name, a very proper name for a Salamanquina, who, doubtless, had not passed her days in such a learned neighbourhood, without picking up an idea or two beyond other mules. Francis did not gain his seat, however, without difficulty, and very necessary assistance from a walking party of our travellers, one holding the mule at one side, another with his hand to her nose on the other, while the stout friar, taking the lame leg of Francisco el Cojo, lifted him into his seat as easily as a Savoyard does his monkey to the back of a water-dog, notwithstanding the various pranks with which La Collegiala expressed

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her dissent to an equitable arrangement, which had for its object the announcement of our arrival, and suitable preparation of beds and supper. Soon after this we reached the verge of a slight descent, and the village of Blasco Sancho, in which we were to repose, was discovered in the plain below.

It was dark ere the galera was drawn into the court-yard of the inn, where the innkeeper, with the barley-man or hostler, drawn up at a respectable distance behind him, each bearing a small iron lamp, received us with much formality. The innkeeper's wife took no note of our arrival, except to accelerate her movements in preparing certain chickens, whose demise our arrival had precipitated, being assisted by two old-fashioned little sons, dressed like men, in breeches, jackets, and footless stockings, and a privileged cat, which tugged in no disinterested manner at the pendant entrails. After supper, which consisted, besides soup, of fricasseed chickens and stewed hare, we betook ourselves to rest.

The morning scene in the kitchen corner would have furnished Wilkie with a pleasing study. Our landlady, clad with many petticoats, and with dishevelled hair, was leaning over the coals, intent on stirring the chocolate; the two old-fashioned boys in breeches were moping on the hob in the chimney corner, and one had resumed his unfinished slumbers, while our supernumerary traveller, the ver-

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gonzante, or pauvre honteux, who was working his passage, withdrawn modestly into the back ground, was comforting himself with a basin of soup.

Continuing our journey, we came, towards ten, to a descent, beyond which we discovered an extensive plain, bounded on the south by mountains; an occasional clump of pine trees, and a few pueblos, alone gave relief to the monotony of the scene; among these last appeared our next halting-place, the village of Fontiberos, though far in the distance, yet seeming, through this bright atmosphere, to be quite at hand.

The appointed termination of this day's journey was to be at Peñaranda, a town of several thousand inhabitants. Before reaching it, we came to the village of Menives, near whose entrance is a very pretty spring, issuing from a species of grotto. This seemed to be the favourite rendezvous of the villagers, who, coming with the ostensible object of filling their jars with water, remained, the children to sing and play, the young to court, and the old to gossip. Having refreshed myself from the jar of a young woman, who very civilly permitted me to drink from it, I continued to walk to the entrance of Peñaranda, which we reached at nightfall, and where the merchant was met by his wife and children, who received him with real transport.

The public square was enclosed, as usual, by a colonnade, supporting the fronts of the houses overlooking it, which were of very antiquated appear-

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ance. Hard by stood the principal church, a very irregular old building, towards which I directed my steps; the side door was open, and a single lamp, before a shrine of the Virgin, dimly revealed a portion of the building, while the rest was buried in night. In the body of the church, an old man, who seemed to be rather a sort of clerk or sexton than an ecclesiastic, was instructing the children of the parish in the rosary, or evening prayer to the Virgin, the voices of the children, as they made the responses, resounding shrilly through the deserted aisles. To complete the picturesque character of the group, there were many infants in the arms of their mothers, whose beauty the faint light gave the imagination license to embellish.

Inquiring the way to the Posada del Dragon, at which I had been told the galera was to halt, I found myself in front of a spacious building, having a courtyard, with stone columns within. As I entered the kitchen the innkeeper followed, accompanied by a lean hound, with which he had been out all day in pursuit of hares, and which was foot-weary with the length of the chase. His wife, who welcomed him most affectionately, was a very tidy, civil, and handsome person, as was the serving-woman also, and it was a real pleasure to sit round the fire and watch the movements of this comely pair, who had every thing about them in the neatest order possible, especially when those movements had for object the supper which we

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were to eat. I noticed, as an unusual evidence of order in this establishment, that the barley-box was kept in the kitchen by itself, in order that it might be easy to observe the outgoings and incomings of the cebadero, or barley-man, a consummate rogue in every Spanish posada, who usually grows rich, after the manner of army contractors, by robbing both mules and master.

While supper was preparing the military commandant was announced, and presently took his seat among us. Having received the apologies of our captain for not calling on him to pay his respects, he sat down to chat and hear the news. He was a colonel of very old standing, a Belgian by birth, who had served many years in the Walloon guards; he was now eighty years of age, had never been married, and had survived all his comrades, so that he was alone in the land, without a friend of any sort, natural or acquired. The condition of a mercenary soldier in his old age, when he has failed, as in the case of this old man, to identify himself by marriage with the country he has exchanged for his own, struck me as being piteous indeed. Nevertheless, the veteran was gay and sprightly, full of jokes and anecdotes of past times, with a little vanity of acquirements too, nowhere so cheaply indulged in as in Spain, which he gratified by talking to me, both in English and French, to the infinite wonder of the whole group about the kitchen fire. He joked the friar, too, in

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a good-humoured way, and, as he took leave, commended us to his saintly keeping. When he had gone, the landlady related an anecdote about a fine he had levied on her, for not sending to him the passport of an officer lodging in her house, which was quite unnecessary, as he had only been sent there for a few days, to preside at the drawing of the conscription, an anecdote which sufficiently showed, that in a country where a cadi-like venality is stimulated by necessity, and sanctioned by the universal example of those in authority, this functionary had some very useful Spanish accomplishments, in addition to those which he had brought with him from his native land.

The supper, which was as excellent as the neatness of the establishment promised, was seasoned by a very sprightly conversation, in which the landlady and her maid took part, according to the excellent and familiar custom of the country, in which the brutality which would render such familiarity inconvenient is nowhere to be found. And first we were regaled with marvellous stories of the immense wealth of certain Americans who lived opposite; then followed the more stirring story of Don Lorenzo de Aguilas—the lieutenant of Count Julian Sanchez in the war of independence—and of his heroic wife, a Peñaranda woman of noble family, who followed her husband in all his encounters, often commanding herself in forays, in which she surprised and cut to pieces many parties of French,

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to whom her name became terrible throughout the country. Her husband, being a Carlist, had raised the standard of revolt a few months before on the death of Ferdinand, being followed by a small party whom he had raised in the king's name. They were, however, soon dispersed, and he, being taken, was publicly shot, together with his eldest son. The heroic wife of Aguilas, having lost her little means together with her husband, was now living miserably in Valladolid, being obliged to keep a shop in order to support her daughter and a remaining son. This story, which may seem extravagantly romantic to those who do not understand Spain, was afterward confirmed to me in all its details, by persons who were acquainted with the circumstances in Salamanca.

Our last day's journey was made without the society of the merchant, who remained in Peñaranda, and the Franciscan, whom we were sorry to lose, as he was really a good fellow, and who, from the number of his military adventures in early life, had the power of being very amusing. Passing Ventosa, we came to Huerta, on the banks of the Tormes, which were enlivened, as is usual in Spain, with amusing groups of the villagers, the women washing, singing, and gossiping merrily, or retorting jokes and exchanging compliments with the young men who rode into the stream to bathe and water their mules. Although still fifteen miles from Salamanca, we were able to discover it from

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a hill overlooking Huerta, by following the devious course of the Tormes through its fertile campinia, until it passed beneath the glistening towers of the temples and colleges of this renowned seat of learning.

Manteca had taken a fancy the day before to a fat capon which we encountered in our journey, which he forthwith bought and had stewed in Peñaranda, bringing it away in a puchero. This was now submitted again to the fire to furnish forth our dinner, and, while it was preparing, we took chairs and seated ourselves before the door, which the presence of several women, sitting at their work in the street opposite, contributed to render pleasing. They were apparently a mother with her two daughters, one of whom was knitting a stocking, the other embroidering the breast of a shirt, like those worn by all the peasants of the province. The dress of these women was very peculiar, and different from any I had seen; it is known in Spain as the charra, from the distinctive name of the wearers from the province of Salamanca. One of these women had on a cloth jacket, with sleeves confined at the wrist by silver buttons, below which was a slight cuff of knit worsted; the other wore a spencer of green velvet, confined by a pelerine of red cloth, called a dengue, which, crossing on the breast in front, and sustaining it, was confined behind by a clasp of silver. Both were extremely rich in petticoats, though this should have been the extent of their dowry;

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and, as if these were not enough, a manteo of gay cloth was superadded, a species of apron, having a border of yellow worsted, and which, making a circuit of the body and meeting behind, was fastened by gay ribands, reaching nearly to the ground. To complete the singularity of their dress, their shoes had high heels, and were of very antique fashion, having broad straps nearly covering the foot, confined with a silver buckle. We soon fell into conversation with these young girls, telling them about the quinta or conscription of twenty-five thousand men which had just been ordered, and joking the youngest at her apparent dismay, which she protested, however, was altogether on account of her brother, who was of an age to be embraced by the law, and who, she feared, might draw, as he was very unlucky. The eldest of these two seemed to have some tender sentiment for Manteca, who was tolerably well-looking, and well to pass in the world. He had, however, a very bad reputation on the road for his gallantries in the neighbourhood of his halting-places, although this did not seem to injure his standing.

Near this group were two poor children, sitting on the stones at the sunny side of the street; one of them being a little girl about eight years old, dressed in a tattered jacket and trousers, the other a boy, some two years younger, and worse clad, if possible. Notwithstanding the poverty of their dress, they looked healthy and well fed, and the little girl

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had a very expressive and intelligent face, to which a large and liquid black eye lent its greatest beauty. Though they did not beg, they had evidently placed themselves where they were for the purpose of exciting compassion and receiving alms; and we learned, on inquiry, that their father was a poor labourer in a pueblo two leagues off, having five children, the eldest and only useful one of whom had been levied by some previous conscription. I gave the little girl a piece of money, which she kissed devoutly without saying any thing, except with her full-orbed eyes, which were eloquent with thanks.

I was particularly struck with every thing about this village, which had an air of peculiar neatness and good taste. The houses were not simply whitewashed about the doors and windows, to increase the light within, but over the whole exterior, and many had crosses painted over the door, in emblem of the protection on which they relied, and not unfrequently a religious maxim, rudely written. The posada, too, had its peculiarities; for immediately within the door was a paved court, on which opened the stables, the kitchen, and the sleeping apartments: from one of the last of which came the groans, complaints of neglect, and sighs for succour, of the sick ventero, a miserable bed-ridden man, whom we were told had been long afflicted with disease of the nerves. His cries were so piteous and plaintive, that we were disposed to believe

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that he was indeed neglected; but Manteca assured us that, on the contrary, he was treated with the utmost kindness, and that, in the condition he was, the wife exhibited singular forbearance in not procuring him to be received in the hospital.

The groans of the suffering and hypochondriac ventero, though they interfered considerably with our comfort, did not wholly prevent us from eating our dinner, which did not taste the worse for being shared by the two interesting little beggars, whom we called in to partake of our repast; this they did, seated on the stones beside us, to the no small envy of Lobo, who, while watching the galera in the street, managed to keep at the same time an eye towards us, and did not at all relish this deduction from his dues, or appreciate the motive of charity which prompted the alienation of his perquisites. He looked angrily towards the poor children, and was likely to be their enemy ever afterward, and to take the first occasion to tear away the ragged garments that half covered them. May not this circumstance account for the standing enmity between dogs and beggars, who, except when they forage together, are ever sworn enemies of each other?

While we were seated at dinner in the court-yard, a young Salamanquino rode in, and dismounted, holding in his right hand, by the legs, a little hare, which he had bought a league back from a shepherd, who had caught it by coming on it when asleep, and throwing his cloak over it, and

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which the young man said he was anxious to get safely to Salamanca, in order to give it to a young lady of his acquaintance. Manteca, who was well known to the youth, gladly offered to put it in a basket, and carry it without injury, in order to forward so pious a work as a lover's gallantry to his mistress.

In passing out of the town I had occasion to remark, that the costume of the men had undergone as great a change as that of the women; for, in the first place, they had almost universally the crown of the head shaven, the rest of the hair growing to its full length; and instead of having the hat turned up, they wore it with a very large and flapping brim; this, however, is used only in the field or on the road, as in the houses or about the village a woollen nightcap is the sole covering for the head. They had waistcoats of cloth or leather, cut very low in the neck, to show the embroidery of the shirt, which is confined at the collar by a rich silver button of open work, breeches and leggings of brown cloth, with rosettes of riband at the knee; their shoes were of the same singular construction with those of the women, except that they were confined by a brass button or stud, instead of a buckle. To serve the double purpose of cloak and jacket, they had a full great coat without a collar like the waistcoat, and very curiously made; this is known throughout the province by the name of *anguarina;* they often wear

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it very jantily from the shoulders, the sleeves falling loosely on either side, after the manner of the Asiatics; or else they place it reversed on their breast and shoulders, the sleeves and opening being behind, according to the Irish fashion of wearing a coat which the proverb assigns to Cork. If to this picturesque costume were added the short cloak, the feather, and the sword, we should have the antique Spanish dress of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Leaving Huerta behind us, we began gradually to draw near to Salamanca, following always the course of the Tormes. It is here worthy of remark, that the *pauvre honteux*, who had been so humble at the outset of the journey, had now gotten entirely rid of his bashfulness: contented the first day with hanging his bundle and cloak to the galera, on the second he had contrived to get a ride on the quadruped collegian; on the third, to get an invitation to sit beside Manteca on the front; and now he was regularly established within, accommodated like the rest, and recounting his adventures for our entertainment. All this improvement in his condition as a traveller had happened without his ceasing to be a modest man, through the spontaneous benevolence of Tio Manteca and Lame Francis.

In approaching the city, we met a number of galley-slaves at work on the road, who, having committed slight offences, and being sentenced for

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short periods, had little motive for escape, and were, therefore, but slightly guarded. Presently we reached a walk with trees, fountains, and benches of stone. Here were quantities of priests, friars, and students, in their black coats and cocked hats, with collegians or endowed scholars in their various dresses; these formed themselves into groups, walked alone, or reclined on the benches, with their books before them. On either side were numerous horsemen, entering or leaving the town by the various roads which here intersected each other. Entering Salamanca by an ancient gate, surmounted by the Austrian arms, with the two-headed eagle for its most conspicuous ornament, and getting rid, at length, of some very troublesome formalities, and the search of my trunk, which had not been opened since I left the capital, at the Salamanquino custom-house, I at length found myself installed in the Posada de los Toros, which was kept by a pot-bellied and roguish innkeeper, after the manner of those of Cervantes.

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CHAPTER V.

SALAMANCA.

Royal College of Noble Irish—An Anglo-Spaniard—Walks in Salamanca—Magnificent Ruins—Traces of the Siege—Bridge of the Tormes—Conventual Washerwoman—View from the Bridge—Cathedral—Convent of Dominicans—A Free School—Catechism—Plaza Mayor—Scenes—Beggars—Faco the Charro—Conscription.

HAVING a letter to the rector of the Irish College, I lost no time in presenting it, finding my way without difficulty to a ruinous building in the oldest part of the town, at present occupied temporarily by this institution, which originally possessed a very fine edifice in Salamanca, though it was entirely destroyed by the French, to revenge the imprudent interference of Doctor Curtis, late Catholic Primate of Ireland, and then rector, who, instead of keeping his students to the profitable seclusion of halls and libraries, sent them about with the Duke of Wellington's army, to act in the capacity of interpreters. The reader may, perhaps, be aware that the Catholic clergy of Ireland were formerly driven, by the persecutions and restrictions that

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awaited them at home, to seek their education in foreign countries, where they possessed colleges of their nation, connected with universities of note; thus, the Irish have long possessed institutions for the education of their clergy in Paris, Valladolid, and Salamanca. That of Salamanca, owing to the superior character of the university of that place as a school of divinity, has long been very celebrated, claiming among its pupils some of the most distinguished Irish bishops, such as Doctor Curtis, Doctor Doyle, and Doctor Murray, the present Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. If genius, learning, and piety be still qualifications for episcopal honours in Ireland, the present rector is not unlikely to share the elevation of his predecessors.

Since, however, the Catholic religion has recovered a recognised existence in Ireland, and a government provision has been made there for the education of the clergy, by the establishment of the College of Maynooth, this institution of Salamanca has ceased to attract a great number of students from Ireland, although about a dozen scholars, usually, still resort there to enjoy the advantage of the divinity lectures of the university, being supported by the endowments of the institution, which had their origin chiefly in the benefactions of noble Irishmen who entered the service of Spain on the downfall of the Stuarts, and who, rising to rank and distinction in their adopted country, thus evinced their attachment to that from which the evil for-

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tunes of their kings and an honourable fidelity had driven them.

As I rang the bell at the head of the corridor of the Irish college, the stairs of which I had ascended, I was a little bewildered to see the notice —"Stick no bills"—very legibly written in current English. The home recollections, so little in harmony with the patio, the corridor, and every surrounding object, were, however, quickly put to flight, by the stern challenge of "Quien ?" which, being able satisfactorily to answer, I was speedily admitted. The old man who stood before me as porter, to answer my summons, though a Charro in dress, and a Spaniard to all intents and purposes in appearance, even to his mode of holding his paper cigar, was yet an Englishman, as I ere long discovered, though ever and anon, in his discourse, he oddly enough introduced some Spanish word, to supply the place of the English one which he had forgotten. To hear a person speak a language with an accent which shows that it is a native one, and yet to betray the want of the commonest words, is singularly perplexing. I afterward discovered that this man had been a sergeant in the army of the Duke of Wellington, and that, on its march into France, having taken a special liking to the country and its manners, including its bright sun, its cloak, its wine, its women, its ollas, and paper cigars, and being moreover moved, perhaps, by a partiality for some particular petticoat, he deserted his colours

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and station, and throwing aside red coat, and donning cloak and calines, became from that day a Spaniard. It must be admitted, that there is much seduction in Spanish manners; the instances are very rare of a Spaniard living with perfect contentment in any other country; but, go wheresoever you will that the Spanish language is spoken, you will find individual Frenchmen, Englishmen, and even Americans, domesticated and happy there.

Having received a very courteous and earnest invitation from the accomplished rector, to take up my abode in the college during my stay in Salamanca, I willingly accepted it, and had my effects transferred thither that same evening, from my lodgings in the Hotel of the Bulls. After breakfast the next morning my host proposed a walk; and sallying out of the nearest of the city gates, we found ourselves on the banks of the Tormes. Here we explored the ruins of a convent destroyed by the French, and which, for its singular magnificence, had acquired, in times past, the surname of Escorial el Chico; near this was also another convent, of the order of St. Jerome, partially ruined, of even grander architecture. The church and cloisters are constructed in the most massive style, and covered with elaborate ornament; on every side are traces of the very great pains which the French took to destroy this edifice.

Retracing our steps, we came to that quarter of

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the town overlooking the river, which the French had fortified and defended with such fatal pertinacity, against the besieging English and Spaniards. The garrison of this post amounted to only six hundred, nearly all of whom, with their commander, were cut off before it was surrendered. The traces of the deadly struggle were fresh and fearful; on all sides were yawning breaches in the crumbling walls, exploded vaults, half-filled trenches, and ill-supported arches, hanging fearfully out of the perpendicular. Some of the most beautiful edifices in this place, which is so rich in architecture, are in ruins. Yet I do not know that the effect is not increased by that admiration, qualified by regret, which is produced by the spectacle of a noble object in decay.

In leaving these ruins we came to a very beautiful college, likewise in decay, and noticed, in an angle beside it, a singular group, composed of low students and beggars, who were engaged in gambling in the dirt, and whose conversation afforded a singular mixture of slang Latin, oaths, and obscenity. Being in the neighbourhood of the bridge, we descended to see it, and found it a most singular pile, the construction of many different eras and races, the half towards Salamanca being ascribed to the Romans, and the rest to Goths, Moors, and Christians. In the more ancient portion of the bridge is a singular stone, forming part of the parapet, which represents the body of a bull, and

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which is supposed to have been an idol in pagan times, adored by the people of Salamanca, in whose arms a bull figures conspicuously.

It was noon as we traversed the bridge, and the heat of the February sun was so very oppressive, that we were very glad to take refuge from its ardour, under the covering of a little Gothic dome, placed at the centre of the bridge, the shrine of some favoured saint, to whom the passing traveller, as he goes forth to take the chances of the highway, is fain to commend himself. From this cool position we enjoyed a charming view of the Tormes, and the fair city by which it is so proudly overhung. Above us the river was dammed in several places, to turn mills, and broken into picturesque falls; while, lower down, the banks were lined with washerwomen, singing merrily as they beat the clothes against the stones. One well-looking woman, the appointed washer, as it seemed, of some convent of friars, had fallen upon a lazy way of accomplishing her labour, having most ingeniously anchored with stones, in a rapid part of the stream, sundry greasy robes of friars of St. Francis. The water, entering at the bottom, had filled the cowls, giving them the appearance of heads, and distended the arms, which seemed supplicating for mercy. My first feeling at the sight was one of compassion, and an impulse to go to the rescue of the worthy Fray Antoño, my late long-sided fellow-traveller. Meanwhile, the lazy washerwoman, whose monastic associa-

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tions had evidently not made a saint of her, was left at leisure to bandy jokes with the hinds who came to water their mules, or to fill their jars for the use of the city. Not the least singular figures in the scene were sundry little donkeys, which, having apparently been employed to bring the washerwomen and their work to the river, were now, for the better security of their persons, and to prevent the indulgence of any frivolous gaiety, exiled to a number of little islands that skirted the shore at a slight distance, and whence they looked forth with a dolorous gravity of aspect that was truly ludicrous, occasionally braying wistfully, as they exchanged a sympathizing glance with a fellow-donkey on the next island, or in reverting from the green shore to the shingly island on which they stood, where there was nothing to chew but the cud of their own bitter fancies. If the scene from the bridge were pleasing, that which its road presented was not wholly without interest; for here passed perpetually curiously-dressed peasants of either sex, conducting borricos laden with wood, charcoal, straw, or vegetables, and scores of beggars, attired in the remains of odd garments, apparently as old as the Christian era itself, each covered with a cloak, forsooth, though composed of as many colours as the most ingenious combination that deliberate patchwork makers could produce.

The cathedral, which next attracted our attention, is a very magnificent specimen of the mo-

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dern Gothic, being everywhere covered with elaborate and delicately-wrought ornament; it is, in endowment and pomp of worship, one of the first in Spain; the choir of it, which the sombre season in the church gave me most unfortunately no opportunity to hear, is said to count among its numbers some of the best musicians of the day; and my informer, who was entitled to give an opinion on the subject, assured me that, in point of music, the holy week in Salamanca was even richer than in Rome. How did I regret that a necessity—either real or fancied—should call me away without enjoying the luxury of such an entertainment!

Not far from the cathedral stands a convent of St. Dominick, no less remarkable for the singular magnificence of its architecture, than for the wealth of its endowment. The whole front is covered with arabesques, most delicately wrought in the material of the edifice, while within, all is noble and imposing; indeed, as you pass from the broad day without, to the dim twilight that reigns for ever within the aisles, the effect of the transition, in connexion with the solitude, the chill air, and the gloomy nature of such objects as are faintly, yet fearfully, revealed—the crucified Saviour—the Virgin weeping big tears of blood—or the martyrdom of St. Stephen—tends to impress the imagination with solemnity and awe.

In traversing the great aisle, our attention was attracted to an altar in a recess on the left, before

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which a young Dominican was repeating a number of pater-nosters, accompanied in each sentence by a few women, who kneeled in the distance behind him. Three or four little dogs, which had accompanied the devotees, or otherwise gained admittance, were capering about on the pavement, in anything but a sympathetic mood, though this did not seem to interrupt the solemnity of the worshippers. In a country church of my own country, I have seen a similar circumstance convulse a congregation with laughter, and make a complete bear-garden of the house of God. Perhaps the vast size of the temple may have rendered the interruption less obvious here, though the chief difference, doubtless, consisted in the greater devotion of the Catholics; for, whatever may be said about unmeaning forms and absurd mummeries, no one who has had an opportunity of observing the different ceremonies of each church, will for a moment attempt to compare a Protestant place of worship, with its lounging, ogling, flirting spectators—for the word "worshippers" is only applicable to a trifling minority of the congregation—with the deep solemnity and religious awe that pervade a congregation of Catholics. But to return to our young friar; when he had completed his task, he crossed himself devoutly and rose from his knees, and, approaching the altar, before which he again prostrated himself, carefully extinguished the light which burnt there in a silver lamp, and drawing a

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curtain before the shrine, withdrew to the solitude of his cell.

From the temple we passed to the cloisters, and found them of corresponding grandeur, surrounding a court with a double gallery, formed by columns and Gothic arches of equal grace and boldness; indeed, the stairway leading to the upper gallery, upon which the cells of the brothers open, is one of the greatest architectural curiosities I have ever seen, being carried up by a series of arches, very nearly flat, and having no support on the inner side but the slight and unapparent one which they derived from each other. The chantry, which is placed aloft at the extremity of the chapel, opposite the grand altar, is likewise very grand, having in its centre an immense desk, upon which are placed the ponderous volumes containing the psalms and canticles, with their corresponding music, written on parchment leaves, so as to be legible from the stalls on either side of the aisle, where the friars sit, each in his richly-carved niche, and sing the services. When Columbus was sent to Salamanca to exhibit his theory of a western world to its sages and doctors, and take their counsel as to its reasonableness and truth, it was in this convent of St. Dominick that the cause of my country was pleaded by its discoverer, and it was here that the verdict of non-existence was pronounced against it.

On our way homeward we met a procession of

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free schools, going to one of the parish churches to perform some act of devotion connected with the present solemn season of the church. They were marshalled by sundry churchmen and pedagogues, and while one of the number carried a crucifix in advance, the rest followed, two and two, chanting a psalm as they went, in a most distressingly nasal tone, which may be easily understood without a visit to Salamanca, by those whose delighted ears have drunk in the melody of a Sunday School. Not without a visit, however, to Salamanca—unless, indeed, it were a pilgrimage to the land of potatoes —might you see so odd a collection of urchins as this occasion had assembled, uniting, as it did, at once, every imaginable variety of costume, as well as every deficiency of it. Here were dresses of cloth, and dresses of skin—the skin of animals, or only the skin of the wearer—here, too, were hats of all shapes and sizes, calines, gorro, montera, cocked hat, or three cornered; some stuck their legs too far through their pantaloons, and others did not stick them through at all; here were breeches without any accompaniment of shoes, and, to balance the account, shoes without breeches. Some carried their books, which were of most antique and traditionary aspect, tied together by ropes, some in cloth bags, some in scrips of parchment, hung over the shoulder, and banging against the crupper, as if the erudition that was within

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them, being denied admittance in the usual form, was bent on making an impression somewhere.

Farther on, the priest of the parish, whom nobody could accuse of having lost his considering-cap, for he had a long hat which seemed to look down in pity upon the vain rivalry of the long face below, was catechising his children on the steps of his church. Many of them were not more than four or five years old, and they certainly appeared to be a most unpromising as well as unwilling class, having evidently been forcibly dragged to the spot by their mammas, under terror of refusal of absolution, which it would have been unpleasant to miss at this most solemn season; some ate their fingers —I have seen very pretty women, who had very pretty ones, and whom I would very willingly have relieved from the trouble, do the same—some scratched their heads, and some looked round the corner with a seeming air of indifference, but evidently meditating an escape. It is a most unfortunate law of our nature, and the best possible proof of our innate depravity, that the religious nourishment imparted to us by our spiritual pastors in our youth should be so very unpalatable, and that we should, one and all, be so very unwilling to study our catechism.

In the afternoon we took a walk to the great square, which is at once the exchange, paseo, and general place of reunion for the people of Sala-

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manca. Every Spanish town of any importance has its Plaza Mayor, situated in its centre, and forming a quadrangle more or less large, enclosed by uniform ranges of buildings, having a gallery or covered way, formed by a projection of their fronts, sustained by stone columns or pilasters; there is usually a fountain in the centre, with spouts for the watermen to fill their jars at, while the spacious basin into which the refuse of the water falls is the ordinary drinking-place of the cattle of the town, as of the passing muleteers, who take their way through it in journeying between places whose connecting road intersects it. The open space around is commonly used as a market, while the covered piazza, upon which cafés, confectionaries, and the principal shops ordinarily open, is the general resort of the town; where there is no regular amphitheatre, this is, moreover, the Plaza de Toros.

These plazas are almost always noble and imposing objects; of all that I have seen, however, that of Salamanca is by far the most so, being the sixth of a mile in circumference, with ninety arches, sustained on massive columns, and three rows of balconies above, corresponding to as many stories, while the rough tile roof, which is so great a defect in many of the finest buildings of Spain, is here entirely hidden from view by a heavy balustrade. Over each column is a medallion head of some Spanish king or hero, though all of these are

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now noseless. The destitution in this case is not discreditable to the bereaved heroes, but to the revolutionary French, who, during their occupation of Salamanca, diligently defaced whatever came within their reach. One is shocked at the Vandalism whose fury, in the destruction of a fine work of art, could not even be disarmed by the effigy of a Cid, a Cortez, or a Bernardo. To give a more finished character to the whole, and break the effect of monotony, the middle of the north side of the square, which contains the apartments of the Ayuntamiento, is somewhat more elevated than the rest, and beautifully decorated with pilasters, busts, and medallions. To complete the idea of the place, the reader has only to conceive in addition, that at the angles of the square, and midway of each of the sides, the structure is pierced by strong arches, connecting the interior with the streets without, and giving admittance incessantly to the odd groups of men and animals that complete the picture of Spanish life, as beheld nowhere with better effect than in the Plaza of Salamanca.

The reader must endeavour to imagine, as I had to do from the description of a friend, the grand spectacle which this plaza must present on the occasion of the bull-feasts, annually held here, and which, from the fierceness of the bulls of this district, are said to be among the best in Spain. The concourse of people from the neighbourhood is said to be immense, and the charros and charras then

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appear in their gayest attire. When they occur the Ayuntamiento causes the whole pavement of the vast area to be removed, and takes possession of all the surrounding balconies, which are let out to the public at the rate of one or two ounces for the feast, the proprietors being deprived of them unless they hire them themselves. At the last feasts a refractory individual undertook to resist the taking away of his balcony. The alcalde yielded, and he remained in possession; but it was very carefully boarded up in front, so as to obstruct the view of the spectacle. The man had a perfect right to his apartment, but none whatever to see the bull-fight without paying for it. This resort from law to equity shows how very much a Spanish alcalde resembles the cadi of the Mussulmans; in almost every thing in Spain one finds traces of the Moorish domination.

As we entered the square, a few steps brought us into the midst of a party of fashionable women, exceedingly well dressed, and with an air and carriage which might have been remarkable elsewhere, but which, fresh as I was from the glories of the Prado, and from feasting my eyes on the fair forms of Madrileñas, Valencians, and Andaluzas, did not impress me very favourably. In fact, nowhere in Spain did I see so little beauty as in this thrice renowned seat of learning; learning and beauty are not often found together in the gentler sex, and perhaps the ladies here may have twisted their

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faces out of shape in the attempt to learn Latin, in order to comprehend the scholastic jokes of their sable admirers. Such as the women were, being the only ones at hand, they seemed to attract sufficiently the attention of the youth of the other sex, for this group of fashionables was closely beset by an equal number of aristocratic students, in their caps and robes, who waited upon them with devoted courtesy.

Squalid in their dress, starved in their appearance, and cringing in their manners, the more plebeian students, heedless of the dignity of learning, were fain to make acquaintance with the inferior classes of town's people; others stood apart, meditating mischief, which the humility of their attire might seem to justify, dressed as they were in tattered cloaks, faded to every possible shade of discoloration, and their meagre faces bearing an expression of premature ingenuity, imparted by the difficulty of existing, and the cunning that was necessary to succeed.

Against a column which seemed to belong to him, for while I remained in Salamanca he was ever there, leaned a hoary beggar, having a shrunken leg, very ingeniously twisted, like the strand of a rope, round his crutch. He had, however, complete use of his tongue, for he pleaded his cause most eloquently, and with many promises of reward in another world, for alms given in this; while as often as cuarto or ochavo chinked in his

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tattered hat, he uttered a fervent prayer for the intercession of saints and angels in behalf of the charitable donor. Farther on a half-naked boy, armed with a cigar-match, tendered his services to the passing smoker, requiting the slight alms that were bestowed upon him by thus ministering to the comfort of the body here, instead of praying for the soul hereafter.

Having made the circuit of the Plaza, and returned to the neighbourhood of the old cripple of the column of the Cid, whose bust surmounted it, we found that a mendicant group of three had just entered the arch that opens towards Zamora, covered with dust, and their toes peeping through their sandals, as if from a weary journey. Two of them were old men, one being blind, and the third a stripling of eight or nine years, all miserably clad in tatters of skins or cloth, with only one hat between them, and that a cocked one. All their worldly goods were contained in a beggarly knapsack, tied with thongs; and as they deposited it for a moment on the pavement, and seated themselves beside it, they seemed to hold a consultation as to their further movements and prospects for the night. The praying and soul-redeeming old fellow with the crooked leg, contemplated these proceedings with a very scowling and unsaint-like expression, and seemed disposed to defend his beat by force of arms if necessary, though he first essayed the milder expostulation of words; for, interrupting

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their deliberations, he said to them, with even less sympathy and compassion than his words implied —"Brothers of mine! you had better pick yourselves up and pass on, for you are not likely to do a good business in your present stand; the charity of this people is exhausted—Go with God, and in a good hour!" So much for beggarly courtesy and loving-kindness.

The open area within the arcade was perpetually traversed by parties of horsemen from the country, entering by one arch and passing out by another, farmers returning from market to their pueblos, asses laden with coals, or water from the river, and women destitute of this long-eared coadjutor, yet singing blithely as they passed, with jars on their heads. At the only corner where the declining sun still shone, were groups of women seated on the stones; some old crones dealt out gossip as they knitted or twirled the distaff, while younger ones, attentive to the only arts of decoration within the compass of their poverty, dressed each other's hair, with a care and neatness in odd contrast to the squalidness of their attire.

On returning to the college, I found the students surrounding a youth, the son of a farmer who lived on a small possession of the college in a neighbouring pueblo, which was part of its endowment, and where the little community of voluntary exiles spent the summer vacation of the university. The lad had come in with a couple of skins of wine,

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the produce of the estate, for the use of the college commons; and the collegians, to whom the idea of their vacation in the country seemed fraught with most pleasing reminiscences, were plying their young friend Faco, whose name was thus prettily and endearingly abbreviated from Francisco, with many questions concerning the quinta or farm, the crops, the village, and its notables. Faco was evidently worthy of the interest they seemed to take in him; he was a tall and very handsome stripling, whose face expressed every thing that was excellent and amiable, while his charro dress, his flapping hat, falling with picturesque effect over his handsome and speaking countenance, imbrowned cheek, covered with the down of dawning manhood, and long black hair, combed backward from his forehead, and interwoven in a long plait with a riband, which was doubtless the favour of some village fair, together with the charmed scapulary, which a mother's solicitude had suspended from his neck, all aided to compose a charming living picture, which Murillo would have delighted to fix immortally upon canvass in his own times, and which Wilkie alone might have done justice to in ours. Ferdinand Columbus, in that admirable production the Discoverer, in the convent of La Rabida, in which the painter has proved that he is the Vandyke as well as the Teniers of his age, might well have shown what Faco probably was, some years earlier than I saw him.

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After plaguing him about the mistress of his young affections, a blooming villager, bearing the name of Florencia, the conversation turned to the quinta, which was soon about to be drawn. One of the collegians having asked his age, he answered that he was just turned seventeen. "And your height, Faco, does it reach the standard?"—"I have just an inch to spare," was the boy's ready reply, as he stretched himself up, the pride of the aspirant to manhood for the moment getting the better of his apprehensions. His chances of being drawn were two out of seven; yet he said he was sure it would not fall to him. This certainly was a very serious matter, and the boy did not seem to look the evil fairly in the face, his youthful pride being flattered by the idea that he was liable to be called upon to serve the king, and in showing the students, who had been petting him as a child for so many years, that Faco was a man. For my own part, I could not help looking on the matter with a more melancholy interest. I pictured to myself the poor boy, dragged to some crowded depot, exchanging a mother's ceaseless solicitude for the harsh tyranny of a drill-sergeant; then toiling, with swoln and blistered feet, under the unwonted weight of musket, schaiko, and knapsack, to take part in an exterminating civil war, on the side, too, opposed to his own sympathies, if sympathies he had any; he whose most weary journeys had hitherto been a ride on his bedecked and tas-

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selled mule, with wine or corn, from the pueblo to the college in Salamanca. How altered would be the air of the gay, handsome, and virtuous youth, after eight years passed in exposure to the vices, idleness, and loathsome diseases of the soldiery! Behold him now, stripped alike of his tastes and adaptation for honest labour, and fit only for some low and vexatious employment about the gate of a town, a despoiler instead of a producer, or for a lazy cell in a litter of Franciscans.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE UNIVERSITY.

Installation of a Doctor—Robing Scene—Procession—Bestowing the Cap—Musical Interludes—Doctor's Address—College of the Archbishop—A Refresco—Saloon of the Rector—Rector's Character—Collegiate Hospitality—Sopistas and Servants—Evils of Poor Scholarship—Expense of Doctorship—Ancient Usages—Students of the University—Studies and Degrees—Collegians.

I WAS very fortunate while in Salamanca in seeing the ceremony of taking out a cap of doctor of the university, an event which seldom occurs more than once or twice a year, the applicant being a fellow of the Archbishop's College of noblemen, who had taken already with honour the successive degrees of bachelor and licentiate. In so dull a place as Salamanca, in the dull season of Lent, too, this was a circumstance of no little moment, especially as the entertainment was suited to the scholastic tone and temper of the whole population. On the morning fixed upon for the ceremony, the avenues of the sacristy in the old church beside the cathedral were thronged with people pressing for admittance, every female who had a brother, cousin, or lover, in any way connected with law,

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physic, or divinity, flocking to the place, like the wives of drunken husbands with us to the anniversary of a temperance society.

In ordinary times the rector and doctors of the university form in their great hall, and go in procession to the church; but the customary pomp was somewhat abated on this occasion on account of the mourning for Ferdinand, and we now found these dignitaries robing for the ceremony in the cloister, which simply consisted in putting on their heads a black silk cap, with a square top, having an immense tassel of white, red, green, yellow, or blue, which, covering the top, hung like a Chinese rooster's crest, in a drooping curtain around, to indicate the different faculties of divinity, civil law, canon law, medicine, or philosophy, to which the wearers belonged, and over their shoulders a mantle of corresponding colour to the cap, though, in token of mourning, this was now reversed, so as to show only the black velvet with which it was lined.

Thus robed, the doctors moved in procession to the scene of the ceremony, each in his respective class, and according to seniority of rank, headed by their rector, who took his seat in the centre, at the opposite extremity of the room, under a picture of the Crucifixion, the rest arranging themselves in their respective stalls on either hand; that is, those who were permitted to enter quietly, for the tail of the procession, composed of the more juvenile

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sages, had scarcely approached the door, when such a general rush took place among the canalla studentesca, that many of the newly-fledged doctors were glad to escape with the loss, in many cases, of the cap or mantle, that alone made them so; indeed, the cap of the aspirant, which a servant was bearing in on a heavy salver of silver, was obliged to find its way to its destination over the heads of the multitude.

As for myself, notwithstanding the corporeal exertions of my Milesian friends, who were lusty and stout, as became their derivation from Ireland's Isle, and notwithstanding their superior claims to consideration and courtesy, founded upon that royal charter, by which, in their quality of students of the college of noble Irishmen, they were constituted gentles in the land, I should not have gained admittance on any terms, but have remained to be pushed and elbowed by the rabble, had not one of the doctors, who had the sagacity to discover that I was a stranger curious to witness the ceremony, ordered the beadle to clear a passage for me and conduct me to a seat.

I found the candidate kneeling on a cushion at the feet of the rector, who, with the dean of the faculty of civil law, was reading him certain lessons in Latin. The ceremony being finished, he was catechised by the junior doctor in matters of religion, and required, on every occasion that might offer, to defend the doctrine of transubstantiation,

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the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and whatever holy dogmas heresy has ventured to assail; all of which having faithfully promised to perform, his cap was presented to him by the rector with much solemnity. It chanced to be of somewhat more than orthodox size and length of silk, like the first epaulet of a newly-made lieutenant, which seemed to excite a little mirth among the veterans, and gave rise to many ponderous Latin jokes. And now, as he rose from his knees in all the dignity of doctorship, the rector affectionately embraced him as an equal and brother, as did, in turn, the rest, each rising from his seat. His embraces with the monks and churchmen seemed less loving than those which he exchanged with some of the civilians, who appeared as preceptors and patrons to rejoice in his accession.

The faces, the heads, and the general appearance of this assembly of the learned, conveyed eminently the idea of intellect and superiority, and it was impossible not to feel that this was an assemblage of no ordinary set of men. Some of the churchmen had a grave, thoughtful, and devout expression; but a sneering air of unbelief, particularly perceptible when the candidate was required to defend the sacred dogmas, was far more prevalent, and I fancied I could see in all this traces of that deism which is said to prevail in the university.

The conclusion of each act of this ceremony was

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marked by a stroke on the floor from the silver mace of the beadle, when two musicians, one playing on a bassoon, the other a clarionet, sent forth a senseless and discordant flourish. This did not seem to be marked so much by any striking epocha in the installation, as by a traditional usage, of which the old beadle seemed the only depositary. Throughout the whole performance of the fraternal hug they sent forth a prolonged blast, which was any thing but indicative of that spirit of harmony which it was meant to inculcate.

Being now received as a brother, the new doctor seated himself immediately in front of the rector, and, having adjusted his cap, proceeded to address his assembled associates in a neat Latin complimentary speech, thanking them for the signal and unmerited honour they had done him, in admitting him to an equal station among themselves as doctors of that great university, and then went on to pronounce a eulogium on the queen mother, and the new order of things, which was received very complacently by the deists, but with rather a sour expression of countenance by the monks.

At the close of this address, the young sage took his seat at the foot of the class of civil law, and soon after the assembly broke up. As we were leaving the cloisters, a fellow-collegian of the graduate approached our party, and invited us to make him a visit at the College of the Archbishop, where he would be most happy to see us. We

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very readily promised to do so, and, walking slowly in that direction, soon arrived in front of one of the most beautiful edifices in Salamanca. A noble exterior prepared us, in some measure, for the rare elegance that reigned within, where we found ourselves in a vast patio, enclosed by a double gallery, sustained by two corresponding rows of columns and arches, and tastefully ornamented with sculptured wreaths and medallions. At the head of a very noble and imposing stairway we were met by one of the collegians, who conducted us to the magnificent saloon of the rector of the college, which was decorated with great elegance and taste, the walls and ceilings being beautifully painted with frescoes and delicate arabesques, while in the centre was a large table, sumptuously spread with wines, cordials, cake, chocolate, sweetmeats, confectionary, and last, though not least, Havana cigars, constituting the refresco of which we were invited to partake.

Some of the guests were seated at the table, some sitting or standing about the room; the venerable rector himself, whose manners were singularly courtly and noble, aiding his late pupil in rendering the entertainment agreeable. This individual, it appeared, had not passed his whole life in the seclusion of halls and cloisters; the earlier portion of it had been spent in the great world, he having been a colonel in the army during the war of Napoleon. At the close of the struggle, in which he

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had honourably distinguished himself, he retired from the service, and following the example of Calderon, which in his day was a sufficiently common one, entered the church, and rose, in time, by merit and the countenance of noble relatives, to the dignity of canon in the cathedral of Santiago de Compostella, to which was subsequently added the chair of rector in this richly-endowed institution.

During the entertainment, the refreshments were dispensed, especially the more welcome offering of cigars and fire, by the collegians themselves, aided by a whole army of servants, consisting entirely of poor students, who have taken up this sort of service in the colleges, convents, or private houses, in preference to the mendicant life which they led of old. Among the number of these waiters, one youth, of singularly intelligent appearance, was pointed out to me as being distinguished in Salamanca for his superior talents; and, indeed, the very next day to that on which I had seen him so busy in removing dirty plates, I came upon him in one of the halls of the university, disputing in Latin with wondrous volubility.

Of the poor students, many, however, still prefer to drag about the tattered remnants of a cloak, and kick their heels in happy liberty, eating as they may, at the doors of convents, where they attend the stated distribution of soup. These are designated by the characteristic name of sopistas, and a precious set of tunantes are they, with few other

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worldly goods than a pair of one-legged trousers, a garment to which courtesy concedes the name of cloak, a torn and foxy cocked hat, a wooden spoon in readiness for soup, and a pack of greasy cards, wherewith to gamble and cheat, secure themselves, having nothing to lose, from plunder or misfortune.

The vice of this sort of education is obvious enough, holding out, as it does, the chances of securing something from the humbler walks of church patronage, such as the curacy of an insignificant pueblo, or the prospect of an idle life, deprived of no gratification, in a convent. It thus tends powerfully to lure the poor from the harder toils of laborious exertion. When we come to consider that many of the working clergy of Spain have qualified themselves for the cure of souls by passing through a course of life such as this, the circumstance becomes more appalling. Many, indeed, of these poor scholars, become escribanos, escrivientes, memorialistas, or barbers; but the bulk batten, in some shape, upon the patrimony of the church. Some philanthropists might be disposed to suggest, that an education like this, being within the reach of all, might find out talents wherever they exist, and nourish into vigour and brilliancy germs of genius, which else might rest unawakened in the bosoms of the poor; but it is a singular commentary upon this supposition, that almost every Spanish writer of any note is of noble blood, and scarce any have sprung from the lowest ranks of life.

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But to return to our forgotten refresco, to which we did honour with the rest: when we had exchanged compliments with our entertainer, who was a young man of very elegant manners and appearance, we took leave, and descended to the courtyard, where we met the town drummer, very fantastically dressed, and making a noise for his own benefit, and that of the beadles of the university, who came to compliment the new dignitary, and give him an opportunity of thanking them with something more than the eloquence of words. Farther on we met another party with drums and trumpets, bound upon a similar errand of extortion.

To become a doctor of the university, one must indeed be generous, as well as wise; for the fees alone to the university, which are paid before the vote is taken, and divided among the doctors, amount to nearly three hundred dollars. Formerly the cost for fees was more than double, and there were, besides, many extraordinary expenses; for the doctor elect was not only required to give a magnificent dinner to his associates, but a splendid bull-fight afterward, for the gratification of the whole population. In those days, all the dignitaries of the university, dressed in their official robes, paraded through the principal streets of Salamanca, on richly caparisoned mules, and the whole ceremony was conducted with the greatest pomp and pageantry, the expense being so exorbitant, that a number of candidates were obliged to combine in

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order to meet it, so that the scene, occurring seldom, was hailed with so much the greater interest. The money thus spent, then as now, was not thrown away, but in some measure laid out at interest, since all the professorships and richly-endowed offices in the university are assigned to members of the body, the candidates being obliged to contend in public assembly for every vacant chair; hence it follows, that a doctorship of the university is something more than an unmeaning honour.

Of the students who resort to the university, most have already made a course of what is called grammar, which simply means the Latin language, learned in the customary way from a pedagogue; of course, they know also how to read and write, though little beyond; and, as a general rule, nothing of geography, astronomy, mathematics, or arithmetic. In speaking thus of Spanish education, let me, however, pause here to do justice to the College of Jesuits in Madrid; a school which these persecuted priests have established in Madrid for the education of noble Spaniards, embracing in its system of instruction all the improvements of the age, and is conducted with that arrangement and admirable order which characterize their institutions in all countries, although, now that I write, these, the most enlightened of Spanish clergymen, are doubtless again in exile, and the only institution of education in Spain which reminds one of the

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age in which we live, will be extinguished by the hand of liberalism.

In order to obtain the degree of bachelor at the university, the student is obliged to follow, during three years, the course of philosophy, which includes ethics and metaphysics; he may also, if he pleases, attend the lectures on physics, mathematics, astronomy, and other useful sciences, of which there are chairs in the university; but a knowledge of these sciences is not necessary to take out the degree. It follows, that very few students attend these courses, and in many instances the lecturer has only to acquit himself of his daily duty by going to the amphitheatre, taking his station in the pulpit, and waiting the stipulated time, to see if any accident should send him listeners. Having received the degree of bachelor, it is necessary to follow the courses of theology, law, or medicine, in order to obtain the degree of licentiate in either of these faculties; and before acquiring either degree, it is necessary to undergo an examination, and show certificates of regular attendance from the various professors. The graduate is obliged, moreover, to defend satisfactorily a certain thesis, in Latin, against all disputants. Should the student be found unworthy of the degree to which he aspires, he is obliged to repeat the same course during another year. Each person desiring to follow the courses of the university, has himself matriculated as a member, and being enrolled in a

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class with others, is obliged to attend the various courses assigned to it.

The university has complete jurisdiction over all its matriculated members, having its own beadles, prison, and tribunal of justice. The machinery for the preservation of order is indeed sufficiently complete; and the students being perpetually under the surveillance of the beadle, who has authority to apprehend them when detected in any irregularity, there would be very good discipline among the juvenile litterati, were it not that the beadles of Salamanca are very like the alguazils that we read of in Gil Blas. Unless in cases of notorious and heinous offences, the delinquent now may always escape, if he should be so fortunate as to possess a dollar, or the worth of one, to quiet the scruples of the functionary.

In addition to the students of the university, there are, as we have already seen, in Salamanca, what are called collegians; being members of colleges, some of which are very richly endowed, within whose walls they live, under the care and observation of a rector. Besides following the courses of the university, these youths have often their private tutors and professors within the college. Three of the colleges of Salamanca admit nobles only, and in the College of the Archbishop, proofs of nobility are demanded from the candidate through many generations on both sides, being the same as are required to qualify for the decoration of the

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noble order of Charles III. In this college there were only ten collegians when I visited it, though it is a magnificent palace in extent as well as elegance of construction.

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CHAPTER VII.

SIGHTS IN SALAMANCA.

The University—The Classless Lecturer—Library—Bull against Book-Thieves—Disputations—Latin Jokes—Monkish Professors—Cathedral Tower—View—Surrounding Country—City Below—Effects of Siege—Battle-Ground—Glimpses of Private Life—A Prebend of Salamanca—His Exercise—His Mule—His Nephew—Reflections of the Belman—Sounds.

In returning from the refresco we entered the university, and on our way to the library exchanged a sympathetic glance with an unfortunate monk of St. Dominick, who was sitting patiently alone in the pulpit of one of the lecture-rooms; for the benches were entirely empty, though the deep knife-cuts in the plank desks showed at once that they had not always been vacant, and that cutting names, with representations of various favourite objects, animate and inanimate, is a necessary concomitant of education in all countries. Our assertion that the benches were all empty, is perhaps not quite true. There was one exception, the occupant being the friar's long hat, which he had left in front of him, on the foremost row, ere he ascended the pulpit, to stare him in the face, and take away the idea of utter solitude.

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The library of the university occupies much the most appropriate as well as magnificent room of the kind I have ever seen, being not less than two hundred feet long by sixty wide, with an arched ceiling, through apertures in which the light is skilfully introduced from above, descending uniformly upon the page, in whatever part of the room the reader may be seated. The book-shelves of richly carved wood are arranged in a double gallery around the whole apartment, and at frequent intervals was hung out the fearful notification contained in a bull of the Pope, in which he denounced the sentence of excommunication against any sinner who should abstract, lose, or deface any book in that library, the sentence remaining for ever in force, until the moment of perfect restitution. In different positions along the centre of the room were massive tables, surrounded by commodious chairs, in which reclined many clergymen and students, poring over ponderous tomes, or pausing to make notes. I look upon this as one of the most pleasing modes of passing one's time; and there is no kind of people whose occupations I am so apt to envy, as those whose daily haunts lie in the cloistered precincts of some renowned university. A fellowship of a college in Oxford, with leisure, books, congenial society, and pleasing walks beside classic waters, relieved from every sordid care for existence to come, and free to meditate, presents to my mind a most seductive picture of perfect happiness.

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Leaving the library, and descending the noble stairway, we came again to the court, whose walls are disfigured by tawdry and wretched paintings, the only kind that abound in Salamanca, from which the French must have removed whatever was worth possessing. Lectures were being delivered in many rooms opening on the court, into which we entered for a moment, mingled with a great deal of dialogue between the professor and his pupils, who asked questions, and raised such objections as occurred to them. In another room a number of students of divinity were engaged in disputation, speaking in Latin with great fluency, though they often came back to the same words, being probably established dogmas of the church, or phrases occurring in the decrees of councils. One of the subjects was matrimony, and whether or not it was a sacrament; another, of the purport of which I am more sure, having heard the theme frequently repeated by the disputants, was, whether bishops are or are not, by divine right, greater than priests; in short, whether their superiority was of God or of man. In the midst of one of these discussions, a beggar-woman, of most antediluvian appearance in person and attire, thrust her head in and supplicated alms. Some of the students about the door set at once about smoking her, treating her, with due attention to economy, to quantities of Latin jokes, instead of the cuartos for which she was a suppliant.

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In making the circuit of the court, we came again to the room of the deserted friar, who was still alone, his hat his only companion. We looked in, and he bowed to us with much of courtesy in his manner; the position was an embarrassing one, which my Milesian friends might have anticipated; perhaps he was anxious to make listeners, and, in my sorrow for the poor man, I felt half disposed to offer myself as a victim, and furnish him with an opportunity of giving vent to his imprisoned thoughts. Yet selfishness prevailed, and we passed on, and the friar at the same time, catching the sound of the university clock, made a movement to escape, and in the next minute he issued forth, carrying his audience on the top of his head.

The professors from among the regular clergy must find a peculiar pleasure in the task of instruction; for, while it promotes and renders necessary the study which can alone make monastic life supportable, it relieves them, at regular intervals, from the seclusion of their convents, brings them into contact with the world, and momentarily exchanges the stupid associations of the cloister for the companionship of cultivated minds.

Leaving the university we crossed to the cathedral, with the intention of ascending the tower, which, rising to a noble elevation, commands a fine view of Salamanca and its environs. Having reached the habitation of the belman on the top of the roof, we engaged his assistance, and, led on by

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him, ascended to the loftiest gallery. From this point we overlooked every object in Salamanca, taking in whatever lay within a radius of ten miles, and towards the east of more than thirty; for on that side the view was only bounded by the range of mountains we had crossed in coming from Madrid, and which, extending southwestward, changes its name from the Sierra of Guadarrama to the Sierra of Avila. As far as the eye could distinguish, from Alva—where still stands the castle of the renowned duke of that name—till lost in the remote west, the Tormes sought its winding way, through fields of every various tint, though the bright green of the young wheat, prevailing almost everywhere, gave evidence of the favourite production of the most noted corn region of Spain. Discovering itself again in a succession of lake-like sheets, the river was either darkened by the ripple of a passing breeze, or shone a bright and unruffled mirror, under the influence of a blazing sun. Not a cloud was anywhere to be seen, and the most distant objects, however minute,—flocks of sheep and herds of swine, wagons, trains of mules, and sweeping caravans,—seemed distinct and near, as brought with telescopic clearness to the eye through the medium of this transparent atmosphere. In a few directions were seen clumps of trees, the absence of which is so universal a defect of Spanish scenery, but in general the plain spread itself in interminable and unbroken monotony. The banks of

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the Tormes near the city, devoted to the production of vegetables, offered the richest and most varied hues; indeed, throughout the whole course of the stream, its immediate banks, submitted to irrigation and skirted occasionally with trees, decked out the landscape with its fairest attractions.

Having completed the survey of remoter objects, I contracted my delighted gaze to the nearer and more palpable objects of the outspread city at my feet. More than half its surface was covered with public buildings—the colleges, convents, and churches of this great nursery of Spanish learning, and stronghold of the national faith; the singular magnificence of its edifices, when thus contemplated together, is indeed astounding, and it is with no vain or unfounded boast that the Salamanquinos claim for their fair city the appellation of Roma la Chica.

From this point one could properly estimate the vastness of the Gothic cathedral that lay below; next to it in conspicuousness was the Jesuit's College, which covers an immense space, having at its front a grand temple, adorned by two lofty towers, while in the rear is a double row of edifices, surmounted by covered ways to serve as promenades, the roofs being sustained upon long series of arches, as in the Roman aqueducts. Hence, too, could be estimated the extent of the lamentable destruction occasioned by the resistance of the French during the siege, impressing the

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mind with a fearfully vivid picture of the terribleness of man's energy to destroy and cast down the proudest monuments of his power;—the shattered walls of convents, built with the solidity of fortresses, yawning sections of unsupported naves, with the columns and arches of half demolished cloisters, battered by cannon-shot, or blackened by sulphureous explosions, lay exposed to view with the freshness of recent demolition, impressing the mind with a combination of the gloomiest images. In that direction, too, though far in the distance, the campanero, designated the battle-field of Arapiles, whose hot contest the then rector of the Irish college had contemplated from the very station I was occupying; there, however, nature had smoothed the traces of desolation; man, and not man's works, had there heaped the earth with ruin, and the young corn grew but the more rankly over thousands of the slain.

From these gloomy objects my eye reverted, with increased delight, to the pictures of daily life revealed to me from this commanding elevation. I never remember to have sojourned a day in a place where there was a cathedral without passing an hour on the top of its tower; my chief taste for cities consists rather in studying them from above than in being justled by their throngs, and I must plead guilty to a more than lame devil propensity for peeping into the concerns of the busy world from the elevation of some commanding belvidere.

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Picture to yourself, gentle reader! my delight, then, at finding myself in some measure as favourably situated as the licentiate of old for a glance into the domestic habits of this quaint old city; for, though I had no Asmodeus to unroof the houses for me, yet the whole population, not gone forth to their daily avocations in the streets and squares, were either in their courtyards or galleries, and these were all open to me.

In the square formed by the cathedral, the university, and the high college, groups of boys were playing, with much glee, at many exciting games—striking their balls against the tower of the cathedral, without risk of losing them by too high a stroke, or gambling, mixed up with divinity students, upon the steps of the temple; priests were confabulating, and women, with jars on their heads, or driving asses, were crossing and intersecting each other. In one patio was a pleasing group of children, diverting themselves with a pet lamb, while hard by was one more interesting, consisting of three women dressing each other's hair; they were in a captivating dishabille, which gave to view more that was charming than prudery permits the exhibition of in the street. Had I been one of those bat-winged inhabitants of the moon with whom I have since made acquaintance, I certainly should have let myself down among them, cutting a pigeon-wing as I alighted, and offering my services as a perruquier, with the newest

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fashions from above. If ill received by them, perhaps I might have been tempted to fly to the consolation of the immured inmates of a neighbouring monastery of nuns, recognized as such by the robed figures that flitted before the windows, and the cypress-trees which grew in melancholy appropriateness within its walls.

But why should my eye roam far away in search of amusement, when so much was provided for me in a neat patio immediately at my feet, where I was free to study the habits, and, as it were, read the daily life of its inmate, a burly canon of the Cathedral of Salamanca. At the side of the court adjoining his apartments is a walk, which he treads demurely, with equal and well-measured steps, pausing at each turn to say a word, which is, doubtless, still a repetition of the same, to his nephew, a miniature copy of himself, who is riding a fat and arrogant mule, worthy, in all respects, to carry a church dignitary, around the narrow circuit of the enclosure. In order that she may not miss the greater weight of her master, and hereafter become restive when he shall attempt to mount her, a huge bag of sand is loaded in front of the lad, as a substitute for the clerical abdomen. Now the worthy churchman walks along the wall, now back again; now he says a word to the nephew, now caresses the neck or flank of the mule. In the same place, and at the same hour, the campanero assured me that I might see the same spectacle any day in the

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year, unless it were a high festival, requiring the dignitary's attendance at the altar; for this walk, and this exercise of the mule, which he seldom rides, since he scarcely ever goes out except to choir, forms the great business of his life.

I blessed that quality of our nature, the force of habit, and the attachment to daily recurring occupations, however trivial in themselves, which can thus extract enjoyment from monotony; and I found the same pleasure in looking at the good canonigo, that he seemed to find in the innocent business of his life. Perhaps this pleasure would have kept me gazing at him longer, had not the cathedral clock just then struck twelve; the huge bell which hangs in the tower, and which is renowned throughout the kingdom of Leon for its weight and power, and which we were much nearer to than was agreeable, immediately tolled twice, muttering forth a tremendous and deafening reverberation. This was a signal for the faithful to recite the customary prayer, as they seated themselves to their noon-tide meal; as I looked again into the patio, from which my attention had been momentarily withdrawn, mule, nephew, and canonigo had disappeared together.

As a good disciplinarian, disposed to honour subordination alike in ships and churches, I was not pleased to find that the belman did not feel respectfully towards his easily-pleased superior; not that he pretended to discover any thing strange

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or unbecoming in the nature of his occupations; it was his domestic dress that he was inclined to quarrel with; his shabby breeches, his jacket, replacing the flowing cassock, his profane calines, the respectable long beaver, and he even permitted himself a sneer, as he ridiculed the round ball-like figure he presented, as we looked down upon him, protesting that it was a grievous and most crying shame, that so odd a caricature, so, absurd a travesty, should be presented to the ridicule of the sneerer, and the scandal of the faithful, in the sacred person of a prebend of the holy cathedral church of Salamanca.

If the eye brought us thus closely in contact with whatever was passing in Salamanca or its environs, the ear was the medium of quite as many impressions, in the thousand various sounds which reached us uninterruptedly from all sides. They blended themselves into a strange chorus, made up of the shouts of men and women, the neighing of horses, the braying of mules and asses, the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks; even the washerwomen on the river, beating their linen against the stones, and the long-drawn nasal songs with which they accompanied and beguiled their toil, came in faint echoes occasionally to our ears.

Such was the spectacle and such the sounds which I saw and heard from the Tower of Salamanca. If, reader! weary with Naples, and Rome, and Milan, thou shouldst one day wander aside

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in search of objects that have not been seen by every one, to the remote and untravelled precincts of this quaint old city, fail not straightway to perch thyself on the topmost gallery of its Gothic belvidere; and should the mule and the canonigo be still at their pastimes, pray kiss your hand in kindly salutation, and commend me to both of them!

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CHAPTER VIII.

ADIEUX TO SALAMANCA.

Sunday in Salamanca—High Mass—Mad Sermon—Mob of Friars—Vale of Zerguen—A Mule of Good Character—Pepe the Guide—Departure—Fellow-Travellers—Justice to Asses—A Halt—Castillos—Christian Examination—Face of Country—Alaejos—The Rival Towers.

SUNDAY came round, and found me still in Salamanca. Wherever this day of rest may happen to dawn upon me, in a Protestant or a Catholic land, I never fail to join the congregations of my fellow-men, as they crowd to the temples which piety has raised in honour of the Deity, and mingle at least the offering of my heart, as they bend before his altar in adoration and praise. Urged then by an inward impulse, which, if I have not sufficiently analyzed it, I do not hesitate to obey, I bent my steps to the cathedral at the hour of high mass.

Soon after I had taken my seat within the choir, the officiating clergy entered from the adjoining sacristy, richly robed, and heralded by numerous boys, bearing torches, banners, and the uplifted cross. They swept with solemn chant around the

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aisles, and, entering the choir, seated themselves in their stalls of carved wood, or prostrated themselves before the altar, ere the mass began. I have not often seen this sacrament performed with greater pomp than on this occasion; there were not less than a hundred persons in the procession, though the instrumental musicians and the singers, who render this choir so celebrated, were excluded, by the gloomy and solemn character of this season in the church.

Last in the procession came the preacher, an aged monk of St. Francis, attended by one younger than himself, who, when the moment for the commencement of the sermon arrived, placed himself by the door of the pulpit, on the steps which led to it, and continued there while his brother was preaching within. The sermon was very odd, and almost led me to believe in the authenticity of a most extraordinary one, of which I had a copy, and which was said to have been preached in the village of Caorma, on the estates of the Duke of Medina Sidonia.* After the usual pater-noster, and invocation to the Virgin, he broke out at the top of his voice, and in a great rage, with—"*El demonio es una mala lengua!*—A bad tongue is the

* I copy, at the end of the volume, this most extraordinary specimen of pulpit eloquence, which is doubtless the broad caricature of some real sermon, and which the reader of Don Quixote in the original will enjoy, as something truly ludicrous and Cervantic, for which I expect his thanks.

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devil and all! It spares not the king's throne, the just man's virtue, the virgin's chastity, the beggar's rags, or the habit of the friar!" And so on to the end of the chapter, with a great deal about penitence and confession, and its peculiar incumbency at this solemn season, the whole being strung together without system, and with frequent Latin quotations from the Scriptures and the fathers, St. Bennet, St. Dionysius, St. Francis, and even St. Patrick.

The madness of the friar was not, however, wholly without method; for when he spoke of slander envying the king his throne, he meant a real, live, and not a hypothetical king, and intended to quicken the loyalty of such of his faithful hearers —and they were doubtless many—as sighed for the downfall of impiety, and the establishment of Carlos in his legitimate inheritance. So, also, when he insisted that the friar's habit did not cover him from the shafts of detraction, he alluded to a circumstance which had occurred about ten days before in Salamanca, and had created an immense excitement in the capital, and throughout Spain.

According to the liberal journals, a party of young Franciscan friars were returning drunk from the Vale of Zerguen, which lies beyond the Tormes, singing Carlist songs, and proffering seditious cries, when they met a party of militiamen, whom they immediately fell upon and beat unmercifully, until

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their sanctimonious fury was quelled, by turning out the guard. An inquiry was about to be instituted into it, and it was already a question, whether the Convent of St. Francis, in Salamanca, should not be closed, the revenues confiscated, and the monks distributed to do penance, and read holy books in other convents of their order, as the thing of all that could be devised the most disagreeable to them.

The version of the friars themselves, as well as of their friends in Salamanca, was very different; for they insisted that they were the sober and the assailed, and the other party the drunken and the assailants. I could scarce tell where the truth lay; there was nothing very incredible in a friar's being drunk, or in his being in favour of Carlos, though probably he would not have chosen the public streets to display his love of liquor and legitimacy. As for the evidence of the liberal journals, I had seen enough to believe, that in Madrid, not less than in London and Paris, they could lie equal to the best Tory or Carlist of them all.

In walking home from church, it is the most natural and obvious thing in the world to talk about the sermon. This my young Irish companion and I now did, as we bent our way to the college: our opinions of it, however, were very different; it did not strike me as being a very brilliant production, and I instanced the fact, that nearly all the prebends, not actually officiating in the unfinished

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mass, had left their stalls, and stolen one by one away, as an evidence that they, being competent judges, had not found it very entertaining. The young Irishman thought otherwise; the doctrine of the discourse was sound and canonical, enforced by pious zeal and a commendable fervour; as for the suffrage of the prebends it went for nothing, since their disinclination to hear sermons was general and notorious, inasmuch as they only show themselves at the beginning of the services, to escape the fine for non-attendance, and then hasten to withdraw, leaving the religious consolation of sermon and mass to those who have a taste for it. Perhaps my young friend's favourable opinion may have been conciliated by the friar's judicious commendation of St. Patrick; at any rate, I felt that it would be both indiscreet and uncourteous in one who was chiefly conversant with the sailing of ships, to enter into a contest on the quality of a sermon, with one whose trade was to make them; as much so as it would have been in him to correct me in an opinion about the best method of heaving to in a gale of wind.

In the afternoon we went in a party to walk in the classic Vale of Zerguen, which lies beyond the river between two hills, and where the students of Salamanca are wont to loiter, to make love, to muse, and to poetise. The weather was clear, sunny, and Castilian, and the scene in all its details striking and characteristic; here were students,

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churchmen, and friars; here antiquated nobles in ancient and threadbare coats; here were charros and charras, fresh, and blooming, and, gay, with colours from the pueblos of the campinia; here, too, were militiamen, more famous dandies, and possibly more absurd in all respects than our own. The shop-keepers and liberals of Salamanca seemed, indeed, alive with military ardour; and even their children had caught something of the chivalrous spirit; for, accoutred in paper hats, and armed with sticks, they were marshalled along the plain by a furious young chieftain, whose talents bore him to the command, beating tin kettles the while, and shouting tiny vivas to Isabel and Christina.

The day after was the one which I had fixed for leaving Salamanca. So, in returning to the city, I sought out the Bull Inn, to bargain with the landlord for beasts to carry me to Valladolid. He immediately brought out a stout mule, capable of carrying my luggage and the guide, and a macho for my own use. I have a great horror of he-mules, having, in the course of much acquaintance, found them illnatured, obstinate, deceitful, and disposed to kick. This animal, however, was well-limbed, and very neatly put together; and on the landlord's assuring me, on his honour as a Castilian, and by his faith as an old Christian, that he was worthy to carry a noble cavalier like myself, having a very rich pace, kissing his finger ends at

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the same time, to give a greater fervour to the asseveration, I consented, without hearing the conclusion of his oration on the magnificence of his saddle and accoutrements, to take him upon his own terms. Eloquence is a noble gift, not less useful to an innkeeper than to a friar of St. Francis.

I looked into the dirty coffee-house, filled with students, gambling for cuartos at a low game, and reeking alike with tobacco-smoke, curses, and obscenity; made a farewell circuit of the magnificent square, and took a leave-taking look at its reigning beauties, ere I retraced my steps to the college, to eat my last meal with its hospitable and kind-hearted inmates, to each one of whom I wish, with all my heart, a mitre.

At the crowing of the cock I was aroused by the gentle touch of my travestied friend, the whilom serjeant of his grace of Wellington. He brought the chocolate to my bedside, and announced that the porter of the Bull was in attendance for my luggage. Ere long I followed his footsteps, and in a few minutes was the amused spectator of an odd scene of altercation in the courtyard of the inn, between the master and his man, concerning the best way of loading my luggage on the mule's back. The occasion of difficulty was, that in consequence of there being only one portmanteau, it was impossible to form a balance in the usual way, with half the weight on either side. Pepe, for so was my

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guide called, undertook, under all the circumstances, and after much lamentation that I had not two portmanteaus instead of one, to strike a balance by placing it near the top, while the night-bag, added to the canvass alforjas, containing a roast fowl, some bacon, bread, and my borracho, well filled with wine from the college cellar, were suspended on the opposite side, lower down, and farther from the centre. When done, the thing had not a very workmanlike appearance in the eye of a practised muleteer, and the landlord, who pretended to know something of cattle and the road, commenced a tirade of abuse against his young servant, saying tauntingly to him—"A pretty arriero are you, my friend, !"—"Let me alone, and mind your own affairs," said the servant; "I have the journey to make, and not you; if it does not go right, it is my affair."

This clamour brought together the dogs and idlers of the neighbourhood, swelling with their numbers the concourse of the people of the inn, who had collected to see us off. Just as we were starting, a man rode out on his mule and asked, in an under tone, if we were going to Valladolid, saying that he was going to Medina del Campo, and would willingly accompany us as far as our roads lay together. We invited him to do so, and presently set off. Among the family of the innkeeper was his daughter, a handsome young girl of eighteen or twenty, whose parting salutation to

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Pepe seemed to go far in consoling him for the abuse of her father.

The cathedral clock was just striking eight as we issued forth from Salamanca. When we had reached the last rising ground from which it may be seen, I turned to take a farewell look of this renowned old city, for so many centuries one of the greatest seats of learning in Christendom, and which—if, partaking in the general decay of the country, it may now suffer in the comparison with similar institutions in other lands, in which science has continued steadily to advance—is still venerable from the recollection of the day when no fewer than twelve thousand students congregated to acquire learning within its halls, and when the opinion of its university was sought alike by councils, popes, and sovereigns.

At the first pueblo beyond Salamanca we were joined by a peasant of middle age, and by no means promising appearance, being very badly marked with the smallpox, and having only one eye. I took it into my head, that Gines de Pasamonte must have been precisely such a looking fellow. He had been to Salamanca to carry wheat, to be sold by two nephews, who were students in the university, for their support. Though he had two asses, I noticed that he continued to ride the same one the whole day, bestowing upon it, moreover, at frequent intervals, the discipline of the cudgel. I took leave, as we journeyed together

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and grew better acquainted, to say a word in behalf of the belaboured animal, and to ask why he allowed the other to go frisking along at its ease, and rode always the same one.—" He knows full well why I ride him. The tunante got at my barley this morning, and ate up the whole provision of the journey; he took his companion's share of food, and now he must take his share of work also." He worked himself into a paroxysm of rage as he went on, which relieved itself by a new fit of cudgelling, kicks in the side, energetic curses, and opprobrious epithets; such as, "*Ah! grandissimo bribon!—ah! famoso tunante!—ah! hijo de puta!—maldita sea la madre que te pario!*"—all of which were uttered in a volley, as the ass, frisking its tail and ears, set off at a gallop. The Spaniards carry the law of retribution into the daily habits of their life; the principle of revenge with them, binds itself alike to the resentment of injuries, whether from men or beasts. The reader will call to mind the furious rage of my mild friend Sylveti, who beat with so many stripes the more unconscious mule who, being tired, lay down and broke the umbrella, on the journey to Pamplona.

As we journeyed on, we were joined by yet another traveller, being a youth quite gaily dressed, and mounted on an arrogant mule. He was the son of a sturdy cultivator of Medina del Campo, and had been on a visit of consolation to a brother who was sick in Salamanca. He had

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evidently taken much pains to improve his own appearance and that of his mule, which, besides being freshly shaven, had on a new headstall, decked with bright tassels of red and yellow worsted, in order to make a good appearance among the students, and do no discredit to the condition of his brother.

The country became still more attractive as we receded from Salamanca, being everywhere carefully cultivated, and beautifully green with the young wheat. This was one of the most populous districts I had seen in Spain. Indeed, we counted no fewer than fifteen pueblos, from a slight elevation over which the road led us, each having its little church, with high Gothic roof, square tower, and group of clustering white houses around it. The people, too, seemed to benefit by their industry; for they had a well-fed and comfortable air.

Journeying gayly along at a dog-trot, we reached, about noon, a small village, four leagues from Salamanca, at which we halted to bait the mules, and attend at the same time to our own refreshment, preferring for the purpose to eat our own food, rather than that of so humble an inn, excepting only some boiled eggs, which were the more likely to be fresh, because the hens were walking about the kitchen, flying over the children's heads, perching upon the baby, and peering into every thing that was going on, with

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the greatest familiarity. As for our young companion who started with us from Salamanca, although we invited him, as usual, with the rest, to partake of our provisions, he preferred dining on his own, taking from his saddlebags for the purpose a piece of meat, part of which he ordered to be stewed with tomatoes, reserving the rest for supper.

During our meal, we were served by two young daughters of the innkeeper, with whom we had the usual conversation and exchange of compliments. They were very anxious to learn if it were true that there was to be a quinta, or conscription, of which only a report had as yet reached this secluded village; for we had been travelling by a bridle path over the open country, and not over the regular highway. They admitted that they felt a great deal of regret, not, however, as we insinuated, for fear of its depriving them of lovers, of which they assured us they had none, expressing the customary contempt, among young women of a marrying age, for the commodity, but simply on account of their two brothers, who were then in the fields with their father. As for our young companion, he felt quite at ease on the subject, although his age rendered him liable to be drawn; he was a widow's son, and although he had an elder brother, his mother had claimed the privilege which the law allowed her, and chosen him to remain at home, as being the support of the house.

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Having seated myself on the door-sill after dinner, to wait for the preparation of the mules, I contrived to be very well amused by the quaint gambols of a couple of oldfashioned urchins, who were endeavouring, without very brilliant success, to spin rude tops, apparently of their own manufacture. They were dressed in long doublets, spreading at the hips, being without collars, and open at the arms, having, moreover, small-clothes, and leggins of brown cloth, though just then unencumbered with either shoes, stockings, or hat. Their costume was precisely similar to that which I had seen in many of Velasquez's portraits of the youth of his time; and I was, moreover, strongly reminded, so far as the dress was concerned, of the young princes in Vandyke's pictures of the family of the unfortunate Charles. Upon the whole, they had such an odd and antiquated look, that their childish occupations seemed quite out of character, though, indeed, they did observe a certain becoming gravity even in their sport.

As we sallied out of the village, an old woman seated at the door of one of the last houses, plying busily her distaff and spindle, called to ask us if we wished to buy a fine fat fowl, whose throat had just been cut, to save it from the ill effects of a blow on the head from the stone of a mischievous urchin, who was doing penance beside her. We might have it for five rials, she cried out, holding it up, and no Christian man could deny that it would

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be dog-cheap. Pepe offered her half her price, without stopping or looking back; and finding that she got down to four as we were getting out of hearing, he rode back, and discovering that the fowl would stew well for supper, paid the old woman her price, and thrusting it into his saddle-bags, came singing along, at the top of his voice, some couplet that ended with Mariquita.

And now, our joyous company having prepared and lighted their cigars, and being well filled with food and generous wine, each offered his quota to the amusement of the party—of which, by-the-way, the ugly and one-eyed man was decidedly the gracioso, the obliquity of his countenance giving quaintness and piquancy to his jokes—in the shape of songs, proverbs, jests upon the people who passed us, and odd stories about monks, nuns, students, shepherds, and innkeepers, all of which were sufficiently amusing, though sometimes uncharacterized by delicacy or refinement.

In process of time, we discovered before us the village of Castillos, having its little Gothic church singularly perched on the top of a conical hill, with the houses clustering picturesquely around its base. Down the hill-side were a number of singular caves, which, from their appearance, as well as their proximity to the church, I imagined to be tombs. Whatever may have been the uses for which they were originally constructed, they are now, as I was told, the wine-caves of the neigh-

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bouring proprietors, containing the joy-inspiring soul of the merry Bacchus, instead of the mouldering bodies of his departed votaries.

The chapel bell was tolling mournfully as we entered Castillos, and it being too late in the day for mass, and several hours too early for vespers, we were at loss to conceive what the circumstance could mean. Strong in our curiosity, we therefore paused opposite an interesting family group, seated in and about the door-sill of one of the principal houses, and begged to know the meaning of the unwonted summons. A pretty and blooming girl of fifteen, who was knitting, hushed the plaintive song with which she beguiled her toil, to tell us, in pure Castilian, very sweetly expressed, that it was to call together such young persons of the parish as had not yet partaken their first sacrament, for the purpose of being examined in Christian doctrine, as a necessary step to absolution and communion. Pepe, who had the spirit and devotion of a cavalier shut up within his coarse brown doublet, at once rejoined, with an insinuating smile, and with an air of earnestness whose sincerity I was not disposed to doubt, from the sympathizing testimony of my own feelings—"*Mas me gustaria examinarme con te hermosa aldeana*—I had a thousand times rather examine myself with thee, beautiful villager."—"And I with thee, also, gracious stranger!" rejoined the maid, with an air of arch simplicity. The speech would have been immodest

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had we not been travellers, and then, also, it would not doubtless have been made; but we were passing on, and it served as a God-speed to send us on our way in a good humour, while it raised a laugh among those who remained.

From the pent-up position of this little village, and the ardour of the sun, the heat here was actually scorching, and our mouths were parched with thirst. We stopped, therefore, at the door of the inn, and begged for a little water in the name of the Lord. This place of entertainment seemed wretched enough, though the building itself was of massive and noble construction, having, moreover, beneath the balcony, a shield of arms richly carved in the stonework of the wall, in which all the symbols of heraldry were exhausted, the sole remaining boast of some decayed family, the origin of whose nobility was doubtless lost in the gloom of many departed centuries.

The region through which we were passing was plain and monotonous, with far-extended vistas uninterrupted by trees, and occasionally the church tower of a pueblo peering into view, now and then a hill like that of Castillos, and more frequently a barranco or hollow, undiscovered until we were about to descend into it. In one of these we came upon a peasant stretched upon his face in a ploughed field, and taking the sun most gloriously. Hard by, attached to a rude plough, stood a couple of mules, by whom the delights of idleness

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seemed to be equally appreciated. Our mirth-loving gracioso, the one-eyed uncle of the students of Salamanca, called to the sluggard at the top of his voice, telling him that he only needed his Jesus de vino, his conventual stoop of wine, to be quite as well off as a friar of St. Francis.

Farther on we approached an atalaya, or tower, which, having doubtless been erected for warlike defence, was now, as a homage to the peacefulness of the times, diverted from its original uses to serve as a dovecot, around which unnumbered pigeons hovered like a cloud. The vast quantities of these pigeons attracted our attention, and gave occasion to the gracioso to tell a queer story of a rustic friend of his, who, having a roguish old pigeon for an accomplice, who was both maimed in one wing and tame, contrived to seduce all the young pigeons of the neighbourhood into his toils, and fare sumptuously on them every day.

We were to pass the night in Alaejos, a town of some note and consideration, the lofty tower of whose church we were able to discover at the distance of many miles. The tower is one of the highest in Spain, and had, not long before, attracted the attention of Ferdinand, on the occasion of his being in the neighbourhood, when some feats were performed on the top of it, for his special amusement, by a courageous inhabitant of the town.

Friend Gines, who was a native of the place,

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boasted its grandeur in words of corresponding magnificence, insisting that the cathedral tower of Salamanca was a mere walking-stick in the comparison. This position Pepe and another Salamanquino stoutly resisted, standing up for their tower boldly and resolutely; but they were borne down by numbers, for our group had gradually increased by people falling in from other roads, and making for the town to pass the night. As these were either of Alaejos itself, or else lived nearer to it than to Salamanca, they were of course, to a man, stout opponents to Pepe and his heretical proposition.

As we approached the town, the country gave evidence of more careful cultivation, and the fields were divided from each other by trenches, for the protection of the property. In addition to the lofty tower rising above the church, we could now discover, on the side of the town towards which we were approaching it, the towers and battlements of an old castle, rising in ruined and desolate grandeur. It was an immense pile, of singularly massive construction, having a deep ditch beside it, partially filled at intervals by fallen masses of the masonry, and must, doubtless, from its size and antiquity, figure in the feudal history of Spain, and possibly in the Moorish wars. In England, where wealth impels its possessors to seek out new and more refined enjoyments, the owner of such a pile as this, haply partaking in the prosperity

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around him, would have preserved sedulously from decay this monument of the power and heroism of his ancestors. Here, however, almost every one is occupied in the struggle to exist, and the descendant of the feudal lord whose banner once floated proudly and protectingly from the top of these battlements, if sought out, might possibly be found existing miserably in some obscure hovel of the village below, or living, with scarce inferior indigence, as a life-guard at Madrid, supporting the state of nobility on three daily pistareens.

The clattering of so many hoofs, as we entered the town, brought the customary assemblage of the curious to doors and balconies. We chanced to pass immediately beneath the windows of the prison, from which Pepe was at once recognised by the prisoners, of whom he had not long before been the unwilling companion. The ostensible cause of his imprisonment was some trifling informality in his passport, but the real one was the extortion of money. Indeed, after lying there a month, he only obtained his release by surrendering to the alcalde the profits of his last expedition. I remarked to him good-humouredly as we passed, that if he did not behave himself well, I should give the alcalde notice of his heretical proposition concerning the Tower of Alaejos, which would certainly be worth a year's imprisonment, or an ounce's worth of bribery at the least. This custom of having the windows of prisons overlooking the street is a vile

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one, since it brings the criminal in contact with the people without, to whom they are perpetually talking, and to whom they let down hats or baskets to receive the eleemosynary cuartos which the charitable are pleased to bestow upon them, and not unfrequently bestow upon the unready giver a volley of hearty curses, and words of obscenity to shock the ears of passing females.

Riding past the great tower, we now entered the square, which was enclosed by the customary colonnade and covered way, the fronts of the surrounding houses being supported on beams extending from column to column, instead of arches. At the opposite side of the square was our posada, into which we at once rode, and alighted opposite the kitchen; the place had been recently whitewashed, every thing had a polish on it, and the most scrupulous neatness reigned throughout the whole establishment; pleasing indications all of a well-dressed supper, a clean bed, and those undisturbed slumbers which no one can better appreciate than the Spanish traveller.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE FAIR OF TORDESILLAS.

Inn of Alaejos—A Murderer's Wife—Luncheon on a Mule—A Lover's Confidence—Valley of the Duero—Tordesillas—Fair—Hog-market—The Vanquished Pig—Fallen Mule—Gipsy Ass-merchants—Eloquence in Barter—A Procession—The Square—Commerce making room for Devotion—Every Place a Temple—The Friar—His Sermon.

THE household of the little inn of Alaejos consisted of an aged couple, with an only daughter, in whom their happiness seemed to be wrapped up. She was only twenty, although she had already been married five years, and was the mother of two children, with the prospect of a speedy addition to the number. Her husband, whose history had been related to me on the journey, was a dissipated fellow, much addicted to the national vice of gambling. A few weeks before he had lost seven dollars to a comrade, whom he soon after waylaid and shot dead. Upon this he escaped to Gallicia, where he remained unmolested, as the law does not often travel beyond the precincts of each province, or even pueblo; for the authorities of each town,

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having a sufficiency of domestic crimes to take cognizance of, are not often at the trouble of punishing offences, or even apprehending criminals, for others, should they even know of them, which is not necessary, as these acts of violence are too common to attract the attention of the press, or receive publicity, except through common report from mouth to mouth.

As for the young woman, whose unhappy story enhanced a beauty which was already interesting and attractive, it appeared from what was told me on the journey, that the scandal of the village was already busy with her fame, imputing to her a disposition to console herself with the chance guests of her father's inn, for the forceful and vexatious species of widowhood which the crimes and exile of her husband had imposed upon her. If she were indeed the frail one which village scandal proclaimed her, perhaps it was the same tender-heartedness which rendered her charitable; for when presently the brotherhood of Peace and Charity came round on their weekly visit, ringing their bell, and chanting the evening service to the Virgin before the door, as one of their number came to ask alms for the souls in purgatory, she emptied her pocket of its last copper, and dropped it into the box, kissing the little crucifix that surmounted it, and crossing herself with great devotion.

My room was the principal one, at the front of the house, and ere I retired to rest I passed a lonely

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yet pleasing hour in gazing from my balcony upon the little square, which was alive with all that is delightful in the popular manners of the land; the arcades resounding with the hum of children at their sports, or sending back the tinkling notes of the serenader, and the mellow voice, cadenced to the tones of love, in which he poured forth the burning passion of his soul. I went to sleep thinking of the bereaved daughter of the innkeeper, and pitying the hardness of her fortune, which had condemned her to the deprivations of widowhood, yet cut her off from the comfort of a second husband.

We were in motion the next morning at the dawn of day. The widow's son took leave of us in the outskirts of the town, and as he struck into the road of Medina del Campo, which now turned more to the right, he commended us to the keeping of God and Saint Anthony. The country now became more broken and irregular, and was by no means so well cultivated as that we had passed over the day before. As part of the road lay in a valley, enclosed by a double range of hills, and where the soil was evidently rich, the want of cultivation could only be accounted for by some vicious tenure of the soil, excluding the peasant from a just share in the fruits of his toil. Ere long the village of the Seven Churches was discovered in our path, conspicuous by the lofty tower which

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rose from its single temple. Beyond it we overtook a great many of its inhabitants, going with asses laden with grain to be ground by the mills on the Duero. One or two windmills in the neighbourhood of their town would grind all their wheat, saving them a journey of thirty miles to and fro, and the increased chance of being cheated by millers, who are as roguish as Chaucer's.

And now, having waxed hungry, Pepe turned sidewise on his mule, looking towards me, and drew forth bread, ham, and fragments of roast fowl from his canvass *alforxas*, to the discussing of which we diligently addressed ourselves. At the end of almost every mouthful, Pepe raised the leathern bottle to his lips, drank deeply of its contents, and pronounced it Catholic, as became the produce of a clerical vineyard. Each time, however, before he drank, he duly proffered me the courtesy of the bottle, thinking it a strange heresy in me to close my lips against such apostolic beverage. At length, at the conclusion of the repast, when the fragments were restored to their depository, and he had taken his last draught, after equally in vain wiping the mouth-piece, and offering it to me to quaff from, he summed up the wonder which had hitherto perplexed him, by asking the somewhat embarrassing question—"How is it that you carry a bota, since you drink no wine?"—"For the benefit of my fellow-travellers, such as Pepe."

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—"Your mercy is too good; here is health and long life to you, and may we always have a harvest of travellers of your way of thinking."

Pepe being warmed and rendered generous by his libations, began now to open his soul to me, giving me an account of sundry passages between himself and his master's daughter, Rosa by name, to whose hand he ventured to aspire. "She never goes out on a feast-day, unless I wait upon her; we were at as many as a half dozen masquerades together during the carnival, and about a month ago, when her elder sister was married to a muleteer of Ledesma, we served them at the wedding. They tell me that she flirts a little with a shoemaker of the neighbourhood, but I think she loves me. I don't mind the shoemaker half so much as a young priest, who has entered the church to get a rich living in the cathedral and please his father, contrary to his own inclination, and whom I am almost sure I saw at the last masquerade, disguised in a domino, and who got her up to dance. I think I must give up this wandering life, though it has its pleasures, and go back to my old occupation of keeping a billiard-table, so that I may be able to watch over my interests, and keep an eye of observation on Rosa." His taste for billiards was not a little likely to re-enforce the claims of Rosa; for I had noticed, on entering Alaejos, that his eye had brightened with unwonted lustre as we

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passed near a billiard-room, and his quick ear caught the sharp clatter of the balls.

By-and-by we descended a steppe, which placed us in the valley of the Duero. The fields were, for the most part, dreary, dusty, and barren, having occasional strips of withered grass, which was browsed by flocks of sad-looking brown sheep, and herds of mules and horses. The country being level, having water at hand, and consequently susceptible of being easily submitted to irrigation, the absence of high cultivation and productiveness is unquestionably owing to some vicious tenure of the soil, operating injuriously upon the exertions of the farmer. The view was closed in the distance before us by a chain of chalk-coloured mountains, forming the northern boundary of the Valley of the Duero. A few pueblos were seen scattered up and down the river, while the city of Tordesillas, forming by far the most conspicuous feature of the landscape, was seen proudly to overhang the stream, its tall towers rising from the commanding eminence on which it was situated.

We were now near the Duero, being able to hear the rush of the water and the clatter of the mills some time before we came in sight of the stream, so level is this bank of the Duero, and consequently so well adapted to the irrigation very generally used in Spain, and of which, yet, there are here no traces. We found the river dammed up

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in many places, and forming a succession of artificial cascades. The heat along the bank was intense, the sun being powerfully reflected from the sandy road, with an almost suffocating dust, stirred into motion by crowds of horsemen, and trains of mules and asses, going, as we were told, to the fair held on that day in Tordesillas. A few gardens occasionally skirted the stream, which, being irrigated, presented a pleasing spectacle of opening vegetation. Although it was early in March, when in the same latitudes in my own country every thing would be still fast bound in the iron embrace of winter, the gardens were already beginning to assume their vernal livery. I broke a branch from a cherry-tree, the fragrance of whose blossoms was most exhilarating and grateful.

Tordesillas stood on the opposite bank of the Duero, being connected with that along which we approached by a somewhat singular bridge, which, being perfectly regular in the opening of its arches, yet rose uniformly from the left bank to the right, so as partially to overcome, in the passage of the stream, the superior elevation of the plateau on which Tordesillas stood pinnacled. This bridge was now thronged with country people, pouring in by various diverging roads which here united, and whose numbers were presently swollen by our own. As we traversed the bridge, part of the town was seen immediately above us, thronged with cattle and peasantry, in the animated excitement of

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market-day, whom a parapet wall of no great elevation alone protected from being crowded over the precipice, which rose abruptly from the stream.

Following a winding road excavated into the side of the hill, we presently reached the level of the town, and, tracing our way with difficulty through the busy throng, came at length to the posada, which was equally crowded with the streets, being, in fact, crammed to overflowing with men and animals. Pepe, on looking in, proposed to seek a resting-place elsewhere; the innkeeper, however, assured him that there was room, and the mules added their suffrage, by showing much disinclination to retire without food from their customary baiting-place. They were eventually crowded by force of blows into a stable, in which the sides of the beasts were already touching throughout; of course, the intruders were not particularly well received by the older occupants; but they were not to be cast down or discouraged by this ungracious reception, and my macho especially stood up for his rights as he fought his way to the crib, returning kick for kick with a degree of spirit which greatly augmented the favourable opinion which, by way of exception, I was already disposed to entertain for him.

In the covered courtyard at the entrance of the inn were a number of countrymen selling leather by weight, the unsavoury character of whose traffic soon drove me into the fresher air of the street.

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I do not know, however, that I improved my condition much in this respect, in passing next to the hog-market, which happened to be hard by. The hogs were most ingeniously kept together, and prevented from blending with passing herds, by being arranged in a circle, of which their tails formed the circumference, while their heads were ranged together, gazing upon a single fettered hog, probably the most unruly of the herd, who lay most uncomfortably, as an example, in the centre. They gazed at their persecuted brother with more pitying sympathy in their countenances than I believed the swinish physiognomy to be susceptible of, while ever and anon the half-savage swineherds, rudely dressed in garments of skin, notified by energetic blows from their long poles, any delinquent subject who was disposed to back out, that the experiment might not be deemed innocent.

Each swinish circle was surrounded by its group of cheapeners, malevolent and slanderous individuals, who were not even superior to the calumniation of a pig, pronouncing, in their anxiety to drive a bargain injurious to the swineherd and advantageous to themselves, a most apoplectic-looking pig to be poor and starveling. At length, a round-bellied citizen having concluded a bargain, which he pronounced most onerous, proceeded to take possession of the animal which he had maligned. The swineherd separated the purchased animal from his brethren very ingeniously, by taking its two hind-

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legs in his hand, then turning his back upon it, and walking off as with a wheel-barrow, the hog being obliged to move its fore-legs, out of respect for its nose. I had often seen a hog contended with, but never mastered, before. The Spaniards, indeed. have a wonderful sagacity about animals, which they manage with infinite address. Even in Ireland, the classic land of pigs, where the peasantry associating with them on the most familiar terms, sharing with them both bed and board, come at length to participate in their nature, there is no comparable sagacity in the management of this animal; and an Irish village on a market-day is given up to the dominion of the swine, which run about in a frantic state, squealing, hustling, and overturning potato-baskets and old women. The stout citizen did not, however, move off with so much imbodied bacon and sausages as gloriously as might have been expected. He had tethered his prize by the hind-leg, and was attempting to coax or terrify it with the exhibition of a little wand, after the manner of Ireland. The pig, however, whether animated by a feeling of resentment for the abuse and calumny which had been lavished upon it by its new master, moved by the spirit of opposition and obstinacy which is ascribed to it, or simply desirous to return to the fraternal circle which it had left, showed the utmost unwillingness to advance in the particular direction in which the citizen was desirous of conducting it, doubling,

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turning, twisting its cord about the master's legs, or getting between them, and trotting off with him, to the infinite amusement of the assembled swineherds, until he was at length constrained to return to the wheelbarrow system of movement, of which the swineherd had exhibited the excellence.

Scarcely was this object of interest removed, when there came by a string of mules, heavily laden with corn for the fair. The last mule, who seemed very tired, after shaking his head once or twice, viciously threw himself down sidewise as he came opposite to me; as the rest of the train kept on, the next mule to the mutinous and recumbent one who had refused duty, found himself drawn on the one hand and held back on the other. The halter of the fallen mule, being fast to his burden, drew it to one side, when its weight brought him to the ground also. His halter, very fortunately, was speedily disengaged by a by-stander, or the whole train must have shared the same fate, and been stretched lifeless on the ground. The fallen mules were at once unladen, the offender still lying quietly on one side, groaning in spirit, and trying to look innocent; but the artifice was of no use; he was most unmercifully beaten, being made to fly about furiously, to the dismay of sundry old crones from the neighbouring pueblos, who were seated on the ground, selling beans and garbanzos. At length, the discipline being over, vengeance satisfied, and the burden replaced, the

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file was formed again, and passed on, to make room for other objects of equal interest.

Farther on was the ox-market, in which the animals were much more quiet, partly owing to the natural amenity of their disposition, partly to their being yoked. Next were the horses and mules. I was surprised at the great beauty of these last, at the extreme neatness of their well-turned flanks and body, and the delicacy of their legs and feet, giving them a tall, stag-like look, increased by the effect of their long taper ears, performing the part of antlers. They seemed gentle, quiet, and every way different in character as well as appearance from that perverse and ungovernable animal which hard labour and ill usage have deformed and rendered vicious.

In this part of the fair were people engaged in shaving mules and asses, by means of large and very sharp shears, one blade of which lay flat against the animal's skin, while the other played upon the first, being inclined slightly towards it. Three or four persons generally attacked one animal at the same time, taking good care to protect themselves in the beginning from the malevolence of the mule, by tying its fore and hind legs tightly together with a grass rope, and strongly compressing its nose between a couple of wooden levers. I never saw mules or asses so completely mastered, or looking so foolish before.

By far the most curious part of the fair, however,

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was the ass-market, held by a gay fraternity of gipsies. There were about a dozen of these, for the most part of middle stature, beautifully formed, with very regular features of an Asiatic cast, and having a copper tinge; their hands were very small, as of a race long unaccustomed to severe toil, with quantities of silver rings strung on the fingers. They had very white and regular teeth, and their black eyes were uncommonly large, round-orbed, projecting, and expressive; habitually languid and melancholy in moments of restlessness, they kindled into wonderful brightness when engaged in commending their asses, or in bartering with a purchaser. Their jet-black hair hung in long curls down their back, and they were nearly all dressed in velvet, as Andalusian majos, with quantities of buttons made from pesetas and half pesetas covering their jackets and breeches, as many as three or four hanging frequently from the same oilet-hole. Some of them wore the Andalusian leggin and shoe of brown leather, others the footless stocking and sandal of Valencia; in general their dress, which had nothing in common with the country they were then in, seemed calculated to unite ease of movement and freedom from embarrassment to jauntiness of effect. All of them had a profusion of trinkets and amulets, intended to testify their devotion to that religion which, according to the popular belief, they were suspected of doubting, and one of them displayed his excessive zeal in

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wearing conspicuously from his neck a silver case, twice the size of a dollar, containing a picture of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Saviour in her arms.

Four or five females accompanied this party, and came and went from the square and back, with baskets and other trifles, as if engaged at their separate branch of trade. They had beautiful oval faces, with fine eyes and teeth, and rich olive complexions. Their costume was different from any other I had seen in Spain, its greatest peculiarity consisting in a coarse outer petticoat, which was drawn over the head at pleasure instead of the mantilla, and which reminded me of the manta of Peru, concealing the whole of the face, except only a single eye.

I asked a dozen people where these strange beings were from, not liking to put the question to themselves; but not one could tell me, and all seemed to treat the question as no less difficult of solution than one which might concern the origin of the wind. One person, indeed, barely hinted the possibility of their being from Zamora, where one of the faubourgs has a colony of these vermin, for so they are esteemed. He added, moreover, that a late law required that every gipsy in Spain should have a fixed domicil, but that they still managed, in the face of it, to gratify their hereditary taste for an unsettled and wandering life. He spoke of them as a pack of gay rogues and petty

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robbers, yet did not seem to hold them in any particular horror. The asses which they were selling they had probably collected in the pueblos with a view to this fair, trading from place to place as they journeyed, and not a few they had perhaps kidnapped and coaxed away, taking care, by shaving and other embellishments, to modify and render them unknown.

I was greatly amused in observing the ingenious mode in which they kept their beasts together in the midst of such a crowd and so much confusion, or separated them for the purpose of making a sale. They were strung at the side of the parapet wall, overlooking the river, with their heads towards it and pressing against it, as if anxious to push it over, but in reality out of a desire to avoid the frequent showers of blows which were distributed from time to time, without motive or warning, on their unoffending hinder parts, and to withdraw them as far as possible from the direction whence they were inflicted. As they were very much crowded together, there was quite scuffling work for an ass to get in when brought back from an unsuccessful effort to trade, or when newly bought, for these fellows, in the true spirit of barter, were equally ready to buy or sell. The gipsy's staff, distributing blows on the rumps of two adjoining beasts, would throw open between them a slight aperture, into which the nose of the intruding ass would be made to enter, when a plentiful encou-

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ragement of blows would force him in, like a wedge into a riven tree. The mode of extracting an ass was equally ingenious, and, if any thing, more singular; continually pressing their heads against the wall with all their energy, it would have required immense strength, with the chance of pulling off the tail if it were not a strong one, to drag them forcibly out; a gipsey, taking the tail of the required animal in one hand, would stretch his staff forward so as to tap him on the nose, and, thus encouraged, gently draw him out.

The ingenuity of these gipsies in getting up a bargain, trusting to be able to turn it to their own account, was marvellous. Mingling among the farmers, and engaging them in conversation on indifferent subjects, they would at length bring them back to the favourite theme of asses, and eventually persuade them to take a look at theirs. "Here is one," measuring the height of an individual with his staff, "which will just suit you;—what will you give for him? Come, you shall have him for half his worth, for one hundred reals—only five dollars for an ass like this," looking at him with the admiration of a connoisseur in the presence of the Apollo; "truly, an animal of much merit and the greatest promise—*de mucho merito y encarecimiento*—he has the shoulders and breast of an ox; let me show you the richness of his paces," said the gipsy, his whole figure and attitude partaking of his earnestness, and his eye dilating and glowing

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with excitement. He had brought the unwary and bewildered countryman, like a charmed bird, to the same point as the eloquent shopkeeper does his doubting customer when he craves permission to take down his wares, and does not wait to be denied. Vaulting to the back of the animal, he flourished his staff about its head, and rode it up and down furiously, to the terror of the by-standers' toes, pricking it on the spine with his iron-pointed staff to make it frisky, and pronouncing the while, in the midst of frantic gesticulations, an eloquent eulogium on its performances and character, giving it credit, among other things, for sobriety, moderation, long-suffering, and the most un-asslike qualification of chastity. To add to the picturesque oddity of the scene, an old monk stood hard by, an interested spectator of some chaffering between a young woman and a seller of charms and trinkets stationed beneath an awning, and no accessory was wanting to render the quaint little picture complete.

I might long have continued to watch the movements of these strange beings, had I not been just then attracted by the passing chant of a religious procession. It consisted of apparently all the children of Tordesillas, preceded by a friar of some mendicant order, who bore high before him an ebony cross, having a little silver image of the Saviour; a second friar, bearing a mace, closed the procession. As the holy man swept by, the traffic

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was arrested, the worldly baseness of each forgotten, as all gipsies, as well as "old Christians," kneeled before the sacred symbol of their faith; when, however, the friar, closing the procession, disappeared, the by-standers regained their feet, and the business of bargaining was renewed.

Joining the train of the procession, it led me into the antique square of Tordesillas, which was of very peculiar appearance, being enclosed by a collection of rickety old houses, whose fronts were sustained by beams resting on stone columns, behind which was a covered footway. The fronts of these houses were formed entirely of wooden panel-work, removable at pleasure, so as to throw the whole interior open for the arrangement of spectators, on the occasion of a bull-fight, auto, or other grand religious celebration. The only places now open, however, corresponded to the windows with their customary balconies.

The procession now passed into the square, already crowded with the buyers and sellers of all those odd wares and quaint commodities which testify to the ill-digested and immature civilization of Spain, the venders being planted, as usual, upon the ground, with their merchandize scattered about them. Here were earthen pipkins, leathern bottles, sedge ropes, wooden spoons and forks, primitive knives, locks and keys of the rudest and simplest forms, and iron lamps to hang upon a nail, the back of a chair, or the side of a table, with the oil

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and wick equally exposed to view; piles of greasy fish were bestowed in huge platters, to sooth the craving stomachs of the keepers of Lent; flitches of bacon lay temptingly provided for those who, in return for the commodities they had brought to market, would carry home a condiment to season their pucheros, while antique scales stood erected on gallowses beside them, to show the vender's willingness to mete out just weight; there were, moreover, heaps of apples, oranges, and garbanzos, strings of peppers, and bunches of savoury garlic, with an oil and saffron-fed old woman intrenched behind each, while her lord and master, claiming the privileges of his sex, looked on protectingly, or strolled aside in search of gossip or amusement.

Suddenly as the procession swept by, the hum of business ceased, and the countenance burning with the enthusiasm of bargain-making lost its excited expression; an old villager near me, dressed in breeches, leggins, an ample jacket, that spread over his hips, and a brown montera cap, which he drew with comic effect over the back of his head, so as to cover his ears, and leave exposed the whole of his imbrowned forehead and cunning physiognomy, who was just in the act of cheapening an earthen jug, which he endeavoured to persuade the seller was a little cracked, and had not a very catholic sound, put down his purchase; while a neighbouring vender of wooden spoons, who gave no

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other notice of his profession and readiness to sell than by rattling his wares skilfully against each other, ceased his clatter. All now fell upon their knees and crossed themselves, as they muttered a prayer, and the whole aspect of the place was suddenly changed from a scene of excited barter to the calm solemnity of devotion.

As soon as the devotees had cleared the entrance of the square, a lad, who walked by the side of the friar, rang a small bell, the procession halted, and the chant ceasing suddenly, a deathlike silence reigned through the vast area, resounding a minute before with the bustle and clamour of animated existence. And now, in the cracked and changing voice of incipient puberty, the same boy now half-recited, half-chanted a few lines, calling on all who heard him to repent, confess, and be saved, or to remain in their hardness of heart, and take the alternative of damnation. This being thrice repeated, he rang the bell once more, the procession renewed its progress, and the anthem was again raised.

Crossing the open area, the friar marshalled the way to a species of moveable pulpit, erected on four unsteady and insufficient legs, at the side of one of the columns; in shape it was not unlike a base drum with one head out, being tapestried with a piece of faded satin, the gift, doubtless, of a devotee, which, strangely enough, was embroidered with bulls and picadors. On the whole,

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pulpit though it was, it had not a little the air of one of those ambulatory habitations, from which, on the gay mole of Naples, the quaint and merry punchinello exhibits his gambols. I noticed, as not the least curious of the juxtapositions of this strange improvisation, a stout collar of iron, projecting from the column against which the pulpit was placed, and which, on inquiry, proved to be a species of pillory for the occasional exposition of a rogue. Having reached the pulpit, the friar entered it, and shut himself in, giving the cross to his comrade, who held it up beside him, that it might be seen by the multitude, and that he might also, in his invocation, address the Saviour through his image, and that the spot, thus momentarily wrested from the purposes of worldly barter, might be hallowed, by the presence of this sacred symbol, into a temple meet for the solemn offices of which it was presently to be the scene.

The young man who was about to address this vast multitude, for the square, the shops surrounding it, and the balconies above, were all overflowing, could not be more than five-and-twenty. His face was well formed, without remarkable or undue development in any particular feature, but conspicuous for that regular and harmonious arrangement of the whole, which is not unfavourable to the existence of intellectual superiority. His clear and colourless complexion was rendered more

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palpably pale by the darkness of his beard, and hair shaven in the form of a crown, to represent the platted thorns which our Saviour wore in mockery. Its expression was not merely indicative of intelligence, but likewise of courage and decision, confirmed by the flash of piercing eyes, whose fires were but half subdued, singularly tempered, however, by the superadded meekness of his present profession of humility. The effect of his whole appearance was not a little enhanced by his flowing robes of serge, girt with leather, from which hung his rosary, while the falling cowl exposed the outline of his neck and shoulders; and by the singular simplicity of his garb, which rendered a figure already striking, impressive and imposing.

The simple dress of a hermit or holy man, his coarse garb, with cowl and sandal, divested of all those factitious trappings which, if they serve to dignify insignificence, only deform what is noble —if there be nothing in the person of the individual to mitigate its effect—is far better suited than rich costume or gay attire to magnify the impression of individual superiority. The pomp of the great, the fine dress, the gaudy equipage, and the liveried attendants, are mere evidences of wealth, such as it may purchase for any man who is its possessor; but the friar's simplicity, the heaven-born humility which enables him not only

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to be contented with his condition, but to prefer it for the love of Christ, confer a dignity which, from being simple, is not the less sublime.

After a momentary pause in the pulpit, the friar called upon the multitude to offer up a prayer of propitiation: kneeling before the sacred emblem held aloft by the brother, and followed by the multitude who thronged the square, prostrate in the same adoration, he repeated the supplication, so suited to the wants of all—"Our Father, who art in heaven!" The scene at this moment was singular and solemn; the whole of this vast multitude crowded among the various commodities collected for the market, some canopied by little awnings raised on frames like umbrellas, some exposed to the full glare of the sun, others sheltered from its scorching rays beneath the covered gallery, or within the shops behind it, while others, again, looked out from the surrounding balconies, and from those visible in the streets leading into the square; all and each of this immense throng were fixed motionless in one attitude, such as is assumed in addressing the Supreme Being alone, and animated by one common sentiment, a sentiment of devotion.

The prayer being over, the men recovered their feet and stood erect, while the women dropped backwards on the ground, or on their mats and heaps of corn, seating themselves with their feet under them, or in the eastern attitude. Near by

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me stood the same quaintly-dressed old fellow whom the procession had found cheapening the earthen pipkin; from him I now learned some interesting particulars concerning the friar, who, it seemed, had just come from serving the king, having been a soldier only four months before. "*Es muy valiente!*" said he, the qualification of courage being applied to his preaching powers, just as to the capacity to journey fast and far in the case of a mule, doubtless from the paramount veneration in which courage is held in the land, and the belief that a man who is good to fight, is good for any thing. The young man had been a student, of course, before choice or the conscription had made him a soldier.

At length he commenced his sermon, with a fervent and eloquent exordium, calling upon all who heard him to repent; and having thus preluded, he made the customary proposition to solicit divine aid to enlighten their meditations; and that their petition might be the more efficacious, they should proffer it through the intercession of the most blessed Virgin. Here they all kneeled again, repeating after the friar the Ave-maria. Thus fortified, he entered boldly on his subject, speaking with energy and confidence, and in a noble and most sonorous voice, which not only filled the whole of the vast area, but procured him attentive listeners among those who gazed from the balconies in the adjoining streets; indeed nothing could be more distinct

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than his language, for he spoke with the true Castilian accent, embellished with every grace of utterance, and the utmost purity of diction. Although he occasionally made Latin quotations from St. Jerome or St. Augustine, for else it had not been a Spanish sermon, yet his ideas were chiefly of a practical kind, and his censure addressed itself to real vices, not dealing in vague generalities, but calling things by their names, and drawing his illustrations from apposite and familiar objects. His sermon was thus a study of real and existing manners, from which, as is not always the case with sermons, something might be learned.

He spoke with sorrow of the vices of the age; of robbery, murder, and licentiousness; not in a speculative way, as things to be avoided, but to be desisted from. He rated his hearers roundly for absenting themselves from confession, out of dread of the penances that might be imposed upon them, as a step towards absolution, comparing the indulgent penances of modern days, even for deadly sins, consisting simply of a few prayers, or a few extraordinary observances of religious acts, which the church recommends to all, but does not require, with the austere penances of other times, when, for merely venial sins, godly men, who had gone astray unwittingly, were excluded from the sacred pale of the church, and all participation in its sacraments; being obliged, during forty days, to remain clothed in sackcloth and ashes on the

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outer steps of God's temple, without daring to enter, as a solemn warning to all the passing faithful. Then every sin was punished with reference to itself; gluttony, sensuality, or culpable luxury of apparel, each being expiated by abstinence and deprivation.

"My brethren!" he continued, "how suffered Christ that ye might not suffer! Yet, alas! how little does your example conform to his! how does his meekness reprove your pride, his loving-kindness your hatred of each other, his overflowing charity your selfishness and abstinence from alms!" Presently came the turn of the ladies, whom he rated soundly for their neglect of their religious duties, the regret with which they exchanged the festivities of the carnival, its balls and maskings, for the more precious, and, to a right mind, more pleasing means of grace which Lent affords; their little disposition to hail with godly sorrow the coming anniversary of the Passion, and sympathize in the sufferings of Him who died for them, or to gain the indulgences which a compassionate church affords at this season, for the purpose of alleviating that grievous load of sin which even the purest among them must have incurred. He reproved them for their want of charity, for the readiness with which they threw away, on a fan or a mantilla, what might relieve the destitution of many miserable unfortunates, for the pleasure which they took in displaying their persons in the balcony, or

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shining conspicuous for their dress, their beauty, or the grace of their movements, in the daily paseo! Finally, he denounced them for their infidelity!

"And when ye have sinned greatly, and fallen short of that which was set before ye, how lukewarm is your repentance! How different yours from the example of Mary Magdalen! Behold her at the feet of Jesus, imploring forgiveness! See that countenance, whose radiant smiles had hitherto gladdened the hearts of all beholders, now overspread with grief and shame; those eyes which had witched so many to destruction, cast down in sorrow, and raining tears upon the feet of the Saviour; that mouth, whose breath of sweetness and of music had hitherto uttered only the unhallowed accents of immodest love, now pours forth an humble prayer to be forgiven; the yellow pride of hair, which even a siren might envy, now hung dishevelled and neglected on the ground, while her hands, which nature had so gracefully moulded, were clapsed in fervent adoration, and the swelling bosom, which filled the measure of her charms, now throbbed with love for Jesus alone!"

I must confess, that when the friar had finished his description, I was almost as much in love with Mary Magdalen as he seemed to be himself, without knowing it. And thus he continued to preach on for an hour, animated, in earnest, and enkindling

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all who heard him with something of his own enthusiasm. His sermon concluded as it began, with a prayer in Latin, after which he descended to the ground; the procession of children, with its chant, its bell, and its warning to repentance, resumed its progress, going back from the square by the way it had come.

The congregation broke up with many remarks of approbation bestowed upon the friar. "That is what you may call preaching," said an ancient dame. "If our curate were to preach that way," rejoined another, "by my faith we should have a better chance of getting to heaven. What a good lady Mary Magdalen was! Well, if one does get a little out of the way when one's blood is young—which, thank God! I never did—why, it is clear that it is never too late to repent, and set about making one's soul; one is not to be damned on that account." "A comfortable thought," looked, rather than said, a young woman with a mellow brown cheek, and a languishing eye, who just then turned to go home, opening and shutting her fan gracefully, and moving with something approaching to a *meneo Andalux*, as she looked invitingly over her shoulder.

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CHAPTER X.

TORDESILLAS AND VALLADOLID.

Trade succeeding Devotion—A Hungry Muleteer—Journey Renewed—Mountaineers of Santander—Amazons—Simancas—Spanish Archives—The Pisuerga—The Gallant Carmelite—His Discourse—Face of the Country—Vernal Aspect—Valladolid—A Murderer's Hand—Conscripts—Posada of Valladolid.

The departure of the friar from the great Square of Tordesillas was followed by a sudden burst of renewed activity; he had evidently beguiled them of much precious time, and while they seemed to take it for granted that their worldly affairs would not suffer by attention to religious exercises, they yet turned with quickening haste to make the most of the remnant of the day. Instantly, as if by a concerted signal, there was a universal renewal of all the shouts which had been so suddenly interrupted; each seller crying his wares at the top of his voice, and each buyer returning to his half-completed bargain; thus, my worthy old neighbour addressed himself with renewed earnestness to the task of cheapening the earthen jar, to which, although he protested that it had not a truly catholic sound, and was not seriously worth six cuar-

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tos, he seemed, nevertheless, to have taken a most unaccountable fancy. As for the tinker, he commenced battering at a tremendous rate on the bottom of his pans, while the seller of wooden spoons and forks kept time with his separate symphony. Meantime, the ladies in the balconies beginning, according to the proper order of sequence, with the first example of Mary Magdalen, and deferring the second until a more fitting season, renewed their flirtations, beckoning with fan or fingers to passing admirers.

It now occurred to me that the sermon had diverted me also from other cares, and I remembered that I had told Pepe, whose very existence I had forgotten for a couple of hours, to have dinner prepared immediately after our arrival. So I hurried at once to the posada, where I found a group of worthies seated about a long table in the courtyard below, discussing a dessert of dried fruit and olives, and talking over the markets. In the far corner sat the expecting Pepe, looking hollow, hungry, and misanthropic. Perhaps there is no offence of more difficult forgiveness, than to place one's self between a man and his dinner.

He ordered our repast to be dished and taken up stairs for the second time, and we speedily fell to, being cheered on by some capital wine, such as is here sold for somewhat less than a cent a bottle There is no duty of entry for wine at Tordesillas such as prevails in most Spanish towns, where

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wine usually sells at double its value in the open country without. Having dispatched our repast, we were mounted and in motion before one o'clock, picking our way as best we might through the densely-thronged streets, until at length we gained the open country, on the high road to Valladolid.

The day was perfectly calm and cloudless, save the dense canopy of white dust which overhung the road, and through which we had to pass. The heat, moreover, was absolutely oppressive; and repeatedly when I put my hand to my back, I had to remove it quickly on account of the warmth. Much of this dust was occasioned by the concourse to the fair, more by the interminable trains of ox-carts which we overtook on their return to the Mountain, or district of country about Santander. These carts had an open framed body, with wheels entirely of wood, not with spokes, in the usual way, but nearly solid, the axle being mortised into the wheel and revolving with it.

The friction, of couse, occurred in the two points where the cart rested on the axle, they being kept together by wooden pins on the bottom of the cart, to prevent the cart from slipping either backwards or forwards, there being no danger of its jarring off by a too rapid motion. To diminish the friction, the carmen rubbed the axle from time to time, as it revolved, with a bit of soap stuck in the split end of the goad which they carried, the other being armed with a nail to wound the cattle. When this

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precaution was neglected, the rubbing of the wood produced a loud screeching, by no means pleasant to hear, which served as a sort of agonizing supplication for the application of the soap.

The conductors of these carts were not all men, not a few of them being of the gentler sex, though hardly distinguishable as such, either in habits, appearance, or dress; for, with the exception of their long hair platted down the back, and the petticoat, sacred attribute of the sex in all countries, they were accoutred precisely like their masculine companions, having, like them, either hats or handkerchiefs on their heads, coarse cloth jackets, and shoes of wood, which were rendered far more unmanageable than the ordinary sabot, by being raised from the ground by three pillars several inches long, fashioned from the same block of wood, two of which were under the broad part of the foot, and one at the heel. One would naturally suppose that a walker thus shod must stumble at every step; yet these mountaineers travel in them from one end of Spain to the other, walking, apparently, without inconvenience.

One of these women now strode, with stilted steps, in front of her oxen, or rather cows, for both beasts and drivers were excluded from the ordinary immunities of their sex, her goad resting on the centre of the yoke, and its point being armed with a spike, which she from time to time thrust with energy against the shoulder of either. Another

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woman reclined over a barrel in her cart, her singularly-shod feet projecting over the side, while her hands were busily occupied with flint, steel, and match, in lighting a paper cigar, which she had just finished twisting. When I saw how naturally and how entirely these fair creatures slid into the habits and occupations of the ruder sex, I began to doubt if, after all, there were so much difference as naturalists insist upon between man and woman, and whether there would be any injustice in investing them forthwith with boots and pantaloons, to bear henceforth their fair share of the burdens of life.

After a hot, dusty, and most disagreeable ride, unshaded by a single tree, and uncheered by the sight of water, we began to approach Simancas, a ruinous old town, situated very prettily on the banks of the Pisuerga. It stands on a hill-side, the crest of which is crowned by the towers of the famous old castle, within whose walls have been preserved for centuries the archives of Castile, constituting the great depository of the historical records of Spain. The Castle of Simancas is a square mass, flanked by round towers, and prolonged at one extremity, to make room, doubtless, for the increase of records. At the sight of the rippled and rushing stream, our mules, which had not drunk since dinner, set up a bray of triumph, and, being permitted to follow their inclinations, plunged in to the saddle-girths. There was an inn

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at the foot of the hill, at which we now alighted, to refresh ourselves with a draught of wine, and inquire if it were possible to get a sight of the archives, but we found that, though daily opened to the public, they are closed at two o'clock, and it was then nearly four. Not being able, therefore, to prosecute our historical investigations, it only remained for us to take a second draught of the excellent wine that was furnished us, and replenish our bota, after which we renewed our journey.

The road now led us across the Pisuerga by a beautiful bridge; as we were reaching the left bank we heard a clattering on the pavement behind us, and turning to look, saw a Carmelite friar approaching on an arrogant mule, which he was spurring and reining into impatience. As he came beside us, he saluted us respectfully and slackened his pace. His habit was of coarse, dark-gray cloth, with ample sleeves, and cowl drawn over his head, above which was superadded the unwieldy hat which is common to all the Spanish clergy, regular and secular, and which was confined down by a handkerchief tied under the chin. A leathern girdle, which might be used to administer discipline, now served the less disagreeable purpose of sustaining the rosary, which was drawn through it in readiness for prayer, and of confining his flowing robes, beneath which depended a gaitered leg and well-shod foot, the heel of which was armed with

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an iron spur of cruel length, which bore evidence of having been freely used, being covered with blood. This knightly appendage seemed less in accordance with his garb of humility than with his countenance and bearing, which were of a handsome and lusty young fellow, such as buxom widow would willingly have fixed upon for her confessor.

The Carmelite's style of conversation was rather elevated, his choice of words good, and his pronunciation pure and Castilian; there was, however, a decided dash of affectation and dandyism about him, such as might have passed unnoticed among the pretenders of Broadway or the Boulevards, but which one would scarce have expected to discover beneath the frock of a Carmelite. Pitching my ideas rather with reference to the habit than the individual, I had thought to give the conversation an appropriate and godly turn, by talking of the sermon I had heard in the morning, and eulogizing the friar who had preached it. Though in Tordesillas at the time, he had not gone to hear the sermon, but evinced much disposition to ridicule the order of *Legitos*, to which the friar belonged, calling them cuckoos, with a tone of much contempt and disparagement, from the circumstance of their going forth, in their zeal to save souls, to preach in the market-places, instead of having, like himself and his brethren, snug nests of their own to lay their sermonic eggs in.

Finding that he could talk on other matters than

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religion, I changed the subject to the wine and women, busts and ankles, exhibited in the fair of Tordesillas. He concurred with me in pronouncing the first generous and catholic, and the last a very considerable improvement on those of Salamanca. Presently I made a little display of confidence about my own matters, and the object of my journey, in the hope of calling out a like confidence on his part, which led to his imparting to me the fact of his convent being in Estremadura, on the confines of Portugal; that he had been a week on his journey, and that he could travel on his mule, which was certainly a fine one, and worthy of the praise he was disposed to lavish on it, from fifty to sixty miles a day. He did not know whether his journey would terminate that night at Valladolid, or be extended on succeeding days much farther.

As we advanced the country began to assume a certain beauty; the plantations of olive, the vineyards and corn-fields, gave place to orchards and kitchen-gardens, to furnish fruit and vegetables to a populous capital, and evincing a more neat and laboured cultivation. Although it was only the fifth of March, vegetation was already far advanced; the gardens were fresh with verdure, and the fruit-trees decorated with gay and fragrant blossoms. The road wound along the devious course of the Pisuerga, and the view of its rippled surface, with the babbling music of its waters, and the varied and delightful

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odours from so many fruits and flowers, furnished a most grateful and exhilarating contrast to our sufferings in the denuded and sunburnt country through which our previous ride had conducted us.

The young Carmelite, whose feelings were quickened into enthusiasm by approaching, after an absence of some years, the city of his birth, now seized this as a favourable moment to boast the attractions of his native land; and, as the city broke upon our view at the turning of a corner, offering an imposing mass of buildings, over which rose countless domes and towers, he triumphantly repeated the boastful old motto, such as almost every Spanish city is furnished with,—

"Villa por villa!
Valladolid en Castilla.

A boast in which, when I had seen the place for myself, I felt no particular inclination to concur; though I could not help looking with a certain interest on this ancient capital of the Castilian monarchy, whose name figures in so many great events of Spanish history; where, during so many centuries of greatness, the court resided; where the Cortes assembled to swear to the succession of heirs, or deliberate on affairs of moment to the state; and where the discoverer of that new world from which I was a wanderer, languished in poverty, and died a victim to ingratitude.

As I gazed upon Valladolid the towers of the

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cathedral overlooked, in proud pre-eminence, all other objects; but there was one, rising from the chapel of a neighbouring convent, which seemed emulous of surpassing it; for, though unfinished, it was nearly as high, and was evidently meant to be higher. I afterward learned that its growth was arrested years before, through the intrigues of the chapter of the cathedral, jealous of any effort to outvie them.

At the same moment that the city broke full upon our view, we came in sight of a very remarkable object, placed at the junction of the high road to Madrid with that by which we were approaching. It was the right arm of a man nailed to the extremity of a tall post, which had been removed from the body a little above the shoulder, bringing away part of it. It was shrivelled by exposure to the weather, so as to lose something of its original size, and the colour had become livid and sallow. The hand, the skin of which resembled a glove, grasped the hilt of a dagger, the arm being raised and contracted, as if to deal a death-blow. This in some measure set forth the cause of this horrid exposition, which was further explained to me by a shepherd, who happened to pass with his flock, and whose peaceful occupation gave him a right to express becoming horror at the crimes which the owner of that hand had committed. He had been a robber, and had murdered many of his fellow-men; but that would not have

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been enough to entitle him to such a distinction, or indeed, to death at all. He had raised the sacrilegious hand, now exposed to detestation, against a minister of God. The robber had gone to confess himself to the curate of a village in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, who, being shocked at the recital of so many and such atrocious crimes, refused absolution entirely, or proposed such conditions of penance as the sinner was unwilling to fulfil. In a fit of rage he stabbed the uncomplying curate to the heart.

Such an offence excited universal horror; the murderer was pursued, taken, convicted, and condemned, and the full rigour of the law adjudged to him. He was therefore quartered, and his limbs distributed to be thus exhibited in the most exposed situation, as an example of terror to such as might hereafter be tempted to raise an impious hand against a priest. Pepe told me that he had seen the limb thus exposed, at each successive visit he had made to Valladolid, during the last five months. The friar, who seemed to be highly delighted with the way the robber's crime had been requited to him, remarked, that the limbs must all be taken down and collected for Christian burial before Palm Sunday, as no exhibition of that sort could continue during the Holy Week.

The conscientious denial of absolution on the part of the murdered curate, may serve as an answer of no little force to such fanatical revilers

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of the Catholic church, as denounce confession as a fosterer of crime. In this case, indeed, it was the occasion of crime, but under circumstances suited, on the contrary to have restrained it. The incident shows, moreover, the general prevalence of a religious feeling of some sort among the most abandoned classes in Spain, at a time when infidelity is so wide-spread and prevailing in almost every other country.

Just as we had passed the fork of the road, and this terrible finger-board, pointing to Valladolid, we were overtaken by the Madrid diligence, drawn by no fewer than ten mules, coming on at the rate of a hunt, as is usual with diligences on entering a city, where there are likely to be abundance of spectators to be terrified or astounded by their speed, the zagals whooping, cursing, and belabouring their mules at every jump, and the train setting in motion a cloud of dust, in which we were suffocated.

Presently after, the friar struck into a road leading to the right, taking leave of us most courteously, and with many a God-speed. He did not intend to lodge in the city, but in a convent of his order without the walls, having probably come in the same way throughout his whole journey, thus avoiding the necessity of exhibiting a passport, or giving an account of himself, which might have proved embarrassing. It was more than likely that he had some message or despatch from Carlos to

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the belligerants, whether verbal or thrust away cunningly in pelerine or cassock, and his bold and reckless manner rendered it not at all unlikely that he might be going to take arms himself in the cause of the Pretender. Clapping spurs to his mule as he bade us adieu, he disappeared at a gallop. Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil; at least, so says the proverb; and a friar on a mule, if he had half the spirit of my Carmelite friend, would not be far behind him.

While the friar, on his supposed errand of mischief, rode unheeded round the city, we journeying guileless on our own affairs, were arrested at the gate, our baggage unladen and rigorously searched, to see that it contained no contraband article, and our passports narrowly inspected and countersigned. Leaving this first gate behind us, when at length we were permitted to proceed, we found ourselves in a large open field, enclosed almost entirely by convents, the interior space having been newly laid out as a promenade, with trees, statues, and fountains at one side, and a parade-ground for the garrison in the centre. Here were collected a large concourse of newly-assembled conscripts, whom the officers and non-commissioned officers were endeavouring to convert into extempore soldiers to fight the battles of Isabella; for Valladolid is one of the great military depots for the formation of troops in the present crisis.

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These conscripts presented a very odd spectacle, being clad in all the multiplied and infinitely various costumes of the Peninsula, with nothing but a foraging cap to constitute a uniform, and denote their soldierly character. An Andalusian, advancing a step farther than his surrounding comrades, had fallen heir to the military jacket of some older soldier, into the breast of which, with genuine Andalusian and peacock pomposity, he had stuffed the whole of his wardrobe, to give him a brave and military swell; while an ambitious young Charro from Salamanca, venturing a little farther, had reached the dignity of a stiff leathern stock, an acquisition which neither harmonised with his dress, nor seemed greatly to contribute to the comfort of a lad who had never in his life been encumbered with so much as a collar to his jacket.

One side of the parade was set apart for the manufactory of the cavalry, and there a party was in training to mount horses without the assistance of a saddle, an attempt which was attended by many ridiculous failures, among such as were too heavy in the part which was to be placed on the horse's back. Farther on, a corporal was busy, marching half a dozen unpromising boors backward and forward, their arms beside them, heads up, necks stiff, and legs thrown energetically forward, cursing them roundly for their awkwardness, and not unfrequently bestowing a hasty bang over the back or knuckles. Surely, thought I, the dignity

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of a Spaniard can never brook such ignominious usage! I looked to see the insulted don whip out his clasp knife, and embowel his castigating corporal; but there was nothing of the sort. These fellows seemed, indeed, so intent upon becoming soldiers, as not to mind the intermediate humiliation and sacrifice of Castilian honour.

Drummers there were, besides, forming themselves at the expense of the public ears, and scores of discordant trumpeters in a far corner, sounding shrill blasts against the walls of a convent. The poor monks within had not only to endure all this, but also to lodge in their spare cells and cloisters the whole of this tatterdemalion crew, intended, moreover, to fight in the ranks of their enemies, in the settlement of the question then debating between the constitution and the church, or the Queen and Carlos;—not all of them, however; for not a few of them were, by presents of money here, and promises of heaven hereafter, seduced by their pious hosts to change sides, and having been brought so near the seat of war at the expense of the Queen, to pass over to the ranks of Carlism in Navarre and the Free Provinces.

The paseo was attended by the usual collection of officers, priests, dandies, and fine women, with fan, mantilla, and basquinia. There was an improvement in the feet, ankles, and general appearance of the women, in coming from Salamanca, but still they were not Andaluzas. Having dis-

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played my dusty figure among them, I reached the interior gate which gave admittance to the city, and sought out the parador of the diligences, a spacious and fine building, with a very promising outside, where I found myself, moreover, most comfortably lodged.

The house was full of Montañesas, or women from Santander, in the capacity of servants; they were ugly, clumsy, and rude of speech, performing all their operations with bustle, noise, and clamour, and being, in all respects, much more like Irishwomen than Spaniards. However, they contrived at nine in the evening to spread a capital supper for a whole houseful of people, consisting chiefly of two diligence-loads of passengers, assembled there to pass the night, and who exhibited, as usual in Spain, the good-humour and companionship of fellow-travellers, who, having been subjected on the road to the same fatigues, inconveniences, and peril of purse and life, are happy to find themselves, at the close of day, snugly and safely housed, and bountifully provided with food and wine.

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CHAPTER XI.

VALLADOLID.

A Street Valet—The Great Square—Burial of a Hatter—Lay Fraternities—Their Obligations—Brotherhood of Mary of the Angels—St. Paul of the Dominicans—The Palace—Trinitarians—Monkish Theatricals—Character of Clergy, by a Votary—Dominicans, without—Our Hotel—A Dying Lodger—Dinner Scenes—Our President—Table-manners.

WAKING up in Valladolid, my first care was given to my personal embellishment, the second to breakfast, after which I sallied forth to seek out an official personage of some note, to whom I had a letter. According to the amiable and economic custom of the land, he overwhelmed me with civil speeches, placed his house and all that it contained, the partner of his bosom included, at my disposal, to do with whatsoever I might see fit, and begged me, as the greatest favour I could confer upon him, to furnish him with an opportunity of being useful to me.

Having lost my first day in this errand, and in the interchange of compliments which it involved, and finding that it was necessary to seek out some

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more expeditious means of seeing something of the town, I sent the porter of the hotel in search of some mercenary knave familiar with the localities of the place, who might conduct me to the churches, convents, and whatever public buildings were best worthy of notice, and whose services, being remunerated by money, might be taxed without mercy. The fellow fixed upon presented himself in due season, enveloped in the customary brown cloak, somewhat the worse for wear, yet serving most charitably to cover the more glaring deficiencies of the garments beneath. He was a loitering varlet, opposed to fixed and sedentary toil, yet ready and apt for such purposes as mine; a frequenter of masses and vespers, whose chiefest pleasure consisted in carrying a torch at funerals or processions of the rosary; a great rogue, moreover, who knew every thing of ill as well as good that was going on in Valladolid, and whose capacity embraced the most opposite services.

Sallying out under such hopeful guidance, I first came to the Great Square, which was of more vast extent than any I had yet seen, being enclosed by buildings resting on arcades, with the Ayuntamiento or town-hall, as usual, at one side, bearing the loyal inscription, "Live Isabella," instead of the whilom invocation for long life to the Absolute King. The customary fountains, with groups of mules, asses, peasants, and marketwomen, occupied the interior. The bread-market was also held here, instead of in

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bakers' shops, exhibiting a bountiful array of beautiful white loaves spread on the pavement, and which, being sold by people of either sex from the country, had doubtless been baked in the villages of the neighbourhood.

Passing from the arcades into the street of the Silversmiths, we came to a crowd collected round the door of a hatter's shop, designated by the usual emblem of a huge wooden sombrero. It seemed that the proprietor, a worthy and well-known citizen, had taken himself out of the world; and the members of a number of religious fraternities to which he belonged had assembled, according to the obligations of their association, clustering around the body, armed with long candles and mortuary flambeaux, to do honour to his interment. The coffin, against which the silver crosses and maces to be borne in the procession were stacked in readiness, was covered with black cloth, edged with white tape, and being without a cover, exhibited the livid body below, attired in the coarse sandals and the cowled habit of a gray friar, girt with the customary hempen cord with its beaded rosary. Every arrangement, indeed, had been made to carry the poor hat-maker out of the world with a pomp to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed.

These fraternities are in great vogue in Valladolid, and Iglesia, my conductor, pronounced an animated eulogium on his, which was the " Bro-

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therhood of Our Lady of Grief," after the name of its patroness, a well-known wooden saint and worker of many miracles in the Church of Jesus of Nazareth. It was composed of a set of godly men like himself, who contributed each a dollar every year for the payment of their chaplain, who receives a dollar for every dead brother, and for the purchase of candles to bear in the funeral processions, or of masses sufficient in number to extract an average sort of soul from purgatory. If the individual dead man happen to be a greater sinner than usual, it is his own look-out, and not the fraternity's, and he must serve his time out, if he have not taken care to make additional provision for his soul's comfort before death.

These associations are not only recognised by law, but have their constitutions, by which the brothers bind themselves, not only to aid each other in life in all pious undertakings—such as the restoration of Don Carlos at the present moment—but, without fee, to attend and carry torches at each other's funerals. "Thus," said Iglesia, "if my wife were to die, I could bury her without hiring mourners or coffin, or buying candles, or paying for masses." This service, it is true, had become more onerous since the establishment of the cemeteries at a distance from all the towns of Spain, as a precaution against the cholera; and the fraternity to which Iglesia belonged had agreed that only four brothers should, by turns, accompany

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the cart which carries away the dead of Valladolid, trusting to the sacred habit with which the body is always clothed to secure it respectful treatment from the grave-diggers, who sometimes make sad work with the corpses, when there does not happen to be room enough in the trench in which the bodies are ranged, for they are not, for the most part, buried in the coffins, which are only hired for the occasion. When the size of the hole is less than that of the bodies which are to occupy it, the lazy and brutal varlets are wont to beat them into place by means of paving-mallets, a process which I once witnessed with disgust and horror at the Pantheon of Lima.

It is, moreover, incumbent on the members of a brotherhood to attend to all the offices of the particular saint whom they have chosen for their patron, reciting stated prayers before the shrine, attending all the masses that are celebrated there, and doing otherwise all possible homage and honour. In addition to the rewards attending such pious works in the next world, there is great distinction in this; for lists of all such persons as have attended every office during an entire year are inscribed on a large wooden tablet, and suspended beside the altar. I saw a list of this kind in a very old church, at an altar under the invocation of the "Holy Mary of the Angels," a painted saint which seemed to be in great estimation; for it was set forth on a signboard, that

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every mass said before that altar withdrew one soul from purgatory—" *con cada misa dicha en este altar se saca una alma del purgatorio.*" Beside it was a large box, well secured with an antique padlock, in which were preserved the mortuary torches of the fraternity, secure from being stolen by a dishonest brother, while at either extremity were small holes wherein to pour oil or drop money, the first bearing inscription, " Here is thrown the offering of oil to light the Holy Mary of the Angels." While the box itself was made to speak in the first person for itself, in large letters to the following effect—" I belong to the brotherhood of the Blessed Mary of the Angels."

Among the rights and immunities of these religious associations, by no means the least esteemed is the traditionary claim which each possesses to perform some peculiar function in the ceremonies of the Holy Week, enacting some particular part, or carrying some distinct portion of the wooden figures in the mystical representation by which the passion of our Saviour is celebrated. These rights are not unfrequently the cause of discord in Spanish cities, and the arbitration of clubs and knives has sometimes been invoked in the midst of the most awful solemnities of the church.

Having thus said enough to give an idea of these fraternities, and furnish a model for their establishment among us, should there be any taste

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for them, let us continue our walk to the cathedral, an immense, unfinished pile, which is soon discovered to possess no particular beauty. Among the many religious edifices of Valladolid, that which pleased me most was the ancient convent of St. Paul of the Dominicans, which is of vast extent, and has a very magnificent temple. As we passed along the arched cloisters, the friars were going, in full procession, to the choir, to chant some offices, walking two and two, with cowls falling back, heads down towards their sandalled feet, and looking very meek and brotherly. They do not always bear themselves so amicably, if Iglesia might be believed; for, according to him, a disturbance had lately taken place in the cloisters, in which knives were drawn and blows were given, several of the friars being severely wounded.

Adjoining this convent of St. Paul is another, very remarkable for its architecture, the stone portal being most elaborately wrought so as to exhibit a species of basket-work, in which twisted reeds and osiers are interwoven with wreaths of flowers, blended with grotesque figures of men and animals, the whole being executed with inconceivable lightness and ingenuity; nor are the cloisters and church less curious and admirable.

Passing on, we came next to the palace, for centuries the habitation of the Castilian kings, now occupied as the custom-house and deposit for tobacco. Encountering an old man who was travers-

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ing the corridor of the upper story, I took the liberty of asking him what was best worth seeing there. "Oh, sir!" said he, "here are nothing but old affairs."—"Can you tell me in what part of the town Cristobal Colon died?" said I, seeing him with papers in his hand, and fancying he might be a learned clerk. "I have never known any such man," was his unanswerable reply.

Taking leave at once of the palace and of this hopeless old scribe, I continued my rambles, ransacking every church and convent at Valladolid, until none remained unseen. In the quarter wherein the English College is situated, we passed a convent of Trinitarians, in which the monks are wont annually to represent a play towards the gay season of Christmas, the audience being composed of their friends and relations invited from the city. Iglesia pointed out to me a young monk robed in white flannel, lounging in the window of his cell to take the sun, who had acted a female part extremely well, according to Iglesia, who had been employed himself to beat a drum on the occasion. He had been paid no less a sum than half a dollar for his services, in addition to the food and wine gratuitously dispensed to him from the conventual kitchen, a piece of information which was quite supererogatory, unless it might serve hereafter, when I came to remunerate his guidance and gossip, to quicken my own liberality.

Iglesia, faithful to his cognomen, which might,

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perhaps, have been of his own selection on some occasion when it had been convenient to him to change it, was a decided church-and-king man, or Spanish tory, and, as an ex-royalist volunteer, having been base-drummer of the corps, and employed to carry notices and general orders to its members, was devoted, of course, to the subverted order of things, and disposed, besides, to do justice to the rare generosity of the monks who had paid him half a dollar for beating a drum. He had nevertheless the common disposition to abuse the clergy, especially when he thought he saw reason to believe that I did not esteem them. He pronounced them hard landlords, who ground their tenants down to the lowest penny, and very grudging givers of alms—"*muy pocos limosneros!*" Having used my worthy valet sufficiently, I dismissed him for the day, with instructions to make inquiry and bring me information, as the morrow would be Friday in Lent, in what church the devotees of Valladolid would come together for the purpose of whipping themselves.

In the afternoon I crossed the Pisuerga, and walked down its right bank to visit a convent of Dominicans, the vast extent and imposing architecture of which had attracted my attention in approaching the city. The road lay through ranges of orchards and kitchen-gardens, in which the fertility was quickened by irrigation; and the weather being beautifully soft and balmy, contributed,

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with the odours and other vernal influences, to render my solitary ramble pleasing. I found the convent not less massive and grand than I had imagined it; it is, indeed, one of the richest religious communities of Spain, possessing the lordship of vast tracts of country, including many villages. I saw several groups of the monks sauntering through the neighbouring groves, who had a very sturdy and robust look; indeed, their existence is very quiet and undisturbed, and occasionally individuals from among them live, for months together, out of their convent, and released from its discipline, being chosen by the superior to reside in the villages belonging to the community, to collect its rents and watch over its interests. The selection for this service is said to be the occasion of much intrigue among the cloistered inmates, for those who are fortunate enough to be chosen become temporary proconsuls, leading a life of luxury and ease, feasting upon the fat of the land, and extending the vassalage of the convent by promoting the increase of the population.

The hotel of the diligences in Valladolid though large, commodious, and sufficiently well kept, was altogether one of the most disagreeable public houses I had ever lodged in. It was continually disturbed by the arrival of diligences from Madrid, Santander, Burgos, and Gallicia, and the noisy Montañesas could not perform the slightest offices without a world of clamour. Every morning,

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moreover, towards four o'clock, the vehicles took their departure in some one or more of these directions, the passengers being called an hour earlier, which occasioned much slamming of doors and clattering over the brick pavements of the corridors, every pains being taken to make the greatest possible disturbance.

Although there was little novelty in the circumstance, every departure was looked on as a great affair, and, considering the multiplied chances of robbery and murder, perhaps there was nothing unreasonable in the consequence that was attached to the occasion; at any rate, each diligence, with its long train of mules, was whirled into motion with a whooping and hallooing not easily understood by those who are unacquainted with Spain. This disturbance, I have no doubt, caused the death of a retired officer of the rank of lieutenant-colonel, who arrived in the Madrid diligence, which had overtaken and passed me as I was entering from Salamanca.

The poor gentleman had suffered a great deal on the journey from the heat and dust, and found himself, on reaching Valladolid, attacked by a violent fever, which drove him at once to bed, where, be it mentioned to the eternal honour of the sex, a female, whose only acquaintance with the sufferer had begun in the diligence, attended him the whole night, administering cooling drinks, and endeavouring to alleviate his sufferings. The next morning

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she was compelled to resume her journey, having taken no rest, and the poor officer was left to his fate, and the unheeding ministerings of the noisy housewives, whose whole time was occupied in clumsy and bustling attention to the louder calls of so many healthy and hungry travellers.

At our dinner was daily assembled not less than twenty or thirty people, about half of whom were travellers; among the residue were three or four consummate military dandies, being volunteer troopers from Zamora, who had escorted a number of Carlist prisoners to Valladolid; there were also three or four Biscayans, who had come to attend the Chancery, which is the highest court of appeals for the Basque Provinces, having suits there, of which, as they were quite young men, they might possibly live to see the termination. The assembly was usually presided over by a retired colonel, a person of much wit and cleverness, who, from sitting habitually at the head of the table, had acquired the denomination of President, and, like most of those over whom he so facetiously presided, was an outrageous and uncompromising liberal, as intolerant and unreasoning an animal as a monk of St. Dominick; he had opportunity for exhibiting his political principles at almost every meal, as intelligence of importance from the seat of war in Navarre, or that of the unsteady and ill-established government in Madrid, was continually transpiring, giving occasion to much commentary, and

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exciting a conversation which never failed to be animating.

Our president was a fat, pursy little man, with a droll obliquity in his right eye, originating in his not having the power to raise the lid, which gave a highly comic expression to his countenance, and tended to give effect to the good things which he was perpetually saying, with an otherwise grave and composed face. He was a thorough Spaniard, and most inveterate smoker, who could not even wait for the conclusion of dinner to begin his cigar, but invariably called for fire towards the middle of the repast, before the appearance of the roast and sallad, and after a few puffs resumed his knife and fork, the rest deferring the general puffing, in which all joined, until the meal was over.

Though the frequenters of the ordinary were either merchants, advocates, or officers, and consequently noblemen, yet they were almost universally inattentive to many of the commonest and most established axioms of good-breeding as practised in other countries. This is chiefly owing to the circumstance, that in Spain every man is accustomed to eat habitually his own miserable dinner in his own house, owing to the total absence of hospitality and dinner-giving habits among an impoverished people, whom religious and political despotism have rendered suspicious. Their ignorance of polite usage, and their want of ease at

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table, is not, however, owing to modesty or bashfulness, these being exclusively English and American qualities, unknown among other nations. Moreover, the better order of Spaniards living by government employments, and other idle ways, being very generally poor, and accustomed to a starveling kind of existence, when they occasionally find themselves seated at a well-filled board, eat very voraciously. Hence it is, that a gentleman at all fastidious about his dinner-table associations, will, on many accounts, find himself more at home among a party of grave, dignified, and courteous muleteers, so superior in their bearing to the same classes in other countries, than he would have done at the ordinary of the Valladolid inn, among this noisy crew of uncompromising, yet themselves somewhat less than half civilized reformers.

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CHAPTER XII.

GIANT-HUNTING.

Story of a Great Skeleton—Pursuit on Horseback—Companionship of Old Women—Sigales—Search of the Giant—A Man of Medicine—Giant's Bones—Privileged Convicts—Canal of Castile—Construction—Convicts—Treatment—The Posada—Religious Disputation—Iglesia's Domestic History—Choice of a Wife—The Dying Officer—The King of Terrors in a Spanish Posada.

HAVING seen a pompous account in the Madrid Gazette, of the skeleton of a giant, nearly twenty feet long, which had been dug up in excavating the canal at Sigales, two leagues from Valladolid, and having, moreover, heard much conversation on the same subject among the frequenters of the ordinary, I determined to go and see for myself what had given occasion to the report. The colonel being the chief relater of the marvel at the dinner-table, for he took the lead in this, as in all other discussions, gave his version of the story on the authority of an officer employed on the canal, in whose possession the skeleton then was. Although most of the confabulators believed the story religiously, since there was no limit to the wonders which such an unwonted exploration of Spain's

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bowels might reveal, yet not one of them would make a ride of two leagues to see so great a curiosity. As for myself, though I could not be persuaded that it was reserved for the labours of Spaniards, investing themselves with such a novel character as that of canal-diggers, to upset the experience of the world, yet I was willing to know what had given occasion to the report, and was, besides, anxious to see how this public work was executed.

I mounted, therefore, a broken-winded hackney, with a long tail, and an air of better days, taking my way through the Great Square, and so on to the Pisuerga, which I crossed, finding myself forthwith beyond the limits of the town, with an open country stretching before me, and no tree or house to be anywhere seen, a fact of some importance, since the sun was shining most brilliantly, and the dust and heat promised to render my ride most uncomfortable. As for the road, there was no danger of mistaking it, since it lay first along the upward course of the river, and soon after in sight of the canal. Having, however, always had a peculiar aptitude at losing myself, I took occasion, from time to time, to inquire my way of passing travellers, until a peasant boy at length told me that I had only to follow those aunties—*aquellas tias*—pointing to some old market-women, seated sidewise on dusty asses, since they belonged to Sigales.

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Being much delighted to have the prospect of such good society, I checked my pace to that of the women, and, having saluted them respectfully, jogged on beside them, plying them with many questions concerning the renowned Sigales, and the newly-discovered giant, which was to render it, in all future times, as famous as the Toboso of La Mancha. Not one of these old ladies had seen the giant; but they had heard much of it; its length continued, at this degree of proximity, still to be twenty feet, instead of gradually diminishing, as I had expected, at every approach; but then the skeleton was not quite perfect; however, it could speak for itself in the house of the director of the works. At the end of another hour I entered the village of Sigales,—which had achieved so easily for itself such a celebrity throughout Spain, and the fame of whose giant will doubtless be borne down to the remotest ages,—accompanied by this splendid cavalcade of ass-mounted old women, at whose head my raw-boned steed trotted with an air of much importance, in which I could not help participating. Sigales has a very large church, whose front is flanked by two very imposing towers, which I had discovered not long after leaving Valladolid, far down the valley of the Pisuerga. Having found out the posada, I contrived to guide my horse successfully through the group of peasants, women, cats, dogs, and babies that cumbered the doorway. I alighted in the stable, and ordered an old woman

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who approached to take the bridle, to furnish the hollow-sided beast with an allowance of barley.

And now I called for the landlord, who forthwith appeared, a short, stout, brawny boor, having in his countenance a curious mixture of ignorance and cunning, to whom I presently communicated the object of my visit to Sigales, with the request that he would conduct me to the director of the public works. He, however, had his own way of proceeding, which consisted in trotting me off to the shed where the convicts lived, to whom he felt more freedom in applying on so unwonted an errand as the search after a giant. I was much amused with his circuitous way of accosting a black ruffianly convict, with a heavier chain than any of his fellows, doubtless the murderer of at least a dozen —"Oh! how are you?—your humble servant,—this cavalier has come to see that thing,"—here he stammered, and showed an indisposition to name the thing, and thus evince his belief in it. It was very clear that there was likely to be slight vestige of a giant, when one so near the scene of action did not know whether to believe it or not. At length the innkeeper, advancing another step, contrived to say—"that thing they dug up the other day—the giant!" The ruffian at once answered, that all he knew on the subject was, that some stones, which the learned called bones, had been dug up some days before, and deposited in the house of the director; so, after bestowing where-

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withal to buy tobacco on the convict, I had to trudge back with my guide, abusing the fellow for taking me out of the way, and he defending himself. As we were seeking out the place to which we were directed, we were accosted by the village physician, a smoke-dried, parchment-covered, mummy-looking individual of fifty, who, on learning my business, immediately offered to conduct me to the object of my search. Entering the designated house, and ascending to the upper story, we came to a room in which some women were sewing, and, after apologizing to them for the intrusion, turned to pay our respects to the giant.

At one side of the room lay a huge round stone, with a few pieces of straight ones; these were the giant's head, and remaining fragments of his skeleton. The little doctor, who had the air of an alchymist of past centuries taken forth preserved from one of his own vials, regretted exceedingly that I was not a *facultativo*, or professional person, that I might understand how that could be a giant. However, though he seemed to think he was throwing pearls to swine, still he condescended to explain how the convicts, in digging the canal, had struck upon these substances, which, most unfortunately, were nearly all broken and thrown away before the attention of the superiors was attracted to them; it had been determined, however, that from the point where the first portions were found to the other extremity, was a distance

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of nearly twenty feet; since there were no other stones there, these must have been petrified bones; as no other animal than man has a bone of that round shape, this must have been a human skull; and the distance between the first and last portions being corroborated by the size of the head, gave the height of the individual, which would doubtless have rendered him highly respectable, even in those days when there were giants in the earth, and certainly entitled him to be so considered now. The innkeeper, whose curiosity had been amazingly excited, and who had entered the room with eyes and mouth as much extended as if he had been entering the cave of Montesinos, looked blank and doubting, notwithstanding the learned arguments of the village oracle, for whom he had a becoming awe, and seemed as convinced as I was, that by the aid of geology and a little Latin, it was, after all, no difficult thing to manufacture a giant.

As we returned to the posada, the physician read me an account of the discovery, which he had just written, at the request of a man of science in Valladolid, and which was exceedingly well expressed, the power of using their noble language skilfully being sufficiently common among Spaniards. At the posada I found a number of loungers enveloped in cloaks, and having a grave and melancholy expression of countenance, which was sufficiently accounted for, by their being, as I was told, convicts, sent like the rest to work on the

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canal, but who had purchased their exemption from prison, chains, and labour, by paying six daily rials, or thirty cents, to the director of the works. Some of these men had committed murder under the excitement of jealousy; but the greater part had been guilty of political offences, for which alone they were thus separated from their families, with their business interrupted, and substance wasted. A man must be an outrageous liberal, indeed, who can look without compassion on a person suffering for political offences, though of opinions adverse to his own. A year before, these poor fellows would have been of the most orthodox and fashionable belief, and, as such, worthy to fill office and persecute their opponents; now the self-same opinions rendered them the fit associates of robbers and murderers.

The Canal of Castile, which I reached by a more direct road immediately after leaving Sigales, has for its object to open a navigation of near two hundred and fifty miles, from the foot of the Guadarrama to the ocean at Santander, with the ulterior object of forming a communication with the Canal of Arragon, and thus uniting the Mediterranean and Atlantic. Another object of equal importance, is to furnish the means of irrigation to portions of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, which are now barren wastes, but which, by the aid of water, would be converted into gardens of fertility. Like almost every other grand and useful undertaking in Spain,

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this canal was commenced in the time of Charles III., the plan being formed by the distinguished engineer of the Canal of Arragon, Don Ramon Pignatelli. A small portion of it was completed and rendered navigable when it was abandoned, under the wretched reigns of Charles IV. and Ferdinand, during which, Spain has been shorn of all her greatness, and witnessed the drying up of all her resources. Having now, however, reached the lowest ebb of national decay, the tide is beginning to flow forward again; the spirit of improvement which marks the age is awakening enterprise even here, and a decided evidence of it is the renewal of this great public work by a company, at the head of which is the banker Aguado. It has contracted to complete the work in seven years, the government furnishing gratuitously the labour of the galley-slaves, whom the company merely feed, while the government furnishes troops to guard them, and concedes the privilege of the tolls for seventy years. This compact would seem to be very decidedly to the disadvantage of the government which thus furnishes the labour, and which would only have had to employ an engineer, and continue feeding the convicts, to complete, on its own account, so valuable an enterprise. It is, however, perhaps, better that it should have been taken out of the hands of a government too feeble and stationary for any liberal undertaking, and delivered over to interested individuals, who, besides com-

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pleting the work forthwith, will also foster, instead of squandering the capitals, to whose developement it will lead.

After riding a little way along the canal, I came to a point where a great number of convicts were excavating the bank of the Pisuerga, the work being performed in the most beautiful manner, and the greatest pains taken to secure strength and durability. The bed struck me as being of very unnecessary depth and width, though not quite to the extent observable in the canal of Arragon. The Spaniards have a taste for grandeur and durability in their public works, which compare very nobly in this respect with the slight and temporary character of ours. We have, however, our advantages; we execute while they talk; we complete ere they begin. With a population very little superior to theirs, and infinitely more scattered, and with labour four times as valuable as with them, we undertake and complete fifty works, while they are glorifying themselves in the commencement of one.

The poor fellows employed here were wretchedly clad, and in great misery. Some of them were engaged in preparing their food in large caldrons, others in the very necessary operation of removing each other's beard. At various points were caves and grottoes excavated in the hill-side, near the canal, to shelter the individuals, whose

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leisure hours had been employed in the construction, from the sun and rain.

These criminals receive but ten cents a day, from which they are obliged to feed and clothe themselves, and provide the indispensable luxury of tobacco, which at all events they cannot forego; this slender pittance being further reduced by the venality of the officers, who have the monopoly of supplying their wants, and thus extort considerable sums, wrung from their existence, as if it were their very life's blood. As I passed along the bank above them, some who were nearest to me extended their hats, and asked for a few cigars, or money to buy them, civilly, but not slavishly, in the tone which misery feels imboldened, by its rags and its abjectness, to assume towards the more favoured of fortune.

On an eminence overlooking the scene of labour a party of soldiers were stationed, a single sentry parading the verge of the bank, while the rest, having stacked their muskets, were either engaged at a game of cards, or sleeping in the sun. Notwithstanding the vicious character and horrid crimes of many of the criminals, designated by the heavy chains which they dragged after them, and, not less legibly, in the atrocious expression of their countenances, I could not help pitying as I gazed on them; for, in addition to their destitution and misery, many of them had been guilty merely of

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desertion from the military service which they had entered compulsorily, or else of being found illicitly in possession of a few pounds of tobacco, or else of political offences, the most venial of all, offences merely of opinion. However innocent many of these wretches may have arrived at the scene of persecution, few or none go away so; all assimilate in depravity, and, thrust out for ever from society, become its eternal enemies; many escape and join the insurgents, and, as robbers and murderers, become the terror of the country, committing unparalleled atrocities; immense numbers die annually from ill usage, personal filthiness, confinement in crowded and unwholesome sleeping-places, want of sufficient food, and exposure to a torrid heat, in a country where there is no shelter or check to the reflection of the sun. The frequency and horrid nature of Spanish crime are mainly attributable to the treatment of the criminals, whether in the prisons or when thus collected. At one time there were no fewer than ten thousand convicts engaged in this work; but the number has been much reduced by death and desertion, and the loss is not now replaced, as it would only be forming a recruiting depot for the Carlist army. As for the guards, they perform their duty, like all else connected with the public service in Spain, in a slovenly, irresponsible, and unfaithful manner.

I reached my lodgings in time to join the ordinary under the customary presidency of the blear-

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eyed colonel, where I remained, as usual, a silent listener to the amusing conversation. Dinner being over, a party of us adjourned to the coffee-house, and thence to the promenade on the banks of the Pisuerga, which is almost the only redeeming feature of Valladolid, being very tastefully laid out along the course of the stream, and having an antique bridge, which is a great thoroughfare, two or three mills, crowds of lively and prattling washerwomen who resort to the bank, and gay groups of walkers, animated by a spirit of coquetry and flirtation to enliven the scene, aided by the rare advantage in Spain of a fine growth of trees, which were just then bursting into foliage, and the cheerful presence of a rushing and lively stream.

The rascally Iglesia came in the evening to conduct me to a chapel of the Franciscan convent, where the faithful were to assemble that night to indulge in the religious dissipation of the scourge. After threading a dark and narrow passage, distinct from the principal entrance to the convent, we reached the small chapel set apart on this occasion for the uses of an amateur order of religious voluptuaries called *tercios*, who assemble during every Friday in Lent, to perform certain religious offices, and accompany the Saviour through the Passion, by inflicting upon themselves sufferings analogous to his. We were rather late in our arrival, yet fortunately the door was not closed, as the attendance of brethren was scanty, possibly because the

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predominance of the liberal cause, so called, had rendered these entertainments unfashionable, hence they were not unwilling to admit a couple of volunteers; moreover, Iglesia had the advantage to be recognised by the brother at the door as a godly man, and ex-basedrummer of the royalist volunteers.

The chapel into which we were thus admitted was very small, having for altar-piece a wooden statue of the Saviour, very naturally painted. The pallor of death was on the countenance, the head, crowned with lacerating thorns, hung powerless on the shoulder, and from the pierced side profusely oozed the blood of reconciliation, a single lamp shedding a yellow and lugubrious light over this object, while it faintly revealed the prostrate forms of a few individuals, who lay with their faces to the pavement, as deathlike as the mystic object of their adoration. Presently a friar, whose cowled form I discovered at the extremity of the chapel opposite the altar, having before him a missal and basin of holy water, rose to his knees, being followed by the rest, and commenced reciting a slow and measured prayer, to which the rest responded. It resembled the litany, the responses to the priest being made simultaneously, and with singular union; some prayers were uttered kneeling, some with the body inclined forward in a painfully unnatural attitude, some with the arms stretched out during an interval of trying duration.

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Awed by the solemnity of the scene, and a respecter of the observances of others, I had at once thrown myself on my knees, like the rest; and now the faint light, the ghastliness which it revealed, the measured cadence of these deep and sepulchral voices, the succeeding pauses of a deathlike and unbroken silence, and the feverish curiosity with which I waited, as the services became more intensely solemn, for the total extinguishment of the light, and the application of the discipline, perhaps, also, a sense of self-reproach for the discordant and improper feelings with which I had intruded myself into this assemblage, all tended to operate powerfully on my imagination, and produce a feeling of intense and painful excitement.

I cannot say that I was sorry when the chaplain rose, and, wetting his hyssop with holy water, sprinkled his auditory, and dismissed them with a benediction, each kissing his hand in passing out, in token of spiritual subjection. When Iglesia, who seemed disappointed that I should have missed the flagellation, inquired of the lay-brother at the door why there had been no scourging, with somewhat the same air of dissatisfaction with which he might have rated a deceitful showman, whose exhibition did not come up to the promise of his placard, he was told that it was owing to the inconsiderable attendance of the faithful, for this function requires a large concourse, closed doors, and great spiritual excitement. It had, however, probably occurred

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in some other temple of Valladolid; in Madrid it is still kept up on every Friday in Lent, in the parish church of the street of San Gines, and of course in all the old cities and religious strongholds, such as Leon, Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca.

On my way home Iglesia turned the conversation to his domestic affairs, as a means, doubtless, of exciting increased generosity at the moment of parting. It appeared that he subsisted, in a great measure, by the labour of his wife, who took in sewing, in which he also assisted, when not engaged in the casual and more congenial employments of showing a stranger about the town, beating the drum at conventual theatricals, or going the rounds of the churches, where he was on the look-out for a lay appointment. Having asked him what manner of person the lady might be who called him lord, he told me that she was quite old, having ten years the advantage of himself; his reasons, however, for such a choice were very sensible, and much to the purpose. When he had sojourned in Valladolid as a soldier some years before, he had enjoyed the acquaintance of three ladies, two of whom were young and handsome, the third being old, and of face and figure somewhat misshapen. Now the young and handsome ones required much attention and assiduity, swallowing all his disposable income in the shape of presents; whereas the less favoured of nature

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worked hard, ministered to all his wants, and gave instead of receiving.

Being discharged from the army, and having retired to his native city, he bethought him that it was high time to establish himself in marriage, and become respectable. His three old friends were still living, and offered themselves as candidates to his imagination; overlooking the two handsome ones, he determined, on philosophical principles, to take the third, for she would be sure to lead him a quiet life, take care of him, providing for all his wants, and in return, be thankful for small favours. It was evident that Iglesia had made a sensible choice, and that his wife was a great comfort to him; and even if the worst were to come, and she were to die on his hands, he had taken his precautions so wisely, that it would not cost him so much as a pistareen to bury her. As for the character of Iglesia, if the reader, accustomed to other modes of life, should find difficulty in understanding it, he has only to transport himself to Spain, and study the operation of a soldier's life in forming idle and vagabond habits, and of church alms and church observances upon the lower classes in large cities, and all will be at once clear and intelligible.

On reaching the posada, I heard, to my infinite regret, that the unfortunate officer had become worse, having entirely lost the use of his speech, and having little chance of living through the

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night. A priest had been sent for to furnish him with religious comfort, and was then with him; it was most unfortunately too late to confess and shrive the unhappy man, and administer the viaticum; but he had been anointed with the extreme unction. The door was wide open, and I looked in: beside the table, in front of it, stood the cloaked and night-capped doctor, looking as pompously consequential as the stuffed guana in his own shop, as he mixed a dark dose, which, if it were of no avail to the sick man, would at least appear well in the bill; the barber-in-ordinary of the inn, performing the functions of nurse, was applying some mustard poultices to the patient's feet, that he might go out of the world somewhat more uncomfortably; and the priest, resuming his ponderous hat, was preparing to depart, while, in the farther corner, the king's lieutenant—an old retired officer, whose duty it was to attend to the affairs of the military in such cases—was superintending, with gold-headed cane in hand, the inspection of the effects of the dying officer. Two watches and a sum of money were found in his portmanteau, and it appeared, on examining his letters, that he had a wife in Gallicia, whom he had been going to rejoin, and who betrayed, as I was told, in many tender expressions of love and anxiety for his return, a depth of affection which was to be most rudely shocked on that appointed day of return, when she should go forth, as is the amiable custom

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of the land, to the outskirts of the town, to meet and welcome her husband, and hear the intelligence of his probable death related by the tongue of indifference.

The object of this inspection of the property of the officer was to prevent the plunder which was likely to follow, or even precede, his death, and to secure his effects for the benefit of his friends. It had been undertaken at the prudent suggestion of our friend, the military president of the ordinary, who had caused the king's lieutenant to be summoned, but whose benevolence and sympathy extended no farther; for I now found him at the head of the supper-table, and more boisterous than ever. The door of the supper-room opened immediately opposite to that of the officer, and it was easy, therefore, to look from the scene of revelry to the scene of death. Yet this reflection had no effect in diminishing the clamour and uproar of argument among those assembled round the supper-table. I never saw any thing so indecently unfeeling, though not wholly out of character with that indifference to human life which I had so often noticed in Spain.

If the poor speechless officer still retained his intellect, his horror and disgust at this indecent revelry must have somewhat diminished the regret with which he saw the world passing away from before him, and with it the brutality of his fellow-men. I had more than once been at the point of

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death at a distance from my home, and it was rather matter of consolation to me than otherwise, that while I missed those tender cares which no mercenary hand can bestow, I escaped, also, that aggravation of suffering which would have grown out of the sorrows of those around me. I found afterward the same idea expressed with much beauty and grace by a charming author, who puts forth, through his hero, the wish, that the Disposer of all things might so order it, that the catastrophe of death should overtake him, not in his own house, where the concern of his friends, as they performed the last services of wiping his brow and smoothing his pillow with the pale hand of quivering affection, would so crucify his soul as to cause him to die of some other distemper; but rather in some decent inn, where the few necessary offices might be purchased by money, and rendered with undisturbed attention. "But mark me!" he adds, in conclusion, "this inn should not be the inn at Abbeville." In making mine, an aspiration which so completely imbodied my own previous sentiments, I might add the further deprecatory provision—"Be it not in the Posada of Valladolid!"

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CHAPTER XIII.

BURGOS OF THE CID.

Death Scene—Departure from Valladolid—Fellow-Travellers—Escort—Burgos—Posada—High Mass—Costumes—The Cathedral—Chest of the Cid—The Spires—Solar of the Cid—A Superannuated Postillion—My Palfrey—Convent of Miraflores—Pilgrimage to the Cid's Tomb—San Pedro de Cardena—The Cid's Statue—His Tomb—Gallic Barbarity—The Audacious Jew.

HAVING to start the following morning in the diligence for Burgos, I was called at four o'clock, and having made all my preparations for the journey, was on my way to the dining-room in search of chocolate, when I was startled by deep groans proceeding from the room of the poor officer whom I had seen the night before, dying in neglect, surrounded by every discomfort, and at a distance from all who were dear to him. Looking in at the open door, from which issued a strong odour of tobacco and lamp-smoke, I saw that the group which had filled the room in the evening had disappeared, with the exception only of the barber, who was seated by the bedside, having near him a table covered with a sufficient number of vials and pill-boxes, to give a colour of reasonableness

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to the long bill with which the sufferer's effects were to be mulcted. His cocked hat, covered with a travelling cloth, and colonel's coat, were hanging over a chair, while, in the corner beside it, stood the sword which he was never more to grasp. I gazed with a melancholy interest on his countenance, which, though convulsed with pain, was of a classic and very noble contour. His figure was above the middle size, insomuch that his feet projected beyond the bed, where they seemed, from their writhing, to be in search of support. I suggested, in a whisper to the barber, the propriety of lengthening the bed, by placing chairs at the bottom; but he said it was not worth while, as all would soon be over, and lighted the cigar which he had just finished making, taking for the purpose the streaming and smoking lamp, which had been glaring without a shade full in the face of the sufferer, and which was now brought much nearer, increasing the annoyance, of which he showed his sensibility by renewed writhing, demonstrative of much remaining strength, raising the whole weight of his body by his head, and grating his teeth harshly, as he grasped the bed-frame with an iron and vice-like clutch. Perhaps it was only the last effort of failing power, and the convulsion which immediately precedes death. As for the barber, he took no notice of it beyond pressing heavily with his right hand on the dying man's breast, and muttering between teeth, which were kept

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closed on account of the cigar—" *Quieto* !" which, in connexion with the manner, might be rendered —" Don't make a fool of yourself !"

I had for companions in the cabriolet of the diligence three gentlemen, who, having already occupied important judicial stations, were now sent by the Queen Regent on a royal commission, to inquire into the causes of revolt in the Basque Provinces, and to act in a civil capacity in conjunction with the military chiefs, to bring about a pacification, their functions being similar to those of subdelegates of Fomento in the other provinces and kingdoms of Spain, or of the Political Chiefs under the constitutional system. Having seen these gentlemen in the house of an official person in Valladolid, and been, moreover, fellow-lodger with them in the posada, I now met them on the footing of an acquaintance, which was the more agreeable, that they proved to be exceedingly affable and intelligent travelling companions. In consequence of the presence of such distinguished personages, the diligence was attended by an escort wherever there happened to be a calvalry post along the route, and we thus travelled with more security from robbers and scattering bands of Carlists, who would willingly have apprehended and made minced-meat of these obnoxious emissaries, although, perhaps, the rest of us were more than requited for the protection, by the clouds of dust which the troopers set in motion as they galloped in advance of us.

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In the course of the day I was much amused by the dexterity of a sergeant in command of one of these parties, who actually prepared his tobacco, and made and lighted his cigar, while trotting at a round pace by the side of our diligence. I fancied, however, that there was a little dandyism in the exhibition, and that, independently of the sergeant's desire to smoke, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of exhibiting his double dexterity as a horseman and twister of paper cigars. Though these accomplishments are of very universal appreciation throughout the land, yet they are not possessed in equal excellence by all. This want of uniformity is especially evident in cigar-making; thus, while some of my comrades in the journey from Madrid to Salamanca could twist their cigars perfectly, though the galera were in motion, others could not succeed unless it made a halt; and as for the Irish students at Salamanca, most of them, though they had been years in the country, were obliged to call in the aid of a knife in imprisoning the tobacco, which, among verteran smokers, is considered very disgraceful.

The country grew in beauty as we advanced; its face becoming less monotonous and sunburnt than about Valladolid; mountains now rose on either side of our path, while the intervening valleys, increasing in fertility and cultivated condition in approaching Burgos, were, moreover, skirted at frequent intervals by the hitherto unwonted deco-

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ration of trees. At nightfall we came in sight of Burgos, our road leading along the valley of the Arlanzon, and being skirted on either side by trees. After passing the extensive convent of Las Huelgas, we discovered the city at the other side of the stream, which was traversed by several stone bridges; the cathedral, conspicuous by its lofty Gothic roof, and its two pointed spires, rose far above the other edifices, being itself overlooked in turn by a conical hill, which rose immediately beyond it. As we crossed the bridge, a massive tower, which told of the feudal era of this famous city, rose in bold grandeur at the extremity, on the front of which I could trace out the indistinct forms of kings and heroes, which I afterward found to be those of Fernan Gonzalez, Lain Calvo, and the Cid.

Turning down the quay, the road led us between a row of fine edifices on the one hand, and a promenade, ornamented with groves and statues, which separated us from the river, on the other, until, reaching an arched passage, we passed under the arcades which support the town-hall, into the Great Square, and presently entered a wide street flanked by noble edifices, which, from the armorial bearings sculptured on the keystones, had doubtless been the palaces of the nobles of Castile, in those days when Burgos was its capital. Our diligence drove into the spacious portal of one of the noblest of these edifices, which proved to be our posada,

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with the appearance of which I was sufficiently pleased, to determine to remain in it for several days. While supper was preparing I strolled to the cathedral, to take a night view of its noble front, and seating myself at the round table on my return, was edified by the conversation of some gentlemen from Biscay, concerning the difficulty and danger to which the traveller was exposed there, and the atrocities which were mutually perpetrated by the belligerants.

Having eaten my breakfast in company with the royal commissioners, whom I agreed to join in hiring a carriage to take us to Vitoria, under a strong escort of troops, who were to accompany a convoy of military stores on the following day, we all went together to hear mass in the cathedral. The high mass was attended by an immense concourse of peasants, who brought with them their implements of husbandry, usually a hoe or a pitch-fork, which they deposited beside them as they kneeled, indicating that they were on the way to the fields, to resume their customary labours. The men were dressed in montero caps of black or brown cloth, turned up with velvet, brown cloak, breeches, and stockings, sometimes covered with a leggin, and shoes, which, instead of tying with a string, were confined by a brass button. The women wore shirts like the men, with buttons at the neck and sleeves, a bodice of cloth, laced in front, over which was a cloth jacket, covered with

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buttons of silver, and immense woollen petticoats, with thick plaits, which stood off on every side, testifying at once to the extreme cheapness of cloth in a country of which it is a staple, and the great strength of the females who were able to carry such a weight of it. The people of this neighbourhood pride themselves on the purity of their Cantabrian descent, uncontaminated by Moorish blood, and, indeed, I have scarcely ever seen fairer complexions, or a greater prevalence of beauty, than among the country-people of Burgos.

After mass and sermon my comrades accosted a stout canon, to whom they had the advantage of being known, as he was leaving the choir, and put his services in requisition for showing us the wonders of the cathedral, which is certainly a very noble specimen of Gothic architecture, being in the form of a cross, with a single nave. The choir exhibits some beautiful specimens of carved wood, among which are a double series of reliefs, exhibiting scenes from the Bible; the lower being taken from the Old, and the upper from the New Testament. It struck me as a circumstance not a little singular, that the back of the episcopal stall should be decorated with a representation of the rape of Europa. Before one of the altars hangs a banner, which was borne before the Castilian troops in the famous battle known as the Navas de Tolosa: there was, however, another object which attracted much more attention from the country people, a

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gobemouche attached to the clock, who stepped out as the hour was about to strike, dressed in regimentals, and opened his mouth at each stroke, as if his head were about to drop off.

The cathedral of Burgos is rich in relics, of much reputed sanctity and power to work miracles; but among all the objects for which our attention was solicited, there was none which so forcibly impressed my imagination as the famous *Baul del Cid*—chest of the Cid—with which is connected a story so characteristic of that noble mirror of chivalry, and of the stern virtues of the age in which he lived. According to the romancer, when the Cid was about to set forth on his career of conquest, he found himself with an utterly empty purse. In order to raise money to arm and support his retinue, he invited two respectable Jews to his table, and after the repast, set forth to them his necessities, begging a loan of money, for which he offered to pledge two coffers containing plate. Trusting in the honour of the Cid, they received the boxes, which were filled with sand, without opening them, and delivered up the required money.

So soon as Valencia was conquered, the Cid sent, with his presents to the king, the convent of St. Peter, and to Ximena, the two hundred marks of gold, with the interest, which he had borrowed of the respected Jews, Raquel and Vidas, on two chests of sand, under the bond of his word, bidding

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Alvar Fañez to beseech them on his part, while revealing the treachery which, under the pressure of a strong necessity, he had practised, that they would pardon him, since, although they should discover nothing but sand within the boxes, yet still, beneath it lay hidden the gold of his truth.

" Y á los hourados Judios
Raquel y Vidas llevad
Docientos marcos de oro
Tantos de plata, y no mas,
Que me endonaron prestados
Cuando me parti á lidiar
Sobre dos cofres de arena
Debajo de mi verdad;
Y rogadles de mi parte
Que me quieran perdonar
Que con acuita lo fice
De mi gran necesidad.
Que aunque cuidan que es arena
Lo que en los cofres esta,
Quedó soterrado en ella
El oro de mi verdad."

El oro de mi verdad!—the gold of my truth! Oh that this bond were everywhere as much honoured at this day as among that fallen people, to whom sentiments so noble as this are natural! The nation among whom this sentiment could once have originated, can scarce be wholly without virtue now.

By far the most striking portion of this beautiful edifice are the two spires, which rise at the angles of the façade, and taper gradually to a needle's

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point, with matchless elegance and grace. They are formed from the roof upward by an external shell of open masonwork, put together so as to form a variety of regular figures, wrought with the lightness of twisted osiers, or, perhaps, better represented by the most delicate ivory fretwork. Bands of iron clamp the stones together at occasional intervals, and it is unnecessary to adduce any thing further in evidence of their strength than the fact, that they have not only withstood, during so many centuries, the action of the elements, but also the explosion of the castle which crowned the hill rising immediately beside it, and which the French blew up on their retreat. Nothing can be more magically beautiful than when the sun, shining through the fretwork of these towers, lights them up with a golden illumination. A wooden stairway is carried up the interior of one of these spires, by means of which I reached the top, and caught thence a beautiful view of Burgos, situated in the vale of the Arlanzon, whose tributaries traverse the principal streets of the city, furnishing them with canals of running water; this rich vale was everywhere highly cultivated, and many towns, placed at intervals along its sinuous course, testified to its fertility, and capacity to sustain a numerous population: among the most conspicuous objects was the Gothic chapel of the Carthusian convent of Miraflores, which tempted me, by its grandeur, to visit it.

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Having seen whatever was most interesting in the cathedral, I accompanied my companions, who, under the guidance of the prebend, after admiring some of the more minute beauties and architectural oddities of the front of the cathedral, wandered off to the outskirts of the town, to look at the new Pantheon recently constructed for the burial of the dead. To reach it, we passed out of the western gate, on which is the original mark of the Castilian fathom, from which the length of the foot of Castile is determined. It was, doubtless, placed in this gateway during the primitive days of the monarchy, that every one might take an account of it, so that people entering the town might know what measure they were to give or receive, and those going away might convey a knowledge of this established measure to other portions of the kingdom, or rather county, of Castile.

In returning we passed the Solar—seat or homestead—of Fernandez Gonzalez, and soon after the Solar of the Cid, marked by a species of triumphal arch, on which are sculptured the arms of the hero, together with an inscription, setting forth that here was born, and here dwelt, that great warrior, the Cid Campeador. I do not know how this is reconciled with the location of Bivar, a village two leagues from Burgos, as the birthplace of the Cid; probably he only lived in Burgos, but was born at Bivar. In the afternoon I took horse to ride to the Carthusian convent, and make the pilgrimage of the

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Cid's tomb, in the convent of Saint Peter of Cardeña. Though lodged in the posthouse, it was with no little difficulty that I got myself mounted for the journey, inasmuch as the Carlists hovering about Burgos took the liberty of dismounting every horseman that fell in their way, to mount their cavalry, giving no other apology than that the king had need of the beast, together with a rib-roasting and stabs, if the first reason were insufficient or unsatisfactory.

There was, as hanger-on about the inn, a toothless and superannuated old postilion and calesero, named Cadenas, who usually appeared in a motley dress, borrowed from various provinces of Spain, with the convenience of the various articles of which, his frequent and far-extended rambles had brought him acquainted. Thus, in connexion with a calesero jacket, bedecked with patches of bright-coloured cloth in the shape of beasts, birds, or trees, he wore a red Catalan cap, long trowsers, with red stripes, over which he had moreover a leather spatter-dasher, although on his feet he had nothing but open grass sandals, unaccompanied by a stocking. This old fellow, then, who knew everything, and was ever ready to gain an honest peseta in any required way, undertook to find an animal for me, and, after a short delay, made his appearance at full gallop, mounted on a shuffling little pony, hid away, and rendered invisible to Carlist or Christino, under a high-peaked saddle. There was not the

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least danger of this unpretending little animal's being turned into a war-horse, even if he were discovered by a foraging guerilla party; so I sallied boldly forth upon him, secure of not being dismounted, to visit the tomb of the Cid, and achieve by the way such adventures as I might.

Pursuing the road along the river-bank, I soon came to the Carthusian convent of Miraflores, whose church presents a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. On procuring admittance to the interior, I found a lay brother in the act of conducting two Benedictine monks, who had come from Burgos to see the convent, and whom I was permitted to accompany. The cloisters were spacious, and of beautiful construction, and the church very grand and noble; in the choir was a gorgeous monument over the remains of the parents of Isabella the Catholic. The old monk who conducted us, though bound by the same vows and austere restrictions with the rest of the community, was only a lay brother, and could not say mass, being ignorant and uneducated. He was dressed in the serge robes of his order, and had a perfectly white beard, which, as he stooped low in leaning on his staff, descended below his girdle. His was another instance of the taste for conventual life founded on the idleness of the camp, for he too had served ten years as a soldier, having been in the army acting against France after the execution of Louis XVI., after which he entered the convent, where he had

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remained during the last forty years, with the exception of the period when the convents were shut up by the French.

Taking leave of the hoary old monk, I mounted my palfrey, and rambled across the fields in the direction of San Pedro, having nothing but a bridle-path to guide me, and an occasional opportunity of inquiring of a shepherd tending his flocks. The country, which was on the rise, became gradually barren and desolate, and as the road usually followed the ravines, the scene was so circumscribed as to increase the impression of loneliness. My little horse, however, furnished company as well as excitement, bearing me onward at a rapid rate, which was the more necessary, that there only remained an hour more of day, and that it would be barely possible for me to reach the convent and fulfil my errand there ere that hour should be over.

Overtaking at length, as I wound up an ascent, a peasant girl, followed by a dog, and carrying over her shoulder a saddlebag, out of either end of which projected the head of a live lamb, I was rejoiced to learn from her, not only that I was in the right road, but that I should come in sight of the object of my search at the top of the next hill. On gaining it I accordingly beheld the convent, at the bottom of an isolated vale, with a single outlet, presenting a large quadrangular mass, with towers at the angles, but without architectural beauty; a kitchen-garden occupied the valley beside it, and a

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few sheep browsed on the neighbouring hills; other signs of animation there were none to qualify the impression of solitude and loneliness, save what were presented by the spectral forms of six Carthusian monks, who, returning to their convent of Miraflores, strode in a row, at regular intervals from each other, and in the apparent observance of that silence which their vows enjoin, along the summit of one of the enclosing hills, their flowing white robes, falling cowl, and shaven crowns, together with the regularity of their movements, as they presented themselves in relief against the blue sky, presenting altogether a most extraordinary and shadowy appearance. The back-ground of the scene was formed by a ridge of snow-covered mountains, which, bounding the eastward view from Burgos, were here seen to overhang the convent, keeping up the effect of gloom and chilliness with which the beholder was impressed.

Descending into the vale, I came to the Gothic portal of the convent, over which was a singularly-sculptured relief, representing the Cid in plumes and panoply of steel, mounted on his Babieca, riding over the heads of Moors, with the redoubted Tizona lifted in the attitude of striking, while the horse, partaking his master's ardour, is trampling the infidels under his feet with the energy of a believer. The whole group, being painted and gilded, has a very singular appearance, and an air of strange reality. If I, heretic as I was, were

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able to encounter the presence of the Cid, thus invested with all the circumstances of terror which are ascribed to him, with some composure, it was not so with the reception given me by an immense dog, with a corresponding voice and most ferocious disposition, who probably would have devoured both me and my little horse, had not an aged porter stretched his head from a window, and by one word of conciliation converted him from an enemy into a familiar friend. I asked for admission to the tomb of the Cid, and was told that the thing was impossible, as the monks were just then in the choir, chanting an evening service to the Virgin; on sending in word, however, that I was a foreigner, a very old man, whom I discovered to be the subprior, came forth, and after saluting me courteously, directed me to go round to the door of the chapel, which he ere long opened from within so as to admit me. I found myself in a vast and noble temple, which, although no worshipper was anywhere seen kneeling towards the altar, was resounding with the loud chants of the unseen monks, hidden in the recesses of the lofty choir.

In a chapel on the right hand, about midway from the door to the altar, is the tomb of the Cid, within which, in the language of his epitaph, "is shut up what remains of this unconquerable, famous, and triumphant warrior." In the same tomb lies his wife, Ximena. Side by side they repose within the tomb, above which their figures

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are represented in marble, in the same recumbent posture. There is something vastly more appropriate in this mortal posture observed in the ancient monuments, than in the modern custom of representing a hero in the full glow of health, and in the execution of the great action of his life, or else in the very act of taking leave of it. There is something infinitely more terrible in death than in the dead; the body, writhing in all the anguish of that fearful convulsion in which the soul abandons its dwelling-place, is an object of far more appalling contemplation than that body, when the struggle is at length over, and all is peacefulness and repose.

In this chapel are the remains of all the kindred of the Cid, Lain Calvo, Diego Lainez, and the Cid's daughters, Elvira and Maria Sol, who, after being so foully outraged by the false Counts of Carrion, became, the one Queen of Navarre, the other of Arragon, thus mingling the blood of the Cid with the stream from which has flowed the present royal family of Spain, and sending through almost every kingly house of Europe a vein of heroism which is slow to proclaim itself.

A greater instance of the bad taste of those remorseless grave-disturbers, the French revolutionists, was never evinced than when they removed the body of the Cid from the sanctuary in which it had rested during so many ages, to place it in a conspicuous station in the newly-

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planted promenade of Burgos. With undoubted justice, as well as propriety, has it been restored to the reclamations of those guardians to whom the Cid himself intrusted it, the monks of this renowned old convent of San Pedro, which,—besides its sufferings at the hands of infidels, by whom, in the ninth century, two hundred monks were on one occasion massacred, whose bones were exhibited to me at the bottom of a charnel-house, forming a storehouse of relics for the supply of the whole Peninsula,—was connected with almost every event in the history of his life. The name of this convent is mentioned in at least a dozen romances in connexion with that of the champion; here he gave wise counsel to his prince on the affairs of state; here he kept his vigils before going to the conquest of Valencia, recognising the principle that the Christian warrior going forth in defence of his religion should put on the breastplate of faith; here, after a solemn mass, the abbot blessed his banner ere he went forth to conquest; and here, having placed in holy safeguard the good Ximena and his daughters, he left them overcome with grief.

"Y luego á Doña Ximena
Y á sus dos fijas abraza,
Mudas en llanto las deja."

Hither, when Valentia was won, he sent the first fruits of victory as an offering on the altar, and hence he reclaimed and withdrew his wife so soon

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as he had a fixed dwelling in which to comfort and protect her, saying, in words which should sink into the souls of all the doubly-blessed, with the full weight of the Cid's example—

" Que yo non uso mugeres
Si non la mia natural,
Que en San Pedro de Cardeña
Yace agora al mi mandar."

At length, too, when the scene of life had closed, we are told how the Cid, being embalmed, sat in state in the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña—

" El vencedor no vencido
De moros, ni de Christianos,"

decked in his richest robes, having his face discovered, which was grave and majestic, his white beard falling on his breast, and the sword Tizona beside him, and needing no guard but the terror of his name and the awful majesty of his presence, to protect him from the disrespect of the thousands who thronged to behold him. He was in this situation when, according to the romance, a Jew, not less unbelieving than the subsequent Gallic disturbers of his remains, seeing the Cid unattended, approached his person, and reasoning to himself that this was the renowned Cid, whose beard never man had touched, stretched forth his hand to dishonour it; for it seems that the Spaniards of those days, among so many things which they had borrowed from the Moors, had learned to look upon the beard as representing the majesty and

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dignity of the person. The Jew was not, however, permitted to defile the person of the Christian champion by his touch, for ere his purpose was accomplished, the Cid frowned, and Tizona half flew from the scabbard; overcome with fear, the Jew fell lifeless on the pavement, and being found there some time after and restored, related the evil thought by which he had been beset, and all that had happened to him; whereupon all gave thanks to God for remembering his servant, and rescuing him from the pollution of a Jew by this miracle, which was no doubt got up among the monks, with an especial view to procure respect for the body of the Cid. As for the Jew, he took the hint and turned Christian, being ever after known as Diego Gil, by which name he was presently baptized, devoting himself under it to the service of God in this same convent, in which he ended his days like any other good Christian—

"Como qualquier buen Christiano."

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CHAPTER XIV.

RAMBLES IN BURGOS.

Return from San Pedro—Solitary Ride—Cortes—Burgos—Lawsuit for Miracles—Las Huelgas—The Nuns—Profession—The Pantheon—Castle of Burgos—View—Posthouse—The Family—Matrimonial Motives—Mule-shaving—View from Balcony—My Neighbours—The Cobbler—The Farmer's Daughter—The Happy Drake.

TWILIGHT was just stealing over the scene with its melancholy influences, as I turned my back on the resting-place of the Cid, and the red glare of the dying day shed a rich glow over the plumage and gilded armour of the warrior's figure above the portal, as I saluted it with a farewell look. My little horse climbed the hill-side along which I had descended into the vale, and set forward at a rapid shuffling amble, which gave token of a speedy arrival at some place, which I hoped might be Burgos; for whatever previous domestic reminiscences he might have had, I trusted he had sufficient motive to love his present home, to induce him to go thither with all practicable directness. At any rate, I was at his mercy; for, in going to San Pedro, I had deviated from the direct route, in order to take in the Convent of Miraflores, and the rest

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of the ride had carried me over an ill-trod bridle-path across the hills, which I should have been wholly incapable of tracing out by night. It was, therefore, with little exercise of free-will that I slackened the rein over the neck of my now sprightly bidet, and while I abandoned my body to his guidance, gave up my mind to the equally unchecked musing which the hour, the scene, the unbroken solitude, the strange circumstances by which I found myself surrounded, so far from those to whom I was bound, by a community of country or of language, of friendship or affection, from any, in short, to take an interest in my fate, or care for a moment whether I reached my temporary home in the inn at Burgos, or plunged into the ravines and hollows that yawned in my path, or remained on the road to be pillaged, for the sake of my little horse, by Carlists, or for my clothes and money by less fastidious plunderers, were all suited to promote.

On reaching the summit of the hill which overlooks the vale of San Pedro, I had for a moment, ere descending into the opposite hollow, caught sight of the spires of the cathedral in Burgos, looming against the red sky in the west, like the masts of some stout gun-brig, when seen at night-fall in the distant horizon. I took the bearings of this object, like the careful navigator of some bold headland ere the night closes round him, and was reassured at the outset, by finding, that at any rate

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I had been right in starting. I did not meet a single individual the whole way to the village of Cortes, where I was happy to find myself, on inquiry, in the direct road to Burgos. This little village was in the act of collecting all its subjects within the security of its walls as I entered it, in company with a flock of sheep and a troop of mules, who smelt and turned up their noses at my little horse, as if aware that he was an interloper. The evening was mild and balmy, and the villagers, seated at their doors, stared wonderingly at the unwonted apparition of a solitary stranger at such an hour, in a place so secluded.

Ere long the towers of the cathedral struggled through the gloom and became visible, and soon after I reached the banks of the river, and found myself surrounded by many small parties, who after passing the day joyously in little family feasts, dining on their own provisions in the open air, on the banks of the river, were now returning to terminate their pastimes, by a turn in the paseo. Abandoning my charger to Cadenas, with many thanks to him for procuring me so good a one, and having expressed to the serviceable little animal my satisfaction, by patting him on the neck, I retraced my steps to the paseo, to while away an hour in exercise and pleasing observation.

The next day my comrades did not set out as they had proposed, having heard rumours of a muster of Carlists between Burgos and Vitoria, and

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that the last two mails from Madrid had been arrested and plundered, very possibly with a view to intercept these pacificators, whose task was likely to prove a troublesome one. In order to avoid such a fate, they determined to delay their departure until the arrival of a reinforcement which was to pass through Burgos the next day, escorting a train of ammunition for the army of operations, of which the head-quarters were in Vitoria. As they proposed travelling, therefore, at the pace of a foot soldier, and, besides, intended rising the next morning long before day, I preferred waiting for the courier, and incurring whatever mishaps might fall to my share in his company. Having, therefore, another day or two to pass in Burgos, I occupied them most delightfully in rambling about this venerable city, so teeming with reminiscences of more heroic times. On one occasion, I had been lingering till a late hour in the Convent of St. John, and the shades of evening had spread themselves prematurely within its darkened aisles, along which reposed the recumbent statues of many valiant knights. It chanced, that in taking my way homeward, I passed through a still and solitary street, flanked by massive buildings, over whose portals were sculptured the bearings of once lordly, but now doubtless decayed families; the next moment I had passed into a narrower lane, from almost every house of which resounded the clang of hammers; and in looking into the open doors, the

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gaunt and glaring forms of workmen might be seen, fashioning upon the anvil what one might fancy knightly armour. There was much in this combination of spectacles, and in the chivalrous associations connected with the place, to carry one back to the heroic era of Burgos and Castile.

Among the many convents which I visited here, was one under the invocation of the Holy Trinity, which has an old and very celebrated image of the Saviour, renowned for the working of many miracles. It seems that some dispute occurred between this convent and another of St. Augustin, as to the identity of the wonder-working image, the Convent of St. Augustin claiming for its own many traditionary miracles, whereby it succeeded in attracting to itself some of the celebrity, as well as the more valuable patronage, which belonged, of right, to the other. This became the subject of a deadly feud between the convents, in which the more devout citizens participated, until at length it gave occasion to a suit, with all the attendant bribery, which, after various appeals, was at length carried to the high court of Chancery in Valladolid, in which the image of the Convent of Trinity, being the appellant, obtained a favourable verdict.

Not the least agreeable of my rambles in this classic neighbourhood, was one which I made one lovely morning to the celebrated Monastery of Las Huelgas. It lay in the lap of the vale of Arlanzon,

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and the road to it led me through fertile and highly-cultivated fields, along streams of crystalline clearness, with moss-grown or pebbly bottoms, traversed at frequent intervals by antique bridges of stone. A complete village has grown up about it in the course of centuries, which is surrounded by walls, within which the abbess long exercised feudal sway, and until quite lately, had the power of nominating the alcalde mayor. The convent chapel is a very noble Gothic edifice, in the form of a cross, the longest section of which, being separated from the rest by a double row of iron bars, forms the choir of the nuns. Within the choir is the gorgeous tomb of the royal founder of the convent, under a canopy of richly-embroidered velvet, while without hangs an ancient picture of the battle of Tolosa. It was the hour of high mass, and a venerable priest was officiating before the altar; the nuns, habited in robes of fleecy whiteness, over which fell a large black veil, worn partly over the head like a mantilla, filled the choir, seated in their stalls on either hand, with their priedieux and missals before them, as they chanted the responses in the mass; the abbess alone being furnished with a kneeling-cushion, and pillow on which to rest her breviary.

All this I saw when the mass was over, when I made bold to look at them as they continued chanting, possibly some prayer to the patroness, or a service for the repose of the souls of the founders.

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They were, for the most part, between thirty and forty years of age, although one of them seeemed scarce turned of twenty, and was full of beauty; the rest being almost universally fat, hale, and well-conditioned; a proof that the cheer and existence of the convent were by no means unwholesome, although the services are sufficiently severe, since they rise at half-past five in the morning, and continue chanting until eight, renewing their devotions again after breakfast at nine, and continuing them until eleven, and chanting, at the close of day, the evening service to the Virgin.

When a nun enters this convent, she must first make proof of nobility, unsullied on all four sides, that is, on the part of the parents of both father and mother. In entering on the noviciate, she is led in by her sponsors, and the abbess cuts away a few locks of her hair on every side, in token of sacrifice, the nun putting on the habit of the convent; the remainder of her hair she may retain or remove as she pleases. When, at length, the noviciate being over, she makes her profession, the mass is chanted by the archbishop himself, or, in his absence, by the mitred Abbot of St. John, the recluse standing the while within the grate, and chanting her vows in the pauses of the mass. This was a spectacle which I was most anxious to behold, and it was with no little regret that I left Spain again without having succeeded. While I was in Madrid, Don Valentine had a couple of

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blind men regularly retained to go the daily rounds of the monasteries, on the look-out for a *mongio*, and he came at length to take such a deep interest in my solicitude, that it was a question of offering up Florencia for my especial benefit and gratification.

Returning home by the way of the Pantheon and the Solar of the Cid, at the sunny side of which a student, attired in the black cloak and cocked hat, so different from the costume of the steel-clad champion, was most ingloriously reclining, I took a sheep-path to the left, which led me to the top of the steep conical hill which rises immediately at the side of Burgos, and which was formerly crowned by the strong works of a formidable fortress, of which trenches, and ruined and blackened masses of fortification, still remain, to attest at once to its existence, and the mode of its destruction. It is stated as a miraculous instance of divine interposition, that when the Castle of Burgos was blown up by the French on the evacuation of Spain, the cathedral, with its seemingly fragile towers, rising the most conspicuous objects of the city, immediately at the side of the eminence, remained uninjured, greeting the eyes of the anxious and astounded beholders in all its integrity, as the shock passed over and the smoke blew by, while the party of two hundred Frenchmen, who last abandoned the works and fired the train, were buried under a mass of ruins, though removed at a

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far greater distance from the scene of explosion. In a few places where the masses of ruin had not fallen there was a slight growth of young grass, which a few straggling sheep and goats, clinging to the precipitous sides of the hill, were cropping; everywhere else, the scene of desolation was unqualified; for in so dry a climate as this, the marks of destruction are not readily effaced.

I do not know that the effect of solitude amid these ruins was in any measure mitigated by the presence of a single student, stretched at full length on his face upon a heap of rubbish, enjoying the sun, which to me was intolerably scorching, like any salamander. I could not help uttering the spontaneous exclamation, at the sight of such singular comfort—"*A qui se toma el sol grandemente!*" He raised his eyes for a moment from his St. Thomas Aquinas, to express his assent to my proposition; and after an exchange of compliments with him, I passed on to cool myself in the more exposed situation on the pinnacle of the hill.

The view from this point was singularly pleasing; not the less so, indeed, to me, that it did not embrace any very remote objects; for the enclosing amphitheatre of mountains bounding the view at no great distance from Burgos, their peaks covered at many points with snow, served, with the breeze so briskly sweeping over the elevation, to temper the summer-heat of the day. The Arlanzon, skirted

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throughout its extent, by trees, and occasionally encircling an island in its course, served to irrigate and fertilize the verdant and highly-cultivated vega, that spread itself on either side of the stream, to the limits of the enclosing mountains, while immediately at the base of the mountain on which I stood lay Burgos, spread before me as in a map, with all the magical effect of various and dissimilar objects seen from an unaccustomed point of view, and in unwonted association. The cathedral, from whose pointed and heaven-piercing spire I had gazed in giddiness on the previous day, now lay far below me, and clustering about it the picturesque city, having all its principal streets intersected by canals of running water, glistening, like the river, with the reflection of the sun, while, towards the stream, the bridges and planted promenades on either bank furnished the scene with its most pleasing attraction, though the eye still found subjects of interest in wandering forth to explore the Campiña with its countless villages, surrounded by flocks, herds, and toiling peasantry.

I cannot say that I regretted the unexpected delay which kept me so much longer than I had intended in Burgos. In addition to the rare attractions of the place, I found myself very agreeably situated in the inn, which was extremely well kept by a widow of middle age, who became attached to me, and took a real pleasure in making me comfortable, purveying for me whatever little gastro-

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nomic delicacies this neighbourhood, one of the most fruitful in Spain, produces, among which I well remember the delightful cheese-cakes of ewes' milk, which are the only species of cheese, except, perhaps, the Parmesan, which I ever found eatable. The individual next in importance in this well-ordered household was the landlady's daughter, a young woman of only seventeen, who had, nevertheless, been married three years, and was already the mother of two children. She had features chiselled in the forms of perfection itself, bright golden hair, eyes of liquid azure, a rich and brilliant complexion, and an expression changeful, radiant, and effulgent, beyond almost any other that I had ever seen. Her beauty was indeed exquisite; and I call upon any traveller whose good fortune it may have been to alight, within these last few years, at the posthouse of Burgos, to attest the truth and moderation of this portrait.

When I had become imboldened by longer acquaintance, I could not help one day asking the old lady why she had married her daughter so early; to which she at once replied, that her own husband had died, and that she had no idea of taking another to eat up her substance with riotous living; besides, the custom of the world required some delay, and the matter pressed, for every thing was going wrong in the stable: the mules were growing hollow, and the postilions fat; and as for the barleyman, he did nothing but bring in long bills, wear finer clothes

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on a feast-day than ever barleyman wore before, and comfort two wives all the rest of the week; in short, every thing was going to the devil for want of a man, and she had married her daugnter, therefore, simply and solely to have a man in the house —"*para tener hombre en casa.*"

The happy individual fixed upon as a stop-gap, and destined to be the possessor of such wondrous charms, was a youth of one-and-twenty, himself handsome after the fashion of the ruder sex, who, apparently satisfied with the proprietorship of such a treasure, and the sweet communion of those hours in which friendly night spreads his mantle of obscurity over the actions of mortals, abandoned, during the livelong day, the society of his wife for that of his mules, of which he had some very fine ones, and which, just about this time, were in process of being clipped, in preparation for the summer heats. Being of an idle, vagabond disposition myself, I passed no small portion of my time in contemplating this interesting operation, chuckling over the ridiculous figure which the mule made, rendered helpless by the fetters on his legs, and the compression of his nose, which made him show his teeth and look very foolish. The conversation of the mule-shavers, of the young master, and the veteran Cadenas, was sententious and amusing, full of queer saws and quaint allocutions. I usually seated myself on the last step of the grand stairway descending from the baronial halls above,

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having by my side a youthful student of divinity, who was my fellow-lodger, and who, though provided with an antique parchment-covered volume, with huge brass clasps, lying wide open in his lap before him, gave ample evidence how much more agreeable a theme of contemplation is to be found by the young mind in a horse, or even a mule, than in a treatise on theology. The courtyard was, besides, a great place for news, inasmuch as the postilions arriving from Madrid brought notice of commotions and slaughters of monks and royalist volunteers, while those from Vitoria could tell of battles, forays, and onslaughts between Christinos and Carlists, attended with all the horrors of a war of extermination, in which prisoners were slaughtered in cold blood, and quarters were neither given nor received.

Much of my time was passed in the kitchen of the inn, in amiable intercourse with the student, the landlady, with her daughter, or with the eldest child, who had got beyond the squalling age, and was the miniature of its mother's beauty. Sometimes I gazed from a balcony of the vast dining-room, in times past the banqueting-hall of baronial hospitality, upon the wide street which it overlooked, and at the fountain in front of it, the place of reunion for muleteers and postilions to water their beasts from the curb, for water-carriers or jar-bearing Rebeccas; more frequently, intrenched in the citadel of my own spacious apartment, I

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enjoyed my noontide meal in solitary contemplation.

The vast mansion, which change of times had degraded from noble occupation to the uses of a common public-house, had two fronts, corresponding to two parallel streets. On the side opposite the dining-room I had a wide balcony, commanding a scene of animation and gaiety which it was my pleasure frequently to dwell upon. Immediately below flowed one of those canals of running water which form so pretty a feature in the appearance of the town; on one side it was confined by the foundations of the houses, which it washed, on the other by a slight parapet, separating it from the road; opposite was a second row of houses, the balconies of which were about forty feet from ours, being the added width of the street and the stream. Just below my balcony the stream divided into two branches, one of which flowed under a house, through an arch, the other, being damned, gave a noisy passage to the bulk of its waters through an aperture in the confining wall, enlarging itself again to nearly its original size below, as it hurried off to join the Arlanzon. Midway in its course it was traversed by a rude bridge, carrying over one of the cross streets, which a little after entered the square by a high arch, through which a slight glimpse was caught of the interior.

But there were other objects to be seen from my balcony besides streets, and streams, and bridges;

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the houses in front of me were all occupied, and in some measure open to my observation, which I kept on the alert, reconnoitring each domestic circle, and then, getting its history from the old woman or her daughter, in half the instances a scandalous one, amused myself by tracing out the truth. In a shop at no great distance from me, on a level with the street, toiled, the livelong day, a sharp-visaged, pains-taking cobbler, while his young wife, with hair nicely combed, and foot neatly shod, which she protruded, as if unconsciously, between the bars of the balcony, was sitting above him, pretending to embroider, but in reality much more taken up with carrying on an intelligence with a student of divinity, who was, in like manner, pretending to commune with his universal St. Thomas of Aquinas, possibly being stared in the face by the chapter which treats of the sins that grow out of the temptations of the devil.

Opposite mine was the balcony of a young woman, whose father had been an industrious farmer, and who, dying, had left a handsome property to this young person, whose widowed mother had brought her to Burgos, to try a city life, and look out for a husband. After seeing her once or twice at the balcony, I took the liberty, which the custom of the country permits, of bowing; the last day of my stay in Burgos, being seated at dinner, with my window open, I made an inclination of my head in lifting the wine to my lips; in the evening we had

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a short conversation of compliments across the stream, and, possibly, if I had not resumed my journey the next day, our acquaintance might have ripened into a warm friendship, notwithstanding the intervention of the river.

At almost every door was a group of females seated in the street, knitting, sewing, spinning wool, singing songs, or telling stories; besides, there were always one or more coming to the stream to wash plates, or scour spoons and chocolate-pots. There was, moreover, among the denizens of the neighbourhood, a happy drake, with a half dozen wives, for he had an undisputed right to say my duck to each of them, the which drake was the object of my especial envy, having nothing in the world to do but to eat the food with which the river plentifully supplied him, and, when he had satisfied his own cravings, be very civil in offering what came in his way to those around him, keep his nice feathers in order, not forgetting the dandy ones which curled at his tail, and philander up and down the stream the six female ducks aforesaid.

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CHAPTER XV.

BURGOS AND VITORIA.

Departure—Escort Surprised—Quintanapalla—Headlong Pace—Briviesca—Country—Pancorvo—Gorge of Pancorvo—Trees—A Convoy—Miranda—Puebla—Alarm—Small Escort—Anxious Drive—Sweating of a Saint—Speed—Encounter—Vitoria.

THE day at length came round when I was to take leave of Burgos and all its associations; of the excellent family at the post-house, and the warm-hearted young woman, the daughter of the peasant who was my opposite neighbour, and who, observing my preparations for departure, seemed as sorry as I felt myself at this premature termination of the pleasing flirtation which we had so harmlessly carried on across the dividing streamlet. And now the fatal hour of the last farewell having arrived, the toothless old tunante, Cadenas, came to carry my luggage to the post-office, where I was to await the arrival of the Madrid mail, in which I had taken my seat, should there be a vacant one, with the determination, if disappointed in this, to ride through *à franc etrier*, in company

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with the mail, a task for which I felt myself qualified by much habituation to the saddle, although the distance was not less than seventy miles, and the pace of the mail a sufficiently furious one. In order to be prepared for either alternative, I furnished myself with the necessary license from the postmaster to *correr a la ligera*, without which it is impossible to accompany the mail.

We found the neighbourhood of the post beset by a crowd of priests, officers, orderlies, and vagabond students, whose devotion to their studies might be judged from the fact, that some of them idled away two hours of the best of the day in waiting for the arrival of the mail, which could not in any possible way concern them; for it was quite evident, that if there were any one in the world to take the trouble of writing to them, they were in no situation to pay the postage of a letter.

The coach was two hours later than its proper time of arrival, a delay which Cadenas accounted for by its probable robbery, with the murder of the courier, or the seizure of the correspondence by the Carlists. Cadenas indeed took a real pleasure, not only in dwelling on the nervous probabilities of this case, but in recounting the disasters which had befallen the last two couriers for Vitoria, both of which had fallen into the hands of the Carlists. He seemed, indeed, opposed alike to mail coaches, diligences, and all the modern innovations by which

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travellers are dragged through the country without having an opportunity to spend a few pesetas by the way, and looking back with much regret to the days when he had passed his life gaily, conducting travellers and many generous Englishmen from one end of the country to the other, on the *mulas de paso*, of which he was then the gainful and merry proprietor.

At length the coach arrived safely, having, however, been delayed two hours by the dread of robbers near Aranda de Duero. There was immediately a great bustle about the post-office, occasioned by sending off the correspondence for Logroño, Bilbao, and Santander, to which last place it was to be carried on the backs of horses over the mountains. Though ready to ride *a la ligera*, I was not sorry to find that there was a seat for me at the side of the courier, in the coupé, the coach being precisely similar to the French malle poste, with seats for two in the interior, and for one in front. The courier had only charge of the correspondence, the coach being under the direction of a mayoral of the diligence company to which it belonged, and who, seated with the postilion on the front of the coupé at the heels of the mules, thence directed their movements.

Having taken leave of Cadenas and seated myself, we were at once whirled into rapid motion by four arrogant mules, which I readily recognised as old acquaintances in the post-house. As we started

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forward, Cadenas drew one hand across his throat, and crossed himself piously with the other, thereby giving it to be understood that he prayed God I might not have my throat cut. The broad avenue which we followed along the course of the Arlanzon was skirted on either hand with trees, which flitted by us with the speed of magic, as we darted forward like lightning, scarcely arresting our course when we began, as we speedily did, to ascend the mountains.

Erelong we drove into Quintanapalla, in whose inn the escort of horsemen appointed to protect the mail from that place to Burgos had been captured by Carlists a few nights before. They were supping joyously in the kitchen, when suddenly a party of Carlists pounced upon them, placing the muzzle of a musket to the breast of each, and calling on them to surrender or die. Having selected the former alternative, they were bound with their arms behind them, and carried to the mountains, where they were stripped of their uniform, and dismissed the following morning, with a manta or striped blanket to cover their nakedness, and a pistareen for each of the privates and two for the corporal. Thus the Carlists were able to mount and accoutre six well-appointed horsemen, dressed, moreover, in a costume which might enable them to pass at pleasure for followers of the Queen. The vengeance taken by the liberal sub-delegate in Burgos for this skilful aggression was very characteristic,

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and not less base. The miserable village of Quintanapalla was mulcted in the sum of forty thousand reals, because the robbery had been committed in it; and the innkeeper was in prison, in consequence of the soldiers swearing, in order to cover their own disgrace, that the robbers were concealed in his house. The postilion seemed reasonably enough to think the case a very hard one, inasmuch as, according to his estimation, if every article in the place, to the shirts of the peasants, with the exception of the land, which belonged to a nobleman in Burgos, were confiscated and sold, there would not be wherewithal to meet the amount of the contribution. As for the robbers themselves, no attempt was made to pursue them, and those soldiers remained unpunished, who, having gone forth from their barracks armed and well mounted, now skulked back in their skins with nothing besides a pistareen and a blanket.

In leaving the scene of this onslaught, we were escorted by ten hussars of the same regiment of the Queen, whose yellow jackets were soiled and dusty, and their horses sadly jaded, in consequence of their having already escorted the mail coming from Vitoria the same morning, although this made no difference in our pace, which was kept up at a tremendous rate, in order to enable us to reach Vitoria, then surrounded by insurgent bands, before the night should be far advanced. As we passed a mountain gorge, the courier

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showed me the spot where the last mail but one from Vitoria had been robbed, the coach having been driven off the road and overturned, having in it either the Marquis de las Amarillas and his daughter, or the Count Toreno, I forget which, being then on his way from banishment, to take office in Madrid. On this occasion, the courier had been beaten to his heart's content, for wishing to retain possession of his calesero's jacket, as the night was cold. The last mail from Madrid had encountered a similar disaster at nearly the same place, and, according to the ingenious precautions of Spanish functionaries in such cases, the present augmented escort had been provided throughout this stage, though at the next we were left to go on by ourselves, it not having been taken into consideration, that the depredators could perpetrate their violence a little farther on. It is, however, proper to state, that Spanish robbers have always favourite stands, just as huntsmen have for shooting deer.

In journeying onward, we came at length to one of the highest situations in the interior of the Peninsula, where the waters separate to flow in opposite directions, towards Portugal, the Mediterranean, and the Bay of Biscay. Hence we descended like lightning over one of the smoothest roads in the world, in no wise inferior in order to the best of England, but at a far more rapid rate than it is there the custom to travel in descents, in

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which the Spanish drivers are the most fearless I have seen; indeed, the drag was not once used during the whole day, and only occasional recourse was had, in very steep places, to a screw worked by the mayoral, by means of which a bar was brought against the hind-wheels, to check their revolutions, producing a very unmusical sound, and giving out sheets of fire like a burnisher.

At the bottom of the mountain we rattled into the village of Briviesca, beautifully situated in the fertile valley of one of the confluents of the Ebro, and which, being very narrow, and closely hemmed in on either side by rugged and frowning mountains, derived enhanced loveliness from the close contrast presented by its verdant gardens and orchards of fruit-trees, covered with blossoms, and redolent with the most delightful perfumes. I was not, however, altogether taken up with the charms of this spectacle; for, having been told at Burgos, in answer to the questions which, as a wary and experienced traveller, I had asked there, that the mail halted for dinner at Briviesca, I was now informed that, in consequence of the last night's detention at Aranda, we should only stop a moment for the relay. As there was no time to be lost, I hurried into the post-house, in the kitchen of which a group of women were sitting together, knitting, sewing, and talking scandal. They were vastly amused at the comic earnestness with which I asked for food, and made me lose a little very pre-

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cious time in bandying jokes with them. One of the prettiest asked me if I would take her with me; to which I briefly replied, that I should be most happy if she were cooked. Opposite the row of women was not a less attractive row of loaves of bread, ranged to cool on the pavement before the oven, from which they had been recently withdrawn. Seizing one of these loaves, I petitioned for a morsel of meat also. The first answer was, that there was none in the house; but a tender-hearted maid, the very one whom I had offered to eat, touched by my eloquence, remembered that there was a piece of kid concealed in the cupboard. Of this, and of some salt, I speedily possessed myself; then, having swallowed a glass of cold water with an *azucarilla*, or sugar-sponge, I fled to the coach, joked by the women, yet happy in the possession of my food, by the aid of which my languid and dying enthusiasm was so revived and sublimated, that, as we shot rapidly along, I enjoyed with ecstasy the charming vistas that flitted by us of the cultivated vale, as of the lesser ones that opened on either hand, far into the recesses of the enclosing mountains.

And now the vale opening out into an extensive vega, everywhere highly cultivated, and dotted with frequent villages, brought into view the Sierra of Pancorvo, at whose base lay nestling the town of that name, which we approached along a road skirted with trees, and covered with travellers, whose mules, decked with gay worsted and pro-

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tected by mantas, together with their own comfortable clothing, announced an improved condition of the people in approaching the Free Provinces. In a field on our right, a priest, who was doubtless the Curate of Pancorvo, was inspecting some wheat-fields, with an eye of interested solicitude, that plainly showed that he was estimating the product of his tithes. Our courier called to him with disdainful raillery, and asked him if he were blessing the wheat.

As we entered the town of Pancorvo, we found every one in the street or at the balconies, to see the mail arrive, and to hear if it had been robbed, or if any of the passengers had been killed or beaten. This place is most extraordinarily situated at the entrance of the Garganta or Gorge of Pancorvo, a most extraordinary rupture in the mountains, leaving room for the passage of the Oroncillo, and the road which follows its course, traversing from bank to bank in search of space for itself. As we entered this strange gorge, the rocks rose around us in rude masses, presenting a scene of savage grandeur, which singularly relieved the beauty of occasional cultivated patches along the course of the stream.

Farther on we began to approach the valley of the young Ebro, by a descending road which wound along the side of the mountain, and which was skirted by trees. When the King and Queen of Naples came a few years before to Madrid, to attend the marriage of their daughter, in order to hide

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the nakedness of the land, and modify the horror which was likely to be awakened in the minds of these royal persons, by the total absence of trees, plantations were made along the borders of the two roads by which they were to approach and leave Spain, from the frontier to the capital. In the Castiles, where a deadly hatred of trees has existed for centuries, not one of these trees remains after so short an interval. Hence, the sight of a tree occasions a rapture which cannot easily be understood by any but the traveller in Spain.

In approaching Miranda del Ebro we overtook some straggling, foot-weary, and limping soldiers, who belonged to a strong detachment of troops, with which we presently after came up, having under their escort a train of wagons containing powder and other warlike munitions, as well as the persons of my three travelling companions, charged with the somewhat troublesome task of pacificating the insurgent provinces. When we were approaching the train, driving as fast as the impediments of the cumbered road would permit us, a young conscript, who had received orders to permit nothing to pass the convoy, for fear of accident to the powder, and who knew nothing about exceptions, the sacredness of the king's mail, or the exercise of discretion, commanded us to halt; and when the courier enjoined him in a voice of authority unaccustomed to disobedience, to make way, ordering the postilion, at the same time, to urge his mules, instead of permitting us to pass, he be-

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gan to beat our mules over the head with his musket, drove them into the trench beside the road, and was as near as possible to oversetting the coach. The courier was frantic with rage; but the conscript was unyielding, and would not allow us to budge past him, until a mounted officer, drawn to the rear by the clamour and contention, issued his orders that we should be permitted to go on.

We entered the town, therefore, pell-mell, with the troops and convoy, adding our share to the scene of confusion which it presented, not unlike that of a place taken by storm. Soldiers were patrolling the streets, making the smokers throw away their cigars, much to their annoyance, driving the housewives from their doors and windows, and compelling them to shut themselves up out of sight of that which seemed to concern them; and officers were spurring madly through the streets, to prepare a place for the deposit of the ammunition, or provide lodgment for the troops. The whole party was covered with dust, and apparently overcome with fatigue; and one unfortunate trooper, who had either been kicked by a horse or run over by a wagon, was hopping along on one leg, an object of any thing but envy.

We were detained some time in Miranda by an account of a strong Carlist force being on the high road to Vitoria, and contemplating an attack on this body of troops, in order to possess themselves of the convoy. During this time I had an opportunity of conversing with my fellow-travellers from Val-

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ladolid—who advised me to avoid inevitable arrest and plunder, and possible rib-roasting, by remaining with them, and taking a seat in their carriage the next day—and also of observing the military preparations for defence which the detachment was making. At length we got in motion, and left the town as the sun was sinking behind the mountains. By way of introducing the journey with a train of comfortable reflections, the courier now pointed out to us, as we traversed a bridge, the place at which he had been stopped and robbed on his last journey from Madrid. The coach was driven out of the road, and the whole party kept with their mouths down during two hours, occupied in searching for concealed correspondence; and one of the travellers, who could not walk because he was either lame or sulky, was thrown over the bridge into the Zadorra, and left to crawl ashore as he might.

We drove onward at a rapid rate, increasing our speed until it became furious at every spot where a robbery had ever been committed, all of which, however, we passed unmolested, together with the greater dangers of the steep hill by which we descended, like a shooting star, to the village of Arminion, until we reached La Puebla, in the insurrectionary province of Alava, and only three leagues distant from its capital, Vitoria. We found this town in even greater alarm than Miranda, on account of a column of fifteen hundred Carlists, who had been defeated a day or two before in Biscay,

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having arrived in the afternoon in the neighbourhood, where they were hovering about in search of food and lodgings. Watch-fires were lighted in the square and at the entrance of the streets, around which the soldiers were seated, making their evening meal; their arms being stacked beside them, the light, which fell glaringly upon their flashing eyes, and tawny, mustached faces, as they were seated picturesquely about the fires, revealed less perfectly in the obscurity of the distance the figures of the watchful sentinels slowly patrolling their allotted beats, and looking wistfully around for the lurking forms of enemies.

It was of the last importance, in the opinion of the courier, that we should have a strong escort during the remainder of the journey, for it was now black night, and the road was beset with enemies. There were only four troopers stationed here for that purpose, and their horses were sadly jaded by the toil of the day; the courier, therefore, applied to the commandant of the garrison to furnish him with half a dozen foot soldiers, whom he would carry in a covered cart, whence they could at once throw themselves under cover of rocks and trees by the roadside, and, by keeping up a fire thence on any assailing party, cause a diversion, which might permit us to escape. In the interior of the coach was a young man, the blanched colour of whose upper lip, compared with the rest of his face, indicating the recent removal of his musta-

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ches, together with the familiarity with which he was accosted by some of the officers in Miranda, had induced me to think he was an officer himself. I afterward discovered that this was the case, and that he was a near relative of General Osma, to whom he was charged with important despatches. This young man evinced much anxiety that we should obtain the additional escort; but the commandant felt that, as the safety of his whole party was in some jeopardy, he was not justified in reducing his force for any purpose whatever. We were obliged, therefore, to set forward under the feeble escort of the four jaded troopers, which we did with a faint heart.

Soon after leaving Puebla we raced up hill and down again at a rate which occasioned me more apprehension than a charge of Carlists, and the chances of a volley from them, would have done; we got, however, safely to the Venta de Ayatanes, where three of the troopers said their horses were knocked up, and stoutly refused to spur a step farther. The other was willing enough to go on; indeed, he seemed to have that dare-devil indifference to danger that would have impelled him to charge a whole battalion of Carlists, with as little attention to numbers as Don Quixote himself. After much expostulation on the part of the courier, and reminding them of their orders, the three faint-hearted warriors were induced to accompany us a little farther; the postilion, who

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was called Roxo, in consequence of his having a red head, and who, like all red-headed Spaniards, was a thorough madcap, advised them to keep a little in advance, that the coach might not come against them, and that they might see if there were any one in ambush; but, turning round to me, gave as the true reason, that the escort, being out of sight, might turn tail and leave us, and also that the shots intended for the soldiers might happen to hit us; in short, that the assailants might very unintentionally *pegar un tiro* that should be fatal to a non-combatant.

In this manner we advanced a few anxious miles, the timorous hussars, who certainly were in momentary peril of their lives, slackening their pace from time to time, so as to bring the coach abreast of them, when Roxo would rein up his mules, his object being to drive them before us, but not to permit them to stay opposite or get behind. At such times he would coax them most ingeniously to push on, sometimes giving one, as the greatest possible compliment, a cigar from his own mouth, and promising, on the part of the anxious young officer, a liberal fee if they would continue on to Ariñiz, which was within little more than a league of Vitoria, and telling what wonders would happen there in the way of libations of wine, repeating frequently the assurance, "*alla sudara el santo*—There, too, the saint will sweat"—in allusion to a miracle very commonly ascribed to saintly images

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and relics in Spain; indeed, I had not only heard of several noted ones, with which this miracle very often happened in other than hot weather, but my Valladolid friend, Iglesia, told me that in a village of Gallicia, near which he was once quartered, there was a Santo Christo who not only sweated profusely on all proper occasions, but whom the village barber was regularly paid for shaving once a week.

At length, however, we reached a point at which the three troopers pulled up, and beyond which no injunction of the courier, no earnestness of the young officer, no eloquence of Roxo, backed by proffer of cigars or prediction of miracles, could avail to seduce them. It was at the top of a hill; some money was given to each of them, which, by fatigue and anxiety, they had richly earned, and a double share to the valiant youth who would so willingly have accompanied us farther, and, putting spurs to their horses, they disappeared at a gallop, their hoofs clattering loudly over the hard road, while the crazy Roxo beat his mules until they fled down the opposite side of the hill as if mad. As for the Carlists, though I had no desire of encountering them, yet the idea occasioned me no apprehension, in the presence of the much more imminent danger which we momentarily incurred by the frantic pace at which we sped over the ground, descending hills as fast as the mules could escape before the accelerating coach, which whirled

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about most furiously; indeed, had one of our sorely-pressed mules fallen, a wheel come off, or the pole broken, we must inevitably have been knocked out of the world in a trice.

In ascending, we scarcely moderated our pace, for the danger of capture then became more imminent. And thus we sped, till at the top of a hill we found ourselves arrested by an armed body in possession of the road, who sharply challenged us with a fierce "*quien viva?*"—our answer of "*Espana!*" which was modified so as to suit either party, being followed by the second question – "*que gente?*" and answered by "*el correo!*" we were happy to hear the colloquy concluded by a stern "*passad!*" which set us in motion again, the impediment opening to the right and left before us, and discovering itself to consist of a party of twenty or thirty dragoons, who immediately commenced galloping beside us, setting in motion a cloud of dust, through which it was impossible to distinguish any thing, or to avoid any impediment, our mules having been beaten so unmercifully as to have become ungovernable.

As we rode along, the dragoons, with their casques, fringed with streaming horse-hair, carbines, and clattering sabres, and their spirited horses spurred into impatience, presented a most animating spectacle, as they occasionally came into view through the clouds of dust that enveloped them. Among them, however, was one discrepant

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figure, dressed in round hat and frock-coat, with a long sword dangling at his side, who proved to be a young amateur citizen, with a taste for fighting, who had gone forth on this occasion with a fair prospect of being engaged. That same week an opportunity occurred in Vitoria of fleshing his young sword; and if he missed that, he has undoubtedly had abundant other occasions since to let off his ire legitimately. And thus mixed up with the troop, we entered Vitoria, which we found newly barricaded; the dragoons clattering over the pavements with inconceivable uproar, and bringing all the people to their windows with an aspect of terror, as if under the impression that the place was taken by storm, some of them doubtless having reasons to believe in the possibility of that which actually did happen to the place some three days later.

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CHAPTER XVI.

VITORIA.

Parador Viejo—Women from St. Sebastian—Market-day in Vitoria—The Square—Basques and Highlanders—The Florida—Panorama of Vitoria—Preparations to quit Spain—Lorenzo Lanz—The Galera—Peseteros—Surprise of Vitoria—Fate of Captives—Terrible Tragedy—Hatred of Carlists and Christinos.

On reaching Vitoria we drove to the post-office to deliver the mail, the young officer hastened to the general with his despatches, and the coach, traversing a beautiful square, entered the courtyard of the Parador Viejo, an inn which had frequently been extolled to me as the best in Spain, and which I found worthy of something better than being damned with such faint praise. I was at once installed into a very neat apartment, with a fireplace, a curtained bed, and every possible comfort, down to the very exotic appliances of bell, snuffers, and extinguisher. While supper was in progress, I repaired to the spacious kitchen, which I was very happy to find, notwithstanding the civilized character of the establishment, was still the general place of re-union for its guests.

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In one corner of the room, which was of great extent, was a large chimney, in the middle of which blazed a fire consisting of a mass of live embers, fed by large logs, whose ends were thrust together like the spokes of a wheel, and pushed forward from time to time, as they consumed away, while, on either side within the spacious area of the chimney itself, were capacious wooden benches with backs, into one of which I hastened to throw myself, having for my companion a retired old colonel, who sat quietly smoking in the post of honour in the corner, and who presently engaged me in agreeable conversation. At the opposite side of the room was a long brick dresser, having a number of furnaces, over which five or six young women were preparing in copper stew-pans the supper which was to be presently eaten. These young women were uncommonly tall, with brilliant complexions, full black eyes, long hair platted nearly to their feet, handkerchiefs of gay colours coquettishly arranged on their heads, several of them having very beautiful faces, with a lively, intelligent expression of countenance, by no means common in Spain, in which soul and sentiment were blended with passion, while in their manners a certain graceful coyness and capacity to blush were accompanied by all that sprightliness and freedom of speech which belong to the kitchen of a posada. As they prosecuted their various avocations, polishing and replacing each article as

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it ceased to be of use, or thrusting up the logs and throwing on a fresh heap of brushwood to send up a genial blaze, they chatted in Basque, in most melodious voices, more like those of Englishwomen than Spaniards, with a party of mayorals who were supping at the side of the fire; and I found on inquiry, for I was curious to learn from what, to me, unknown portion of Spain they could be, that they were, one and all, natives of the little city of St. Sebastian.

The contrast which a few minutes had brought about in my condition was sufficiently complete, since but a little before I was whirling along in the cool night air, with the chances of being captured or fired upon, (and indeed we found the next day, that the Carlists had been, during part of the night, in possession of the very road by which we had come,) together with the far greater risk of a broken neck, from the mad pace of the hairbrained Roxo, while now I found myself gradually thawing in the genial glow of such a glorious fire, in the companionship of good and worshipful company, and of so many pretty women, pleasingly engaged.

Being much better lodged than I had been for some time accustomed to, I should doubtless have slept soundly in Vitoria, had I not been startled at frequent intervals throughout the night by the sharp challenge of the sentinels, shouting their "*quien vivas?*" with a fierce energy sufficiently indicating that a bullet would be very apt to follow

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an unsatisfactory answer. If, too, these sounds intermitted a little towards morning, it was only to give place to others yet more startling and discordant, proceding, as I found by looking from the window, from countless ox-carts, coming with charcoal to market, and whose wooden axles revolved with the wheels, after that peculiar fashion which I have elsewhere described.

On rising, I discovered that it was market-day in Vitoria, and lost no time in going forth into the Great Square, which I found one of the most beautiful in Spain, having been recently built of yellow stone in a very neat style of architecture, with the town-hall, as usual, at one side, the balconies at the front of the houses, and the customary colonnade and covered way below, together with a fountain in the centre, and seats with railed backs around the interior of the columns. This place was quite full of country people, selling grain, bread, vegetables, or earthenware, mixed up with priests, officers, and other idlers, who were lounging at the sunny side of the square, retailing the news of the day, of which there was no lack; while in the centre were a number of unoccupied labourers in search of employment, grouped among the watermen about the fountain, and various sellers of ropes, who, when not haggling with a customer, beguiled the time by spinning thread. Notwithstanding the thronged condition of the place, trains of mules and asses occasionally entered by the

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arches from the adjoining streets, picking their way carefully to the place where they were to be unladen, or passing onward to the beast-market. There was much variety in the costumes; those of Castile had already become familiar to me, but there were some varieties of the Biscayan that were new and peculiar. The woollen cap or bonnet I at once recognised as precisely similar to those worn in Navarre, and of the same flat, frontless form as that in use among the Scottish clans; sandals were chiefly worn instead of shoes, while the lower part of the leg was enveloped in checked cloth much resembling the Highland hose, and bound by the same hempen thongs which confined the sandals. Many of the Basques wear, moreover, for upper garment, a striped manta, plaided with a single dark colour, precisely similar to the only description of plaids habitually worn in the Highlands; and all these points of identity, together with the undoubted similarity of language, are coupled with that same courage, indomitable spirit, and love of independence, which characterize the descendant of the Gael, together with an industry to which the ungrateful character of the soil, and the hard and exacting tenure by which he holds it, does not encourage him, and a sobriety which finds its motives in the milder character of the climate, and in the cultivation of the vine. The Scottish Highlands receive their present peculiar population from Ireland, while the early

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Irish or Milesians derive their origin from Spain; circumstances, in connexion with the striking identities to which we have alluded, which not only show the common Celtic origin of the Navarrese, the Vascongades, the Highland Scotch, and the Irish, but likewise render it probable that the latter had their immediate origin in the former.

Without the square were various open places, all filled with people from the country, and in all the noisy activity of a cattle-fair. After rambling about this very picturesque little city during the morning, and contrasting the air of warlike preparation that exhibited itself everywhere, parapets with loopholes for musquetry being thrown up in every direction by which the city might be entered, as well as on the side of the town at the points from which the garrison was likely to be assailed, in the event of an insurrection from within, with the peaceful and gainful traffic by which every one seemed absorbed, I went in the afternnoon to ramble a little in the environs, directing my steps for the purpose towards the new and beautiful quarter at the south, and the delightful promenade without, known by the name of the Florida.

This place is very tastefully laid out, having the customary combination of groves, shrubbery, benches, fountains, and statues, of which last, there was a collection representing the Gothic kings of Spain. There were a great many children sporting here, under charge of tall, fresh, and fine-

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looking young women, dressed in the same picturesque costume, and having much of the same peculiar beauty which I had noticed among the charming kitchen-wenches of our parador; these were playing together in the circle frowned upon by the ugly Gothic kings, at a curious game somewhat resembling ball, though a stick was used instead, which being struck with a small bat, was caught at the end of its flight, by the opposite party of young women in their aprons. Seated on an adjacent bench, I whiled away an hour very agreeably in watching the gambols and listening to the loud laughter of the women and children, after which I gathered my cloak about me, and, gaining the high road, skirted by trees, by which we had entered Vitoria so madly the night before, continued along it in quest of some eminence, from which I could get a view of Vitoria and its environs.

Having succeeded in finding a gentle elevation, I was able, from the top of it, to discover that Vitoria was situated on the summit and sides of a hill, rising in the midst of an extensive plain, everywhere richly cultivated, and studded at frequent intervals with villages, connected with each other by narrow lanes, skirted, as in England, by trees and hedges, while the distant view was closed on all sides by mountains, whose waving outline finished, while it framed the landscape. In returning to town I took a diverging road which brought

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me to a rural coffee-house, in which the young officers and gentry of the town were amusing themselves with nine-pins, smoking, and taking bad coffee; passing on, I entered the town through a part of the promenade, ornamented with alleys, shrubbery, and a rustic bridge, terminating my evening rambles in the square, around which the town's people were walking, where I renewed an acquaintance, begun at the ordinary, with some young officers who had been engaged actively in the civil war, in which one of them had been wounded, and who furnished me with some curious facts concerning the system upon which it was conducted, after which we went together, to stupify for an hour at the theatre.

After casting about me in search of some means of escape from this scene of contention, I determined, by the advice of my kitchen companion, the retired colonel, as the most sensible project that offered itself, to take passage with some muleteer or wagoner who should be in the constant habit of passing through the scene of war, and, for this purpose despatched the fat porter to seek, as diligently as his obesity admitted, for the sort of conveyance I required. He returned in an incredibly short space of time, to say, as quickly as his blown condition permitted him, that no time was to be lost, as Lorenzo Lanz started with his galera that very day, and that the said Lorenzo, being from a town on the road, and his wife from

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another neighbouring one, and being, moreover, a person of confidence and trust, was the most proper individual in the world for me to accompany.

An hour served to prepare my passport, pack my luggage, pay all demands upon my purse, and, finally to convey myself, under convoy of the fat porter aforesaid, to the scene of embarcation. I found the galera in the street, the lading finished, and the mules in their places, while Lorenzo Lanz, dressed in a suit of velvet, and having a sugarloaf hat on his head, with a thoughtful brow, and an expression of anxiety, was receiving letters and commissions from various of his customers. My luggage stowed, I passed the interval of delay, as I would have been able to pass a much longer one, in listening to some delightful music proceeding from a neighbouring barrack, in which a regimental band was practising some exquisite airs from the latest opera.

At length my reverie was broken by the cry from Lorenzo of "*arre Pelegrina!*" re-echoed by his companion; the sleek pilgrim at the head of the column started at the word, and, being followed by the rest of the column, the heavily-laden galera hove itself into motion, and went creaking and groaning over the unequal pavement. At the same word, a huge sheep-dog started from the opposite house, disdaining the caresses of the group of children that would have detained him, and com-

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menced stalking with a dignified air in front of the vehicle, as if conscious that he was commencing an important undertaking, for he noticed not the little dogs that rushed after him from the adjoining houses, and with which, in his moments of relaxation, he had, perhaps, heretofore condescended to hold intercourse. "*Adios Lorenzo!*" said his wife, whimperingly, as she looked with tearful eye from the balcony; and the children accompanied him to the gateway, whence they were sent back, after each had been held up for a moment and pressed to the paternal bosom.

The gate by which we now issued forth was guarded by a lively party of young peseteros, or Basque volunteers for Christina, in Highland bonnets, and armed with musket and bayonet; these ·oked with Lorenzo as we passed through, bidding him convey their compliments to the Carlists, and say that they would be happy of a visit from them. I do not know that Lorenzo delivered the message, but I do know that the very next day, at about the same hour that it was given to him, Zumalacarregui suddenly entered Vitoria, at the head of six thousand Navarrese and Biscayans, getting possession of nearly all the gates very nearly at the same time, cutting down the militia, who, to the number of three hundred, defended themselves with the greatest intrepidity, and the regular soldiers about the gates, fighting with the garrison in the streets, and eventually driving them into their barracks, and

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murdering such of the inhabitants as they could find who were supposed to be in favour of the Queen.

Having remained in possession of the town about six hours the Carlists withdrew, carrying off with them all the peseteros whom they had taken alive, to the amount of one hundred and nineteen, allowing the regular troops whom they had made prisoners to escape, after stripping them of their arms and uniform. Having reached the village of Hereida, at the distance of two leagues from Vitoria, the unfortunate peseteros were stripped naked and shot, in parties of five, without the slightest remorse, until not one remained, the bodies being left where they fell, and brutally outraged by stabs of knives and bayonets. This spectacle of butchery was witnessed by one Don Juan Antoño Laserte, curate of Arroyale, who, for assisting at this anti-Christian celebration, was subsequently removed from his pastoral charge, and banished for ever from Spain. By a miracle, one solitary pesetero who fell among the rest was only wounded, so that when the Carlists had passed on, he disengaged himself from the heap of his slaughtered comrades, and contrived to reach Vitoria, naked and bloody, to relate the scene of atrocious carnage which he had witnessed. The cause of this implacable hatred of the insurgents for the Queen's volunteers is owing to the circumstance of these liberals in the Vascongade

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provinces and Navarre being few in number, and in political opposition to the mass of their countrymen, and thence looked upon as traitors to their native land; for these provinces, having always possessed peculiar immunities, which the former constitution withdrew from them, they naturally deprecate and struggle against the return to power of the liberal party, supporters of the Queen and Constitution.

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CHAPTER XVII.

RAMBLE THROUGH GUIPUZCOA.

Departure from Vitoria—Salinas de Guipuzcoa—First View—Scene of Evacuation—descent—Peculiar Agriculture—Female Cultivators—Cause of Civil War—Its Character—Escoriaza—Arechavaleta—Arrest—The Inn—Supper—Carlist Chief—Insurgent Custom-house—Mondragon—The Deva—El Pastor.

AFTER walking onward from Vitoria, at the side of the galera, until I began to grow weary, I ascended and took possession of the place that had been prepared for me on the top of the wool with which it was laden, having, as I was pleased to find, a fragrant bag of cinnamon for my pillow. We had already commenced the ascent of the mountains, through a country of which the valleys were embellished by a laboured cultivation, dotted in every direction with white farmhouses, scattered about on the arable land, and not collected in villages, as is common in Spain; on the road, however, there was scarce a traveller to be seen, and the ordinary communication on the principal road of Spain seemed entirely interrupted.

An ascent of an hour or two brought us to the

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summit of a ridge, where the waters separate to flow into the Bay of Biscay on the one hand, and, by the Ebro, into the Mediterranean on the other. Hence our road was generally on the descent, following the downward course of the streams, until we reached a second ridge, on traversing which we suddenly came in sight of Salinas de Guipuzcoa, lying at an immense distance, at the bottom of a valley, through which wound the river Dive. The place itself, thus exposed at our feet, was very pretty, having its mimic square, and church with its tower, graced by the unwonted embellishment of a clock. At a short distance up the valley was a little hermitage, the object, doubtless, of many a pilgrimage among the devout, while every spot which the eye could fix upon, from the loftiest summit of the enclosing ridges to the distant depths of the stream below, was covered with a laboured cultivation, such as is only seen in situations where the peasant is in immediate contact with the soil; for here the houses were scattered over the whole landscape, and their white walls gleamed brightly in contact with the various hues of the wheat, the peas, the turnip-flower, and the blossoming fruit-trees, while the cultivator was seen, surrounded by his family, male and female, scattered over the hill-side, in the most picturesque and romantic positions.

The beautiful village, in itself the picture of peacefulness and quiet, seemed now to be the

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scene of some unwonted commotion. It was the most advanced post of the Queen's army in this direction, being pushed far into the insurrectionary district; the garrison, which had repeatedly been withdrawn as the difficulty of maintaining it increased, was now in the act of marching out again, to fall back upon the defences of Vitoria. The troops were drawn up just without the town, on the high road to Vitoria, the sick and baggage being on several carts in front; a few of the volunteer pistareeners were posted about as scouts, on elevated points on either side of the road, to prevent a surprise, and, standing in easy attitudes, leaning on their muskets, formed striking and picturesque objects; the trumpets were sounding brisk and impatient blasts to call away the stragglers. The descent of the hill was effected by zigzag windings, which yet left it sufficiently steep, so that it was particularly inconvenient for us to halt, as we were compelled to do midway down, to await the passage of the little army, whose soldiers used no gentle words towards Lorenzo and his man. I was a little surprised to see that even the subaltern officers rode on horseback, instead of marching at the head of their men, ready to abandon the road, if necessary, to charge an ambuscade, and, in short, to make common fortune with them, as is the case with the officers in the French army, whom I had soon after occasion to see marching, in their own country, in

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regular order, keeping step, and at the head and in the rear of their troops, while these troops were straggling through an enemy's country pell-mell, and in the utmost confusion, apparently ready for nothing but a *sauve qui peut.*

At length, when the main body of troops had passed us, we were permitted to continue our descent, and our overladen wagon went rumbling and creaking into the little village, which we found in a turmoil of confusion, with the preparations of the rear-guard of troopers to mount and away, which they presently did, riding out with a hearty God-speed from the inhabitants, who were taking possession of the habitations from which they had been so unceremoniously crowded. We had now changed places with the marching column, who had reached the crest of the hill, while we were at the bottom of the valley, from whence their appearance was exceedingly picturesque, magnified as their forms were, by standing in solitary pre-eminence against the back-ground of the sky. The peseteros, familiar with the localities, were seen making up by the short foot-paths, while every commanding eminence or point of rock was crowned with the towering form of a solitary and statue-like sentinel.

Rumbling through Salinas, we continued to descend until the village appeared to tower above us as commandingly as, before our descent, we had overlooked it. In the outskirts of the village, we

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saw the curate conversing earnestly at the side of the road with a stealthy-looking individual, who was probably a Carlist scout in search of information; the curate was dressed in a black frock-coat, being the first instance, with the exception of one in Burgos, that I had noticed of any departure from the strange clerical costume prevailing throughout Spain, although I subsequently saw other instances of the same deviation in Biscay and Guipuzcoa. As we advanced, there were the same evidences on every hand of an elaborate cultivation, as I had noticed in the environs of Salinas; in the fields adjoining every cottage, the women of each family were seen breaking up the soil by means of iron forks, two or three planting their forks beside each other, heaving together upon the handles and forcing over the clods with a concerted effort, so as to overturn them completely. In other fields they were harrowing, and in others getting in the turnips, which, having gone to seed, were covered with a very pretty flower, which made a field of them a very pleasing object; the labourers, who were almost entirely women, were aided in their toil by cows attached to light carts, having bodies of osiers, while the wheels and axles were of wood, revolving together with an excruciating noise, heard to a great distance in the mountains, and to which the cattle and the peasantry are said, strangely enough, to be attached.

I noticed that there were scarcely any young or

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middle-aged men engaged in labour, almost all being old men, women, and children, and that they continued their toil until an unusually late hour, as long, indeed, as any light remained, for the season was rapid, and the labour seemed behind it, which could only be accounted for, by the supposition that all the able-bodied were at the wars. The system of life and state of manners in this country favours, indeed, the continuance of the war, for the women being accustomed to share the agricultural labours of their husbands and fathers, it does not stop entirely when these are absent; moreover, at seed and harvest time, or whenever their labour is most needed, they are accustomed to return, as they are of course able to do, their service being voluntary, and remain at home while their presence is necessary; should they be wounded in battle, they are carried by their comrades, as it was described to me, as a cat carries its kittens, to the nearest village aspiring to the dignity of a surgeon-barber, who dresses their wounds as well as he is able; whether they have relations in the village or not, they are, at any rate, sure of kind reception; for never was a war more popular, or undertaken from motives more entirely foreign to that bigotry and love of despotism which the French and English liberals believe to be its impelling motives. The fact is, the Navarrese and Basques are the freest people in Spain, and they are, perhaps, the more at-

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tached to their rights and privileges, from their facilities of observing the enslaved condition of their neighbouring countrymen. Instead of heavy duties and direct taxation, they pay, of their own free-will, a subsidy fixed by themselves, towards the expense of government; and while a Castilian or an Andalusian is sent in chains to be shut up in a fortress of Africa, for being found with a few pounds of tobacco, a Biscayan may traverse the king's highway with as much as he can carry. The Biscayan, for so the inhabitants of all these provinces are called in foreign countries, is not subject to the odious chances of the conscription, or obliged to serve the king in person, who, indeed, s not here called king, but only lord, or señor. Hence, it is not the love of despotism, but the dread of losing a liberty which has descended to them as a birthright, which stimulates them in this deadly contest. "We care neither for Carlos or Christina, neither for King or Queen,"—said a Biscayan to me—"we shall never want a God to judge us or a king to command us! If we cannot be Spaniards on our own terms, we will set up for ourselves, and have a bran new king of our own every year." It would hence seem, that the idea of the republic has already dawned upon them, and, indeed, it perhaps only depended upon Zumalacarregui to have placed himself, long since, at the head of a popular movement in declaring the Free Provinces and Navarre sovereign and inde-

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pendent. To the duration, therefore, of such a war, there can be no assignable limits, carried on, as it is, by voluntary service, and as a matter of amusement, without any interruption of agricultural labour, and at the least possible expense, the finances of a more flourishing country than Spain may be a thousand times exhausted in costly and ruinous equipments, and a victory can never be won when the beaten foe, escaping without baggage or encumbrances to the mountains by a thousand familiar defiles, becomes, by the concealment of muskets, bayonets, and cartridge-boxes, a mere collection of peasants hoeing upon their own fields, or finding a welcome asylum within the nearest cottage, and which, dispersed, and invisible to-day, become again, at some distant rendezvous, a banded army to-morrow.

At dusk we entered, in company with crowds of people returning from the fields, the village of Escoriaza, in which I caught a glimpse of the massive walls and arches of an extensive convent, whose size, so disproportioned to the extent of the place, gave evidence to the devotion of the inhabitants. Soon after we came to a second village, that of Arechavaleta, which, by its proximity to the first, showed the populousness of the country. In passing the church, the whole population seemed thronging towards it, for it was Friday in Lent; we speedily, however, had evidence that there were some secularly employed, for a little way

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beyond it, the galera was stopped and surrounded in the open street, by a number of men armed with muskets, one of whom, noticing me, came and asked what manner of man I might be. I replied that I was a foreigner, going to Bayonne. "Are you a Frenchman?" said he; to which I quickly answered, "No! I am an American of the United States;" for I did not like to be a Frenchman at any rate, and least of all at this moment, when the French, who were expected ere long to take an active part in favour of the Queen, were in such bad odour among the insurgents.

Meantime, Lorenzo and his man Bautista were engaged in earnest conversation with the band of Carlists, whose questions concerning the movements of the Queen's troops he seemed to be answering in a voice which I fancied betrayed agitation. He afterward told me, that though they always treated him kindly in these interviews, to which he was much accustomed, yet, that it alarmed him greatly whenever he came in contact with and felt himself to be in the power of these outlaws, who act without any other responsibility than their own caprice, and who, being always armed to the teeth, are liable to be inflamed to deadly violence by the slightest provocation. Indeed, it would have cost them nothing to shoot Lorenzo or Bautista, or both of them, and myself into the bargain, had I lacked Spanish words to express that I was no Frenchman, beyond that remorse which, when in Spain, I

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have sometimes been tempted be believe a mere thing of the imagination, having no positive existence as part of our nature, and being artificially developed in a state of civilisation and refinement.

Not wishing to seem a listener to a conversation from which I could derive no benefit, and in the course of which I might hear things which it might be deemed dangerous for me to know, I got down, approached the group, and asked one of the Carlists to be kind enough to point out the posada, which he complied with very civilly, and I presently found myself within its walls. It was but a sorry affair, the worst, as Lorenzo told me the next day, by way of consolation, on the whole road. The landlady, having been handsome, and therefore not compelled to resort to artificial means to render herself attractive, was most unfortunately a slattern, and, moreover, was bringing up to be a slattern after her, a daughter of sixteen or more, who was exceedingly pretty, having fine glossy hair, very nicely arranged, and a gay French handkerchief, coquettishly tied on, in connexion with the discrepance of a dirty frock and stockings, and slipshod feet, and who, furthermore, exhibited more proneness to coquet with the muleteers than to stir the fire and watch over the simmering of the pipkins.

I did not find myself particularly well received by these sluttish housewives and the congregated Biscayans at the side of the fire, probably because

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I was supposed to be a liberal, in consequence of having on a long coat; then, as an additional vexation, our supper proved to be meagre, consisting only of fish swimming in oil, eggs, and lentils, for it was Friday in Lent; moreover, in the midst of this unpalatable repast, we were suddenly startled by the clang of a musket dropped upon the brick floor behind us, to give notice of the presence of the chief of the Carlist band, posted in this town to levy contributions on the transit of goods and passengers. At the same time that we were roused by this rude salutation, a deep harsh voice muttered forth—"*Que le haga a usted buen provecho, Senores!*"—the customary response to an invitation to partake; he did not accept the offer of a seat presently made to him, but readily received the subsequent tender of a great goblet of wine, which he swallowed at a single draught.

As I scanned the air and bearing of the Carlist chief, I thought I had never seen a nobler looking fellow; of a lofty height, a powerful conformation, combined with indications of cat-like agility, he possessed, at the same time, a calm dignity and repose of manner which would have done honour to an emperor, and which, while it showed unbounded confidence in himself, had nothing that could be construed into supercilious contempt for others. Homely, too, as was his dress, it abated nothing of that lofty aspect on which nature had stamped a nobility of her own creation, though it con-

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sisted only of a blue Highland bonnet, with a knot of red worsted on the top, a shirt and trousers of coarse linen, with a plaid depending from the left shoulder, and strips of check plaid wrapped round the legs and feet, and bound there, so as to resemble the Highland hose, with the same cords that confined his cowhide sandals. Having swallowed a second brimming goblet, and exchanged a few commonplace courtesies, he opened his business with Lorenzo, inviting him to the adjoining room, where they carried on a conversation of some duration, in a low tone, and in Biscayan, which seemed unsatisfactory to Lorenzo, who appeared, apparently without success, to be asking, in the tone of a suppliant, some modification of a too onerous imposition. The result was, as I learned the next day, that Lorenzo had to pay the sum of one ounce, or fifteen dollars, for the free passage of his laden galera, which did not at all relieve him from a somewhat heavier payment of export duty to the Queen's officers, at the pass of Irun. It is a singular fact, that in all the Basque insurrections—and they have not been a few, whether against the French in the war of independence, or the constitutional systems which have succeeded it, —the insurgents have always contrived to intercept the transit of merchandise in this self-same village, or in its immediate neighbourhood, and levy contributions on friends and foes for the support of their warfare. It is ever thus in Spain, as in

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Turkey, the first business of those who have power to levy money on the peaceful; and even Mina, the supposed patriot, whose character has been wholly misunderstood, was one of the most grasping and thorough-paced pilferers on his own account that have existed from the days of Pompey the pirate to those of Massena.

Notwithstanding the slatternly landlady's protestations about the cleanliness of her bed-furniture, as she conducted me to my dormitory, I found that my position was no better than her own appearance had led me to expect, so that I arose joyously in the morning at the call of Lorenzo, and was happy to find myself trundling towards the frontier, though I felt much indisposed after such a bad night, and from the morning being cold and foggy. The country continued to retain its beauty of outline, and the banks of the pretty brawling Deva, which we continued to follow, bore evidence everywhere of the same laboured cultivation, as did also the Alpine elevations that enclosed the stream, as far as the eye could penetrate the mists which overhung them, catching sight of an occasional cottage, whose inmates seemed generally to remain housed, though a few shepherds had gone forth, and might be dimly seen surrounded by their flocks, their figures being refracted by the watery medium, and strangely and preternaturally magnified.

Having halted a few minutes in the well-built

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town of Mondragon, which was noisy with the forges and hammers of an iron-mongering population, I stepped across the street to look into a very massive church under the patronage of San Francisco Ferer, a sainted blacksmith, probably, who had thence been fixed upon as the intercessor of his dingy compeers. Beyond Mondragon, Lorenzo pointed out to me a road on the right, leading eastward into the mountains as that which conducted to the large town of Oñate, the very focus of the rebellion, which has for the worship of its extensive population only a single large church, with no fewer than thirty-four curates, the greater part of whom were absent at the time, actively engaged in the war. Since the commencement of the insurrection, there have been many battles and much loss of life in and about Oñate. El Pastor, one of the Queen's generals, was for the moment in possession of the place, at the head of a large body of Basque volunteers, of whom we presently encountered a strong party, picketed in a village on the road, and who were dressed in a very serviceable uniform, consisting of frock-coats, cartridge-boxes belted round the waist, the same strap serving for the bayonet, and Highland bonnets of red, with a long blue tassel.

At this point, which commanded the intersection of the high road with the valley of the Deva, we abandoned the main stream, to ascend along the course of one of its affluents, which led eastward,

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by a somewhat toilsome acclivity, midway up which our mules came to a stand, at a place where a mass of broken stones had been newly thrown on the road; oaths, blows, and shouting were equally unavailing to persuade them to start the heavily-laden vehicle. Fortunately, there was a pair of oxen ploughing in a neighbouring field, and on calling to the peasant who drove them, he at once came to our assistance. Meantime I walked onward in advance to the village where we were to dine, and where, in due time, Lorenzo joined me. On renewing our journey in the afternoon, we took a pair of oxen, to aid us in gaining a lofty ridge which the road traversed, in order to reach the adjoining valley of the Urola. The ascent occupied nearly two hours, during which I amused myself in lively conversation with the peasant who conducted the oxen, a sprightly and joyous youth of eighteen, whose only clothing on this March day consisted of linen shirt and trousers, check leggins, sandals, and the customary blue bonnet of knit worsted. While engaged in the ascent we were passed by a French commercial courier, in buckskin breeches and horseman's boots, riding at a sharp pace on a mule, attended by a postilion.

A large house on the side of this mountain was pointed out to me by Bautista, Lorenzo's lieutenant, as that in which El Pastor was born; it was not his father's, but his master's, for he was a poor boy, following his master's sheep, at the breaking out of

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the war of independence, though his adventurous spirit soon after impelled him to assemble a few peasants of the neighbourhood, at whose head he succeeded in cutting off small parties of the invading French, and robbing their convoys, until his reputation gradually extending itself, his followers occasionally amounted to some thousands. The real name of this celebrated guerrilla chief is Don Gaspar de Jauregui, though he is more familiarly known to friends and foes as General Pastor, or simply El Pastor, a title of which he is not ashamed, for, in addition to the idea of the military prowess with which it is connected, it shows for itself how entirely his fortune is of his own creation; and, besides, in a simple form of society, such as exists in this Alpine region, where there are no banks, and no fevers of speculation, affording to superior cunning the mode of enriching itself without labour of its own, and at the risk only of the labour of others, there is no stigma attached to creative toil, and the military hero is not ashamed to bear a cognomen which perpetually reminds him that he has once been a shepherd. El Pastor became a seceder from the national party in his province, and a Constitutional, by following the fortunes of Mina, of whom, like Zumalacarregui, he was once the favourite lieutenant; being of the country, his name now serves to rally many Basques to the service of the Queen, though they are looked on as traitors to the national cause, and killed without the chance

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of mercy whenever they are captured. The anecdotes concerning El Pastor led Bautista, naturally enough, to talk of the effects of the civil war upon the country generally, and especially upon the noble fraternity of muleteers to which he belonged, who lived only by sufferance from day to day, liable to be called upon, at a moment's warning, to take leave of their existence, and in perpetual danger of being compromised with both parties, while under the necessity of accommodating themselves to the very opposite opinions of those with whom they were brought into contact, and be a Carlist one moment and a Christino the next.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOSTLERY OF VILLAFRANCA.

Face of Country—Iron Works—March of Carlists—Mount Ararat—Villafranca—The Square—The Hostlery—Its Frescoed Front—View from Window—Supper Scene—The Host—The Stout Curate—The Lean Curate—The Stout Curate's Dog—Curate of Lascano—Ruffianly Abduction—The Villafranca Club—Half-pay Officer—The Escribano—The Hidalgo.

THUS beguiling the way, we reached the summit of the mountain, towards which the country ceased to be cultivated, and was covered only with a growth of stinted trees, though at each successive change of view, as we descended deviously, the landscape softened and became more beautiful, until it spread itself before us in a succession of highly cultivated slopes, dotted with frequent caserios, or farmhouses, while pretty villages lay embosomed, at frequent intervals, in the bottom of the valley. We soon after came to two of these called Villareal and Zumarraga, divided only by the Urola, in the last of which we halted, to slake our thirst with some delightful water, which was offered, as usual, with the refreshing sugar-sponge.

Henceforward the villages succeeded each other

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rapidly, while others were seen in the valleys of the tributary streams, being connected with each other by beautiful roads, made at the expense of the province. The intermediate spaces on every side were dotted with extensive farmhouses, built of massive stone, with balconies, and having the gables of their roofs open at either end, with what motive I could not conceive, unless it were that of drying the clothes of the inhabitants in this moist climate under cover from the weather. At many points the course of the brawling stream was arrested by massive wears, over which it fell in mimic cataracts, to furnish power to the iron-works for smelting the ore found in the neighbouring mountains, and which was seen in every direction being transported down the valleys in ox-carts, which here had exchanged the wheels and axles of wood, which I had found so unmusical a little farther back, for others of iron.

As we trundled through the village of Ormaiztegui, I saw a young Carlist slipping out of one of the houses, with his musket, cartridge-box, bayonet, and canteen, leaving an old woman, who was doubtless his mother, dissolved in grief at the idea of losing him for ever, while, from an opposite window, looked forth a young woman, to whose adieus of a more constrained character he seemed more attentive. On getting without the village, a party of thirty or more were seen ascending the hill by a sheep-path, in a single file, followed at a distance

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by a few stragglers, who were hastening at a quicker pace to overtake them, and among whom I fancied I could discover the youth whom I had seen taking leave so ungraciously of his mother, and who probably might never return to comfort her, for they were going in the direction of Oñate, and El Pastor was as stealthy as the best of the Carlists.

The mountains now rose boldly in the direction of Navarre, and among the highest of them towered one of most peculiar form, known as Mount Ararat, having strikingly the resemblance of a lofty swelling dome, surmounted by a lantern. I never had seen a mountain of more inaccessible appearance, and I could not help thinking, that if that on which the ark rested were at all like this, Father Noah and his family, on getting safely to the bottom, should straightway have fallen down and thanked God for the miracle of their preservation from broken necks, not less than from being drowned with the rest in the deluge.

The village of Villafranca de Guipuzcoa, a large and beautiful town, which lies nearly at the foot of Mount Ararat, was to be the end of our day's journey, and we were, therefore, not sorry to see it rise into view in our path. In the outskirts of the place we saw the curate of a suburban parish, sitting in his porch, apparently engaged in collecting news from the passing travellers, for he did not fail to question Lorenzo concerning what was passing in

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Vitoria, where he had, doubtless, reason to expect something of interest to his cause might be passing. A castellated species of entrance gave us admitance into the town, and was defended by a party of regular soldiers and pistareeners, which last had a hang-gallows look, and appeared ashamed to hold up their heads among the town's-people, as if they felt degraded by their association with an unpopular cause, in opposition to the wishes of their countrymen.

The Great Square in which we halted was overlooked, as usual, by the town-hall, under whose arches the public market was held, while the other sides of the quadrangle were formed by houses of the nobility, very massively built, with enormous emblazonings above the doorways, all of which, like most of the coats of arms seen in the provinces, were surmounted by casques, to show, doubtless, that the families had gained their forgotten honours, of which these sculptured devices are the only memento, by feats of arms. The square was filled with people, many of them in long coats and other civilized appendages, and there were unusual indications of a wealth which doubtless had its origin in the high cultivation of the surrounding country, the working of its iron-mines, and the general developement of its resources.

Among the edifices that enclosed the square, none, however, was more attractive to the weary traveller than the ancient hostlery, which, though

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decorated by neither casque nor cuirass to proclaim the prowess of departed heroes, was yet emblazoned everywhere with the feats of cooks and trencher-men. The whole outer wall was, in fact, covered with paintings illustrative of the uses of the inn: here the traveller, habited in an antique dress, was alighting from his horse, while the barleyman held his stirrup and bridle; there he was received and welcomed by the jolly landlord; elsewhere fowls were chased down and decapitated, and hares stripped of their jackets; while farther on the fire was heaped high, and pots, pans, and broaches put in requisition, while, to crown the alluring cabinet, the traveller is at length seen seated at his supper, attended by the bustling landlady, and, last of all, he is fairly stretched upon his bed, with the maid tucking the clothes under him.

I was happy to find so alluring an outside justified by an air of comfort which reigned everywhere within, and, as a first evidence of it, was pleased to greet a return of the good old Navarrese custom of offering chocolate at the moment of the traveller's arrival, the chocolate being, moreover, accompanied by a glass of the purest water, an azucarilla, and a sponge-cake, than which there can be no more delightful offering to the uncorrupted palate. Thus armed against the delay which might intervene between the crowning realization for which the picture had prepared me, I passed the remaining interval of day in gazing

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from the balcony upon the square below. Among the most conspicuous figures perambulating the arcades, were a curate and a Carlist, for, being in such company, the supposition was not uncharitable, as at any rate I did not conceive it depreciatory, elbowed occasionally in their walk by a volunteer officer, a whiskered and fierce-looking liberal, against whom, though the man of God for the present forbore any tokens of dissatisfaction, he was not unlikely to be revenged. Peasants were passing with their trains of beasts, officers and soldiers were talking excitedly in groups, while the commandant in arms was passing in anxious haste from post to post, busy with preparations of defence, which a single day might prove to be not wholly supererogatory. Far different was the listless air in which a youth of tender age, excited to this good work by the piety of mother, aunt, or grandam, zealous for the soul's comfort of some departed dear one, strolled from corner to corner, ringing a bell to procure him attention, and when he had succeeded, inviting in set speech all who were within sound of his tiny voice, to pray for the souls that were waiting unaided in purgatory, while, to incite them by the force of his example, he recited a monotonous prayer to the Virgi n intercessor.

The landlord, a man of well-filled waistband and magisterial presence, partook of our supper, an added reason for its being a good one ; the tra-

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veller, whether in Villafranca or in Albany, as the guests of mine host of the Eagle, who have received both comfort and mirth for their money, will readily admit, need never be sorry to see at the head of their table the round and portly visage of a well-fed and facetious dispenser of hospitality. We were served with poached eggs, stewed hare, roasted kid, and sallad, all of which were excellent. While we partook of these comforting appliances, in came, as if by nightly custom, two curates of the village, who, declining to be seated and partake of our fare, stood behind our chairs, and partook of our conversation. They were very different in appearance, the one being sturdy and full-faced, with a broad forehead and ponderous chin, followby a beautiful sleek pointer dog, which announced him to be a clerical Nimrod; the other, thin and meagre, with a scanty furniture of gray hair, making his scull-cap an acceptable protection; the first had a coarse stout voice, and was an inveterate smoker of cigars, with which he soon raised a cloud about us; the other chimed into the conversation with a thin cracked treble, accompanying each sentence with a pinch of snuff.

The stout curate almost immediately began lecturing the inn-keeper for eating meat without a dispensation, to which the undaunted host rather briskly replied, that it was an affair to be settled between himself and the devil. "You cannot serve God and the devil,"—quoth the curate—"it is

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easier to serve the devil, and therefore the devil has most followers."—"Even so," retorted the innkeeper, lifting to his mouth a spoonful of hare and tomatoes, "this stew is capital; the devil himself would not despise it, but rather cock his tail with delight than turn his nose up at it." Thinking that the lecture, though addressed to our host, might be meant for his guests also, I asked the holy father whether we, as travellers, were not under dispensation to eat meat and strengthen our stomachs against the toils of the high road. His answer was, that the dispensation extended only to foot-travellers. "Ah!" exclaimed I, "then I am all right, since, though I came by the galera, I have walked the greater part of the journey."—"*Senor, huespid! otro poquito de cabrito?*"—"If you whip the devil round the stump now," quoth he, "the devil who does not like to be cheated, will whip you when his turn comes."—"*Senor, cura! bebo a la salud del demono y de usted.*" said I, raising my glass to my lips.

In process of time, the surly curate ceasing to be sour, as he seemed to have been, to relieve his conscience, and contrary to his nature, became good-humoured and jocular, and, while he participated in the conversation, passed round the table, taking the plates of the guests, and transferring the contents, not unwatched or unenvied by a domestic cat, who seemed to relish but little this interference with her prerogatives, to his sleek and

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well-conditioned dog, who seemed prescriptively to enjoy a dispensation, and in his anxiety to serve his four-footed friend, he did not seem too particular in observing whether or not the biped feeder had finished with his plate, or perhaps his solicitude for the temporal comfort of his dog was mingled with some concern for our spiritual advantage. The Spaniards of the party were prevented from becoming impatient at this vexatious interposition between their supper and themselves, by the consciousness of their guilt, and their respect for the sacerdotal character, while I was too much amused at the singularity of the whole scene to think of being impatient.

The two curates were deeply interested in an event which had occurred that same morning in the village of Lascaño, a league distant from Villafranca. It appeared that four robbers, calling themselves Carlists, had entered the house of the curate just before the dawn of day, having been very imprudently admitted on knocking by the *ama,* or housekeeper, and, setting upon the poor man with bayonets at his breast, called upon him to deliver his treasure, which, from some reason, they had been led to believe considerable. He said that two ounces were all he had in the world, and were much at their service if they would take them and depart; to which they answered, that they must have forty thousand reals, that is, two thousand dollars, or he must go with them to the

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mountains; and when he insisted that he had given them all, they hurried him away in his breeches and waistcoat, giving him no time to gather up hat, cloak, or cassock. It was now after five o'clock, and the inhabitants of Lascaño, going to their labour in the fields, saw their curate thus forcibly dragged away. They immediately followed the marauders, but they had all been deprived of their arms, in consequence of the insurrection, and every time that they approached the kidnappers, these directed their muskets upon them and compelled them to halt. On they trudged up the mountain as fast as the curate, who was fat, unwieldy, and unaccustomed to move, could carry himself, the robbers all the while encouraging him to quicken his pace, and cursing and threatening him for not doing so, until at length, losing all patience, they commenced pricking him behind with their bayonets to spur him on; at last the poor curate sank down exhausted; they lifted him on his legs, insisting that he should advance, but he refused to move, and told them to kill him where he was; and when they still attempted to force him on, he drew a knife and stabbed one of them before he could be disarmed. All this was seen by his parishioners, who, whenever they approached to aid or intercede for him, were threatened with a volley if they did not retire, until at last, having forcibly dragged the helpless priest to a sufficient distance from the village, they called one of the peasants to them, and

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stated the conditions on which their curate should be ransomed. It is very creditable to the inhabitants of this inconsiderable place, that they should soon have raised so large a sum as six thousand reals for the release of their pastor, which, although it was at first refused as insufficient by the ruffians, at length procured his liberation. He had arrived in the evening at Villafranca, refusing to return any more to Lascaño, where the inhabitants, deprived of weapons of defence, were quite at the mercy of the evil-doers.

The sporting curate with the sleek pointer complained bitterly of this disarming, which had borne heavily on himself; for he was the possessor, as he stated, of a superior fowling-piece, which had cost him thirteen dollars; as good a one there might be in Spain, but a better nowhere. When the disarming took place before, at the last insurrection against the constitution, his cousin, whom they call El Pastor (for our curate's name was Jauregui, and he was cousin on the side of both father and mother to the famous guerrilla chieftain) had preserved his gun for him, taking it to pieces with his own hand, and hiding it in the chimney. He protested he would get a permit to keep his gun, through the influence of his cousin, and make a journey to St. Sebastian to recover it, in order that he might not be served like the curate of Lascaño.

While our narrator was recounting the disaster

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that had befallen his unhappy compeer, he was, at almost every sentence of the exciting narrative, interrupted by such questions as these from the listeners, who were very ready to discover what might have been done, now that all was over. "Why did he open the door?—What were the town's people about?—If he could have kept the door and got possession of his double-barrelled pistols, (for it seems he was not wholly unarmed, notwithstanding the edict and search,) what was there to hinder the sacristan from ringing the bell, and raising the whole village?" To all of which questions, the worthy narrator returned one only and sufficient answer:—"*Que quiere usted? todos estaban sobresaltados!*—What would you have? they were all taken by surprise, and did not know which way to turn."

As for the unhappy churchman who had been so roughly handled, he was now in quite a bad way, being both wounded and sick with fatigue and horror, and the ruffians were likely to escape with their spoil, since the governor was afraid to send in pursuit of them, lest his soldiers should fall into a Carlist ambush and be slain. This whole story struck me as being very characteristic, and the tone and manner of the narrator gave me much insight into the warlike character of the secular clergy of the country, who identify themselves more completely with the people among whom they live than in other parts of Spain; they dress

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like laymen, in many cases, and are not unfrequently, like this person, devoted to the pleasures of the chase, which, in some measure, qualifies them for the sterner pursuits of war; indeed, of six curates of Villafranca, three were actually leaders of Carlist bands, the other three remaining to attend to the spiritual wants of the people, dispense the sacrament, celebrate mass, baptize the newly-born, marry the adult, and shrive the dying.

As our supper approached its termination, the group increased by various new-comers, brought together by what was evidently a nightly reunion; and the leading curate got out a small table, lighted a couple of candles, and called loudly for the cards; chairs were presently placed, the players seated, and the coppers which were to be the subject of contention deposited on the table. The most important looking personage among the newly-arrived was a battered old officer, with half a nose, over which was thrust, with a vain effort to hide the deficiency, a desperate cocked hat, while a threadbare surtout, having gold bands at the cuffs, and a cane, flourished with magisterial pomp, completed the impression of his importance. Next came sneaking in a vile and mealy-faced escribano, with knave, informer, sycophant, and scoundrel, all legibly written on his countenance, his lean and recreant figure covered with a cloak of black, instead of the common brown of the lower classes, to which by birth he was alone entitled. There was another,

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who I was told was of noble blood, a mayorazgo, or inheritor of a small entailed estate in the neighbourhood of Villafranca, who was most strangely attired in jacket and breeches of velvet, his thin leg being confined in the strict embrace of a blue worsted stocking, and his foot half hidden beneath the bulk of his shoebuckle; while a cotton night-cap covered and concealed his forehead, ears, and a portion of his neck, having above it, enveloped in a loose oilcloth cover, a huge hat, which was only kept from falling over and completely extinguishing his face, by means of a cotton handkerchief thrust between it and his forehead. A pair of stout, ill-constructed iron spectacles kept constantly sliding down a long, thin, and snuff-taking nose, being from time to time deliberately and with dignity replaced, while his muddy and lack-lustre eyes kept up a perpetual cross-fire in the same direction. Such was the unfortunate individual who groaned under the superadded weight of his own dignity, and that of a dozen ancestors.

These and others, the notables of Villafranca, now assembled about the card-table, commenced a game of the country, known by the name of mouse, which was played by four, the dealer taking no part in the game, and the losers going out each time. The burly curate was here again the master-spirit, giving the law, and settling all disputed points, which were not a few, and evincing the keen spirit of a sportsman bent on hunting down his

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game. As for the hidalgo, he played when his turn came, saying nothing superfluously, and communing only with his snuff-box; apparently brought there by force of habit, to escape from ennui, and the weary load of monotonous existence, he seemed in this to have exercised a sufficient condescension, and, lest it should compromise him dishonourably, kept himself aloof, even while present, wrapping himself up in awful and unapproachable grandeur.

As for my joyous and roguish friend, the curate, he had a right, independent of his sacerdotal character, to hold himself a person of importance, since he alone bore the expense of the light and the "noise of the house," having his bottle of wine, which the landlord brought to him from time to time, to replenish his glass, until, at length, as the clock tolled nine, the bottle was empty; the coppers, having disappeared from the side of their owners, had collected themselves in the pocket of the mealy-faced escribano, though he, like the rest, asserted, but with a covert and sardonic grin of reservation, that he had won nothing; and the sport being over, and the season of repose arrived, the party withdrew, the curate pausing a moment to take a friendly leave of me, being charmed with my qualities as a good listener, and the well-timed present of some Havana cigars.

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CHAPTER XIX.

VILLAFRANCA AND HERNANI.

Mass—Baffled Herdsmen—Alegria—Tolosa—Features of Country—Andoan—Sunday Games of Villagers—Ball and Turnips—Urnieta—Childish Sports—Square of Urnieta—A Visit to Arcadia—Death Bell in the Mountains—Morning Walk—Hernani—Matins.

After chocolate in the morning, I went to mass, which was performed by the aged curate of the previous night; who, in the course of the celebration, administered the sacrament to a large number of the faithful kneeling on the steps of the altar, to each one of whom, as he received the sacred wafer, the sacristan gave a printed certificate of communion, to be withdrawn afterwards at the house of each, in the season of parochial visitation. The market-place presented a scene of animated gaiety as we were preparing to depart, being full of peasants of either sex, brought together to barter produce or hear mass; the women being dressed in bright colours, with their hair platted down their backs. At length we got in motion, and Villafranca was quickly hidden from view by a turn in

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the valley. When about a mile from the town, we met a couple of handsome young peasants driving a heifer to market in Villafranca, one going before with a rope tied to its horns, the other following with a steel-pointed goad. Just before we reached them, it doubled its legs under it and lay down. In vain did they pull and kick it, and equally in vain did we assist them when we came up, in the effort to set it on its legs again; the resolute little animal seemed to have made up its mind to go by its own agency no farther. After twisting its tail about most cruelly, as a last resource, one of them went to the neighbouring stream, and filling the top of his hat with water, poured the whole of it in the animal's ear, an argument which, though deemed irresistible by the urger, was followed by no other consequences than a slight flirt of the ear, and an inclination of the head, to permit the water to run out again, philosophically graduated, as if with a knowledge of the theory of fluids. The peasants, who were really in a hopeless dilemma, told us that they had come from a village in the mountains, eight miles off, that morning, and that this was the first journey of the poor animal, which had never moved before, except for its own pleasure. The only thing they could now do was to hire an ox-cart, and spend in anticipation a part of the animal's price in getting her to market.

As we approached the beautiful and cheerful looking town of Alegria, the noise of its bell

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reached us far up the valley, prolonged by reverberations along the adjacent hills, and converted into a tremulous and continued peal, like the note of a horn, to which the babbling stream murmured forth a sweet accompaniment. The bell ceased before we came opposite the church, into which I entered, finding it quite full of people, listening with deep attention to their curate, whose words seemed of peculiar and interesting import, which I would have given any thing to comprehend, as here was no garrison to overawe the expression of political sentiments.

Further on we came in sight of the large and beautiful town of Tolosa, situated at the junction of several valleys, emptying their waters into the Oria, now swollen into a considerable stream. The high road in the neighbourhood of the town was skirted by a promenade planted with trees, along which a few solitary walkers were straggling. With one of them dressed as a student, I fell into conversation, concerning the place, and the college in which he was in process of being illuminated. It was the same old story of the humanities, of divinity, ethics, physics, and metaphysics. Here, too, were men in coats with tails to them, with blue cloaks lined with red velvet, and women in mantillas, all indications of a large town, of a more luxurious existence, and of classes living by occupations disconnected from bodily toil. In passing the gateway, which was surrounded with the same

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additional defences and loopholes for musketry which I had found in the other garrisoned towns of Biscay and Guipuzcoa, this urban impression was still sustained by the spaciousness and paved condition of the streets, the size and construction of the houses, and the presence of such signs of civilization as coffee-houses and billiard-rooms. As there was nothing, however, in all this particularly attractive, I passed on, and traversing a stout bridge at the opposite extremity of the town, sat down on the bank of the stream, to await the slower progress of Lorenzo and the galera.

While I was seated here, an aged peasant approached to drink from the stream; and observing that I was a traveller, commenced inquiring for news. He had been a partisan soldier in the wars of his younger days, but was now cured of all taste for these contests; the present struggle interfered greatly with his affairs, and he wished it well over, though he did not hope for a speedy settlement, but thought the insurrection would increase. By-and-by the jingling of our mules' bells was heard upon the bridge, and I sauntered onward in advance, overtaking as I went a fine-looking young woman in a mourning dress, who stopped at a little chapel at the roadside. After crossing herself with the holy water, the young woman knelt on the step and uttered her prayer, then rose and crossed herself again, and courtesying as she withdrew, renewed her journey,

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doubtless with a heart fortified and purpose strengthened.

The whole of this day's journey was delightful, the country throughout continuing beautiful, as our road followed the valleys, traversing, occasionally, a dividing ridge, as they successively approached the sea to empty their waters. It was, moreover, highly cultivated, with solitary houses scattered along the hillsides, and villages nestling at each conjunction of the vales, towards the simple temples of which the inhabitants, decked in their Sunday finery, were everywhere seen directing themselves by romantic footways along the enclosing mountains; while, as we advanced, in places where the absence of the young men had occasioned a backwardness in the agricultural preparations of the opening season of vegetation, the inhabitants, having heard mass, had resumed their common clothing and week-day labours in the field.

Passing through Irura and Villabona, between which towns we encountered a party of female muleteers coming from the sea-side, with trains of mules and asses laden with fish, we came at length to Andoan, seated on a hillside, overlooked by the parish church, at the side of which was the spacious house of the curate, his housekeeper and nieces overlooking from the balconies the gay sports of the younger villagers. He, with the notables of the place, stood apart in earnest con-

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versation, while, in the open court at the side of the church, the young men were engaged in a game of ball, which, by means of a glove of peculiar construction, they struck to an immense distance. Farther on the young women were playing in the main street a strange game with turnips; which consisted in six of them placing themselves in a ring, and keeping in motion four turnips at a time, the turnips in question being full-grown ones, each as big as that biggest of all heads, the head of Charlemagne. If the lady whose business it was to catch the great turnip should be maladroit, and find herself behind-hand in getting rid of its predecessors, she would receive it on her head with a force sufficient to demolish that of a city damsel. They were somewhat disturbed by our approach, and by that of two sturdy hogs that happened to pass by at the same conjuncture. Our sheep-dog, Serrano, as was his wont, flew at them fiercely, and one of them, in his anxiety to escape, got entangled in the garments of one of the turnip-ladies, and trotted her off, most uncomfortably seated, and more to the diversion of the by-standers than her own, on this rugged saddle of unprepared hog's-kin.

At an early hour we reached the little town of Urnieta, situated on the summit and side of a hill, with a few scattering houses reaching the high road in the valley at its base, on either side of which they had fixed themselves for the accommodation

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of travellers, and the collection of such small coins as they might be disposed to relinquish; there was, moreover, an infinity of isolated farmhouses scattered over the whole landscape. The inn below, at which we halted after a short day's journey, was kept by a couple of nieces of Lorenzo, who contrived in all his journeys to favour his relations by giving them his custom, and who was the more anxious to befriend them at this moment, on account of their having lost their mother only a week before. Taking my chocolate to the window, I amused myself while I sipped it, in gazing at the pleasing variety of objects which it overlooked. Immediately beneath the window was the galera, standing in the street for the night, with Serrano for a sentinel, performing his office very snappishly, and snarling at every inquisitive pig that ventured to approach it. Beyond the galera was a fountain, consisting of a large circular drinking-place, with an urn of classic form rising in the centre, from which the water was discharged in streams. Here the women of the neighbourhood were filling their jars, or resting them on the curb, while they halted to chat with the muleteers and fish-carriers, who stopped to water their cattle. The fountain, occupying the place of a house at the opposite side of the street, furnished an extensive vista of the country in that direction, formed by the last swell of the mountains which enclosed the valley; a gently sloping declivity, tinged with

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the various hues of the cultivated fields, and interspersed with blossoming fruit-trees, while midway down its side stood a large caserio with its overhanging roof, surrounded by its stacks of hay and grain, and flocks and herds. To the right a hill-top of greater elevation thrust its barren and rugged summit above the cultivated slope, and by the contrast gave greater effect to its beauty.

Meantime, while the women of the neighbourhood were seated in the doorways, listening to the love-making of the other sex, a numerous party of little girls, who had been playing about the fountain, formed themselves into a procession, headed by one of the eldest, bearing a cross of twisted flowers, which she held aloft as she marshalled them onward in pairs, each having her apron filled with yellow flowers, with which they strewed the way as they went slowly and measuredly forward, chanting the evening hymn of Salve Regina, in imitation of the nuns. Apparently they were preparing themselves to take part in the solemnities of the Holy Week, which was now at hand; and I was pleased to notice, that, with the good-nature characteristic of their sex, they condescendingly permitted a few little urchins, born to the honours of manhood, but excluded by their age from the sports of their older fellows, to associate with them, and figure as supernumeraries at the tail of the procession.

Deprived by the departure of this pleasing

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group of a fruitful source of amusement, I rolled my cloak around me, and went forth in search of other means of enlivening the interval that remained until supper; and finding at a short distance from the inn a street, which, crossing a little stream that flowed along the base of the hill, conducted to the body of the town above, I struck into it and commenced the steep ascent, having in view the parish church, an ancient castellated building, apparently constructed in distant ages, with a double object of devotion and defence. On reaching the church, I found it of no less singular construction within than without. Along the side towards the square was an arcade, to protect the parishioners from heat and rain; while the interior was of Gothic construction, more than usually lugubrious, scarcely admitting light to reveal the figure of a single individual at his prayers—a solitary worshipper, whose homage could have no motive of ostentation. As my sight gained strength to distinguish the individual, I discovered that he was an aged curate, one of six belonging to this parish, which, by reason of the great number of isolated houses scattered over the surrounding district, is a very large one.

The square at the side of the church had the customary town-hall, no inconsiderable portion of the front of which was covered with the huge coat-of-arms of Urnieta; at another side was a neat little chapel, having a light burning at its altar, before

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which a young woman was kneeling, doubtless asking protection for a brother or a lover engaged in the civil war. To increase the strange picturesqueness of this square crowning the hill, the summits of the surrounding mountains were almost everywhere seen to soar above the housetops, occasionally terminating in a well-defined outline of cultivated fields, or fringed with trees, or rising in bolder elevations, with rugged and saw-like irregularity.

In the centre of the square the young men of the village were engaged in a noisy game of ball, in which they struck with the same peculiar style of glove which I had seen in the afternoon at Andoain, while on the side of the church the young women, who were mostly large, well-formed, and fine-complexioned, with their hair platted down their backs, and dressed in French calico of gay colours, were assembled, some nursing their children and singing to them plaintively, others walking up and down, chatting and laughing, though in some of them an attentive observer might detect a deeper interest in the movements of an athlete than in what they were saying. In an opposite window sat a young woman, more carefully dressed than the rest, having a shawl over her shoulders, and a gayer handkerchief on her head, and who alone only participated in the village reunion by looking down upon it with an air of superiority. Perhaps she was richer than the rest, being the daughter of

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some successful smuggler, or some office-holder who had battened on peculation and the spoils of office; perhaps she was the niece of a rich curate; perhaps it was the long transmission of gentle blood and lofty lineage that shrouded her in an unapproachable dignity. It was a pity that there should have been such a feature in the picture, or aught to qualify the pervading impression of an ennobling equality; that there should have existed in this scene of Arcadian simplicity any example of superior fortune to excite envy and stimulate discontent, still exhibiting in so primitive a condition of society that bane of happiness in more refined atmospheres, the intrusion of exclusive pretensions.

As for the conscript fathers of the village, they were assembled in council in a neighbouring wine-shop, from whose open windows issued clouds of smoke, or else strung along a wooden bench near the church, pipe in mouth, and musing spectators of the pastimes in which, years before, they had partaken in that self-same place. I found a pure and real pleasure in contemplating this scene of quiet happiness in the heart of a country abandoned to civil war, of whose strife this village might that very night become the bloody arena, and I could not help looking upon the condition of this people as most favourable to the realization of as perfect a happiness as can be met with on earth. In the possession of an almost entire equality, with no real

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want unsupplied, and a stranger to the imaginary ones engendered by a factitious civilization, the youthful villager, with industry for his fortune, and strength of arms to win his existence by the most honest and legitimate, and therefore the most honourable means, though in the opinion of the world not so accounted, is not here restrained, by the sordid considerations which the taste for luxury creates, from loving by the impulse of his heart, and marrying the girl of his choice, dowered only by economy, the day that she is willing to be happy with him.

Leaning against a column of the church portico, dwelling upon the scene of simple happiness, and musing somewhat enviously upon that which struck me as attractive in it, I found that my presence there, my strange dress, and unfamiliar face, attracted, at length, the attention of the villagers; the parties began to cluster together and whisper to each other, looking towards me, and presently the sports were arrested. I did not wish to interfere with enjoyments which had gratified me by reflection, and finding that there was little disposition to reciprocate my sympathy, I turned to go away. In descending the hill, I noticed that the bell-cord leading from the top of the tower passed through an aperture of the sexton's house, for the convenience of his tolling the bell without displacing himself from bed, the moment news should be brought to him of the decease of a parishioner;

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for, here in these mountains, it is the mournful custom to signify the catastrophe which separates the soul from the body, by as many slow and measured peals as mark the years that they have been united in life. The horse bell must break awfully upon the midnight stillness of these mountains, prompting the faithful, while he prays for the repose of the fleeting soul then speeding to its judgment, to prepare also for the departure of his own.

The next morning, which was to be our last in Spain, we renewed our journey at an early hour, carrying with us the kind salutations of the nieces of Lorenzo; and, as the air was cool, I walked, according to my wont, in advance of the galera, along a pleasing road, which followed the windings of the valley, and, notwithstanding the slowness of my progress on it, brought into view a rapid succession of ever-varying landscapes, checkered by the changing hues of awakening day, at first dimly illuminating the trees and rocks that fringed the outline of the mountains, then piercing the gloom of the vale below, and revealing, one by one, a thousand minuter beauties; the rich lines of the cultivated fields, and the cheerful cottages scattered over them; until the sun himself, source of fertility and gladness, climbed into view, effulgent and dazzling; this, with the gradual awakening of animated nature, the twitter of the birds pouring forth their vernal songs of love, the low of the

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gentle ox, and the voice of man himself, lord and master of all, borne upon the breeze from hillside or valley, as he resumed the labours of another day, all combined to awaken in the mind impressions of joy and gratulation. Such, at least, were the sensations they excited within me; for never in my life was I happier, than in this my solitary walk from Urnieta to Hernani. The pleasure which exercise affords to the body, refreshed by genial sleep, was mine, and mine the elasticity with which the waking mind exerts itself, ere yet it has been called to sympathize in the fatigues of the body, or lost its susceptibility to agreeable impressions in the encounter with the disturbance and irritation which belong to the history of almost every day.

A mile or two thus agreeably got over, brought us to the beautiful town of Hernani, situated on an eminence rising immediately beside a deep valley, and reached by a massive causeway, constructed to overcome the intervening hollow, into which the road would else have been obliged to descend. A parapet guarded the precipice on either hand, over which the eye looked down upon the kitchen-gardens of the vale below, with their varied and richly-painted tints. At the termination of the causeway, we entered the town through a castellated gate, on whose front the numerous quarterings of the arms of the place were beautifully sculptured. Immediately within stood the public square, with

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its town-house and church, into the last of which I entered, first taking down the *embozo* of my cloak. I chanced to come opposite the fount of holy water without the door, just as a young woman had dipped her finger into it to cross herself, and who, seeing me next her, turned to offer it to me from her finger. I at once received a portion of it on mine, with a bow of courtesy, and followed her devout example in crossing myself. How paramount in Spain is the feeling of fraternity which binds the professors of a common religion! How little thought is there given to the petty and factitious proprieties, which elsewhere separate far from each other the fellow-members of the family of Christ!

The bell had just ceased tolling and mass was about to commence. I do not think my sister in the Lord would have given herself credit for a Christian, work, had she seen me presently, after gazing about a little, turn away without waiting for the celebration, or did she know that curiosity had as much to do with my visit as devotion. Yet it was not altogether without a feeling of devotion that I went in; I never, indeed, entered a Spanish church, in which the pomp of worship so irresistibly impresses the imagination, without a deep and overpowering feeling of solemnity and awe, a something which, if it were not devotion, was certainly any thing but disrespect. Among the congregation I noticed many women in mourning.

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Their sons, brothers, or husbands, had doubtless been killed in the civil war. Indeed the insurrection was nowhere more popular and pervading than here; for there had lately been a proclamation in the name of Carlos, calling on all under thirty to take arms, and that call had nowhere been more generally obeyed than in Hernani. These good people do well to fly to the sanctuary for alleviation of their misery; for it is in the poignant affliction occasioned by violent bereavements, that the consolations of religion become indeed of value.

Departing from the church, I trod after the galera through the well-built streets of this beautiful town, if any thing, more so than Villafranca or Tolosa. Its scattering population is immense, and constitutes it one of the most populous districts in Spain. Beyond the gate stood a beautiful and richly-ornamented little hermitage, with its altar decorated with votive ornaments of costly value. Over the portal were sculptured the arms of the noble family to which it owed its foundation. Here. too, kneeled a number of females in earnest prayer The devotion of this primitive and virtuous, yet afflicted people, seemed thoroughly awakened, and the sad character of the approaching season, which commemorated the passion and agony of Christ, was here in harmony with the sorrows of his followers.

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CHAPTER XX.

ADIEUX TO SPAIN.

Suspected Murderer — Riding in Caracol — Oyazun — Irun — Spanish Excisemen — Isle of Pheasants — French Outpost — Lorenzo's Political Economy — Patriotism promoted by Travel — Ride to St. Jean de Luz — Impressions of France — The Bayonnaise Horsewoman — The Gascon Postilion — Bayonne — Farewell to Spain.

As we were leaving Hernani, we were overtaken by a strange and suspicious-looking individual, whose dress rendered it difficult to determine his country, uniting, as it did, an Andalusian hat, Arragonese sandals, and the ample trowsers of Catalonia, while there was, moreover, an additional want of homogeneousness in his apparel, growing out of the circumstance of the different articles having evidently not been made for him. Besides, he had a very bad face, pockmarked and colourless, with a restless glassy eye. His hands, though delicate, and apparently long strangers to the toil to which he was evidently born, had yet a nervous and muscular look, as if powerful to grasp a knife, and, at the promptings of avarice or revenge, to plunge it to the heart of a victim. On coming beside the galera, he slackened his pace, entered, with a prelude of courteous salutations, into con-

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versation with Lorenzo, informing him that he also was bound to the frontier, and felt happy to have encountered such agreeable company, until, after having fed and caressed Serrano, and made himself officious in correcting little entanglements in the furniture of the mules, he made bold, though prompted by no encouragement from Lorenzo, to ask permission to hang his worsted saddlebags to the galera. He was evidently desirous to profit by the countenance of the honest and well-known Lorenzo, to journey unmolested, and pass the frontier. By his own account, he had been sent by a Frenchman, living in Zamora, to get his baptismal certificate in St. Jean de Luz, where he was born, in order that he might marry, which certainly was a somewhat extraordinary errand, when one considered how much more cheaply the commission might have been executed through the post. In the course of conversation about the war, he mentioned that he had passed through a village two days before, where the Carlists and Christinos were fighting in the streets, the terrified inhabitants taking refuge in their houses, and securing their doors and windows. When this narrator mentioned that he was an Asturian, having ever been accustomed to associate the idea of honesty and good character with that name, I took it for granted for a moment that he must be a good man and true; but, as I continued to observe him, the previous impression returned; there was, indeed, something exceed-

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ingly suspicious in his appearance; his manner, and his words, and the sycophantic and most un-Spanish efforts which he made to conciliate Lorenzo, thoroughly disgusted me. In fact, if there ever were a man who had villain and murderer legibly written in his countenance, it was he.

About a mile beyond Hernani, we came to the beautiful highway, a league long, which leads to St. Sebastian. It is said to be of very ingenious and skilful construction, like all those in Biscay, where the impracticable character of the country only serves to rouse the obstinacy of the inhabitants, and stimulate them to attain perfection. I would have given any thing for time to make an excursion to this interesting citadel, the scene of heroic yet disastrous celebrity in the French war, and which, moreover, had been honoured in giving birth to all the pretty kitchen-girls in the inn at Vitoria. As we passed the junction of the road, there sallied out of it an interesting pair, mounted on the same horse in a caracol. They were seated on either side, in chairs suspended from the saddle-frame, their faces forward, and the horse, which was gay and spirited, carrying them over the ground at a rapid amble. The chairs were covered with abundance of nice pillows, with clean dimity covers and ruffles, while in front of each was a board to receive the feet. The woman, dressed in a gay French gown, with a slouched beaver, her little feet coquettishly crossed,

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and her eyes, fixed, as if from embarrassment, on the ears of the horse, was extremely fresh-looking and beautiful. As for her happy companion, his bearing was decidedly deferential, his head being turned towards her, as he half leaned over the back of the horse, ostensibly to re-establish the balance, disordered by his greater weight, but in reality to be nearer to her; for he was speaking earnestly, and in his eloquence his hand had crossed the intervening neutral ground, and he seemed like Tartuffe in the play, full of admiration of the fineness of her robe. This struck me as being the most unexceptionable mode of travelling that my experience had brought me acquainted with, and I could not help thinking how delightful it would be to seat one's self on a fleet horse in a well-pillowed caracol, and, properly accompanied, thus to make the journey of the world.

Having reached the foot of a hill, on the top of which stood the town of Oyazun, we halted to refresh the mules and breakfast upon eggs and milk, being served by a young female mountaineer, who could not speak a word of Spanish, and who stared with vacant ignorance at me when I asked her, jokingly, if she would like to go to Bayonne. When we renewed our journey, a couple of fine cows were attached to the galera, to assist the mules in overcoming the laborious ascent; they were the same that had furnished us with milk, so that we were under double obligations to them. By their

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aid we at length reached the level of Oyazun, finding it a beautiful town, with a fine square and town hall, and many commodious dwellings, evincing among the inhabitants the diffusion of ease and competency. Still toiling on, we came in sight of the faro, castle, and town of St. Sebastian, which had been invisible when we were so much nearer to them, having, moreover, a partial glimpse of the blue sea in the same direction. Here we dismissed the friendly cows, to which we were so variously indebted.

Ere long we overcame the last eminence that separated us from France, and, commencing the descent, came full in sight of the gentler hills and tamer scenery of the opposite kingdom, together with a wide extent of the dark ocean, spreading itself before the eye, dotted by the white sails of a few fishing-barks, dimly discovered through the warm haze that overhung the scene, and stretching landward far within the line of the coast, so as to form a deep bay for the reception of the waters of the Bidasoa. Seaward, on the opposite side, lay the French town of Andaya; but the Spanish border village of Irun was hidden by an intervening hill, though the Bidasoa, with its wooden bridge connecting the two countries, stood plain in view, while yet nearer on our left was seen the towered and battlemented Fuenterabia, frowning, bristling, and ugly, notwithstanding the soft beauty of its name.

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As we descended the hill towards Irun, some little girls came out from the cottages by the road-side with bouquets, which they threw into the wagon, as a hint that some coppers would not be unacceptable. Presently we trundled into the frontier town, which had quite a border and non-descript appearance, having our ears deafened by women crying fish and oysters in a strange, shrill voice, pitched to a very different key from the low nasal tones, characteristic of the cries of the Manolas. The arrangement and construction of the houses, the public square, the signs of the shops, but especially the air of the soldiers, policemen, and collectors of the customs, all plainly indicated that we were still in Spain. Here our passports were duly examined and countersigned, and here, too, we were obliged to take out a permit for the money we carried, without which formality, any sum, however small, was liable to sequestration.

The suspicious man, or rather the murderer, for I am sure he was one, was refused permission to cross the frontier, on account of some discrepance in his description in his passport, and was told that he could not move in either direction, unless he could find a sponsor. He said that he knew no one in Irun, but that he was only going to St. Jean de Luz to get a baptismal certificate, and would be back to-morrow. He seemed very apprehensive that he should be detained and get

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into prison, a place where he was not unlikely to find lodgings, though he were as innocent as the unborn; to throw a poor devil without friends or money into prison in Spain being so obvious a measure. To tell the truth, I hoped sincerely that this might be his fate, although there was little chance that his real character, and the crimes of which I more than suspected him, would be inquired into, since there was just then little leisure in Irun to distribute justice, the authorities being very fully occcupied in providing for their own safety, a task to which alone they proved themselves unequal, since the place was very soon after taken by storm. The number of domestic criminals in every Spanish district is always so great, that there is no desire to add to it by extraneous investigation. Sometimes, perhaps, in a pueblo where a crime is committed and the parties known, there may be a disposition, originating in the excited indignation of the moment, to lay hands on the perpetrator; but he has only to remove himself to a short distance, to find himself safe from pursuit; for the next town will have its own list of murderers to prosecute, and be occupied by its own story of recent assassination.

The fellow, being in great perplexity, looked for countenance to Lorenzo, but Lorenzo was willing to be rid of him. He took his saddlebags from the galera and hung them over his shoulder; then,

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standing in the square, set to work deliberately to make a cigar, having apparently determined to take counsel of tobacco. Presently he picked out a man to ask for a light, and made it the opening of a conversation; and there I left him to set forward on foot to the frontier. A little way out of Irun I stopped at a stone by the roadside, on which was inscribed, "Pain of death to whoever shall pass this barrier!" placed there, as a passing peasant informed me, in former times, as a warning to the soldiery against desertion.

At the last Spanish post, near the bridge, was a party of ragged and starved excisemen, together with some carbiniers, with their horses saddled, ready to go in pursuit of smugglers. On exhibiting my passport and permit, a few reals were begged from me by these myrmidons of royalty, which I gave, with the hope that among the various revolutions in process of elaboration in Spain, there might be some amendment in what relates to the customs and their perception. If any thing were required to prove the utter inaptitude of these pseudo liberals and constitutional reformers, it might be found in the fact that, while they wage an implacable war against the faith, the prejudices, and the prepossessions of the people, making to themselves dire enemies among the most influential body in the state, they yet tolerate the existence of abuses abhorred by the people, and continue a system of restrictive customs, not only at the fron-

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tier, but at the passage of almost every sectional boundary, not one third of the revenue of which reaches the coffers of the state, although it sustains for the reception an army of necessitous and ill-paid functionaries, who live by beggary, or a double fraud on the public and their employers. Verily has it been truly said by an ingenious and Cervantic Spaniard, " We were born regulating, we exist in the act of regulation, and, in the end, we shall die without having regulated any thing, like the ass, which, though laden with oil, expired in darkness in a corner.—*Nacimos arreglando, vivemos arreglando, y por fin moriremos sin haber arreglado nada, como el asno cargado de aceyte que murio en un rincon, a obscuras y sin luz.*"

In traversing the bridge over the Bidasoa, I stopped for a moment midway between the two countries, to look at the famous Island of Pheasants, which lies immediately below the bridge. This celebrated island, on which Cardinal Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro met to negotiate the treaty of the Pyrenees, in 1659, which settled the boundaries of the two countries nearly on the present footing, and led to the introduction of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, and on which, moreover, was celebrated with so much pomp the marriage of Louis the Great with the Spanish Infanta, is now simply a small mud-bank, with not much more space than is covered by an ordinary-sized house, being without a single tree, or the soil for

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one to grow on. Yet here the princely plenipotentiaries held their conferences, here they rivalled each other in the magnificence of their entertainments, and here, finally, in the assembled presence of two magnificent courts, was celebrated that eventful marriage which has so long bound Spain to the destinies of her unquiet ally.

Towards the northern extremity of the bridge, a couple of French officers, one of infantry and the other of lancers, were walking up and down in earnest conversation, they being the commanders of a company of each arm, stationed at the bridge to guard the frontier. Beyond the bridge the company of infantry was exercising, the soldiers being dressed in the very plain blue uniform, with red trousers, common to the whole French army. Their dress, though coarse and inelegant, was yet serviceable, and in the neatest order, being very different in this respect from the Spanish Guard, whose uniform is showy and elegant, but dirty and neglected in campaign. These soldiers went through all their evolutions with the utmost precision, yet the lieutenant who was exercising them rated them roundly, and threatened to keep them at work for ever. As I stepped ashore on French ground, a gendarme examined my passport, and civilly directed me to the police-office. All these people not belonging on the frontier were speaking perfectly pure French, which made the transition more abrupt in crossing the bridge. To keep up the im-

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pression of novelty, just as I landed, a small party of lancers rode up with despatches to the commanding officer, mounted on long-legged, raw-boned horses, as different as possible from the low, sleek, well-rounded horses of the Spanish cavalry.

The landlady received me with civil courtesy at the inn, and was overjoyed when I told her that Lorenzo Lanz would be with her presently. She spoke very tolerable French as well as her daughter, who was quite pretty, with something of the air of a Bourdeaux grisette, having a gown of gay calico, and a rich silk handkerchief tastily tied on her head, though her heels evinced a slatternly negligence, which would scarce have been met with in Spain in one of her condition. Soon after the galera came rumbling along the bridge over the Bidasoa, and while the labourers were engaged in unlading and weighing the bales of wool in front of the custom-house, we sat down to dinner, having taken care to say that we did not keep Lent in the French fashion.

There was an evident improvement in the mode of serving dinner upon that which we had hitherto met with since our departure from Vitoria. In the course of conversation on this subject, and on the greater show of wealth and wider diffusion of comfort in France than in Spain, I attributed the difference to France's being better governed, enjoying more freedom, and having her resources

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more amply developed. Lorenzo accounted for it in a very different way, being haunted by the idea, very common amongst Spaniards, that the riches of other nations consist simply in what they have robbed from his own; "All this," said he, "comes from Spain:" while Bautista, holding up a fork at the same time, corroborated the opinion of his chief, by asking me if I saw it, and when I said yes, by retorting, "This is Spanish silver."—"As for their flimsy cottons which they bring to take the place of our honest old woollens, why, we are beginning to make as good as theirs in Catalonia. They come with their gilt finery, their flat-bellied watches, and glass diamonds, or, if they cannot cheat us outright, they bring a dancing bear or a learned monkey, and carry away our Spanish pesetas. If I were an alcalde, and one of these rascals were to come to my village, I should say, Kill the bear, a good rib-roasting to the mountebank, a passport to Bayonne, and to forty thousand devils with him. You think these fellows are rich, because they wear long coats forsooth; here a fellow who carries a hand-organ will have on a frock coat, but when you see a Spaniard with one, he is surely a rich man—*un hombre de muchos caudales.* The Spaniard is satisfied with bread to eat, and brown cloth to cover himself with (he forgot the tobacco); if he cannot get so much by hard work, why, he shoulders his gun and takes to the highway; but he will rather starve a dozen times over, than go

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to France, or among the English, grinding music and playing with a monkey. The Spaniard has a noble heart, a very noble heart—*El Espanol tiene el corazon muy noble!—mucho!*" Such was the pithy harangue of the worthy and sententious Lorenzo, and it furnished a new evidence of how one's love of country is augmented by the slightest absence from it, and how the Spaniard, who might abuse Spain and bewail her condition at Irun, would be ready to defend her when beyond the Bidasoa. As for this exhibition of characteristic vain-gloriousness, I cannot say that it displeased me, since a nation is not the less likely to be noble and magnanimous for believing herself to be so already.

While we were over our olives and fruit, in came the graceless rascal who called himself an Asturian, having procured a bondsman in Irun, by paying two dollars, and received his passport, so that he was now out of the Spanish territory, at which he seemed greatly delighted; for, as he related the circumstances, a smile, or rather a sardonic grin, a convulsive contraction of the muscles of the mouth, was occasionally discoverable in his countenance.

Finding that the business of weighing the wool and restoring the galera was likely to employ a great deal of time, I determined to set forward alone, as here were no Carlists to make protection like that of Lorenzo's necessary. The landlady

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furnished me with a horse she had just bought, in praise of whose good qualities she was very eloquent, and a young Spaniard from Irun, who was her stable-boy, to accompany me, notwithstanding he had already been on foot seventeen miles to St. Sebastian, whence he had returned on horseback; and there still remaining seventeen miles to Bayonne, on taking leave of Lorenzo, he told me that my running footman was a most worthy lad; that there might be as good a one in Spain, but not a better; as for France, it was probably out of the question, as he said nothing about it.

My steed soon gave evidence, by his awkward and iregular movements, of the truth of the lad's statement, that he had never before been either bridled or saddled, having hitherto gone always with pack and halter; he had, besides, come from Oyazun that day, and was reluctant to move forward in this new and unknown country. As we journeyed slowly onward, we were overtaken by a young woman, who was returning to St. Jean de Luz on horseback, with an empty caracol; having saluted her, I explained how much more comfortable she would advance by letting Antoño get up. Now Anthony was a very handsome fellow, with fine teeth and eyes, and a lively expression; and as she had seen him before, she made no difficulty in approving the arrangement, but guided her horse at once into a hollow, and slid into the right seat, as Anthony vaulted into the left one. We then

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got into motion, and my little Spaniard, cheered by such good company, went forward more willingly.

In advancing, the scene gradually became tamer, and more French; if, however, nature had done less to embellish it, art had been far more busy. Here was a laboured cultivation; country-seats and chateaux, with highly-ornamented grounds, both utterly unknown in Spain, where rich people never venture to live in isolation, occurred perpetually, while the highway was animated by the spectacle of ladies and men, whose dress denoted competence, sauntering along in utter unconsciousness of danger. All were without weapons, evincing that the outstretched arm of the law furnished here that protection, for which in Spain each individual is forced to trust in his own. There was much in all this to remind one of his return to a land of civilization. Among the novel and interesting objects that began to thicken about me, perhaps the most so of all was the exhibition made by a graceful, pretty, and certainly most sensible young woman, clad in cloak and beaver, booted too, and spurred, securely mounted, like a man, on a fleet horse, and scouring along as free as the air. I am quite convinced, that sticking women sidewise on horseback is only meant to render them helpless, as well as ridiculous, and is part of the masculine conspiracy for depriving them of their just equality.

Finding that my little horse was not likely to

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take me to Bayonne before the closing of the gates, and being very anxious to house myself that night in the hotel of St. Stephen, I chartered a post-chaise in St. Jean de Luz, and took leave of Anthony, and, with him, of my last Spanish reminiscence; for my new driver was a boasting, lying, and gasconading rascal, with whom I scarce knew whether to be vexed or amused. The vehicle was like a common cabriolet, having one horse between the shafts, and another on the left, ridden by the postilion. I had scarce got seated before this braggart began to praise himself and his horses up to the skies, and to tell me how quickly he would drive me to Bayonne, how well satisfied I would be with him when I got there, and what great people he was perpetually in the habit of conducting. I did not find, however, that his pace, which was between that of a snail and a tortoise, corresponded with his laudatory account of himself, and, though I was not slow in telling him so, I could get nothing like speed from him, up to the moment when he drove into Bayonne, whooping, cursing, and snapping his whip, in order to propitiate me at the moment of separation. To all my expostulations, he would only answer—"*Allez, monsieur! vous serez content de moi; c'est moi qui conduis tous les ambassadeurs, tous les Anglais, tous les Milords, et tous se trouvent à merveille avec moi!* He would then go on to give the history of the wonderful bounty of his previous passengers, by way of sti-

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mulating mine; and sometimes, when I would lose all patience with his lagging, he would crack his whip, flirt his reins, and gallop off a little way, crying in Spanish, so as to be intelligible to his horses, "*alza! alza! caballos!*"

Notwithstanding all these annoyances, my drive from St. Jean de Luz to Bayonne was most agreeable, for the whole highway was alive with people, upon whom the shadows of night stole without any feeling of insecurity; and in the place of the utter solitude that would have pervaded a Spanish road, leaving the benighted traveller companionless, and expecting to behold no forms but those of lurking robbers, nor hear other sounds than those of "your purse, or your life!" here all was songs, laughter, and free-hearted animation. Reclining in my post-chaise, with no other companion than my thoughts, without the dread of interruption from Carlist or Christino, I mused on dozingly, until the forms of passing travellers flitted spectrally before me, and the words of gladness and revelry sounded indistinctly in my ears, as I fell into a sweet sleep, from which I was only awaked by the quicker motion, and the clatter of the pavement, as we drove into Bayonne.

In another day, however, I began to miss the excitement which had been kept alive in Spain by the precariousness of my existence, the daily probability of being robbed, the daily possibility of seeing others murdered, or being murdered myself;

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and even this sprightly land became to me one of unmeaning monotony, until I sank into an ennui bordering on melancholy, from which I was only aroused a week after, as I traversed the Elysian fields to enter the capital, amid all the gaieties of Easter Sunday. Indeed, with all the insecurity that attended this two months' journey over Spain, whose rapidity must be the apology for the meagreness of these pages, I turned my back with no little regret on the fair land which occupied in my affections a place second only to my own; nor can I take leave of it with any words more congenial to my feelings, or more expressive of my admiration, than those with which I have begun these volumes.

"Salve! tierra de amor! mil veces salve!"

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PLATICA,

Que el Cura del Lugar de Caorna, estado del Duque de Medinaceli, predico el dia de San Bernardo á sus Feligreses; la que por su particularidad llego por mano del Duque al Rey—

SALUTACION.

Vos estis sal terræ; Vos estis lux mundi: Ego sum Pastor bonus.

Hoy, Fieles, se celebra la fiesta del santo Bernardo, que és hoy, sin que le falte ni le sobre, su dia; y hoy le dá la Yglesia nuestra madre el Evangelio que está en la Biblia; aunque no falta autor que diga, es Parabola. Esto no entendeis vosotros; pero basta que sepais el Evangelio del buen Pastor, que dice " pasce oves meas patriæ " Para predicar bien del Santo Bendito, es preciso mentar estos dos Evangelios: y asi pidamos entre todos la gracia. Ave Maria. &c. &c.

PUNTO PRIMERO.

" *Ego sum Pastor bonus.*"—

Crio Dios en el primer dia á nuestro padre Adan, para que asi viniese primero con primero: infundiole

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sueño, dicen las lecciones del Brebiario en que yo rezo "adormivit in Domino." Atended á otro realze, que yo daré á este texto. Dormido Adan, como digo, de su costilla no sé si diga de la derecha, o de la izquierda, que no alcanzan bien esto los autores crio Dios á Eva, la mas liviana muger, que hubo en aquellos tiempos: o Santo Dios! Reflexîonemos mas este punto. Antes de nacer Eva, era Adan hermoso, corpulento, iracundo, fornido, sagaz y bien quisto con todo el mundo. Los buenos apetecian su conversacion: no habia hombre que no se anduviese con èl: los Frailes lo consultaban: las monjas se subian á sus vistas para mirarlo: era, en fin, un narciso entre lechugas silvestres; Valgame Dios y que mozo! que parece que lo estoy mirando. Pero la picara de Eva, gallinera, enredadora, chismosa y amiga de oler y saber, le hizo morder del Arbol del paraiso, que en pena de su desobediencia no permitio que llevase mas fruto y le castigo Dios con la maldicion. Ay ansias crueles!! á cuantos Adanes les hacen morder cebolla que ès peor que manzana! Os parece picaros, juzgais picaros que no se que me andais voyendo los Zancajos en si torno si volvio, si fue, si vino, si dijome? Pues llegará aquel dio "Dies ille dies illa" dice San Pantaleon Doctor de la Yglesia en que se vea que cuando ella y yo hayamos sido malos no eramos en el lugar los primeros; y si no Ana la de Alonso, la muger de Gil i como andaband? y diga el bribon consentidor, si la consentia, o no la consentia; la

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viuda de Victorino, que en Santa gloria haya, hable tambien, que bien ha dado que decir; y el Señor Alcalde diga lo que me tiene comunicado en este punto; pero para que? Calle el mundo. Enmienda, pecadores: enmienda hijas mias; mirad que hay demonios, que os llevarán; no lo permita el Señor. "Ego sum Pastor bonus"—que es lo primero.

PUNTO SEGUNDO.

Yá hé probado el primer punto: voy al segundo, aunque tratar sutilezas con vosotros es echar margaritas á puercos. "Vos estis sal terræ: Vos estis lux mundi." O que gran Santo fué San Bernardo, Frayle de la Merced con su escapulario y su habito blanco y su cruz, hizo muchas penitencias en los desiertos: dormia sobre la tierra: comia de las verduras del campo: se daba crueles azotes y desaforadas bofetadas y puntillones en las espaldas; asi os diera a vosotros bribones! que no me ois: "Vos estis lux mundi" Comia sin sal la comida "Vos estis sal terræ:" Zurrabase la pabana de lo mejor que yo hè visto en los de su tiempo; pero vosotroy y vosotras de Caorna, Zambra y mas Zambra: Bulla y mas bulla; sin mas honrra que la Puerta del Sol en Madrid: aqui te quiero genio, filosofia y saber, pues como irán soldadas las conciencias ante el acatamiento soberano—"Vos estis sal" como arderán vuestras luces ante los ojos de

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los buenos! "Vidè ante opera vestra bona silices luceat" lux vestra "Coran hominibus—Coran hominibus" dice; atended a este "Coran" que es un bivil de oculto ingenio, y quiere decir, en pluma del Aguila mas alta San Guillermo: que todo lo que se debe usar en este mundo ha de ser "Coran" para el Cielo y no "Coran" para la tierra; en opinion de Pedro de la Mota, autor analogo; pero qué entendeis vosotros de figura analisis? desfigurados y malos Cristianos, pues todo és en vosotros figuradas y mas figuradas, "Coran vobis y mas coran vobis." Cuando, decidme mereceriais vosotros tener por cura de la Parroquia a mi? cuando habeis oido cositas mas bien dichas ni mas a caso? mirad lo que os digo: si no hay enmienda la sabré yo tomar con un garrote. "De profundis clamav a te Domine" dice una oja que cita en medio poco mas o menos de mi Biblia que yo tengo; y quiere decir, que de lo profundo clamo la sangre de Abel, que mato con una quijada de Burro a un tio suyo que le llamaban Cain; pues asi clamaran vuestras obras en el dia del juicio, acusando vuestras borricadas, hombres de Caorna: y entonces quisierais no haber nacido. Enmienda hijos: enmienda Padres: enmienda mugeres: no haya mas iras: no haya mas furia: no haya mas disolucion: no haya mas jacarandinas: Jesus! Jesus! Oid y atended, que no quiero amedrentaros del todo "Et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis" son palabras de Salomon,

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no se si al capit. 80, o si al 103, de su Evangelio: paz os encarga, paz os promete, paz os pide, paz os dice.—que bien claro queda todo! a fe que no direis que teneis el cura tonto. Otro domingo tomare otra idea, que cuesta un ojo de la cara andar concordando los Evangelios. Dios nos asista con su gracia, que es prenda segura de la Gloria "ad quam mihi et vobis prestane digneris: vivis et regnas in seca."—Amen.

THE END.

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