

No. 2,

ROUGH LEAVES

OF THE

WAR OF SUCCESSION  
IN SPAIN

50 YEARS AGO:

OF

DON FEDERICO.

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*"RIGHTS RESERVED."*

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London:

ARMY AND NAVY OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD., 105, VICTORIA ST., S.W.



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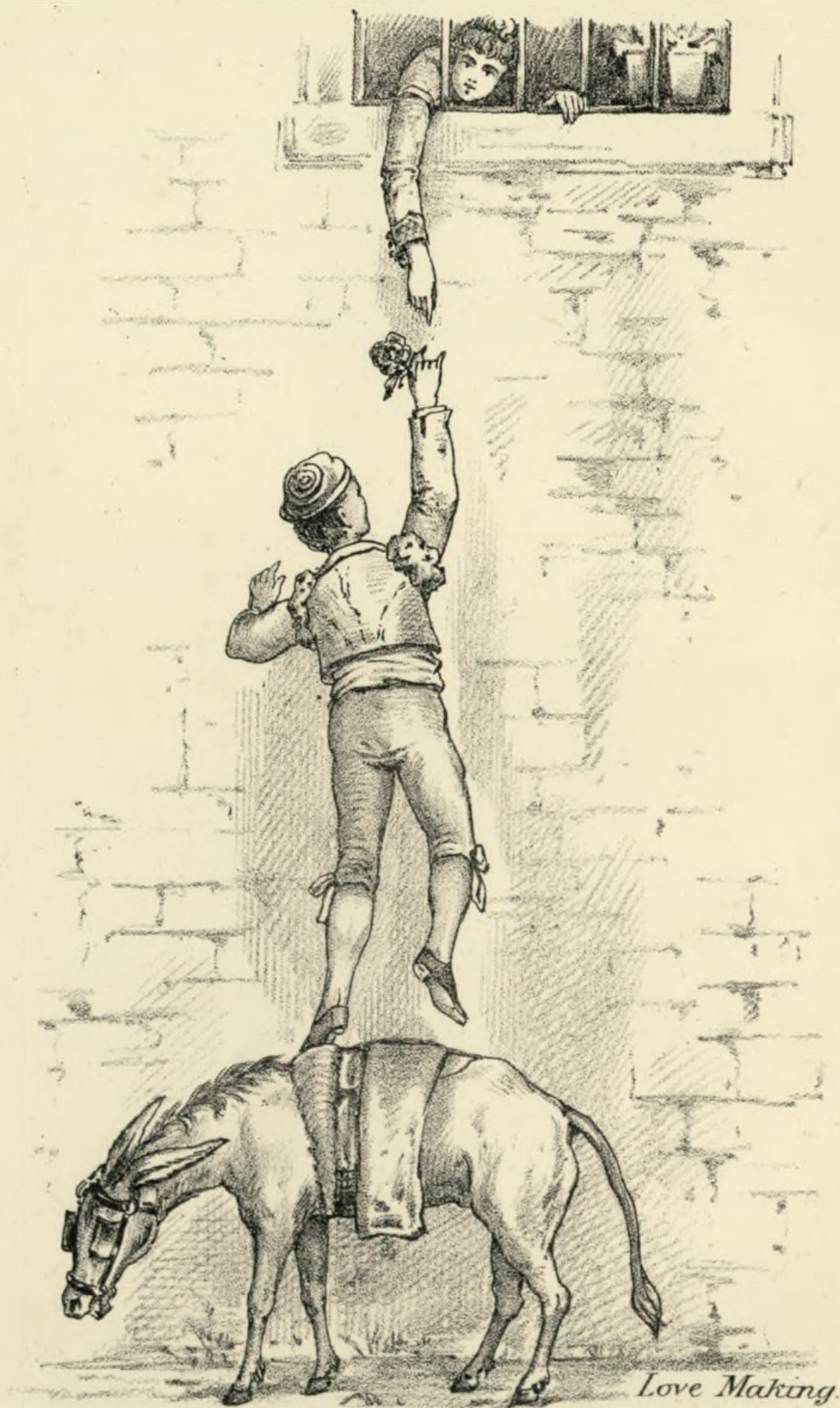
58 p, 12 lams.











*Love Making.*



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# ROUGH LEAVES

OF THE

## WAR OF SUCCESSION IN SPAIN.



NOT every one who has read of war has given it their serious thought.

A war of a nation with another is merely a battle, another battle, and so on.

But a war where father, sons, uncles, nephews are arrayed against each other is quite another thing.

Imagine to yourselves a valley with its natural undulations, dotted here and there with farmhouses or farmsteads, relieved by green fields, trees, copses; woods and forests in the distance, a river leaping over its rocky bed, at times drawing its lazy winding course as it deepens in the valley.

The space from peak to peak among the Pyrenees, about ten miles, looking east; the time, the middle of July, in a warm climate, mild nights, heavy dews, the harvest still standing awaiting the sickle.

A force on either side, of fifteen to twenty thousand men armed to the teeth, commanded by two daring and resolute soldiers—now both dead—adepts in their art from long practice, have taken up their positions. They bivouac in the presence of each other, fires are lighted as darkness sets in, the only noise being the shout of the sentry, champing of the bit or an occasional neigh, all are at rest, many to sleep the sleep of death on the morrow.

Suddenly the goddess Aurora tinges the higher peaks, and the notes of the wild strains of a mountain air salute the ear from every height, presently answered by the first bar of "Riegos Hymn" of the other party.

All is now astir, the distant peaks assume a more distinct outline, and slowly but surely rises the sun in all her glory, yet invisible to those in the lower valley, where a dense white mist still lingers, but by her later heated rays dispels or raises as a veil.

And grim-visaged war stares each in the face

Some are engaged in a hasty toilet, or wiping the



dew from their appointments; others rolling up their cloaks, or looking to their horses feed—perhaps bridling, so as to be ready to mount.

When the general—first afoot—passes by, silently giving his orders, and shortly all are formed up in lines of contiguous columns of brigades.

Away dash the skirmishers through some standing corn, pressing back their adversaries, who give in, retiring to the higher lands, the masses follow, ready to deploy, artillery rattling here and there, cavalry creeping in masses wait a favorable opportunity.

And who are these so engaged? Not foreigners! No! but people of the same nation, related to each other in consanguinity, a son is in an opposite party, the father opposed to him.

The latter is laid low by a bullet, the former recognises his parent.

Night again comes on; the moon rises, shines brightly at times, tipping with silver the edges of the passing clouds, which glide across her disc, alternately dark and light.

A non-combatant wanders over the field, observes a man with up-lifted hands in supplicant prayer, by a corpse, not far distant from one of those crosses erected in fields in Roman Catholic countries to protect their corn.



The scene heart-rending!

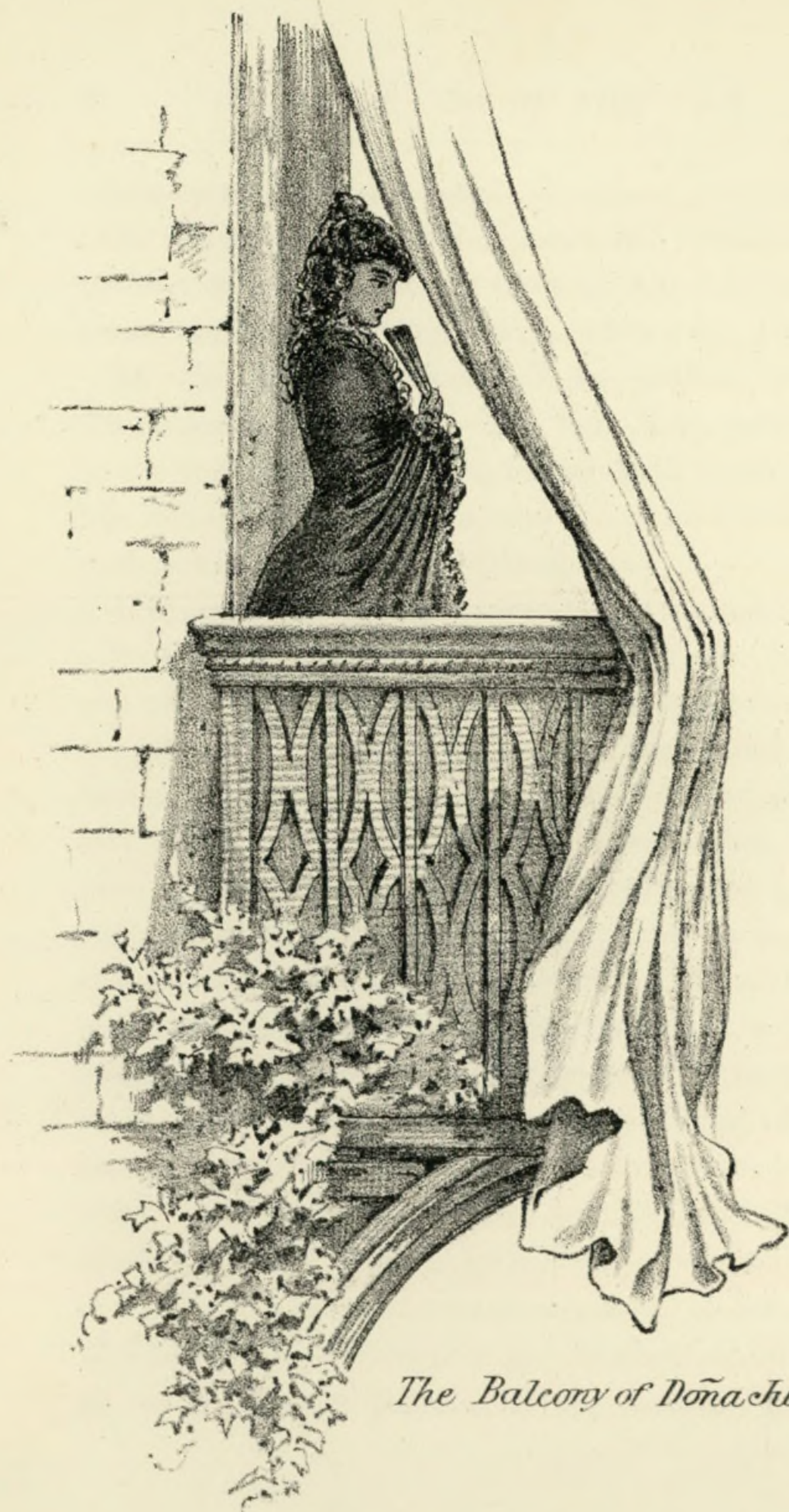
A Christino force under Leon had been ordered to chastise the Cura of the town of Allo, in Navarre, owing to his late daring forays—15th July, 1839.

In the attacking force is an officer, *en los Tiradores de la Guardia*, who had been quartered in the town, and had fallen in love with *Dona Julia*, *hija de la Senora Andueza*, and she in love with him—they had sworn eternal friendship.

Owing to the inhabitants of the town and family of *la Senora Andueza* taking the part of the Carlists, and the officer being in the Queen's, or Christino's, the affair was supposed impossible, the Cura having declared it so; he a staunch supporter of *Don Carlos*, had raised a squadron, which he commanded. The men were of the wildest and most daring spirits that could be collected, mounted on every style of animal, their appointments collected from battlefields; their arms, lances, (*trabujos*) blunderbusses, a horse-pistol some 14 inches long (flint lock), a *navaja* in their girdle, made their own cartridges of the coarsest powder; their dress a *zamara* (fur) jacket, wide velveteen trousers, a red *boyna* on their heads. Their feet often unshod, or perhaps a boot and spur on one foot, a native *alparagata* (sandal) on the other. The horses' appointments of the roughest, old saddles of the Peninsular pattern, of any kind of leather,







*The Balcony of Doña Julia.*



ample holsters, and a blanket to do duty as cloak, with a hole cut in the centre to allow of its being thrown over the head.

They received no pay, but plundered when and where they could, often leaving the Alcaldi of the village dead at the entrance, the Cura absolving them in their confessions.

Doña Julia was a fair creature, born among the mountains, of pleasing expression, of eighteen years, five feet four inches, an exquisite formed head (oval), a profusion of fair hair, sweet shaped neck and shoulders, and superb bust, walked with a grace equal to a queen, (ladies in these countries do not wear the stiff boned corset as English, but make their own of a coarse linen, in which there are thick cords run in lieu of bones, giving more ease and freedom to the motions of the body, and they can move with more grace and elasticity where the mantilla is used).

Her education had been cantar, tocar, la guitar, bordar, guizar, her voice soft and musical.

The street she lived in was narrow, houses tall, which excluded much of the sun's rays. The better sort have heavy wrought iron balconies with venetian blinds, usually green, hanging from the upper part and thrown over the top rail of the iron framework.

Here the Doncellas sit in the summer mornings,



enjoying the cool breezes, at times embroidering or making lace, relieving the monotony of the work in singing their plaintive native airs, often accompanied by the notes of the guitar.

They rise early, pay their first duty to the church for prayer, attend to all morning work, water the flowers in the patio, or court, and on the top of the house, which are mostly flat and prettily arranged with geraniums and the never omitted clavèlòn (dark red clove pink), a great favorite for the hair.

These habits are remnants of the long occupation of Los Moros (Moors) in Spain, who were there for centuries.

In the winter they remain much housed, having no fireplaces or coal, sit over the braséro, which is a round open metal pan, let into a wooden frame, sufficiently wide to rest the feet upon. In this the lighted charcoal is placed, mostly of the dried cuttings of the vine, called salmientos.

She said, "I have visited San Sebastian (on a visit to my Aunt in Calle Escotilla), the capital of Guipuscoa, in the Envierno of 1836, durante la Carnoval, and went to all the balls, admired much the Montànès (Highlanders); an officer of the name of Freeston was extremely polite to me."

The house of Senora Andueza was entered by a heavy massive double gate of ancient oak, having



about the height of the face a small iron grating, over which, on the inside, slid (in a groove) a small piece of wood, so as to hide the patio, or courtyard, within from view. On any one knocking, the question is asked, "Quin es?" (Who is it?), and the reply being satisfactory, as "Amigo" (friend), or the voice being known, the trap door is pushed aside to see, the door would then be opened—a remnant of the time of the Inquisition.

The gate being opened, a well in the centre met your view, a balcony, on three sides, at the corners and balcony creepers were trained and descended in graceful festoons (sometimes grapes with their heavy pending bunches). Peering through the interstices of the balcony' lattice work, the scarlet geranium.

The door to the apartments on either side; that to the right led to the reception rooms, that to the left to the (cocina) kitchens, etc. You ascended a flight of stone steps, entered a hall with polished floor. Several doors led from this, the sala principal (drawing room), comedor (dining room), also a room usually occupied by the family during the day, and one or two others *en suite*. The dormitories were above.

Dona Julia is engaged in her daily avocations, quite unconscious of the outside world, sits at her

embroidery frame, sings her simple little Basque  
snatches, as :

A' spatia con nescacha,  
Go narin, gorid, ya,  
Ay! Ay! Ay! Mutilya, &c., &c.

Or

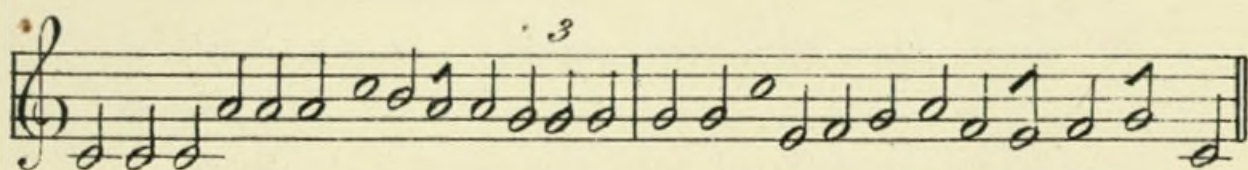
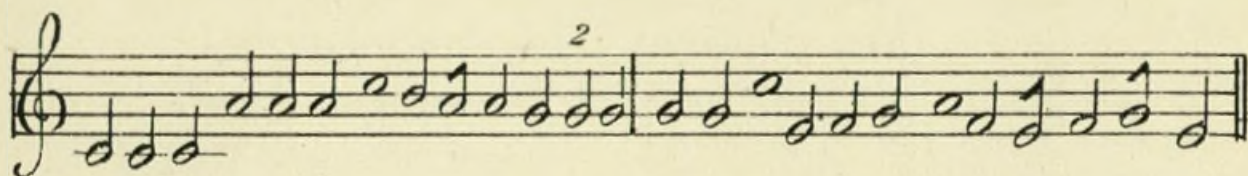
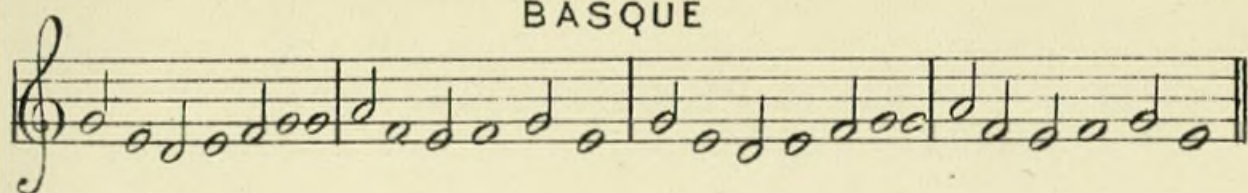
Quando tu te ácercas  
A'mi aido,  
A' decir a' me tu tierna pas-ion  
Ah! mon amia, no, te croyo no, &c., &c.

The criado (maid) the while singing as she gyrated  
round the comedor, polishing the oaken floor :

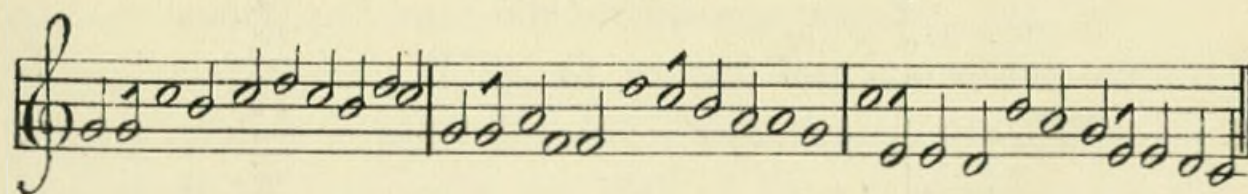
Mi madre no quiere soldados aqui,  
El romper la casa, y' encomedar me.  
(My mother does not wish soldiers here  
He'll break the house and incommode me.)



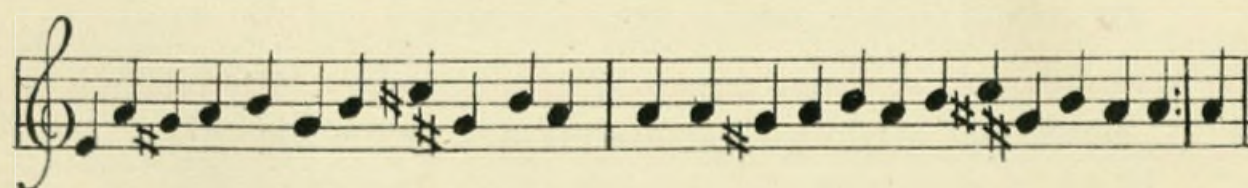
BASQUE



CASTILLIAN



SPANISH AIR.







Suddenly she would heave a deep sigh.

“Des dichada de mi!” (unhappy me!)

They were persons “de bien,” (had their hacienda, landed property, estate).

*Doña Andueza* enters.

*Doña Julia*: “Mama por que esta orden de batalla.”

*La Madre*: “Mi hija, por los fueros, privilegios antiguos, y’ el gobierno de Isabella secunda carer revoca la.”

*Doña Julia*: “But it does not affect us, we do as we have always done, we tocar la guitar, cantar, e’ comer, and have our tertulias as usual.

*La Madre*: “Yes! so we do, but I am told our religion is in jeopardy also, remember nuestra Padre, they will take away the 13th of June, when the cura puts up at the church door, ‘Hoy se secan almas del purgatorio.’”

*Doña Julia*: (aside), “How I tremble for poor Don Enrique, he is so intrepido, ‘Ay! de mi!’”

In the middle of this colloquy, in comes a runner, a spy, and announces the approach of Don Deigo Leon y’ los Cristinos, here *Doña Julia*, hecha un suspiro (a sigh).

Her lover was an Andalusian by birth, handsome, proud, haughty; had gained much distinction in his corps, and was of ancient family renown; had earned



La cruz de San Fernando, under peculiar circumstances, and wore a large red cross under the cape of his cloak, on the left breast; had been on several "ocasiones recomendado a su Magistad por su bien comportamiento."

When the General wanted a daring act to be performed, this officer was selected. "Si Senor era un hidalgo, esta Don Enrique muy intrepido!"

The forces were drawn up in position, and as usual a flag of truce sent forward to demand admittance or surrender in the name of the Queen; as the party advanced, the words "Quien Vive" are heard from the sentry on the battlements, the reply, "España," from the party bearing the white flag.

They proceed towards the entrance, the message forwarded to the Commandant, the reply "Nunca, hasta la Muerte," and hardly a moment elapses before a shell falls at the feet of the General, who is engaged examining the defences, he folds his arms, steadfastly looking on the burning fuse.

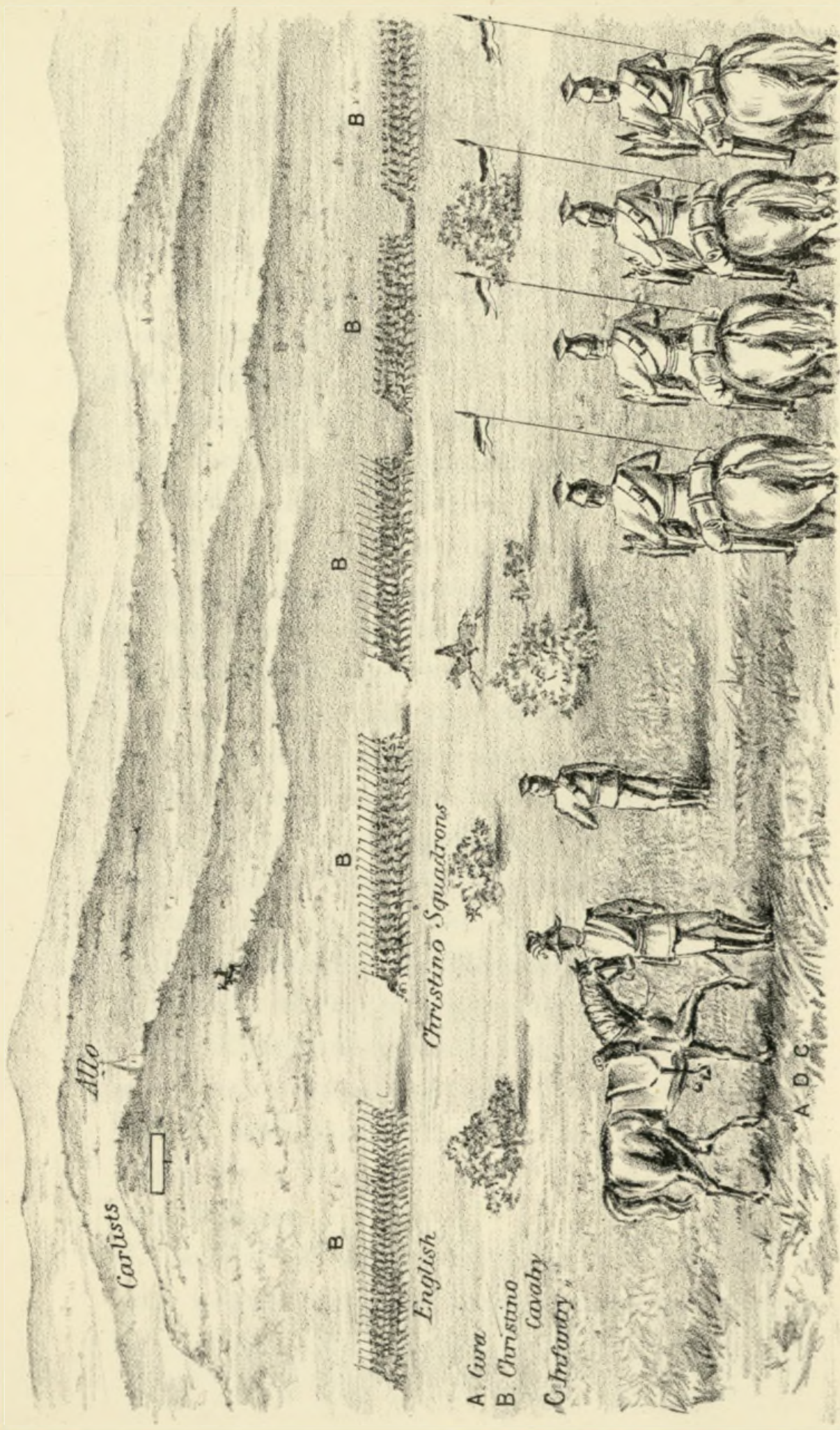
Don Enrique advances and places himself in front, or between the shell and General, stoops and daringly lifts the death-dealing instrument, and throws it into a deep ditch close in front of him, where it would burst harmless.

The Town of Allo rested on a knoll protected by some heights in its rear, the town itself had no walls,









Christists

Allo

B

B

B

B

B

English

Christino Squadrons

A. Gura

B. Christino

Cavalry

C. Infantry

A. D. C.



but the houses being strong were capable of defence by being loopholed, &c., and strong earthworks had been erected.

The church towering above all was an ancient site, selected from time immemorial as a stronghold in their internecine wars.

In front there was a rise, which intervened between us and the town and partially obstructed our view, and between it and the suburbs a valley or undulating ground.

Leon's cavalry was drawn up in line, his infantry marching with bands playing to their positions, when suddenly a mounted priest in his canonicals rode up the mound to our left front, with an orderly on a dun-coloured animal following him, some 500 yards from us. The priest's dash up the rise was so impetuous that the orderly failed to pull up his animal, which carried him over to us and galloped down our front within a few yards of the line. He passed *us* untouched, but on reaching the Spaniards *two* mounted men rode out, placing themselves on either side, and hammered away at the unfortunate fellow, who was unable to stop his horse; when he fell.

During this time the priest was engaged calling out for some one to fight him in single combat, but though several asked to be permitted, the General would not allow anyone to go.



The horse was given to one of the Officers of a foreign Lancer Corps (Lieut. C. Molony), all those of the Spanish cavalry were of the Barb breed (entires), mostly black or of a dark colour.

Presently a prisoner is brought in, a peasant of 40 or 50 years of age, "a Carlista espia," he is taken to the General, catechised, is stripped, his leg which appears large and swollen with several bandages bound round it; on opening this a sore is discovered, being probed a small quill is drawn out, this is given to the Adjutant General, deciphered, and the information acted upon.

The handkerchief round his head is examined, his matted hair, his mouth, his alparagattas (sandals), in case of a duplicate.

During this time arrangements for the attack are made, the orders given.

Two hearts are beating, Don Enrique and Doña Julia; the former hoping the latter will be safe, the latter in prayer before the family saint, the Virgin "De los Dolores."

The battle rages with fury, and with partial success on this side, then on that.

At last the town is entered, Don Enrique being the first in, having dismounted and headed a company of skirmishers.

On the General entering and passing through a



small plaza, on one side of which was a large building with a flight of steps, and houses of modest pretensions forming the other sides.

Here he noticed a group of soldiers contemplating a body, which was lying bleeding on the ground, he at once perceived it was a wounded officer.

A fine young man of about 25, dressed in the uniform of the "Tiradores de la Guardia," from whose breast was still oozing the red blood from the wound caused by a musket ball.

A Clerico being at hand (one of those who always attended the troops), took the clammy hand of the wounded man, knelt by his side, raising his face towards the heavens repeated a prayer in Latin, the wounded officer was fast expiring, his last words, "Por Deos llavár me a la casa de la Señora Andueza, Julia, Julia"! and fell back, he was dead.

A year after this event, we were at Pamplona, and hearing sacred music accidentally entered, for curiosity, a church attached to a convent of nuns.

We walked in, under a fine gothic porch, to our right was an altar with priests in state dresses, candles, crucifixes, censors, acolites, &c., &c., going through a ceremony, such as :

"Recoge esa escua barbaro!  
Lau-damos-té,  
Maldito que se quema la Alfombra,  
Bene-dici-mus ti,  
Yo te aseguro que ea bajando,  
Gracios agimus tibi.



To our left was a broad and high elaborately worked iron railing nearly reaching to the ceiling, with gilded tops, separating the church from a large hall which had a dozen or two seats, presently came in a string of nuns, chanting a solemn hymn, the priests joining, the two first having a young and fair creature between them.

They led her to a prie-dieu chair, within the rails facing the altar and left her there, all retiring to their seats on either side.

The one alone was Doña Julia, pale, emaciated, dressed in black, taking the veil. Ah! but now how different from the light, bright, and gay-hearted girl we knew at Allo; time had worked wonders, she seemed ten years older, prematurely aged, all her beautiful hair gone, her sparkling eyes sunken, her erect figure now bent. We remained to the end of the melancholy ceremony.

On returning to our billets we found to our surprise "boots and saddle" had sounded, and we were off. My faithful man Tague O'Connor had everything ready.

We marched a long circuitous route over the mountains, and after eight days fatigue and over more than 200 miles of ground on which we seldom could mount, very harassing work, in pursuit of small parties of the enemy, occasionally catching a straggler, or spy.



Sometimes quartered in small villages to find the inhabitants flown, and not a vestige of any food or bit of fuel to be found or bought. In one village, in which we remained a day or two and billeted ourselves, for the Alcaldi had abandoned his post and fled with the rest. A dead woman lay in a bier, in the centre of the room; a maid had been left in the house to take care of the body of the deceased. After some time this girl, who had hidden herself on our approach, but now gaining sufficient courage, came out of her hiding place, relighted the candle, and to ask us "por Deos" not to disturb the dead, as it was her mistress, on the road to Heaven to join her husband.

During the night and by the light of the "Holy" candle, Tague O'Connor laying awake caught the maid putting something in amongst the clothing. After she had gone he inspected it, and found a letter addressed to her late master: saying she had performed her part of the contract, by remaining with her mistress, and spent all her wages in prayers to relieve him from purgatory, and travelling to the principal cathedral to pay the curas for prayers, and hoped he would recollect his promise to her.

From this we went to Tafalla, the cavalry depôt for the whole army of the north, not the sweetest place under the sun, for the horses that died were



drawn out on to the plain beyond, where wild animals and dogs from the surrounding woods at night could be heard disputing the tit-bits.

Now to Carcar, but a short time, the order to march having been given, we formed in line of contiguous columns, about 26,000 men, 1,600 horses, and 16 guns. The force looked well, and took the direction of Los Arcos; the enemy retiring as we advanced.

As we rose on the higher ground we sighted the town, near three leagues off, at our feet lay a swampy plain, intersected by cornfields, brooks, ditches, &c. The town lay under a ridge, having an old tower on the highest point, two miles off was a lofty ridge on which stood the fortified convent of San Gregorio; rocky mountains towered behind all, and like all towns surrounded by gardens, vineyards, and enclosures, vineyards extended also far beyond—though capital for skirmishers, no cavalry could act. The enemy had a good retreat, sierras and forests in their rear.

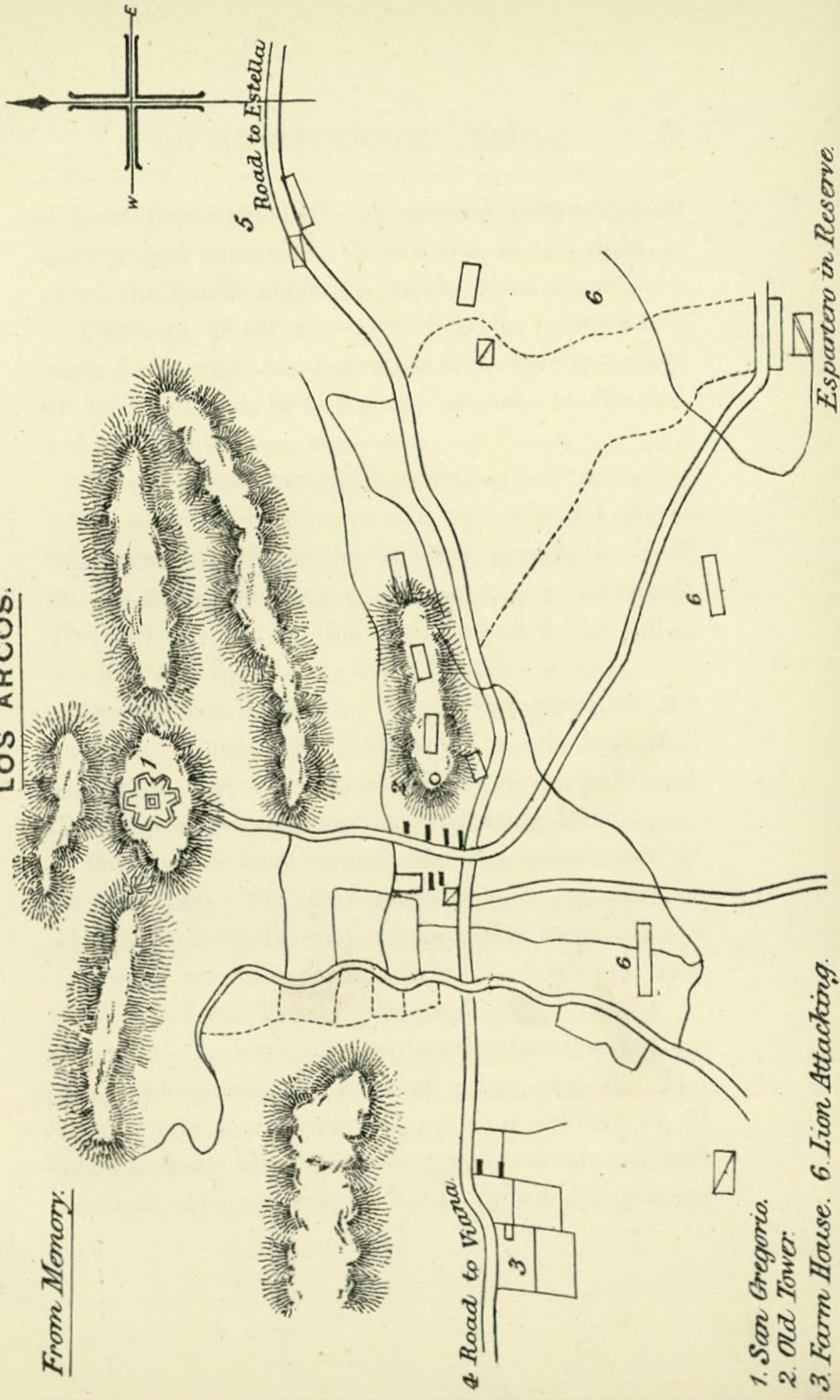
We crossed the swamps to rising ground, and the columns closed up.

The enemy's position was plain: some cavalry in the open, infantry on the hills and near the old tower, and a column advancing on the road from Estella on our right.



# LOS ARCOS.

From Memory.



1. *San Gregorio.*
2. *Old Tower.*
3. *Farm House.*
6. *Lion Attacking.*





Leon began the ball. A mass of infantry, some cavalry, and guns were thrown out to the right, to check the hostile column upon the Estella road.

A column of infantry ascended the enemy's left, while Leon with his heavy cavalry, some battalions of infantry, and British guns carried the swamps, and moved direct on the town.

General Espartero held his division in reserve.

The rain fell in torrents and we could not cloak. We formed again in the swampy ground in front of the town, the enemy retiring as we advanced. The infantry had by this time ascended the hill to our left, and drove the enemy from it.

During this time the cavalry remained in the swamps. Some of the cuirassiers in our front sank and rolled over with their weighty riders, and some difficulty was experienced in extricating them.

The heights were carried, and Espartero came up at four p.m. The rear-guard was a regiment of Hussars, which did not get into the town till the following morning. Such a state of ground and confusion I hardly ever witnessed.

The town, large and well-built, was deserted by the inhabitants, and a scene of pillage ensued. The narrow streets were choked up with soldiers of all arms looking for billets—baggage animals, officers' servants, artillery, cavalry horses crowded together;



the rain pouring in torrents. The noise and confusion was terrific, and much increased by the breaking of doors, and shots from the retreating enemy.

Two or three of our officers and two Spanish infantry officers occupied a house completely gutted. We lay on the floor in our wet clothes, though we made a roaring fire and found plenty of wine. We congratulated ourselves we were not still in the open, like the rear-guard.

We were nearest the retiring enemy, and at three a.m. they commenced firing at our outposts, and till near daybreak, which kept us on the *qui vive*.

Next day a general review took place, and while we were all formed up a Carlist dragoon rode down the opposite hill and fired his carbine at us. Two or three light cavalry rode after him, but he rode away; our rations would only hold out a day longer.

We formed a picquet in a large house facing the enemy. The houses were empty. The cavalry occupied the stables, infantry the upper part, our beds the manger.

At daybreak we patrolled the road towards Estella, and found the enemy on the same errand.

We vacated the town, Espartero to Viana and Logrono, we to Sesma and Lodosa, thence again to Tafalla, where some remounts arrived.



We now proceeded to Lumbier, and quartered in eight or ten small villages. In the house we occupied we had over 20 officers, 300 men, and 68 animals—horses, mules, donkeys. We considered ourselves in comfort in a long room, a table its whole length, where the farm servants eat their meals of grapes, rough bread, figs, olives, and drank the wine of the country.

Our accoutrements hung on the walls, we visited the stables, rambled over the mountains, and enjoyed a cellar well stocked with wine, ham, and bacon, and fowls in abundance, which I assure you, gentle reader, we did not spare.

Campaigners, after a time, usually make good foragers, and our servants were quite adepts in the art, particularly Tague O'Connor, he was sure to poke the red end of his nose in everywhere to secure a supply in the event of a bad billet in the next place.

Tague had been caught indulging in *potheen*, and brought up before the C.O.

C.O.: "What's this man's name?"

Sergt.: "Tague O'Connor, Sir."

C.O.: "Where was he found?"

Sergt.: "Lying under the manger at his mare's head."

C.O.: "How came you to be intoxicated, Sir?"



*Tague*: "Well, yer honor, I couldn't help it; didn't the gentleman give it me, and sure, yer honor, he made me dacently dhrunk."

*C.O.*: "Well, you should not have taken so much."

*Tague*: "O, begorra, my master says I'm always to finish a job, never to leave it half done, so, yer honor, I got whole dhrunk instead of half dhrunk."

*C.O.*: "Reprimanded," and *exit* *Tague*.

General Leon issued from Lerin and Laragar, taking with him his escort\* of light cavalry, British squadron, under Hograve, two battalions, and eight 12-pounder howitzers, (Mackintosh), pushed through vineyards and olive groves on the left bank of the river Aga, and at two p.m. we had a smart tussle with the enemy. The banks were higher on our side, a bridge, though broken, crossed the river.

Two roads led from the bridge on the enemy's side, one to Castillo, the other to Estella.

The day being bright and clear, we could plainly see objects at a great distance, and the country lovely.

The enemy defiling out of Dicastillo and Estella were a pretty sight. The sound of the bullets, the whiz and explosion of the shell, shouts of the men, roar of cannon, musically resounded from crag to crag.

\* Lyster commanded the escort.



The enemy at length appeared in force, and Leon withdrew and we returned to Laraga.

At nine p.m. same day, general orders sounded, "March immediately." At 10 we were off, passed by Mendigoria and Puente la Rayna.

At sunrise we had reached the mountains, above Belascoain, advancing in two columns, and along parallel lines of ridges. Suddenly the deep roar of cannon awoke the stillness of the morning. The enemy's fort commanded the bridge, and had opened its fire upon the head of the columns.

Leon, after reconnoitring, fell back on Puente and neighbouring villages. At two p.m. we got into quarters. No food or water for 24 hours, here Tague O'Connor's forethought came in, "Bedad," says he, "I have a fowl your honor." "How's that," says I. "Begorra, I prigged him at the last place."

A party of lancers and infantry went out to protect some sappers making the road practicable for artillery train, on the Pamplona road. The General passed to the front. In the evening we followed and found him in a village on the Arga, opposite a fort, he had with him his escort of lancers (English), the British guns (Mackintosh), and three or four battalions of infantry. Inhabitants all fled and everything carried off. We were huddled together on the bare floors, nights cold and mountains chilly.



The soldiers tore down the woodwork of the houses to kindle fires, for warmth and light.

Firing all along the line, almost before the sun had risen, and we were all day bringing up the battering train from Pamplona. The enemy occupied about five miles from Echaurre to Belascoain, on the left bank of the Arga, and it, as well as the bridge, was swept by the guns of the fort; on the opposite side, halfway between this and Echaurre, was a smaller fort, commanding a ford, the whole bank being lined with breastworks, a formidable bridge-head, and a large storehouse containing mineral baths, completed the defences.

The mountains here and at Echaurre rise directly from the water, but between these two points, the river made a sweep, leaving a level plain between it and the mountains, covered in cornfields, and just where the ground rose were two small villages, from all of which the people had fled.

The larger fort could not be easily battered from our side, while its four heavy guns swept the approaches.

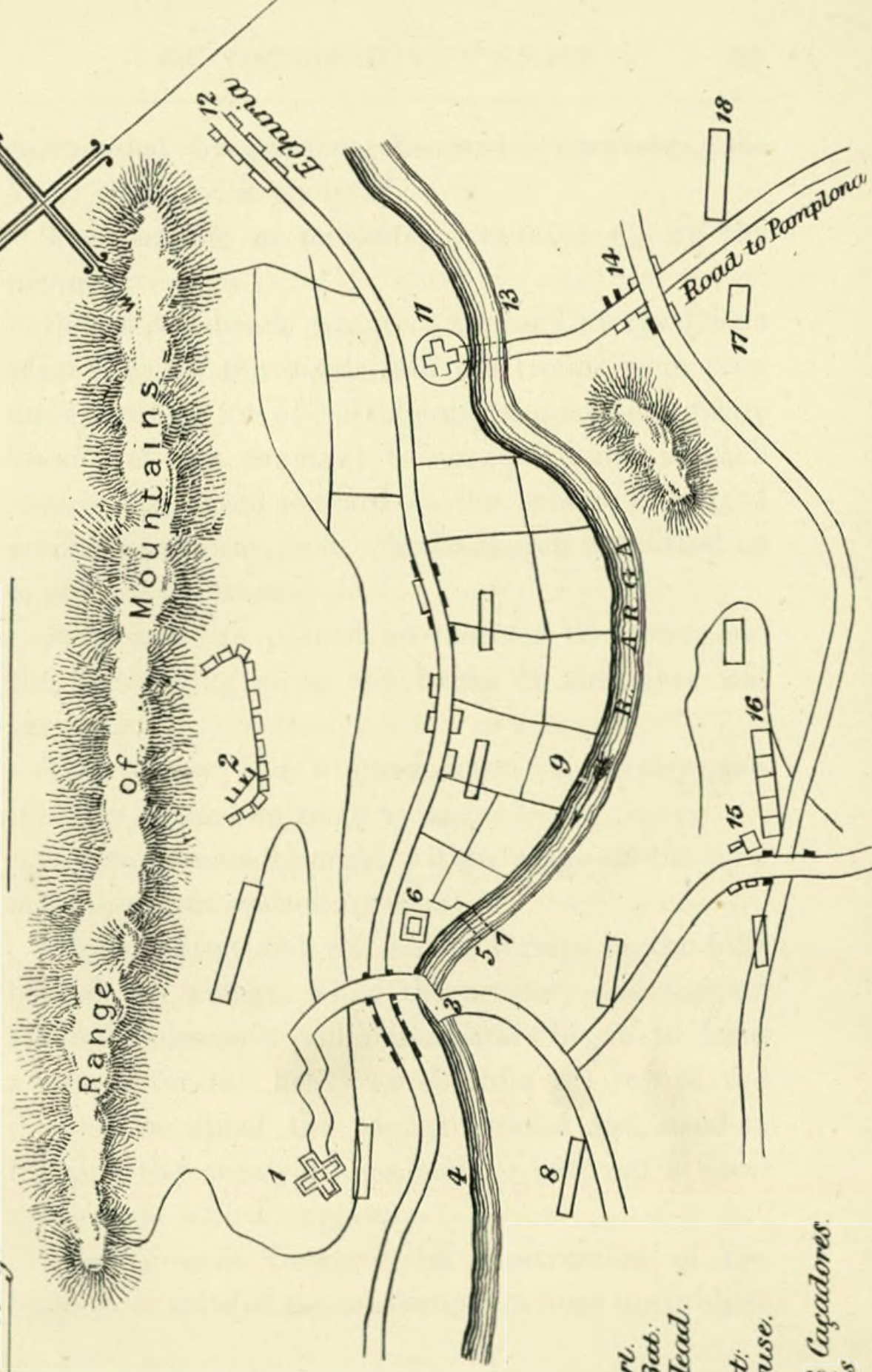
Leon had the larger force, the banks on our side rose abruptly from the water, and enabled us to sweep the enemy's lower works.

The hills at the back were covered with forest of ilex, while houses and farms scattered in the valley,



From Memory.

# BELASCOAIN.



1. Great Fort.
2. Mortar Bat.
3. Bridge Head.
4. Ford.
5. Great Bat.
6. Bath House.
7. Ford.
8. British & Cazadores.
9. Cornfields.
10. Ceriza.
11. Small Fort.
12. Echuria.
13. Ford.
14. Uterca.
15. Hospital.
16. Grenadiers.
17. Lancers.
18. Reserve.





surrounded by gardens, orchards, cornfields, the lower slopes with vineyards.

The popping of musketry was kept up by the picquets.

Before day-break we were aroused by the *Diana* played by all the bands, and the troops were soon under arms, a tot of *aguadiente* (the common white brandy of the country) being served out to each man. We moved forward to the bridge, halting at a village half-way, here a little church was fitted up to receive the wounded.

From here we pushed on towards the town, and the skirmishing along the banks of the river was very brisk.

The enemy had a good force of cavalry and infantry in the two small villages.

We were soon brought within range of the fort, and their guns opened upon us.

Our squadron and the escort formed on the hills behind the village, while the artillery and sappers entered Belascoain and immediately began to form a battery for the heavy guns, while the rest of the division occupied the higher ground and hamlets fronting the enemy's lines, and to keep up a communication with Pampluna.

Rapidly went forward the construction of the battery, in spite of the musketry fire from the bridge-



head, bathhouse, and parapets, and shot and shell from the forts.

By three p.m. we had mounted four 24-pounders and sent some shells and shot into the bathhouse. The English guns were well served and kept down the fire from the enemy's breastworks; as night came on firing ceased.

We remained in the forest, and as the day dawned the fight recommenced, and we had eight guns mounted.

The enemy also got up three mortars on the hill in rear of the bathhouse, and shelled our heavy battery and village, good practice made on both sides, one of the English guns cut away the flagstaff in the larger fort.

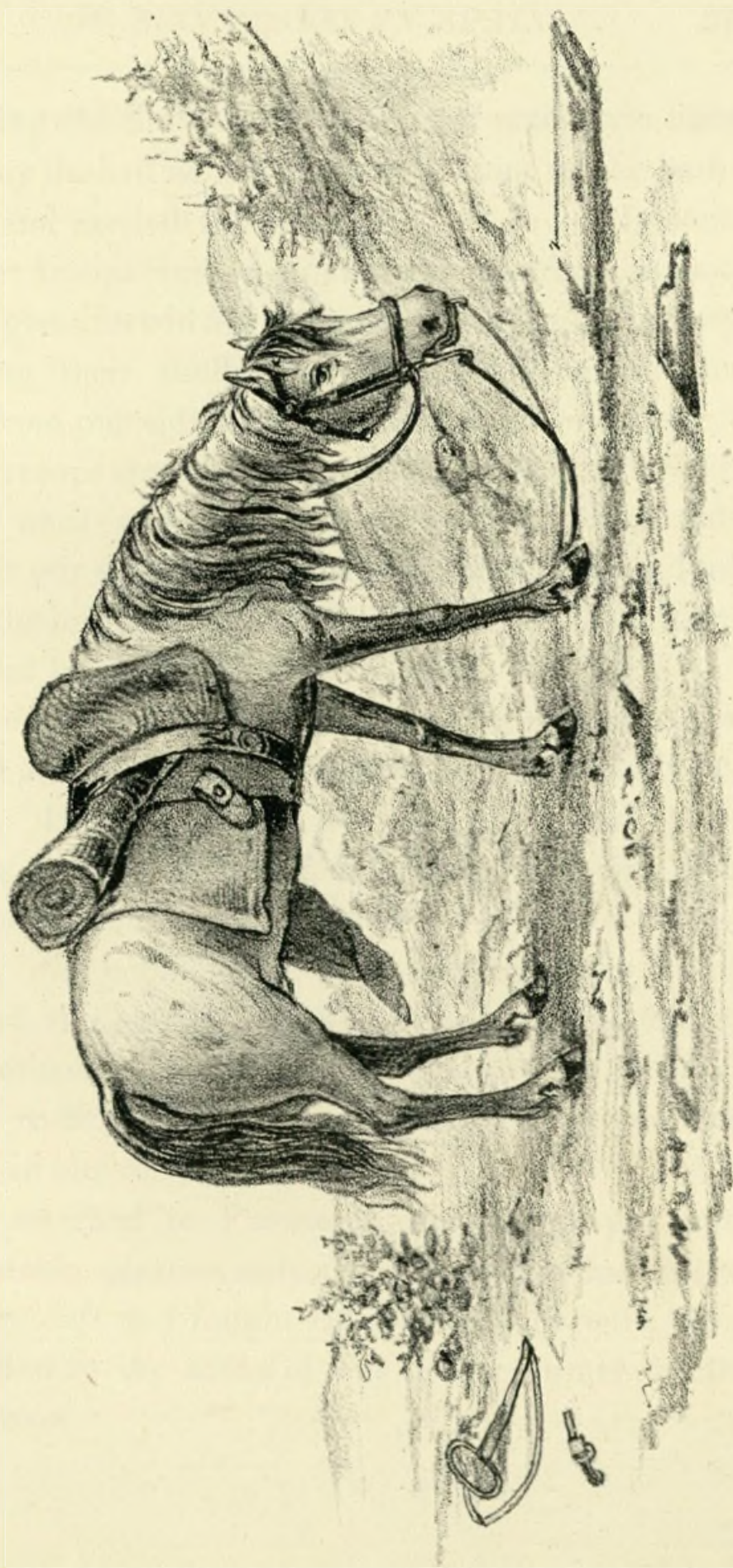
By sunset the bridge was knocked to pieces, bridge-head and bathhouse completely riddled.

Night again caused the combatants to cease, and the watch fires of both parties were seen all along the mountains.

The dawn renewed the contest, a calm grey morning with grey mist still hanging in the valley, the silence only awoke by the neighing of a horse. In a moment the voice of the cannon awoke the echoes of the mountains.

A dark mass observed to be gathering above the ford, opposite the bathhouse, told the enemy we were about to storm and pass the river.





*A Wanderer after Battle.*





During the fire from 19 pieces of artillery a light company dashed across the ford in front of the bath-house and carried the house, and made a lodgment, then our troops crossed rapidly, Leon leading on foot.

The great fort in fire and smoke, the mortar battery plunging their shells into the advancing column, while from our side 19 pieces thundered in reply.

Our troops spread right and left, crossed the river, and at once stormed the bridge-head, and at this moment our squadron dashed across a second ford below the bridge, a loud shout informed us the bridge-head had been carried.

The enemy, reinforced from his left, charged down the hill and made some prisoners, but was finally repulsed. He retired into the mountains, taking his mortars. The garrison of the fort fled, leaving four guns and ammunition.

Elio, who commanded, retired to Echaurre on his left, and the smaller fort fell, they were both blown up by mines.

We re-crossed the river, having destroyed the bridge in our retreat.

We marched to Puente la Rayna, and got into comfortable quarters only for a few days, for on the 10th we left and fought the Battle of Arouiz, then proceeded to the scene of one of our former fights, Los Arcos.



For six days our food had been a few ounces of rice, rancid pork and biscuit, and we slept in our clothes.

On the march we passed through extensive valleys covered with juniper bushes (*jinibrosa*) which had been set fire to by the charcoal burners, leaving only the stouter stems.

The infantry wore white trousers in summer, after a march through such charred wood they looked like sweeps.

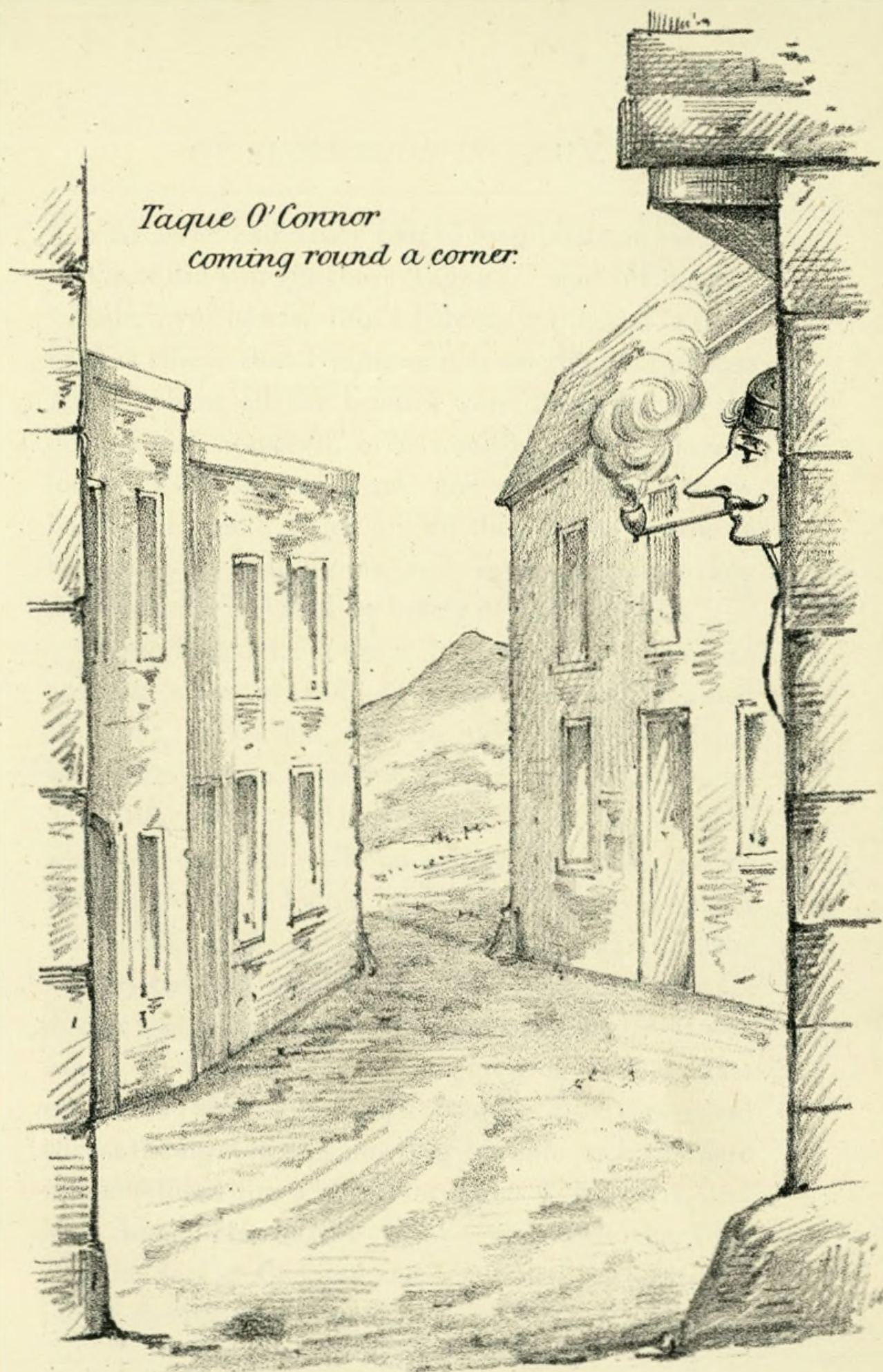
The action of the men and animals through this, set the particles of charcoal floating in the air, and the men were covered.

The dark lines of massed infantry, shining bayonets, cavalry in gay uniforms and glittering sabres, guns, ammunition waggons, mules, &c., all in mass of column, skirmishers and videttes in advance. The cavalry in rear of infantry, or on the flanks. The tread of so many feet, tramp of so many horses, neighing of beasts, and occasionally the word of command. Trumpet of cavalry, bugle of infantry, called to mind a spirit in each individual of the mass which would work wonders in time of battle, if he possessed a spark of the old chivalry of the time of the Abencerrages.

By the way, I may as well introduce my invaluable friend, Tague O'Connor ; noticing after the action of



*Taque O'Connor  
coming round a corner.*







Los Arcos he had a nice pair of long boots on his feet. "Where did you get those Tague?" said his master. "Bedad, yer honor, didn't I borrow them of a dead Carlist officer that I came across on the field of Los Arcos, where all the heavies were dhrowned in the bog; I said to meself, as he wouldn't want them any longer I'de borrow them, and as I pulled them, begorra, he gave a kick an' off they came; I saluted his honor for helping me, and, says I, perhaps they were bad fits an' he'd be better of another pair."

Tague hailed from the auld counthry, and on one occasion we were suddenly turned out, and marched all night, horses led, for the purpose of surprising the enemy, who contemplated a flank movement. The order being, "no noise of any kind to be made, to speak—if necessary—in an undertone or whisper, no smoking, or when halted no fires;" suddenly a scream was heard, and Tague calling out, "bedad I'm kilt, the hinemy has shot me," holding his hand to his side; a doctor was called, and Tague was examined. It was found that some one had lighted a pipe, against orders, and after a few puffs—fearing discovery—had thrust the lighted pipe into Tague's side pocket, where it smouldered for a time, set light to his shirt, and hurt him. His father had served with the 74th Highlanders at Badajos, and was killed in the storming of the outwork, fort "Picarina."



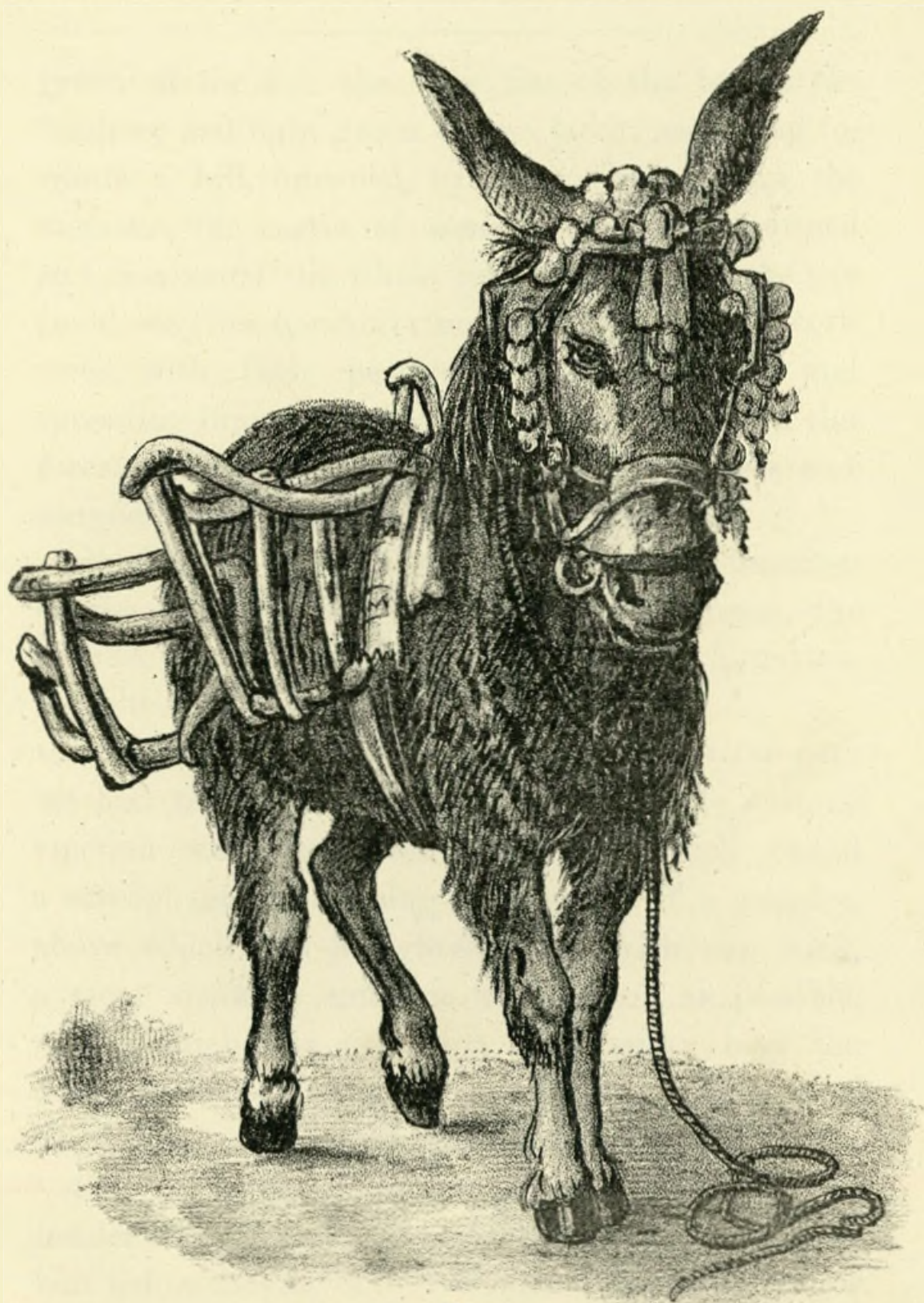
The force ultimately reconnoitred a stronghold of the enemy. Then passing through a lovely country covered with woods, in which were the ilex, the broad leaf oak, sycamore, pine, beech, &c., dotted here and there with hamlets (*amurios*), farmsteads, the white smoke from whose chimneys gracefully curled as it rose in the still air above the treetops, an emblem of quiet and repose.

The column kept a broad road, the General and his escort, with some light infantry, diverged into a forest along a sandy path, led by a guide along a winding track; there were no tangled creepers, or brushwood. Occasionally we met a peasant, who was questioned and allowed to proceed on his way; after a time completely hidden among the trees, at others in open spaces, more like a gentleman's park, with clumps of trees here and there. Here we met a peasant woman travelling with a donkey (*borico*) laden with a sack of corn or flour thrown across its back, calling out "*arre borico*," to urge him on.

At last we found we had headed the main column, and had travelled by a cross-cut, an orderly or two being sent in the direction the troops were expected to arrive, some had dismounted to relieve their horses, others to re-adjust the saddlery, and time left to admire and contemplate the scene.

A dense mass of foliage lay before us; the dark





*El Borico*





green of the firs, the olive tint of the beech, the feathery and light green of the larch, ascending towards a hill, crowned by what appeared in the distance, the castle of some grandee, who owned and dominated the whole country, as far as the eye could see (the horizon); near us some ancient cork trees, with their portly stems and gnarled and spreading branches, many years old, monarchs of the forest; had nature endowed them with senses and tongues, what could they not have disclosed!

Shortly, far in the distance between the branches of the trees, we saw the red lancer's pennon, the advance guard; what a picture, never to be forgotten, and the order "*A Cavallo*" (mount).

On the road, not far from the junction of the path we had travelled and the main road, was a stone erection some ten feet high, on which rested a sarcophagus, containing the remains of a grandee, above which was a lighted lamp with one wick, a mere spark to consume as little oil as possible, under which was an image of a saint; here the devout knelt, and said a prayer for the repose of the soul of the departed, and went on.

Our curiosity led us to open the tomb and see inside, while the column was forming up for a short halt before moving on. We carried short ladders for scaling, here one was used to ascend, Tague was the



first to mount the ladder—while we were waiting the general—and looking in, exclaimed, “Be Jasus, he’s dead.” The lid had been removed during the war with the first Napoleon, and we were informed that jewels and a gold sword were then taken away, we saw the hole made by a crowbar (between the lid and body) used to raise the lid. The remains had been embalmed, it was perfect, except a little finger which I took, it snapped off easily. He had a fine aquiline nose; the padded satin dress was that usually worn under armour; fabulous stories were related of him. The general ordered the lid to be replaced.

On nearer approach to the conjectured grandee’s castle we found a village at the foot, and the castle on the top of a ridge like a hatchet’s edge. The town and fort were in the occupation of the enemy, the former abandoned, except by a few old men and women.

We got billets, but Tague O’Connor could not get in, no one would answer his knock, he kicked and gave sundry howls in his native tongue, and at last turning his mare’s heels to the door made her lash out her hind feet, leaving a deep impression on the door, when the head of a human being appeared at the window above, calling out “Ahora!” (now) “Ya Viene” (I come). “Be Jasus, if you are not presto I’ll smash the door,” retorted Tague.



Presently the door was opened. "The billet," said Tague, handing the paper. "Aqui,\* Senor." "Bedad your doors want no keys." Tague taking the word to mean key of a door.

During this time sundry booming of cannon was heard, and the whiz of the bullet.

It was an inner room with bare walls, little furniture and that of the poorest description; dark, light only admitted by a hole in the wall, unglazed; a spark of a wood fire on the hearth, where two miserable old half-dressed, in rags, creatures squatted at the corner of the fireplace attempting to gain a little warmth. The very dog was but skin and bone, though a goat bleated in an inner corner.

Tague had a long nose, the red end of which approached more to a bronze, was always seen long before his body, it projected so, his dugheen in advance, he had the capacity of smelling out everything; he got milk for my tea, for he managed a tumbler-full from the goat—unknown to the old woman; he was an excellent forager, running great risks for his horse and master, he hailed from Auchnacloy, Ireland.

The citadel was bombarded, but difficult to throw a shell into, most of them fell over on the road the other side, by which the wounded had to pass on their way to a town some distance off.

\* "Aqui" means "Here."



I saw one fall into a stretcher conveying a wounded man, borne by four soldiers, they dropped it and ran, I tried to trot, at last it burst and blew the patient to pieces.

The place was taken on the 26th March.

Leaving this we went to Segura, another noted castle on a hill, dominating the whole country, still passing through beautiful woods, gardens, and cultivated country, wild and verdant glades opened out to our view. What would an artist have given to have been there to sketch some of our bivouacs under old and time-honoured trees? (perhaps there a century) giving the impression of the crusaders.

During the route, and as the head of the column entered on a camino Real (high road), we passed a lady and gentleman travelling, *he* rode a horse in front, the lady a mule in his rear, with gay coloured trappings and mameluke stirrups, straddle-legged, with white muslin trousers gathered in at the ankles and frilled, her small feet looked very tiny in the large and heavy stirrups. She was young and interesting.

The General enquired.

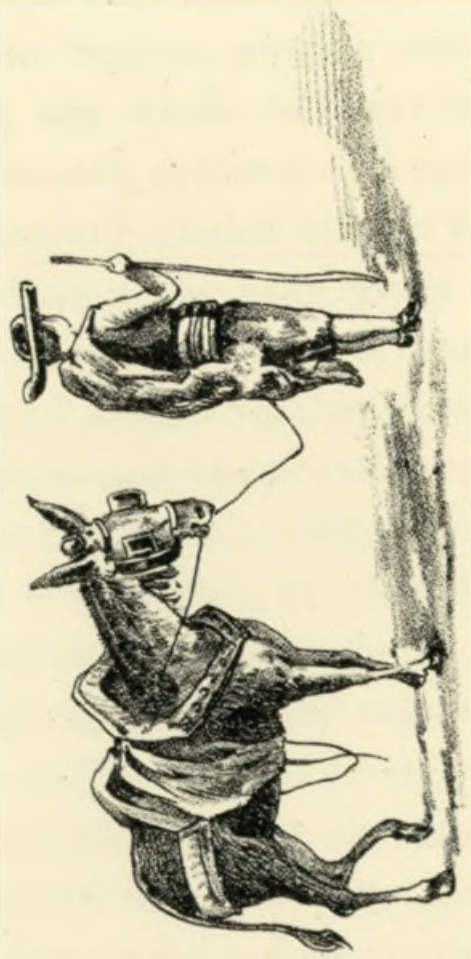
“Donde viàge ustedes, Señor?” (Where are you travelling?)

“Hasta Zaragoza.” (As far as Zaragoza.)

Segura surrendered without our firing a shot, after a few days.







*The Mulateer.*



From here our road lay through the provinces of Teruel, Lerida, and Barcelona, in Catalonia.

Baggage animals, mules, &c., were not allowed to impede the march of the column, they generally travelled by *paths* right or left of the troops, keeping in line with the corps they appertained to. Often the road on which the troops were moving was bordering the side of the hill, a deep ravine or valley intervening, and a corresponding height, but rugged, by which the baggage and ammunition belonging to us travelled parallel to us.

It was a pretty sight to see the bright accoutrements of the troops as they wound round, their arms and bayonets glistening in the sun on one side; the other the well clipped (*esquilado*) graceful mule, with his bright and parti-coloured trappings. The peasant dress of the muleteer, mounted on the leading mule, as they threaded the intricate path, on his head a red cotton handkerchief surmounted by a tall conical Spanish hat, dark brown Zaragoza cloth jacket, slashed sleeves, with red or blue cloth, throat and chest bare, short breeches and handsome gaiters ornamented with red silk or colored leather, any amount of tags and buttons, shod sometimes with ankle boots, or sandals. In his *faca*, or cloth round his waist, the usual *navaja* or large clasp knife which answers for everything, even a death-dealing instru-



ment; each had charge of four mules, carrying each five barrels of ammunition, so arranged as to fit in the leather padded framework over the animals back; how docile they seemed, and sure-footed, if one fell all halted to assist in replacing the load. Suddenly all would disappear in the forest and for miles in the still evening one could hear their song, or "arre macho," or the strike of their flint and steel to light the yesca (tinder) for their cigarette, the paper book for which they carried in the turn-up of the cuff, and tobacco in one end of their faca.

Halted to repair roads at a precipitous part, some gaps had been cut to check our march, one was 30 feet deep and above that wide. The Spanish engineer corps set to work immediately to repair, while others made fresh roads for light troops by felling trees, brushwood, &c., and other impediments.

The village we reached was not sufficiently large to contain us all, so a convent of capochine friars, perched on an eminence, commanding the town which lay at its foot, was used for our regiment, none of the inhabitants could be found, except one tall, lean fellow. It was late and dark, and we were unable to get anything to eat, so we suggested to the friar, would he arrange to give the officers a dinner in their large and ample "comedor" (dining



room), in which was a large oaken table and forms, sufficient to dine sixty people. "Oh, no, Señor," said he, "somos muy pobres," and he exemplified what he meant by putting the nail of his thumb against his upper teeth and giving it a jerk forward, meaning extreme poverty.

In the meantime Mr. Tague had sounded all the walls for hollows, put his red nose in every hole, and discovered a rabbit warren inside in hutches, managed to pull two out, but others hearing of it, had gone to try and do the same thing, when they were discovered by the one friar, "Anastasio," who immediately ran to an officer to complain, but who retorted, "Señor, you have just told me you had nothing, they cannot be yours. 'Da nos de comer,' and the soldiers will not rob."

I need hardly say in two hours we had a dinner served up fit for a king, and splendid claret in old green quaint shaped glass bottles, to wash it down. They had killed all the cocks to prevent their crowing and avoid discovery, which were cooked for us. The olla podrida and pillau were excellent, and we were hungry.

Subsequently, an officer heard a dumping noise under the comedor and reported to the authorities. A search was made, and a granary, mules, arms, and military stores found in abundance, and some 300 of



these mild and apparently inoffensive creatures unearthed; they were all "Carlistos."

A room also was discovered with handsome coloured saddle bags, pack saddles, silver spurs, hung up in order round the walls. Some wine "botas," with silver mouthpieces, for hanging to the pommel of the saddle (on their journeys to collect rents, or charity), and some fancy whips.

In this province we found things cheap, meat  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. a lb., kid  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d., milk 2d. a gallon, 12 eggs 1d. Baker's bread they eat not, but made a cake of flour or maize on a flat iron, and stood it up to dry by the fire, much in the same way as the Irish cottagers, in whom much similarity exists, carried water in pitchers on their heads, the cause of their erect figures.

Probably, reader, you have not visited this country, and I may say with Gil Blas :

" Qui no havisto Sevilla,  
No havisto maravilla."

("Those who have not visited Seville,  
Have seen nothing marvellous.")

You meet a peasant on the road, travelling; he salutes you by saying "Buenas Dias," or if night, "Buenas noches, va usted con Dios," etc., etc.

We visited the Ermita of Nuestra Senora de la Fuente, the lady patroness of Penaroya, a spacious building with a courtyard, having arcades round it.



The apartments are guarded by strong doors studded with massive nails.

These are rooms inhabited by "ermitanos," or hermits, in charge of the place, and constitute lodgings for pilgrims, who arrive at stated periods. It contains a large kitchen, where they cook their food gratis.

Outside the entrance gate there are a number of pipes that convey water to a trough, having a stone figure of the Virgin and infant Jesus above.

Originally built by Knight Templars, as well as the chapel, in which are curious antique relics and paintings of knights armed cap-a-pie, on their war horses, covered in costly armour.

Immediately inside the great gate of the chapel there is a horse shoe imbedded in the pavement, with an inscription in old Catalan cut in the stone, relating how a Moorish governor of Morella, when on his way to claim or levy contributions from the inhabitants, seeing the chapel full of worshippers, attempted to ride in, his horse fell down on one knee, the shoe dropping off remaining imbedded in the pavement, and is looked upon as a miraculous object to this day.

The usual number of wax models of legs, arms, toes, were suspended about the saintess; also a rough painting of a woman in a penitent's dress, clasping a



crucifix, on her knees, under a gibbet from which appears suspended three broken rope ends, the corresponding ends sticking up from the back of the woman's neck; a ladder leans against the gibbet, on which stands the executioner, with arms stretched down towards the woman, who seems engaged in prayer to our Lady of the Fountain. A monk stands at the foot apparently calling to the executioner to come down. The legend being that the poor woman was innocent, and the rope had broken three times in the three attempts to hang her.

We saw some Knight Templars, remnants of the old Order, wearing long white cloaks reaching to their heels, with the cross of Malta worked in red on them. We admired their tall and stately figures, and were informed they cultivated their lands themselves. These immense "encomiendas" now belong to one of the Infantas, formerly the property of the Templars.

The Carlists had set fire to many of the towns and churches before they retreated, on our approach. Here all the troops were assembled to hear military mass, and a solemn sight to see so many thousands bend the knee and cross themselves as the Host was raised, reminding one of the stories of the old Covenanters.

As was our custom the troops "fell in" an hour



before daybreak, the "Diana" rousing them, as all had laid down in their cloaks; snow fell for three days, and made us, cavalry, owing to the want of shelter, very miserable, we carried no tents, but the Spanish soldier is clever at making hurdles and protecting himself from sun and rain.

Arriving on an eminence we caught sight of Morella, the boasted stronghold of Cabrera, about a mile off, a wooded valley lay between, with many "barrancos," ravines and ditches.

Morella, rising out of a plain, was surrounded by Moorish embattlements, square towers at intervals all round, connected by strong walls, sufficiently broad for field-pieces and sharpshooters. In the middle the church, convent, and citadel, thrown among rocks; an aqueduct supplied the town.

A black flag with death's head and bones floated on the castle. All seemed quiet—no one could be seen.

The fortress was reconnoitred, and the strong redoubt of San Pedro Mantor, on the summit of a hill to its right, was decided on to capture first, in accomplishing which several fine officers were killed and wounded.

General Leon's division was on the opposite side to that of General Espartero.

Guns were put in position, this outpost—being



almost surrounded by us—at first refusing to surrender, ultimately gave in—15 officers and 279 men, almost all youths.

Cabrera had visited this place a few days before our arrival, and harangued the troops, asserting any amount of falsehoods too ridiculous to mention.

The town and castle were bombarded for three days and nights from forty pieces of artillery, and at last the powder magazine was blown up. An officer made his escape by throwing himself over the walls, and reached us uninjured, though they fired at him.

The enemy threw out illuminating lights, and the white boyna, looking like a turban, and armed with spears, added to the Moorish construction of the place, one could not but imagine it was in the time of the Saracens.

The General's escort (Leon's) was stationed near one of the outer gates of the town, "Puerta del Estudio," and when it was opened and the draw-bridge let down, a dense mass of individuals attempted to escape, accompanied with women and infants, laden animals, and horses; some shots being fired the party dispersed and attempted to return. We heard the cry "Viva! viva!" from the bridge—they rushed back in fright, on which their own party fired on them under the impression that we



were entering, killing many, and forcibly closed the gates, shutting many outside.

A frightful spectacle presented itself the following morning—a shell had fallen and broken the drawbridge, precipitating all into the ditch—killed, wounded, and suffocating, or crushed to death. Among horses and mules lay men and officers, women and children; one horse had his fore foot in his late rider's skull; a dead woman had a live infant in her arms.

The governor was wounded, and the “Tenente Rey” (under governor) surrendered with 2,400 men, 120 women.

Thus fell the stronghold of the infamous Cabrera. Prisoners marched out and laid down their arms on the glacis, a motley group of “Minones,” monks, lads, and Cabrera's executioners—ferocious-looking fellows. They proceeded under escort to Monroya.

We entered to inspect the place, but the streets were impassable and dangerous — blocked with rubbish. They had 15 pieces of artillery, and a battery of 12 brass pieces, two short eight-pounders with inscriptions on them—noting they were cast from the bells of Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia—one was called “El Ryo,” the thunderbolt.

It originally contained 6000 to 7000 souls, is situated on the confines of Aragon and Valencia. We did not



remain long after its capture, but proceeded via Monroyo and Alcaniz to the Ebro and Caspe; horse-boats ferried us across, six battalions, three squadrons, 14 pieces of artillery, crossed in one day, current rapid, not a man or horse lost.

Passed through rich cornfields, olive groves, and vineyards on to Fraga, by again crossing the "Cinea" on the Catalan frontier, rafts and boats were employed, the bridge having been washed away. Fraga is an ancient city, once dominated by the Moors and Kings of Aragon, in which city we saw some fine portraits of the Kings and Queens of Spain.

In 1133 and 1134 the Moors successfully resisted the Aragonese, but in 1147 it was reduced by Raymondo Berenger, Count of Barcelona, who became King of Aragon, owing to his marriage with a Princess, daughter of Ramirez.

We were now on our way to check the great stronghold of Berga, the seat of a "junta" governing in the name of Don Carlos, and to which place Cabrera had repaired.

We travelled through a lovely country, halting at Lerida, Toraga, Cerera, La Penadella, Iqualada, Esparraguera, here we turned off the high road or "Camino Real" and reached Manresa.

It took the force with heavy artillery five days. On 3rd July we reached a height at about half-past



seven a.m., from which we obtained a view of Berga and its 22 redoubts, in the shape of a horseshoe, the near fore, the forts being so placed as to represent the nails of the shoe, gradually rising from the heel to the point, on which the strongest forts were placed.

We saw a mass of the enemy, in the midst of mountain scenery, the lower Pyrenees, filling up the back ground. Before daylight next morning we were afoot.

The town of Berga seemed built on a hill, and every height had a fort upon it.

General Leon, who commanded the division of the Guards, was ordered to take possession of a dilapidated farmhouse, which lay at the heel of the shoe, or first nail, on the outside. It was entrenched, we advanced along a road with a hedge on either side and a bank, we could perceive no one, all the enemy were hidden; as we neared it a sudden discharge from every loophole ensued at the General and Staff, causing all the horses to swerve—I remember Captain Turner's, R.A. (Commissioner), horse flew into a ditch; the enemy bolted, seeing the troops were about to cut off their retreat.

Espartero had proceeded with his force higher up, and more towards the point of the shoe.

A group of officers were observed on a plateau to



the left of the principal fort, and by means of a spy-glass it turned out to be Cabrera, his staff, and escort. He was on a white horse, dressed in a blue frock coat, white vest, and white boyna; he had dismounted, when the General ordered a shell, Mackintosh's Battery, to be thrown among them, and a well directed one fell pretty near them. We saw Cabrera mount and ride off, "discretion being the better part of valor." We passed over to France, where we ultimately saw his disarmed party—some 12,000 men.

He and the ferocious Conde de Espana were about on a par, as reckless murderers and executioners. A standing gibbet with a building close by was pointed out to us, where horrid cruelties were committed.

All the forts had surrendered, and remaining a week to destroy and blow up several of the strongest redoubts, we left for Barcelona—which I need hardly say is a beautiful and rich city.

Here the rigid military rule had disappeared, sentries calling out "*Quien Vivi?*" (who goes there), "*Espana,*" "*Qui gente?*" (who are you), "*paysanos,*" (private individuals), or "*amigos,*" (friends); one felt a relaxation.

One day, quietly sitting enjoying a cigar, an uncommon thing with us, on a cool and delicious



evening in sunny Spain, Tague made his appearance at the end of the verandah.

Said, saluting, " Plaise, yer honor, may I spake to ye ? "

" Yes, Tague, what is it ? "

" Plaise, yer honor, I want to—to—to—botheration I've forgot her name. O ! it's Biddy. Yes, Biddy."

" Well, what is it ? "

" Yer honor, she's a faymale, and a better colleen was never born. I'd wish to write to her, if yer honor will help me."

" Well, tell me what it is you wish to say ? "

" Well, yer honor, I must furst tell yer that Biddy Magee is the daughter of Pat Magee, livin' in Auchnacloy, in the Clougher Valley, County Tyrone, in ould Ireland, and she is rather a big lump of a girl, de yer see, yer honor."

" Well, sure, sir, it was in the blessed wee months, in the dear ould days, that I listed\* and was detested† for the Queen of Spain, dam-her‡ Isabella's service, and came to fight thase infydels out here."

" When we are on paquet we dhrame of our swatehearts, how they used to giggle at it, and letting on it was all fun, they big ones said they were laughing at the little ones, and the little ones

\* Enlisted. † Attested. ‡ Doña.



said they were only keeping the big ones company."

"Well, yer honor, I had a dhrame, ever you heard tell of."

"Well, tell me what it was." I had almost said, "What was your dream, my Lord, I pray you tell me."

"I declare to the whole troop of motherless cats, ould poosheys an' all, but I am ashamed to tell yer sich a villan of a dhrame, bad luck to it the blaggard. Well, you see I was going to be married when I never knew it. Och! in the dhrame, sure I was going to be married, and what made it so quare, it was to Biddy, an' just as the marrying was coming on us, and I reached out my han' to catch hers, what does she do but thurn into her father, and afore I could get over the woundher, does she thurn into her mother, afore I could say thrapsticks does she thurn into herself ag'in with her father's head on, and then into her mother, with Biddy's own head on, and the next sweel was into my ould mare, with niver a head at all."

"Did yer ever hear of such a dhrame? I would like yer honor to sen' sich a dhrame to her people for me, an' put at the botham 'Inte milis machree' (sweet damsel of my heart). Ah! yer honor, she's plenty of beef an' onimation, equal to a Mullingar heafer."



He was often heard singing snatches of an old Irish ballad :

“ An', darlin,' when I'm sleepin'  
The story's jist the same,  
For as you are  
My sun an' star,  
It's you that in my dhrame,  
Asleep or wake,  
For your dear sake  
Its dhraming that I be,  
So I'll think of you all times  
A grian geal machree.”

My next ride was from here, Barcelona, accompanied by Tague, to Santander, along the course of the Ebro, right across the continent, to await the settlement of the men's accounts.

Travelling across the continent from Barcelona to Santander, some four degrees of longitude as the crow flies, but a considerably longer distance by the roads, over 300 miles, in company with Tague; halting at such places as the common (*venta*) roadside inn one naturally asked, “ what have you *de comēr* (to eat); ” probably there would be nothing except the common wine of the country, tasting much of the pitch which they put on the inside of the skin, to prevent leakage at the joints, in which it is carried about. At others supplemented by walnuts and snails; so badly provided are these (though I have no doubt they all had their “ *puchero* ”) that it was quite essential to make



the enquiry : receiving an indifferent answer, we naturally asked, "how far it was to the next inn, or venta (they have no idea of distance), so the usual reply to the question "una legua" (one league), again they say "un poco," meaning a short distance. In the former case I more than once found it two leagues, in the latter a league. This puzzled Tague considerably, "for bedad," says he, "I'de wish their leg was in the Boyne Waters, for its like the Irish mile, no end to it." \*

My custom was generally to send on Tague, as an advanced guard, to enquire what they had for man and beast, he was careful to ask had they "agua-diente," the synonyme for "*potheen*," finding none, he would travel on; in fact where there was no *potheen* he considered the patron (host) too poor to entertain cabaleros, such as we.

At such places on the route as Cervera, Leridá, Zaragoza, Tudela, Logrono, Victoria, there are fine hotels and well provided, at a reasonable cost.

The posada and venta have accommodation for

\*The author, visiting Ireland a short time ago, enquired of a peasant on the road, "how far is it to such a place"? answer "four *good* Irish miles." "Faith," says I, "I'de rather they were *bad* ones," meaning *short* ones. "Why's that, yer honor, sure now, may be you'd prefer an Irish acre to an English one;" the former being over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acres English.



many animals, where is usually a great mixture, horses, mules, donkeys, oxen, and considerable anxiety in keeping your animals unharmed, there being no divisions, only a long trough, a cow's horn let into the wall to tie the halter to; food usually chopped straw, maize, or barley, I seldom got such a thing as hay, our English horses suffered much in consequence.

We met few people on the cross roads, the harvest being over, and some difficulty in finding the roads we should travel, which at times carried us some leagues out of our way, though the beauty of the country and scenery repaid us, and many quaint little towns and hamlets, as well as passes, claimed our admiration; the travellers we met at these places were intelligent and musical, kept up their song and guitar with castanets until the early hours in the morning, but none "boracho" (drunk).

On the route I was invited to one of their "Romèrie" (religious festivals), at a sacred well, where all the señors and señoras danced with the country people, even their own servants, and mingled familiarly with them, it was a pretty sight, all dressed in their provincial costumes. The men in Spanish "Majo," the señoras and peasant women in dark velvet bodice, red or yellow short petticoats, embroidered stockings, sandals or shoes—the better sort.



The mantilla neatly placed on the head and comb, and to watch their graceful movements in their national dances; most of the men carried castanets, and struck them now and then (*quándo en cuándo*), happily the desolating war was at an end! and their *cortejos* able to return to their villages.

El *senor Alcaldi* paid his respects by calling on me, having issued my billet. On the official document I carried was notified I was *Ajudánte de Campo*, del *Exmo. Senor el Conde de Belascoain*; I travelled free receiving so many rations, quarters, food and stabling for my horses.

*Tague* as usual came into my room to enquire the hour I wanted the horses to be ready in the morning, for he knew I was early on the road.

"Four o'clock," says I.

"Wouldn't that be too soon, yer honor?"

"Oh! no, *Tague*, we have thirty-five or forty miles to do and cross roads, rivers, probably the bridge broken or washed away by a flood, and miles to seek another, or a ford; through forests of pine with numerous tracks to puzzle the unwary and uneducated traveller, or one without a knowledge of locality, or of what the trees informed him, the north or south, the sun, the hour of the day, or direction you travel in. A compass is useful!"

I discovered the patron had plenty of *aguadiente*,



and was liberal with it, so he'd liked to have stayed a little longer.

Later in the evening I found him in the kitchen dancing an Irish jig, and singing a song which the audience little understood.

“ Dear girl of my heart, it was milkin’ I found you,  
My eyes had not gazed on you darlin’ for long,  
When wildly I flung my two lovin’ arms round you,  
An’ gave you a hug, that was murdhering strong. ”

A paddy every inch of him, surrounded by ten or twelve people of both sexes, he in his red Lancer jacket unbuttoned, just from the stable, a roaring wood fire on an ample hearth, a large caldron hanging by a chain and hook over it, pots round the edge, dark recesses on either side, black and oily-looking beams, human figures in sombre dresses, one or two old and haggard—resembling witches, their faces only discernable, the whole scene lit up by the glare of the fire, and the pieces of pine wood they carried about in place of lamps or candles, gave the appearance of a scene not unlike one in *Macbeth*.

We had nips of aguadiente and “ castanos cocidas ” (boiled chestnuts).

We were now on the borders of the Vascongadas, Viscaya, Guipuzcoa, and Alava, their capitals being respectively Bilboa, San Sebastian, and Victoria, which constituted the ancient Cantabria, it is very



mountainous and cut up in deep narrow valleys, by offshoots from the main chain of mountains.

Here we saw the mode of extracting the turpentine from the fir trees by making an incision in the bark, hanging a pot, and a small twig from the cut to the pot, to convey the liquid into it.

What struck me was the ingenuity and labour the peasant brought to bear on everything, and improving, so unlike our English peasant, who never seems to care to trouble himself about his holding, even if it resulted to his benefit.

On lands once barren rock they have levelled the hills in steps and carried these platforms out by clearing away all stones, placing heavy ones at the edges, rolling down the earth from above, levelling it, and planting vines, or vetch, to reach which you ascend by steps, some cut, others natural, perhaps a goat browsing on the spot.

Our peasant would require a subsidy to be induced to do such work. But there is no tax similar to ours, viz. : on improvements.

The Basques of the North claim affinity with those of the South of the Pyrenees, having come from the same stock. Their language is said to be of Tartar origin, I never saw any printed grammar; their dress is the same, the men wearing the flat red, white, or blue kind of Scotch Balmoral



cap, the women plait and dress their hair in the same way.

Here we again observed the vulture (*Vultur papa*), an inhabitant of the Pyrenees, that dreaded follower of the battle-field we had so often noticed sitting watching the approach of death in the wounded beast, waiting for their feast. The maimed charger or artillery horse raising his head now and then keeps him off, but a little longer still than usual, he approaches closer ready to pounce on the body (and perhaps hardly before life is quite extinct), to dig out the eyes, and having no power left to dislodge his enemy he submits.

(Here Tague and I parted, he embarked for home in 1841, after the war, in the "*Betsey Gray*," sailing ship, Master McGore, and by some error in the reckoning, the Captain had overshot his mark and found himself off the south of Ireland and on the "*qui vive*" for land, and looking out remarked to the mate, "We must be near Ireland." Tague hearing it, immediately exclaimed, "Begorra, I'm sure of it, for don't I smell dear Ireland and potheen." The Captain handing the telescope to the mate, who essayed to look, said, "That land must be Cape Clear." Tague replying, ("Begorra, may be 'tis, but its clear out of sight.") After which we proceeded by diligence to Madrid, passing through Burgos and



the scene of Dona Teresa's mal-treatment and death. In May, 1841, we retraced our steps, halting at most places on our route, we had been in, particularly in the Basque provinces, where we were so long stationary and fought for.

On reaching Fuenta de Ebro, the scene of our friend and pictures, who was a distiller of aqua-diente, his stores were extensive, and the whole air so impregnated with spirit that we could not remain long underground. He was now ill and confined to his bed. The padre visited him daily, for he was rich, and the war had increased his riches, for more spirits were required for rations. His medico was a "Sangredo," placing implicit faith in bleeding and hot water.

I induced my brother officer, Dr. Scott, to see him, and by his treatment, in a few days, he was improving, telling him "of all things he was not to allow his medico to bleed him any more." But he was persuaded against the advice and got worse.

Finding himself in a low state, he called to his servant "Jose," telling him to go upstairs and bring down "La Madona"—a picture that had its face turned to the wall—and hang it up at the foot of his bed, where he could see it. It was done, and from that moment he began to improve, and recovered. He had several fine works of art. This was a real



WAR OF SUCCESSION IN SPAIN.



*El Cura.*  
*Priest.*





Murillo, which he would have parted with for little, but his miraculous recovery increased its value, for "had it not saved his life." I heard "Un Lord Ingles" tried to buy it, but came after the above affair.

During our halt here in 1838, Tague O'Connor gave his opinion, that anyone possessing such a store of the cratur, or potheen, was a *great man*.

As of old we noticed the esquitador (horse clipper) at work outside a venta. He is quite a character, his head bound with a red handkerchief surmounted by the Spanish hat, his jacket—patched in divers colours—open, in lieu of buttons, the silver coin of the country, to which shanks have been added for attaching to the cloth—principally the pesèta, or half pesèta breeches and gaiters, or wraps of broad linen as a bandage from ankle to knee, and alparagattas (sandals), a "faca"—in which he has a leather case which holds his multitude of scissors of different shapes. He does it equal to any patent horse clipper.

Onward sped our journey, and reached Pamplona, dead at night. The following day we searched out and entered the church where we had seen the sorrowful ceremony of a young and beautiful creature, in grief at the loss of her lover, resigning herself to the church, by taking the veil in the endeavour to seek consolation.



It was the same gothic entrance we so accidentally entered on a former occasion.

As we stepped in, to the right stood the altar, with all its accompanying ornaments, candles, images, crosses, &c. To our left the same elegant exquisitely wrought iron railings, with their gilded tops; the same priests arrayed in gorgeous attire, performing mass; the same lady nuns coming along chanting a solemn dirge—but no Julia amongst them.

She was dead and in her tomb, to which on enquiry a monk led us, saying, “Amigo, we buried her in the cemetery of the convent, after performing the rights of our holy church. Mira Usted!” exclaimed he, pointing to a white marble cross with the words inscribed:

“Aqui Yace una Bella  
que habla mal de Ninguno.”

JULIA.

On reaching Tolosa, the scene of the massacre of our captured brother officers at Andoain on the 14th of September, 1837, which occurred in front of the Miseracordia, Sisters of Mercy, by hooting furies called men and women. They were, poor fellows, bayoneted and shot. Thinking what a lucky escape the writer had by the resolution to cut his way out on that date, though surrounded by about 6000 Carlists.



WAR OF SUCCESSION IN SPAIN.



CONTRABANDISTA  
OR  
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