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ON FOOT
IN
SPAIN

BY
J.S. CAMPION

ILLUSTRATED

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



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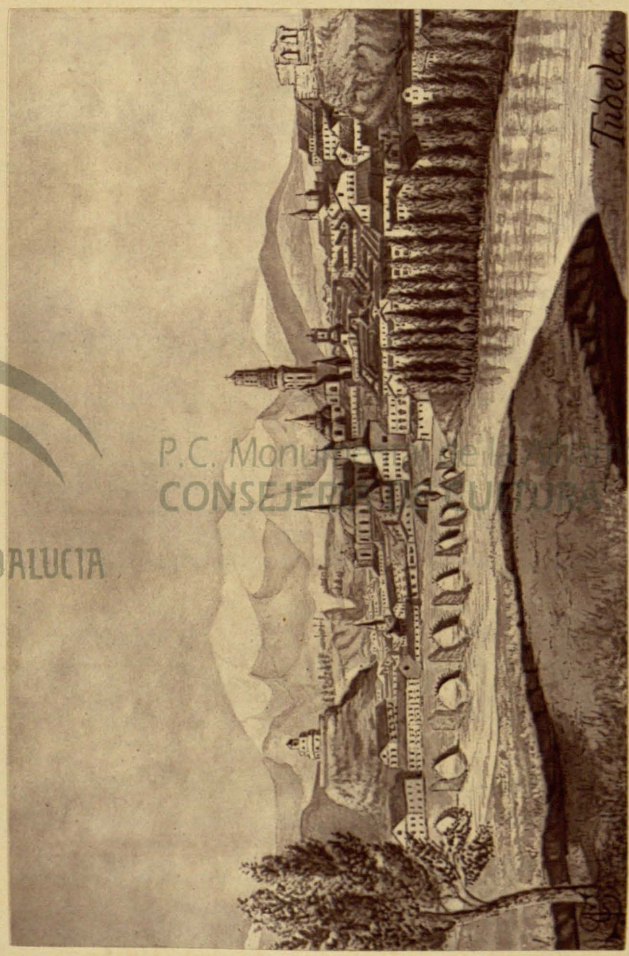


JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

ON FOOT IN SPAIN Alhambra y Generalife
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LA ALHAMBRA

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ON FOOT IN SPAIN

A Walk from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean.

Donativo de! Sr. Cónde de
Romanones á la Biblioteca
de la Alhámbrá. 1909

BY J. S. CAMPION

Author of "On the Frontier."

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Illustrated by Original Sketches.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

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CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,
CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

P. C. M... de la Alhambra y General fe
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

TO
THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC,

WHOSE STEAMER IS THEIR SOFA, AND WHOSE RAILWAY CARRIAGE IS A
LIBRARY CHAIR,

AND TO

ALL PEDESTRIANS FOR PLEASURE,

This Work is most respectfully Dedicated.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

PREFACE.

As a majority of Anglo-Saxons delight in foreign travel, while those whose circumstances or avocations forbid indulgence in personal experience gladly substitute genuine narratives thereof, the Author has felt emboldened to publish the notes made by him during a recent pedestrian trip across Spain. Nor does the fact that many and valuable works on that country are accessible seem a sufficient reason for not doing so, because the experiences of a traveller over an unhackneyed route, journeying in a different manner from any preceding him, must be more or less unique and novel—therefore, if conscientiously told, interesting.

The following pages are full of trivialities and minor incident. But truly the small things of life, taken in the aggregate, are the most important;

and, as a general rule, comprise all that in it is entertaining.

He who reads will find more gossip than guide-book ; more frank confession than egotism. The Author has tried to convey ideas of persons, things, customs, and occurrences, precisely as he found, saw, and experienced them. He has also preferred being reliable to being startling ; has chosen the rather to risk a charge of commonplaceness than to aim at "dignity of narration," perchance only to achieve pomposity and dulness. To paraphrase the oft-quoted "Veni, vidi, vici," he has seen, returned, told ; has done his little best to fulfil the wish of Catullus to Veranius :

Visam te incolumem, audiamque Iberum
Narrantem loca, facta, nationes,
Sicut tuus est mos.

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ON FOOT IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Where would I go?—The Affair decided—Preparations—My little All—The “Pleasant Land of France”—Run from Bayonne to San Sebastian—The Land of historic Romance—Disarmed—Irun—The Gibraltar of Northern Spain.

THE winter of 1876 was fast approaching, and I found myself an idler who had no programme, absolutely without engagements, having no special inducements to go anywhere in particular, nor reason to remain where I was. And so the wandering spirit born of past adventures—that feeling, near akin to the impelling instinct of migratory birds when their time of flight draws near, which becomes part and parcel of the man who has travelled far and wide—irresistibly tempted me, like them, to spread my wings and take a flight. Like them also I would seek a better clime, for an English winter has few charms for me.

• Where would I go? Not, if possible, on a tourist beat; certainly not anywhere I had been before. Spain at once presented itself to my mind, a country I had long wished to see something of, and the nearest one not tracked over

by holiday travellers, as a rabbit-warren is by runs. I would go to that museum and last coign of refuge of all the odd ways, customs, and trains of thought that have existed in Europe since the beginning until now. And the better to observe the same, and amuse myself, would make my sojourn in that country a pedestrian trip.

Considering Murray the best practical guide to any country he treats of, I at once procured his "Spain;" and though an admirable handbook, which, had I not feared to overweight myself, I certainly should have taken along, I must confess to disappointment at finding it to be, to so great an extent, but the reprint of what was written for the last generation, which though good in its time, is now, like the country treated of therein, rather behind to-day in matters of practical utility. A glance through its leaves greatly strengthened my resolve; and when I read on page 22: "As a pedestrian tour for pleasure is a thing utterly unknown in Spain, walking is not to be thought of for a moment," the affair was decided. I would prove a pedestrian trip in Spain, and a longish one, too—for my walk should be from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean—could be achieved. Surely, if the man who makes a blade of grass to grow on a before barren spot deserves to be well spoken of, he who shows a new path available to the pedestrian would in these times of pleasure pilgrimages be doing to the fraternity of wanderers a service he might contemplate with satisfaction.

To find a congenial companion, a friend, who with the physical qualification requisite to sustain, without serious inconvenience, the probable hardships of the undertaking,

uniting a natural or acquired disposition towards patience, contentment, and compromise, would, I well knew, more than double its enjoyment, halve its trials. Such a one I unfortunately did not find, so a pleasure excursion in solitary selfishness alone was decreed. One substitute for the companionship of a friend presented itself to my mind : I would make a comrade of my note-book, repeat to, or rather in it, whatever should happen that was not confidential, whatever I should see and hear that was interesting, everything that might be useful to be known to others following in my steps, my impressions and my reflections as they came to me. While to give a link with humanity to my labour, I would do so with a hope the result would prove sufficiently interesting to warrant publication. That so, I should, in fact, have many companions travelling with me—companions who, while spared the fatigues and worries, would enjoy the pleasures and charms of the excursion, and who, however much I might ultimately try their patience, I should certainly not quarrel with by the way. I would write up my journal from time to time, as occasion served, and revise it only so far as to extract vain repetitions and cut down verbosity ; for to review and modify first impressions by the light of after experience, though it might prevent self-contradictions, would certainly not be making a reader a travelling companion, while to indulge in “dressing up” or “pointing” of the scenes and incidents, though so doing would make the narrative more amusing, would be to totally deprive it of its only value—the being an unexaggerated account of personal experience. Indeed, I determined rather to err, and have probably

done so, on the other side, preferring to be somewhat flat in description than unreliable in fact.

Preparations were soon made, and an outfit, light, portable, and compact, provided. Having found the inconvenience of a knapsack, out of which, without stopping and unharnessing, nothing can be taken, into which nothing put, I had made for me a substitute, which prior experience had taught is a far better arrangement as a carryall.

Out of waterproof canvas, from a full-sized pattern in calico cut out and stitched together by myself, to prevent mistakes, was constructed an affair of many pockets in one, like the skirts of a gamekeeper's shooting-jacket. It is supported by webbing straps, disposed after the fashion of trouser-suspenders, extends round the hips and fastens when wished, in front by strap and buckle. Slits, an inch in length, with opposite metal slides, placed along the edge of the opening to the outside, and enclosing pocket, and a running strap, to be passed through them, fastening at each end by snap padlocks, furnish the means whereby its contents are, when advisable, made secure from the over curious, or from the plundering of petty pilferers, who care not to betray a robbery by use of knife or scissors.

A change of under-clothes, a couple of pairs of socks, half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, some paper collars and cuffs—to "put on airs" with—a barber's comb and toothbrush, a towel and piece of soap, is my ample outfit of personal effects. To buy and throw away as I go along will be better than to burthen myself. Indelible-ink-pencils, a small and well-filled writing-case, a compact little housewife, the necessaries for smoking, my Foreign Office

passport in a case, and a map of Northern Spain take but little room. A large powder-flask, full of Curtis and Harvey's best, a shot-pouch, caps, wrench, screwdriver, and other etceteras, necessary to have if one carries a muzzle-loader, are, however, both bulky and heavy. I take a gun on the advice of a friend, a Spaniard. He said I must have a gun with me, and for fear of difficulty about fixed ammunition, a muzzle-loader. A money-belt, worn under my shirt, carries my circular notes and all coin, excepting such as is wanted for immediate use. An old greatcoat that has seen many a day's and night's service, a soft felt hat, a fishing suit, and a pair of ankle-jacks, comprised my costume. I burdened myself with a gun and apparatus not merely as a protection, as insisted on by my Spanish friend, but because of vague but glowing accounts concerning the shooting to be had in Spain, and the hope that by experience of a sport that is one of my chief delights, I may obtain reliable and definite information for the benefit of brother-sportsmen.

A railway trip through the pleasant land of France was not devoid either of interest or incident, for the journey was broken at many places, at which short stays were made, to renew old friendships and revisit once-familiar scenes; and on the 14th of November I found myself making its last stage, the run from charming Bayonne to the Spanish frontier, and the proposed end of my rail-roading—San Sebastian.

From Bayonne to San Sebastian is not far, only fifty-five kilo. The road, however, is one whose construction must have presented some engineering difficulties, and

cost much ; for the country is mountainous all the way, four rivers have to be crossed, and many miles of gradient has been blasted out of the solid rock.

It is an interesting and picturesque journey, that turning of the west flank of the Pyrenees. Pretty dells, little mountain valleys, rocky gorges, timber-covered slopes, open grassy glades, willow-fringed streams, present themselves in ever-changing combination. The rugged and serrated combs of the distant mountains in the east, now seen, then lost, always reappearing with changed aspect, afford an ever-varying background, and give additional interest and finish to a succession of most charming natural pictures. The weather was perfect, and except during the *arrête* at Hendaye station I spent the time pleasantly, luxuriating in the prospect, enjoying the balmy, invigorating mountain air, and trying to recall some of the stirring incidents connected with the country I was passing through ; for I was in the land of historic romance.

Soon after leaving Bayonne, the ruins of Chateau Marrac suggested the story of Charles IV., for therein he had been a prisoner ; then of the shameless act of villany perpetrated in that very chateau by the first Napoleon, for there, outraging the sacred laws of hospitality, violating his pledged faith, the conqueror of Europe and greatest scoundrel of the age sent his invited guest, Ferdinand III., "from his table to a dungeon." Then came a peep at the cathedral of St. Jean de Luz, scene of the nuptials of Louis XIV. and the Princess of Philip IV. of Spain, the ill-fated Maria Theresa. A little farther on appeared the ancient Chateau d'Urtubie, where Louis XI. and the kings

of Aragon and Castile met in state ; and then the frontier stream, the historical Bidassoa.

On the right bank of the Bidassoa stands the Hendaye station, and there I had to pass the custom-house, and also change trains ; for, with a precautionary eye to a possible future invasion from France, the Spanish Government insisted on a break of gauge where the railway crossed the frontier line, so that trains carrying troops could not be run into Spain ; but foolishly, it appears to me, they fixed on a wider gauge instead of a narrower one. It is no great trick to raise the rails on one side of a road and put them down again closer to the others. To widen a narrow track, having "ties" with nothing to spare, is a heavy contract.

My first experience with Spanish officials was unpleasant. As I stepped over the air line between the two national jurisdictions, as I put my foot in Spain, I was disarmed, my double-barrel was taken from me. It was of no avail that I showed my "Derby," and explained my gun was for sporting purposes solely. I must give it up ; there was no remedy ; their orders were imperative. A superior officer came and explained to me. The province of Guipuzcoa was in a state of siege ; a proclamation had been issued ordering the disarming of all its inhabitants unprovided with a Government licence to carry weapons. All custom-house officers and frontier guards were instructed under no pretence to allow arms to enter from France, and to arrest anyone attempting to smuggle them. But, he added, your gun is only temporarily withheld from you ; it will be returned on your producing an order for it from the

Governor of Guipuzcoa, which you will have no difficulty in obtaining, and it shall be taken good care of. This relieved my mind, and resigning myself to the inevitable, and my gun to him, I resumed my journey, reflecting that, considering the recentness of the late civil contest, the fact that the Carlists had obtained their arms chiefly across the French frontier, and the apprehension entertained of another rising, I could not reasonably consider myself ill-used, though it was a nuisance and a bore. But the striking view before me, the associations connected with the points of interest in sight, drove for the time being all thought of petty annoyance from my mind.

Stirring episodes of history had been enacted all around me. "The dolorous rout" of Roncesvalles is as identified with the town, whose ruined fortifications and quaint old buildings appeared to my sight, as that of the Saxons is with Hastings, while, coming into view below, Fuenterrabia recalled a flood of half-forgotten history. There more than half-a-million French soldiers entered to conquer Spain, over 300,000 of them never to see France again. There our "great captain" forced the river and defeated Soult, driving him from an almost impregnable position. To the left rises San Marcial, scene of an earlier French defeat. There, in 1522, Beltran de la Cueva overthrew the troops of Bonnivel; while again, in 1813, it witnessed 18,000 French repulsed and routed by 12,000 Spaniards. Below, in the centre of the river's bed, lays an island, small in size but great in renown—l'Île de la Conférence, where Louis XI. and Henry V. negotiated the marriage of the Duke of Guienne; where Francis I. was exchanged by his captor,

the great Charles V., for his two hostage sons ; where the treaty of the Pyrenees was concocted by Cardinal Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro. Then came Irun, captured by De Lacy Evans from the Carlists in 1837, after a desperate assault, that cost the enemy 700 men ; soon after Pasages, a picturesque old town, apparently situated on the shore of a lovely little mountain lake, surrounded by redoubt and tower-crowned heights—really a land-locked harbour ; and at last San Sebastian, “the Gibraltar of Northern Spain,” the end and terminus to my railway travelling. Thenceforth I would foot it.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER II.

“Go with God”—Mullet-fishing—“Volver Manana”—Comfortably housed—Miss Evans—“That Man is your Cousin”—Bass-fishing—The Woodcock Passage—Fox “Hunting”—Adventures of a Letter—A Day’s Shooting—In the old Mill—Prospect for Birds.

NOVEMBER 20, 1876.—The San Sebastian railway station is on the north side and close to the banks of the river Urumia. The city lies on the south. I walked across the bridge, the Puente de Sta. Catalina, and took up my quarters at the first hotel arrived at: a large house of good appearance called Hôtel du Commerce. From its windows is a fine sea view. It was sufficiently well furnished, clean, and comfortable; the attendance and commissariat very good; the proprietor and his family attentive and polite.

After breakfast my first care was to obtain an audience with his Excellency Don Laureano Casado Mata, the governor of the province, to arrange the matter of the recovery of my gun. This I did without difficulty. I was courteously received, and assured that to-morrow an order from him on the custom-house for it would be issued to me, but that it would be first necessary for me to take out a licence to carry arms, and that when my gun

was delivered there would be a duty to pay. "Return to-morrow," he said, and "Go with God"—a polite dismissal.

Leaving the Oficinas de Gobernacion, I strolled off to the sea-wall at the mouth of the river, attracted by the roar of a magnificent surf: immense rollers from the Bay of Biscay breaking on the shore in glittering spray. Seated on the stone parapet were some fishermen whom I watched with interest. They were catching gray mullet. I entered into conversation with them, and learned the season for good sport was over, but that in summer and autumn the wall was lined with fishers whenever the tide served, and not an instant passed without a capture along the line, while frequently as many as twenty fish might be seen in the air at once, as they were being slung out of the water. Then also many other varieties of fish were to be caught; the takes being, too, not only more numerous, but including larger fish, many seven and eight pounders. However, the four fishermen I was watching seemed to me to be doing well enough. I remained a long time, and they averaged, to the man, a mullet to the quarter of an hour, the fish running from half a pound to two pounds in weight. The water was so clear I could see the rocks at its bottom, and swarms of little fishes swimming about. Occasionally, also, I saw a passing mullet take the bait with a rush like that of a lively trout. The tackle used is a rod of about twenty-four feet in length, the butt pine, the rest a bamboo cane. A long twisted hair line, salmon-gut points, three small white-metal sea-hooks, baited with pieces of salted and dried fish, a cork float, and a lead sinker. The "swim" is constantly ground-baited by lumps of mashed refuse-fish

being thrown in, and a sharp eye and quick wrist is necessary to strike at the right moment.

At dinner acquaintance was made with two fellow-guests, a captain of cavalry and another of artillery, pleasant gentlemanly men and great dandies, and the evening spent smoking *cigarios*, sipping cognac, and chatting with the three daughters of the house who joined us, the mother occasionally looking in by way of playing propriety, I suppose.

Next morning I applied for the licence to carry arms, and was informed my request must be made in writing on stamped paper, and accompanied with a payment of eighty reals—sixteen and eightpence—made in government revenue stamped notes to that amount, which I could obtain at a tobacconist's. I got them, wrote out my application, signed it, returned to the governor's office, and handed it to the proper official. He bowed, told me to "Return to-morrow" and "Go with God"—pretty phrases, but becoming too frequent. I remonstrated; said I was in a hurry; should like the licence directly. He said, "Impossible; besides, to-morrow will be soon enough."

"Ah!" said one of the officers, when in the evening I was relating to him my experience at the Government House, "this is truly the land of to-morrow, though not as much for foreigners as for us; you, perhaps, will get the papers you want to-morrow; were you a Spaniard, you would be in luck to obtain them in a week or ten days. Two hundred years ago a witty Spanish author wrote a work called 'Volver Mañana' (return to-morrow); we are just as bad now."

And next morning I did get both order and licence. The latter, I found, was good for a year from date, and practically, leave to shoot all over Spain, for I learnt that only near a few towns in the south was any attempt made to preserve or to drive off trespassers. When, in reply to the official's question, as he handed order and licence to me, "When are you going for your gun?" I answered, "By the next train," he was perfectly aghast. To make but one day's work of getting the documents and the gun was a display of energy evidently unprecedented. "Impossible!" said he, "they will never give it you the day of the date of the order; wait till to-morrow and go with God."

My travelling experience on the continent of Europe is, that to expect to "take mine ease in mine inn" is to foster a delusion. I have found hotel living there not only much more expensive, but not nearly as comfortable as furnished apartments and eating at restaurants; so, though I had no fault to find with the house I was stopping at, I started out to seek lodgings, or some good boarding-house, for I had been told Spanish ones were often comfortable and pleasant.

San Sebastian being, in the season (summer time), one of Spain's most fashionable watering-places, I found this town was full of *Casas de Huespedes*, and, so, soon discovered my affair. I am domiciled, *piso segundo*, in one of the best-located houses in the town. A small bedroom, fair-sized sitting-room *en suite*, and both well furnished—the former containing a most comfortable bed, and plenty of washing and toilet apparatus—are my apartments.

Three meals daily; namely, at nine o'clock, or earlier if wished, chocolate, rolls, &c.; at noon, breakfast *à la fourchette*; at seven, dinner, comprises the board. For all these mercies I thankfully pay the sum asked of one dollar per day and no etceteras, wine, attendance, and everything included. On taking my room the landlady told me she was a widow, her *clientèle* chiefly military men, and that the company then staying in her house consisted of the secretary of the leading bank in town, a staff captain, a major of artillery, and another of the military administration; and that a general of brigade and wife, and one of his aides, who were expected to arrive in a few days, had engaged all the remaining rooms, excepting the two she had given me. The class of inmates was recommendation of the house enough for me; otherwise, not being used to Spanish cheapness, I should have, in spite of the good appearance of the rooms, doubted the firstateness of one dollar a day board, and so gone farther to have, perchance, not fared so well. My bill at the *Hôtel du Commerce* was at the rate of eight *pesetas* a day inclusive, and no little French swindles about attendance, candles, soap, &c. &c., nor did anyone on my leaving ask mutely or otherwise for a *pour boire*; but I noticed a little money-box near the front door inscribed, "For the servants," and dropped what I thought right into it. It struck me as a modest, considerate way of soliciting vails, and far preferable to being mobbed on the doorstep by the whole *posse comitatus* of an inn's staff after the French and English manner.

On the morning of the 16th I took the ten A.M. train, and retraced my way to the frontier to get my gun. Arrived

there I caught a commissionaire, tipped him the usual fee (two-and-a-half *pesetas*—two shillings and a penny), and after seeing, with him, some half-dozen officials, at as many bureaux, and paying ten *pesetas* duty, for which a custom's receipt was given, at last I recovered it. Part of four days, no end of trouble and bother, and some expense, to transact an affair that in England or France would have been one of only as many minutes. I have laid the lesson to heart. My first experience of how things are done, or rather, if avoidable, not done, in this country, has determined me, under no circumstances, to allow myself to become impatient while in Spain, that only so can I comfortably sojourn, or travel in this country.

As I passed the pretty *embarcadero* of Pasages a familiar-looking craft caught my eye. A glance under her sternboard told me it was the Miss Evans, Aberystwith; she brought a flood of home recollections to my mind. By-the-bye, that reminds me that the first time I went into the Plaza de Guipuzcoa (the chief square), I was astonished at seeing, staring me in the face, carved in gilt letters each a foot square over one of the handsomest shops there, my own surname. I went in, asked a gray-eyed, light-haired, prominent-nosed man, who was reading a newspaper, if he was the señor whose name was over the shop. He was, could he do anything for me? I bought some trifle, entered into conversation, and incidentally asked what countryman he was, remarking his name seemed to me foreign. He replied, "Not so; we are a Spanish family and of this place." I was rather pleased by his reply; it is in many ways convenient, when travelling in a strange

country, for one's name not to stamp a man as a foreigner, or, as is sometimes the case, be unpronounceable by the natives. But it was a strange coincidence, and I mentioned it at dinner. The artillery captain asked me, "Was your grandfather ever in this country?" "Yes, and remained here. He was an officer in the unfortunate Sir John Moore's expedition, and died at Corunna." "All is explained," said he, with a quiet smile and wave of the hand. "That man is your cousin. When one's grandfather has been an officer on foreign service, one never knows where one may meet with cousins." Then everybody laughed. The girls seemed to think it an excellent joke. But the strangest thing is to come. A day or two after I was again in the shop, and an old man entered from the street, having in features, complexion, and expression a great likeness to one of my ancestors. I said to the proprietor of the shop, "That's your father."

"It is," he replied. "How do you know?"

"I see a family likeness."

"I do not, but perhaps I shall look like my father when I am eighty."

I was quite intrigued, and have taken considerable trouble to find out all about the family; not a difficult thing in this country of genealogies. They are a branch of an old Pampeluna family, who came to Spain early in the sixteenth century, from Naples. There certainly is not a particle of an Italian look about the father and son. And I am told their Pampeluna relations are notorious for their light hair, fair skin, gray eyes, and family look. That it is one of the rare cases of preservance of type in a family

occasionally occurring, strikes me as the only possible solution. Perhaps the captain was right when he said, "That man is your cousin," but by how many generations of removes?

Each day I have a look at the fishermen. The river-wall is such a nice place to take the after-breakfast smoke on, and the view thence is glorious. On several occasions some of these anglers were fishing for bass, using a different tackle from the mullet catchers. They were provided with a strong hemp line, sixty feet long; no rod; a gimp or wire trace, a foot in length; a heavy lead sinker (3 oz.), and large white-metal sea-hook, on which, in precisely the same manner the hook of a trimmer set for pike would be baited, is placed a sardine. I saw many splendid fish taken. The *modus operandi* is as follows: You coil your line carefully on the parapet of the sea-wall, take hold of it a dozen feet from the hook, swing it round a few times, and launch it into the breakers. Then you feel the line lightly till you get a run. You will know it when you do. It will be snatched with a rush, and your capture will give plenty of sport to land.

I am told, but not on authority I know to be reliable, that trout are to be caught three or four miles up the river. But there is no doubt the Orio, within a day's easy drive, contains plenty. And I was informed sewin and salmon abound also.

I have made the acquaintance of several ardent sportsmen, and eagerly sought information from them. I find the immediate prospect for sport is very bad. The weather has been too warm. Since my arrival the thermometer has

only ranged between 24° and 27° Réaumur, in the shade, night and day. Not a speck of snow has fallen on the mountains. And, as the "passage" takes place between the first and twenty-fifth of this month, only a few days remain. Such a season is unusual. November generally sees the peaks of the Spanish Pyrenees white with snow; and a northerly storm or two is regularly expected to accompany the advent of this month. In such cases the flights of cock alight as they arrive—there are thousands of birds I am told—till the country is alive with them; and the marsh grounds and rivulet banks swarm with snipe. Once settled they remain till spring, and the shooting, of its kind, is not to be surpassed. Resident game, however, such as partridges, hares, rabbits, and so forth have become almost extinct in this neighbourhood. They were killed off by the Carlists during the war, who were mostly armed with shot guns, had opportunities in plenty to get sporting ammunition; and the mode of warfare being a "Return to-morrow—go with God" affair, pot-hunting was a regular pastime and the order of the day. Ducks, usually plentiful and in great variety at this season, are also very scarce, owing to the mildness of the weather. In the mountains there are a few boucketins and bears, and wild boar are plentiful. None of them, however, can be got at until after the fall of the leaves, the cover being now too thick for stalking to be possible. I am too late for the quails, whose season here is the latter part of summer, when the country is literally alive with them. Foxes are innumerable, and hunted with avidity. They are in fact the sportsmen's (?) chief game. Here foxes are "done to

death" with shot-gun and dog, in a like manner as hares are in France, and are sought after for their skins.

I have had a specimen of Spanish postal arrangements. My daily call at the *Correo* was invariably a disappointment, and I had commenced to wonder why I never got any letters, when one day a stranger, a Frenchman, stepped up to me in the street and saying, "I think this is yours," produced one from his pocket and handed it to me. It was properly directed after the Spanish manner:

Al Señor Don Juan S. Campion,

San Sebastian,

Guipúzcoa,

España.

Lista de Correo.

There was no excuse for mistake. And it ought to have been delivered to me at the office.

This is the history of that letter's adventures. The summer visitors here have introduced the bad custom of tipping the letter-carriers who bring them their correspondence; hence, instead of, as by law bound, leaving foreign *Lista de Correo* letters to be called for, they hawk them about town to find the owners and get the tips. I had been tracked to the Hôtel du Commerce and my letter taken there. But I had left. So also had a recent French guest. The landlord did not know my name, nor where I had gone; neither did he know the name of the French traveller who had just left his house. But he did the place where he had gone to, so, on spec, forwarded my letter to the Frenchman, then sojourning at a little village

in the mountains called Atocha. The Frenchman was out when it arrived, and the letter was left. On his return, seeing it was not for him, he pocketed it; and the first time he came to town asked amongst his friends if they knew of such a person as myself. One of them was fortunately a lately-made sporting acquaintance, and describing my appearance accurately, enabled the holder of my letter to recognise me. I went to the *Oficina del Correos* and presented the officials with a piece of my mind. I hope they liked it.

Wishing to have a look at the country and to see if I could find any game, though the weather had remained fine and as warm as the hottest English summer-time, I started out yesterday for a day's shooting. Leaving home at a quarter to seven, without breakfast, of course—no man expects to get anything to eat at that early hour in Spain—but I laid in a supply of bread at an early-opened bakery that I passed, and at a *ventorillo* disposed of a "go-down" of *aquardiente*. Awful stuff—liquid lightning.

The temperature of the morning was so warm that I dressed very much in my old Arizona style: a loose flannel shirt, no collar, no necktie; trousers without braces, no underclothes; cotton socks, and the peasant shoes of the country, *alpargatas*, or, in plain English, linen shoes with soles of thick hemp-webbing and without heel-taps, looking much like, and feeling exactly the same to walk in, as Mexican Indian moccasins.

Crossing the river Urumia by the *Puente de Sta. Catalina*, I took a road leading diagonally up its course, recrossed it by another bridge, and found myself on an alluvial flat of

about fifteen hundred acres. A tract of land partly cultivated, partly in rush-grown ponds and waste ground. Evidently the sea backed the river water up, at high tide, to beyond the head of the flat, and to protect it from overflow was an enclosing embankment, and several transverse ones; while to drain it were intersecting ditches, crossing in all directions; most of them about the width of an easy jump, all nearly choked with reeds, rushes, and flags. Around this flat the river curved for more than a half-mile. For the remainder, its edge was met by hill sides, covered with low trees, with tangled brakes, and beds of fern; hill sides full of little springs, miniature bogs, and rills of water. If there were any cock, snipe, or duck in the country, before me was the ground to find them on.

I first tried the flat; beat it closely and carefully. No go, nothing on it. While doing so, the sky became overcast, and ere long it commenced to drizzle, a soft, warm rain, but very wet. At last I flushed two plover. They were of a kind unknown to me, and got away, far out of shot. As I was leaving the flat to try the hills, I put up a fine snipe. He rose at thirty yards, and I covered him before he had gone ten feet; but it had been raining then for two hours, a fine soaking rain, my gun hung fire, and a miss was the result.

While wandering amongst the hills, or more properly speaking, mountain spurs, I came across a ruinous old water-mill, a most dirty, tumble-down, miserable hovel; but having an announcement over its entrance that wine was procurable within. It was an opportunity not to be missed. I could there make my breakfast, and pleasantly

reverse the state I was in, for I felt dry inside and very wet without. In the mill were two men cobbling up the wheel's machinery, which to English eyes, albeit those of one who had been a backwoodsman, seemed totally wrecked, and quite unmendable. The living-room contained some half-dozen children, most of them girls, and two young women busy doing nothing. A bloated goat-skin lying on the window-sill, stained a dark blood colour, and having a piece of bamboo reed, stopped with a spigot, sticking out of one corner of it, was ocular evidence there was wine in the house. It was *Vino de Navario*, and in quality a fine, full-bodied, fruity burgundy, very grateful to a wet and tired *chasseur*. I drank two big tumblers full of it while eating my bread, smoked a pipe, and felt refreshed. The flavour of the skin, in the wine, I did not quite like (I am told strangers do not, but soon get accustomed to, and then rather prefer it), otherwise it was better wine than I have ever got in France, and it cost me less than three halfpence per tumbler—a *real* (twopence-halfpenny) per pint. *Vino de Navario* proved much stronger than I supposed, for notwithstanding wet and exercise, it got into my head, and very nearly into my legs too.

I beat the cover on hill and mountain side until three o'clock, and only saw one cock. It was flying, and too high up to be shot at, with any possibility of success; then I faced for home. Soon after four o'clock I arrived as wet as the false-keel of the Ark when it grounded on Ararat, and quite satisfied I had been correctly informed, that as yet there were no cock or snipe to speak of in the

country, and as sure I had never, in as many hours, walked over better cock and snipe ground before.

It has been raining steadily ever since yesterday morning, and looks as if it might continue to do so till doomsday, but it is a warm rain. What little wind there is comes from the south, and the prospect for birds is very bad. It is just the weather for them to travel; but while the wind holds in its present quarter they will continue going north, and not alight this side the Pyrenees.



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CHAPTER III.

Guipuzcoa's Peasantry—Ancient Works—The Women—Garrison of Occupation—Entomological Excursion—Aggravating little Monsters—A Spanish Breakfast and Dinner—Another Day's Shooting—A Theatre's Audience—A Theatrical Performance—Spanish equivalent for Cricket—Markets and Market-houses—Sardines—Peasant Costumes—A fine Catch—Spanish Copper Coinage—*Ochavos*—Old Roman Coins for Change.

NOVEMBER 24, 1876.—I have been staying in San Sebastian much longer than I intended. At this rate I shall never get to the Mediterranean. But really the place is a hard one to leave. I am very comfortable. Politeness and kind attentions have been showered on me from all sides. The country and town is so thoroughly Spanish, notwithstanding its proximity to France, as to be quite new and strange; and since the rain ceased—it only lasted two days—the weather, with a slight exception, has been delicious, and my time most interestingly occupied observing the inhabitants, their ways and customs, and in viewing the neighbourhood, taking long walks to the numerous points of special interest, and vainly looking for game.

These Guipuzcoans—the peasantry—seem a hardy, good-sized, stout, industrious, and when not fighting,

energetic people. In every little field—and they are little, for ground level enough for cultivation is scarce, and in small patches—I was sure to see some of them at work, working, too, with a will, not “putting the time in,” like English farm labourers. Still, these people live in wretched hovels. Not that the buildings in which they sleep always were such; on the contrary, they are the remains of good, substantial, occasionally large, solidly-built, stone houses—ancient *casas solares*—whose fronts are frequently adorned with armorial shields, sculptured in stone. But they all look, not only some centuries old, and as if no repairs had ever been done to them, but also as though they had been regularly battered and sacked, which, indeed, every one of them has doubtless been many times. One or two rooms in these ruinous buildings, more or less roughly roofed over in recent times, is the present dwelling-place of the farmer and family, his help, and his cattle. The largest and most remarkable of these old places that I came across is situated some distance up, in fact, on a spur of the mountain immediately south of the San Sebastian bathing-bay. Its roof has gone—literally gone—to grass, ever so long ago. Its windows are ragged holes in the walls. The only thing in tolerable preservation about it is an admirably well carved in stone coat-of-arms, most elaborately quartered, and surmounted with a many-pointed crown—one like the David’s crown of Bible pictures.

On the height immediately above are the remains of an old fort of the redoubt order, apparently the key of the position; for the whole summit of the mountain has once

been intrenched, and the traces of the zigzag, which corkscrews up its face, lead immediately thereto. A Spanish gentleman of this place informs me the fortifications are of the time of the Emperor Charles V., but can tell me nothing about the old house, or why there is a crown over the coat-of-arms above its entrance. Most certainly the crown is not an imperial one.

The personal appearance of the females of the peasantry is a daily source of astonishment to me. They are continually exposed to the weather, wear nothing to protect their faces, their head-dress is but a party-coloured kerchief, bound round their back hair; yet the majority of them have really beautiful complexions, not swarthy, not rough, but fair and quite delicate, with a rosy tinge and very smooth skin. The thoroughly fair type is, however, scarce; most of these women having very dark brown eyes and raven hair, enhancing greatly by contrast the fairness of their skin. I suppose the Northmen conquest of the country in eight hundred and something is the remote cause of their fairness of complexion. These women on working days wear neither shoes nor stockings, and have a reckless *naïveté* about the displaying of their limbs, generally very good ones, that is not surpassed by even the Boulogne shrimp-girls when following their vocation. They seem a good-natured, cheerful lot; there are always groups of them to be seen round the pumps, springs, and wells, some washing, some drawing water; others balancing, without help of hand, huge oriental-looking water-jars on their heads; and all laughing, chatting, singing, and making sport. The shop-girls of the town seem quite of a

different type. They, or I mistake greatly, show more or less Jewish blood.

The hauling of the country is chiefly done by oxen, smallish, but well-built, active animals; in shape a little like Devons; all of one colour—light dunnish bay. These draught animals are yoked by the horns; a troublesome way of hitching, but unquestionably the method enabling them best to use their strength. Over the yoke is drawn a sheep-skin with the fleece on, and round the forehead of the steers is bound an ornamental fringed fillet. The waggon is generally a two-wheeled affair, made after a most ancient pattern, the wheels being solid discs of wood. The "iron-work" of many of these primitive vehicles is raw hide, and the axles of all of them are "greased with curses" only. You can hear them squeak and groan long before you can see them.

The town is at present full of military—*migueletes*, mountain militia; and a permanent provincial force, *guardias civiles*, the Spanish equivalent for the gendarmerie of France, and the regulars of all arms, swarm everywhere. Guipuzcoa has the garrison of a country conquered but not trusted. These troops, officers and men, are very well uniformed. Ease, elegance, and utility are combined in a way that is an example to England, France, and even most practical America.

I perceive the officers here have the same custom as obtains in England, with regard to the wearing of their uniforms; only doing so when on duty. Directly they come off, so does their harness, and they clothe themselves in mufti. When *en paisano*, these Spanish officers

are dressed more like Englishmen than Frenchmen, as far as style goes, and have all a thoroughly well-groomed look about them, and a quiet repose of manner. In fact their "form" is excellent. And they must certainly take great care of their hands, which, as a rule, are small, well-shaped, soft, and white.

The Spanish newspapers I have come across are but poor affairs, and their foreign intelligence is, I suspect, like a good deal of the cognac drunk in England, chiefly a domestic manufacture, flavoured to suit customers' palates. At dinner, I regularly hear the political news of the day discussed. Sunday last there was great excitement. Two coalitions had been formed, and war was about to be declared—Russia, Germany, and Italy against Turkey, England, Austria, France, and Spain. "Why Spain?" I innocently inquired. "What earthly interests has she in the matter, calling for the extravagance of going to war?" One of the officers gave triumphantly the—to all except myself—conclusive answer: "Spain cannot permit a European war to take place and remain inactive, not take the front position her rank amongst nations demands; and Spain, England, and France, being the leaders of civilisation, *must* pull together." It all sounded very queer to me, premises and conclusion; I give it as a specimen of Spanish sentiment.

In pursuance of a promise, I have made a commencement at beetle-collecting. My first step was to get laurel leaves; for, I had been told, mashed laurel leaves, in a closely-stoppered bottle, would quickly kill these insects. It took me half a day's searching to find any laurel trees.

At length, spying some in a walled garden, I made a rapid raid, committed trespass and petit larceny, and fell back on my base of operations, with a pocketful of tender upper leaves. Then I went and bought the bottle—an old sulphide of quinine bottle—at an apothecary's shop. I told the chemist what I wanted it for. He disgusted me by saying no beetles were to be found in winter, no matter how warm the weather was; that in summer, any quantity of numerous varieties could be procured, but not so now. However, I cut and mashed my laurel leaves, filled my bottle with them, ate my twelve o'clock breakfast, and sallied forth. I turned over rocks and stones, exploited a quarry, tried the cliff's face, the roots and bark of trees, hedge bottoms; I nettled myself well, disturbed a colony of ants, was charged by their entire army, well bitten, and ignominiously put to flight. At last I made two captures—two wretched, half-dead-looking, black beetles. They were all I could find, and I bottled and took them home. Those are the two most contrary, disobliging, aggravating little monsters I ever heard of. They won't die. They walk about in the bottle, and fatten on those leaves. I found them looking miserable and half dead; they have grown proud, and mightily exalt their horns. If those beetles continue in their present outrageous course, I shall, at the expense of the loss to science of their interesting carcasses, take them to a blacksmith's shop, lay them on an anvil, and try if they can be killed with a sledge hammer. Apropos of insects, I have been pleasingly disappointed by the absence of "the midnight marauder." Already I have been some

little time in Spain, and, contrary to expectation, have not encountered "the wicked flea." But "the oldest inhabitant" assures me that, in summer, they, like the beetles, are not scarce.

More rain, but not for long, only an afternoon; a steady, soaking, warm rain, with a light westerly wind. Then a clear up. After the rain, I took my usual evening's constitutional round the *Plaza de Guipuzcoa*. The air resounded with the cries of migratory birds, hovering and wheeling over the town, attracted by the lights. The companion of my promenade told me that when, during the passage of the woodcock, it was good "settling" weather, flights of them often alighted in the *plaza*, and were flushed by the early risers who first crossed it in the morning.

Eating being an interesting incident of life everywhere, I will give a fair specimen of a San Sebastian boarding-house breakfast, at the latter end of November. Table covered with a clean white cloth; a ditto napkin; and a roll of fresh bread before each person. In the centre of the table a handsome bouquet of natural cut flowers—heliotropes, roses, carnations, &c. &c.—all grown out of doors. Set around, are little plates containing cheese—a sort of gruyère; fresh butter—very good; excellent grapes, apples, walnuts, and other fruit. A neat, clean servant-girl goes round and pours out a large goblet of wine and a tumbler of water for each person, and the following courses are handed round: a beetroot salad, omelettes, sausages on toast, mutton chops and fried potatoes, pastry, black coffee, and *cigarios*. During the meal, wine-

glasses are refilled by the servant as often as emptied. Everything that ought to be hot is so—piping hot. The dishes are passed through a sliding panel in the wall, from the kitchen to the waitress in the room, and plates, knives, forks, and spoons changed with each course. The meal lasts about an hour, and there is to spare of everything.

Dinner of the same day. Table set out as at breakfast, excepting that there are no flowers. Wine helped and courses as follows: vermicelli soup; boiled gray mullet and parsley sauce; lentils, potatoes, and chopped cabbage; pieces of boiled beef and sausages; rissoles made of no man knows what, might have been veal, perhaps fowl, or possibly—but hold! if, as is said, confidence is necessary to the enjoyment of love, how much more so is it to that of Spanish rissoles? Sufficient to say they were egged, bread-crumbed, nicely browned, and very good. Then, beef *à la jardinière*; salad; custard of some kind unknown, for I do not usually eat such things. In search of information much may and ought to be done, but a line must be drawn somewhere: I draw it at experimenting on my stomach with sweets and pastry. Finally, a dessert of all fruits in season, black coffee, the weed, and topics of the day.

The night succeeding the afternoon rain there was a light white frost, and thinking some of the birds, whose cries I had heard, might have settled, I turned out early the following morning for a *chasse*. It was a magnificent, bright, clear, warm day, but I was again disappointed, and did not see any game, excepting two snipe, who got away

out of range. During the day's tramp I saw a native sportsman with a cross-bred dog, one between setter and pointer; also two others with a couple of highly-bred red setters that were ranging and quartering their ground beautifully. Neither party had seen any cock; evidently there are none in the country now.

Last Thursday night the principal theatre opened for a short season, though it is the deadest time of the year; not only are there now no visitors here, but the resident gentry are all away wintering at Madrid, or farther south, the good country houses being almost all empty and shut up. It was my first opportunity to attend a Spanish theatrical performance, and was not neglected. I found the theatre a very pretty, well-arranged one, much after the style of the Princess's, and admirably ventilated and lighted. All the evening, its temperature left nothing to be desired. Wishing to see and hear to the best advantage, I took a *butaca*, the equivalent for a stall, the most expensive place in the house, but only costing seven *reals* (one shilling and fivepence-halfpenny). I estimated the building would conveniently contain eight hundred persons, but this is probably an under estimate. In round numbers, there were four hundred present. A very well-conducted audience; no shouting, stamping, or catcalling, in the gallery—if it was only twopence-halfpenny admittance; no oranges, pop, and trash hawked about; no talking while the acting was going on. Everyone seemed there to attend to the play, and not to annoy other people. There was no full dress, as we understand the term. The gentlemen were in calling costume, the ladies *en toilette*

de ville, and very well dressed too were both the sexes. There were present many good-looking women, hardly any really plain ones, and some downright beauties. I counted them—there were seven. I am tolerably sure I never saw seven as handsome girls at one time in a London theatre.

Between each act most of the men went into the corridors and walked up and down them, smoking *cigaros* and chatting, or they paid calls on the ladies of their acquaintance in the *palcos* and *butacas*. There was no refreshment-buffet, and I do not think anyone left the building to "take a drink." Applause was only occasional and judicious. I had been told the company was indifferent, that it was one of no reputation. That being true, I am anxious to see a Spanish one that has a reputation, for the acting was capital. The troupe consisted of six performers, three men and as many actresses, and of a few "sups." It was a very even company, and nothing "sticky" about any of them; no awkward pauses, no hitches, no exaggerations. They were dressed to their parts, not beyond them. And they did not "act"—that is to say, there was no posturing, mouthing, or obvious making of points. Altogether it was a very pleasing performance, and, from its excessive naturalness, a refreshing novelty. Three light comedy pieces composed the bill. The first, principal, and best, was entitled "*Un Ingles*," and was a "take off" on the travelling "*Milor*." The Englishman was got up to perfection. I declare when he came on the stage he looked so typically the London middle-aged swell, that had I met him in the street, I should have thought it

somebody I knew but could not exactly place. I was told the actor was a Spaniard, who did not know any English excepting the words in his part, so the way he talked broken Spanish with an English accent, and mixed in correct English phrases, was very clever. The orchestra, twenty-eight performers and a conductor, was a fair one. The performance commenced at eight sharp and finished at eleven. There were no carriages in attendance, and the ladies of the audience all walked home without donning wraps, and either bareheaded or with only light lace veils on. It said much for the climate.

While on the subject of amusements, "*Pelota*," the national game of Northern Spain, that country's equivalent for cricket, the game *par excellence* of the people, must not be passed over. There is a very fine pelota court here, and I have lately been a spectator at a grand match. The game resembles in many respects both fives and rackets, and can only be properly played in a court constructed purposely. But it can be indulged in, after a fashion, wherever there is a high wall and open space. And, in spite of notices forbidding, and announcing fines for so doing, the street *gamins* are eternally at it, making every public building and ecclesiastical edifice in town a makeshift pelota court, the forbidding notice serving admirably as "the line." So early does the young idea here learn to practise the Spanish maxim as to how an unpopular law is to be observed—*obedecido pero no cumplido*.

The pelota ball weighs three ounces, and is as like as may be to a racket-ball. It is "served" with the naked hand. But the rest of the players are each furnished with

a species of racket; a strong leather glove firmly bound on their right hand, and having a wicker-work spoon, two feet long and six inches wide, stiffly fastened to it, being used.

The match in progress was between crack players, and tolerably heavy betting was going on. The playing was very violent exercise for such hot weather, and considerable address, activity, and expertness displayed; and judging by the frequent and hearty applause, the play was very good. However, not understanding the game, I could not properly appreciate the points.

The markets here are scenes of considerable interest to me. They are held daily, Sundays included. The principal are, the fruit, flower, vegetable, and game market; the meat and fish one; and in an open square a general mart of all kinds of frippery, earthenware, pots, pans, and charcoal—the last brought to town on donkeys, and sold by charcoal-women, looking like so many duchesses disguised as sweeps. The daily supply of vegetables and fruit is astonishing, both for its variety and quantity. All English summer vegetables and French autumn fruits are in profusion, as are also many, to me, new and strange ones; and as the gardeners are now busy planting out young cabbages, cauliflowers, and lettuces, it looks as though they always had summer vegetables here. Indeed, the large oleanders and heliotropes, which flourish unprotected in the gardens all the winter, vouch for the mildness of the climate.

Nor is the fish market less well supplied. Indeed, the variety of fish seems almost infinite. Unfortunately, not

being a learned piscatorial swell, I cannot give a list of them. I really do not know the English names for any, excepting the red and gray mullets, the bass, and the sardines. The last-mentioned fish are caught here in tolerably large quantities; though smaller they are much better flavoured than their Mediterranean cousins. I can vouch that when just caught, fried crisp and brown in new olive oil, and eaten with cucumber, salt, and cayenne, they are delicious. As yet, no sardines are "put up" here. The bulk of the takes are purchased by some Frenchmen of this place, who expedite them to Bordeaux; but intend, when sufficiently "ahead of the game" to have the necessary capital, to start canning works, and export them, cured and boxed, in the usual way.

The market-houses here are large, commodious, sweet, and airy; would be a credit to any place. The chief one is a handsome stone, iron, and glass edifice; in shape a hollow square, whose sides of one hundred and ninety feet each in length enclose an open flagged yard, having a fine fountain in its centre. It is quite lofty—about sixty feet in height from floor to ceiling. The fish and meat market is a large semicircular building, equally well arranged, lighted, and ventilated. Both these market-houses are kept scrupulously clean.

At present game is not plentiful, the few partridges and hares exposed for sale coming from Navarre. But poultry of all sorts and eggs are in profusion. I find the markets a pleasant lounge before breakfast, and a capital place to study the peasantry, especially the pretty girls from the mountains, and the hardly less comely fish-maids;

these latter being here, as everywhere else, seemingly belonging to a race apart and to themselves.

I have been disappointed by a lack of picturesqueness and variety in the peasant-costume of the province. This is the usual male one: On the feet, *alpargates*—no stockings—trousers and blouse of blue cotton, just like a French peasant's; under the blouse a coarse white linen shirt; round the neck a loosely-tied kerchief; in many folds and winds a wide red stuff sash, encircling the waist; surmounting all, and completing the costume, the Biscayan *gorra*, a head-covering wove all in one piece, looking like a compromise between a cricketing-cap and a Lowland Scottish bonnet, and having a tuft on its top. These caps are all either red or dark blue. Red is Royalist; blue is Carlist. For one red cap, fifty blue are to be seen.

After doing the markets—not being a purchaser, the fair vendors do not *do* me—the market-houses being close to the sea-wall, I usually go and spend a short time watching the fishermen. On the last occasion, though the sun shone in a clear sky, and the air was balmy, it was evident that either a gale was blowing to seaward, or there had recently been a storm in the Bay of Biscay; for the rollers that coursed one another up the Lazurriola, and with flashing light and thunder roars broke into snowy clouds of spray at the mouth of the Rio Urumea, swept in, in height and volume like unto the surf of the Pacific on a coral reef. Just within the breakers' edge, right in the churning foam, a long-line fisherman was trying his luck. I had not watched him two minutes before he got a run, and struck and landed a splendid fish, a rock bass, in excellent

condition, and very deep and thick, at least two feet in length, and whose silver sides glistened like a salmon's. He gave it to a companion, who took it immediately to the fish market to sell "all alive ho!" rebaited with a fresh sardine, and resumed his fishing. Before long he had another run. The line was snatched right out of his hands, and twenty yards carried out before he could catch hold of its coil. After a short and lively tussle the fisherman landed his capture—a different and much larger fish than the other. Being close to him as he unhooked his captive, I had a good chance to inspect it carefully, but did not recognise the species. The fish was as silvery as the bass, had very small scales, and spots like a salmon-trout. The fisherman called him a luena, but that may be only a local name. These Guipuzcoans have one for everything. But whatever he is called, that the fish is good eating, firm, flaky, and delicate of flavour, I do know, having done my part at table in the demolishing of several.

Sunday morning I attended a requiem mass in the Iglesia de Santa Maria, the chief church in town. The congregation was numerous, well dressed and devout, and the music good. In the afternoon the military band of one of the regiments stationed here played in the Boulevard. This promenade is a wide opening right through the centre of the town; it runs from the sea-wall of the river Urumea at its east end, to that of the Aconcha, the bathing bay, at its west extremity. It is about five hundred yards long, well planted with shade trees, has a pretty fountain at each end, and there is a pleasant draught of air almost always drawing through it. For the occasion the Boulevard was

crowded with listeners walking up and down, principally servant-girls, soldiers, and peasantry. The band was a wretched affair; the twenty musicians played about as well as, and their instruments were, in tone and accord, like unto, a London street German brass band; but, if possible, in worse condition. They—the instruments—were as dirty as could be; had certainly never been cleaned since issued. I have never seen dirtier brass in any marine store. What a contrast to the, in every sense, splendid French band I had so lately heard at Bayonne!

The relative value of the copper coins in use here seems at first a conundrum which "no fellow can find out." But this question, like "Bradshaw," is to be understood by giving one's whole mind to it, and though it seems a very small matter to trouble about, is yet really worth while mastering, because in all countries a display of ignorance of small change stamps a man as a stranger unused to the business ways of the locality; in fact, as a person to be overcharged and otherwise imposed on in greater matters. Legally or theoretically—the two expressions are often convertible terms in Spain, I fear—the question is easy. The peseta, a silver coin worth twenty-one French sous, and practically replacing our shilling, consists of one hundred centimos, and is the standard of value; and the centimos are coined in copper pieces of one, five, and ten centimos, value respectively; but, practically, values are almost always reckoned in reals, a silver coin worth twenty-five centimos, or else in cuartos and ochavos, dos-cuarto pieces replacing our penny as a circulating medium. Now there are in general use here two dos-cuartos, each of different value,

i.e. the old coinage and that of Isabella II., so I have tabulated their relative values for my guidance and convenience :

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|--|-------------|
| 2 diez-centimos and 1 cinco-centimo | } = 1 real. |
| 3 dos-cuartos, 2 cuartos, and 1 ochavo (old coinage) | |
| 2 cuartos and 1 dos-cuartos (Isabella coinage) | |
| 17 ochavos | |

An old coinage dos-cuartos is much heavier than an Isabelleta cuarto, and yet it takes four of them and one ochavo to make a real, while four Isabelleta cuartos are taken for one real ; verily, it is at first puzzling, and the reason thereof not obvious, nor can I see what the cuarto piece is a quarter of. The new one-centimo piece passes for an ochavo, so does any ancient or foreign copper coin, an English farthing or penny, an old French liard, or a two-sous piece. I am sequestering all strange ochavos that come to me as change, forming a collection of them. I have already put by a modern centimo, an old Egyptian inscribed coin, several Moorish ones of the period when the Moors governed Spain, a coin covered with Arabic characters, one of the Kingdom of Castile, a Roman one, a Gibraltar "two-cuarts" of 1842, a Don Carlos VII., and a Waterloo halfpenny ; this last coin bearing on one side the head and bust of the old duke. He is represented as wearing a laced uniform coat and epaulettes and a huge frill shirt ! Round his head is a wreath of bay-leaves and the words, "The Illustrious Wellington ;" on the obverse an Irish harp and the date 1816. I am told by a collector it is a very scarce piece in Spain. A gentleman showed me the other day

some very rare old Roman coins in a splendid state of preservation, which he had received as ochavos when making purchases in the market. He would not part with them. One of my Moorish coins is as heavy as an old English penny, another weighs about the sixth of a farthing; to-day they are of equal value, both ochavos. It seems queer to have such coins handed to one in change. Until habituated to the fact that he is in the old curiosity shop and museum-corner of Europe, a man wonders how they ever all got here.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER IV.

La Concha—Spanish Crier—Wild-Boar Hunting—Alfonso's Fête-Day—A Review—Spanish Cavalry—"But you are not going alone?"—An emphatic Warning—Scenery around San Sebastian.

NOVEMBER 28, 1876.—I am getting more in love with this place every day. The air is so soft and balmy, the sea so blue, the encircling mountains so charming. My only regret is that now is not the bathing season, for La Concha is an unsurpassable bathing beach. It lies to the south-west of the town, and is the inner edge of a circular bay, something over a mile wide. This bay is the harbour of San Sebastian, and has but a narrow opening to the sea, its mouth being more than half closed by the Isla de Santa Clara, a handsomely-wooded, rocky island, rising to the height of one hundred and sixty feet, and surmounted with a lighthouse. This island breaks the swell of the ocean into gentle waves. The water of the bay is clear, clean, bright, and warm, and there is absolutely no current. The sands are sloping, without a stone, shell, or rock, firm and smooth. The Perla del Oceano, or range of bathing-rooms, is admirably convenient for toilette arrangements. Ropes floated by buoys extend out nearly two hundred yards. In short,