

every care has been taken by the municipality for the safety, comfort, and convenience of bathers, of whom, I am told, hundreds at a time are to be seen, dressed in all varieties of costume, sporting in the water; for San Sebastian has of late years become a fashionable resort from Madrid and other large Spanish towns, and in the summer and early autumn is full of gay company. Then, too, is the time for bull-fights, and the large bull-ring is crowded with beauty and fashion. Now it is shut up, for which I am sorry, for Guipuzcoa is famous for fine and strong bulls; and though much may be said against bull-fighting, it is certainly a sight to be seen occasionally, and if seen at all, may as well be seen thoroughly well done.

San Sebastian is evidently determined to be up to the times. On the old walls of the Plaza de Toros are flaming advertisements of a new skating-rink. Thus is a sport dating anterior to the Dark Ages and the last modern invention for amusement brought into close connection.

Yesterday I met a town-crier. In the most important particular of his office he exactly resembled the crier of Old England, for no man could make out what he was proclaiming. But he differed from his English equivalent in that he had no bell. He had, however, a striking substitute. A young man accompanied him, bearing a treble drum, on which he from time to time beat a roll to attract attention. Both crier and drummer were dressed in a neat—it might almost be called handsome—municipal uniform: dark blue frock-coat and trousers, brass buttons, and narrow silver-lace facings, and a glazed cap with a silver-lace band.

I have got a companion for my journey ; I have bought a dog, a setter, aged fifteen months. He is not exactly the style of dog I should have chosen, were there choice to be had, but there is not ; for though I have seen plenty of high-class, well-broken pointers and setters here, there is no buying them, there are none of them for sale. I object to the one I have obtained on two accounts. His size, for he is the biggest, heaviest setter I think I have ever seen, and it may bother me to keep him in condition on the trip before me ; and to his tail, which is inclined to the "club" order, and carried too straight upright. However, he has his good points—splendid feet, a fine intelligent head, magnificent eyes, and great power. His late owner parts with him because he cannot find a good man to break the dog, does not go out sufficiently often to do so himself, and has the promise of a thoroughly broken one from his brother. He tells me the dog has had a few quail and cock killed over him ; that he possesses an excellent nose, and ranges well ; is tractable and affectionate, and of clean habits. This gentleman has invited me to join a wild-boar hunt, now being organised, and to come off as soon as a snow-storm in the Pyrenees drives the game into the foothills ; but there is no immediate prospect of a change in the weather, and the delay is too indefinite ; besides, snow is the very thing I fear and wish to avoid ; a heavy fall would play the mischief with a pedestrian trip in this nest of mountains. I am promised, if I stop, a certainty of sport, for the breeding-season has been very propitious. Two litters have been the rule, not the exception, and wild boar are in plenty ; a herd of forty-seven has already been

marked in one of the high valleys, and the snow will drive down numerous more such herds.

The hunt is a regular *battue*; those having guns are posted in likely places, in a circle extending miles, and a crowd of persons armed with clubs, forks, spears, pikes, &c., and hounds and curs, dogs of high and low degree; make a regular drive. The sport is not devoid of danger. My friend possesses the stuffed head of a boar, at whose killing he assisted, who sold his life at the price of that of three men. The hunter stationed where he attempted to break the line struck him in a vital spot with an ounce ball, but without stopping him. Making a last desperate charge, the boar floored his man and ripped him up, and two out of the number of beaters and hunters who rushed to the assistance of their fallen comrade were so badly injured as not to recover; really we English have no right, as we often do, to assert the Anglo-Saxon is the only true sportsman. The boar's head was an immense one, and I am credibly assured that the wild boar of the Spanish Pyrenees dwarfs in size and ferocity the ordinary European wild boar to a "pig."

To-day is Alfonso's fête-day, and all the flags are flying. The troops are *en grande tenue*. Bells are ringing, powder is burning. "Viva Don Alfonso! El Rey de las Españas!" For how long?

This afternoon, in honour of the day, there was a review of the garrison, three thousand men, infantry detachments from several regiments, a general's escort of cavalry-chasseurs, and the artillerymen from the forts. Several regimental bands attended, all about much of a muchness

with the one I have described. The general, a fine soldier-like man, and his staff and escort, were in gorgeous array. I was struck by the marching of the men. It was most admirable. Though in heavy order, carrying knapsack, haversack, overcoat, &c., they went past at a killing pace—the *pas gymnastic*—and though they continued at the same speed, marching and countermarching for over half an hour, they looked as fresh as though they had been standing still; indeed, it seemed as if they could keep at that gait all day. I inspected their arms and accoutrements. Nothing was rusty, dirty, or muddy; but nothing was clean as a British sergeant would understand that word. All metal-work, gun, bayonet, buckles, &c., though they had been wiped often enough, had certainly never been scoured; a system that has two practical advantages: the men lose less time cleaning, and there is nothing bright about their accoutrements—nothing that by catching a ray of sunlight might give a flash, betraying from a distance their movements to a foe.

After watching for two hours march and manœuvre, I came to the conclusion that the infantry before me were admirable to form the skirmish line of an advance through a difficult country. There was an “on my own hook” look about them and their movements, and they had the physical appearance of men who could stand hard work, fast marching, and short rations. Comparisons may be objectionable, but they are permissible to convey a clear idea. It seemed to me such soldiers could easily, in a rough hard campaign, out-march, out-starve, and perhaps, *after so doing*, out-fight British soldiers; but under ordinary

circumstances they would be no more able to meet their charge in the open than would so many children. They would go down like ninepins, or scatter like sheep; the individual weight was not there, nor the solidity in mass, to give them the remotest chance in such an encounter. May it never occur.

The cavalry, so far as the rough material of horseflesh went, were very well mounted, their steeds being strong and serviceable, with a fair turn of speed and considerable dash of blood about them; though as for being chargers, they would have been considered but unbroken horses in England, and they looked as wild as rabbits. The saddles were as much as could be after the fashion of English hunting ones, which surprised me, for I expected to see in use a modification of the old Spanish saddle, one like that now used in Mexico and California—a saddle which in my humble opinion is in every respect superior for campaigning purposes to the hunting-saddle. The men rode very well as individuals. Once they passed at a gallop. They were supposed to be in formation column, four abreast. They went by in a ruck, like a close Derby finish, or a charge of wild Arabs.

To-morrow (D.V., and weather permitting), I shall take up my line of march—horse, foot, and artillery; in other words, dog, self, and gun; for, after much trouble and more advice, I have got my itinerary, and, subject to unforeseen alterations, my route as far as Zaragoza is decided upon. My best and most reliable informant has been a banker here, Don Pepé Fuliano, who in his younger days has often travelled the country in question on horseback, and quite

lately gone through it several times by rail. My halting-places are to be Tolosa, Lecumberri, Pamplona, Venta de las Campanas, Tafalla, Caparros, Valteirra, Tudela, Mallen, Alagon, Zaragoza—all long marches apart for a man carrying gun and ammunition, heavy overcoat, and all his baggage. I am assured that at many of these places I shall find the accommodation wretched ; that some of them are not fit for Christians to enter, much less to eat and sleep in.

“ But you are not going alone ? ” said Don Pepé.

“ Indeed I am.”

“ Impossible ! Look you, two companions may travel the whole of this country—excepting parts of Andalucia, where there are organised banditti, with the utmost safety ; but a solitary man must not. In this country occasion makes the robber. Some men working in the fields, some peasants travelling the road, will see you ; will say, ‘ See, there is a man travelling alone ; let us run ahead of him, hide, jump on him from behind, and kill him ; nobody will know.’ You may get as far as Pamplona without danger, for the peasantry of Guipuzcoa and Navarrette are quite honest ; they are smugglers. Below, thieves and bad people are not scarce, and if you travel alone beyond Tudela, something evil will certainly befall you. I would not undertake to do so for any money. You must absolutely have a companion, or——” And he executed a most impressive pantomime.

Don Pepé’s opinion was corroborated by a Frenchman with whom I talked the matter over ; one who had lived ten years in Spain, and who not only talked Castellano

(Spanish) perfectly, but the Vizcayan and Catalan dialects. He said :

“I have travelled all over the country you are going through, most of it alone. You certainly risk being assassinated, if only for your gun and clothes.”

“But if you have gone in safety alone, why not I?”

“Look at this,” pointing to the cicatrice of a gash across his cheek ; “and at this,” opening his shirt-front and showing the mark of an ugly stab in the ribs. “Those are what came of travelling alone in the byways of Northern Spain. But,” he added, “you are an Englishman, and may get through all right. You English are not *vive* as we are. You do not meddle with what does not concern you ; do not, when there is danger or excitement, lose your heads. But be very careful. Never give a light from your pipe or cigar to a stranger, for, doing so, you give him the drop on you ; and sleep with a weapon handy.”

The officers with whom I mess say this is all bosh. If I make a point of travelling exclusively by daylight, do not tell anyone where I am going, make my payments out of an old rubbishy Spanish purse, with many coppers, little silver, and no tempting gold in it, wear old clothes, and mind my own business, I shall run no danger. They prophesy the chief fear is my being snow-blockaded at some miserable roadside tavern, with a vile bed, abominable and scanty fare, fleas, and low company. However, it seems to me that an Arizona pioneer, one who has gone through some Indian warfare, and several first rushes, ought to pull through without difficulty. We shall see.

In conclusion, I will give a short description of the

scenery surrounding San Sebastian. Take all the mountains in Wales, north and south, tear them up by the roots, pitch them endways in heaps all over the country; cover the portions lying uppermost with heather; clothe the lower slopes, when not so steep as to be bare rock, with thickets and woods of oak and chestnut; fill every ravine and hollow with brawling streams, having swampy sides and fringed with cock covert; scatter through it, wherever the ground approaches to a workable level, small and far-apart fields of from a quarter to half-a-dozen acres in size; crown every eminence with ancient and modern entrenchments; place ruinous old stone mansions, straggling villages, apparently built in the Middle Ages, and big old churches in every valley; enclose with a rock-bound sea and towering mountain ranges—and you have it. No wonder the Carlists held it so long. Cavalry is useless, cannon cannot be moved in it. There is no question of finding an impregnable position; the difficulty would be to find one that was not. The country is one vast natural ambush. Apache Indians would hold it against the whole Spanish army *ad infinitum*. But Carlist troops had to be paid; that beat Don C.

CHAPTER V.

A Start for the Mediterranean—Hernani—An unfortunate Hamlet—A Ventorillo—Beau-ideal Trout Stream—Arrival at Tolosa—A Spanish Country-town Inn—La Santa Maria—Pleasant Company—A Mountain Road—Extraordinary Tillage—Thoroughly drenched—A Posada—An admirable Landlord—Astonishing Fare.

NOVEMBER 30, 1876.—Wednesday's sun rose in a cloudless sky, a light balmy breeze blew from the south, and after despatching my little cup of chocolate I sallied forth on my long walk. A blessing on Spanish chocolate, Mexico's best gift to Spain, better than all its gold and silver. Speaking generally, we English have not the remotest idea what a good cup of chocolate means, and the Pope and College of Cardinals who have decided drinking it does not break fast; to the contrary, notwithstanding, it is the Spanish national, and for a person who takes an eleven o'clock meal, a really sufficient *break-fast*. Made thick enough nearly to stand a spoon up in, it is full of nutriment; and a glass of cold water drunk immediately after a complete preventive to its causing biliousness.

My gun was slung, coat rolled up and strapped to my

back, haversack swung from my shoulders, my new dog Juan secured by a strong collar and chain, and taking the road going south-east, I started for the Mediterranean. So soon as the town was left the way commenced to ascend, and an hour's climbing brought me to the top of the first summit; there I turned to take a last look and bid farewell to San Sebastian and the Bay of Biscay. The white clean houses of the town, the crescent bay, the winding river, the fort-crowned mountains, the blue ocean, on whose surface occasional flaws of wind and catspaws glistened in the morning sun, seemingly so many splashes of liquid gold, formed indeed a lovely view.

Juan behaved in a most extraordinary way. Evidently he did not object to leave his native town; on the contrary, instead of my having to drag him he dragged me. The way that dog threw his weight into his collar and determinedly hauled me along was most fatiguing. But it was no use remonstrating by word of mouth. Ere gaining his affections I dare not do so by word of whip. I had therefore to submit, and suffer him to fill the contract to do the hauling he seemed to consider that he had undertaken.

Early in the day I arrived opposite a conical hill whose side seemed inaccessibly steep, and which was crowned with the fort of Hernani; an ancient fort refitted and rebuilt, and, as I could see, containing a garrison, for its ramparts were paced by sentinels. Leaving it on my left, and rounding the hill, the first valley seen since starting came in sight, lying a few hundred feet below me. A long narrow valley, with steep rugged mountains

beyond; and in its centre, on the banks of a mountain trout stream, the town of Hernani, a poor dilapidated place, looking almost deserted, although "returned" as having a population of four thousand souls.

It was clearly perceivable that the town of Hernani is a place of antiquity, and also that it was for its protection that the fort on the hill had been originally built. Its recent way of fulfilling such mission had been, judging by the appearance of the houses, the lack of roofs to many of them, the round ragged holes in their walls, to knock it into a cocked hat.

The only chance for refreshment I saw at Hernani was a tumble-down little bakery, whereat I purchased, for *dos-cuartos*, some stale rolls for self and dog; and, after walking along a few hundred yards of comparatively level road, I again commenced to climb. Soon a bend to the right brought me to another little valley and village, also with its commanding fortified eminence; for on a low but very steep and rugged flat-topped mountain of bare rock, overlooking valley and village, was another fort. On looking back, it became evident the road had curved more than a semicircle, and that this little village also was under the guns of Fort Hernani. Whether the two forts had had a long range duel and caught that poor little place between, or they purposely had been paying their respects to it during the late civil war (if a succession of skirmishes, surprises, assassinations, and running-aways—especially running-aways—can be called war), I do not know, but that village had certainly come to most unmitigated grief.

At Andoain, two miles farther on, a dilapidated, tumble-down, poverty-stricken mountain town, I had intended to breakfast; but failing to find any place where such a meal could be had, I hunted up a *ventorillo*, walked in, called for a tumbler of wine, and sat down to breakfast on it and a roll of bread, which had remained in my pocket.

The host of this wayside tavern and a well-to-do-looking customer were the only individuals present besides myself, and their manner of returning my salutations was uncordial almost to rudeness. By-and-by the customer asked what Department of France I belonged to, and then, learning I was English, his and the *ventero's* countenances and manners changed to great friendliness, and they assured me, with much *empressement*, it gave them the utmost pleasure to welcome an Englishman, for, said they, the English are a good people, helped us against the *c—jo* French, saved San Sebastian in the old war, and furnished money to Don Carlos.

After conversing awhile on politics, these men showed me some rich specimens of argentiferous galena, alleging it came out of a mountain quite close by, and we had a long talk on mining matters. I think they suspected me of being a "prospector." The wine at that rubbishing "Deadfall," drawn as it was out of an old goat-skin bag, was the best I have yet drunk in Spain—Navarra wine of the first quality. It was too strong for me to venture on a second tumbler, for the tumblers were very big; what I took cost the equivalent of three-halfpence. It was better wine than I ever got in a French restaurant at any price.

A continuously ascending walk, through rugged mountains, and passing by villages of most ancient aspect, brought me towards the close of evening to Tolosa—the end of my day's tramp. It was a charming walk. The latter half of it had led along the edge of the Orío, a clear stream of about the size of the Usk in South Wales, from below Brecon. On its banks were some paper and several flour mills. It was joined by numerous mountain rills, and being a succession of deep pools, falls, and rapids, was the very beau-ideal of a trout stream. A peasant, of whom I made inquiry, informed me it was full of fish, especially trout, the latter running up to four pounds in weight, but that it was much fished by casting-net and worm-angling. I could not make him understand my inquiries as to its being fly-fished, and when I showed him some flies I had in my pocket-book he was much astonished. He had never heard of such a mode of fishing. The peasants along my route (for the present) only talk Basque, and before leaving San Sebastian I was assured I should neither comprehend a word they said, nor be able to make them understand what I wished to convey to them; but I am glad to find such is not quite the case. I have adopted the plan of putting my questions into the simplest form possible, and into plain, slow Castellano, accompanied with expressive signs, and then to immediately repeat them in French, using the same signs. So far, I have always succeeded in rendering myself intelligible; indeed, to my great satisfaction, I not only find that I comprehend tolerably well their answers, but that I have already commenced to pick up a few words of Basque, the

which I do not fail to fire away at every peasant I meet, and during the day they have been continually passing me, accompanied with their pack-asses. These *burricos* are the very smallest donkeys I have seen since I left Mexico—very dwarfs of asses. Occasionally, too, I met small trains of covered waggons, two-wheeled concerns, each drawn by from six to eight mules. These fine animals ranged from fifteen to sixteen hands in height, and were harnessed in single lines by rope traces. The waggons were all heavily loaded with wine, in casks and skins. The peasants seen during the day had quite the characteristic mountaineer air and gait, walking with a springing step and independent swagger; men, women, and children, true mountaineers, every inch of them.

I arrived at Tolosa about four o'clock, having walked at a fair pace six-and-a-half hours, exclusive of stoppages. The continual climbing, the weight of my traps, and the way that powerful brute of a dog pulled at his chain, had quite tired me out; in fact, my arms felt as though I had been driving a runaway four-in-hand all day. I was hungry too. At that time of day a meal was not to be expected in Spain; but I hunted up an hotel, to engage a room, and relieve myself of my burden and my hauling dog.

Tolosa can boast of two hotels. I chose the one looking least objectionable; but it had a most forbidding aspect. It was a dismal old stone building, with a gloomy, dark, dirty passage entrance, leading to a rickety flight of wooden steps. There was nobody to make inquiry of; no bell or knocker visible. Preceded by Juan, who did not

seem to care a rap where he went so long as he went ahead, I clambered up the stairs, opened the first door I came to, and walked in. I found myself, to my surprise, in a large, clean, nicely-furnished reception-room, and, on clapping my hands, a really stylish-looking woman, showily dressed, whether maid or mistress I could not tell, appeared. By her I was shown into a nice clean room, having a well waxed and polished oak floor, containing a large and comfortable bed, with snowy linen, but where the toilette appliances were on a very reduced scale from what I had been furnished with at San Sebastian. Perhaps Spaniards do not wash much when travelling, for fear of catching cold.

After making myself comfortable, and leaving Juan chained to a leg of the bedstead, with a promise of a thrashing if he got on it, I strolled out to see the town, and kill time until six o'clock should bring dinner.

Hearing martial music, I walked in the direction the sounds came from, and arriving in a wide boulevard planted with young trees, found myself fronting extensive barracks and a *pelota* court. At the gateway of the barrack-yard a number of buglers were playing, and immediately on my arrival, out poured the soldiers, at the same terrific pace those seen reviewed at San Sebastian marched at. Five hundred men were coming out to drill. I watched them go through many manœuvres. The men appeared to be principally new joined, for though they seemed anxious to do right, and the officers, who evidently knew their business, took great pains with them, they had a most hazy notion of what they were about,

and got continually fogged. The patience and temper of the officers, from commander to corporal, was quite pleasing to see.

Tolosa is a long straggling town, with nothing striking about it, that I saw, except its church—the Santa Maria—which, though a plain square building of rough stone, ugly on its outside, is singularly beautiful within. It is Gothic, with a very lofty groined and carved roof of stone, supported by six pairs of admirably-proportioned monolith pillars of fine-grained sandstone; is profusely decorated with marble of the country; has a gorgeous shrine and altar; while high up on each side, close to the roof, are three pictures in a row of Bible subjects, those on the right being from the New, and those on the left from the Old Testament. The six pictures are in fresco, their composition excellent, their drawing and colouring good. They are undeniably works of great merit, but by what artist I could not ascertain. The church was lighted by small stained-glass windows, just under the eaves, and by numerous candles on the shrine, and there was a simplicity and beauty of proportion about that interior which was most impressive.

At dinner—an excellent dinner by-the-way—I met five paper-mill men, well-dressed, well-mannered dons. They were surprised at hearing I had walked from San Sebastian, and still more so when informed I intended walking to Pamplona; but they agreed it was the proper way to see a country, one of them adding: "Many foreigners have rushed through this country by rail, from city to city, and gone home and told a pack of lies about it and us because

they knew nothing of what they were talking about, except what they had heard or suffered in hotels kept by rascally thieving Swiss and French. From their carriage-windows they saw men looking exactly like the brigands of the opera, but who were really honest hardworking peasants in the garb of the country, and so they have reported that out of the big towns we are a nation of robbers. You will find we are no such thing: The only thieves you will meet with are the innkeepers. From them there is no escaping. And recollect our proverb :

*Ventera hermosa
Mal para la bolsa.**

These gentlemen said that before arriving at Irurzun I should pass the *hacienda* of Don Ramon, a gentleman who owned iron and copper works at a place called Las Dos Hermanas, and that I ought not to pass without seeing them. They gave me a card of recommendation, signed by all, assuring me I should be well received, and we parted for the night ; for being tired, and not wishing to sit up late, I declined their invitation to accompany them to a café.

I persuaded the *ventera hermosa* to bring me a couple of eggs with my chocolate next morning. My bill was four-and-a-half *pesetas*. I gave her a *propina* that fulfilled the proverb, and again started, Juan in the lead as before.

The morning was a cloudy, windy one. The mountain peaks, hemming in the view, were from time to time

* A handsome hostess is bad for the purse.

enveloped in thick mantles of vapour, and heavy gusts of wind rushed frequently down their gorges and ravines with a violence that sometimes brought me to a standstill.

The winding road led up the narrow valley of an east fork of the Orio, in many places scarped out of the face of the bare rock on one side, and built up with solid masonry on its other; a wide, well-engineered and constructed highway, with a continuous stone-wall parapet, two feet high, on its precipitous side. The numerous bridges by which the stream was crossed and recrossed were massive in construction and of good design, but after a most ancient pattern, and evidently quite old. Soon the valley became a close cañon, the mountains closing in on each side and becoming almost perpendicular; but every little patch of available ground was under cultivation, and there was considerable timber in sight growing in side cañons, and on flattened summits—chiefly chestnut and walnut trees; these, though probably wild, planted there by Nature's hands, were nevertheless attended to and taken care of. Little diagonal trenches, in soil and rock, intercepted and brought to their roots the surface drainage from rainfalls; and as before the door of every house I passed lay large heaps of husks, doubtlessly these chestnut and walnut groves and woods furnish the inhabitants plentifully with a cheap article of food.

In most of the little fields the soil was being turned up for the reception of seed by a method quite novel to me, a laborious but most thorough one. The implement employed was a two-pronged steel fork. The prongs were over two feet long and six inches apart, and joined together

with a square shoulder from which a straight wooden handle three feet in length extended. These tools weighed altogether ten to fifteen pounds, and were very strongly made. The operation is as follows : The diggers, generally five in number, stand in a row close together, working backwards. Simultaneously they raise their forks perpendicularly up, as high as possible, and then bring them down with all their force, driving the sharp prongs eighteen inches more or less into the hard ground ; then, taking hold of the extremities of the handles with their two hands, to get the utmost leverage, they throw themselves backwards, each prizing up a huge chunk of heavy soil. Two other labourers follow in front, and, armed with heavy hoes, break all extra large chunks to pieces with smart blows. Seven men so working get over the ground astonishingly quickly, and turn it up in a most effective manner. A heavy wooden harrow, of primitive construction, drawn by a yoke of oxen, finishes the preparation of the soil.

Wherever a break in the mountains afforded a site for building was perched a dilapidated and decayed-looking old village with its huge church or two. Not unfrequently, also, a big church, convent, or some other ecclesiastical edifice appeared without any village. It seemed as though the country had been monopolised for clerical use and benefit, and that the villages were but the shelters for the necessary working population to supply the creature comforts to the inhabitants of religious strongholds.

The numerous little rills, trickling down the mountain sides, fell into a paved ditch, constructed on the upper side

of the road ; which, in many places, was almost choked with delicious watercresses.

Ere long the rain descended in a steady pour, and when at noon I arrived at a little village through which—unlike those I had passed—the road ran, I was thoroughly drenched.

The first building I came to was a *posada*, a rough-hewn stone house, its windows small square holes in its walls, without glass or sash. It was shut up, and looked uninhabited. A few heavy knocks on the double door brought a face to one of the holes, and the demand, "What is wanted?" It was the face of the *posadero*, who seeing a stranger demanded admittance, descended immediately and let me in. The entire lower story of the inn was one huge stable and coach, or rather, waggon-house, but at the time there were no animals there, excepting fowls ; but hay, litter, old harness, wrecks of waggons, and rubbish of all kinds, was strewn plentifully around. A flight of wooden steps lead to the upper story, and following my host, I found myself in the dwelling portion of the building ; for we emerged through a hole in the floor immediately into a long, narrow, low chamber running directly across the house, and having in one of its corners a large bench-like oak table, black with age and old dirt, and two corresponding-looking wooden benches, one on each side of it. A cupboard resembling an old watchman's box, and a bloated wine-skin completed the furniture. I told the landlord I wanted breakfast.

"All right ; are you very hungry?"

"Yes, I am."

"It is well. Behold! Eat and drink."

Then he produced out of the watch-box a large loaf of white wheaten bread, a big-bellied bottle of wine, and a goblet, and left the room. I thought that was the breakfast, so sat down and commenced, for I was hungry. Presently mine host returned and asked would my worship like some soup. Certainly I would; and I stopped eating the dry bread. Soon he reappeared, placed before me a clean napkin, laid a white tablecloth across one end of the table, and placed in position plates, knife, fork, and spoon. Then he brought in the soup. It was contained in an old iron utensil, in appearance exactly like the bottom of an immense, badly-battered old candlestick, and consisted of slices of bread boiled in olive oil, with a handful of lentils mixed in, and a poached egg in its centre, the mess being nearly solid. But though the bread I had eaten had taken off the edge of my appetite, I yet found the soup very good, for it was savoury, hot, and well-seasoned; and not knowing when I should get my next meal, or how bad it might be, I tried to eat it all as a matter of precaution, and had nearly succeeded, when in came another course, a hot plateful of black pudding, containing morsels of fat, chopped herbs, and cabbage sprouts. It was absolutely delicious; and so, giving the remainder of the soup and half the loaf to Juan, I put out of sight, *in toto*, the contents of the platter placed before me, and felt I had done my duty to myself and fared well. But that admirable landlord's resources were not exhausted, for in came some lamb chops. I felt I could eat no more, but out of curiosity tasted them. One mouthful settled the

matter. I would eat the chops if they killed me. They were the very best ones I had ever tasted; juicy, tender as butter, cooked to a nicety, piping hot. They were crumbed, fried to a light brown in sweet, fresh, olive oil, had been just touched with garlic, and were garnished with thin slices of crisp fried potatoes. A dish fit to set before a king. Truly, though that *posada* was a dingy, grimy, unfurnished stone barn, I have a great respect for its landlord. My only regret was that, being dripping wet, muddy, and tired, I was not in a proper state to enjoy such cooking. But there was more to come. Black coffee and *aguardiente*, excellent apples and grapes were served. For that most excellent feed for man and dog, with good, very good wine at discretion, and which I had punished heavily, I was only charged two-and-a-half *pesetas*, or, in plain English, two shillings and a penny!

By the time I had enjoyed coffee, dessert, and a pipe, the weather had cleared, and my wet garments being uncomfortable and chilly, I was glad to try to warm up by taking the road again.

Soon it recommenced to rain; so, when at three o'clock I arrived at the little mountain hamlet of Betelu, and saw rising up before me a lofty chain of steep mountains—the pass over which was evidently a high one—I determined to go no farther, and, good quarters or bad, to stop for the night at the little *posada* that fronted me.

CHAPTER VI.

A typical Spanish Country Inn—Antique Fire-place—The *posada* Family—Satisfactory Entertainment—Hygienic Springs of Betelu—Summit of La Sierra de Aralar—The Parting of The Waters—"The Two Sisters"—The *Hacienda*—The Don—A weird Scene—"This is your House"—Expert Thieves—Basque Melodies—Basque Hospitality—War Cry of the Basque—A Human Beehive.

DECEMBER 4, 1876.—Judging from what I have heretofore heard and seen, the Betelu *posada* was a thoroughly typical country inn of northern Spain, in unfrequented parts. The portion was barn, stable, poultry-house, and outbuildings all in one, and the usual stairs led to living-rooms above.

I walked in and up, and meeting no one, went into the kitchen. There a middle-aged woman sat sewing and cooking, while half-a-dozen, more or less, children played about her on the floor; and a very pretty girl of some sixteen years of age, kneeling before the fire, was feeding it with broken brushwood, and blowing it into a blaze with her breath. All answered my salutation with a chorus of "Welcome, your worship;" and on requesting to be shown a bedroom, I was ushered by the girl into an adjoining chamber—an attic—whose rough flooring had holes through it, affording a view into the

stable below, but containing two clean, comfortably-appointed beds, and whose otherwise bare walls were hung with coloured prints of virgins and martyrs most hideous to behold.

Taking such a wash as the diminutive basin and tiny water-jug permitted, I left my traps on an old worm-eaten chest of drawers standing opposite one of the beds, returned to the kitchen, and stretched myself to dry at full length on a bench that was close alongside the fire.

The fireplace in the kitchen of this *posada* must be particularly described, it being also a typical one. Almost in the middle of the room was a rough hearth, about four feet square and a foot high, and composed of tiles, flat stones, pieces of iron—anything that would not consume. In its centre burned a fire of three sticks, laid star-fashion, with a pile of blazing brushwood heaped on them. Around stood, with different messes stewing in them, a goodly number of pottery pipkins and utensils—in shapes and patterns identical with the Roman ones in use before Christ. A large wooden hood, supported by massive rafters, caught and conducted such portion of the smoke as did not circulate about the room to a hole in the roof furnished with a rough louvre, through which it escaped, and from a cross iron of the hood hung a stout chain, terminating in a hook, by which was suspended a large pot full of potatoes slowly simmering. In a corner stood a primitive-looking *casserole* range, for cooking with charcoal in little hollows. A few coarse, badly-constructed chairs, with bottoms of raw hide, and an old chest, completed the furniture.

There only seemed to be one man about the *posada*, a tailor, working in a room on the other side of the kitchen from mine, who often came in to heat the lump of old iron which served him for a goose—I think it was the broken-off horn of an anvil—and who had almost always something pleasant to say. The children belonged to the *posadera*. The pretty girl was her cousin. It did not transpire whether my hostess was a widow or not, nor did anything reveal the status of the tailor, and I discreetly asked no questions.

At six o'clock a clean tablecloth was spread on the old chest of drawers in my room, a large white napkin furnished—one nearly twice as large as the towel—and a very fair dinner of several courses served, of which the best dish was an excellent *omelette soufflé*, a much better dinner, both as regards cooking and material, than I ever got in any English country inn. And the wine was a good sound Spanish burgundy. The only failure was in the *café noir*. It was wretched. However, the next morning's chocolate was as good as possible, and—which I had not expected in such a hole of a place—with it were served *azucarillos* (sweetmeats of flour, sugar, and rosewater). I had had an excellent night's rest, felt well refreshed, and my bill—wine, attendance, everything included—was but nine *reals*.

It rained no longer, but the mountain peaks were obscured by clouds, and a hard head-wind blew as I started up the pass that would take me over La Sierra de Aralar.

About a mile beyond the village of Betelu I passed

the bathing establishment of that name ; a large, handsome building apparently capable of accommodating two to three hundred guests, but shut, for summer is the season for Betelu springs. The waters are thermal and sulphuric, and have considerable reputation.

Midday was passed when the summit was achieved, and the prospect, which had been bounded by steep faces of bare precipitous mountains on each side of the road for many miles, suddenly became a striking panorama of peaks, alps, and valleys ; and perched on seemingly inaccessible ledges, nestled in sequestered hollows, stood either groups of quaint buildings, picturesque villages, or huge churches. Wherever two or three houses were gathered together, there certainly was to be seen a church, often bigger than all the houses of its parish put together. Where, in the name of common sense, did the money and labour come from to plant churches everywhere, and support their officiating priests? No wonder Spain is poor.

A few yards farther and a small brook appeared coming from my right out of a bed of rushes and osiers. I turned my head and looked back. The spring source of the stream up whose course I had been travelling was within pistol-shot. I regarded with a feeling of interest those two tiny rills. One of them went to the Bay of Biscay, whose blue waters I might never see again ; the other was going the same course as myself, its bourne the Mediterranean. I stood on the comb of the divide—the meeting of the watersheds ; before me lay the ancient kingdom of Navarre.

By eleven I arrived at Lecumberri, a village just like any of the other ones, and after despatching a good breakfast and enjoying a rest, pushed on again.

The general slope of the country proved but slight, compared with the sudden rise of the other side of the range; the view was open, the mountains well wooded, the fields larger and more frequent. Numerous mountain watercourses paid their tribute to and swelled the stream I was following, which soon became a little river; and dams, mills, and watercourses succeeded one another until, at half-past three of the afternoon, I arrived at the *hacienda* of Don Ramon A——, Las dos Hermanas.

Las dos Hermanas—or The Two Sisters—are a couple of sharp, narrow, but Bute-like ridges of bare granite, inaccessibly perpendicular, rising about five hundred feet higher than their base—spurs, almost detached, of adjacent mountain ranges, and barely far enough apart to leave a gateway sufficiently wide for road and river to run through; and on a little flat immediately above this singular cleft stood the dwelling, buildings, and furnaces of the Don.

The house was a neat, pretty villa, with a nice garden adjoining, and having a paved and enclosed yard, well furnished with shady trees, in its front. In this yard two immense and handsome mastiffs ran at large, but they evinced no hostility, evidently were the dogs of a hospitable house, for they contented themselves with a sniff at me and Juan, and then laid down in the shade of a tree, wagging their tails and watching us.

A servant-girl appeared in answer to a knock, and to her I handed the card of introduction that had been so

politely given to me at Tolosa, and my pasteboard, with "E. P." (*en persona*) in its corner. The young woman, who evidently could not read, twisted the two cards all ways with a bewildered air, stared at me as though I were a wild beast, turned suddenly round, and without a word bolted down the hall passage. Almost directly, a middle-aged man (who, I subsequently learned, was the *major-domo*, and who, in dress and look, was the counterpart of a regular West of England mine "captain") came forward and bid me welcome. He told me Don Ramon was absent, but would shortly return. He then ushered me into a reception-room, and begged to know what refreshment I would like to have prepared for me. Assuring him I had breakfasted heartily and lately, and could eat nothing, he seemed but half satisfied, and insisted, if I would not eat, I must drink; I therefore accepted a *petit verre* of French cognac, which I sipped as we sat conversing.

It was nearly five when a carriage drove up, from which descended four gentlemen, to whom I was presented by the *major-domo*. One of them—a man considerably above six feet in height, and of powerful build, with hair and beard *à l'Anglaise*, attired in a dark velvet shooting-jacket, "horsey" waistcoat of the same material, Bedford-cord trousers tucked into wellington boots, a heavy-twilled check linen shirt, with large turn-down collar, a loose silk necktie round his throat, holding a wide-brimmed, low-crowned gray felt hat in his hand, and sporting a handsome gold watch-chain and massive cuff-studs—stepped forward and said:

"I am Ramon A——, your servant, and glad to see

you. This is your house ; I and mine are at your disposition." The other gentlemen were a government commissioner of railroads and two mining experts connected with iron and copper interests, and they had come to witness some experiments of a newly-discovered process for forging iron-ore which were that evening to be made in Don Ramon's furnace rooms.

After due introduction to his friends, the Don said if such things interested me, he should be glad of my company with them over his foundry, and he would promise to show me iron bars forged direct from the ore by the old Catalan process—the method used by him, and one identical in all particulars with that employed in England prior to the use of coals—in fact, as he believed, the most primitive way known ; then he would conduct me to his copper works, and finally I should see the experiments. I gladly consented. We took a little "nip" all round and descended.

The interior of the works, which were mostly underground, was picturesque in the extreme. The walls, built of rough-hewn unfaced stone, the dark passages, the huge smoke-stained beams supporting the vaulted roof, half in deep flickering shadow, half brightly illuminated by the ruddy glare and blaze of furnaces, were strikingly in keeping with, and fitting background for, the workmen—stout Basque mountaineers, black with grime, shiny with perspiration, and clothed only in coarse linen garments like scanty nightshirts without sleeves, and wearing the national *gorro* and the sandals of Scripture pictures—fitting gnomes for such a weird scene. X

After witnessing the forging of a number of bars direct from the ore—without smelting—which I was assured were, as they lay, marketable as best quality iron, and, as I had seen, worked like lead, and were tough, malleable, and fine-grained as the best Swedish iron, I was taken to the copper rooms, and there saw basins of copper made from Rio Tinto ore. Then we proceeded to the ironworks, for all was ready for the experiments.

As it was getting late I began excusing myself, alleging that if I further delayed my departure I should not arrive at my stopping-place that night.

“You have arrived. Your stopping-place is here,” said the Don. “There are five us, without you. Well! where there is enough for five to eat, room for five to sleep, there is plenty for six. When I said ‘This is your house,’ I meant it.”

So I stayed and saw the experiments, which, for my entertainer's sake, I gladly perceived were great successes. The new process saved time, fuel, and labour, and was therefore calculated to put money in his pocket.

At half-past seven we sat down to a most excellent repast; and a large dish, heaped with trout, averaging ten inches in length, had irresistible attractions for me. I learned the river abounded with such fish, but that it was too late in the season for them to be catchable by rod and line; those before us had been taken that morning by the casting-net. The wine was choice, and pushed sharply round. After dinner and black coffee, cognac, little glasses, and cigars were placed on the table, and all smoked and drank neat brandy. The conversation then took a mining turn, and

happening to mention the Comestock Lode and Nevada mines and works, I was assailed with questions concerning them. Fortunately I was "well posted;" but though, purposely, being an unauthenticated stranger, and not wishing my veracity to be doubted, I considerably understated the yield of the Virginia City mines, the commissioner insisted I asserted impossibilities—must have had wrong information given me; and, to prove it was so, went into long calculations, to the great amusement of the company, who said I must excuse him, it being well known that the Spanish railway companies had driven him quite crazy.

"Would you believe it," said my entertainer; "the other day an engine arrived without wheels—they had been stolen *en route*, for there are very expert thieves in Spain—and our lunatic commissioner actually attempted to prove statistically that they had not been stolen; that the engine had started without wheels!"

This changed the conversation to the subject of Spanish railway management, and a state of affairs and way of doing business was revealed to me, that, had the commissioner been really *non compos mentis*, would have fully accounted for the "milk in the cocoanut," and that would drive any public but a Spanish one to distraction.

By-and-by champagne was brought in, glasses filled, and songs sung—and very well too. My new friends were no mean proficients, and being old chums, and accustomed to sing together in parts, rendered the airs with great effect. Until then I had no idea how fine were the old Basque songs, or, more correctly speaking, chants; some of them being perfectly charming. Then they astonished me

by singing, in my honour, without words, for they did not know them, but excessively perfectly as to tune, "God save the Queen;" and I was fairly aghast when, refilling their glasses, and standing up, they roared out the rattling chorus of "Dixie." My host then reseating himself, and blowing out his cheeks, assuming a pompous deportment, and bringing the guests to order by tapping his glass with a spoon, delivered himself in this wise: "I am der Lor Mayor London," and continued in Spanish, for his English broke suddenly down: "Our right worshipful visitor will now make a speech in English. We, to our great loss, shall not understand a word he says, but we shall know what he means; and as we have never listened to an English speech, we wish to hear what it sounds like." So I turned the word-tap on, and myself loose, to loud applause.

Then the commissioner brewed punch. If he understands his country's railway system as well as he does punch-brewing, that extremely valuable official is a very Solomon of railwaydom. After punch, and more songs, we took a look below to see how the smelting progressed, for the Don's furnaces burn day and night, and at half-past six in the morning retired to bed.

Taking them both together, it was as heavy a day's and night's work as I ever creditably got through; but all arose at nine, and, thanks to the genuineness of the Don's tittle, none complained or looked seedy, and everybody eat heartily of the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, to which, at eleven o'clock, we all sat down. I had had but short time for sleep, but made the best of it, and reposing with all my

might, slept hard, if on a soft bed ; indeed, I was most comfortably quartered. While making my toilette in the morning I also made a discovery. By the litter of the room and toilette-table ; by the initials on dressing-cases, silver - mounted whips, and other nicknacks scattered around ; by the crest on studs and rings ; it was plainly evident that my host had bestowed me in his own chamber, and, as I afterwards found, made his couch of a sofa in the drawing-room.

Such was the reception, such the hospitality, given to a wandering Englishman—an unknown stranger, meanly dressed, tramping on foot—by the courtesy of a Basque gentleman !

At breakfast Don Ramon strongly advised my taking the train at the railway station, two miles off, as thence to Pamplona was but a short way ; while the station and Pamplona being in the same valley, I should not, by so doing, miss seeing any country, all of it being visible from the ramparts of that city, while I should so be enabled to arrive sufficiently early to hunt up quarters before night, and, added he : “ I have ordered my carriage to be at the door for you in time to catch the half-past three P.M. train, our only one, there being but one passenger train each way daily. To be sure, we shall hardly have finished by that time, but we will not hurry ; no man is ever too late to catch our trains.”

All accompanied me to the door, and, as they wished me God-speed, cordially shook me by the hand. I jumped into a light comfortable chaise, followed by Juan—who took to a carriage as though used to ride in one—and

behind a fast trotter, driven by a liveried servant, started.

As we passed between "The Two Sisters" I glanced back. In the road stood my recently-made friends, and a group of forgermen, looking after me. Jumping upon the carriage-seat, I swung my hat in the air, and shouted out the old war-cry of the Basque: "*Gu-bagaitue ba ala jaincoa!*" Up went the *gorros* with a yell of delight, and we had seen the last of each other.

The railway station was a heap of ruins. It had been burned by the Carlists, and not yet rebuilt; a little temporary clapboard shed, like a large sentry-box, serving for the office. The train came slowly up. Being only an hour behind time, there was no necessity for hurry. After dawdling along a few miles I found myself arrived at the Pamplona station, but a good half mile from the nearest gateway through the city's fortifications. Why, excepting to benefit the 'bus interest, this is so, passes my comprehension. There is no engineering or other visible reason that the station should not be at the foot of the glacis. I was told it was for strategic reasons. Everything they do in this country that seems absurd and foolish is done for "strategic" or "fiscal" reasons. I am getting tired of those two words.

Small boys besieged me to carry my traps from the station; so giving haversack to one, gun to another, and dog to a third, we made a procession, and marched into the city. In the Plaza de la Constitucion I deposited my plunder in a shop, delighted the boys with *cuartos* and *ochavos*, and leading Juan by his chain, who, subdued

I suppose by the city's strangeness, noise, and bustle, followed at heel in a submissive manner, commenced prospecting for a *casa de huespades*.

It was no easy matter to get housed in this old capital. Its population amounts in number to twenty-three thousand; its surrounding fortifications have prevented expansion; it has no extramural suburbs, excepting the faubourg of Rochapea, consisting only of a fine well-arranged and constructed public slaughter-house, a couple of agricultural implement manufactories, and some laundry establishments; it covers a comparatively small area, consequently it is like a beehive. Still, under ordinary circumstances, admittance into boarding-houses, or rather boarding-flats, is not difficult to obtain, for they are plentiful, and Spaniards understand close packing. Indeed, most families of limited means take boarders, I am told. At present, however, Pamplona is the head-quarters of the "Army of Occupation;" General Quesada and staff, and four thousand men and their officers, are quartered in it, and every hotel, lodging, and boarding-flat seemed full, and it was almost dark ere, at last, I obtained what I required—that is to say, as nearly so as it appeared possible to get under such circumstances.

CHAPTER VII.

Quarters in Pamplona—A *Gran Funcion Cristiano*—*San Saturnino*—The Captain-General of the Spains—The Revolution wanted—The Promenade—A *Tertula*—Ladies' Feet and Conduct—Navarra Boarding-house Life—My Apartments—A Navarra Family—The "Awful" Lieutenant—Impromptu Dance—A dark Incident—*Le Lieutenant s'amuse*—The Conspirators' Chorus.

DECEMBER 12, 1876.—In many respects my present quarters compare sufficiently unfavourably with those I had the good fortune to occupy at San Sebastian. My bedroom is small, almost destitute of conveniences, very dark, and by no means overmuch swept and garnished. The bed, however, I am glad to say, is scrupulously clean, and, though small, comfortable. I should certainly have declined such accommodation had I not been wearied looking for lodgings and finding none, every place full, and night approaching fast. I was shown my present rooms by a young *señorita*, who I now know as the eldest daughter of the house. She stated that the terms, including board, for each guest were three *pesetas* a day—no difference being made as to which of the couples of rooms they occupied—and added she was only too

sorry the pair of rooms untenanted were not the best. But the dog was a difficulty. I must see her mamma about him, said this fair maid. (By-the-bye she was a brilliant brunette.) Would I wait till mamma came home ; she had only gone to rosario ; the church was close at hand ; she would be back in five minutes. "Will you walk into the parlour," said the spi— (no, I mean the *signorita*), "and wait?"

When the old woman appeared I would have certainly bolted, but had come to the conclusion I must take such quarters as I could get, or should find myself without any. I did not like the looks of "mamma." If I knew anything about physiognomy, and the deductions drawable from personal appearance, the fare would be indifferent. There was a look about her of careful shabbiness, cunning, and sanctity that argued ill for the liberality of her *menu* and the general comfort of her establishment. This highly-respectable octopus immediately proceeded to verify my hastily-formed opinion. She said a dog was much trouble and ate a great deal ; but if I would keep mine in my bedroom, and pay for his food an extra *peseta* a day (equal to paying a florin a day in London), I could stay. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable ; so in her house I stopped and still remain.

Hearing last Friday that in celebration of its being the eve of *La Purisima concepcion de Nuestra Señora, La Capitana-General de las Españas*, there would be a *gran funcion* at the church of San Saturnino ; that "all the world" would be there ; and that attendance would confer upon every member of the congregation the reward of two

thousand four hundred and eighty days let off from purgatory which he or she could appropriate to his or her own personal and private use and benefit ; or, if so inclined, turn over to some departed soul in that uncomfortable region for theirs ; I determined not to neglect so favourable an opportunity, and so, in company with one of the daughters of the house to show the way, marched off, just as it was getting dark, to church.

San Saturnino—a Gothic church of the fourteenth century—proved, in many respects, an interesting building. Its south doorway is remarkable : on its right capital are illustrations of our Lord with His Cross, the Descent therefrom, the Resurrection, and the Descent into Hell ; on the left is the Annunciation, Salutation, Nativity, and Flight into Egypt ; the Crucifixion forming the canopy of the doorway. It is not a big church, but so arranged in its interior as to accommodate, for its size, the largest possible number of worshippers. I should judge a congregation of from six hundred to seven hundred persons would fill it comfortably full.

For the occasion the Virgin's shrine and image was as showy as draperies, gilding, gems, and wax candles could make it, and the floor of the church covered with people—about a thousand—all as closely jammed as they could stand or rather kneel, for all were on their marrow-bones on the hard stone pavement ; no chairs, no cushions, no mats ; for was I not in bigoted Navarra, where to worship comfortably would be sinful!—excepting for priests, who, I observed, had luxuriously-stuffed velvet couches or chairs to repose on between whiles. There were very few men

present—perhaps a proportion of one for every twenty-five women. The latter were all dressed in complete black, with veils and *mantillas* on ; giving a strikingly funereal aspect to the body of the church. The men, without exception that I could see, were of the very lowest class. Some of these unfortunates were close to me. They were nasty, dirty, sandled bundles of brown rags ; wretches who had never voluntarily touched water since they had been baptised, except holy water ; walking pestilences, whose persons poisoned the atmosphere. The strongest incense could not disguise the smell. Feeling, as I had walked to church in a generous frame of mind, I had intended to turn those two thousand four hundred and eighty days over to the ill-used friend of my youth, old Guy Fawkes ; but after suffering the smell of those animated atrocities, and getting pains in my knees and back from remaining so long in a most unaccustomed posture—for all knelt upright, no sitting back on the heels—I determined to keep them for myself. I may not want them, but if I do, they will average things as against what I suffered ; otherwise, I am, to that extent, an injured and outraged individual for ever.

As I looked up at the beautiful image of the " Captain-General of the Spains," gazed on her lovely face and splendid raiment, and then on the dark mass of worshippers kneeling at her feet, the reflection was forced upon my mind, that I knew of but one religion, ancient or modern—Judaism—that with its lineal descendants and continuations, the churches of the Reformation, the beliefs of Mahometism, and the Mormon faith, is without a female deity. As I knelt I could almost have fancied myself a Pagan.

The following day I attended high mass at the cathedral and parish church of *St. Juan Bautista*, for the bishop was to officiate, the apostolic benediction would be conferred by proxy, and a huge indulgence granted to the congregation. How far the indulgence was to extend I did not concern myself. Had I not those two thousand four hundred and eighty days in hand? The large and handsome Gothic edifice was crammed. So closely, indeed, was it crowded that to kneel, or, when down, rise up again, was nearly impossible. The male attendance was proportionally much larger than it had been at *San Saturnino*, but of the same class. I doubt if in the multitude present there were twenty educated men. Almost all the males were the lowest of the low. Though I suffered in consequence, for the smell was dreadful, I was glad of it. Such fact plainly indicated that even in the very hotbed of Carlistism, even in the most priest-ridden part of Spain, the sceptre is departing from the hand of superstition, that the feet of clay are crumbling, that Spain's long night is drawing to an end, that the race between darkness and enlightenment has become a close one, that at last the schoolmaster has collared the sacerdot.

What this country now requires is an Oliver Cromwell, with plenty of earnest, truth-loving "croppies" behind him. That is the revolution wanted, not a succession of military conspiracies. When the day of his and their advent arrives, Spain will emerge from her long infancy, will become a nation of men and women, not of full-grown children. If it never comes, then, assuredly, she that was once the first will at the end be left the last of civilised peoples.

By-the-bye, the idea these Spaniards have of their

country's martial power is simply preposterous; for instance: the other day, the conversation having turned on the Eastern Question, the remark was made that in a contest with Russia England could do nothing without help, her military strength being so insignificant; and I was asked by an officer of high rank if I thought England would offer Gibraltar to Spain to purchase her assistance to save the British Empire in India! As if the help of a country unable to put down a beggarly one-horse nigger insurrection in Cuba was worth purchasing, even for the small cost of the value of the powder expended in a royal salute!

The ceremonies of the *fiesta* of the "Patrona" of Spain terminated with a discharge of fifteen guns at sunset. Trumpets sounded all over the place. The church-bells were clanged—that's the proper descriptive name for bell-ringing in this country—all in honour of the "Queen of Heaven, Captain-General," &c. &c. Then everybody whose duties, infirmities, or poverty (the ragged go to church only, not to the promenade) did not keep them indoors, paraded for a couple of hours round and round the spacious arcaded *Plaza de la Constitucion*, and up and down the tree-planted avenues of *La Taconera* and *Plazuela de Valencia*. It was quite a crowd. I do not doubt half the population and all the military not on duty were there—ten thousand would be under the mark—so it was an excellent opportunity to make observations.

Though doubtless in their best, yet only a few ladies, and the military, were really well dressed, but all looked neat and respectable. It was hard, though, to discern how the

male citizens were attired, for most of them—certainly all of the better class—were enveloped in the national *capa*, and that too though the temperature of the evening was milder than it had been for some days, it being about as warm as a South-Walean one at the end of June. But few men wore “top” hats. “Billy-cocks” of all shapes were the prevailing coverings for the head. Amongst the women I looked in vain for bonnets or hats; I do not believe there were any in the entire assemblage. All wore the high comb, with long black veil falling behind, and the *mantilla* (generally of lace)—a fashion giving even to the plainest a certain air of grace and refinement. Not one of them but was well gloved and shod; and, excepting the fat and old, all walked with grace. Still, though I saw many handsome, some pretty, faces, the *señoras* did not, as far as beauty is concerned, average with the cream of French beauty, the Bayonnaise. To be sure, they had not the *en evidence* “got-up” look Frenchwomen so often have, and their dresses fit figures, not stays.

After dinner a number of *señoritas* came to visit the daughters of the house, and a very pleasant *Tertula* was enjoyed. Games of forfeits were played, and we otherwise conducted ourselves like children. Our visitors were good-looking girls, one of them a beauty. At parting the women all kissed each other and shook hands with the men. Heretofore I have been under the impression that hand-shaking between the sexes was not considered correct in Spain, but I am gradually being disabused of many notions as to the *cosas de España* obtained from reading and Spanish-American experience; for instance, I thought the

women of the country had all very small feet, and smoked. As yet I have not found myself among a small-footed population. The boot, or shoe, worn by females, who do not go barefooted or shod with sandals, is generally a number four. I can only account for the fact that their feet do look smaller than my fair countrywomen's, by their not only being very symmetrically shaped, but very well *chaussée*, and that, as a general thing, the women here are much heavier built from the ankle up than are Englishwomen; for though, theoretically, Spanish females are supposed, like the bird of paradise of the ancients, not to have legs, the majority have very fine ones—at least the winds that blow have so credibly informed me. As for their smoking, not only have I never seen so much, or rather little, as a *cigarilla* between their lips, but have been assured by natives of all parts of Spain that no Spanish women smoke excepting returned *Cubanas*, *Majas*, and the class that in all countries does so. But I may yet arrive where *señoritas* have little feet, do not shake hands, and, notwithstanding what I hear, do smoke; if so, will make a note of it.

While writing of the houses stopped at, if I restrict myself to descriptions only of quarters and commissariat, and neglect to give any of inmates and their ways, how can I hope to convey a just and lively idea of the most interesting feature of this trip—the characteristics of the people met with? On the other hand, how avoid the imputation of a want of delicacy, the charge of betrayal of the confidence of domestic life, by being explicit? However, it is quite certain these letters will not be translated into

Spanish ; therefore, that those written about will never know what has been said ; and I shall take care to use such harmless and allowable deceptions and mystifications concerning names, exact dates, and particular localities, as to, without affecting the truth essential to worth of description, make it impossible for any stray traveller over the road I have gone before, who may have read these olive-oil-lamp lucubrations, to, from them, identify individuals.

The *Casa de Huespedes*, which is my temporary abode, judging by what I hear, and by what I have seen of the many boarding-houses that I have paid calls at, may be considered a fair average specimen of the better class of such places in this portion of Spain. We live on a flat, for in this crowded city of many-storied dwellings it is almost the universal custom so to do. Only a few houses owned by nobility, or very wealthy people, are not arranged in flats ; each flat in all essentials being a complete house to itself, as indeed is customary in many towns in France, with the difference that here *concierge* and *conciergerie* is unknown, and the stairway being under nobody's especial charge, and merely a highway common to all the flats, is unlighted at night—consequently, then, as dark as a negro chimney-sweep's face—is never cleaned, and generally smells abominably—ours does. The door admitting from the landing of our flat is, like all other "flat" doors, a stout, strong one, well furnished with bolts and fastenings, and has a knocker, and a little sliding metal grating through which seekers for admission can be reconnoitred. The rooms open one into the other, as little space as possible being bestowed on passages. My bedroom door will not

shut by a good inch ; but it does not matter to me. The little dormitory between mine and the general sitting-room is not at all objectionably tenanted. My sleeping-room is seven feet wide by nine long. Its garniture consists of the following articles : the hereinbefore described bed, a piece of carpet three feet by eighteen inches, and an iron construction, like a spiderly umbrella-stand, supporting a basin and jug, said basin being exactly eight inches across and three deep, and the jug holding a pint and a half of water (places for soap, for tooth and nail brushes, mouth glass, &c. &c., exist not in this uncomplicated washstand ; perhaps such superfluities are considered unnecessary, or not known of here), a chair, a towel, and all things are enumerated.

A double-door of glass opens from my sleeping apartment to my private sitting-room, which latter is but little larger than the former, a foot more in length being all the difference. It is furnished with a table eighteen inches by thirty, two chairs, and a small looking-glass. In neither room is wardrobe, cupboard, or chest of drawers. I suppose a man is expected to keep his clothes in his trunks, or pile them in a heap on the floor in a corner. The floor is a waxed and polished one—that is to say, it once was. At the end of the room a double French window occupies the entire width of the chamber, and gives access to a narrow iron verandah that overhangs the street.

It is one of the good streets of the town that my sitting-room window opens on, one going directly to the chief Plaza of Pamplona. I have also measured this leading thoroughfare. It is eighteen feet wide from house-front to

house-front ; carriage-way, pavements, gutters, all included. The houses are six stories high, the verandahs overhang considerably ; as a consequence, my room, being on the first floor, is so overshadowed as to be always dark and gloomy.

The family consists of the old lady—principally of the old lady—of the old lady's husband, and of several daughters. I am afraid what has been written about "mamma" is not very gracious ; perhaps it will be as well to say no more about her. Of the husband nothing unpleasant can be said. He is a good-looking man, some ten years her junior ; was, until the late civil war, a professor of some eminence in a college ; then, being a Carlist of strong convictions, joined "Charles VII.," became in time a full colonel, was driven over the frontier, interned in France, returned after the pacification, and is now a man without occupation—a cultivated, sociable, kindly-disposed, agreeable gentleman. The daughters range in age from fourteen to twenty-two, and excepting one, who when she gets old will be not unlike her mother, are fine, handsome, elegant girls.

The boarders besides myself are a captain and lieutenant of infantry, and a lieutenant of cavalry. These three are by no means as good style men as were those I associated with in San Sebastian. They talk "shop," appear only on rare occasions in mufti, and always eat their meals with regimental overcoat and regulation-cap on, giving as a reason its being so cold. It is about as cold as in England in September. The captain is the most formal of the three, and a quiet, well-mannered man ; but the other two are both very "barracky," one very much so.

Thus does he disport himself : We are seated round the table waiting for dinner, for he is always late for meals, sometimes keeps us half an hour. We are in hungry expectancy. Our only consolation is we can kill time chatting with the girls, who, though the family do not eat when we do, usually bring their sewing and sit at table, sandwiched between us, during our repast, "for company's sake."

The step of the "awful lieutenant" is heard on the stairs, and in comes the first course, overcooked or nearly cold, as the case may be.

As the late arrival swaggers along the passage he hauls an immense cigar out of a case, lights it, takes a whiff or two as he enters the room, salutes, flings himself into his seat, and, still smoking, helps himself to soup. He tastes the soup, says something facetious about it, lays down his cigar on a plate, reaches out his hand for an old guitar that "lives" in a corner convenient to his seat, and alternately tunes a string and swallows spoonfuls of soup.

Then, for awhile, doth he play and sing with all his might. The lieutenant plays very well, is a good *improvvisore*, and composes most ridiculous couplets concerning the fare and the fair then and there present.

After that he gobbles up his soup, roars out "*autre & cosa*," and goes on with his music, his smoking, and his eating.

If, in passing to fetch thread, scissors, or anything else they require, any of the girls come within his reach—and, of course, some of them are always wanting something—he catches hold of, and squeezes, or pinches them till they scream, and then mimics them till the room rings again.

He pelts "mamma" with bread when she remonstrates, calls her his dear cousin, and the girls his precious ones; and if he gets through dinner without breaking a plate or wineglass, upsetting a dish or the wine, he does well.

This gay *caballero* generally goes straight from table to the *café*, but if he remains is sure to start some game going; for instance, two evenings ago three *señoritas* came in after dinner to see the girls, and our lively warrior insisted on everybody's going into an adjacent room to dance. The infantry men, being on duty, were obliged to return to the citadel, and so excused themselves; but he would not be denied by the rest, and drove us all before him like a flock of turkeys.

Throwing himself into a chair, sticking his lighted cigar between his teeth, he started a wild waltz, joining in, between whiffs, with snatches of peasant songs, and admirably mimicking the peasants' twang.

It was more than the girls could stand, and two of them jumping up commenced dancing opposite each other like mad, playing castanets with their fingers and thumbs. The infection spread like fire in a stackyard, and, immediately, as many couples as the room contained were setting to each other, or whirling round, dancing the national dance of Navarra, *La Jota*.

The room was a bedchamber, lighted with a single flickering candle, casting giant, shifting shadows; in one corner was the bed—a bed without the valance of concealment. Certainly it was a strikingly novel scene, and a queer performance to English eyes.

La Jota finished, the lieutenant flung down cigar and

guitar, and declared his determination to dance, in rotation, with every woman present; and, one and all, the *señoritas* declaring in chorus they would not dance with him, this son of Mars, true to the military traditions of the sabre, stopped not to palaver, but gallantly charged the bevy, singled out the prettiest girl, and, *vi et armis*, and singing the tune, dashed into a gallop with his captive partner. After a few rounds he let her go, caught another, and so on, with them all. Waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, all well danced. He was really an accomplished partner. But the way his overcoat and sword (for he had never taken them off) swung round was perfectly dreadful. At last the skirts of his garment—I believe purposely—swept the candle from the place where it had been standing, and we were in darkness. Perhaps, also, the swinging sword may have hurt some *señorita*, for I heard a smothered scream; then “Old Sanctimonious” appeared, interfered, read the Riot Act, stopped the ball, and dispersed the rioters.

It is amusing to watch the girls make eyes—beautiful ones too—at, and coquette with, that young fellow, especially the least pretty one, who is the most demonstrative. Either each of them thinks he is in love with her, or else, being Spanish girls, and handsome, they cannot help coquetting. That the mother, however, being an old huntress, and having so many daughters to settle, has her eye on the bold lieutenant with speculation in it, is quite plain to a close observer, and who knows? a lover affair may be going on; but, so far as he is concerned, I think not—*le lieutenant s’amuse*.

Apropos the girls bringing their sewing to table,

yesterday, during dinner-time, they were embroidering for themselves garments of "a dual form." Verily, different countries have different standards of the proprieties. Here these people are considered gentry, and, though not rich, would certainly if English be recognised as such in England; but then they would not make their income comfortably sufficient by taking boarders, and the girls would be as demure and quiet as the daughters of an English ex-college professor, or retired distinguished colonel, would there be. Besides, they would not then have Spanish vivacity, and the graceful gestures, flashing eyes, and modest assurance of "*Las Hermosas de Navarra*." I, as a foreigner, often, no doubt, mistake natural graciousness of manner for coquetry; and worse, it has been explained to me that I have said and done things that quite outraged *les convenances*, while all the time I innocently thought I was behaving beautifully. From now out I shall bear in mind that I must judge conduct by the country's standard, and not by any preconceived one of my own, when estimating people and their actions, and be most careful and circumspect also in what I say and do, so as not to bring discredit on my country's breeding by conduct, there all right, here all wrong. I am, too, discovering that a multitude of small things are done in Spain in a reverse way from what obtains in England; by-and-by, I shall probably find out this rule extends to matters of greater importance. Last evening I took a hand at some round games of cards, and learned the custom of the country is to cut from the dealer, deal from the bottom, and against the course of the sun. Here the same noise is made to quiet a dog that we make to set him

on. Here they clip the hair off the back and sides of horses and mules, and leave it on the legs. I bought some string whereby to suspend my dog-whistle—whip-cord was not procurable—and on “double-twisting” the same found it had been “flung” the opposite way from that I am used to. But I could give instances without end.

This morning the girls heard me whistling, “The Conspirators’ Chorus,” from “Madame Angot.” They were quite pleased at my knowing the air, declared I was “*Buena Carlista*,” and joined in with “rebel” words. On inquiry I find the tune is claimed as an old Basque air. Whether this is a delusion, the fact being that, chiming with a musical chord of the *Viscayan* soul, it has become so popular they think it native, or that it is *Viscayan*, and has been utilised by Offenbach, I cannot tell. But that, accidentally or otherwise, there is in its music the Basque “lilt” is without doubt.

CHAPTER VIII.

My faithful Friend—Our *Menu*—The Variation—Fish and Fishing—Shooting—The *San Cristobel* Mountain—A little Dog-breaking—Environs of Pamplona—Residences of *Hidalgos*—La Jota—"Cursed bad Wine is better than Holy Water"—*Los Serenos*—"Alert-o"—Threat to "Barlow" the Reader.

DECEMBER 16, 1876.—The old lady is right; "a dog is a great deal of trouble" when he has to live in a house. But it is to me, not to her, that Juan is one; for I have, the first and last thing each morning and evening, to take him for a walk; and to do so is sometimes very inconvenient; when I am lazy or have "fish to fry." Besides, while leading him along the streets, on my way to some open space where he can be let loose, I am annoyed by numerous curs who swarm in every street, and charge upon, or "dog," our steps. Fortunately, though well able to take care of himself, he is not quarrelsome, and so big, and of such a bold presence, these street dogs fear to close with him. I am getting quite fond of Juan, for he is extremely affectionate to me, and really the most gentlemanly animal I ever possessed; admirably clean in his habits, and never makes the least noise in the house. I fear, though, he has not much "point" about him, for when loose he runs after

and tries to catch every chicken and pigeon he sees ; and has in no instance "set" or "drawn" on one. The weather, too, is not now always pleasant to turn out in early and late, for though not absolutely cold, it is sometimes quite chilly. Latterly the sky has been generally overcast, and it has threatened to rain all the time—occasionally done so—and as fireplaces, excepting in kitchens, seem to be unknown in this part of the world, a little cold goes a long way. I have nowhere before witnessed such a continuation of heavy threatening weather without rain, for what little has fallen has been merely light showers. But I shall certainly stop where I am until the sky clears. I have no intention, if avoidable, to be caught travelling on foot in wet weather, without change of raiment, and while here find no difficulty in amusing myself.

The only drawback to my present quarters that I care for is that, as compared with my happy experience at San Sebastian, and *en route*, the commissariat of the house is not good. To be sure (excluding the imposition for the dog), I only pay three *pesetas* a day as against five at San Sebastian, but here rents and provisions are so much cheaper than there, that were it not for the town's being so extraordinarily full, I could have extremely nice rooms, and the very best of fare, at the price I am paying. Really, Spain is by far the cheapest civilised country I have ever lived in.

Comparisons being odious are appropriate to my present boarding. To begin : The morning chocolate, instead of being made with milk, and accompanied with *azucarillos*, finger biscuits, or milk rolls, as it ever heretofore has—yea, even at the roadside *posadas*—is in this house made with

water, and with it only served three diminutive strips of crust, each about the size of your third finger, and evidently trimmings of the scraps left from the previous day's dinner. I have vainly tried to make "mamma" understand I want a better *desayuno*. Breakfast, nominally at twelve o'clock, but really at any time it suits the mistress's religious exercises, or the servants' convenience, is a hash-up of oddments; and I could often eat up myself all the choice portions of what is provided for the four of us. It is well cooked, but badly served, being generally half cold, while the quality of the raw material is far, very far, from being the best of the market, and after the meal no coffee is provided. My stand-bys are bread and wine: the former, as it always has been since I crossed the frontier, is excellent, and the latter good. I begin to doubt that there is any bad wine in Navarra; were there, I am sure we should get it. The lady of the house is, however, very careful with "the ruddy." There is no liberal helping by the servant, and each time anyone takes any, the bottle is recorked by her. Six o'clock dinner, not often served till seven, is also comparatively indifferent, and excepting one of the courses, always exactly the same thing over and over again. Here it is! First: soup made by boiling vermicelli, almost to a paste, in water with mutton bones, said bones being carefully extracted before serving. Secondly: a vegetable course; a dish of mixed together, chopped-up, white cabbage, coarse white beans, and chunks of potato, boiled in water, with a suspicion of grease, and served nearer cold than hot. Thirdly: the old bones fished out of the soup. Now comes the variations. The fourth course consists of either

a dishful of boiled scraps of mutton, or of a piece of neck or shoulder ; or of a portion of a month-old lamb—the entire animal being no larger than a hare. Afterwards follows the regular salad, naturally good, but ruined by being drowned in vinegar. This is all—no coffee—and where, oh where, in this land of fruit, is the dessert ?

The way that woman has of watching each mouthful you take, and when everything has been devoured of spreading out her hands and exclaiming, "Well, gentlemen, I hope you have dined well?" as though we had been partaking of a sumptuous feast, and made gluttons of ourselves, is most amusing. I wonder if the careful old humbug really believes that deportment can impose on stomachs ?

There is no excuse for failure in excellence of table. I have visited the markets and they are well supplied. Every English vegetable of all the year round is in the utmost profusion, and extremely fine in both quality and size ; and besides, a multitude of vegetables we have not. In fruits, there are oranges, grapes, pears, apples, raisins, plums, walnuts, chestnuts, and divers others, all fine and plentiful. Poultry of all kinds abound. Eggs are there in thousands. Meat is good, abundant, and cheap. I certainly "gaited" the lady of the house rightly when I first set eyes on her. Nor is the fish-market a bad one for that of an inland town, as a sufficiency of sea-fish is daily brought by the train from the coast, but it is comparatively dear. The river here—the Arga—at present affords but little. Eels and dace are the most usual. Occasionally, however, trout are netted. When it is the fishing season the

neighbourhood of Pamplona must be a piscatorial paradise ; one cannot go far in any direction without seeing mountain-streams full of falls, rapids, eddies, and pools, everyone of them easily fishable, there being scarcely any trees on their banks, and all well stocked with trout in spite of cast and drag net, for there are but few places where rocky shelves, boulders, and ledges do not afford inaccessible harbours of refuge against nets. Still, trout are captured by their means. I saw a young girl in the market with a basketful for sale—a wide, deep basket, bigger than a bushel measure, and heaped full of trout ; none were under a pound, most of them four and five pounders, several seven and eight. I never saw such another basket of trout in my life. All of them were, however, out of condition, lately off their spawning beds. What beauties they would have been had they been fat ! They had all been taken the evening before in a drag-net, close to town, just under the Rochapea curtain of the fortifications.

I am afraid I shall get no shooting here, for the wide rolling plain in which Pamplona is situated is now devoid of covert, and the mountains encircling it are too far off to go to shoot on and return the same day ; while amongst them are no places advisable to put up at—in fact, they are all very advisable to keep away from. I am told that just after harvest the miles of stubble commencing at the base of the fortifications are alive with quails, and the vines full of hares and partridges ; now, there being neither covert nor feed on the plain, hares and partridges are in the mountains, where there is plenty of both, and the quails at this season are in Africa. There is one mountain, to be

sure—the San Cristobel—that may be considered in the plain and not far off, but it has some little villages on its farther edge, several roads crossing it, and is so much travelled over and hunted as to be nearly devoid of game. I have tried it as much to see what Juan would do as in expectation of sport. The base of the San Cristobel is only about half a mile from the city wall, but to its top was a severe climb. The side of the mountain towards Pamplona is a precipitous face altogether too steep to beat.

I was an hour gaining the summit ridge, arriving there at the point where stand the remains of the Carlist battery established when the city was invested. I found the farther slope of the mountain covered with species of heather, tuft-grass, and strange-looking prickly plants, splendid laying ground, the covert being thick and about a foot high, but very fatiguing to walk over. Slipping Juan, away he went, careering over the ground like mad, and not paying the least attention to voice or whistle. By-and-by, accidentally, I think, for he had evinced no knowledge of their being there, he dashed right through the midst of a small covey of red-leg partridges, and away they went with him in full chase, till birds and dog were lost to sight over a spur of the mountain. Soon Juan came back, tearing along as though he had a tin can tied to his tail, and ran up a single bird. All efforts to control him proved abortive, so he was left to his own devices, and I proceeded quickly in the direction the birds had gone, hoping to find them for myself when he was a mile away, but the dog ranged too fast and thoroughly for that little scheme to succeed,

and galloped them up again quite out of range. Soon after, I heard a shot fired on the other side of the comb of the mountain, and off Juan tore in the direction the sound had come, and trusting I was rid of him for some little time, I made, at the double, for a copse of dwarf oaks, half a mile off, towards which the birds last put up had flown, hoping to arrive there before he could. Alas! he was again one too many for me, and, for the third time, flushed the partridges out of shot. Eventually I caught my dog, put one of his forefeet in his collar, and started to cast towards home, for dusk was approaching. On three legs he, notwithstanding the thickness of the covert, managed to charge around in a wonderful way. He is certainly a most active, strong, determined devil of a dog. However, we found no more game.

Juan's wildness I care nothing about. It is simply indicative of "go" in him. I can break him of that. But I fear there is neither "point" nor "set" about him, and that to act the part of a mute spaniel, and perhaps retriever, is all I can train him to. It may not prove so though. If ever we get amongst plenty of birds he may take to pointing; then all will be easy enough, and he will soon become a splendid sporting dog.

There are charming walks all round this city, so I go a few miles out into the country every day to see the views and do a little dog-breaking. I have already completely worn out a two-and-a-half *peseta* dog-whip, and my pupil is only so far advanced as to "downcharge" at the uplifted hand, but he will do it as far off as he can hear the whistle. At the further expense of two or three more of these rubbishy

Spanish apologies for dog-whips I hope to finish his course of "competitive education." Slight corrections have no effect, he thinks you are playing with him.

The main roads leading from this city are most excellent, and would be a credit to any country: straight as practicable, broad, smooth, well graded, and thoroughly repaired; mostly, also, planted with avenues of well-trimmed, shady trees. In many places are double rows of such, on each side one, overhanging a wide footway. All these roads are well furnished, at convenient distances apart, with handsome cut-stone seats and frequent drinking fountains—excellent arrangements for walkers in hot weather; and for hot weather all the preparations of this country, even to the way the city is built, seem to have been made. Pamplona's streets are very narrow, her houses many storied. Porticoes, covered balconies, wide overhanging eaves, are the general rule. There are not half-a-dozen streets in this city in which the sun's rays ever reach the pavement. In summer the result may be a refreshing coolness, a pleasant shade. Now it entails gloom and dampness. Step into one of these streets out of a sunlit *Plaza* or *Plazuela*, and it seems as though you had entered a cold cellar.

The drinking fountains just mentioned have generally fronts of dressed stone measuring two hundred square feet, and are carved in alto-relievo with the arms of Navarra and Spanish lions, the lions looking more like trimmed French poodles than the king of beasts. From the centre of these fronts protrude, for about a foot, stone spouts from which flow streams of pure water into long, deep

stone troughs, for animals to drink from ; and shady trees and seats, for the comfort of wayfarers, are always close at hand.

In my rambles not even one single "country house" has fallen under my observation. Indeed, since leaving the neighbourhood of San Sebastian I have not seen any, for the numerous *casas solaries*, the country-seats of the ancient *grandees*, I cannot reckon as such now, for to-day they are the abode of peasants and their animals. I am told the few titled families, and numerous rich ones, of this vicinity live entirely in the city, and that it is not now the custom, in this part of Spain, for people of means to have country residences. This is the chief reason I have seen so few "turn-outs," for Pamplona covering but a small area, and there being no one to drive out to visit, not many people keep carriages; seven are all my landlady could count up for me, and she knows all about everybody, and there is not a cab in town. Probably the chronic state of insecurity of Navarra is the reason why those who are rich live but in cities, and by preference in a fortified one.

There are many good private houses here. Amongst the best are the residences of the *Duque de Alba*, the *Conde de Espeleta*, and the *Conde de Guindulain*—three historic names. They are old, massive stone buildings, having wide *porte-cochères* and handsome interior courtyards. Their lower windows are heavily ironed, and on their fronts coats-of-arms are sculptured.

The scenery of this place is very charming, and from a little distance Pamplona looks very well indeed. I wished