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CONSE

la Alhambra y Generalife
ALHAMBRA


JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

to get views of it as *souvenirs*, but though there are three photographic galleries here not a single picture of the city has been taken by any of the enterprising (?) "artists" who conduct them, so I have done what I could with my pencil and a sheet of paper, but it is impossible to render justice to such a scene without colour ; and, besides, I am not an artist.

I have been learning *La Jota*, song, tune, and dance, for all three go together. The music is very uncommon and pretty, full of accent and lilt. In the words of the song "it lifts the feet." Until lately *La Jota* used to be performed every Sunday evening in the *Plaza de la Constitucion*, hundreds of couples dancing and singing it to the accompaniment of a band, and the castanets played by themselves. Since, however, the "Army of Occupation" has had its head-quarters here this entertainment has had to be put an end to, for the populace get quite excited when indulging in their national dance ; and these people being *Carlista*, the performance generally ended by their falling foul of any soldiers in sight, and a general row, which conduct having led to several riots, public *Jotas* are now prohibited. I am sorry ; it would have been a most interesting sight to a foreigner.

I notice the women here, irrespective of class, have wretchedly bad teeth ; those of the younger girls are even and white, but seem to decay ere they reach the age of maturity. On the other hand the men's teeth are of average soundness. For some time this has been a puzzle to me. I presume the reason is some difference of habit or diet. The only ones I can discover is in the smoking and drinking.

Smoking I at once dismiss as an efficient cause, for there are no such smokers as the Spanish-Americans—women, as well as men, even small children, indulge in the weed, and they all have splendid teeth; so I suspect the drinking-water used contains some chemical constituent conducive to caries of the teeth, which may easily be the case notwithstanding its clear, sparkling, tasteless qualities, for it is all obtained from springs, not out of the river. And for this reason do I think so: while I have not seen a Spanish woman touch wine, neither have I seen a man drink water. I have taken a lesson from observation; out of respect for my teeth, and on the principle of "When in Rome, &c.," have carefully avoided drinking the less wholesome beverage. Indeed, for my part, I care not for "the juice of flints," or, if you like it better, "the blood of the earth," though the Spanish proverb does say it, "*no enferma, no adeuda, no enviuda*" (neither makes sick, nor in debt, nor widowed). On the contrary, I incline more to agree with that other one which rather irreverently asserts, "*Mas vale vino maldito, que no agua benedita*" (Cursed bad wine is better than [even] holy water). Navarra wine is good enough a drink for me.

This is the first place I have stopped at where the night-cries are excessive to the point of annoyance. Here is no peace for the restless. The *Serenos* of Pamplona are very proud of their voices, and ambitiously strive to excel one another in the loud, long-drawn cadence of their chant, while the no less strong-lunged sentinel on the ramparts also does his best to murder sleep.

Los Serenos are the Spanish prototype and present

representative of the obsolete "Charleys" of Old England—the night-watchmen to whose vigilance is entrusted the safety of person and property after dark. They are here mostly middle-aged men of respectable appearance and staid demeanour, all clad in uniform of dark blue, ample cloak, and glazed cap; slow, sedate, dignified of deportment, terrible in appearance to small boys, but I doubt their efficiency against criminals. They are equipped with a long black staff, tipped with brass—of no earthly use—and carry a light, like a stable-lantern, which serves to render their slow, pompous progress visible from afar, and prevents their seeing anything half-a-dozen yards off. Their principal duty is to march along calling out at the corner of every street on their beat the hour and half-hour, and adding each time thereto a statement of the condition of the weather. As one can hear them a dozen corners off, their prolonged cry falls on the ear of a listener twenty-four times every hour of the night. If you have the luck (?) to live near where two beats meet, you will have the advantage (?) of your curiosity as to the state of the weather being enlightened fifty times an hour, but as it is almost always fine here the statement, "*y se-re-no*," prolonged in an interminable drawl, commencing in a low bass, and terminating in the highest falsetto note attainable, becomes monotonous.

That "and serene" should be so nearly invariably the night-watchman's announcement as to have given him his appellation speaks volumes for the Spanish climate.

The cry of the "watchman on the walls" is simply "Alert-o." But they take great pride in that "O;" set

it to music—make quite a complicated tune of it—with variations. The cry commences at the mainguard of the citadel every quarter of an hour, and seems almost continuous, for the sentinels are close together and numerous, and each waits patiently until his predecessor has done with his own particular “O,” while the town, covering for its population a small area—the circle of the fortifications—is not large, and the “*Alerto*” of every sentinel is plainly to be heard by each of its inhabitants not fast asleep—trying for a restless invalid or fidgety character. I like it. It brings pleasant reminiscences of wild life. In my dreams I hear again the plaintive howl of the midnight wolf.

There is a fine large theatre here, but at present it is given up to a “renowned” troupe of “English” acrobats and gymnasts. I never heard of them in England. Their names are quite unknown to me. I do not care for such performances. I did not come to Spain to see my fellow-countrymen make exhibitions of themselves. I can do so at less trouble and expense. So I have carefully kept away. There is also a fine *Plaza de Toros* that will seat eight thousand persons; but July and August is the season, and it is now shut up. The *pelota* court is, however, in full swing. It is a very inferior one to that at San Sebastian.

I have met with a little book that purports to give an authentic and particular history and description of this ancient city and of its fortifications and neighbourhood, with some account of its blockade by, and “heroic” defence against, the Carlists. As Pamplona is an interesting and important place, I am going to translate, condense, and

omit—principally omit—and, throwing in a few observations of my own, make the product serve for a portion of my next letter, by way of a desperate attempt to combine instruction and amusement—to, in fact, come Barlow over my readers.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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

CHAPTER IX.

The City of Pamplona—Pamplona's Fortifications—Ignacio Loyola and Jesuitism—Gateways of the City—The encircling Country—The Blockade of Pamplona—*Les Adieux*—Departure from Pamplona—A charming View—Tiebas—An ancient Ruin—*Venta de las Campanas*—Roman or Carthaginian Camp—Arrival at Tafalla.

DECEMBER 20, 1876.—Here goes for the translation, &c.

“Elevated one thousand two hundred and ninety-three feet above the level of the sea, planted in the centre of the province of Navarra, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and to the south-west of the same, upon the left bank of the river Arga, is situated the city of Pamplona, extending on the crown of high ground which forms a platform whose centre the city occupies.” There! That is as nearly literal as possible, and gives a fair specimen of the Spanish way of spreading it out. Then it appears to be proved “beyond intelligent controversy” that the city was founded by Tubal before the dispersion at the building of the Tower of Babel, and, consequently, that the Basque language, being the speech introduced by those early settlers, is the original tongue of paradise and the angels. Having then come to grief—principally from age, I suppose—Pamplona had to be re-

built. This was done in less prehistoric times by Pompey, B.C. 68.

Conquered by Euric VIII., five hundred and thirty-four years after its first rebuilding; by the French nearly one hundred years later; regaining its independence, and being retaken by them, under Charlemagne, who destroyed it again; it was yet once more rebuilt by its indomitable inhabitants, fortified, and subsequently successfully defended both against the Moors in A.D. 907 and the Castillians in A.D. 1138, and it in consequence rejoices, "of legal and prescriptive right," in the titles of "*Muy noble, muy leal, y muy heroica*"—for in Spain cities as well as families bear titles.

Pamplona's encircling fortifications are an admirable example of Middle Age defensive work, and the city is considered one of the strongest in Europe. It is enclosed within an irregular rectangular quadrilateral, composed of eight redans and their connecting curtains, and of the citadel at the south-west corner.

The faces of the redans and curtains are of most unusual depth, and excepting where escalade is rendered impossible by the extreme height of the escarped river bluff, are covered by deep wide moats, and strengthened by semi-detached works, covered ways, lunettes, and ravelins. The five fronts of the fortifications are pierced by posterns, giving access to the moats, by sally-ports, and by the six strongly defended gateways by which the roads giving access to the country leave the town. The river Arga flows close under the north side of the fortifications, and is crossed by but one bridge—*La Magdalena*—which is swept by the guns of a battery on the walls, and covered by a

strong ravelin to its left. The largest and most important redan is on the south or opposite side from the river, and is that of *La Reina*.

La Reina has in its interior a well-constructed crown-work, which commands the country on that side, and whose armament sweeps the glacis. It also protects the powder magazine in its rear, a most solid construction, of a capacity of eighteen hundred hundredweight. In times of peace the powder is stored outside the walls in a magazine, built in 1842, on the eminence of Ezcaba, which can hold twenty-six hundred hundredweight. The postern leading to the moat on the right flank of this redan is known as "The Gate of Death," for through it are led prisoners sentenced to be shot in the moat.

It was on the right flank of *La Reina*, a little way back off the face of the curtain, that an event happened, a casualty occurred, which, in the results developed from it, has done Spain more fatal damage than all her other calamities put together. An otherwise trifling incident which was the first and potential cause of torture and death to her best and noblest sons and daughters, which has done Christianity more injury than Pagan and Infidel, from whose effects the world is not yet free, which is still working evil in darkness, for there, defending the place, fell, in 1521, Ignacio Loyola, unfortunately for humanity not killed, but so sorely wounded that he lay recovering long enough to conceive and mature his scheme of Jesuitry, that most striking example of what "the cruelty, baseness, and wickedness of the human mind can plan, and the folly, credulity, and cowardice of mankind can tolerate." Close by

stands the chapel of *San Ignacio*, founded in 1691, to commemorate the event, and in which may be seen badly-executed pictures illustrating it.

On the south-west of the *place d'armes*, between the fronts, *La Taconera* and *San Nicolas*, is the citadel, constructed in 1571, by order of Filipe II., under the able direction of Gorje Peleajo. It is a regular pentagon of six hundred and eighty yards of exterior sides fortified on Vauban's first system; and has two sets of re-entering flanks, half lunettes, and counterscarps to its exterior fronts; and five redans and corresponding curtains forming the remaining fronts. The side which looks towards the *Plaza*, called *De la Victoria y San Antonio*, has in its centre a gateway and drawbridges of communication with the city. In the fourth curtain is the gateway *Del Socorro*, which opens to the exterior and has three posterns in it communicating with the moat and covered ways, and with openings enfiling the walls that join the redans, *Victoria*, *Santiago*, and *El Real*. The citadel contains three barracks for infantry, capable of accommodating twelve hundred men; a small one for cavalry having a capacity for eighty men and sixty horses. Twelve small blocks of houses standing round the open square, and grouped in twos and fours, furnish quarters for chiefs and officers. A large building for an artillery park has spacious bombproofs to the right and left, and there is a good bombproof powder magazine, similar to the one in *La Reina*, capable of holding twenty-five hundred hundredweight of powder; also another underground bombproof, containing four ovens for baking bread in times of siege, a small engineer park, and a

chapel. There are yet twelve more bombproof cellars, laying below the terreplaine of the curtain, in which is the Socorro gateway, that can also serve for safe retreats for a portion of the garrison in case of necessity.

The gateways through the fortifications, giving ingress and egress to and from the citadel and the city of Pamplona, are strong stone buildings, pierced by arched tunnels wide enough for a waggon to traverse, and sixty feet in length, are each furnished with drawbridge crossing the moat, portcullis, and two strongly-ironed folding-doors. On each side of the tunnel are guard-rooms. These gateways are faced with smooth-wrought, fine-grained white stone, handsomely carved, and bear, immediately above their entrances, in alto-relievo, the arms and insignia of the kingdoms of Navarra and Aragon, the city arms, and the date 1666—that of their last restoration.

Pamplona owes much to her fortifications. She cannot, to be sure, claim to be a virgin city; for, ere they were erected, Goth and French both took her; but since, she has been inviolate, a most unapproachable—widow, let us say. Moor, Castillian, French, have tried to force her, but in vain; even that rough and intrepid wooer of cities, the "Iron Duke," had to content himself with a blockade when he would fain have captured her; lately Don Carlos attempted her for five months with a like result.

Round Pamplona lies a valley-plain of elliptical figure, whose largest diameter is from north to south, and least from east to west. It is surrounded by a cordon of mountains, seven Spanish leagues in circumference, and composed of the *Escaba*, the *San Miguel de Miravalles*, and the *El*

Perdon y Zanil ranges. Within this ellipse lay the sub-valleys of *Echauri*, *Aranguen*, *Egues*, and *Eloiz*, the towns of *Huarte* and *Villava*, and the hamlets of *Ansoan*, *Iza*, *Tosin*, *Sular*, and *Olza*. Beyond it is a wild stretch of mountainous country bounded by the *Cordilleras Cantabrica* and the *Sierras* of *Andia* and of *Monreal*. The valley of Pamplona is wonderfully productive and entirely under cultivation, principally of the vine and wheat. The hills and mountains are well wooded, and full of small, fertile, lateral valleys.

Pamplona consists of one thousand nine hundred and seventy houses, distributed in thirty-seven streets—for the chief part straight and narrow—and round eight *Plazas* and *Plazuelas*, the largest of which is that of *La Constitucion*, an imperfect square having three hundred and twenty yards of side. There is too a pretty public garden which also serves for promenading.

Though Pamplona's citizens are *Carlistas*, and at the outbreak of the late civil war the garrison of Pamplona was but a mere handful of men, the fortifications just described saved the city to King Alfonso from a *coup de main*, and its reduction had therefore to be attempted by blockade.

The investing force consisted of five "companies of Jesus," five sections of cavalry—viz. four of the 1st *Navarro*, and one of "*Los Alagoneses*," and a reserve of ten companies of the 4th infantry of the line and two batteries of field artillery.

The defence of such an important place was entrusted to three hundred *Carabineros*, one hundred and fifty *Guardias Civiles*, four companies of the *Cadis* reserve, and one

hundred and fifty artillerymen of the 3rd foot artillery, all under the command of the military governor, His Excellency Don Manuel Andia.

The Carlists cut the aqueduct that supplies the public fountains on which the inhabitants depend for water, entirely prevented them from procuring fuel, and almost completely barred the ingress of provisions from the 3rd September, 1874, till the Alfonsist army, forcing the pass of the Carrascal, five months after, raised a blockade that had nearly brought twenty-three thousand persons to starvation.

There! I think that is about enough of the "authentic and particular." *Adieu, Barlow, adieu!*

At last, there was a lift of the heavy curtain of clouds that for so long had canopied the earth, obscured the sky, and hidden the distant mountains, and I judged, while the evidently brewing storm was concentrating its forces, a few days of fine weather would intervene before it burst; so, believing my opportunity had come to make safely another stage of my journey, announced my intention to depart early the following morning.

It was really very gratifying to listen to the prettily-turned speeches of regret addressed to me by all. The lively lieutenant was especially demonstrative, and I was glad of it, for I had got to like him much. With all his cavalier ways, he had in the background a heap of sound sense and right feeling; besides, we had discovered a bond of union between us. As he wished me good-night for the last time, he gripped my hand and said, "Remember, wherever you may happen to be, if I am there, there you

have a friend you can rely on." I liked those girls too—the youngest especially. She was a very nice child, clever, pretty, and engaging. She made me promise "never, never, never" to forget her and Pamplona.

The 20th was a lovely morning. The clouds, excepting an ominously heavy bank to the nor'-west, had vanished. The air was just cool enough to be bracing. I was congratulated by the Colonel on my luck. "You see," said he, "we are going to have splendid weather; do not hurry away." I laughingly replied, "Deceive not yourself; look at that black bank over yonder, to-day is the clear-up before the storm; ere Sunday Pamplona will be white with snow. I am escaping—*à dios*," and I ran downstairs under a volley of "*Via 'sted con dios*" from the entire family, my fellow-boarders, and the servants.

I had intended making an early start; but, as usual, found it impossible to do so without leaving before anyone was up, which would have been considered most discourteous. The delusion that Spain is an early-rising country has vanished after the others.

It was nine A.M. when Juan and I passed through the *San Nicolas* gateway, crossed the drawbridge, and found ourselves in the open country. I turned and kissed my hand to Pamplona and "the girls I left behind me." The fool of a sentinel pacing the drawbridge thought the gesture was made to him and threw up his hand with an exclamation of astonishment, then remembering his manners—all men have manners in Spain—waved his adieux to the "mad Englishman." I am considered mad here because I walk when it is evident I can afford to ride.

Twenty-five minutes past ten found me at the Carlist-war-ruined hamlet of Noan, a quarter of a mile beyond which, on crossing a little ridge, a most charming view was sighted. Before me lay a long, narrow, shallow, winding valley, one mass of young wheat of a most brilliant green, a pretty stream bordered with tall poplars and willows meandering down its centre, and, crossing stream and valley, topping willows and poplars, a magnificent aqueduct, solidly built of hewn stone, but from its great height and graceful proportions looking light and airy. There were ninety-seven arches, and where they crossed the river, the lofty poplars fringing its banks failed by many feet to reach their curves. They could not have been much under seventy feet in height, and had a span of about half their altitude. I estimated the entire distance of aqueduct supported by them was but little short of half a mile. The towering, and apparently close at hand, Carrascal range—rough, precipitous, and bare—made a rugged, handsome background and contrast to the level verdure of the valley and symmetrical evenness of the aqueduct.

A peasant farmer, who was driving his little flock of goats and sheep along the road, on being questioned, said, "The Romans made the aqueduct to bring water to Pamplona." At the distance it was from me (being half a mile to the left of the road) the aqueduct looked as new as though built but a few years; but, as we talked, I noticed that the line of caps to the "man-holes" of the "ditch"—a covered stone one running under ground—crossed the road to the front of me. Doubtless they were coeval with the

archway; I could test his statement by their look of age on a close inspection.

"*Muy lejos*" (very far off) was the most definite information extractable from the farmer as to the whereabouts of the "ditchhead;" but far as eye could see the square, gray, tombstone-looking manhole caps were dotted, in a winding course, along and climbed the mountain sides to my right. Coming to where they crossed the road I sat down on one to rest, enjoy the prospect, and criticise it. In colour and weatherstain, in condition of surface and edges, those hewn blocks were in appearance identical with the neighbouring rocks *in situ*. So far as information derivable by sight warranted a conclusion, the masonry I sat on was as old as the mountains.

An hour-and-a-half's walk brought me abreast of Tiébas, a most ancient-looking mountain village, built on a spur of the Carrascals, and standing a few hundred yards to the left of, and some hundreds of feet above and commanding, my road, which there wound along through the narrowest portion of the pass that led from the elevated valley, in which is Pamplona, to the lower country beyond the Carrascals.

Close to the village, and occupying the entire top of a rocky mound, whose form is so regular as to convey an impression that it is partly artificially so, stand the remains of an old, a very old castle—in fact, the oldest-looking ruin I have yet seen in Spain. These mementoes of the days of chivalry and romance consist of portions of a square tower and two round encircling walls, one below the other. The tower is built of roughly-hewn freestone from the

nearest mountain. Its walls are of great thickness, and the cement or mortar that was used in its construction of wonderful tenacity, for as time, and perhaps gunpowder, destroyed the building, the course of cleavage invariably crossed the blocks of stone and never followed the line of cement. A large gateway—the entrance to the castle court—has lost its right support, which, fallen to the ground, has crumbled away and become but a heap of grass-grown mould; still the arch—an inverted U mutilated of the lower half of one side—hangs in the air carrying a superincumbent mass of masonry. Take away one of the supports of the Marble Arch, and how long will the “Iron Duke” and horse continue from their present conspicuous elevation to greatly astonish artistic foreigners?

From Tiébas onward the prospect was hemmed in and bounded by a mountain's side, and, close at hand, rolling hills, until *Venta de las Campanas* was reached; at which place I stopped to breakfast.

Venta de las Campanas is not a village, but, as its name implies, a roadside tavern—the tavern of the bells. Of course there is a church near it—there is near every place. This one has a rather fine doorway, with a huge arch above it, rising nearly to the point of the gable, and a circular window pierced within, very similar in appearance to some of the church doorways in Pamplona. The *venta* proved a nice, clean, decent little inn, and there I enjoyed an excellent meal, quite a treat after my late fare. Juan, too, got a good “tuck out,” and fifteen pence paid the entire bill, including excellent wine *ad lib.*, which, being thirsty, I spared not.

While waiting for breakfast to be cooked, a mule-cart drove up, stopped, and its driver came in, saluted, and sat down. On looking around he spied in a corner an old guitar, and immediately seized upon it. The instrument lacked two strings. "'Tis well," he exclaimed, "it matters not, I am always prepared," and he forthwith produced from the folds of his voluminous sash an old pocket-book, containing more guitar-strings than anything else, found and fitted those lacking, sat down, tuned up, and played away. Though but a common waggoner the man was full of music, and played some beautiful airs with charming chords. Amongst them was an old friend, one last heard thousands of miles off, years ago: "The Spanish Retreat." I closed my eyes, and saw again the waving tree-ferns, the feathery palms of other days, almost fancied I smelt once more the night-blooming cereus's intoxicating perfume! His music made the time of waiting seem but short.

Soon after leaving the *venta*, the edge or rim of the plateau was reached, and the direction of the slope of the sides of the mountain, on each hand, changed—pitching from instead of towards Pamplona; and at a turn of the road, the prospect opened out to a splendid bird's-eye view of valleys, ridges, and distant ranges; the valleys studded with detached Butes having table-land tops. One of these, the nearest to the right, showed plainly three broad terraces, scarped on its front, connected by wide, graded roads, leading to its top, while the adjacent ridges had evidently been once extensively entrenched. Undoubtedly I saw before me the site of some ancient military camp, and no small nor temporary one either. It was very like, but

larger, what have been pointed out to me in England as remains of early British or Roman camps. The strongest side of this fortified position faced towards Pamplona; evidently, it was intended to accommodate an army of protection, covering the country in its rear from raids through the Carrascals from the north, as the Tiébas Castle had been located for a defence of the pass against the Moors from the south. The camp was perhaps Roman, possibly Carthaginian. Hannibal's army may have rested there—who can say?

A third of the country spread out before me was, as far as the eye could discern, vineyards or wheatfields, the rest a jumble of intermixed moorlike waste lands and scattered mountain elevations, all covered with loose rocks, stunted brush, and wild herbs; and appearing in most unlikely places, were to be seen little villages, made conspicuous only by the towers of churches and monasteries, the dingy brownness of their prevailing hue matching so closely with that of the surrounding ground as to render them otherwise hardly discernible.

x I entered Tafalla over the new stone-bridge, crossing the river Cidacos. I call it the new bridge, though it looked older than any I have ever seen in England, because there close to it—alongside, but not parallel, as if the river had when it was built run a slightly different course—was the old abandoned bridge, still looking in its hoary age solid enough for the traffic had the river been as unchangeable as it.

Night had fallen, it was quite dark, and I hastened to find food and quarters for myself and Juan.

CHAPTER X.

The chief Hotel at Tafalla—An affable Maid—Hard Dancing—" *Viva Inglaterra y Los Españas*"—Danger ahead—An Offer of Marriage—The Storm at last—The Garden of Navarra—Uncommonly Short Commons—Homes of Knights of Old—*La Santa Posada*—Cheap and Nice—*Las Bardenas Reales de Navarra*—An Exhortation—Robberdom.

DECEMBER 22, 1876.—Tafalla appeared to be a town of some size and importance, as large as all the hamlets passed near in the course of my walk from Pamplona put together, but had about it a dirty, dismal, disreputable air.

I stepped up to the only decently-apparelled and respectable-looking person I saw, an infantry lieutenant, and made inquiry for a stopping-place. By him I was directed to the leading hotel, a large, rambling stone building, capable of accommodating a company of men, but seemingly uninhabited, no lights being visible, no sound issuing therefrom.

I entered the *Fonda*, and after groping my way up a pitch-dark stairway, wandering along a passage, opening half-a-dozen doors giving entrance to untenanted rooms, at last found my way into a large kitchen, and in it beheld,

sitting on the hearth with a babe at the breast, and two young children sprawling on the floor at her feet, the mistress, two smartly-dressed girls cooking, and several travellers or loafers warming themselves at the fire. After the usual salutations of the country had been given I made my wants known, and was conducted by one of the maids to a roomy, clean, and sufficiently-furnished bedchamber, an astonishingly good one for such a dismal-looking house, and there made a comfortable toilet, changed my walking boots for the *alpargatas* I carried in my pocket, and then returned and joined the group around the kitchen-fire.

My dinner was soon announced, and, following a maid, I found it set out in a large, handsome, but scantily-furnished room. It was a very good dinner indeed, of many courses, admirably cooked. Its crowning glory was a large plateful of lampreys nicely browned in the sweetest of olive oil. Oh, how good they were! I ate them all. I dined in solitary grandeur all alone. But I did not mind. I was waited on by, I think, the most talkative, I am sure the handsomest, servant-girl I ever saw. This affable maid told me lampreys were awfully dear, the most expensive dish that could be served, their price being sevenpence three-farthings a pound, but that they used to be much less costly.

On my return to the kitchen I found a guitarist had arrived and was playing merrily. Pieces he executed indifferently, but accompanied well enough, and having a rich tenor voice, which though uncultivated was quite under control, and a good *répertoire* of songs, was quite an acquisition.

Before long the *Guitarrista* started a *Jota*, and everybody importuned me to dance; they should so much like to see how I danced it. On explaining the *Jota* was not an English dance, that I was English, consequently could not, they were still unsatisfied, maintaining it was evident I was no stranger to the ways of the country, and must, therefore, know the national dance; so being unwilling to appear churlish, or to give an impression that Englishmen were indifferent to oblige, I told them I would do my little towards the entertainment of the evening, and made my bow to the beauty who had waited on me at dinner.

And she was a most decided beauty, her figure charming, her face lovely in classical outline, in delicate brilliancy of complexion, her large lustrous black eyes deadly at a thousand yards. She had such elegant limbs, and, great Caesar—such feet! Where a peasant-girl got feet like hers from passeth my understanding; short, high arched, small heeled, muscular, symmetrical models!

The young woman played shy; so, seizing her by both hands, gentle force was added to entreaty, she was landed in the middle of the floor, and we started. It was a treat to see the graceful, hearty agility with which that *Mozuela hermosisama* danced; there was a grace, *chic*, and abandon about her movements which was quite enchanting.

I believe it is a point of honour to dance down your partner in the *Jota*, and mine tried her best to do so. But my wind was too good, I was not on a pedestrian trip for nothing, my training was too much for her; and though with set teeth and flashing eyes she gamely continued till her colour left and her breath failed, I still "kept the

floor," winding up with a florid *pas seul* ere I sat down. "El Inglés" did not disgrace his nationality, as first in all athletics, and a hearty round of applause rewarded my exertions.

An old fellow next whom I seated myself declared he had always thought England a great country, and was now sure of it. Said he: "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll marry the little Alfonzo to the Queen of England's daughter, if she has one. Then he will be King of Spain and England, Gibraltar will belong to both nations, and he will eat up Portugal and France for breakfast, and conquer the world at his leisure, for there is no fleet like the English, no armies like those of the Spains. *Viva Inglaterra y Los Españas!*"

This old man proved very talkative, and quite bored me with questions, but in return I managed to get a little information about Tafalla out of him: that it was a *Cabaza de Partido* (district capital), had a population of five thousand souls, was once a very rich place, but in decadence; that it could boast of the remains of an old palace, built for Charles the Noble, king of Navarra, of two Gothic churches, and of a celebrated hermitage famous as the scene of the assassination of Echevarri, Archbishop of Pamplona, by Don Nozen Pierres de Peralta, Grand Constable of Castile in 1469, and that taxation and the octroi was quickly sending it to "*El Demonio*." As this respectable old gossip seemed read up in the history of his neighbourhood I inquired about the builders of the splendid aqueduct-bridge, with whose beauty I had been so much taken. He

told me the structure now standing was not erected by the ancients, but by a celebrated "modern" engineer, Don Ventura Rodriguez, who finished it in 1730, on the site of the original bridge, which he strove to replace as well in appearance as in utility. The ditch and its masonry were, he affirmed, undoubtedly Roman work.

Having learned incidentally from me that I intended walking to Tudela, this old gaffer most urgently advised my not attempting to do so alone, assuring me I had to cross a stretch of country having the worst reputation for robberies and murders in Spain—*Las Bardenas Reales de Navarra*—and strongly recommended my journeying in company with a *carretero* sitting opposite us, who, he informed me, though poor, was a man in whom the utmost confidence could be placed; and who, having come from Zaragoza with a load of figs, and sold them, would start back empty the next morning; adding, as further inducements, that I should be able to put my traps in the man's cart, that should it rain I could take shelter therein, that the mules would go no faster than I could walk, and, returning to the old song that two persons might be safe when one would be in great danger. So I broached the matter, and as he seemed well pleased with the idea, it was arranged that we should travel together so long as it suited me, he fixing times of departure, halts, stations, &c.; ten o'clock the following morning, sharp, being the appointed hour at which to leave the *fonda*. That settled, and an early rise not being necessary, I sat up till late, amusing myself by listening to the songs sung, and watching the

dancing, for the ice once broken, an alternate *Jota* and *Copla* was the order of the night, and so the entertainment was kept up unflinchingly.

Talk about "fast girls of the period," why that *fonda* beauty of Tafalla could give any I have ever seen a distance. She was the rapidest two-footer it has ever been my fortune to encounter. Before parting, towards morning, she absolutely made me an offer of marriage! No doubt it was in fun, to fool me, but it was done with the gravest, most sincere, and most serious air in the world. She said she had saved a little money besides her inheritance, and if I would take her and settle down, she and the money were ready. Upon my word, if I had been a young fellow of fortune, and "on the marry," I might have done far worse than taken her *au sérieux*. She knew enough, if necessary, to have stood over my cook, English or French as the case might be, and prevent her or him poisoning me by bad cookery, even if she had to show how it was done herself with her own pretty little hands. She was handsome and elegant enough to grace the head of any table, to make a sensation in every ball-room in Europe. Courtly manners would have come to her as though by intuition; they always do to women with well-bred hands and feet. I was really sorry as I reflected that in all human probability fate would throw her charms away on an ignorant, half-clad, half-barbarous Navarra labourer, with about the same appreciation for the beautiful as a jack-snipe has of a fine game of billiards; *j ay de me!* but 'tis a badly mixed world.

Before getting into bed I looked out of the window. The night was black dark, and a fitful wind sighed and

moaned through the streets. At half-past twelve I heard the Serenos' cry, *Est las doce y media y nublado*. In half-an-hour, "It is one o'clock and raining." A gentle drizzle was falling. Soon a steady rattle on the window-panes showed the rain was coming down in earnest. Rapidly it increased to a regular deluge. The storm had come at last, and I fell asleep to the lullaby of a howling tempest.


A little before nine in the morning my proposed bride brought the *desayuno* to my bedside and awoke me. It was the old San Sebastian matin repast. There was the milk-chocolate that a spoon could almost stand in, the *azucarillos* and the milk roll for which my soul had sighed in vain at Pamplona. The rain had ceased, but heavy clouds covered the sky, while the streets were deep in mud and slush. As I was to leave by ten, breakfast was out of the question, so I paid my bill—half-a-crown's worth of Spanish money—had an appropriate leave-taking with the beauty, and was ready. Not so the *carretero*, for his theoretical ten o'clock sharp proved to be, in fact, a quarter-past eleven, at which time we eventually did get under weigh.

From the very edge of the town extended a succession of fruit orchards, vineyards, and olive groves, through which stretched, till lost to sight, a wide, well-made road, bordered by walnut and other shady trees. The vineyards were full of pruners, the olive groves of pickers, equipped with poles, ladders, and baskets. The straight, broad, level highway seemed the capacious centre walk of a gigantic garden. The truth was apparent of the local proverb :


De Olite á Tafalla
La Flor de Navarra.

Some two Spanish leagues south of Tafalla (there are twenty Spanish *leguas* to the geographical degree) lays Olite, the first place we arrived at. It is a quaint old walled village, with two picturesque churches, one in ruins, the other having a fine tower surmounted with a spire, the only church-spire I have as yet seen in Spain; tower and spire most unique and original in design, and adding quite a novel feature to the landscape.

The ruins of a once very fine castle attracted my attention, and I ascertained they were the remains of a royal palace, built at the latter end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century for Charles III. of Navarra. This castle is a grand old ruin, and inspection revealed that the carvings of one of the two churches were pre-eminently odd and remarkably clever. From this place to Tafalla there is believed to be a subterranean passage to the palace there, made also by *Don Carlos el Noble*—that is to say, is believed by the peasants; I do not believe any such thing.

Beyond Olite, wheatfields, pastures, and stretches of wild land, supplanted the olive groves, and, to a great extent, the vineyards; the face of the country became rolling, the distant prospect strongly accidented. 

Arriving at the summit of an acclivity, I turned to take a look at the country I was leaving behind me. Though so recently travelled over it was unrecognisable. My prophecy to the Colonel had been speedily and thoroughly fulfilled. I gazed on a white world. That round Pamplona there was a foot in depth of snow was unquestionable. The mountains between me and there showed

not spot or place uncovered. I had got out in time, but with none to spare. As the day grew older the wind steadily increased in force ; and, being from the north-west, coming from snow-clouds, and over many and many a league of fallen snow, was bitterly cold. A chilling, drizzling rain began to fall, and I gladly took refuge in the covered cart ; Juan following as though he were a waggoner's dog. He, too, was glad of partial shelter, and found it by trotting along between the wheels. As the day wore on I naturally got hungry, and asked where we were to stop for breakfast. "Oh, we can't stop," said the *carretero* ; "we had such a late start, it will be all the mules can do to get to Caparroso before dark, by continuous travelling ; I breakfasted at a friend's in Tafalla, and supposed you would at the inn, while waiting for me." Evidently I was in for nothing to eat until nightfall. However, an occasional short fast hurts nobody who is hardy, and I had made many a longer one before ; besides, being fortunately a smoker, I have always at command a meal of two courses : first, to take up my waistband a hole ; second, a pipe. But such a diet is too light and virtuous to be a satisfactory substitute for "cates and ale." 

We passed through wretchedly poverty-stricken villages, each having, though, several large, solidly-built, cut-stone houses in them—"casas solares"—houses with *porte-cochère* and courtyard, and on whose front were sculptured coats-of-arms. On the newest-looking of these old mansions a date was plainly distinguishable ; as compared with some of the carvings, its engraving looked like the work of yesterday ; the date was 1617. These houses, the shelter of peasants,

living huddled with their fowls and goats, their cattle, donkeys, and fleas, had been the homes of belted knights of old, of the *grandees* of the kingdom of Navarra, of Christianity's advance-guard against the conquering Moor. I begin to differ from my San Sebastian friend, to cease to look upon Spain, through his spectacles, as the country of "to-morrow," and to consider it, on the contrary, as that of a long-passed, almost-forgotten yesterday.

Towards night the cold wind moderated, the rain ceased, and I gladly exchanged a cramped posture in a cart without springs for the free use of my limbs on the road.

We were within half a mile of Caparroso when I stopped to admire a very prettily-built, ecclesiastical-looking building, standing in a grove of trees a hundred yards to the right of our road. When the *carretero* came up he surprised me greatly by saying: "Ah! you seem to know where we are going to stop for the night. That is a better and much cheaper *posada* than any in the town yonder." I told him I had been thinking what a pretty church it was.

"It does look like a church, for you see it is a *santa*. The wing on this side is the part which is the *posada*. Almost all the *santas* in this country have a *posada* attachment."

I did not know what a *santa* meant—did not dare to ask. My *compagnon de voyage* might consider himself outraged if he discovered he was travelling with one who was, so evidently not a "*Cristiano*," as to be in ignorance on such a subject. However, ere night I found out. A *santa*, or *santo*, as the case may be, is a chapel of commemoration

built over the spot where a ghost of the Virgin, or of some saintess or saint of renown has appeared, and which is opened for worship once a year, namely, on the anniversary of the appearance of the spectre; on which occasion a special mass is performed, attended by such pilgrims as the holiness or other attractions of the spot has brought there. It is the harvest-day of the *santa posada*, for there the congregation eat, drink, and sleep—or rather, spend the night feasting, guitar-twanging, jota-dancing, singing, and, generally speaking, in what is called in colder and more puritan climes immorality.

On entering the *santa posada* I was glad to find its interior corresponded with its outward aspect. It was very clean, smelt pure and sweet, and had been freshly white-washed. In the kitchen was a trim old woman, cooking at a most unusually tidy hearth, who greeted the *carretero* as an old acquaintance, and, saying we must be hungry, immediately prepared a couple of *jicaras* of chocolate and presented them, as stays to our stomachs till a regular meal could be got ready. My hunger was too pressing, however, to be so easily satisfied; I therefore begged a big slice of bread, toasted it on the wood coals, rubbed it with a lump of salt, saturated it with fresh olive oil, gave it a finishing warm up, and washing it down with a tumblerful of wine, felt more contented and better able to contemplate with equanimity the preparations of what would really and truly be my breakfast—my first meal that day, though it was long past sunset. The old woman gave us an excellent repast: soup, two courses of meat, several dishes of different vegetables, apples, roast and raw, dried grapes,

and roasted chestnuts, wine and bread without stint. I had a most cheerful bedroom and comfortable bed, and really felt more "at home" than I had done before in Spain. In the morning we had the usual *desayuno*, we carried away with us a big half-loaf of bread and several slices of cold meat, to sustain us until we reached Valtierra, our appointed place for breakfast, my dog had all he could eat, and the entire charge for man and dog was one shilling and tenpence halfpenny! I never was more comfortable in any inn in any country; certainly have never been charged so low a price for such entertainment.

We were to have made an early start, so as to arrive at Tudela before dark—half-past five A.M. had been the appointed time. I woke at six, but I did not jump out of bed and dress in frantic haste; oh no, quite the contrary. I carefully went to sleep again. Is not foreign travel to make a man wise? Does not experience make even fools so? Have I not already learned what fixing a time amounts to in Spain? At seven I was called by the pretty and engaging granddaughter of the old woman, who brought chocolate, etc. etc. to my bedside, and at half-past seven A.M. we were on the road.

Just before arriving at Caparroso we crossed, in the gray dawn of day, by a fine old bridge of eleven pointed arches, a clear, sharp stream—the river Aragon, there about the size of the Thames at Richmond. Its low right bank extended back in grassy meadows, fertile orchards, vineyards, and wheatfields. Directly in front of us its left bank rose in frowning bluffs eight hundred feet in the air, the precipitous and wall-like face of the table-land desert

"*Las Bardenas Reales de Navarra.*" These bluffs showed a section composed of alternate strata of veined limestone, gypsum, hard close-grained red cement, and barren gray clay; a huge natural scarp, cracked and seamed in fantastic shapes by the shocks and wear of ages, breached and riven by the eternal siege of time. On a wide terrace-like ledge, a third of the way up the face of the bluffs, was perched Caparroso and its church. A church and Caparroso, I should have written, for the house of worship was by far the more conspicuous of the two, being large enough to hold, not only all the parishioners, but the greater number of their dwellings as well. The disproportion in the size and number of churches to the requirements of the population is, in this country, continually forcing itself on my notice. It is Falstaff's suit of clothes for an infant in arms. How insane of these people to build such churches. But what they did they did well. Then architects were *not* all dead, and builders were not yet invented.

As we left the town the *carretero* called to me to stop—I was in advance—and, on coming up, addressed me as follows:

"I pray your valiant worship to take heed of what I am about to say. We are now entering a very bad country, one in which there have been many murders. Load your gun well. Put good caps on. Carry your weapon in your hand ready to shoot. Call upon our Lady ✠ and Saint Iago. Be watchful! be brave!"

I am no stranger to the expression of fear on a man's face. I looked in my companion's, and saw he was really seriously apprehensive of danger. I suppose the man,

having sold his figs, had in his sash what, to him, seemed a large sum of money, and being aware that all Tafalla knew he was returning empty, and consequently had the price of his late load about his person, he considered himself a possibly-marked prey to be waylaid and assassinated. So, assuring him my double-barrel was all right, and good for two robbers, and that I was not at all afraid, I cocked and shouldered it.

We were soon in very nearly as wild a looking country as can be seen anywhere. Arid stretches of broken tableland, furrowed with deep ravines, and gullies, studded with detached butes, crossed by ridges of bare rugged rock, formed foreground and middle distance. Beyond, bounding the prospect on every side, rose chains of fantastically-outlined mountains; those to the north sheeted with snow. Immediately in our front, far beyond Tudela and the Ebro, but cutting so sharply and distinctly against cloud and sky as to seem almost at hand, its peaks and domes showing where they pierced through the mountain's cap of clouds, brilliantly white with the first snows of winter, and furnishing an appropriate point of culminating interest and focus to the picture, the clustered summits of *La Sierra del Moncayo* towered six thousand feet above our level. A few scattered trees on a distant ridge to our left, apparently cedars, was all the timber in sight, and where the surface of the ground was not bare gray clay, rock, or gravel, it was but scantily clothed with a sprinkling of tough wire-grass, low shrubs of wormwood, oldman, and spine-plant. It was a portion of the wildest part of "The Great Desert of North America" over again. As I walked along, cocked

gun in hand, "eye skinned and beard on shoulder," neither man, beast, nor habitation in sight, the old accustomed tinkle of the mule-bells ringing in my ear, I almost fancied myself back there again.

It would have been in thorough keeping with the accessories to have heard once more the war-whoop of the Hualipais, and the *swish* of their arrows.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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

CHAPTER XI.

A dreary Ruin—The Valley of the Ebro—A Potato Hunt—A desecrated Mansion—"We are going to have Stewed Cat"—Strolling Musicians—It went very well—An enchanting Composition—Summer Pasture of the Arena Bulls—Almost Dreamland—A happy Accident—Good Quarters—A Military Anglomaniac—The Price of Provisions—Wages.

DECEMBER 27, 1876.—Two hours' travelling on *Las Bardenas Reales de Navarra*, in a southerly direction, most of the time at a trot, on which occasions I gladly run ahead or alongside the cart to warm myself, for a cold damp wind was blowing, gave us a few glimpses of better land—low-lying flats and strips of ground, affording scanty pickings on which were seen small flocks of goats and sheep, and their attendant guardians, men and dogs. Presently, in one of the roughest, deepest, wildest of ravines—a jagged rift, stretching miles to our right—appeared on an isolated, rocky butte, the gray ruins of a huge monastery. The world cannot furnish a more forbidding site for habitation of man than where those ruins stand, but it was one well suited to the spirit of asceticism of the age when that old-time refuge for the weary, the disappointed, and—the idle, was founded. Certainly from its window-holes all creation looked accursed.

Towards the middle of the day we came in sight of a square building, standing on the summit of a hill in front of us. It was a *parador*—in plain English, a halting-place. There, my companion said, we could procure a drink, so we at once attacked our bread and meat, and, on arriving abreast of it, left the team to take care of themselves, ran in, and called for wine. We tossed off a couple of tumblerfuls each and our thirst was quenched. It was most indifferent "Navarrino," but wonderfully cheap. Fancy being charged at a place of entertainment, out in a desert, where there was no opposition, five farthings for four tumblerfuls of pure, unadulterated, drinkable wine! An hour's farther march brought us to the upper edge of the bluff looking towards the wide valley of the Ebro, and the road turning into, and descending by, a winding ravine, we shortly debouched by its mouth into the verdant plain. It was a most charming change. The bluffs sheltered us from the bleak wind. A bright sun shone in an almost cloudless sky. Our climate was as instantaneously changed as though we had been translated to another zone. It was as one of England's balmiest of July days.

The valley—there some four miles wide—was a continued succession of fruitful verdure; vine, olive, and wheat covered the ground. Two long bold curves of the river disclosed long vistas of river valley; its opposite side, like the one we were travelling, being bounded by the precipitous bluffs of an elevated country, apparently similar in characteristics to the tract we had just traversed, and extending to the base of the Moncajo, which, seen through the warm haze, seemed to have receded by fifty miles.

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And, sufficiently in our front for distance to lend its enchantments, lay Valtierra.

On a near approach this little town proved to be a walled but not fortified one; and as the main highway swung round its walls, we turned instead of going through it. Doubtlessly I lost little by so doing. The peep obtained, as we passed, through one of the gateways revealed narrow, ill-paved, squalid streets. But our so doing was a postponement of breakfast until we should arrive at the next town—Arguedas. This change of plan was necessitated, said the *carretero*, by our having made so late a start, for at Arguedas he hoped to buy a load of potatoes, and the meal being prepared while he loaded with them, no time would be lost.

A league's farther travel down the Ebro's valley brought us to our halting-place, which, though an insignificant town, has a more cared-for look about it than any seen since leaving Pamplona. It actually appears to be flourishing in a lazy sort of a way.

Leaving his cart, team, and me in the middle of the town, my companion of the road started off to hunt potatoes, and it was over an hour before I saw him again; then he informed me none were to be obtained, and that we had better drive without further delay to a *posada* and get our breakfasts. As we were about to start an old woman came up, and informing the *carretero* she had a friend who had plenty of potatoes for sale, carried him off yet again. A quarter of an hour elapsed and he came back. At last he had made his purchase; at length he was ready to proceed to the *posada*.

The little tavern we entered looked tidy enough ; and being very hungry, I ordered the best breakfast possible, and confidently expected a fair meal. But I continue to find that in both great and small, Spain is emphatically the land of surprises, and sometimes disappointments. That landlady's idea of a good breakfast was a compound mess of cut cabbage, sliced potatoes, chunks of bread, all boiled together in water, strained, and served with hot oil poured over it ; of a loaf of bread, and a goatskin bottle of indifferent wine. Such was "the best breakfast possible" affordable by that *posada*. However, hunger obligeth, and between us we "worried it down."

The little scheme for saving time, by loading whilst our breakfast was cooking, that had been propounded by the *carretero*, proved, like his early starts, a matter of romance ; for when our late in the afternoon breakfast was despatched, he told me the potatoes he had purchased were in bulk, and had to be sacked and weighed, which it would take until after dark to do, so that we could go no farther that day. There being nothing interesting to inspect in the little town, I accompanied him to see the operation, by way of killing time. He led the way along some very narrow alley-like streets, to a dilapidated stone house, whose handsome façade, sculptured escutcheons, carved stairway, and general appearance, proclaimed it had been the residence of some noble of the past ; and, in its ancient banqueting-hall, found five old women on their knees, or rather, sitting on their heels, sorting the potatoes that covered its stone floor. Evidently those mature females would never get the twenty big empty sacks waiting for the reception of the potatoes filled before

nightfall, for they were taking the tubers up singly, rubbing off all shoots, and placing them deliberately in a basket, from which they were to be poured into the sacks. And they paused and had something to say over every potato. They talked more and did less than any *employées* working by the job that I have ever seen.

The potatoes were splendid ones—finer I never saw—sound, even in size, plump, and bright-skinned. They only cost, including the labour of sacking, at the rate of fivepence the stone of fourteen pounds.

On my return to the *posada*—I did not remain long at the potato-sorting—the hostess's mother, a white-haired wiry dame of sixty-seven years of age, was busy cooking our dinner. She lifted the lid of a stewpan to put in some seasoning, and I noticed it contained the joints and pieces of some small animal, but not its head, and immediately had my suspicions. Thinking to ascertain the truth by a *ruse*, I rubbed my hands together, as if in satisfaction, and cheerfully exclaimed: "Ah! we are going to have stewed cat."

"Cat, indeed! It is a rabbit. Does your worship think I would cook a cat?"

"Where is its head?"

"Oh, I gave it to the dog. A rabbit's head is not worth cooking."

At dinner I found the animal I had seen in the pot was the *pièce de résistance*—and most resisting pieces its morsels were—of a wretched meal. It, and a mess like that had for breakfast, comprised the entirety.

The old woman had been very painstaking as to the

cooking of the animal ; had stewed it for two hours and a half, seasoned it with some cloves of garlic first slightly boiled in oil, with salt and pepper ; had added plenty of good olive oil. All to no purpose ; it was tough as buck-skin, flabby as cotton wool in texture, watery and insipid in taste—in short, unfit for food. Whether it were rabbit or cat I did not know, never shall know ; but I did most certainly know it was miserable trash as I ever tried to eat. If it was a fair sample of cat, then no more cat do I want while I live. I tried to eat a piece of back, a leg, a shoulder ; no go, and so generously presented the rejected pieces to Juan. He is not a dainty dog, eats potatoes, even eats cabbage. He sniffed, looked insulted, and retired.

During dinner a blind guitarist entered playing, led by a small boy, who accompanied with the triangle. When we had finished they supped on what was left of our dinner, including the pieces refused by my dog ; probably poverty had educated their taste. They were poor strollers, but the blind man played very well, while the boy was as sharp a young monkey as ever followed the road. When they had eaten and smoked the *cigarros* I handed them, they commenced a *jota*, the sound of which soon attracted several persons in from the street, some of whom for fun begged and teased the old woman to dance. She, by way of a chaffing back-out, declared she would dance with nobody but the Englishman, thinking, no doubt, I could not dance the *jota*. So, to carry on the joke, I remarked I did not believe she meant what she said, that I was sure could I dance she would not. Then the ancient dame swore "by the Holy Virgin" she was no old fool to say a

thing and not do it. That oath delivered her into the hand of the enemy, and, jumping up, I exclaimed, "I can dance a *jota* with any *Navarrina* that wears *alpargatas*;" and the old girl, not to be beaten, faced me, and, to the great delight of the company, we started. The plucky grandam came to time in a wonderful way, but could not last, and soon yielded the floor. Amongst the spectators was a fine, fresh-looking, strapping peasant-wench, and, on my antediluvian partner's retiring, I danced up to her, made my bow, and she took the old woman's place. When the dance was at its fastest, as an experiment, to see how it would go, I took a leaf out of the Pamplona cavalryman's book, and dexterously floored the lamp. It went very well. After that all the girls in the room were ready to dance with "El Inglés." But I danced no more. The rest, however, did, and I soon saw that, danced by peasants, the *jota* is a very queer performance. I cannot give detail; some of the movements and gestures are neither produceable before nor describable to a British public. And to say that such are not intentionally grossly immodest would be to state an unmitigated untruth. By-and-by the sharp boy handed round his *gorro* for *limosna*. I had a pocketful of Spanish coppers, *cuartos*, *ochavos*, *maravedies*, not much in value, only about a shilling's worth, but many in number, and I dropped them all in the cap. How the boy's eyes sparkled! I heartily wished the poor musician's could have done so too.

I retired to bed, but not exactly to sleep. For the first time in Spain my bed was a bad one; the mattress of chopped hay and straw, the sheets not too clean; and,

worst of all, mine enemy was upon me. Queen Mab's lancers mustered their squadrons to the attack ; a slower but not less formidable foe marched and countermarched upon my prostrate body, and in the morning I was a "speckled victim." So, after swallowing my little cup of chocolate, I gladly departed from that miserable *posada*.

As is often the case, extra bad fare and accommodation was, as a set-off, charged for at extra high rates, and my bill amounted to considerably more than double what it had been at the *santa* where everything was so good and comfortable.

Arguedas, though a little place, is a walled town ; and as we approached close to the old arched gateway through which our road ran, an enchanting composition presented itself to my view. I beheld an ancient square tower—all that remained of extensive works the traces of which were discernible for one hundred and fifty yards, while the bluff behind was pierced with galleries—a tower, in size, shape, and proportions wonderfully like an old Norman castle's keep, or donjon. Its base was built of roughly-hewn stone, the corners of its three sides—the fourth had fallen and wasted to mould—and occasional cross-courses were stones rough as they had come out of the quarry, its filling was rubble. Beyond was a green, smiling river-valley ; then brown rugged hills ; in the far distance snow-capped mountains ; overhead a bright blue sky ; while, to complete the picture, to give it the interest of life and motion—oh, rare and happy chance!—down the road towards us came a squad of cavalry. The sun lit up their polished brazen helmets and the steel points of their lances, their accoutrements

flashed in its rays; the ruby-and-yellow pennant of Spain fluttered from their lanceheads. Surely it was a picture of the Middle Ages, framed and set by that old-time archway. Had the cavalry been armoured knights, nothing in the surroundings would have been incongruous.

To behold that living picture was, alone, worth my journey to Spain.

Our road down the valley ran between the base of the bluffs and the *Acequia Molinar*—an irrigating ditch that, taking its waters from the combined streams of the rivers Aragon and Cidacos, some four leagues west of Caparroso, skirts the foot of the scarp of the Bardenas Reales, and renders fertile the left bank of the Ebro's valley for over fifty miles.

Soon after leaving Arguedas, the valley is so slightly above the level of the river that the soil becomes too cold and wet for vineyards or olive orchards; and a continuous meadow of marsh-grass, with frequent willow-breaks and beds of reeds, occupies it exclusively. This is the summer pasture of the fierce bulls of Tudela, famous in the annals of the arena of Madrid, Sevilla, and Barcelona. Ere long we passed a range of stone buildings. They were pointed out to me as being the head-quarter bull-farm of the neighbourhood; from there Tudela with its many towers was in sight.

By half-past ten I had crossed the bridge over the Ebro, passed through one of the gates of this city, and was arrived.

Immediately within Tudela's walls we were halted by the octroi officers, and, while they rummaged the cart, I

took advantage of the stoppage to wish *a dios* to my companion, for he was going on beyond Tudela before stopping for his breakfast. He seemed sorry to part with me, and it was with much difficulty I prevailed on him to accept a *propina*. His last words as he pressed my hand were: "*A dios*, brave sir, who I hope to meet again, if not on earth certainly in heaven." Just fancy a British carter delivering himself of such a sentiment in such terms, and being diffident about accepting drink-money! The people here are, in their ways, as antique as their country, and sometimes I can hardly realise I am not dreaming.

I should like to give a short *résumé* description of the country I have been passing through; but only to one who knows the wild parts of North America would it be easy for me to do so. To him I would say: Take a large portion of the central Arizonan plateau, substitute chestnuts and oaks for pines and *piñons*, living rivers for dried-up watercourses and *arroyos*; take a little of the best and most fertile part of southern California, a large tract of country exactly like that below the Lava-beds of the Black Cañon district, well mixed with the Soda Lake country—and you have its physical aspects. Put every available acre in wheat, vines, or olives; stick old, dirty, dilapidated stone villages, large churches, monasteries, ancient ruins, fortifications of every epoch around about, on mountain sides, on rocky pinnacles, in valley, plain, and hollow; add a few fortified cities having most of the modern improvements; place in the open country a scanty population of half-clothed, ignorant, credulous, but well-fed and industrious peasantry; fill its walled towns till they are like human bee-hives at swarming-time; let the dress,

utensils, manners, and customs be those of twenty-five centuries, so mixed and blended, so inextricably confused together as to be unsortable—and you have the country and its inhabitants from San Sebastian to Tudela.

On parting with the friendly *carretero*, I at once commenced looking for quarters. They were very hard to get. I was hugely disgusted with this place on my first arrival. The inns were most unpromising in appearance, and the boarding-houses I inquired at all full. There is a large garrison, part of the "Army of Occupation," here, and the officers have, of course, helped themselves to the best to be had in that line. I began to fear I should absolutely be unable to find a decent place to stop at, when a happy accident directed me to where I am staying, a house on the outskirts of, in fact almost without, the town; a house cheerfully situated, with gardens in front, large yard and outbuildings behind. It is a basement and two storeys high, clean, tidy, and of genteel appearance.

This is a very private *Casa de Huespedes*, has neither sign nor card, and is not advertised. It is conducted and owned by a very amicable old fellow, and his much younger and not less agreeable wife; people of some independent means, besides being the freeholders of the property they reside on. They are childless, but have adopted two orphan nieces, who are living with them. The table is excellent, better I almost think than at San Sebastian; and I have a nice large room, fitted up as bedchamber and sitting-room combined, with a lovely view from my balcony. For these and other mercies I am to pay only a dollar a day. I am told it is a very extravagant price for Tudela,

but that I am in what is considered the very best boarding-house in the place ; a house that had I been a Spaniard, or any kind of foreigner except English, I should not have been received in without good recommendations from responsible parties.

The work of the house is all done by one servant and the two nieces of the proprietor, with occasional help, principally consisting of scoldings, from the host and hostess. The domestic is almost as handsome as the Tafalla girl, and a daughter of poor but honest parents, like her of the nursery tale. She and the nieces treat each other on terms of great equality ; speak of one another to third parties as "*La Señorita Josefeta*," "*La Señorita Colouetta*," "*La Señorita Tomasa*," as the case may be ; and when talking together *thee* and *thou* each other. As a major of dragoons, who is my fellow-boarder, said to me yesterday : "Classes are now (in Spain) confounded together in a manner that you, as an Englishman, can hardly understand. There is a practical democracy in the domestic circle like what I have read of in the backwoods of your Canada. And you must remember, in the country you are passing through there are no ladies and gentlemen by profession, as in all parts of your country. The native families of means and leisure are absentees, living in Madrid and the chief southern cities now, and at fashionable watering-places in summer, and leaving their estates habitually to the care of *administradors* and *major-domos*. They never go near them."

This officer is evidently an "upper ten" man. Besides having his orderly to attend to his wants, he keeps a *valet*

de chambre, wears most expensive linen and jewellery, and dresses stylishly. He is a well-read and informed man, with a turn for philosophising; a thinker of a very advanced school, and though professedly a Catholic, terribly severe upon priestcraft. In politics he is most liberal, and has his eyes very wide open to the faults of his country. He looks upon his enforced residence in this place in much the same way as a guardsman would regard being quartered in an inland town of Galway. He is quite an Anglomaniac; ranks "Shah-kay-s-pey-air-re," as he calls "the immortal William," above Cervantes, and Darwin as the first *savant* in Europe; and has been most courteous and politely attentive to me. There are two other boarders, but they seem to be intermittent ones, coming and going in a most irregular manner. I think they are connected with the railway interest.

Yesterday I took a look at the markets and priced things, Tafalla being sufficiently well in the interior of northern Spain to be a good place to average prices at. But I must premise that everybody grumbles at the dearth of the times; for instance, *La Josefeta* tells me that before the war partridges sold for fivepence apiece, now they are worth one shilling and eightpence. She says other things have risen in proportion.

The market-place is a tumble-down old square, filled with dilapidated sheds, but there is the same profusion of fowl, flesh, fish, vegetables, and fruit I have always heretofore seen in Spanish markets. These are present prices, weights and money being brought as nearly as possible to English equivalents: beef—best cuts—fivepence per pound;

mutton and lamb—best cuts—sixpence per pound; fresh pork, sixpence-halfpenny per pound; chickens—there are “spring chickens” all the year round here—from one shilling and threepence to one and eightpence each; turkeys—large ones, fattened by being crammed with chestnuts and walnuts—twelve shillings each; eggs—fresh laid—eightpence a dozen; ham, from tenpence to one and threepence per pound; fish, the cheapest, fresh sardines, threepence-halfpenny a pound; the dearest, salmon, half-a-crown a pound; chocolate, tenpence to five shillings a pound, according to the confections mixed with it; olive oil, threepence three-farthings per pound; milk, fivepence per pint; wine, the very best, twopence-halfpenny the pint (there are more vineyards than milch cows); best loaf sugar, sixpence-halfpenny the pound; grapes, table, one penny-farthing a pound (they are very dear now, for it is nearly Christmas). Vegetables, not being sold by weight or measure, excepting potatoes, I cannot well give their price, but they are cheap beyond conception. Nor can I give a list of them, not knowing the English names of the chief kinds; indeed, not having seen them in England, I do not know they have such. The fuel used here is olive-wood, costing for dry seasoned twopence-farthing per quarter of a hundredweight; it is splendid cooking-wood, making a clear, intensely hot charcoal fire, with little smoke, and that rather fragrant than otherwise. Servants’ wages are also very low, according to our standard. A really good woman-cook—who is also a servant-of-all-work, no matter how many other maids are kept, for here no such phrase as “It is not my place” is known, nor would such an idea

be tolerated—gets six shillings and threepence per month. The very highest wages paid to any domestic is ten shillings a month. These prices account for a dollar a day commanding the very best of board and lodging. Agricultural labourers are paid one shilling and eightpence a day—a day meaning here all the time there is sufficient light to work by, excepting an hour at noon. At harvest time wages sometimes rise to half-a-crown a day for first-class hands. At all times the labourer has, out of his wages, to lodge and board himself and find his own “allowance,” and they are the best contented, most cheerful peasantry I have ever seen.



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

CHAPTER XII.

Tudela—*La Plaza de la Constitucion*—A Curse in Stone—Extraordinary Bridge—A sporting Excursion—Ancient Mound Fort—Christmas-Eve Festivities—The National Dance of Navarra—Midnight Mass at *San Nicolas*—Military Mass in *La Santa Maria*—A wonderful Piece of Carving—A strict Catholic Fast—The Licorice Field of Spain—Esparto Grass.

JANUARY 2, 1877.—I have been wandering about this place taking items, but, having a mortal antipathy to guides, and owning not a handbook, in a most desultory and happy-go-lucky manner.

Tudela is a walled city overlooked by a citadel of considerable strength, crowning an eminence to its north, and also by a small fortified and entrenched tower—a toy-like affair, pretty but very weak, standing on a conical detached hill to its south. It occupies the mouth of a little valley, down which runs an insignificant stream—the *Quelles*—and extends close to the right bank of the *Ebro*, having a river wall. Tudela is almost enclosed by the barren bluffs of a country similar in all respects to *Las Bardenas Reales de Navarra*, and is situated at the head of a wide opening of the valley of the *Ebro*—an expanse of country seemingly a forest of olive-trees.

Though nestled under beetling cliffs, and but little

above the level of the river in times of flood, Tudela is seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea. It claims to be one of the oldest cities in Europe, to have had a continuous existence since before the foundation of Rome. The truth of that assertion being conceded to her, it is certain she has put her time in to little advantage. To be sure, due allowance must be made for the fact that for over three hundred and fifty years the city has been developing backwards. When Navarra was a kingdom, Tudela was the frontier town towards Castile, and its chief entrepôt and export city; now she has no importance.

I find myself greatly disappointed by Tudela. As seen from a distance, her many and fine church-towers, the broad, tree-shaded, avenue-like roads leading to it, the forest of olives below, the grand bridge across the Ebro, caused me to expect a handsome place. It proved a dirty, dilapidated, squalid one. Its population of nine thousand is crowded into a space that in England would only be occupied by a third of that number. Its streets are narrow passages between houses looking like dingy, uncared-for prisons. There is not one thoroughly good dwelling-house or shop in it, as we understand such things. I will describe its *Plaza*, for, like all Spanish cities, the *Plaza* is the best portion of the town.

La Plaza de la Constitucion is a square of two hundred and seventy feet—three hundred and fifty yards' walk round it—with five entrances thereto, three being deep archways, or tunnels through houses, and the remaining two open ways from narrow streets. The buildings

enclosing this square are massive stone structures, a basement and three storeys high, of uniform design, with overhanging roofs and two tiers of balconies. The basements are now either stables, store-rooms, or cafés. Around the *Plaza* is a pavement about as wide as that of Regent Street. In its palmy days it was a handsome *Plaza*, and the armorial bearings, sculptured on the houses, show the style of people who then lived in them. Now it is as disreputable in appearance, as dirty, as odoriferous as a Chinese quarter of an American mining town. Paint, plaster, mortar has crumbled and fallen from the walls of the houses, their balcony railings are masses of rust, their windows displays of dirty rags, and the crowd promenading the pavement is in thorough keeping with the aspect of the houses. I except, of course, the military stationed here, the leading officials, and their respective families. In uniform or mufti most of the officers are unmistakably gentlemen, and their women-folk have all the air and manner of thorough ladies.

I do not see much chance for any improvement in Tudela. It is built up so closely, and so shut in by bluffs, there is no room for new houses; to pull down for the purpose of rebuilding, or to repair when repairs are not absolutely unavoidable, seems foreign to the genius of these people; and so, as unhappily the ancient architects who built Tudela cursed her with houses that won't fall down, she is bound to go from bad to worse, as she has done since no man knows when, until she becomes unfit for a Christian, yea, even a "*Cristiano veijo rancio*," to live in.

The rest of the place, excepting a few decent houses in

the outskirts, the pretty terrace-walk by the side of the river wall, the fine bull-ring, and the eleven big churches and convents, is a labyrinth of many-storeyed dens.

The bridge over the Ebro merits a better description than I am likely to give. It was built by *El Rey Don Sancho Abarco de Navarra*, but at what date I cannot find out. When E. R. D. S. A. de N. "flourished," no man seems able to tell me. But we must not be too hard on these natives for their ignorance. How many Englishmen could tell off-hand, without reference to authorities, the date when the celebrated Danish king of England, whose name is spelt with a C or a K, as the case may be, sat down "by the sad sea waves," and did not exactly rule them?

This fine bridge is four hundred odd yards in length (measured by pacing), and is composed of seventeen arches, eight of them acutely-pointed ones. Between the arches, on its upper side, are long sharply-pointed piers; on its lower one, flat buttresses. It is built in a very singular manner. Its general direction crosses the river at a considerable angle to its course, with a view, according to the ancient fallacy, to its being less affected by the current; and it is not straight, but has a bend, like a slightly-strung bow, the curve being up stream, presenting in effect an arch to the downward pressure of the current. Standing at one end of the bridge, persons crossing the river by it disappear from the spectator's view, round its curve, before they leave the bridge. At its farther end from the town is a *tête de pont*, loopholed for musketry, through the gateway of which the bridge is reached, and where a small force of soldiers is stationed.

In default of being able to procure a photograph, I have made a sketch of the town and bridge, but from one point of sight could not get in the head of the bridge on one side, nor the citadel on the other, and only ten of the arches; while the Quelles river discharging itself into the Ebro just below the bridge, its mouth was hidden thereby. The snow-covered mountain in the background is the Moncayo.

Soon after I arrived here, one of my fellow-boarders, who is an ardent sportsman, invited me to accompany him to Castejon, situated a few miles up the valley of the Ebro, saying we might, if lucky, get partridges, woodcocks, hares, and rabbits. So we went. We did not get anything but a capital breakfast and dinner at the Castejon *fonda*, and a long tramp.

My friend had with him three well-broken dogs—a pointer, and two liver-coloured cockers, whose legs were exactly like dachshunds, and who worked splendidly. I put one of Juan's feet in his collar, and he charged around on three legs like a bear on hot irons. We saw two fine coveys of red-legs, but a couple of hundred yards off was as near as any of the dogs ever got to a bird of them. My companion fired a long shot at, and missed, a cock. I saw a hare, and the cockers set afoot lots of rabbits, but in such thick brush we could not get even snap-shots at them. My friend tells me the partridge-shooting in September, October, and March is excellent, but that between times there is no getting near them except accidentally. Cock-shooting is very uncertain here. Some days, in the season, you may find plenty, often, for weeks, none. Quails in August and September are tolerably thick. His diary for last year

shows a bag of eight hundred and seventy-four, that of the previous year six hundred and fifty-three, all shot within an easy walk.

At Castejon I saw some interesting remains; the Ebro valley is there very wide, and a plain of wild grass, brush thickets, and willow brakes; and in its centre, close to the right bank of the river, appears a conical hill of several acres in extent, and some hundreds of feet in height. It is artificial—a mound. Not very far off are the excavations whence the soil was procured to raise it; and the Ebro, in one of its recent floods, having cut away a portion of the extraneous *débris* accumulated at its base, disclosed a surface reveted with stone-work. The hill is an ancient fort. It was its exact resemblance in size, relative position to the river, and form to some of the prehistoric mounds of the Mississippi valley that made me, an ignorant stranger, at a distance of a mile therefrom, ask my companion, to his great astonishment, What people are supposed to have constructed that artificial hill fort? I might just as well have demanded to be told who invented spoons.

This mound gives to the district its name, and the railway from Madrid to the north crosses the Ebro in sight of it by a splendid iron bridge seven hundred feet in length, standing on tubular piers, braced and guyed in the strongest way with iron cables. Alongside of the rails is a broad planked footway, over which we passed, our shooting-ground lying on the left bank of the Ebro.

At the Castejon railway station I had the pleasure of meeting some of my country-people, the first English tourists I had seen since entering Spain. It seemed quite

strange to find myself talking, and being talked to, in English.

I must give an account—perhaps I ought rather say, make a confession—of how I spent Christmas Eve. A nephew of my landlady, who is a civil engineer at Zaragoza and cousin-in-law of the girls, came to spend his holiday-time here, to see his mother, who lives not far from us. He stopped in this house because his mother, who is a widow and very poor, had not room for him in hers. This young fellow invited his two cousins and our handsome *criada* to spend the evening at his mother's, to meet a lot of his friends, and enjoy some dancing and singing. He pressed me to go also, and being here to see all I can, I gladly accepted his invitation. The party was seventeen in number, all young people excepting the old mother, and more than half of them girls. The music, an old guitar, which everybody seemed able to play. The ball-room, a large, low-roofed attic with bare walls, and furnished with three beds, two chairs, an old trunk, a four-inch square looking-glass, and coloured prints of virgins. The refreshments, *aguardiente* and biscuits. We danced with our coats off, for it was hot, and *cigarros* in mouth, polkas, waltzes, mazurkas, and the *jota*, principally the *jota*. But as compared with the Arguedas folks, we danced the *jota* most decorously indeed.

The *jota* being a national dance, I must give some idea of it. It is danced in couples, each pair being quite independent of all the rest. The respective partners face each other, the guitar twangs, the spectators accompany with a whining, nasal, drawling refrain, and clapping of hands.

You put your arm round your partner's waist, balance for a few bars, take a waltz round, stop, and give her a fling round under your raised arm. Then the two of you dance backward and forward, across and back, whirl round and *chassez*, and do some *Nautch-Wallah-ing*, accompanying yourselves with castanets, or snapping of fingers and thumbs. The steps are a matter of your own particular invention, the more *outré* the better. And you repeat, and go on, till one of you gives out. The *chic* of the dance, the *pas d'excellence*, is, when your partner whirls round and the air extends her skirts, to dexterously entangle your foot in and with a quick jerk kick them up as high as you can. To a *vieux sauteur* and old dancer, the trick is easy enough, and "I guess I rather astonished that crowd," as our cousins over the big ferry say, judging by the way my partners screamed and the lookers-on applauded when I "fluttered the white." Indeed, my *élan* was considered a credit to my country. I was regarded a proof positive to the contrary of the (absurdly wrong) popular belief of Spain, that in society "Englishmen are, collectively taken, a composition of reserve, haughtiness, shyness, and stupidity." I certainly did my best to disabuse all present of such an idea. This is the record of my exploits (?). I picked for a partner the prettiest woman in the room, started with the steps of a regular "Hoosier breakdown," threw in touches of the Highland fling, the sailor's hornpipe, the Irish jig, all the little I know of the *can-can*, and wound up with an Apache yell and caper that "brought the house down." Thenceforth I was "*Gefe*."

Now the queer part of all is, the assembled company,

though poor in estate, were all decent, respectable, and respected people; the girls all modest, proper girls—girls of unsuspectable reputation, dancing to, with, and before their brothers. There yet lingers, I take it, a strong leaven of nature, in other words of the savage, in the ways of Navarra.

At twelve o'clock we adjourned to midnight mass in the pretty church of San Nicolas—choral service of course. I certainly was with a wild party. A lot of Scarborough "trippers" at a circus could hardly have behaved worse. They talked aloud, laughed, threw kisses, made fun of the service, and played practical jokes on each other. And this in "the most Christian country." After service we hurried back, ran upstairs, rushed into the room, and, ere the last could enter, those first in were dancing again. We broke up at four o'clock, and as we went home found the street full of fantastically-dressed mummers, some twanging guitars, others blowing horns, many singing, both in solos and in choruses.

By-the-bye, two of the women at our little *tertulia* were "awfully" handsome, and one of the two was our *criada*.

On the last day of the year I attended a military mass at Tudela's famous Gothic cathedral—*La Santa Maria*—a wonderful building, quite an architectural triumph, for though small for a mediæval cathedral, the genius of its architect enabled him to impart to its interior an effect of vastness and impressiveness quite out of proportion to its size. It most deservedly has the reputation of being one of the best specimens extant of Gothic art. It is said to date from A.D. 1135.

I thoroughly enjoyed the performance, for in the first place I got a comfortable seat, ensconcing myself with great effrontery in a stall in the choir; secondly, and as a consequence, was not subjected to offensive smells, an occasional whiff of incense being the only appreciable odour; thirdly, the music was excellent; and lastly, the scene most picturesque and dramatically striking.

Santa Maria looked large and lofty; its high and pointed arches light and elegant, its vistas full of perspective, its detail simple, chaste, and beautiful. In its centre the military occupied the entire space—artillery, cavalry, infantry. Their varied uniforms gave colour and brilliancy to the scene; the large blue cloaks lined with crimson of the 5th Dragoons, their burnished steel morions, spiked, plumed, brass-mounted, and bright as looking-glass, were most effective. The music was exclusively military, and played by the band of the Estremadura Foot (15th Infantry). I am glad I heard that band; doing so corrected an impression I had formed that Spanish military music is atrocious, for I have rarely heard a finer brass band. It was forty instruments strong, excessively well led, and executed a charming selection of operatic airs and a rattling schottische. The acoustic proportions of the cathedral must be very good, for I detected neither echo nor vibration; indeed, had the music been in the open air and at some little distance off, it could not have sounded more melodiously. It really seemed as though mellowed by floating along the arched and groined roof and around the many pillars. The only time when the music was really noisy was at the elevation of the

Host, where brass, wood, and skin crashed forth Spain's national and royal air, the "Marcha Real."

After service I saw the soldiers march past. They went at their usual tremendous pace. If those fellows could only fight as well as they march, what invincible troops they would be. When the soldiers and following crowd had left the cathedral's front in solitude, I took a quiet look at its main porch, having been recommended to do so. It is a wonderful piece of carving; there must be hundreds of figures, all in stone alto-relievo. On the left as you face the door are the blessed being led to heaven, I suppose, each by two saints. On the right, the wicked being tormented, very evidently, each by two devils. The "sheep" and saints are clothed. The "goats" and devils are male and female, *in puris naturalibus*. The torments are most varied and extraordinary, but quite indescribable. The intimate manner in which the grotesque, the cruel, and the obscene are blended, surpasses anything conceivable by the mind of man that is not cloistered monk. Sufficient to say, indecency bordering on insanity is there revealed in stone, has been the ornamentation of a cathedral church for over seven hundred years, and looks quite capable of remaining to make it remarkable for seven hundred more.

In the afternoon there was a general promenade of the inhabitants around the *paseo* adjoining the bull-ring, to the strains of another military band. It was not as good a one as I had heard in the cathedral, nor was there anything remarkable about the promenaders.

The past Christmas Day was one of the very few of my