

bleu persecutes even minnows, as all *sport* and fair play is scouted, and everything gives way for the pot. The Spaniards, less mechanical and gastronomic, leave the feathered and finny tribes in comparative peace. Accordingly the streams abound with trout, and those which flow into the Atlantic with salmon. The lofty Pyrenees are not only alembics of cool crystal streams, but contain, like the heart of Sappho, sources of warm springs under a bosom of snow. The most celebrated, issue on the French side, or at least those the most known and frequented, for the Spaniard is a small bather, and no great drinker of medicinal waters. Accommodations at the baths on his side scarcely exist, while even those in France are second-rate when compared to the spas of Germany, and are dirty and indecent when contrasted with those of England. The artist may spend the dog days most pleasantly in the Pyrenees. The scenery is magnificent, and he can soon fly from the common-place coats and cooks. The native highlanders in summer lead their flocks up to mountain huts and dwell with their cattle, struggling against poverty and endeavouring really to keep the wolf from the door: their watch-dogs are magnificent: the sheep are under admirable control, being, as it were, in the presence of the enemy, they know the voice of their shepherds, or rather the peculiar whistle and cry: their wool is smuggled into France, to be re-smuggled back again when manufactured in the shape of coarse cloth. But, however poor, they are pastoral, poetical, and picturesque, as most people are who live in mountains; the plains may be richer in "bread stuffs," but what can a painter or traveller make of them? According to Spanish divines the Pyrenees concealed Spain from our Saviour, and fortunately, they say, when the devil tempted him by the offer of all the glories of the earth; but, lofty as these mountains are, they have never hidden her from the keen eye of the Cock or Eagle of France.

 ROUTE 130.—ZARAGOZA TO URDAX.

Villanueva.	2
Zuera	2 .. 4
Gurrea del Gallego	3 .. 7
Venta de Tuliñana	2 .. 9
Ayerbe.	3 .. 12
Auzánigo	3 .. 15
Bernues	2 .. 17
Jaca	2½ .. 19½
Canfranc	2 .. 21½
Urdax	3 .. 24½

There is a sort of diligence communication part of the way in summer; generally, however, travellers ride. The mountain roads are bad, but the scenery is picturesque. The route commences over bald dreary plains, with aromatic wastes extending to the rt., while the *Gallego* eats its way to the l. Those who leave Zaragoza late may sleep at a solitary venta about 2 L. short of *Gurrea*. Approaching *Ayerbe* the Pyrenees grow larger as the road grows worse. Crossing a ridge which separates the water-courses of the Aragon and Gallego, and winding through pretty well-watered glens, *Jaca*, *Jacca*—*Posada del Canfranc*—is

reached; this place has immemorally been of some importance, as lying on the frontier. This ancient walled town is tolerably built: Pop. about 3000. Near it the river Gas joins the Aragon and fertilizes the valleys. *Jaca* is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Zaragoza. The simple solid cathedral was founded by Ramiro in 814. The tutelar is a Santa Orosia, whose body is venerated in a silver case in her chapel. The *Capilla de S. Miguel* has a superb plateresque portal, with foliated columns and medallions in high relief: in the *C. de su Majestad* opposite is a grand tomb of a bishop, mitred and canopied: in *La Trinidad* notice the noble marble retable, with the Father holding the crucified Saviour, executed in a Beruguete and Florentine style.

Jaca was taken from the Spaniards by M. P. Cato, A.C. 195, became the capital of its district, was fortified, and portions of the Roman wall are yet preserved. It was wrested from the Moors so early as 795, when Don Asnar, its Pelayus, sallied forth from the

mountains and dispossessed the infidels; they, 90,000 in number, made a desperate attempt to recover it, but were repulsed, the women fighting like men: see '*España Restaurada*,' Martin de la Cruz, 4to. Zar. 1627. The Moors fled, leaving behind them the heads of four of their kings, *i. e.* shiekhs, which Jaca quarters on her shield to this day. The site of the battle, called *Las Tiendas*, is still visited on the first Friday in May, when the daughters of these Amazons go gloriously to a sham fight. A church also was raised on the site dedicated to *la Virgen de la Victoria*, $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. on the Navarre road.

The old castle of Jaca, during the Peninsular war, was repaired and strongly garrisoned by the French under Lomet, a wholesale executioner of prisoners (Schep. ii. 252). After Soult's defeats in the Pyrenees, the garrison capitulated, under promise not to serve against the allies; but no sooner had the troops reached France than this pledge was violated, and the Duke in consequence refused to ratify the capitulations of their countrymen at Santoña (Disp. April 1, 1814). So at Aboukir, when Nelson landed the prisoners on a pledge that they were not to serve again, before the fleet was out of sight they were all drafted by Buonaparte into regiments.

Jaca—el muy noble, muy leal y *vencedora*—had surrendered at once to the French in 1809, as it did to Mina in 1814: so much for heroic nomenclature antecedents.

Jaca is interesting to the constitutional antiquarian, as its *fuero*, or municipal charter, is reckoned among the earliest in Spain; it dates from the Moorish expulsion, and was confirmed in 1063 by Sanchez Ramirez. In Jaca also was held the first parliament on record. All those who have leisure should visit the mines and pine-forests of *Oroel*, and the picturesque ruined Benedictine convent of *San Juan de la Peña*; after 2 L. you reach *Santa Cruz*; near the village is a most ancient seminorman church, with a lofty square tower, and 3 tiers of double-arched windows: observe the portal and wheel and lettered devices; and inside, the

grotesque capitals, billet mouldings, and the 2 plain tombs: also the roof of the *Sala Capitular*: hence about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a L., by a vile road, with glorious pines and scenery, to the convent. Near this site the Arragonese in 760 built their first city, called *Panno*; this was soon destroyed by the Moors, when the natives fled to the cavern, where the convent was afterwards built, and thus became the rocky cradle of the monarchy, as Covadunga did in the Asturias. Here the early patriots were joined by the mountaineers from *Sobrarbe*, and drew up the so-called *Fueros*. The foundation of the convent was after this wise: a hunter named Voto, while riding after a stag, came so suddenly on the chasm under which the building now nestles, that the forelegs of the galloping steed hung over the gulph, much as that of Don Quixote was suspended on the brink, at the bottom of which was Sancho Panza (ii. 35). In this dilemma our Voto invoked St. John, and the horse became fixed, hanging in mid-air. In evidence of this portent, the prints of the steed's hoofs were long shown on the rock; but these things were common enough in the Peninsula; and a similar horse-feat and miracle occurred also in Portugal in 1182, when Don Juan discovered the Virgin of Nazareth, whose shrine was pillaged by the invaders under Thomières (Southey, '*Don Rod.*' note 28).

Voto then dismounted, and descending into the cave found the stag dead from the fall, and by its side a deceased hermit, on whose stone pillow was inscribed his name, "Juan," and a statement that he had here founded a chapel to the Baptist. This relic was unfortunately lost in 1094, to the grief of the historian Abarca (i. 22), whose account we abridge. While all this was going on Voto's horse remained statuesquely suspended over the abyss. Voto, on his return to Jaca, persuaded his brother to turn hermit, and both lived and died in the cave, since which "miracles have been continually worked, and salvation secured by their intercession." Hence the site became, says Suchet, the "object of popular superstition,"

and produced a new asserter of liberty, one Sarasa, a local guerrillero; whereupon the invaders under Musuier, Aug. 25, 1809, burnt the monastery to the ground, and with it the precious MSS. and archives of early Arragonese liberties—and melancholy are the picturesque ruins, and more sad the vile modern repairs and restorations. The position somewhat recalls the rock-built temples of *Petræa*. In this primitive sanctuary, an early Escorial, a long line of the early kings of Arragon down to Alonso II. were interred, but their ashes were scattered to the winds by Suchet's troops. The *Pantheon* lies down the hill amid pine groves. The church is placed under an overhanging rock, which serves as a roof to the Mausoleum: you enter by a vestibule, with arms and names of the royal deceased; the altar has plain Norman arches: then to the cloisters, one side of old wood work has escaped: observe the chapel of *San Victorian*, the curious capitals with life of the Saviour. Here, on Wednesday, March 30, 1071, was celebrated the first Roman mass performed in the Peninsula, a novelty effected by Cardinal Hugo Candido, legate of Alexander II., who influenced the king, Sancho Ramirez. This event, which was cited as the proudest boast by Abarca (i. 119), in reality opened the door to the yoke of Rome. Then the primitive vernacular ritual was exchanged for one in Latin, which the people did not understand, until misgoverned, deluded Spain, having been alternately the inquisitor, executioner, champion, and banker of the Vatican, sunk into bigotry and intolerance, and became a bye-word to the world, enslaved, weak, ignorant, and impoverished. For all details of this monastery consult '*Historia, &c., de San Juan de la Peña*,' by its abbot, Juan Briz Martinez, fol. Zaragoza, 1620.

Leaving Jaca, by its poplar-planted alameda, the Pyrenean defiles are soon entered, and the road becomes wild and alpine. It is a $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours ride, mule-pace, to *Canfranc*, a miserable hamlet placed in the jaws of the pass. The road follows the course of the river

Arragon, which boils down from its mountain source, forcing its way through the rocks; passing *Castello* in a declivity, then a picturesque bridge at Villanova, we reach *Canfranc*, a dog-hole in the alpine height. The *Puerto* is said to be 6713 feet above the level of the sea. The overhanging castle commands splendid views. Behind lies the province Arragon, and above towers the snowy cloud-capped *Can Gran*, one of the most remarkable heights of the range. The inhabitants of *Canfranc* are *canes franci*, and worthy of their name, being much addicted to smuggling; this they carry on in face of the *Dogana* and custom-house officers of the two countries, *des véritables chiens*, who worry the honest traveller. *Canfranc* is the last town in Arragon. Adieu, hungry, racy, rough Spain, with thy mountain passes, ilex woods, and fragrant wildernesses, and welcome the talented flesh-pots and superb cuisine of *La Belle France*, of which *Urdax*, however, offers but poor samples. Hence in summer a diligence runs to *Oleron* (see Handbook for France, R. 82). From the *Puerto de Canfranc* the pedestrian may strike off to the rt., under the *Pico del Mediodia*, to *Gabas*, where the French douane is placed, and so on to *Eaux Chaudes*. The *Pic du Midi* may be ascended from *Gabas* in from 2 to 3 hours: it is said to be 9500 feet high. The ascent from *Grip* requires from 5 to 6 hours. The views over the lofty *Maladeta Perdido* contrast with the plains of France.

ROUTE 131.—JACA TO THE PUERTO DE SALLENT.

Larres	2
Biescas	2 .. 4
Pueyo	2 .. 6
Puerto de Sallent	2 .. 8

Attend to the provend, and take a local guide, who can generally procure lodgings and some sort of accommodation in private houses in the villages, which are cleaner and quieter than the *posadas*, *i. e.* receptacles for smugglers and their beasts. The beautiful valley of *Tena*, with the mineral baths of *Panticosa*, lies between the valley of

Canfranc W., and that of *Broto* E., and each are divided from the other by ridges or spurs, which shoot down laterally from the Pyrenees; they intercommunicate by wild paths, known however to the natives. The valley of *Tena* is about 4 L. long N. and S., and 3 L. wide, being some 11 L. in circumference; it is watered by the *Gallego*; *Sallent* is the chief hamlet. Turning W. from *Jaca*, soon after *Larres*, the *Gallego* is neared, which flows on the l. with its tributaries, until crossed and recrossed near the truly Swiss-like village: pop. 800. *Biescas*, with a decent *posada* near the bridge, is a good sporting quarter; as in addition to its rivers it communicates both with the valley of *Tena* and *Broto*, which the izzard hunters consider most favourite ground, as lying under the gnarled roots of the *Monte Perdido* group. The gushing torrent at *Sa. Elena*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ L., is a *Vaucluse* on a smaller scale.

Proceeding to *Panticosa* the defiles narrow in, and the scenery increases in Alpine character; about a mile up is the *Barranco de Estaquer*, a wild *rambla* like the bed of a torrent, and thence by another longer mile the sweet glens of *Taguen* and *Laciesa*. Visit the *Fuente Gloriosa*, which gushes gloriously from the cave of the *Santuario de Santa Elena*, in which the daughter of Constantine the Great is said to have taken refuge; on the hill above is an intermittent fountain.

Panticosa is a poor village in a hill-locked valley, that owes its celebrity to the mineral baths, which lie distant a mountain league, or a 2 hours' walk; after ascending a steep ridge, through the rocky gorge *el Escatar*, a truly romantic site and severed from the world, all around the dell rise granite ranges, soaring into eternal snow, as this is one of the highest inhabited spots in the Pyrenees, being some 8500 feet above the sea. The place is deserted in winter, but in summer a decent French inn is opened by one Michel. The bathing accommodations are far from first rate: there are different springs and establishments, and according to ailment, you can resort to the *Higado*, *Estomago*, &c.: the *Casa*

de la Pradera is the least bad; the season is from June to September; for an analysis of the waters consult '*Memoria*,' Francisco Xavier Cabanes, Mad., 1832. You can get from *Eaux Bonnes* to *Panticosa* on horseback.

There are several routes to France: one leads to *Eaux Bonnes*, is tolerable, and may be performed on foot in about 12 hours, but it will try a stout pedestrian: that to *Cauterez* by the desolate *Col de Marcadau*, which is usually preferred, is a wild and difficult ride of about 8 hours; you pass a series of lakes, near the first of which is a large rocking stone; in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours cross the crest of the *Col*, and descend in 1 hour to *Cauterez*, *Lion d'Or*, *Hôtel de France*; the scenery on the French side is magnificent, especially the *Lac de Goube* and the *Pont d'Espagne*; the lake is one of the most elevated in the Pyrenees, and abounds in trout: here the *Vignemale* is seen in all its Alpine grandeur and solitude; the *Petit Pic* is said to be 11,000 feet above the sea, and has been ascended.

The best plan for seeing the *Pic du Midi*, and the group of mountains to the E. of *Canfranc*, is to avoid the Spanish side and to put up at *Eaux Bonnes* or *Canterez* in France, where fleshly comforts, cooks, guides, and donkeys abound. *Luz* will do well for the *Brecha de Rolan*, and *Gavarnie* for the *Cirque de Marboré*. In France these excursions are just as much the fashion as they are not among the incurious uncomfortable Spaniards (see '*Handbook for France*,' R. 85).

Leaving *Panticosa*, a 2 hours' and steep ride leads to *Sallent*, the capital of the valley of *Tena*, and the seat of the Spanish *Aduana*. The *posada* is indifferent; consult '*Sallent Cabeza de el Valle*,' Leon Marton, 4to, Pamplona, 1750. There are several wild passes into France. The W., *Puerto de Formigal*, is the easiest of passage, as those by the *Cuello de Sova* and *La Forqueta* are fitter for smugglers and izzard-hunters. The route to *Eaux Chaudes* in France, by the valley of *Ossau*, is much frequented, and highly picturesque; ascend the course of the *Gallego* to the *Port d'Anéou*; the first

house in France is called *la Case de Brousette*, and is a sort of governmental *Hospice*, built for the refuge of storm-lost travellers; afterwards turn amid rocks and firs off to the l. to the *Plateau de Bioux Artiques*, to enjoy the splendid view. The *Pico del Mediodi* soars magnificently; those who wish to ascend it will do well to take a French guide from *Gabàs*, which is the first hamlet in France, and the seat of *la douane*. It has a small *Cabaret* (see 'Handbook for France,' R. 83).

ROUTE 132.—JACA TO LA BRECHA DE ROLDAN.

Biescas	4	
Linás	3	.. 7
Broto	3	.. 10
Torla	2	.. 12
Venta de Bujaruelo . . .	1½	.. 13½

Attend to the provend, and take a local guide; to *Biescas* see preceding route. *Broto*, a small hamlet of 300 souls, stands under the *Monte Perdido*, on the *Ara*, which flows down the wild valley; it has two difficult *puertos* into France, those of *Cerbillonar* and *Petrañeda*; continuing up the streamlet *Cerbillonar* to its junction with the *Ara*, about a L. N., is *Torla*, with 400 souls, and chief of the four *Vicos* or departments into which this district is divided; the forests are magnificent; the timber *sucs y ruilles* is floated down from these "Pyrenæi frondosa cacumina Montis" to *Tortosa*; this being a central point in these elevations, is much frequented in summer by shepherds, who drive their flocks to pastures averaging from 7000 to 9000 feet above the sea. The *Vignemale*, 10,330 feet, and *Monte Perdido*, 11,264 feet, each the highest mountain in their respective kingdoms, rise from this nucleus base. The precipices are the haunts of the izzard, and the lochs—*Ibones*—and streams abound in trout. The passage into France, by the *Port de Gavarnie*, is truly magnificent. In the *Escala* or ladder-pass into France, a band of 60 mountaineers surprised in 1510 the Comte de Foix, who was invading Arragon, in order to support Juan Albret of Navarre against Ferdinand the Catholic: they destroyed

more than 2000 men, capturing men and baggage; it was a *Roncesvalles* on a smaller scale.

The *Venta de Bujaruelo* is miserable, while all around is sublimely alpine and picturesque, as we are now in the very heart of the grandest scenery of the Pyrenees; the Spanish side is by far the wildest and most abrupt. The *venta* is distant from *Torla* about 1½ L., being at the foot of the Three Sisters, *las Tres Sorellas*, or *Sorores*. The Three Sisters, that is the *Monte Perdido Cylindro*, and *Marboré*, 10,950 feet, form the central buttress of the Pyrenean range, and the point of dislocation: these mountains do not consist of one continuous line, but of two parallel ranges; the southern, which begins at the ocean, being some 30 m. in advance of the northern. Visit particularly *la Brecha de Roldan*: this mighty fissure in the mountain-wall, and a much-frequented smugglers' pass, can be seen from *Huesca*, and some say even from *Zaragoza*; it then appears only a small notch in the stony ridge, but when approached becomes a gigantic gate in the natural barrier, which rises more than 9500 feet above the sea; the formation is somewhat convex on the French side, and really, when beheld from afar, the barrier appears to be an artificial wall, to which that of China is the work of pigmies. It varies in height from 300 to 600 ft., and in thickness from 50 to 80; the breach is shaped like the square opening in the battlement of a frontier defence. This gap, in moments of storms, so frequent in these tempest-haunted heights, becomes truly terrific. Then, indeed, it is the portal of *Æolus*, or the narrow funnel through which the hurricanes that are checked by the mountains tear, sweeping everything away, and rendering impossible any attempt to pass through against them. Some have compared the gap to that in a jaw from whence a tooth has been extracted; this *Brecha*, according to authentic legends, was struck out by Orlando, the redoubtable paladin Roland; he with one blow of his trusty blade *Durandal*, thus opened a passage for his pursuit of the infidel, and his potent sword is still

shown at Madrid; but the weapons made in those days far surpassed the fabrics of Toledo or Sheffield, and of such class was the sword of Paredes, with which, like the mace of the Persian Roostem, whole armies were kept at bay.

The descent into France by the *Cirque* (Hispanicè *Olla*) de *Gavarnie* is difficult. Those who wish to ascend the *Monte Perdido*, 11,168 ft. above the sea, are advised to do so from the French side, taking French guides. An active tourist may start from *Gedre*, gain the top, and return the same day. The best route is as follows: leaving *Gedre*, and its oasis in a rocky desert, make for *Chaos*, an appropriate name for a scene where chaos is come again. The *Cirque de Gavarnie*, at the head of the valley of *Lavedan*, is most romantic, and there is a small inn in the village. Visit the cataract of the *Gave de Pau*, and then proceed to the *Serrades*, or sheep pastures, under the glorious barrier of the *Marboré*, and thence to the *Brecha de Roldan*; the *Monte Perdido*, which is a secondary formation on primitive rock, and is now to be ascended by a series of terrace-like ridges. The summit was first reached in 1802 by *Ramond*, who was attended by one *Rondo*, a guide from *Gedre*, some of whose descendants yet live there, and are well acquainted with every step. Occasionally tourists sleep the first night at *Millaris*, a plain enclosed by the *Tres Sorellas*; and after the summit has been gained descend to the *Brecha de Roldan*, and thence by *Aragnoet* and the beautiful valley of *Tramesaigues*, and so on to *Viel*.

You can walk from *Bujaruelo* to the baths of *Panticosa*, by the following route:—to *Torla* 2½ hours, *Fragin* 1, *Linas* ¾, *Jesera* 2½, *Viescas* 2, *Pueyo* 3, *Panticosa* ½, *Baths* 2½. Those who start from *Panticosa*, taking a local guide, may, by climbing the *Puerto de Bendedera*, reach in one long day either *Gavarnie*, or *Broto* and *Torla*; whereas the preceding route by *Viescas* requires 2 long days, and is far less interesting. Leaving *Panticosa*, in ascending, you pass on the rt. a precipitous mountain like the Balahalish end of *Glencoe*: the

top of the *Puerto* is reached in 3½ h.; a descent of about the same time brings you to the poor venta of *Bujaruelo*. The scenery is grand, and improves on the road to *Torla*.

From *Bujaruelo* to *Gavarnie*, by the easy *puerto*, requires 3½ h.; so that a traveller in France might ride from *Gavarnie* to *Bujaruelo*. Go on for 1 h. towards *Torla*, see all the finest country, and return to *Gavarnie* the same day; or proceed from *Bujaruelo* to *Torla*, a very picturesque walk, in 2 h., passing after 2 m. a superb gorge; then ½ an hour on to *Broto*, and 4 more to *Fanlo*, a village at the back of the *Brecha de Roldan*, from the summit of which it is a descent of 5 h.; to the rt. one looks down into a vast tortuous ravine, hollowed out by the melted snow torrents which pour down from *Las Tres Sorellas*. Near the bottom is a dense mass of forest, the stronghold of the *Bouquetin*; the precipitous sides are covered with fir. *Antonio Sanchez* has a decent *fonda* at *Fanlo*, and is most anxious to please his guests; his charges for two good meals and bed are 1 dollar per day; the mutton is capital. Close to *Fanlo* is a narrow cleft in a rock, as if formed by an earthquake, through which a stream eats its way; ascend above and look down into this *Tajo*, and on the tops of the trees, for the river flows beneath, heard but not seen; however it may be descended to by means of a rope-ladder. To the E. of *Fanlo* the wild angular mountain *San Victorian* stands forth, and about 5 m. beyond rise tiers above tiers of dark wooded precipices; between these is one of the grandest ravines of the *Pyrenees*, which is best to be explored from *Nerin*, a village distant from *Fanlo* 1½ h. The *Cura Don Joaquin Sanchon* will entertain an Englishman for a dollar per day very well: he is a disciple of *Isaac Walton*, and a good guide, for which service he expects from 3 to 4 francs more a day. Here you may perhaps find the *Bouquetin*, the *Cabra montes*, and the *Izzard*, a small reddish variety of the chamois. From *Nerin* to the hamlet of *Cercuet* 1 h.; the little church is picturesque; ½ an h. more to the mountain shoulder,

whence you gaze down on the splendid *Tajo*, or chasm hollowed out like a mighty vessel, while the curved strata resemble ribs; deep below boils the emerald-coloured *Billos*, a stream of melted snow, hemmed in by forests, and precipices piled on precipices up to the very sky. Descend to the river by a rude staircase path, into the primeval forest safe from the woodman's axe. The firs, ewes, oaks, beeches, birches, ashes, &c., are drawn up tall and thin in their search of air and light, while their elegant stems contrast with the rugged *Salvator-Rosa*-like rocks. The caves of the highest precipices are the haunts of eagles, who are always slowly wheeling about. An hour's scramble leads to the picturesque *Puente de Cumac*, beyond which it is needless to proceed.

Every artist will make another day's excursion from *Nerin* to another Alpine bridge, which spans the precipices; crossing this to a chapel in a cave, descend to the bed of the river in the direction of the bridge: return to the bridge and ascend the opposite side to a natural arch of rock, amid a dislocated jumble of rocks called *la Tierra Mala*.

From *Fanlo* to *Vio* is 3 hours: 1 hour short of *Vio* the mountains to the E. are very grand. Breakfast at the house of Manuel Cerezuela, who has eggs, wine, and bread; bring your mutton therefore from *Fanlo*. From *Vio* to *Escalona*, 3 hours; 1 hour short, you descend to the village *Puyarruebo*, whose cultivated slopes contrast with the barren *San Victorian*; at *Escalona* there is a quaint *Venta* and chapel under the same roof; however dirty and dear, it is much frequented by muleteers; the *Ventero*, however, is careless, and without a conscience—the nearer the church the farther from God. The sunset view of the mountains from the neighbouring fountain is glorious; hence into France by *Vielsa*, 6 hours. To the summit of the *Puerto de Vielsa*, 4 hours; to the l. as you ascend is a very fine cascade; 2 hours' descent lead to the French village *Le Plan*; thence through *Val d'Aure* to *Arreau*, 6 hours.

Another route from *Escalona* runs to the convent of *San Victorian*, on the *Peña Montañesa*, 3 hours of gentle ascent through the village *Espumas*. This monastery is a nobly placed building, and contains some very ancient portions, although rudely constructed and cruelly modernised; here some of the early kings of Arragon are interred. When the property was appropriated by the Government, they allowed the abbot Don José Gonzalez y Marin to remain here to take care of the building: although he has never received a farthing of promised aid, or of his miserable stipend, the fine old monk entertains or entertained travellers, who pay their expenses. The cave of the tutelar, up in the precipices behind the convent, deserves a visit. From hence a dreary five hours leads to *Campo*, through a miserable, bare, slaty, crumbling, and arid district, which in winter is torn by torrents, and in summer burnt up. The clear stream flowing through *Campo*, and the vines trained to the houses, give an artistical character to this poverty-stricken village, in which, however, a bed and dinner are to be got. From *Campo* to *Venasque* is 6 hours. The first portion is inferior to the pass between *Bujaruelo* and *Forla*, and afterwards the country becomes tame.

From *Jaca* to *Huesca*, 14 L., the so-called road is sometimes a dry river bed, sometimes a mere track, winding up amid rocks shaggy with brushwood. It passes under the bold precipice *Peña de Ruel* to *Bermues*, 2 L., 2 hours' ride—then to *Azanigo*, 2 L., to *Venta de Garroneta*, a lone house, prettily situated on the river Gallego—thence by *Loare* 2 L., *Bolea* 2 L., and the valley of the *Iuela* to *Huesca* 4 L.

ROUTE 133.—ZARAGOZA TO HUESCA.

Villanueva del Gallego	2	
Zuera	2	4
Venta de Violada	2	6
Almudevar	2	8
Huesca	3	11

There is a diligence, which is the best, because the most expeditious, means of getting over the treeless, uninteresting, and almost abandoned

plains in some 8 hours; yet the soil is fertile and the climate favourable, and wherever irrigation is adopted the fruits of the earth abound. *La Hoya* or *La Huerta*, near *Zuera*, was doubtless, under the Moors, a garden, as the name implies. The Gallego is crossed soon after *Zuera*, and the road continues over the bald *Llano de Violada* to *Huesca*, *Osca*, which is pleasantly situated on the *Isuela*, and looks at a distance somewhat like a ship, with the cathedral tower for a mast. Inns: *El Parador de las Diligencias*, small but the best; *Posada de Narciso Brualla*, *de San Miguel*, and *San Francisco*. This ancient Arragonese city is seldom visited by foreigners, but may be taken by those going to the baths of *Panticosa*, as they will find a regular intercommunication in summer. *Broto* is distant 14 L. through *Solanilla* and *Vegua*. Those going to Barcelona may rejoin the high road (R. 129) by taking the diligence to *Barbastro*, 8 L. from *Huesca*, and thence $9\frac{1}{2}$ more to *Lérida*.

Huesca, Pop. about 9000, situated in its rich plain or *Hoya*, on a sort of amphitheatre open to the N. It has a most ancient aspect, although only two of its 99 towers remain on the walls. Being out of the way it has escaped modern repairs and beautifyings, and contains vestiges of past pride and state. It is the chief town of its province, and the see of a bishop, suffragan to Zaragoza; it has a university, theatre, an *instituto*, and the usual establishments, being the residence of the local authorities. This decayed and decaying city is one of great antiquity: originally called *Ileosca* (Strabo, iii. 224), and the capital of the *Vascitani*, it was chosen by the *guerrillero* Sertorius as the seat of the university which he founded u.c. 677, ostensibly for the education of noble youths, but in reality to hold them as hostages of their fathers' allegiance. The unscrupulous Romans, unable to subdue him by fair fight, set a price on his head, as the French did on that of *Mina* and others, of whom he was a type. At last (u.c. 680) *Metellus* bribed *Perpenna*, one of the officers of

Sertorius, to invite his chief to a banquet (compare *Maroto*, p. 956), where, when full of wine, he was murdered. On opening the will of his victim, the assassin was found to be largely remembered therein. *Perpenna* himself was soon after put to death by *Pompeius* (App. B. C. i. 700); all these *cosas de España* are according to genuine Iberian maxims, where the abstract treachery is approved of, but the base agent, when used, is not. *La traición apñace, pero no él que la hace.*

Huesca, under Sertorius, grew to be an important place, insomuch that *Plutarch* (in *Vit. Sert.*) calls it "a great city." It became a *municipium* under the Romans, by name "*Osca Urbs Victrix*," and had a mint, with a numerous coinage. See *Florez*, 'Med.' ii. 513. The *Nummi Oscenses* of which such quantities are mentioned by *Livy* as sent to Rome by the plundering and contribution-levying marshals, have often been referred, but erroneously, to this town, the word *oscenses* simply meaning *Spanish*. *Huesca* not only produced coins, but coin-collectors, as here lived the famous *Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa*. He published a curious catalogue of his cabinet, '*Museo de las Medallas desconocidas*,' 4to., *Huesca*, 1645, which is enriched with etchings: for an account of the author see p. 295 of the charming '*Voyage d'Espagne*,' *Elzevir*, à *Cologne*, 1667; or p. 201 of the English translation printed for *Herringman*, London, 1673 (see post, p. 936).

Huesca glories in having given birth to *San Lorenzo*, of gridiron and Escorial celebrity, but this honour is hotly disputed by *Huescar*. The rival pretensions are set forth in '*Defensa de la Patria de San Lorenzo*,' *J. F. Andres de Ustaroz*, Zar., 4to. 1638; and '*Monumento de Santos Martyres*,' &c., *Huesca*, 8vo. 1644; and in '*Defensa de la Tradicion*,' *Juan Aguas*, Zar. 4to. 1677. The better opinion, in which we coincide, assigns the honour to this *Huesca*.

Roman *Osca* was destroyed by the Moors, and, whenever excavations are made, buried fragments of antiquity

turn up, which are either used up as old stones for building materials, or reinterred as rubbish. The Moors rebuilt the place after their fashion, and it became the capital of a sort of independent half-Berber tribe, who, placed between two fires, sided alternately with the French and Cordovese, hating both equally, and only using them for their own local and selfish purposes, and then abusing and ill-treating them. Thus Amoroz, its celebrated Emir, called in the aid of Charlemagne against the Kalif of Cordova, and then refused to admit his allies into the place. For the other treacheries, assassinations, &c., of this Hispano-Oriental chief, see Reinaud, '*Invas. des Sarrasins*,' 119.

Huesca was recovered by the Christians November 25, 1096, after a siege of two years and a defence of Numantian and Arragonese obstinacy, and, like Jaca, it bears for its arms the heads of four Moorish kings—shiekhs, who were then killed, with the addition of a cross which appeared miraculously in the air. Consult, however, chapter 13, '*Fundacion y Excellencias de Huesca*,' Francisco Diego de Aynsa y Iriarte, fol., Huesca, 1619, and 8vo., 1644, a curious local book.

Huesca, a very fine specimen of an old Arragonese city, looks nobly from the outside with its cathedral spire and pinnacles, and fringed with poplar alamedas, solidly built, and picturesque. The chief street, the fashionable lounge as at Zaragoza, is called *El Coso*. The town is cheap, and well supplied with the products of hill and plains, or the *Campos*, which are irrigated by the rivers *Flumen* and *Isuela*. The hydraulist should visit the grand reservoir of *Pantano*, near *Arquis*, 4 L. N. of Huesca, where the *Isuela* is dammed up in a gorge by a stupendous wall, built by Francisco Artigas.

The see of Huesca, which dates from the 6th century, was restored in 1096 by Pedro I. The beautiful Gothic cathedral was built in excellent masonry, by Juan de Olotzaga, a Biscayan, in 1400. It is well placed on its plaza, *el Aseo*, where so many fine buildings are grouped; the Bishop's palace, the

Prison, and the Casa del Ayuntamiento with its miradores and open gallery. The grand entrance is studded with rows of statues of apostles, &c.; below are many larger than life, and above, many more smaller ones, in niches. Above the portal the Virgin occupies the position of chief honour, and on the sides are the Adoration of Kings, and the Saviour appearing to the Magdalen. Higher up, under a sort of canopy, is a model of the cathedral as it was originally designed by Olotzaga: the interior is simple, with three naves. Visit the chapel of the *Lastanozas*, erected by the coin collector of that family: observe the full-length portraits of himself and brother, a canon; as the light is bad, get tapers; Don Vincencio lies clad in armour, as engraved in his book: the epitaphs on the two marble sarcophagi below, were written by himself; observe the *retablo* of black marble, with twisted columns and *pietre dure*. The alabaster grand *retablo*, one of the finest things in Arragon, is the masterpiece of Damian Forment: begun in 1520, it was not finished until 1533, *tantæ molis erat!* This Cellini-like, most cinque-cento work is divided into three partitions. Observe the Passion of the Saviour, carved in full relief, and the medallion portraits of the artist and his wife. Going into the ruined cloister to the l., is a damaged *retablo* of his school, brought from the Convent of Monte de Aragon, and also some pictures of St. Jerome, by Zaran Martinez: also there is the monument of one of Damian's pupils, Pedro Muñoz, put up by his master in 1522. The rich vessels of silver and gold were mostly carried off by the invaders; a silver Custodia has escaped, it is about 4 feet high in the Græco Romano style, and was made by Josef de Velazquez of Pamplona, 1601. Ascend the belfry tower, for the panoramic view is glorious.

Huesca was the Salamanca of Arragon. The modern university, which in reference to the ancient one, bears the name of *Sertorio*, was founded in 1354, by Pedro IV. The edifice, has a florid door way, and a pretty octagon

patio with doric pillars; there are some poor portraits: observe, however, on staircase that of a full-length canon, Dolz de Castellar, 1640, now left to rot. The library, an unmolested unfrequented room, is at the end of a hall: you clamber up to the doors some 2 or 3 feet above the flooring. The *Colegio de Santiago*, founded by Charles V., a picturesque building, groups well with the cathedral and manor house: it contains some bad pictures, brought from the suppressed convents: the college of *San Vicente*, by Jayme Callen, was founded in 1587, and the *Seminario* or *Santa Cruz* in 1580. The schools, libraries, &c., ravaged by the invaders during the war, have never recovered.

Next visit the ancient *Palacio de los Reyes de Aragon*, built into Santiago, and now a college; descend into the vault called *la Campana*, the "bell," from the following classical and Spanish event. In the year 1136 King Ramiro II., being thwarted by his turbulent aristocracy, consulted Frotardo, abbot of San Pedro de Tomeras; the learned priest, who either had read Ovid's 'Fasti' (ii. 704), or possessed naturally a Tarquinian instinct, was walking in his garden when the royal messenger arrived, and simply by way of answer, cut off with his stick the tallest cabages. Ramiro thereupon summoned his grandees to consult on the casting a bell, which should be heard all over Arragon; and as each man arrived singly, he cut off his head, casting the bodies into the vault; they were afterwards taken out, and buried in *San Juan de Jerusalem*, a very curious old church, which once belonged to the Templars, some of whose sepulchres exist, or existed, for the pile has been pulled down for a *Plaza de Toros!* Abarca (i. 190) questions this bell massacre: see, however, Mariana (x. 16) and 'Mem. Acad. Hist.' iii. 508.

The architect may also look into the parish church of *San Pedro*, and at the houses of the Conde de Guara and the Abarcas: the *patios* are here called *Lunas*. The church of *San Pedro*, said

to have been Musarabic, and of the time of the Goths, with its truncated sexagon tower, ancient cloister and tombs, may be examined.

Near *Huesca* are two remarkable monasteries: one, the *Ermita de San Miguel de Foces*, contains some most ancient tombs, with singular arched work, and early paintings of a Byzantine style, which, long doomed to neglect, will soon be reckoned among the things that were; the other, the *Monasterio real*, is placed at *Monte Aragon*, 1 L. from *Huesca*. Here, in a crypt, is the simple but very singular tomb of Alonso el Batallador: the engrailed arches deserve notice.

ROUTE 134.—ZARAGOZA TO GISTAIN.

Villamayor	1½
Perdiguera	2 .. 3½
Lerineña	1 .. 4½
Alcubierre	2 .. 6½
Poliiño	2½ .. 9
Venta de Vallerias	2½ .. 11½
Berbegal	2½ .. 14
Barbastro	2½ .. 16½
Naval	4 .. 20½
Ainsa	6 .. 26½
Puertolas	3 .. 29½
Gistain	3 .. 32½

The first portion of this route runs over the dreary plains of the desert of Arragon. Passing *Perdiguera*, to the E. rises the *Monte Oscuro*. At *Lerineña* the *Guerrillero* Mina overtook General Paris, who had evacuated Zaragoza July 8th, 1813, on the first news of the battle of Vitoria; but his progress was impeded by the accumulated plunder; and here again, like the *Aurum Tolosanum* of old, the crime entailed its punishment, and brought a just judgment on this Paris. Compare p. 233. (Toreno xxii.)

Poliiño is placed near the *Flumen*, which comes down from the hills; next the *Alcanadre* is crossed, which, just above *Huerta*, has been joined by the *Guatizalesma*, Arabicè "the river of the tribe of Zelem;" and both are excellent fishing rivers. *Barbastro*, *Posada Bazas*, kept by a Frenchman, pop. about 7000, is placed on the *Vero*, which intersects it. This ancient city is the see of a cathedral, with a fine *retablo*, in the style of Damian Forment,

which contains some paintings by Antonio Galceran, 1588. This starving mediæval town, contains vestiges of past prosperity; it continues to hate its neighbour *Huesca*, and to struggle for the honour of being the capital of the province. Consult '*Ordinaciones de Barbastro, Cabezo*,' 4to. Zar. 1657.

The road now turns N., with the *Cinca* flowing to the E., which is joined by the *Ara* at *Ainsa*, an ancient town, and once the court of the kings of *Sobrarbe*, some remains of whose *Alcazar* yet exist. The church is collegiate. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant is the cross of *Sobrarbe*, placed on a stone shaft, which imitates the trunk of a tree, and is canopied by a Doric cupola. This marks the site where *Garcia Ximenez Ennequez*, or *Iniguez*, fastened a cross on an oak as his battle standard, when he defeated the Moors about the year 750, and founded the kingdom of *Sobrarbe*, taking for its arms, "or, a cross gules, on an oak vert." 7 L. from *Barbastro*, is one of the oldest monasteries in Spain, *San Victorian*, now suppressed, but the Byzantine chapel and cloisters deserve a visit (see p. 934).

Now we quit the plains, and enter into the Pyrenean spurs. *Puertolas* stands in a narrow valley, watered by the *Bellos*, while on each side ridges divide it from the valleys of *Vio* and *Vielsa*; a communication with the latter is carried by the wild pass *el Portillo de Tella*, and thence to the French frontier, by the *Puerto de Folqueta*, and on to *Arreau*.

Gistain, on the *Cinqueta*, is the chief village of the valley *Gistan*, which is intersected by the spurs of the *Barbachina*. Here are some celebrated cobalt-mines: a fragment of one was originally discovered by a peasant, and taken to *Zaragoza*, whence, as none could tell what it was, it was sent to *Germany* to be analysed. The assayer, however, kept his secret, came in person and persuaded the peasant to sue for a licence to work the mine, as if being a lead one, and then purchased it all, sending some 600 quintals a-year to *Strasbourg* until the fraud was discovered.

Gistain has several communications with France by the *Puerto de la Madera*, the *Aura de Plan*, and by *La Pez*, which is 9930 feet high, and practicable only for foot passengers. *La Clarabida* is still wilder and is often blocked up with snow. Up in heights on the French side is a singular tunnel, which was cut in order to convey the Spanish pine-timber of *Gistan* into the *Val de Louron*. The mountains in this locality are superb, as the *Monte Perdido* rises to the l. of *Vielsa*, while the *Maladeta* soars to the r., over *Benasque*.

You had better put up at *Bagneres de Luchon*; 8 hours to *Benasque*; 3 to *Port Castanese*; hence to *Vitales* $6\frac{1}{2}$, 4 to the *Hospice*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to the *Port of Viella*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to *Viella*.

The beautiful valley of *Benasque* is 7 L. in length, and 18 L. in circumference, and is bounded to the W. by that of *Gistan*, and to the E. by that of *Aran*, with which it communicates by the *Puerta de la Picada*, and is separated by the river *Rivagorzana*. It contains several mineral springs, of which little use is made; one near the *Pueblo del Barranco*, and called *de los Padellazos*, is cold and ferruginous. There is also a silver-mine in the hill, or the *col de Toro*, and others of copper and coal, but all are much neglected. *Benasque*, *Vercelia*, the capital, contains 1000 inhab., and is situated on the *Esera*, about 3829 feet above the sea-level. It has two parish churches, one of a Romanesque style, a small picturesque castle, and some Prout-like old houses: the place was cruelly sacked by the French in 1809. There are many wild Alpine communications with France, of which the *Puerto de Benasque* is the easiest, and ladies may be carried across in *litteras*, or portable chairs. The route ascends the *Esera*, and passing through a woody slope reaches a valley with a waterfall to the l. The *camino real*, as this royal mule-track is called, winds on through a rocky scene to the *Baños de San Roque*, which are only used by peasants, ascending continually until it reaches the *Hospitalet*, 5542 ft. above the sea, which affords an imperfect

shelter from the winds and cold. Now the *Maladeta* rises in all its "glorious horrors," and denuded masses, to the height of 11,424 ft.; but its apparent elevation is diminished, like that of the Sierras of Central Spain, from its being a mountain rising out of a mountain base: the highest peak ever ascended is the *Puig de Nethou*. *Maladeta* is called the *accursed*, because, devoid itself of pasturage, it severs the valleys of *Benasque* and *Aran*, thus cutting off their natural inter-communication. This skeleton of a mountain, which is a fine subject for the naturalist who wishes to investigate Alpine conformation and development, is an offset from the great dorsal chain. The *Puerto* is cut through the *Peña Blanca*, 7917 ft. high, and in storms the mighty winds rush fearfully through the funnel fissures, while in the depths below the *Esera* springs and tumbles into the lake *del Toro*, from whence, after a short underground course, it re-emerges near the *Hospitalet*.

The *Maladeta* rises in Spain, as the boundary between France here makes an angle inwards N., and including the *Valle de Aran*, which, if the flow of waters had been taken as a geographical demarkation, ought to have belonged to France. Here, again, is the point of dislocation in the two great ranges of the Pyrenees. From the *Puerto* we descend to *Bagnères de Luchon*. A zigzag staircase track leads to a stone hut, the *Hospice de France*, but the hospitality is nothing particular. For the frozen Lochs and Glaciers, *sernhelles*, see 'Handbook for France,' Route 87.

To the I. of *Benasque* rises the *Puerto d'Oo*, which leads to the village of *Oo* in France. The pass is 9850 ft. above the sea, and is extremely wild and difficult, being chiefly used by smugglers. It however is full of interest, especially on the French side, where are the lakes or tarns of *Seculejo* set deeply in their mountain-frames; observe the frozen loch *La Sehl de la Vaque*. The valley of *Lys* is a miniature *Arcadia*, while the gorge of *Esquierry* is celebrated for its flowers and

botany; nor can anything be more pastoral than the valley of *Lasto*. All these localities, however, will be best visited from *Bagnères de Luchon*.

The communications with *Aran* are carried under the *Pena Blanca*, and behind the *Maladeta*; they break off to the E. by the *Puerto de la Picada* which is 7872 ft. high, and is so called from a rock-like obelisk. This route communicates also with the *Hospice de France*; and thus in a few hours the traveller may pass from France into *Arragon*, and return through part of *Catalonia*. Another longer, but easier track, leads to *Aran*, which winds under the apple-headed *Pomeron*, and is very wild, and varied with lakes, torrents, and cascades. It descends through the woods of *Balican* to *Vielsa*, which is the chief place of the *Valle de Aran*. Consult '*Relacion del Nombre, &c., del Valle de Aran*,' Juan Fr. Garcia Tolva, 4to. Huesca, 1613, 8vo., *Barc.* 1640, or the *Madr. ed.*, 8vo., 1793; also '*Privilegios Franques, &c., de la Valle de Aran*,' 8vo., *Barcelona*, 1640.

This beautiful valley lies as it were a shell encompassed by the spurs of the *Maladeta*. It is some 7 L. long, by 6 L. wide, and belongs to the bishopric of *Urgel*. Damp and cold in winter, it is hot in summer, being exposed to the S. Here again, if the fall of waters were to be taken as an indication of boundary, this corner should belong to France, as indeed it once did before it passed by marriage in 1192 to *Arragon*. It abounds in fine woods that fringe the *Garona*, which rises in this valley. The rivers which run into Spain are the *Noguera*, *Ribagorzana*, which separates *Aran* from *Benasque*, and the *Pallaresa*, a tributary of the *Segre*, which rises near the *Puerto de Pallas* and runs into the *Valle de Esterri*. A ridge of hills divides the two valleys, and is passed by the *Puerto de Caldas* or *Bonaguia*. These *Cordilleras* are continuations of the Spurs of the *Maladeta*, and wall out the *Aran* from Spain. The communications in winter are much blocked up by snow, and many lives are lost, from the necessity of crossing them for supplies. A good central road over

the Pyrenees is much wanted; it has been suggested to tunnel the *Roca de Toro*.

Vielsa, where there is a tolerable *posada*, is the chief place; pop. about 800. The *Garona* rises from many sources, especially under the *Montgarri*; many other springs, which are fed by the glaciers of the *Maladeta*, ooze out of their rocky pores: some again disappear for a time among the broken rocks, and then burst up anew; hence they are called the *Quell*, the *Eyes*, *los Ojos de la Garona* (compare those of *la Guadiana*, p. 243). The chief communications with France are to the E. by the *Puerto de las Aulas*, which leads to *Castillon* and *St. Giron*s. Another, which passes to *San Beat*, follows the *Garona* by *Castel Leon*, which the French ruined, and by *Les*, an ancient barony, with a dismantled castle of Roman foundation, where are some mineral baths: advancing, the rocks narrow in, and a wooden bridge over a tributary of the *Garona*, and called *El puente del Rey*, separates the two kingdoms.

The communication with the *Valle de Luchon* passes over the *Portillon*, and commands glorious views. The usual excursion made from *Bagneres de Luchon* into Spain may be just described. Leaving *Luchon*, a 2 hours' ride up the *Pique* river leads to the *Hospital*, a stone shealing for the custom-house preventive guard. The views of the two gorges or chief passes, the *Port de Picade* and *Port de Venasque*, are superb; the latter almost appears like an artificial slit in a wall of mountain rock. The *Maladeta* rises in a huge sugar-loaf form, with all its dark crest emerging from a mantle of snow and glaciers: its real height is however greater than the apparent, for it is seen from elevated ground. The *Pic de Nethou* is some 10,050 ft. high; but the highest summit has never yet been reached, yet it might be accomplished in August. Now descend to the basin, and cross the *Port de Pomeron*; near it the *Port de Picade* leads back again to *Luchon*. Continue, however, to the valley of *Artique Telline*, which is in Spain: observe the *Trou de Toro*, or

gulf of dissolved glacier-water. Next thread the pastoral valley after passing the waters which reappear from the *Trou* after their subterraneous course; a noble forest leads to the *Trou de Geneou*, from whence the waters gush out as over a river. The scenery on to *Bosorte* is truly *Ruisdael*-like; down this stream timber and logs, *sucs y ruilles*, are floated into France, to be sawed into planks at the mills of *Foz* and *St. Beat*, which latter place is remarkable for its marbles. The waste of these noble forests is scandalous: hence to miserable *Bosorte*, and crossing the *Pont du Roi*, back again into France. Thus by this valley of *Aran* Spain has a ready approach into her neighbour's territory.

The following rather longer Spanish excursion may be made from *Bagneres de Luchon* to *Benasque* and back again. Passing through the beech woods, reach the French *Hospice* at the foot of the *puerto* in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; and gain in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours the heights, enjoying splendid views of the *Maladeta*, with its rampant lines of precipices. Thence in 1 hour into Spain, to the vile *posada* at the *hospitalet*. Observe three singular cone-like pinnacles. There are some sulphur-baths in an isolated house. Hence in 3 hours to *Benasque*, with its castle on a mound at the head of the river. Now strike to *Vitales*, passing the village of *Sarli* and mountain of *Castaneze*, where the botany is remarkable. In 3 hours you reach the dreary *Puerto*; and thence descend over green hills and into the romantic defile of *Castaneze*, 4 hours; and then in $2\frac{1}{2}$ to *Vitales*, having now entered Catalonia. Hence to *Viella*, striking N. up a *rambla* or valley, hedged by bold barren mountains, to the village of *Anatou*. The scenery is a superb jumble of rock and forest, and the haunt of bears and bouquetins. In 4 hours you reach the *hospice* in its park-like *Vega*, and thence ascend the *Port de Viella*, an austere tremendous pass of 8300 ft. high, where the glaciers of *Maladeta* contrast with the plains of Catalonia; thence descending into the village-studded valley of *Aran* to *Viella*, in a funnel of the hills. The