

**PIGNADAR: OR THREE
DAYS' WANDERINGS
IN THE LANDES**

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Pignadar: or Three days' wanderings in the Landes by Alethea E.

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ALETHEA E.

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BY

ALETHEA E.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1865.

203. d. 334.

TO

MY DEAR FATHER,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

WHEN I originally undertook to write the following little sketch of a most agreeable time, spent in the society of two dear and much loved relatives—while wandering through those tortuous paths which on all sides intersect that part of the country recognised by the name—"Pignadar"*—I was very far from imagining it would ever meet the

* The term used in the South of France, to designate a Pine Forest.

public eye. My surmises were, however, entirely wrong; for, owing to the kindness and ready goodnature of a valued friend, I was induced to allow this—my first attempt at description—to brave the unprejudiced criticism of the reading world. It is with the greatest diffidence and fear of rebuke—although, perhaps, well merited—that I see this earliest and humble effort of my pen go forth from the printer's hands.

Having once yielded to the pressing solicitations of *her*, who has so kindly insisted on my acquiescence, I would not afterwards *draw back*; and now await, with patient anxiety, the judgment that shall be passed upon me.

Nevertheless, I can safely assure any

one into whose hands this book may chance to fall, that every incident therein recorded is most strictly true; nor on any occasion—whether relating to the country or the habits of its people—have I allowed myself the least exaggeration; and truly would my heart rejoice, were I to prove instrumental in bringing into general notice a portion of the French empire, which is at present so rarely visited.

Having endeavoured to excite on my behalf the best sympathies of an enlightened and indulgent public, I will merely remark that, should even the smallest part of this simple narrative obtain the approval of those who may take the trouble of perusing it, I shall

feel abundantly rewarded; while I certainly expect, and duly acknowledge, the justice of censure upon its many defects of style and composition.

And now, dear readers, I finally bid you farewell. Permit me to add that upon your impartial verdict depends my ever again attempting thus to tax your kind forbearance; and I shall henceforth contentedly retire within the quiet seclusion of private life, which—from, I trust, pardonable vanity—I was induced for a moment to abandon.

A. E.

Bayonne, January, 1855.

PIGNADAR.

BAYONNE, October 11th, 1854.

MY DEAR CATHERINE,

I promised, in my letter of the 21st ultimo, to send you the narrative of a journey made a short time since in the "Landes." On reading it over again, I really feel quite ashamed of my performance; but encouraged by the kind way in which you express yourself towards me with respect to my powers of description, I venture to give it you; simply requesting that, should the length