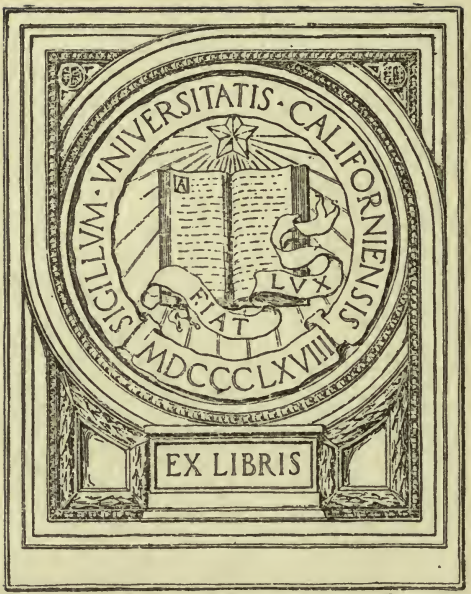
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# SPANISH GALICIA

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

THE MAGIC OF SPAIN
IN PORTUGAL
POEMS FROM THE PORTUGUESE
PORTUGAL OF THE PORTUGUESE
PORTUGUESE PORTRAITS

GALICIAN PEASANTS

# SPANISH GALICIA

BY

AUBREY F. G. BELL

"Esta terra abençoada"
(Motta, *Viagens na Galliza*)

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# PREFACE

THESE notes on Galicia are intended to convey some idea of the charm and interest of a country still too little known to travellers. They are the result of a summer spent in the north-western corner of the Peninsula, and cannot hope to be complete, but they cover a wider ground than has hitherto been attempted by writers, who have usually confined themselves to one or two cities or districts—famous places which will here scarcely receive more attention than the delightful unknown towns, villages and scenery of the remoter parts. The architecture, sculpture, language, literature, botany, archæology, ethnology in this beautiful region call aloud for the specialist, who in each of these subjects will here find rich material for study, while the sportsman may spend many a happy day among these streams and hills.

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# SPANISH GALICIA

# I

## THE PEOPLE

"Verum ita mihi ea regio placuit et tanta commoditas fuit in locis omnibus ut eam præferam multis Lusitaniis et majore cum voluptate apud Galaecos vixi quam inter Durium et Minium. Negari non potest quin hinc ad Minium usque mira fit montium et agrorum amœnitas."—NICOLAUS CLENARDUS. Letter from Braga, dated Sept. 8, 1537.

GALICIA, which now seems so peaceful and remote, cannot be dismissed as a country which has had no history. It has frequently been the scene of bitter feuds and warfare. In the early centuries of the Christian era it produced men of great fame: Prudentius, Priscillian, the early Latin chroniclers Paulus Orosius and Idatius, and in the ninth century, after the discovery of the body of St. James at Padrón in 812, it became in a sense the centre of Europe. Thousands of foreign pilgrims yearly made their way to "Sent Jamez in Galiz"

> — il Barone,
> Per cui laggiù si visita Galizia,

who attracted men of all nations and stations—poets, penitents, saints and kings—to his shrine at Compostela, which Mohamet Almansor (the Victorious), with a more profane interest, had the pleasure of sacking at the end of the tenth century.

In the stirring days of Queen Urraca, when Galicia, so to speak, gave birth to Portugal, Don Diego Gelmirez, Galician Archbishop of Santiago, was one of the most remarkable men of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries and employed his splendid energy and talents in the most various ways, from raising his See to an Archbishopric (1120) to building a fleet in order to protect the coast.

It is not, however, in a few pages that one can review the history of Galicia. Its pleasant land and hospitable bays enticed friend and foe alike, but the Normans proved less successful on this coast in the ninth century than had earlier the Greeks and Phœnicians. Successive invasions by land and sea brought the most heterogeneous elements into the country, and the great Santiago pilgrimages continued this cosmopolitanism. Yet, in spite of raids and turmoil, Galicia was the corner of the Peninsula in which lyric poetry chiefly flourished. The Codex of Calixtus was written in prose at about the same time as the *Poema del Cid*—towards the middle of the twelfth century—but it was in Latin. But a century before the birth of Chaucer a school of lyric poetry arose in Galicia, of which some exquisite remnants, fresh now as when they were written, have been preserved for us in the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana*, discovered half a century ago in the Vatican Library. The centre of this school was at Santiago de Compostela. This might seem to indicate that it was the result of the cosmopolitan influence of the pilgrimages, but practically all critics are now agreed as to the indigenous character of

part of this fascinating poetry, and Joan Zorro, whose name betrays his Spanish origin although he sang of Lisbon's river, Martin Codax brooding by the lovely bay of Vigo, Pero Meogo in the hills, Roy Fernandez by the sea, the Admiral Pai Gomez Chariño at Pontevedra, the priest Airas Nunez, Joan Airas and others at Santiago, and the humble half-anonymous Mendiño, evidently found models in the native songs sung and composed from time immemorial by the peasant-women of Galicia.

As Portugal gradually separated itself from the mother country a new language was formed from the Galician and survives in modern Portuguese. Galician lyric poetry imposed itself throughout Spain during two centuries, and King Alfonso the Learned (1221?–84) composed in Galician his celebrated *Cantigas de Santa Maria.*

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the poets Macias, called the Lover, *o Namorado*, and Juan Rodriguez de la Cámara (or del Padrón), both born at or near Padrón, brought new life to Galician literature, the former becoming the model of loyal lovers throughout the Peninsula, while the latter's *El Siervo Libre de Amor* has a very important place in the development of Spanish and Portuguese prose.

During the last three-quarters of a century there has been a striking revival of Galician poetry, which in its nineteenth- and twentieth-century expression is as worthy of attention as are the thirteenth-century lyrics. Quite recently Galician prose has been cultivated with growing success, although the chief

Galician novelists, two of whom are in the first rank of Spanish novelists, have written in Spanish.

It is not only in literature that Galicians have distinguished themselves. They were renowned as seamen, among other great Galicians being Admiral Chariño, a prominent figure at the Court of Alfonso X, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, and possibly—probably, say the Galicians—Columbus himself.

In modern politics Galicians have taken a very prominent part. It is not uncommon for nearly half the Cabinet to be Galician. The names of José Canalejas, the murdered Premier in whom Spain had placed such well-founded hopes, Eugenio Montero Ríos, Eduardo Cobián, Augusto González Besada, the Conde de Bugallal, among others, prove that the quality is as striking as the number of the Galician politicians.

In music, and especially in carving and sculpture, Galicians have produced excellent work, and the Santiago artists Señor Magariños and Señor Asorey ably maintain the tradition of Galician art, while the excellent caricatures of Castelao and others seem to show that the comparative failure in painting is not due to any lack of draughtsmanship. Clearly one cannot regard this race as stupid. Ford, three-quarters of a century ago, wrote that Galicia is the Bœotia of Spain. A modern writer speaks of "the stolid, dull, disagreeable Galician." [1] They are the common butt of Spanish and Portuguese wit, and in Argentina are sometimes despised as rather unintelligent beasts of burden. A Basque engineer declared

[1] Hans Gadow, *In Northern Spain* (London, 1897), p. 217.


CARICATURE BY CASTELAO FROM "A NOSA TERRA"

the Galicians to be as slow in their reasoning as in their movements. And that is the Galician's strength. Others consider him stupid and insignificant. He says nothing in his defence, does not impose himself, but perseveres in his humble, laborious life and often attains what his more brilliant neighbours miss. In a democratic age which loves to "trash the overtopping," this ability of the Galician to conceal his ability should stand him in good stead. He possesses the Portuguese combination of pliancy and persistence. If you reprove or injure the feelings of a Valencian or Andalusian, he may stick a knife into you, a Basque or a Castilian may answer by telling you what *he* thinks of *you* and then forget all about it. A Galician, on the other hand, will not stand up to you: he avoids the reproof, yields like india-rubber, sinks into the earth, is all humility; but as soon as the temporary pressure is removed he is up again and unabashed.

Of course there have not failed writers who have extolled the Galician's merits and declared that he combines the best qualities of the Castilians and the Portuguese. How account for these varying judgments and how explain the fact that the Galician, apparently weak and yielding and considered by two continents to be dull and stolid, should have achieved so much? One explanation might be the variety of type and race in Galicia.

Anyone coming to Galicia from Castille cannot help being struck by the great variety in the type of men he meets on his travels after crossing the frontier. History, of course, confirms this. It has

been said that Galicia tends to disprove the theory that the Basques are the remnant of the original Iberian inhabitants of the whole Peninsula, but there are names of places in Galicia which seem to indicate a Basque origin, *e. g.* Irijoa, Irijo, Iria Flavia (= Padrón), Abegondo, Bergondo, Bayona,[1] Beariz, although in names with *ili*, *iri*, one has to consider whether they may be derived from Latin *ilex* (oak), as in Ilicino, the old name of Pico Sacro, near Santiago, or Basque *iri*, *ili* (town); but indeed the names of Galicia seem a reminiscence of many nations.[2]

Often it is easy to confuse the signs of masons or other guilds, for instance at Vivero or on a pillar in Santiago Cathedral, with Iberian letters: some of them are strikingly similar; and in this connection one remembers that the curious language, called *Barallete*, of the masons of the province of Pontevedra is said to contain many Basque words. But at any rate one may grant that the Celtic element predominated over the Iberian in this corner of Spain, and the hard, sturdy, plodding side of the Galician character may be attributed to a Germanic element.

[1] Francisco Molina derives the name from Voyana, because there was an ox (Gal. *boy*) in the city's arms. He took the line of least resistance in these matters. He derives Coruña from a lady called Corinna.

[2] Here are the names of a few villages of the four provinces of Galicia: (La Coruña) Culleredo, Boimorto, Mellid, Vedra, Fene, Coirós, Laracha, Outes, Cee, Zas, Son, Rois, Boiro, Moeche, Dodro; (Lugo) Friol, Pol, Cervantes, Triacastela, Trabada, Lancada, Trasparga, Chantada, Samos; (Orense) Coles, Esgos, Toén, Lovios, Piñor, Baltor, Rairiz de Veiga, Leiro, Cenlle, Laza, Rua, Beide; (Pontevedra) Geve, Moaña, Valga, Nigran, Meis, Mos, Grove, Oya, Dozón.

since the Suevi occupied this region for nearly two centuries, or to the Roman ingredient, calculated as a proportion of one in thirty generally, but more prominent in the province of Lugo. The Celtic element is held to account for the sensitive, dreamy, poetical charm, the melancholy, satire and passion in the Galician character. No doubt ethnologists are inclined to ignore geography and forget that like causes may produce like effects. Disraeli explained the Irish by their living "in a damp climate and contiguous to the melancholy ocean." The similarity and sympathy between Galicians and Irish may at least partly be explained by the similarity of their geographical position.

But we are not yet at an end of the race ingredients, for the Greeks, especially at Tuy and Pontevedra, and the Greeks, Phœnicians and Carthaginians along the coast, from Muros to Coruña, have left their heritage of delicate subtlety, adventurous spirit and love of traffic and gain. The main reason, however, why the Galicians have been judged so variously is that their character is not of one piece, but itself varies extraordinarily. Some critics say that the basis of their character is suspicion and avarice, and certainly the Galician peasant is cautious and thrifty. One may explain this by race, Phœnician commercialism, etc., or equally well by the fact of harsh experience acting on sensitive, generous, expansive natures. Those who begin by loving and trusting all men may live to modify their views, and their descendants are likely to be more reserved.

For all his vague good nature and humanity the Galician is as much of an individualist as the Basque or Castilian, and there exists much envy and rivalry between towns, villages and individuals. The Basque sacrifices himself for the family, the eldest son inherits the house and estate, the younger sons rarely enforce their legal rights and prefer to emigrate. On the other hand, if a Galician leaves property in three kinds—wood, meadow, arable—between his three sons, each will insist on having a third of each kind. (The arrangement is often made amicably, without legal formalities, but sometimes ends in long-drawn-out lawsuits.)

The peculiarities of the Galician character may best be illustrated perhaps by comparison with that of the Castilian. The Castilian character is dramatic, proudly personal, of a splendid dignity. If he is courteous to the stranger, he is so because he owes it to his own dignity. One feels that one has the whole man, that he will not vary greatly. The genius of the Galician, on the contrary, is essentially lyrical. It answers quickly to varying conditions, and it is extremely easy to see only one side of him and to judge him falsely if one sees him always under the same conditions, especially as he is less personal than the Castilian—that is, he often subordinates his personal inclination to an ulterior object. His courtesy is thus less reliable than that of the Castilian. Since he often acts on a theory, he may be less natural and simple than the apparently more artificial Castilian. With a Galician you must impose yourself and make sure that he takes the right

note; with a Castilian you must let him impose himself and he will be sure to strike the right note.

At Lisbon or Buenos Aires or Madrid the Galician is the patient hewer of wood and drawer of water, enduring menial service, spending nothing, his whole will bent on saving up a small sum, sufficient to buy a plot of land at home, and he seems dull and miserly. Again, at a meal or in a railway carriage, he may show a reserve scarcely known in the rest of Spain, while at a pilgrimage or other festivity he will yield to none in uproarious mirth and jollity. "The Galician peasant is as gay and expansive in his fêtes as he is reserved and cautious in every-day life."[1] So the apparently timid, quiet Galician can become formidable when roused; Wellington praised the bravery and discipline of the Galician soldiers, and the Civil Guard has had reason to quail ere now before the fury of Galician women.

It is the women who practically rule in Galicia, and this gynocracy perhaps accounts for the conservatism, as well as for the industry and economy there prevalent. These splendid women toil from a very early age to the day of their death without interruption. They dig and plough and sow, trudge for miles to market bearing great burdens, and find time to knit and spin, bake bread, bring up their children, and for all the multifarious tasks connected with the flax, maize, chestnuts and vines. They are usually strong and well-developed, a contrast to their weaker, watery-eyed husbands, whom, however, they rule and, keeping control of the purse-

[1] M. Murguía, *Historia de Galicia*, Vol. I. (1866), p. 216.

strings, grant but a meagre allowance for effectual tavern-haunting.

A foreigner has not been long in Galicia before he realizes that it is the land of widows, widows of the living, widows of the dead. Everywhere women and boys, without men, are to be seen at work. It is also, strangely, a land of survivals, despite the progressive spirit which prompts the Galician to europeanize himself and apparently care not if his ancient customs disappear in an insipid uniformity so long as he has more trains and motor-cars and other signs of "civilization." Emigration itself is not merely a necessity, it is a tradition. It is not usually due simply to the wish to avoid military service, since then the exile cannot return and will die of *morriña;* and there is plenty of work to his hand in his native country, where the soil in return for his labour yields a good supply of food. Surprisingly good and plentiful meals of maize or rye-bread, potatoes, chestnuts, *bacalao* (stockfish), *caldo* or *pote gallego* (a soup made chiefly of bread, cabbage and potatoes) are eaten in the remotest, most poverty-stricken hamlets.[1] But a boy of eighteen or twenty with any spirit considers it a disgrace to stay at home and not try the larger prospect. It is part of his adventurous temper and inheritance. The emigration is now rather to Cuba than to Argentina: a proportion of at least three to one.[2]

[1] There is the first *desayuno*, often a hunk of rye-bread and a tiny glass of the white home-made brandy, the early *almuerzo*, *xantar* (dinner) at noon, and supper (*cena*).

[2] In the first half of 1920 19,491 emigrants left La Coruña, and 13,725 went from Vigo.

The Galician throws himself with as much gallantry as ignorance into a foreign country or a foreign language (or his own, for the matter of that). One may see letters addressed to *Nuebayor* (= New York), and a ship-chandler at Corcubión announces in a long English inscription that " all kind diners " are provided. It is one of the annoying experiences in Galicia that, when you want to learn his language, the peasant will air his few words of Italian or English, picked up at Buenos Aires or in Cuba. Even more frequently than in other parts of Spain one finds here such spelling as *haber* (= *a ver*) or *vever* (= *beber*), and in one of Orense's great motor-cars is the notice *Abiso* (= *aviso*) *al conductor*. Unhappily accidents are not unknown, and then the legend is reversed and the poor conductor goes to the abyss, as Mahomet to the mountain. Often in Galicia one seems to be in the days of King Dinis. The peasant still says *coma ti* (*como tu*), *ulo*,[1] *ula* (where is it? *ai Deus, e u è*?). He transposes his consonants freely, and, a curious contradiction in so soft a language, uses the guttural J for G: a survival, perhaps, of the Suevi. Thus a sea-gull is not *gaviota*, but *javiota* or *jaivota*. Juan becomes Guan. *Hijo* (son) is *higo*, but *higo* (fig) is pronounced *hijo*. *Auja* is *agua*, and at first it is very difficult to recognize in *jamosto* the word *magosto* (*gamosto*, *jamosto*). Readers of Fernán Caballero will remember that the Galician servant asked for his *paja* (*paga*), and his mistress answered that she was not accustomed to

[1] *Ulo, hulo* occurs in old Portuguese playwrights, as Gil Vicente and Chiado.

give straw to her servants. The CH is pronounced TCH, one of the small differences which make knowledge of Portuguese a trap for the speaker of Galician (Sp. *lluvia*, rain, Gal. *tchuvia*, Port. *chuva*), and X almost as French J (*xuvenco* = Lat. *juvencus*). John is Xan as well as Guan. E is usually pronounced I (Siñor, siñoriño, *silla* = not chair, but *sella*, water-barrel). O is pronounced U, and E becomes A (*mamoria*, *Amaricano*). The language has many delightfully soft words and expressions: *miña xoya*, *xoyiña*, Maruxa (which, strangely, like Urraca, is a diminutive of Maria), Maruxiña, *santiño*, *vidiña*, *filliño*.

In the language is to be perceived the same process as in the customs, religion, architecture of Galicia: strict conservatism side by side with progress. Literary Galician has become slightly fossilized, and in a modern book written in *enxebre* (= pure, *castizo*) Galician there are to be found more difficult words and fewer Castilian words than in the speech of the peasants. On the other hand, the returning emigrant (for they never leave their country without firm intention of returning, send home a part of their earnings, and if successful return finally as rich "Americans") sees in this stationary language no fit instrument of progress. He founds schools, of which the architecture is often as deplorable as that of his own new house, but they are not for the teaching of Galician, and accordingly one finds pure Galician retreating to the hills; *aló* (yonder) becomes *allá*, *Bós dias nos dia Dios* degenerates into *Buenos días*. Yet a

Frenchman declared that the Galicians are essentially refractory to progress, and there is much to support this view, although it is not the true one, since to preserve what has proved excellent need not imply dislike of progress.

The Galician keeps to his primitive boat-shaped or wishing-bone-shaped ox-cart, with its spokeless wheels of solid wood, which do not revolve upon the axle and have half-moons, in memory of prehistoric moon-worship, and shriek and groan so terribly that in passing through a town the peasant is compelled by law to silence the wheels with soap, because they are excellently suited to the rough granite mountain-paths (*congostras*); and the wooden ploughshare, with the merest tip of iron, is also well suited to the light, shallow soil of many parts. His walls of massive cementless granite keep out heat and cold and wet, and are clean and lasting without requiring repair; the rafters of thick chestnut beams are also solid and lasting, and the Galician peasant prefers to have no chimney, in order to season and harden the woodwork like smoked *pilongas*. Superstition, no doubt, is often the cause of the rejection of new ideas. You will tell a peasant in vain that blackberries, which abound in Galicia, may be put to good uses, and that there are other ways of eating chestnuts besides roast or smoked.

A great part of the popular satire has the priests for its object, yet there is no people more devout, especially the women and the men who have not brought back superior ideas from America; and this

contradiction is to be explained by the fact that their religion is based rather on paganism than on Christianity. Galicia and Asturias, where Christianity took refuge from the Moors, were really the regions in which Christianity exercised least influence.

The religion of the Galician is essentially a survival of ancestor-worship, and revolves round the cult of the souls. If you give a penny to a beggar in Galicia some one is certain to say, "Let it be for the souls" (*Sea por las ánimas*), and collections are often made for the same purpose. At the ringing of the evening Angelus (*las ánimas*) a rosary for the souls is said in the farms and houses, and by the roadside there is many a reminder: Remember the blessed souls; O pious hearts, pray for souls that are in Purgatory; or, Brothers, we live in perpetual pain, By your charity relief we gain; with paintings by local artists of three or four heads, placid and chubby-cheeked, with curly hair, and enveloped by great tongues of flame. At the little mountain village of Las Brañas de la Sierra, three leagues from Piedrafita, each of the twenty-five householders (*vecinos*) gives 4 lb. of rye to the priest at harvest, and throughout Galicia similar gifts are customary in grain, grapes and chestnuts. Thus the priests are able to turn the superstition of the peasants to account; nevertheless the offerings are not made from love of the priests, but from fear of the souls. In the priests' view the souls must be released from the torments of Purgatory, by the peasant the souls are regarded rather as possible tormentors.

They have to be propitiated with food, otherwise there is no limit to the harm they may work, even if the *Compaña*, the *Santa Compaña*,[1] the Company of the Spirits, does not meet the neglectful in some solitary place and wreak a terrible vengeance: their lights are seen flickering at night in the countryside. Sometimes as firstfruits of the harvest gleaming maize-cobs are hung on the top of the tall slender granite crucifixes which are to be seen everywhere, twenty feet high or more, in maize-field and moor, wood and wayside. On All Saints' Day the *magosto*, a feast of chestnuts,[2] is a survival of food offerings on the tombs, and is still frequently held near a church or chapel. On the same day it is still the custom in some peasants' houses to lay a table, with cloth and candle, for the souls next to the table at which the family has its meals. Further, there is the belief that every one during life or after must go on pilgrimage to San Andrés de Teixido. The many peasants who go in their lifetime are careful not to step on ants or other insects, as they may be souls journeying to the shrine after death. Other pagan beliefs centre in the summer and winter solstices: on St. John's Eve (when fires burn along the hills, herbs of special value are gathered and

[1] The fearful peasant adds the adjective to propitiate the spirits, but in his heart he does not think of them as "holy."

[2] Cf. Henry Swinburne, *Travels Through Spain*, 2nd ed. (1787), Vol. I. p. 104: "One very odd idea of theirs is that on the first of November, the Eve of All Souls, they run about from house to house to eat chestnuts, believing that for every chestnut they swallow with proper faith and unction they shall deliver a soul out of purgatory."

those possessed by evil spirits must bathe in nine successive waves on the shore of Redondela or the *Playa de la Lanzada* on the Ría de Arosa) and at Christmas, when the yule log (*tizón*) is burnt. Needless to say, the belief in witchcraft abounds, and witches (*bruxas*), wizards (*nubeiros*) and exorcisers are as common as *curandeiros* (quack doctors). The pilgrimage (*romería, romaxe*) is one of the most characteristic features of Galician life. Here, also, the priest, by saying Mass in the chapel and receiving the votive offerings, which are often brought from a distance of many leagues and are subsequently sold by auction—the strangest medley—near the chapel, adapts the custom to the uses of the Church, but it remains largely pagan and profane. On foot, on ponies, in ox-carts, long before dawn, the people pass in small groups through the countryside and arrive in thousands at the hill on which the shrine of the pilgrimage stands. After Mass the rest of the day is spent in feasting, music and dances under the trees, often in a *soto* of chestnuts, and the pilgrimage excels even a village market (*feria*) in animation. Each family takes its own provisions and wine, that provided by the sellers at *romerías* having the reputation of being "baptized" and too "Christian." At night the mountain-sides echo to the *aturuxos* of merry parties returning and greeting one another from hill to hill. If the pilgrimage shrine is quite close to a town the high road is a rainbow of colour for a mile or so as the people troop out in rows, and in front of the chapel they are packed in serried masses round

the couples dancing continually to the sound of bagpipes and tambureen.

The curious old *sanfoña*, an instrument of three or five strings, over wooden (oak) keys, played by turning a handle, is now seldom seen, and even the *gaita* is becoming rare. This is partly due to its price, since a good *gaita* of box-wood may cost four or five pounds; but it would be strange indeed if the Galicians allow the *gaita* to die out. It appeals to their humorous-melancholy nature, it squirls and shrieks and moans and weeps and laughs, and inspires the very dead with a burning desire to dance. Of course there are players and players, but in a religious procession or under the trees in a pilgrimage the music of bagpipes and drum is always very effective. The best *gaita* player is now, perhaps, Don Perfecto Feijóo, chemist at Pontevedra and Knight of the Order of Alfonso XII, who has done so much to found and revive the Galician choirs. Buenos Aires, Madrid and other cities have welcomed his Pontevedra choir, *Aires da Terra* or the Orense *Ruada*, and London should follow their example. Señor Feijóo possesses many old dresses and instruments of Galician players. It is a memorable thing to hear him play the beautiful *alborada* (dawn-song), the swift *muiñeira* or the even more lively *riveirana* (which is a kind of *muiñeira*), or to listen to the excellent voices of the *Ruada* choir at Orense, and watch two of them dance the *muiñeira*, with its endless circling rhythm, its mimic escape and pursuit and the rapid gestures—that is the only word—of the feet. It is, in fact, a courting

or dialogue of hands and feet. The strongly accented rhythm[1] is very ancient and is to be found also in Sicily and Italy (in the "flower" songs). The name is obviously connected with *moiño, muiño* (mill), but opinions differ as to whether this was because dancing was common near the mills, or because the mill was a favourite meeting-place of lovers or because the rhythm resembles that of a mill-wheel turning. At all events the squirling of the pipes, the regular beating of the drum, the thumping of the tambureen (*pandeiro*), the clash of the *conchas* or *ferriñas*, the clacking of the *castañolas* quickly banish care and grief.

The peasants have many forms of dance and song, in fact the conditions described in the poems of Sr. Rodríguez González, the well-known editor of *La Voz de Galicia* and other authors, are much the same as those described by Gil Vicente[2] four centuries ago, with dances in every *terreiro* (or *turreiro*). There is the *folión* or *foliada* to celebrate the eve of a patron saint's day, with much beating of the *pandeiro de ferriñas;* the even rougher *trullada*, accompanied by any kind of music, often a tin box, and quite modern in its primitiveness. There is the song of the new year, the *aninovo*, with its

[1] See *infra*, Appendix II. No. 18–21, and Appendix IV.

[2] Cf. Gil Vicente, *Obras* (1834), Vol. II. pp. 447, 448; Eladio Rodríguez González, *Folerpas* (1894), pp. 63, 117, 171, etc.; Valentín Lamas Carvajal, *Espiñas, Follas e Flores*, ed. 1909, pp. 14, 55, 81, 89, 125; id. *A Musa d'as Aldeas*, ed. 1909, pp. 31, 55, 85, 125; José María Posada, *Poesías Selectas* (1888), p. 85; Benito Losada, *Soazes d'un Vello* (1886), pp. 149, 155, etc.; Manuel Curros Enríquez, *Aires d'a Miña Terra*, ed. 1911, pp. 65, 73; Xavier Prado, *A Caron do Lume* (1920), pp. 75, 95.

unchanging words and tune: *ano novo, ano novo;* the songs of the Day of Kings; the May songs, when a boy is dressed up to bring in the May, which is also represented by a structure of branches and flowers carried by four boys or girls; the *regueifa*, an amœbæan contest in song, or dance, between rival suitors; the *ruada*, with songs of courting. Singing, moreover, accompanies those picturesque scenes when the women gather to husk the maize (*desfollada*), or prepare the flax (*espadela, escasula*) or spin (*fiada, fiadeiro*).

Besides the *muiñeira* in its many forms and the *alboradas*, there is the ancient *alalá*, in verses of four octosyllabic lines, which may often be heard, melancholy and harmonious, in the soft evenings, with its recurring wailing chorus, *alalá, alalá* (it is of interest to note that, although it is always written *alalá*, it is always pronounced *ailalá*, with the first syllable long drawn out), much as Silius Italicus may have heard it, who wrote of the *Galaecia pubes* as *ululantem*. At the end of each verse the loud *aturuxo* (*atruxo, aturuxar*) corrects the sentimental strain with a kind of snort, somewhat resembling the neighing of a horse; it is more guttural and less whistled than the Basque *irrintzina*.

A large number of these peasants are poets. The commonest form of their poetry is now the *copla* or *cantiga*, a quatrain with the second and fourth lines rhyming or assonant. The first line is often repeated in the second, or the verse is frankly of three lines, a form which is very ancient and is supposed by some critics to connect the Galicians

with the Celts.[1] The whole soul of the peasantry of Galicia is expressed in these quatrains,[2] in their melancholy, satire, passion and love of Nature, especially in its more gentle aspects, birds, trees and flowers. Many of them are beautiful, and it causes no surprise to find that some of the books of more elaborate Galician poems are the work of men of humble birth, while the author of the best-known Galician play, *O Fidalgo*—the Galician genius is not dramatic—is a cobbler poet of Santiago, Jesus San Luis Romero. (The well-known Galician dramatist, Don Manuel Linares Rivas, is also a native of Santiago, but he writes in Castilian).

Galicia is a land of tiny proprietors who derive from the fact of their proprietorship a certain dignity, a love of the soil, a readiness to labour and a saving sense of continuity. It is, or should be, the paradise of the poor man. A charm is lent to the humblest thatched and smoky cabin when of a winter evening the family sits on rough stools or *escaños* (great benches of chestnut-wood with a high back, which is sometimes made so that it can be brought forward to serve as a table) round the hearth (*lareira*) heaped high with *tallos* (logs) or *terrones* of glowing turf, in the ashes of which potatoes and chestnuts are roasted, while tales of wolves and witchcraft and spirits, with proverbs and snatches of song,

[1] This *terceto* or *ternario*, "es metro por excelencia gallego: sin embargo no lo desconocen del todo las demás literaturas de la Península" (Joaquín Costa, *Poesía Popular Española y Mitología y Literatura Celto-Hispanas* (Madrid, 1881), p. 456). It is "una continuación de la triada céltica" (Manuel Murguía, *Historia de Galicia*, Vol. I. p. 252).

[2] See *infra*, Appendix II.

speed the hours away and the encircling smoke is a disinfecting incense.

Unfortunately many of the old customs are being suffered to perish, although a reaction has now set in among the true lovers of Galicia. One may still see in the remote districts the typical Galician dress, but the white silk and lace *cofia* of the women's head-dress has made way for the *paño* (= Sp. *pañuelo*, handkerchief). Besides the bright kerchief, worn and tied in various shapes and ways, the women now wear the *dengue* (crossover) of red or other colours (sometimes the patterned *pañuelo alfombrado*) and the *refaixo* (a thick woollen petticoat) of scarlet or orange. The colours are simpler and brighter inland in the hills, of more varied and fainter dyes along the coast, where the dress of the women of Muros has given its name to the *muradana*. The old-fashioned among the men wear knee-breeches of brown *pana* (velvet corduroy), open at the knee to show the snow-white *lino* beneath, leggings (*polainas*) of cloth (but also gaiters of reeds or rough white woollen stockings), a red or white waistcoat (*chaleco*) —usually it is scarlet, with silver buttons—the *montera*, a rather shapeless, Irish-looking hat of cloth, often of an orange-tawny hue, and the rough *capa* of brown cloth with a cape over the shoulders: the cape, also seen in the peasants' cloaks in Portugal, is perhaps derived from the succession of layers of the *capa* of straw or reeds still worn by the peasants in rainy weather. It is interesting to find the Galician peasants pronouncing the word for these reed capes, *coroça*, not only as *curoça*, but as *caroça*,

and it is, no doubt, connected with the "kaross" of skins worn by the natives of South Africa, introduced to them, perhaps, by their Portuguese and Galician discoverers in the fifteenth century. The men in Galicia now commonly wear short jackets of dark velvet, or *pana*, trousers of the same material and colour, broad sashes and felt hats or small Basque *boinas*. Men and women alike wear sabots (*socas*, Sp. *zuecas*), or rough leathern boots nailed on soles of *amieiro* wood an inch thick and rimmed stoutly with iron (*socos*, Sp. *zuecos*).

All the autonomy in the world will avail Galicia but little if she loses her own soul, forswears her ancient customs and traditions, if her wealthier landlords are absentee and the enriched "Americans" return determined to shake off tradition and regional peculiarities.

The separatist party in Galicia is neither very strong nor very national, having been encouraged from without by the *catalanistas* and *bizkaitarras*. There are complaints of heavy taxation, of the unfairness of its incidence, especially in the question of the *consumos*, through the favouritism of the *cacique* (the local political "boss"), of the annoyance of the *foros*; but *foros*, *consumos* and *caciques* are all tending to disappear or to become less burdensome; and when one thinks of the intrigues and rivalry prevailing locally—may one not hear the inhabitants of one village decry the inhabitants, the vines, nay, the very cabbages of its neighbour? —one trembles to think what might happen were the administration wholly local; indeed the *caciquil* excesses are themselves a warning.

Nor is the backwardness of Galicia to be attributed entirely to the neglect of the central authorities; some blame may rest on what the Condesa de Pardo Bazán recently called *el descuido que impera aquí* (in Galicia), corresponding to the Portuguese *desleixo*.

Galicia's real grievance is not that it is not separated from Castille, but that it is too isolated and that the advantages of its wonderfully fine ports are in part cancelled by the slow train service to the interior. This lovely region should certainly be less remote. The politician who really has Galicia's interests at heart will work for three things: increase of communications, improvement of agriculture, and encouragement of small (home) industries, such as pottery, lace, sandals, etc. Closer connection and more cordial relations with Castille need in no wise interfere with the legitimate *enxebre* aspirations of Galicia, if they be directed towards making Galicia one of the most cultured and prosperous regions of the great Spain now in sight. Vigorous, persistent, hard-working, intelligent, gifted with wit and satire, lovers of poetry and music, the Galicians may be described as Portuguese without the influence of Africa and the East, just as Galicia is a greener, greyer Portugal.

The peasants appear full of charm to the stranger as they pass with a " God give us a good day," " The Lord give us a good and holy night," in their slow, rhythmic speech—often a word of but two syllables has a marked rise and fall—in this idyllic land, where everything seems to tell of tranquillity and peace, the doves resting on the brown roofs coloured by

smoke and rain, or along the grey verandas or granite granaries, or sweeping in solemn circles above green maize-field or snow-white dovecote, the angelus' thrice three melodious notes ringing at dawn and midday and dusk, the dreaming maize-fields, the hill-meadows and streams.

If you have the patience of angels and a burning love of your fellow-men you will find treasures of human interest and delight in the character of the peasants, whether your stay be among the kindly, hospitable people of the province of Orense and the highlands, or among the pleasant ingenious inhabitants of the coast districts. But gossip and intrigue are not unknown to them, they are not entirely without malice, and the practical Englishman may be driven to distraction by their unpunctual love of vagueness and uncertainty, variety and confusion.

The pronunciation of the peasants is often indistinct, an extraordinary contrast to that of the Castilian, and it is difficult to learn the names of villages, which are, however, often written up on either side of the village on the wall of a house in blue letters on white glazed tiles. They seem to have little sense of time or distance. The Galician's classic answer to questions of distance is *a carreiriña d'un can* (as far as a dog may go in a short run !), and if you inquire too closely into the time of "the six train," you may be told: "Well, the official hour is 6.30, but it usually passes between seven and eight." This horror of the definite is found everywhere. The price of a meal in out-of-the-way places is rarely a clean sum of three or five *pesetas;* more

THE BLIND GAITEIRO EUGENIO (DRAWING BY CASTELAO)

usually it is twelve *reales* minus one penny, or three *pesetas* and one *perra chica*,[1] the object here being apparently to prove against all the appearances that the price is not excessive. The yard or *vara* would, one might think, always have *four* quarters, yet there are *varas* of five quarters in Galicia and *varas* of six! At Vigo a dozen *merluzas* (cod) is thirty, at Marín, a few miles away, it is fifty. The *ferrado*, a dry measure, varies from thirteen to sixteen *litros*, and the price of land that can be sown with this measure also varies in size, and is also called *ferrado*. If, however, you go a little to the south of Orense, towards Bande, you will find the land measured no longer by *ferrados*, but by *copelos*, and if you go a little to the east, towards Trives, you are confronted with the new word *tega*.[2] Again, the pound of bread in Galicia is 16 ozs., but the Galician pound (soap, rice, etc.) is 20 ozs. The language varies from village to village, the spelling from page to page, just as do the scenery, type of peasants, their dress [3] and

[1] The *perrilla* is sometimes also called *chiquiña* ("a little little one"). In Galician it is *cadela*, the *perra gorda* being called *can* (dog). Here, too, there is great variety. The counting is occasionally in old-fashioned *cartos* (*cuartos*, farthings), more usually in *reales*: "two and forty" means two *reales* and forty *céntimos* (= 90 c., nine pennies). The *duro* is commonly called *peso*. *Patacón* is the common word for one penny.

[2] Both words are, no doubt, derived, like *ferrado* and *fanega*, from the amount of grain sown (contained in a cup or in a bag, *talega*?).

[3] Cf. the dark-red kerchiefs inland, white or golden along the coast. In some parts, however, they are very various. Crossing the grey old bridge over the Cave into the town of Monforte one Sunday morning went women kerchiefed in the following hues in the space of a few minutes: scarlet (4), crimson, yellow, *grenat* (3), bright

customs, even the time of day, Orense, for instance, being half an hour in advance of places not many leagues distant, *e. g.* Cea.

It is all very interesting, but one thinks it must be woefully confusing in practical life, for simple minds. The Galicians, however, have complicated minds and possess as singular a capacity for distinguishing in a confusion of issues as for confusing the issues. Beware of thinking a Galician a fool if he is slow to answer or evades one question by another.[1] He may answer slowly, but his mind is sure to be working rapidly enough, thinking of what he might say and of something even better to say, and what you would like him to say and what is your object in asking the question at all. He has no love of directness, his innate caution bids him to be chary of committing himself to anything definite. He will parry with an *¿ E non ei de ?* (And shall I not ?) or a *¿ Cómo no ?* (an expression imported from the Argentine, but

gold, dusky gold, cherry-brown, *grenat* and brown, *grenat* and black, white and black, green, greenish (olive) gold, brick-colour, orange-brown.

[1] Borrow saw through the assumed stupidity, the sham denseness of the Gallego. " The men in general," Antonio tells his master, " seem clownish and simple, yet they are capable of deceiving the most clever filou of Paris " (*The Bible in Spain*, cap. 25). So H. O'Shea, *A Guide to Spain* (1866), p. 143, speaks of " their proverbial *naïveté*, often cunningly put on." The malice and ingenuousness often go hand in hand. Thus in the year 1920 a half-educated Galician remarked, with a most knowing air, that " England still sends Ambassadors to Spain "—" Well ? "—" They come to examine our artillery, our defences." Any defence of the British Ambassador was felt to be hopeless. Another Galician whose reading was confined to the serial stories in cheap newspapers, declared that it was not enough to be able to read, one must know *how* to read.

now widely used in Galicia). And his *Non le podo dicir* (Indeed, I cannot tell you) is a source of evident satisfaction to him. If pressed he will answer as he conceives the wish of his questioner to be: "Surely it is not two leagues to the village?—No. Surely it is much more than two leagues?—Much more." The Galician peasant in a law-suit—and they are common in a country where to dispossess a peasant of a hundred square yards is the work of a lifetime—is said to make three statements, one in his house, one in the street, one in court, and the truth is not in them.

When the Galician is charged with avarice, it is well to remember that his thrift is directed to the charmingly bucolic ideal of becoming owner of a plot of land in his beloved country, for which in exile he feels such constant *soidade* (mother of the Portuguese *saudade*), and that he is scrupulously honest and trustworthy, and very seldom overcharges or runs into debt.

The traveller should perhaps not expect of the serious, hard-working Galicians the innate courtesy of the high-bred Castilians or the more superficial attractions of the butterfly Andalusians, but he will be helped on his way by many an act of true kindliness. Certainly they are very lovable and human, and having great gifts and a determined will, they are likely to make their influence more and more felt in the old world and in the new.

## II

### THE COUNTRY

"He terra de bom temperamento, declinante a fria e seca mas nam excessivamente, sendo com excesso excellentes suas aguas e frutas, pela amenidade dos valles, em que pode competir com a famosa Arcadia."—FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELLO, *Epanaphoras* (1660).

GALICIA[1] has been called the Switzerland of Spain, but it has really little or nothing of Switzerland and—apart from the Irish characteristics of its inhabitants—might more accurately be described as a mixture of Cumberland or Scotland with Italy or Greece. Certainly it has a most various and entrancing beauty, a quiet charm which captivates the fancy and inclines even the foreigner to *morriña* when he leaves it. It is a land rich in springs and rivers (*toda es sembrada de ríos*, says Molina), and most of the rivers, the Miño, the Sil, the Tambre, Mandeo, Lerez, Ulla, Limia, Avia and a score of others, are of fascinating beauty, while the smaller streams, flowing through granite, are a succession of green transparent pools and rushing falls.

[1] The derivation of the word Galicia is very uncertain: Gaelic or Cale? (cf. Portus Cale, Portugal). The population is about two millions: Coruña 676,708, Lugo 472,965, Orense 411,560, Pontevedra, 495,356.

The products of this country are as various as its scenery. "The potatoes," wrote Ford in 1845, "are excellent, although not yet used as an article of general subsistence, but rather as a culinary addition to the tables of the richer classes." Now potatoes are found in the humblest cottage, and a common sight is that of an old wrinkled crone peeling them into a great black caldron on the doorstep or by the hearth. They have taken the place of chestnuts as the food of the people, and in some villages are in fact called *castañas de terra* (Fr. *pommes de terre*), the real chestnuts being distinguished as *castañas de castañeiro*. The chestnuts, which to the uninitiated look very much alike on the tree, are distinguished carefully by the peasant in a dozen or more kinds, according as they ripen early or late, are large or small, or the fruit of an ungrafted tree (*regoldonas*). Those which are ready by Michaelmas are called miguelists (*miguelita* or *temporan*); the *verdella* is due about the 12th of October, the large *patosa* about the 20th. At Esgos the largest kind is called *monfortina*, and in some places *marquesa*, but there are very many more names, almost every village having its words for the different kinds. They are eaten roast in autumn, but are smoked (*rehogadas*) for preservation throughout the winter, being then known as *pilongas*, wrinkled and hard as a stone. If you see smoke coming from a roof at an unusual time this does not mean that the family is banqueting or warming the house, but that the year's chestnuts are being smoked. In some districts where chestnuts abound, as at San Esteban, there

are special little tile-roofed huts for the purpose. The process continues during eight or nine days and each chestnut—they are placed on thin lathes of wood—has to be turned over every twenty-four hours. The chestnut trees, which might grow on most of the mountain-sides, are unfortunately dying out in many parts, the peasants, although they regret them, not troubling to replace the trees that are smitten by disease. Yet the average yield of each tree, apart from the early "windfall" (called *derrame* or *chorreo*), is three or four bushels, and the wood is the best grown in Galicia. It does not warp and is used for rafters and furniture generally in the farms.

Another very useful tree in Galicia is the silver birch (*abedul*), which in Galician is called *bidueiro*, *bidro*, *biduo*, *bido* and *bedolo* (Portug. *vidoeiro : betula alba*), of which are made hoops, plates, sabots and the wooden soles of the *zuecos*, sometimes also made of *amieiro* (*betula alnus*). The ox-carts are made of oak, the wheels being made of the very heart (*cerne*) of the oak. Pines cover a great part of the country, and there are a good many small sawing factories, although the pine-planks are not exported on a large scale. Many of the fields and orchards are surrounded by bays, and the groves of health-giving eucalyptus are magnificent. The oaks, on the other hand, are very small.

The main crop, the very staff of life in a great part of the country, is the maize. So much is this the case that it is difficult to imagine Galicia without it or realize that it was only introduced by

Columbus some four centuries ago. Its Galician name increases the illusion that it is indigenous, for whereas in Sicily it is known as Indian corn and in Tuscany as Sicilian corn, it is here called *millo* (Portug. *milho*). Its bread, lighter than the Basque *artoa* or Asturian *borona*, yellower than the *broa* of Minho, is called *brona*, and is baked in great round loaves on cabbage leaves (the Basque uses the leaves of the catalpa) in nearly every peasant's house—the round oven often bulges from the side of the house—although in many parts it is not easily bought. The maize is soaked in soot and water before sowing. The peasants who live on *brona* are white-faced, but are in reality far more vigorous and active than they seem at first sight.

The granaries in which the cobs are stored are one of the chief features of Galician villages, and the *desfolladas* are one of the most picturesque autumn sights as the gay-kerchiefed women crouch round the growing mound of cobs of various colours and the heap of white husks. The maize is cut close to the ground with a sickle (most of the reaping in Galicia is done with sickles, and many and many a time one sees a solitary reaper bending over her sickle or holding it for an instant above her eyes to ward off the blinding sun, and perhaps singing a melancholy strain), so that there are no yellow stubble-fields as in the Basque country, and in a few weeks in this rainy season the stumps are covered by a thick crop of grass. The maize thus cut, leaving in the empty field but a few pumpkins (which soon, with the maize-cobs, will sun themselves,

yellow and red and green and purple, on many a balcony and veranda), is stacked in the field for some weeks before husking. The granaries, of chestnut wood and granite with little roofs of tiles, are raised from the ground on granite legs. Occasionally they are as high as the house and have steps up them, or are entered from the house across a little bridge. More often these *horreos*, in many parts called *cabazos*, are some 6 ft. high (including the legs) by 4 ft. long by 1 ft. wide. Sometimes, though rarely, they are built of osier and thatched, and have the shape of a bath or cradle; more rarely still they are round instead of oblong, as if they had taken the shape of the maize-stacks in the fields.

Another very important crop is hemp, and especially flax (*liño*), which is sown in September–October or March–April, according as it is indigenous (*blanco*) or *morisco*, which grows " tall as a man." After it has been gathered it is submitted to a series of difficult or arduous processes before it can be spun and woven, being retted or soaked (*embalsar, enlagar, agramar*) in stagnant water for about a week—or preferably in running water, which makes it whiter, although more days (10–12) are needed; bleached (*tender, blanquear*) and scutched or dressed (*majar, tascar, espadar*).

The great vine-growing districts of Galicia are in the south, along the Miño, the wines of El Condado, El Ribero and Valdeorras being excellent, and although rarely manufactured to last beyond the following vintage, can, when properly prepared, be

preserved for years. The new wine is drunk in considerable quantities immediately after the vintage, when it gives an impression of the true juice of the grape, with the sun still in it.

Cabbages, the main ingredient of the famous *pote gallego* eaten at most meals throughout Galicia, are grown in separate plots or among the vines. They stand ten and twelve feet high, and their gaunt stalks, with a tuft of leaves at the top, bend in the same curves and varying directions as the palm trees of Elche's groves, of which they are miniature copies. They are especially beautiful when planted among untrellised vines; occasionally one of them pokes its head through a vine-trellis, like a cow looking over a hedge. In the south of Galicia grow great hedges of blue-grey reeds, recalling the Huerta of Valencia; they are used to trellis the vines.

Round their maize, rye, flax, chestnuts, potatoes, grapes and cabbages the whole of the Galician peasants' lives may be said to revolve; with their cattle and domestic animals, to which they are devoted, they are their wealth and sustenance, a source of toil and joy. Most of the peasants own one or two animals, a couple of sheep, or a cow, one of those yellow-brown long-horned cows which have made the adjective for yellow, *marela* (= *amarilla*) synonymous in Galicia for a cow; or at least a pig (*chanclo*, *cocho*, *cerdo*) and one or two hens (*churras*) or doves (*rulas*), while every farmer has one of those sturdy little ponies which thrive on hashed whin and nibble at the shoots of prickly whin on the moors. The pig is a real part of the family, and as it is

often fed on chestnuts, the bacon is excellent; the hams of Bayona, Carballino and other towns are celebrated.

The valleys of Galicia especially renowned for their fertility are the Valle de los Angeles, del Rosal, that of Quiroga, near Monforte, that around Noya, the Valle del Oro, while the country round Vigo and some of the more sheltered towns is all a garden and orchard. In Galicia it is difficult to get away from the habitation of man, for all the many mountains, high-lying moors (*gandara, gandra*) and marshlands (*mariña, mariñao*). Even where the map is a blank, one finds village after village, and scattered houses cover league on league. The race is full of vigour, although it seems so soft and yielding; the population increases,[1] families of ten, fifteen and even twenty are not uncommon. The children in the towns are innumerable and are very vigorous and healthy, so noisy and uncontrollable in fact that one begins to sympathize with the prophet in his vindictive invocation of the bears. A motor-car left for an instant in a small town is rapidly covered with a swarm of children, like ants on a lump of sugar.

Despite their individualism in questions of property, the Galicians often seem a gregarious race, but they come together, in market and fair and pilgrimage and religious procession, only to separate again to a life of semi-isolation, just as

[1] Cf. R. Altamira, *Historia de España*, IV. 255: Numéricamente, Galicia es la región más poblada, pues en 1787 tenía 1,345,000 habitantes, o sea más del décimo de la población total.

the lonely beggar who, a sordid medley of red and brown and orange, wanders across the moors, sack on shoulder and long staff in hand, from farm to farm, or the beggar-women who sit outside Santiago Cathedral, grey and motionless as though only their quick, penetrating eyes were alive, or the witch or exorciser or *curandeiro* or *gaiteiro* or blind singer may for a moment become the centre of a group of many people.

There is no city of 100,000 inhabitants in Galicia, yet the Galicians are everywhere, and, not content with providing a hard-working population in the large cities of Spain and Portugal and South America, they are able to emigrate in thousands to Cuba, where the United States have been quick to recognize their worth, and send yearly whole trainloads of harvesters to Castille: their sickles cover the luggage racks.

It is congenial to the sly humour and tenacious spirit of the Galician that he should always seem to be so down-trodden, humble and oppressed and yet be so successful.

The system of land tenure is one of the difficulties in Galicia. Just as in architecture the Galicians retained archaic styles long after they had been given up by neighbouring countries and in their native tongue allowed fossilization to set in, so Galician property in the twentieth century is often held by virtue of mediæval title-deeds. The problem is an old one, and the enforced expropriation decreed, with all the rashness of youth, by the Cortes of the Republic proved no remedy. The property

is divided and subdivided to an extraordinary extent. It is the ambition of every Galician to own a small piece of land or capital or industry. This has its advantages as well as its drawbacks, and accounts for the considerable amount of work done on a small scale: pottery, lace, spinning, weaving (on primitive hand-looms), sabot-making, boat-building—wherever the soil is barren the Galician devises some industry to keep his hands from idleness and his body from starvation. One may compare the industry of a potter of Buño, turning out twelve score porringers in a day for his own profit, with the following conversation (1920) between the author and a young mason near Orense, who received 22 reales (5½ pesetas) a day: "And how many hours a day do you work?—Eight hours.—One can get through a lot of work in eight hours.—Oh, as the work is for the Government we go more slowly" (an expression full of tremendous possibilities).

Property in Galicia may consist of a single tree, a tiny ruined granite mill or a small pinewood on rocky soil above a *ría*. About Orense there are properties of two or three *copelos*.[1] A house or hovel sometimes belongs to two or more persons. The classical instance of subdivision is officially given as follows: a property of 32 square mètres in the province of Coruña with three proprietors, one of whom owns the land, another its chestnut tree, while the third receives six eggs yearly, paid

[1] The *copelo* = about half an acre. Five *copelos* = 1 *area*.

alternately by the other two.[1] But indeed one may sometimes come across a plot of land surrounded by four walls with space for not a hundred cabbages, as on the coast near Mugía. This subdivision is complicated by the system of land tenure, by which the owner has for centuries ceased to possess the land, having parted with all right of use or interference to the tenant in return for a fixed *foro*. Thus a Galician recently, having remarked that he had sold his *foros*, on being asked if he was not glad to have got rid of his land before the "strike of *foreros*" (that is, before the tenants began to refuse to pay the *foros*), answered: "But I did not get rid of my land. I had no land to get rid of. I merely sold my *foros*."

The titles of these *foros* are often very ancient. They are sometimes payable in money, but more often in kind. Don Ramón Cabanillas, in one of the poems of *Da Terra Asoballada* (1917), gives a list of *foros*: wheat, maize, rye, eggs, jars of wine, capons, sheep, calves, trout, pots of honey, pigs, carts of manure. They are in fact even more various: one title-deed claims one black and one white chicken, another needles, others wax, fish, walnuts, chestnuts, beans, apples, pears, barley, lard (*manteca*). Villa-Amil quotes a title of the year 1299 in which the *foro* consists of a sucking-pig, a measure of wine and a dozen eggs at Michaelmas, a kid, more wine and a dozen eggs at Christmas and Easter. The *forero* was a kind of vassal of the *aforante*; he rarely received

[1] *Reseña Geográfica y Estadística de España* (Madrid, 1914), p. 191.

the land for a definite number of years, more often it was for life, or two or more lives, or for ever.

A good many proprietors have now agreed to the redemption of the *foros*, but some still insist on receiving them in kind. The largest tenant, called the *cabezalero*, collects and hands in the *foros* to their owner. The tenant can sell and bequeath the land, and has in fact become its real proprietor. The properties are nearly all small in extent. A generation ago Villa-Amil gave twenty *fanegas* [1] as the average size (ploughland, meadow, wood, *soto* (chestnuts) and mountain). The largest owners of vines at vine-growing La Rua, Señores Casanova, do not obtain yearly more than 10,000 litres of wine.

Travelling in Galicia may be said to be a special science, for there are few railways, and till a few years ago the horse *diligencias* were the chief means of conveyance. They have now been replaced everywhere by huge motor omnibuses, which still, however, retain the names and divisions of the *diligencia:* the *berlina* divided from the crowded *interior*, the *pescante* in front and the *imperial* (benches on top, with the luggage stacked behind), and when, as often, full to overflowing, legs hanging from roof, heads and arms emerging from the windows, they assume a picturesqueness undreamed of when turned out by the Hispano-Suiza Company at Barcelona. Their arrival at a small town is the event of the day. A little crowd of officials and loiterers gather round the *administración* and presently the motor comes thundering down the narrow,

[1] In Castille the *fanega* = 64½ *areas*.

granite-paved street. The mails are carried off to the post-office, the passengers descend as best they may from the roof, to which presently a ladder is run up, and the huge brass-bound trunks of the commercial travellers are brought slowly down. But in some parts the horse *diligencia* survives, or there is a small motor like a private car which takes the mails and has room for four or five passengers. Sometimes one has to hire a *cesta* (basket), a springless wicker carriage drawn by two horses harnessed with ropes.

But the best way of all is to go in one's own motor or on foot. It is a delightful country for walking, neither too hot nor too cold; the granite roads—and they are often excellent and well shaded—dry up an hour after rain has fallen and have no mud. "The Galicians," wrote Ford, "who know what their own roads are—namely the worst on earth,—call the Milky Way the *Camino de Jerusalem*"; but the roads to-day only very rarely warrant such reproaches, as in passing through certain towns or on the stretch between Tuy and La Guardia. Their freedom from mud and dust in most parts is delightful. Not that much rain is to be feared if the right season of the year—June–September—be chosen. Galicia is so often spoken of as rainy that few persons realize that the summer there can be almost rainless, a succession of days of cloudless turquoise-blue sky. The winter is indeed extremely wet and the sun not very often seen from October to March, but even in October it is possible to have many days of enjoyable walking, sometimes under

the darkest sky, when one feels rather like the Children of Israel in the Red Sea, for the water is clearly there, but a wind keeps it from descending, and one passes on dry. This clouded weather excellently suits Galicia, then grey and dully intense, with dark pinewoods and leaden-blue or purple hills, and it is equally charming when the soft white mist, the Galician *brétema*, makes a dim mystery of the countryside.

In the small towns one does not find the great bare Spanish *posada* or *parador*, and the exterior of the little *fondas* is often not alluring; they may seem little more than cottages, indeed, and pigs may come trotting out of the front door. Inside, however, one finds as a rule good, well-cooked, plain food—eggs, fish, vegetables, meat (not so good), coffee, milk, perhaps even butter—and clean, bare, whitewashed rooms. There may be no electric light, no bell, no looking-glass, the doors may be ill-fitting and keyless, the sheets may be patched and darned, but they are white and clean, and only put on the bed after the traveller's arrival. Even the pedestrian, moreover, receives a ready welcome, and the charges even to-day are about five francs for the " complete day."

It was in one of these little towns that the charge (1920) for an excellently cooked dinner of several courses, a bedroom with electric light and great cans of water, a *desayuno* of much bread, milk and coffee, was 3·50 pesetas (or half a crown), although the traveller had in this instance driven to the door in a hired carriage from a town two or three leagues

A GALICIAN KITCHEN. BY C. GARABAL, OF SANTIAGO

away, and forgotten to ask the price at the inn on arriving.

In the more remote parts it is well to take a little fine salt, or not to be impatient if the demand for salt is answered not by salt, but by a slow sound of thumping: with a brazen pestle in a brazen mortar they are pounding rocksalt for your needs in the kitchen. The inn kitchens are delightful, with their huge *pote* or *ola*, hung on a chain above the fire of the *lareira*, which is scarcely, if at all, raised above the level of the rest of the floor, the black pots and tripods standing about the fire of gleaming turf or flaring whin and heather and cistus, the burnished *tenazas* (small tongs) lying by the ashes, the great chimney and comfortable chestnut benches.

The inns of the small coast towns, as Corcubión, Mugía, Camariñas, are clean if primitive, and often have exceptionally good food. In fact you will be inclined to agree with the commercial travellers, who know all about these things, that one fares best in the remote small towns of Galicia. Many a small town or village is, moreover, renowned for its waters, and has a hôtel for summer visitors, while the hôtels of the larger towns, Vigo, Coruña, Orense, Pontevedra, Lugo, Santiago and others, are excellent and very moderate in their charges. It is only in the famous spas and baths, as in the great hôtels of La Toja or Mondariz, that charges are high, but even here they are not more than from twenty to forty pesetas a day.

The *huéspedes* of the *fondas* in the smaller towns are, with occasionally some local official or officer,

commercial travellers (*viajantes*), Galicians, Murcians, Valencians travelling in wines or boots, or Catalans travelling in cloth, and although their conversation is somewhat limited, they are good company and know all the ropes of the road, as they travel over the same country in a rarely varying circle throughout the year, taking orders (*tomando notas*).

In summer many of the towns have a colony of invalids and *veraneantes*. There are at least thirty celebrated baths or springs in Galicia, besides others less well known. There are the famous baths of La Toja, the mineral waters of Mondariz, the hot waters of Orense, Cuntis, Baños, Caldelas de Tuy, Caldas de Reyes, and there are others at Lugo, Guitiriz, Arteijo, Verín, the health-giving properties of which are very various and effective. Many go to Galicia for their health, and not only the mineral waters, but the sea and peaceful country give health abundantly.

But there are many other reasons for a visit. It is a land of pleasant climate and many fruits and delightful gardens and wild flowers—flowers (hydrangeas, geraniums, carnations) flame and glow along the granite window-ledges and verandas, dark-red *caraveles* (*claveles*) against the grey granite —and a deep-shaded wood, a meadow, a running stream, a hill, a steep flowered hedge are never far away, and the slow ox-carts pass, the *boeriña* in front with a long *aguillada* in her right hand and pulling a rope attached to the long horns of the oxen with her left.

The colouring of the country is delicate and lovely, its outlines soft and charming; its bays and harbours are excellent, the beauty of its *rías* is strange and exquisite. But it also contains vestiges of ancient races and ruins of famous buildings which make it one of the most interesting parts of Spain. There are many *castros* (burrows) and earth *mamoas* (tumuli). There are also many dolmens and some cromlechs, but the existence of menhirs is more doubtful. There are also logan or moving stones. In many of the mountains great pillars of granite look as if they had been thrown into the air and poised themselves marvellously as they fell. The granite slabs which so delightfully hedge the fields in many parts of Galicia are no doubt a reminiscence of the prehistoric buildings so common in all Celtic countries. They are called *chantos*, " rough stones or slabs of granite or mica which are used in various other parts to enclose properties and in that of the town of Antas [in Portuguese *anta* = dolmen] in the district of Chantada, province of Lugo." [1] The *castros* were probably fortified enclosures, with dwellings—golden torques have been found in the *castros*—to which the inhabitants of the plain, engaged in agriculture during times of peace, could retire in moments of danger. Even now if you ask the name of any rugged height of granite sierra in Galicia you will probably be told that it is " Los Castros." That there were lake cities in Galicia is also probable (Antela? Betanzos?), although no proof remains.

[1] Villa-Amil, *Antiguedades prehistóricas* (1873), p 54.

The architecture of Galicia offers a wide and fascinating field of study. Galicia, with its usual conservatism, clung to the Romanesque style long after it had been abandoned in other parts of Europe. The cloisters of some of the cathedrals and convents are truly magnificent, while the little Visigothic church of Santa Comba de Bande, near Bande, originally a *convento duplo* (for men and women), dating from the sixth or at latest the seventh century (the century of the Visigothic church of San Juan de Baños, near Palencia), and the tenth-century hermitage of San Miguel —it is said to contain the remains of the Galician saint Rosendo [1]—in the garden of the Convent of Celanova, are the subject of much controversy and are in themselves worth a visit to Galicia. Their horseshoe arches—an archaic horseshoe arch previous to the horseshoe arch of the Moors, with which it has no connection—are fairly common in Galicia, although one of the best instances is in neighbouring León, in the tiny church of Peñalba, near Ponferrada. (The outside of the church might almost be taken for a cottage. "Es una choza," as the woman of the inn said. One could not help thinking of the similar difference between the exterior and interior of Santa María la Blanca at Toledo.) There is a horseshoe arch in the church of San Feliz at Santiago, there are two blocked-up horseshoe arches faintly visible in the convent of San Clodio, near Ribadavia.

The great monasteries of Galicia are mostly in

[1] See E. Pardo Bazán, *De Mi Tierra* (1888), pp. 229–54.

ruins: Osera, San Esteban de Ribas de Sil, Sobrado (in the mountains not far from Betanzos: the nearest railway station is Teijeiro), Armentera (above Cambados), Santa Maria de Oya, and others still offer marvels of art in scenery wild and magnificent, while most of the towns have several convents of great interest. Some towns, indeed, as Santiago, Allariz, Betanzos, Pontevedra, seem one great monastery or fortress. Of great interest too are many of the old castles, *paços*, and granite houses and farms.

Galicia rivals Catalonia in the beauty of its sculpture. The details of the capitals are often of amazing variety and loveliness, and the statues on many a church façade are as full of life as those of Santiago's *Portico de la Gloria*. The same lifelike expression animates the wood-carving throughout Galicia: the statues in the church of the Convent of Celanova, in Lugo Cathedral, at San Martín (Santiago), Tuy Cathedral and many other churches are a joy and a possession for ever. Galicia is, in fact—albeit a fact rarely realized—as remarkable for its architecture and sculpture as for its natural scenery; and even to-day the artists of Santiago maintain the good tradition of silver repoussé work and wood-carving.

In Spanish painting the human figure has always ousted landscape—a preference more favourable to Castilian than to Galician art—but in the art of the future Galicia may perhaps produce landscape-painters as distinguished as her mediæval and modern poets. The latter have a native charm

and willingly describe their country and its customs. Valentín Lamas Carvajal and Manuel Curros Enriquez have written of the country round Orense, and Don Antonio Noriega Varela sings of his beloved mountains in the same province. José María Posada has sung of Vigo, Benito Losada of Pontevedra, Don Eladio Rodríguez González of La Coruña and Betanzos. The poems of Don José Bárcia Caballero, now Director of the Conjo Asylum and Vice-Rector of Santiago University, Alberto Camino (1821–61) and Manuel Nuñez González (1865–1917) are more general. The desolate country—pine, sea and granite—about Mugía is the theme of Don Gonzalo López Abente. Don Ramón Cabanillas, perhaps the most talented of all the younger poets, is more political and aspires to be the national poet of Galicia. Two great names,[1] Rosalía de Castro (1837–85) and Eduardo Pondal (1835–1917), in themselves spell Galicia. The poet of the Anllons, to the south of Coruña, and the poetess of the Sar and the country between Santiago and Padrón, have drawn Galicia for us in its beauty and its sadness. Most of the modern poets of Galicia, however, tell us quite as much of the customs, dance, pilgrimage, vintage, harvest, as of scenery and places.

The novelists, with their broader canvas, have given fuller pictures of the country itself. One of Spain's greatest novelists, the Condesa Doña Emilia de Pardo Bazán, has done for Coruña (in *Cuentos de Marineda*, *La Piedra Angular*, *De Mi Tierra* and

[1] See Appendix III.

other volumes) what Pereda did for Santander, while her more celebrated novels, *Los Pazos de Ulloa* and *La Madre Naturaleza*, describe the very heart of Galicia, with the town of Lalín for its centre. The Galician novels of Don Ramón María del Valle Inclán—Galician in subject, not language—*Flor de Santidad*, *Sonata de Otoño*, have less of human interest, but portray the country, or skilfully suggest the peasantry in the region between Santiago and the northern coast of the Ría de Arosa. It may be truly said that no one who has not read these four novels can properly enjoy his Galician travels, or understand the Galicians. Don Jaime Solá, the novelist of Vigo, in *Alma de la Aldea* (1918), and *El Otro Mundo* (1919), has enthusiastically described the Ría de Arosa, La Toja and its lovely surroundings in *Anduriña*, and is full of interest in *Ramo Cativo*, which takes the reader through the country of the Ribero, Ribadavia and Miño. Don Wenceslao Fernández Flores sketches Galicia—the *mariñas* of Betanzos and the country some leagues south of La Coruña—in *Volvoreta* (fourth edition, 1918), and *Aquí ha entrado un ladrón* (1920), while Doña Francisca Herrera in her Galician novel *Néveda* (1920) depicts with penetrating sympathy a piece of the life and country near La Coruña, and Don Alejandro Pérez Lugín in *La Casa de la Troya* (eighteenth edition, 1920) describes with wit and careful observation the University life of Santiago de Compostela. It is a land well worthy to be sung, and the number of Galician women who have made their mark in literature—Rosalía de

Castro, Concepción Arenal, the Condesa de Pardo Bazán, Doña Sofía Casanova, Doña Filomena Dato Muruais and others—is rightly greater than in any other part of Spain, since it is the *gallegas* who have made Galicia what it is.

## III

### LUGO

"Os Montes que s'erxguen
Xentís en Galicia."
ALBERTO GARCÍA FERREIRO,
*Chorimas* (La Coruña, 1890), p. 24.

UNLESS one arrives by sea it is well to follow Borrow's example and enter Galicia from Villafranca del Bierzo, the hospitable little pilgrims' town surrounded by mountains, with its summer sky of an un-Castilian turquoise softness. Up the famous pass of Fuencebadon the little villages, Pereje, Trabadelo, Portela, Ruitelan, have tiny grey churches with hollyhocks about them and peaked cabins, thatched and smoke-blackened. Women with red kerchiefs or light-blue crossovers are to be seen sitting at the doors or chattering at the fountain.

From Las Herrerías, off the road to the left in the valley, comes the thud, thud, thud of threshing on small floors throughout the village. It is done with flails: two stout sticks of oak joined by a leathern thong, called *manales*: one is held in the hand and the other whirls over the head and beats down on the corn, so that several seen at work together look like a huge cat-o'-nine-tails. It is

very hard work, but the peasants consider that it makes the best straw for thatching.

Lamas, another village, is on the road, and on the left the river now rushes through a steep and narrow gorge. Castro, further up, has a church smaller than some of its houses, although they are by no means large, with a spirited little belfry. After Castro there are no more trees, and the road, broad and very white, cuts through the sierra of many colours, changing in sun and shadow, leaden blue in the distance or purple with heather in flower, here grey-green with broom, there yellow-green with bracken, or black, brown and dark wine colour where it has been burnt by recent or less recent fires.

Piedrafita is the first village in Galicia, under the high Chao de las Cruzes. It looks across to Castro in León. Castro is surrounded by silver birch; at Piedrafita the favourite tree is the mountain-ash, and at Becerreá the magnolia. Not far from Piedrafita, high in the mountains, lies the famous shrine of El Cebrero, originally built for pilgrims on their way to Santiago. An excellent new road goes on to Becerreá, but the old road or path across the bare, heather-crowned mountains, with sierras all round, has its own fascination, and climbs down finally through the little villages of Castelo and Doncos to Nogales on the high-road. Becerreá is surrounded by lofty dark sierras, outlined splendidly in gold on the dawning sky. High in these mountains lies the village of Cervantes, often cut off from all communication by the winter snows.

Another good road of forty-one kilomètres goes from Becerreá to Lugo, past Baralla, Corgo, Nadela, houses of great blocks of granite, fields of maize, potatoes, meadows hedged with lichened slabs of granite or with loose walls of granite or slate, of which the houses nearer Lugo are built. The road is shaded on either side by tall silver birch trees. Men on ponies pass to a neighbouring *feria* with great umbrellas against the rain, old crones with crimson or scarlet kerchiefs peer from smoke-blackened hovels, and girls, dressed in a mixture of beautiful dull browns and faded reds and purples.

The Miño at Lugo is already a broad river. This, once the capital of Spain, is now a sleepy old town of slate and granite, cut off from the world. The Madrid newspapers arrive at noon of the following day, and the boy sellers disturb the *siesta* with their cries. In the summer many *veraneantes* come to take the baths.

The granite cathedral is more interesting inside than out, with its fine iron screens (*rejas*), sculptured capitals and the carved choir stalls,[1] perhaps the best work of the kind in Galicia, where excellent wood-carving is common. On one of them Adam and Eve are seen eating the forbidden fruit, on another they are being driven from Eden. On another the Devil, very ugly, with great horns, is pouring out coins before the Child Jesus, with a large figure of the Guardian Angel on the other side. Perhaps the most interesting of all is that in which San

[1] See *Bibliography*, No. 53.

Froilán, the patron saint of Lugo, is accompanied by a wolf carrying his books in panniers (it had eaten the saint's donkey).

The interior of the cathedral is of gleaming white granite. It has a sumptuous chapel of La Virgen de los Ojos Grandes (of the Large Eyes), the patroness of the city. The three towers are of baroque architecture, as is the town hall, which, however, has a lichened dignity, the design of the building bearing its ornament well. Its tall slender clock-tower stands at one end of the rectangular *Plaza Mayor*, gaily planted with flowers and trees, copper beech and others, with a line of great elms at the further end. Down one of its sides are shops under arcades, a favourite promenade on wet days and most evenings, and the other is mainly taken up by the convent of the Franciscans.

At the end of the Avenida de San Domingo is the church of the old Franciscan convent, said to have been founded by St. Francis of Assisi himself on his return from Santiago; with its graceful architecture and wonderful cloister it is the most beautiful and interesting building in Lugo. Near it the market is crowded with women wearing kerchiefs of every colour—red, crimson, red-brown, gold, and many flowered in various hues, red, purple, yellow, blue[1]—as crossovers. These kerchiefs are one of the most delightful notes of colour in Galicia. Seen in the grey street of an old town, or against the granite pillars of a cathedral, or in the dark

[1] Blue is rarely seen in the kerchiefs worn on the head, but often in the crossovers.

square of a farm's window, against pinewood or moorland, in maize-field or the dull green and brown marshland of a *ría*, they are like the precious stones on an ancient missal.

In the Avenida de San Domingo also is the granite convent of the Agustinas, with walls covered with ferns and blackberry and brambles, and a great Romanesque entrance arch. The city is indeed rich in old walls and ways. There is little wheeled traffic and some of the paved streets faintly resemble Seville's *Calle de las Sierpes*. A typically Galician sound is the continual clatter of wooden *sabots* on granite and asphalt; they are worn by the peasants even in the finest weather.[1] Morning and evening there is also a tumultuous din of the bells of goats and cows, milked at the doors.

Here and there a fig tree or a vine looks over an ancient wall, for Lugo is full of gardens, and on either side of the Roman walls there are gardens and orchards. From the picturesque little triangular *plaza*, with whitewashed irregular arcades and a stone fountain now called after the poet Aureliano J. Pereira, near the cathedral, goes a long, curving, granite-paved street of low, whitewashed houses which might almost be a street of Andalucía, but the words on one of the houses, "Vinos *do* Pais," remind one that one is in Galicia; and the street itself is tautologically called *Calle de la Rua Nueva*. From its further end the Puerta Nueva and the

[1] The *zueco* (*soco*, the "learned sock") is also a boot of leather with wooden sole, but the peasants commonly distinguish the *sabot* proper by speaking of it in the feminine (*zueca*, *soca*).

towers of the cathedral are a fine sight above the irregular low houses.

Into this street come others of classic name, *Armaño, de la Luz, de las Tenerías, de S. Froilán, de los Hornos.* The *Calle de la Soledad* curves in such a way that two streets in succession go out from the *Rua Nueva,* each labelled *Calle de la Soledad,* a test of sobriety for the inhabitants. Dark red carnations hang from granite ledges, geraniums flower red along the whitewash, half-crumbling walls are crowned with vine or a dishevelled mass of traveller's joy. But the great feature of Lugo are the Roman walls, still massive and magnificent—they speak of demolishing them[1]—with, on top, a promenade all round the city, which is entered under nine arches, through the gates of Santiago, San Pedro, Vigo, Puerta Falsa, etc. The walls are covered with ivy and other creepers and flanked by tall elms. Here one has a fine study of the town and of the interesting slate chimneys, which are sometimes merely an opening with a tile above raised on stones and more stones to keep the tile on, and of the plain and dark mountains beyond. The whole city combines ancient splendour with a certain rustic quietness and simplicity. There are tiny shops with bread, nuts, fritters, candles, *sabots* in their windows of a few small panes, but many of the houses have elaborate granite coats of arms.

Thirty kilomètres to the south-east of Lugo the

[1] They have been saved from destruction by being declared a national monument in April, 1921.

little town of Sarriá stands white and grey on its hill, a long, curving, cobbled street with a church and chapel and, above, the fine tower of an old crumbling castle, and a little beyond a pleasant granite convent, where rosy-cheeked, white-robed *Mercedarios* walk amid their well-tended garden plots crowded with flowers. Sarriá is larger than it seems, and in the plain of green meadows has many scattered houses, slate-roofed, whitewashed, with placid windows, like the eyes of the oxen. The country all round Sarriá is very Galician and has a growing attraction, peaceful, gentle, *meigo* : dark grey slate villages in chestnut woods, meadows hedged with slabs, streams marked by poplars or silver birch, fields of turnips, rye, potatoes, plots of whin, hedges of broom, oak copses with autumn crocuses, a rushing river bordered by elms and crossed by old stone bridges. Dark-red-kerchiefed girls and boys with brown *bérets* keep a few pigs or sheep or cows (for the Samos cows, ignorant of Moscow Communism, feed each in its small meadow), old women dressed in a mixture of brown, orange, purple and red, are busy in the houses.

Samos is in more hilly country. There is a good road from Sarriá (13 kilomètres). Near Samos a little hamlet, all slate and broad *corredores* of weather-grey chestnut wood, faces a fall in the river. The village of Samos itself is almost as poor, but its great convent in this sunny, sheltered hollow of the hills has, including lay-brothers, some fifty Benedictines. The convent's large church is eighteenth century, but the inner cloister is older :

its arches have no pillars, but from each of them fan-shaped work goes up to form the roof.

The country between Sarriá and Monforte—Oural, Rubián, Bóveda—is not grand or beautiful, but it is typically Galician: meadows with a few cows or a donkey grazing, shepherdesses with mulberry-coloured kerchief, scarlet skirt, distaff in hand; holm-oaks, chestnuts, lines of elm or silver birch; ponies here and there grazing in moorland of whin and heather; men and women in black and brown (kerchiefs golden brown or maroon or white) ploughing with brown oxen; the angelus ringing across meadow and moorland from some grey church or chapel.

Many roads converge upon Monforte across the plain. The river Cave flows here, a broad and placid river under a four-arch bridge, although when it joins the Sil it seems scarcely more than a mountain stream. The town clambers, house above house of brown-tiled roofs and dark red balconies, up the steep hill crowned by the tower and the Palace of the Counts (of Lemos), and the church of San Vicente del Pino (here again there is the fan pattern without capitals), and the convent of Benedictines with a three-storeyed granite cloister in the massive Herrera style. The coats of arms on church and tower tell of former splendours, but the *palacio* is now half ruinous: until a few years ago the *foros* of the Duke of Alba used to be collected here in kind (chiefly rye and other grain).

Below lies the whitewashed convent of the Nuns of Charity, and beyond the river the brown granite convent of the Claristas. The walls and houses

below the castle are built in a motley of many materials without mortar: slate, earth, blocks of granite, round stones of various hues, red and yellow, and their rickety balconies, on which mountains of maize-cobs and mounds of pumpkins are ripening, are full of sun. Opposite a wide common planted with elms, the College of the Escolapios—large even before the recent additions in the original style—is a fine Herrera building with a remarkable granite staircase and some good carving by Francisco Moure in the chapel; but for El Greco lovers its best treasure is the beautiful St. Francis, one of the few great pictures possessed by Galicia.

From all the roads of the plain a stream of peasants comes into Monforte on a Sunday morning; among many on foot goes a peasant with a brown double-caped *capa* descending over his donkey, (he rides with a pontifical solemnity) or a little old man in brown velvet corduroy carrying a faded salmon-coloured umbrella.

North-west from Lugo the road to Villalba is broad, white and smooth, bordered with silver birch and slab-hedged fields of maize; black and white sheep graze in the heather under scattered silver birch trees. The houses in the villages, Otero del Rey, Rábade, are of massive granite with rounded or square doorways and windows formed by huge blocks of granite. Grey balconies (*corredores*) are suspended from the roof by wooden posts (more rarely granite or iron). The chimneys are of various device, and at the four corners of the roof stand sugar-loaves of white granite.

Peasants were trooping to the market at Rábade, by twos and threes or in groups of seven and ten, on ponies, on foot, in small covered carts with awnings, the interior completely hidden, drawn by ponies or donkeys, or in ox-carts, drawn sometimes by a single ox, the *boyero* always leading the oxen by means of a rope. There were widow women contending with pigs in ditches, a girl in white bodice, dark blue apron and golden kerchief on a pony with red *manta* and surrounded by many baskets, women with skirts of faded green, brown and other dull hues, men in brown velvet corduroy or black cloth with caps, small *bérets* or the Irish-looking *montera*, brown, grey or orange brown. A small boy rode along on a donkey with a smaller boy in front of him and a baby in each of the wooden box panniers, all four in many dull colours with small dark blue *bérets*.

Near Villalba the country grows wilder, the straggling woods of oak and silver birch give place to pine trees and wind-swept heaths and bare brown hills. Villalba has some snowily whitewashed houses to justify its name (White Town), and an old ruined tower, "de los Andrades." The road to Mondoñedo (35 kilomètres) goes at first through wooded country and then curves along a mountain with exceedingly deep valleys of wood and meadow and a few tiny grey villages. Then Mondoñedo appears in the valley, white and grey beneath the sierras.

Mondoñedo has a Street of Liberty and a Street of Progress—it is most liberal in its nomenclature—

and every now and then the passage of a great motor omnibus—they are especially numerous in summer—shakes the main street, paved with long slabs of granite like tombstones, and draws up at the *administración*, opposite the pleasant little *fonda* of Candida Canoura, much frequented by commercial travellers. But the town is really isolated and almost mediæval, delightful in its hollow of wooded hills and mountains and craggy sierras. On one side is a dark lion-shaped mountain, like the Rock of Gibraltar; opposite, on another mountain's flank, a grey convent with a beautiful bell-tower recalling Portugal's Belem: it is now occupied by *Padres Pasionistas;* there are chestnut-woods below it, and, above, pines and brown heather and dark cloud-capped sierra. The sky, a cloudless turquoise blue at Villalba, was here overcast, and the *mindoñeses* [1] are accustomed to grey skies.

The town's chief buildings are the Seminary and an interesting Cathedral,[2] which forms one side of the *Plaza de la Constitución*, with its tall, white-washed, many windowed houses and great coats of arms. The narrow streets end abruptly in country roads or wooded hillsides.

[1] The vowel alters in the adjective. Cf. London, *londinense;* Elche, *ilicitano*, etc.

[2] See *Bibliography*, No. 75. Villa-Amil says (p. 55) that the image of Nuestra Señora la Grande was brought, according to tradition, from England: "cuando el cisma de Enrique VIII. por un piadoso católico llamado Juan d'Utton, quien por no ver las heregías que en aquel reino se levantaban se vino a vivir a la villa de Vivero, donde edificó la mitad del Monasterio de Santo Domingo e hizo otras muchas obras, y en la que debió de dedicarse al comercio, pues en 1558 tenía a su cargo proveer de aceite a la ciudad de Mondoñedo."

On the road to Villalba an old *cantonero*, full of wisdom, was working gently in the ditch. Having discussed political and social questions, he pointed out some features of the country, "and yonder is the Valle del Oro, a fine country, a true land of promise." The hills round Mondoñedo are dotted with farms, groups of low hovel-like houses with sugar-loaves of granite all along the roofs of house and granary and on the chimneys: the buildings bristle with them. Many of the houses of Mondoñedo have whole sides covered with slates, nailed and sometimes with lines of white cement added. The town slopes down, with delightful gardens, roses, fruit trees, great vine-trellises, to the cathedral, with its rose-window and twin towers. Beyond and above the maize-fields a hill is covered with chestnuts and pines. The slate roofs are curving and irregular, with every conceivable kind of chimney, in large whitewashed tiers, or on slender, square pillars of stones or slates, with two or four or six granite sugar-loaves; or they are all of slate, with slate pent roof.

They were ploughing in the fields at the beginning of August, with brown long-horned oxen, the women in scarlet skirts and kerchiefs or in dull blues and purples. Women came down the granite paths from the mountains past tall granite crucifixes, half hidden under their loads of whin and heather, which they steadied in front with their sickles. Peasants leading ponies came into market, making a tremendous clatter on the granite-paved streets. A woman with a donkey was crying *Sardinas*, the

single word called slowly and solemnly at long intervals, like a tolling bell. A priest from the village of Adelan, in the Valley of Gold, rode into the town on business on his mule.

It was on the road between Lugo and Villalba that José Castro of the village of Raupar first came into sight, fluttering across the road and from door to door like an autumn leaf, a frail-looking but vigorous old man of over seventy, with a thin white face and the profile of a mediæval king of Castille. He had just walked from Madrid, without money, in under a month. What struck one about him was the neatness of his dress and his clean hands. He wore white-grey corduroy trousers, much-worn boots, a large black felt hat, a brown coat and a threadbare overcoat flying in the wind. He was a Galician, but had left his native village for military service fifty years ago and was now returning for the first time. He spoke excellent Castilian, described Portuguese as a very odd language of which he knew but a few words, while the Galicians speaking Galician were " like dogs barking," and he would never speak it. The remark recalled that of many centuries ago concerning the Basques of Navarre, preserved in the codex of Santiago Cathedral.[1] He had proceeded to Madrid to make good his claim to 9000 pesetas owed him by the King for sixteen years' service in Cuba, had sent forty-four sheets

[1] *Sique illos loqui audires canum latrancium memorares, barbare enim lingua penitus habentur.* A list of some Basque words follows, copied accurately by the late Fidel Fita (1838–1918) in *Recuerdos de un Viaje*, p. 58, although he omits this beginning of the sentence.

of writing to the Ministry of War and gone there in person. Sane in everything else (and a great anti-clerical in his opinions), he was so obsessed by this strange claim that he had carried all these hundreds of miles a heavy *Código Civil Español*, which was indeed all his worldly goods.

There is a road from Mondoñedo to Vivero (45 kilomètres) through a beautiful country of tall pines and brown-purple mountains of huge granite boulders, with, close to Mondoñedo, the waterfall which supplies electric light to several towns and villages. The road to Ribadeo is more civilized and less interesting, but passes through Villanueva de Lorenzana, with its ancient convent, now restored and inhabited by a few Benedictines. It is terribly overloaded with ornament, but not lacking in grandeur and dignity.

After Villanueva the road gives hopes of great things, cutting through heather and pine, with a stream below to the right, and on the left a pyramid-shaped mountain completely purple save for a few great boulders of white granite; but it soon becomes uninteresting. The villages are dull, with ugly two- or three-storeyed houses, although there are a few picturesque peasants' houses, one covered with passion-flower, another with a quaint slate veranda built on the roof.

At the top of the long hill leading out of Lorenzana comes a view of the sea beyond pinewoods, and to the left Foz with its celestial blue arm of sea and white ribs of sand. On the right the river Eo flows past Vegadeo to Ribadeo, the last town of

Galicia. In the villages advertisements of wine of Ribero contend with those of cider from neighbouring Asturias : *Ya llegó la sidra de Villaviciosa.* Donkeys passed laden with fir-cones or flowers of maize, and a priest with a black felt hat such as they often wear in Galicia and a grey sunshade. An ox and an ass were yoked to a plough in a field; a little further on, two men with orange-brown felt hats were digging peat.

The little town of Ribadeo, opposite Castropol in Asturias, has a modern part as well as old houses and gardens, a fertile plain round it and the sea in front. It is the sea which lends magic to the drive thence to Vivero in the small motor of which " El Repatriado " (a name given him on his return from Cuba, as if he were the only emigrant who returned), whose *diligencia* it has ousted after twenty years, takes charge, still smiling. Pleasant Foz on its beautiful little *ría* is soon passed, and Cangas, through maize-fields and pinewoods, and on the right beautiful coves of sand and rock and a sea of snow and turquoise, with tiny islands of dark rock.

Later, the villages of Cervo and Jove and the large grey fishing village of Cillero on the right, at the entrance of the Ría de Vivero. An island of rock marks its entrance and a broad bay, and it then narrows through rocks and broadens out a little at Vivero[1]—which is surrounded by mountains and pines at the mouth of the river Landrove. Sloping orchards and vegetable gardens look down on the *ría*, and on the grey rickety balconies under the wide

[1] ' De hermosas salidas y agradables vistas " (Molina).

eaves glow geraniums or carnations, or a red *manta* is hung along the balustrade. It is indeed a fascinating town, a semi-circle of old wall on the abrupt hillside, with narrow archways and dark alleys, and narrow, slightly curving streets go steeply down to the quay along the *ría*, paved with slabs of granite. The houses are of massive blocks of granite, and grey or red verandas hang from the roofs or in the better houses are enclosed with glass. Above the upper end of these steep streets come glimpses of bare mountainside and pine forest.

Seagulls and swallows mirror themselves in the turquoise *ría*, which at low tide is here nothing but small lakes and ribbed sand. The sea comes flooding in (it ebbs through the arches of the bridge in rapids) and barges of pistachio-green seaweed pass up on the tide. Women come up from the *ría* with deep baskets of seaweed on their backs, street urchins shout and play in and among the boats, and in the soft evenings girls with gleaming *sellas* go to and from the fountains. Across the eleven-arch bridge is San Juan de Cobas, with sea-bathing for the *veraneantes*, and the little chapel of Nuestra Señora de Valdeflores, and further up the mountain Chainiño, with its mines of Silvarosa, at full tide gives the *ría* a look of Ullswater. At right angles to the *ría* rises the serrated mountain-ridge of San Martín de Castelo.

At the back of Vivero itself is a high steep hill covered more than half-way up with a forest of pines and crowned by the little chapel of San Roque. Hither on San Roque's day in August climb the

inhabitants of the town and peasants from far and wide in *romería*. They start before dawn, passing up the deep narrow lanes (*corredoiras*) completely hidden by overarching chestnut trees, and masses are said in the chapel from eight to eleven, after which they come to lunch (*merendar*) and dance in the chestnut grove at the tiny village (four houses) of Piedeboy (Oxfoot). The offerings at the chapel are many and various, and are said to fetch several thousand pesetas when sold subsequently in auction.

At the village of Junquera, close to Vivero, picturesque with its verandaed houses and steep cobbled streets in which lanterns hang by granite crucifixes, is the convent of Valdeflores, a large low building of granite with grey wooden lattices, now the home of eighteen Dominican nuns. *Ave María Purísima*, calls the visitor loudly at the *locutorio*, and *Sin pecado concebida* comes softly from a hidden nun in answer. *Alabado sea Dios*, says the visitor more gently, since he knows that he has been heard, and *¿ Qué desea ?* is the answering formula. Vivero has several old churches, that of Santa María and, above, the small dark belfry of the nuns of La Concepción, and twelfth-century San Francisco opposite a descending curve of picturesque tumble-down houses, half built into the old wall of the town.

Vivero publishes a newspaper, *El Heraldo de Vivero*. On one side of the little *plaza*, roughly slabbed with granite, which has a statue of Pastor Diaz, a Conservative bookseller sells *A B C*, and

other Conservative papers, but if you wish to buy a Liberal sheet, *El Imparcial, La Correspondencia, El Sol,* you must cross to a shop exactly opposite, since, as he remarks, Spain requires five years' stable government under Maura and La Cierva and none of your Bolshevism-condoning Liberals! But one envies the peace of Vivero, with a library such as that of Don Jesus Noya y González, corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History, who lives in one of its silent streets.

Between Vivero and Ferrol lie some twenty villages, from San Juan de Cobas to Casadela and Jubia, which is a part of Ferrol: Loiba, Mera, Moeche. Line after line of mountains run into the sea, forming beautiful sand coves and bays or *rías;* sometimes many mountain-ranges are pencilled in soft shades of grey and leaden blue, one behind the other and against the sky. Steep white and grey villages hang above a long inlet arm of turquoise sea, a flight of doves swerves slowly above peaceful maize-fields, and the maroon kerchief of a woman at work in the maize appears among their green leaves. There are broad dark valleys and hills of pine and chestnut with scattered groups of houses, whose distant slate roofs gleam in the sun like the burnished iron of the *sellas.* The whin grows serried as rice-fields and tall as Galician cabbages, and at a distance may be mistaken for a pinewood on the hills, the shade of green being identical. The long low stacks of straw have ropes of twisted straw across them, held down at either side all along by slates with a hole in the centre through which the ropes are

passed and fastened. As one approaches the ancient town of Santa María de Ortigueira the villages are roofed with both slàte and brown-red tiles, but at Ortigueira and further south, that is, in the province of La Coruña, the red tiles prevail.

## IV

### CORUÑA

"Sí, sí! Dios fixo esta encantada terra
Pra vivir e gozar,
Pequeno paraíso."

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO,
*Follas Novas*, ed. 1910, p. 253.

IT is commonly believed that there is nothing to be seen at Ferrol except the famous arsenal, but the long straight streets paved with slabs of granite, and the tall whitewashed houses with their glass veranda fronts, give the city a very bright and attractive appearance. Its old quarters are extraordinarily picturesque; for instance, the streets leading from the church of Nuestra Señora de la Angustia, with its little square of acacias; the Calle de San Fernando and the narrower long Calle de San Pedro, of low poor houses with outjutting irregular eaves and balconies on corbels of many shapes, of plain granite or whitewashed or coloured, and with tiny shop-windows showing a medley of sardines, loaves, sabots, and dark little crowded taverns. A straight broad street leads from the station to the Plaza de Churruca and on to the Plaza de Amboage, and on the left there is a fine avenue of trees and promenade near the long line of the arsenal walls.

Beautiful exceedingly are the views of the *ría* on the way from Ferrol to Betanzos past the villages of Seijo, Neda, Perlio, Franza, Perbes: the little bays sometimes darkened to sapphire and flecked into snowy-white horses by the cool north-east wind; the villages of brown-tiled houses crushed together, with a little fleet of boats at anchor opposite; pinewoods, blue distant lines of mountains, groves of chestnuts at the water's very edge. Pontedeume, near its great bridge, lies serried round its church of triple belfry, and at some distance the ruined Castello de Andrade stands magnificently high upon the hills.

The ancient town of Betanzos, once the capital of Galicia, masses its houses on a steep hill above the river Mandeo.[1] It has some ugly modern buildings, pretentious houses of *americanos*, a red and white school built and endowed also by an "American," and the restored convent of the Franciscans, a terrible piece of vandalism, although its fine old church was spared. The other notable churches are those of Santa María, with its magnificent doorway, and Santiago, surrounded by pollard acacias. That of San Francisco contains the remarkable tomb of Fernán Pérez de Andrade, and all have interesting capitals and other sculpture.

The life of the place centres in El Cantón, where a band plays on Sunday evenings and groups of girls stand ever chattering at the great fountain, their *sellas*, often painted red or green, placed all

[1] Betanzos, says Molina (f. 29 v.), "es muy abundante de gentiles riberas."

round it, and on one side of whitewashed wall—part of the Hospital de San Antonio de Padua, lit up clearly with electric lamps—the people walk to and fro, a peculiar and animated scene on a fête day or on a summer evening when the sun has set in a soft clear sky of luminous green. There is a little chapel of San Roque at one side of this *Plaza*, and opposite is the granite tower of San Domingo. From the *Plaza* yard-wide streets cut through tall houses and go down steeply to the river and El Peirao, with its picturesque houses and granaries along the river's bank. These streets are sometimes stairs and sometimes pass under dark arcades or tunnels formed by the rafters of houses, of grey wood or whitewashed.

Twice a month there is a cattle market at Betanzos, under the planes, below the hospital, with its charming *patio* of flowers and yellow-brown granite arcades. The ordinary market of every day is formed by women on the stone seats under the acacias of the *Plaza*, or sitting on the side pavement of the streets with flat baskets of great loaves of rye-bread or potatoes, apples, pumpkins, grapes, and peaches. Gaunt stalks of whin, twelve feet long, also lie in the street for sale. Other sellers go about the town with soft, slow, melancholy cries, and the fishwives come running ten kilomètres from Sada and cry their shell-fish and sardines plaintively in the streets of Betanzos: *¿ Quen me merca os carneiros ?* or *Xarda viviña*, or *Sardiña fresquiña viviña.*

Wider streets, the Calle de los Herreros, the Calle de Cervantes, go down, made irregular by the pro-

jecting verandas, from the Calle de la Pescadería, and from the *Plaza* a broad granite street curves steeply down to the convent of Las Agustinas and then crosses the beautiful river Mandeo. On the other side the Calle de Nuestra Señora del Camino—cobbles and slabs of granite—ascends through verandas—grey, green, maroon, or red—on either side to a tall granite crucifix and the church of La Virgen del Camino, or de los Remedios, with its triple rounded doorway of gleaming granite, golden-grey, and darker granite belfry. Opposite on a hill across the river is the dark belfry of Nuestra Señora de la Angustia.

A deep path, one of those wonderful *corredoiras* peculiar to Galicia, centuries old, goes up to the church of San Martín de Tiobre, some miles distant. Dark under arching chestnut trees, or between fern and ivy-covered walls, or banks thick with brambles, blackberry, lentisk, shrubs of bay or chestnut, and many other plants and flowers, it sinks sometimes as much as thirty feet below the level of the fields, and from time to time steps of stone or grass go up from these shadows to invisible maize-fields and vineyards in the mellow sunshine above.

San Martín, half hidden by two great oaks, is of grey granite, with two fine Romanesque doorways and ancient granite gargoyles beneath its roof of brown tiles. It is surrounded by an English-looking, carefully kept grass churchyard. The view of the Ría and Mariñas de Betanzos from here is magnificent—wooded hills, an island towards the sea, pine-forests and barer rocky mountains,

chestnut groves and maize-fields, and Betanzos, with its serried tiers of houses, grey and whitewash, and red tiles and the granite towers of its houses above the river. Here and there a tall cypress stands among the houses.

The country known as Las Mariñas de Betanzos makes one understand why the thoughts of a Galician exile are always turned homewards and to the acquisition of a few square yards of land for his own home. The happy farms of massive granite and brown tiles are half hidden under chestnut or walnut trees, cherry or bay, with a small entrance avenue of shady vine-trellis and little orchards hedged with thick, scented bay which often grows into tall trees. Beneath the soft saffron of the evening sky the whole country is peaceful and idyllic. Scarcely a sound is to be heard, but from time to time there is a flutter of a hidden bird in the trees or a slight rustle of evening wind in the maize-fields, green and placid with their edging of grass paths; or there comes the sound of children at play or a distant song or the groaning (*cantar*) of an ox-cart in some deep hidden path. Women come down the *corredoiras* with a load of maize-flower or whin or grass or cabbages for the evening *pote*, the *caldiño*; boys drive in the brown oxen, and a farm-boy, riding bareback on a sturdy pony of the country, clatters up the steep path from the town. A girl comes with a *sella* of water from the fountain or with a basket of linen from a neighbouring stream. Blue, scented smoke of whin or heather hangs in a little cloud above the chimneyless roof of brown-red tiles or ascends in a

thin straight line from the chimney. Women with large red kerchiefs look out from grey granite window-ledges.

The drive from Betanzos to La Coruña gives one a more intimate acquaintance with this beautiful country. First comes Bergondo, then from near the village of San Isidro one has a wonderful view of the *ría*, like a sapphire lake through orchards of peach and orange, pear and cider-apple, the fruit glowing among autumn-coloured leaves. After the village of Ouces the Playa de Gandarío, a curve of blue water with snowy seagulls, is only rivalled in beauty by the little bay of Sada, a charming and comparatively unfrequented seaside town. A little further down the *ría* Fontan projects and dips picturesquely into the water. Sada has a noisy market of women every morning in its cobbled square, with their baskets of fruit and vegetables and scented branches of verbena, and in strong contrast to this lively scene is the little chapel of San Roque, silent amid the hubbub and crowded with women—every colour of kerchief—a few, with red, gold and white kerchiefs, actually overflowing through the open door into the *plaza*, all kneeling.

A few miles from Sada stands the Condesa de Pardo Bazán's house or castle at Meirás, where the celebrated novelist usually spent a part of the summer. Its two great towers of granite are seen afar in the surrounding country, and its terrace has an extensive view of soft undulating country rising at almost regular intervals in dark pine-covered hills, with on the left a heavenly glimpse

of a corner—a lake—of sapphire-blue *ría*; it is a view of exceeding beauty and typically Galician. The countryside is similar to that round Betanzos, with *corredoiras* and brown-roofed farms of granite, orchards, maize-fields, chestnuts, bay-hedges, vine-trellises or plots of vine and the yellow, golden, white, red or maroon kerchiefs of peasant women at work in the maize.

La Coruña, on two seas (the *ría* and the Atlantic), has a look of Cadiz about it, a white line of tall houses on the blue sea. The pleasantness of its life reminds one, indeed, of some Mediterranean city. It has a busy life, yet it seems peculiarly a city of pleasure. At night it has a special magic, with a great semicircle of lights on the *ría* and on land an answering semicircle of tall white houses lit up by the lamps above the trees. The many *cafés* by the water's edge are all lights and glass and music. The fishing-boats asleep show clearly in the water, which is a reflection of many lights. A crowd on pleasure bent, if it is but the pleasure of enjoying the summer nights of this delicious climate, throngs the *cafés* and theatres or promenades among the trees and glowing lamps of El Cantón Grande, and the city is filled with gaiety till the early hours of the morning.

But above the noisy lower town stands the solitary severer *Ciudad Alta*, like some old dowager motionless while the children are dancing, and here the cries of the fishwives or sellers of vegetables fall in a great silence. It is divided from the new town by a wide deserted *plaza*, which has a magnificent

view of blue sea surging white round promontories of rock.

Yonder are the shores of Orzán, the sands of Riazor, the ancient tower of Hercules, which reminds the progressive inhabitants of La Coruña that their city is one of the most ancient in Spain and was founded by the Phœnicians. The old town has narrow streets with old-fashioned names, such as the Calle de la Zapatería, and silent granite churches and convents: the fine Colegiata de Santa María, the convent of the Nuns of Santa Barbara, along the entrance porch of which is painted the inscription, *El placer de morir sin pena vale bien la pena de vivir sin placer* (The pleasure of dying without pain is well worth the pain of living without pleasure); the massive church of Santo Domingo, and near this the quiet little garden of San Carlos (above the ancient walls of the city), which has not the splendour of the Gardens of Méndez Núñez, in the lower town, but has a charm of its own and guards in its centre the tomb of Sir John Moore. La Coruña's progress is marked by the baroque but magnificent town hall, and the facilities obtainable in the reading-room and library of the *Reunión Recreativa e Instructiva de Artesanos.*

The city has an important intellectual life. The President of the Royal Gallegan Academy, Don Andrés Martínez Salázar, has rendered very important services to literature, and the editor of the leading journal of La Coruña, Señor Rodríguez González, is one of Galicia's best-known poets. Here too Don Manuel Murguía, the historian, and

husband of Rosalía de Castro, may be seen, despite his eighty-seven years (1920), walking vigorously down the Calle Real on his daughter's arm, and wearing top-hat and frock-coat on the hottest day of August. Coruña delights to honour not only its sixteenth-century heroine, María Fernández de Pita, but its celebrated nineteenth-century daughter, Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán.

The first villages on the way to Santiago, Rio de Quintas, Villaboa, keep something of the character of La Coruña and are bright houses washed in very gay hues above the *ría;* but the heart of the churlish reactionary soon rejoices when he comes to the more primitive villages: Alvedro, with its splendid view of pine-covered hills and grey-blue lines of more distant hills and rocky sierra; Pontido, Sigras, Carral, Herves, Meson del Viento (Tavern of the Wind).

The dress of the peasants becomes more peculiar as one advances and ascends: the men with tall brown boots or leggings, knee-breeches of dark velvet or even of white linen, short brown jackets, red or yellow waistcoats and felt *monteras*, the women and children in every conceivable shade of faded purple, green, red, brown. Half-palsied beggars are nothing but a patchwork of various colours, bright in some past existence, now dull and covered with a grey coat of dust from the road. Motor omnibuses pass, packed with pilgrims to Santiago, each wearing a gleaming medal tied with red ribbon. Leira, the small town of Ordenes, then Oroso, Sigueiro and the goal of the traveller's desire, " where Sent Jamez ferst schalt thou see."

If the views of Santiago from a distance are fine, so are those of the surrounding country from Santiago : the little village of San Payo del Monte and the chapel of San Payo above, on Monte Pedroso; to the left chestnut *sotos*, the churches of El Carmen de Abajo and San Lorenzo, and, beyond, a distant blue line of mountains. Further to the left again, in the city, is Nuestra Señora del Pilar, the convent of Madres Mercedarias, the convent of Belvis, famous for its *mantecadas*, the church of the Jesuits, and in the distance the dark, lofty, conical peak of Pico Sacro, fertile in legends. Then the convent of the Agustinas, which now belongs to the Jesuits, the huge convent of the Benedictine nuns (under thirty of them), the church of San Domingo; then the chapel of Las Animas, with its wonderful eighteenth-century Galician sculpture, most striking and life-like; the convent of Claristas, the convent of Carmelitas de Arriba, and more and still more sacred buildings, one almost touching the other. Very quaint and charming are the courts and ways between these buildings of Santiago and the longer arcaded streets.

In Santiago, although the stranger rarely knows where he is going (one of the streets is called *Calle Sal si puedes*), he never loses his way, since the city is complicated but small. There are delightful *plazuelas* and *callejones*. Here is the Curro de la Parra, and opposite it the Canton de San Benito, and there are many such classical indigenous names. Others remind us continually that Santiago was once a city very familiar to all Europe : the Plazuela

and Callejuela de Fuenterrabía, the Calle and Travesía del Franco, the Calle de Jerusalem. So in the cathedral are still maintained a confessional *Pro Linguis Germanica et Hungarica* (close to the tomb of "D. Tomas Valois, Arzobispo de Cashel en Irlanda," who died on May 6, 1654) and a confessional *Pro Linguis Itala et Gallica.*

The famous pilgrimages to Santiago are being revived at the present day, although so far confined chiefly to inhabitants of Galicia. On the morning of the pilgrimage they march in procession four abreast through the magnificent Plaza del Hospital, the balconies of which are hung with red and yellow, to the cathedral, the men coming first and the band, then the more numerous women. Three policemen lead the way and the parish priests walk like officers at the side. The city is shaken with the firing of shells; the bells of the cathedral clash and peal. The mighty doors are open in welcome, displaying the splendours of the *Pórtico de la Gloria.* A verger with gorgeous magenta robe and silver staff receives them, accompanied by the canons, at the top of the steps and guides them into the cathedral. They enter singing loudly, and the voices of row after row, as it enters the dark aisle from the glowing sunshine, are drowned by the notes of the organ. As one looks on their thin, white, mystic faces one seems to understand the miracles. The women pass up the aisle to the right, the men to the left. Mass is said and a short sermon by bishop, canon or monk is listened to with profound attention. Then the acolytes, in black and scarlet, take

their stand on the steps below the altar, and the great silver censer, the *botafumeiro*, Victor Hugo's " king of censers," is set in motion. Seven strong men pull the ropes, and it moves slowly at first with a graceful gliding movement, as if to say, " See how easy it is," as the men toil (hidden in the crowd), but soon swiftly and more swiftly like a thing inspired, higher still and higher, till in a glory of exultation it sweeps to the very roof and descends rushing, trailing clouds of incense, a few inches above the heads of the assembled people. And still as it swings, and in its sheer joy (for indeed for an inanimate thing it seems strangely human and visibly delighted, as though the flaring incense had breathed into it the breath of life) seems as if it must swing for ever, the organ crashes out its music and the pilgrims sing the hymn of Santiago. At length its flights gradually become slower and shorter till it sinks to earth, and is rapidly seized and carried away, still flaring, on a pole by two men, laughing, like the bunch of grapes from the land of Canaan, to its confessional-like box in a quiet corner of the library of the *Sala Capitular*.

The cathedral of Santiago is not the most beautiful in Spain, but in many ways it is one of the most attractive. Each of its four sides are marvels of architecture, nor can any copy or photograph give an idea of the living expression and soft mellow colouring of the figures of the *Pórtico de la Gloria* (also known as the Puerta del Perdón), or of the general harmony of its effect in its wealth of detail. The capitals of the pillars on the right seem lace-

work rather than granite; some of the pillars on either side have become dark as bronze from the damp. Isaiah discreetly turns from the ribald mirth of Daniel, and the gorgeous devils grin terribly and a gaping hobgoblin sprawls below. When the doors are open one has a glimpse of chestnut groves, pine-woods and heather in the sunshine beyond the town.

At the back of the Portico is the figure of its maker, Maestro Mateo, kneeling facing the high altar to ask forgiveness for the profanity of some of his sculpture. It is famous to students as the Imaxe dos Cloques, since those who knock their heads against its head are supposed to receive the gift of memory and so pass their examinations, although in practice this has not always proved as effective as was hoped. Of the three towers of the cathedral that of the Clock (*Torre del Reloj*) has the finest architecture, that of the Bells (*Torre de las Campanas*) is eighty mètres high and has fifteen bells, that of the Rattle (*Torre de la Carraca*) has a huge wooden rattle which is heard throughout the city when the bells are silent, from Good Friday to Easter Sunday. Beautiful are the bells of Santiago; delightfully mellow, wood on bronze, the notes of its great clock; exquisite the services and most musical the singing in the cathedral. The voices have a softness scarcely heard in other cathedrals of Spain. One might forgive the good folk of Santiago many shortcomings on the strength of the beautiful and splendidly impressive Sunday Mass at the cathedral—it is true that only a score or so of them are wont to attend it—with its fine organ-

PORTICO DE LA GLORIA. SANTIAGO CATHEDRAL

music and singing, and procession of gold cross and lighted candles, scarlet *monaguillos*, canons in black with their dagger crosses of St. James, and priests in splendid copes of green and gold.

It is the most hospitable of cathedrals, *porta patet omnibus*. There are priests there, canons of the chapter, parish priests from all the surrounding country, Franciscan monks, nuns, *beatas* in black with black fan and mantilla, tourists and pilgrims, many-coloured peasant women kneeling apart with joint hands raised in supplication, or squatting on the floor in groups, peasants with rough boots of wooden soles, market-women with their great baskets or shallow *carabelas*, women with squalling infants; and every now and then an acolyte may be seen swinging a small censer which glows like a red apple of paradise. The white, red or golden kerchiefs of the women show up against the granite pillars. One group of peasant women kneeling in rapt devotion was all dull gold, brown and orange, another red, white, brown and gold. Four or five peasant women were kneeling waiting their turn before one of the confessionals. The clattering of the sabots, *socas*, sounds like the knocking of billiard balls on the floor of black and white marble. A tiny A on one of the squares seems to invite the pickaxe of the *Schatzgräber*. May it not stand for *Aurum* or *Aquí*, O careless Benedict Moll?

Besides the famous Codex of Calixtus, the *Tumbos*, with their exquisite miniatures, and the monstrance of Antonio de Arfe, the cathedral has many treasures, some of them preserved since the days of Archbishop

Diego Gelmirez. His palace is now in a subterranean darkness and, entered through the Archbishop's modern palace, is a delight to explore, all cracked and irregular, with bits of sculpture appearing in all kinds of unlikely places, the great hall with its clustered (four) pillars and ancient finely carved capitals, beautiful windows and archways, arches of rosettes, and, below, the newly unearthed kitchen which looks out on to a court thick with brambles and granite walls covered with a beautiful purple flower. The so-called *Catedral Vieja*, entered by steps at the foot of the *Obradoiro* façade, is immediately under the *Pórtico de la Gloria*, and contains some of the most beautiful carving in the whole cathedral. The exquisite capitals of its clustered pillars and the rosettes, all of different design, are the work of Mateo.

The finest square of Santiago is, of course, the *Plaza del Hospital*, with the magnificent building now used as a hospital, and facing it the splendid doorway of the Escuela Normal, and, facing the west front of the cathedral, the great town hall (Palacio de Rajoy), with its sculpture painted white and gold. On another side—the Azabachería—of the cathedral is the seminary, with its massive, pillared cloister of dark granite, and behind it the great church of San Martín, famous for its carved stalls.

But Santiago must not be studied only in its famous buildings, but also in the life of its narrow streets. Men slowly sweep the granite slabs, with which the streets are paved, with lanky brooms

(made of broom), almost as long as the street is wide. The lamps glow softly among the pillars, round, square, granite, whitewashed, or piers of stone, which form the low irregular arcades on either side of the street. These arcades are a singular and charming adornment of Santiago and a sure refuge from the rain. Picturesque peasant women are huddled half-asleep in the doorways, awaiting the morrow's pilgrimage. There are many beggars—sometimes three or four may be seen, with their long staffs, waiting outside a small shop for their turn to receive alms. Sometimes they are all grey and brown, sometimes a medley of many colours, like an ancient faded tapestry. There are peasants, too, with short brown coats faced with black or dark-brown velvet, brown, orange or scarlet waistcoats, occasionally an old-fashioned coat of scarlet, brown leggings or white stockings of coarse wool, boots of leather and wood, and the obtuse, triangular *montera*. There is, of course, no tramway, the carriages are few, and the railway station is decently remote, out towards Conjo.

The Thursday *feria* (market), under the oaks of the Paseo de la Herradura, is a wonderful sight: ponies, donkeys, pigs, but chiefly calves and tawny, long-horned cows and oxen; women with bright or dark mulberry-hued kerchiefs and crossovers of faded green, brown, maroon, purple; men in brown and black velvet, wide black sashes, scarlet coats, hats of every colour, from black to bright red-orange. The whole is crowded together in a comparatively small space like a strange Flemish tapestry.

This delightful *Paseo*, horse-shoe shape, has a splendid view from the further end, where stands the statue of Rosalía de Castro.

The finest near view of Santiago is from the side of the *Paseo* facing the town. Seen from here it recalls Salamanca as seen from the river Tormes, and the whole city seems one magnificent granite building. Rosalía de Castro has her tomb in the church of the convent of Santo Domingo.[1] Another literary figure, that of the historian López Ferreiro, is commemorated by an inscription in the Plazuela de la Universidad.[2]

The celebrated University is not very large—there are but a few hundred students—but has an imposing front, a magnificent reading-room and library, and is in many respects very well endowed and well managed. The Paraninfo, used on solemn occasions, and some of the lecture-rooms have rows of comfortable chairs of ash, the seats of which are made to turn up as at a theatre. The students do not live in the University, but singly or in groups in lodgings. In the little granite Calle de la Troya (No. 5), from which the Calle de los Brillares and the Calle de las Campanas de San Juan go down to the church of San Martín, is the Casa de la Troya, the scene of some of

[1] The tomb, which dates from 1891, has the following inscription: "*D. O. M. Pra eterna memoria Galicia fixo facer por suscripcion nacional este moimento onde descansa na paz do Señor a que foi groria da sua patria Señora Doña Rosalía de Castro de Murguía. Finov en Iria no* 15 *de Julio do año* 1885."

[2] "*Cibda de Compostela a seu fillo predileuto D. Antonio Lopez e Ferreiro, bô gallego, bô sacerdote, bô historeador, bô literato.*"

the adventures in a popular novel of student life. The convent founded by Gelmirez at Conjo, in a beautiful position, with a fine view and surrounded by gardens and shady trees, is now a lunatic asylum, and a large modern building has been added, for it contains some 600 inmates. A little apart from the city is also the Colegiata del Sar, not conspicuous from afar, but containing treasures of sculpture in its cloister and the wonderful slanting pillars in its church: the slant is almost certainly intentional, it would make for support, just as a man plants himself firmly with legs not straight, but slanting apart, although some still hold that it has been brought about by a sinking of the soil.

Santiago in summer has many cloudless days, but it is at its best perhaps under a soft grey sky with lakes and reflections of faint blue and gold. The splendid towers of its cathedral are never seen more finely than in a saffron-red dawn, the dark sierra of Monte Pedroso to the left, from the Padrón road, still half in darkness, and gleaming with the tall milk-cans on the heads of market-women. They come in troops from Milladoiro, a pleasant village in maize-fields and meadows a league from Santiago. Small hamlets of granite and brown tiles, with dashes of whitewash, lie among great vine trellises, fruit trees and maize-fields: Galanas, Outeiro, Faramello. Dark, pine-covered hills are outlined clearly against misty, faintly pencilled, leaden blue lines of mountains. Tall granite pillars, with crucifix and Virgin on the top, stand by the roadside. At the beginning of harvest yellow cobs of maize

are hung from the hands of the Virgin. After Faramello there are pine-forests to the right with a brown sierra, along the sheltered foot of which ripen the oranges and lemons in plenty, at Cornes and Ferreiro; and the tall church-tower in a gap of pines is that of Bastabales, which recalls the wistful lines:

"Campanas de Bastabales
Cando vos oyo tocar
Mórrome de soidades." [1]

A mellow angelus at midday sounded from the valley and women came in from their work with great loads of grass, wood (oak) or maize-flower. A girl passed with a donkey, its panniers full of shellfish (*cunchos*). The faces of the women are oval, their kerchiefs no longer dark red, as at Santiago, but white or golden yellow. A difference in the country is the scarcity of chestnut trees.

The little railway station of Esclavitud is near the Santuario de la Esclavitud, a shrine well known to pilgrims, and along the road here are many little wine *cuevas*, called Paraiso, España, and other attractive names. Padrón, in flowers and fruit trees, is in a delightful position, dominated by the huge convent, now of the Dominicans, amid the pine-woods of the mountain-side. The town calls to mind a host of memories, for here was Iria Flavia, to which the body of St. James was first brought, later Macias and Rodríguez de la Cámara wove about the place a romantic charm, and here in the

[1] Church bells of Bastabales,
As I hear you ringing,
Sorrow in my heart is springing.

nineteenth century Rosalía de Castro lived and died. Her humble attractive house of granite and creeper may be seen from the train as you pass on to Ponte Cesures (the Bridge of Cæsar) and the sea.

If one turns west instead of south from Padrón, one soon comes to the little hamlet of Lestrove, and then Santa María de Dodro and the tiny village of Vigo, with the square tower of the half-ruinous granite Paço del Conde above it. Further on one passes little brown villages on or near the road, with granaries and granite crosses : Castro, on the side of a great mountain of heather, with the solitary church of San Julian below; Imo, in the parish of San Juan de Liño (St. John of Flax), Bejo. Then the road goes up through desolate hills of bracken and heather, and from the pass a corner of *ría*, hemmed in like a lake by mountains purple with heather, recalls Cumberland or Scotland.

A little further on, at Orolo and Taragoña, the scene is entirely changed and one is in full south and has a first distant, never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of the Ría de Arosa seen from the north, faint and lovely, locked with distant blue mountains. Houses, whitewashed among pines, straggle along the road or stand at the water's edge below, where the barges are drawn up in the mud; or they gather in clusters of chimneyless brown roofs, from which the blue smoke ascends in a country of trellised vines and fruit trees, plum, cherry, orange, and a few tall bays, cypresses and cork trees with their stripped maroon-coloured trunks; beyond are dark hills of pines, and above these, beneath a wonderful sky of

grey and mother-of-pearl, rise the gorgeous brown and intense purple mountains. The small farms are approached by rough ox-cart " roads," often under a vine-trellis. Many of them have an outer shed at the side, only partly roofed, from which stone stairs go up to the kitchen and other rooms, and where some *probiño* (little poor man) with his *lazarillo*, bound perhaps on the pilgrimage of Guadalupe at Rianjo, may receive a night's rest in the straw and watch the stars as he lies under the tiled part of the roof, and is given a little earthenware porringer of hot maize soup, and mutters a prayer as he hears above the voices of the farm people in the wailing, long-drawn-out evening litany—the *rosario* prayed for the blessed souls.

Through the tall stems of pines above maize-fields glows the pink and saffron of the evening sky, and under it the sierras are the colour of cigarette smoke and leaden blue. Belated women beat clothes in a half-darkened stream, peasants come in from their work in maize-field or pinewood, an ox-cart guided by a little *boeiriña* creaks and groans home, in accompaniment to the birds' evensong, and a deep mellow angelus sounds from first one church, then another, on the hills.

To the right Rianjo, white and grey, and in shape somewhat like St. Ives, lies on a sickle of land, its houses mirrored in the glassy *ría*, with the little chapel of San Bartolomé on an island of rock in front. Villagarcía is hidden on the other side of the *ría*, beneath the dark peak of a mountain. The road passes on to Boiro, where the baskets of

gleaming fresh fish tell of the neighbourhood of the sea, Puente Goyanes and Puebla del Caramiñal, where the novelist Don Ramón del Valle Inclán has his *paço*. The features of the women are delicate, their dress of faint shades of purple, green, or lemon, their kerchiefs white, golden or grey, more rarely red. They carry round baskets shaped like those of La Coruña, but less shallow.

At Puente Goyanes another road turns off at right angles, through pine and heather, to Noya. On the left are brown farms in a valley of maize, with fruit trees and sloping trellised vineyards, granite granaries and round snowy dovecotes, and above is the lofty, bare, cloud-capped Monte Barbanza, grey and craggy, the home of Celtic monuments and legends. *Bós dias nos dia Dios* (May God give us a good day), say the thin-faced market-women as they pass down to market, basket on head, conversing of *pesos* and *patacones* and this year's price of maize. Noya, with its ancient streets and houses, its beautiful rivers and *ría*, is a happy home for an artist. Its stones all seem eloquent of the days of Doña Urraca. Molina notes the excellence of its sardines.[1] Pinewoods or yellow-green maize-fields are reflected in the water of the *ría*, with now a little bay of white sand, now a deep cove of rock and pine trees, carpeted with purple heather, a small rocky island or a little village half hill and pines and half at the water's edge, with steep paths (streets) down which the ox-carts jolt and lurch with a heavy load of pine-trunks.

[1] *Descripción*, f. 27 v.

Between Noya and Muros a bridge of twenty arches is being widened for wheeled traffic below the little grey village of Cando, high in the hills, and there are charming glimpses of bends and inlets of blue water through the pines, or a rust-coloured sail is seen moving along the tops of the maize. Nearer Muros the water offshore is transparently green or beryl or purple with sunken rocks. The entrance of the *ría* is guarded by two lion-like mountains. From a distance the spaces between the whitewashed pillars of the arcades (*soportales*) of the low houses of Muros (there is usually but one storey with two or three windows above the great round arch) gape blackly; on the hill above is a small village, Canto de Cortes, and there are tiny hamlets of granite houses on the mountain-side, Valdegeria and others, with steep granite ways in which centuries have marked the wheels of the ox-carts inches deep in the granite. Below, the water of the lovely bay laps quietly against the quay and the gulls remind one that one is near the sea; fishing-boats with lateen sails pass, and good-looking *muradanas* of thin faces and delicate features stand by the water, and fishermen, who are mostly tall and slenderly built and often look like bronzes of ancient Greece. The difference of type is here very notable and is undoubtedly due to a Greek or Phœnician strain in the blood. The peasants are hard-working and pleasant and the lace industry here begins in earnest. Work so fine seems to agree well with the subtle minds of the people.

Through the pines of the mountain-side the *ría*

is seen like a blue lake; the position is very sheltered, and on still autumn days the yellowing maize-fields, dark pines, blue sky and purple heather are all enfolded in a great peace. Some of the hill-sides are terraced with maize and crumbling walls. In front, across the bay, rises the range of Barbanza, with the white houses of Son below it, the chapel of San Ramón, and a single white building high on the mountain-side. To the left, on the Muros side, the rough Monte de Baño of granite and heather points its crags against the sky above a tall wood of pines reflected in the water, and behind it are more distant jagged and castellated sierras. The water, especially at sunset, when Monte Barbanza retains its purple (owing to the light coming from the hidden entrance of the *ría*) long after Monte de Baño is in darkness and the lamps begin to shine and glow along the quay, has a look of the Mediterranean at Alicante. A few orange trees increase the illusion.

Above the little chapel of La Virgen del Camino a steep shadeless path goes over the mountains towards Corcubión. Fish-women go up with heavy loads, and women come down to Muros from Carnota and other villages on the further side, milk-cans on head, over the rough paths of this granite mountain range in the early morning before sunrise. When the first light catches the milk-cans they look like a procession of mitred bishops. "May God give us a good day," their greeting, is of an episcopal gravity.

Formerly there were many chestnut trees about Muros, and the interiors of many of the older houses

are built of chestnut-wood, but now there are none to be seen. On the other side of the mountains granite villages lie grey all along the sandy shore behind a great plain of maize which extends to the sea. Long granaries stand on granite posts (with heads like a round maize-loaf) about a yard high, six or ten or even fourteen posts to a granary. These villages are practically cut off from all communication except by sea, and are scarcely to be found marked on any map: Santa Comba, with its tall church tower and little granite chapel of San Gregorio; Piedra Figueira, without a scrap of whitewash, but delightfully justifying its name, with fig trees and huge granite boulders surmounted by a small cross (the houses often have but a door and no window, and are built of blocks of granite so large that four sometimes make the whole height of the house; the village is surrounded by clumps of pines), Canedo, Parada.

When the north wind has driven every cloud from the sky, one seems here to have come to a heavenly undiscovered country: at the back a huge uninterrupted semicircle of mountains, their steep lower flanks covered with pinewoods; at the north end of this semicircle the purple crags of lofty Pindo outlined on the soft turquoise sky; in front glimpses through pines of the sapphire bay, foam round an islet of rock and an inner lagoon of pale turquoise separated from the sapphire by a white tongue of sand. White-faced men and women cut turf high in the sierra, and in the valley starved-looking families, with no shred of colour in their dress or

in their faces, are seated round mounds of maize-cobs, *desfollando*. The smallest, most miserable houses have a massive look of eternity, the blocks of granite are raised into position by a crane between two rough pine-trunks, and these cyclopean blocks remain without cement or whitewash. A long flight of granite steps goes up from the narrow street, or one enters below through a black doorway, above it a single window without glass or shutter, a tiny black square between four blocks of granite. As you enter you are confronted with a great darkness, from which a pig emerges grunting, and presently chickens, and children in faded purple and gold, dull yellow, green or lemon-coloured rags, and inside is a great medley of osier baskets, maize-cobs, pumpkins, stools, pigs and children. The women bake huge loaves of excellent maize-bread; maize is their principal support, but in sheltered places there are orange trees, olives, vine-trellises, bay trees, cactus, fig trees, and in one region lanes and hedges of blackberry and a stream under alders with narrow meadows.

From Parada a path, if such it may be called, crosses Monte Pindo. The granite boulders are split and dented and wrinkled and creased, and have many curious shapes. One is eaten away like a huge skull, another is like a priest's biretta, another is a lion or a sphinx or a tortoise; others are wonderfully poised against the sky. Heather, whin, lentisk and golden thistles grow sparsely among the boulders. Shepherdesses, with flocks of white and black sheep, are the only inhabitants. The purple

colour is in the stone, and a warm varnish is given to it by rain and time. From the pass appears the beautiful bay of Corcubión and the dark promontory of Finisterre.

El Pindo is a little fishing village below the sheer pine-covered mountain-side and above a sheltered bay of sand. Its streets go now in seaweed or actually over the water, by great stepping-stones, now over huge rounded boulders of red granite; and houses, cactus-hedges and fig trees seem all together to be tumbling and crumbling into the sea. A little further on a procession of women and boys may be seen carrying sacks of grain to and flour from the mill beneath the magnificent waterfall which, with the breadth of a river, falls from a great height, and has even in summer a large volume of water. One has to cross here by boat to the village of Ezaro.

The bay in the morning is in the shadow of Mount Pindo, which, unlike most mountains, keeps the same shape here as on the Parada side, and the water is leaden purple under pines or blue in sand-coves. The violet hills, white houses, the sea of sapphire and turquoise, the graceful shape and clear outlines of the mountains falling into, or rather reclining in, the sea, the melancholy singing of the peasants, their thin white faces, the dark eyes and dreamy expression of the women, their kerchiefs tied differently from those inland, their soft speech, the pronounced but delicate features of the men, again turn one's thoughts to Greece, which the very names of mountain and village recall.

The little town of Corcubión, beneath pine trees, is not very interesting or beautiful, except for its bay and the magnificent view of purple Mount Pindo across the *ría* and the transparent green of the water along its quay and promenade of planes. It is bright and pleasant, and both Corcubión and Cee opposite have a special charm when lit up in the soft summer evenings. The inhabitants of Corcubión will warn you plainly against the insanitary dirt of neighbouring Finisterre. The road thither is delightful, with pinewoods thick on either side and little sand-coves and bays where the water, motionless as the Mediterranean, is transparent blue and green and beryl and colour of honey or of the rays of the sun. In the evenings, when the pinewoods are half dark, half golden, and the smoke hangs blue above the dark-brown roofs, which rain and smoke turn to a beautiful dull purple, a girl in grey, with scarlet silken kerchief and jet-black hair, drives in a few brown cows, or women, also with gipsy hair, and dresses of brown, orange, black and grey, are cutting a last load of whin; a girl with golden kerchief, red bodice and grey skirt goes home on a groaning ox-cart, or a priest, with a great black mackintosh floating wide behind, rides up on a small pony to Finisterre. The favourite colour of the shutters is dull green—dull orange or blue green are indeed the colours most often seen, although on the other side of Corcubión one meets many scarlet- or crimson-skirted market-women walking or riding into the town.

The little village of El Sardinero lies midway

between Corcubión and Finisterre, and on the hills are half a dozen hamlets, including San Martin de Duyo, where once the Phœnicians worshipped sun and moon, and later the Romans built a town and St. James preached Christianity. In all the villages from Muros to Camariñas may be heard the sound of bobbins as the women and girls, the *palilleiras*,[1] sit lace-making in the dark houses or in front of the door or on the *corredor* (balcony under the roof) or in the scant shade of the granary. The lace is of many kinds, and the plainest gives its maker but fifteen or twenty céntimos a *vara*, or about twopence a yard. On an average they earn between two and five pesetas a day, working ten hours and often much longer, but complain of the cost of the *carriles* (reels of thread). The greater part of the lace is made in the smaller villages and merely exported from Camariñas (some three million pesetas yearly).

In the sheltered calm of the Finisterre road one forgets all about the Coast of Death, which is the name given to the Galician coast from Vigo to Malpica and the Islas Sisargas. But one has no sooner passed the town of Finisterre and begun to mount the hill El Facho, past ancient yellow-lichened churches and crucifixes, to the Marconi station (where an Englishman, Mr. Alfred Lewis, is in command), than, even on a calm blue day, one begins to hear a great roaring of water, and sees lines of foam about the cliffs of the outer coast. The town of Finisterre bears traces of long isolation from the

[1] From *palo*, stick, *palillo*, little stick (bobbin). At Mugía it is pronounced and written *panilleira*.

world. Its houses appear to be miserable, its ill-kept streets are full of black water and rubbish. A few green apples and pears and huge round loaves of rye or maize constitute a market here; the best house seems to be that of the doctor. Many of the women are extraordinarily dark-complexioned, and have a sad, even lowering, almost sinister expression. The houses, which from the main street seem so low, are really of three storeys, as on their other side they descend to the sea-level.

At about a league to the north of Corcubión a path turns off the main Vimianzo and La Coruña road to Mugía, through wide moorlands in which ponies and brown cows graze, and the high-lying Gandras de Santa Mariña; here and there a small hamlet with slender granite belfry—Pereiriña, also called Feira Nova (Newmarket), Pasantes—a stream, a lane of blackberry hedge, honeysuckle, foxglove, lentisk, bell-heather. Occasionally, as at Morpeguite, the path becomes an almost impassable farmyard, or passes close against the window of a rustic inn, showing a group of peasants with great brown felt hats seated round a table at their midday meal of *caldo* and great hunks of maize.

Mugía is a grey and white little town (of some 1200 inhabitants), granite and whitewash, rocks and foam, on a narrow isthmus jutting out into the *ría* opposite Camariñas. It is wind-swept, and the roofs of tiles have rows of stones all along them, sometimes ten or twelve rows on one roof. On the inner side of the isthmus is blue sea and white sand; on the outer coast the sea roars and foams among

the rocks. Here St. James, according to tradition, first landed in Spain (a landing to be distinguished from that of his corpse at Padrón). As he landed lonely and defenceless on this inhospitable coast, the Virgin appeared to comfort and encourage him; the prints of her feet are still shown in the granite, and the stone on which she descended is preserved in the church of Nuestra Señora de la Barca, where the altar is a hymn carved in praise of the Virgin and her attributes, and many of its statues, especially St. Francis and St. Peter, have that living expression so common in Galician sculpture. This is a famous pilgrimage shrine,[1] and sides and roof, painted white, are seen from many leagues among the hills, whence the pilgrims come yearly with thank-offerings of the most various kinds. By the sea below the church are the hull and rudder of the ship in which St. James came, now turned to stone. The boat is a flat rock raised an inch or two from the rocky surface of the shore and with no visible means of support. At certain times it is seen to sway lightly. The sail is likewise preserved, also in stone, and people crawl beneath it, kiss the ground, and perform other rites held to be a certain cure for some diseases. Groups of simple fishermen come constantly to behold the shrine and its surrounding wonders, and the sea, too, here is a magnificent sight. A roaring of the sea is all about Mugía, the wind moans among the houses and rattles the shutters, and struggles to unroof the houses. The rocky soil produces little,

[1] See Rosalía de Castro, *Nosa Señora da Barca* in *Cantares Gallegos*, 1909 ed., p. 43.

but the hill above the town is crossed and re-crossed with loose property-dividing stone walls, and on the way to the shrine one passes tiny patches of soil close to the water's edge, similarly surrounded by four low walls.

Mugía has no telegraph or electric light, but the Coruña papers arrive on the day of publication by diligence or on horseback from Berdoya. The charm and desolation of the place and its surrounding country have been sung by the poet Don Gonzalo López Abente, who lives here. Camariñas, snugly hidden by a bend of the *ria's* coast, is quite close to Mugía if one goes by boat; by road it is a long day's journey. On the hills to the right stands the chapel of Nuestra Señora de Espina, a favourite pilgrimage place on September 21.

Camariñas and Mugía, both lace and fishing villages, maintain a strong rivalry. The Mugía fisherman who rows you across the *ría* will warn you that Camariñas has no streets, only *callejones*, and the landlady at Camariñas will wish to know at once if there were many *huéspedes* at the Mugía *fonda*—the inn of Tío Marcos. Camariñas, surrounded by pinewoods and clouds of seagulls, has sheltered gardens and orchards, vine-trellises, verbena. Sand invades the streets and houses and lies round the little chapel of Nuestra Señora del Carmen.

Five kilomètres away is Cabo Vilano (probably a corruption of Vilan). The lighthouse tower stands on a sheer rock of reddish-purple granite, at the foot of which the green sea foams and lashes

far below. Great belts of foam lie all along the coast. This, the most powerful light of the whole Coast of Death, was built some twenty years ago, as a result of the loss of the training-ship *H.M.S. Serpent*, wrecked on the cliff a little to the north. A tablet near Moore's tomb at Coruña and a memorial at Villagarcía record this awful tragedy, and old women at Camariñas cannot even now tell without tears of the sight of the shore strewn with bodies on the following day. A special cemetery was built on the coast for the English dead, and the curé of the neighbouring village of Brañas Verdes would see to the tending of the graves if a small present could be sent him yearly by the British Government. It is fascinating to climb the Cabo Vilán tower and see the small kernel of light, which by the aid of powerful reflectors is seen for over fifty sea-miles and which sends weird white ghosts stalking all night long across cliff and moorland.

From here one can see the light of Turiñan to the south and that of the Islas Sisargas to the north, embracing between them the most formidable stretch of this dangerous coast. The scene is wild and magnificent, and the mighty waters sound in many rocky bays and with *ronco estruendo* (the Spanish poet's equivalent of σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος) against long lines of perpendicular cliff, above which clumps of whin, heather and sea-pink are shorn and rounded by the wind The Ría de Camariñas, which goes up to the large village of El Puerto, reflects hills of granite crag and tall slender pines in its glassy surface. There are a few

scattered villages, of warm red-brown tiles and patches of whitewash, among the pines. A gleaming granite road cuts through pinewoods and purple moorland. Here and there a granite house or hovel stands among small plots of various green—maize, vine, cabbages—with rough walls of stones, the only other note of colour being the yellow pumpkins or maize-cobs and the golden kerchiefs of the women.

Presently a granite bridle-path goes across towards Lage through a splendid country of moor and pines, with a dozen tors of poised blocks of granite, purple and sheer, looking twice their real height against the clear turquoise sky. Not a house is in sight, but leagues away the peninsula of Mugía is clear, and a line of foam at the entrance of the Ría de Camariñas, and, the only building visible in a vast expanse of country, the snow-white roof of Nuestra Señora de la Barca, like a solitary splotch of snow on a high mountain-range in summer. It is seen again from above the picturesque little village of Retesinde, the houses of which are chimneyless granite hovels, uniformly grey, and often without windows; its streets are formed of black mud with islands of dry whin; its only inhabitants appear to be women, children and pigs, its only food maize-bread: the granite maize-ovens swell out from the wall of many of the houses. The church is seen again from the wooded hill above Pasarela, a scattered hamlet of poor houses, after which the way is through country as wild as could be desired: moors of heather and bracken, purple

and gold in September, and huge weird-shaped pillars and boulders of granite, from among which or from an occasional clump of dark pines comes a sinister cawing of crows in the utter silence.

Seen from the coast, the tors form a semicircle, wooded half-way up with pines, and small villages, Ras do Rio, Melgueiras, Boaño, lie along the coast above a wide sand bay and a reedy, sky-reflecting lagoon. The roaring of the waves is heard far inland among the hills, but in the deep ravines it is muffled on the sand. An old maroon-kerchiefed woman gathering seaweed was with the seagulls the only living thing on the sand. The inn of Melgueiras is merely a peasant's private house, entered through a court beneath a huge vine-trellis. On the granite hearth, with a single granite pillar at one side supporting the chimney, a black *ola* stood upon an iron tripod over blazing pine-twigs, with a mound of turf ash at the back. A chest served for table; many shallow olive-coloured glazed porringers from Buño were the principal crockery; a gun hung on the wall.

The people of Melgueiras, cut off from civilization, have a very cheerful air and are kindly, pleasant and simple; the chief event of their lives is a pilgrimage to Santiago. The woman of the inn had a deep piety and was delighted to be given a post-card of Nuestra Señora de la Barca; but her husband had been at Buenos Aires and had returned with superior, socialist and anti-clerical convictions. Adjoining their house is a large upper room where thirty or forty women make lace of an evening,

singing songs, accompanied by the more idle men, and on Sundays there is great dancing of *muiñeiras*.

A path to Lage, often not a foot from the cliff's edge, passes among seapinks and autumn crocuses above beautiful coves of transparent green water, white sand and purple seaweed. On a wider stretch of sand, girls, maroon kerchief, white bodice and scarlet skirt or grey bodice and skirt of lemon-green, were raking seaweed and loading ox-carts with it.

Lage, or Laxe, is a pleasant fishing village in a position similar to that of Mugía, on the inner side of a small isthmus, a couple of hundred houses, grey granite walls and red-brown roofs, with a large granite church immediately above the sea. On the other side of the *ría* opposite is larger and whiter Corme, steep on the hillside, with a look of Andalusian Grazalema. The coast is barren, except for a few pinewoods and here and there a ravine of meadows, bay trees and chestnuts. The fairest view of Corme is from near the mouth of the river Anllons or Anllones, on a day of north-east wind, with blue sky and white summer clouds, where the river winds and curves beneath white and sage-green sand-dunes, in shifting shades of purple, brown, green and blue, and, beyond, the waters of the intense sapphire bay break on the sand and about an islet of dark rock with a whiteness of snow.

For about a mile on either side of the village of Ponteceso the road is dark in pinewoods and the village is surrounded by pine-covered hills. The first thing one sees, close to the granite bridge

across the river Anllons, now famed in song, on which boats are continually loading timber, is the low, many-shuttered house of whitewash and granite that was the home of Eduardo Pondal, after Rosalía de Castro the greatest Galician poet of the nineteenth century. It has an entrance court paved with granite slabs and a tall granite crucifix outside the gate. In the court are two great orange trees laden with golden fruit, and above is a sloping garden and orchard, and by its side a dark pine-wood, which tells, without need of asking, that this is the house of the poet of *Queixumes dos Pinos*.

Some miles further on the little village of Buño on its hill is famous in this countryside for its pottery. It is all made by hand by some fifty potters (*oleros, alfareros*), each in his own cottage, working often alone, sometimes with one or even two assistants. From the road one can watch them at work sitting half hidden in a scaffolding of planks that conceal the wheel turned by their foot, so that the pots seem to form themselves miraculously beneath their hands in the twinkling of an eye. All the work is done at home with the exception of the baking, which is done in four or five great ovens or kilns above a slow fire of green whin. The clay is dug in small pits a couple of kilomètres away, on the road to Malpica, and there is a rosary of ox-carts into the village, with now and then a huge load of whin. The clay is carted in rough pieces like great sods and is of various colours: pure white, yellow, pinkish-yellow, pink-red, red and white, a beautiful amethyst, a darker purple;

it is sold at about eighteen reales (4·50 pesetas) the cartload. It is then broken up (*majado*) with large mallets in a room at the back of the house, sifted (*peñerado, cernido*) through a sieve and kneaded (*amasado*) like bread. All this work is usually done by the women of the potter's household, and in the same room is a small millstone for grinding the glazing mixture. The easily made *escudillas* (small porringers) and plain flower-pots give the most profit, for, although they sell for about a penny apiece, a single workman can turn out 300 of the latter and twenty dozen of the former in a good day's work; they cost little to bake and require none of the expensive glaze. The clay is very fine and very strong, and might be used for more artistic work.

Buño, a long row of white and brown houses along the road, with the grey church of San Esteban, is a charming village, peaceful and industrious, full of colour. In the summer evening an old woman came in bowed under a load of whin, another with maroon kerchief and scarlet skirt carried on her head a basket of golden and dark-green pumpkins; pumpkins also, white and light yellow, filled a cart drawn by brown oxen. A girl was all in dull brown and amethyst, a woman had a skirt half of scarlet, half of gorgeous orange, and others wore them of deep green. On the road to Carballo a priest was trotting along on a pony, his cassock tucked round his waist, displaying great black boots and brown velvet corduroy trousers. He wore a black Homburg hat and an umbrella hung like a sword at his side.

The neighbouring market-town of Carballo has a curious new church, which is seen from a great distance owing to its whitewashed roof built in a succession of domes. There is a good road of five leagues thence to Bayo through pinewoods and moors purple with heather. The little village of Valencia is hidden away a league off the road, near Coristanco. From the inn at Bayo, where one may wait for the motor-omnibus to Santiago (by Zas, Santa Comba, with its old church of San Pedro, and Portomouro), there is a characteristically Galician view, from the granite window above a vine-trellis, of maize-fields and pinewoods and low, dark-roofed houses of granite and whitewash, with a chapel above on the hill. On a still autumn day the doves flutter slowly about the grey verandas and a slight wind rustles among the yellowing *maizales*.

# V

## PONTEVEDRA

"Vinde vel-a, que vendo unha
Vedes cantas ten Galicia.
Todas elas son fermosas,
Todas elas son moi lindas!"

GONZALO LÓPEZ ABENTE,
*Alento da Raza* (Madrid, 1917), p. 85.

THE provinces of Pontevedra and La Coruña look at one another across the Ría de Arosa, the most famous of all the *rías*, whether *altas* or *bajas*. The railway crosses the *ría* at Ponte Cesures and from there to El Grove, at its entrance, Carril, Villajuan, Villagarcía, well known to British sailors, Villanueva, lie along its southern side. Fefiñanes is a cluster of fishermen's houses of granite, with a little square of primitive arcades opposite the large low palace formerly of the Condes de San Román and the church of San Bento, which belonged to the palace. This palace, with its crenellated towers and archway joining the two parts of its beautiful *quinta*, is now the property of Don Miguel Gil Casares, the well-known Professor of Medicine at Santiago University and brother-in-law of the Marqués de Figueroa, who owns a house near with a magnificent garden of planes, magnolias and eucalyptus, and another large house on the other side of Cambados, to which Fefiñanes is now joined.

Cambados parish church is that of San Francisco. It is a delightful town, with its long low granite houses and *paços*, surrounded by vineyards and granite walls topped with vines, across which is seen the blue-green water of the *ría;* a lane of such walls leads to the beautiful ruined arches of the church of Santa Marina.

In the evening, at the return of the fishing-boats, the quay is a busy scene, the white and golden kerchiefs of the women move against the rust-coloured sails, with here and there a scarlet skirt and the light blue coats of the fishermen. A little motor-launch goes to and from the island of La Toja.

The islands of the *ría* add greatly to its beauty, the little island of Cortegada, on which there was a project of building a palace for King Alfonso, the larger island of Arosa with pines and a few houses, the wilder island of Sálvora, and, most famous of all, little La Toja, a strip of sand, heather and pines now connected with El Grove and the mainland by a many-arched bridge. It is an island of health and peace, set in a scene of magic beauty: the sierras, dreaming mistily at midday, and showing their outlines more clearly in the evening's amethyst, the transparent tranquil water lit into sapphire and emerald by the southern sun. The views from the terraces of the palatial hôtel, with its celebrated thermal springs, are of great beauty. Opposite is Monte Barbanza, with the villages of Santa Eugenia de Ribeira and El Pueblo de Caramiñal fringing the

RUINS OF SANTA MARINA, CAMBADOS

*ría*, on the sea side the white town of El Grove, and on the land side opposite, in the distance, granite Cambados.

It is at La Toja that blind Eugenio, who considers himself a part of the place—has he not spent forty-four seasons there?—enchants the visitor with his bagpipe (*gaita*) and concertina and the Galician wit and malice of his conversation, as he plays lively *muiñeiras* and *riveiranas* and sings the *Chapiroli: Elas eran tres comadres:* the melancholy air covering the gay malicious words gives an effect irresistibly comic. The finest view of the great Hôtel of La Toja is from the road to Pontevedra, a little after leaving the cheerful villas and vines of El Grove. This is one of the most beautiful drives in all Galicia, along a good, narrow road through pines and heather. Here are vineyards and vine-trellises and tiny but massive houses of granite on the granite mountain-side; then one passes the small villages of Gondar and Gondariño and has a lovely view of the Ría de Pontevedra with softly pencilled line after line of mountain-ranges falling to the sea; and to the left a distant glimpse of the village of Armentera, with the exquisite ruins of its convent high in the sierra—the Sierra de Armentera, which appears smooth of outline from the Cambados side, more rugged from the Ría de Pontevedra.

At the white little town of Sanjenjo one arrives at the very edge of the *ría*, indescribably beautiful in its light blues and greys, delicate outlines of mountains, dark pines and calm crystal water. To

the left the village of Bordales appears high in the hills and that of Dorrón in a valley, then Rajo on the *ría* with its grey fishermen's houses, sea-gulls and nets a-drying on the rocks, and Semieira above it. Opposite is Marín, and between them the pine-dark island of Tamba.

A little further on comes Combarro,[1] one of the most picturesque towns of Galicia, a cluster of granite and whitewash, reflected in the water, with quaint narrow streets, tall granite crucifixes and trellised vines. The water all along the shore, below maize-fields, vineyards and clumps of pine, is transparent bright green and beryl, with purple seaweeds. Poyo, with the great convent of the Mercedarios, and Poyo Pequeño take one on to the house recently built for the late Señor González Besada, and so to Pontevedra.

Pontevedra, on the lovely river Lerez, is in a beautiful position at the head of the *ría*, a city of great antiquity and noble traditions. Columbus sailed from here in the Galician ship *La Gallega*, and many Galicians believe him to have been a native of Galicia. Certainly Pontevedra produced many other seamen of note. Its many fine private houses and public buildings recall its former splendour.[2]

[1] The derivation is uncertain, but cf. Portug. *combro* (= *cumulus*)—in Lisbon's *Calçada do Combro*—our " comb " (of cock, wave, hill), and Fr. *décombres*. " Combarro " and " accumulation " may be derived from the same Latin word.

[2] " Pontevedra que es el mayor pueblo de Galicia y de gente rica por la mayor parte."—Molina, *Descripción*, f. 26.

There in the convent of San Francisco lies the recumbent granite effigy of its founder, Admiral Gomez Chariño, one of the most charming of Galicia's thirteenth-century poets, whose verses have survived. The tomb occupies a prominent place in the church and has a long inscription well known to archæologists and difficult to decipher: *Aqui jaze el mui noble cauallero Payo Guomez Charino*, etc. From here there is a magnificent view, across trellised vines and the granite front of the church of San Bartolomé, of a country of chestnuts and fruit-trees descending into the valley and then up to purple and leaden hills, with houses, churches and chapels among pines, and pine-woods hanging from the steep mountain-sides.

The church of Santa María has a baroque façade from which look down most expressive faces, and, inside, a storeyed granite doorway: Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit, Adam and Eve being driven out of Eden, Adam delving with an *azadón*, Eve with a distaff spinning, and so forth. It has, further, a beautifully carved pulpit, supported by eight angels, the work of Señor Magariños of Santiago. There is also the convent of Santa Clara, of massive granite and green lattices; there are, above all, the graceful ruins of the church of Santo Domingo, recalling Lisbon's Carmo, and, like it, used as an archæological museum. The convent of Lerez stands a little apart, on a hill entirely covered with trellised vines propped on white granite posts. These trellises are so even that they merely seem to raise

the whole surface of the hill several feet, and under them darkened paths go down to the river Lerez, on the other side of which is a beautiful wood of eucalyptus, and to the right Pontevedra lies beneath mountains of outline delicately pencilled on the sky or fringed with pines. The Lerez, transparent amber beneath the bridge at Pontevedra, here flows dark under woodland.

Pontevedra has much else of interest. Who would not linger in the gardens of Don Alejandro Mon or in the fascinating private library of Don Casto Sampedro? Under the buttresses of massive San Bartolomé a path goes down to a little square where the baskets of fruit and vegetables are set on the ground, and white, black and gold kerchiefs bend over them, and little narrow old streets with pillared *soportales* go out in all directions. The Calle de Rua Alta, narrow, paved with slabs of granite, is delightful in the irregularity of these old arcades. On either side their round pillars of granite are all scrupulously whitewashed. The *Plaza de la Constitución* is surrounded by pollard acacias, with low arcades and shops and little wooden stalls under great faded blue umbrellas.

From Pontevedra one may have a pleasant drive to Marín, on the left coast of the *ría*, but it is preferable to take the old and shaky *tranvía* for fourpence. Vines are everywhere, they even climb triumphant over great boulders above the *ría* and cover the granite houses and form blue-green awnings in trellis, with long cool avenues beneath. The

shape of Tamba Island is more conical now than seen from the opposite shore, and must often have reminded Don Eugenio Montero Rios of a ministerial hat. His long, low house, with splendid woods of eucalyptus, is at Lourizan, on the mainland.

Marín, under a hill of vine-trellis, chestnut and pine, is a town of many-windowed, pleasant, irregular houses; they are whitewashed, and maroon is the favourite colour for the shutters and balconies. It has steep granite-slabbed streets and its market is crowded in autumn with figs, grapes, chestnuts, pimentos, pumpkins, and sweet acorns. The women are of the Greek type, with delicate, handsome features, pronounced nose and thin wrinkles. Most of the dresses are dark blue, black, yellow, green, as also the shawls worn crossover fashion, but there are also some light greens and purples and the kerchiefs are white or cream or gold.

The twelve kilomètres from Marín to Bueu have fewer houses than the opposite shore, but there are heavenly bays of white sand and transparent water, light blue, light green, beryl, amber in the sunshine, with purple seaweed and little rocky coves. Paths through the pinewoods go steeply down to the water's edge or to rocks and cliff, covered with ivy, blackberry brambles, periwinkles, lentisk, heather, and whin. The water of the silver and sapphire bay laps and washes round the rocks or sleeps on the sand with an occasional long-drawn sigh. At the narrowing entrance, where the *ría*, dotted with seagulls and the white sails of fishing-boats, is guarded by the

Ons islands, the horizon is faintly golden between softly outlined mountains. Inland, from Pontevedra to Vigo, the country is full of interest, a country of trellised vines and maize-fields. Near Arcade a chapel stands on the bare summit of a lofty mountain shaped somewhat like the Pico Sacro.

At Puente Sampayo, famous in history, the Ría de Vigo begins, with small islands and valleys of bare mountains recalling Scotland. The Ría de Arosa seemed the most beautiful of all the *rías*, then the Ría de Pontevedra; now the Ría de Vigo: it is very difficult to award the apple. Charming Redondela lies close to the water's edge, and on the opposite shore a bare, rugged mountain range, brown-purple, is reflected in the *ría*.

Vigo is not content with the beauty of its position and its delightful climate, but teaches the lesson, apparently forgotten by all the world, that happiness consists not in wealth or idleness, but in work done with a will. There is a look of purpose in men's faces and signs of cheerful activity everywhere. It is the boast of Vigo's citizens that no one is idle there. Not many years ago it was a little town of ten thousand inhabitants, now it has over sixty thousand. Its houses, streets, shops, theatres, the Avenidas, the Calle del Príncipe of asphalt, with a mere hemstitch of iron to divide the side pavements, and its long central chain of hanging lamps, need not fear comparison with those of any city in Europe. The masonry is excellent and the construction of the buildings, of white granite, is very sensible and

solid. Even the granite will not keep out the damp of the south-west sea wind, frequent in winter, and on that side many of the houses are entirely windowless and covered with pitch (its local name is *piche*), which gives them a curiously funereal appearance, seen from El Castro.

All the hillsides round Vigo for many miles are dotted with small farms, and as the workmen of the city are mostly drawn from these farms they are not easily amenable to the doctrines of Bolshevism. The record of crimes at Vigo is a low one, in spite of the fact that drunkenness is not unknown; the town is peaceful and its industries but seldom interrupted by strikes. The principal industry is that of preserving fish; the factories line the shore from Vigo to Bouzas, each providing a busy scene, with scores of girls at work among the pits of oils and salt and cubic granite stones used for pressing down the tins. The boats—mostly motor launches, for the old-fashioned sailing-boats (*xeitos*) and rowing-boats (*trainas*) tend to disappear—come in at evening, and the salting and packing of fish goes on far into the night, the pounding of long blocks of ice with heavy wooden rammers (*pisones*) forming a continual bass to the shrill clamour of the women's voices. In another hall clusters of men and women with lamps and candles spread out the fish for auction.

To fall thoroughly in love with Vigo one must see it first from the sea or climb to the little snowy hermitage of La Virgen de la Guia above Los Caños.

August 5 is the day of its pilgrimage, when crowds of people go up early to this whitewashed chapel of boulder and granite and spend the rest of the day merrily among the trees below. But on ordinary days some poor woman, a fisherman's wife perhaps, will come with a long candle wrapped in paper. This she unwraps and lights and goes all round the chapel—some fifty yards—on her knees, holding the lighted candle. This chapel has one of the most beautiful views in Spain. To the north-east the rocky valleys at the head of the *ría* and the chapel above Arcade, and in the *ría* the little island of San Simon, a long low line with the lazaretto:

Sedia-me na ermida de San Simon.[1]

At the entrance of the *ría* lie the two dark, sharply outlined Cies islands, guarding it from the Atlantic. The longest has something the air of a recumbent mummy of Egypt, and from its foot, many hundreds of feet above the sea, a revolving light flashes out at night. Some would identify the Cies with the ancient Cassiterides. The setting sun turns all the bay between them and Vigo into gold. On the further shore of the *ría* are the white houses of Moaña, and a range of mountains of charming, rather rugged outline extends to Cangas, at night a long line of lights along the *ría*. On the Vigo side the mountain is starred with small white houses among pines, and the thin lines of blue smoke go up like an evening sacrifice. There is the village

[1] See Appendix I. No. 6.

of Teis, with its small grey church, and the bay of Vigo, with its serried houses above, and, behind, the beautiful mountain-range rising to the peaks of El Galiñeiro and the more imposing though really lower Monte del Alba, crowned by the chapel of Our Lady of the Dawn.

On the extreme right the Castro dominates the old part of the town, and at night the long row of lights of Bouzas appears beyond. The chapel of La Guia is one of seven sister chapels on the hills (Arcade, Alba, etc.). There is a fine view of Vigo and the surrounding country from the fort of El Castro, now occupied by a regiment of artillery: the red and grey roofs, great clumps of pines, chestnuts, and eucalyptus, evidently the embryo of a mightier city which will cover hill and shore, the western rival of Barcelona.

Below the Monte del Alba is the little village of Valladares, and more immediately above Vigo a bell rings slowly from a Capuchin convent on the hill. Below the Gate of the Sun (close to which is the Passage of the Dawn) the fishing-boats come in to the quay beneath the ancient part of the town, the Ribera de Berbés. This is a wonderful sight in the evening and at night. Steam launches arrive one after the other, laden with sardines, *merluza* (cod), red *fanecas* (whiting-pout) and many other kinds; a crowd of women, many of them with lighted candles, clean or examine the fish, and charcoal fires light up the faces of fishermen just returned from the sea and preparing to cook their evening

meal. A crowd of figures moves along the quay in a thick atmosphere of tar and fish between a wood of the masts of fishing-boats and the dark arches of the low arcades, with balconies above covered with nets, sails, ropes and clothes. Under the arcades men sit mending nets or baskets or making boxes for the fish, and there are little taverns, dark and deep as tunnels. Storey above storey of houses stand apparently one on top of the other, forming huge skyscrapers, though made as it were by Nature, and all the windows are aglow with light, so that it is a magical, fascinating scene. Halfway up a caterpillar of light, which must be an electric tramcar, passes along from time to time.

By day this old part of Vigo is somewhat disappointing, as the houses are mostly dingy and colourless. The kerchiefs of the women are chiefly white, cream or gold, their dresses of much-washed purple, blue or green. At Cabral Greek-nosed market-women coming up from Vigo market came into the tavern for a meal of cold sardines, bread and wine, and a man, vaguely reminiscent of a bronze seen in some museum, was smashing *croques* (hard shell-fish) with a fearful crunch of his perfect teeth and eating them raw, with a glass of wine.

The country between Vigo and Bayona is of great variety and beauty. There are gardens of many flowers, roses and honeysuckle among vine-trellises; dahlias, camellias, and chrysanthemums; chapels, churches, dovecotes on the hills; low houses with the roof projecting in front and supported from

the ground by whitewashed granite pillars, forming a kind of porch or *alboyo* all along the house. The village of San Pelayo is on the right, and to the left mountain gorges go up to Valladares and the chapel of La Virgen del Alba above.

Apparently one is quite inland, but great troops of seagulls circle above, and in a few minutes a beautiful white sandy cove is in sight, with pine-woods on either side of it, and, beyond a hill of low houses and vines, the sheer rock of the Cies. One sees from here how the mistake of calling them three instead of two islands could arise, as the larger one is composed of two halves of mountain united by a strip of white sand. Further on the village of Corujo is surrounded by pines and great orange trees loaded with fruit, and San Miguel de Oya extends its scattered houses along the *ría* : sometimes they are so low that only the blue smoke indicates a roof among the vine-trellises, or they cluster white at the water's edge with the tiny green island of Torralla opposite.

The blue waters of Vigo's bay—

Ondas do mar de Vigo

are seen now through the tall stems of pine-woods, now through orchards of peach and orange, or across vineyards crimson in autumn. To the left the craggy mountains of granite are covered with dark mantles of pines.

After San Miguel de Oya the road descends through pinewoods to the valley and villages of the Ría de

Ramallosa. A splendid circle of bare rocky sierra throws into relief the fertile plain of maize and pine and all the fruits of the earth, and its scattered houses, with here and there a huge tufted pine or a tall palm or magnolia or cypress or eucalyptus. The village of Ramallosa lies below, with an old bridge for beauty and a new bridge for use; Nigran stands on the hill above. All along this road from Vigo there are signs of busy active life, and the very donkeys, with their hook-shaped panniers, seem to step out at a brisk pace.

Bayona[1] is a long line of houses, with glass verandas or large windows, along the quay and *ría*, and beneath the crenellated fortifications of the old Bayona (Bayona's hold, immortalized by Milton), which a former deputy for Vigo, Elduayen, who became Minister of Finance, and Marqués del Pazo de la Merced, bought for 6000 *duros*, a little over £1000. He built a large house in this delightful position—an almost island at the entrance of the *ría*. The drive from the lodge goes steeply up, bordered by aloes and red geraniums, along the old crenellated wall. From above there are splendid views of the Cies, of the entrance of the Ría de Vigo, of the Ría de Ramallosa, the bare brown headland of Monteferro and the Sierra de Tuy, of the villages of San Pedro and Panjón across the *ría*, and, immediately opposite, to the south, the colossal granite statue of the Virgin (La Virgen de las Rocas) recently

[1] Molina (f. 25) says that "el puerto de la villa de Vayona es el que más nauios tiene a la contina."

(1916) erected above the cliff. There are many dark alleys and ancient archways and steps descending to the Torre del Príncipe and other forts and towers in the sea, which roars loudly on one side and gently plashes on the other. A house below the "palacio" is called the Casa de Pedro Madruga.

One may go from Bayona to Tuy by the direct mountain road or along the coast to La Guardia and Camposancos. The latter road is crushed in between the sea and mountains, which descend in dark ridges (sometimes continued in islands) and form rocky coves.

Santa Maria de Oya is the largest village before La Guardia. Its great ruinous, yellow-lichened convent stands below at the end of a little bay, the sea dashing against the rough quay in front of the convent wall. It formerly belonged to the Benedictines, but has now been granted to the Jesuits, who have undertaken the costly work of restoring it. It will make a splendid *colegio*, far indeed from "el mundanal ruido." It has a cloister like that of Samos and many interesting ceilings (in the sacristy, the *sala capitular*, etc.) of varied pattern. At the side is a little *patio* of camellias and a tall palm. Far above is a great wing of bare mountains, granite and bracken, with a belt of pines along the base.

The road thence to La Guardia is at the foot of great pinewoods and craggy granite sierras now running parallel to the sea. On the other side the sea roars on the rocks. There are one or two

tiny groups of grey houses. Cattle, sheep, goats and Galician ponies graze high up, sometimes in the clouds. The crimson kerchief of a little shepherdess is the only note of bright colour, but the white foam, blue sky, green pines and grey-purple pine-trunks and sierra are resting and delightful.

La Guardia is a prosperous town with good houses and pleasant gardens, and guarding the entrance of the Miño on the right stands Monte Tecla, covered half-way up with pines. The road from La Guardia to Tuy is strewn with little villages in fruit-trees and vines: Tamuja, Tabagón, Goyán, Tomiño, Forcadela, Torrón. The oranges ripen in October, and round the villages is a dark fringe of pinewoods, while green pastures and corn-lands lie along the Miño, here a wide river. The more direct road to Tuy passes along the *ría*, where the seaweed lies thick on the sand, and on the other side houses and vines clamber up the mountain-side. The houses are thick along the road; Burgo, with the chapel of Santa Marta, Ladeira, Sabariz and then Ramallosa, at the head of the *ría*, where the fertile valley of the river Miñor (Valle Miñor) begins, in its splendid horseshoe of high mountains. At the village of Mañufe is a school, more like a convent in size, to which children, often barefoot, come many kilomètres along the road.

Gondomar is a little town of red- and brown-washed houses in the centre of pine-covered hills and mountains. The road then ascends through pinewoods across the sierra to Tuy. An older way,

of rough granite, goes up to the scattered houses of Couso in granite-propped vines, from which there is a magnificent view of valley and mountains and the Cies islands, which from here seem to enclose the *ría* in a lake. From above Couso the road descends along a bare, most shelterless mountain-side, the only house in ten kilomètres being that of a *peón caminero*. Then, a mile or so from Tuy, the little village of Rengufe lies in the hills among vines and fruit trees.

The view of Tuy cathedral from this road as one enters the town is most striking, and with its crenellated towers one would take it for a fortress but for its two rose windows. From Valença there is but one rose window visible and, the distance being greater, this may be imagined to be a great cannon defending the fortress. One thinks there can be no level space in the town, but the Calle de Elduayen, commonly known as La Corredera, is a wide, level street, with delightful shady trees.

The old town clambers picturesquely up from the Miño. Some of the streets below the old, vine-covered wall of the town are as quaint and irregular as those of any village. In one the houses are but six or eight feet high and the deep ruts made by ox-cart wheels are visible in the granite. Another is barely a yard wide and suffers the passage of no ox-carts. Others are a little broader and clean and paved regularly with granite. With their white-washed houses on a day of blue sky one might be in some poor quarter of Seville. Here is a projecting

roof of tiles, there a moss-grown wall topped with a great vine or a white house-front with small iron balcony. Immediately above the broad and placid Miño are gardens of orange-trees and vine-trellises, and especially in the evening, when the river reflects the sunset sky, it is a lovely scene. From the seats of the charming, shady *plaza* in front of Santo Domingo the river is seen, with its scanty fringe of poplars, and a blue line of mountains to the left; in front the mountains of Portugal and white houses of Valença, and to the right the hanging gardens and churches and steep houses of Tuy, crowned by the massive dark towers of the cathedral.

Santo Domingo has some very interesting architecture and sculpture, a closed-up rose window and a doorway of much-worn granite figures, and, inside, ancient tombs and slender chancel windows. Immediately above it is the long building of the Seminario and the Canton de Diomedes (the name recalls the tradition that Tuy was founded by Greek settlers and derives its name from Tydeus) goes steeply up to the Corredera. The cathedral has a noble cloister with tall, plain outer pillars and inner arches of double pillars with beautifully carved capitals: its granite, one would think, was soft as chalk. There is much beauty and variety of sculpture here and in the interior of the cathedral, and there is fine carving in the sacristy and the stalls of the choir. The Bishop's palace projects on to the taller pillars. One side of this cloister is green with damp and all is barbarously whitewashed.

A small market is held in the Calle de Elduayen : brown earthenware pots and jars, vegetables in heaps on the ground and a long line of reed *coroças*, straw-coloured, which, when worn over the head, with two capes reaching to the feet, give the wearer something of the look of a Red Indian ; but if he is bending over his work in the fields the reeds rise up and he looks like a great bristling porcupine.

From Vigo to Mondariz is but a short journey. After Porriño, a pleasant little town of arcaded streets and granite houses, the scenery becomes more striking than any yet seen in Galicia. The purple sierras of great granite boulders tower above the dark green of pine-forests ; small granite houses, massive and chimneyless, are half-hidden in vine-trellises which are sometimes taller than the houses and hang their tapestry of brown and crimson and purple below the pines. The granite posts, usually white, on which they are supported, more rarely have a pink or topaz or yellow hue, and the white road of many curves throws into relief the rich harmony of colour. It is the wine-country of El Condado. The men wear the small dark *boina*. The kerchiefs of the women are red, maroon or mulberry-colour, their dresses dull purple or brown or scarlet. Under the gigantic boulders of the mountains tiny hamlets, Gabadiña and others, snatch scanty plots of vine or maize or cabbages from the barren steep.

Puenteareas is a group of granite houses covering a hill above the Tea, here crossed by a beautiful old

bridge, and surrounded by vines, with a magnificent view of rugged sierras. Mondariz, a few miles distant, is especially delightful in early autumn, when the colouring everywhere, sierras, pinewoods, trellised vines and maize-fields, has an added intensity and the greater part of the water-drinkers, who flock during the summer to its famous springs, have departed. The founder of Mondariz, Dr. Sabino Enrique Peinador, only died in 1917, but besides the great hôtel of the Peinadors, there is already a village of smaller hôtels of dark granite, with pinewoods, peace and mountains all round them. Even the great hôtel, despite the huge size of its dining-room, concert-room and other halls and its spacious staircase, gives a feeling of comfort and homeliness, and outside it is less like an hôtel than like a country house with an English park and delightful gardens. Far above in the mountains appears the castle of Sobroso, where memories of Doña Urraca still linger. The Fonte de Gándara, where the water pours forth white and effervescent, like soda-water, is immediately opposite the hôtel, in a round portico of granite pillars which is to be roofed over with glass. The other spring, the Fonte de Troncoso, is further away, at the very edge of the Tea. A path goes along this gentle trout stream, which flows darkly beneath hazel, alder and sycamore; the purple crocus flowers in autumn under the oaks, and in spring the place is musical with birds. Mondariz might be Scotland or Cumberland but for an occasional *maizal*, the intense blue of the sky and

the many-hued autumn tapestry of the vines, propped on pillars of white granite, and thoughts of Duddon come to mind as one crosses the Tea by stepping-stones.

Villar, on the right bank, maintains a splendid independence in its sheltered corner above the river, and the eyes of an old, thick-whiskered, white-faced peasant narrowed as he spoke of his vines and his maize-fields and of how he would not sell. The low granite houses are half-hidden in maize and vine-trellis, the steep paths and rough walls are of granite, and the blue smoke lingers above the vine-covered roofs of brown-red tiles.

All the left bank belongs to the Peinadors. Their *finca* at Pias again recalls an English estate, in its half-wildness and fine show of flowers, but the cows are kept by dark, Irish-looking girls. There is a farm, a museum, a lake, a cascade; there are great vine avenues on posts of white granite, paths rusty-brown with needles under pines or through bamboos, whin, broom and blackberry along the river, yellowing planes and acacias, bracken, bell heather, cistus. Granite Mondariz and its flowers and wild magnificent scenery is not the least among the jewels of Galicia's crown. The drive to Salvatierra is beautiful. The vines surge round house and chapel and sometimes chimneyless roofs of tiles are but a brown patch in the bright vine-tapestry, trellised all about them at the same height as the roof. The women about here carry water on their heads in brown or purple gourds. At Salvatierra

the scenery is scarcely less beautiful, but less abrupt than at Mondariz. The mountains across the Miño in Portugal are softer, blue and brown, and vines and great reed-hedges go down to the river's edge.

## VI

### ORENSE

"O sol y-o mar á montaña
Moito lle poden querer:
Coroall' o sol a testa
E bicall' o mar os pes.

ANTONIO NORIEGA VARELA,
*D'O Ermo* (Orense, 1920), p. 29.

THE city of Orense, brown, many-windowed, in a mountainous country, is full of interest itself and rich in the beauty and interest of the surrounding country. The villages in the hills spread their purplish-brown, chimneyless, irregular roofs of tiles in delightful clusters, and in autumn the country is all a glory and triumph of vine-leaves, purple and crimson and hectic red. Above Orense is the ancient convent of San Francisco, with a large and beautiful cloister, having double pillars on each of the four sides, with no two capitals alike. The convent is now used as a barracks, and the Franciscan monks live at Vistahermosa, on the other side of Orense. From the rough-paved chapel, lit by scores of candles for some *novena*, comes the sound of singing, and from the barracks the less religious singing of soldiers. The religious and profane mingle similarly just below, where a tall granite crucifix

stands by a little drinking booth, and from there rough steps go steeply down to the stone stairway of the Calle de la Estrella and a labyrinth of narrow, picturesque old streets lit with electricity. The tall houses are partly whitewashed and have open *corredores* high up beneath the roof. All these streets have kept their old *castizo* names: the Street of Forgetfulness (*del Olvido*), of Spring (*de la Primavera*), of Bitterness (*de la Amargura*), of Peace (*de la Paz*), the Little Square of the Angel (*Plazuela del Angel*), the *Plazuela del Corregidor*. The Street of the Bird (*del Pájaro*) leads to a square where the girls fill their beautiful handleless Maceda pitchers, dark brown-red or yellow, at the fountain.

On the gateway of the cemetery near the convent of San Francisco is the Osera inscription:

> "El termino de la vida aquí la veis,
> El destino del alma segun obreis."
> (The ending of your life here may you see,
> But as your deeds so your soul's destiny.)

Above the door of an old granite house in the town is the curious inscription—the same as that written in iron letters on the outer gate of Santa María de Olivera at Ribadavia:

> "Nadie entrará en este umbral sin decir por su
> Bida María fué concebida sin pecado original."[1]

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[1] It is really a quatrain:

> "No one this house shall enter in
> Unless with all his heart he say,
> And ready be to swear alway,
> That Mary conceived was without sin."

Some of Orense's houses, of solid granite, with great coats-of-arms, look as if they must last for ever, and next door to such a house is often a white-washed house of projecting wood and plaster which looks as if it must crumble forthwith into dust. Not much of the city is level. Even the roughly cobbled squares are a steep ascent; they have noble fountains, two of which come from the ruined convent of Osera, and are surrounded by tall houses, with plants and chairs in the sunny open spaces below the roofs. Everywhere there are glimpses of colour and quaintness. Here an old thin, white-faced, many-wrinkled woman is at work in a vine-yard, her crimson silken kerchief appearing and disappearing among the vines, there a woman carries on her head three loaves of rye-bread, large as cart-wheels; and there are little markets on the cobbles and under the arcades. The red, brown, orange or yellow shawls of the women begin with the first chestnuts of autumn.

Orense, say the peasants, is made by the villages, and twice a month this cathedral city suffers an invasion of peasants, an uninterrupted rosary of carts, donkeys, cattle, pigs along all the roads. The Plaza Mayor and certain of the streets are dense with long-smocked or brown-coated peasants, some of them from fifty kilomètres and more away, and

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The ordinary form on entering a house was (and in some regions still is) for the newcomer to say *Ave María Purísima*, to which the answer from within is *Sin pecado concebida*. *Bida* is, of course, for *vida*.

women with kerchiefs of white, gold, crimson, scarlet, maroon, and mulberry; the streets are ploughed into mud, and the jaded shop-assistants, especially the mercers and grocers, are at their wits' end throughout the day, for a purchase made by a single thrifty and suspicious Galician peasant is no light matter, and when there are scores of them the thing becomes a nightmare. This invasion of peasantry also accounts for the numerous chemists' shops, prominent here as in other Galician towns, and sometimes splendid, with a wooden gallery running round the shop above.

The chief sights of Orense are the cathedral, the beautiful ancient bridge across the Miño and the hot springs called Las Burgas. The water gushes out continually in great abundance and is so hot that one may not keep one's hand in it for more than a moment, and poor men sleep along the granite edge of the fountain to keep warm. The church of Santa María has a Roman inscription and four very ancient Corinthian pillars of rare Galician marble. The cathedral is a fine massive building which does not attempt to soar, but has, rather, something of the character of a fortress. Its interior, for lack of coloured glass, is grey as a Galician winter, but in the dark, magnificently mysterious chapel of the famous thirteenth-century Christ (an image with long hair, parchment-covered limbs and a shirt of velvet and gold) there are dull gleams of gold and here and there wood carving in strong relief. Fifteen silver lamps and two miniature ships

hang before this greatly venerated image, in front of which burns a dim lamp. The treasures of the cathedral are the first book printed in Galicia and the silver-gilt cross by Enrique de Arfe which has recently been restored and loaded with gems. It is excessively ornate, but the detail, especially that of the *custodia*-like lower part, is very fine.[1] The cathedral has an imitation *Pórtico de la Gloria*, but the colouring is crude and the expression of the faces unsuccessful. The prophet Daniel is still laughing, but, having nothing to look at, his laugh degenerates into a grimace.

The streets on the outskirts of Orense are bordered by walls of great, sometimes cyclopean blocks of brown granite, in which grow bay and ivy, and a tumbled shock of brambles or vines sprawls along the top. All round are mountains of granite boulders and pine trees, and closer to the city plots of untrellised vines, great yellow and red patches with high granite walls and *congostras* (paths for ox-carts) between them. On the side opposite Monte Alegre the mountains are fringed with pines, and scattered dark-brown houses, with here and there a cypress or chestnut tree or ivied granite walls, dot the hillside among the granite-propped vine-trellises.

Monte Alegre is a little wilder. A path, from which one sees the cathedral gathering the houses about it as a hen her chickens, passes up to Rairo in a hollow, a little village of flat chimneyless roofs,

[1] For an excellent photograph of both sides see Bibliography, No. 60.

just a dark-brown patch on the mountain-side. Then a granite path ascends under pines and arbutus, sometimes rust-coloured under pines, sometimes red with fallen berries of arbutus. The scene is so wild and solitary that one might be far from any town. Not a house is in sight, but the bells of the cathedral of Orense ring out faintly. A tiny girl with a huge scarlet kerchief is keeping brown cows in a small meadow and an old woman with pin-like eyes and many wrinkles, wearing a white kerchief and a dark blue crossover, is cutting cabbage-leaves near the village of Granja, a line of brown roofs in among boulders, some of which are blackened by the smoke from the roof; a tiny white chapel crowns the hill. An angelus sounds, the hills of granite boulders darken and the tufted heads of tall single pines grow black on the mountain-side.

Orense's chief street and favourite promenade is the Calle Paz y Novoa, commonly known as La Travesía; the public gardens, of plane, magnolia and pollard-acacia among flowers, are charming. It is significant that Orense, one of the most intellectually active cities of Galicia, has but two daily newspapers, and both of them are Conservative. One in ten of the inhabitants is said to be a poet, but Don Marcelo Macías and Don Benito Alonso, both of them devoted to their city and its neighbourhood, prove to all the world that archæology is not neglected. Honour is done to the illustrious dead; Concepcion Arenal has a statue there, and an inscription marks the house where Saco y Arce lived and died.

The crowded Café Royalty is often a literary *tertulia*, especially on the 7th of each month, when the poet Señor Noriega Varela comes down from his village to see his friends. Then conversation, coffee and laughter are prolonged far into the night, till the impatient owner, as the clock strikes one, abruptly turns out the light, whereupon the domino-players each light a match to finish their game, and the dominoes look like a funeral procession with flaring torches.

The motor services to and from Orense are so arranged that one must always leave Orense in the afternoon, with the result that one is obliged to spend the night in all kinds of quaint and delightful places, in the *fonda* of Señor Colín at Bande, or the inn of Señor Felipe at Ginzo de Limia, where the courteous Castilian innkeeper of eighty dines with his guests and laments the times that he remembers, when eggs sold at four *cuartos* (the *cuarto* = a farthing) the dozen; or in the house of Señor Gregorio at Cea, where the rafters of the kitchen and dining-room in one are barely six feet high and a fine ebony from the smoke, and cats, dogs, chickens and flies abound, and four hospitable women in black bend over black pots among oak logs and flaring pine-needles.

It is in the country between Orense and Celanova that the autumn vines are seen at their best, brown, purple, all shades of yellow, from deep orange to faintest gold, scarlet, crimson and every hue of wine, white or red. Sometimes they seem like carefully

sorted chrysanthemums in plots of one colour, or they stand mixed like fields of flowering dahlias. Sometimes they glow among pines or oakwoods, or break in triumphant colour among dark whin and heather, or are beautifully varied with a sprinkling of tall blue cabbages. The humble cabbage has never yet received its due of appreciation, but their soft dull blue seen among the gorgeous vine-leaves calls aloud for an artist to paint them.

The little town of Celanova is built round the huge granite, yellow-lichened convent, now a college of the Escolapios, in a fruitful valley. This mighty convent has some fine cloisters and the carving in the church is very beautiful. The long dormitories, with their red or white curtains, are very clean, airy and pleasant. The *camarero* Constantino has been there over thirty years, the porter over twenty years, facts worth noting in these dismal days of change. Even more interesting than the convent itself is the tiny chapel of San Miguel in its *huerta*, with its horseshoe arches. Celanova was the birthplace of Manuel Curros Enriquez, one of the chief Galician poets of the nineteenth century, and his house of plain granite, with two storeys of three windows each and a window on either side of the door, has a marble inscription.[1] The Virgen d'o Cristal, which forms the subject of one of his poems, is on the road between Celanova and Orense.

[1] " En esta casa nació el 15 de Sepbre de 1851 el eminente poeta Manuel Curros Enriquez. Murió en la Habana el 7 de Marzo de 1908."

By the side of this road the river Arnoya flows in broad, foaming falls and narrow, dark-green currents. Most of the houses of Celanova are taller than that of Curros Enriquez and the upper storeys project so that they afford shelter from the rain above the door. There are splendid chestnut groves round Celanova and views of mountains everywhere, line upon line of hills, brown and green, or leaden blue and purple above Orense, or fading away in the Sierra de Lindoso towards Portugal.

Beyond Celanova the country soon becomes more and more barren, and after a long climb up to the Puerto de Veira there is a long descent to the little granite town of Bande, and between Bande and Porto Quintela the country is desolate moorland through which a small river in its granite bed passes after rain in one long, rushing torrent. In autumn yellow maize-cobs and pumpkins bask ripening on the walls and verandas in the villages, many of which have queer dissyllabic names, as Loiro, Sordo. Some silver birch trees stand on the moors among bronze patches of bracken. On a rainy day, when the clouds lift, the distant hills are intensest purple. The peasants wear their reed *coroças* against the rain, which glides off them when new (sometimes half green), but many of them are old and sodden. They also wear great straw hats with a black ribbon hanging at the back, made, like the capes, by the peasants themselves.

A friendly tavern-keeper who had gone to buy wine at Orense offered a lift and shelter from the

rain in his light covered cart, which he had himself made. A pleasant, ingenious man, he had been in Cuba and returned with most grateful memories of two Englishmen and an Irishman, Señor Amalio (= O'Malley). His little dog trotted at the side of the cart in the torrential rain; being a dog of fixed habits, no weather could ever induce him to enter the cart, nor would he ever eat white bread, although he grinned with a most human air of satisfaction when thrown pieces of maize-bread.

Portugal dents deeply into Spain on either side of the road beyond Bande. In about ten kilomètres one comes to Baños de Bande, with its hot springs, and to Santa Comba de Bande, with its celebrated church, which is the real object of this expedition. The little church is built of blocks of granite; inside, its horseshoe arch is supported on two low marble pillars with Corinthian capitals.

Another delightful expedition from Orense is to San Pedro de Rocas. One passes little villages of granite, mostly without whitewash or mortar, with little black squares for windows and here and there an ancient tower or granite paço or slender belfry. A stream rushes brawling in a deep granite ravine to the left of the road, with little mills of Cyclopean blocks or boulders of granite, and the village of Cebollino stands in tiers of houses on the hillside.

At Pinto on the 9th of every month is a market, one of those *ferias* which are among the curious sights of Galicia. Great spaces of more or less level granite are thick with peasants and strewn with

pitchers from Maceda, pigs and baskets of fruit. Ponies and donkeys are tied all along the walls, and every colour of kerchief, from bright orange to deep maroon, moves to and fro, the only light shades being white and gold. The scene is thrown into relief by the grey surrounding country of moor, oak and whin.

The granite houses of Esgos are surrounded by mighty chestnuts. Stone steps go up from the street or from a court or porch to the veranda, supported by granite posts from the roof, with a second colonnade below, or on corbels of granite. Plants—hydrangeas, geraniums—or scarlet blankets or strings of yellow maize-cobs hang from the grey balustrades. Above the chestnuts are pines, and above the pines tower mountains of magnificent boulders of granite, all purple, with bronze-coloured spaces of bracken. One is conical, another shaped like a smaller Mount Pindo.

On the other side of the village the tops of the mountains, formed by poised granite boulders, take fantastic shapes, with wooded ravines here and there, and brown-roofed Cachamuiños lies below chestnut-groves. Nothing could be more beautiful than the colouring above Esgos in autumn. A broad white granite path is bordered with low, rough walls of stone, green with moss, below which flower quantities of pale purple crocuses or tufts of bell heather. At either side grow holm-oak, broom, and silver birch. Through the yellow-green of chestnut trees and the dark green of pines is seen the sky of

intense turquoise and the purple and bronze of the sierra.

There is a breathless silence in the wild country of whin and heather and granite boulders through which one passes up to San Pedro de Rocas. A magnificent circle of towering castellated peaks of granite boulders, like giants' castles and almost oppressive in their sheerness, opens on one side to disclose sierra after sierra of distant blue and grey mountains beyond Orense. At certain hours these peaks are a gorgeous purple, at other times an almost white grey. A few oaks, silver birch and pines take shelter in the ravines below them.

The curious ancient church of San Pedro, of granite and whitewash, is half built of rock and stands with the priest's house immediately below a precipitous cliff of granite. Steps lead to its belfry up a rock which forms an arch with the wall of the church. Inside the church there are chapels hewn out of the rock, on the wall outside is an ancient half-illegible inscription—only the words *ano mil cent* are clear. This would thus be some six centuries later than the inscription inside the church.

In the fields near Esgos and the moors between Esgos, Orelle, massive granite Bastaballe and Maceda, shepherd girls with fair hair and Irish features keep a motley company of cattle: a dozen sheep at most, and often but three sheep, a goat, a donkey and a couple of brown or black long-horned cows. Small boys in brown velveteen, with large dark-blue *bérets*, gather up windfalls of chestnuts in

baskets. The men, as they go in to Mass at Maceda, are dressed in black or brown velvet or velvet corduroy or brown cloth, white shirts, without tie, felt hats, mostly black, sometimes brown or grey. The women, with long, oval faces, wear kerchiefs of maroon or crimson, tied under the chin, and women and girls alike have shawls, not worn crossover fashion, but reaching to the knee.

Maceda has the name for the earthenware jars, but Tioira, a village in the plain, does the work, and the rough way between them is deep in black mud from the constant traffic in jars on carts or laden like mounds of pumpkins on donkeys and ponies. Chestnuts cover the hillside above Maceda, and below it Francos is a cluster of brown roofs in chestnut-trees. Beyond is a dark, lofty mountain-range, and all the country about has splendid clumps of chestnuts and pines. Between Maceda and the mountains the castle-like convent of Los Milagros stands out on a hill in the plain.

In whatever direction one leaves Orense there is always a long climb. On the road to Cea the vines soon flicker out between Cudeiro and Sobril, and the road then passes through pinewood hills with blue mountains beyond, with chestnuts about the villages: Tamallancos, Sobreiro, Viduedo, Bouzas.[1] In autumn the peasants are everywhere slashing down the chestnuts and filling baskets and ox-carts

[1] This common place-name is the Galician for "thicket" (*matorral*). An *enclosed* wood is *chousa*. In Minho, however, *bouça* = pasture.

with them; others are ploughing, or sowing rye; others pass slowly through the fields with huge bell-shaped baskets over their shoulders. The chestnuts lie in great mounds in the houses and along the verandas.

The houses of Cea are so closely packed that it looks as though a giant had swept them in from the surrounding country. Its bread is famous and is indeed excellent, with its gold-brown crust, and it keeps fresh and good for many days. The inhabitants are devoted to their town. Its streets are not lit, and men and women, bakers chiefly, may be seen going about at night with tiny lanterns. These narrow streets of mud and granite have fine names: Progreso, España, Pontevedra, Buenos Aires.

A rough way leads across the moor to the convent of Osera. There are tiny hamlets by the way: Mosteiran, Silva Boa, Pieles, which still preserves the antiquated inscription *Maura no* on its walls, and at last Osera, hidden till the last moment, appears with all its windows and unbalustraded balconies of granite, covered with yellow lichen and branching ivy up to the very top of its towers, "like the side of the mountain," said the guide. Opposite, on the mountain-side, are the clusters of houses called Río and San Martiño. On a gloomy autumn day the mountains are a splendid violet and bronze, the bronze of bracken. This huge ruined convent, now inhabited only by the parish priest, has several cloisters of different epochs; the church, although it has been robbed of many of its treasures

and spoilt by whitewash, still retains much of interest, and the vaulting of the sixteenth century sacristy is a marvel of fan pattern such as will scarcely be seen elsewhere.

It is well to go to Osera accompanied by the old but active cobbler of Cea, Tio Gregorio; for his conversation, half Castilian, half Galician, with a little Portuguese, is varied and picturesque, breaking out into snatches of song and interlarded with wise sayings and proverbs. He will tell you of the riots of Osera, when the peasant women, refusing to allow some of the ornaments of the church to be carried away, were shot down by the Civil Guard; of the many excellences of Cea; of how the peasants, instead of having boots made by the cobbler, as Christians should, wear soles of wood with iron rims that last for ever. In his youth he had made boots for three of the *exclaustrados* of Osera, who had remained when the rest of the monks were expelled in 1835, exchanging their frocks for peasant's or shepherd's garb. He gave them, he said, his worst material, for the three old men, Don Anselmo, Don Pedro and Don Rosendo, were so feeble that they only wore out their boots by burning them against the *brasero*. Indeed the Bishop of the diocese was asked to give judgment as to whether Mass said by Don Pedro was valid, so quickly he muttered; and one is glad to hear that the verdict was in the old monk's favour.

A pleasant road through pines and oaks goes from Cea to Carballino, a small town on a hill with a long street of grocers, mercers and other shops in a

country of oak and pine. On the road one meets little except great mule-carts, drawn by five or six mules, with an awning of reeds and linen, a bucket hung at the back and often a fierce dog chained beneath. From Carballino to Ribadavia the country is most interesting and beautiful. After Porto de las Yeguas and Señorín and El Torrón it is of pines and rocky sierras, with tiny brown hamlets and steep terraced vines and crags of granite.

The Ribero wine country begins properly at El Barón. The scenery is rugged and magnificent, lofty granite sierras above pinewoods, and vines among pines and boulders, and the river Avia below. Sometimes a plot of gold and crimson is entirely surrounded by pinewoods. Here and there is a village, an irregular line of houses on the steep hillside, here and there a group of houses or a large single house of cementless, yellowish-brown granite blocks (which are not even in regular lines, but built in anyhow, like a rough wall), with a small black square for window and perhaps a veranda on pillars beneath the roof, and a tall cypress or fig tree or bay or cherry at the side. Here and there, too, is a round, snow-white dovecote, a church, a chapel.

A soft angelus sounds high in the hills and is answered from another church in the valley. A steep, rough granite way leads up to the *plaza* of San Clodio, surrounded by massive granite houses and, on one side, the Benedictine convent, on its vine-covered hill, with pine and granite mountains all round. The convent has but seven Benedictines now and two

lay-brothers. It contains a great variety of sculpture; each section of the great rose window, for instance, is differently carved. Opposite on the hill are Leiro and Levosinde, and here and there solitary churches, San Bento, San Lorenzo, high in the hills. Then, with the broadening Avia and vines sometimes climbing to the very top of the hills, or rather mountains, on either side of the river, come the villages of Baramadelle, Bieite, Bearde, with its tall church tower and irregular line of houses on the precipitous hillside in a sea of bronze-coloured vines. After San Cristobal the road goes up through pinewoods and then appears Ribadavia, white and brown, many-windowed, with cypresses and many church towers. Its position somewhat resembles that of Betanzos but is even more beautiful, with a bare, lofty mountain of sheer granite towering above it.

The whole of the Ribero de Avia [1] is a lovely sight in autumn. After the vintage most of the people one meets have purple-stained hands (for each house makes its own wine), and the new wine is drunk in little white bowls, and women carry wine-stained *ollas* and *cántaros* or great bell-shaped baskets similarly stained. Almost every house makes not only wine, but brandy, and sells it in small quantities.

In 1920 a young man with a cart and three mules carrying eight and a half *moyos* [2] of wine twenty

[1] The villages of El Ribero have been sung by the Director of the Franciscan Convent of Ribadavia, Padre Eiján in *Rumores del Avia* (Santiago, 1916).

[2] The *moyo* = eight *cántaros* or *ollas*; the *cántaro* = 16 *litros*.

leagues, up beyond Carballino, was buying at seventeen to eighteen *duros* the *moyo* and selling at twenty-two. He thus made a profit of about £8 on the journey, but he complained that the mules devoured most of the profit. To judge by his luncheon, soup, chicken, roast potatoes, cheese, white bread, coffee and a litre and a half of his own wine, it was not only the mules.

Ribadavia is the most delightful of towns and should make the fortune of an artist. Above and below it is a fall in the river, so that there is a perpetual sound of rushing water. On one side the brown-roofed, picturesque village of Franqueiran stands high on the flank of El Piñeiral, and behind El Piñeiral is a great range, a screen of towering granite castles; on the other side La Carnera's long chine is fringed with pine-trees and El Coto de Novelle rises splendidly bare in its rugged boulders of granite. Between these two mountains the river Miño flows down to join the Avia, which here glides and rushes below La Carnera; vineyards on either side, coming down to the water's edge, are reflected in it in all their autumn colour. On its left bank is the convent of San Francisco, which is in the diocese of Orense, whereas Ribadavia, on the right bank, is in that of Tuy. To the right storeys of old tottering houses with rickety wooden balconies and the churches of Santiago and San Juan cluster above the ancient town wall. Above them tower the bleak heights of El Coto de Novelle, and some way further down is a little silver bay where the two rivers meet.

The castle of the Condes de Ribadavia is a rambling ruin, covered with ivy, vine and bay. It has an ancient granite sculptured fountain, remains of great chimneys and windows, arches and inscriptions. The view from the windows, now mere gaps in their granite frames, makes one wonder how it can have been suffered to fall into ruin. Close to it is the church of Santo Domingo, which proudly bears the granite crest of the counts. It is beautiful within and without, and the clustered pillars have most various sculpture in their capitals, figures, faces, leaves, animals, but have been cruelly whitewashed. Even more interesting is the sculpture in the old churches of San Juan, Santiago and Santa María de Olivera. The romanesque doorways and windows are very striking.

Ribadavia has narrow, steep streets and granite, whitewashed arcades, quaint, irregular balconies and verandas, granite coats-of-arms, trellised vines, cypresses, beautiful little gardens of camellias, hydrangeas, roses between massive walls of ancient granite. Houses are built out of the old wall of the town and that of the castle of the counts. Children, dogs, pigs and cats swarm in the picturesque Calle de San Martín, with its low granite houses, fountains and arcades; children gather round women here and there roasting chestnuts over glowing charcoal fires.

The road to Sampayo crosses the bridge over the Avia and passes the little station of Ribadavia, where the travellers buy *roscas* and *melindres* and there is a constant traffic in pine-planks and barrels of wine.

The great barrels, *bocoyes*, containing four or five *moyos*, are made of oak and add considerably to the price of wine, since they now, owing to the high salary of the coopers, cost from ninety to a hundred pesetas each. A procession of ox-carts with one or at most two barrels, and mule-carts with two or three, reaches this station from a hundred private wine-presses.

The country round Ribadavia is delightful: bronze hillsides with vines terraced on rough walls of granite, brown villages, green hills of pinewoods and rugged sierras. On an autumn day of blue sky and white clouds the sun lights up every crag and boulder of the magnificent ranges above the pines, or fires a plot of vines, or creeps over bare moorland hills above the Miño, or turns a pinewood from dark to light green and gold. Sampayo is a line of white and brown on a granite hillside, balconied houses and brown convent below, and above, pines, and the Miño passes below, between it and Castrelo, which is a charming cluster of deep brown-roofed houses with a great church of granite on a sheer hill of vines.

Orense is indeed a wonderful centre for expeditions, but few perhaps go to Puebla de Trives and La Rua. Yet they are worth a visit, and the country between Trives and La Rua and La Rua and Verin is as fine as any one may see in Galicia. One must go by Esgos and Vilariño Frio, and on a short autumn day night descends before the motor omnibus is half-way to its destination. Castro is a circle of lights in a chestnut country 700 mètres above the sea and surrounded by high mountains. Trives also is a

pleasant village in mountain country, and between it and La Rua (24 kilomètres) is a dark, gloomy country of bare mountains and precipitous, narrow ravines in which rivers, oftener heard than seen, rush white or with dark-green curves and pools, and ever and anon meet and form a small lake with another river. The precipitous mountain-sides which fall to the narrow river Navia are terraced with vines, more wall than vine, like a Roman theatre. The wine made from these much-sunned grapes is of good flavour, *bien tostado*. There is a wall to every line of vine-stocks and stepping-stones on the walls in a zigzag up the whole mountain-side.

The views up all these ravines are magnificent, whenever one is at right angles with the stream. A few picturesque miserable hovels, tile, slate or thatch, or a mixture of all three, crouch above or among these sheer, bronze-coloured vineyards. To the right half a dozen snow-white houses of La Mata, above Puente Vivey (where the road crosses the river Vivey and the vine country of Valdeorras [1] begins) glow high above the bronze and crimson of terraced vines and precipitous meadows that descend between mighty ridges of rock, cistus and heather. After that the country is uninhabited, treeless, desolate mountains, like those of Tras os Montes, but with an intenser colouring from much rain—brown, bronze, grey, green, purple, blue. Occasionally an emerald meadow gleams high up on the mountains, and sometimes their flanks are

[1] Molina (f. 23 v.) speaks of the *turquesas finas que ay en tierra de Valdiorres*.

coloured as before, but now with bracken instead of vines. The road climbs up and up, till at last it reaches a hamlet of slate houses with the first pines for many leagues, Hermida Vieja, and then the village Larouco, white on a hill, with massive houses built of granite and chestnut wood. In the surrounding country there are some cork-trees, olives, chestnuts and pines.

Petin-La Rua, famous for its vines, is but a few miles away, a line of grey and white, amid colouring more splendid than all the Ribero de Avia, near the ever-beautiful river Sil. The lofty, bare mountains on either side of La Rua are a gorgeous deep purple, with a broad hem of crimson and bronzen vine country, without hedge or tree, but above this ravines of steep meadows and ploughland have lines of yellow elms and poplars. A few villages of slate and white-wash stand, conventual and severe, above the mellow splendour of the vines: Sampayo, a beautiful line of white, dark-slated houses, Mones lower down, Carballal, with mines, away to the right.

The road to Verin at first passes through undulating vine country, the river Jarres flowing to the left, but soon it reaches a country of rugged mountains and deep ravines with chestnuts, vines and narrow curves of river far below. At the tiny village of Portela de Portomorisco and at Seixo, further up in the mountains, are made the large *ollas* of dark, almost black clay. Portomorisco is grey and white—it is built of slate, like Portela—round its church, with a tiny chapel of La Virgen de las Hermitas above the

rushing river Vivey. Then various villages, Otar de Pregos, Lentellaes, granite Santa Cruz, stand high above the river, and El Bollo, crowned with its historic castle, is seen conspicuous on the left. The famous shrine of Las Hermitas is down below by the river, its massive grey buildings and the two towers of its church clustering against the rock which shelters them with its precipitous wall—a rather dangerous guardian, for some years ago great crags fell and crushed some houses and destroyed the solid stone bridge across the river. The country all round is very imposing, both in formation and colour: the foaming river Vivey, vines, rugged hills of granite, sierras of light and dark purples from flowering heather, yellowing chestnut-trees that cover the granite hills and stand triumphant high on inaccessible crags, yellow poplars far up in steep little meadows, ravines bronze with bracken.

After Las Hermitas there are more villages, Cambela, Cilleros, Rigueira and, with roofs of slate and tile, Cobelo and San Mamede. To the left rises the brown heather, triangular summit of Mount Bernabé, and at last Viana del Bollo comes into sight, white on a steep hill below its ancient tall square tower, now used as a prison, above the meeting of the rivers Vivey and Tamega. There are great flocks of white and black sheep on the bare hillsides, kept by shepherdesses with scarlet skirt and maroon kerchief. The peasant women mostly wear brown or black, the men wide brown hats and antique double *capas* of brown. The country is colourless and desolate, rounded,

greenish-brown mountains and moors of heather, with, occasionally, a brown-tiled village surrounded by chestnut groves and meadows: Pradocábalo, San Lorenzo, El Navallo, La Trepa, a crumbling cluster of red roofs, La Gudiña, of some 150 *vecinos*, with its primitive pleasant inn facing a huge bare mountain-side, Las Ventas de la Barreira and the darker lines of the mountains of Portugal, and at last the white houses of Verin below.

Verin,[1] with its four springs of mineral water, lies on the Tamega in a wide vine-growing plain which is completely shut in on every side with mountains. Very picturesque are the balconied houses of the older part of the town, and the castle of Monterey is always magnificent, seen immediately above the town or above the neighbouring hamlet of Paços, or, dark against distant mountains, across the bronze plain of vines from above the village of Albarellos (sheltered under the hills at the extreme edge of the plain), or again, two or three leagues away from near the village of Peñaverde, across the austere bare mountains of heather.

After Peñaverde (which is not on the new road) the country changes, becoming more broken and wilder: oak, shrub-oak, broom, great crags and boulders of granite. At Villa de Rey, in a room off the low kitchen of the inn, women were dressing flax (held in the hand) with wooden bats in a rhythmic slashing

[1] One of Galicia's most distinguished modern poets, Manuel Núñez González, held an official post at Verin and died here in 1917.

(*espadelando*). The country thence to Ginzo is less interesting. A few houses are built of turf. Some of the men wear leggings of reeds. Men in brown or with scarlet shirt or jacket are at work ploughing. Shepherdesses with distaff or knitting stand by their flocks of sheep. The maize is hung in curtains from the balconies, so that some of the villages seem to have half their houses washed a bright ochre; there are no granaries.

Pardieiros and other villages are passed on the road, and a league or so to the south are the mountains of Tras os Montes. The donkeys are more numerous than further north; the women no longer wear their hair plaited down their backs, as in most parts of Galicia. Ginzo de Limia is a long line of houses along the road near the famous Laguna de Antela. Roman medals and pottery have been found here in large quantities, and tradition places a city beneath the marsh, from which the river Limia flows. Excellent are its pastures and rich its crops, although those of maize and flax have yielded largely to the potato. The narrow side streets of Ginzo are roughly paved with slabs of granite, and have little shops between stables full of cows and asses or solid granite houses on *soportales*.

From the road to Allariz the lagoon looks more like a river, but if a white mist lies along the base of the mountains it gives the illusion of a great Swiss lake. Granite Allariz is in a fine position beneath craggy sierras of castellated granite, with its tall convent and church towers against the mountains. It is in the

plain, on the river Arnoya, but its streets are steep and narrow, with house-fronts projecting above the doors and solid ancient balconies of granite. It is a quaint and charming town, and one is sorry to lose sight of it from the road leading to the brown-roofed villages of Taboadela and Sejalbo and then Orense.

The country north-east of Orense along the Miño, especially in autumn, may seem the very crown and glory of Galicia. The rivers flow through a splendid curious country of deep, narrow, irregular ravines, flanked with terraced vines aglow with colour, or with pines as at Barra de Miño, or chestnuts as at Los Peares and San Esteban. Here and there on the mountain-sides there are small hamlets of picturesque, balconied, brown-tiled houses or a plot of vines among pinewoods, a dovecote, a church, a group of houses with cypresses at the side, hanging meadows, huge granite boulders, bare hillsides of heather.

The Miño and Sil meet at Los Peares, the Cabe and Sil at San Esteban. They all flow rapidly with white falls and rocky broken spaces, as if hurrying in fear of the mountains meeting and knocking the river out of existence. Sharp curves end the stretches of river between the rugged, uneven mountain-sides, on which hang tiny brown villages. At San Esteban the only piece of level ground is the railway station. A path of granite stepping-stones goes up the steep mountain-side to the convent of San Esteban de Ribas de Sil, which is somewhat like a Border castle, grey and half-covered with ivy; below it are terraced wheat-fields, looking like English lawns, and terraced vines, red and bronze and yellow, fall

to the river. The village of San Esteban is above the convent. A little group of white and brown houses across the Cabe opposite the station is La Barca.

There are four *barqueros* in this hamlet, with four or five boats (they consist of two roughly hollowed chestnut trunks joined by planks nailed across them), but whistle and shout as one may, a boatman is rarely forthcoming, and the boats remain chained at the ferry across the Sil, to which one has to cross the Cabe, which here dies like a turbulent mountain stream, by a rickety foot-bridge of half-rotten planks. It is better to go along the railway under two tunnels to the hut of a solitary ferry-man who is always ready to cross. On the other side there is not a single foot of level ground, and the whole mountain-side is covered with chestnut trees and thickly carpeted in autumn with their brown shells, which crush the purple crocuses in their fall. There are little tiled huts in the trees for the smoking of the chestnuts (*pilongas*). A waterfall dashes down the mountain-side and far above used to turn the mill-wheels and grind the monks' corn.

It is not always easy to see the church of the convent. The priest may be away and his old servant, rather than give up the keys, will turn a deaf ear to your entreaties and finally send you in search of the *sacristan*. The *sacristan's* daughter, filling her pitcher at the fountain in the village above—low granite houses with ledges of carnations—will tell you that her father is never entrusted with the keys and send you back to the ancient

*ama.* But the church, when seen, is rather disappointing; its pillars and delicately carved capitals are all whitewashed, of course; it is the lovely old cloister which is the chief treasure remaining to ruined San Esteban, which should long ago have been declared a *monumento nacional.* The capitals of this cloister's sixty double pillars are all different and beautiful, beautiful too the beading under the arches along the wall. Splendid from the convent is the view of the ravine of the Sil, a deep gorge ridged with great backbones of granite. Above the convent towers a mountain of castellated granite. One is fortunate if this convent and its surrounding scenery is almost the last one sees of Galicia, for it is a place that abides most pleasantly in the memory: willingly would one live for ever on this mountain-side, at least in summer.

At Los Peares the Sil dies and the Miño becomes a large river and flows placid and sedate, with even a few level spaces covered by vines, which the first autumn rains have dyed to a deeper orange and purple, with belts of orange-pink, brown and crimson and others of gorgeous red, darkening to purple. After Filgueiras the river narrows again and rushes through gorges with a few terraces of maize and vines. At Frieira (in ravines of pines), where the province of Orense ends, the Miño receives the new dignity of becoming the boundary between Pontevedra and Portugal. The white houses of Monsão face Salvatierra, as a few miles further down the Miño Valença faces Tuy.

## APPENDIX I

### MEDIÆVAL LYRICS

THE primitive poetry of Galicia is remarkable for its freshness and charm. It is a lyrism of the soil, original and unliterary, the song being often placed on the lips of a girl longing and looking for her lover and appealing for sympathy to the pines or the waves of the sea. The following versions are all of Galician poems of the thirteenth century. If not really popular, they have at least caught the indigenous, ingenuous air of the songs composed and sung by the peasant women of Galicia.

I

(i)

O ship that bearest my love from me
And the flowers of love so fair to see!
But with my love are the flowers away,
Even with my love are the flowers away, all the flowers away.

(ii)

O ship that bearest my love away
And the flowers of love so lovely and gay!
But with my love are the flowers away,
Even with my love are the flowers away, all the flowers away.

ADMIRAL PAI GOMEZ CHARIÑO.

II

(i)

Saint James, thy wonted aid extend
And safe to me my lover send :
Now in this hour over the sea
He is coming to me,—love is in flower—
Mother, and I will watch yonder tower.

(ii)

O shield of all who call on thee,
Bring thou my lover home to me :
Now in this hour over the sea
He is coming to me—love is in flower—
Mother, and I will watch yonder tower.

(*Id.*)

III

(i)

Waves that I came to see,
O waves, say unto me
Where is my love?

(ii)

O waves, O ocean waves,
Grant me what my heart craves,
News of my love.

MARTIN CODAX.

IV

(i)

O flowing waves of Vigo's bay,
Have you seen my love who is gone away?
Ah, God, may he soon come to me!

(ii)

O waves, fair waves of the swelling sea,
Have you seen my lover? woe is me!
Ah, God, may he soon come to me!

(iii)

Have you seen my love for whom I sigh
And weep for him incessantly?
Ah, God, may he soon come to me!

(iv)

Have you seen my lover for whom alway
I sorrowing grieve by night and day?
Ah, God, may he soon come to me!

(*Id.*)

V

(i)

In the green meadow grass
I saw the deer pass,
O lover of mine!

(ii)

In the pastures green
The wild deer have I seen,
O lover of mine!

(iii)

And for joy of them there
I bathed my hair,
O lover of mine!

(iv)

Yea, for pleasure of them
Bathed my locks in the stream,
O lover of mine!

(v)

And when I had bathed them
With gold then I swathed them,
O lover of mine!

(vi)

I bathed them, behold
I have bound them with gold,
O lover of mine!

(vii)

Bound with gold so fair,
And awaited thee there,
O lover of mine.

(viii)

All with gold for thee
Whom I waited to see,
O lover of mine!

PERO MEOGO.

VI [1]

(i)

In St. Simon's hermitage as I my watch did keep
The waters all around me crept that are so deep,
As I waited for my love's coming!

(ii)

In the hermitage I sat before the altar high,
The mighty waters of the sea came round me suddenly,
As I waited for my love's coming!

(iii)

The waters that are mighty thus surrounded me,
And here there is no rower and no boatman can I see,
As I waited for my love's coming!

[1] See *Poems from the Portuguese* (Oxford, 1913), p. 9.

(iv)

And now the deep sea's waves do all around me flow,
And here there is no boatman and I know not how to row,
As I waited for my love's coming!

(v)

I have no one to row, I have no boatman here,
And now must I die lovely in the sea so wide and drear,
As I waited for my love's coming!

(vi)

I have no boatman here nor how to row know I,
And here for all my beauty in the deep sea shall I die,
As I waited for my love's coming!

MEENDINHO.

## VII[1]

(i)

Come dance we now, my sisters fair,
Beneath the flowered hazels there,
And she who is fair as we are fair,
If in love she be,
There beneath the hazal blossom
Will dance as we.

(ii)

Come dance we now, come dance we now
Beneath this flowered hazel-bough,
And she who is fair as I and thou,
If to love she chance,
Beneath the flowered hazel here
Will join our dance.

JOAN ZORRO.

[1] See "The Eleven Songs of Joan Zorro," in *The Modern Language Review*, Vol. XV. (January 1920), p. 62.

VIII

What dear delight this summer day,
Its trees and flowers, to me doth bring,
And birds that songs of love here sing,
For joyfully without a care
I go, ev'n as all lovers fare,
Who gay and merry are alway.

And when I pass by streams that wind
Beneath fair trees, through meadows fair,
If their love-songs the birds say there,
Then all in love I sing straightway,
And there of love compose my lay
And love-songs make in many a kind.
Great joy and mirth with me abide
When birds sing in sweet summertide.

AIRAS NUNES.

IX

To-day by a stream as I rode along
I heard a shepherdess sing:
She was alone, and, listening,
I hid myself to hear her song.
And beautifully she sang this song:
" Beneath green branches all a-flower
My love is married in this hour,
And tears of love downflow."

(ii)

The shepherdess was fair to see,
And ever as she sang she wept,
Then I to hear her nearer crept
Without a word most silently.
And beautifully this song sang she:
" O thrush, upon yon hazel-bough,
I pine and grieve, and singest thou!
Alas, I am in love."

(iii)

As I listened then I heard her sigh
And make complaint of love's fell power.
She wove a wreath of many a flower,
And then she wept most sorrowfully,
And sang this song 'twixt sigh and sigh :
" What suffering is come to me
That my true love I dare not see !
I will rest me under the hazel-tree."

(iv)

And she then, her wreath finishing,
Still singing, slowly went her way;
I took the road that before me lay :
To her no new grief would I bring.
And as she went I heard her sing :
" By the margin of a river
Went a maiden singing, ever
Of love sang she."

and

" How shall she sleep
If for love she weep,
Fair flower ? "

(*Id.*)

# APPENDIX II

## POPULAR QUATRAINS [1]

(1)

SING on, sing on, fair maidens,
For your song brings joy to me :
If it were not for your singing
In this land I should not be.

(2)

A song never ending
Is the Galician's song,
For the song that with *tailalila* begins
Ends *tailalala* loud and long.

(3)

As along the coast I sailed
I heard the siren sing :
O God, that such a song should come
From so small a thing.

(4)

Brown, brown art thou, brown
As a berry is brown :
Why is it this colour
Wins the hearts of the town ?

[1] Hundreds of these modern *cantigas* are collected in J. Pérez Ballesteros' *Cancionero Popular Gallego*, 3 vols., Madrid, 1886, in the *Boletín de la Real Academia Gallega*, and elsewhere. Hundreds perish uncollected. A few of the versions here given have appeared in *The Morning Post*

(5)

Rose, little rose,
O crimson rose,
That rises at dawn
And in tears to bed goes.

(6)

Winds, winds of my country,
Blowing gently together :
Winds, winds of my country,
Come carry me thither.

(7)

The moon is high in heaven,
As the pine trees' shadows tell :
I must go hence and leave thee,
Farewell, my love, farewell.

(8)

There is no song in all the world
That has not its refrain :
Let no man count on anything
But what in his hand lies plain.

(9)

A man passed this way
And no greeting gave he,
When he passes again
Ill and haggard he'll be.

(10)

Little star of the morning,
Little star that brings light,
Our joy passes away
As the day and the night.

(11)

My mother and thine together are gone
On a pilgrimage away,
They are both dressed in their Sunday best,
And not as everyday.

(12)

To-day it is my Saint's day,
Saint Manuel is he hight:
A new dress shall I wear to-day,
All of carnation bright.

(13)

One goes in clogs,
Another in slippers,
Another goes crying:
Who'll buy my good kippers?

(14)

Come, little North wind,
Come, wind of the North,
Come, little North wind,
My comrade, come forth.

(15)

Little care I that the moon
Hidden lies enwrapped in cloud,
Since the moon that gives me light
I within my breast enshroud.

(16)

Thou on that side, I on this side
And the river runs between:
I in thy heart, thou in my heart,
Safely shall we cross unseen.

(17)

Men to Castille go evermore,
To Castille to earn their bread :
Yet Castille is at their door
Would they but work here instead.

(18)

Now is the time come to brake the flax, brake the flax,
Beat it and crush it and beat it amain;
Now is the time come to brake the flax, brake the flax,
Crush it and beat it and beat it again.

(19)

Sing, thou shalt sing by the banks of the river
To the sound of the wavelets in flowery mead,
Sing, thou shalt sing by the shore of the ocean
To the sound of the wavelets that flow and recede.

(20)

Sing to me, sing, and I'll give thee chestnuts,
If thou but sing, I'll give many and fine;
If thou but sing to me, sing to me, sing to me,
If thou but sing to me, they shall be thine.

(21)

Thee by the river when I behold
Straightway my limbs are set trembling with cold,
And when I see thee high up on the hill
Then all my limbs burning fever doth thrill.

(22)

The fields fill me with regret,
The vines with grapes no longer set,
And the little birds that sing
In the dawn and evening.

(23)

The cocks are singing to the dawn
Arise, my love, and go thy way.
—How can I go away, my love
How can I go and leave thee, say?

(24)

She who little children has
Must e'er sing them to sleep,
She whose love is at the wars
Cannot choose but weep.

(25)

O pine so tall, O pine so tall,
With branches reaching to the sky:
Fell not the pine, for with its fall
My soul shall likewise prostrate lie.

(26)

Give me a lift in thy cart, I pray,
Little carter who cartest the grapes away:
Give me a lift in thy cart, as is meet,
Only the ripest of them will I eat.

(27)

I will have none
Of thy chestnuts' treasure,
I have mine in my pocket
To eat at my leisure.

(28)

Chestnuts are chestnuts,
Their shells are their shells,
But the eyes in thy face
Bind me fast by their spells.

(29)

O give us the chestnuts,
The chestnuts give,
Señora María,
As they dance in the sieve.

(30)

Sing on, maidens, sing,
If it joy to you bring,
For your feet where they pass
Leave a scent in the grass.

(31)

O thou art a scented flower,
Even that for which I sigh,
O thou art a white, white star
That has fallen from the sky.

(32)

Here comes the salt sea wind,
Here comes the wind from the sea,
Dressed as a sailor lad
Home comes my love to me.

(33)

When the stream flows up the glen
And grapes grow on the oak,
Even then red-bearded men
Will be honest folk.

(34)

The señor cura will not dance
By reason of his tonsured head;
Come dance, sir priest, come dance, sir priest.
For that you will be pardonèd.

(35)

The piper who's without his pipe
Has neither wit nor mirth :
He's like a woman who does not spin,
Who's plainly nothing worth.

(36)

As the piper came
By the chestnut trees,
I lay down my distaff
And danced at my ease.

(37)

St. James of Galicia,
Portugal's mirror glorious,
Grant thy help in this battle
And make us victorious.

(38)

Sing no mad songs such as these,
For they are but sin and loss :
Let the songs thou sing'st be sung
Unto Christ upon the Cross.

(39)

Little dove that goest flying,
For none caring, go and tell,
Yea, go tell that maiden fair
That I ever loved her well.

(40)

The lady of this house is fair,
Even as an angel's is her face,
And when the church she enters, there
Each saint smiles on her from his place.

(41)

Willow, take root
This clear spring above,
For my eyes too are fixed
In the eyes of my love.

(42)

Upon the rafter of my roof
The swallow builds her nest alway :
She sleeps upon her nest at night
And wakes me at the break of day.

(43)

All the frosts of January,
All the flowers of May,
Comparèd with the worth of love,
Of true love, nothing weigh.

(44)

For grapes I went unto the vine
And only leaves were there to see :
Last night thou said'st : " I will be thine,"
To-day thou hast no memory.

(45)

Unto thee my heart I send
And this key shall it unmask :
Nothing is there more to give thee,
Nothing left for thee to ask.

(46)

O that I were at the height
Of the Northern Star,
That I might know how this night
Fares my love afar.

(47)

Mother, if I am brown of hue,
If brown of hue am I,
Mother, if I am brown of hue,
Not less brown is the rye.

(48)

The goats they are in
The corn, little John;
Now play, violin,
For see, they are gone.

(49)

O month of May, fair month of May,[1]
O faithless month of May,
For scarcely is the dawn begun
When lo, night ends the day.

(50)

For this branch of cherries
I bartered my heart,
Farewell then, my heart then,
Since thou must depart.

(51)

The stars are high in heaven,
The night is very clear,
I know not if he thinks of me,
He whom I think of here.

(52)

Poor oxen,
If upon your cart
My sorrow weighs
As in my heart.

[1] There is a variant *O Xaneiro, Xaneiriño*, but for lovers the May days pass as swiftly as those of January.

(53)

Little greenfinch that singest
Among my garden trees,
They say all woes have ending,
But mine are not of these.

(54)

O to be a swallow
And fly beyond the sea :
A flower and a sigh for my true love
Would I bear with me.

(55)

Sing, O sing, ye little birds,
I too sang when I was young :
For your songs are but beginning,
I have ended all my song.

## APPENDIX III

### MODERN POEMS (NINETEENTH CENTURY)

THE following translations may give some idea of the wistful charm of Rosalía de Castro (1837–85) and the haunting weirdness and melancholy of Eduardo Pondal (1835–1917). They were the two chief poets of Galicia in the nineteenth century. Manuel Curros Enriquez (1851–1908) is more unequal, but his *Aires d'a Miña Terra* has some delightful pages. There are many other Galician poets, alive and dead, whose lyrics are well worth reading for their indigenous charm and real excellence.

I

River flowing ever onward,
Babbling ceaselessly,
On among the little flowers
Of gold and ivory,
To whom thy sweet lips murmur ever
Words of sweet courtesy,
Flow on, but let them never know
Thou goest to the boundless sea,
For then, alas, then the poor flowers,
How would they weep for thee!
Could'st thou but know how sad my heart,
How deep its misery,
Since from my love I live apart,
Since he is gone from me.

Such sorrow and such longing weigh
Upon me constantly,
And more and more upon me press
When I would from them flee.
And O, alas, for the little flowers
If thee they were to see
Stealing beneath Carril's steep bank
Far from their company!
Flow on then, gently murmuring,
Flow very quietly,
On and away to the ocean waves,
Away to the boundless sea;
But bear with thee these tears I shed
If thou comest presently
Near to him in whom I live,
My love across the sea.
But O to be a little tear
To go, my love, to thee!
And O to make a little path
To cross, ah, woe is me!
If the sea had a bridge, then would I pass
To Brazil, across the sea,
But there is no bridge o'er the sea, my love,
How shall I come to thee?

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO,
*Cantares Gallegos*, 1909 ed., pp. 105–6.

## II

### WHITE AND BLACK

White, very white,
O white are they,
As those who are pent
From the light of day,
Or sleepless in prayer
Watch the night away.
But black, very black,
As the blackness of woe

The dresses they wear
And their veils; but although
Their dresses are black
And in black veils they go,
Snow-white are their souls,
In white purity
As the orange-flower;
The snow doth cry,
When it sees them so white:
"They are whiter than I!"

EDUARDO PONDAL,
*Queixumes dos Pinos*, 1886, p. 195.

## III

### SEA-NYMPHS

I know where they dwell,
I know where they are,
Swimming home through the bay
I had watched them afar.
Their red coral bodies
They showed as they went,
With mother-of-pearl
Their heads all besprent,
And their lips of blue lapis-lazuli splendidly gleamed
In clear ravishment.
They were seated there
In great majesty,
On thrones built of pearls,
As queens of the sea.
I gazed, magic spell
Then they cast verily,
With a glance strong and keen,
Green, green as the sea.
Ah, God, what is this
That their eyes would tell me?

(*Ibid.* p. 135.)

## IV

### SOLITUDE

Wild heath of Moureda,
O in thy thick heather
To speak, she and I,
Alone there together!

(*Ibid.* p. 127.)

## V

### THE HEIGHTS OF PASARELA

When I see you there above,
O ye heights of Pasarela,
Then I sigh for her I love.

(*Ibid.* p. 39.)

## VI

### THE SHALLOWS OF CAMELLE

The shallows of Camelle
Are very fair to see,
On a clear winter's day
When no wind stirs the sea:
The fisherman in his boat,
Gazing wistfully,
Bending o'er the prow,
Sees them whiten and gleam.

(*Ibid.* p. 25.)

## VII

### SWALLOWS

From Africa's
Not distant shore
One day they'll come,
Pilgrims once more,
To the loved home,
Their haunt of yore.
The house they'll see
Once loved so well,
Dark in the pines,
But lo, the spell
Is broken, for now in the house
Unfriendly strangers dwell.
Straightway then they
Will gather amain
In swift, long flights,
And, stabbed with pain
Of ancient memories, immediately
Depart again.

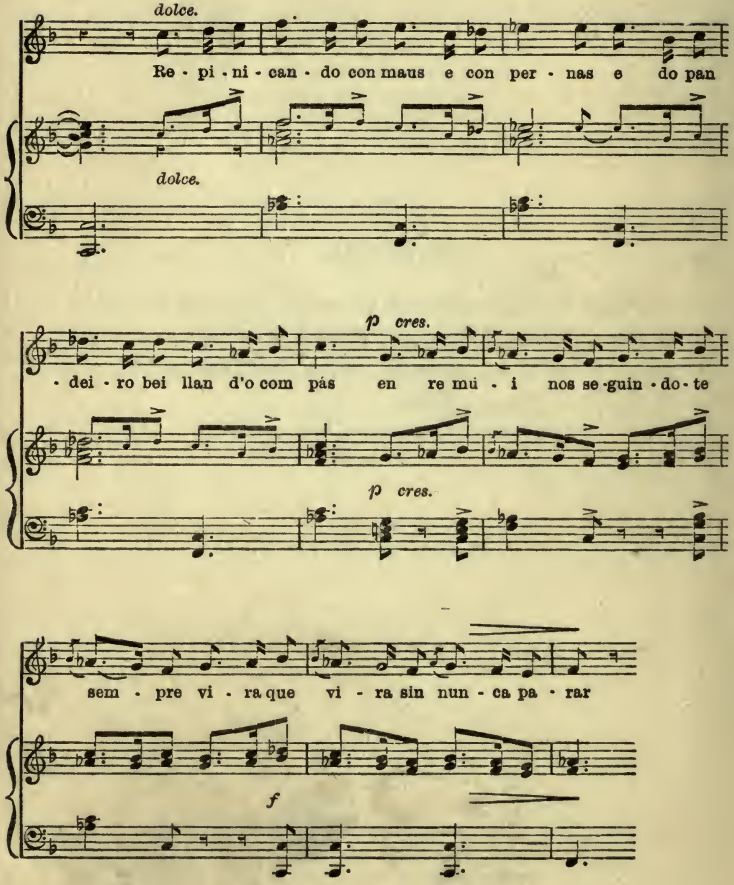
(*Ibid.* p. 217.)

## APPENDIX IV

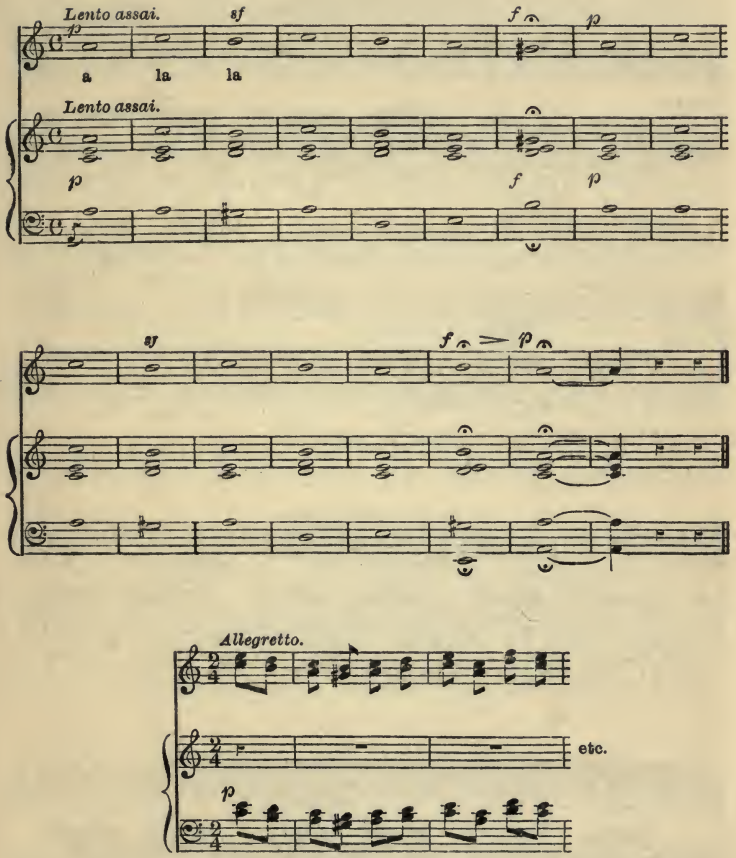
Music of *alalàs* will be found at the end of Vol. I. of Don Manuel Murguía's *Historia de Galicia*, Lugo, 1865; that of an *ani-novo* and a *muiñeira* at the end of Vol. II., Lugo, 1866.

## REPINICANDO

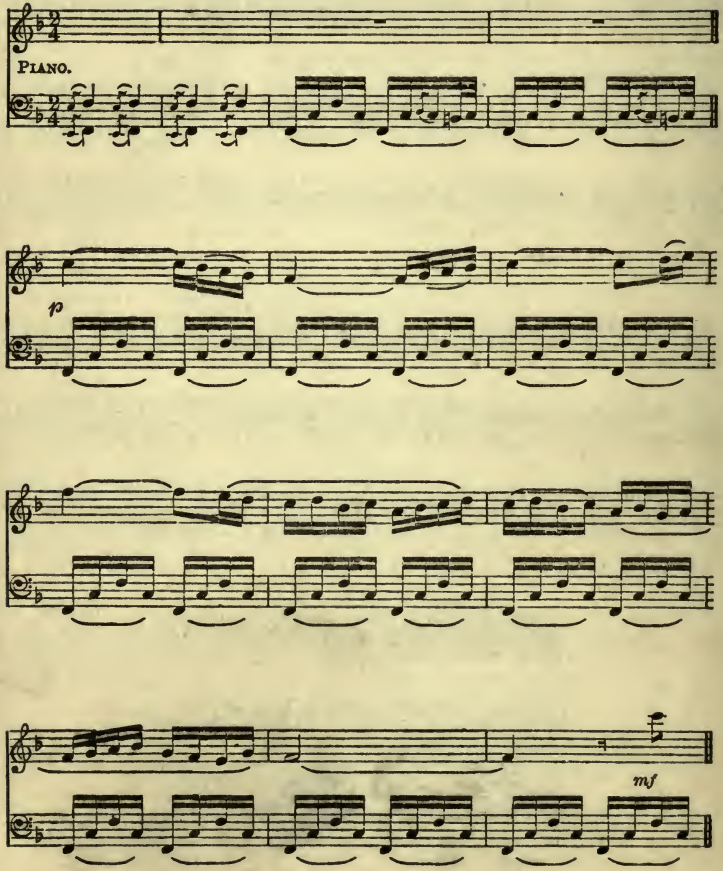
*Muiñeira* by F. R. Núñez

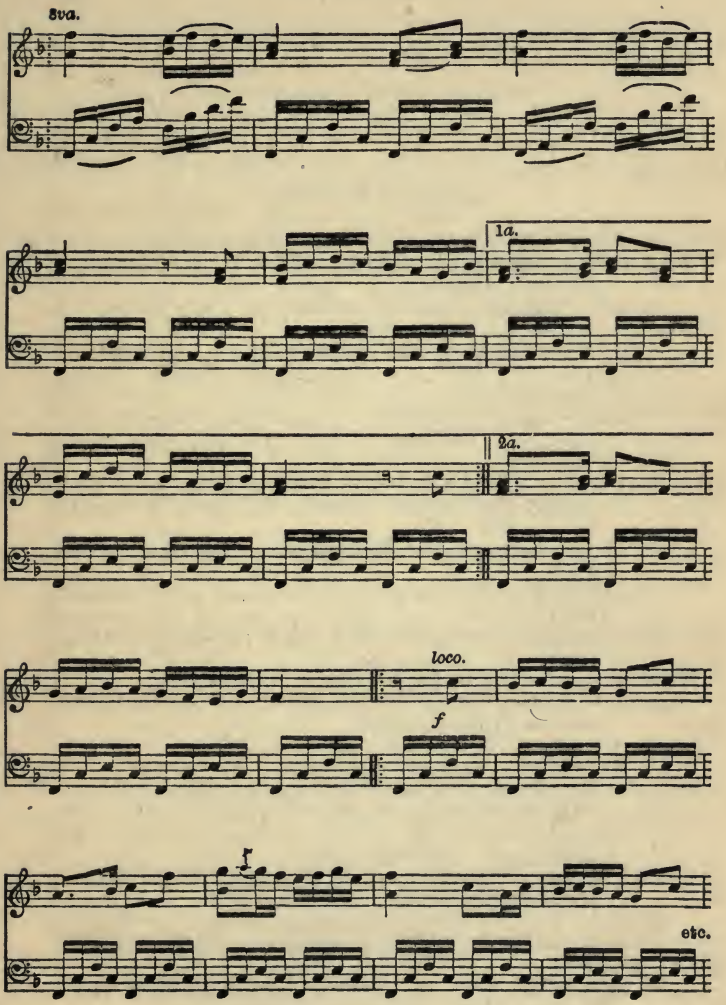


## An Alalà


Lento assai.
sf
f
p
a la la
Lento assai.
p
f
p
sf
f
p
Allegretto.
etc.
p

ALBORADA,
By the Galician Musician P. Veiga




8va.
1a.
2a.
loco.
f
f
etc.

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# VOCABULARY

[Translation or explanation of Galician or Spanish (Sp.) words is given in the text, but it may be convenient to have a full list, with the English equivalents.]

## A

*Abedul*, Sp., silver birch.
*administración* (or *admōn*), Sp., office.
*aforante*, Sp., proprietor.
*agramar*, Sp., to brake flax.
*aguillada*, Sp., goad.
*alalá*, wailing song.
*alborada*, Sp., dawn song.
*alboyo*, shed or porch.
*alfarero*, Sp., potter.
*alfombra*, Sp., carpet.
*allá*, Sp., yonder.
*almuerzo*, Sp., breakfast (luncheon).
*aló*, yonder.
*alto*, high. The old part of a town (*Ciudad Alta*) often corresponds also to German *alt* (old).
*amasar*, knead.
*americano*, Sp., returned emigrant.
*amieiro*, betula alnus.
*ánimas*, Sp., souls, spirits.
*aninovo*, New Year Song.
*anta*, Sp. = menhir.
*aquí*, Sp., here.
*area*, Sp. = about two and a half acres.
*artoa* (Basque), maize-bread.
*atruxo* } tradional shout or
*aturuxo* } cry.
*azadón*, Sp., mattock.

## B

*bacalao*, dried cod.
*barquero*, Sp., boatman.
*beata*, Sp., devout woman.
*bedoio* = *abedul*.
*berlina*, Sp., special compartment in interior of motor omnibus.
*bido* = *abedul*.
*bidro* = *abedul*.
*biduo* = *abedul*.
*bidueiro* = *abedul*.
*bizkaitarra*, Basque nationalist.
*blanquear*, Sp., bleach.
*bocoy*, Sp., barrel.
*boeiriña*, fem. dim. of *boeiro*, ox-man.
*boina*, Sp., Basque béret.
*borona*, maize bread.
*bos dias*, good day.
*botafumeiro*, "smoker," censer.
*bouza*, thicket.
*boy*, ox.
*brañas*, watermeadow.
*brasero*, Sp., fire-pan.
*brétema* } mist.
*brétoma* }
*broa* } maizebread.
*brona* }
*bruxa*, witch.
*buenos días*, Sp., good day.

## C

*cabazo*, granary.
*cabezalero*, head tenant.
*cacique*, local politician and boss.
*cadela*, halfpenny.
*caldiño*, dim. of *caldo* (= Fr. *chaud*), soup.
*caldo*, soup.
*calle*, Sp., street.
*callejón*, Sp., rough street.
*camarero*, Sp., steward.
*camino*, Sp., road.
*campana*, Sp., bell.
*can*, dog.
*cantar*, Sp., to sing.
*cántaro*, Sp., pitcher and liquid measure = about 16 litres.
*cantiga*, song.
*cantonero*, Sp., road-mender.
*capa*, Sp., cloak.
*caravela*, kind of basket.
*caravel* = *clavel*.
*carneiros*, shellfish.
*caroça*, see *coroça*.
*carraca*, Sp., wooden rattle.
*carreiriña*, dim. of *carreira*, course, run.
*carril*, Sp., reel.
*carto*, farthing.
*castañas*, Sp., chestnuts.
*castañas de terra*, potatoes.
*castañola*, castanet.
*castizo*, Sp., indigenous, pure.
*castros*, barrows.
*catalanista*, Catalan nationalist.
*cena*, Sp., supper.
*centimo*, hundredth part of *peseta*.
*cerdo*, Sp., pig.
*cerne*, heart of wood.
*cerner*, to sift.
*cesta*, Sp., basket, light carriage.
*chaleco*, waistcoat.
*chanclo*, pig.
*chantos*, slabs of granite used as fence.
*chao*, ground (the same word as Port. *chão*, Sp. *llano*, Eng. "plain").
*chiquiña*, Sp. fem. dim. of *chico*, small.
*chorreo*, early fall of chestnuts.
*chousa*, enclosed wood.
*churra*, hen.
*chuvia*, rain.
*ciudad*, Sp., city.
*cocho*, pig.
*cofia*, headdress.
*clavel*, Sp., carnation.
*comadre*, Sp., gossip.
*compaña*, company (of spirits).
*conchas*, clashing metal disks.
*congostra*, path between walls for ox-carts.
*consumos*, Sp., octroi tax.
*copelo*, land measure.
*coroça*, reed cape.
*corredoira*, narrow sunken path.
*corredor*, veranda below roof.
*croques*, shellfish.
*cuarto*, Sp., farthing.
*cunchos*, shellfish.
*curandero*, quack doctor.
*custodia*, monstrance.

## D

*dengue*, kerchief worn as crossover.
*derrame*, early fall of chestnuts.

*desayuno*, Sp., first breakfast.
*descuido*, Sp., carelessness.
*desfollada*, husking.
*desleixo*, Port., carelessness.
*diligencia*, horse or mule diligence.
*duro*, dollar (five *pesetas*).

E

*embalsar*, Sp. } soak flax.
*enlagar*, Sp. }
*enxebre*, indigenous (= Sp., *castizo*).
*escaño*, Sp., bench.
*escasula*, dressing of flax.
*escudilla*, small bowl.
*espadar* } to dress flax.
*espadelar* }
*exclaustrados*, expelled monks.

F

*faneca*, whiting-pout.
*fanega* } dry measure and
*ferrado* } land measure.
*feira* = Sp., *feria*, market.
*ferriñas*, jingling disks on tamboreen.
*fiada* } gathering of women
*fiadeiro* } to spin.
*filliño*, dim. of *fillo*, son.
*finca*, estate.
*foliada* } singing on eve of
*folión* } Saint's day.
*fonda*, Sp., inn. hôtel.
*forero*, tenant.
*foro*, quit-rent (usually in kind).

G

*gaita*, bagpipe.
*gallego*, Galician.
*gandara* } high-lying moor.
*gandra* }
*gaivota*, seagull.

H

*Higo*, son.
*Hijo*, fig.
*Horreo*, granary.
*Huerta*, orchard.
*Huesped*, Sp., guest (or host).

I

*ilex*, Lat., oak.
*ili*, Basque, town.
*ilicitano*, inhabitant of Elche.
*imperial*, seats on top of motor omnibuses.
*interior*, inside seats on motor omnibus.
*iri*, Basque, town.
*irrintzina*, traditional Basque cry.

L.

*lar*, *larada*, hearthfire.
*Lazarillo*, Sp., dim. of Lazarus (= blind beggar's boy-guide).
*liño*, Sp., flax.
*Londinense*, Sp., Londoner.

M

*magosto*, chestnut feast.
*maizal*, Sp., maizefield.
*majar*, Sp., to brake (flax).
*mamoa*, barrow.
*marela*, yellow (= cow).
*mariña* } marshland near
*mariñao* } sea.
*manales*, flail.
*manta*, Sp., plaid.
*manteca*, Sp., grease, lard.
*mantecada*, Sp., kind of cake.

*marquesa*, kind of chestnut.
*meigo*, wizard.
*melindre*, Sp., kind of light biscuit.
*mercar*, to buy.
*merendar*, to lunch, have tea.
*merluza*, cod.
*miguelita*, early ripening chestnut.
*millo*, maize.
*Mindoñés*, inhabitant of Mondoñedo.
*moiño*, mill.
*monfortina*, large chestnut.
*montera*, Galician hat.
*morriña*, homesickness.
*moyo*, liquid measure = sixteen quarts.
*muiñeira*, ancient Galician song and dance.
*muradana*, woman of Muros; dress worn by.

N

*novena*, religious ceremony on ninth day or for nine days after a Saint's day.
*nubeiro*, wizard.

O

*ola* } round earthenware
*olla* Sp., } caldron.
*olero*, potter.

P

*paço*, palace, country house.
*paga*, Sp., pay, salary.
*paja*, Sp., straw.
*palillera*, lace-maker.
*palo*, Sp., stick.
*pana*, velvet corduroy.
*pandeiro*, timbrel.
*panillera* = *palillera*.
*paño*, kerchief.
*pañuelo*, Sp., handkerchief.
*parador*, Sp., inn.
*paseo*, Sp., promenade.
*patacón*, one penny.
*patio*, Sp., court.
*patosa*, large chestnut.
*peñerar*, sift.
*peón caminero*, Sp., = *cantonero* (Gal. *leguero*).
*perra chica*, Sp., one halfpenny.
*perra gorda*, Sp., one penny.
*perrilla*, Sp., one halfpenny.
*pescante*, Sp., coach-box.
*peseta*, Sp., = about tenpence.
*peso* = *duro*, dollar.
*pilonga*, smoked chestnut.
*pino*, pine tree.
*pisón*, Sp., rammer.
*plaza*, Sp., square.
*plazuela*, Sp., little square.
*polainas*, Sp., leggings.
*posada*, Sp., inn.
*pote gallego*, Galician cabbage soup.

Q

*queixume*, murmur.
*quen*, who.
*quinta*, Sp., country house.

R

*real*, Sp. = twenty-five céntimos, about twopence halfpenny.
*refaixo*, skirt.
*regoldona*, kind of chestnut.
*regueifa*, poetical contest.
*rehogada*, smoked chestnut.
*reja*, Sp., iron screen.

*ría*, inland arm of sea.
*rías altas*, on N. and N.W. coast.
*rías bajas*, on W. coast of Galicia.
*rosca*, kind of biscuit.
*romaxe* / *romería* } pilgrimage.
*rosario*, rosary, evening prayers.
*rua*, street.
*ruada*, courting (song and music).
*rula*, dove.

S

*sanfoña*, kind of musical instrument.
*santiño*, dim. of *santo*, saint.
*saudade*, Port., wistful longing.
*sella*, water jar (wooden).
*serra*, Port. = Sp., *sierra* mountain range.
*sidra*, cider.
*siesta*, afternoon rest.
*soca* / *soco* } sabot; also leather boot with wooden sole.
*soidade* = *saudade*.
*soportal*, arcade.
*soto*, chestnut grove.

T

*talega*, Sp., bag, sack.
*tallo*, Sp., log.
*tascar*, Sp., to dress flax.
*tega*, land measure.
*temporan*, early kind of chestnut.
*tenazas*, Sp., tongs.
*tender*, Sp., to bleach (flax).
*terrero* or *turrero*, flat space of trodden earth.
*terron*, sod, turf.
*tertulia*, Sp., evening party.
*tizón*, Sp., log (burning).
*traiña*, rowing-boat.
*trullada*, rough music.

U

*ula?* *ulo?* where is it? (*u* = Latin *ubi*).

V

*vara*, yard.
*vecino*, neighbour.
*veraneante*, summer resident.
*verdella*, kind of chestnut.
*viajante*, commercial traveller as distinct from *viajero*.
*vidiña*, dim. of *vida*, life.
*vidoeiro* = *abedul*.
*vino*, Sp., wine.
*viviña*, fem. dim. of *vivo*, alive.

X

*xantar*, dinner.
*xarda*, kind of fish.
*xeito*, sailing-boat.
*xoyiña*, dim. of *xoya*, jewel.
*xuvenco*, calf.

Z

*zueca*, Sp. = Gal. *soca*.
*zueco*, Sp. = Gal. *soco*.

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