

BRITTANY AND THE BRETONS



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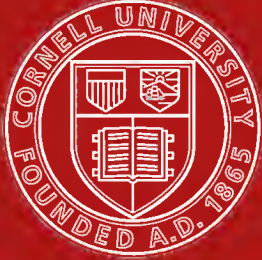


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Brittany and the Bretons



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SAGE COUNSEL

*Brittany and
the Bretons*

George Wharton Edwards



Moffat Yard & Company

M C M X

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*To my dear wife, best and most delightful
of companions, my most discerning yet most
lenient of critics, without whose unflagging
and enthusiastic interest these notes of
our summer wanderings in the byways of
the land of the Bretons would never
have been chronicled, this book is dedicated.
January 31, 1910.*

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Brittany and the Bretons

Characteristics

BRITTANY; land of granite, of mighty oaks and of druidical remains; land of silence entwined with wild briar; of rocky moorland and wooded dark heights, rent by vast chasms and watered by silvery trout-filled streams; land of a terrible coast, dotted with mysterious celtic sphinxes; land of Calvaries, of dolmen, of cromlechs and alignments or Druidical Menhirs; land of pardons and of peasants who pride themselves upon their ignorance of the French language; land of poetry and romance of the middle ages. . . . From the terrible rocky coast to the dim mountains Arreé, this region is filled with legend and superstition. The sea, ever of sinister aspect, beating upon the rocks guarding the small hamlets in which dwell the people from whence comes the flower and pride of the French Navy; men tall, brown, with long hair falling to their shoulders framing faces of ascetic sternness, simple as children, and loyal and true to their belief—fanatical

if you will—but brave and fearless as lions, men from the Bay of Trepasses (Lost Souls), the Point du Raz, the Enfer du Plogoff, or the “torch” of Penmarc’h—their one and only sin—alcohol. Ancient towns abound with the aspect of forgotten times, enclosing still within their walls the blind unwavering faith of the Royalists, ignorant seemingly, or maybe ignoring the fact of the Republic’s existence. The mossy walls of stone, festooned with wild briar rose and glossy dark ivy, surround old chateaux of exquisite design and crumbling towers on the brink of moats filled with dark water and covered with fragrant waxy pond lilies. . . . In small villages with ancient thatched towers and roofs, are pilgrims, kneeling before wayside chapels, chanting their prayers in unison, their eyes lifted to the gray skies. And in the market places are fountains sacred and of fabulous renown, of a religion interwoven with druidical tradition and pagan legend. Tall carved stone crosses, of incredible design, lend to the wayside an aspect of religious ecstasy and poetry. . . .

Monumental stone Calvaries with rude, semi-life size figures, depicting the passion and crucifixion, will be found next to the humble wayside “Auberge” with its hanging bush over the door. A peasantry clad in the costume of their ancestors, the antique costumes of the land of the Breton, each piece of which has its significance. Tall stately men with long, black hair hanging on their shoulders, clad in colored and embroidered vests of dark blue cloth, and “bragou-bras,” or breeches ending at the knee,

of baggy shape, made of sheepskin tanned, and worn with the wool inside, regard the tourist curiously.

Women and girls of a certain beauty, clad in richly embroidered corsages, large snow white linen collars, and lace edged caps of innumerable shapes and variety, each one, however, of meaning and denoting the village or province of the wearer. Wayside beggars, of dreadful aspect, haunt the churches, extending their crippled members to the passers-by, and idiots capering grotesquely along the highway, are regarded here as "Children of God" and thus holy ones, to be supported and fed by the people.

Whether in diligence or railway carriage, as one penetrates this land of mystery, the aspect of the land changes rapidly after leaving Saint Malo, below which the new character is accentuated and the villages and towns take on unfamiliar characteristics. "Français, oui, mais Breton avant tout!" says the Breton vehemently.

The roads are lined with wild briar, tall trunks of deformed trees and blackberry bushes laden with delicious fruit, but the peasant would die of hunger rather than eat one of the luscious berries, which are supposed to be accursed because (they believe), the "crown of thorns" was made of the blackberry vine.

As we approach the coast, wood succeeds wood, framing the tiny villages; there are deep ravines, and vast plains appear on which are flocks of sheep guarded by solitary figures of peasants, each with a watchful dog of somewhat savage mien, and troops of geese and small Breton cows calmly grazing,

watched by peasant girls and women in snowy coifs and collars.

. . . Then the sea on the horizon, visible between the immense granite boulders, flashing blue, and sometimes black and green, under a cerulean cloudless summer sky.

The coast from Saint Malo to the Cap Frehel in the summer months takes on the aspect of the Mediterranean, the sea is so blue, the sands so brilliant under the rays of the sun, and the ruddy colored rocks flaming in the emerald and azure of the sea.

The Treguier country, after the smiling fields and flashing rivulets, prepares one for real Finistère, and below the vine-clad hills and deep green-clad valleys about Morlaix, is a great surprise to the traveler.

Here we are ushered into the region of mediæval France and its traditions, the Calvary country, its plains dotted with prehistoric dolmen and menhir, Calvary and saint cut often from the living granite. Then follows the rock bound coasts of the country of Leon and Cornouaille, and here the land is cut by valleys of profound depth, and the granite promontories are pierced by vast caverns where the dashing Waves, ever in motion, beat upon the rocky barriers. Here the horizon is of rude aspect and the elements are seemingly in perpetual warfare, the rain falling and the wind blowing often for days at a time.

From the summit of these "falaises" the eye seeks to penetrate the obscurity of the depths of the tremendous fissures of savage and superb aspect, and the isolated rocks piercing the flashing, tumbling waters of the "rade" of Brest, upon which France has

lodged heavy ordnance for the defense of the coast.

Farther down below the "Leon" country, even below rocky Cornouaille and the luxuriant fields of Quimper and Quimperlé, the so-called region of Menhirs, one comes upon the mysteries of the little so-called sea of Auray and its collection of embossed islets, all of interest to the traveler and antiquarian and replete with remains of the ancient Druids.

This is the ancient Morbihan region, dwelling place of the Celts whose ancestors lived among the dolmen, the cromlechs and the enormous stones in alignment, and ranged in irregular circles for no one now knows what ceremonies or purpose. The small Breton boy by the roadside will inform you gravely that these dolmen are the Roman soldiers turned into stone by good Saint Cornouaille.

We are now in the very heart of druidical Brittany, and perchance the whistling locomotive is passing over the buried bones of the tribes of old, in tumulus as yet undiscovered at Carnac, and amid the alignments of Menec, of Kerlescan, Erdeven and Locmariaker. Beyond is the Ile de Gavrinis (the Goat), covered with still undecipherable runic inscriptions. Here was the headquarters of the savage Chouans, who camped upon the sands of Quiberon and on the fields about Auray.

Then follows the Vannes district and the savage desolation of the Landes filled with feudal ruins, replete with legends, the nocturnal domain of the fabled Korrigans in which the Breton devoutly believes, then the limitless horizon of the Salt Marshes where dwell the Sallière's amid the white tent-like mounds

6 BRITTANY AND THE BRETONS

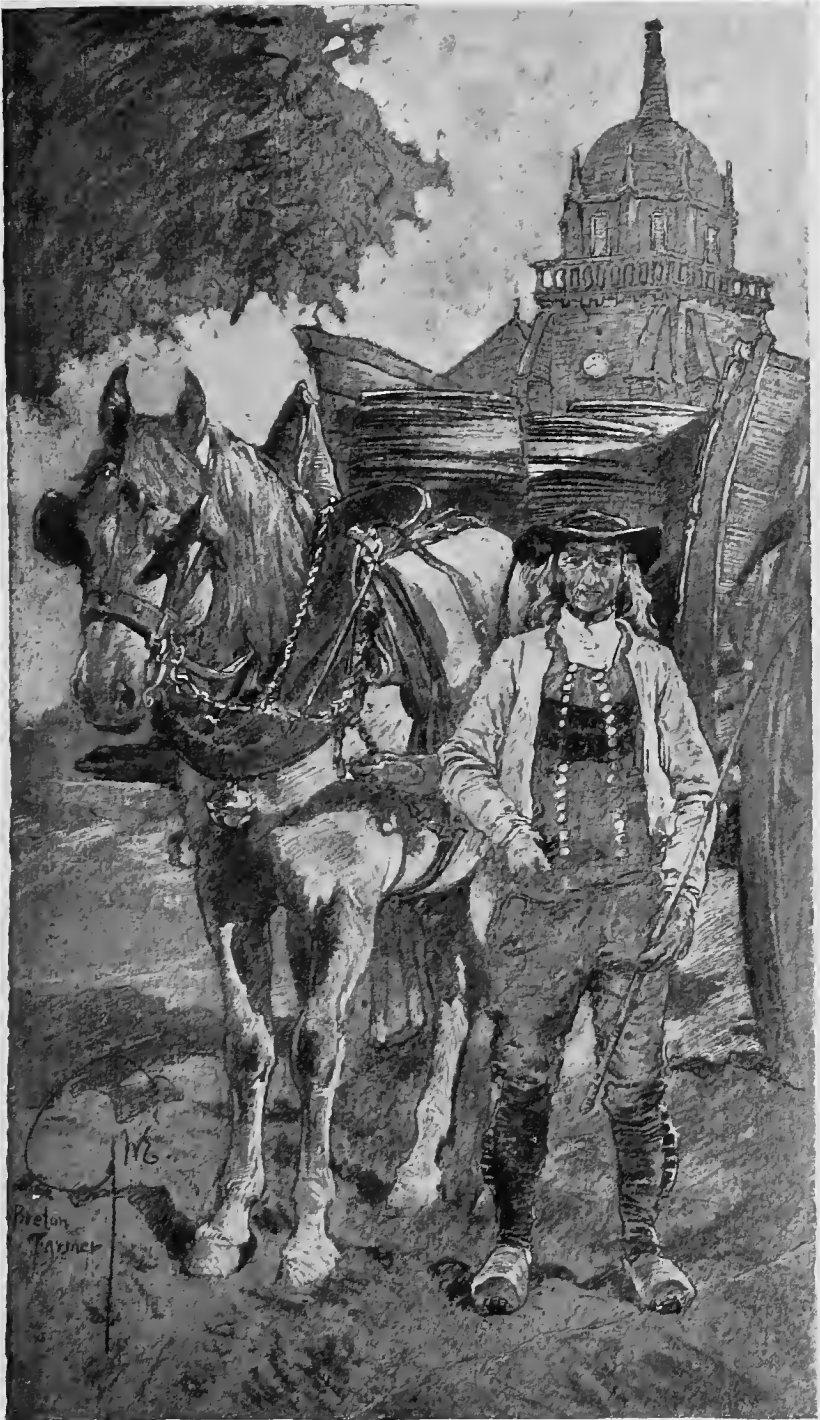
of salt crystals visible for a long distance, like an army encamped on the plain.

For me, Brittany is neither sad nor desolate; it, on the contrary, presents a great variety of interest and amusement. The people are intensely religious of course, and they are never gay, even in their fêtes, for religion is their passion and it flourishes, despite the efforts of the government to suppress it, and, so to speak, de-Bretonize them as a people; but this has only served to intensify their religious feeling and enthusiasm.

The Breton peasant is hard-headed, obstinate to the last degree, and will resist to the death any attempt to alter his creed or customs. It may seem that the old Royalist loyalty of the Breton is of the past, but to my mind, it only sleeps, smolders, and is ready to burst into fanatical activity at the moment when opportunity arrives. At present he seems content with the republic and will be quiescent just so long as the republic respects his beliefs and leaves him alone.

This, then, is the character of the country. As to the people, how shall one picture them in words so that they shall appear to the mind's eye? I must fall back upon my sketch book for the purpose, but I shall tell some of their legends as related to me by chance acquaintances in the small inns, and in the watch towers by the sea where the coast guard keeps solitary watch over the peasantry and fisherman. Dean Church in his "Essays" says—

"The old-fashioned Breton combs his long black hair and walks about unabashed in his 'bragou-bras,'



TYPE OF BRETON FARMER

turns his back on the future and looks only to the past, on his dead ancestors and the cross and profoundly distrusts all improvements in this world. A grand, sublime, miraculous Past is contrasted in his mind with a poor, uninteresting Present, its mere appendix, and a Future without form or hope till the Last Day; the Past is to him the great reality of the world—the reality—not of diletantism, but of life-long faith.”

Each town or village will have its own particular and special Saint, and to each of these is attributed some special virtue in the way of cures. For instance, Saint Gonéry, who has his tomb at Plougrescent above Treguier, is a specialist in fevers and the like, so the priests sell little cloth bags on tape strings to the peasants who devoutly wear them for a stated period, after which it is the custom to hang them upon or near the altar in the church. Then Saint Tugen exorcises mad dogs and renders their bites harmless, and Saint Mandez removes boils. But it is to Saint Yves that all prayers are directed in dire emergency; he was never yet known to fail the devout and believing ones. “Sant Ervan ar Wirionez,” as the Bretons say—that is Saint Yves the Truth-shower. Especially do the Tregorrois address themselves and their prayers to him, believing that no matter what is asked of him, he will grant his intercession.

The Breton peasant is hospitable—when he knows you, or you have been vouched for by some one he knows—and no matter how poor the hovel there is always room near the fire, and a bowl of milk or cider will be set out on the table. “Duman e ty an

homm," my house is everybody's home, is his motto, and never is a beggar turned from the door. In fact, begging is encouraged by the people throughout Brittany, and Le Braz says that in all of Brittany he knows of only one parish where it is prohibited.

In Brittany, the diligence is becoming more and more of a rarity, especially near the large cities. In the country districts it is still a feature of travel; generally speaking, it makes very slow progress, say five or six miles an hour, with stops at almost every "auberge" so that the driver may quaff a "chopin" of cider, or a "petite verre" at your expense, if you please. It is uncomfortable and dirty, but in traveling "en garcon" one will not mind that. The coupé contains the best seats, and the cost, of course, is proportionately greater than those of the Imperiale or Banquet on the top, from which, however, the best view is had. The fare is low, but there is an extra charge for the choice seats and a more or less generous pourboire for the driver, over and above the "chopins" which you will have contributed "en route."

Now that the railway reaches into some of the most remote regions of Brittany where formerly the diligence was the sole means of communication between the towns, one would expect to find great changes in the peasantry. But the rushing trains no longer startle the solitary figures of the flock tenders on the plains and the Breton accepts stolidly the marvel of iron bridges and immense viaducts which now cross the deep chasms and valleys of this mysterious land. Of course there is little or nothing of what we call

traffic excepting perhaps in the summer season and between the large towns, for the Breton is nothing of a traveler and thus there is little change in him in the last twenty-five years. On the northern coast the inhabitants come in contact with the "commis-voyageurs," or traders, whose influence is felt and seen in the abandonment of some of the costumes, but towards the mountains where the country is arid and poor, the people being more isolated, there the ancient characteristics are best preserved, and the costumes are still worn with pride. There the features of the peasantry are very strongly marked, the result of privations of generations. Their life is hard and their pleasures few and simple,—an annual "Pardon," a blessing from the Priest followed by a dance on the village green before the church to the sonorous strains of a bagpipe (*biniou*), and then the dull round of hardship and labor begin again for him.

The Breton peasant has been described and with some degree of truth, as barbaric, half civilized, rude, dirty in habit, living like pigs in cabins with earthen floors, eating chestnuts boiled in milk, and pork when he can get it.

Isolated from towns by reason of his language (Gaelic) he has kept himself apart and distrusts all who are not Bretons, particularly the French. He is patient to a fault when you respect his religion, and his laborious, hopeless life has subdued even his affections. Even the landholder or farmer is in a state of stagnation, and although he can get better prices for his potatoes and artichokes than formerly when transportation was more costly, he has not kept

up with the times, his farm is run on old-time methods such as his father and grandfather used, and, except in isolated instances, he scorns new methods and modern plans for the betterment of his land. The farms are worked on a very small scale with the very least expenditure of money. The men and women labor early and late, and their gain is, of course, small. Not that there is a lack of thrift, the contrary is the fact, but they are penurious and take no pains to improve in methods. Knowing little and caring less about the great outer world, they drift along in their own way, paying strict heed to the teachings of the Church and giving generously to charities. They regard it all as an investment for the benefit of their souls in the hoped for hereafter. Beggary thrives throughout the whole region and mysticism and semi-idolatrous practices are perforce sanctioned by the Church which in vain has tried to correct the evils. If one goes beneath the surface the picture disclosed is certainly appalling, so perhaps it is best for one to view the country and the people from an artistic and poetic standpoint from which great profit may be derived. Poetic they are, these Bretons of to-day, even as they were in the past, and so I found them in my wanderings improvident yet hospitable, honest yet shrewd in a bargain, intemperate yet intensely religious.

The annual fêtes and Pardons are most picturesque and seem intended for the painter and poet, and to see the people on these occasions in their bright costumes, the beribboned young girls and their attendant swains hand in hand on the green sward,

dancing to the tunes played by the blind "binious" or bagpipe players, against the background of dark oaks in the sunlight, is a scene to be enjoyed and remembered. This is Brittany as I love to recall it.

The inns throughout the country are only fair, and the traveler would do well to make his headquarters in the larger towns, visiting the remote regions by carriage. This he can arrange by a little forethought and he would better travel in company than alone, for in some of the districts, the fastnesses of the *Montagnes Arreé*, for instance, it is considered positively dangerous to go alone and unarmed on some of the unfrequented roads. But, for the most part, there is little or no real danger, only considerable inconvenience, especially if one does not happen to speak a little Gaelic or Breton; for, at times, the peasant in the more distant and remote spots will refuse to answer a question addressed to him in French. I have tested this many times in the mountains.

As to the Pardons, *Le Braz* says that all are alike, but, to me, they are very different, perhaps because I was not born of the country as he is. The first one I was to see was that of *Saint Anne d'Auray*, in the last of July, and never shall I forget the scene, so strange was it. I shall describe it all at length in another chapter.

Throughout Brittany one will find the various communes fairly supplied with what may be called primary farming schools, and the younger generation of farmers born peasants are, as a rule, conforming

to new theories and practices, and thus improving their systems of work. But, generally speaking, it must be said that the agriculture of Brittany is in a very poor and backward condition. For the most part, the peasantry cling tenaciously to their Armorican traditions, and, in the mountain districts, away from the sound of the railway whistle, will, as I have intimated before, refuse to speak, save in their ancestral Celtic, and are content to live in the most meager impoverished manner when, by a little study and thought, they might be fairly well off and comfortable. But I question, from what I know of them, whether after all they would be any the happier for new conditions. Some years ago an attempt was made, through annual agricultural exhibitions, to give them practical instruction, and a national school of agriculture under most excellent management, consisting of experts and a system called the Six-Ferme-écoles, was established upon a farm of twelve hundred acres situated at Grand-Jouan near Quimperlé, where practical irrigation and up-to-date drainage was taught. But I fear that the time is long distant in the peninsula when the new order of things will displace the old.

One great drawback to advancement is the lack of sympathy between the landed proprietors and their tenants; the former being, as a rule, absentees who wring from the tenants all that they can. Living among the distractions of Paris and the larger towns, they care little for the state of the land so long as the farm is in any way productive, and they thus leave all questions which might prove troublesome



THE CHEVALIERS DE ROHAN

to themselves to the agents who invariably grind the unfortunate tenants to the last sou.

The Breton peasant certainly has a hard and most hopeless life. The average family consists of man, wife and two or three children, together with, perhaps the aged father and mother, who are generally unable to work. Thus, then, the man and wife are alone the wage earners, and upon their labors, the labor of two, six subsist. The daily income is very small and it is well nigh impossible for them to save anything.

In the farm houses during the summer months the whole family are astir at about four in the morning. The cows must be attended to, milked and fed, and the pigs, quaintly called the Chevaliers de Rohan, driven out to forage for themselves along the roadside under the guidance of one of the children. The men harness the heavily built horses and then return to the house for breakfast which, as a rule, indeed almost invariably, consists of bowls of hot milk soup. They then work until ten o'clock, when they go home to a meal consisting of buckwheat and milk boiled together into a porridge, a food much esteemed and indeed nutritious. There is then a siesta until noon when at bell ring the work begins again, lasting until three in the afternoon, at which hour dinner, consisting of pickled dried fish or buckwheat cakes and hot milk is served. From seven to eight is the hour for supper, the principal meal of the day, usually of bacon and potatoes, excepting the "Jours Maigres" or fast days, when fish alone is served and eaten. Cider is the drink in the season at supper, but it is

usually exhausted by winter as the supply retained for home use is limited and ends with harvest time.

I am told that wages are very low and, witnessing the daily life of the peasant, I can well believe that they make as little as \$32.00 to \$38.00 per annum with board on the farm as above, but they are idle much of the time and must subsist upon such odd jobs as they can find. This seems a gloomy picture of this ancient province, but I must add that there are here and there instances of thrift and prosperity among the proprietors who are doing all they can to ameliorate the unhappy tendencies of the peasant to live from hand to mouth, and these are increasing so that their influence is making for betterment of agricultural conditions. But as a rule poverty and superstition is as evident here as on the west coast Ireland, where similar conditions of landlord absenteeism and its inevitable result prevails.

On the coast the agricultural customs are most peculiar. One of the most so is the harvest of "vraic" or "varech" as the sea weed is called. The supply of this is, of course, almost unlimited, and thus thousands of loads are harvested each year. There are two kinds, "vraic venant," which is that washed ashore by the waves, and "vraic scié," that cut from the sides of the immense rocks upon which the Atlantic Ocean dashes itself. I am told that there are two periods of harvesting this latter each year. The first is the month of February after the first full moon, lasting six weeks, the second after the middle of June and ending arbitrarily by the first of September. The vraic is most valuable for

manure and is applied directly to the plowed fields and allowed to rot. Some of it is burned and the resulting ashes are sold for some mysterious purpose or other. The answers to my inquiries were very vague and confusing. Indeed, one ancient, gray-haired Armorican, in immense balloon-like "bragou-bras" (knee breeches) of sheepskin, who seemed to be the overseer of the crowd of peasants whom I surprised at work among the rocks, snapped his fingers in my face and cursed me most eloquently and volubly, with a floriated detail concerning my forbears and descendants whom he specified with a picturesque quality that would have been quite embarrassing to one more sensitive than I. Afterwards I was told that he was named Yann Ar Scär, that he hated the English, indeed all foreigners, and was a sort of local poet and singer of great repute. I wish that I might have heard him sing, for most certainly he had a voice and no mean ability as an orator.

I suppose I must give a few statistics, which the indulgent reader may skip if he be in no mood for them.

There are five departments in Brittany as follows: Cotes du Nord, Finistère, Morbihan, Ille-et-Vilaine and Loire Inferieure.

Of these Finistère is the most populace. The country is divided into two sections—upper and lower Brittany. The latter is the most unusual, for in this the tongue is Breton or Celtic and French is an acquired language. Upper Brittany is divided by the mountain chain of the Menez running from east to west, forming on the north the so-called Mon-

tagnes Arreé and ending in the south in the spur called the Noires. In the north are rushing rivers through lovely valleys and deep ravines. These rivers are the Morlaix, the Gouet and the Rance, the latter seeking the sea at St. Malo, and navigable up to Dinan for steamers. The mountain ranges are not high, indeed the highest is Mont Saint Michel, which is only a little more than 1200 feet. The Menez-Hom is perhaps the most impressive, rising from the bay of Douarnenez, and I was surprised to find that it is short of 1000 feet in height. In the Ille-et-Vilaine district or department there are many large and small lakes, some of them fairly teeming with fish and offering fine sport to the devotee of the rod. In the Morbihan department between, what may be called, the basins of the rivers Arz and Claye, is the Lande de Lanvaux, an arid plain, which is something less than 350 feet high but most impressive and picturesque. The northern coast is bulwarked with immense rocky promontories such as Sizun, Penmarc'h, Crozon and Saint Mathieu. Below Penmarc'h these promontories cease abruptly and the character of the country changes, becoming vast plains cut by land locked inlets of the sea. Here the sand dunes begin and the landscape, while wild, is not so sinister in character.

Below this is the chain of islands forming the fine bay of Quiberon, and then we come to the mouth of the Loire and the end of Brittany.

*Saint Malo,
Saint Servan*

THE cumbersome 'bus, plying between the railway station and Saint Malo, was almost full ere I could claim my luggage, clamber in and settle myself forcibly between two corpulent French "trippers" arrayed wonderfully in costumes of English plaid of loud pattern, with field glasses slung from their shoulders by straps across their chests, and innumerable bundles and baskets and fishing paraphernalia bestowed between their knees.

'Tis thus that "Monsieur" travels "Au Campagne" or "A la Mer," as the case may be, under the impression that he resembles a fashionable Briton, and he is ever as gay in spirits as were these two who exchanged impressions across my person, gesticulating so wildly at times that I feared they were to come to blows.

It has been said, that if one were to place a couple of Indian clubs in the hands of a Frenchman of the bourgeois class and ask his opinion of the weather,

the latter would get exercise enough in his attempt to answer that would last him for some time, and I believe it.

I was so taken up with my endeavors to keep my hat on my head in the bumping 'bus, that I did not see the towers of Saint Malo until we were quite close to them, on the narrow neck of dusty land that separates the town from the mainland. On this is a road called "Sillon" running along between tawdry, ugly, second rate lodging houses and poor looking shops, and, at the right, one sees the huge hotels of Paramé and a glare of sand, beyond which lies the sea. The dust, stirred by the galloping horses' feet and the wheels of the 'bus, rises in clouds, but at length we reach a clean stretch of roadway and Saint Malo is seen in all its picturesqueness. Saint Malo, the Corsair city!—embattlemented, and with a tall, slender spire rising mastlike from its center. Over its high machicolated walls appears a long row of many windowed houses of gray stone with high pitched roofs from which rise countless stacks of chimneys.

The 'bus passes through a high gateway flanked by massive towers, and, turning to the right, draws up before a somewhat modern looking hotel, fronting which are many small tables at which officers in uniform, and a rather gay looking gathering of civilians of both sexes are talking and laughing, eating and drinking, while a military band is playing in a Kiosk under the high wall, and the scene is both animated and amusing.

Three or four well paved streets, crowded with



ST. MALO

people and lined with good looking shops, lead from the Port Notre Dame to the church. All the life of the town is concentrated in this central spot. The streets are narrow, lacking in places a footway, and the houses are literally sky-scrapers. Owing to very primitive sanitary ideas, an extended stay is not to be recommended. Dinard, the town across the Rance, will be found more comfortable and quite convenient.

There are not many streets in the town of St. Malo and it is soon all explored, but it is certainly worth while, even for the pleasure seeker, while the student and antiquary will find much to interest and repay him.

The high buildings overtopping the rampart are the houses built by the rich old East India merchants, especially those which look down upon the moat. They were erected some one hundred and fifty years or more ago, are of granite, the roofs are pitched very steeply, and the chimney stacks, on closer scrutiny, seem veritable towers.

Most of the houses have an interior court-yard in which are bright flowers, a fig tree or two, and they are rented in flats. There are, here and there, noble staircases leading to these floors, and on several of the houses are statues of the Virgin cut in the solid masonry, on the outer corner of the first floor.

Saint Malo was the chief port of the India Merchants, but it is alleged, and with strong reason, that its great prosperity was due, not to the fleet of India men, but to the bands of Corsairs, the pri-

vateers who successfully preyed upon English commerce.

Entrenched behind its then impregnable ramparts, and guarded from attack by the exceedingly dangerous rocks and shoals of the surrounding waters, Saint Malo was able to successfully resist all efforts of the English to capture it, although they approached and destroyed all its shipping, even under the guns. There is a legend, not properly belonging to Saint Malo, however, that the English planted their mines before the grand porte of Saint Malo, but were protected—it is gravely alleged—by the statue of the Virgin enshrined over the gate, who motioned miraculously with her hands, pointing out the exact position of the mines to the Bretons, who, having faith, dug into the spot at which she pointed, found the mines, and thus saved the city.

Since that time, this particular statue of the Virgin has always been venerated and daily supplied with fresh flowers.

Saint Malo is not available for large warships, because the harbor silts too much. They are thus forced, when they visit the porte, to anchor in the mouth of the Rance near Dinard.

After the Malouins had built their city upon the small islets, and fortified it with its massive towers, so secure did they feel from attack that they entrusted the defense of the sandy spit of land, joining the city to the mainland, each night to a band of very large and fierce dogs. Afterwards they adopted these dogs as coat of arms of the city.

It is rare to find an American at Saint Malo, and

except an occasional artist, in search of the picturesque, I have rarely seen one. English people there are, but it is not, I fancy, the quest of picturesqueness that brings the Englishman; it is rather the question of economy, for one may live hereabouts delightfully, and at very small cost.

In the summer there is much gayety and life to be seen, its "Plage" is filled with amusing French bathers, and there are races and regattas attended by throngs of fashionable looking French people.

As I have said, Saint Malo is clustered around a steep apex, where is still to be seen a piece of the Virgin rock outcropping at the chapel of Saint Aaron, but the place where all roads center in this, the city of Corsairs, is at the former Cathedral, and here are situated many of the most interesting houses.

That most venerated by the Malouins is the old wooden one with remarkable projecting upper floors, on one of which the great naval hero, Duguay-Trouin, was born. The windows of this house are glazed with quaint little diamond panes of glass, and the whole top story is one long divided window, somewhat like those in Canterbury. All, save the ground floor, is of very dark paintless wood, stained by time and ornamented with a few rude carvings. Passing under an archway and into a small court on two sides of which are some quaint old houses fronted with small balconies decked with bright geraniums and nasturtiums, there is a washing shed which towers overhead in a most picturesque manner.

At the end of this street, which stands on the site of an arm of the sea and at the corner of the Rue de

Canale de Bonne Mer and included within the walls, is a most strange little seventeenth century house.

The little shops below, filled with vegetables, rich orange carrots and dusty golden green melons and bright green salads, are quite delightful to look upon. The shop-keepers seem to understand how to pile these bright colors against the dark stone arch with considerable artistic taste. There are beautiful rosy Breton apples, huge yellow and red pumpkins, orange and green-striped melons, luscious plums of red and yellow, blue and green, huge bunches of purple grapes and delicious looking peaches and apricots, as well as the strange looking pale green artichoke, all festooned and displayed to the best advantage.

It is said that the oldest house in Saint Malo is that of the Bishop, and whether this be so or not, it is certainly a very fine specimen. It is now a *Mont de Piete*, or pawn shop of low degree, and enjoys the distinction of having a portion of the original rock enclosed within its walls.

The small sixteenth century turret in the Rue de Chapillon is that of the Duchesse Anne, much venerated throughout Brittany. The house is now let in tenements and is very shabby in appearance.

Whoso wishes to study the timber houses will find the best of them in the Rue de l'Harpe, and in the Rue de Boyer. The two gayest streets are the Grande Rue and the Rue Saint Vincent with their lofty gabled, seventeenth century, gray granite houses, and these are filled with color and life.

Here in the shops are gay Breton embroideries,



THE FISHING BOATS AND ST. MALO

the beautiful coarse modern china of Quimper, and certain "curio" shops, which the astute voyager will do well to shun. There are bright geraniums and nasturtiums in the windows above, and the streets are thronged with peasants from lower Brittany in their fine costumes and enormous white winged caps, numbers of slouchy looking soldiers in red and blue uniform, and arriving and departing tourists.

A vehicle in the streets is somewhat rare, as they are so narrow that there is hardly room for more than one at a time to pass through.

During the day, and especially in the season when the races and regattas are going on, the beautiful shaded walks beyond the battlements, from the Porte Saint Vincent to the Porte Dinan, are thronged with the gayest gathering of French people imaginable, who come from their summer places and the lodging houses of dusty Paramé, Saint Servan, Saint Enogat, Dinard and Saint Lunaire.

Crossing between Saint Malo and Saint Servan is a queer looking, spidery bridge on wheels, running on a track across the harbor entrance and towering to some thirty feet in the air. It was built, it is said, by a resident of Saint Malo, who put all his money into it. Certainly it is one of the most unique bridges in the world.

At the horse races on the beach of fine, hard, grayish sand, there is a grand stand policed by youthful looking soldiers of small stature, in gay red and blue uniforms, and looking very slouchy and ill kept. The officers, on the other hand, are as spruce in appearance as one could wish. They are, of course,

of the nobility, or, at least, the aristocracy—and they certainly look it—well groomed as they are to the last degree.

Only three or four horses as a rule compete in the races, which seem very tame to one used to English or American tracks, but the Frenchman who is out for a good time means to have it too, and enjoys himself hugely, if in a childish manner. One pays 1 f. or 2 f. for a seat on the grand stand, but the crowd is vastly more entertaining than the races.

There are shows of moving pictures, dioramas of vivid colored battles, trained dogs, bears, and other animals; a fat woman, a so-called wild man, and plenty of fried sausages,—cooked while you wait, in sizzling grease, by hard-featured loud voiced women.

The scene is animated and characteristic, and if one goes with the crowd, instead of sitting in the grand stand with what they call the “noblesse,” one will have much more fun, for the crowd of good-natured peasantry will number at times people from the coast in wonderfully embroidered costumes of yellow braided, blue fustian, denoting the province of Finistère, and even distant Morbihan.

Inside the walls, before the Hotel de France, which occupies the house in which the great Chateaubriand was born, is generally gathered a throng of people, as on the day of my arrival, occupying a score of rows of iron chairs, listening to the band concerts, (the music of which, by the way, is very good), given by the band of one of the regiments of the “lignc.”

The people are not very "smart" looking, be it said, for Saint Malo is not yet "ultra" fashionable, yet there is an attempt at dressing for dinner in the evening at the hotels.

Better than the horse racing is the regatta. The Breton sailor is very skillful, and gets a great deal out of a puff of wind; so the regattas are good fun. At the end of the "mole" a grand stand is built, and here the band plays during the intervals. The chief events are blindfolded sculling, in immense painted masks, after a figure with a bell which is rowed ahead by a couple of sailors amid great excitement; some good swimming by experts from a boat, anchored out in the water in full view; and a novel sort of a chase after a duck, loosed for the purpose, by a whole regiment of fine swimmers. This last is one of the finest sights of the season, for frequently the duck swims for a mile or so before being caught.

The tides at Saint Malo are very high at the equinoxes, when there is a rise and fall of, I am told, forty-five feet—the figures are not mine. At ordinary times they are twenty to twenty-five feet.

The view from the promenade around the walls is inspiring, but if one wants to see Saint Malo in all its beauty one should go out on the sands to the grave of Chateaubriand on the Grand Bey, and there see its gray walls and its surrounding spire rising from the flashing blue water.

The city was enlarged in the years 1701, 1712, 1720, 1734, 1754.

The Cathedral was built by Saint Malo, but burnt by the soldiers of Charlemagne in 811. It was

rebuilt in 813 by Helocar, the third Bishop, and dedicated to Saint Vincent.

There are eight gates, the former *Porte de Bon-Secours* no longer existing. Its place is taken by the *Porte des Beys*, or, as it is now called, *Porte de Notre-Dame*, situated at the end of the *Rue du Boyer* and giving access at low tide to the island of *Grand Bey*, from which start steamers for *Dinard* at low tide. Here is the tomb of *Chateaubriand*.

There is a small gate called the *Poterne des Champs Vauvert*, leading to the sandy beach round the base of the *Tour Bidouine*.

The *Porte de Dinan*, formerly called the *Porte de la Marine*, is nearest to *Dinan* and opposite to the *Porte Saint Malo* at *Dinan*.

The *Grande Porte* leads from the *Grand Rue* to the *Quay*, from whence sails, or steams, the English boat. It is imposing,—flanked as it is by two massive mediæval towers, and quite satisfies one's ideas. Almost out of sight, at the back of this tower and behind a window, is the statue of the *Virgin*, formerly at *Rennes*, I am told, which saved the town on *October 3rd*, year 1536, by pointing out the spot mined by the English.

The *Porte Saint Louis*, near the *Ponte Roulant*, was opened in 1874, and is therefore modern. It was found in opening it that the walls were so solid they could be broken only by means of dynamite.

The *Porte St. Pierre* in the bastion, so called, was opened in 1871, to give upon the sands of *Bon Secours*, and the old gate of the latter name was then walled up.

The Porte Saint Thomas, just to the north of the castle, gives access to the bathing beach. It was called the Porte Saint Vincent during the Revolution.

The Porte Saint Vincent is the principal city gate, and from it starts the street of that name. During the Revolution it was called the Porte (or Cortine) des Sans-Culottes.

Of the many small islands outside the town, most are fortified, and visitors are formally forbidden to trespass. One alone may be visited, the Grand Bey, containing as I have said the tomb and ashes of the great Chateaubriand, the most illustrious Breton author, who, in a letter dated September 3, 1828, craved that the town grant to him on this rock enough space to contain his coffin. He wrote: "I shall repose on the shore of that sea which I loved so well. If I die out of France, I request that my body may not be brought back to my native country until fifty years have elapsed from its first inhumation. . . . Dry and mouldering bones are easily transported. They will feel less fatigue on that last journey than when I dragged them hither and thither, burdened with the load of my cares." Chateaubriand was born in a room in what is now the Hotel de France, overlooking the rampart and the sands. "The apartment in which my mother was confined," he wrote, "looks upon a deserted portion of the town walls, and through a window of this chamber can be seen the sea, which spreads away breaking upon a rocky coast till lost to view. . . . I was almost dead when I came into the world.

The roar of the waves, precursor to the autumnal equinox, prevented my cries being heard."

The beach is said to be the finest in France, extending as it does for some three kilometers. It is hard and gray in color rather than yellow. It is called the Grande Grève, and in the season is crowded with bathers and onlookers. At high water there is only a very narrow strip between the sea and the ramparts left for the bathing cabins.

The Grève de Malo is behind the rocks of the bastion of the Porte de la Reine and to the west of the Grand Grève; it is shut in at the far end by jutting rocks from the Tour Bidouane. This is the second class beach, cheaper than the Grand Grève, and, from here, one can walk out across the sands to the tomb of Chateaubriand on the Grand Bey at low tide.

Every house and every street is full of historical interest. From a little book published some twenty-five years ago in France by M. Harvut, Secretary to the Mayor of Saint Malo at that time, and long since out of print, the following is translated and greatly abridged:

'Of the streets, the Rue Saint Aaron contains the chapel of the Hermit Aaron who built a small chapel in the sixth century, which stood until the seventeenth century, on the rock jutting through the soil, and the highest point of the ile d'Aaron, now the peninsula upon which Saint Malo stands.

'The Rue Saint Benoit, (during the Revolution called the Rue de Thionville) is one of the most interesting streets in the city. In the lower part of

it there are many old houses. Number 16 has a fine carved door and doorway of the seventeenth century. Number 15 has also a carved door, a funny little courtyard and two tourelles. Number 7 is all tower; it was part of the gateway of the Abbey of the English Benedictines, now occupied by a government tobacco factory. It has still one of the gables of the Abbey and a gargoyle, and bears the grooves of the gate. The Grande Boucherie was formerly in this street.

'The Rue du Boyer (Rue de Pelletier during the Revolution) runs to the gate of the Beys, opening on the western rampart. It was long called the Rue de Bey, because it was in a straight line with the island of that name. Its present name is very likely a corruption. It contains two of the most interesting houses in Saint Malo. One known as the "House of the Bishop" is unique and, like Hardwicke Hall in England, "more glass than wall." It is attributed to the twelfth century, but its superstructure at all events bears a date of the seventeenth century. The building is very large. The ground floor, which looks very ancient and forbidding, is occupied by a marine store dealer; the upper floors are probably like most other large houses in Saint Malo, let in tenements. It has cellars, possibly of great antiquity and grided with most formidable iron gratings. The house has certainly a great air of mystery.'

The fine and well preserved house opposite with a pointed gable, of which an illustration is given, is probably older as it stands, and is said to contain

a tall spike of the island rock projecting up into the middle.

The Rue et Place Broussais is called after a celebrated doctor of Saint Malo; it was formerly called the "Place of the Pillory." M. Harvut says there are some beautiful rooms in number 4 with curious carvings, but I was unable to gain entrance.

There is a very fine knocker of the seventeenth century on a door of the same period, and in the court at the back a beautiful well surmounted by an arch. In the same street is a house with a quaint cistern for rain water inscribed in half obliterated letters "*l'eau de ciels.*"

In the Rue du Canal de Mer Bonne, there is a bit of the original rock of Saint Malo cropping out, and a mutilated tourelle.

The Rue de l'Épine was formerly known as the Rue Terre-neuve, not, as one would think, after New Foundland, but because the street here was leveled. It received its last name from a poor widow who lived in the street. She possessed a thorn which she claimed had belonged to the Crown of Thorns brought her by her son from the Holy Land, and which enjoyed such great repute among the pious of Saint Malo that the widow lived on their charities.

The Grand Rue, which runs in a straight line from the Grande Port into the Rue Porcon de la Barbinais, has borne this name from the very foundation of the city. M. Harvut says that in the twelfth century the fair which was called by "our ancestors" La Foire Aux Sublets, was held in this

street on Micarême Sunday. Only whistles and such things were sold at this fair. "A kind of instrument which has in all ages been the joy of the small boy."

To-day the "Assemblage," or Foire de la Micarême, is held on the promontory of the cité at Saint Servan, and is known as the "Assemblée des Brigots" after a shell fish found on the Breton coast. A fire which consumed two-thirds of the city, it is said, started during one of these fairs in 1661.

The Rue de la Harpe from the Rue Vielle Boucherie, is named for a great iron grille or "harpe" which closed its western end at night during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It has one of the finest wooden houses in Saint Malo, with a front nearly all of which is glass, somewhat like the house of the Bishop in the Rue de Boyer. It is shingled with wood and has a very picturesque gable. Underneath is a dark cellar-like place used as a café. Elsewhere in the street is a stately mansion with fine oaken doors.

The Rue du Pelicox, running from the Rue Andre Desilles to the cour la Houssaye, was named from an ancient family possessing a mansion there. It was formerly known, says M. Harvut, as the Rue du Pot d'Etain, from the pewter pot which is, in Brittany, the ancient sign of an inn. Of the little street leading from it—the Ruelle du Pelicott, M. Harvut states, "The Revolution gratified this little street with the name of the Rue de l'Humanité."

The Rue Saint-Phillippe, which runs from the Porte du Dinan around to the Rue d'Estrées, re-

ceived its name from the Bastion Saint Phillippe.

The magnificent old East India houses in this street are, M. Harvut remarks, "Veritable palaces of granite, which in centuries past could stand their share of a cannonade and were a second rampart for the defense of the city."

The Place Duguay-Trouin was formerly the garden of the Bishop. It stands opposite the "Sous-préfecture" and was long called the Place Grande Commone. It takes its present name from the statue in marble of the celebrated Duguay-Trouin by Molchmecht.

The Grande Placitre (signifying waste land) contains some of the most interesting ancient houses of the seventeenth century.

The Rue Porçon de la Barbárais is the principal street of Saint Malo, and was named for Pierre Porcon, Sieur de la Barbanais, a native of the city who was captured in Algeria by pirates when Louis Quatorze blockaded Algeria. The Bey sent him, under oath to return, to the king of France with proposals of peace. These were rejected, whereupon, on his return to Algeria, the Bey, not appreciating his chivalry, promptly beheaded him.

In the Rue Traversiere, at the corner, will be found the Maison de la Singe, so called from the stone monkey which ornamented the gable, says M. Harvut, until 1820, in memory of a she monkey belonging to an old sailor. This monkey had carried a well known pilot of Saint Malo when an infant, from his cradle to that gable and nursed him there, returning him to his cradle in safety.

The Sillon, which runs from the Porte Saint Vincent skirting the sands formed before the construction of the Quai Daguay-Trouin, the only communication with the mainland, was often covered by water at high tide, being a mere isthmus of sand, guarded during the night by a savage band of dogs.

The Rue Saint Vincent is one of the principal streets. It contained formerly, says M. Harvut, two famous taverns, the "Diacrerie" and the "Crevaille;" he says, "the Crevaille is a repast where one piques oneself in eating too much." One of these had a sign board, on which were represented a woman and a cat, with these words, "To Malice."

It is well worth while to go under the archway at number 8, to see the back of the washing shed, with its open sides perched on the face of the Virgin rock, and the tall plaster rain-water cistern. The courtyard through which you go has, moreover, picturesque outside stairs and galleries, usually full of bright flowers and gossiping women.

The Rue des Cordiers is called after the rope sellers and sail makers, who were established in it from its neighborhood to the port. It was formerly known as the Rue de la Herse. At the northerly extremity is an old timber house in an excellent state of preservation.

The Rue des Grand-Degrés and the Rue des Petits-Degrés are named for the picturesque flights of stone steps in them leading down to the level of the Port; the former, during the Revolution, was called the Rue Civile.

The Rue André Desilles, called after the hero of

Nancy, was afterwards named the Rue du College in honor of the seminary of Saint Malo, founded in 1806. The college has rather an imposing portal, and there are some very quaint old houses opposite. Descending a flight of stone steps one comes upon a typical laundry under an open sided, ornamental looking shed. The visitor is warned that the women and girls have a most unpleasant habit of emptying pails or pitchers of evil smelling water upon the heads of too inquisitive strangers hereabouts, and photographers are not liked; but if one were to ask permission to inspect any of the houses, I am sure the same courteous treatment would be accorded to them that I experienced. Indeed I am convinced that the tales I have heard related of rudeness at the hands of the natives are entirely due to some fault, real or fancied, on the part of the sufferers themselves.

On my second visit to Saint Malo, I was induced to try one of the smaller hotels, by a chance acquaintance made in the railway carriage, and it was with misgivings and doubt that I followed him up the street, by the quaint malodorous fish market, to the rather dirty entrance of this hotel. As a rule, all entrances are dirty in Saint Malo, but this one was even dirtier than some of the others, and the street likewise seemed narrower, and the opposite house fronts nearer. My chance friend had extolled the cooking with uplifted eyebrows, pursed up lips, and barely touched finger and thumb held up before me, thus denoting the exquisite fineness of everything, to properly describe which words quite failed

him. We found the hotel crowded, for it was in August and the height of the season. The dinner was being served when we arrived; there was a loud clattering of dishes and knives and forks, amid much talking and laughter from the assemblage, and the passageway to the dining-room reeked with the smell of cooking, past and present, and other unpleasant odors.

Places at the table were at last found for us, and never have I been among such boors as at this nameless hotel at Saint Malo. Even in Flanders, at the roadside inns or "*estaminets*," the peasants were courtiers beside these which now elbowed us, sucking their knives, and bellowing out uncouth pleasantries. Where they came from I know not, but may I never see such a lot again.

The food was not so bad, however; there was veal and ham for the chief dish, a good pureè, and a vol au vent with mushrooms, an omelette soufflé, and all the wine, both red and white, that one could decently drink. The price, for bedroom, candle, breakfast, petit déjeuner and dinner, was just six francs per diem.

I was almost reconciled to the accommodations until—Grande Dieu!—I saw some of the "arrangements" off the dining-room. I paid my bill in haste, to the extreme disgust of my chance acquaintance, and the landlady as well, who took my departure as a personal insult—and I fled to the hotel on the "place." The moral is this—the best is none too good—especially in Brittany.

A dear and good friend, an eminent professor in

America, when he heard we were to explore the out-of-the-way corners of this fascinating province, warned us against the dangers of typhoid, and made us promise to drink a small glass of green mint after each meal, and just before going to bed. To this remedy, so pleasant to the taste, I am convinced now we owed our continued good health while exploring. Water we never drank, that is, none save the tiresome and tasteless Saint Galmier, but quenched our thirst with copious draughts of the thin sour Breton cider of which we became extravagantly fond. This I can recommend to the traveler as both good and wholesome, as well as cheap. As for sanitation, Saint Malo is impossible; the most ordinary decencies are ignored in the town, and it is to be wondered that some dreadful epidemic has not long since broken out and depopulated the whole place. Walking through certain of the smaller streets is to be avoided, as some of the inhabitants have an unpleasant habit of emptying malodorous liquids upon the heads of passersby, especially if they fancy them to be English. These are the drawbacks to living in Saint Malo, but, on the other hand, how picturesque, how incredibly picturesque it all is! To see it is a delight, to have missed it would have been a calamity, and thus I have returned to it time after time in my wanderings, finding upon each occasion new delights as well as new faults in the survival of a mediæval stronghold.

According to the historian, the castle of Saint Malo was commenced in 1475, but the old keep was then already in existence. Probably Duke John

would never have been excommunicated by the Bishop of Saint Malo, nor the Duchesse Anne have met with such opposition had not this castle, standing at the entrance to the causeway, had the town at its mercy.

When the haughty Breton princess was told that she would offend the Malouins by the construction of the citadel, she replied loftily, "Quic eu grogne ainsi sera c'est mon plaisir"—whoever growls at it, it shall be, it is my pleasure,—and had the words cut on the tower adjoining the gate of Saint Thomas. The northwest tower is called "Qui-qu-en-grogne" to this day.

La Chatois, who wrote his memoirs on chocolate wrappings with toothpicks, was imprisoned here in the year 1765. At present the castle is used as a barracks, and contains as well various offices and bureaus, and the *salle de Police*.

One may go to Saint Servan by boat or train, as one prefers. It is beautifully situated at the mouth of the river Rance and faces Saint Malo. There is a large English colony living there all the year round, supporting a club and several good hotels. The colony has been in existence since 1815, and hereabouts may be hired comfortable and convenient houses at surprisingly small rentals. I will not give the figures here, but they may be had by addressing the English chaplain at Saint Servan.

Nearly all the houses are old-fashioned with well stocked gardens surrounded by high walls, liberally studded with broken glass bottle ends for the discouragement of nocturnal intruders.

There is not much of note to see in Saint Servan except the remarkable Tour de Solidor, situated at the landing stage from which start the Dinard boats. It was built in and dates from the reign of Duke John of Brittany. Its walls inside are covered over with names of English prisoners confined during the Napoleonic wars and it is still, I believe, used as a prison.

There is a rather remarkable Breton fair held here in the middle of May, and the processions in the streets on Corpus Christi day in June, and on Assumption day in August, are of great interest. The traveler should so time his visit as to witness the sight of the altars set up in the streets, which are rush strewn, and sometimes hung with linen sheets.

Saint Servan is a good place to rest on one's return from lower Brittany. There are many most delightful small hamlets and villages in the neighborhood within easy reach by foot or by carriage, and the roads are capital, though very dusty.

A word of warning and advice to the intending house holder may not be out of place here. On hiring a house one should have all agreements in writing, specifying, first, who is to furnish table and bed linen, secondly, who is to pay the furniture tax (*mobilier*.) The law is that under tenancy of one year or upwards this tax is paid by the tenant; if for less time, by the landlord, and the agreement must be stamped (on *papier timbré*.) All rents are payable in advance. The other taxes are a poll tax (*cote personal*) and a door and window tax, which is trifling, but, if not promptly paid, subjects the unfor-



THE SOLIDOR — ST. SERVAN

tunate delinquent to all sorts of absurd notices on various colored papers at intervals, and visits from uniformed personages armed with portfolios and ledgers, who, with great show of importance enter voluminous notes and figures, all of which is at the cost of the aforesaid delinquent; so it pays to settle up promptly, and note! Do not fail to salute the tax man. Politeness works wonders with these individuals.

On my first visit, I must confess I was overcome by the austerity and deadly loneliness of Saint Servan, with its silent, dusty streets and somber high walls. Across the river all is brightness and gayety, throngs of people, laughing, shouting children, and the blaring notes of discordant organs. Here is a profound calm. The streets are well nigh deserted, the squares empty. The houses are gloomy looking with their unshuttered windows and dusty looking doors. It would seem that the inhabitants of these ancient buildings of sinister aspect are of a past age and live without interest in anything happening outside the high vine-covered walls. The silence is really startling. No cries of children playing come from behind these blank walls. Many of them seem to enclose convents, and the deep shadows of the houses across the narrow streets really seem to deaden the footfalls of the chance passerby. The sweet tone of a bell, ringing somewhere behind the walls, fairly startles one, and, occasionally, a small door will open stealthily, and without sound, and a silhouette-like figure in black will emerge and glide in and out of the shadows, showing maybe the white or blue cap

of the "religieuse," or, maybe, the long black cloak marking the widow of some sailor lost on the "Grand Banks." But, if one seeks further, one will find other streets more lively where the walls are not so high, and behind which one may get charming views of lawns and summer houses and groups of well dressed, happy people among the magnolias, enjoying the summer sunshine and the soft airs from the sea.

Dinan. Rennes

DINAN is as unique as if it were the only walled town extant. Mont Saint Michel has its incredible, almost unreal, picturesque, as if it were a painted theatrical scene and one expected the curtain to drop, and the lights to turn up; but Dinan is as if Saint Michel, Saint Malo and Saint Servan were squeezed into one by some giant hand, and so remained.

Passing through the rocky islets at the mouth of the Rance, supposed to be the hilltops of a lost land swallowed, like Tristram's Kingdom of Lyonesse, by the sea, the steamer carefully cleaves the deep blue waters of the river, which is full of swift and dangerous currents. At the Gothic tower of the Chêne Vert it narrows, and its color changes to a bronze brown tone as river meets the sea.

There are some queer looking boats met with on the way, bearing loads of wood and having square sails colored brown and soft buff. Now appear lofty wooded banks and lovely park-like spaces be-

tween the trees, which disclose chateaus and prosperous looking chalets.

Then the Annse de Troctin, the point de la Engorgerie, which name was given to an isolated house during the Revolution when a whole family perished during the night at the hands of the peasants, and all of a sudden the steamer rounds a bend in the river, and before one is Dinan, crowned by the ivy-clad tower of Saint Saveur, and below at its feet, the hoary aged, dusty village on the quay. Here, on landing, one is confronted by houses three or four centuries old, and one of the very oldest harbors an inn kept by a singular individual, I was told by a fellow traveler, who gives food and drink but balks at credit, claiming that thus he keeps his friends. I did not see this man, however, although I made it a point to buy a bowl of cider at the counter.

One follows the road to the ancient gateway and up the quaint Rue de Jerzual, the crowning curiosity of Dinan. This gateway is, no one now apparently knows, how many centuries old. It has one low, narrow, pointed arch, and the deep grooves in its massive sides show that it was once guarded by portcullis and heavy gate. The upper part is now filled with long bunches of willow branches and is occupied by a basket maker, whose handiwork hangs in festoons at the sides.

Passing beneath this gateway up a narrow, steep streetway paved with large, round cobblestones, on both sides of which are quaint houses looking as unreal as if painted for the setting of some historical



PORTE JERZUAL — DINAN

play, one at length reaches the promontory high above the river, some 225 feet, I am told, and enters the town proper.

Dinan, the town, is walled around on all sides, save that on which the railway station stands, and of the original castle three gates remain, together with part of an ancient cistern. A modern house now occupies its site.

Fifteen of the original twenty-four towers it is said are still in existence, although in a more or less ruinous condition, and portions of the wall which dates from the thirteenth century may still be found, if one is interested enough to take the trouble.

The expectations formed by the entrance to the Rue de Jerzual is more than realized when one reaches the town above. Dinan has a great deal to offer to the visitor. Old houses with Gothic porches, sculptures, exquisite iron balconies and quaint towers embowered in magnificent trees, and an interesting and polite peasantry. To the collector of antiquities, the town offers a mine of wealth, such as furniture and china. Many of the houses are set up on curious stone pillars with arcades beneath occupied by rather dark shops, and with their upper stories of many windows quaintly projecting as they mount, until, at the top, the roofs are broken up into a variety of bizarre forms and towers that quite defy description, so that, in spite of the material which I gathered in my sketch book, I quite regretted that I had never learned to use a camera.

The Rue de l'Horloge, with its fringe or frame of mediæval houses, is dominated by a curious belfry—

a square tower with no pretention to elegance or grace, but of great picturesqueness, and capped by an octagonal "clocher" of bizarre form, broken in its center by a sort of ogival campanile surrounded by a gallery, from which is hung the municipal bell which Anne of Brittany in 1507 presented with the clock to her loyal subjects of Dinan. The bell is of good tone and may be heard a long distance.

The Church of Saint Sauveur is partly Romanesque, partly flamboyant, inclining to Renaissance, and the central slated tower is singularly beautiful in outline and proportion. A chapel contains the heart of the great Du Guesclin, reposing in an ornate shrine. Under the chateau is a beautiful stone wall leading to a Chalybeate spring in a deep valley, along the line of the ancient moats, under ancient trees and walled with ivy. Here is a spot in which to tarry. There is solitude and silence under the trees in deep shady ways, broken here and there by vivid shafts of golden sunlight across the roadway, the dusty beams showing, amid the dim shadows, like powdered gold. Farther on by the roadside, I came upon a wandering gypsy family, their wagon cornered to the road, and an old, lean horse nibbling at the rich grass. Some dilapidated linen was hanging on a line, and a half dozen handsome, swarthy children were rolling half naked on the grass before a small fire, over which a black iron pot bubbled suspended from an iron hooked rod stuck in the ground, while the father lay on his back, his hands clasped upon his breast, asleep under the wagon, guarded by a savage looking dog.



OLD CHURCH — DINAN

One meets many such as these on the Breton roads. Ancient Bohemian carts with wobbly, shaky wheels, and the gaudy paintings on their sides washed and faded by the alternate rains and suns of all the provinces, and drawn by veritable skeletons of horses; poor, perambulating shelters which these hapless creatures call homes. The gendarme watches them closely, and one does not begrudge them the occasional hare which they poach. Apart from this they are quite harmless, and they certainly add a bit of color to the landscape.

Naturally, one makes for the "donjon" or Chateau of Saint Anne, or Anne of Brittany, who is variously styled Princess, Saint and Queen, as the fancy strikes the historian. This is the tower built by the Duke of Bretagne, commenced, the guide books say, about the year 1380, and now used as a local prison. It is quite satisfying to the eye and well worth studying as a monument. There is at the base a small stone "enciente" attached to the rampart, and from this rises the tower of original form, isolated and majestic, communicating with the "Coetguen" and the Chateau by a small arch. Dinan is an ideal spot for the householder. I am told that most comfortable houses may be rented furnished by the year, including a clearing, garden and plenty of fruit trees, for two hundred and fifty dollars, and some even cheaper, while domestic servants, according to my informant, are easily to be had, and at correspondingly low rates.

Dinan is one of the earliest English colonies on the continent, and it is said that the descendants of

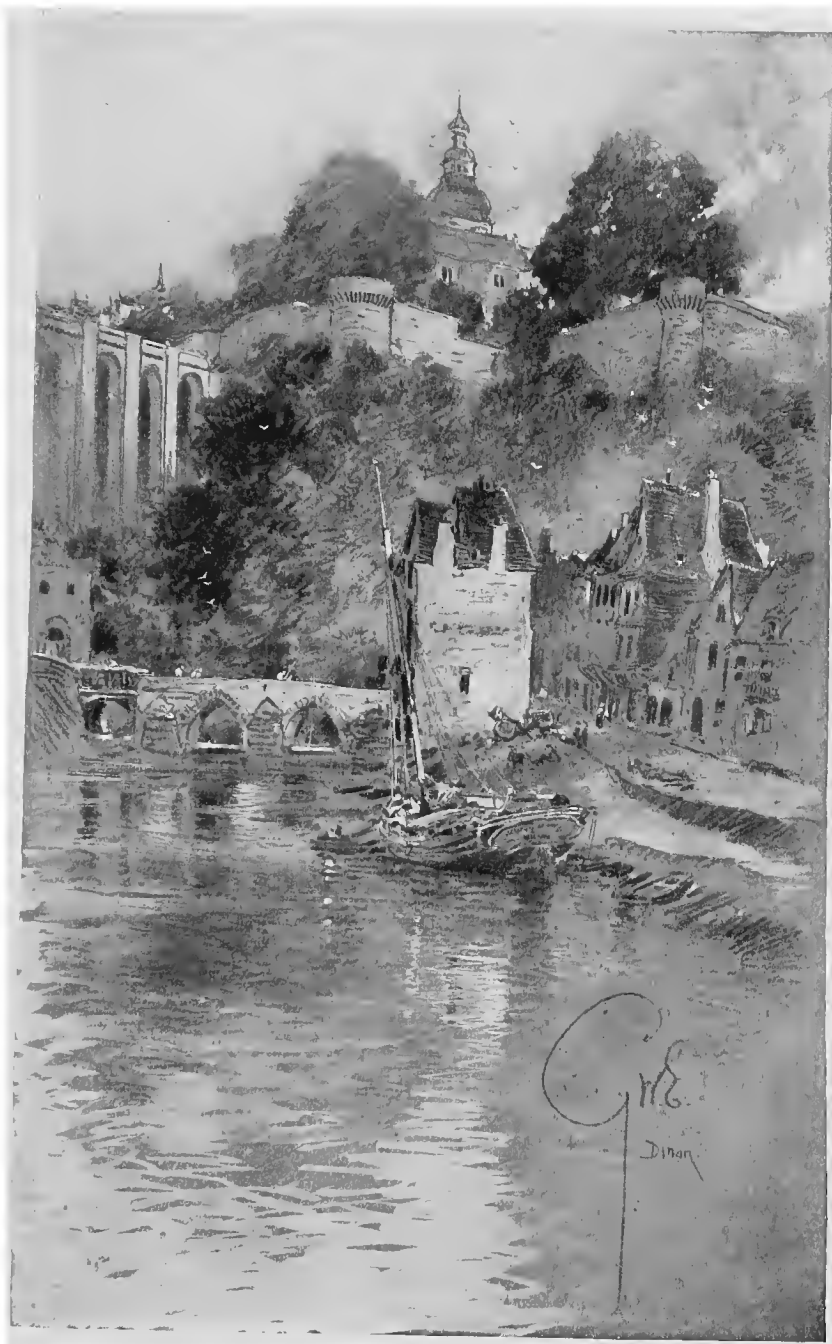
families who emigrated here during the last century still live in the town. Americans would find it a most comfortable spot in which to locate for the summer. All about are magnificent promenades and vistas, and shady zigzag paths lead under noble trees to the fine stone aqueduct across the valley to Lanvallay. The district is renowned for its cider, but the first taste of it is most disappointing; it improves upon acquaintance, however.

About a mile from Dinan are the ruins of the Chateau La Garaye, the Chateau of La Conninais, built in 1493 by Oliver Chastel (Dinard Route) and the old church and chapel of Lehon, all well worth visiting.

At Saint Esprit, not far from Lehon, is a fine cross of granite called "La Croix de Saint Esprit." The remarkable sculptures on the cross depicting the nativity, the annunciation, and the crowning of the Virgin Mary, are of the fourteenth century, and cut with great character.

From Dinan many delightful walks may be taken, such as to Plouer about four kilometers away where there is an ancient Menhir (Breton, long stone) called La Pierre de Saint Sampson by the peasants, and endowed with certain curious, miraculous powers which are not to be described in print. This will be found near the Chateau of La Piemlilais.

At six kilometers is La Hisse, a very charming walk to where the sea tide ends. At Tassen will be found the neglected tombs of the Count and Countess de la Garaye, who, at their own request, were buried



G. R.
Dinan

DINAN

in the churchyard among the poor to whom they had devoted their lives:

“Oh! loved and revered long that name shall be,
Though crumbled on the soil of Brittany,
No stone, at last, of that pale ruin shows
Where stood the gateway of his joys and woes,
For in the Breton town, the good deeds done
Yield a fresh harvest still, from sire to son.”

(*The Lady of Garaye.*)

Trigavou, between this place and Pleslin, has a series of alignments of Druid stones which the peasants, disregarding all warnings, have been demolishing and removing. In the church, on a beam, is a quaint carving representing a hare pursued by hunter, which took refuge in the church at some remote period—the custode either did not know or would not tell me any more about it.

Rennes, to which I went simply because I thought I must visit all the towns, has the distinction, it is said, of being the most stupid and the dullest town in Brittany. It is certainly, I think, the very ugliest. Anciently the capital of the Duchy of Brittany, it is composed of two towns, separated by the river Vilaine. On the right bank is the upper town. Rennes was burned in 1720, and was rebuilt in the ugly fashion of the period, principally in gray granite. The embanked river is carried in a straight course through the town and spanned by several unpretentious, characterless bridges. There are no fine buildings to be seen. The Cathedral is hideous

in style. Inside are eight enormous red marble pillars sustaining the heavy vault on either side of the clerestory. Their bases are barely six feet apart. Not even the richly decorated, gilded walls and altar can blind one to the clumsiness of the whole arrangement. One of the original gates, the *Porte Morde-laix*, still stands, and there are a few old houses to be found here and there, but its wide, featureless streets have no interest. There are no crowds of peasants in picturesque costumes, the shops are not particularly good, and there is little to be found worth seeing, except the ruined church of Saint Yves.

The Church of the Abbey of Saint Melaine has been restored out of all semblance to its former self, and, by the addition of an absurd dome and lantern, is entirely disguised. The cupola is surmounted by an enormous gilded statue of the Virgin Mary, and in the transept is a wax statue of Saint Severina whose bones, transferred by a pious priest from the catacombs of Rome, are enshrined here in the altar.

Rennes does possess well filled museums and several excellent libraries, and the *Galerie des Beaux Arts* contains a large and good collection, some of the modern school, and several paintings by such masters as De Crayer, Jordaens and a Paul Veronese.

There are several old wooden houses worth visiting in the town, if one is inclined to stop; the first is quite a remarkable "tourelle escalier" in the *rue du Four du Chapitre*, built of wood and winding upwards very picturesquely, clinging to the wall of a tenement. I wonder that some architect has not discovered and appropriated it long since. It



ANCIENT HOUSE — RENNES

would quite make his reputation. The other is a sort of balcony gateway, mounted by a winding stair at each side of the entrance giving access to a second floor, and the whole as unbelievable and fantastic as I have seen anywhere in Brittany. In the heart of the old quarter one can still see the remains of an exquisite Gothic structure, the ancient church of Saint Yves, which has a beautifully designed doorway and a high ogival window, and a façade exquisitely sculptured with armorial bearings and shields. The church, alas! is now given up to a vulgar shop, its lovely window walled up, and on the whitewashed front is painted in large black letters the sign "*Quincaillerie, clouterie.*" With this evidence of her disregard for the beautiful before one, Rennes may be dismissed.

Lamballe, Montfort, Montcontour

LAMBALLE is, perhaps, at its best on a market day. At daybreak the peasants, both men and women, begin to arrive in the small market place, their wagons laden with nice looking fruit and fresh vegetables, their small patient donkeys and horses plodding along the dusty roads beneath heavy loads of melons and artichokes. They are all headed in one direction, and soon after arriving they begin the noisy erection of stalls and the clattering of preparation for the business of the day. Everything is, of course, on a small scale, and the talk and excited gesticulations are most entertaining and ludicrous. Sitting in the doorway of a small shop one may study the scene at leisure, for the purchase of a bowl of cider entitles the buyer to a seat as long as it lasts.

As if by magic, long rows of colored glazed pottery appear on the pavement; pottery of various shapes, always good by the way, and of lovely glazed orange, green and terra cotta. In the market place



CHATEAU OF QUEEN ANNE

one of the first things that strikes the eye of the traveler is the curious pinnacle or ornament of terra cotta which ornaments each housetop, called here a "flamme." The designs are innumerable, sometimes simple, ornamental forms, again most ornate figures of men and women, no doubt made from ancient models, but of modern manufacture.

A short street leads down the shaded road, and across to the Church of Notre Dame rising from the midst of dark trees above the walls, and here a small river gurgles under bridges and about the roots of tall trees, which hang over its banks. It is called the Gouessant, and seeks the sea some distance from the town through profound black gorges and picturesque cascades, which are, I am told, fairly alive with fish, and where good sport may be had.

In places in the town, the river is in a very unsanitary condition, owing to the tanneries which here abound. The odors are quite unbearable to the stranger, but, strange to say, the natives do not seem to notice it. I came upon several women washing clothes in the stream at a point where bundles of rotting hides were soaking—the water was of dark brown color and the smell noisome, but the women beat the wet clothes with wooden paddles and gossiped animatedly, while I fled.

Instinctively one turns one's gaze to the Church above, on its crenelated base or pedestal, which has a somewhat military or fortified air as one approaches it. Framed as it is in verdure, and surrounded by the irregular lines of tanneries, small houses with overhanging stories, and ivy and moss-covered walls, it

presents a charming picture. On the summit of the height, approached by an easy road, is a parklike space planted with immense trees, from which a good view is obtained while leaning on the stone parapet. The Church of Notre Dame is a magnificent structure, and well repays the closest examination. Attention is immediately attracted to the little flamboyant screen and the richly red and green painted, carved and gilded, Renaissance organ case with folding doors above it in the aisle south of the choir. It is in very bad repair and some of the carvings are rotting away, but it is still an object of great interest.

The most ancient parts of the church are the north transept, with beautiful lancet windows, the fine and most impressive gateway, the west front, and the arcade of the Nave. The vaulted choir and south transepts were erected by Charles de Blois. The clustered pillars and the piers upholding the central tower seem quite remarkable, from an architectural point of view.

Lamballe was the ancient stronghold of the Pen-thiévres descendants of Conan Mariadec, who derived their name of Pentreff, or Prontrieux, from a point of land on the other side of Saint Brieuc, and who had feudal alliances with the villages of Gouet, Saint-Brieuc, Guingamp, Châtelaudren and Montconteur, with many formidable castles and strongholds. Lamballe calls to mind a vision of the unfortunate princess during the Revolution, and after her cruel murder, the affixment of her lovely head upon a pike thrust from an iron grilled window of the Temple in Paris.



THE CATHEDRAL AND CHATEAU — LAMBALLE

At the other end of the market place there are many very curious houses, and near the Church of Saint Jean, around the Place de la Croix-aux-Feves, and in the rue Courte-Espeé, are also many interesting dwellings, built of large gray stones with overhanging upper floors upheld by heavy, sculptured beams, with hanging pipes leading down from the high pitched and slate tiled roofs, which are pointed and finished by their curious ornaments of glazed terra cotta, giving it all a venerable and most original aspect.

A hospital with an ancient chapel at the head of a little bridge, the silent winding streets, paved with large rough stones irregularly set, and a sort of fauburg in which one comes upon another ancient church clad in green mosses and embellished with a Norwegian looking porch with carved and red colored quaint monsters of evident antiquity, called Saint Martins, and we have seen all of Lamballe.

Even if Lamballe were not one of the most pleasant of towns in which to linger, it would be remarkable for its associations with a small fox terrier by whom we were adopted. The days were so pleasant and balmy that we invariably took our meals out-of-doors under the chestnut trees before the small hotel near the railway station, and here, amid the drone of the bees, we were wont to linger over our morning café au lait.

The second morning after our arrival, feeling a touch at my knee, I looked under the table, and there, casting up timid eyes at me, was a small fox

terrier, with a black spot on his haunch, who quickly moved out of reach, looking back at me and slowly wagging his tail. I threw him a piece of bread with a liberal spread of unsalted butter on it, which he ate and then came and laid down beside my chair. Soon a small Breton boy came and dragged him away, but at luncheon he was back again beside my chair. A . . . took him upstairs with her after luncheon, and it was a different dog which returned with her—a dog clean and brushed, with a lovely blue ribbon about his neck, who frisked and romped about, with tail and ears erect, and eyes brighter than ever. As we went out to explore the neighborhood Pompon, as we christened him, ran on ahead, looking back at us as if to say, "Come with me, friends, and I will show you the sights." So we let him be our guide, and it was he who took us to some of the most charming spots about Lamballe, particularly a walk by the river, over a vine-clad, mossy bridge, and a secluded country lane where we met a procession of peasants carrying a statue of the Virgin, the men barefooted, making a pilgrimage to some distant chapel. We promptly knelt by the roadside until they passed, and Pompon gravely sat on his haunches beside us. We had the pleasure of his company for four days, and then he came no more, for his owner, a boy of about nine years, had given him a good beating and shut him in a stable—so the landlady informed me, and one day I thought I heard his sharp little bark from behind a wall as we passed along the road, but I could not be sure. The morning of our departure from Lamballe, there was



CHURCH OF SAINT MARTIN — LAMBALLE

our friend Pompon awaiting us as we came down to breakfast, his ribbon sadly bedraggled to be sure, but still on his neck, and he in a great state of excitement, running from each of us in turn to where our luggage awaited the porter for transference to the station, as if he knew that we were leaving. I coaxed him, but he would not be still, and, finally, when we went over to the railway station, which was close at hand, Pompon was at our heels determined not to lose sight of us. I gave the porter a tip to take him where he belonged, and as I was talking to him, up came the small boy who owned him, and drove poor Pompon away with stones and abuse.

The train was not to leave for some ten minutes, but we entered the carriage, and, after bestowing the luggage in the rack, I chanced to glance from the window—and lo! there was our faithful Pompon on the platform standing stock still, his head held on one side and one pink ear elevated, listening with all his might for sounds which, to him, would identify his friends. Poor little Pompon! At the instant he caught sight of me in the window of the compartment, and with a joyous yelp bounded forward. The train started, and the last I saw of our faithful and admiring friend was a small, white object, with a black spot on its haunch, leaping along the track in the bright morning sunlight, far behind the train, and then I lost sight of him.

The little village of Montfort (officially Montfort-Surmen, but to the lovers of old legends ever Montfort-la-cane) is renowned for its miracle of the “cane” (wild duck), dating from the fifteenth cen-

ture. Chateaubriand ("Mémoires d'outre Tombe") relates the story as follows:

"A certain Seigneur captured and imprisoned a young girl of great beauty in his chateau of Montfort. Gazing from her barred window high in the tower, she espied among the trees, at a distance, the tower of the Church of Saint Nicholas. To this Saint she addressed her fervent prayers for succor and release, her eyes streaming with tears, and, suddenly, she was most miraculously transported outside the chateau; but here she fell into the hands of the servitors of her captor, who menaced her with ill usage, such as they believed she had already suffered at their master. The unfortunate girl, seeking help, saw nothing but some wild 'canes' (ducks) on the lake of the chateau. Renewing her prayer to Saint Nicholas, she begged him to permit these creatures to be witness of her innocence, and if she should die before accomplishing her vow to Saint Nicholas, that these birds carry it out for her in their own manner. By divine permission she escaped from the soldiers without suffering, but she died the following year. Thus, on the ninth of May, on the day of the fête of Saint Nicholas, one may see a wild 'cane' accompanied by its young, flying into the Church of Saint Nicholas, and, circling the statue, it pauses, beating the air with its wings for an instant, after which it departs, leaving one of its young at the altar as an offering. Some time after this, it is gravely stated, the young one 'disappears.'

"During three hundred years or more, the story naïvely continues, the 'cane,' always the same one,



THE GATEWAY — MONTFORT

returns, at the day fixed, with its covey, to the Church of great Saint Nicholas de Montfort, without any one knowing she has remained in hiding the rest of the year."

This whole countryside is filled with charming legends like the foregoing, for which space is wanted here.

The entrance to this really delightful spot is at the Porte of Montfort-la-cane, a most picturesque gateway which serves as "*hotel de ville*," a large tower, square at one side and rounded at the other, garnished with a collar of ivy which almost hides its decaying and crumbling Machicolis. The tower, so gray and mossy, serves as a belfry and clock tower for the village.

A modern church, in the poor Italian style, has been built in the town—the church and its square campanile in two stages have no relation whatever to the town or its traditions. Below, a high cylindrical tower is seen in the midst of splendid trees and surrounded by a high wall grilled like the Bastille—it serves now as the prison. This is about all of interest at Montfort, and after visiting some old "logements" in the small streets and the square pavilion of an old manor-house, showing near the tour de l'Horloge, we may leave Montfort-la-cane.

About ten miles from Lamballe, in the heart of a superb region, with dim, misty, forest-clad hills marking the horizon, is the small and ancient town of Montcontour, perched upon a walled, rocky, moss-clad promontory, like an island, and crowned by a charming tower and pinnacles.

It is not seen from afar very plainly—one comes upon it rather suddenly, really at the foot of its very walls, the road continues around the escarpment, and passes between masses of rock, small houses and ramparts clad in verdure, and all in some confusion, but impressive for all that.

After encircling the curious roadway encumbered, as it is, with old wagons and the débris of a blacksmith who seems to have the right to store his antiques all along the way, leaving barely space for the diligence to pass, the village is reached, and one sees with delight the quaint, window-pierced towers of the houses, the walled gardens with overhanging verdure, and above, against the soft blue of the sky, the tower of the Church of Saint Mathurin with its quaint lantern and the hooded windows beneath, and, lower down, the bizarre balcony and pedestals. Formerly there was a gate at the ramparts after the first terrace, but this has long since disappeared. A small postern gate gives access on the other side, and the stairway descends among the small peasant houses, and the mills watered by the thin streams. Montcontour, with its fifteen hundred inhabitants, has nothing of the aspect of a village. It seeks, rather, to pose as a town, a town composed of three or four short streets, but flanked by grand, large, old houses. Lying far away from the whistle of the locomotive, it is really living two hundred years in the past, and nothing occurs here to mar the impression of antiquity save, perhaps, the arrival of the daily mail, or the visit of the ferocious looking whiskered gendarme, who wants to know why M'Sieur has

come to Montcontour, from whence, and where does he intend to go afterwards?

The streets are very silent. One hears plainly in the inn the squeak of the mill wheel turning far below the walls.

Ancient figures, clad in decent black garments, visit each other behind blank looking doors, and the closely curtained windows of the sad looking houses; and there are quiet shops that one really fears to enter, for fear of intrusion, and antique looking groceries, and an inn or two. Elsewhere, in small, narrow streets, are charming corners, doorways of houses which are open hospitably, habitations of the poorer classes, where, from beflowered window to window, pass neighborly conversations, conveying to the loiterer details of the daily life of the little town. Wandering idly about, one comes upon a small shrine at a corner in a niche in the wall embowered in flowers, and containing a faience statue of the Virgin and this inscription:

“Si l' amour de Marie
Et ton cœur est grave
En passant ne t'oublie:
De lui dire un Ave.
.1775.”

Montcontour possesses a holy patron, famed and venerated throughout Brittany, Saint Mathurin, who, the legend has it, “enjoyed in Paradise among the Saints such a reputation for superior wisdom, that little by little he had gained such an important place that one day, God the Father, in despair over

the cares of the government of the Universe, desired to abdicate, and cast his eyes upon him as the one most worthy to receive the scepter. Saint Mathurin, pressed to accept, says the legend, asked time to reflect, and weighing well the advantages and disadvantages of the position then said, he preferred to remain Saint Mathurin at Montcontour!"

Enclosed in a massive silver reliquaire reposes the skull (Chef) of Saint Mathurin, and every year at Pentecost there is here a great Pilgrimage to the Church in his honor.

The Bretons of Pontivy and Guéméné, and even further, arrive in procession with "binious" or pipes, and drummers, who accompany the "cantiques" in the church and outside, and the dances which follow the ceremonies on the esplanade of the Chateau des Granges.

Here the peasants of Briochin, and the Lamballais gather in crowds, all singing:

"Saint Mathurin de Montcontour,
Donne du ble neye a nous!"

The fête continues far into the night, and long after the bell in the tower gives the signal to disperse, and the little inn has closed its doors, one can hear from the roads below, leading out from Montcontour to the forests and to the hamlets by the sea, the squeal of the binious (Breton bagpipes) and the chanting of the crowds of happy pilgrims homeward bound.

There is a most astonishing variety of dress and type in this small corner of France. To see them collectively one should go down to Rumengol on



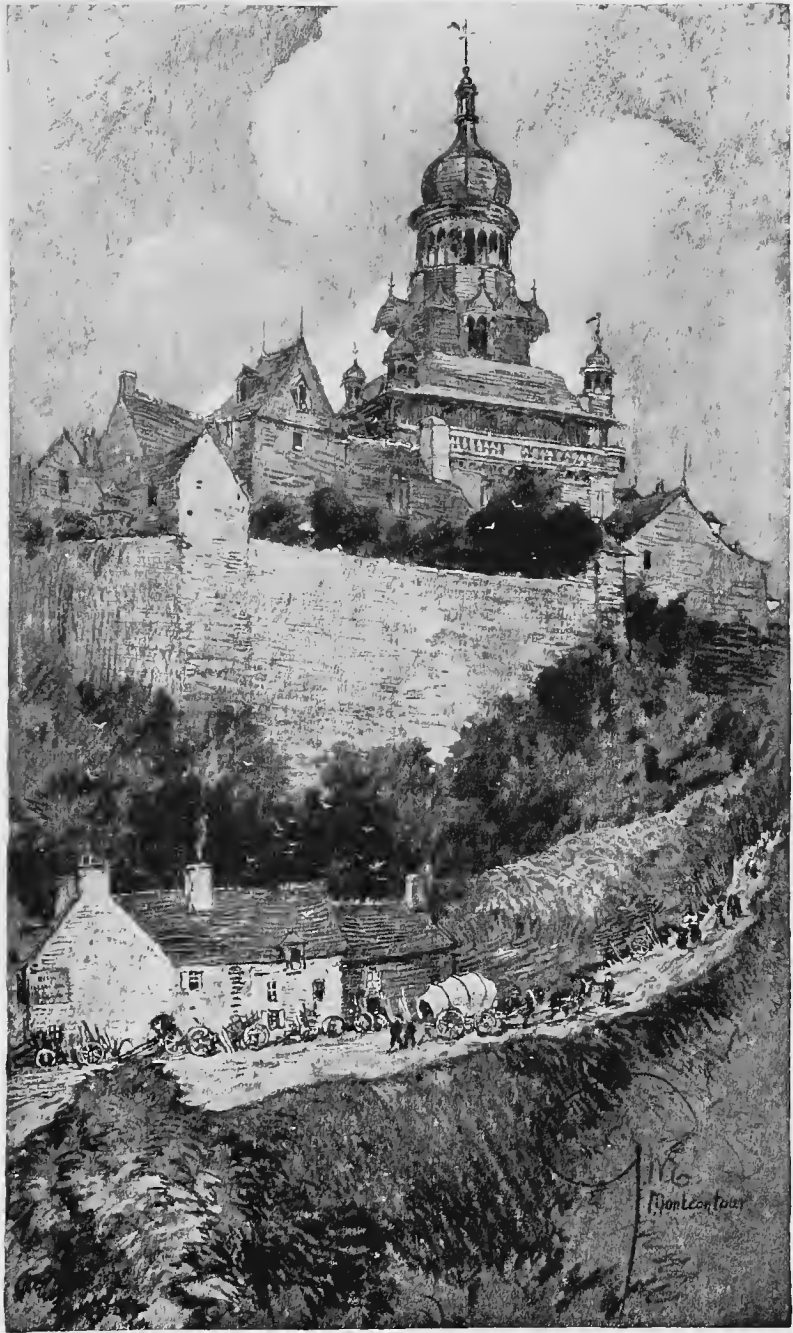
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A BRETON PIPER

some fête Sunday, say on the day of Trinity. From a sort of grassy mound near the church yard, with my back against the little chapel of the good saint, I have seen the multitude come and go in the slanting sunlight. Here are some fine fellows from the fastnesses of the *Mountagnes Arreé*, all dressed in brown wool fashioned by their women folk beside the huge log fires of winter, when the winds bend and sway the huge pines and oaks about the heavy stone walls of the farm houses. They are of handsome, graceful mien, great, fine lads, with Roman noses and straight, black hair, who have the high cheek bones and small eyes of the Celt. They jostle against the somewhat smaller and red-cheeked, clean shaven, blue clad men of *Cornouaille*, whose taste runs to heavy yellow embroidery and gorgeous red and green handkerchiefs whose hues set the teeth on edge. They are the most boisterous of all the Bretons, these men of *Cornouaille*, the most drunken, too, I am told, although I do not detect any great lapse from sobriety among them to-day. They are, however, very shy when separated from their kind, I note. I am interested in a gathering of men clad like Mexicans in bright colors, with large felt hats on their heads, much embroidered jackets of yellow felt or wool, and singularly cut trousers that swell out or flare over the shoes. They are said to be very "sporty," these huge, red-bearded fellows; they come from *Pont l'Abbe* and are called "*Tran'c Doué*." Each one has a bottle either sticking out of his pocket or firmly grasped in his hand. They are standing stolidly at the wayside regarding the crowd

about them apathetically, hardly turning to look at a procession of pretty girls, all ravishingly pretty, too, and clad in snowy white dresses, each one carrying a small wax taper in her white cotton gloved hand, and marching in procession headed by a young damsel carrying a banner. They even block the way of a huge cart laden with red-cheeked women in snowy, stiffly starched coifs from the Gwénédis or Vannes district, for the Cornouailles and the Vannetais are ancient enemies, as Le Braz tells us so graphically.

Following the cart is a group of men and women from the Tregorrois country, who seem not to look to the right or left, but nothing escapes those bright, piercing, blue eyes set far back beneath their bushy brows. These are poorly clad in dark, dull blues and rusty blacks, the coifs of the women alone being distinctive. I notice the last two of the group, a nice, fresh looking young fellow hand in hand with the young girl beside him, and that each holds the other by a hooked little finger, and they swing them to and fro in tune with the dull beating of a distant drum and the scream of pastoral pipe. They are followed by an old, old man from Minihy, whom time seems to have forgotten; on his head is a large, flapping, felt hat with long, rusty black velvet ribbons hanging down behind; his face is so seamed with wrinkles that his mouth and eyes have disappeared; his long, gray hair hangs upon his shoulders, and the hand holding his staff is like a bunch of bones covered with yellow parchment—he lingers painfully—he must have walked the whole distance.



MONTCONTOUR

And now more Gwènèdours or men from Vannes, with smooth, sallow faces, roughly cut, and straight black hair, who in turn give way to peasants from Scäer clad in black close jackets trimmed lavishly with satin and velveteen, who seem to fraternize with the fellows from Elliant in their stiff collars. As they pass I can see the sign of the Holy Sacrament embroidered in yellow braid on the shoulders and backs of their short jackets. Then peasants from Fouesnant, Erque, and from Kerfeunteun, both men and women, some withered with age and labor, others fresh as dew, or flowers, the white stiff wings of their belaced and starched caps and collars enveloping their attractive young faces.

And now a band of young soldiers, who are allowed two days' leave to attend the pardon, all clad in heavy leggins and clumsy red breeches, on their heads the foolish caps with which France disfigures her unfortunate infantry, their collars bearing the number of their various regiments. They do not seem happy, yet the peasants regard them with some show of interest, especially those from the mountains. One of these I afterwards asked to join me in a bowl of cider by the roadside, and as we sat he talked freely of himself. He was from below Carnac, he said—the long road to Loc Maria Ker—ah!—I knew it then? Did I know the third house on the right beyond the dolmen? Well, that was where he was born—a poor place, yes; many stones and little crop; yes, that is so, many stones and little crop; but a country dear to me, Monsieur, you see—my country! And he went on to tell me of the large

family and their struggles—of his father who was drowned at fishing four years ago “come next pardon”; since then he had labored at the gathering of Vraic, or sea weed, for the farmers’ use on the fields. He had an aunt, oh, so old, too, he said, who could not live much longer. She was rich and would give him a farm holding for himself when his time was up as a soldier; two years more must he serve, and then he would settle, yes, he would marry. “Of course,” he answered me, “of course, she would marry him, did she not carry his ring knotted in a handkerchief in her bosom—but, then you see, his word was given to her.” And then he fell silent and would say no more. That is the way with these Bretons, one minute all confidence in you, and loquacious, then, all at once, something like a cloud of suspicion—or distrust comes over them, and then you will get no more out of them. So I paid the four sous for our two bowls of thin cider, and with a nod, the young soldier took himself off, and, although I stood watching him as he passed among the crowd of peasants, he did not look back.

*Saint-Brieuc, Saint
Nicholas-des-Eaux, Guingamp*

SAINT-BRIEUC, capital of the Department of Cotes-du-nord, is situated on the Gouet to which a long descent leads, and where will be found the tidal port. The city is a Bishopric and an important center, containing a cathedral of heavy and somewhat disappointing exterior and a large number of quaint and interesting old houses and towers. The only remains of the thirteenth and fifteenth century church will be found, I am informed, in the wall of the apse to the transepts, which has been pierced to accommodate the chapels. The antiquary will find much here to interest him, but the ordinary tourist, in search of entertainment, will find the town rather dull, and will hie him to the picturesque ravine of the Gouet, or to the Port Legue about one mile to the north, not far from which will be found the ruined tower "De cesson" built in 1395.

The town is celebrated in the annals of the Vendéen war, by the rescue of the Royalists in prison under sentence of death, by an incredibly coura-

geous attack of the Chouans, and every foot of ground in the streets is of historic interest. James the Second of England is said to have taken up his abode in the house called "L'Hotel des ducs de Bourgogne" when he came to Saint Briec in 1689 to muster his troops.

According to history, Saint Briec, or Brioc, was the son of an Irishman and a Saxon woman, and was brought up by the American Saint Germain, nephew of St. Patrick, who afterwards became Apostle of the Isle of Man. Brioc was driven from Wales with a large number of the Irish, and set sail with them to the mouth of the Gueb, where he found shelter with a relative Rigual who had already settled in Brittany, and who gave him the land upon which Saint-Briec now stands.

In the Rue Saint Jacques, a street in which almost every house possesses some interesting history, will be found one particularly remarkable. On each side of the richly ornamented doorway is now a tawdry shop or drinking place. The house is a timbered one with projecting upper floors, and the beams are richly sculptured and ornamented with carved vines of great beauty of detail, and the most grotesque figures of warriors, clowns, kings and queens and grotesque masks, all more or less mutilated. At the side of the entrance is a fragment of a figure crowned, an unfortunate king, of which nothing remains but the head. On the opposite side is the effigy of Saint George in armor of the fifteenth century, with upraised hand from which the lance or sword is missing.

This house, if one may believe tradition, belonged to the infamous Guy Eder de la Fontenelle, whose terrible cruelties gave him renown throughout Brittany, and gained for him the title of the Brigand de Cornouaille.

Another remarkable house will be found in the rue Fardel, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, showing two richly ornamented panels of carved wood, between heavy sculptured walls, and on the roofs, stone lions of considerable artistic value. Here, it is said, dwelt for some time unlucky James the Second of England, after his flight.

The Cathedral is low and flat in appearance like a fortress, which indeed it was for a time, for the right tower still shows a machicolated range and loopholes for bowmen, which are now blocked but still visible.

Historians deem it singular that a town so important as Saint Brieuc must have been, from its position and number of inhabitants, was never fortified or walled, as was the case with many other towns throughout Brittany of much less note and size.

Hearing the sound of chanting from the half open small door beyond the grating, as we were examining the tower, I cautiously opened it and we entered the semi-darkness of the vestibule. When our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we found the interior not without a certain dignity, and between the Romanesque pillars, the altar and stained glass, it seemed at first very fine; but, examination proved the glass to be modern and poor, and the mural

decorations somewhat mediocre. The chanting we heard came from the choir, and there behind the grill we peeped at some twenty priests, seated in the stalls with open books before them, and three of their number, arrayed somewhat differently as to vestments, were accompanying the voices of the singing priests with large brass instruments like horns and trombones. I had never seen such a sight before, in a church abroad, and I judged that we had happened upon a rehearsal for some important celebration, for the leader seemed at times out of patience with the others, and made them go over again and again the tune of the mass, or whatever it was. One of the priests, a very stout, red-faced man in a resplendent lace garment, who was nearest the pillar behind which I was ensconced, shirked his task most delightfully, making a great show of singing and moving his head from side to side keeping time, but never making a sound with his lips. At times he took a huge pinch of snuff, which he placed upon the back of his left hand, and, striking it with his right just under his nose, inhaled it with great satisfaction, a mode I had never before seen or heard of. They never knew that we were watching them, and we gained the street without making our presence known, and, as we left Saint Brieuc within the hour, whatever the ceremony was to be, we heard nothing more of it.

From Saint Brieuc to Saint Nicholas des Eaux is some fifty odd miles by train, but the route is not very uninteresting, and as the company will furnish one on demand with an excellent lunch of cold

roast chicken, bread, butter, salt and pepper, and a fair bottle of wine, the trip is endurable. The route is by the way of Pontivy, and crosses a section of country of great interest. The inhabitants are of pure Celtic origin, and the language they speak is akin to that spoken in Wales. They often pride themselves, particularly the elders, upon their ignorance of the French tongue, refusing at times, particularly in the interior as I have said before, to answer when so addressed.

Upwards to a million of these people retain their language and picturesque costume, and can be seen to great advantage on fête days and the "Pardons," or church festivals, which are held here during the summer months, a list of which, with dates, will be found elsewhere. Superstitions and legends of incredible character abound, and there are added attractions in the many druidical monuments in the district, particularly those at Carnac and Loc Mariaqner, which I shall describe in another chapter.

Saint Nicholas des Eaux is a picturesque little place on the river Blavet, and from here one may take many trips of great interest and profit. The river makes a great loop around a neck of land which it is said was occupied by a walled town named Sulim or Sola; remains of the ancient walls and pavements of which have been found. One can ascend the height to the chapel of La Trinité by a rather hard scramble, and the labor is well worth while. Saint Gildas, coming here from Rhuys in the year 530, founded a colony of monks in what is now the hamlet of Castannec. He discovered

that the people were given over to idolatrous practices, and that they worshiped a gross image of Venus. One night, the story goes, he, in company with his disciples Budic or Bieuzy, rolled it quietly over to their monastery and concealed it in the walls they were building. Thus the image remained in concealment even after the Northmen arrived and destroyed the monastery. It was not until long years after that the workmen employed in removing the old Priory came upon the image. It was at once venerated by the peasants of the district, who styled it in the Breton "Groak en Gourd, The Woman of la Couarde," and set it up over a large fountain cut out of granite, and here the women came to bathe at night, invoking the aid of the Venus of Courade, and practicing certain incantations and phallic ceremonies which became the scandal of the clergy, who besought Count Claude of Lannion to destroy the idol. He publicly rolled it down the hillside into the river, and forbade the peasants to touch it afterwards upon pain of imprisonment, but to no purpose, for the fanatical Bretons rescued it from the river and once more set it up at the fountain. The Bishop of Vannes was appealed to, and, at his earnest solicitations, the Count sent troops to upset and smash it to pieces, but they, in secret sympathy with the peasants, only broke off one arm and one of the breasts and once more threw it into the river in a deep spot.

In the following year, Pierre de Lannion, who succeeded his father as ruler of the province, in order to propitiate the inhabitants, rescued the

Venus from the river and conveyed it to the Baud where he had built the chateau of Quinipilli, where it now stands. Scandalized by the anatomy of the figure, the priests induced the Count to employ a mason to cut and remodel the statue, so that it now presents a widely different appearance to that it had in olden times. Even now the peasants, particularly the betrothed, will visit the fountain secretly by night, and, in the darkness, perform certain rites and ceremonies which are unexplainable in print. The figure, which is of granite, seems about seven feet high, and on a band about the forehead may be described the letters I. I. T., the meaning of which is unknown. Whatever it is, it is certainly not a Venus, and some antiquarians think it was brought hither by the Roman soldiery, who occupied the walled city of Sulim.

After inspecting the statue during which we were covertly watched by some children, who lay in the grass under the trees which are covered with mistletoe, here called "*la herbe de la croix*," and which, it is believed, has lost none of the powers ascribed to it in Pagan times, I got one of the children to show us the way to the Chapel of Saint Trinité and the Hermitage of Saint Gildas. This holy man, it seems, retired at intervals to a sort of cave under one of the rocks by the river, especially during Lent, and this was the origin of the chapel. It consists of two parts in a very quaint spot under the rock to which the bell is attached. There are two altars inside divided by an arch. In one of the chapels there is a sort of pedestal on which is a slab of

diorite stone, and by means of a pebble, this stone, called by the peasants "the bell stone of St. Gildas" is struck and gives forth a ringing sound. The custode informs us that the stone-bell is rung at mass on the day of the Pardon (Whitsun Monday). There is also here, beside the principal altar, a curious Bread stone, so called, used by the officiating priest at the Pardon for the distribution of the "*pain benit*" (blessed bread) among the pilgrims.

At the village of Bieuzy, a short distance away, which should on no account be slighted, there is a church of the Renaissance order with ancient choir and nave (some say sixteenth century) with three magnificent, stained glass windows, showing scenes connected with the passion of our Saviour, which are worth a day's journey to see. The windows and doors are all flamboyant Gothic. The sculpture of the leaves and branches here, on a blind doorway, is worthy of reproduction in a museum. Architects will be interested in the character of the well heads, and cylinders for the chains above them, which are scattered through the town. The Holy Well, so styled, is not far from the village, and shows a figure of a saint. It is said that the water from this well, if used prayerfully and with entire faith, will restore their minds to the insane.

The Chapel of Saint Nicholas des Eaux, which is in a very tumbledown condition, is a cross-shaped structure of heavy stone, dated 1524, and possesses a notable double door ornamented with most beautifully carved leaves and vines. It has, however, suffered great mutilation.

The Church of Saint Nicodene is pointed out, by authorities, as the most beautiful existing structure of the kind in all Morbihan. I was most interested, however, in the fountains dedicated to Saint Gaenaliel, who appears with an ox beside him attended by a biniou or piper, and to St. Nicodemus and Abibo, who are accompanied by a human-headed ox, or bull, and a horseman.

The chapel has a curious minstrel gallery of stone, and there are a couple of sculptured oxen on the chancel wall in honor of their patron Saint Cornély.

The great pardon held here, on the second Sunday in August, is one of the most famous throughout Brittany, and, at the fair, the girls come to sell their hair, which is bought by merchants from Paris, and brings sometimes large sums of money. Often, however, the girls are swindled by unscrupulous dealers with imitation jewelry and cheap finery, although as a rule the Breton girl is very shrewd, and well able to hold her own. The young girls who have sold their hair wear caps of black cloth, and not the snowy coifs usually worn, and the scene at the fair is one that should not be missed by the traveler.

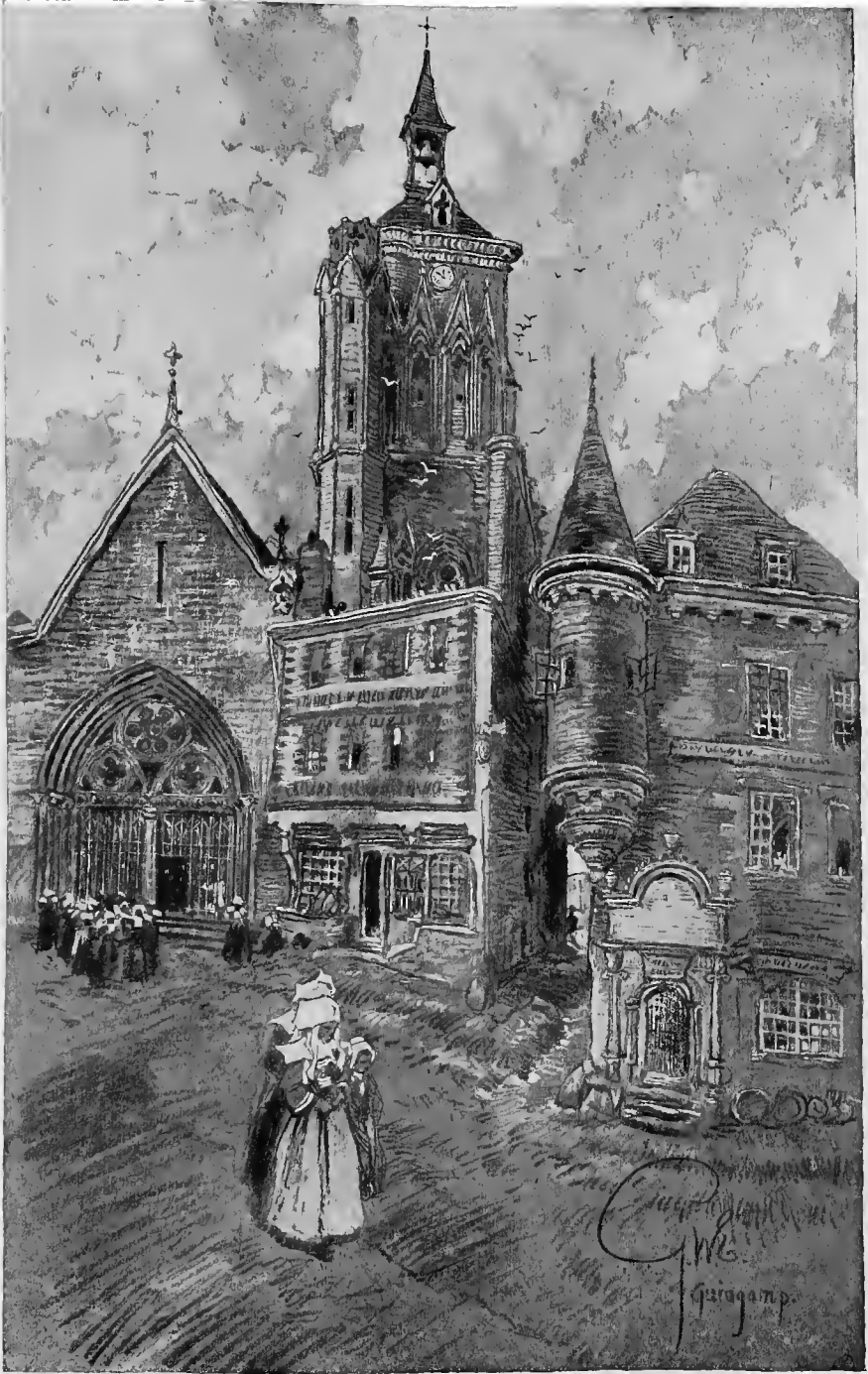
On the Sunday following the fair is the celebration of the pardon, which takes the whole day, during which the peasants fast and pray and carry evil smelling candles, of not very clean looking wax, in their hands, and stick them on curious spiked hooks in the crowded church when they manage to get in. In the evening the figure of an angel is let down on a wire from the gallery of the church spire,

and by means of a torch saturated with petroleum, which the priest lights before the figure is launched, sets fire to a huge pile of inflammable brushwood and fireworks, lighting up the fields all about, and the watching faces of the devout peasants who then, with great shouts, take their departure for their distant homes in the dim forests beyond.

In order to continue our journey, we returned to Saint Briec by train, and thence continued along the northwestern shore, for in this way we followed the pardons from town to town.

Guingamp boasts of a most notable pilgrimage, or pardon, that of the *Bon Secours* on the Saturday before the first Sunday in July, and it is inaugurated by a torch light procession in the evening and strange rites only half seen in the dark. It would be well for the traveler to hire a window, as we did, some place along the route, from which much can be seen in comfort and safety, for the peasant, be it said, has not much patience with the stranger or unbeliever during these days of his sacred devotions, and is likely to take offense often when no offense is meant or offered.

There are long lines of pilgrims advancing from the shadows along the roadway, their faces showing pale and their eyes flashing. The sight resembles nothing one has seen before, and a hollow rumble is heard of voices praying in unison, and a vast shuffling of feet, audible long before they come into view. Then it is seen that each peasant holds a sort of wreath in one hand, and a burning candle in the other. The Bretons wear their hair long—down



GUINGAMP

on their shoulders—and often their faces are almost hidden by the long black locks. They wear no beards. They seem to take their cue in praying or chanting from one of their number, whose voice rings out sonorously above the noise of the shuffling feet. So they pass, and one can hardly repress a shudder when the last of them disappear from sight around a bend in the road. For long afterwards, during the night, the glare shines in the windows from the market place about the fountain and one hears the monotonous, hoarse, voices chanting the "*Madame Maria Bon Secours.*" Daylight is certainly the best time, or at least the safest, in which to study the pardon, for then the Breton is less fierce towards the stranger.

From the garden of the Hotel de France, one obtains the best view of the town, charmingly situated on the banks of the little river Trieux. There is a little, old stone mill on the river bank, which quite lingers in one's memory.

The market place is of extreme picturesqueness, with quaint, old, over-hanging houses faced and tiled with gray slates, and there are many fine trees, and a curious and rather ornate fountain cast in lead, said to be the work of a sculptor named Carlay, and dated 1743. Several of the towers of the chateau are shown with great pride, and the walls are overhung with vines and verdure. Until I showed my sketch book, the people were inclined to be almost uncivil, but thereafter they vied with one another in their politeness to us, and I was somewhat mystified until I found that Madame at

the hotel had informed the gendarme that "Monsieur was an artist, and both he and Madame were Americans, *not English*, and that Monsieur had a painting in the *salon* in Paris." This shows the interest of the people in art, even in such an out-of-way spot as the little town of Guingamp.

Following a superstition, the snails found hereabouts are much sought during a certain period of the year by the peasantry, who believe that if they wear them in festoons beneath their clothing, they will be protected from contagious diseases. I endeavored to obtain some idea as to how long the festoons were to be worn, but my question, addressed to a dear old dame who was knitting before the door in the morning sunlight, only brought a suspicious gleam into her shrewd old eyes, and, after regarding me for an instant, she would only shake her head at me and ejaculate "*Mais, Monsieur, va faire du blague!*"

The Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours is an imposing edifice, with a most singular mixture of the ogival and Renaissance styles. The lateral façade, with the houses which accompany it, form a most picturesque whole on the Rue de Guingamp, where a large porch, or really a separate chapel, generally occupied by many kneeling peasant women, opens directly on the street. A high iron grill, of ancient design, closes the large "ogive" door or opening. This chapel, in which during the whole day the peasants are coming and going before a statue of the Virgin "du Halgoet de Bon Secours," is one of the most renowned in all Brit-

tany. On the left of the porch of Notre Dame du Helgoet, is the heavy ancient tower surmounted by an iron "fleche." The interior is sufficiently remarkable and majestic to attract even those not interested in architectural problems or purity of style. There is a chill in the air, and the odor of burnt wax and wicks, and on the altar, in the midst of the emblazonment of gold and crimson and blue, shines one small red light like a star. In the center, on the immense columns supporting the central tower, are large heads, rudely sculptured, of grotesque knights, one of which is grimacing with protruding tongue, and there are some tombs, notably that of the *Sieur Locmaria*, the Seneschal of Charles of Blois. Peasants are kneeling all about near the walls, and there is a strange whispering noise of half muttered prayers, and the clink of coin dropping at intervals in the tin spouts of the offering boxes near the door.

The principal ornament of the triangular square is the leaden fountain already mentioned, to which the peasants, on the night of the pilgrimage and Grand Pardon, after their devotions in the Chapel of Notre Dame du Helgoet, repair, and, surrounding it, wash themselves in its splashing waters for all real or imaginary ills. Woe to him who questions its efficacy! From this square the streets descend to the lower town on the banks of the *Trieux*, where are found curious old houses and mossy vine-covered walls, and still busy mill wheels near which are long lines of white-capped, voluble, washer-women, kneeling in boxes in the stream, noisily beat-

ing the soapy wet clothing with wooden paddles. The people must be clean here, for no matter upon what day one visits the river bank, save Sunday, one finds the women at work. The stranger is advised to keep away from these women, both here and in other towns of Brittany. They have sharp tongues, are ever ready to "scrap," and, invariably, are victorious. I have heard tales of "*les Anglais*" who were taken in hand by these for fancied affronts, cast bodily into the river, and arrested by the gendarme and fined afterwards by the sympathizing "*Chef de Police*."

Paimpol, Treguier, Lannion

ON the twentieth day of February each year, Paimpol, the gray village, is in a great state of excitement, for on this day the Icelandic fleet of fishing vessels and their hardy Breton crews start for the fishing banks in the polar seas and the grand banks of Newfoundland, and the blessing of the fleet takes place with the most elaborate solemnity, just before it departs.

Some two hundred fishing vessels, of fairly large size, leave the port and the other smaller towns on the Bay of Saint Brieuc upon this day, and the scene amid the snow-clad hills which surround the port, the flag decked vessels, the richly clad clergy, the altars erected on the quay, and the hundreds of peasant women in costume of the province, make up a sight worth traveling a long distance to see.

Paimpol after this day sinks into lifelessness, and has nothing to offer to the tourist but a good inn where one may rest, and from which one may make excursions to many points of interest, by diligence

or carriage as one prefers. The former is quaint, of course, but not as comfortable or as convenient as a carriage, and the cost of the latter is small comparatively, while for the automobilist the roads are generally all that can be desired.

About five miles northward and a mile or so off the coast, is the Ile Brehat, which is reached by a small sail boat, but only in fair weather. It is a spot of great picturesqueness, the Adamless Eden, as I have called it elsewhere, where no men are to be seen, only women of large stature, and considerable personal comeliness, who do all the work of the small farms and gardens, and seem to be very happy in their isolated state, the men being away with the fishing fleets on the Icelandic banks. The houses are small, the grass is green, and all about is the flashing blue sea. The costume of the women is very somber, of black and white, and is not as quaint as the isolated island would lead one to expect.

Here, in the little inn of the "Gray Parrot," we enjoyed great content, due to the care of the hospitable hostess. One cannot praise too highly the wholesome food, or the cleanliness of the house. The air is as soft here as the Mediterranean, the sea as blue, and the sunlight as perfect. There may be days of storm and fog, but I had none of them on this perfect island. The artists who have visited the island from time to time, have painted each other's portraits on tumblers which the hostess has arranged on shelves and displays to the infrequent visitor with great pride. We left it with great regret, and on

returning to Paimpol for the night, the town seemed all the grayer and more somber by contrast with the gem-like little island which we had just left.

Paimpol has a Grand Place with heavy, gray stone houses, surrounding it, from which dark streets branch here and there. In a deep, stone doorway, perchance, one will see the furtive, lounging figure of an ancient mariner, or a "Douanier" in uniform, walking slowly along a quay, his hands behind his back, alternately appearing and vanishing behind huge piles of rope and coiled chain, rusty anchors, windlasses, old upturned boats, and the thousand and one impedimenta of a marine port.

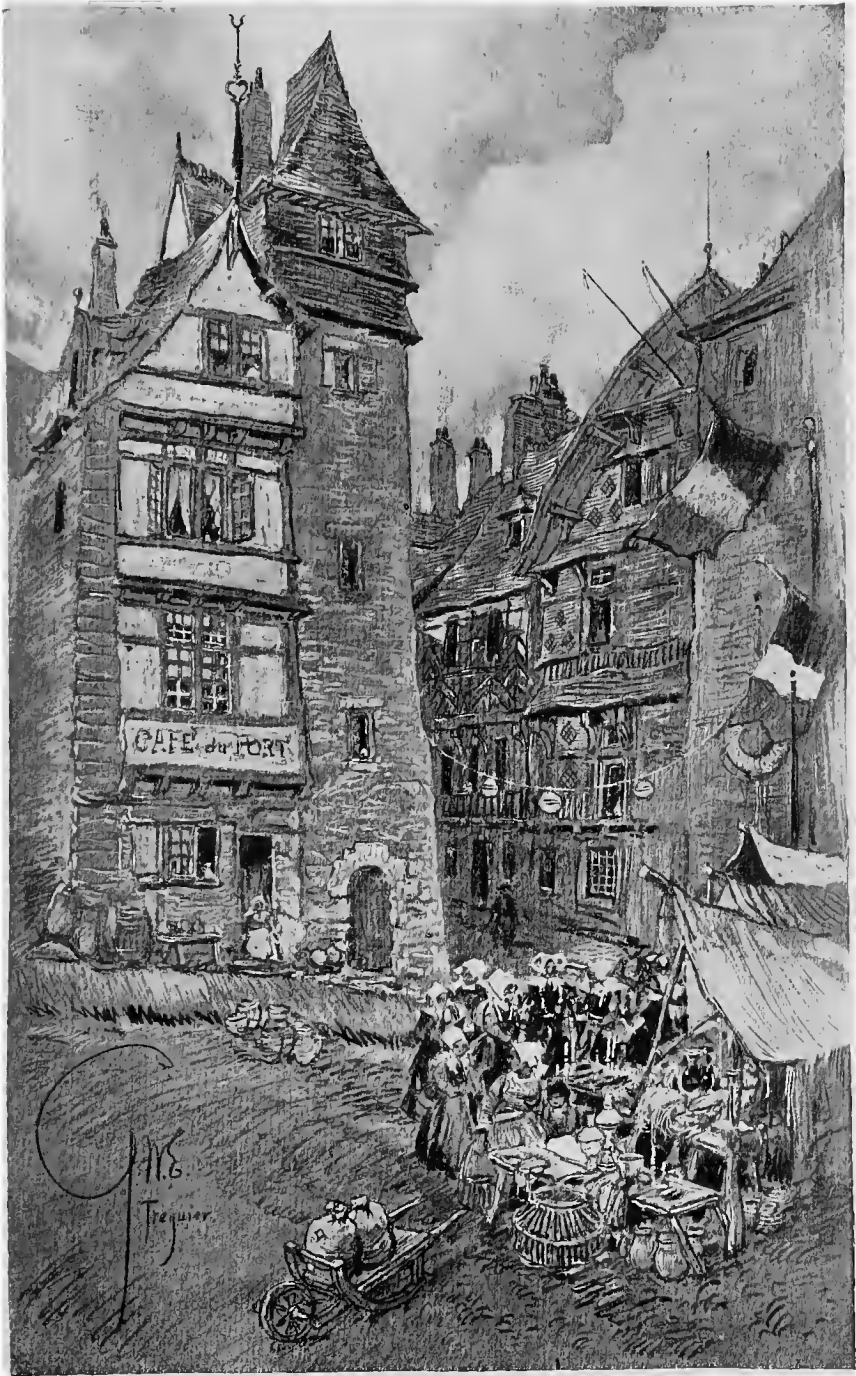
The sad looking, gray stone houses bear signs such as "*Vente et achat des articles de la grande peche,*" and over all is the fragrant odor of pitch and rosin. This is where Pierre Loti wrote his romance "Pêcheur d'Islande," and the little port of Ploubazlanec, from which one reaches Brehat, is named in the book. The diligence leaves the corner just opposite the hotel, where hangs a very well painted sign of some running horses, done by a traveling artist of fine ability; a name is signed to it, but I could not make it out, nor could any one tell me by whom it was painted.

There is a most quaint and typical churchyard at Paimpol upon which we chanced quite by accident the morning after our arrival, and in a retired corner of this pathetic "God's Acre," among the vines and rose briar, is a full length figure of "L' Abbe Jean Vincent Moy," for many years curé of the parish. The figure

is carved in the dark green Kersauton stone used throughout this region, and is polished in places as if rubbed by loving hands. At its feet is a cup of Holy Water, kept filled by a picturesque and polite old peasant woman who spends all her time here caring lovingly for the tomb of her beloved curé, and incidentally collecting all the spare sous of the traveller, but she does it in such an agreeable manner that one submits willingly. Here under the fine elms in orderly rows sleep the ancient "habitants" of Paimpol, but on some of the black crosses hung with wire wreaths of immortelles one reads the pathetic legend: "To the memory of Jean Marie Louis, who was drowned at sea off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland; pray for him." Alas! there are many such graves here in this quiet corner. Touching tributes of affectionate remembrance of those who went forth bravely, with priestly blessings, in the fishing fleet, never to return.

The old woman who stands beside us leaning on her stick, points out other graves on which we read, "Marie, Mathilde, Eugenie, Hortense G—, aged respectively eighty-four, eighty-eight, eighty-two, and eighty-nine" and tells us that she herself is much younger. She did not say how much, but she certainly looked to be at least ninety, and when I told her so, she smiled and really seemed to think that I had complimented her.

Treguier, named the "bonne ville de Saint Yves," and the birthplace of M. Renan, is happily as yet untouched by the tourist, and the journey by way of Lezardrieux, a small port on the Trieux, is a short



MARKET DAY — TREGUIER

one by the diligence or carriage, but very interesting. One can get a great deal from the peasants if one is polite to them. Soon the tower of the Cathedral of Treguier appears over the trees on the other side of a small river—a picturesque agglomeration of roofs and chimneys and trees and walls, over which, piercing the sky, is the beautiful spire, about which clouds of rooks are flying.

The Cathedral is really all there is to Treguier, which is little else but a large seminary surrounded by a few houses. Great stone walls confront one and continue down to the port, where are two small streams, the Guindy and the Tandy. From this point of view, Treguier is most picturesque, not to say monumental, and the severity of the blank stone walls is softened by the dark, glossy green of trees and verdure.

In the almost deserted streets are seen decrepit, ragged old peasant women of pitiable aspect, sitting on the steps or beside the dusty roads, begging piteously of the passerby.

Of the three towers on the transepts of the Cathedral, two are Gothic. That on the south carries a pinnacle of stone, and the center one is simply capped with a slate tiled, flat, pointed roof. The tower of the north transept is Roman in style and very old. According to the legends, Saint Tugdual was in the habit of flying through the air on a snow white horse of fierce mien—but this is not considered incredible or remarkable here, for all Bretons were great travelers and favored extravagant methods of accomplishing their journeys, as witness the feat of

Saint Howardon de Kanderneau, who sailed the sea "in a boat cut out of stone"—and, during the dark years of early Christianity, descended here in the Trecoz country, where, it is said, he established the first chapel on the site of the present cathedral.

On the Norman invasion, the Vikings, headed by a chieftian named Hastings, fell upon this poor settlement and ravaged it. Finding the situation at the confluence of the two rivers easy of defense, the Normans established themselves here, and later, when the former cathedral was in construction, the workmen uncovered the remains of the Norman fortification, and it was from this that the great tower is called the "tour d' Hastings."

The cloister is in an admirable state of preservation, and shows a beautiful gallery of ogival arches, divided by a fine column into two arcades, trefoiled.

In the church will be found the tomb of Saint Yves, in what is called "la chapelle au duc." It is a work of considerable merit, and is lavishly floriated in the Gothic style. In the center can be seen, through the glass sides of a magnificent casket, the skull of the Saint encased in a cap, and before it are chairs by the dozen in which the peasants kneel and pray. Saint Yves dethroned Saint Tugdual and replaced him in the affections of the people. Many are the deeds of this most wonderful and powerful Saint, who was patron of "*avocats et procureurs*"; born under the walls of Treguier, he pursued his studies in Paris, and returned to his native town "*Official de l'Eveche*." Defender of the weak, he consecrated

his life to his people, and became one of the great saints of Brittany. Legends by the score are recited by the peasants in which he is venerated, and these, if gathered, would make a small library. Le Braz has written entertainingly of many of them. Advocate and canonized, the Breton canticle, sung on the day of the Pardon, describes, somewhat irreverently the honors he won: "*Avocat et non larron, chose digne d'admiration . . .*" and, near the church one sees over the door of a small inn the sign "*aux trois avocats.*"

According to the archives, "Eugen, Ewen, or Yves Heloury, was born October 7th, 1753, of the noble lady Dame Azon du Quinquiz and her husband, Tansik Heloury de Kervarzin, who, it is said, accompanied Pierre de Dreux, Duke of Brittany to the Seventh Crusade" (Life of Saint Yves by the Abbé France.)

The Bretons of this district of Treguier call him Saint Ervoan ar Wirionez—that is Saint Yves the Truth-Shower. And they will tell you, if they talk to you at all, that he is the superior of all Saints, and that no matter what your trouble or sorrow may be, pray to him and he will grant you relief.

I saw on the riverside, one small, miserable looking fishing boat which seemed on the point of dropping apart, her rigging a mass of ragged ravel almost, and her mast hardly able to bear the weight of the patched brown sail. A quaint, cadaverous looking old man, in a faded red berét, was daubing her sides with pitch, and, as I approached gave me a "*bon jour*" with sidelong nod. The stern of the

boat bore the name "Saint Yves" in rude white letters with a cross between the words.

"Yes, M'sieur," said the old man, seeing me read the name,

"N'hen eus en Breiz—
N'hen eus ket unan,
N'hen eus ket eur San—
Evek Sant Erwan. . . ."

which is to say, 'There is not in all Bretagne, there is not one. There is not a Saint like our Saint Erwan,' and that, M'sieur is why I name my boat thus, for when I was younger, and my boat was new, I was fishing and was blown down the coast by a storm, down to Saint Anne was I blown, I all alone in my boat. 'Tis true, I was a good sailor 'with the sea about my heart,' but, as the storm grew and my boat flew before it, I thought I was lost. I could not see the shore for the black sky and the flying spray, and I kneeled down in the bottom among the fish, and I prayed to good Saint Yves, vowing a five pound candle for the altar. Yes, M'sieur, I called aloud to good Saint Yves, and '*tout au coup*' the wind fell, the waves became like oil, the sky brightened, and I saw that I was off Perros-Guirec and but a short distance from shore. I was saved, M'sieur."

"And did you give the five pound candle to Saint Yves?"

"I did, M'sieur. I made the journey from Perros-Guirec barefoot, lighted candle in hand, by night to Treguier, fasting, for did not good Saint Yves hear



TOMB OF ST. YVES

the prayer of a poor 'pecheur'? And that is why I have so named my boat."

Throughout the Treguier district, the beggars even have a sort of clique, or society, called the "gens de Saint Yves," and so far is it from disgrace to beg, that it is looked upon as a most reputable occupation, and woe to any one abusing these hapless beings, "Saint Yves will punish" they cry, and cite evidences of their faith.

The smallest hut by the roadside will welcome the "Chercheur du pain" and set before him whatever may be on the fire at the moment, and on the day of the Pardon the roads are lined with these beggars, legless, eyeless, armless, mere trunks or fragments of humanity, some carried on the backs of lusty fellows, others in curious boxes on small wheels, and those able to walk insistently thrusting their rattling tin cups before the passerby, and wailing out their demands in the name of good Saint Yves. Heading the procession, on the day of the Pardon, is a magnificent reliquary of gold and crystal containing the skull (chef) of Saint Yves in a velvet case, borne by the priests, clad in lace, bareheaded, between the long lines of kneeling peasants, and followed by nine choir boys, clad in sable and gold, the Saint's colors, and each bearing an escutcheon on which is emblazoned four blackbirds on a shield of gold, the arms of Hervarzin and Heloury. Then follow the banners of the Saints of Tregor, Berget, Trenieur, Gonnery, Tryphene, Coripaid and Libouban, headed by the clergy of a score of parishes, and the bells peal

loudly over the rolling fields and country, and over all is the blazing sun in a cloudless sky, for, it is said, the rain never falls on Saint Yves, his day.

Lannion is in the very heart of a district which, for interest, is not equaled in all of Brittany, and there are villages by the dozen, in all directions, filled with chapels, calvarys and megalithic remains, which may be easily reached by carriage provided by the hotel on the quay.

We are now in the midst of a wild country where the Druids held court, and covered with dolmens and menhirs. Across the little valley is a curious stairway of stone leading up to the church of Brelevenez, occupied on one side by steep, roofed houses, and gardens filled with vines and bright flowers. The streets mount gently to the Grande Place, and the town has a sufficiently antique air to satisfy one, even though the noisy locomotive is evident on the other side of the bridge. There is, however, a theatrical air over it all—to me, it is really too astoundingly picturesque!

The buildings are so full of gables in unexpected places, and windows thrown haphazard on the roofs, overhanging stories curved outwards over the street and supported on heavy wooden beams, the ends of which are sculptured with monsters, animals, knights, and scrolls, all in such bewildering lavishness as to suggest unreality and the resources of the stage. It is all genuine fifteenth and sixteenth century, however, but I am sure that if I had lived here a little while I would be quite spoiled for any other less picturesque locality.

We used Lannion as a center from which to make our pilgrimages to the little nearby coast villages, poor villages most of them are too,—mere collections, often, of thatched huts with bare earthen floors and smoking fireplaces—dim interiors in which we sat for many an hour on the carved oaken settees, black with age, pretending to drink the cider, or sour milk, or whatever it was the hospitable peasant set before us, for my sketch book is an open sesame at all times, and in all countries. I think that the peasant finds a sort of connection between the vocation of the artist and that of the ballad singer, so dear to the Breton. At any rate, never yet have I been denied a place at his meager fireside, or a bowl of cider, when I have craved shelter from the furious rain storms that ravage this dark land.

This day, I was walking over a bare, gorse-covered country lying between the Tandy-Guindy rivers and the sea coast. Farm houses, some of them of fair size, dot this district, and there are occasional rich sections which show golden fields of ripe wheat, and where the mellow ring of the whet-stone against the sickle blade is heard mingled with the song of the meadow lark. But the road dips after this, running between high banks, and the shadows are dark here, under the gorse-grown sides, and huge, gray, bare rocks crop forth here and there, which may be overturned druidical dolmen, for ought I know to the contrary.

It was late afternoon when, in one of these depressions or dips in the road, I came upon a most extraordinary figure of a man walking along, with head

erect, staring up into the sky, a huge staff in his hand, and on his head a large, felt, flat hat with rusty black velveteen ribbons hanging down over his long, gray hair, and clad in the "bragou-bras" of sheepskin; under his arm he carried the [biniou] pipes. I greeted him in the Breton tongue, of which I happen to have a stock phrase or two that answers admirably to open conversation with the peasants. This time I said, "Enhano Sant Erwan," that is, "in the name of Saint Yves," and then we sat down beside the road to rest, while I offered him a cigar, which he smoked clumsily, holding it like a pencil, but with a certain enjoyment, and so we sat for a time, until he was ready to speak—for one must not hurry the Breton. Above us, in the clear light, a bird flew hither and thither, beating the air with her wings. I fancy we were too near her nest for her comfort, but, finally she seemed to understand that we did not mean her harm, for she alighted near us and remained quiet. Afar off I thought I saw something like a dog, gray, large, bounding and leaping in the grass. I heard the call of a farm boy, and, over the swelling land, undulation succeeded undulation like petrified, green ocean waves, and in their hollows I knew nestled small, thatched houses—dolmen—wayside crosses and forgotten chapels in ruins. . . .

In the distance are slender trees with feathery foliage, and beyond lies the barren, windswept coast, with its piled up savage granite barrier apex which the sea is ever beating. . . . The old



MARKET PLACE

Breton seemed to wake from a spell, for throwing aside the butt of the cigar, he turned to me and said, "Yeched ha Joa," "Health and happiness to you," and would have gone on his way, but I stopped him. Play for me "Armor" (Breton), I urged, and he unslung the bag from his shoulder, and, filling it well with his breath, his dark, piercing eyes upon me, his fingers sought the vents, and the chant of Saint Meriadak began in the flourish of the pipes over his shoulder, while his right foot marked the time.

The song tells how the Saint in dire peril, through temptation by the evil one who promised him all of his heart's desire whatsoever it might be, suddenly cast the cross he wore at his neck full into the evil one's face and turned him into stone, and is in some some twenty verses; but Breton ballads consist mainly of reiterations, and this one was no exception to the rule. The old biniou was stone blind I found to my surprise, for one would not have guessed it, and was walking from the coast villages to Treguier, entirely without fear. "What had he to fear?" he asked me, and I could not answer, for the biniou is in high esteem—no fair or pardon is held without his services.

Many times I have come across these men—they are usually blind—sitting on the tops of casks beside mossy walls, sometimes two or three of them playing together, while the peasants, men and girls, hand in hand, dance round and round in never tiring circles, and before the binious is always a cask, topped with a board, on which is a jug of cider and

a huge section of bread, "all he can eat and drink, and money besides for the pocket," said the Breton slapping his thigh and shouldering his biniou, the bag of which was now empty air.

I watched him as he trudged away up the road, his face upturned to the sky, his right hand outstretched tapping the ground with his staff—"A true descendant of the wandering bards of old," I said, half aloud, as he disappeared over the hill-top.

The raindrops began to patter on the dusty road, and, as it often rains furiously on these moorlands, I sought shelter in a small, straw-thatched, stone house under the hill, in the open doorway of which two children and a black, narrow-backed ill-tempered pig were disputing over a pot of boiled potatoes. Inside, in the gloom, I could just make out the black, fireless hearth, the double-decked, Breton, walled bed closet, with its beautiful carved spindles and rosettes, and the large oaken table. The floor on which I stood gave forth no sound; it was of beaten clay.

Forth, from the shadows, came a woman in a white coif, nursing a fat, red-cheeked child. She bade me welcome with native dignity, and wiped a corner of the bench with her apron, motioning me to be seated, and brought forth a jug and a bowl which she filled with cider and set before me. Her man? "Ah, yes," she said, drawing the back of her hand across her mouth; "he is away at the fishing since yesterday and will return, God willing, on the morrow. Did I meet the biniou in the road? Of

a surety! It was Yves Gannik, blind Yves!" Here she crossed herself piously. "M'sieur, then, of course, was a stranger in these parts, and did not know the story of Yves Gannik? Ah, yes! It was when I was a little girl, but I remember well. I lived at Tregastel—M'sieur knows the Calvary—well, after you pass it—the house at the end of the lane. It was there I was born and lived until I was married. It happened when I could not have been more than eight years old. I was born on Whitsunday. I remember Yves coming ashore in the boat, and alone, Yves alone, and the whole village saw him come and go; how the rain fell, and the wind it blew as never before or since, I think. I was with my mother when Yves came ashore, and I could have touched him when he passed us. All the people shouted out to him, 'where's Jean?' But he made no answer, only ran, in his water-soaked clothes, up the hill, and every one—every one of us, M'sieur, saw the gray wolf bound after him, where it came from I don't know—it just bounded and leaped after him, and so it has been ever since, wherever he goes, there goes too the wolf beast the 'loup garou.' M'sieur must understand, did I not say that Jean and Yves were half brothers born of the same mother—Jean was ever, they say, the better man—and Genovefa loved him from childhood, and Yves loved Genovefa too, but Yves was tall and thin and dark like his mother, but Jean was fair and blond, and had the melting blue eyes of the north, and the skin of whiteness, and the cheeks of a girl, and there was ever trouble between

the brothers over Genovefa—and she? Oh! she only laughed and laughed. . . .! And so the time went on until the storm, and then there was no longer laughter in the voice of Genovefa, and, then, one day, Yves met her at the Calvary. What passed between them I know not, save that they say Genovefa, after speaking with him for a moment, suddenly threw herself upon her knees at the Calvary and cursed him, her head raised to the Saint, and at that Yves called aloud in agony, his hands tearing at his eyes, and then ran from her, and the ‘loup garou’ joined him at the end of the lane, and together they fled across the country. Genovefa died that night, and the priest gave her absolution. . . . Yves, blind Yves, roams the countryside—yes, just as M’sieur has met him to-day. The rain it falls upon him, and the sun it shines, but for Yves there is only darkness . . . and the companionship of the ‘loup garou’ . . .”

I surreptitiously left a franc upon the heavy table as I stepped to the doorway. Overhead the gray clouds rolled in heavily from seawards, the wind blew and the trees bent before it. I had a good three miles to walk to the town, and it behooved me to start, but the roads were heavy with mud, and I had difficulty in keeping close to the high banks where the turf was solid. I was chilled by the story of blind Yves and “loup garou,” as well as by the gusts of rain blowing across the moorland, and not at all sorry to be overtaken by a farmer boy in a covered cart, with whom I rode comfortably into town to a good dinner at the inn.

The whole seacoast below Lannion, offers to the stranger an almost unbelievable prospect—the ends of the rough roads are blocked with huge granite boulders which seem to have been strewn about by some giant hand in all directions. Here will be found, among the mighty boulders, strange collections of bizarre huts and cabins inhabited by an uncouth, wretched population of fishermen and their families, piled in and among the chaos of rocks are old, dismantled boats, and the floatsam and jetsam of the sea. Some of the immense rocks are balanced in air on other flat ones, and in and around these are the butts built, so that, at first, one sees nothing resembling the habitations of human beings, until at length the eye, becoming somewhat accustomed to the *débris*, sees rude chimneys smoking, and occasional black doorways from which children and women are furtively peering.

At one side, at some distance away, is what seems to be a magnificent statue of the Saviour, with uplifted hand, placed upon the top of one of the boulders, and, evidently, as seen from this distance, of great size, quite twenty feet high, I conjecture, and of such proportion and dignity of pose that it seems a masterpiece. . . . I find on nearing it, that it is formed of rough stone, piled up and cemented or held together. I know not by what means.

This strange region is flooded by the sea, which beats and rolls in and out among the stones and boulders, and dashes its foam at the rude statue of the Saviour, so that one turns in relief from it to the little port of Perros-Guirec, a pretty village

along the promontory above a charming harbor with scattered islets.

The chapel of Notre Dame de la Clarte rises from among gray walls some distance further on, from the summit of level plain which dominates the Plomanach and Tregastel region. The way is mapped by a road which zigzags and climbs up and down, with ways that seem almost like stairways, so steep are they. A great pilgrimage takes place here each year, for those afflicted with blindness and other afflictions of the eyes.

Farther on is the chaos of Ploumanach, I can call it nothing else, a territory so savage, a desert, yet more terrible in its character of desolation than any desert could be, with its collection of wretched fishermen's hovels, hardly distinguishable from the piled up masses of broken and scattered rock. . . . I can only describe its effect upon me as weird and dispiriting, the whole place resembling the result of the Deities' wrath visited upon the region.

Some small openings in the land here and there, between enormous blocks of rock, form shelter for the fishing craft, and in one of these is a small chapel containing a statue of Saint Cuirec or Quieric, as it is variously called, who is patron of Perros, raised upon an altar.

This little chapel is simply a roof built upon four stone columns, and young girls are said to come here secretly to stick pins into the statue, and perform other mysterious rites to get them husbands. I spent an hour by this little chapel, but none came



LA PÈRE ETERNAL — TREGASTEL

near, although I did certainly see some women at a distance who seemed to be watching me.

Here the sea dashes itself on a stormy day, its foam gemming the Saint's garments and scattering the screaming sea birds that find shelter under its roof.

A most formidable-looking Frenchman, whom I encountered at the table d'hote, and who wore in his buttonhole the red ribbon of some order or other, vehemently urged me to visit the ruins of the Chateau of Tonquedec, which he described as a "Cadavre d' ũne forteresse," and I am glad that I took his advice, for the time was well spent.

It is but a short drive from Lannion and is situated on the east bank of the Leguer, on a height in a beechwood, and it is in such a sad state of ruin, that one can only conjecture what it must have been. It belonged to the Vicomte de Coetmer, who fought against Jean IV. The place lives in my memory, because I lost a fine box of colors in the pool there, and all because I thought I was about to be bitten by a huge spider, which I discovered on the back of my hand while I was sketching the ruin, which made me spasmodically throw out my hand, and away went my fine W. and N. box of colors into the depths of the pool.

I paid the surly individual from whom I hired the lumbering carriage, fifteen francs for the whole day, and gave him two francs besides, in the attempt to overcome his ill-nature, but to no purpose. He drank the numerous bowls of cider, to which I treated him, with an injured air, as if I had imposed

upon him somehow, and answered me only in monosyllables.

Afterwards I discovered, when too late to reach him, that in changing the bank note which I gave him, he had given me in return "change" of such variety that I lost considerable in the attempt to get rid of it. One has to be on one's guard with these fellows, who will impose upon the trustful stranger whenever possible, and it would seem as if all the spurious coin in Europe had been sent into Brittany. In this collection I found Swiss, Papal, Greek and Italian pieces long since withdrawn from circulation but all appearing genuine to the American not accustomed to examining his loose change too loosely. However, I induced the good Nun at the hostelry of Tregastel to accept the silver at a very liberal discount, and I presume, therefore, it is still in circulation.

The nuns keep this large hotel in a very comfortable manner, and the luncheon, or really it was a dinner, was well served and well cooked. When I told the Nun at the desk that we were Americans, she seemed surprised, for I saw her afterwards point us out to a most placid looking, red-cheeked lady, in the habit of the order, and I distinctly heard her say, "Americans! It is incredible—and *they so white!*"

The sandy beach here is extraordinarily level and beautiful, and the rocks piled up in wonderful forms are of an orange red in color, when the sun is shining, and with the sea of dark greenish blue dashing

up between and around them, the picture is most attractive and unusual.

There are, too, seemingly numberless small islets, and the Nun pointed out to us the famous Sept Isles, L'isle du cerf, Rouzic, L'isle Plate, Bonneau, Melban, la Pierre, and the gleaming lighthouse on the l'isle aux Moines.

Driving afterwards along by the shore, a charming, winding road, we saw the mysterious island of Avalon, "the blessed isle" "where falls not hail nor rain nor any snow," and where, as the Breton legend has it, King Arthur is buried. The island is small and wooded, looking cool and green from the shore. There is nothing to be seen upon it, but I am sorry that I did not get a boat and row over to it, just to say that I had set foot upon that hallowed ground.

*Morlaix, Roscoff,
Saint Pol De Leon*

THE personage in the hotel bedecked with the red ribbon, alluded to in the last chapter, I find is a retired naval Captain, "Capitaine de Vaisseau," and he has improved vastly upon acquaintance. He it was who further advised our going on to Morlaix by carriage, and I am glad we took his advice. On the way we passed through a region said once to have been covered by a dense forest in which the Druids had a temple, but now as bare, in places, as one can imagine.

Legend connects King Arthur with the region, which is supposed to be the "Grove," or wasteland, on which he encountered and slew the dragon.

Lanmeur is in the "grandes landes," the ancient spot on which stood Kerfeutenn, (Breton, the village of the fountain, "Ker," a stone).

In the crypt is the miraculous fountain which, it is solemnly stated by the authorities, will overflow some Trinity Sunday and destroy the edifice.

Not far from the village the celebrated menhirs of Kermerch'ou and Ru-Peulven, and the tumulous of Tossen-ar-Choniflet are pointed out, by a bent, old woman, afflicted with a huge "goitre." This is suspended from her neck in a sort of net work, but, strange to say, the sight is not offensive, so cordial in her manner and so good-humored is her smile.

Morlaix is situated in a deep valley between two high hills spanned by a fine viaduct high in the air over which the railway passes, and through the town meanders a sluggish little stream, on its way to the sea.

On descending from the railway train and passing through the station, one is confronted by a curious panorama; at one's feet lies the town proper, and the best and most interesting way down to it is by way of the narrow, winding street at the left, and on foot. On the way our progress was retarded by numerous children, who seemed to find us interesting, but the Breton children are never offensive, like some of those in Holland.

The small hotel is kept by a relative of the great Rachel, who shows a cabinet full of souvenirs and interesting bijouterie of the renowned actress, and the dining room, on a higher level than the rest of the floor, is furnished in Breton style, the walls of carved wood. The food is good, and, what is better still, is well cooked, and one is made most comfortable,—no small item indeed, to chronicle in a land so wild as Brittany, and I mention it here, because one would do well to make Morlaix headquarters.

Mons Relaxas was the Latin name of the town, or rather its fortress in Roman times, and it is said that Drennalus, the disciple of Joseph of Arimathea, here preached the gospel to the Bretons, and that Mary Queen of Scots, who spent some time here soon after her marriage, worshiped at the Church of Notre Dame du Mur, now demolished. My note book farther chronicles that the Church of Saint Melaine, dating from 1480, has a beautiful organ and baptismal font, and there are a number of remarkable gargoyles caricaturing the monkish vices of the time.

Some fifteenth century houses, styled "maisons a lanternes," which have curious covered inner courts, are of great interest, and the present owners most hospitably threw open their doors to us when they heard we were Americans and appreciative.

Some of the staircases in these houses have exquisitely carved newels, over which I spent an hour making sketches. In the rue des Nobles will be found the house of the Duchesse Anne, erected in 1500 and well worth a visit.

Morlaix is the center of superstitious Brittany, and from it the towns of Saint Pol de Leon, Roscoff, Saint Jean du Doigt, Huelgoat, Saint Herbert, Saint Thegonnec, Guimiliau, Plougastel and the Folgöet are easily reached. I mention these towns in detail because they each present some characteristic necessary to the complete understanding of the district.

Cambry in his "Voyage dans Le Finistère" says (I translate) "The people of to-day are living and



PORTE DES VIGNES — MORLAIX

breathing in the shadows of the past, their imaginations incessantly arriving in a world of chimeras and phantoms, as for example—the bird singing in the hedge (the cuckoo) responds to their questionings, marks the years of their life, the date of marriage; a strange noise repeated three times to them means bad luck; the howling of a dog announces a death; the long drawn murmur of the ocean, the sea rote, or the whistling of the wind heard in the night, are the voices of the drowned demanding the peace of the tomb. . . . Treasures long buried are guarded by giants and fairies. . . . Each county has its folly—Brittany has all of them.

In the cantons environing Morlaix they believe in genis called *Jans*. These called in the Breton tongue “Jens-ar-pouliet” will present themselves in the form of a dog or cow, or any other domestic animal. All the work of the household is often done by them.

They tell of the “Cariguel-an-ancou” (the chariot of death). It is covered with a white cloth, is conducted by skeletons, and when the noise of its wheels is heard, some one is dying. . . . Under the Chateau of Morlaix there are little men, one foot in height, living under ground, walking and tapping on the basins. They are counting their gold. He who extends his hand to them modestly will receive a gift of the precious metal, but whoso brings a sack with the intention of filling it, is soundly beaten and ejected.

The night singers (Breton) “ar-carinerez-nos” are those who invite you to help wring their linen,

who will break your arms if you help them with bad grace, who will drown you if you refuse them, and who, if you assist them willingly, "Vous portent a la charite!"

But the town of Morlaix itself contains enough of interest to repay one even without wandering far afield, and it is called by poets the Chief Jewel in the Breton Crown. To get the best view, one must go up to the viaduct which crosses the valley and the rivers Tarlot and Quefflent which unite here in the Dossen or river Morlaix, on its way to the sea. From this height the effect is strange in the extreme—really I cannot find words to describe it adequately, these towns quite defy accurate description—and, if not careful, one is apt to become incoherent in the attempt.

I was, upon my first visit, quite unable to "digest" the picturesqueness, if I may use the term, and even now, when I am trying to write so as to present a picture to the reader's mind, I find it necessary to use considerable restraint.

Looking down into the valley I see a collection of roofs, chimneys and towers, gardens and winding streets all glistening in the rain, and up from this is the charming tower of the church, about which the rooks are flying. Smoke is coming up from the myriad of chimneys, for Morlaix, despite its beautiful picturesqueness, is quite a manufacturing town, numbering some 15,000 inhabitants, who are engaged in various manufactures of a humdrum order, such as the preparation of tobacco and scrap.

Before the viaduct is the Grande Place with the

Hotel de ville, a modern building, and opposite commences the *rue du pave de Morlaix*, the celebrated, between two lines of ancient, high houses, and everywhere the picturesque—I can find no other word, overworked as it is—openings of streets, with sculptured beamed houses on either hand, the overhanging windows artistically placed, the figures of saints quaintly carved in wood between them, and, on every side, wherever the eye falls, antique façades offering some distant beauty, and each of which should be in some museum.

Morlaix abounds in charming, unexpected corners; small gardens behind walls over which the ivy and vinery falls; ancient lodges half hidden behind trees, peeping out of somber streets; venerable houses of past ages, still strong and habitable. Solid walls and grand looking houses with towers, but a step from the shops and warehouses, all furnished in the style of the fifteenth century, and over all this is the great viaduct of pale, yellowish gray stone, on which the train from Paris is rapidly passing—its white steam falling like an immense ostrich plume, bending towards and melting into the misty blues and violets of the wet roofs far below.

Viewed in the clear morning light, Morlaix is no less mysterious and elusive to me.

The great viaduct, high in air, has just caught the early morning, rosy sunbeams, and below all is still hazy and gray. Against the greenish color of the sky the fabric is beautiful, pale and evanescent like the color upon the wing of a lunar moth, and a passing train appears and disappears like a phan-

tom. As the sun mounts, new beauties are disclosed, and the rosy glow travels down the arches, and gilds and glorifies the pinnacles, the chimneys, and the upper windows of the hoary, venerable buildings, some of which were already aged when the Huguenots fled to America.

The streets began to bustle with the noisy foot-falls of the sabot-clad peasants on their way to work, and the market place and the "Port" before the Hotel de ville is busy with the life of the new day.

It is here, in the open space before the Hotel de ville, the Port of Morlaix begins,—at the ending of the arm of the sea, or fiord, into which the little rivers discharge,—and, naturally, this is the busier part of Morlaix. Here are the newer warehouses and basins where the vessels load, but amid all the bustle of business, there remains on the quay an antique pile of houses, battered by the ages and blackened by time. These are the "lances" or porched houses of Treguier, ancient dependencies of the Bishopric.

Elsewhere, in the rue du Pare, or, as it is simply called, le pare de Morlaix, were formerly many beautiful, decorative façades. The timbers and beams were lavishly sculptured from top to base, with saints, knights, demons and fair ladies. These façades have now been demolished, and there are, at present, left, of all these former artistic treasures, only two corners of the "Pare," on which are shown a "binniau" player, and a fantastic head opposite—the rest, I understand, were carefully taken down and removed to Paris.



THE GUIMILIAN CALVARY

The entrance to the Grande Rue is like nothing one has ever before seen, so unreal is it. The houses are of overlapping, upper stories, very heavily timbered, and supported below by massive stone pillars, between which are dark caverns, occupied by shops and green groceries. There is barely room for a cart to pass, and the broken pavement is ditched in the mediæval manner.

In traversing this street, one would do well to keep a watchful eye aloft for *certain emptyings* which follow the warning cry from the windows, as in the time of Shakespeare.

In the "Venelle au son" is a little restaurant, kept by one Bodeur, facing a house of really unbelievable design. Here I sat and made sketches, while the loquacious proprietor pumped me dry as to the "who and what and where" of me, finally, with a sigh, reluctantly directing me to the house of "Queen Anne," as they style her here.

The exterior is richly sculptured, but, of course, weatherbeaten, and is occupied by a shop below. It has a sort of central court with a columned staircase, and is styled "lantern"—that is, its interior is occupied by the staircase giving access to the floors around the court, and the whole is then covered by a separate roof with a huge skylight.

The central pillar is lavishly sculptured and floriated with saints and knights holding escutcheons, and bishops with their croziers. It is all covered with dust, and, while kept as a sort of show house, is not too well taken care of.

In the Grande Rue, at number thirteen, is a house

of great beauty, a really superb example of the "lantern" style, and there is another near the "Venelle." These three give one a perfect understanding of this most unique style of architecture.

The student of history will be interested in the "Fountain des Anglais," on the right bank of the river, marking the spot where six hundred English soldiers, who had embarked to attack the town in 1522, were surprised asleep and killed, I am informed that the castle called "Le Taureau," at the north estuary on the island, was afterwards constructed to guard against another such invasion.

One of the curious sights of the Morlaix is the long line of laughing, talking women in the rue des Lavoires, with their backs turned to the river, washing huge piles of linen in large stone troughs, but warning: do not laugh with or at them as you may pass. They have little patience with the stranger, or with any sort of ridicule, real or fancied. I am told tales of hapless, Parisian dandies who were seized and thrown into the troughs by these amazons, for fancied affronts, and they closely watch the stranger.

That a prophet is not without honor in his own country is proved by the fact that one of the streets of Morlaix has been named for the author Emile Souvestre, who has collated in several volumes the manners and traditions of Brittany of the past.

Leaving Morlaix, on the way to Roscoff, the whole character of the country changes rapidly. The river, after the Anse of Dourds, ceases to charm by its gentleness, and becomes simply an arm of the sea with all its characteristics, and, in view of the

formidable looking chateau du Toureau, is filled with innumerable small islets and half submerged, pointed rocks surrounded by strips of gray sand at low tide. Away off at the left, one at length sees the little town of Roscoff, almost an island, and looking, in the mist, something like a man-of-war at anchor. The coast is gray and sad looking. To the right there are verdant valleys, and behind Plougaznou is the village of Saint Jean du Doigt, renowned for its remarkable yearly pilgrimage and pardon, and for its sacred fountain. One need not fear to stop at Roscoff, for the Inn is a good one, and the time may be pleasantly employed in getting acquainted with the people, who are quite civil to the stranger, and in exploring the vicinity. One would think that the town would be given up to fishing, but, on the contrary, it is a great vegetable center where artichokes of astonishing size are grown, the fields stretching for miles and of great fertility, and the peasants, engaged in caring for and carrying them away in the carts drawn by the little Breton horses, are generally met with on the roads. Good-humored creatures are these peasants too, greeting one civilly always, and ever ready to guide one.

There is here an immense fig tree of great celebrity, growing in the queer old church yard of Notre Dame de Croaz Baz, which has two remarkable "ossuaries," or bone houses. In these "ossuaries" the bones of the peasants were thrown, after lying for stated periods in the ground purchased from the priests—the heads or skulls being removed, and enshrined in a curious box, shaped like a small, gabled,

toy house, in which openings were cut that it might be seen. These boxes were painted rudely in colors, with emblems, and bore inscriptions, such as *Priez pour lui*, for example: "Herein is the skull of Yves Gannik, pray for him!" The boxes were then placed on the top of the stone wall around the church, or *ossuary*—I have seen them thus by the hundreds, soaked in the rain and dried by the sun, through the long winters and summers of the harsh Breton climate. The custom is not now followed save in the more remote districts, and it is through these districts that I am conducting the reader.

Afar off, rising above the level plains, are the twin spires of Saint Pol, but quite dominating all is the exquisite tower of the Creizker, the boast of Brittany, and celebrated in Breton song and legend.

I found the town to be the saddest, the most deserted and melancholy spot in all Brittany. When we walked the clean, narrow streets, we saw only one old woman in a black, hooded cloak, who furtively glanced at us from its depths, and hurried on her way. A frightened, black cat scurried across the road before us, and all the windows of the small, two storied, stucco houses were tightly closed and barred. Even at the Inn, which has a pretty garden at the back, there was not a soul to be seen but the proprietor, a sad, morose looking man of few words, who resumed his bottle washing after showing us to our room above the *salle a manger*. There were no other lodgers in the Inn, and, after an early meager supper and a walk through the deserted



THE KRIESKER — ST. POL DE LEON

town, we retired early, with the resolve to leave on the morrow for a gayer place.

Night descended upon this sinister spot with a cloak of appalling blackness, with not a ray of light anywhere in the town that we could see, and this, coupled with various mysterious noises outside during the night, rendered sleep well nigh impossible. But the morning sun on the sparkling water beyond, and the brilliant sky overhead, quite dispelled the gloom of the night. After a brief visit to the *Creisker*, where, for some reason, we were denied admittance, we went over to the cathedral where we saw the skull, the hand, and the bell of Saint Paul in shrines in the chapel, that is, we saw the boxes which enclosed them. We might have seen the relics of Saint *Jennenon*, *Joevin*, *Houradon*, *Ternec*, *Gouesnon*, *Guinger* and *Goulven* also enshrined here, but we somehow refrained.

There are a remarkable series of Episcopal Tombs in the church, with figures, some lying at full length, and others kneeling. On the top of the choir screen, and elsewhere on the tombs, are dozens of the little boxes containing the skulls of the devout, appropriately inscribed and ornamented, some of them in velvet and silken caps,—pathetic, if not gruesome, relics of the past.

In one of the chapels is a curious painting, representing the Trinity in one figure with an arrangement of three faces, one full, and the others, on either side, in profile, with a sort of banderole beneath, on which is inscribed in large, Gothic letters, the words "*Ma Douez*" (*Breton—God*). The *Cre-*

izker, (Kriez, the middle of, Ker, town) is, according to the legend, the work of "le vieu Guillaume," the Breton name for the devil, who, with his evil spirits, carried the stones here and erected the whole church and exquisite spire in a single night. He sought, so the legend says, to build a church which would eclipse any other which had ever been designed and consecrated to "le bon Dieu" by man, "but, when the "coq" was placed upon the top of the spire, Saint Pol came with the holy water, threw down Satan from the tower, and confiscated his handiwork." It is from this legend that the church is sometimes called "la tour du diable."

Not far away from the ancient castle of Pontplancoet, in a field, is a great rock, called a "pue-lven" by the peasants, which they say the devil flung at Saint Pol.

The cemetery is one of the most remarkable in the country and has a calvary, an immense wooden cross, and row upon row of the little skull boxes before described, and shrines depicting the crucifixion and entombment. It was in the late afternoon when we visited this spot, so lonely and so depressing, yet it was awe inspiring to realize that we were among a strange people, half wild, half savage, as one might term them; that we were alone, out of reach of the authorities and of help, if in need; and as the sun was setting, we hastened back as fast as we could, through the silent, deserted streets of the town, in which we did not loiter, and, from our windows in the silent inn looked over the pretty garden to the sea where the great burnished copper

disk of the moon shone in the violet sky. I remember being awakened, first by the melancholy song of the whip-poor-will, and, later, by the beating of a bat against the ceiling of the bedroom, so that when morning came, we were quite ready to say good-by to Saint Pol de Leon.

Not far from here I came upon a magnificent pile of ruins, the Chateau of Kerouzere of the fifteenth century, with two somber, immense towers, still intact, and, farther on, a piled up heterogenous mass of stones between two cylindrical towers,—all that remains of Kergournad'ech, destroyed by La Fontenelle, the so-called brigand of Cornouaille. The name signifies in Breton "the house of the fearless one," and is derived from the legend of the first Kergournad'ech, a very young man, who alone, of all the others of the region, remained faithful to Saint Pol de Leon, and accompanied him to the caverns where dwelt the dragon who haunted and ravaged the isle de Batz. After the vanquishment of the demon, Saint Pol baptised the young man.

Descending towards Landivisiau one passes the immense chateau, now in ruins, of Kerjean, which has been purchased by a descendant of the ancient family and is being gradually restored with considerable taste. The people living there are very civil to the visitor.

The country is wild and beautiful, especially the road leading to Lesneven—indeed there is so much to be seen and studied that one is fairly embarrassed where to begin or end.

The inn at Landivisiau is only fair, but we were

so tired that any place with a roof over it would have seemed comfortable. The landlady bustled about and set forth an appetizing repast of cold chicken and a delicious lettuce salad, which, with a stone jug of cider and several huge cuts of dark sour bread, formed our supper, during which some of the more curious of the townspeople came and watched us through the open door and the windows. This was somewhat extraordinary, as there was a sort of aftermath of a fête going on in the square where, before a dingy tent, a nondescript, painted clown was disporting himself, and a merry-go-round, with brightly painted lions, tigers and zebras was revolving to the notes of a discordant organ. On several of the animals were mounted young peasant women and children, their faces bright with pleasure.

A woman in a faded, short skirt of blue silk, with nude shoulders, at intervals beat a bass drum, and, before her, a strong man showed his brawny, sun-burned limbs in, what he considered, attractive poses, while the master, in silk hat and swallowtail coat with an expanse of soiled shirt front, cried out, "walk in ladies and gentlemen, there was never the like seen before for the money—the drama of 'The Bloody Fiend,' real sword fighting and killing on the stage before your eyes the fat woman weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, a veritable mountain of flesh, quoi! in contrast extraordinary with the living skeleton, who will stand alongside her. The dancing dog who has performed before all the Sovereigns of Europe and is 'Decorè.' Walk in! Walk



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THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

in!" Each harangue being followed with a few flourishes of a clarionet and the boom, boom of the bass drum.

But the Breton peasant is wary and all this leaves him cold—he gazes stolidly and open-mouthed at the barker, but his sous, so hard earned, still jingle in his pocket where he fondles them lovingly.

At nine o'clock the merry-go-round ceased its revolutions. The peasants had gone. The strong man in an overcoat put out the flaring naphtha torches, and the little town went to sleep.

On consulting the notebook in the morning, it was discovered that we should have gone on to Saint Jean du Doigt for the pardon and sailed thence by boat from Roscoff.

This pardon, one of the most noted in Brittany, takes place on the twenty-third of June. I succeeded in hiring a good looking young peasant and a two-wheeled, blue painted cart without springs, and by putting some sheaves of straw in the bottom, we had more or less comfortable seats. In this part of the country one must make up one's mind beforehand to endure certain discomforts of travel, but, of course, in the larger cities, one may secure an automobile with a more or less efficient driver for a sum of money per diem, which cannot be considered exorbitant compared with prices for like services in America. But we had resolved to travel in the conveyances to be had in the small towns, and, I must say, we did not find them too uncomfortable to be borne. We started in this jolting blue cart from a small town named Lanneur, and

the ride through the country, though at first somewhat dull, soon takes on a most interesting aspect.

The verdure is rich and the air is filled with the tinkling melody of distant church bells, the hills are clad with brown and bordered and divided with clumps of flowered alder bushes. One overtakes and passes bands of peasants in holiday attire, the women and children holding hands and carrying bundles containing provisions for the two days. Some of the men return our salute with grave sober faces. The Breton does not smile easily, be it said, but he is not ugly tempered except when he is in liquor, then beware of him! All foreigners are alike to him and he will treat them as he feels for the moment.

A sound of singing came from a point ahead of us, and a turn in the road disclosed a song merchant who displayed a canvas screen slung from a pole, a curious picture, painted rudely in oil, depicting a flying figure and crowds of people beneath with outstretched hands.—These song merchants are fast disappearing—they belong to the ancient brotherhood of minstrels and are being replaced by organ grinders and colored lithographs.

Little by little the old customs are disappearing even in these out of the way spots, and, in a few years, I am persuaded that the most solemn rites of the pardons, those which conserve the spirit of the ancient cult, will have been forgotten or abandoned, for the younger generation has not, I fancy, the love or veneration for the festivals that characterized their forbears.

The sudden descent into the valley of Saint Jean du Doigt is most surprising. It is as if one came upon a vast verdure clad cavity—a sort of bowl—into which the road suddenly precipitates itself. One side opens to a vista of the deep, blue sea, with rocky islets covered with golden brown seaweed, and against the hillside, so green and parklike, rises the lovely church spire from the midst of dark, rich, glossy green woods. Our driver points out some crosses and tables marking the places where accidents have happened on the dangerous roadway, and he is forced to hallo to the peasants to make way for us, so crowded is the road.

The cart draws up before a small, neat looking inn with the sign "Hotel de S. Jean," and here we are lodged for the two days of the Pardon.

The object of the pardon is a finger of Saint John the Baptist, which is supposed to have its nail pared annually. It was stolen from a chapel in Normandy by a fisherman of Plongasnou, who brought it to his native village, where it has since remained and is venerated. The finger is in a magnificent reliquary, on which is the date 1429. In the legend, it seems that the young soldier or sailor, (whichever he was accounts differ,) after having stolen the relic, fled from the Norman town, and, on reaching a neighboring village, all the bells in the town began to ring of their own accord, the uproar causing the people to run from their houses to ascertain the reason of the clamor, which they fancied might be a war alarm against invaders. Finding none but the ragged boy, he was little else, who

was unable to answer their questions intelligently they put him in prison as a vagrant. During the night, the lad dreamed that he was on the hill above the valley of Saint Jean watching the flames from the sacred fire of the Tantad, and, awakening he found that he had been miraculously transported from prison to his beloved Breton village. He went down into the valley straight to the church, and, entering, knelt at the altar, whereupon, says the legend, his right palm opened and from it sprang the relic, the holy finger of Saint John the Baptist, which alighted upon the high altar where candles burst into flame of their own accord, and the bells in the tower, rung by invisible hands, sent out over the green hills and smiling valley the joyous tidings of the great arrival. The peasantry for miles around were attracted by the tumult and came running into the spot in thousands, and the Holy Monk who ministered to them then explained that the precious relic had miraculously hidden itself in the palm of the youth's right hand beneath the skin, and in this manner reached Brittany in safety. It was lucky that we had not delayed our arrival, for the little inn was taxed to its capacity and beyond. The hum of voices and feet beat upon the ear like that of an advancing army. Upon every available spot of ground booths were erected, the one small street being crowded almost to suffocation and passing impossible in any direction save that in which the peasants were traveling. One had to be content to watch it all from the window above. So passed the afternoon.

All through the night I could hear the humming voices of the peasants, and the barking of dogs in the distance, and it was near morning before I fell into an uneasy sleep from which I was startled by the pealing of bells.

It was the great day of the pardon and the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, a true Saint John's day! For, upon this day according to the legend, "rain falls not, nor clouds obscure the sun," and if this does happen then "there will be no sunlight for the rest of the year."

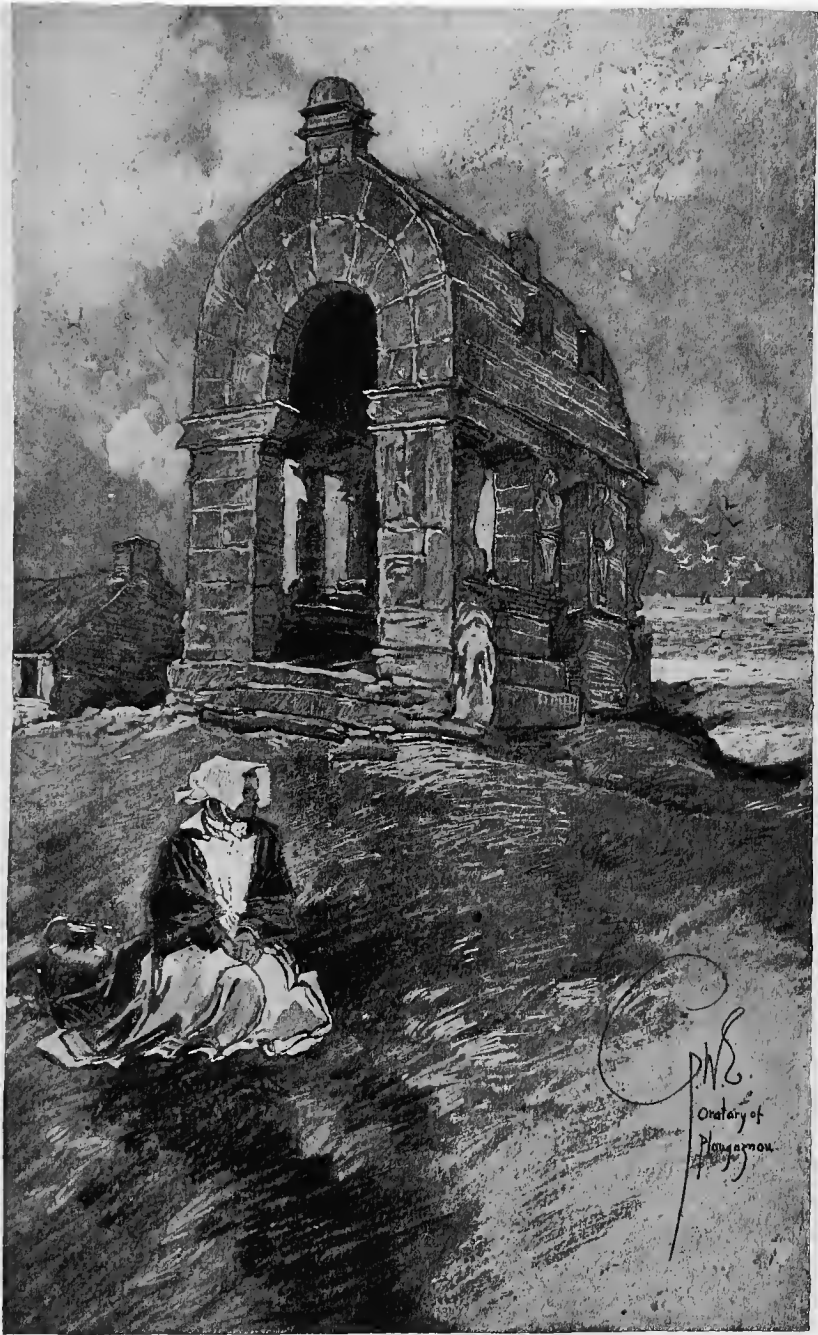
This is certainly a town of fountains. I never saw so many in any one place. Le Braz says: "There is a local saying that declares there are more fountains at Saint Jean du Doigt than souls in Paradise." The chief one, of course, is that named for the Saint, a beautiful piece of work in stone and bronze by some unknown and forgotten artist. It is called in Breton "Feunteun-ar-Bis," (the fountain of the finger) and, during the pardon, it is said to boil when the relic is placed in it by the priests; but I was not to see this ceremony for I could not ascertain just when it was to take place. I presume that the priests do not care to have strangers or curiosity seekers present.

Beside the road are curious booths of canvas stretched over hooped saplings, and in these barrel-like shelters, large enough to accommodate half a dozen at a time, the pilgrims sit stolidly eating small dried fish, or drinking huge bowls of steaming coffee. In others, sausages are being boiled over fires of faggots and pots are steaming full of

boiling potatoes. Over all are the discordant cries of the pedlars crying out "Hot potatoes!" and "Good cider, good people! Good cider!"

Dust, in clouds, rises upon the air and above the dark green of the trees, and everywhere are crowds of peasants, mostly women in black dresses and lovely, white-winged caps, all bound for the church, crowding into a small lane at the end of which is a lovely stone gateway pierced by two openings, one of Gothic floriated, the other a bare, Romanesque archway. There is a sort of basin inside, containing a very dirty looking water into which each peasant thrusts a couple of fingers, and near it is a rather mutilated stone head of Saint Jean in bas-relief, which is kissed by each who enters. The pilgrims file to the altar rail and there are touched upon the head by a priest with a small effigy of the Saint, after which the sacred relic is placed upon the eyes of those who are afflicted with blindness.

After Vespers, about five o'clock, comes the whole congregation headed by the clergy and acolytes in glittering lace, crimson and gold, holding aloft the sacred finger in a beautiful Gothic reliquary of gold, shaped like an ark, with crystal sides. Fifteen of the maidens of the district, chosen for their piety, and all dressed in snowy white with stiffly starched, embroidered "coifs" of linen, come next, one of which holds aloft a silken banner the strings of which are held by her companions. Next comes a small lad in a sheepskin coat leading a white lamb, typifying Saint Jean as a child, and in long lines



ORATORY OF PLOUGAZNOU BY THE SEA

follow the pilgrims along the road to the hill above, where there is a huge pile of brushwood, on top of which is a cross of fresh, green boughs. This is called the "Tintad" and is to be the culmination of the feast. A long rope had been stretched from the tower to the church and extended to the pile of brushwood. I was soon to learn its purpose.

Overhead the sky was turning to a lovely violet and at the horizon were flecks of gold and rose of the departing sun. I lay in the grass, a little distance away, where I could watch the festivities. All at once there was commotion at the pile of brushwood, and, in the tower above, I could plainly see the priests' vestments gleaming against the gray stones; then came a crackling noise and some rockets sped skywards, marking their flight by a smudge of gray smoke, for the night was not yet on. As they burst above in the air, the bells rang out, and, from the tower, along the stretched rope, slid down a crackling, smoking object, fashioned like a dragon, which, stopping at the brushtop, set it afire. A cloud of heavy black smoke rolled up, and the peasants cried out in the Breton, "An Tan! An Tan!" (the fire) and, amid the mounting flames they rush hither and thither, seemingly without purpose other than motion.

This ends the pardon, and the clergy and the maidens in white holding the silken banners, proceed down the hill to the village, and evening falls upon the valley.

Over the lanes and roads leading away from the village, pass long lines of peasants on foot and in

wagons, their course marked by the dust arising in clouds against the quiet sky. So they pass, content upon their brown faces and religious ecstasy in their eyes, and quiet steals over the valley to remain until the twenty-fourth of June of the following year.

The Country of the Calvaries

THIS is, perhaps, the most superstitious part of this land of superstition. Here, under our very feet, sleep generations of Bretons, and perhaps the huge, erect stones mark the tombs of Celtic chiefs of bygone ages. Faithful to their traditions, the peasants still practice strange rites around these stones, and M. le Notaire tells me that sometimes at nightfall, one may see, among the rocks, young married couples who come to pray at the menhirs, lying upon their faces before the huge stones, as did perhaps the Druids of old.

A young priest, whose acquaintance I made, wrote out this song in the Breton, and translated it for me into French. I wish that I could write the haunting melody in which it was sung—a melody which still rings in my ears—so sweet, so wild, so *unlike* is it to any song which I ever heard before or since.

O en sekopti war vordik ar môr glaz
 Hac ar dero ar c'henvid
 Da steuïn ouz da stereden vor
 E skend an oaber an da'u gan
 Ar noz ahe's!
 Yéc'h ed ha joa a-beurz an da'u gerné
 Yech ed ha joa a-beurz!
 An bim baon, cloc'hon Gerné!

(Freely rendered)

O the sea shines blue, and the waves dash high,
 And the briar rose blooms o'er the land,
 And my heart beats fast, and my song rings out
 And my true love holds my hand.
 So the bells ring out, and my heart is light
 And I have no thought of care
 So Bim, Bam, ring out the bells! The bells of Cor-
 nouaille.

We are now in the land known as the "Pays de Leon," without doubt the most interesting, as it is the least known, of all Brittany. It is somewhat difficult to reach, and, for this reason, perhaps, has preserved its unique characteristics better than any other part of the country. One should have plenty of time to spend in exploration of the coast and coast villages, for often the diligences do not run to the most interesting places, and in these out of the way spots the inn accommodations are as poor as may be imagined. In the large towns I was warned against the inhospitality of many of the villages, which I was told contained marvels of architecture, such for instance as Plougastel. But even in this sad, forgotten hamlet, the peasants, while

suspicious of the stranger, were won by my sketch book, an open sesame the country over, and offered freely of their humble hospitality. It is generally upon the savage, rocky coast, cut by encroachments of the sea in which the waves and wind are forever struggling, and where the arid, black, stony land is washed by months of rain, that one finds the most notable Calvaries as well as the earlier Druidical and Celtic dolmen and menhirs, rising before the vivid green of the ocean or backed by the dim, dark blue of the mountains Arreé or the more terrible Black mountains farther in the southwest. Beside the crooked, stony roads, winding so white and hard through the valleys, dotted with beautiful Gothic crosses and fountains, one comes upon lovely chapels and superb churches which rear aloft into the pearly sky their graceful towers, hung with sweet-toned bells. These one views with the feeling of a discoverer, so quiet and removed from the world is it all. The Calvaries are so dramatic as to seem almost theatrical in their abundant and grotesque ornamentation of figures rising above the peaceful and silent market places, or church yards, with fantastic arms of sculptured granite cunningly cut by the chisels of the naïve artisans of the Middle Ages. The curious region, abounding in superb monuments of flamboyant Gothic, and, more rarely, the early Renaissance, is of a character entirely unique, a region where, in the smallest and most obscure village, may be found monuments of startling beauty and historic value, where, among a collection of hovels, rise mortuary

chapels porticoed and pilloried in the purest style, and noble triumphal arches opening upon the cemeteries in which the flat stones are ornamented with the tawdriest crowns of artificial flowers and wreaths of tinsel and bead work, pathetic evidences of the poverty and affection of the peasants. It is also in this region that one encounters the immense pilgrimages of the peasants, who often march for miles, barefooted and half clad, candle in hand, chanting their simple pilgrim songs to the saints. This is the country whose people still sing the grave and melancholy poems of their forefathers, solemnizing the cult of the early Bretons whose bones rest in the magnificent ossuaries by the roadsides. "Christians, come and pray where the bones of your parents whiten in the reliquaries, come pray for the souls of those whom you have welcomed at your firesides, now bleaching in the sun, washed by the rain, and stirred by the night winds." Thus runs one of the Breton canticles. These ossuaries, or bone houses, are common sights in Finistère, niched in the walls of the churches, pierced by narrow ogivals, wherein may be counted scores of the small wooden boxes, each containing a skull, whitened by the elements, its eyeless sockets peering out of the heart-shaped hole upon the open place of the village where once its owner had toiled, loved and suffered.

It was at St. Thegonnec that I descended from the waggonette on a lovely June day. The town is a large one, in a rolling country of many valleys and hills, over which are dotted large patches of mag-

nificent trees, in which nestle quaint stone and straw-thatched farmhouses, on the borders of winding brooks. Here I found one of the most celebrated of the Calvaries rising nobly from the quaint, mossy cemetery. The foundation is of granite, and it and the pedestal are quite covered with naïvely carved figures of saints, virgins, soldiers, and monks, above which rise three tall columns, the center one having double branches, upon the lower of which stand the saints, while the upper branches support equestrian figures of soldiers, between which is the effigy of Saint Thegonnec; surmounting all is the Saviour on the Cross. Before this knelt a few peasants, praying audibly, and overhead flew the jackdaws noisily wheeling and cawing. The old costume of the district, or rather the remains of it, still exists, and it is very peculiar, consisting, for the men of a large, black jacket with heavy sleeves, and ornamented by heavy embroidery in yellow at the edges, and wide pantaloons which replace the baggy trousers or antique *bragou-bras*. The cemetery is surrounded by a wall, pierced at its center by a sort of triumphal arch of two massive, triangular pillars. The ornamentation is very complicated, consisting of niches, consoles, pilasters, urns, and gargoyles formed like large cannon, all of stone. The date 1587 is read on the tablet between the bas-reliefs, showing the bulls which are found on nearly all the carvings of the Breton churches, and which relate to the yearly fairs wherein cattle are blessed by the priests. But it is to the Calvaries that one turns, even from the beau-

tiful reliquaries. For here one sees the whole drama of the passion in figures of stone half the height of man or more. I examined it closely, before making my sketch, endeavoring to discover the date. Forgetting for the moment that the peasants do not understand French, I asked a charming, yet dirty little girl who was watching me in a birdlike fashion, to point out to me the inscription. At first she regarded me with terror, as the unfamiliar words caught her ear, then, with a wild shriek, she ran from me in dismay, and I heard her afterwards explaining loudly between her sobs, that a Frenchman was in the cemetery. Thereafter, at intervals, while I was at work, the peasants stealthily came and watched me.

I found the date on one side afterwards, in rude figures, 1610. But, while this is a fine example of the Breton Calvaire, it does not compare to that of Guimilliau, a small village some ten miles or so distant by the small lanes, which are far more beautiful than the larger and better paved mail roads across the country, cultivated, yet savage, inhabited, yet desolate. These small winding lanes form a labyrinth most picturesque, yet dangerous for the traveler who does not know the country well. Immense oak trees, such as those beneath which the Druids offered sacrifice, line the narrow ways, which cross small, still streams and wind through dark ravines, in which one may meet a solitary peasant, who stands and doffs his hat as one approaches. Sometimes the roads seem to end at fording places and small lakes whose waters fall

musically over whirling mill wheels. But if one loses the way, there is nothing for it but to return to the starting point, for the people can understand nothing but the Gaelic, save where, here and there, a small boy has learned a few words of French, in the parish school, and proudly salutes one with a sonorous "*bon jour*" while demanding a sou for his politeness. It was one of these who conducted us to Guimilliau, which is much older than Saint Thegonnec. Here one is surrounded by architecture of the XVI instead of the XVII century. Here, at Guimilliau, the innumerable statues, upon the sides and top of the magnificent Calvary, are more imposing than those of Saint Thegonnec. In fact the whole construction being more elevated than the latter, gives one the idea that it is higher, but this is not so. Here are the soldiers, priests, bishops, nuns, Virgins, and the multitude swarming upon the top of the construction, which is pierced by low arches at either side of a port, over which is a statue of Our Lady. The statues are most complete and original, and the faces are better and more expressive than those at Saint Thegonnec. Over the arches of the sub-basement are figures showing in high relief the whole life of the Saviour. Above, upon the platform, stands the multitude about Jesus, who carries the cross, surrounded by the cortege of the passion, successively the judgment, the flagellation, Pilate, Christ in the tomb, etc. Most of the figures are in the costume of the sixteenth century, little modified, with the headdresses and the arms and armor of the time. There are, likewise, gro-

tesque episodes, such, for example, as a woman carried by the devil, which is said to recall the story of a woman of Guimilliau, who was thus condemned for having hidden a crime during confession.

Guimilliau itself is a small and simple village, away from the track of travel, and containing much to interest the seeker for curious customs and beauty of architecture. Here one may live for about four francs a day, in a fairly comfortable manner, among a people, suspicious at first, but afterwards as kindly as one could wish them to be. With a small stock of the Gaelic, one may readily understand them, for their words are as few as their wants. But unless one sees the peasants at a pardon, one will not get a fair idea of the people; then, only, do they unbend themselves, and wear the quaint, ancient costume in all its barbaric splendor of embroidery. At Lampaul, which is a town yet farther on, but easier to reach, a town of two thousand inhabitants, the Calvary and the triumphal arch are united in one monumental piece at the angle of the cemetery, where, adjoining one corner of the church, it stands an open portico with very simple columns, carrying upon its summit an open balcony with balustrade, above which arises three crosses, that of Christ accompanied by the saints and the two thieves crucified. Whether of Renaissance or Gothic style, all the towers in Brittany are most naïve and beautiful in their proportions, of poetic fancy and great originality, and it is astonishing to come upon these evidences of art in the most out of the way spots and among

a people so densely ignorant and pitiably poor.

At Landivisiau, a rather large, but dull, town, having little else to attract the traveler, the ossuary is justly celebrated for its curious caryatides. The figures are very bizarre, and skeletons of demons and horrible and suggestive figures abound, but the effect of it all is very fine and worth a visit. Formerly the ossuary at the end of the cemetery was part of the whole edifice, but now this church dedicated to Saint Thuriaff, or Tivisiau, who gave his name to the town, has been completely restored, and bones have been transported to the cemetery outside the town.

At Bodilis, half hidden beneath the great trees, is a magnificent structure of the sixteenth century, ogival in style, with an imposing fleche and great square flamboyant towers. Lizun, on the other side, at the foot of the Arreé Mountains, has a grand triumphal arch to offer, with three openings, or ports. The Breton Calvary beneath the principal port is ornamented by a strange arrangement of Corinthian columns separating the arches, and by an elegant Renaissance balustrade. Kersanton has a Calvary of granite, covered with moss and with a curious lichen, which I have found in Maine as well as at Antwerp, on the cathedral tower. The Kersanton Calvary is an admirable monument, and I would place it above not only that of Saint Thegonnec, but, as well, the celebrated Calvary of Plougastel, and even Pleyben.

Le Martyre has a beautiful portico in the flamboyant Gothic style, consisting of an arch sur-

mounted by a heavy crucifix, at the base of which, over the gate or port, is a fine group showing the Christ resting on the knees of the Virgin, after the the crucifixion. Upon each side are low openings with high steps, and one is forced to climb over a flat slablike stone, set vertically in the opening in the wall. I have met with this curious construction generally through Brittany, and nowhere else. These slabs are generally taken down on pardon days, so that throngs may easily enter the holy ground. Pencrau and La Roche-Maurice, two villages below Landerneau, also possess curious and beautiful monuments owned by the state, but La Martyre is the richer, because of its magnificent Gothic church, dedicated to the Breton king Salaün or Solomon. A chapel of the seventeenth century, under the tower, shows strange caryatides of quasi-Egyptian form, a sort of union of pagan and Christian art. But if one only visited the Calvary of Guimilliau and saw its magnificent cruciform proportions against the gray Breton sky, and its detail of hundreds of figures cut in granite, with maybe a few white-coifed peasants kneeling before it, motionless as the stone figures above, in an ecstasy of prayer, the impression received would be a never-to-be-forgotten one of this strange and silent people in their savage, somber country of the Calvaries.

At luncheon, or was it not really a dinner, which we were most cordially invited to partake of at the house of the, almost too hospitable, M. le Notaire, I absorbed so much information about the surrounding country that I longed for stenographic ability.

As it is I lost much which would have been most valuable to set down in this chronicle, and my note book only contains the words: "Raining hard.—The black comes off the curtains of the Diligence on one's hands and clothing. It smells of cheese (the Diligence); gave the driver my old tan gloves which were soaked with rain; presented letter of introduction to M. le Notaire N.... Most hospitably received by him—Memo: In his fine house there is no bath tub; after luncheon, we remained for the afternoon; M. le Notaire relates the history of Lanrivoare and takes us over to see the church and the graveyard of the 'unnamed saints'!" It seems that some time during the tenth century, the pagans, who were probably Norsemen, massacred the whole population of the town, and here M. le Notaire showed us an enclosure, a sort of quadrangle space walled in, and paved with various forms of stones, with, at the eastern end, a kind of altar, a cross, and a few pieces of carving. Here are shown eight rough, round stones which the legend gravely states are petrified loaves of bread. According to this legend St. Huarve begged bread of a peasant woman, and upon her refusal the good saint, who was disguised, turned all her baking into stones. This reminds one that in Ireland many such stones "cursing stones" are to be found in the small out-of-the-way churches, and the peasants use them to invoke evil against enemies. M. le Notaire asked the custode to show us how the invocation is made, and he did so, turning the stones around a certain number of times, which vary with the nature of the invocation.

During the Pardon, or Patronal Feast, (third Sunday in October) it is said that the pilgrims enter the graveyard, and, removing their shoes and stockings, pray loudly, measuring each of the slabs of slate in the pavement thrice around the enclosure; and there are some other curious ceremonies which are not to be related.

The village itself contains little remarkable, save a quaint stone cross upon which is a figure of the Christ in a curious costume. Outside the town we saw the remarkable ruins of the Renaissance chateau of Kergroades, in the midst of a beautiful grove of oak trees. The sun came forth in all its glory and gilded the walls against the massive, glossy, dark greenery of the trees, while overhead immense heaps of cumulous cloud were piled, rosy mass upon mass against a greenish tender sky. It was all well worth seeing, and we gave thanks accordingly.

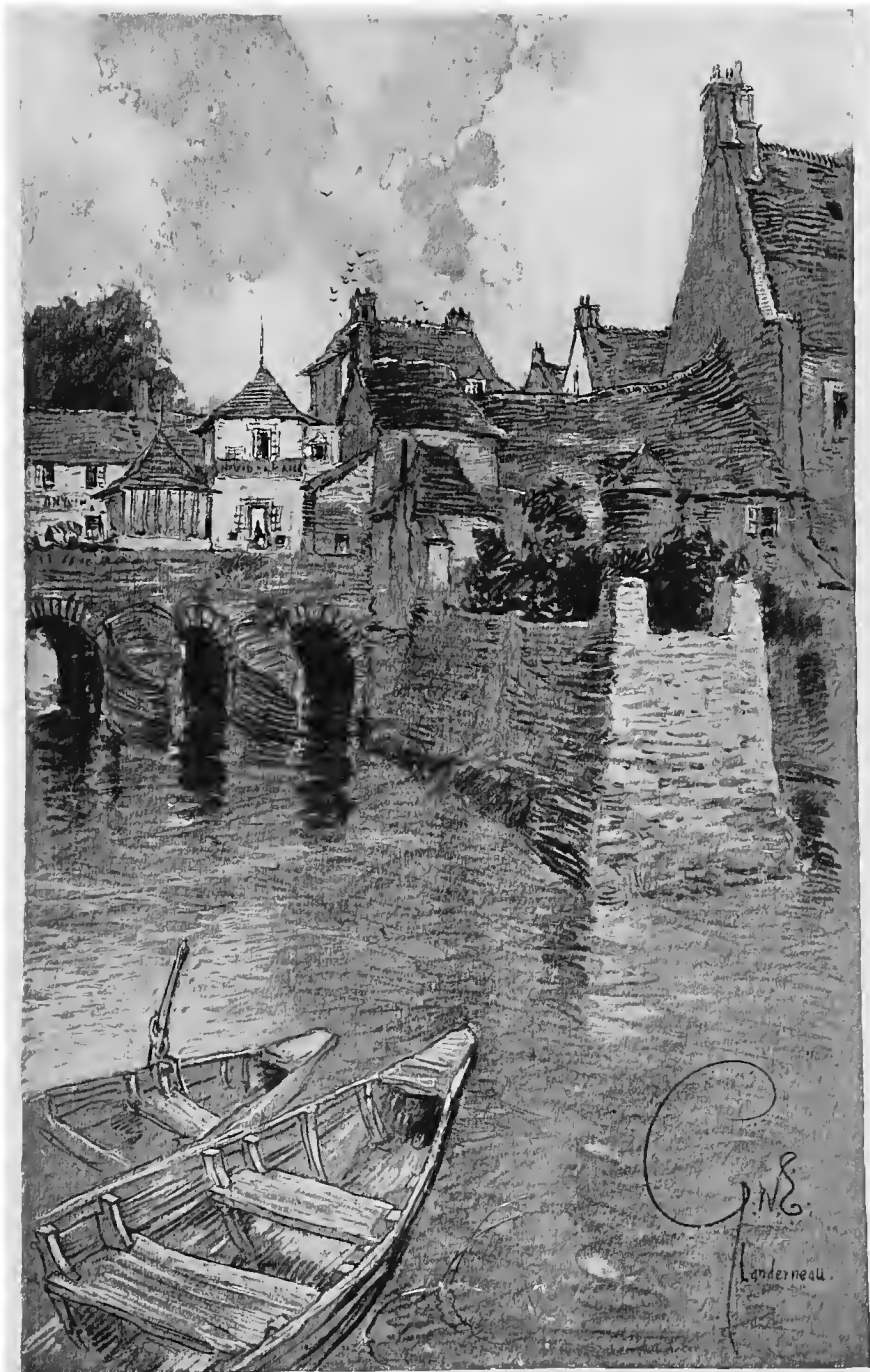
Landerneau, Le Folgoet

LANDERNEAU, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was a great artistic center, and its architects and sculptors became renowned for their splendid constructions through the valley of the lovely, winding Elorn, and, indeed, throughout the whole region. The character of the work of these remarkable men is most original. They excelled in the adornment of the chapels and churches, and the porches, often of noble proportions, display a skill the like of which is seen nowhere else, buried as it is in this strange out of the way region.

A most remarkable bridge crosses the small river, called the "Pont aux Monlius"—perhaps the last of its kind, as it was built in the middle ages and has a line of low, ancient, two-storied houses built upon it, in the center of which is a tall, gabled, sinister-looking castellated structure, with a massive square chimney in the center of its flat pointed, slate roof. These houses contain numerous shops. One

of them is a mill, called "The Rohan," the wheel of which is underneath, operated by the river which has a fall here through the arches. The entrance to the mill is on the bridge, a small doorway in the Gothic style, floriated and of remarkable design, the arch resting at each side upon stones sculptured with angels' heads and banderoles, with half obliterated Gothic inscriptions. The mill is still a busy one and its dust everywhere and over all. A smiling faced lad showed us about the dark inside rooms and the ponderous beams and mechanism of the wheels, and his eyes shone when I gave him a long, much banded, Havana cigar which I happened to have in my pocket, and which he stuck in the velvet band of his wide-brimmed felt hat for safe keeping.

Walking through the place du Marche, I came upon some very quaint, gabled houses, but what attracted us most, after the bridge, was the ancient ossuary, or bone house of Saint Thomas, built like a small chapel in the Renaissance style, rising from an astonishingly, ill-paved, open place, its roof full of holes and some of its windows walled up. A pretty girl leaned from the openings, which were festooned with new sabots, and regarded us with unfeigned amusement, not understanding our interest in the house. There was a market going on in the little place, the merchants selling cloth, earthenware of attractive form, and utensils of tin and enamel, but there seemed to be few buyers. The falling rain drove us back to the inn, a rather poor looking and cheerless one, with few comforts to be had. In the bare waiting room hung a large lithograph of



THE OLD BRIDGE — LANDERNEAU

the East River Bridge, and the proprietor, meeting my glance, said questioningly, "'Tis not true, is it not so M'sieur, such a construction is not possible?" and, upon my assuring him that it was no exaggeration, thereafter regarded me, I fancied, with some suspicion.

The quarter on the left bank of the river has some old streets with wooden-faced houses and Gothic portals of stone. There are curious quaint, street corners, where one will come upon niches embowered in flowers containing quaint porcelain figures of the Virgin. Some distance away, at the top of a long hill, is the little chapel of Saint Eloi, and a yearly Pardon is held here upon the Saint's Day, at which two or three thousand horses are brought from all parts of the surrounding country to perform a curious ceremony, or salutation, before the statue of the Saint, in which each horse and rider encircles the chapel three times, after which the owner plucks a bunch of hair from each main and tail, which he lays upon the altar. I should like to have seen this festival, but it took place before we arrived in the neighborhood, the innkeeper informed me, and he was curiously reticent as to the exact date, pretending, finally, not to understand my question, so suspicious are these people of the stranger.

The Pardon of Le Folgoet takes place on the seventh and eighth of September, and it was this that we were bound for. Brittany is, I think, at its best at this season of the year; the days are bright and beautiful, and the gusts of rain, so frequent during the early summer, are now rarer. Folgoet is a sad-

looking, simple village of a few peasant houses, and the inn the "Trois Rois," as humble as one can imagine. However, we got a stone crock of hot café au lait and some good bread and butter there, and this, with what we brought along, served us well. The village seemed filled with wretched-looking, maimed beggars and idiots, and their importunities quite wore out our patience and tempers. In Brittany, all such as are thus afflicted are looked upon and spoken of as "Gifts of God," and are provided for, and tenderly supported, by the farmers throughout without asking any return in work from them, and, when they die, it is said they are venerated. So that we had care not to repulse any of the dreadful-looking creatures, who were generally of the male sex, and invariably clad in dresses of, what seemed to be, coarse sacking.

The famous pilgrimage was founded in the fourteenth century, it seems, when an imbecile boy, who lived in a tree and who could utter no other words than "Ave Maria, Salaün a zepre baba" (Solomon wants bread to eat) went begging from door to door. Thus he lived in summer and winter, in the tree by the spring, into which he would plunge on the coldest day until he was well-nigh frozen, when he would climb the tree, and, holding on to its branches, swing himself to and fro, ever singing "O Maria." For forty years he is said to have lived thus, and, finally, he was found dead one day beside his spring. There he was buried, and long afterward, says the legend, when he was well-nigh forgotten, God caused an exquisite lily to spring forth in blossom from his

pure heart, a lily of such wondrous beauty and heavenly fragrance as was never before seen, and upon each of its petals appeared, in letters of gold, "Ava Maria"! This lily remained visible in flower for a whole month, and the peasants flocked in thousands to see it. They called it "le tombeau fleur-de-lysé," and when it withered, the clergy found its root sprang from the mouth of Salaün, the idiot. Thereupon it was decided to build upon the spot the "noblest and most perfect church in all Brittany." "This is truly one of the most secluded of Norman and Breton towns, where the Cathedral stands, with delicate thistles, and dog rose, and hawthorn carved in its crumbling stone; and plants as delicate as they, stone pinks and long seeded grasses, grow in the crannies of its buttresses and belfry, round which circle the rooks; the cornfields and apple orchards as near by as the black carved and colonnaded houses of the town; places where art still keeps up its old familiar framework of reality, of nature, of human life." (Juvenilia: by Vernon Lee.)

Under a small, Gothic, floriated blind arch, at the side in a wall, flow the waters of Salaün's spring, as they issue from their source beneath the altar of the church, and against the wall, and above the spring basin, is a small statue of the Virgin with outstretched, upturned palm.

The chapel of the Cross and the portal of the twelve apostles are wrought with sculpture and tracery of the most exquisite art. The one great feature, however, is the magnificent "Jubé" or choir

screen, a work of art so lacelike and delicate as not to be found equaled elsewhere. There are also a number of altars, carved in the hard, greenish Kersanton stone, one of which is covered with angels bearing escutcheons and ornaments.

The costumes of the peasants, at this Pardon, are the most unique in all of Brittany, and never have I seen such a wealth of embroidery, nor such a wonderful variety of caps and headdresses as here, on these two days. The Pardon begins with vespers, and a long procession of tall, ascetic, brown-faced men, with long hair hanging on their shoulders, their feet bare, and in their lean, brown hands, lighted candles, tall and short, thick and thin, of wax lavishly ornamented, I found afterwards, by means of a hot knife blade. Most of these men wear a sort of baggy, knee breeches, called "bragoubras" in the Breton, and made of sheepskin with the wool inside, and held up by means of wide, leather belts, lavishly studded with brass nails, somewhat like those of the Swiss mountaineer, but of better design. They march slowly up by twos and fours, and as they pass they chant a hymn in Breton. I got one of the priests, after some trouble, to write this for me, and it is shown on the next page.

The women generally walked together, I noticed, and they are not less devout, bearing candles in their hands like the men. Here and there are very old, bent patriarchs, with wonderfully beautiful faces, who have to be assisted, but all of them are strange and unusual types, such as one does not see elsewhere, coming, as do many of them, from the dim



AT THE FOUNTAIN — FOLGOET

A BRETON HYMN

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THE HYMN OF FOLGOËT.

Pa - tro - nez dous ar Fol - go - at Hor mam ak non I -
troum! An dour en non da - ou - lagat. Ni no - ped a ga -
toun! Har - pit an I - liz san - tel! A vel - di - roll - a -
ra Tennok hir eo ar brei - zel! A rpeo'ch O Ma - ri - a!

fastnesses of the mountains of the Arreé, from places well-nigh inaccessible to the traveler. Some of them will have walked the entire distance as penance, candles in hand, subsisting upon whatever is at hand and all with a stoicism reminding one of the red Indian.

Some of these men wear bright scarlet or orange vests, others will have violet or blue short jackets lavishly embroidered with a heavy sort of braid laid on in concentric circles, and sometimes one will come upon the men of Plougastel wearing three waistcoats and broad sashes, and with curious inverted arrow shaped designs on the insteps of their cloth leggins.

There are many canvas booths erected in the square and the neighboring lanes, where hard-faced women dispense cider and broil sausages in a pecul-

iarly offensive grease much esteemed by the peasants; and there are vendors of wax candles and small images of lead, who must fairly coin money.

The pilgrims seem to make a night of it, so to speak, for the noise was so great all through the dark hours that sleep for us was impossible.

From the windows of the inn, I saw that the whole sky was lighted up by the glare from the bonfires, and the *gend'armes* solemnly paraded the roads in couples silently watchful of everything.

Towards dawn a silence seemed to fall upon the immense gathering and for a brief space there was relief, but with the first gray streak in the east the noise of tramping wooden *sabots* began, then the hum of voices in unison chanting, and peal after peal of the bells in the church ringing as if they would shake down the tower, and the day of the great ceremony had begun. . . .

To the northwest from Brest lies Lannelis, in the midst of a rich and fine country. On the way are many objects of interest, such as the miraculous fountain of Saint Trouberon, of Celtic origin, the ruined fortified Chateau of Mesléan; a remarkably fine church dating from 1555, covered with carving and some gargoyles of unique character near the town of Gouesnon, where is shown a curious stone with a hole bored through its center, in which peasants afflicted with sores insert their hands or feet as the case may be.

A few miles farther on is Bourg Blanc on the river L'aber Bênoit, from which we were to have visited the celebrated chateau in the Bois des Anges

which is believed to be haunted by the spirit of an unhappy noble lady who fled from her cruel husband, Cambry says that the peasants who must pass these ruins cross themselves in memory of the holy lady who lived there, and believe that they hear strange noises from the thick recesses of the wood which at once charm and terrify them, like voices from another world. But we encountered one of these furious storms of rain and sleet which at times descend upon this region, and gave up the idea because of the discomfort and the lack of proper hotel accommodations.

The gray, stormbeaten country to the north and west of Brest has ever been the especial region beloved by the Breton saints,—Finistère, the real land's end,—and nearly every hamlet is named for them. This land has been called by the Bretons "Ar Paganiz" the land of the Pagans, from the time of the middle ages. It is said that up to the present century these people, the very ones whom we have just left in the midst of the sacred ceremonies of the Pardon, practiced the trade of wreckers, what they styled "Droit de bris," and were wont, on dark, stormy nights, to tie a lantern to the horns of a cow and walk her along the rocks to attract the vessels at sea, and they used also to set up false signal fires among the weird tumuli and dolmen, to lure the vessels ashore, so that they might kill and plunder. Not far from a small town named Pontusvar are a number of Druidical stones named "Les Dancers," and the story is that they are young girls of the neighborhood who were thus petrified by a good

saint, for having danced and laughed during the passing of priests and acolytes bearing the Host.

The people believe thoroughly in ghosts and fairies, and when one gains their confidence they are not loath to relate weird tales. One aged peasant whom I used as a model during our stay pulled at my coat sleeve one day and whispered:

"Come with me away from these others, and I will show you one destined to return to Fairyland."

Elsewhere this would not have moved me, but in this land of old Brittany, where they believe everything possible, and where nothing is surprising from their point of view, I was prepared for something unique. "Yes," continued old Hervé Kergonnec, "you who have been so kind, who have so generously given to our beloved church (I had given the curé five francs for getting me a model) you shall hear the story of *Oeil-en-lune* (moon-eye), and not only that, you shall see her, too. Those others," he alluded to the artists who were noisily discussing the last "salon" in the cafe, "they care not, they see not, they hear not. Not but that they are not good 'gens,' but, careless of all that is not of their world. Your pardon, M'sieu, for my plain speech, but it is true, 'N'est-ce-pas?'—eh bien.' You shall see one destined to become a fairy."

We entered a little house with a low door and an earthen floor, garnished with the customary wall bed of old oak, the huge chest of drawers, the oaken table in the center of the room, and the rude fireplace raised a few inches from the floor, upon which smoldered a morsel of peat beneath a copper pot.

From before which arose—what shall I say—a specter, with more bone than flesh, a skeleton—I do not exaggerate in comparing her to a skeleton, but a skeleton is something after all. This woman seemed to be nothing at all—a specter as I have said, a shadow of a woman in the Breton cap beneath which the cheek bones seemed embossed, and where from the shadows shone two gleaming sparks of white fire. When one speaks of a skeleton one calls up certain disagreeable ideas revolting perhaps in effect, but this woman was not at all unpleasant to look upon. She was gentle in manner, but so thin was she as to seem immaterial in her costume of coarse woolen stuff, her corsage sunken flat and her wide skirt which seemed rigid, giving one the idea that it contained nothing. Her gestures as she received us were simple and few. When she moved she made no more noise than some nocturnal bird upon the battlements of the chateau beyond. And her thin and pale face, still more whitened by the shadow of her white coife, made a halo against the black smoke grimed wall, as we stood in the doorway. And her eyes fairly gleamed in the dim light, the one as misty, to use the expression of old Hervé, as a cloud before the storm, the other with a lambent fire as of the moon in its quarter. It was because of this peculiarity that the rude but gentle fisherman of Kergellec had named her *Oeil-en-lune*, Moon-eye. There was nothing in this that was rough or taunting—they would not have hurt her feelings for the world. The name was given her in poetic symbolism, because, strange to say, they were

all more or less in love with her. Such was Annäik, the servant of old Hervé Kergonnec, the patriarch of the little Breton town on the rocks of Finistère.

Old Hervé watched me narrowly as I gazed on Annäik, and when she turned away after curtsying to us, he nudged me and whispered: "Do not let her or indeed any of the townspeople see that you do not think her pretty. That would make us all angry." Late that night, from my bedroom window I heard the madrigal to Oeil-en-lune sung by the fishermen, and its melancholy cadence still rings in my ears.

Nevertheless, I could not help showing to old Hervé that I was astonished at the wrinkled skin and bones of Annäik, but as the long summer days passed I became accustomed to the sight of the woman who was destined to become a fairy, and although I had not yet gotten old Hervé to tell me just how the transmogrification was to be effected, I was prepared to defend Annäik with the rest of the men, even though I found that they knew no more than I when the event was to take place. This is the story related by old Hervé half in Breton, half in French. I wish I could give some of its color, or the sound of his voice as he half chanted the tale.

"Kergellec is the dwelling place of the Fairy with the unmatched eyes, of which the one is like the sea in summer, and the other like the moon in winter. And this fairy is always at Kergellec, where sometimes she dwells for years without letting anyone know of her presence, until the time comes for her



SARDINE FISHERMEN

to depart and return with the King, whom she has wedded in a strange country. The last time she was seen in Kergellec she was the daughter of very poor people, and she pretended to go to Paris to take a place as a servant girl when I was no longer able to pay her for cooking for me—*Aie, Aie*, poor, old man that I am, without a soul in the world and forced at times to beg for my bread. Well, when she had gone, we old ones in the village were not mistaken in Annäik; we well knew that she had gone to her destiny when we heard that she had told her parents to be of good cheer, for, as she said: 'You shall be rich, good people; I, your pretended daughter, shall return the wife of a king, and then meet my fate, as I have always done.' And sure enough, one year after she had left Kergellec, she returned. Annäik, you understand, returned with an oriental king, as his wife, and they made the old people rich presents of money and of fine clothes, so that they were wealthy. Well, one evening, the fairy Annäik, as she was called by us, took a boat with the king to go fishing far out to sea, fishing for 'Guitans.' The fisherman, who manned the boat, after a time fell asleep, and when he awoke, the fairy, Annäik, you understand, and her king, had vanished. The king was drowned, and the fairy when she dies will return to La Houle, from whence she came, and where, in company with her sisters, she will make lace of the hair of drowned sailors threaded with coral."

The old man stopped and drank of his bowl of cider; then he clasped his hands over his staff and

closed his eyes. I spoke to him, but he made no reply.

My friend, the notary of Kergellec, told me afterwards that Annäik, as well as he remembered, became a scullion in Paris, in a small restaurant near the gare Montparnasse, and there she made the acquaintance of a blacksmith, who married her. They came back to Kergellec for a visit to Annäik's parents, and he was drowned during a storm while fishing outside the harbor. The blacksmith left a small property, consisting of two or three thousand francs, upon which she, and the old people, were now living. And that was all there was to the story. I heard the notary through and kept my own counsel—all the same, I prefer old Hervé's version.

*Chateaulin, Montagnes Arçéé,
Quimper, Douarnenez,
Point du Raz*

OUR first view of the Montagnes Noires country was under a drenching storm of rain and hail. We descended from the halting train on the way to Quimper, not unwillingly, but because for a reason best known to the guard, and which he either would not or could not disclose. He simply would not discuss the matter, but pointing out to me that my ticket had Chateauneuf-Du-Faou printed thereon, I *must* descend whether I wanted to or not. So here we were. How it rained, and how it hailed! There was no omnibus or conveyance at the depot, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the Salle, and studied the time tables and the lithographs on the walls, and finally discovered a chocolate machine surmounted by a finely feathered specimen of a mechanical hen under a glass case, which upon the deposit of a ten centime piece in a slot at one side, and the turn of a handle below it, laid with an excellently simulated

phonographic cackle, a large enameled tin egg filled with chocolate wafers. We worked this toy until it lost its novelty, to the amazement of the gate-keeper and the sergeant de ville, who retired to a corner of the waiting-room and exchanged notes with excited and indescribable gestures. The French in Brittany consider all English crazy, and they effect not to be able to discover any difference between the latter and Americans, save when they are *black*. The English they tolerate. The blacks they really like.

They say that in this part of Brittany, "the rain it raineth every day," but this I found to be an error. However, on this occasion it made up for the long days of lovely weather which we had hitherto enjoyed. And it was over an hour before we procured a musty old ark of a carriage, which took us to the inn. (Item, they charged us five francs for our ride in it).

The train crosses two viaducts over the river Aulne and the district is mountainous and wildly picturesque as we could see from the streaming windows of the railway carriage, and as Chateauneuf is a good center from which to reach the numerous remarkable small towns towards the sea, we decided to make it a stopping place.

This extremity of Finistère is cut and hacked by the sea into a thousand headlands and pierced by fiords often of great depth. The sea coast is jagged thus and sinister in its aspect, presenting a front of high walls of dark red and gray rock against which the sea hurls itself in a fury at all times.

Immense arms of the sea of profound depth penetrate into the very heart of the country, and in these vast and often unexplored caverns are supposed to lie the halls of the mysterious "Torrigans" or fairies in which all the peasants believe implicitly.

After a tolerable dinner in the evening at the uninviting inn, we made up our itinerary for the coast, and for the interior in the Montagnes Arreé by way of the river road towards Carhaix. It seemed but an hour or so—we were so weary—before we were awakened by the noise made by the stamping of the horses, and the shouts of some farmers, who pounded on the door below our window, and we found it to be after nine in the morning.

The vehicle which was to take us into the mountain district was an aged omnibus with moth eaten musty cushions which were full of knobs, and the horse may perhaps be described in like terms, but the driver, a fresh-faced young fellow, assured me that he was "un bon cheval" and could run "Grand Dieu! how he could run," and he could too.

We jolted along the road, passing here and there groups of peasants who hailed us with exclamations, I judge, but I heard no words so great was the noise of the wheels.

The district is wild and hilly, and there are spots here and there which seemed dangerous, and I am quite sure would be so in the dark. At the bottom of a hill we stopped to give the horse a rest, and from a distance came the chanting of voices. . . .

. . . Soon appeared banners, and a procession of peasants with two priests and a number of men

bareheaded and barefooted carrying tall lighted wax candles. One of the priests bore a handsome gilded reliquary. Following the custom, we alighted and knelt by the roadside while the little procession passed—and so we remained until a bend in the road hid them from us. They had not even glanced at us, but I am convinced that the slightest infraction of what is customary would have resulted somewhat disastrously for us.

Before us the arms of a cross much mutilated stands out against the dense green. . . . We mount upwards—upwards—and turn away from the road into a narrow lane, over which the branches of the trees meet, and beyond we have a glimpse of the blue rampart of the hills, and in the midst a great golden shaft of sunlight falls upon the pathway; over all is light clear sky, full of the warmth of breezes from over the sea—and still we mount. Then all at once a clear space—and the sea in the distance flashing like a sheet of embossed silver. Below, a soft seductive landscape, and here and there clusters of roofs; to the right fleeting glimpses of distant hills like clouds, and then beyond the dim promontory of Crozon . . . piercing the sea. . . .

It was late when we started to return. The day had been well and most enjoyably spent in the mountains. . . .

More processions of peasants bound for some pardon shorewards were met here and there upon the road; scattered parties of penitents, each composed of the members of separate communities, and



M.G.
Sainte
Anne
de la
Palude
Pardon.

THE PARDON OF SAINTE ANNE DE LA PALUDE

their number varying from a dozen to three score, the distance from which they came such as to make some trial of their devotedness. In traveling they march in files; sometimes there will be young children dressed in white and the others following in the order of their ages. Between the files were the priests in full regalia, a crucifix invariably borne in advance of the whole train, and a banner at the head of each file, the ropes of which are held by sturdy looking barefoot mountaineers, their long hair hanging on their shoulders.

Seen at night by the glare of torches it is a spectacle in the highest degree impressive, but the most beautiful perhaps of all the scenes is the embarkation at night of the pilgrims on one of the rivers in large boats and floating without oars or sails on the current, the sacred banners and symbols displayed, their eager earnest faces shining in the weird torch light, and the air resounding with their chants. On the homeward trip we were stopped many times by the processions, but at length our driver gave the knobby horse a resounding whack, and thenceforward we knew no more but that the paleolithic omnibus was rocking like a boat in midocean. Thrown from side to side we careered wildly along the road, sometimes on the very edge of a ravine, while we held on and prayed for safety. We gladly got out of this ark at the hotel and paid the fellow his fee, which he threw in the air, caught dexterously, and, after putting it to his lips, deposited it in a leather sack which he produced from somewhere in his jacket.

Chateaulin is very prettily situated on the Aulne, here converted into a canal connecting Brest with Nantes.

Above the town the hills or mountains rise to a great height, for it is here that the two ranges, the Montagnes Arreé and the Montagnes Noires meet.

An interesting pardon is held here on the first Sunday in September.

The great Menez-hom, rising to a height of nearly a thousand feet, is the popular point of attraction. From this spot may be seen the distant Rade de Brest and the Bay of Douarnenez.

Towards the sea there are somewhat bare plains, and here and there somber looking bristling gray pines, scattered between the rounded backs of hillocks like those of the mound builders. These strange cairns have the names of saints bestowed upon them, and invariably they will each have a small chapel in a ruinous state of decay, opened only once a year upon the occasion of a religious festival, such as a pardon or a low mass.

It is said that the great Saint Gildes, the Jeremiah of the Bretons, haunts this region, and that on stormy nights his appalling shade may be met with and his deep voice heard, chanting in unison with the wind and the booming of the sea.

At the foot of Menez-hom is a small inn named *The Three Ducks*, and from this point towards the sea the road traverses wooded meadows and fields bordered by thick banks instead of fences, and here and there an infrequent farm with evil smelling piles of offal before the very door of the house, and



MENEZ-HORN — CHATEAULIN

wallowing fierce looking black pigs, which are really quite tame.

The proximity of the sea is evident, for a sharp cold wind beats in one's face and the screams of sea birds are heard plainly.

Visiting the Pardon of Saint Anne-de-la-Palue we are in the so-called country of Saint Anne, and the peasants will tell you that the good Saint is a cure-all—no need for the services of a doctor here. Pray to Saint Anne, the most powerful of all healers! So to this spot come the lame, the halt and the blind, such terrible looking beggars as one never saw before.

In the flaming sunset light the scene is most unique to picture. The beggars have come here in thousands for days before the ceremony; they have constructed for themselves a vast encampment of nondescript huts and tents, made of old sails, bagging and staves, and some of them live beneath the upturned bodies of decrepit carts.

Here are congregated a motley band of nomads and unspeakably horrible cripples, from which come discordant exclamations and cries as of wounded animals. Many of these cripples are heavily bearded men who propel themselves along the road in tiny four-wheeled wagons by means of their hands, in which they hold curiously fashioned pieces of wood for that purpose.

Over all is a mighty volume of voices, clattering of tin plates, barking of dogs, whinnying of horses, and the ringing of small hand bells of different notes.

These beggars are most insistent, rushing upon one in droves, as soon as a stranger is seen, and they are sometimes extremely abusive if one fails to give them what they demand. "Payez le droit des Pauvres," they cry—Pay the right of the poor! These beggars have the title of "The Kings of the Palude," which they have borne from ancient times, and, according to the law they are only permitted to remain one day at the pardon. This law the police enforces, and at close of day this wretched horde decamps and vanishes in the darkness, whence who can say, to their noisome holes of habitation in the surrounding villages to remain until the following year.

It is a struggle to get to the church, but once inside however, it is very impressive.

The dim interior is hung with wreathes of vines and dark glossy leaves, and from the roof hang models of fishing boats, brightly painted and fully rigged by master hands as exvotive for succor at sea. Clouds of pale white incense rise from before the altar, where tall candles burn dimly before the statue of the Saint. Over all is a pungent and not altogether unpleasant smell of burnt wax, and the spaces before the altar are quite filled with kneeling women, and an occasional man, whose bare feet with upturned soles gleam in the dim light.

The praying is in a half suppressed whisper, which is most penetrating to the ear.

At the edge of the sea the rocks are piled in fantastic forms, to which innumerable paths lead, and



THE CIDER PRESS — AURAY

here the peasants throng for certain ceremonies connected with betrothal. These rites are sacred ones and last through the long night. No one may look upon them as they are under the sanctity of the church, or rather, the priests are unable to put an end to the custom which has been in vogue for so many years.

Hither the lovers come for what is called the sacred kiss of the vigil, and here they sit among the piled up rocks the livelong night to the music of the waves and under the quiet stars, hand in hand, rapt and silent, until in the gray of dawn, the ceremony ended, Guenn and Jules return by the fishing boat to the little town from which they came.

At the junction of the rivers Stier and the Odet lies Quimper, a beautiful town about fifteen miles from the sea at the foot of a lofty wooded hill, and has numerous pretty light bridges crossing the stream.

Quimper is famed for the manufacture of the charming Breton faience, a modern copy of the old Rouen but with certain innovations. There are charming promenades beside the river Odet, and also several very old and interesting timbered houses to delight the antiquary.

The great glory of Quimper is, of course, the Cathedral of Saint Corentin, of which the choir dates from the end of the thirteenth century. The twin spires are the work of M. Bigod, a name sufficiently curious for an ecclesiastical architect, and perhaps not inappropriate. It is said that the

money to build these twin spires came from a tax upon the townspeople of a sou per pound levied upon all butter brought into the market.

The third chapel has a crucifix which, it is solemnly claimed, in ancient times miraculously emitted drops of blood when any one perjured himself before it.

The Cathedral, one of the very finest in Brittany, quite dominates the town. The two towers are pierced by prodigiously tall lancet windows. Of particular interest are the fine heraldic sculptures of its portal, in the center of which is the casqued lion of Montfort holding the ducal banner. There are other badly defaced shields and emblazonry all about it.

Above, between the two towers on the summit of the gable, is the equestrian statue of King Gralon. This fabulous Gralon or Gradlon, as it is variously spelled, was the father of the criminal and vicious Princess Dahut, whose crimes and orgies caused the Deity to destroy the legendary city of Ys, and it was this King of Cornouaille who gave the town to Saint Corentin, first Bishop of Quimper. Saint Corentin, it seems, was a *pious ermite* of Menez-hom, who subsisted upon a sort of miraculous fish which he caught every day, and after cutting a morsel out of its back would considerately put it back into the brook. He converted the inhabitants of Quimper to Christianity along with King Gralon.

The terrible Guy de la Fontenelle, chief of the



THE LITTLE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER — QUIMPER

brigands who ravaged the country, attacked Quimper because it gave refuge to the suffering people of the small villages, and these people placed in the fortress cathedral their treasures saved from the pillage.

Between the Cathedral and Saint Mathieu, second church of Quimper, which reproduces in miniature form one of the towers of the larger church, will be found the old quarter, cut and complicated with many curious small winding streets.

One charming corner is the "Carrefour" Pichberg, the little bridge giving over the rivulet between antique houses, and the stream reflecting the vines and glossy greenery of the verdure clad hill above.

A promenade on the bank of the Odet on the other side conducts one of the faubourg of Locmaria, where are potteries for the manufacture of the Quimper ware. There is found also an ancient church of very poor aspect and Roman in style, and further down the river one will find Benodet, the "tete de l'odet," and the Isle Tudy and Loctudy, where there is another old Roman church, which, it is said, is on the site of the ancient monastery of Saint Tudy.

On Saturday the great markets of the town take place, and on this day one may study the curious costumes of the neighborhood. Here one will see the large plaited collar of white linen from the Pontaven district, renowned for its gathering of artists, and the curious headdresses of the Bigauden women,

unlike all others, a narrow sort of cap often framed or embroidered in pearls and shaped something like a miter.

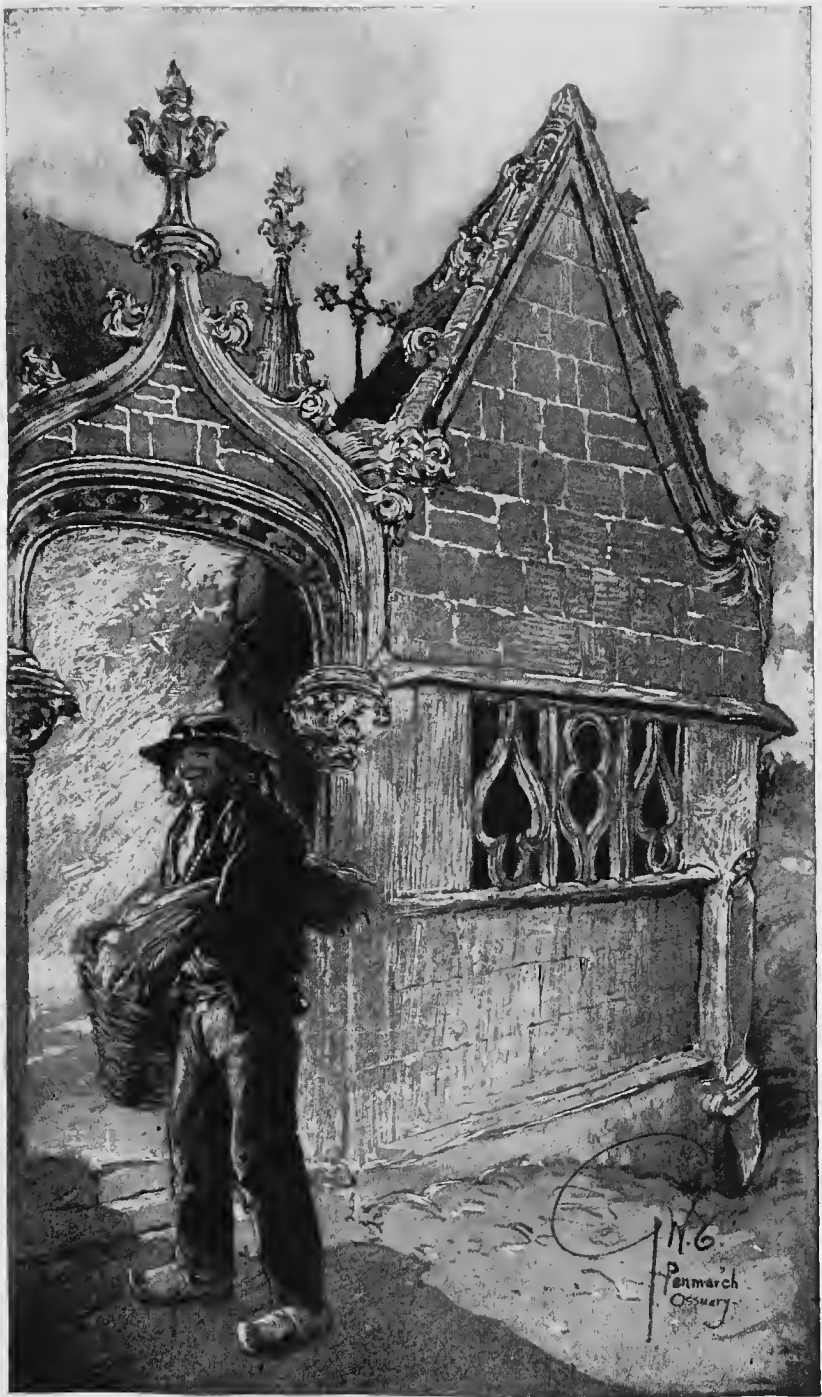
But beware how you inspect these peasants. They are quick to resent anything which they fancy savors of impertinence, however innocent the offender may be.

There is a good, little antique shop here in which I found a lovely Breton carved wall bed, with exquisitely carved spindles and rosettes, which I could have had for one hundred francs, but, alas, I did not take advantage of the bargain.

In the museum is a very creditable collection of modern paintings, many being by Breton artists, and there is a large, well arranged group of wax figures dressed in the antique costumes of the district, which is very valuable to the student. The group represents a Breton marriage ceremony and is most complete in all details.

A twenty mile ride by way of Pont l'Abbe in a good conveyance and drawn by two good horses brought us to Penmarc'h, a wild region with a town of three or four thousand peasants. There are scattered ruins all about which extend a couple of miles to the Pointe de Penmarc'h (The Horse's Head).

There is a church here, that of Saint Non, named for one Ninidh, an Irish bishop. It is a most interesting example of late flamboyant style, the tracery in the windows being in the form of fleur-de-lys. Underneath the last window is a curious treasury surmounted by a gallery, and at the junction of the chancel with the nave is a sort of spire-



PENMAR'CH-OSSUARY

let supported by turrets and connected with it by flying buttresses.

Inside the church is a stone fireplace used for heating the water in the baptismal font.

There is a lone tower standing by itself a mile and a half away which dates, it is said, from 1488. A tiny sort of chapel has been built on to one end of it, and in it are some curious statues, remaining from the ruins of the great church which once stood here. It is all very melancholy and desolate, but I would not willingly have missed it.

The region is also most monotonous, the road traversing small collections of houses and hamlets without interest save for their isolation, the plains rather flat and studded here and there with the gray walls and roofs of dark looking farms "coifed" with black chimneys and here and there a Menhir leaning dejectedly, covered with patches of moss, overtopping the sparse fields of grain, and resembling from afar some petrified fabulous monster resenting the presence of the stranger thus disturbing the silence of the plain. Nearer the sea the verdure grows sparcer, for the rock increases, fine and broken at first, then in larger blocks, which Finistère projects into the sea in the form of a vast prow, and the tower of the lighthouse is at its extremity.

Here is the Anse de la Torche, in which the sea foam, lashed by the waves, is piled up in yellowish heaps, and then blown by the winds, looking like rolls of wool, over the jagged rocks that dot the plain. Here is the grand combat between the ocean and the land—water against rock—and the solitary

figure of the coast guard, his pipe clenched between his teeth, leaning in a sheltered angle, his arms folded across his breast. . . .

I passed a beautiful gate at the entrance to the cemetery, of exquisite style and much floriated, containing a lovely doorway with a flat arch, an ossuary at one side pierced by a trefoil window of beautiful design. In the doorway sat an old white haired Armorican in a faded and much embroidered waistcoat, who was telling a long story, evidently of great interest to a little becaped girl with long yellow hair, who stood spellbound before him. It was some time before either of them detected my presence, I am glad to say, so that the story, whatever it might have been, was completed.

The old man gave me a civil "good day," but would not talk for some reason, so I discreetly withdrew.

At one of the farmhouses entered by a beautiful gate in purest Gothic style, I was given bread and a bowl of cider. The peasant girl who served me asked for some American stamps when she learned my nationality, and I was fortunately able to give her a five, some twos and a one cent one. She told me she wanted to make a collection, "like that of M. le Cure." She was a pretty and intelligent child, and would have made an excellent model for "Guenn," the heroine of Miss Howard's pathetic story.

Returning, we stopped at Pont l'Abbe. Here one is in the very midst of the strange Bigouden country, famed for its remarkably ugly women and



THE BIGOUDEN'S SUNDAY, PENMAR'CH

curious costumes, particularly the caps or head-dresses, and the manner of wearing the hair. They wear many thick folds of petticoats around the waist, and black and white embroidery. The women certainly are plain. They have protruding teeth, thick lips and staring eyes, but they are modest and retiring in manner. But the curious coife is what one remembers, red bordered with a black velvet band, and lavishly embroidered, and the quaint little pointed bonnet of lace or velvet perched upon the top of it all.

The original costume of the men has quite disappeared, excepting for an occasional old man in the neighborhood. The younger ones quite scorn it for some reason.

In this particular corner of ancient Armorique, the Bigouden country, swept by the rude, unchecked winds from the ocean, is a flat, arid district, burnt by the fierce sun of summer, and frozen by the winter blasts. From Pont l'Abbe to Guilvinec, and from Saint Guénolé to Loctudy, will be found a strange population of almost Mongolian aspect and characteristics, who retain their costumes and customs with jealous care, mixing but little with the Bretons, and then only when driven by necessity. Descendants of a wandering primitive horde, they were cast up here by the Atlantic in a storm, and here they have remained. Nowhere else in this populous land will one find so many children; they run in hordes in the narrow streets of the villages and throng the gullies and the rocky recesses at the shore, when they appear and vanish like wild things. Flat of face, and timid

as fawns, they lend a certain charm to the desolate landscape, clad in their quaint scarlet and black caps and voluminous skirts.

The authorities of Pont l'Abbe should be censured for their bad taste in constructing such a wretched building as the "Gendarmerie," a delirious piece of masonry, which fairly strikes one in the eye, as the French would say. Surmounting and dominating it all is a bizarre flag of *cut zinc*, the whole as much out of place in the town as a hand organ would be on the high altar of a cathedral.

The town of Douarnenez is connected by a small railway with Quimper, and thus the journey may be more easily made than formerly; but it is not, of course, so varied or interesting. However, if one is so minded, one can arrange for a carriage, which may be had for a reasonable price, together perchance with the services of a driver well versed in the stories and legends of the district.

The country is extremely varied in aspect, smiling with verdure about Quimper, and towards Audierne and the coast and the bay of Trespassés of a savage grandeur. This is the region of strange and unusual costumes—the peasants faithful to tradition in clinging to the *bragou-bras*, or sheepskin breeches, and belts of leather, ornamented with large brass plates and nails arranged in quaint and curious patterns, each, however, of significance, and not often to be had by purchase. Here will be found men wearing ornately embroidered jackets and waistcoats of broadcloth, either dark green or blue, but the complete costume is becoming very rare as worn



CHILD OF PONT L'ABBE

by the men, for the younger ones, as I said before, are discarding it. The women, however, are as usual very faithful to tradition and customs, and while much taken by modern bonnets and gaudy dyed skirts offered at the fairs, have as yet resisted any great change.

The town is little else than a vast sardine packing factory, employing thousands of girls in the work of packing the fish caught by the crews of some nine hundred fishing boats.

The houses are arranged along the Poul-Davy forming the port, and opposite lies Treboul. The island of Tristan almost closes the tidal creek upon which Douarnenez is situated, and the place is sufficiently interesting for a resting place, but there is a very unpleasant odor in the air, both ancient and fishlike from the factories where the canning is done.

During the wars of the League this was the headquarters of the brigand, Fontenelle, who had his castle on the island of Tristan, and where he crowded his unfortunate prisoners so densely that they could not even lie down, and so kept them until they died by scores.

It is said that he had the ingenious idea of placing those whom he thought possessed of wealth and might ransom themselves, in metal pans over slowly burning fires, and others he immersed in barrels of water up to their necks in the winter. This ruffian was tried for his crimes and broken on the wheel in 1602.

The fishing boats depart from the port in the evening for the fishing, and the sight is interesting.

The sails are of a chocolate or dark reddish brown in color, but some of the older boats have sails so weatherbeaten as to suggest worn velveteen of a beautiful quality, and the nets hung up to dry at the mast heads are like fairy gossamers, of pale violet, pink, blue and purple, flying in the breeze and through which one sees Tristan as through a prismatic haze.

The girls of the town, at the departure or arrival of the boats, have a custom of gathering at the quay, dressed in their best, and, sitting in a long row on the wall gayly chatting, submit themselves thus to the inspection of the fishermen, who parade up and down along the line of laughing girls in twos, arm in arm, audibly commenting upon their merits.

Some of these girls are of exquisite grace of carriage, and they are all as a rule comely. I noticed that the good priests kept a strict watch upon them and I am informed that the girls are extremely well behaved and virtuous.

So plentiful is salmon hereabouts that the girls in hiring out their services to the farmers stipulate that they shall not be forced to eat the fish more than twice a week.

The population is semi-agricultural. Each year hundreds of young men devote some months to the work in the fields and the gathering of "varech" on the shore, but in the month of February they hire out as fishermen on the vessels departing for Iceland, the Grand banks and the far north.

The four departments of Brittany, it is said, fur-

nish to the French commercial marine a fifth part of its equipment.

The older of the fishermen are still intensely superstitious. In the whistling of the gale, they say they hear the "Crierien," or the cries of the shipwrecked, wailing for burial, and on All Souls' Day, what they call "*le jours des morts*," far out on the waters of the Bay of Trespassés (the bay of lost souls) the spirits of the drowned ride the crests of the waves like spray before the gale. On this day foregathers the souls of those who parted by death, are united in the waves. And they tell of fishermen, whose boats returning in the storm, have been filled with these invisible spirits, laden to the gunwales by a whispering, struggling unseen company demanding to be taken ashore for sepulture.

There are many artists here painting the natives and the surrounding country, and they lend a quaint note to the place.

A much prettier spot than Douarnenez, however, is the little port of Audierne on the Goayen, and the neighboring country is well worth exploring either on foot or by carriage.

Only the other day I was discussing the old days at Douarnenez with an artist friend, and our thoughts turned at once to the quaint and mysterious Breton girl in the Hotel du Commerce, who waited upon us at table and in the Café, and from whom we were never able to elicit more than a monosyllabic reply no matter how ingeniously we framed our question. Picture to yourself a tall girl

of fine figure with brown hair and an olive complexion who went about her work with downcast eyes and silent tongue unresponsive alike to flattery or censure. She wore a lovely headdress or cap of scarlet and gold embroidered black velvet somewhat like those of the Bigoudans of the country far to the south, but whether she was of that class or not I could not discover. Her skirt was of dark "fustian" I think they call the cloth, with an embroidered edging of scarlet and yellow thread, and a spotless apron and sleeves of white linen. Moving noiselessly through the crowded dining-room, with lowered eyes yet seeing every thing she was an altogether mysterious personage. Who and what she was no one seemed to know, and to all questions Madame of the Hotel du Commerce was uncommunicative. There are many mysterious and unwritten histories in these Breton towns, and this is to remain one of them, but no one who has ever seen this graceful sad faced girl of such unmistakable presence and evidence of a life story can ever forget her. Calm and composed and silent among all the clamor, roughness and rudeness of a quay side inn in a busy fishing town. I ventured to ask Monsieur Pierre the ornate gend'arme who with hands behind his back and a severe magisterial frown between his bushy brows paraded the quay whenever he fancied the exigencies required a sight of the majesty of the law and its representative—himself—but he would only shake his head and answer, as did the others to whom I put the same question. So to this day she remains a mys-



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BIGOUDEN MOTHER AND CHILD

tery. But Monsieur Pierre is no mystery, on the contrary he is an open book to all, although he fancies that he is a veritable Sherlock Holmes as far as concealment is concerned, and as clever too, he would give you to understand, if he knew of Holmes which he certainly does not. According to his own story, inferential mind you, for Monsieur Pierre was never known to give a direct answer to a question, or to make a definite statement even about the weather, so officially uncommunicative is he. According to his guarded implications he is always either just about to write, or has just written an important communication to the President of the Republic which you are to understand will make a sensation when it reaches the Elysee, and its contents are discussed, as they are bound to be, by the ministers. He, Monsieur Pierre, you are to further understand is incorruptible—positively!—no matter how much is offered to buy his silence—impossible!—never! all the money of the Credit Lyonnaise could not close his mouth! Think what might happen if he should prove a traitor! and at this point Monsieur Pierre's eyebrows, so bushy and formidable, go up and down beneath his heavily white braided and cornered chapeau, and he turns away from you with a great show of finality and dignity which cannot adequately be described, nor will any drawing which I can make place him before you. He is the terror of the evil doer on the coast, but I discover that he is an arrant fraud and while I was afraid of him at first, I at length came to know that his roar was that of a "sucking

dove" that his passion and pastime was—you could never guess—well, knitting, and that he composed poetry. When I confided these discoveries to Madame at the Hotel du Commerce, she only laughed and shrugged her shoulders and told me what was a great secret—never—never must I tell a soul—promise—parole d'honneur? Well, his wife beats him—yes that pale little frail woman with the sharp nose, which Monsieur saw at the wax works show yesterday with Monsieur Pierre—well that was M^{me} Pierre and she *beats* him. There they go now, pointing out of the window in the direction of the quay to where the ornate figure of the gen'd'arme in all the glory of his white braided uniform, cocked hat, sword, white striped trousers, and upturned mustache, his white cotton gloved hands clasped behind his back, walked with slow and dignified step, with a white capped, small energetic little woman, who carried a black wicker basket on one arm, and was using the other hand to emphasize her conversation. We both watched them disappear behind the wagons of the fair which occupied the open space. "Well," said I, "I am sorry for him. I like him." "Yes," she replied, with a gentle sigh, "poor fellow. I too am sorry."

At Saint Tugean is a fifteenth century church in Renaissance style, where the custode will show an old iron key which is endowed with certain miraculous powers, and which is used on the day of the local pardon to mark loaves of bread which the peasants eagerly buy and which they firmly believe will never grow moldy, and in a reliquary is

treasured some of the teeth of Saint Tugean, "which touched to the aching face will cure toothache."

There is a superb church at Pont Croix, a real marvel, with a beautiful tower somewhat like that of Quimper and well worth going out of one's way to visit.

After Audierne begins the savage region of the cape, and then one comes upon the Enfer de Plogoff with its immense blocks of granite tossed hither and yon by some giant force, and the vivid line of the Bay of Trespassés, broken by the desolate Isle de Sein, where the Druids of old practiced their sacrifices. It is there that the old Breton guide will point out to you the submerged towers of the mysterious ville d'Ys. This is the prow of the ancient world, this point du Raz, and here one may spend the day on the rocks surrounded by the most sublime scenery.

Michelet says: "There is a Breton proverb, 'Nothing shall pass the Raz without damage,' and the sailors cross themselves when they pass it, so terrible is its repute."

On Holy Thursday it is said each member of a family on the Isle de Sein celebrates what is called the "repas du Navire." It is a model of a boat made of dough and is hung from the ceiling of the room. At the end of the meal it is most ceremoniously taken down, and the whole family kneeling, the patron or father chants a canticle sonorously, after which the boat is burned in the fireplace, and a fresh one is then hung up in its place. In early times this was the very sanctuary of Celts, and here

on this sad mound of sand, beaten by the rain, the wind, and at the mercy of the waves, live some poor families, who earn a precarious living by fishing, and who watch for and rescue the shipwrecked.

Rumengol consists of a narrow street confined by a church wall and a few small houses. It was quite filled on the day of the pardon (Trinity Sunday) with a vast moving army of peasants dominated by one thought alone—to reach the church.

This church is a new one of small interest, and so is the town, and the whole is squalid looking and thus most disappointing to one after hearing so much about it.

The train leaves one at a small station called Quimerch' and the landscape here is sad and dreary looking. There is a hill beyond the town, and there is an interesting Calvary, but beyond is a smiling most fair country dotted with the roofs of farms, and an ancient town.

Along the road the itinerant merchants have put up rude booths for the sale of medals and sacred images, which the peasants stand before in rapt delight, and there is also a sort of game which seems very popular, a kind of wheel of fortune, called in the Breton "*Mil-ka-haz*," at which they lose their hard earned coppers with stolidity, and there is much drinking of a sour thin cider, which is dispensed along the road under the rough booths of coarse sacking, in which will be a rude table with a bench upon which sprawl uncouth bearded men.

Beggars there are by the score too, but these beggars differ from those which we have seen at Saint



BEFORE THE CHURCH — PONT CROIX

Jean and at Guingamp. These are not so horrible to the sight; they seem cleaner too, and, yes, they even have something of dignity, nor are they so insistent in their demands.

The unique feature of Rumengol is the singing of the so-called bards. These are here in great numbers and they each have their circle of followers, who listen to them with rapt attention.

There are many drunken sailors to be seen on the road walking arm in arm in twos and fours. Soldiers there are too, small slouchy looking young fellows, hardly more than boys. These are second year men, conscripts who have been allowed leave to visit the Pardon.

Many peasants chant the sacred canticle as they walk—a wild penetrating melody that haunts the ear for days.

“Lilli—Arch’antat ho delliou,
Ar vord an dour ’zo an prajou;
Doue dezho roas dillad
A skuill er meziou peb c’houez vad.”

[Translated for me by a priest.]

(The lilies with their leaves of silver
Deck the rills down in the meadows;
God to them fair garments gave
Their fragrance spreads far o’er the land.)

The church was so thronged that it was impossible for us to gain admittance, and all about knelt women and men praying devoutly, their faces upturned to the sky. Peasants from le Faou, Cha-

teaulin, Quimper, Brest and from the dim Montagnes Arreés are here, and many of them have walked the entire distance. They are encamped in the fields, under whatever shelter they can contrive; there is a fine haze of dust in the air, mixed with a pale, blueish smoke from the fires all about which, as the evening comes on, light up the faces of groups here and there in the fields of gorse.

In the graveyard is a great gathering of people. Some of them mounted on the tombstones seem to be listening to professional story tellers, but I am too far away to determine just what they say, and now along the road comes a gathering of fishermen from Ouessant, bronzed fine-looking fellows, with gold rings in their ears and walking in their bare feet. They walk with a swinging step—turning up the great toe as they thrust each foot forward, in a most peculiar manner. Two of them bear models of fishing boats in their hands, which they will later place upon the altar as a thank offering.

As night falls the bells peal out and a great prayer goes up to the skies. The voices are hoarse and unmelodious, but heard from a distance sound like the deep diapason of an organ, and on this strange scene night falls, a night of vigil, for these wonderful people of a cult at once pagan and Christian, a night of prayer in the church, and of chanting, and then the day breaks over the fields, gilds the ruddy tower of the church, and finally lights up the faces of the sleeping multitude, which stirred to action begins the weary return to distant homes.



QUINIPLY

THE LEGEND OF NOELLI'CH

It was on the eve of the Pardon of St. Jean that I arrived at the end of the long road on the banks of a rushing stream that divides the arid lands of the ancient Druids. I was bound for a small hamlet with the remains of a fine XIII Century church and a curious Calvary. The road ended at the water's edge and, directly opposite, one solitary, dim light was visible in the midst of a dark mass where I supposed the hamlet to be. Above it the evening sky was pierced by a beautiful tower. I had knocked at the door of a hut on the way and asked for assistance in crossing the stream, but the peasant who opened it replied, "*Nenni*," (in the Breton meaning "No, indeed"). "The soup is on the table. It is late. I have been hard at work all the long day. I have much hunger; come again some other time. Pass on thy way, good man," and closed his door upon me. So I sat upon a large stone at the water's edge, trying to think what was best to be done, when all at once the sound of a fresh young voice singing was heard farther up the road. For some time the voice continued rising and falling in sweet cadence and coming nearer and nearer. Then I saw a slight figure of a girl slowly coming down the road, a long staff in her hand, with which now and then she tapped the road. I waited until she was close to my side, then I said: "Tell me, little girl, why do you sing so sadly and sweetly when the birds have all ceased and are long since in their nests?"

She stopped and turned her face toward me in a curious manner. Then she said in a voice as sweet as her song: "It is my prayer each night. Like the birds, I sing the praise of the Bon Dieu before I sleep. But less happy than they, I have neither hope nor tranquillity nor soft nest. I cannot see, like them, the blue sky, or the green of the trees, nor the color of the crimson poppies in the fields. I am blind, and my mother has left me and gone to the country of the angels. But you—who are you?"

"I am a stranger come here to visit the church of St. John and the miraculous fountain," I said. "But I can find no one to ferry me across, although I have enough with which to pay the ferryman."

"Rest easy, Monsieur," said the little girl, "that is not difficult. See yon the tall tree on the opposite bank. I cannot see it, but they tell me it is there. That is where the boat of the ferryman always lands. Below that it is dangerous, for the water runs swift over the stones, and there the river is deeper. With thy eyes and my strong arms we can soon get across. Have no fear, I have often done it."

"Do you have many strangers here, little one?" I said.

"Not often, but to-day the peasants are gathered for the pardon. They come from all about. From Folgoët and Plouescat, from Quimper and from Rostrenen, from Roch-Ellven and even from Tregarentec, Leon and Cornouaille. They come here all in their best clothes and candle in hand to ask again that Saint Jean for another year preserve and keep them from blindness.



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IN THE LILY BEDS

“Do you not, Monsieur, know the legend of Saint Jean? He came, as you have come, one night long, oh, long ago, hundreds of years ago, and he found here, just here, Monsieur, where we sit, a young girl, who was blind like me, and her name was Noellich. The good Saint Jean came dressed as a beggar with a sack upon his back, and a staff in his hand. He came to see what the people of Roch-Meil were like, to see if they were good people, for he had heard of them that they were good to the poor and the orphans. So he dressed himself like a beggar, and knocked at the door of a fisherman’s house.

“‘Will you,’ he asked of the fisherman who opened the door, ‘lend me a boat to take me over to the other shore where I may find rest and shelter for the night?’

“‘No,’ said the fisherman, in a surly voice. ‘I am tired out with the day’s work, and besides, I have not had my dinner yet. Get on with you.’

“Saint Jean knocked at another, and still another door, but always the same answer. No one would trouble himself for an old beggar. So he sat down, just here on the rocks, thinking of the bad manners and the unkindness of the fishermen of this place, when all at once he heard a voice singing, and he turned and saw a young girl coming down the road, and when she came near the Saint saw that she was blind.

“‘Tell me, little girl,’ said Saint Jean, ‘why you sing thus in the starlight?’

“‘Because,’ answered the little girl, ‘I would

praise God, like the birds, and maybe He will listen to my prayer.'

"'And what is your prayer?' said the Saint.

"That I may again see the blue sky, the sun shine on the water, and the shadows chase across the hills,' answered the child.

"The Saint remained silent, his hands clasping his staff, and his chin resting upon them.

"Then he said: 'Do you know, child, of anyone who will take me across the stream?'

"'Do not despair,' said the young girl. 'I can take you over. I am strong, and if you will watch out for the rocks while I row, we will soon be there. There should be a boat just here.'

"The Saint looked about him, and sure enough, he saw the boat of the ferryman tied to its stake at one side.

"'Take my hand and lead me,' said the little girl to the good Saint. 'I will row you across without danger, and you shall soon be upon the land of Cornouaille.'

"Saint Jean took her by the hand and led her to the ferryman's boat. Then he unfastened it and in a short time they were at the other shore. Then the good Saint, stretching out his hands over the eyes of the little girl, said:

"'See! And thank our Seigneur who put thee in the way of His apostle. Go and say to all who will come here to the spot to which thou hast conducted me, with faith, with confidence, to ask of Saint Jean the recovery of their sight, that they shall see, and

this in memory of the purest, most holy and best of Breton girls.'

"And he vanished. And Noelic'h saw from that time. And that is the legend of the pardon of Saint Jean."

"Is this the Monsieur who wished to be ferried across to the village?" asked a hoarse voice at my elbow. "They said above that you were here, and I came as soon as I could. Your pardon, Monsieur, for keeping you waiting."

So I shook hands with the little blind girl who had so beautifully told me the story of the pardon. And I left something in her hand with which to remember the stranger, and all the way across I watched her slender figure standing at the water's edge, in the clear starlight which she could not see.

*Quimperlé, Concarneau,
The Artists at Le Faouet*

FROM boyhood I have built "Castles in Spain" and ah me! I have lived in them and believed them real, but they are all merged now in my Chateau in Brittany, which I call mine for the reason that I discovered it, and one day hope to own it.

It is situated not a thousand miles from Quimperlé, and is a tall round tower with a pointed slate roof bristling with black chimneys, around which the rooks love to fly, and it has two curious lean-to structures clinging to each side of it. It is in the midst of a lovely vine overgrown garden and is surrounded by high yellow stucco walls, the tops of which are liberally spiked with broken bottle ends. The date 1690 is in huge rusty iron numerals on the tower under the window. Could you peer inside the wall, you would see a sunny lawn in the midst of dark glossy ilex trees, and at one side a half crescent of tall cherry trees of light green foliage. Behind these trees is a stone wall where peaches are ripening, and

glowing red tomatoes are trellised on the southern end. Then there is a grape arbor, well laden, and a broad path bordered by currant and gooseberry bushes, and all just buried in beds of old fashioned flowers. There are sun flowers almost nine feet high, with stalks the thickness of your forearm, and the flowers are as big of heart as—oh well!—picture them for yourself! Then there are beds of Japanese anemones, both white and red, and immense silky crimson and orange poppies—iris—gladioli and crimson and white roses; while as for daisies, the place is alive with them. They quite bedded the chrysanthemums, wallflowers, fuchias and hollyhocks, and there is a small pond, too, in a “plaisance,” surrounded by a green railing and overshadowed by a venerable weeping willow, the trunk of which was festooned with convolvulus like our morning glory, of red, blue, pink and white. There is a seat here just big enough for two, where we can sit and watch the water bugs skimming the surface of the pool under the shade.

The house is a typical one, and opens quaintly on the garden down three stone steps. The door is absurdly small, and through it one enters the dining room, which has an old fashioned Breton wide chimney of stone. The floor is of dark time-stained polished oak, and there is a huge sort of side-board with much carving and large rosettes and spindles. The table is oak, very dark with age, large enough to seat you and me and two others, if we wish to invite them, and the ceiling is beamed and painted a dark golden yellow.

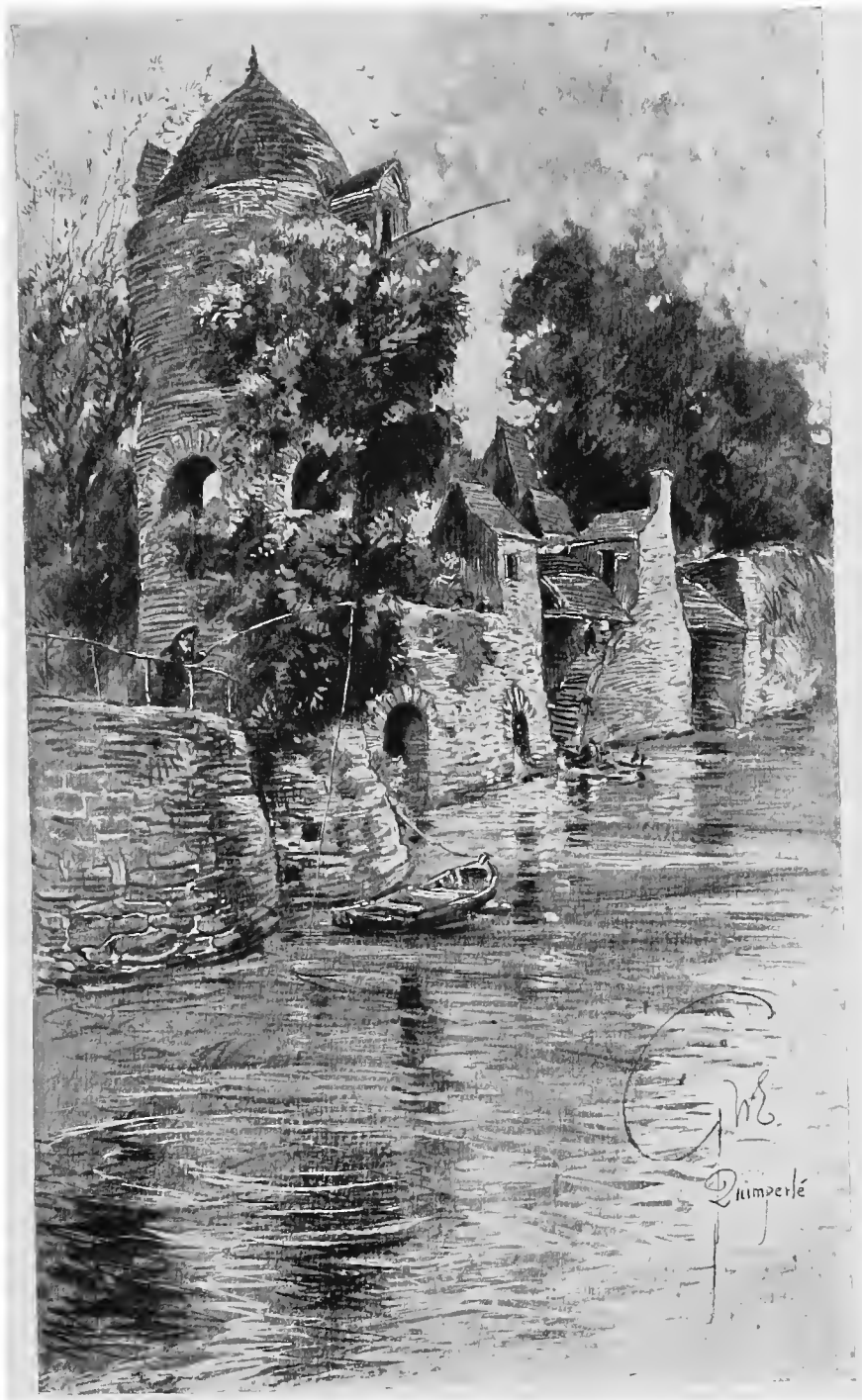
The kitchen is behind this room and is quite as attractive with its immense dark stone fireplace and iron frame for spits. From the ceiling hang shelves for hams and bacon, and iron rings for spiked candles in the ancient style.

Along the side of the house is a passage, narrow it is true, from which stairs lead upwards to the sleeping rooms, and at one end is a sort of library.

The house is filled with lovely furniture and many old carved oaken armoires. Through the open windows fly the bees, humming and sweetening the air. I pray you do not attempt to discover this Chateau—'tis mine!.....

Quimperlé, after the savage aspect of the coast, is a most welcome and delicious surprise to the traveler. Here is nature smiling in the midst of green valleys and rivers bordered with magnificent trees and luxuriant verdure, on the banks of which stand picturesque Chateaus and noisy water mills.

Quimperlé is called the Arcadia of lower Brittany, and the two lovely rivers which traverse it are gently named the Elle and the Isole. I shall not soon forget the view I had of the little town in the early morning from my window in the good inn on the "place," formerly a monastery, nor how the first beams of the sun lighted the tower of the church opposite on the height with a rosy glow, which traveled slowly downwards as the sun mounted the sky, lighting one by one the windows in the several rows of small houses, until finally the whole was in full glory down to the rows of dark poplars which fringe



ON THE RIVER — QUIMPERLÉ

the banks of the shallow stream flowing through the town.

The central point of Quimperlé is, of course, the Basilica of Saint Croix, formerly the Church of the Ancient Abbey of the Benedictines, which succeeding a primitive monastery gave birth to the town—this is situated in the *ville basse*, and here will be found the most comfortable and quaint inn imaginable, setting an excellent table. The ancient cloister is still there, and the diligence horses stretch their heads over the low wall under the row of poplars and whinney for lumps of sugar. This is an ideal spot in which to loiter.

In the *Ville haute* old houses and convents lean against the quaint Church of Saint Michel, which has a most beautiful portal with sculpture well-nigh as fine as lace work. It is connected in a manner most novel with houses at the side, by two arches. From the *ville basse* the little town rises stage by stage of quaint houses and winding streets, until it culminates in this tower, and somehow recalls Saint Michel on the boundary line of Normandy and Brittany.

Some of the streets are so steep that they are ascended by steps. Quimperlé was originally a collection of convents, beautifully situated in the shady valley in the midst of a calm, restful and gentle landscape. Even now the outskirts resemble a vast park so lovely is the scenery. Here was most certainly peace for the cloister and time for the pious reveries of the good monks.

The ancient Church of Saint Croix was rebuilt after the fall of its tower, but happily after its original plan, which is most curious, and an imitation of the Holy Sepulture in Jerusalem. The interior is in a Greek Cross, with an interesting raised choir between massive heavy pillars.

Below in the Crypt, which dates from the eleventh century, there are two ranges of columns with capitals in Byzantine style, and a lower subterranean apartment which is empty.

The Tomb of Saint Gurloes, who was first abbot of Quimperlé, is in the Crypt. A full length figure carved in stone. There is a small plate upon his breast, in which the devout peasants each leave a sou, so that they may be free from gout, which throughout Brittany is known as the malady of Saint Urlou (Gurloes) and it is believed can be cured by calling upon his aid.

Henry de Leopervez, who was abbot, is also entombed here—and his emblazoned arms and statue may be seen and studied. The whole place gives one a most profound religious impression.

The door of the Church is divided into four compartments, each one of which contains a statue of the Evangelist, with an angel, the lion, the eagle, the bull, and a frieze formed of the heads of the apostles.

At the foot of Saint Croix begins the Rue du Chateau, occupying a space between two rivers—it is a street of quaint old houses and gardens, backed by the Elle. It is of charming aspect, this tranquil street, on a summer morning with a group of quaintly clad peasants here and there gossiping, or an old



PORCH OF ST. MICHEL — QUIMPERLÉ

beggar sunning himself in some antique doorway, and over all silence broken only by the song of birds, or the whirr of a mossy millwheel turning in the shallow murmuring river.

There is a lovely old bridge of three arches crossing this river, the arches almost buried in vines and moss, and crowned by garlands of golden yellow flowers. At the side in the stone walls are small staircases leading to the water, and here are lines of laughing, talking women, kneeling in shallow boxes busily washing piles of linen in the stream, women clad in blue and orange bodices, with flapping white linen coifes all stiffly starched and "knife plaited." Here we remained for days, intoxicated with the beauties of the valleys, the lake and the smiling verdure of the heights.

We now pass on to the Bannelec country, known for the beauty of its women, and for the charming and variegated costumes of the peasants, who hereabouts are very gentle and courteous in manner.

There is fine fishing to be had in the valleys, and there are many most delightful walks in the neighborhood. An interesting Pardon of the Birds takes place at Toulfouen on Whitsun Monday, while the Patronal feast of the town is held on the second of May and the third of September respectively.

The wonderful forest of Clohars—Carnoet surrounds the ruins of one of Conmore's castles, which was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, and on the right bank of the Laith, in a most sheltered position, will be found the ruins of the Abbey of Saint Maurice, dating from 1170. There is in a restored Chapel

a fine bronze statue of the Saviour, of the seventeenth century, at which a pardon is held on August fifteenth of each year.

A short drive brings one to Saint Fiacre, which is near Le Faouet, so the two may be visited the same day. Saint Fiacre dates from the fifteenth century, and is a lovely renaissance structure with three towers, of which the center one is the taller. The door is very low and floriated. The main spire, with its flamboyant gallery, is corbelled out on the West gable, and is thus tied by two flying buttresses. There is some exquisite old glass in the chapel, which is dropping out of the frames for want of care. It is said that this glass is the work of one Audrouet of Quimperlé in 1555, and it is surprising that the state does nothing to preserve it.

To the northward of Quimperlé, in the midst of hay fields, will be found this exquisite fifteenth century Chapel, named for Saint Fiacre, in which, besides the treasures of ancient glass so neglected, are some most strangely grotesque sculptures, representing among others a large animal like a wolf, clad in the habiliments of a friar, preaching from a pulpit, and a running fox pursued by a flock of hens.

The Choir screen or "Jubé," as it is called, shows the deadly sins, such as dancing, gluttony, theft, etc. Farther on, at a picturesque place called Le Faouet, are remarkable types of old houses, and a most unusual "Halles," together with a thirteenth century Church, which will delight the antiquary.

A picture of the Virgin, painted on a wall, directs



ST. FIACRE — FAUJET

one to the sanctuary of Sainte Barbe, and a curious belfry where hangs a bell under a sort of canopy roof, supported by four stone columns, which the devotees are required to ring on the occasion of a pardon.

Connecting the Chapel with a rock is an arch, and there is a broad flight of steps covered with moss and vines, leading to another chapel named Saint Bernard, built out on a large rock above the river. The legend is that this rock was about to fall upon his place of refuge, and the noble Jehan de Toul vowed to his patron Saint, that if she would protect him he would build a Chapel upon it in her name. The path around the stone is seemingly most dangerous, if not impassable, yet there are iron rings set in the stone, to which the devotees cling in the ceremony.

The spot is an exquisite one in which to linger, the brown rocks so massive and sinister looking are marked and draped with clinging greenery, and the moss covered Chapel, with its decayed staircase of kersanten green stone is framed in fernery and ivy, while the golden hawkseed blossoms and the red flowers of the cranesbill are set like jewels along the crumbling balustrade. The Pardon of Sainte Barbe takes place here on the last Sunday in June.

Concarneau is reached by road leading by the village of Pont Aven, beloved by artists, where there is a delightful inn kept by Mademoiselle Julie, whom I will describe later on, and to whom every artist presents a picture when leaving. In consequence, there is here in this little inn a notable col-

lection of paintings by men who have achieved renown in their profession.

Here one may live for an incredibly small sum of money, and as the painters are a fine, companionable lot of fellows, the days pass all too soon. The village is a pretty one, and situated at a spot where the Aven meets the arm of the sea. During the year there is a weekly market and a monthly fair, thronged by the peasants, so the village is a busy one.

Not far away on the river bank is the Chateau of Henan, dating from the fifteenth century. There is a remarkable Calvary on the road leading to Concarneau, and some ruins of a Chateau of the Pen-thievre family in the fifteenth century, said by the peasants to be haunted by a certain noble and lovely lady who enacts incidents in her unhappy life, even to her funeral ceremonies, and all upon moonlit nights, but we did not try to see her poor shade.

The district lying between Pont Aven and Concarneau abounds in Megalithic remains, dolmen and menhirs, and at Tregune particularly will be found numerous prehistoric monuments, while at Ker ar Gallon is a fine menhir thirty feet high and a stone circle about two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. On the Lande de Kerlan is a dolmen twenty-four feet long, but while this last is of interest to the antiquary, it did not compensate me for the hard ride I took in order to visit the locality.

The Pardons are Saint Mark, first Sunday after April twenty-fifth; Notre Dame de Bon Secours, third Sunday in September; Saint Philibert, last Sunday in August, and Sainte Elizabeth, the follow-



THE SUNDAY DRESS — PONT AVEN

ing Sunday. All of these are well worth attending.

Near Pont-Aven, a lovely spot, and as I have said, beloved by artists, in a dense wood, will be found a holy and venerated fountain, endowed by the priests and the peasants with most wonderful powers. Here at the Pardon of Saint Leger, babies of all shapes, sizes and complexions are brought by the thousands, and immersed in the waters. The sight is worth traveling miles to see, as it is I think the only baby pardon in Brittany.

At Scäer, a small dull village, I am told they practice most curious and unique ceremonies at the wedding feasts, at which the Gods of the elements are invoked. These rites have undoubtedly descended to them from the Druids, and are so mixed with their religion, that the priests are forced to sanction them, and I regret that it is impossible to describe them here. They may be described as after the Phallic order.

Concarneau is of a most unique character all its own. It is a sort of double town, formed of the sardine locality and the "Ville Close," the walled granite fortlike structure surrounded by the waters of the cove opening on the bay of La Forest. It is a great fishing port, where sardines are boiled in oil and boxed by hordes of pretty singing girls, clad in charming snowy white coifes, large linen collars, and quaint short dresses. It is thronged by artists, many of whom live here the year round. Entrance to the ancient "Ville Close" is through three gates, of which the western one is the principal, and is guarded by two immense towers, between which is a draw-

bridge in the mediæval style. One of the large bastions was built, it is said, by the Duchesse Anne of Brittany.

On the quay the scene is striking and full of interest. Here congregate the fishermen in quaint costumes of the sea, groups of women in wide lace and linen collars and flapping "coifes" of snowy white, ranged along the frontage of the water where the fishing boats all lie, bows fastened to the rings in the stone piers, their beautiful pale blue and violet gossamer net hung to the mastheads to dry and floating out like exquisite silken veils in the breeze, while the matelots loll at ease on the decks below, or are preparing a meal of broiled sardines over a handful of fire made on an iron plate on the deck surrounded by stones.

The fishing boats are almost all of the same size, of two masts, and bear on their bow the letters "C C" and a registry number. It is amusing to watch the apprentice boys or "mousses," some of them not more than twelve years of age, aping the air of the elder fishermen, standing or sauntering along, beret on the back of their heads, their hands in their pockets and a black pipe tightly clenched between their teeth.

The "Ville Close," surrounded by boats, rises with a somewhat frowning air of impregnability from the water. It is of irregular shape, attached to the land at the western side of a long bridge, fortified in the center by a small barbican crenelated, to which the port opens, but it is the northern face which presents the greater character and originality, its walls flanked by large round towers. Inside there is only one



FISHER BOY — CONCARNEAU

street, the rue Vauban, and while the place is curious, there is not much to see. In fact, I was quite disappointed, although I can not say just what I expected to find there.

The "Ville Close," by reason of its insular position, was one of the strongholds of ancient Brittany, and successfully resisted many efforts of those who have assailed it. Its most memorable event was the assault of 1576 of the thirty Calvinist cavaliers, one of the most curious of the so-called Wars of Surprises, when the Huguenot partisans of Blois and Montfort plotted to capture Concarneau, and make of this stronghold an impregnable Huguenot headquarters.

On the morning of the tenth of January, 1576, as the people of Concarneau were peacefully sleeping, thirty mounted cavaliers, conducted by Loviac de Ker Massonnet, arrived without being challenged, before Concarneau. Leaving his troupe hidden at one side, the captain dismounted and marched quickly to the gate, and asked, letter in hand, for speech with the Captain of the Ville. While talking with the Portier, he effected to let fall the letter, and upon the Portier stooping to pick it up, the Huguenot cavalier dealt him a murderous blow with a dagger, and at the same instant the others rushed the gate and seized the Ville. Once inside, the place was at their mercy, and without losing an instant Ker Massonnet and his companions disarmed the inhabitants, imprisoned some, killed others, and placed a guard upon the ramparts. The great difficulty now was to hold the Ville until reinforcements came from Rochelle.

As soon as the seizure of the Ville became known,

the royalists gathered to the attack, and the thirty cavaliers needed all their courage, vigilance and energy to enable them to maintain their conquest, to guard their prisoners and defend their ramparts. During the following five days, they performed prodigies of tasks, but many days passed ere they saw the welcome ships of Rochelle sail into the bay. Overcome with fatigue, one night Ker Massonnet and a comrade were resting in the house of one of the natives within the walls. The Chief slept with the keys of the gate knotted into his scarf, and his arms beside him, when the native, Le Bris, watching his opportunity glided into the room, and seizing the daggers of the sleeping Huguenots planted them both in the breasts of their owners, leaving them in the throes of death. He then took the keys and disappeared in the shadows. A Calvinist on guard saw his shadow, and suspecting some wrong, gave chase. Le Bris, however, had time to open the gate and admit the Royalists, who speedily made all inside, their prisoners, and the siege was at an end.

There are two hotels in the town, but as far as the artists are concerned there is but one. That is on the quay and is kept by the kindly Ma'm Laurent, a buxom, smiling faced French woman, who makes you feel at home the moment you arrive, so engaging is her manner. You wish somehow that she would wear the costume of the province, or at least the coif, and think how well it would become her. She "mothers" the painters who seek the shelter of her roof, and I am quite sure she "shaves" her bills for their benefit, although she will not admit it, and if

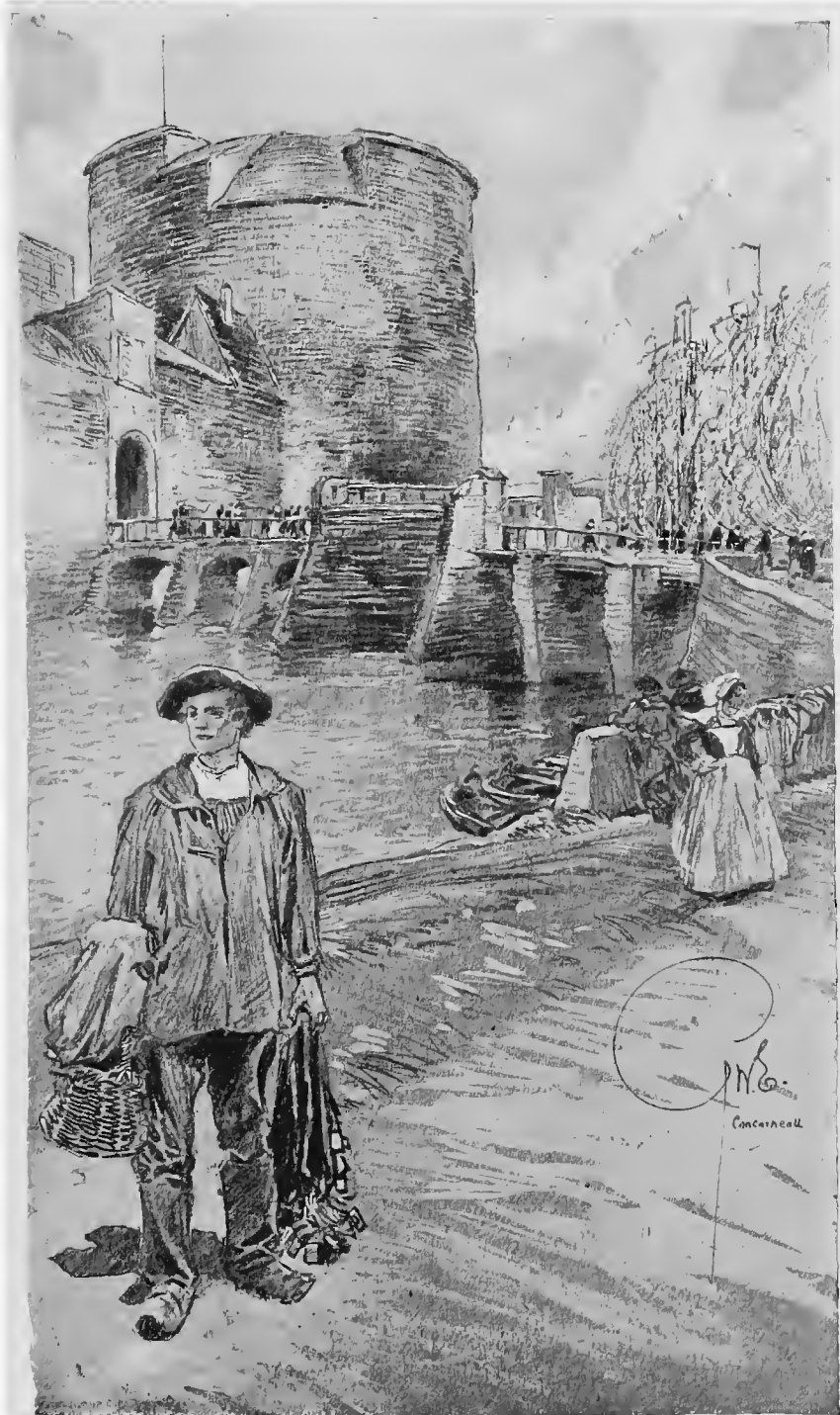


WOMEN OF CONCARNEAU

she does add extras to the bills of those better able to pay—mind, I do not say that, she does—who will blame her? Not I, to be sure. There is a Monsieur Laurent also, but he is rarely seen until perhaps shutting up time, that is to say, 11 o'clock sharp. Then a large, gruff-voiced man stalks through the café and makes a great noise of closing the shutters. All the artists are afraid of him, I am told. They say he digs, delves and weeds a certain mysterious garden behind the hotel the whole day long. This garden is not open to the public, that is to say, to the patrons of the hotel, so I have never seen it. As I have said, Monsieur closes the hotel at 11 o'clock sharp—and thereafter no one may leave or enter until he opens it in the morning. This is the unwritten law. On one occasion, the hotel being full, some of the late coming artists had to seek shelter in the "other one," and four of Laurent's guests went over to spend the evening with them. The time of leave taking was so protracted that it was midnight ere the quartet returned to the hotel on the quay. To their dismay all lights were out, the shutters closed, and the door barred. Their knocks, timid at first, then bolder, brought no response, so resort was had to the huge wagons which were ranged along the quay in a row. Removing a long tongue from one of them, with some difficulty they placed it against the side of the house, and one by one climbed into the second story through a window which, by a lucky chance, was left unbarred. Meanwhile, Monsieur, who had heard the commotion, was leisurely getting ready to descend with dignity and a flickering candle, pre-

pared to deliver a lecture to the belated ones, but when at length he unbarred the street door, lo! there was no one there. Convinced then that "ces artistes" were playing tricks upon him, he hid himself behind the door and there spent the better part of the night. Meanwhile, the quartet having gained entrance to the upper hall, the last one entering kicked away the wagon tongue and it fell with a mighty noise against the shed and thence scraped its way to the pavement. Scared at the noise, the four huddled in the hall, then hearing the noise of Monsieur's heavy feet descending the stairs above, they scattered silently, each one to his own room. In the morning at breakfast appeared Ma'm Laurent, with somewhat graver mien than usual and admonished the assembly, among whom were the culprits, that it was not "gentil" to climb into the windows of respectable hotels by means of wagon tongues—that if Messieurs would only make known the hour of their probable return thereafter, etc., etc., and that was all that ever came of it.

And what a happy-go-lucky lot of fellows these painters are! They come and they go, yet Ma'm Laurent seems to change not—ever placid and smiling, never frustrated, ever ready to help the artists, and rarely if ever has her kindness been betrayed. Does M'sieur desire a model? Then Ma'm Laurent knows just the girl. Or does he require a room for a studio? Then it is found for him. Artists of all nationalities and peculiarities gather here year by year. There was, for instance, K——, that incredibly tall and lank Scot with the fiery red head,



P.N.G.
Concarneau

CONCARNEAU

who believed in witches and witch craft, and who eschewed meat until he nearly died of starvation. And "Micky" D——, who lived like a lord on five hundred dollars income and used hooks and eyes on his clothes instead of buttons, and painted moonlights by the light of the moon—right good ones, too—and little fat B——, whom fate, whispered report, had endowed with a hopeless passion for no less a person than placid Ma'm Laurent—and I think she knew of it. And Billy R——, who had theories upon art and was writing them, so he said, for publication; and the Roumanian prince who always went barefoot and bareheaded out of doors, and indoors, too, for that matter, and who had the top floor of an old ruin on the quay, towards the Pont Aven road, and lived and slept in a room that, to be sure, had a roof, but the walls of which were open to the breezes, so old and dilapidated was it. He was a tall, black-haired and bearded man of gentle manners, with piercing eyes, full red lips, and well formed hands and feet. His English was well-nigh faultless, and he awed the company of artists not a little, so grandiose was his manner. Yet he was affability itself to all, high and low, and his choice of the ruined abode was simply a whimsicality, for he seemed to have enough money at all times. Then there was—but why go on. This was all some years ago—ah me! how time flies!

The curse of the fishermen and their families here is drink, and the statistics gathered by Dr. Branon for the State are appalling. He found at Concarneau, this small fishing port, that the outlay for

alcohol during a period of six months (summer of 1897) was 35,000 francs, about \$7,000. According to data gathered by M. Acloque, the fishermen of Brittany who sail for the Grand Banks of New Foundland, demand and receive each day two quarts of "manufactured" wine, all the cider they want, and a minimum of six "boujarons" (six centilitres) of Eau-de-vie, almost pure alcohol. This last dose is largely increased, he says, when the captain desires to encourage the poor wretches, and that it is not uncommon then for the fishermen to receive each as much as ten "boujarons" of the vile stuff. Furthermore, it is necessary to detail here the amount of drink that is purchased ashore at Saint Pierre. It is shown that this port received and consumed, in one season, without counting the wine, cider and beer, in the neighborhood of 20,000 litres of Vermouth and Madeira, 35,000 litres of bitters and absinthe, 5,000 litres of cognac and more than 100,000 litres of Eau-de-vie, Rum, Gin and Whiskey. This enormous amount of alcohol is consumed by the fishermen of Brittany ashore at Saint Pierre, and M. Acloque finds that the Breton population at home consumes *per capita fifteen litres* of alcohol each year. What wonder that the government is at last awakening to the peril.



ST. NAZARINE

Le Faouet, Lontivy

ON the road to Le Faouet, shaded by trees filled with singing birds and perfumed with the scent of new-mown hay, the old green peasant wagon jogs along drawn by a huge fat horse, whose head is betasseled in crimson wool, and around whose neck is a string of sweet toned Breton bells, ranging in size from one as big as a small plum to another of the dimensions of a coffee cup. The undulating road is here and there bordered with earthen walls, grass grown and bejeweled with yellow flowers and draped with vines, the name of which I know not, and above which stand strange distorted trunks of trees all save the tops of which are denuded of branches. Occasionally there are other fine chestnuts and oaks preserving their natural shapes, but as a rule the trees along the Breton roads are oddly misshapen trunks with bushy tops, and grow out of the earthen walls at each side of the road in lieu of fences, and which also serve to divide the farm lands. These walls are as a rule about

four feet high, and entrance to each plot and to the road is guarded by a rude gate in an opening. Seen from a height the whole country is thus marked out in squares and parallelograms, and these planted with different crops of various tones of green and gold, make the landscape most varied and pleasing. The apple-trees are entirely unlike those of Normandy. Here they take on a most stern and severe character, and one does not see the great bulbous fruit to which he has been accustomed farther in the north, but much smaller and the trees are taller and straighter in form. The cider from these apples is much esteemed in Brittany and used generally. It is an acquired taste, and I shall not forget my disgust at the first taste I had of the muddy and (as I deemed it then) insipid liquid. But I soon became very fond of it and fancied I could tell even the province from which it came. "Bon cidre, bon paysan" says the proverb, and it is a stingy traveler who will not treat the driver to "un boule d'cidre" at the wayside inn where hangs the bush over the door. Le Faouet may be described as a most entertainingly picturesque spot, with many old houses and a most curious antique "Halle" or market, a characteristic Breton town with between three and four thousand inhabitants, each of them devoured by curiosity concerning the most trifling matters connected with the chance tourist within their gate. Thus my hat, my clothes, linen, shoes, and my various impedimenta was subjected to the scrutiny of the villagers every time I went forth from the hotel. It might have proved embarrassing to some, but I did not mind it, knowing



W6
Market at
Faouet.

MARKET OF FAOUE

the Bretons as I do and knowing too that they meant no harm here in Le Faouet. Elsewhere, particularly in the mountain villages to the north, I might have been apprehensive, for there they do not like the stranger, are surly, and will effect not to understand when one questions them in the French tongue.

The *Halle* here is an extravagant type of pent-roofed structure of Norwegian character, sustained upon large stone pillars and surrounded by a low stone wall. Inside, horses, pigs and cattle are exposed for sale, and all about it are uptilted peasant carts and the litter of a market.

Inside, the roof and the structure is seen to be held together by large beams, crossing in all directions, and from the roof rises a tower of a bulbous pattern, surmounted by a spire on which is a weather vane. The town is situated in the midst of a pretty, wooded country watered by numerous tributaries of the Elle, and offers a most agreeable stopping place, while the trout fishing is very fine it is said, and I can believe it for we had as fine a dish of trout for supper as I have ever tasted.

They wear the old costumes here, and the colors of these are rich and agreeable to the eye. The coifes of the women are particularly noticeable and pretty. The Bretons, like the Irish, are particularly fond of pork, and everywhere throughout this country the pig is evident; hardly a town in which I have not somewhere seen or stumbled over one of these uncouth animals, and in many villages I have seen them despatched at the roadside by a murderous-looking peasant, armed with a huge knife, the cries of the

creature sounding in my ears and the sight a hard one to forget. I am warned that it is not wise to eat Breton pork, and without going further into the matter, I may say that they feed upon offal. A great deal of veal is eaten hereabouts. It would seem that the calf too, is always being killed in the farm yard. Poor weak kneed, trembling things they are, meekly going to their fate, so that one is uncomfortably haunted by them, and even now "green peas and cutlets" recall it all to mind.

Here in Le Faouet one finds even in the small cottages those beautiful armoires so eagerly sought for elsewhere. I have known the peasants to exchange one of these fine pieces of furniture for a cheap set of lacquered chairs offered by a dealer. It is surprising to find beautiful specimens, these armoires of chestnut; almost black with age and polished by usage, with finely carved panels, and old brasses complete, amid poverty stricken surroundings, but as a rule the peasants understand their value and will drive a sharp bargain.

The public washing pool is a feature of the Breton village. They never do washing in the houses—always in the stream. At these public washing places the women wash their clothes in the open air, kneeling on the stone flags around the pool, which will sometimes have a sort of shed over it. The washing is done with very little soap on a board, and beaten with a flat wooden instrument, and there is generally a great deal of gossip and banter going on. I am told by the hotel proprietor that very often washing is not done for six months or a year at a



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EARLY MORNING MARKET DAY

time, such a store of linen is on hand in the well-to-do farm house.

Leaning idly in the window this sunny morning, I saw the celebration of a feast of the Virgin. An altar almost buried in flowers had been raised in her honor and all the girls named after her, and belonging to the Society of Notre Dame, walked in procession through the town after attending service in the church. All the Maries were dressed in pure white with wreaths of artificial flowers and transparent white veils, like brides I thought, and very graceful the young ones looked with their slender figures outlined in the filmy veils in the strong yellow sunlight, as they passed in procession between the old, gray houses, before which stood the rows of brass helmeted "Pompriers" or firemen, and the gendarmes, in their quaint uniforms. The large town Pontivy is situated in a district said to be filled with and ravaged by wolves. The town is intensely Breton, a busy place and quite ugly in the modern portion. There is a castle with two towers in which is a museum, and a hideous new church of no character disfigures the place. In the old portion of the town are a few interesting bits of architecture. The old church has suffered some restoration of an ignorant character, notably in the tracery of the windows. Beyond this there is little in the town to detain one. A fine example of a Menhir is shown in the cemetery upon which is a cross, and on the day I saw it there was some ceremony or other there, for it was surrounded by scores of kneeling men in the costume of the district, jackets of white cloth beautifully embroidered

and bound with wide black velvet braid. Some of the men scowled when they saw me looking at them so I came away without learning what it was all about. I was anxious to get to Josselin, so I only remained here over night.

In the hotel was a great gathering in the *salle a manger* after dinner, for the daughter of the proprietor was engaged to be married and this was a betrothal ceremony. Madame Mère told me with great pride that she had a dot, or wedding portion of one thousand francs, and that her prospective husband owned the stage coach and horses which I could see outside in the court. We all sat around the long dining table, and I was amused to watch the faces of the peasants shining with good humor and the copious libations of red and white wine which was free to all comers. Against the dark background—the quaint china on the walls—the huge open fireplace and the kerosene lamps which would smoke in spite of all efforts to regulate them, the scene presented much that was amusing.

The ceremony continued long after I excused myself and went up to bed, and the full moon rose over the houses opposite before I finally fell asleep.

*Josselin, Bloermel,
Questembert and Elven*

JT was late afternoon of a superb midsummer day that I had my first view of Josselin, a most attractive little place with a number of quaint houses clustering about a fine early XV Century church, the whole with a splendid crown of massive towers of the castle of the famous Connetable de Clisson occupying a rocky height over the river Oust, a superb example of the construction of the middle ages which time the destroyer seems to have forgotten. This signoral castle and the small village, grouped so picturesquely in the shadow of the donjon towers of the barons of old, is most happily kept in a satisfactory state of repair by descendants of the family who still occupy it, and most generously show its splendors to the interested visitors.

We entered the village in a ramshackle diligence for the sake of the experience among the ordinary way travelers. We might have come inexpensively by comfortable carriage but it would not have been

“half the fun.” There had been a market during the day, and the whole paraphernalia was in process of moving. The peasants in general holiday attire were dispersing to their villages in the back country, some in wagons, others afoot or mounted in twos or threes on the backs of heavy looking horses, and occasionally groups of boys driving patient looking small cows, or dragging along thin screaming, unwilling pigs, who are treated everywhere here with a certain curious respect. In Brittany, as I have told elsewhere, pigs are styled “*mab-rohan*,” sons of Rohan, after the greatest nobles of the province, but just why I cannot discover.

After luncheon at the unpretentious inn we explored the town. The rue Saint Nicolas has a range of houses along the wall which encloses the park of the chateau, and this with the street along the river and some tortuous ones about the church, and the village on the other side of the bridge is all there is to Josselin, but though small in size it is great in interest.

In the Grande rue Josselin the houses are of the most fantastic form, some of them with gargoyles projecting from the house fronts, and the upper floors standing out over the entrances, the whole sustained by sculptured heavy wooden beams, and the roofs of which are really incredible in form and character, and often pierced by small dormer windows.

The most ancient of these houses dating from the XVI century, are those to be found in the rue Saint Michel of what are termed ogival arcades in three stages. These houses witnessed the heroic struggles

of Josselin, and the passing of Charles of Blois and the cavaliers of Clisson. In some of the deep doorways now sit old women knitting stockings, while in others placid cows are chewing the cud. The great door of the church of Josselin opens upon a little square surrounded by irregular lines of quaint houses, and on this sunny afternoon, with the remaining débris of the day's market, the piles of baskets, the wagons emptied of vegetables, and the peasants going and coming from the church in their curious costumes, the picture was most entertaining.

According to the legend, a poor peasant laborer discovered a thorn bush, which preserved its foliage throughout the long severe winter, and examining it more closely he found an image of the Virgin in its branches. Rays of golden light emanated from the image, and he immediately informed the priests of his discovery, which soon attracted large crowds of the faithful. So popular did the spot become that a chapel was built in which was placed the miracle working statue of Notre Dame de Roncier, as it was named.

As soon as its character was established a town sprang up about the chapel, and then a count of Porhoet began the construction of a castle here, which he named for his son. Afterwards his castle became the stronghold of the Dukes of Rohan. It was destroyed by Henry II of England but was rebuilt and held by the cavaliers of Charles of Blois. Oliver de Clisson occupied it in the latter part of the XIV century. Cardinal Richelieu destroyed it again in 1630. The family of the present duke reconstructed it, and

it is now one of the most beautiful and notable of the historical monuments of Brittany. Formerly there was a pardon held here with a procession accompanied by "barking" women, who it is said were afflicted with a peculiar form of epilepsy which caused them to imitate the barking of dogs. I understand that the priests so discouraged this custom, as I may call it, that it is no longer a feature of the pardon. Whole families were afflicted with the disease, which must have been a form of hysteria, and they were called "les familles d' abogenses." The legend relates that this was because of a curse visited upon her descendants by a cruel and pitiless woman, who refused a cup of water to the Virgin of Roncier, who asked it when disguised as a beggar. On the day of the Pentecost, those afflicted with the curse, were brought to the church to have their lips rubbed with the remains of the statue, preserved in a beautiful reliquaire.

Furthermore, a short distance away along the river one will find the shrine of Saint Gobrieu, also miraculously endowed so that peasants afflicted with boils come to it with heaps of iron nails, which they offer up with prayer. I could not learn the reason for this singular offering, but I found some of the nails.

Viewed from the river bank the castle presents the appearance of a fortification capped with towers, but inside it is like a lovely chateau, with walls covered with most intricate and elaborate ornament. The balustrade is a veritable chef d'oeuvre of carving, with the device "A PLUS" repeated over and over

again in an astonishing variety of design. Access to the interior is freely granted by the family, and there are fine portraits of the ancient lords and ladies, and noble rooms with great mantels and fireplaces, all well worth study.

The interior of the church of Notre Dame du Roncier, too is well worth study. It is in the Gothic style, and has been restored in good taste and with considerable discretion. The large windows are of plain glass, but retain here and there some scraps of fine antique painted glass. In a niche is a beautiful Gothic credence, containing a piece of human skull like a cup, resting upon a small bag filled with grain. This it is said was used as a sort of measure of the priests for dealing out grain at the pardon to the devout who used it to protect them from headache. It is supposed that it is part of the skull of Margaret of Clisson, the wife or daughter, I don't know which, of the noble lord.

Upon each side of the choir in the church are the chapels of Saint Marguerite and Sainte Catherine. In the first named is the ancient oratory of Clisson, restored by the present Duke de Rohan, separated from the choir by a wall with two bays, bearing the letter "M" above in that of left, the tracery forming a beautiful grill of sculptured stone. Behind this is the bench upon which the Seigneur of the castle sat at the celebration of the Mass. The "M" it is said is in honor of the lady Marguerite of Rohan, but another authority states that it is of a double significance, and that it is likewise the initial of the word "misérecorde" in memory of a fruitless appeal made

by Clisson to King Charles VI, when, after a rebellion a number of the citizens were put to death in the village. The Chapel of Sainte Catherine on the other side which contains the tombs (1507) of the Clissons, is in black marble and has two marble figures, and bears the inscription: "Tres haut et tres puissant Seigneur Monseigneur Oliver de Clisson, jadis connetable de France." The figure is in armor, the great sword at his side, his feet supported by a crouching lion, and his wife Marguerite at his side and her feet resting upon a dog. It is said to be empty, as the tomb was violated during the revolution. In the mortuary chapel may be seen the half obliterated mural painting representing a dance of death. In this church in 1351 the Franco-Breton Company of thirty met for prayer before engaging in the extraordinary patriotic duel, in which Jean de Beaumanoir commanding the Castle of Josselin for the Countess of Penthievre, conquered and slew the English captain, one Richard Bamborough, or Bambro, as it is variously spelled, before the cross of Mivoie. Each of the captains had twenty-nine cavaliers. This great duel lasted six hours, and at Mivoie, opposite a small inn, is a pyramid marking the spot where it took place. The country hereabouts is heavily wooded, some of the trees are very fine, and the walks are delicious, so that we were quite loath to leave it all.

The small village of Malestroit is close at hand, and the drive by carriage may be made in a couple of hours along a lovely road with a superb view of the ancient towers and roofs of Josselin, peeping from



AT THE FÊTE — JOSSELIN

among the rich green of the trees, and divided by the river shining like a silver ribbon.

Malestroit has much less than two thousand inhabitants and is situated on the banks of the pretty river Oust, which divides it. It is built under the walls of the castle, and was, it is said, formerly surrounded by ramparts, but these have now disappeared. There are many old houses, one of which called the "*Truie qui file*," is ornamented with many most grotesque and fantastic figures, the corbels sculptured with comic heads and depicting some rude pleasantries of the Middle Ages, such as a man in a nightcap, beating his wife, a caricature of a hunter sounding his horn, a hare playing a biniou, and a sow spinning.

Two churches, side by side, of different styles of architecture, are called Saint Giles. The stained glass is most beautiful and very old, representing The Passion and The Baptism, and the portal of two doors is surrounded by fragments of the sculpture which formerly adorned it. At the right above is a large reclining ox, half life size, on the top of a pillar, and at the left are broken fragments of legs and corbels, and niches in which statues formerly stood, and a curious rampant animal upon the back of which is an angry female in cap and flying drapery. Inside there is a curious figure of a saint carved in wood, and a pulpit of antique form which seems to be made of faience.

Elven is reached by the road through Questembert some four hours away, over a level plateau covered with thick wild briar, and amid a striking solitude.

The road is along the mountainous "lande," a region both rocky and melancholy. Here, it is said, Alan I, ruler of the Vannes district in the year 888 attacked and vanquished the invading Norsemen, who numbered a force of twelve thousand men, and was thereafter proclaimed Duke of Brittany. The spot is marked by crosses, and there are many of these in stone embellished with rude sculpture. On one cross is cut some nail heads, and on another is the representation of a halberd, or some such weapon. The village of Elven gives one a true idea of a mediæval town. The small stone houses, so dark and forbidding looking, have not changed in character since they were built in the XV and XVI century, and the inhabitants of strange aspect, furtively glancing from the deep windows at the noise of a footfall in the ill-paved streets, are no less antique in appearance. The language spoken is usually Breton, for they affect to despise the French tongue, which is being forced upon them by the state. Indeed, the state has taken pains of late not only to forbid the teaching and use of the Breton language in the schools, but has either confiscated all church property or has attempted to do so. Success however has not always attended these efforts for the inhabitants have the secret sympathy at least of the local officials who enforce the spirit rather than the letter of the obnoxious laws.

The village seems altogether unreal, and the inhabitants equally so; in fact, what little life is visible in passing through the streets has the air of being a survival of a former age. As I have said, this is the region of the "Lande de Lanvaux," a great upland

ridge, strewn with the remains of a prehistoric age. The remarkable menhirs and dolmen will be found at the outskirts of a dense wood. These are named the Baboons from some fancied resemblance. One of the peasants will guide the traveler to a fine dolmen near the village of Les Princes, called the "aux Loups," or wolf's den. At Carhaix will be found an "Allee Couverte," Le Letty, and a menhir. At Saint Guyomart is a magnificent specimen of a menhir nearly twenty-five feet high, and others at Plaudren which are well worth studying, one of which is shaped something like an animal and is near an "allee couverte" named Men-Guirec.

In the churchyard of the village will be found a curious ossuary or bone house, with the picture of a young woman supposed to be that of one found in a perfect state of preservation after many years of interment, and who was thereafter worshiped as a saint.

According to legend Saint Paul and Saint Peter, disguised as beggars, in order to test the humanity of the people, wandered through this region, and one day in a driving rain storm knocked at the door of a farmer's dwelling and begged permission to dry themselves at his fireside. The farmer drove them along with blows and curses, but seeing the good saints drenched with water and shivering by the roadside, a poor peasant named Miseré gave them both shelter and food, whereupon, disclosing their identity to the amazed peasant, the saints asked him what reward he would choose for his charity. Now it chanced that the poor man had but one treasure—an apple-tree—so he supplicated that whoever climbed

this tree to steal his fruit, he might be stricken and unable to get down until permission was given. Now, it chanced that on this day, after the saints had departed on their way, the farmer who had denied the good saints shelter, happened to pass by, and seeing the beautiful, rosy apples in the tree beside the poor man's hovel, and no one apparently watching, climbed the tree to take one, and was caught fast by the arms and legs as in a vise. Not daring to call out, there he hung. Meanwhile Death visited the peasant Miseré in his hovel, and demanded that he follow him, but Miseré requested him to just pick for him one of the beautiful apples in the topmost branch of the tree, and when Death climbed to the branch, there he stuck, until he faithfully promised to permit Miseré to live until the great Day of Judgment. Death agreed to this, but so unwillingly that when released from the tree he was in such a paroxysm of passion and rage, he devastated this whole region of Lanvaux. Asked what became of the rich farmer, the peasant shrugged his shoulders, and said "Dieu Sait."

The ruined castle of Largouet, with two remarkable towers, one of which is nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, will be found about a mile from Elven. Here the Duke of Brittany incarcerated both Henry of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII of England, and the Earl of Pembroke, who after their flight from the battle of Tewkesbury were shipwrecked on the Breton coast.

Suddenly seen against the sky, nothing could be more imposing than this great granite tower, isolated



REDON

and majestic, rising above the massive green trees. The thick wild vegetation around the base of the castle, the almost obliterated paths and the silence and solitude of it all, really fills one with a sort of awe, and recalls nursery legends of Blue Beard and the enchanted princess. The setting sun was gilding the top of the great tower, but the base was almost lost in the gloom of thick trees and shrubbery. Access was gained by way of the place of the ancient drawbridge and the wide doorway in the wall. Two towers remain of the ancient chateau, one, octagonal and majestic, pierced by great somber openings, with machicolis, is called the donjon, dating from the XVI century. A huge flock of ravens flew croaking about the tower as we drove away from this magnificent ruin in the midst of a wild country, presenting the very ideal of a haunted chateau.

*Vannes, Morbihan, Carnac,
The Lardon
of St. Anne d'Auray*

IN the essays of Dean Church is the following striking passage: "The old-fashioned Breton combs his long black hair, and walks about in his 'bragoubras,' turns his back on the future, and looks only to the past, on his dead ancestors and the cross, and profoundly distrusts all improvements in this world. A grand, sublime, miraculous past is contrasted in his mind with a poor uninteresting present, its mere appendix, and a future without hope or form till the Last Day. The past is to him the great reality of the world—the reality, not of dilettantism, of forced reverence, of partial or factitious interest, but of life-long faith." This so well characterizes the Breton of to-day that I cannot refrain from quoting it. He thoroughly and implicitly believes that Adam and Eve spoke in the Breton tongue in Paradise. But little by little the peasantry is discarding the beautiful and distinctive costume, and I note a change in this respect since I first saw Brittany some fourteen

years ago. The dialect of the Vannes district is pronounced by authorities, such as Reclus and Brizeux, to be of greater character and originality than the others, and they note the great rivalry, amounting sometimes to actual animosity, between the department of Trèguier, Leon, Vannes and Cornouaille, and at the pardons or the fêtes, they will often apply to each other such epithets as "Traitor of a Tregorrais!" "Thief of a Leonard!" "Sot of a Vannetais!" or "Brute of a Cornouaille!" but they rarely resort to blows.

Vannes is only three miles from the inland sea of the Morbihan, on the Couteau. The old town is about a half mile from the station, and will be found quaint and interesting, but very dull. We had intended making it a stopping place from which to visit the surrounding country and the islands of the Morbihan. It was night when we arrived, and the ride in the rattling omnibus from the station to the hotel was through dark, silent streets between rows of sinister looking overhanging houses, and past towers and crossing gray silent, open places. The hotel proved to be very uninviting, with no one about (it was only ten-thirty at night) but a sleepy porter who showed us hesitatingly and with ill humor to a cheerless room away up at the end of a vast gallery, or so it seemed to be.

In the morning on descending for coffee the *salle* was even dingier than it had seemed the night before. Some rough looking men were at a table near the windows, and in a sort of small, glazed compartment at one side was a prototype of Uriah Heep rubbing

his hands the while he regarded us. The coffee when brought proved to be as bad as can be imagined, and then I became conscious of a most villainous odor. Never before or since have I smelt anything so vile, and I am persuaded even now, as I recall the experience, that something or somebody was buried beneath the flooring. I was unable to remain in the room, and went out and sat on a bench before the door, where I could breathe fresher air, while the proprietor regarded me through the window. I remember one peculiarity about the *salle*, that there was a large round clock let into the ceiling face downwards. I do not recall ever having seen such elsewhere. The proprietor, when he learned that we were going on to Sainte Anne d' Auray for the pardon, manifested a great state of excitement—why, I cannot imagine—and endeavored to persuade us, nay, insisted, that we could get no accommodation there, that it was filled with objectionable people, even that there was no hotel—which I discovered afterwards to be false, as there was and is a very good inn, at which we were made most comfortable, and from the windows of which we had a fine view of the peasants—and finally offered to keep us for half price if we would only stop with him. We were thankful to get away from him, and drove along a charming road outside the town above a winding river, where there were fine avenues and shady walks, and old fortifications, with massive gray towers and walls all bathed in the soft, warm morning light. Looking towards the city of Nantes over the straight poplars are level streets of green pastures, clumps

of fine trees and winding streams, so that we quite recovered our spirits. The name Vannes is from the Breton "Gwened," and means wheat. It was the ancient capital of the Celtic Venètes, who colonized the Adriatic, and, it is further claimed, gave its name to Venice. Cæsar it is said conquered and crushed these people in B. C. 57, and it then became a Roman town, and from it ran six Roman roads over the country to Rennes, Corseul, Hennebont, Locmariaquer, Arzal and Rieux. The Northmen invaded and destroyed it by fire in the X century. Thereafter it became the stronghold and residence of the Dukes of Brittany.

The famous Chateau of La Motte, the castle of Blue Beard, who was Comte de Commorre, was here in Vannes, but cannot now be identified. In Luzel's *Voutes du Pays d'amor* the legend relates that Saint Gildas le Sage, a missionary from the monastery of S. Hydultus, in Cornwall, became the apostle of Brittany and the chief counselor of Waroch, Count de Vannes. He was induced by the Count (the wicked murderer Blue Beard) to arrange a marriage for him with the lovely young daughter of Waroch, Tryphena. Sometime after the wedding, Commorre discovered her busily embroidering a little cap, which she had fashioned in velvet. Commorre demanded of her for whom it was intended.

She answered, "For the son which I hope to give you."

Infuriated at this, for he had already killed five wives when they were with child, he now determined upon the death of Tryphena. She, however, suspect-

ing him, fled to her father, but was seized and beheaded just outside the walls of Vannes. Then came Saint Gildas and, cursing the murderer to his face, performed a wondrous miracle, for he replaced the head of Tryphena, and restored her to life, and after the birth of her child, placed her in a convent, taking with him to the monastery of Rhys her son, whom she named Tremeur. Of the ultimate fate of "Blue Beard" history is silent.

Regarding this Saint Gildas, who was a most remarkable, holy man, the legend says: "He died in 570 at his hermitage in Huath, requesting the monks to put his body in a boat, and under his head the stone which he had used as a pillar, and then put him to sea, when God would dispose of him. Once in the boat, however, the monks disputed over his remains, some claiming him for Brittany, others for England, but the waves rose, and the boat with the body of the good saint sank to the depths of the sea. After long search, however, the monks by prayer and fasting were directed to a spot on the coast, St. Croix, where the boat and its precious and holy contents had floated ashore. There an oratory, named in honor of the saint, was built, and the place is now the object of veneration."

Emile Souvestre, in *Les Derniers Bretons*, says: "Near S. Gildas the fishermen of evil lives, who have no regard for their souls, are frequently awakened in the night by invisible hands. Rising, impelled by supernatural force, they make their way to the shore in terror, and there they see long, black boats, seemingly empty, but which are sunk to the level of the tide



CANCALE

rushing about them. They hear sighs and groans and sounds indicating that a vast concourse is all about them, and enter the boats, which they see rocking from side to side. When all are in, the great white sail is hoisted by invisible hands to the mast-head, the boat leaves the quay and is carried away by the swift current. It is thought that the boat never reaches the opposite shore, but that the fisherman is condemned to accompany them thus sailing the ocean until the day of judgment."

One can make the trip to the inner sea of Morbihan from Vannes by means of a comfortable little steamer from the port. The sea is about seven miles long and sixteen miles wide, communicating with the ocean by a narrow entrance about a half mile wide. There are in it some hundred or more islands, of which many are inhabited by fishermen and their families, but, of course, there are no accommodations for tourists. Artists, however, have lived on some of the islands, but they do not recommend others to do so.

There are two hooks of land on either side which protects the Morbihan from the storms of the sea, one the peninsula of Loc Mariaquer, the other Sarzeau. There are sandy shores, and when the tide falls, long reaches of mud banks, on which screaming birds feed by thousands. Everywhere about are prehistoric remains. On the large island of Arz is a church supposed to be on the site of a priory of Saint Gildas, and there is a large cromlech of stones in a circle at Penraz near the village, which should be seen, and on Boëdic the Cap de Brohel, and elsewhere in the

neighborhood are fine Celtic remains of dolmen, menhirs and cromlechs.

The island of Auxmoins near at hand was colonized by natives of Rhuy, after its former inhabitants were slaughtered by the Norsemen. The name of the island in the Breton is Quez-Men'h. It is covered with megalithic remains. A great ruined half circle of stones will be found at Kergonan, and there are a large number of fine dolmen. The costume of the peasants from here is of very ancient style, and differs materially from that on the shore.

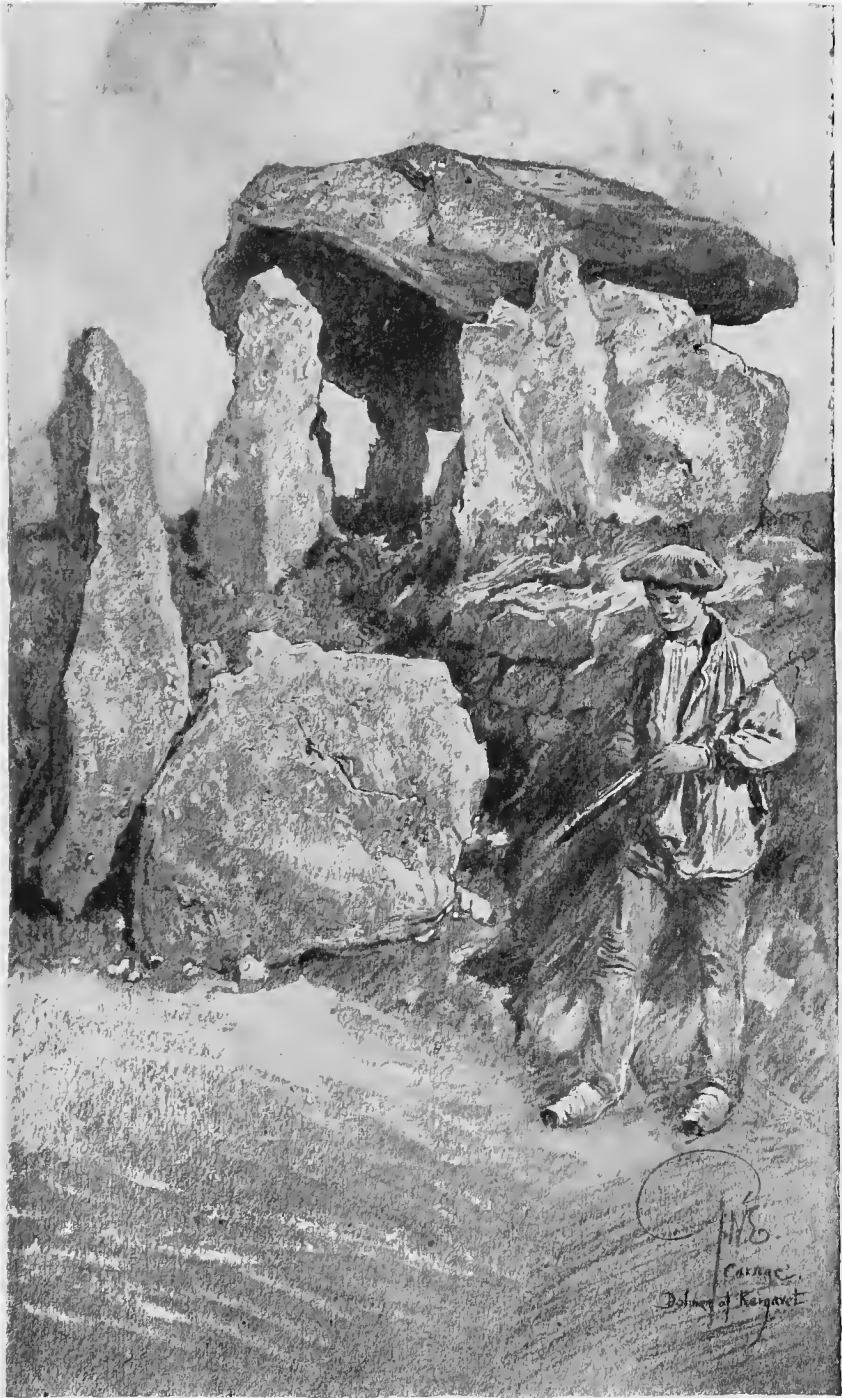
The most interesting of all the islands of Morbihan is named Gavr-Inis (best reached from Loc Mariaker) "Goats Island," because of the great tumulus which is nearly 30 feet in height, and which is a covered gallery, on the stones of which are some remarkable and most elaborate carvings. The central or interior room is approached by means of a passageway forty feet in length, about five in height, and something like seven feet wide, and the stones are of granite of a sort not found hereabouts. A nice mannered girl in quaint costume acts as a guide, and lives in a little house near a large fig tree where afterwards a stone crock was placed upon the live coals of the hearth, for us and soon an excellent cup of *c  fe au lait* and a huge slice of black bread was set out for each of us on an oaken table, quite black with age and use. The region is full of legend and superstitious beliefs, and the inhabitants believe thoroughly in the "Banshee" like the Irish.

Emile Souvestre says in "Les Derniers Bretons":

'Sometimes on the Isle d'Artz, the inhabitants see large white women, who coming from the neighboring islands, or the mainland, walk upon the water, or seat themselves on the river banks. Here they are seen walking to and fro sad and thoughtful, crunching the sand with their bare feet, or tearing to pieces with their fingers the flowers of the romarin which they have gathered on the dunes. These women are the wraiths of the children of the island married elsewhere, and who dying away from their cherished homes, return asking the prayers of their parents. Sometimes also in the long winter nights when the bitter wind raises the waves the women of Artz, awakened from sleep, hear at the foot of the bed the monotonous beat of the sea, and if upon seeking they find no water there, then they realize that it is the sign of shipwreck and that the sea has widowed them." Hereabouts the peasants will often sleep on the stones invoking the aid of some saint. Others will strip themselves and rub their breasts on the wayside crosses at night believing thus they will be cured of skin disease. And young men and women may be seen kneeling and praying at the pardons, or afterwards, dancing hand in hand around a dolmen or a menhir, all in full belief in the ultimate granting of their wishes.'

Carnac (Breton, Carn—stones, ac—a town,) is a very lonely small place on the flat shores of the Bay of Quiberon. The drive over from Auray is not wanting in interest to those who know how to find pleasure in "green fields and the shadow of the clouds." Our arrival at the little inn caused some

excitement, for here we proposed to stop for a couple of days, a most unusual proceeding, I found, as "ces messieurs les voyageurs" generally arrived and departed the same day. The inn proved quite comfortable and clean with a quaint dining-room and a huge fireplace of stone where one might roast an ox, and I was told that its resources were taxed at the Pardon of St. Cornèly, at which horned cattle are blessed before the church opposite, which event brings peasants and strangers here by the thousands, the latter generally buyers of cattle from the cities. The church is a quaint one dated 1639 with a curious tower with spirelets at the angles, and above the door is a statue of St. Cornèly, who throughout Brittany is a patron of horned beasts, as St. Eloi is elsewhere of horses. The church has an extravagant sort of baroque doorway with a canopy of stone called a baldechin over it, surmounted by a crown with a cross. The church was built of druidical stones from the plain and hundreds of menhir and dolmen must have been cut up and thus destroyed. However, at present the government has awakened to the value of the remains and the stones are now carefully guarded. In the town many of the houses were built of the Druid stones, and I found some of them in the stone walls dividing the fields. The peasants give the title of Soldiers of Saint Cornèly to the stones, and say that they are the petrified remains of an army of barbarians who, pursuing the saint, he by a simple invocation to the Deity turned them into stone as they marched. A short walk among small houses leads to the field of the alignment of Le Menec with



DOLMEN OF KERGAVET — CARNAC

its hundreds of menhirs in all sizes and dimensions, which are arranged in eleven parallel lines and are continued after a brief interruption of some yards by the ten alignments of Kermario, and farther on by those of Kerlescan, which are half hidden in the trees. The best view of the plain to the north is to be had from the summit of Mont St. Michel, a rather large artificial cairn about fifty feet in height, formed on a foundation of granite by the Druids. Surmounting it is a small chapel and a very old and mutilated granite cross carved with rude figures at which a woman was kneeling in prayer as I made the ascent. An English scientist named Milne excavated this mound some years ago and discovered that it contained a dolmen or tomb in which he found polished stone axes by the hundred, many objects of bronze, and some jewelry. These objects are preserved in a small museum near at hand, but better collections may be seen in the museum at Vannes, and in the hotel at Plouharnel. This mound or cairn as it is called by antiquaries, is built up of flat stones regularly laid on pebbles alternately with masses of sea weed from the shore, until the top is reached, then upon this earth was spread and the whole rounded off into the shape of a hill. A guide to the alignments is not necessary, for by following the road to Ker Malvezin, one soon comes to rising ground, and at the left is a fine dolmen with a cross surmounting it, and a little farther on the road passes between the lines of Le Menec. The tallest of these stones is about fifteen feet high, as near as I could determine without measuring it, and they vary from this down

to four or five feet. They stand in rows running from east-north-east to west-south-west, and the rows are thirty-five thousand feet long, numbering in all according to authorities (for I did not count them) one thousand one hundred and sixty-nine stones standing upright!

According to the antiquaries, these dolmen and menhirs were family or tribal tombs of the Druids, or a prehistoric people, and the so-called alignments are monuments erected by the tribe to the honor of the dead interred in the dolmens, the circles of stone being perhaps the places where the bodies were cremated, or where sacrifices were made upon the altars. All the dolmens so far discovered were beneath cairns or earthen tumulous mounds. It is certain that this level stretch of country which extends along the sea front from Carnac to Loc Mariaker, Erdeven and Belz, was an immense religious necropolis where among these sacred alignments and sanctuaries the ashes of some prehistoric people were deposited with great ceremony. In this region of Carnac all the local names are derived from funeral ceremonies, thus in the Breton *Plouharnel* means place of ossuaries, or bone houses; *Kermario*, place of the dead; *Kerlescan*, place of ashes. One can only speculate upon the identity of these remarkable people. Who were they, and whence came they, with their stone hatchets, and their wrought copper collars?

By what means did they transport these enormous stones from such distances, and by what engines did they erect the obelisks upon the plain when they got

them there,—that of Loc Mariaker for instance, the “Table de la Fée”? (*Dol-er-Hroeck* in the Breton). For years the peasants and farmers in the vicinity have been ruthlessly breaking up these stones and using them in building their barns and stone walls. Happily, at last, the government came to a realizing sense of what was going on, and now these stones are under the care of the State as historic monuments.

From the summit of the cairn Mont S. Michel the road to Loc Mariaker on the Morbihan may be seen, the little port of *Trinité sur mer*, and the hundreds of islands of the sea of Morbihan, hemmed in from the ocean by the “presque isle” of Rhuys. At Loc Mariaker, a little town of a couple of thousand peasants, are some wonderful megalithic remains, consisting of the largest known dolmen. Some are open, others still underground and sealed. The largest menhir called *Men-er-Hroek*, mentioned before, is now prostrate and half buried in wild briar. It was struck by lightning in a storm and broken in pieces.

A vast sepulcher called the mountain of ashes and the “Table des Merchands” (Breton, *Dol-ar-maré hadourien*) and a score of others are all within easy reach. *Gavr-innis* with its wonderful tomb described in the last chapter, lies behind l’île Longue and can be visited from here by boat, always provided wind and tide permit, for sometimes this sea of Morbihan is so strong and restless as to make such a trip one of extreme discomfort, if not danger. From this spot then, sitting beneath the battered, time worn cross of the tumulus of Mont S. Michel, I scan the strange panorama of the Morbihan, the

gray spire of the church of Saint Cornèly rising near at hand over the creamy white and gray walls of the village houses, the small farm holdings laid below like an irregular checker board. Nearer at hand, just over a belt of trees, is the small cemetery of Carnac, with its pathetic collection of white crosses surrounded by high stone walls. Then cultivated fields with growing crops, a clump of dark glossy trees, more stone walls, in the distance—dimly—the enchanted islands of Aux Moines and Arz, the great towers Succinio, under the soft gentle blue of the sky, the air laden with the salt of the sea.

The landlady of the inn, a kindly soul, prepared an excellent dinner for us. We shelled the peas, by the way, over a delightful fire in a wide Breton fireplace, with a stone hearth in a dark old room, half kitchen, half dining-room furnished with brass utensils and some fine carved furniture which we coveted. We had broiled young chicken, fresh lettuce from the garden, the aforesaid peas, and an omelette soufflé, which Brillat Savarin himself could not surpass, after which we sat about the glowing fire until bed time, for here the evening wind blows sharply from the sea, listening to tales of magic and mystery, of torrigans and the banshees which live among the dolmen and menhir, appearing to the affrighted, belated peasant on the moors, and vanishing in the masses of wild briar covering the hedges. The peasants of Carnac believe that on the night of All Souls' the church is lighted by supernatural means, and in the graveyard the graves give forth the dead, who wend their way along the road



THE MENHIRS — GIANT OF KERZERHO

to the church, where Death in the pulpit preaches a wordless, soundless sermon to a vast gathering of kneeling skeletons. They believe too that unless they prepare a certain kind of food, I don't know what, and place this upon the tables of the dolmens, their crops will be blighted.

In vain have the clergy tried to put a stop to the practice, which, I am told, is still extant, for the Breton is, as I have said, one hard to change. He is obstinate and resists all outside pressure to alter his established creed or customs,—that which his forbears did will he do also. Opposition only makes him the more stubborn, so the authorities as a rule are content to let him alone.

And now I must describe one of the most noteworthy of the Breton pardons, that of Sainte Anne.

All the roads leading to Sainte Anne d'Auray from the surrounding region are filled with peasants on foot, in diligences large and small, long and short, new and old, high and low, one and two storied, and in every conceivable style of vehicle. The peasants are in couples on foot, and sometimes in twos and threes on horse back. They form a silent, orderly line along the road and generally they are praying as they go. There is none of the boisterousness of the Flemish peasant about these. They are sad faced, though healthy looking, even the cripples, of which there are horrible specimens, limping along, sometimes dragging other cripples in wretched carts, and begging the while in piteous tones even of each other.

It has rained in the early morning, and the generally dusty white road is being trampled into a muddy

paste which is thrown right and left in spatters by the feet of the peasants. They are from all the provinces for miles around, for this is the really great religious feast of the year in Brittany. Time is reckoned from and to this day by the peasants, to whom it offers relief from the hard work of the harvest, as well as what is more important to them, remission of their sins.

On the road this morning, leading to Sainte Anne, we count fifteen different coifes or caps, and I am convinced that this is short of the actual number of headdress to be seen here.

Occasionally one or another of the more feeble of the peasants on foot drops out of the line and sinks down upon the wet grass by the roadside—there are hundreds such sitting along the way, some of them binding their sores, others eating or drinking, and some even asleep, tired out with their long walk, which began maybe as far away as Quimper or Concarneau.

Now, the spire of the church is visible above the trees, the gilded statue upon its top shining dimly in the hot mist which rises from the fields.

There are few colors to be seen in the throng. The dresses are of black invariably and wide at the hips, reminding one strongly of the costume of the Island of Marken in the Zuyderzee, but the aprons are of purple in every shade, and more rarely of green and magenta. The sleeves are wide, reaching to the wrist and bound there by a strip of black velvet; a similar strip rises from the waist, crosses the bosom, and continues over the shoulders and down the back.

The children are dressed exactly like the elders, and the men wear curious low-crowned, wide-brimmed, black beaver hats, from which depend long black velvet strips, short jackets trimmed with velvet, and sometimes baggy knee breeches, or long ones of brown or black.

In an hour the fountain is reached before which rises the church. The little square to the eye is one struggling blur of white caps with an occasional black hat dotting the mass. Here are women pushing and shoving each other with bowl in hand, striving to get at the water in the basins, of which there are but two, containing a horrid, milky-looking liquid in which many of the peasants are freely washing their hands, feet, heads and faces, while others are as eagerly *drinking* it.

The ground about is ankle deep in sandy slush, and old women are darting hither and thither laden with small, brown earthen bowls, containing the water for those who cannot reach the fountain. There is a constant muttering murmur in the air of hundreds of voices, praying to the Saint, and occasionally the whine of a beggar or the wail of a suffering crippled peasant, who has been trodden upon, rising above the hum discordantly.

There are a few crutches piled together at one side, but whether they are awaiting their owners or have been happily abandoned, I cannot discover.

As fast as those in the front have washed themselves or drank of the water, they are pushed aside and others take their places, and the procession passes on, one line to the right and back to the Holy Stairs,

the other to the Church before which we can see a kneeling white-capped throng.

We are forced by the crowd towards the Holy Stairs, up which the peasants are climbing on their knees, some with tapers of dirty looking tallow held unlighted in their hands. These stairs lead to a sort of altar draped gaudily in red cotton cloth and containing a relique surrounded by tall candles.

The rapt expression upon the faces of the men and women as they painfully drag themselves up step by step is curious to see.

All about on the trampled grass in the square before the stairs are women and men lying in weary postures fast asleep, unmindful of the fine drizzle of rain that is constantly falling. Here and there are groups of peasants, generally women, who are eating a soggy looking sort of bread and drinking cider from bottles. All about is the *débris* of a large crowd, torn paper and much broken crockery.

Outside the wall of the square are women busily cooking small fish upon pans of burning peat and small sticks; the savory odor attracts the peasants and they are bargaining earnestly.

Young girls peep forth in groups from singularly-looking covered shelters of curved stakes driven into the ground at either side of the road, over which are stretched pieces of coarse bagging. Inside a table is placed, and on either hand a bench, upon which the girls are seated. There is but little or no merriment among them, such as one would expect. They are large eyed rosy checked and generally comely, but one sees few really pretty faces.



CAP OF L'ILE DE BATZ

The church is constantly receiving and discharging the crowd, as one mass after another is said. Even in the place before the doors the peasants are kneeling in throngs, crossing themselves, telling their beads or looking up at the gilded statue upon the steeple with staring eyes and clasped hands.

At the left of the church, from which the tones of the organ is swelling over the white coifed heads of the peasants, is a long, low building with many windows and a door in either end. In the open windows are women leaning their heads upon their arms fast asleep. Inside the room is twelve feet wide by fifty or sixty feet long, and down the center is a bare oaken table strewn with hats, bottles and baskets and countless morsels of bread. Before this on either hand stretches a long bench upon which are the peasants in almost every conceivable attitude. There is little or no conversation between them, and save for the wail of a child and the shuffling of feet, but little noise. This is the room of the Pelevines who come for the water of the miraculous fountain.

Old women, with wrinkled, dried apple looking faces pass in and out among the throng with long, flat, narrow boxes under their arms, containing the dirty looking tallow candles which are to be burned later in the day in the church.

The peasants buy largely at prices ranging from twenty-five centimes to one, two or even five francs, and the profits must be considerable.

Beggars are there in boxes on wheels and carried sometimes upon the backs of strong limbed, blind men, who tread their way with surprising skill among

the peasants. They reap a rich harvest, for the Brittany peasant is generous, receiving, in return for his hard earned sous, prayers more or less sincere.

At noon the rain is still falling and the peasants quite fill the square before the church. Every conceivable color and shape of umbrella is seen, and viewed from the windows of the hotel they seem like a field of giant toad stools in motion. There is a swaying to and fro of the multitude in time to the murmured prayers. From the church comes the sound of brass instruments and then above the thousands of white caps appears a huge swaying gilt cross.

In the open doorway of the church the beadle is pushing back the peasants, and children are crying out with pain. Now comes the sound of the chanting of priests followed by the blare of brass horns. The peasants are rising from their knees and the sound is like the falling of a large body of water. The rain has ceased and the sun burst out hotly. There arises a noisome steam from wet clothing.

Now, soldiers appear on the scene as if by magic, their red caps and brass ornaments enlivening the otherwise somber tones.

Sainte Anne is their patron saint and they have come to do her honor.

Now come the priests in purple and lace and bishop in miter, swaying to and fro, blessing the multitude, which is kneeling or standing upon either hand. One notes the manner in which he scrutinizes the faces of the occasional stranger. Then passes the relic of Sainte Anne in a golden case, held

on high, and then the peasants close in behind and mass themselves solidly again. Now appear toy vendors among them and soon the notes of whistles and a sort of reed pierce the ear plainly. The religious duty has been discharged, and the peasants are now to begin to enjoy themselves. The girls are buying horns decked with vari-colored tissue paper, which rattle and rustle as they wave them in the air or beat upon the caps before them. Laughter is heard and the conversation becomes general.

Jokes are offered and responded to in the Breton, which sounds not unlike Welsh.

The booths about the square for the sale of crosses, prayer books and medals are thronged, but evidently there is little money to be had, for in less than an hour they are being packed up for removal.

Now appear again the heavy diligences drawn by fair looking animals in huge woven straw collars, their heads bedecked with gaudy tissue paper rosettes, and the peasants are beginning to turn their backs upon the square. The drivers loudly call out the names of distant towns, blow their whistles and jingle the bells on the horses' harness. Even as we look the wagons are filling with the soldiers, priests and the comely girls.

All the afternoon there is a coming and going of wagons and diligences and now much noise compared with the somber silence of the early morning. The crowd is scattering to the four points of the compass and is full of good humor. Here and there along the road are seen groups of beggars, the lame, the limbless, the halt and the blind, quarreling over

the gains of the day, or stretched out asleep with faces upturned to the sky.

The jangle of two or three bells sounds sweetly from somewhere among the trees, and the air of the country lanes is sweet in the nostrils after the foul odors of the crowd.

As we walk along a huge covered diligence approaches from which comes the drone of the bagpipe and the clear voices of women singing. The words sound strangely to the ear. It has been said that the Breton language closely resembles Welsh and that Welsh fishermen converse freely with the Bretons. The huge wagon passes rapidly, and inside it the peasants are closely packed. They gaze out at us curiously. Over the coifed heads appear the decorated black pipes of the binious. A turn in the road hides the wagon from view, but long afterwards the mellow drone of the pipes strikes pleasantly upon the ear.

The hotel proprietor advised us to follow the peasants to Mellac where there was to be a dance, and procured us a conveyance into which we crowded ourselves with some good-humored fellow travelers, who told us much that was of interest.

The woods at the top of the hill were filled with the shrill squeal of the biniou, and as we drew near, the shuffle of moving feet and the murmur of many voices was heard.

We came across the fields of stubble gleaned clean of almost every straw. In the bushes on the tops of the earthen walls which divide the different properties, patch-work-like, birds whistled, and against the



Blind
Biniou
Players

BLIND BINIOU PLAYERS

dark belt of trees millions of yellow butterflies shone.

Before us on the road walked a knot of peasants in holiday attire. The coifes of the women seemed of a lambent violet against the sky, and the black jackets of the gang men embroidered in yellow, seemed all the blacker in contrast. At the top of the road shone the white walls of the Mayor's house, the front of which was hung with the tricolor and bunches of ribbons, and beneath the hedge and sitting in long rows upon its top were young girls, their backs to the road. Above their heads rose a cloud of dust and the shuffling of feet sounded louder, but in rhythm with the scream of the pipes.

Suddenly the pipes ceased and the chatter of voices instantly began. From a gap in the wall a group of peasants burst, eyeing us askance.

Behind the wall the scene was like that of some opera bouffe. Here were nearly a thousand peasants in holiday attire, standing, sitting and walking about. Perched upon the heads of two barrels sat the pipers gayly decorated in broad brimmed, black hats festooned with ribbons. Between their feet were huge jugs of cider and thick lumps of freshly cut bread. One was old and one young. The elder had long gray hair and his clean cut face upturned to the leafy trees. He was blind.

All about beneath the large trees were tables laden with white china cups of cider from which the men and older women drank, seated upon benches. Carts lined with straw, their shafts tilted, encumbered the space, and the ground was wet with cider drippings from huge oaken casks.

The young women walked arm in arm, or sat apart talking with those who fringed the wall, the young men shyly watching them. Small children, dressed to the last detail like the elders, played solemnly about the carts and here and there very old men with long hair stood lighting their pipes with brands from the fire for the purpose, and exchanged experiences as to the harvest just finished.

A warning scream from the pipes, and couples began to form for a new dance.

Before us came Guenn Rosel, the prettiest girl for miles around. So the Mayor said, with a roll of his head and a wave of his fat hands. "Good day to you Guennie and you too Allanik. Send the day that you shall be man and wife, and that is my wish to you," and he slapped the handsome young fellow on the back and pushed him towards the girl, who saucily tossed her head and pretended not to hear.

A long line of peasants hand in hand stood motionless before the binious, who droned softly for an interval. Then all at once the tune began, and in a moment the whole line had broken and formed into fours, moving in a stately manner in a sort of polka. The faces of the dancers showed no emotion whatever, save that here and there a mischievous gleam or challenge shot from eye to eye. On they moved before binious, down the lane and out into the road before the Mairie, then back again in turning, twisting, shuffling stamping couples.

The dust arose in suffocating clouds, through which the faces of the peasants gleamed dimly above thin dark garments, and the rays of the sun pene-



“GUENN”

trated softly. It fell again upon the gathered multitude covering all with a yellowish powder and softening the contrast of the yellow embroidery upon the garments of the dancers, filling the cider cups with grit and blinding the eyes of the strange looking babies in the arms of the elder women. On they moved, up and down the clear space in the wood and upon the lane outside the wall, the young men stamping their feet to emphasize the time—or to attract the eyes of the stolid looking girls.

The soft purples, the blues and the dull greens of the girls' aprons became soon of one tone in the dust, and here and there couples dropped out exhausted, their faces streaming with perspiration. It was evident that the dance was one of endurance rather than grace, for now the remaining couples were surrounded by the peasants who encouraged them with strange Breton exclamations.

Soon but two couples remained on the field, and these the peasants watched breathlessly. The struggle between these two was intense, and the pipers were well-nigh breathless, until finally after the dance had lasted for nearly three-quarters of an hour, one couple stopped. Immediately there was a surging movement towards the other couple, who panted and shuffled their feet and turned and swung each other. Then all at once there arose a shout, or rather a loud murmur, for these Bretons are subdued even in their boisterous moments. The Mayor pushed his way through the crowd followed by the successful couple to the space before the binious, and in a few Breton gutturals congratulated them, handing the girl, who

panted violently, a crown of tinsel and flowers, which she immediately placed upon her coife, and the shining faced young fellow at her side a huge red handkerchief, or sash, I could not make out which.

Now, the cider ran in streams from the casks, and there was a great rattling of cups upon the tables, to the health of the happy winners.

The girls upon the turf wall began a sort of sweet chant, with a melancholy refrain, which was taken up by all the peasants and to this melody the fête in the woods came to an end.

Already the fat horses were being harnessed to the high curved carts, into which the women and children were climbing, and from the tower of the wayside chapel beyond on a hill, from which hung the bells like a bunch of grapes, came sweet sounds.

The sky was melting into a deep orange at the horizon, and above shone a few early stars.

At the calvary, beside the road, the peasants stood or knelt for the final prayer of the pardon, and even above the noise of the bells sounded the note of the cuckoo, at which we saw all cross themselves again and again. So we left them, and it was night when we finally reached the town.

*Hennebont (Lorient), Lannec,
Île de Croix, Lontscorff*

HENNEBONT, which meant in the Breton (Hen-pont) the old bridge, is a gray old town of stone houses and silent streets, with a bridge over the river Blavet, a town divided into the Ville Clos within some ancient walls, and the new town, which has little of interest to offer. The ancient walls date from the XIII century, and are the work of Jean I. The town is described in Froissart, and the ancient fortifications and the fine old gateway between two round towers are all that fancy pictured them. But by this time we were fairly engorged with picturesque towers and castles, so that my companion had experienced a sort of dyspepsia, as from too rich living, and regarded anything less than a positive architectural wonder with a dull eye. Not for me, however, for I kept up my enthusiasm without effort, and before changing my travel stained clothing had visited the ancient, unfinished parish church of "Notre Dame de Paradis," which has a heavy square tower with pointed pin-

nacles at each of the four corners. The railway here crosses the Blavet on a large viaduct, and the way descends to the old bridge by a detour, but there is another and shorter, more picturesque road, the rue Vielleville, which plunges by a sharp descent directly into the midst of the ancient, gray houses, which I afterwards discovered by accident, and which I traversed between lines of old women, sitting in the doorways knitting or tending sullen, comical looking babies, whose faces seemed to have nothing of babyhood in them, so seriously did they regard one.

At the foot of the street is the old bridge crossing the Blavet to the village close on the other side, which the rays of the afternoon sun gilds, making a charming picture. Indeed, if one is not prepared for a constant series of the quaintest, and often the most bizarre and unusual scenes, and has not the capacity for sustained enthusiasm, then one would better remain away from Brittany. As for me, I cannot repress my enthusiasm for this remarkable corner of France, to which I return again and again, each time with the knowledge that fresh impressions and enjoyments are in waiting.

Along the old bridge over the Blavet are passing and repassing the peasant women of Hennebont, wearing rather remarkable coifes, which though not as pretty as those seen elsewhere, are sufficiently strange to interest one, and framing now and then a pretty face dimpling with suppressed laughter at "ces etrangers" with their queer costumes!

The coifes of Hennebont women are somewhat like the headdress of a nun, they are so large and so

stiffly starched, falling like a large, white cape over the shoulders.

In the Lannay, behind the Grande Place, where the street is crossed by a little bridge is a quaint corner of which I made a sketch. My sketch books are now so plethoric that I am most critical of subjects for the few remaining leaves, but I cannot resist this and a half dozen others in Hennebont, among which is the well "*le Puits ferré*," a curious one of stone, circular in form, covered with a pointed wooden top, or roof, of boards, over which is some good iron work very much floriated and evidently very ancient, from which hang four iron wheels or pullies, in which of old, ran chains by means of which the buckets were raised. Very unromantically, a common iron armed pump is now attached to the well, and I discovered that even this during certain hours is fast locked by a padlock. An old woman seated on the stone at its side regarded me amusedly, and said: "Non, m'sieur, ca n'march 'pas maintenant," and shrugged her shoulders when I asked the reason. Farther on in the rue Portenbas, I passed some time-stained pavilions or stories pierced by quaint windows, and in their massive stone walls small iron-grilled openings, which looked very sinister and mysterious.

The center of the street is running with evil smelling water in the true mediæval style, and there are, of course, no sidewalks. I am told of a quaint and curious procession, which takes place here in September of each year in commemoration of the miraculous ending of an epidemic which ravaged the

town in the XVII century, but I did not stop to witness it. Whoever desires may read of Hennebont in Froissart, in which the town is often mentioned, and its history is sufficiently curious and interesting to the antiquary, more particularly its spirited defense in the years 1342-5 by Jeanne de Montfort. The walks in the old town, so gentle, so quiet and somnolent, are most attractive, as is the scene before the old bridge, to which one returns again and again, with its ancient, crenelated walks, now used as wine cellars. The old quarters and the street which mounts at one side in the "Ville Close," and the "Grand Place" before the church is all that one could desire. As for Lorient, it is a supremely dull and uninteresting town with a suspension bridge crossing the river Scorff at the Fanbourg of Kerentrech, and there is little here for the lover of legend and antiquity. Here is a dock yard with some gun boats and ships, and a few shops of passing interest. The town owes its origin to the great East India Company, like Saint Malo, but unlike the latter, it retains nothing of its former character. I used it simply as a point from which to reach Lannéec, Ploeneur, the Île de Croix and Pontscorff, where there are many megalithic remains.

Regarding Plouhinec, the most dismal and seemingly altogether forgotten corner of this sad region, Emile Souvestre says: "Plouhinec is a poor village below Hennebont towards the sea. One sees nothing hereabout but melancholy moorlands, on which grows not even enough grass to raise a cow for the market, and there is not even enough to eat for the



EARLY MORNING — HENNEBONT

'descendants of the Rohans.' " (As mentioned before the pigs hereabouts, as elsewhere in Brittany, are known as "the descendants of Rohans").

But if the people of the country lack corn and animals, all they have to do is to go to Lorient, and they will find outside and below the town a large briar bush, in which the "Korrigans" (fairies sometimes called Torrigans) have planted two rows of long stones, which may be taken as a road to their desires.

At Lennéec, which consists of a few mean houses, is shown the stone boat of Saint Nennoch, in which legend says he made a voyage over sea from the coast of England to Brittany. It looks curiously like an ordinary trough, such as is used at cross roads to water horses, but, of course, one would not venture to be so rude as to say so to the gentle mannered priest, who so courteously showed it to us. We happened in the neighborhood upon Saint John's Day, and went down by boat from Lorient to the Île de Croix for the ceremonial of the blessing of the sea by the clergy, so as to see the peasants in their holiday costumes. One of the charms of travel in Brittany is to be found in the human nature, in the close companionship with the people in the diligences, on the small steamers and in the small compartments of the railway carriages. We had for companions on this morning an *avocat* from Nantes, and a dealer in hides from somewhere else. I have forgotten his city. The *avocat* was a robust and enthusiastic Frenchman of thirty, with pop eyes and eyebrows high up on his forehead, as if in a perpetual state of astonishment at himself

and everything about him, and with a real Victor Hugo way of cutting his remarks into short paragraphs, all in capitals, and dressed with exclamation points. Describing to us the river:

“Magnifique! Ah ca—né cé pas! Propriété particulière! Cet Paysan pittoresque!”

All explosives delivered with the manner of an orator. In this way he shot out much that was interesting in the way of information about the pilgrimage, the poverty of the peasants, some folk lore, and details of the domestic life of the Breton. What I liked about him was the suggestive quality of his information; he impelled one's thought in a certain direction, and then deftly kept it in a proper channel by delicate touch upon this or that side, as he saw it swerving away from its definite conclusion, and giving it fresh impulse now and again by a suggestion at once fresh and vigorous.

The hide dealer was of the owlish order. A most attractive air of mystery enveloped whatever he said, and he used the delicate art of pantomime with the greatest skill. In informing us as to the Ceremonies of the Blessing he gave the idea that he it was who invented it all, and that without his presence the holy fathers could not possibly go on with the ceremonies.

In elucidating the connections by boat and train, he assured us that we could depend upon him, and he furthermore intimated with an indescribable side-long motion of his bullet head, that “Je suis de la localité,” drawing himself up and bending backwards with an inquiring and important air to judge the effect of this statement upon us.

I had never before heard of Le Coureau de la Croix. It is only an arm of the sea, and marked only upon the larger maps together with the island which is sometimes spelled "Groix," but the hide man seemed to know or care for little else, and as for Lorient, why Paris was his model, of course, for was he not *Français*?

But the degree to which Lorient compared with Paris in all the conveniences, life and in matters over which we in America are silent, none of the details of which he suppressed, was certainly remarkable. The individuality he attributed to this dull and uninteresting town did much to fill with interest the trip, which might otherwise have been gone through with in the listlessness with which travelers are apt to invest such.

This Île de Croix, or Groix, as it is variously spelled, was the island to which Gunthiern, the first settler of Quimperlé was wont to retire for meditation, and here there is a statue to him in a quaint chapel. The population is entirely of fishermen and their families, and it has a small harbor, the port of Tudy. The whole island is honeycombed with caves, and it abounds in both tumuli and menhirs of renown, such as Monstro and Melite, and the ruins of a Roman fortification, near Kervédan.

At the end of the short trip by the small steamer, the hide man piloted us to the hotel along a way bedecked by flags, and thronged by peasants in holiday attire. A most cheerful landlady in clattering sabots welcomed us into an old stone-floored kitchen, ceiled with smoke-blackened beams of heavy oak,

from which hung strings of garlic, and some good looking hams. At the farther end in a generous stone fireplace the "pot au feu" hung over a blazing fire, and there was a most appetizing odor of fresh coffee. On the walls were shining copper utensils, and in a corner was a curtained bed, a tall clock ticked against the wall, and old carved armoires with rosettes and spindles, such as made me envious and covetous, shone in the blaze of the fire. Everything was clean and old, bright, cozy and cheerful. The bedroom had two narrow beds, with clean, coarse linen sheets. There was a table with a small bowl and pitcher, and this with two chairs, was the furniture of the room, which was pervaded with the odor of dried sea weed, which I found on opening a door in the wall of what seemed to be a closet, came from a sort of large soft or bin, filled with this sea weed, called "varech" or "vraic." I forgot to ask for what this is used, but it matters little.

The Ceremony of the Blessing of the Sea was filled with color. Here were a great many fishing boats, all dressed in gay flags and manned by fine looking lads. Young girls, clad in snowy white, all Marias it would seem, marched in procession with a large image of the Virgin, and many silken banners, emblazoned with gold. The clergy were there in great numbers, clad in crimson, lace and purple, and altar boys swung smoking censers of brass. There was the singing and chanting in the Breton tongue, and the scattering of huge masses of bright flowers and greenery upon the surface of the sea, and, with a cannon shot from the small government boat at



BOY OF LORIENT

anchor beyond, the feast of the Blessing of the Sea was at an end.

The town is a small one, and I should think, when the flags are taken down, entirely "triste," but like all the others along the shore, of gray stone small houses with slate roofs, permeated with the mingled odors of pitch and salt fish. Here we remained for the night, our two entertaining friends the *avocat* and the hide dealer departing by the returning steamer to Lorient, with many expressions of esteem and regret at leaving us. I have never seen them since, but I shall not soon forget the entertainment they afforded us. They both advised us to go to Pont Scorff, which, they assured us, was very quaint, and filled with good sketching material, and begged that we would look them up when we passed through Lorient on our way, so that they might accompany us.

Pont Scorff is not an interesting town. It is situated on the river Scorff, which divides it into two parts, the upper and lower town, united by two bridges. In olden times there was rivalry between them, for one town was secular, the other very religious. The latter was known as Les Albin, or the Court of Albin. Some very interesting and noteworthy pardons are held here (see list), but I did not see any of them. There is a remarkable and most curious rectangular chapel of Saint Jean, which, it is said, was built by the Templars, and a beautiful and richly decorated renaissance house called the "Maison des Princes," with the arms of the Rohans.

The driver of the carriage on this occasion was a character. He was all noise and nerve, and *such* a

cider drinker. I never knew a man who could consume so much liquid. Where he put it all is a mystery. The horse was a poor, lean sorrel, with enormous hip bones, which stood out from her anatomy in a most comical manner. Her name was Pelagie, and I must say it suited her.

"Pelagie," he informed us, "was cunning, a good horse, oh yes, but she needed a strong hand, and a quick mind. She was like all of her sex, good if you knew how to manage her." He talked and whistled to her the whole way, and she trotted along with her head twisted slightly to one side so that she might the more easily observe us all, and detect any motion of the driver's whip. When she grew somewhat indifferent to his demonstrations, he would lull her into fancied security by humming a pretty tune, and then all at once break into hoarse shouts and imprecations and furious resounding cracks of the whip, to which her pace was for the time accommodated, only to gradually slacken to the period of the next outburst. Upon meeting another driver he would ask him to "give one to Pelagie," meaning to belabor her with the whip when passing. For every one he had a cheery salutation along the road, and at every road house or *auberge* there he would rein up Pelagie for a rest, and we must all, of course, descend for a bowl of cider whether we wanted it or not. It was all amusing, however, and we made the best of it.

(GUEMEN'E SUR SCORFF.)

We were not here many hours before we discovered that the "Auge gardienne" of the hotel was Julie,



PEASANT OF GUÉMÉNÉ

Joo-lee, every one pronounced it so we followed suit. She was at once maid, boots, porter and clerk, and a more efficient personage I never saw. Always good-humored, patient to the last degree, and although always at work she was neatness personified. It was delightful to see her about, with her snowy cap all stiffly starched of what seemed to me to be beautiful lace and her wide collar of starched linen standing out stiffly from her shoulders. Up first in the morning, she was ever the last to go to bed at night. In Brittany I have noticed that the women are invariably the stronger characters, and while the men are lolling on the sea wall in the sun, or drinking and smoking in the cafés, the women are planning and saving for the future, this is so indeed throughout the whole of France but the more noticeable here in this wild region where the force of character and strong individuality, chastity and industry of the sex is so strongly felt. Joo-lee it was who told us of the wedding which was to take place at the next village above on the river Scorff, and which she said we must on no account miss. Her third cousin "once removed" was to be the bride, and the groom was the owner of a small farm there. There were to be four weddings celebrated the same day according to the custom hereabouts, and as it was after planting time there was a brief interval of rest for the farmers who accordingly took advantage of it. We could go over in the "carriage" she said in style as befitted our station, and we did so, indeed the delightful Joo-lee arranged it all as successfully as she did everything else. When we arrived the couples were coming

from the "Mairie" where they had registered before the "Maire" a puffy little man who reminded me of Joe Weber or Lou Fields, whichever was the little fat one, I have forgotten, and who wore the Tricolor of France sashwise across his breast, and who came to the house to drink the happy couples' health after they came from the church where they had to partake of the Holy Sacrament. We met the four happy couples in the road coming along arm in arm with umbrellas hoisted over their heads, for it was raining softly while the sun shone, a common happening in this region. The boys, for they were little else in years, looked somewhat sheepish. I fancied in their suits of wedding clothes and heavy ribboned and decked felt hats, but the girls were of more mature aspect, while fully as young in years, and seemed not at all disturbed or frustrated. They were all on foot and did not mind the muddy roadway or the spattering their costumes were receiving. . . . In the evening Joo-lee arrived by some sort of conveyance and came over to the inn to take us to the ceremony at the house of her third cousin "once removed." Let me recall the picture as we entered the large room of the farmhouse. At a heavy table in the center on which were candles in brass sticks, I counted twelve of them, were seated ten people, at the head were the happy couple, she demure, he flushed with copious libations of red and white wine as well as bowls of cider "between times." At his right his father sat smoking with his hat well down on his head, and clad in a gorgeous jacket of embroidered Breton fustian, and just able to find his



BRIDE AND GROOM OF GUÉMÉNÉ — SUR SCORFF

mouth with his pipe stem, and laughing uproariously at intervals at nothing in particular and thumping the table heavily with his closed fist, after which he would subside into apparent dejection. At his right sat an individual who turned out to be a "commis-voyageur" from Rennes who lent style and cachet to the gathering and was as blithe and gay as only a "commis-voyageur" can be. Beside him sat two girls who were said to be twins but did not look the part, who giggled incessantly and poked each other under the table with secret understanding. Then came the aunt from Quimper who kept a butter and egg shop near the Cathedral and was reputed to be very wealthy. She took snuff whenever the father thumped the table, and glared about disapprovingly at everything and every one, particularly the author of this narrative. At the foot of the table sat Mater-familias in a very stiff cap and wonderfully colored shawl, as erect as a wax work which indeed she much resembled, for she rarely moved, and over her waxen face passed no shade of emotion or hardly an expression. Beside her sat a sleepy boy who threatened at intervals to fall off the bench, until by chance I caught his eye after which I held him fascinated by an occasional wink in his direction. Then with her broad back turned to us sat a portly dame in a tremendous spread of skirt who shook and gurgled with repressed merriment whenever her eyes met those of the groom. She held a large horn handled faded umbrella with whalebone ribs in one hand, and a beautiful old cup of Breton faience in the other.

At our entrance they all rose and saluted us and

we were introduced one by one to them, each insisting upon shaking our hands, even the old man who dropped the bowl off his pipe stem in the excitement, and thereafter sought it with his feet under the table, whenever he thought of it that is. There was singing of Breton nuptial songs—two of them—one with a most curious refrain which I am unable now to recall in any way, I am sorry that I did not ask to have it written for me. Then we had a speech by the old man in the Breton, and as M. le Maire arrived in the midst of it, he never finished whatever it was he was saying. M. le Maire with a filled glass in his hand held it on high and wished the happy pair all possible success and happiness in life and gave the groom some well meant advice on some matters not usually touched upon. However, the old man cheered most heartily, and nearly throttled himself in his excitement with the pipe stem, and after bidding them all good night, and congratulating the happy couple, I made the groom a present of a safety-razor set which I could not use and with which he was delighted, and we came away in the carriage, with the whole gathering standing in the street, and a pig which had been awakened by the noise peering at us uncannily around the corner of the house where the shadows were blackest in the moonlight.

*Chateaubriant on the Lake
of La Torche*

THE quaintest feature of Chateaubriant to me is the Boulevard de la Torche, where the ruined walls are hung with moss and surmounted with strange looking pavilions of wood with slate roof, which seem to have grown in their places like the huge blossoms of fungus one sees on trees of thick forests. The base of the walls here is bathed by a small body of water, over which a rude bridge is flung from the opposite bank, below the one of stone which has several arches, and ancient openings in which are steps piercing the wall, and the whole picture is as unreal, and "made up" I almost wrote, as one can imagine. I made a fair sketch of it, but this sketch gives only an idea of its character.

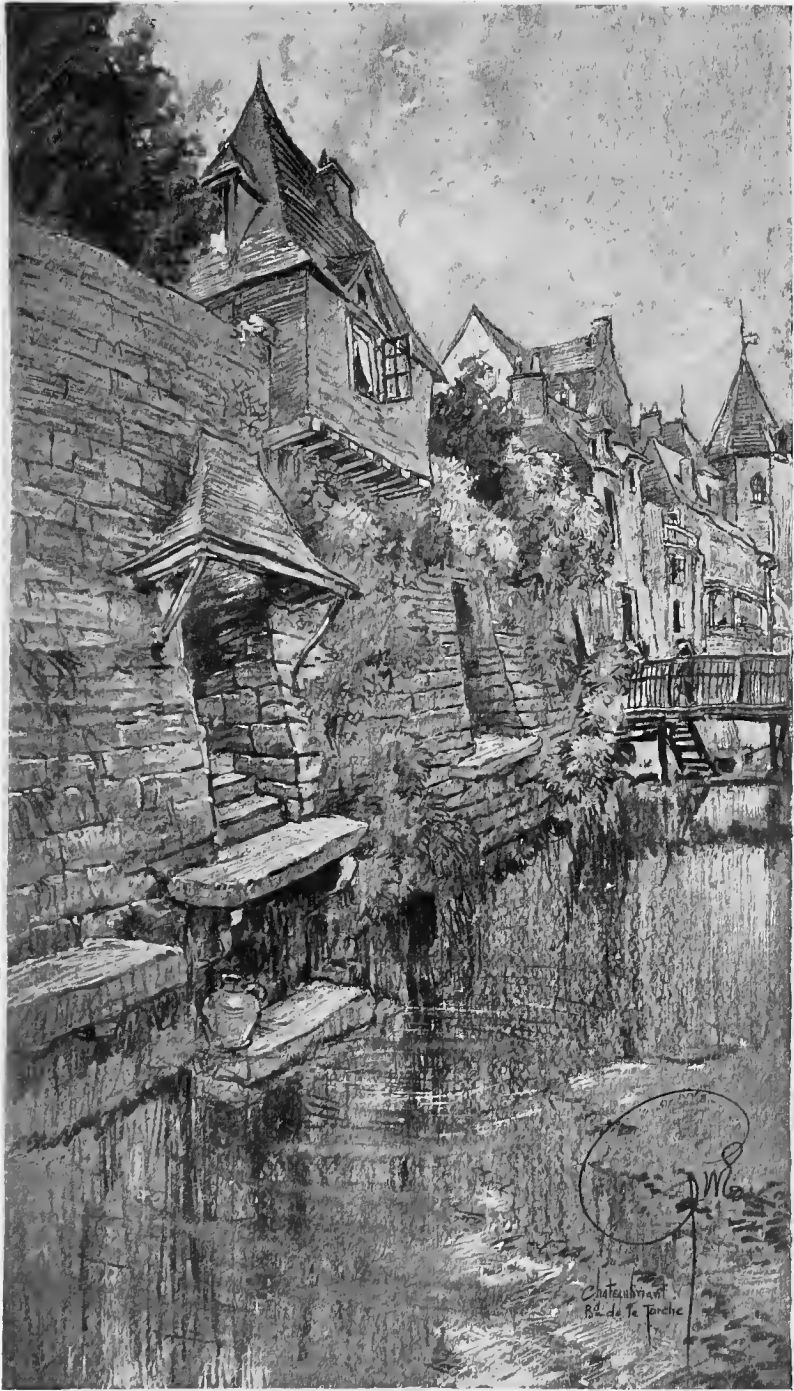
Chateaubriant lies at the foot, so to speak, of its grand double chateau, to which it owes its origin. The castle is said to have been constructed in the XI century by the powerful Briant. It was to this castle that Geoffrey IV returned after having fought in the

Crusades, and tradition says that "his wife died of joy on beholding him safe and sound." The town is most beautifully situated on the Chere, a small river which runs below a portion of the walls, which have been most artistically patched with quaintly constructed dwellings. This part, the most astonishingly picturesque portion of the town, is now in danger of destruction. The notary informs me that a spring is undermining the walls, and the engineers say they will have to be taken down, or allowed to fall of their own accord. I am glad I made a sketch before it was too late.

He took me also to see the Church of Saint Jean de Bire, over which he waxed most enthusiastic. It has been restored, it seems to me, with not very good taste, and I frankly told him so, to his discomfiture. The Porch certainly is fine, and has great character, by reason of its strong ornamentation in the early style, representing the Annunciation. But here my enthusiasm ends.

The old Chateau is in ruins and roofless, with tall trees growing in its courts, while the other, called the Chateau Neuf, now used as a gendarmerie, and built by Jean de Leval in 1525, is in better repair, and is a handsome structure in the renaissance style. It shows itself above the trees with round towers pierced by narrow windows, quite impressive in the dense greenery of the fine old trees.

Towards the town it is obstructed and hidden by the houses and gardens, which now occupy the ancient foss, but the picture is a most attractive and unusual one. Under the great tower a gate gives entrance to



CHATEAUBRIANT — BOULEVARD DA LA TORCHE

the "grande court," and entering this, one sees a superb example of renaissance construction of the middle ages. On this morning it was bathed in brilliant sunlight, and I can never forget it, coming upon it as I did, out of the gloom of the gateway. I was so enthusiastic that my friend, the notary, quite recovered his spirits, and related at great length and with great skill of narration the history of the Chateau Neuf. The Sire de Leval it was who constructed it in the year 1525 and upon its completion placed over the doorway the epigram—

—De mieulx en mieulx—
 —Pour—
 l'achever je devins Vieulx
 —1538—

It seems that Françoise, the Countess of Chateaubriant, was long the favorite of François the First, but he abandoned her for the favors of the Duchesse des Etampes, and had the meanness to demand of his former lady-love all the jewels which he had showered upon her, to give to the Duchesse.

Françoise de Leval then returned to her husband's castle, the Chateau Neuf, and the story relates details of the manner in which de Leval visited punishment upon her. It is known that for seven long and weary years he kept her confined in one of the dungeons of the chateau, which he was even then having constructed and ornamented by the most skillful architects and artisans of the time. François the First arrived at Vannes, and the Sire de Leval being Governor of the Province invited him with great show of

cordiality to visit Chateau Neuf. Upon the arrival of the King, the jealous husband released Françoise and bidding her array herself in all her finery and jewels, he made her do the honors of the castle and preside at the banquet, while he narrowly watched her. During the king's visit, she entertained him royally at her husband's side, as if they were the most united couple in the Province, so that François was completely mystified. On the departure of the king, however, all was changed. De Leval had prepared his revenge. He imprisoned her in the base of the tower, in a chamber entirely draped in black cloth, and lighted only by candles in tall sconces. In the very middle of this horrible chamber, he placed an open coffin on trestles. Here he kept the unhappy and unfortunate Françoise for months. Then, one morning in the dead of winter, the chains and locks on the massive door swung back, and the Sire de Leval entered in full armor, with a number of masked men. At a signal from him, for no word was spoken, these men seized Françoise and held her down, while a masked surgeon opened her veins with a lancet, and let her die then and there, while de Leval stood looking on at one side, his arms folded upon his breast, watching the struggles of the unfortunate woman. Whether or not the legend is true, it is interesting and lent color to the impression I got that day at the Chateau Neuf. The notary vouched for it, and said that he had read it many times, so rather than hurt his feelings, I wrote it word for word, as near as I could remember it.

*Guerande, The Salt Marshes,
The Paludiers*

WE are now at the extremity of the Breton Coast, the Guerande country, which is cut into innumerable semi-inlets by the sea, with the salt marshes on the one hand, and the Grande Briere on the other, both of interest. The town of Guerande may be used as headquarters and is surrounded by granite walls of the XV century, machicolated and flanked by ten fine towers built by John V. Of the four massive looking gates, that of Saint Michel with its two lofty towers is most impressive. For leagues around, the vast shallow marshes are divided into squares and rectangles of irregular shapes, walled in by low banks of a grass covered sandy clay, between which the water of the sea is allowed to enter at the tides. Here a large number of picturesque peasants, called Paludiers, live and labor in the salt beds. During the dry scorching days of July and August, the Paludiers rake the drying crystals of salt, which resembles thin, dirty brown ice, into rows to dry and

bleach, after which the women quarter it up and carry it to the great white piles which dot the plain. The annual production is said to be more than 6,000 tons.

Coming upon this region suddenly is like happening upon a vast encamped army, so like military tents in alignment are the piles of dried, bleached salt.

The plains are open to the breezes fresh from the sea over the rocky Grande-Cote, which protects them and the villages of the Paludiers from its ravages. Here are found Carheil with its remarkable Druidical Saint Cado, and an old ruined manor house; the villages of Kervallet, Roffiat and Kermoisan, curious collections of sad looking huts of stone on the Batz where little save pure Breton is spoken. These people, until quite recently, kept exclusively to themselves, scorning the other villages and their inhabitants. They allege that they are of a different race and descended from the Norsemen who settled on the island after the invasion. Up to within a few years they never married outside their own community, but of late the younger element had disregarded tradition and the lines once so rigid are broken down. The costume, while peculiar, has not the character one would expect, but it is sufficiently differentiated in detail. At work they wear long white blouses and caps, while the women carrying the salt to the white piles on the plain, wear short skirts to the knee, legs bare, and on their heads is balanced a large pitcher full of the salt. It is rarely now that one sees a Paludier clad in the old costume, save at one of the Pardons, or on a great market day. This costume

consists of a great many jacket-like shirts of white flannel, upon which are large collars. Their breeches are baggy to the knee, the legs clad in white knitted stockings, ending in yellow shoes.

The different villages have each their color for the outside shirt. Thus at Saillè, the shirt is red with white trimmings on the sleeves, while at Batz the shirt is dark blue. The whole is topped by an immense felt hat, embellished with various colored ribbons, arranged according to whether the wearer is married, a bachelor, a widower, and so on. Should a widower desire to remarry, he arranges his ribbons accordingly and thus his intentions are conveniently made known. As for the women of Saillè, they most certainly bear off the palm for uniqueness and originality. They wear heavy dresses of violet or white coarse linen, with bodices of black velvet, and sleeves of crimson stuff heavily embroidered with yellow or gold braid, according to their wealth. The corsage, too, is of lavishly embroidered brilliant cloth, stockings of red or dark crimson wool, and yellow shoes with rosettes of violet ribbon. The combination sounds dreadful, but on the contrary the effect is in good key.

There is a very popular fête at Saillè on the fifteenth of August, which is worth a thousand mile journey, in my estimation. The picture made by these peasants in their extravagantly colored costumes is one of great charm and rarity. Crowded into the little old church are long lines of white capped, kneeling women, bordered by standing and kneeling figures of men clad in their blue or figured

vests and baggy white breeches, in the incensed gloom of the aisles. The village, like all the others of the salt region, is simply a collection of small, low houses, under what seems to be one large weather-beaten thatched roof, and the effect is that of abject poverty. But step inside and what a surprise! Each door and window is seen to bear the sign of the cross, and when one's eyes become accustomed to the gloom, the interior seems to blaze with bright colors, with hangings and portières, of somewhat riotous patterns, but with fine pieces of ancient furniture and most delightfully carved Breton armoires, brightly varnished, and shelves upon which tall vases of Quimper ware stand laden with artificial flowers. But one does well not to come here with a captious spirit to criticise these strange people who are living out their lives based upon their own peculiar traditions. They are not exploited, in their peculiarities, for business purposes by bric-a-brac merchants, as are the people of Marken in Holland, who have in these degenerate days become almost fakes, and if only for this reason their peculiarities are to be respected.

The district is fast losing its former prosperity. Other localities with better facilities of transportation, and yielding a better and larger crop of salt per annum, have been discovered, so the one time prosperous Paludier is having a hard time to make a fair living.

Occasionally, all along the roads, will be seen the extravagantly dressed figures of the Paludiers, marching beside melancholy looking mules, whose heads are decked with bright red tassels reminding one of

Spain and bearing on their backs panniers of glistening white salt crystals. They move along the flat roads in a huge cloud of dust, which can be seen a long distance away, with a great tinkling of bells, rattling of harness buckles, and an occasional not unmusical "Ohe!" from the Paludier. Choked with this dust, we were informed that somewhat farther on we would find "un bon petite Auberge," and so we did—a low stone house of one story, with a huge mossy thatch, over the low door of which hung a dried bush. Here often the same thatch covers both man and beast, and it was over a huge pile of manure that access was had through an open door, with a bench upon either hand. At one end of the dark room was a small fire on a large blackened hearth, and near this, built into the wall like the berths of a ship, and half closed by sliding doors of carved oak, were two narrow bunks, well filled with bedding and enormous pillows, with embroidered ends in blue and red figures, looking like Russian peasant work. A cupboard of smaller beds at the opposite side of the chimney was evidently for children. In front of these a capital old carved Breton chest served for storage of clothing, as well as for a seat, and as a step by which to mount into bed. Two plain heavy tables, with benches at each side, ran lengthwise of the room, which had as a floor well swept earth. A large wicker work pannier filled with loaves of bread, each as large as a small cart wheel, hung from the ceiling, and there was also a wooden rack for some rough pewter spoons, which are, as a rule, the only utensils furnished by the aubergeiot. All peasants carry their

own knives, and as for forks, they have no use for them. The smoke blackened rafters of the room were festooned with sausages and bacon, strings of onions, old harness and anything else belonging to the house. An old withered Breton woman sat at the fireside, on a raised sort of stone seat attached to it, busily knitting at a jersey of blue wool, and three men sat at the table playing some sort of game with dominoes. The men gave no apparent heed to our entrance, but I knew we were being discussed in their patois. We asked for bread, butter, and a pitcher of cider, which was forthcoming, but no knives were brought. Noting our predicament, the three men at once produced theirs, immense horn handled affairs ornamented with a diamond pattern of german silver, and after wiping them very carefully and considerately on their coat sleeves, they opened and proffered them to us.

The Breton cider is, of course, very thin and equally sour, and is an acquired taste, but it is both wholesome and refreshing.

"And now, Madame," said I, "what shall I pay you?"

"Five sous for the cider, M'sieur, there is no charge for the bread, for is not that the gift of Bon Dieu?"

Thus it is throughout this strange land of Brittany. One may travel from end to end away from the large cities, and everywhere meet with the same hospitality. The peasant will willingly share with you what he has in the cupboard, and will not ask you for pay. However, he expects you to give him something, and so I left an offering of silver upon the window sill,



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among the balls of woolen yarn. I noted that the act was not lost upon the old Bretonne who, when she caught my eye, gave me a charming curtesy and a smiling "Merci, M'sieur."

Below the small village of Turballe, with its poor population of sardine fishers, beyond the point of Castelli, is Piriac, or what remains of it. Once it was a place and port of considerable importance, wealth and population, but it has now dwindled to almost nothing. There are many ruins here of what must have been splendid mansions and even palaces in the XVI century. The ruins of the town may be seen over the masses of rock which are here pierced by deep caverns, in which the waves dash themselves in impotent fury. A few fishermen and their families now occupy the place in most melancholy poverty, yet it is most quaint and attractive from an artistic point of view and the people are invariably hospitable, especially to the painter, who is welcome to all they have. Of course, as may be expected, there are no accommodations for visitors or tourists beyond the houses of the fishermen.

In the place de l'Eglise at Piriac, a small stone cross, evidently once a part of a calvaire, is mounted on a rude pedestal in a walled space of stone with wild briars. The houses opposite are of dark stone, the upper story white washed, with quaint pointed roofs of gray slate, and are apparently additions to what was once a noble manor house of long ago.

I witnessed a funeral here, a cortege of peasants in curious costume, following two by two after a poor shabby hearse, with bedraggled plumes, drawn by an

equally sorry looking horse, which was evidently taken from more arduous farm work. The hearse was simply a frame work on wheels, with a sort of canopy, under which was the poor black coffin of painted pine. Beside it walked the priest and a boy carrying a brass pail, in which was a kind of brush. We uncovered and stood at the roadside as they passed, but while they did not even glance in our direction, I am confident they saw and appreciated our action. I do not know where the burial was to be, as the poor pathetic cortege passed on and out of our sight, but long afterwards I could hear the melancholy drone of the priest and the high pitched, clear responses of the acolyte.

Living among the peasants, consecrated to lives of self-sacrifice, are the priests, who are here, there and everywhere along the coast, clad in rusty black, frayed "sontanes." Amidst scenes of poverty they minister to the wants of their small flocks, and ever have a cheerful word for them, their faces illumined with a light that speaks of the spirit within. I asked one how he could endure a life spent amid such scenes, far from all that makes life worth the living, and he motioned me into a small stone chapel where at one side hung a picture of the Mother of Sorrows, and a hush fell upon us—no need to speak. A moment later, as we passed into the salt-laden air, our ears filled with the din of the waves, we could but admire the self-denial and patient endurance of such men as this going priest, who thus voluntarily consecrate their lives to a willing service for others, who never turn back, but calmly go on in their chosen work,

until from age or weakness they lay down the burden of life and are put to rest in the storm-beaten churchyard of this wild land.

The fishermen told us that some painters had been there the year before, and a small girl showed us where they had been working. The signs were unmistakable—paint scrapings of lake, cerulean blue and lemon yellow, showed the character of their pallettes. The small girl said that they were *foreigners*, and when I asked were they not French, she answered "but yes." Thus all Frenchmen in this region are called *foreigners* by the Bretons.

A small place called Pouliguen on a narrow bay with beautiful sand is a good stopping place, with comfortable lodgings at moderate prices, and is becoming popular. Some villas are being constructed of raw looking red brick in the French style, and while no doubt they are considered comfortable by the occupants, are strange to American eyes. For instance, they never have any sort of piazzas or verandas like ours, nor are there any shade trees surrounding them. They are, as a rule, set inside of high stone or brick walls, the tops of which are sown with broken glass, point upwards, and tall iron gates with formidable locks give access to the grounds, which are often prettily planted with flowers. But I must say that to us the effect was cheerless. These villas, I am informed, are rarely, if ever, furnished with a bathroom. The French do not understand what they are pleased to style our "mania" for daily bathing, but they do sometimes bathe in the summer at the watering places "whether they need it or not."

Pouliguen life amused us very much, the bourgeois families are so tremendously in earnest in their summer outings, and they do certainly enjoy themselves to the very utmost. The wood of very fine trees, almost to the edge of the water, is very unique.

Near Penchateau is an immense sort of fosse, in which eminent archæologists affirm once existed a city of the ancient Venetes. Here many antiquities have been discovered, and below this, between Croisic and Guerande, was fought the great naval battle between the Venetes and Cæsar, which resulted in their vanquishment.

And now we are at the end of Brittany, and of our peregrination. To the eastward lies the mouth of the Loire and beyond that the dim line of Poitou. The bells are ringing for evening services in some one of the churches of this strange region. A deep red sail or two of a fishing boat gleams seaward, and overland the eye follows a thin, winding road across the fields. Over the empty plain a mantle of deep solitude falls with the coming of night. Westward against the setting sun the cliffs and gorges take on mysterious shapes and the distant spires are reddened in the glow, but only for an instant does this last—then the sun, sinking behind the glory of the gold-lined purple mantle at the horizon, leaves a pale violet vapor which sweeps gradually over this sad looking plain. It is thus that I remember it—a wide expanse of rock strewn coast, with here and there a gray stone church tower, a wayside cross, or an ancient ruined chateau facing a wild stretch of rushing waters.

Appendix

List of Pardons of Brittany with dates of celebration, and
some notes of interest to the traveler.

- *Pluguffan 2nd Sunday in September.
- Ploemeur First Sunday in May.
- Ploemeur Benediction of the sea, June
24th.
- Montconteur Whitsunday eve.
- Lanveoe Sunday nearest to July 26th.
- *Montconteur Dancing on Whitmonday.
- Pleyben 1st Sunday in August.
- Etang de Laouell 1st Sunday in July.
- Tregrom Saint Carre, Whitsunday.
- Ploudalmezeau Saint Bridget, 15th August.
- *Plogoff 1st Sunday and 3rd Sunday,
Beuzec-cap-Sizun, Notre July.
- Dame de la Clarte Sunday after August 15th.
- Troguer 1st Sunday in July.
- Plogonne Last Sunday in July.
- *Auray & Saint Anne d' Au-
ray July 26th and 1st Sunday
after.
- *Irvillac (Wrestling) 3rd Sunday in
October.

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- Clach 1st Sunday in July.
 *Baud 2nd of July.
 Bubry 4th Sunday in July.
 Guenin 1st Sunday in July.
 Guellouet in Melrand 1st Sunday in July.
 *Toulfouen '(Quimperle) .. Whitsun-Monday.
 Belz Sunday after September 2 1st.
 Saint Herbot Middle of May.
 Lembezellec Much frequented 2nd Sun-
 day, August.
 Plougonvellen Sunday near September 2 1st.
 —in view of Ouessant.
 Crozon (Chateaudin) ... Sunday after June 29th.
 Cleden-Poher August 15th.
 Clohars August 15th.
 Carnoet January 29th. (Chicken
 Pardon.)
 *Carnac September 13th. (Horned
 Beasts.)
 Saint Segal '(Cadwalader) . Sunday after July 22nd.
 *Lantec August 16th. '(Fishermen.)
 Laperec Last Sunday in August.
 *Rumengol Trinity Sunday.
 *Le Faouet—Saint Barbe... June 27th.
 Fouesnant July 28th.
 Bignac—Saint Congard .. Whitsun-Monday.
 (And here are sometimes
 heard the barking pil-
 grims.)
 Locmaris-Grandchamp ... August 10th.
 Langonnet August 15th.
 Lanmeur August 15th.
 Le Martye 2nd Sunday in July.

- *Plougastel Easter Monday, 24th June,
15th August.
- Lanrivoare 3rd Sunday in October.
- Lampaul Guimiliau 1st Sunday May, and after
Plougeurneau—Pardon of August 15th.
- Treminack 1st Sunday after August,
15th and last Sunday in
Sept.
- Saint Cava Last Sunday in August.
- Guengat Second Sunday in May, Last
Sunday in August.
- Saint Michel Last Sunday in September.
- *Folgoët September 7th and 8th.
- Lanriec (Concarneau) 2nd Sunday in September.
- Goulveu June 30th.
- Guisney 3rd Sunday in September.
- Tregune April 25th, 3rd Sunday in
September, Last Sunday in
August.
- Poullan 1st Sunday in September.
- Locmine 27th and 31st of June.
- Quéménévéen—"Great Par-Sunday after August 15th.
don"
- *Saint Jean-du-Doigt June 23rd.
- Saint Nicodemus 1st Saturday in August.
- Saint Nicholas des Eaux
- Pont Scorff 1st Sunday in March.
- Pont Scorff 1st Sunday after 10th of
Pont Scorff May.
3rd Sunday in September.
- Loc Maria-Grandchamp August 10th and 2nd Sun-
day in September.
- Moustoir des Fleurs 4th Sunday in August.
- Josselin Whitsun-Monday.

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- Pont Christ 4th Sunday in July.
*La Martyr 4th Sunday in July (Great
Horse Fair.)
*Loc Mariaquer 1st Sunday in July and 3rd
Sunday in August.
*Saille (Guerande) Feast day, August 15th.

The saints, statues of whom are found in every church throughout Brittany, and sometimes even by the roadside, may be identified by their costumes and by the objects in their hands or surrounding them, thus:

S. Vincent Ferrier in monk's dress, bears a trumpet and is winged like an archangel.

S. Anthony of Padua is garbed as a Franciscan and carries the child Jesus.

S. Hande is a damsel carrying her head between her hands.

S. Herbot is an anchorite at whose feet lies an ox.

S. Tervé is a blind monk with a wolf.

S. Guen Tierborn is crowned, seated, and bears three breasts, while on her knees are children.

S. Fiacre holds a spade.

S. Gildas is followed by a snarling dog.

S. Melor is shown minus either a foot or a hand.

S. Thegonnec is a bishop in a cart drawn by wolves.

S. Pol de Leon has his foot on a dragon, and carries a bell.

S. Thielo is a bishop mounted on a stag.

S. Ives or Yves is in a doctor's bonnet, and shown between a rich and a poor man.

S. Isidor clad in "Bragou-braz" like a Bréton peasant. (in baggy trousers).

S. Roch is a pilgrim with a wounded and bandaged leg.

S. Barbara is shown standing beside a tower.

S. Anne is between the Virgin and Jesus.

S. Efflam is a duke with a scepter, and has his foot on the neck of a dragon.

S. Bienzy has a cleft skull.

S. Brioc is a bishop, at whose feet crouches a wolf.

S. Budoc is also a bishop, with a barrel at his side.

This is only a partial list of the saints throughout Brittany, there are hundreds of them; and if one is interested, any of the local priests will furnish a more or less complete list upon request.

The Pardons, and some notes of interest.

Pardons, it should be explained, are the yearly gatherings for religious celebration of the day devoted to some saint, generally in the country at a fountain or a wayside chapel endowed with certain miraculous characteristics. They usually begin with Vespers the night before the day of ceremonies, and the peasants gather in crowds, sleeping in the fields and hedges, and sometimes in the churches where they chant the livelong night. At daybreak they celebrate mass, then in the afternoon there is a grand procession with sacred relics and banners; after which they pomenade, eat and drink, and finally depart to their homes in the evening.

Pedlars and vendors of strange articles esteemed by the peasants haunt these festivals, some of which are devoted to animals, who are blessed by the priests, and are in consequence highly sought by the pilgrims who believe that their farms will prosper if they possess a cow, a horse, or a rooster which has thus been sanctified.

Each Pardon has a distinct character of its own, and therefore to see one is by no means to see all. In the larger towns, of course, the festival has lost much of its former quaintness, therefore to see it at its best one should

go to those marked * in my list herewith. In the Morbihan the costumes are very curious. And here will be found a people who have preserved their characteristics to a marked degree. Likewise a strange people will be found in the mountain districts in the Arré and the Montagnes Noires, where little save the Gaelic tongue is spoken. At some of the Pardons the ceremonies will take place in the evening, at which a procession of strange figures, often barefoot and at times clad only in shirts and bearing lighted candles in their hands, will march chanting along dark roads, amid a wailing chant from the kneeling pilgrims; at others there will be a huge bonfire of brushwood lighted by a figure which slides down a rope from the steeple or tower of the church. After which will come dancing in the woods to the drone of bagpipes, or binious, as they are called, played by "Son-neurs" (drone pipe of two or three notes) and binious (playing the melody). These men are as a rule blind, and they are held in great esteem by the people. The ceremonies often close with games and wrestling, at which the peasants delight to show their skill and strength to the assembled girls. As a rule, however, after the blessing by the priests, the peasants quietly disperse along the roads.

The favorite dance of the Brétons is the "Ronde" or round dance, a sort of gavotte, and is characteristic of the people. It is danced at every fête and gathering, every christening and wedding from Saint Malo to Nautes. Generally there are two musicians either one or both of whom are blind. One plays the ancient Armorican ballads, (biniau) and the other a sort of flageolet much carved and ornamented with bits of bone. Sometimes one or the other of the performers will lay down his instrument and sing in a curious nasal voice one of the Amor-

ican ballads, which are held in great esteem. As a rule the dancers are skilful and can keep step in good time, and a great number and variety of figures are employed in the dances, but it will always end in the "ronde" when they will join hands and sway in great precision with some show of grace. I noted that the women and girls assume a gravity which I am sure they do not feel, and cast down their eyes during certain of the figures with great *démure*-ness, which gives quaintness to performance, but as I say it always ends in what M. Souvestre calls the "grande ronde" which is rollicking and unrestrained, yet most orderly and regular in formation.

The Pardons along the sea coast are of great interest, and the sight of the marching young fishermen in their sailor costumes, bearing models of boats in their hands as votive offering for rescue at sea, the lace clad priests with acolytes, and the young girls clad in snow white garments carrying a statue of the Virgin, is a charming one. I would advise the traveler to secure his quarters well beforehand in the small towns, for occasionally the authorities will send a regiment of soldiers to the town when a Pardon is about to take place and billet it upon the people, when, of course, accommodations are not to be had at any price.

The curé of the town will, as a rule, do a great deal for the stranger's comfort if rightly approached, and I need not add that a little tact will often secure one accommodations in out of the way places. The Bigaudens of Sizun and Port l'Abbe it should be noted are not real Bretons, the latter regarding them with great disfavor and avowing that they are thieves and robbers. They are in truth nothing of the sort, but they are very smart and can see all around a bargain, while the Bréton is slow and distrustful. The Bigaudens are showy in dress, and they

are neither religious nor moral it is said by those who know. As for me, I found them kind and hospitable in every case. And in all the time I spent with them I never knew one of them to do an unkindly act.

The traveler is warned not to drink the water of the wells; it is, as a rule, wise to drink the cider, but if this be disliked, then Eau de St. Galmier may be had at nearly all of the small hotels. Rooms in these are usually two francs, sometimes less. Dejeuner, two francs, fifty, with cider. Dinner, three francs with wine included. Coffee extra.

The best maps of Brittany are those of the "Etat Major" and the whole district (almost) may be had in sheets for a small sum (twenty-five centimes each). These are most convenient, indeed almost indispensable to the traveler.



F I N I S

