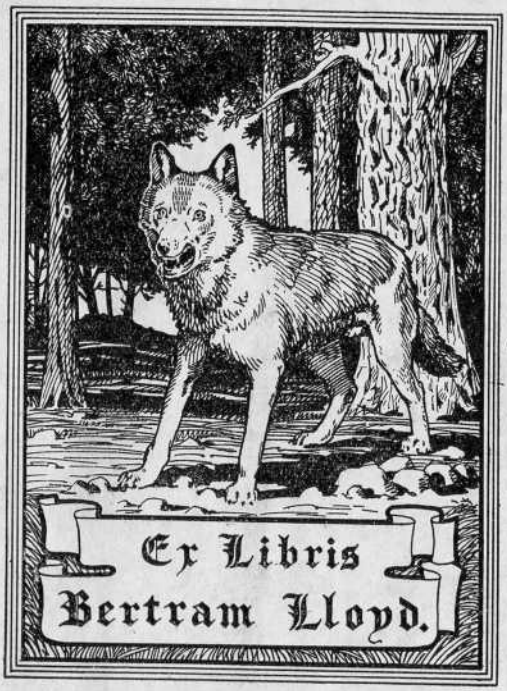
In Northern Spain

Hans Gadow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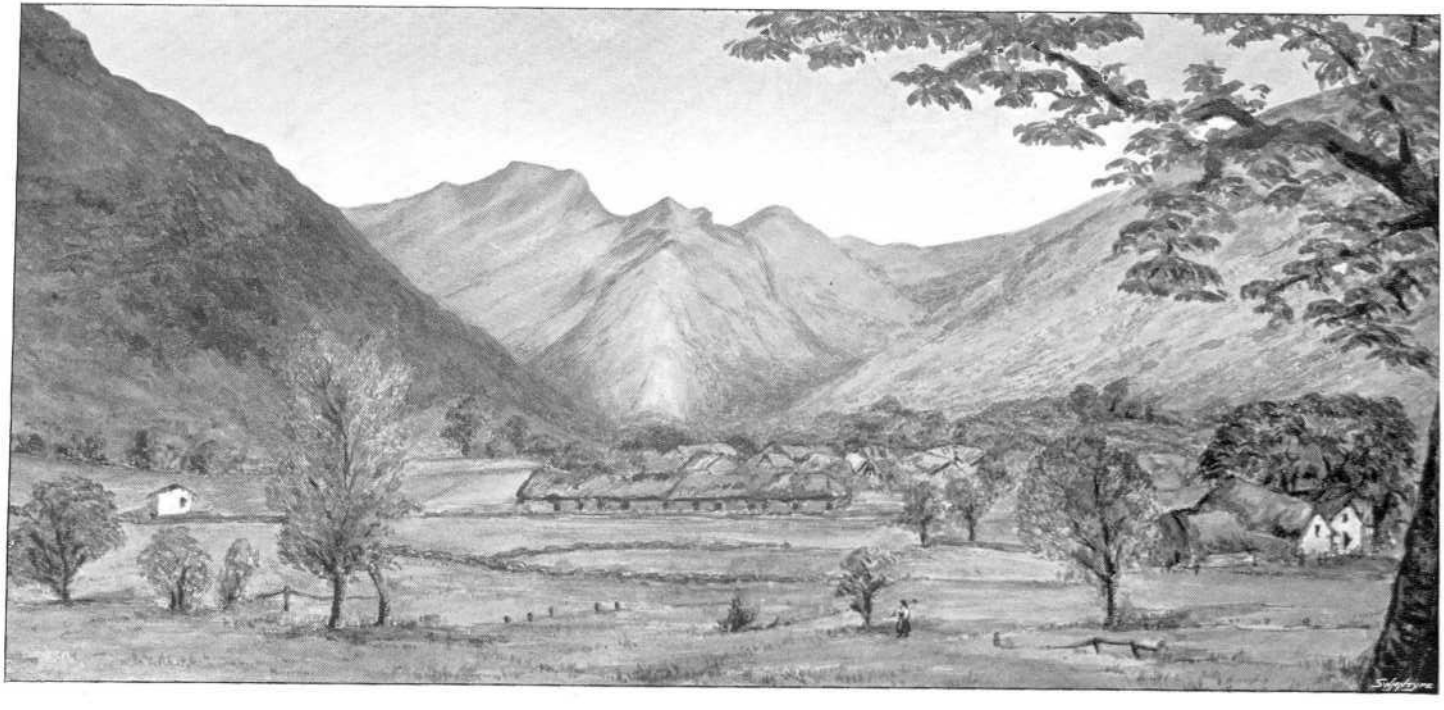
IN NORTHERN SPAIN



BURBIA

IN NORTHERN SPAIN

BY

HANS GADOW, M.A., PH.D., F.R.S.

CAMBRIDGE

WITH MAP AND EIGHTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1897

TO

My Wife

THE BEST OF COMPANIONS

PREFACE

THESE sketches and observations have been gathered during two prolonged journeys through the Northern and North-western provinces of Spain, and if we have occasionally put in a reminiscence from Portugal, or from Andalucia, it was done for the sake of comparison and fairness. We have been too long in the country to make sweeping statements, and to write a book on "Spain and the Spaniards" would be an undertaking as heavy and hopeless as an essay on "Great Britain and the English."

A few words on outfit from a lady's point of view may not be entirely without interest to any one inclined like ourselves to wander off the beaten tracks of Spain. Ordinary luggage, useful for most European travel, will be found cumbersome, and much more trouble than comfort under camping circumstances and rough travelling. The one point to be considered beforehand is, to combine lightness with strength. This makes the otherwise desirability of a fitted dressing bag, etc., utterly out of place, as, a hundred to one, it is sure, like all your packages, to get at least a dozen violent falls, which would smash anything breakable; and when in civilised parts, like railway stations and certain hotels, is very likely to attract attention and to be slit open at the bottom if you have taken the precaution of locking it.

Our luggage therefore consisted chiefly of four packages, which could always at a pinch be carried by ourselves, and which being without any special locks and keys, attracted little attention to the thieves on the look-out for tourists' belongings. No. 1, a mail pack; No. 2, canvas bag; No. 3, collecting box; No. 4, provision and cooking basket—to these were added a rifle, *kodak*, small sketching bag, a cloak, shawl, and sunshade.

Our cooking utensils were of aluminium, and provisions of the usual type, such as tea, coffee, Lazenby's condensed soups, sugar, and so on—to these were added a supply of whatever was to be had in the last town or village, such as bacon, eggs, bread, potatoes, olives. The canvas bag held the tent, cork mattress, a rug, our heavy boots when not in use, one spare suit of clothes, flannel shirts, etc. etc.

For a lady tourist it was well to remember that before we could reach our "wilds of Spain" many civilised places and towns had to be passed through; and having the strongest possible objection to appearing singular by a want of attention to the suitability of dress, it was determined to combine both extremes, and at the same time not overstep the limit of the prescribed weight or bulk to be packed on the back of one beast, whether horse, mule, or even donkey. Into the "mail pack" was consequently stowed a thin silk skirt, with a couple of thin pretty blouses for towns—to these were added several washing shirt blouses and a linen skirt, a suitable supply of underclothing and sundries, but no ornaments whatsoever; a good Norwegian knife worn outside the dress was found a capital friend, whether for starting a fire, cutting bread, or poking up a fern. We both found a strong good tweed suit, such as a Norfolk jacket, etc., was the most suit-

able and comfortable for all weathers, even though in Spain! With this moderate supply we found we had ample, and realised keenly that the amount of happiness to be gained in life appears to lie greatly in the possession of as little as possible of this world's goods.

Lastly as to expenses for two people—anything from five pesetas a day to a pound.

CASTELL FARM, NEAR BEDDGELERT.
28*th August* 1897.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER X

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XII

CHAPTER XIII

CHAPTER XIV

CHAPTER XV

CHAPTER XVI

CHAPTER XVII

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAPTER XIX

APPENDIX

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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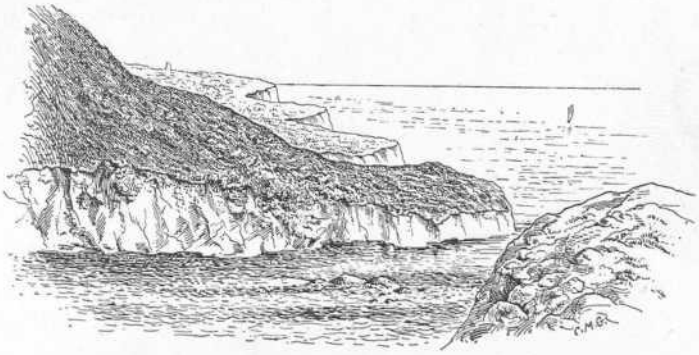
IN NORTHERN SPAIN

CHAPTER I

THE PASS OF THE DEVA

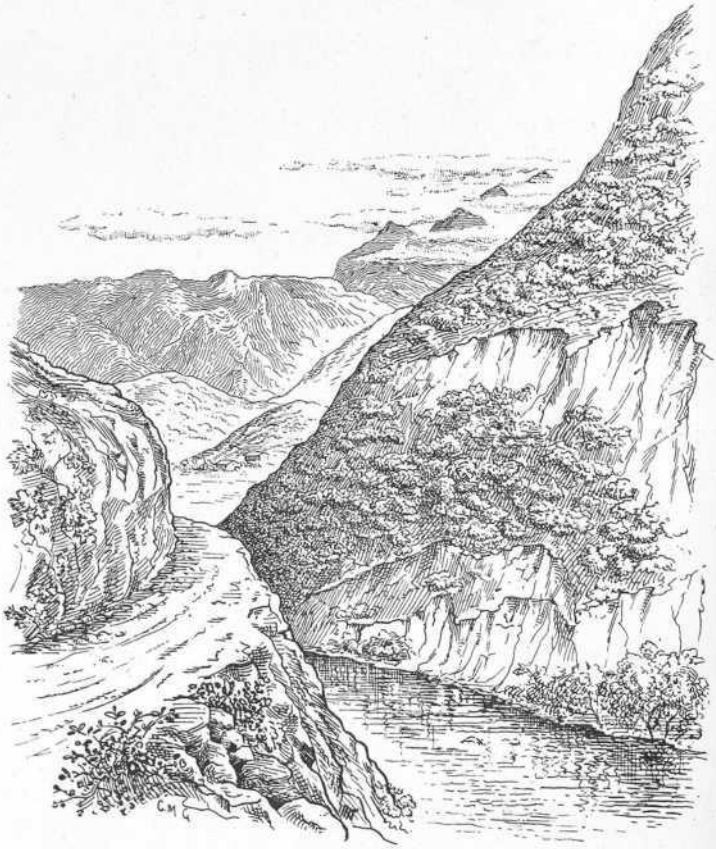
THE Deva is a lively little river which rises in the central ridge of the Cantabrian Alps, runs through the old town of Potes in the midst of the Liebana, and falls into the Bay of Biscay at a spot marked on some maps as Ria de Tina mayor.



Ria de Tina mayor. The Mouth of the Deva.

This means the Roadstead of the larger sandbank. The view from the actual mouth of the river is exceedingly fine, and well worth a visit. The coast is high and steep, much indented, and of the colour of yellow sandstone; the slopes near the edge of the cliff are densely covered with prickly

dwarf oak, gorse, heather, and bracken; in the more sheltered nooks, away from the sea breezes, are unbroken covers of *Arbutus*, royal fern, and *Cistus*. The view inland is striking. At our feet is the broad expanse of the land-locked estuary,



The View inland is striking.

surrounded by rich swampy meadows; farther inland is the river itself, flanked at its inner mouth on the right by the village of Molleda, and on the left by Unquera, a small cluster of houses. In the far distance, beyond gorges and walls of mountains, appear the pinnacles of the Picos de Europa, frequently wrapped in, and just peeping out of, the clouds. To enjoy all

this thoroughly, a walk of only half an hour should be taken along the eastern side of the estuary, from Molleda to the coast. Opposite Molleda, connected with it by a long bridge, lies Unquera, whose name may possibly be translated as signifying the rushy one, or the "rushery," with reference to the rushes or reeds (*juncus* in Latin) which grow in profusion in the numerous muddy side arms of the estuary. It is a tiny village, conveniently situated for a bit of quiet smuggling, and important to the traveller, because it contains the only tolerable inn for many miles around.

The inn—the corner house—is kept by one Fidel Velarde

The only tolerable Inn for many miles around.

and his family, who are strikingly good-looking, especially the girls. Don Fidel is a remarkable man; full of energy, cute, better educated than his neighbours, very affable and unscrupulous, he has risen into importance, and is known far and wide as proprietor of the "Aurora coaches." Amongst the many stories which are circulated behind his back is one which bears upon his reputation of being "hell on priests." Don Fidel had given alms, as he does often and liberally, to beggars, and as the universal phrase of thanks on such occasions is *Dios lo pagará*, "God will repay it," he had taken the deeply-planned precaution of writing out this

phrase on slips of paper and making the beggars sign them. Then he presented these various *pagarés*, literally I.O.U.'s, for repayment to the cura, who had let himself in by making himself out as being God's manager in the village! The story goes on to assert that the priest had to pay up, wisely so, because Velarde, as the influential and rich party in the threatened lawsuit, would certainly have won it.

We also had a row with the mighty one on account of a trick which it is his custom to play upon guileless travellers who do not know the ins-and-outs of the mysteries of the place. And as we later on heard of this being a regular practice, the following statement may not come amiss. Two daily coaches leave Cabezon de la Sal, where Velarde has an agent. The morning coach goes to Unquera and thence westwards into Asturia, but only the night coach, the real mail, arriving at Molleda about 10 or 11 P.M., goes to Potes, which it reaches at 1.30, 2, or 3 o'clock in the morning, according to whom you happen to ask! Velarde sends day passengers on to Potes by a small cart, and forwards their luggage by the night mail, which then naturally charges heavily for it as ordinary goods. All this we did not know, when our landlord affably informed us that we could pay for our seats on his side of the river, and that he would give us a *dókar Inglez*, by which he meant a dog-cart. He also blandly suggested that we should saunter up the lovely valley, to be picked up at our leisure, the charge for this superior mode of conveyance being ten pesetas, and five for the luggage, to la Hermida, half-way to Potes. Accordingly, after a few hours the *dókar* overtook us, but the tiny one-seated cart was already occupied by two other passengers, and with only half our luggage. As this was downright swindling, the driver was made to put our things down on the road, while I went back, and after a lively scene made the great man disgorge the fifteen pesetas. But although this

success swelled my breast with pride, and spread in both villages as an unheard-of act of bravery, I had clearly reckoned without my host, as nobody dared to produce a horse or donkey, let alone another vehicle, and it took more than three hours to engage a miserable two-wheeled cart with an overdriven horse, which I was lucky enough to pick up at a quarry not far from the spot where my wife, surrounded by women and children, had been faithfully keeping guard over our property. The man who fetched the luggage beamed with importance. The evening was lovely, the scenery glorious, but we crawled on step by step, Gallardo (the valid), the wretched horse, alone not enjoying the trip.

At the village of Panes we took a few minutes' rest at a shop renowned for its honey cakes, but the marvel of the place was the gigantic confectioner himself, who, in reply to our wondering inquiry, told us with pride that he weighed *cien kilos y un picul*, two hundredweight and "a bit." Unfortunately we entered the stupendous mountain gorge just when darkness set in, and thus we lost most of its beauty, the road being in such utter darkness that various carts which we met carried lighted candles and miners' lamps in order to pass the more dangerous places.

It was past ten o'clock when, tired out and hungry, we hammered away at the door of the hotel at la Hermida, everybody having gone to bed, and nobody being keen to take us in. La Hermida itself is a wretched little *poblacion* (small village), situated in the middle of the ravine, where it widens a little, and five minutes farther up stands now a new big bathing establishment with 100 airy and clean rooms. The charge for board, first-class, is 8 pesetas; namely, 3 pesetas for a room on the first floor, lunch 2.50, dinner 2 pesetas, and 50 centimos for breakfast. When you enter the dining-room, the *comedor*, you find at your place one glass already filled with wine, and one with water, to be replenished, of course,

ad libitum. The commissariat was not good, neither the wine nor the food, and although big salmon are caught regularly in the Deva, the cook managed to impart to the fish-steaks a taste exactly like the smell of shoe-blacking.

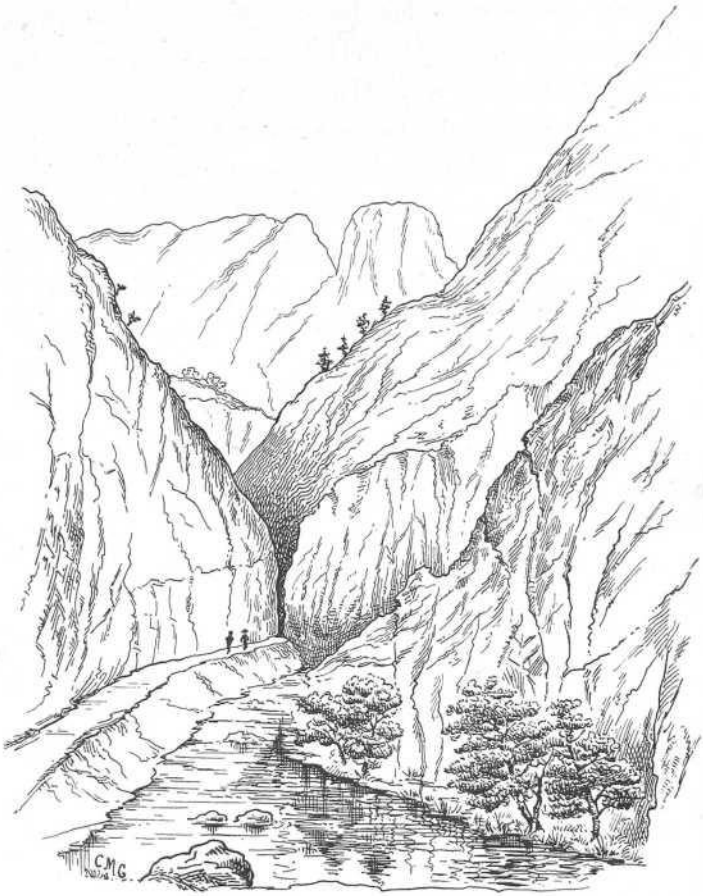
The establishment owes its existence to a natural spring, which comes out of a fissure of the mountain limestone, the broad rent being filled up with the red rubble of Keuper marl, very fine quartz-sand, and crystals of gypsum. The plentiful water-supply possesses a temperature of about 62 degrees Centigrade or 143 F., so that the bathing cells can be supplied with hot or warm water and with vapour baths. It is said to be good for rheumatism, for stomach complaints, and, owing to its sulphurous contents, for skin diseases. After their bath the patients appear wrapped up in blankets and in the heavy dark Spanish cloaks, and walk or bask about in the broiling sun, which in the summer months sends up the temperature to something appalling in this shut-in valley.

We spent several days in exploring the beauties of the pass of the Deva, "el Desfiladero," a gorge about 13 English miles in length, running from south to north through a chain of limestone mountains. Hermida lies about half-way. The Deva, after flowing through the comparatively level district of Liebana, enters at the southern end through a narrow gate in the suddenly-rising wall of mountains, the gate being flanked on either side by pinnacles wildly torn asunder, and enormous boulders, with the unmistakable glacial marks, are piled up around. This southern gate lies only some 800 feet above the level of the sea, which, measuring the course of the river, is some 24 miles distant. The fall of the river is therefore comparatively gradual, while the depth of the gorge through the chain of mountains, whose crest is several thousand feet high, appears all the more striking. There is not a pass anywhere else in Europe to which this one yields the palm in grandeur and extent. Certain valleys in Norway

—for instance that of Gudvangen or the Romsdal—are flanked by higher mountains, and others in Switzerland are perhaps as grand, but here we have a pass about 13 miles in length, every few yards of which bring new surprises of never-flagging sublimity. There is, besides, the inestimable charm of the profuse vegetation. Wherever the water is dripping down, are whole banks of maidenhair, covering the overhanging ledges of the road, so densely overgrown and so large, that they seem to be large patches of grass rather than ferns. Other parts, nooks and corners, are studded in profusion with wallrue, spleenwort, woolly fern, festoons of smilax, and clematis. The trout and salmon pools of the bouldery river are fringed with willows, hazel, poplars, and oaks; higher up, on the more retreating slopes, appear gorse, oak, beeches, and chestnuts. Here and there the walls of the gorge rise so precipitously up from the bed of the river that they exclude the sky, and the numerous freshly-fallen stones on the road, itself a feat of engineering, testify to the risk which is run by the wayfarer, especially after a rainy day. Some of the fallen stones had burst like shells into innumerable fragments, others were being removed by the *cantoneros* or road-menders, of whom several are stationed in the pass. At other parts, where the valley opens out, the pinnacles of the white limestone appear to advantage, with their flying buttresses, caves, cracks, and side ravines, and crowned with knobs which are almost toppling over. They are the haunts of eagle-owls and vultures, while the little pools and moist spots at the side of the river are enlivened by the grass-snake and the smooth snake, by blindworms, gigantic toads, water and tree frogs. Thousands of lizards bask and skip about on the sun-exposed rocks, and the whole air, quivering with the heat, is astir with the shrill singing noise of grasshoppers and cicadas.

The northern exit of the pass was not less striking. In-

stead of the sunburnt and shrivelled-up fields of the Liebana we beheld the widening river, fringed with green meadows and poplars, chestnut groves covered the slopes, herdsmen tended



The northern end of the Pass of the Deva.

their flocks of goats and sheep, and several villages, picturesquely perched upon the cliffs above the river, added to the charm, as Spanish villages mostly do, so long as you look at them from afar.

A mile or two below la Hermida, on the left bank of the river, stands a solitary little inn, called Urdón. It nestles

so closely against the foot of the mountain that the overhanging rocks protect it from falling stones. Here is a wild side ravine, quite barren, through which rushes a tributary of the Deva, and up this gorge leads a giddy, tortuous track, impassable for carts, to the alpine villages of Tresviso and Sotres, between four and five thousand feet above sea-level. The names of these places are obviously corruptions of Keltic words; *treb* (with the s-stem) means in Cymric a settlement or habitation, in Wales and Cornwall still occurring in the names of numerous places—for instance, Tremadoc, Tregarth. There is also a Treviso in Lombardy, another country occupied by Keltic tribes.

At the *table d'hôte* at la Hermida the meaning of these and similar names was settled somewhat more easily by the *administrador* of the baths and by a lawyer. The story goes that once upon a time a census was to be taken, restricted as usual to the counting of the *vecinos*, or homesteads, and the official, not over-anxious to climb up to the out-of-the-way places, which literally are situated at the end of the world, unless you cross the Picos de Europa, was satisfied with the following returns:—Tresviso means *tres visto* = three are seen, and Sotres is a contraction of *san tres* = there are three, namely houses! Of course this is a jocular invention, but quite characteristic of popular etymology in a country where names are known to be either Basque or Spanish, unless "they have no meaning at all."

La Hermida itself refers naturally to the retreat of an old hermit, who had evidently been attracted there by the hot spring. Urdón is probably of Basque origin, *ur* meaning water, and occurring in that sense in many undoubtedly Basque names—for instance, *Or-ia*, *Urederra*, *Ast-ur-ia*, etc.

The natives of Tresviso, some of whom spoke of themselves as Trevisanos, are short, dark, round-headed herdsmen of goats and sheep, mining being only a secondary occupation.

Their chief produce, for which Tresviso has attained notoriety, are small cheeses, called *picón*, which are so highly cured that they proclaim their presence a long way off. The men and women take them down on their small mountain ponies to the market of Potes and return on the same day, making the whole tour on foot, a distance of 28 miles, and this includes the steep descent and ascent of more than 4000 feet. The favourite attire of the women seems to be green petticoats trimmed with orange or scarlet, or orange or scarlet petticoats trimmed with green.

Tresviso, until then unknown to the world at large, burst into prominent notoriety when the late King Alfonso paid it a visit in the autumn of 1881, on the occasion of a great chamois hunt, which was arranged for his diversion. He was so struck with the place and the simple hospitality of the natives, that he took the alcalde with him to Madrid, as a return for civilities received. This unexpected honour, coupled with the unwonted sights of the capital, had an influence upon the alcalde, which was undesired by the little mountain community; he gave himself airs, posed as the personal friend of the king, and dared to speak of railways, palaces, festivities, and other marvels not quite understood and therefore not relished at home. When I asked after him, I was told, with a wink, that he was no longer alcalde; they had elected a man in his stead who was more in keeping with the requirements of their community.

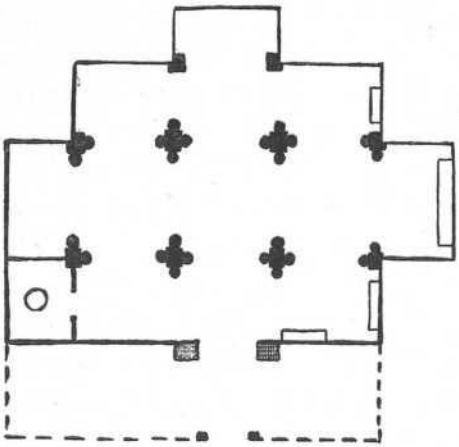
The kind-hearted king once asked a famous native sportsman of the little village of Sotres, who was armed with a wretched old gun, which wild beast he was most afraid of. The answer was as heartfelt as it was unexpected. "The only beasts I am really in fear of are the *guardias civiles!*" The king was so amused at this outspoken confession that he promised and sent him a magnificent gun and a perpetual shooting license.

About half-way between la Hermida and the southern entrance the pass broadens out into a side valley or slope, which towards the east leads to the monte rojo. This red mountain consists of Keuper marl, a solitary outpost amidst the blue and white mountain limestone, and belonging to the triassic marls and red sandstones which extend from near the coast of Santander upwards to Reinosa, and southwards towards Aguilar. This belt of Trias separates the limestone from the eastern cretaceous formation, which extends to the Pyrenees. The terrain of the red mountain is conspicuous by its totally different vegetation. Here only there are yew trees, which grow in abundance, and still more remarkable is the absence of the evergreen oak or encina, which grows plentifully on the limestone, but stops short wherever the marl crops up. The transition of vegetation is so sudden at certain places that it looks as if the trees had been planted artificially, but this is not the case.

In the midst of this slope, at the foot of the red mountain, lies the little village of Lebeña, renowned for possessing the oldest church in Spain. The village contains some extremely old, strongly-built houses with elaborately carved stone ornaments and armorial bearings, now inhabited by peasants. I found the priest, a very old man, with dark piercing eyes, but still erect, sitting in his *jardin*—that is to say, a very small enclosure full of beanstalks, a few lilies, plenty of weeds, and three old fig-trees. There he sat, reading his breviary, in the shade on a wall of glacier-worn boulders; his particular stone was worn quite slippery by having been used by him for nearly half a century. "*Oh, señor cura, un estrangero,*" screamed the housekeeper, and roused him from his thoughts, or may be his noonday nap. When I asked his permission to see the church, he immediately asked where I came from. "Inglaterra! Oh, then let us go at once. Fancy that you should have heard of our church.

And your lady has come too? *Bueno, bueno!* A brave young lady, but you are a wonderful people! Have you a carriage? No? Come on foot from la Hermida, to walk, to walk on foot to Potes? Well, well, there is not a lady in Spain who would do that."

In front of the church stands a large wide-spreading yew-tree. The church was built in the ninth century, originally in the Roman-Byzantine style with undoubted Arabic influence, but it has been so often restored that much of the old design has been lost or hidden. In 1754 the portal



Ground Plan of the Church of Lebeña.

entrance at the west end was blocked and put on to the south side, with the addition of a three-arched portico. In 1830 the old tower, *petrificado*, which possibly means weather-beaten, was removed from the centre to the east end, and has been built up in bad style. The inside of the church is most remarkable. In the centre stand the four massive square pillars which supported the original tower. Each pillar is flanked by four round columns of solid red and yellow sandstone with beautifully carved capitals. A pair of lower pillars, each with one pair of columns, stands at the east and west end. All the pillars are whitewashed and carry arches in

THE CHURCH OF LEBEÑA

the shape of horseshoes, which are painted gray. The side arches are a little lower than the four central ones. Light is admitted into the body of the church merely by four narrow slits, high up in the enormously thick walls, the slits being perhaps 2 feet high and 5 inches wide, while the slit in the sacristy and that in the baptistry are only 2 inches wide. Above the old entrance stands a choir. The impression produced by the whole church, so solid and massive, with its dim light, is one of striking solemnity, and there is nothing to jar in the high altar and the two side altars. The roof is tiled, with overhanging eaves, and the supports and friezes of sandstone are delicately carved.

The erection of the present Church of Lebeña is connected with a curious story related in a quaint document in Latin of the year 925, which has been reprinted in the Appendix to the volume on Santander in "España." Allefonsus, count of Leuenna or Fleuenia, wanted to convey the remains of Santo Toribio from the monastery near Potes to his own country, but the monks refused his application, pointing out that the Church of Lebeña was not of sufficient merit to harbour such a treasure. Thereupon the Count Alfonso and his wife Doña Justa pulled the old church down, and when the present building had been finished, he went with his soldiers to the monastery and ordered them to exhume the remains of the saint. The immediate result was that all the sacrilegious people, the count included, were struck with blindness. To atone for his sinful purpose, the count dedicated his own body to Santo Toribio; and all his goods and possessions, including the Church of Santa Maria de Lebeña, to the abbot and the monks, whom he had intended to rob, and through whose prayers he and his soldiers had regained their eyesight.

Altogether the visit to this church, in the company of the courteous old cura, was most interesting, but we had to

pay for it by a blood-tax imposed by the relentless garrison of hopping insects, eleven of which we took off ourselves behind a bush in less than ten minutes, and nine more on our arrival at Potes; a record of numbers which shall not be prejudicial to those which escaped the search.

On the high road, almost opposite Lebeña church, is a little *posada*, which, on account of its bedrooms and civil, obliging people, might not be a bad place for the lover of the rod. Here we met three tramping dwarfs, a woman and two men. The shortest of them, a native "from the mountains near Oviedo," scarcely reached up to half my upper arm (about 4 feet 2 inches), and was dressed in an old French uniform, which he had been given when tramping for ten months through the South of France. The quick-witted fellow, with a clever expressive face, had picked up a few phrases of French. His companions belonged to the province of Santander, likewise from the mountains, but none of them were keen about answering questions as to their native district, because, although not laughed at, or mobbed, they were sensitive and suspicious. As the natives provided them liberally with food, drink, and even a little tobacco, we gave them each a copper, a gift so unusual that the grateful delight of the old woman was touching to behold, as she hugged and kissed the coin, and then held it in her closed hands towards us, blessing us the while.[1]

The most noteworthy feature in the whole pass of the Deva is probably now the *Cueva de la Mora*, the cave of the Moorish lady, because of our visit of exploration and the endless articles which followed in various newspapers of Santander.

[1] I very much regret that not one of the photographs which we took of these three little people has turned out successfully. They had apparently clubbed together more on account of their poverty and small size than because of their being conscious of racial relationship. See also the footnote in chap. xii.

A young gentleman, Francisco Llorente, had visited this cave before with his father, the historical authority on any and everything concerning his native Liebana, and when they heard that we were particularly keen about caves, Don Francisco invited us to join an exploring party which he was busy getting up. As usual we were warned that the start would take place *muy temprano,* very early; consequently we waited for three hours, until towards eight o'clock, one after another of the members turned up, looking exceedingly glum and sleepy, so that, if it had not been in Spain, they might safely have been accused of suffering from *Katzenjammer* or "hot coppers." The case was this. In order not to be late for the early start in the morning, and not to disappoint us, the chiefs, including good Don Francisco, deemed it advisable to sit up all night, which they did in the café, and they whiled away the time by gambling, a vice to which the people are rather too much given in the towns. This lasted them through the night, but towards daybreak they had to give in, and on awakening they found that nobody had made any preparations for the expedition.

The party consisted of the most enterprising *personas dignísimas, bien conocidas en toda Liebana;* for instance, the watchmaker, the chief grocer, and various special pals of Francisco. There also came two young fellows to act as servants and carriers. The whole company, which swelled up to eleven, all told—several being picked up on the road—started in and upon the *coche,* which on this exceptional occasion was driven by Micelena himself, our Basque landlord. Our promiscuous party settled themselves for the most part on the slippery top of the zinc-covered coach, amidst ropes, pickaxes, miners' lamps, wine-bags, and a huge kettle which held the food. The coach dropped us at the wayside inn opposite Lebeña, and after an hour's steep ascent through a tract of oak and beech, a halt was made at a spring,

and we grouped ourselves on ledges, stumps, and stones, around the huge pan which was brimful of roasted fowls, potatoes, ham, onions, papitas, beans, and many more good things, which made a first-rate *tout ensemble* of all the courses of a good dinner literally rolled into one. This meal broke and melted the last bit of ice, if such an expression can be used on a broiling hot day in Spain, and our party proceeded merrily up a goat-track, or *camino de perdizes*, partridge-track, and as the ascent became more difficult, our file of eleven people extended, and here and there a member, who had rushed on ahead, was discovered under a bush, and had to be stirred up from his short siesta. The only live creature we met was a viper.

The last bit, near the peaky cliffs, was arduous, and we had to make use of the rope, hauling each other up and crawling along an uncomfortable ledge, just before we reached the entrance of the cave. The latter lies some 1500 feet above Liebana, about 2400 feet above sea-level, and commands a beautiful view towards the north and west; while on the south rise the barren blue-and-white rugged crests of the limestone mountain. A pair of *buitres*, vultures, unaware of our presence, doubled the corner and sailed majestically past us at a few yards' distance.

The entrance of the cave forms a regular vestibule, with even ground, nearly 30 yards long, 20 feet wide, and 15 feet high. At its farther end a narrow passage doubles round a huge projection and leads on the right down to the *sala de espera*, or reception room, more than 40 yards long, the ground of which is covered with masses of white lime. Then follow other passages and widening vaults of similar size, until the *salon de conciertos* is reached, where most of the stalactites have joined the stalagmites, forming pillars, screens, veils, and buttresses of the pure transparency of alabaster, and they, when touched, emit musical sounds like bells in

infinite gradation; hence the name of the concert hall bestowed upon this part by the Llorentes. At 120 yards from the entrance is another wide hall, the *gabinete de baño*, or bathroom, which contains a pool of good water. Thence a long, uninteresting high passage, without stalactites, leads to the *bosque de las madreporas*, the forest of corals, an excellent name for a low but wide vault, more than 60 yards in length, whose ceiling, walls, and floor are adorned with thousands and thousands of the most beautifully-shaped stalactites and stalagmites, which bear striking resemblance to corals. Here further progress becomes exceedingly difficult; one is impeded by clefts and rents, with side nooks and abysses of shuddering depth, to judge from the clattering of the stones which we detached and threw down to fathom and to probe the way. Some of our companions were experienced miners, and with their help it was possible to squeeze ourselves both farther and deeper down, sometimes through narrow but high rents; then again crawling on all fours, either to find ourselves in a *cul de sac*, or to discover new vaults, full of incrustations and ever-varying surprises.

It was curious to note that the various chambers were adorned in different styles, the stalactitic formation assuming different modes of deposit; here thick little knobs, there imitating cauliflower; here again cups and saucers, or sharp and pointed little spikes and pinnacles. Suddenly my companion gave a shout, just as we had crept over a block hanging jammed in a narrow passage, and we were standing straggling over the cleft wrapped in utter darkness. A drop of water had hit the flame of the miner's lamp, and it would not light again without much coaxing and the wasting of match after match, which we burned down to our finger-tips. This little incident damped our ardour, and we crept back to the rest of the party who in the meantime had explored other passages; and as the supply of oil threatened

to give out in several lamps, we were glad enough to see the dim, bluish light near the entrance, though the glare of the daylight, even in the cool antechamber, appeared to us so strong that for a long time we felt dazed and suffocated with the heat.

The cave has as yet not been searched systematically, but our companions had courteously decided that everything found on that day should be handed over to us. The bones found in it have been determined as belonging to the following animals :—Cave Bear, *Capra hispanica*, Sheep, Goat, Cow, Calf, Dog, and Man. None of these, except the bear, can have been inhabitants of the cave. The most interesting finds were, however, several human skeletons discovered in the *gabinete de baño* (bathroom), but unfortunately not well preserved in the white moist lime, being very brittle and partly crushed by the stones which had fallen from the ceiling. One skeleton was lying not far from the edge of the pool, face downwards, with the right arm stretched out, and the left doubled up; others were found huddled away in a corner under a ledge, together with several iron arrow-heads. The latter fix at once the earliest date of these human remains; stone implements have not yet been found, although the cave may have been inhabited in prehistoric times by human beings as well as by bears and hyænas. We have here to do with only comparatively recent inhabitants. They cannot have been permanent dwellers, the cave is too uncomfortable, above all too wet, and the vault containing the pool of water is absolutely dark. They must therefore be people who took refuge in the cave, some to die, others to be buried, most of them waiting for better times. The position of the cave is unassailable, and the water in it would permit of a protracted siege, provided the refugees had driven in their sheep and goats.

Iron arrow-head.

Troubled times for Liebana were those when the tide of conquering Moors and Arabs burst against the Cantabrian highlands, whose secluded valleys and pasture grounds had to receive the retreating Visigoths, who then, probably for the first time, made common cause with the Keltic tribes, the real owners of these highlands. The iron arrow-heads which we found in the cave are of simple, although not exactly primitive workmanship; they are all exactly alike, shaped like flint arrow-heads, but with the addition of two flanges at the base, which, being curled to meet each other, form a socket to receive the shaft. Similar implements have by the way been found by chamois-hunters, stuck in the cracks of the rocks of the Sierra de Andara.

It speaks well for the unrestrained imagination, but not for the matter-of-fact power of observation, that the account in the newspaper *El Cantábrico* mentions the existence of an "extensísimo y prodigioso lago, que forma el fondo y el limite explorable de la descendente cueva" (a very extensive and wonderful lake which forms the bottom and the explorable end of the sloping-down cave). It is true that I have hardly ever explored a cave in Spain and Portugal which was not said to contain a vast lake barring farther progress, but this chimerical lake, not the shallow pool where the skeletons were found, is stated to have been actually approached only a few days before, and to be so large that the farther end could not be discerned, although the light of the lamp enabled the explorers to calculate the expanse of water to the distance of 70 metres! Another common belief is that such caves were the refuge of Moors, and that they contain untold treasures belonging to a Moorish lady of rank.

After we had emerged from the cave, we settled down in the antechamber to a hearty repast, a fire was lit to prepare coffee, water was fetched from the pool, and the wine-bag went round. Our enjoyment reached its height when Don

Roces, who had found the bear's tooth and presented it to my wife, took up his *guitarra* and strummed national ditties, but we were unpleasantly interrupted by several people who had come up from Lebeña, and made ominous allusions to something very unpleasant that was in store for us. Our companions talked a good deal in an undertone, laid out their pickaxes, hammers, and crowbars, and shouted defiance, when one of the strangers gave it as his opinion that "to-night will flow blood."

Shortly after that an old man climbed up, accompanied by a lad, posted himself at the entrance and requested silence in the name of the alcalde of Lebeña. He himself, the presidente or sheriff of the *comarca* or village district, handed a letter to a boy, who jumped upon a boulder and read a sort of Riot Act, which was couched in the most wonderful, flowing, and well-set language, without even the smallest syntactical or grammatical mistakes. Unfortunately the presidente did not allow me to keep the document, but it ran something like this: "It has come to the notice of the administrative powers of Lebeña, who are bound by honour, tradition, and their unalterable laws to look after the welfare of their district, that a crowd of *foresteros* (strangers) from the town of Potes, and from other places, have invaded the Cueva de la Mora, our inalienable property, in order to search for treasures and to destroy its natural ornaments. Any stone, petrification, incrustation, any flower of the rocks (namely the stalactites), which has been rudely dislodged, shall be replaced, and not the smallest particle will be permitted to be carried away. Notwithstanding, the alcalde and presidente are not averse to giving permission, provided this be properly sought for, to visit and to admire the beauties of the cave, which nature has adorned so profusely, provided always that orderly behaviour be observed and that no tools and implements be allowed—conditions which will be enforced rigorously by law, and this the natives of Lebeña are ready to see to!"

Of course I apologised to the presidente, introduced him to my wife, and engaged him in talk on antiquarian matters. He warmed up to the stories of cave bears, recounting the time of his youth, when he himself was hunting the bears, which are now very scarce in the thick forests of yew trees; but at lions and hyænas he drew the line. The human remains and arrow-heads interested him much, and he was fully aware that such caves, of which there are many more in those mountains, had been used as places of refuge—for instance, "durante el tiempo de los Franceses," *i.e.* the Peninsular War. We assured him that we prized old bones and implements more highly than other treasures, and he quite captivated us with his courteous manners and well-cut expressive features, quite different from the majority of our more broad-faced companions. Of his picturesque dress an old green felt hat formed a conspicuous part. He modestly declined being photographed: "I am an old man now, no longer good-looking, and would not be a fit *recuerdo* for your señora."

The people of Lebeña were quite right to guard their cave; our companions had cut down a good many stalactites, without, however, doing any wilful mischief, to which they had indeed been quite averse. On the contrary, they were enraptured with what they saw. We were sorry to hear, later on, that only a few days after our departure a whole crowd of people from Potes had ventured to the cave in force, and had taken away baskets full of stalactites, which had suddenly acquired a market value.

It was late in the afternoon before we began the descent, and the shades of evening had set in when we grouped ourselves in front of the old church, to rest and to finish the still plentiful provisions. We all were lying on the ground, with heads and hands turned towards the large pan, only my wife having perched on a wall, to be out of reach of the little

beasts of prey. It was a queer sight to see our companions, some looking rough and ready enough for all purposes, emulating each other in their duties as hosts. One fished up a roasted chicken, tore off a wing and presented it to her with courteous entreaties not to starve herself, after the fatigue—surely a wondrous feat for such a lady; while another offered a handful of olives, and a third stood ready with the glass and the wine-bag.

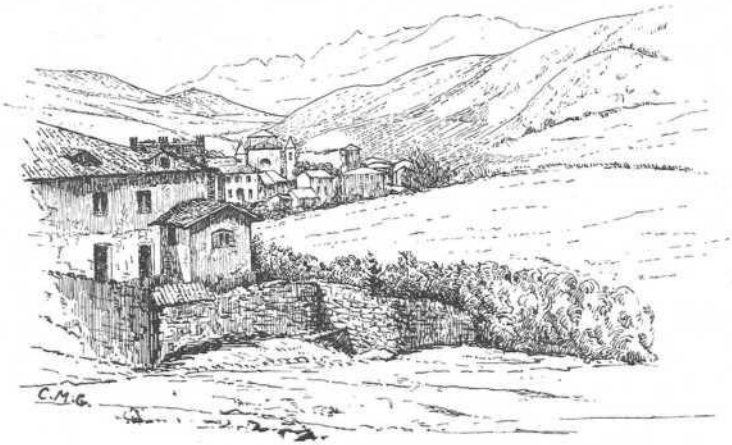
Full of deference, from Don Francisco to the smallest shopkeeper and the poorest servant, they were only anxious that we also should enjoy the picnic as much as they did, and not a single uncouth word was heard in spite of all the lively talking. We were their guests and they our hosts, for the day; and the wonderful absence of snobbishness amongst these Southerners did not prevent the watchmaker from taking his peseta for a broken glass on the following day.

Late in the evening we scrambled into and upon the coach, to be taken back to Potes, where quite a crowd, full of expectation, was awaiting our return.

CHAPTER II

POTES, THE CAPITAL OF LIEBANA

POTES, a village of some 1200 inhabitants, is supposed to have received its name from the various bridges which span the gorges of the two rivers, Deva and Quiviesca. A third



Potes, the Capital of Liebana.

little river,[1] the Bullon, joins the Deva a little below the village.

As Potes is very conveniently situated for headquarters, whence to explore the Liebana, the question of inns deserves consideration. In coming from the East—and nobody is likely to approach it from any other side—we meet first, on the left of the street, the Fonda Viscaina, where the coaches

[1] Concerning the names of these rivers, see *Deva* in the Appendix.

stop which come up from Unquera on the coast. "The Biscayan" is run by Don Micelena, a Basque of typical features—a sturdy, quiet, tall, and strongly-built man, who will stand no nonsense, and when he takes to his guests is anxious to promote their welfare.

The establishment is really a fine inn, provided the traveller's requirements are moderate. The large house has a double entrance; the left leads into a shop where food, wine, and things necessary for coaching and other travelling purposes, such as saddle-bags, ropes, chains, halters, and bridles, are sold; the space in front of the counter is also used as a sort of parlour for the people on market days to stand treat. The right-hand doorway leads to a stand for the coaches, behind them being the stables, and a flight of intricate stairs and passages brings us to the inn proper. This contains two dining-rooms, each leading as usual into small bedrooms, some of which are—again a usual feature—*habitaciones interiores*—that is to say, dark rooms without a window, and communicating with the outer world only by means of the larger common room, the windows of which are rigorously closed during the night out of consideration for the other visitors. But the inn contains also a few other rooms, separated from the rest, reserved for guests who are considered *de importancia*.

The largest *comedor*, or dining-room, has a broad wooden balcony, which commands a fine view of the Picos de Europa. Heavy beams project horizontally from 3 to 4 feet from the walls all along the front and back of the house, and support the eaves of the roof, which is covered with strongly curved tiles.

The windows have thick shutters of oak or chestnut wood, and open inwards; while on the outside are a pair of small glazed frames, which slide open horizontally. Some of the heavy shutters have a small pane of glass inserted, likewise

with a shutter, just large enough to admit the glary light, whilst excluding the heat.

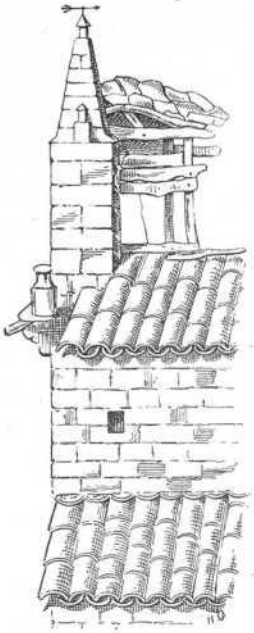
The rooms are whitewashed, very meagrely furnished, and comparatively clean and tidy; but there are nevertheless certain insects to be found in great numbers, notably busy cockroaches and flat bugs, perhaps also a sprinkle of fleas, but the latter are picked up easier in the narrow streets.

The "Biscayan" is patronised by the clergy and by mining engineers. Formerly English prospectors and other travellers seem to have taken to the inn a little farther on, on the right side of the street, which is run by one Celestino Prados, and is adorned with a large emblazoned coat of arms; but these "Celestial Fields" have gained the reputation of putting it on to strangers. The third inn, the Fonda del Teran, stands in the middle of the town, in a narrow, noisy street, without air and without any views whatever, and is more commercial.

Elaborately carved and often curious coats of arms are displayed on the corners of many houses of Potes and of the villages, but they can hardly stand the test of strict heraldic inquiry, although the owners consider themselves *cristianos viejos,* old families, and are extremely proud of their unknown descent.

The *ayuntamiento,* or town hall, was formerly a church. The slight sketch is intended to show the curious bell-tower which is so characteristic of the small churches in Northern Spain. It is in reality not a tower, but a continuation of the western wall of the building, with eaves for the bells, which are not rung but belaboured by hand, a man ascending to them through the roof and playing them in quick tune. The big bells in cathedrals are usually rung by swinging the bells round and round in a circle by short ropes attached to two horizontal beams, and not in the ordinary way from below with long ropes, which either rock the bell or the clapper.

In the marvellous Giralda Tower of Sevilla foolhardy bell-ringers will, for a consideration, curdle the visitors' blood by hanging on to the beam and allowing themselves to fly round, passing by this means out of the window in which the bell is hung.



The Bell-tower of the Town Hall of Potes.

Besides a new church, Potes possesses an old one, which, having become too unsafe for worship, has been turned into the town hospital; but the patron saint is still supposed to look after the safety of the poor inmates, who have to put up with Hobson's choice.

Potes is still without telegraphic communication, and its postal arrangements are not exactly smart, although there is, of course, a so-called office. The postmaster was an old man, who, whenever we called, was found asleep, and resented being stirred up. This was, however, necessary, as there were no office-hours. Letters are not carried out, but the names of the intended owners, not to use the awkward word addressee, are copied out and suspended on the door outside the building.

The addresses are often reproduced in the funniest way, but the height of confusion is reached in the larger, regular post-offices, where the addresses are not suspended, but where the letters are put into pigeon-holes, alphabetically arranged according to the fancy of the postmaster. Mr. John Smith will, on inquiry, probably be told that there is nothing for him, because the letter is safely lodged under J., Smith being in this case mistaken for the additional surname, according to frequent Spanish custom. But John Smith, Esq., will

as likely be relegated to E, and unless the postmaster is amicably inclined, your letter has a good chance of remaining there until the quarterly or annual clearance, when it may be returned through the dead-letter office. I say may, because such letters are occasionally considered troublesome, *de mucho trabajo,* and have a knack of disappearing, as we have learnt to our cost. This applies, however, only to foreign, not to inland, letters. In places without delivery, namely, the postmaster is entitled to an extra halfpenny as a legal source of his income. This is one of the many Spanish anomalies; it is considered more troublesome to keep a letter in the office than to send it out, and therefore you are asked to pay for the worry. The only safe plan, which saves worry and anxiety, is to get a friendly introduction to the official, and then not to omit the exchange of compliments as to health, in which case he will invite you to look through his shelves and bundles and to take your choice. In this way I have, in Potes, come across a letter addressed to a gentleman at a town not far from Santander. I pointed out the mistake, and asked why it had not been returned and sent on from Potes, where it had no earthly business to be. But the answer was startling: "That man is a *compatriota* of yours, a foreigner at least, is he not? Well, numbers of strangers come to Potes, and he is as likely to turn up here as at Cabezon!"

Then, again, when riding through places without postal communication I have many a time been stopped by a woman telling me that somebody else had got a letter for me which had been entrusted to him on the last marketing day. On our last day at San Sebastian we called twice in vain for a registered letter, but were assured positively by three officials that nothing had arrived for us; but as we felt still more positive, and the letter contained a remittance from our banker, we procured at once a note from the Consul, where-

upon the letter was forthcoming without delay. The first excuse given was that the post had just come in in the meantime, and when I pointed out that the local postmark was five days old, they tried to make some fuss about the difficulty of sorting our name, which *ends* in *w*, a letter circumscribed in Spanish by double *o*, or double *v*!

The most curious insight into telegraphic matters I experienced at Olhão, on the south coast of Portugal, where I had made friends with the postmaster. On touching Vigo I had sent home a telegram, and its transmission took five days, no possible explanation being given to various inquiries, until my friend called me in one night and said: "I can give you the explanation you asked for. The telegram had not miscarried. It must have been forgotten." "How is that?" "Well, it is very simple. Did you not tell me that you handed it in at Vigo on a Tuesday, and that it arrived on the following Saturday? At the end of the week we are obliged to file all the telegrams, and any outstanding little business is then sure to be discovered and put right."

Potes, otherwise so quiet that it is not easy to understand how and why it exists, becomes extremely busy and full to overflowing on Mondays, the marketing day. In the early morning appear a few country-people, who sit down with their bundles at a street corner and wait; then more come, likewise loitering, and apparently without any purpose, but there they are. Then men and women come in troops, on horseback, or on donkeys, or on foot, and the broad baskets, which hang like a pair of huge saddle-bags over the animals' sides, are full of the produce of the country. People continue to arrive till nearly noon, as many have a long way to trudge, and are thus late in spite of an early start. By eight or nine o'clock the street—there is practically only one street, the others being by-lanes—is crammed full, and the whole town is astir with never-ceasing noise, like that of a disturbed bee-

hive. You can scarcely wriggle your way between the people, restive horses, braying donkeys, and philosophical oxen.

There comes a wealthy farmer, of course on horseback, his feet sticking well out, as they are encased in wooden stirrups, not unlike little coal-scuttles, with leather gaiters, brown cloth breeches, black, blue, or red sash round the waist, short brown jacket, white shirt, and black felt hat. His firmly set face—the compressed lips holding the fag-end of a cigarette —looks very scrubby; we know he is looking forward to being shaved by the town barber. This farmer is careful not to hurt or to upset anything. He is different from the swell, the young *hidalgo*, who is likewise on horseback, dressed *à la mode de Paris;* the long sallow face tries to look bored and nonchalant, the cigarette is glued on to the lower lip (a dodge to enable you to speak without removing the cigarette); his hands are narrow, with long fingers and long nails, that of the little finger being a veritable claw an inch in length, a sure sign that the proud owner needs not to work, nor does he know how to. The left hand holds the reins and an open parasol to protect the weak brain, while the right is waved half a dozen times and then extended to a friend. Owing to the ensuing conversation the horse has been turned broadside on, not intentionally, but out of stupidity, and impedes the traffic; but a little donkey comes along, trotting with its quick, busy step, and staggering under the heavy load, which, in the shape of a huge pannier filled with apples, hits the hindquarters of the horse, and that with sufficient momentum to turn it round again.

There is not much room for plunging, because the narrow street is lined with baskets full of apples, pears, onions, melons, grapes, and gourds, the women squatting behind their wares in the doorways. Other women, dressed in their Sunday best, wend their way through the crowd, balancing

a loaded basket on the head, while a couple of fowls, tied by the feet, are held in the free hand.

Donkeys beladen with bags of flour are followed by little square-faced millers, with pointed chins, wearing a white instead of the ordinary brown *boina*, or cloth cap, with a spare cigarette stuck behind the ear.

Unpleasant smells arise whenever some natives of Tresviso, a distance of 14 miles, and high up in the mountains, come up behind their small mountain pony laden with the famous goat-cheeses. These people, the Keltic inhabitants of the mountains, have a predilection for green in their dresses—be it a greenish felt hat, or an extra braid round the crimson or orange petticoat. Certainly the scene does not lack colour, the ground tone being rich brown in all sorts of gradations, from the ochraceous soil, looking almost white under the glaring sun, to the darkest brown or black of the dresses; petticoats and handkerchiefs in orange, yellow, red, and crimson, and the masses of fruit laid out in the streets, enhance the effect.

The excitement of the lively throng reaches its height on the market-place in front of the *arcos*. There is a row of houses, whose ground-floors contain the chief shops, while the upper storeys project out and are supported by arched stone colonnades, the broad and long covered-in passage affording shelter against sun or rain; and these *arcos* are the Regent Street of Potes, where on Mondays you are sure to meet everybody. The place in front is also used as the corn market, where the grain is laid out on mats, often in small quantities only. Earthenware pots and pans, of wonderful shapes and tints, are standing close by, guarded by their vociferous owners against the traffic which is winding its way through this intricate maze of crockery, heaps of grain, trusses of straw, baskets of fruit, bundles of fowls, and seething humanity.

There is remarkably little shouting while hawking the goods, but the actual buying and selling of the chosen article produces noise enough. Little money changes hands, the greater part of the goods being acquired by barter; farm products are taken into the town, and wine, olives, vinegar, oil, tobacco, woollen stuffs and cotton, nails, wire, shoes, and sweets taken out.

By noon the excitement subsides, the people retire into the inns, or into shady corners of the street, and take a rest; only the blacksmiths have become busy with shoeing the beasts of burden, preparatory to their returning home.

The café and club at the corner, the rendezvous of the more select, is thronged throughout the day, and is noisy in every way, although nobody gets drunk. Upstairs stands a crazy old instrument of torture, a sort of barrel-organ and spinnet combined, with many of the wires broken, and every now and then somebody rushes up to it and turns the handle frantically as fast as he can; but there is no singing and no music, *guitarras* being rare in the Liebana.

However, as this café was the place for gossip, where one could get any information he might be in want of, I frequented it too, and it so happened that the more imaginative guests loaded me with all sorts of wonderful stories about the wild beasts of the neighbourhood, when in came a hairy fellow, with a complexion of dark coffee, and leading a bear by a string attached to its nose-ring. He was in search of an interpreter to ask permission of the alcalde to perform with his bear, and he asked us in the meantime to look after the beast! Several of the people present were of the opinion that he was a Portuguese, "because he is so very ugly,"—a suggestion enhanced by his repeatedly mentioning the word *fome* in connection with himself and the bear; but when I spoke to him in Portuguese, he waved his forefinger and said, "Pirinéos, des montes altos." He spoke a curious

jargon, certainly neither Castellano nor French, but a mixture of both, the words of one language being twisted in pronunciation into that of the other, so that he was indeed difficult to make out. He *was* hungry, and he used the word *fome,* which happens to be the Portuguese form of the Latin *fames,* only it approached more the French *faim* instead of the Spanish *hambre.* Bear-leading is as unprofitable an occupation in Spain as it is in England.

Near the bridge over the Quiviesca stands a stone to which the following tradition is attached. Many years ago the people of Potes quarrelled with the peasants of the Asturian village of Tielbe about the pasture ground situated at the Puerto de Trulledes, in the Picos de Europa. It was at last decided that the matter should be settled in a curiously practical way. Two swift-footed Tielbenses were to start from Potes, and two equally efficacious Potesanos were to leave Tielbe, at the same hour on a given day, and the coveted pasture ground was to belong to that village whose champions were the first to arrive at the Puerto. The parties were well matched, and all looked very fair, but the poor people of Tielbe are accustomed to a very frugal diet, and live chiefly on milk, and the wily and richer Potesanos treated them before the start with liberal quantities of their commonest and sourest of wine. The acid and the milk did not agree with each other, and the guileless, sturdy Asturians arrived crestfallen and late. The stone at the bridge of Potes commemorates this feat and the supposed starting-point.

The wine alluded to was of course of an inferior kind. The Liebaniegos produce three sorts, or rather classes, of wine. The best, called *tostadillo,* is made of carefully-selected grapes, which are suspended for several weeks in a well-ventilated room, and when they have lost some of the water the stalks and kernels are removed and the grapes go into

the winepress. This wine is of a light brown colour, somewhat like sherry, and is very good indeed, highly flavoured and rather heady.

The next best sort, more commonly met with, is called *vino de yema; yema* means yolk, the middle, the best of a thing. Only the stalks are removed from the grapes, which go directly into the vats, in which they are trodden out by naked men. The vats are then closed or only slightly covered up, and after a fortnight the fermented wine is poured into the barrels or tuns, which are left open.

The commonest wine, *vino de lagar,* is rather discoloured and acid. It is made of what has remained in the vats, the contents being put through a winepress or lagar.

An hour's walk to the west of Potes, within sight of the town, stand two Hermitas on a prominent spur. One of them is now in ruins, the other is still in use for celebrating mass twice a year. In a secluded valley close by, stands the monastery of San Toribio. Toribio de Liebana, of the family of Mogrobejo (see p. 52), was a bishop of Astorga, and founded the monastery of San Martin in the sixth century, and when Alfonso el Católico repopulated Potes, the saint's bones were removed to this monastery, which, later on, was named after Toribio himself. The monastery was disestablished in 1838, in the reign of Queen Isabel. The lands were sold by auction and the monks had to fly, but, as my informant was careful to explain, "Nobody here has killed a single one of them; they were scattered and have left no traces behind, except here and there a son, who is still living in Potes or in the neighbouring villages."

The large monastery is now to a great extent in ruins, and not made use of. The old church, which dates from the ninth century, was built in Roman style; then came additions in early Gothic, later Gothic, and ultimately in Romanesque style. The old gateway is still well preserved, with its

Gothic arches and curiously carved stone ornaments. On the right side of the door are angels' heads and grapes, while on the left are two angels' heads, a rising phœnix, and a sort of Veronica handkerchief, a cloth with the upper corners turned into two hands; but instead of the face the cloth contains two crossed keys as symbols of the gates of heaven.

Attached to the monastery proper, where many rooms, cells, refectory, and library are now empty, is a newer Romanesque church, the so-called Camarin. The founder of this large edifice is buried within it, and a marble slab gives the following information:—

> El ilustrisimo Sr. D. Francisco de Otero y Cosia
> Arzobispo Presidente y Gobernador y Capitan General
> del Nuevo Reno de Granada. Bien Echor Deste Santuario, 1742.

Bien Echor meaning, of course, benefactor.

On the opposite wall hangs a framed document, a promise of *indulgencias*, or forgivenesses of sins, to the monastery, by one of the Popes, dated 1540.

Above the high altar are various niches and lockers. One of them guards a glass jar with a good-sized piece of the left arm of the Cross, given to this "convento" by Santa Helena. This treasure is shown to the multitude as a rule only twice a year, once in May and once in August, but when a blight falls upon the vineyards, or when early cold nights set in before the vintage, then the relic is taken in procession to the Hermita ten minutes from and above the monastery, where it is left during the night; a procedure which hitherto has always averted the threatened calamity.

Amongst other relics is a glass bottle with some milk of the Virgin Mary, but what this is good for we were not told. A misfortune heartily to be deplored is the loss of a piece of the shaft of Don Pelayo's lance, which, although carefully preserved in a glass jar, has been destroyed by fire; the

genuineness of the wood is said to have been beyond doubt.

By far the most interesting object in the Camarin is a wooden image of San Toribio himself. The figure, partly gilt and coloured, represents him in his full dress, recumbent. On account of the holiness and the miraculous powers of the image, the people have tried to snip off bits from the edge of his mantle, but the wood is fortunately too hard. Attached to the wooden substructure upon which the saint rests is an iron chain of about a dozen links. All the links are exactly alike, but one of them, although nobody knows which, is supposed either to have been made out of one of the nails used at the crucifixion, or to have formed one of the links by which St. Peter was chained in the catacombs of Rome. Whichever of the two traditions may be correct, the chain is of the greatest use to the people of the Liebana, as any man or woman wishing to get married within the year has only to bend down at the foot of Toribio and place the chain round his or her neck. As this devout attitude and symbolic performance, accompanied by the clatter of the chain, is pretty sure to be noticed on Fridays, when the Camarin is open, and friends can report to the hitherto shy or reluctant partner, the desired effect is often attained.

The natives are rather fanatically orthodox. On the mountains to the east of Potes stands another Hermita, with a wooden figure of the Virgin and Child. This heavy image is once in every summer carried by the people for a visit to San Toribio, a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles. On their way through the villages they recite a peculiar old-fashioned request with reference to the passage and proper conveyance of their precious burden, and they fight with sticks for the honour of carrying it in frequent relays. It is, moreover, necessary to trot all the way, in order that the image may be brought back to its own place by nightfall. Once upon

a time, on a particularly hot day, it so happened that they lingered and were benighted, and were obliged to stop on the way. And lo! the image took it amiss, and on the next morning was found to have gone home on its own feet!

The late Lord Lilford, the ardent lover of Spain, which he knew so well, had kindly given us an introduction to an English gentleman, who lives in the neighbourhood of Potes, in a secluded spot in the mountains. During his residence of nearly thirty years Don Jaime de los Navarez, as he is more generally known in Liebana, has gained the universal love and respect of the natives, and Don Jaime is probably the best known man for many miles around.

Accordingly, one fine afternoon, we hired two good ponies for the moderate price of two pesetas each, and rode westward along the road to Camaleños, and then upwards through two smaller villages, one of them called Lou, until after a couple of hours through oak and beech forests, and over a track partly washed away by a torrent, we found the farm, planted almost at the very foot of the Peñas, where they rise as barren precipitous walls to a sheer height of 6000 feet. The farm, an alp in Swiss language, stands about 1800 feet higher than Potes, some 2600 feet above sea-level, is sheltered on the north and west by the enormous mountains, and commands the most magnificent view towards the east over the Liebana, which by courtesy is sometimes spoken of as a flat country. A sketch would but give a feeble idea, and the beauty of the place baffles description.

When we had reached the farm there was nothing living to be seen except two bulls in the yard, and I thought it preferable to pass round the enclosure, and to take a view of the house and the expected inmates from above. This was not exactly the way of sending in one's card on a first visit, but bulls are bulls, and it was not to be wondered at that a

hale and hearty old gentleman suddenly sang out and inquired what I was after.

This was our introduction to Don Jaime, to whom we are indebted for many acts of kindness, and no end of good practical advice, and who made our wanderings a great deal pleasanter than they could possibly otherwise have been. At last we had to say good-bye to the kind recluse, as evening was setting in fast, and soon we had to take our horses by the bridles to stumble down the path as best we could. The people in the villages were all astir with dancing in the open, the music, which accompanied the quickstep, being produced by the rattling and thumping of tambourines. It was night when we arrived at Micelena's inn, who only said, "I told you so."

Liebana was formerly ruled by Counts, one of the most famous being Garcia Gonzales Orejon de la Lama, a native of the little village called Lama, to the south of Potes. We met with a peasant's family of the same name in Llanaves. The great Don Garcia revolted against the Flemish Governor and other officials who had come into Spain with the Emperor Charles V. He defeated the Imperialists, and the Master of Mogrovejo took refuge in the tower of Potes, which was besieged and taken by Garcia and his Liebaniegos; Don Toribio de Mogrovejo was thrown from the top of the tower and killed, according to local tradition. Now this once famous building has been converted into a grain store and a hardware shop.

The latest Potesano of renown is Don Jesús de Monasterio, who was born in 1835, and, like the present Sarasate, gained world-wide fame as a violinist.

Of the many stories which we heard at Potes, the following may be worth recording as characteristic of the country:—

The foreign residents in one of the towns on the coast thought proper to establish a branch of the Society for the

protection of animals. They soon began meddling with the wide-spread custom of ear-marking the donkeys, but as their interference was resented, and their remonstrances were laughed at, somebody hit upon the brilliant plan of offering to a man who had just bought an unmarked donkey, the sum of two pesetas on condition that the new owner should not cut the animal's ear. This was readily agreed to, but after a short time the peasant paid a visit to the Zoophilist Secretary and said: "Sir, you have been good enough to pay me two pesetas on account of my donkey's ear, and of course I have stuck to our bargain. But I have bought another donkey, and how much are you willing to pay me now, as I intend cutting *both* its ears?" This episode brought the honourable Society to a sudden end!

A wealthy Englishman had a lawsuit, and he pleaded his cause in person in one of the largest towns of Old Castile. Knowing the custom of the country, he won his simple case after three days' trouble and expense, and the judge congratulated him on his success. "Yes, all right, but it has cost me three days, and time is money. I am a busy man, and these three days are lost for ever." "Oh you English," responded the judge, "you are always saying that time is money. How are you to get your three days back? I will tell you. Take them out of the next week; surely there are plenty more to come!"

The patois of the Liebaniegos—and the same applies more or less to the natives of the villages in the mountains, as for instance Tanarrio—is rather difficult to understand; partly on account of the pronunciation, partly because of the resemblance of many words to the *bable*, the name of the Asturian dialect. Almost universally the *d* in the middle or at the beginning of a word is left out, and the *o* is often pronounced like *u*, *oo* in English. Hence result such perplexing words as *lau* instead of *lado*, side; *toos* = *todos*, all; *ahura* = *ahora*,

now; *mieu* = *miedo*, fear. The initial *b* is often turned into *g*, which makes *gueno guey* out of *bueno buey*, good ox; the Castilian *h* and the original Latin *f* are turned into *j*; *jazer* instead of *facer*, to make; *onde jui* = *donde fui*, where was he? A puzzling word is *jocicu*, meaning mouth, having come from the Latin *faux* through the Castilian *hocico*; and *juracu*, a hole, comes from the Latin *forare*: *horacar*, *horacado*, *furado*, and *juracado*, *juracau*, *juracu*. But there are also other expressions, which cannot be guessed at, and which are unknown in other parts of Spain; for instance, *apúrrame el mi pau*, hand me that my stick.

CHAPTER III

IN A SPANISH FARM

As we intended to spend a few weeks in or near a mountain village, in order to explore the Picos de Europa, we busied ourselves in Potes with gathering the necessary information. To select a suitable village was not an easy matter, because it was to be within reasonable reach of the high mountains, was not like Camaleños to lie tucked away at the bottom of a valley in sweltering heat, nor was it to be perched on an arid slope like Brez.

Previous experience had taught us that a prolonged stay in a village inn had its drawbacks, and to establish a camp in the vicinity of a village was likewise not desirable, as it was sure to draw all sorts of unwelcome visitors, and therefore would have to be guarded permanently by a man-servant. We struck the idea of trying to get the run of an empty house, several of which were spoken of by half a dozen priests who came to dine at Micelena's on the next market day in Potes. But the difficulty was that nobody could be made exactly to understand our purpose. I was looked upon for the most part as a mining prospector, and the neighbourhood happened to be in a state of excitement, as the report had got about that an auriferous gorge had been discovered in the mountains, and had been promptly claimed and sold as a future gold-mine. As we were in the habit of prowling about in odd places, picking up crystals, and even going the length of taking a pickaxe and spade, and as we returned perhaps

with a bag full of fossils, we were often during our wanderings looked upon as suspicious characters. Many a time the people to whom we showed our treasures gave only a piteous smile and a shrug of the shoulders, and remarked, *Eso no vale nada*, That's no good! Our collections of plants met with no better appreciation, as most of them were not medicinal herbs, and the catching of lizards and snakes, toads, and newts was either considered a make-belief to draw off attention from our real aims, or it was regarded as a sign that our minds were not exactly as they should be.

All these difficulties were overcome when Don Jaime paid us a visit and readily discussed our wants. "Oh, if I could only settle you in Tanarrio; that lovely village would just suit you, and is scarcely a two hours' walk from my own place; I must see whom I can meet under the *arcos*." He soon returned with an elderly farmer, Prudencio Gutierrez, who informed us that he had a whole house standing empty, which was "much at our disposal," as he would do anything to oblige his friend Don Jaime.

We readily closed with this offer, and promised to make our appearance a few days later, so that the house might be put a little into order. Accordingly we laid in all sorts of provisions, such as coffee, chocolate, sugar, olives, oil, spirits, wine, sweet cakes, sardines, Chicago beef, candles and matches, hired a horse and a donkey, loaded the latter with our belongings and set out for Tanarrio, with a girl who was to take the animals back. Don Jaime accompanied us on his fine strong cob as far as Camaleños, where our roads divided, and the ascent began. The load was heavy, soon acquired an ominous list, had to be supported incessantly by the girl and myself, and was brushed off by the next prominent rock, and we had the pleasure of collecting and repacking our things on the pack-saddle, which for some unearthly reason had no girth. It was a troublesome bit of business, because another

man could have been worth half a dozen of such girls as our companion, who had lost heart over the continued slipping and shifting of the load, and called the poor *burra* by all sorts of names, the most comical and least appropriate being "fastidiosa," because the donkey naturally tried to pick out the easiest way in the narrow path, thus leaving no space for us who were holding on alongside.

Although the march was not a very long one, we were quite done up with thirst and heat when we arrived at Tanarrio. Some people kindly brought us water and fruit, and pointed out the empty house which was to be our abode, and then our hearts sank within us, fagged as we were, because the building stood in a dank grove of chestnut and walnut trees, and looked, with its black window-holes, dismantled balcony, and tumble-down roof, as if it had been destroyed by fire and deserted years ago.

However, there was nothing to be done but to ascend to the upper end of the village, in order to present ourselves to our landlord. After we had entered the farmyard we were received by a tall girl, who, in most voluble, rapid language, greeted us in the friendliest manner, and explained that her father happened to be away in the fields with the rest of the family, but had given orders to her to offer us the hospitality of his house, the empty one not being in a fit condition for us. She hoped that the general sitting-room, into which she showed us, and the adjoining room with a spare bed, would be deemed acceptable and sufficient for our requirements. There was also a second kitchen, entirely at our disposal. Thus things, looking so dismal only a few minutes before, had suddenly taken a bright turn, and we felt that we had fallen on our feet, especially after we had unpacked and prepared our first meal.

Don Prudencio Gutierrez, a native of the village of Lebeña, in the pass of the Deva, is the most substantial farmer in

Tanarrio, and one of its most influential inhabitants, being, besides other offices, entrusted with that of treasurer of the village community. He is an elderly, wiry man of shortish stature, without beard or moustache, and with expressive, sharply-marked features. Short and jerky in his speech, you felt instinctively that he was not a man to be trifled with,—possibly a valuable friend, and certainly a very ugly foe.

Prudencio Gutierrez and Family at Tanarrio.

He was from the first anxious to ascertain whether we were satisfied or not, to make us understand that our freedom, whilst within his gates, was practically unrestricted. His wife was of a retired, shrinking disposition, a person who addressed you in a plaintive undertone, listened submissively, sighed, acquiesced, and then came out with her "but." The old lady had been a hard-working person, who had brought up a large family, and was ailing in health,—a martyr to bilious headaches,—as we found out by and by. She longed for her two elder sons, who were somewhere in South America; the

youngest, Fernando, a bright amiable lad, was to remain at home, and a little boy, *el nieto*, the grandchild, was staying with them.

But the treasures of the family, to us the most important members of the household, were the two remaining daughters. Maxima, the elder, a well-grown, dark-haired and dark-eyed girl, with a splendid figure, looked after the internal department, and from the moment of our arrival considered us as under her special charge, for which reason we called her Protectora, to the great amusement of Don Prudencio. She took to me, and there sprang up a friendship between us quite touching to behold, while, fortunately, Casilda, the second daughter, attached herself not less faithfully to my wife. Casilda was by far the livelier of the two—a warm-hearted and as kindly disposed a girl as you could wish to meet in any country. She showed the sweetness of her disposition in quaint little acts of thoughtfulness and courtesy. There was not much gardening, but what little there was, was done by her, and from the little patch where her few flowers grew she gathered a "button-hole" every morning, and presented it with graceful affection to my wife. She was always busy, either out of doors looking after the cows, fetching water, or winnowing corn, or doing the family sewing. These women were not a moment idle.

Prudencio's house stands at the edge of rising ground; it is therefore entered from the back, through the farmyard. The farm buildings proper, and the dwelling-house, stand at right angles to each other, and are joined together at the corner by a third building, probably the oldest, which contains the kitchens. The whitewashed chimney, a very rare feature indeed, is connected with what might be called the winter kitchen, namely, a small room, half of which is taken up by a raised and tiled platform, some four feet above the ground, railed off, and ascended by a few steps. On nearer

inspection this brick-built platform revealed itself as a huge stove, or rather oven, the fireplace being in the middle of the room, and so arranged that the logs of wood could burn in a niche of the oven, which was heated by flues. The flat top, some eight feet wide and of the length of the room, is used in the cold winters as a sleeping-place, the wet clothes hanging over the railing to dry. Old carved benches and cupboards in the lower part of the room completed the furniture, and the whole place was snug enough. This was the kitchen, which had been assigned to our own use, and hither I repaired the first thing in the morning to blow into flame the still smouldering log of beechwood in preparation for breakfast. Seated upon the comfortable, high-backed bench, Maxima helped me to watch the boiling and frying, and we exchanged observations upon domestic and other affairs until Isidoro, our hired servant, burst in and spoilt it all.

Isidoro is worthy of a description. He was recommended to us as a servant or general factotum, not, however, by Prudencio's family, who considered him as *muy mentirador y gran cobarde,* much of a liar and a great coward; but anyhow he was honest. He was elderly, past fifty, and lived with his old mother in the miserable village of Brez, not more than half an hour to the east of Tanarrio. Brez as the name of a place reminded us funnily enough of Birmingham, namely Broom-ham, for *brezo* is the Spanish for heather, but in the middle ages the name of the place was Breta. Isidoro's greatest recommendation lay in his possession of a horse. He had also an old gun, which he was very fond of carrying about, but he never had occasion to discharge it; fortunately not, as we often disputed at which end the charge would be most likely to burst out.

During our stay at Tanarrio he generally turned up early in the morning to fetch water for washing, clean the cooking utensils, sometimes to light the kitchen fire and to meddle

with the coffee. The amount of water required by us puzzled him sorely until he discovered the folding india-rubber bath. In the daytime he was to accompany us as a guide, or to mount guard over our things when we strayed away from the place where we chanced to picnic. He professed to some knowledge of botany, having in former days collected medicinal herbs.

Although he was tall, his appearance was not prepossessing, perhaps chiefly because of his violent objection to water, and on account of the sepia-brown condition of his linen. One Sunday he turned up radiant, clean shaven, his grayish hair cropped close like that of a criminal, with a clean shirt carefully sewn up by his mother at the neck and the wrists. But he was terribly lazy, except in the making of *cigarros*, the necessary stoppages for which occupation he always covered by all sorts of excuses. He would, for instance, pick up a plant, tell us the name of it, and inquire if such also grew in England, and then discourse further on its merits. Or he stopped to point at the *rastro*, or track, left by a snake in the dusty road, although he knew perfectly well that the viper had crawled past in the previous night.

Once, when we were rather pressed for time, riding home, and he had been urged on repeatedly, he suddenly struck an eager attitude, held up one hand and whispered: "I think I see a chamois on the Peña de Corbo, and they are always bigger there than anywhere else." I was quite taken in, and also looked towards the mountain, more than a mile off, but my wife, who had watched him fumbling for his tobacco, knew better. However, with all his shortcomings, our "knight-at-arms" might have been a good deal worse, and considering the amount of local gossip he imparted, he was worth his eighteenpence a day, or half a crown with his horse thrown in.

The house-door of the farm is protected by big stones,

which are piled up to form a pair of steps, but so high and so slippery have they become through the constant traffic that they can be passed only with great caution. The entrance, rather a wide and dark passage, has no floor but the natural rock, made still more uneven by slippery cobble

Leaving Scene in Prudencio's Courtyard.

stones which, unless gingerly stepped upon, allow the foot to jam itself into the intervening deep cracks, and this "pavement" is continued into a still more dangerous pantry. Past its back door rushes a stream through the beans of the kitchen garden. The "hall" is furnished with a bench, a few chairs, and a set of pitchers. A door on the left leads into the chief kitchen, a dark place, with the hearth, over which is suspended the kettle by iron hooks and chains,

while from the ceiling hang hams and sides of bacon still curing in the rising smoke, which has blackened everything. Adjoining this kitchen is the winter sleeping-place described above. To the right of the passage is the dwelling-house, with storerooms below, while above is a large room, *la sala*, with a small shuttered window, and a door, likewise shuttered, and leading out upon the wooden balcony which looks over the whole village and commands beautiful views. The furniture of the *sala*, the general dining-room, is very simple, consisting of a comfortable, high-backed bench, with the dining-table in front, another table, and several rush-bottomed chairs. On the right side are two dark rooms, just large enough to hold one bed each, together with stores of butter and cheeses. The larger room on the opposite side was assigned to us. It might be called the study, for, besides a spare bed, the Sunday dresses of the family, and Don Prudencio's gun, it was furnished with a table and drawers which held Don Prudencio's odds and ends, as, for instance, papers, writing materials, and a number of books.

The latter were an interesting and curious mixture, including the books which the family, father as well as children, had used at school. There was also a well-illustrated, sumptuously got-up history of the last Carlist war, and a number of other books which Prudencio had inherited from his brother, a former Government official in Cuba. A picture representing him in his war-paint adorned the wall, together with a large crucifix, and a good-sized framed sampler which had been worked by Casilda. Worthy of notice, too, was a jug of old Staffordshire lustre, which had been in the family for a long time, but was of unknown history. We have, by the way, come across unmistakable Staffordshire ware in various parts of Northern Spain—amongst other places, in the inn at Salvatierra in the Basque provinces. Altogether this was the sanctum, the best room.

Our curiosity had already been roused by the parchment covers of some of the school-books, and Maxima confided to me that there might be some more *pergaminos.* We were fortunate enough to discover, amongst a pile of old papers in a corner, one page of parchment from an old illuminated missal, which had evidently been used in the choir, to judge from the large size of the writing and the four-lined notes. When Prudencio saw our excitement, and had the Latin text translated to him, he graciously presented it to my wife, and told us that it came originally from the old *hermita* of San Toribio, whence whole armfuls of such parchments had been taken, to be used as convenient waterproof wrappers for books, butter, and cheeses. A report that more might be procured from the *hermita,* or from a shop in one of the lower villages, proved to be untrue.

The life led by the family was very simple. Prudencio had been in Leon, where his brother-in-law is a *procurador ecclesiastico,* whatever that may mean. Maxima had once been taken to the sea-coast and had actually seen a ship, but Casilda's world ended at Potes. Larger towns, railways, telegraphs, and such wonders they knew of only by hearsay. Madrid was a fabulous distance off—far, far beyond Burgos, which latter had been reported upon by friends who had done their military service. A favourite theme of conversation was the position of England, which they knew was situated *atras de la Francia,* beyond France, but could also be reached by sea; at least the English mining officials always spoke of Santander as lying opposite England, and Vigo was opposite Cuba. We have often been asked about the distance from England, and the time it took to reach it, but we as often failed to convey a proper impression to people who, unacquainted with railways, or even with long posting routes, cannot understand how such an enormous distance can be covered in three or four days. Maxima was greatly surprised to hear that England is only an island.

The fare at such a farm is frugal, and not much varied. Early in the morning comes the *desayuno*, or breakfast, literally the "disemptying," and this consists almost universally in Spain of a cup of chocolate. The chocolate is pounded in a mortar, and is made quite stiff and thick, so

A Farm at Tanarrio.

that it is not drunk, but ladled out with a piece of toast or some sweet biscuits. This is a very sustaining little breakfast, admirably suited to a hot country, and preferable to the pernicious habit of taking a glass of strong spirits. After a few hours' work some milk is taken, with bread and cheese, and towards noon follows the *almuerzo*, or lunch, of which boiled beans or chick-peas form the *pièce de resistance*, varied

by potatoes, with a small piece of bacon. The much-decried garlic is not at all an unpleasant addition when used with moderation, and the same applies to the olive oil, provided this is not rancid, a drawback the frequency of which increases during the summer, before the new oil is pressed out in the autumn. After the day's toil, at nightfall, is taken *la cena*, the meal, more or less a repetition of the *almuerzo*, but spun out to greater length, because on this occasion all the members of the family and the servants sit down together, while the other meals are often taken out of doors, in the fields, on the meadows, or in the woods, just as occasion requires.

The Spanish country-people are not great eaters; bread, an onion, and a piece of cheese, are often all that they take with them from early morning till evening, and wine is not a drink which flows freely in a farm of the Cantabrian mountains; it is supplanted by curds. A remarkable feature is the scarcity of meat. Pigs are reserved for the winter; goats are killed and roasted on the great feast days. There is no regular butcher's shop in any of these villages; during the hot time of the year meat is of course difficult to keep, but although the people are only too glad to eat it, it is not an ordinary commodity, perhaps because these pastoral tribes have learnt to appreciate the value of the saying that it does not pay to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, applying in their particular case to milk, butter, and cheese.

After the family meal, we having looked after our own commissariat, Don Prudencio soon fell into the habit of paying us a visit, an inclination which I encouraged with cigars and wine, but this had its drawbacks in spite of the exchange of views and the rich store of local information which he imparted. He, after a busy day outside, was only too pleased to have a chat; but he was not a good sleeper, and liked to spin out the confabulation until all was blue, and he was too courteous not to finish the second or third cigar instead of

withdrawing with it and letting me go to rest. Only on Saturday nights he made an exception, as he then officiated at family prayers.

On the afternoon of our first Sunday, returning from a walk, we found the room full of people, as a sister of our landlady had come to pay us a visit with her daughters, who, in spite of the heat, were all clad in black. We, having to act as hosts, regaled them and the ladies of the house with coffee, and with the rest of the sweet cakes we had brought from Potes. On taking leave the mother, a kindly-looking, quiet woman, with her pretty daughters, wished it to be understood that her sister's guests would be welcome in her house too, which she in proper fashion begged us to consider as ours.

They had hardly left when Don Pepito was announced. This young fellow represented the *hidalguia*, or nobility, of the neighbourhood, and lived with his elder brother in Mogrobejo. He was very affable, extremely polite, capable of the most sweeping bows, and had all the phrases of well-bred society at the tip of his tongue. He was treated to English tea, a rarity in Spain, where green tea is mostly drunk. The object of Pepito's visit was first to do homage to the illustrious strangers; secondly, to throw himself at the feet of the lady, *a sus pies señora;* and lastly, to invite us to visit his house, *el palacio* or *el torre*, where we should find certain things worthy of our inspection.

We had already looked with longing eyes over to the *palacio*, a large building with a square tower attached to it, standing above Mogrobejo, a small village opposite Tanarrio, perched upon the spur of the hills. When we returned the visit, we found that distance had lent enchantment, as the *palacio* had nothing palatial about it; on the contrary, it was an ordinary large house, which on account of its commanding position might have been turned into some-

thing charming if taste and money had been there. It belonged originally to an old martial family, which was said to have given its name to the village, but had lost the palace to an ancestor of the present occupants. These consisted of two young fellows. The younger, Don Pepe, was about twenty-eight years old, and was called Pepito because of his youth. He had attained to the dignity of Justice of the Peace "on account of the length and glibness of his tongue," not exactly for his steadiness.

On our arrival we met a grumpy old woman, the housekeeper, sitting in the middle of the large, desolate yard, peeling cobs of Indian corn. The gentlemen were, we were told, in the orchard, and when the elder one appeared his embarrassment was great, and was not relieved until Pepito turned up and at once proceeded to do the honours of the place. The old square tower is in ruins—at least the wooden staircases and various ceilings are nearly gone, and are inhabited by owls and bats only. In one of the windows stood an old rusty iron helmet, representing the collection of arms! They agreed that it would be a fine thing if this tower were properly restored, as had been the intention of their father, who, by the way, was spoken of highly in the district.

At the foot of the tower outside, in a corner unprotected from weather and rain, stood two wooden life-size statues, one representing a lady in well-carved flowing garments, and the other a knight in arms, with half his face burnt away. This accident had happened many years ago during a fire which had destroyed the old building, and ever since these two fine pieces of work have been left exposed. Whom they were meant for was not known, but the brothers agreed again that they were worth keeping, and that it would be a fine thing to use them, together with the old helmet, as the nucleus of their hall of glory. Considering that there is a private chapel attached to the building, and that this chapel

is still in use and properly kept up, I suggested that the two images should be put up there, as they might do very well for saints, for all they, the brothers, knew to the contrary. It was quite likely that he and his lady were a couple of old crusaders, and had done wonderful things in the Holy Land, and that by this time they must be dead long enough to have them canonised. Certainly it would add to the renown not only of the chapel, but of their own family. Pepito embraced this suggestion fervently, but his quiet brother thought there might be difficulties in the way, and, above all, it was as good as certain that the statues were very old, and he did not see the advisability of doing a good turn to other people's ancestors. They promised, however, to lay the matter before the cura.

The two brothers occupied only a small part of the house; the rest was shut up, waiting for the arrival of some *encantadora*, or enchantress, to remove the spell which hung over it. There is a very large, well-windowed room, with good old furniture, notably high-backed chairs covered with stamped and gilt leather. Chairs of this kind are now much prized in Spain, because the art, learnt with many other artistic things from their Moorish conquerors, has died out long since, even in Cordova. The walls are hung with ancestral portraits in oils—priests, judges, and soldiers, some not without merit; but a really valuable piece of work is a large *cuadro*, or picture, of San Toribio, representing him in his robes in the act of christening a princess of the Incas. The colours, the flow of garments, and, above all, the hand raised in the act of blessing, are done in a masterly manner; but although this picture has been examined by experts, the name of the artist is not known. Toribio himself has family connections with Mogrobejo.

Don Pepito rattled off story after story about the merits and demerits of all the ancestral notables, to the open-eyed

astonishment of his brother. He asked me if I knew Latin, *à propos* of a short Latin inscription, saying that he himself did not know that language, but he knew the purport of the inscription, and so on, until the elder brother suggested that we might as well go to their own room and partake of some refreshment. Pepito confided to us that he had only two passions,—only two, but those strong ones,—photography and shooting. We not unnaturally expected their study to present the look of the regular amateur's studio, and the walls to be hung with trophies, but such was not the case. The passionate love of photography appeared to be satisfied with three cabinet-size views of the house, taken by somebody else, and the venatorial mementoes consisted of eleven skins of squirrels, which it had taken him fourteen months to collect.

They offered to show us the flower garden, where they liked to sit, smoke, and sleep in the afternoon and evening. This garden was a funny place, being the corner between the house and the parapet, perhaps 20 yards long and as many wide; the view was fine, overlooking the village, and extending far up and down the luxuriously wooded and meadowed valley. Attached to the house is a verandah with stone pillars, some of which are cracked already, and this had disheartened the brothers, so that the rest of the building stones were left lying about, not to be removed until cast-iron pillars, of Corinthian style, were substituted; but this plan was to be carried out "not yet awhile." It was difficult to say why this spot should be called a garden, because the soil near the parapet had been dug out and heaped up in the garden, as the old stone wall showed signs of giving way under the pressure. The vegetation consisted of a few almond trees and plenty of rank weeds, while the flowers, besides a wild rosebush, thyme, and some *Iris germanica*, were represented by some common balsams, which were stuck into biscuit and meat tins, and yearned for water. Altogether the

whole establishment was an instance of faded glory and present laziness.

The brothers pressed us to the utmost to stay with them; they even offered to send for our things then and there, and could not understand why we should prefer our humble but much more genial and interesting quarters in Tanarrio. Don Pepito, who had kept on talking all the time inside the house, was brought to a sudden stop by a question being asked as to when the chestnuts were gathered. This gave his brother a chance, and he talked reasonably about pigs, cattle, and crops, and begged us to advise him about a straw-cutting machine which he had bought at great expense; but the thing, produced by an English firm, did not work and had never been in order, as one of the farm hands explained with scorn.

They courteously accompanied us back, and, to save us the trouble of walking over the longer road, took us down by a short cut through damp meadows and over several little streams and walls, proving thereby the truth of the Spanish proverb that short cuts are troublesome.

On another day I rode over to Cosgayos, a village tucked away in a side valley which leads up towards the Peña prieta; the stream is famous for its trout, which rise to the fly; and the beech forests are inhabited by Capercailzie, the so-called *gallo de bosque* or *faisan*. The visit was intended for the schoolmaster, an old soldier, who had a Moorish bullet in his leg since the battle of Ceuta in 1862, and being then invalided, although otherwise hale and hearty, now spends his time in fishing, and imparting the mysteries of the three R's to the young population. The clean, tidy house of the quiet couple, who have no children, would be an ideal place for a fisherman or sportsman to stop in.

In order to test our new tent and to break in Isidoro for future camping, we selected a spot a few hundred yards above Tanarrio, on the brink of a dry torrent, shaded by

evergreen oak. Here we often sat sketching, writing, and resting in full view of the alpine scenery. But on our return from the expedition to Aliva we found the tent carefully stowed away in our room; boys had cut off all the rings and cords, not being able to resist such treasures, and although we left samples with Don Prudencio, whose wrath knew no bounds, the perpetrators were not discovered. Fortunately we had foreseen accidents and had taken a spare supply with

Our Tent, first Plan.

us, so that part of the following day could be devoted to making good the damage.

The woods, consisting of oak and beech, and the mountains harbour a fair amount of game, notably roebuck and chamois. There was also a pack of five wolves belonging to one family, but although they had been seen repeatedly by herdsmen, the old sly Isegrim always knew how to lead wife and cubs out of danger. The impenetrable beech forest on the eastern slopes of the Sierra de Corbó, within scarcely an hour's walk from Tanarrio, is the haunt of bears; but Bruin is a strict vegetarian in these parts, and does not make raids upon the

cattle, in return for which peaceful disposition he is not molested. It is only on exceptional occasions, when after a fall of snow a great beat for wolves is arranged, that a bear is dislodged and more rarely killed. But Pedro, the chief sportsman of Tanarrio, had a wonderful tale to tell; how in his youth they had tracked a bear to his cave, and when the snow was deep and the people felt sure that he was hibernating, a man and a boy crept in with guns, hoping to kill him unawares. But the bear so unceremoniously surprised took the intrusion ill, rushed over the boy who was foremost, wounded and stunned his companion with a blow of its forepaw, and rushed out of the cave. The boy went home for help, and the deep snow made it easy for the rescuing and avenging party to track and ultimately to kill the bear.

A few years ago some charcoal-burners heard a bear every night breaking down the branches of mountain-ash trees in order to get at the red berries. On another occasion they found a bear sitting in a tree, and thinking him well occupied, they left him alone; but as they found him again, after some days, in exactly the same position, they mustered up courage and discovered that the bear was dead, having been caught by the paw in a cleft of a hollow tree which he had climbed in search of honey. He must have been hanging there for many weeks, as he was only skin and bones, all the soft parts having been eaten up by the insects which swarmed around in myriads.

CHAPTER IV

A CHAMOIS HUNT

DON PRUDENCIO, we should like to have a day with the chamois! "Nothing easier, if you give me time, because to arrange a regular *cazaria* is a serious matter, and takes much trouble, thought, and talking over with my friends; but if you are satisfied with a few chamois, we can easily get up a little private diversion. In fact, it can be done to-morrow."

Now in Spain everything is to be got *mañana*, to-morrow, and we did not feel very confident; but we did not then know what a thoroughly good fellow our worthy host was. We at once interviewed Pedro, who lived a little lower down the hill, in the village itself. He is the leading sportsman, short, wiry, although rather feeble-looking, round-headed, dark-eyed, with his dark brown hair just interspersed with gray. He was delighted with the idea.

Then Severiano, a nephew of Prudencio's, was sent for, in whom I recognised at once the young well-built, lively and jocular fellow whom I had met a few days before in a dense mist and drizzling cold rain on the high plateau to the west of Tanarrio, when I tried to reach the famous Puerto de Aliva, the wide cattle-grazing ground of the district. We took to each other then and there, and this spontaneous inclination blossomed into good comradeship which ultimately bore invaluable fruit. He was willing to act as one of the beaters, especially since he was not the proud possessor of a gun.

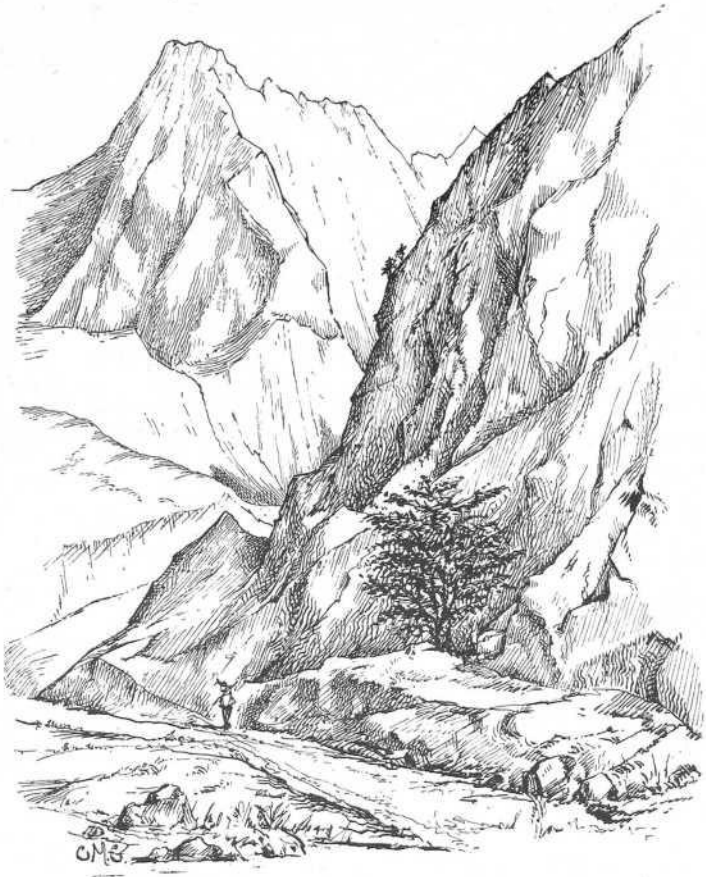
Fernando, Prudencio's youngest son, a bright-looking lad of sixteen, was delighted with the less responsible post of second beater, provided his father allowed him to take his gun. This boon was granted.

Accordingly, the next morning we started at seven o'clock. It was a glorious day in August. A bright blue sky without a cloud, the air absolutely calm and without a particle of

Severiano's House.

dust; the Sierra de Cortez, the theatre of our operations, was lying before us in all its glory. The white and bluish mountain limestone, with its peaks, gullies, cracks, and patches of snow, was bathed in brilliant sunshine. Fernando accompanied us; Pedro and Severiano had started earlier in order to reconnoitre. We went along the eastern slope of the valley through clusters of evergreen oak and the common oak, interspersed with broom and several kinds of gorse and heath, past the rich green swards where Casilda tended the home-cattle, and where, hidden in a deep crack amongst the rocks

which cropped up here and there, arose the fountain which supplied the house with water deliciously clear and cool. At the end of the path we startled a hawk, who made off with a



The Sierra de Cortez, the theatre of our operations, was lying before us in all its glory.

wood-pigeon in his talons. Wood-pigeons were plentiful; they are called *toreazes,* in allusion to their white-ringed collar.

Following the stream with its icy cold water rushing along its rough bed of innumerable boulders, we soon came to the lowest remnant of last winter's snow, which was thawing away fast. Where the snow had just receded the ground was

still in the condition of spring, being covered with deep blue gentians, and with the lovely delicate Pinguicula or *tiraña*. This little plant is highly prized by the natives because of its medicinal properties; the succulent leaves are used as a powerful purge, hence its name *tiraña*.

The slopes became steeper, and we saw higher up to our right Pedro and Severiano waiting for us. From below, on the left of the stream, came up half a dozen fellows from Mogrobejo, a small village to the south-west of Tanarrio. They were bound for the Puerto de Aliva, but were also bent upon mischief, because they, being natives of the opposition village, could not endure the idea of our possible success.

Therefore they hailed us and endeavoured to divert us to the left. "They knew where the chamois were; they had seen, that very morning, a whole herd of them, on the Peña de Corbó; it would be disgraceful if we missed such an opportunity and declined their company." Presently Pedro and Severiano chimed in, and there ensued for a good five minutes a tremendous altercation, the arguments of the lower party being backed by any amount of racy objurgations.

Of course we went on, crossed a long and broad *nevero*, or snowfield, and joined our friends, who simply chuckled and said, "*mentiras*, lies; we have already seen five chamois." Thereupon a short council of war was held under the presidency of Pedro, who knew exactly what he wanted and accordingly laid down the law. It was deemed prudent that my wife should not accompany us farther, all the more as she would be able to watch our doings and movements as though upon a huge stage. She settled herself near a very, very slowly trickling spring, ensconcing herself between some low oak-scrub and small boulders, where there was a chance of a little shade. Severiano knew already where to go.

Fernando was to receive written orders, as he was sent on a difficult errand over intricate ground, and at the same time

had to act in accordance with the movements of Severiano, whom he would not be able to see perhaps for hours. It took two, or rather three of us to compose that note. Pedro dictated it in his patois, but he could not write; I had to write it down, but was rather staggered by the spelling of some of his words. This difficulty was overcome by the help of Fernando, who could speak and read pure Castellano, but preferred a private secretary. That short note was a masterpiece of conciseness, dictated by a man who knew every inch of the ground. "When arrived at the division of the stream, ascend the knob to the right, follow the gully to the ridge; then along the south face of the Peña, keeping always below the white boulder. Make for the Peña until you see the beech-tree, then make for and join Severiano."

I myself put some boiled eggs, pears, chocolate, and a spare flannel shirt into my Tyrolese knapsack, some cartridges into my pocket, shouldered my ·500 express rifle and went off with Pedro. My dress was a Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, flannel shirt, sun helmet, and strong nailed boots. My companions wore *alpargatas*, namely, canvas shoes with thick soles of plaited hemp or grass. They are, of course, of the greatest advantage to those who are accustomed to them; they are light, cool, and very cheap, and the foot is able to double upon and to grasp rocks like a hand. Moreover, the rough, and at the same time soft soles cling like indiarubber to the smooth, sloping face of the rock. But there are also serious drawbacks, even to the natives. On dry grassy slopes and on snowfields they are nowhere, affording no foothold whatever; in boggy, mossy ground, and such is sure to be crossed, the canvas and soles shrink with the wet, while sharp stones cut the sides of the feet, especially at the inside of the instep and at the little toe. But in my limited experience the most dangerous point about them is the chafing of the top of the toes, and the cutting of the bands by which

the back part of the shoe is secured across and above the instep. At the start these bands are naturally flat and well arranged, and all feels comfortable, but after a few hours of tramping and wetting, the bands twist themselves into sharp, smarting strings, which no amount of tightening, lengthening, and readjusting will ease for long. None of these incidents trouble the seasoned feet of the professional *cazador*, whose natural soles appear as well padded as those of the chamois themselves, and not unfrequently they sling their shoes or boots upon their backs and run barefooted over and across anything.

Pedro, after having nearly pumped me by rapidly ascending a steep slope where the grass had been burnt off, the heat being most trying on the black ground, suddenly suggested that we should inspect a mine of calamine, which he had "denounced," that is to say claimed, and which he wanted to sell. It would not be much out of our way, so I might as well see it. He took, however, the precaution of telling me that the mine was still "in its infancy." After some scrambling and tugging he halted on the edge of a precipitous wall, looked about uneasily on the ground, peered into a small crack, scratched out some soil, shook his head and burst out: "Now I am quite sure a rabbit or some other beast of the devil has been here and disturbed my signs. Here is the mine, the vein of course runs into the mountain." My remark that this mine was rather a still-born one did not soothe him. "If people with capital would buy my claim, as I have suggested to more than one, they could make a prosperous concern of it and do much good to our village. I am quite willing to sell." No doubt he was.

At last we reached the foot of the sheer mass of mountain. There was a sharp pinnacle or spur projecting from its southern wall, something like a church spire built on to it. The top of the spire, to continue the comparison, ended in a sharp rock which was separated from the spur proper by a small

saddle-shaped niche. This was to be my post, the best *tiro* or *espera* in the whole neighbourhood. When sitting astride in the saddle, facing due south, the rock in front of me was just large enough, by clinging to it, to hide me from the broiling sun, and as I could look only just over it, it hid miles and miles of the most wonderful panorama in front, causing the feeling of one's being suspended in mid-air. And so it was indeed, because my left leg dangled over a precipice of several hundred feet, while the right side, by which the ascent was made, did not look much better.

Nevertheless the panorama was glorious. On the right was the Puerto de Aliva, the slopes leading up to it being densely covered with oak and impenetrable beech forests. In front, far beyond Mogrobejo and Tanarrio, were the rows of mountains which form the main mass of the Cantabrian range, the lower half covered with oak and verdant pastures, higher up meadows only, then grassy slopes and snow patches, and against the sky the barren crags, knobs, and peaks: the Peña prieta (the black peak), and to the east of it a curious knoll, the Cubil del can (the dog's kennel) sticking out.

It was a welcome lesson in local geography, because we intended to cross that southern range some day on our way to the plains of Leon. Towards the near left were rather barren, stony slopes; down below amongst the bushes a tiny white speck, my wife.

I settled myself at my pinnacle, which was just 4000 feet above sea-level, at ten o'clock, and there was still time enough to change the flannel shirt, to take some food, and to revel in the scenery. But after an hour's waiting things became a little trying. My saddle was neither smooth nor soft, and the sun shone mercilessly and grilled me to the bone, the only relief being a turn in the saddle.

There were living creatures around me. A dozen tiny

snails were sticking to the rock, almost touching my face; alpine choughs with their coral beaks swarmed around, emitting their jolly, half plaintive sounds, chasing each other, now and then clinging to a rock, assembling in threes or fours, teasing each other and then suddenly off again. They were good company; but a pair of blue rock-pigeons, unexpectedly whizzing round my pinnacle, in closest proximity, first appearing below my left foot and a fraction of a second later at my right side, and then as suddenly vanishing against the white-blue rock, were somewhat startling, and this sensation I could well have dispensed with.

Then I heard a welcome sound, the unmistakable faint clattering down of tiny stones. First, only the faintest little rustling, then a sharp click, then a few more stones with rather a rush, and then again absolute stillness. The sound came from far above my right shoulder; turning round I at last espied two fine chamois which were standing near some tufts of grass in one of the numerous little clefts or ledges of the Peña de Cortez itself, perhaps some 800 feet above me; they were feeding in harmless security.

From the eastern half of the mountain arose sudden shouts and yells, Severiano and Fernando having succeeded in finding the five chamois, and in cutting off their retreat over the mountain. How they had managed this I do not know, because the two beaters remained invisible all the time. Unfortunately the five chamois crossed the very gullies by which the beaters had ascended, and then they climbed up a shoulder on the eastern side of the amphitheatre, skipping up and down between the rocks in single file, halting now and then in bewilderment, but ultimately escaping eastwards towards the pinnacles of los Navarez. The beaters had done their best to stop them; they even tried to climb back along perilous ledges, dislodging stones and rocks, which with terrific noise crashed down, rebounded and burst like shells,

the fragments slithering down and down until they reached the big *nevero* below. These stone avalanches, together with the shouts of the men, produced the most uproarious noise and din imaginable. The beaters cheered each other; Severiano's voice now and then rose clearly above the row, when he directed and cursed poor Fernando, who, apparently high above him, unintentionally did his best to smash Severiano with some falling rock. Not only single words, nay, whole sentences I heard three or four times over; first from an unknown place far above, from the man whom I could not see, then the first echo coming from the right where the chamois had escaped, then the second echo repeating the first syllables only and coming up from below, apparently from the right wall of my pinnacle.

It is wonderful how well suited the Spanish language is for shouting and for communication across enormous distances. Many a time have we beheld two natives asking for and receiving information at a distance which would effectually bar any understanding in English, German, or other eminently consonantal idiom. *Anda á la derecha* is bound to carry farther than "go to the right."

Gradually the uproar ceased and all was still again. The two chamois from under the Peñas had disappeared. Half an hour later they came down almost in front of me. It was a delight to see them skip along with their necks stretched out high, and their ears erect. In their downward course they looked about right and left, then alighted with their fore-feet upon a stone, curved their backs and drew their hind-limbs forward; or they kept all four hoofs together, and slid down a few inches.

Take your time, thought I, they are bound to come nearer, and they cannot escape in a hurry. And they did come slowly nearer, perhaps within a hundred yards, while I was trying to decide which of the two animals was to be

mine; both being full-grown, there was not much to choose between them. Then they saw me slowly raising the rifle, stopped short with all their legs sprawling, and bounded away to the left at a speed unsuspected of them on that difficult ground. The first bullet, a clean miss, only increased their speed, and caused them to descend upon the western *nevero*, which they crossed unheedful of a second shot. Then they scrambled up the bleak slope, and being apparently somewhat exhausted, made straight for a solitary beech-tree. When they had arrived within 15 yards of it there was a blue puff, followed by a feeble report, and Pedro rose up almost within reach of the creatures, and caused them to swerve from their favourite pass or track which the chamois usually follow when changing quarters from the Sierra de Cortez to the Sierra de Corbo and to the Puerto. He then shouted for Severiano and Fernando to help him in his attempt to prevent the chamois from escaping across the pass, while I was to be put at a certain place of vantage farther down. Severiano had descended almost through the same gully by which the chamois had come to me; he helped me down from my perch, and we crossed the western snow-field, where I helped him. In fact, nothing would induce him at first to cross, but when he saw that my strong-nailed boots could be rammed into the coarsely-crystallised snow, and thus afforded foothold, we managed pretty well, even over the edge where this kind of glacier was rapidly receding from the underlying stony ground. I then took up my new post under a projecting spur, where I could command the gullies to the right and left. Scarcely ten minutes later a shot was fired, a second, and, after a little, even a third. Then I could stand it no longer, and I crawled towards the cannonading, over the projecting shoulder, down a dip and up again; at last, when I reached the rim of the shoulder, I beheld the most astounding and ridiculous sight.

Against the vertical wall of the Peña de Cortez stood a rock like a church pinnacle, something like that which has been described previously. On the chimney-like top stood a chamois; below, at the foot of the cone, was Severiano holding on to a rock, while his shoulder served as a rest for the gun of Pedro, who was just once more blazing away without the slightest effect, the living target being quite beyond the range of the old smooth-bore. Fernando was in the act of taking the fortress by storm; he was already half way up, but could not get any farther.

I beckoned to them to stop, to let me have a chance, and rushed down and up the screes to the scene of action, but arrived so thoroughly blown that I had to lie down flat for a minute to get back my wind. At last, still shaking all over, with my heart beating like a sledge-hammer, I risked a snap-shot, and, oh horror! the creature jerked and began to tremble, preparatory to sinking down. Now, if this had happened, its bones would be there still, as that pinnacle was inaccessible. Fortunately I could take a step aside, and aimed the second time at the left shoulder; the shock threw the chamois over to its right, it toppled off the top, fell some hundred feet vertically down, and disappeared out of sight. Then there was a dull thud; rebounding it reappeared for a second, vanished again, and a crash of stones scattering and bounding into the depths below, ended this exciting scene.

The recoil of the rifle had thrown me against the mountain wall, the tower-like pinnacle seemed to move forwards, and—I shut my eyes, soon to be restored, however, to the full enjoyment of our success by the exuberant joy and congratulations of my three companions, who were simply frantic with excitement. Then and there we had a smoke, making and exchanging cigarettes, as is the proper custom, and then we scrambled and slithered down as best we could to the chamois, which had fallen many hundred feet below

us. It had four holes in its body, two where the bullets had gone in and two where they had come out. We eviscerated and cleaned it at a little stream; the fore-legs were pushed through slits between the hamstrings and bones of the hind-legs, and Severiano put the now more manageable load upon his shoulders, groaning, to our delight, under its weight, because it was a large *hembra*, or female.

We descended a deep and narrow watercourse, the banks of which were studded with blue *Delphinium*, white *Parnassia*, deep blue gentians, some ferns and moss in profusion, until after an hour's tramp we joined my wife, who during these last six hours had been able to watch everything as though upon a huge amphitheatre. In fact, she had seen more than we ourselves, because there must have been seven instead of five chamois on the eastern side, since two of them trotted down upon the snowfield in front of her, and actually sat down for several minutes within less than a hundred yards.

At the little spring, and in the scantiest of shade, we had a repast. The wine, bread, and *queso de cabra*, goat-cheese, were delicious, and of course we recounted our various individual experiences to the minutest detail and to our mutual satisfaction.

On our arrival at Tanarrio the joy was great. Maxima was visibly proud because our trophy was an undeniable credit to the house. Pedro skinned the chamois at once, and stretched the skin upon sticks to be dried in the sun. We retained the hindquarters, the forequarters were sent to Severiano's house, and Pedro was well satisfied with the rest. There was great feasting that night in Prudencio's house; the meat was delicious, although of course quite fresh, but none of us had had meat of any kind for several days. Towards the end of the repast Casilda, the youngest daughter, came in with a large basket full of apples and pears, sent by Severiano's parents, *y mira como respondieron*—"and look how they have responded."

CHAPTER V

LOS PICOS DE EUROPA

THE expedition to the Aliva[1] mountains required serious preparations, because it was to take at least two days, and the only accommodation which was to be expected was to be found in some miners' huts. Prudencio, Pedro, and his brother Tiburcio, Severiano, and Isidoro, were to be of the party, while two professional *batadores*, or beaters, were to meet us at the mines.

It is customary for the *dueño*, or boss, of such a shooting party to stand treat—that is to say, to look after the commissariat, which, whatever it may not include, must comprise wine and tobacco; it may even be limited to this. Everybody, except the beaters, who joins the party does so as a guest by invitation, and will refuse remuneration.

We were in all a party of nine. Bread, wine, and meat, the remnant of roasted chamois, supplemented by a smoked ham and cheese, we had in plenty; also *puros*, or cigars, which at three-halfpence were quite smokable, and *cigarros*, which we call cigarettes. For the more select there were also coffee, sugar, and eggs, and lastly, for our private consumption, in case of need, a few blocks of condensed soup. Then came the serious item of a change of clothes for each of us, a blanket, and one cork mattress. The latter, bought many years ago at Piggott's in London, has proved on many

[1] See Appendix.

occasions a most valuable part of our outfit. Made of oil-cloth, lined with strong linen, all its transverse compartments filled with cork, it is damp-proof, and rolls up into a manageable bundle of only 5 lbs. in weight. It is true it might be softer, but that can be mitigated by an extra blanket; the chief thing is to lie dry. Kodak, rifle, collecting bottles, ammunition, candles, matches, and last, not least, our aluminium cooking-kettle, pans, plates, spoons, forks, and cups, lint and ointments, with a dozen other little odds and ends, completed the outfit. Many of these things are apparently quite superfluous, but are sadly longed for when wanted.

Late in the night came Pedro, wringing his hands in despair, because he had discovered that he had no more bullets left, having fired his whole stock away on the previous day. If he had only a lump of lead he would be quite satisfied, but not even that was to be got in the village at such a late hour. He gladly accepted some of my express bullets, intending to hammer them into round shape, when at last Prudencio ransacked his writing-desk and found two bullets. It is curious how indifferent these people are sometimes about their ammunition. Provided the bullet is not too large for the gun they do not trouble any more about it, nor are they particular about the amount of the powder charge, except in one instance at Burbia, in the Sierra de Picos, where the man mixed some snuff with the powder in order to make up the bulk he required.

We had been warned repeatedly that the start was to be made very early, not merely at the *madrugada*, the breaking of the day, but at the *madrugancita*, the little dawn; this is not classical Castilian, but all the more expressive. Accordingly we were ready at 5 A.M., but an hour and a half elapsed before the horses were fed, saddled, and packed, and above all, before the men were willing to be off. Do what

you like, you can never start at the hour you have announced, although you may succeed at the hour you secretly intended.

Prudencio rode his own horse, a spirited little animal, which, with its buff coat and dark stripe along the back, and with its striped legs, reminded us forcibly of the typical Norwegian *heste.* My wife rode Isidoro's *rozin;* this word, in not uncommon use, is nothing less than one of the many appellations introduced by the Visigoths, being and

Don Prudencio rode his own horse.

meaning of course the same as horse in English, and *hros,* now *ross,* in High German. She was provided by Prudencio with his lady's saddle, called *hamuga,* a sort of gaily-caparisoned armchair with a footboard, which looks very comfortable, but is not. Severiano had lent me his horse.

Our *cavalgadura* started at last from Tanarrio for the Puerto, not, however, by the more direct and easier cart road, because that led through Mogrobejo, and it was not thought proper that the people in that village should know too much of our intentions. Our track was perhaps all the more

interesting, being a miserable path over boulders along the watercourses. The mountain slopes with an eastern and northern aspect are all densely wooded. Numerous swampy watercourses, varied with rich green meadows, intersect the wooded slopes; on the drier and more sun-exposed parts the gorse was in full bloom; the broom, or *escoba* (*Spartium junceum*), grows to an astonishing height; tree-like shrubs with stems of 4 inches in thickness and 15 feet in height were common. In the swamps is also a kind of tall mare's tail, called *urze*, which grows to a height of 4 feet. Farther up in this park-like region, with its exquisite views over the mountains of the Liebana and of Reinosa, we rode through masses of bracken until we came to the plateau, the edge of which is marked by some huge rocks, the *descanso de la calvera*. At this "resting-place of the skull," 3780 feet above sea-level, we halted a little, as is the custom. We were overtaken by a pedlar with his pack-horse, loaded with Barcelona goods, which he was at once willing to show. Blankets, red and yellow handkerchiefs not made in Manchester, sashes, sheets, shoe-laces, etc. To cheer him, and for the novelty of the thing, I bought for a few pesetas a pair of *bombaches*—that is to say, blue cotton trousers, which, however, were not a success, as after the first few hours' use most of their seams had burst, and my legs were dyed blue like those of the proverbial ancient Britons.

The plateau of the Puerto de Aliva consists for many miles of up-and-down meadows, where hundreds of cattle are kept during the short summer. These cattle are all of the same race, almost invariably light brown or fawn coloured, with a paler line along the back, short-horned, and with rare exceptions not vicious. We passed through a fine oak forest, the branches of the trees were covered with moss and with the long streamers of the *Usnea barbata*, the green beard-like

lichen, indicative of the moisture produced by the clouds, which even in midsummer wrap these regions in dripping fogs. In this oak forest was a large space fenced in with felled trees, and well palisaded; here the cattle are collected for the night, especially when packs of wolves are plentiful, the herdsmen keeping watch outside the fence. Not far away is a little brook, and the pool of the "Salamanteca," so called because of the many spotted Salamanders which frequent it. Everywhere the meadows were studded with the tall *Gentiana lutea*, while on rockier ground appeared the equally tall *Digitalis parviflora*, and thousands and thousands of pale little Colchicums gave an agreeable sprinkle of colour

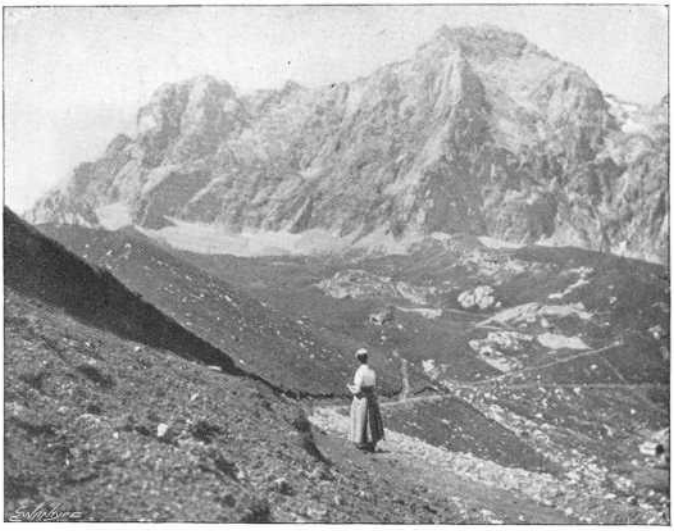
A Camilla, or stick for carrying milk-pails on the shoulder.

to the grass where it was beginning to have a shrivelled and burnt appearance. Here and there stood a weatherbeaten *Mostajo* tree (*Celtis australis*).

We left the wooded ravines of the river to our left, passed high above the village of Espinama, and a few miles farther on came to stonier ground, where numerous rude, low stone-huts had been erected, covered with sods and strongly barricaded, in which primitive-looking buildings the milk and cheese are stored before they are taken down to the villages. These huts were already deserted, at the end of August, the nights being too cool for the cattle. A view of this region is shown by one of the photographs. We were standing on a huge moraine, 4600 feet above sea-level; towards the north arose, in brilliant sunshine, the highest central peaks of the Picos de Europa, in particular the district called Aliva. These mountains contain an abundance of *calamina*, oxide of zinc, which is worked by an English and by a Spanish company, besides by small private

concerns. Unfortunately the decent-looking English establishment was dormant, but the *capataz*, or overseer, of the Spanish mines willingly received us in his shanty and gave us two the run of his office.

The same afternoon we made an excursion around the western side of the central mass seen in the photograph. In



Towards the north arose in brilliant sunshine the district called Aliva.

turning the corner we beheld a new world, as Prudencio remarked. The whole scene reminded one of certain photographs of the moon, with a huge crater-like hollow, surrounded by barren, jagged peaks, and strewn with rocks and boulders, the sharp black shadows of which enhanced the weirdness of the district. In a niche on the face of an enormous cliff was, "and always had been," a vulture's nest. Near the very summit of the peaks tiny specks could be seen moving about. These were miners carrying the loads of ore down on their backs.

A beater had been sent out, because it was reported that

two animals had been seen, which, unless they were goats, must be chamois. Tiburcio posted our party. It was a cleverly-concerted plan, the idea being that the chamois should be driven down the stony, shallow valley, while the line of guns should prevent them from escaping upwards. "Pedro and Severiano, you being the better climbers, shall go to that cliff and eventually join in the drive; you, Don Juan, remain here with your far-reaching rifle, while I myself will defend that corner lower down. Isidoro had better stay with the horses."

There was not a sound in all this vast wilderness. Within 15 yards of us a pair of wall-creepers settled. These loveliest of birds, in their exquisitely-delicate, pale, slaty-gray dress, matched the rocks to perfection, and their carmine-tinted shoulders increased the protection with which nature had provided them by their resemblance to the patches of pink and purple blooming garlic which grew in profusion wherever there was a handful of soil in the glacier-streaked ground. Nay, even the white speck on each of the larger quills combined to beautify and to hide the little creatures, as with wings and tail spread out they half crept, half fluttered over the rocks, probing the little cracks for spiders with their slender curved bills. Wall-creepers are very local; where seen once they are sure to be met with again. Nevertheless the range of this truly alpine bird (*Tichodromà muraria*, L.) is enormous, and extends from Spain to beyond the Himalayas. The reader will probably think: *revenons à nos moutons,* — or rather chamois! Well, there were none!

Not far from the miners' huts is a spring of salitrous water, which the chamois were said to frequent in the early dawn, and many a head of game has been killed there by those who did not mind spending a night out in surreptitious ambush.

On our return to the huts, we found things had taken a bad turn. The *capataz* was drunk, and, what was worse, he had got drunk on *our* wine, of which such a quantity was missing that Prudencio's grief and disgust were quite distressing to behold, especially as it would be necessary to send one of the miners on the morrow down to Espinama, to replenish the stock; naturally a most risky venture. The *capataz* of course was the jolliest of all, being more than confidentially and amiably inclined, so that, when he blandly asked for a *copita* of wine, we threw him out of his own office.

When I mentioned previously that he had given us the run of his abode, that was merely a figure of speech, as his whole office was not large enough to swing a rat in, and of running about in it there would be no question. In fact it was a dirty cabin in which two people had not sufficient elbow-room. At the dark end was the bed of sheep-skins, tenanted by several species of Aptera, which we vainly tried to pacify by unstinted offers of insect powder. Nor did we succeed in hemming them in by spreading out our blankets. A partition of planks separated our "habitation" from the general storeroom, which contained harness, mining tools, rows of very strong cheeses upon suspended boards, and dynamite cartridges.

Otherwise the scene was lively and interesting enough in the adjoining shed, where the miners and the rest of our party collected round an open fireplace, vociferously regaling each other with the most incredible stories. They were a rough but good-humoured lot, but amongst them is always a sprinkling of shady characters, who, for private reasons, have retired from more civilised regions. This is so well known that the *guardias civiles* pay a visit to these out-of-the-way places only when somebody is "wanted."

When we retired to rest, we left the wooden window-board

open, to admit air through the hole of scarcely more than one square foot in size. We were soon entreated to shut it, as nobody wanted to be held responsible for accidents. However, it was soon opened again, but they did not know that we had built an artful little pyramid of empty bottles—all the bottles in that office were empty—and cooking tins, which would have crashed down at the slightest touch.

Next morning we made for the high mountains, scrambling up the Canal del vidrio, so called from the *vidrio* or crystallised oxide of zinc which is found there in abundance. For many years this rich ore, which contains about 60 per cent of the metal, had been shot down the steep slopes with the result of smoothing away most of the much-needed foothold. In fact, at several turns of the zigzag foot-track it was hopeless to get along without the tugging, helping arms of my companions, not on account of giddiness, but from the sheer impossibility of rushing up an incline of half a right angle, without anything for the hand to hold on to. Here the *alpargatas* were decidedly superior to nailed boots. Standing still or walking slowly was out of the question; the men rushed from point to point. Still farther up it was a sight to see the miners running down with their full loads, singing and yodelling cheerfully. One fellow's audacity was too much even for our Pedro, who gasped and said, *Que no se mate elle,* literally, that he don't kill himself; an idiomatic expression exactly equivalent to *wenn der sich man nicht umbringt.* We escaped from the canal by an artificial cut around an overhanging spur of the mountain, and then the next thousand feet were rougher, and consequently easier to climb, although sandy and grassy slopes came in as little diversions. At last we reached the *cumble,* or backbone, which divides the province of Leon from the Asturias.

As this is one of the most famous spots for chamois drives in the whole of the Picos de Europa, it is worthy of some

more detailed description. The mountains appeared in the shape of a huge horseshoe, the two arms enclosing a vast cauldron which drains north-east, past Sotres and Tresviso, into the Bay of Biscay, while the centre of the horseshoe is formed by the Peña vieja itself, still towering 2000 feet above us, who stood some 6000 feet above the level of the sea.

The plan usually followed by the beaters, who had left the mines before daybreak, is first to ascertain in a general way the probable whereabouts of the chamois, and thereupon to work their way up the valley, either along the northern Asturian, or along the southern arm of the horseshoe, and to drive the game towards the Peak. We had hardly proceeded a few hundred yards and taken a preliminary view of the scene, when Isidoro, who was strolling on in front, raised a shout and pointed at five chamois, which were madly careering away upwards to the left. To show my companions how far a good rifle could carry, I fired into the little herd. The bullet must have struck somewhere near them, because the chamois immediately halted for a second or two. A second bullet, aimed more deliberately, had the desired effect of turning them to the right, and for the next hour or two they could be discerned as tiny specks on a large snowfield of the northern arm of the horseshoe. This little episode, although an uncouth, rough-and-ready mode of turning game, met with general approval, because it was of importance that the animals should remain within our domain, and, the whereabouts of the beaters being unknown, there was a chance that they might dislodge them again.

We now prepared to post ourselves across the bend of the horseshoe, which, I soon saw, was a favourite field of battle. There had been erected low stone breastworks, half circles, facing down the valley, just high enough to hide a man when

lying down on the barren slopes intersected by ravines and clefts. Isidoro was placed at the right wing against an immense boulder. Between him and my ambuscade was a long, open stretch, and Pedro pointed out with a chuckle that Isidoro could not possibly do any harm even if he fired across towards me, while my rifle alone would "defend" the broad defile.

My place was ideal,—so it appeared at least for the first half hour. To the right was the uninterrupted slope affording chances of several shots in case the game made for this pass. The immediate foreground right in front was, however, much broken. The panorama beyond was indescribable. A solitary vulture gyrated in mid-air, and, taking a bird's-eye view of the whole district, probably knew all about us, and certainly more than ourselves of the whereabouts of the chamois and the beaters.

There was no sound but the sweet twittering of a couple of snowfinches, and every few minutes the sharp pink, pink of the flint and steel of Isidoro, who had ensconced himself in the enviable shade of his boulder and was smoking. As I said before, my position at first was charming, but when hour after hour rolled by things became slightly monotonous, and all sorts of unpleasant sensations made themselves felt. The stony ground became harder and harder; now here, then there, a sharp piece became an intolerable nuisance, and the soil, from which only recently the snow had receded, appeared very cold, all the more so as the upper surface of one's body was roasting.

By noon the faint sound of clattering stones, far to the right, heralded the approach of the game, and gradually not less than eleven chamois made their way down the southern ridge in the direction of Isidoro. But, descending farther into the gorges below, they were lost to sight, and only an occasional click indicated to the straining ear that they

were making for our defile. Naturally I was ready, with the rifle rested advantageously on the stone parapet, and not a rat could have appeared unperceived above the lower rim of the slope between me and Isidoro,—but pink, pink, pink he went on again, regardless of all that was probably close before him. Whilst internally boiling with rage, and collecting a string of appropriate epithets to be flung at Isidoro when next we met, and, of course, still intently watching the ground between us, I became conscious of being watched myself from behind. Everybody knows this peculiar feeling of being aware of the presence of a pair of eyes, which he himself does not see, or, at least, is not aware of seeing, although their image enters, as it were, the corner of his eye. I quietly looked over my left shoulder and observed the head of a chamois, not forty yards off, staring at me with open eyes, and with its ears spread out. We eyed each other for a few seconds, not knowing what to do, until I tried to get out of my hapless position, whereupon at once the head disappeared, and shortly after that I had the mortification of seeing the heads and necks of the whole herd of eleven chamois, as they one after another jumped across the crack and scuttled, as it seemed, almost into Severiano's arms. He fired. Shortly after Pedro fired also, and the frightened creatures hurried away in several directions. One of them had broken through our line, and, seeing Pedro following, I rushed up the slope behind, and had just arrived at the foot of a round-backed moraine when there appeared on its rim against the sky the chamois, which, on my firing, "dropped like a shot." The bullet had broken and torn off part of the middle of its spine, making an awkward hole in the skin. In due time old Pedro turned up, very much astonished at seeing me standing over my prize. "Pedro, good cheer, I have killed a *rebeco*." "No, Don Juan, I have done that; I saw it drop on this very

spot, and I shot it some time ago lower down." "Well, what about this hole? A *rebeco* with a smashed back does not run far." Pedro wrung his hands in despair, described how he had fired at it, how it fell, and how he was just going to pick it up, when it got up again and fled; how he followed it, and how he saw it drop, just when he thought it would get out of sight.

The mystery was soon cleared up. In his excitement he had not heard my shot, or at least he paid no attention to it, because his brother had in the meantime likewise fired at one of the other escaping animals. Upon closer examination of our chamois we found a hole in its neck which had pierced the windpipe but without injuring any vital parts. Very likely the poor creature had fallen owing to the shock, but soon recovered sufficiently to give Pedro the slip. "Never mind, Uncle Pedro" (to call a man *tio* has always a soothing effect), "we two together make one good chamois hunter." We then shook hands over our prize, and, full of joy, joined the rest of the party, where in the meantime the two beaters had also turned up.

At first we intended to circumvent the scattered herd again, but in the middle of our deliberations the eagle eyes of one of the beaters espied several dark specks on the rim of the high *sierra* towards the north, which they declared were three Asturianos, who had either gone there on their own account, or, what was worse, had got wind of our expedition and had guarded the high passes over which the chamois would have escaped if molested further. The idea that we then should be accessory to those Asturianos being successful was too much for my companions, and forthwith it was decided not to stir a foot. "Oh what a blessed lucky thing, Don Juan, that you turned the first five *rebecos*. Just imagine what might otherwise have happened." "Well, I suppose they would have got a chamois, and that need not

have interfered with our sport, considering that our gallant beaters drove up eleven more, of which Pedro and myself have got one, and we might have got more if you fellows had not missed them." "No, Don Juan, that is not the point. If you are satisfied, we are happy; nobody need be glum who had the good luck of firing a shot, as we all had to-day. But think of those fellows, they would then have told all the world that we, *nosotros de Tanarrio*, a party of nine, had been acting as drivers to three Asturianos, and that they had shot our game. *Los Asturianos; que disgracia!*"

We therefore sat down to lunch near a fast-thawing patch of snow. The fare was of the scantiest, the snow doing duty for water, but the conversation was lively. First, of course, the chamois was killed over and over again, Pedro's account being totally different from my own version, which was backed by Isidoro, who volunteered as eye-witness. Pedro was backed by Severiano and his brother, while the beaters, who had been absent, acted as judges and jury combined, the verdict being the explanation given above. Then Isidoro came in for his scolding, and was ultimately called *un gran burrico*, namely, a big little donkey. To call a man a *burro*, a donkey plain and simple, would naturally be resented as a downright insult, while *burrico* might pass under certain circumstances, but the additional adjective of *gran* takes away the sting, and turns the whole self-contradicting term into pleasant chaff. He was, however, condemned to carry the chamois.

Our little party was very merry and courteous, as various little incidents showed. Most of us had taken off shoes and boots. Pedro, with a sudden jerk, changed position and "excuse me, my feet incommode you whilst eating!" When the *bota* or wineskin was handed round, I was granted exceptional permission to put my lips to the mouth-piece. To drink out of a spouted jar or out of such a skin in proper

Spanish fashion is a most ticklish business. The skin is held high above the head, the right hand squeezes the leather, while the left guides the mouth-piece, out of which squirts a thin but rapid stream of the fluid, which—unless long practice has brought perfection—hits you in the face, or more usually below the chin, and red wine leaves unpleasant stains.

It is very easy to give unintentional offence, and such is as easily taken. Here is an instance. The beaters had only bread and cheese with them, so I cut our good-sized piece of ham in two, and with a "catch" threw it over. Neither of them caught it. They only looked astonished, and with a bitter smile, one of them remarked, "As at a dog!" Of course it was not etiquette, but one word of apology was sufficient to restore good-fellowship, Tiburcio quoting *hay maneras y gustos*, there are various manners and tastes.

Both in Portugal and in Spain it requires a little practice to hand anything, even the simplest object, to the so-called lower classes in proper fashion. You may scrape and bow, smile and say as much as you like, but the very farm-labourer will not take the offered cigar, or even money, unless the article in question be offered with a peculiar short jerk, or arrested wave of the hand. If you omit this gesture, he will only look expectant; he may even thank you politely for the gift, but he will not take it. An orange held out to you means nothing but look, there is an orange, do you want it? But with that particular gesture it becomes a present which you are expected to take.

During our lunch one of the Asturians had climbed down, and when within hailing distance he craved permission to approach us with his gun, as being in distress. This mysterious request was soon explained. He was armed with a short, queer-looking carbine, in the breech of which the metal cartridge had burst and jammed itself. Severiano's ramrod at once put matters right. The obvious surmise that those three

Asturians had not one ramrod between them, that they consequently represented a force equipped entirely with breech-loading weapons, threw quite a lustre of distinction upon our visitor. He was very courteous and grateful, but rather reticent about his own party, and ventured only one question: Might he see the rifle out of which some hours ago the shot was fired which had turned the five chamois, and that at a distance which was *una barbaridad?* This is a favourite expression in the district of the Picos de Europa, and means not a barbarous or vile action, but a marvellous feat; nor does, by the way, *disgracia* signify disgrace, but a deplorable accident. For instance: "Fancy poor Apoda has broken his arm." *Que disgracia!* When our strange visitor saw the rifle, and, above all, the long, heavy cartridge, he summed up all he had to say in that one word which means volumes, *Caramba!*

It would be unfair to omit a description of the beaters. These *batadores*, where they exist at all, are thoroughly professional, and take a great pride in their proficiency. Short, dark-haired, small-faced, very sinewy mountaineers, not of the heavy and slow but of the vivacious and active type, they keep aloof from the mean farming and cattle-herding occupations, and affect a costume of their own, namely, *alpargates*, the hemp-plaited sandals, the *boina*, or Tam-o'-shanter-like head-covering, and a wide loose blouse of dark calico, with some embroidery in front, and buttons on the shoulders. They prefer hunting in couples, each man having his own mate, so that it is somewhat difficult to engage them in odd numbers. Their pay is very moderate, considering the tremendous amount of fatigue which a single day may imply, being about 2·50 pesetas per day, out of which they find their own food, but it is customary to regale them with cigars and wine after the business is over, and to pay them a *gratificacioncita* when the drive has been successful.

Although these *batadores* are hired, their social position is certainly superior to that of a farm labourer, herdsman, miner, or carrier. He knows not only the mountains and forests, but all the villages of the whole district, and he never fails to drop in on a festive day, or on a Sunday afternoon, when he excels in the various out-of-door games, as being the most active player, an agreeable dancing partner, a willing musician, and the most inventive of story-tellers. When he is getting past the indefatigable age he becomes a professional *cazador*, stalking game on his own account, by the sale of which he makes a living.

When we had at last descended to the miners' huts there was again trouble in the camp. Prudencio, who had not felt up to being one of the chase, had despatched one of the miners to Espinama for wine, prudently not on his own horse but on that of Isidoro, without, of course, the knowledge or consent of the latter. The miner had probably enjoyed the fun and the wine, had overdriven the horse, and watered it on the way in one of the icy cold springs. The result was that the horse was ill with an internal chill, and refused food, and with drooping head incessantly lost water trickling out of its mouth. All these details were found out gradually, and led to serious accusations and recriminations, which made the atmosphere unpleasant. The quarrel could only be patched up, even although the horse recovered on the next day, owing to my prescribing a good dose of warm wine with bread, and a good rubbing down. But friction still existed between guilty Prudencio and sulky Isidoro. The only people who did suffer were ourselves, because our knight-at-arms gradually became morose and evasive, and had to be dismissed on the very day we wanted him and his horse most.

Our whole party dined boisterously. The *capataz* was tipped, although he violently objected to it at first by throw-

ing his hands up, shaking his head, and assuring us that he felt already more than repaid by the honour bestowed upon his house, but he allowed the coin to be slipped into his waistcoat-pocket. At last we imagined that all was ready for the start; we had even succeeded in saddling and packing our beasts, and still there was a hitch. Prudencio had sent his son Fernando with some other men to collect and drive in several of his horses, which had been left during the summer months on the mountain meadows, but were now to be taken down home again. This then was the reason why he had so glibly approved of the expedition to Aliva! He kept his real reason dark, as a little surprise for us, until the last moment, and it was not obvious why he, who had remained below all day long, had not collected his herd a little earlier.

At last the horses came up, escaped again, were turned back by the beaters, and when we saw that the rest of the party intended driving the loose wild horses home through the wilderness, we could stand it no longer, but went off with Isidoro on our own account. Our knight-at-arms was very slow, extra care had to be taken of his horse, strings broke, luggage slipped and had to be readjusted, and at dusk we were unexpectedly joined by Severiano and the beaters, who had got tired of horse-driving and had cut across the mountains, ostensibly on the chance of meeting a stray chamois.

At the Descanso de la Cabeza it was already dark, and as there the most difficult descent began through dense wood, along a winding road strewn with boulders, we two left horses and men behind and wended our way down alone on foot. It was soon pitch dark, the crescent moon having set long ago, and as we were on a short cut by which we had ascended in brilliant sunshine seven days ago, we easily managed to lose our way. After much pottering about and

trying various paths, we entered Mogrobejo at the wrong end and made for a lighted cottage.

The darkness outside made the scene within appear all the more striking. On the table stood a wicker lamp; around it sat eight or nine men and women in the whitewashed room. The beams of the cottage-roof were stained black with age and smoke, and luxurious vines framed the door and the window. When I gently hailed them, bidding them a courteous good evening, there ensued a ridiculous commotion; they all jumped up, the wooden shutter was closed, and deathly silence prevailed inside. As this was not exactly what we had come for or had expected, we vented our feelings in English. Then a man cautiously opened the door, called for a friend to bring the lamp, and, holding the lamp in our faces, he inquired, "*Que gente?*" "Who and what sort of people are you?" He was so overcome at first with surprise and then with a feeling of relief when he heard that we only wanted to be put on the track to Tanarrio, that he withdrew without a word, but returned again with a big jug of wine, which he offered to my wife with a single *bebe*, "Drink." After we had done so, he felt better, showed the liveliest interest in our day's occupation, extolled us as miracles of pluck and courage, the bystanders who crowded around applauding his remarks, and gave us two boys as guides.

The path led along through the boulder-strewn bed of the little river. The boys went on in front as fast as they could, and halted always *after* they had passed one of the nasty spots, never indicating them until they heard us stumble, when they shouted *cuidâo*—that is, *cuidado*, "take care." On the slope we found a big toad, which I put into a handkerchief, not wanting to draw their attention, but they had observed that there was something up, and were positive that I had stumbled and been bitten by a viper. Now, a

viper's bite is not considered fatal—at any rate it is not to be compared in danger with a terrible *sapo* or toad!

Prudencio's household was more than astonished to see us, and delighted to find us hale and hearty, in good spirits and very hungry. Over and over again they inquired anxiously about the rest of the party, who, however, returned by midnight, fortunately without mishap.

CHAPTER VI

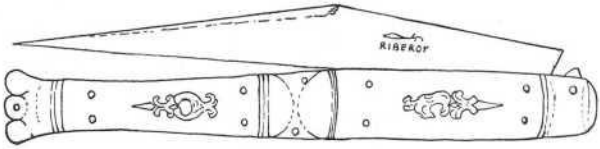
TRAMPING AND CAMPING

ONE fine morning, early in September, the little town of Potes beheld a spectacle which the inhabitants enjoyed amazingly. We were leaving the town, not on horseback nor by the diligence, nor in a private carriage—in fact not in any respectable, recognised way, but on foot. Moreover, instead of following the big road, we took to a lane, which could not possibly lead anywhere, unless into the mountains, and that this was our intention was obviously believed by few only, and even they shook their heads.

Perhaps our little party did look slightly unusual; it consisted of our two selves, a donkey, and a one-eyed man who was supposed to look after the three of us. The donkey, a she-ass almost white in colour, had the reputation of being the most respectable, strongest, and most docile of its tribe in Potes, and she was hired from her proud owner for two pesetas and *comida* per day. We feared that the load she had to carry would prove too heavy, for it consisted of everything we possessed, but we could not find a suitable horse, or rather anybody who was willing to trust us with a horse for an uncertain number of days.

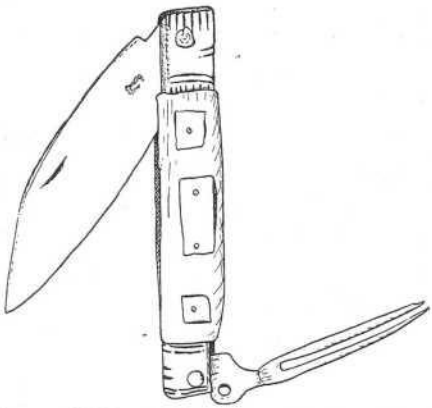
Sometimes it answers well if the owner accompanies his beast, provided he is willing to act as servant. The servant question was embarrassing. I longed for a smart, clean, active fellow, who had done his soldiering, but his wife

would not part with him into the unknown; so that idea fell through after two days' negotiations and a third day's waiting, when he did not turn up, this being the preconcerted sign instead of saying no. In the meantime various loafers and larky idlers offered their services, highly recommended



A dangerous Weapon; total length, 15 inches.

by their friends, but not by ours. At last we hit upon the very simple plan of commissioning the sergeant of the *guardia civil* to produce a suitable man, and soon Miguel Cueva, Cave-Michael, was summoned. He was a married man, owner of a little house, at present unemployed, short, of strong build,



A peaceful Traveller's Knife and Fork combined.

and of years of discretion; he, however, lacked one eye, which he had lost through the untimely explosion of a dynamite cartridge while blasting stones; otherwise he was extolled as a paragon of steady trustworthiness. He was engaged for 2·50 pesetas and *mantenida* (be it observed that the donkey received *comida*, the word for food; the

man was maintained), and was found to be thoroughly respectable and honest, not talkative but rather serious, without being morose, and last, not least, very very lazy, although he was obedient and did fairly well what he did at all, but that was as little as possible. When, for instance, he was sent to fetch drinking-water from a spring some way off, he brought one cupful, hoping that might be enough, but having no objection to repeat this light service three or four times instead of taking the big cooking pan. Curiously enough he had brought no knife with him, and when we expressed our surprise at this, he in turn looked astonished and said, "The people hereabouts are not bad (*mala gente*), so what's the good of a knife?"

We struck out south of Potes for the high *sierra*, following one of the southern tributaries of the Deva. Still within the Liebana the ravines were lined with arbutus, the strawberry tree, luxuriously-creeping smilax, tall rosebushes, and evergreen oak, large white convolvulus shining through the verdure. Then the cultivated land, with its Indian cornstalks, ceased, and we plunged into a densely-wooded gorge, which at 2900 feet above sea-level opened out into a romantic sub-alpine valley, where we decided to camp.

The first thing to be done was, of course, the pitching of our tent, which, as an invention and production of our own, was intended to break the record in usefulness and lightness combined. It consisted of thin oil-cloth, so-called American cloth, which is waterproof and light. Three widths of it had been sewn together, with a back added to it. As a backbone and moral support a strong piece of upholsterer's strapping was sewn into it, each end of which doubled into a loop. Along the middle of each side, parallel with the backbone, was another strapping of a lighter kind. Rings were inserted into the corners, along the lateral ribbons, for the insertion of cords, which were to be fastened to eight six-inch nails

driven into the ground. The edges of the cloth, strengthened by binding, were long enough to be tucked in. From the loop at the head end the strong strapping was continued down the middle of the back, likewise furnished with rings. This little tent, about 7 feet long, and high enough to sit upright in it, was roomy enough for two, and weighed only seven pounds, inclusive of cords and nails.

In Camp. "It could be pitched in various ways."

It could be pitched in various ways. Under the most favourable circumstances the middle of the back strapping, from the ground to the top loop, was tied to a tree, while a grass rope, slung into the front loop, was carried over a single-forked pole, some distance in front of the entrance, and then tied to another tree or bush. The side cords made the whole tent roomy, kept it in proper shape and taut. This arrangement could be varied and adapted to all sorts of circumstances. In the photograph, for instance, there being only oak-shrubs available, long grass ropes were carried over two pairs of poles, lashed together, which were easily chopped off with our little axe. The feet of the poles were secured against slipping by stones. Provided the ropes are long enough, and of these plenty are required for packing and

strapping the luggage, there will be always some bushes or rocks within reach. The side cords, thrown out in every direction, have the additional advantage of acting as stumbling traps to unwelcome visitors in the dark, thus giving warning of their approach. The luggage can be piled up within the entrance. A good deal of care should be bestowed upon the bedding, as this either makes or mars the night's rest. The bed should be dry, soft, and warm. Fresh fern-fronds, or grass, are too damp, and moisten more than one blanket; dry hay is liable to cause headache; straw is not to be had; moreover it is surprising how much all these substitutes become compressed, and how one's hips are sure to find out the hardest spots.

We followed the plan which is universally adopted in the south of Portugal. Small twigs of thyme bushes and other aromatic herbs form the substratum to keep out obnoxious insects like centipedes and scorpions, which have the reputation of disliking such smells; then follows a goodly layer of the twigs and leaves of the oak, preferably of the cork oak or of the evergreen oak, their leaves being crisp and comparatively dry. A double blanket thrown over all makes as springy and safe a couch as can be desired. Our cork mattress, and an emptied waterproof hold-all, added in our case to the luxury.

The surrounding scene was lovely. About a thousand goats, sheep, and cattle—the distant sound of their tinkling bells adding to the charm—pastured on the rich meadows, which were fringed with tree-broom, heath, heather, bracken, and male fern, *Trichomanes*, *Blechnum spicant*, and lady-fern. The red *Lychnis*, the white *Parnassia*, the lovely *Pinguicula*, were still in full bloom, but the *Asphodelus* and large *Digitalis parviflora* stood already in seed. The woods around were dense and primeval, chiefly consisting of the Roble, or common oak, and especially, on the northern, less

sunny slopes, of beeches. These latter were a sight to behold, not because of their moderate height, but on account of their enormous thickness and gnarled appearance. Instead of rising up as towering columns and then spreading out dome-like, the original stems often split horizontally into several, only a few feet above the ground, and these secondary trunks form each a tree by themselves, still, however, connected with the mother trunk, although rooted on their own account. Occasionally, chiefly near the exposed fringe of an open space, the stems had burst asunder, and in the mouldering soil not only Polypody and *Aspidium* were thriving, but many a good-sized new beech tree had sprung out of the mass, thus turning the whole into a little colony of several generations of beeches. I do not recollect ever having seen such a luxurious wilderness of beech forests. Those of Pomerania, where I spent my youth, are certainly taller, with stems unclimbable, and with the canopy of typical Gothic style, but because of their very symmetrical growth they do not give the delightfully wild impression of the Cantabrian trees. The cause of their peculiar growth is the enormous mass of snow which falls in those highlands to the height of many feet, and lies for many months. The weight of the snow presses the trees down and splits or breaks them, and the heat of the summer, combined with plenty of moisture, produces rapid decay and exuberant growth.

The heat at our otherwise lovely camp was trying; although it was the 6th of September, and, as mentioned before, nearly 3000 feet above sea-level, the temperature inside the tent kept steadily between 90° and 95° F.; in the sun it rose to 113° F.; while at midnight it cooled down to 71°, which appeared to our heated bodies quite refreshing. The evening and night were certainly the most delightful time. After a luxurious, even dainty, supper prepared at a blazing fire, Michael of the Cave, cheered by wine and cigars,

became communicative, and in return had to be told all about the purport of our expedition, until he shook his head and curled himself up close to the camp fire. Then our true enjoyment began. At ten o'clock the full moon rose above the eastern mountains and suddenly flooded the dark foreground with its silvery light, the shadows appearing jet black. The ubiquitous little toads (*Alytes obstetricans*) had left their inscrutable hiding-places, and uttered here, there, and everywhere their bell-like double notes, which resemble the more plaintive cry of the tiny owls, while the big hooting owls made themselves likewise heard. Otherwise all was wrapped in stillness, and we were sound asleep at midnight when much talking between Miguel and some strangers awoke us.

Several boys had come up from the little village of Bejo, offering toads, which Miguel had told them on the previous day were a saleable article with his crack-brained employers. As we did not want to be further disturbed, they were reminded that it was not customary with us to buy toads at midnight, whereupon they withdrew with Miguel, but jabbered on uninterruptedly till dawn. Meanwhile they had been joined by some herdsmen, who wanted to watch the negotiations. I told them that we knew they thought us mad, but that they knew mighty little about what such creatures were good for, and then I gave them, to their surprise, a few coppers. In reality they did not expect to be paid, but they had brought the valueless little things in order to have a good look at us. The herdsmen were at the same time encouraged to hunt for all sorts of creeping and crawling creatures, and this had a marvellous effect. They and the boys swarmed out and left no stones unturned. Near the springs in the meadows they gave vent to a yell; one of them came running up with the news that a fearfully poisonous animal had been found, which they implored us not to touch. It was a spotted salamander! Tadpoles of *Alytes* and large

brown grass-frogs abounded, and smooth snakes (*Coronella*) we caught on the following day. The three young rascals, by the way, had brought the toads in a cast-iron cooking pot belonging to an aunt of theirs, and as they would not take the pot back, considering it hopelessly poisoned, I suggested

The herdsmen were strange fellows.

that auntie might not like losing her pot. "That does not matter; she does not know we have taken it," was the answer, and the heavy pot remained behind, probably to be annexed by the herdsmen.

The latter, of whom the photograph represents two in an easy attitude, were strange fellows. One—he with the two sticks—was undersized; he had tied over his trousers a kind

of divided apron or sort of over-all trousers, made of untanned sheep-skins, with the wool outside. These queer garments do not quite reach round the back of the thigh, being only strapped on, and are chiefly intended to keep the front dry while walking through the wet shrubs on rainy days, or whilst milking; but this dress is often donned perpetually, wet or fine.

The presence of large herds of cattle and goats suggested abundance of milk, but such was by no means easily procured. We asked for some at 6 A.M., the men seeing us busy preparing breakfast, and they accordingly promised a bowlful, which would have been welcome if they had brought the milk before 7 P.M. Next morning that milk had of course turned sour and thick. No; they would not supply us in the morning, although the milk-givers were often within a few hundred yards. But why not? *No es costumbre*, it is not customary. Not far from our camp stood several *invernales*, or crude stone barns for the storage of hay during the winter (quite different in structure from the four-legged storehouses of Riaño, described hereafter), and there the milking also took place, as well as the putting by of the milk overnight, when the men lit several watchfires and slept in the open, surrounded by the brown mass of goats.

At last we had to leave that idyllic pastoral region and moved upwards, over ground well shown in the photograph. The tree-broom became higher, and the horse-tailed broom, with its large black pods, became more plentiful, although it was still small-sized. At an elevation of 4000 feet the oak and beech ceased, the short, turfy grass being interspersed only with broom, heath, heather, the tall *Gentiana lutea* and *Digitalis*. Near the pass, which is distinguished by the name of Puerto de San Glorio, 4500 feet above sea-level, the dwarf juniper, *Enebro*, made its appearance. Adapting itself to the snow and wind, this plant forms low, creeping bushes, which

spread out considerably, creeping over good-sized boulders, and converting them to all appearance into dark green balls, with smooth outlines,—no outstanding straggling branch being permitted, but all being flattened and pressed down into a compact felted mass.

The view from the Puerto was less extensive than we had expected; the summit of the pass was an undulating back, several miles broad, and consequently hiding much of the foreground. But we stood there on a watershed which deserves more fame than many another higher and wider range of mountains. As a watershed, taken as such, it was only of interest to us who had, in our several weeks' wanderings, ascended the Deva from its mouth near Unquera, up through the unique pass to Potes, and thence to this spot, where some of its many tributaries collected themselves, as it seemed, drop by drop, out of the ground perpetually wetted by last winter's snow, which was still lying in patches on the surrounding heights, soon again to be covered for half the year. We felt we knew the Deva; we had sketched it, photographed it, bathed in it, forded it many a time, eaten its trout, saw how it was made, and how it hurried into the sea. All the little rivers—and they are short—on the northern side of the Cantabrian range run into the Bay of Biscay, while every drop of running water on the south side helps to form the numerous and long tributaries which combine and join until they make up the mighty Duero, which at Oporto falls into the Atlantic. Owing to the breadth of the summit of the pass, there was some neutral ground, and it was not obvious what decided the ultimate direction of the waters.

The real interest of this range, however, consists in the fact that it forms the barrier between Central and the Atlantic portion of Southern Europe. The Cantabrian range of mountains is a continuation of the Pyrenees. Everything—fauna and flora, rivers and commerce—is affected. In fact the

Western and Eastern Pyrenees form part of that backbone of the Old World to which also belong the Alps and the Balkans, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas, which lose themselves in, or begin with, the Central Asiatic highlands. Of course here in Spain everything is in miniature, but the difference between the north and south slopes is nevertheless striking enough. The northern spurs are much cleft, well wooded, steep, and close to the sea, extend from south to north, and are fully exposed to the prevailing winds, which sweep over the Atlantic. Towards the south the mountains slope down more gently, form parallel ranges from east to west, and instead of continuing to sea-level, they end in the Castilian plain, which at Burgos and Leon is still nearly 3000 feet high. The slopes and the plain are fully exposed to the sun, which for many months in the year produces a *cielo de fuego*, sky of fire. Owing to the east to west direction of the Cantabrian range, the rain, which always comes from the northern and western quarters, is interrupted; consequently the climate on the northern side is moist, with an enormous annual amount of rainfall (for instance, 70 inches at Oviedo, and certainly much more on the mountain range itself), while the southern districts suffer from May to October from drought. The Castilian plateau (the rainfall of Leon amounts to 8 inches only) north of the Duero would be an arid, unfertile desert if it were not watered by the numerous streams which spring from the high and long range. This receives more than its fair share of water, because the clouds, being intercepted and held by the mountains, pour down their contents on the lee, that is, on the southern, side. This is especially obvious with the snowfall, which naturally can be measured and reported more easily than rain in a country whose weather is not yet regulated by meteorological bureaux. Numerous inquiries have led me to conclude that there are heavier falls of snow

on the southern than on the northern side of the Cantabrian range. But the hot sun, shining vertically upon the southern slopes, is not favourable to the creation of forests and meadows, which might help, sponge-like, to retain the water, not for a rainy but for a sunny day. Thus it comes to pass that, with perhaps the same annual amount of water, the whole of the

The Gorge of Llánaves.

northern countries are moist and the southern slopes dry, while the adjoining plains suffer from drought.

The first habitations which we saw on our descent belonged to the wretched village of Llánaves, situated in the boulder-strewn bed of a former glacier, hemmed in on both sides by high barren mountains, which during the whole winter shut out every ray of sunshine. In misery, squalor, and dreariness

this poor place stands alone. It possesses only some thirty houses or rather huts, all thatched with straw, the tiny window-holes being besmeared outside with white lime. The little church and old hermitage, the latter in ruins, stand a little apart near one of the three aspen trees which here, at an elevation of 4300 feet, represent arboreal vegetation. Small patches of potato fields, still in bloom in the

The wretched Village of Llánaves.

middle of September, and rye which had just been harvested, with a few goats and cattle, showed what was the industry of the village; the more active of the inhabitants, some 120 all told, eke out a living by hiring themselves out during the winter in less miserable places. The people happened to be busy with threshing out the corn. One of the photographs shows the principal threshing-place, a dry spot, cleared of stones; and the oxen, yoked together, are driven round and round in the piled-up straw to trample out the corn, while

winnowing was done in primitive but effective fashion by throwing the corn with a shovel into the air against the wind. In some small courtyards threshing was done by hand, by beating the straw with forked sticks, and in a few instances flails were used. The latter mode was to us the more remarkable, as it is that which is most rarely employed in Spain. An anomaly in this village was a new-fashioned agricultural cart, with fixed iron axle, upon which the wheels turn. We met several such new carts, all painted blue, on our way down to Riaño ; these innovations were one of the effects of the railway, which passes some twenty miles south of Riaño.

Below Llánaves the rapidly-increasing river, a tributary of the Esla, enters a deep and narrow gorge several miles in length. In a nook of the bed of the stream was a little shanty, which looked like a water-mill. Seeing a peasant sitting by, and observing water springing out of the rock, I went over the plank and inquired if the water was good to drink. "Very good, indeed," said he, and, thirsty as I was, I gulped it down. But, O ye gods, what a taste! It was a strong sulphurous spring, which the fellow had turned into a private little bathing establishment. It was rather primitive, the horrid slippery inside boasting of some boulders, with a few boards laid across to prevent the patient from slipping into the river, and a large wooden tub, which the proprietor, manager and attendant all in one, filled and hired out for so much per dip. The *Kurliste* was not very large, but the Spa was patronised by sickly-looking people of both sexes, who crawled up the valley every day from Portilla, and perhaps still farther. The drawback is that none of these villages can boast of an inn with sleeping accommodation. Naturally most of the patients were troubled with certain skin affections, of which there are plenty of cases even in remote villages, but the waters were of course considered infallible for all sorts of other maladies.

Not anxious to try the squalid and problematic hospitality of these poor villages, we again camped, tucking ourselves away at the end of the gorge, in a narrow side ravine, over the bank of a little rivulet. How different was everything from the last camping scene! To begin with, there were only broom and heather near us; two poles had to be cut and fetched from the willow bushes in the bigger stream farther down, and the back of the tent was slung on to a huge boulder, numbers of which were lying about. The geological formation was Permian, magnesian limestone, a conglomeration like pudding stone; the heights were rugged and ended in hundreds of chimney-like peaks of the most fantastic shapes. Along the watercourses lower down grew mint, thyme, large bushes of roses, and the leafless, horsetail-like broom. On a wet slope was quite a bed of *Iris pyrenaica*, with ripe pods; *Gentiana lutea* was likewise in seed. On the flat alluvial banks of the river was grass, already shrivelled up, but enlivened by thousands of tiny little flowers of *Colchicum*. In the river I saw the curious musk-rat, *Myogale pyrenaica*, which, however, was too quick amongst the stones to be caught. In the deeper pools stood plenty of trout. All the sun-exposed slopes were covered with patches of heather and heath; the tree-heath was low and sprawling, owing to the winter's snow. The patch-like growth of these plants is very characteristic of the southern side of the big mountain range. Everything grows in patches, and gives the land the appearance of ill-kept gardens. *Asphodelus* and *Gentiana lutea* ranged up to 5000 feet, the latter plant beginning to be common from 3500 feet upwards. At 4800 feet elevation grew the *Té del monte*. The sun-sheltered sides of the ravines were full of stone-oak and birches, *Aspidium spinosum* and *A. filix femina*, and very striking was the total absence of beeches. There was no bracken anywhere. We found a few patches of parsley fern

for the first and last time in the gorge, not far from the sulphurous spring. Bird-life was extremely scarce, only a few Warblers, a Night-jar, and a Partridge being observed.

On the second day, which we spent in this wilderness, the sky was overcast, and the temperature kept steadily at 77° F. Towards nightfall it became cloudy, and rain was threatening, so that Miguel, after much fidgeting, asked leave to decamp that he might try his luck in some village lower down. We were left alone with our donkey. The night was at first pitch dark, but after midnight the moon gave light enough to impress us with the extraordinary weird look of our surroundings, the ragged cliffs and boulders assuming the most fantastic shapes. Then the wind got up, some spare ropes were thrown over the tent for additional security, and down came the rain, but the tent stood this test splendidly; we were snugly ensconced in it while the temperature fell to 57° F. by 6 A.M., when Miguel turned up and pointed out the wisdom of his having disappeared. To emphasise it he told us the story, probably picked up in the village, that on 8th September of the previous year, on a feast-day, so much snow had fallen in this valley that a man lost his life in it. The end of October would be more likely, but in truth our good Miguel did not like the lonely spot, and was heartily glad when we strnck camp.

Portilla is a larger edition of Llánaves, only perhaps a little dirtier on account of the greater number of houses. The hills, forming the cauldron in which the village is placed, are quite barren, with glacier-worn faces, covered with yellow lichen, and here and there with a few tufts of tall sand-grass. The lichen and the chocolate-brown rocks of conglomerate gave the leading tone to the picture, and the absence of any green, added to the squalor, produced quite a sombre and dismal effect. The people themselves were civil enough and good-looking, mostly of the dark type, and well built. The means of living are the same as those of Llánaves, except

OUR CAMP BETWEEN LLÁNAVES AND PORTILLA

that a peculiar inclination for meddling with poultry farming is also a local industry. This consists of, first, the production of Frizzled fowls, that nasty-looking breed in which the feathers are twisted and curled the wrong way, and these fowls are in addition sometimes dyed red or blue. Secondly,

Portilla.

the unnatural feat of making the cock hatch the eggs and look after the chickens, while the hen, being at liberty, can and does lay more eggs than she would do if allowed to sit upon what she considers a fair complement for a nest. The trick to induce the cock to take over the nursing duties is barbaric. The feathers are carefully plucked off his underside, and the bare skin is then irritated with young nettles until inflammation sets in. The pain, as easily understood, is mitigated by

the application of softness and warmth, and these are combined in the shape of the young chicks, which the cock induces to seek shelter under him. The soothing effect of the little coats upon the father's breast makes him, although for purely selfish reasons, love the children, and he is said even to emit the cluck, cluck sound which is so characteristic of sitting or nursing hens. The cock, when thoroughly broken in, will not only rear one brood, but will of itself take to sitting on and hatching out the next. The marvel is not that the birds behave as they do, but how the people in this alpine valley have hit upon that simple dodge, and how they have developed the taste for fancy-poultry farming.

It was very interesting to watch the gradual improvement in the style and look of the villages as we went mile after mile down the valley, which itself widened more and more, with broadening strips of intricately irrigated meadows, fields of potatoes alternating with others of rye and barley.

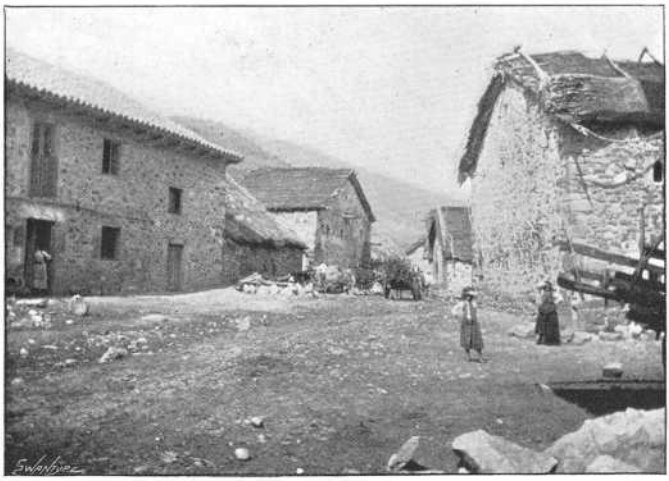
At Barmiedo, near the southern spurs of the Peña prieta, said to be haunted by bears, we tried to replenish our dwindled stock of food, but bread and wine of a kind, some eggs, and big raw onions, were all that was to be had, or at least all that the old woman who kept the inn was willing to sell. She turned grumpy when she found that my wife did not fancy running the risk of being attacked by the insects which garrisoned the parlour and shop combined, already occupied as it was by an impudent tippler.

South of the village, looking towards the Boca del Huergano, we beheld the most beautiful, truly picturesque view. In front a stream, with a mill to the right, surrounded by meadows, a church leaning against an old square Castello, which defended the valley; in the middle distance the village of Huergano, with tall poplars, and lastly the pinnacled white limestone mountains of Riaño.

Villafrea, the next village, lies in the middle of a plain, a

BOCA DEL HUÉRGANO

mile in width, bordered by low hills, which are covered in part with oak and birch. Farther down, belonging apparently to several villages in common, stands a solitary church, surrounded on two sides by a broad, tiled verandah, which is supported by wooden columns. Attached to it is a spacious shed to afford shelter for the horses of the worshippers who crowd together on the numerous festive occasions, and then



Villafrea.

make a day of it, turning the whole establishment into an improvised camp.

The plain widens still more, and is strewn with small-sized stones, not a square foot being without its pebbles, and in the midst of this, obviously a glacier bed, lies the village of Pedrosa, most appropriately called the stony one. On a stunted poplar was a stork's nest, which excited Miguel's wildest curiosity, there being no storks in his native Liebana, which he had never left before.

At last, after weary tramping in the shadeless heat, there appeared at the far end of the plain some houses which we felt must belong to Riaño, our goal. Our expectations were

strung high; we knew that Riaño was a *cabo de partida judicial,* a place where the assizes are held; letters of introduction to the Mayor from the Civil Governor of Leon ought to await us there, and last not least, the *guardia civil* of Potes, who, by the way, did not know the place, had spoken of it as larger than Potes. Anyhow, we were prepared for another quaint old town. We had cheered each other during the long, interminable tramp of twenty miles with the prospects of a sumptuous repast, which we should not have to cook; how we would enjoy the rest of the evening in a café

A solitary Church with a broad Verandah.

with iced lemonade, crisp little cakes, and similar luxuries. But somehow or other the town did not burst into view, no church towers, no buildings properly worthy of the name, made their appearance. Was it after all not Riaño, but still another village to be wandered through? The stony road became dirtier, the meadows greener and greener, more poplars, more swampy ground, a few scattered houses, more dirt—and still no town!

We entered the place by the dirtiest road imaginable —irrigation-water, cattle-ponds, and rivulets making it all sloppy. There was no pavement or artificially constructed highway; the road was flanked by scattered houses, some of them thatched with straw, and we were in Riaño after all! The place itself is not easily described, but the photographs will give some idea of its attractions.

CHAPTER VII

RIAÑO

A STATISTICAL description of Riaño might be given as follows. It is a village situated near the corner of a plain, 3500 feet above sea-level, and consists of about one hundred houses, with one hundred and fifty *vecinos*,[1] or six to seven hundred inhabitants, who possess eight hundred head of cattle, besides thousands of goats and sheep. There being no town for many miles around, the village has been raised to the dignity of a seat of assizes; the church is dedicated to a lady Saint, named Agueda; moreover there is a shrine of our Lady de Quintanilla, a school, and a prison. Towards the west the river Esla forces its way through a gorge called el Escobio, through which leads the high road into Castile. In the neighbourhood is a mine of argentiferous galena or zinc, employing but few workers. The mountains are chiefly of carboniferous limestone, and are covered with beeches, oak,

[1] The population of a Spanish place is officially returned as so and so many *vecinos*, *i.e.* neighbours, each *vecino* representing a separate party, or the head of a family, in the same way as the Germans return the number of *Feuerstellen* or hearths. To arrive at the actual number of people, that of the *vecinos* is to be multiplied by four or five. The *vecino* system suggests itself in districts in which the homesteads are scattered about, without being concentrated into villages. For instance, in the vicinity of Vigo, where hundreds and hundreds of separate farms are dotted all over the fertile country, and in the Southern Alemtejo, everybody goes home to his *monte*, his own hill. The erection of a church as a centre is there of later date, following upon the settlements on the hilly ground.

broom, and gorse, interspersed with birches, mountain-ash, and a few yew trees.

Here you have a lot of information, in the style of a good guide book, restricting itself to statements which may and do apply to ever so many places, and carefully avoiding the mention of anything that might prepare the traveller for what he will really meet.

We had scarcely settled in the inn kept by one Rafael, when the alcalde paid us a visit and brought the letters

Our Inn at Riaño.

received from the Governor of the province, which contained the general orders "to all the mayors, alcaldes, civil forces, etc.," to look after our welfare, to assist and to further our purpose, and so forth. The old man, of the thin, emaciated type, was already rather feeble — physically, that is, but mentally he was wide awake. He put himself and the whole village at our disposal; there should not be a wish on our side which he would not endeavour to gratify; he himself had only one ardent wish, namely, that we should be satisfied, and that our sojourn should be of the longest. Were we comfortable? If not, he regretted that the other inn was not much better, but, "wherever you may be, do not forget

that my house is entirely at your disposal." Then he cautiously inquired as to our aims, asking why we should have selected Riaño; but hearing that we only wanted to see the country and people, and study animals and plants, and that we should consider a day's shooting an agreeable diversion, the alcalde brightened up: "Leave that to me, wait a few days for me to lay my plans and to issue orders, and you will leave Riaño satisfied, if you must leave at all."

Then came one of the *guardia civil*, inviting me to their *cuartel*, where, with various ceremonies, the sergeant presented me to his force, and made me free of the place. Young, picked, well-drilled fellows, accustomed to do a thing smartly when done at all, they could not understand how and why we had managed to spend five days on the road from Potes to Riaño. Our Miguel had been submitted to a searching examination before I presented my thundering credentials, and he had apparently given such an incoherent account, seasoned with his own individual criticisms of our vagrant life, mysterious doings, and uncanny tastes, that our new protectors obviously hoped we would not lead them into any scrapes. One of them insisted upon talking to me in a lingo quite unintelligible, supplementing every sentence by forcible gestures. For instance, *minchin*, with the fingers of his right hand closed at the tips and conveyed to the mouth, stood for eating; *taula*, with the hands spread out horizontally, indicated a table. When I asked why he did not speak Castellano like a Christian, he explained that he had previously been stationed at Barcelona, where he had met many foreigners, and that he spoke Catalan for my benefit! He was ordered to accompany me back to the inn, not on account of *mala gente*, bad people, of whom there were none in the place, but because it would look better and impress the natives with our importance.

We met Miguel staring spellbound with his one eye at the

market-place and at the telegraph wire. The *guardia* at once ventured to explain the meaning and working of the telegraph. "If I want to speak to my chief in Madrid, I go into that house to the postmaster. He makes click (accompanied by manual demonstration), click, click, and they have my message in Madrid." "Then the wire must be hollow?" "No, you stupid, it is done by electricity!" Poor Miguel, he did not even say, "Oh, I see," but shook his head and thought Riaño was a very queer place.

In this respect he was right, the market-place alone was a

The Market-place of Riaño was a sight.

sight. A wide irregular square, like the streets, without any pavement, flanked by low, one-storeyed, whitewashed houses, the tiled roofs on the front forming an awning over the wooden balconies belonging to the upper storey. One side of the square is closed in by less ambitious buildings, thatched with straw, containing stables and dwelling-places.

Near the middle of the square stand several of the peculiar storehouses, which deserve special description. These grain stores, scattered about the village, always stand detached at a distance from the house or farm to which they belong. The blockhouse stands upon four thick trunks or stones, some four or five feet high. On the top of these upright posts are placed broad stone slabs to keep out rats and other unwelcome creatures. These *orrios* in their various forms

do not occur in many parts of Spain. To begin with they are found only in districts with a wet climate, and this is the only point about them which is easily understood. They are common all over the Asturias, from the coast to the southern side of the mountains; in Galicia they are very small, stand on higher legs, and are used for storing the cobs of Indian corn. On the other hand, there are none of them in the province of Santander, in the Basque countries, on the plains of Leon, and in the Portuguese mountainous districts, which are wet enough in the rainy season. Even at Tanarrio and in the villages of the neighbouring Liebana, which geographically speaking are on debatable ground, being in this respect more Austrian than Riaño, there are none. Miguel, who knew his native Liebana well, looked upon them with amazement.

Such small elevated barns are, however, not restricted to Spain. Very similar structures are met with in the south-western counties of England, and in Norway, for instance, in the Jötunheim. They are also common in the side valleys of the canton Wallis of Switzerland, where they are called *mazols*, and they extend down into Piedmont. Both the Swiss and the Spanish barns are characterised by the stone slabs. In a recently published book by Karl Fischer, entitled *Die Hunnen:* Zürich, 1896, the author, after describing these barns of the Wallis, mentions that similar structures are used in the Szecklerland of Transylvania, where they are called *rakkas*. We are further informed that in Hungarian *rak* means camp or resting-place, and then the author plunges into the wild surmise that these structures are the last visible remains of the Huns from the time they overran Central Europe; but as he was writing a book on the Huns, he was naturally over-zealous in establishing traces of his friends.

The reader will probably think, Why make so much ado about such a simple thing as a little barn? Nature is full of cases of isomorphism or cases of parallel development; similar

requirements are often met with in similar ways; in the present instance wet moisture and predatory animals are kept out by raising the thing a little above ground. Of course such an explanation would cut the knot of the difficulty, but it disregards the fact that these barns are by no means universal in the north of Spain, in districts where the people labour under precisely the same difficulties. Such primitive people cling tenaciously to the style of their buildings, and there is as much folklore to be gathered from such apparently meaningless freaks or tastes as from the colour of the hair and eyes, or from the shape of the head or from their language. Miguel of Potes and Prudencio of Tanarrio would not dream of introducing such barns, their own mode of keeping their goods dry doing equally well. It is not the country but the individual people who, according to their racial origin, decide upon the style of their implements and buildings.[1] The barns in question are not Keltic—the Kelt prefers stone to timber, even when he has got the latter; they are not a legacy of the Romans, who would otherwise have introduced them where they felt more at home than in the Asturian

[1] The most striking instance of a tenacious survival of custom in connection with the building of houses or barns can still be seen in the eastern half of Prussia, where Wends and Saxons are mixed, especially in further Pomerania. Under the first kings of Prussia, Germans, of Saxon blood, were settled as colonists amongst the Wends, who are the original population. Both Wends and Saxons in pagan times venerated the horse, and on every straw-thatched house the two beam ends at the gables cross each other and are rudely carved into the shape of horses' heads. Frequently the heads are only silhouettes, conventionally cut out, but an ear and the mouth are generally recognisable to any one who cares for such matters. But the real interest lies in the fact that on the gables of a Wendish house the horses' heads are turned outwards, while the house or barn of the German colonist is known by the horses' heads looking inwards, towards each other, and by the window-shutters being painted green. There is no longer any Wendish spoken in Pomerania, and the carpenter who has never heard of the worship of the sacred horse, be it Wodan's or that of Swantevit, does not even know that he is carving a horse's head.

mountains; lastly, they are not of Iberian origin, because they are absent from the Basque provinces, the last stronghold of these mysterious people. In fact I have little doubt that these footed barns were introduced by the Suebians, who, in the year 409, burst into Spain and settled in the north-western provinces, where they are still. Of course this was a long time ago, but many customs have survived in the Peninsula for more than double that time. The Alans and the Vandals, who came with the Suebians, and the Visigoths, who followed later, did not leave such barns in the regions where they established themselves in any numbers. The original stock of the Suebians lives, as is well known, in Southern Germany, they having stuck to their country, in spite of the turmoil of the people's migrations, as much as the Chatti of Tacitus's times, now called Hessians, have stuck to theirs. It may be accidental, but if the pasture slopes of Suebia present a striking feature, it is the numerous little wooden haylofts which stand upon a stony, sometimes pillared, foundation.

These Spanish storehouses vary somewhat in their structure, a gradual change of onward evolution into something additional being noticeable. The space between the four posts is sometimes closed in with smaller stones, forming low walls just high enough to convert the enclosed space into a pig-sty. Others again are more elaborately walled in, the stone walls reaching up to the elevated platform, and the ground-space is used as shelter for carts and other agricultural implements. Lastly, in rare cases there is a door in one of the secondary walls, so that the whole practically becomes a double building, with an upper original and a lower or secondary ground-storey. In no case, however, are such buildings inhabited. The Saxon word "storey" means, of course, a stowing-away-room, a stowery, and the first storey of a house is, strictly speaking, the raised flat, not the ground-

floor; it corresponds with the *erste Stock* in Germany, and such a "stock" means originally nothing more or less than the posts or sticks which were put on the top of the ground-structure. But these typical Asturian buildings are all storey.

Rafael's wife and daughter had at last got supper ready, and we were just clearing the table for it when the daughter skipped in, put her finger to her mouth, and whispered that the cura was below, intending to pay us his respects. There was quite a crowd standing outside with him, dressed up in their Sunday best. The cura began to deliver an address, omitting, however, to introduce the other members of the deputation, namely, a brother divine of lesser standing and correspondingly less fat, the apothecary, the opposition inn-keeper, and several other dignitaries representing the principal branches of local trade. They all were invited to scramble and stumble up the stairs which led to the ante-chamber, where they halted and tried to fall back, seeking shelter behind each other, but all craning their necks. The cause of the consternation was my wife, who stood in the middle of the room ready to do the honours, but for whose presence they were not prepared. The first cura actually crossed himself, the second said, "*O Jesūs!*" and wanted to bolt; another gentleman muttered, "*Caramba!*" threw away his cigar and spat, an example followed by the rest as they one after the other crept into the room. With the exception of the clergy, they all smoked cigars instead of cigarettes, as more fit for the occasion. When at last they were seated on the few chairs, supplemented by a bench and several boxes, there ensued a deadly pause, which the chief padre broke by inquiring if *la señora* spoke French. He had, indeed, spent some time in that country, but unfortunately his French had become a little rusty, as he said, or else he did not know much of it, as we thought, and this, combined with the most dreadful

pronunciation, made conversation rather difficult. The others at first would not talk at all, and then only in an undertone; they preferred listening with rapturous admiration to their padre, who himself was naturally delighted to show off.

Unfortunately none of them were sportsmen, only one confessing himself to be *aficionado de la caza menor*, namely, fond of small game shooting, preferably quails.

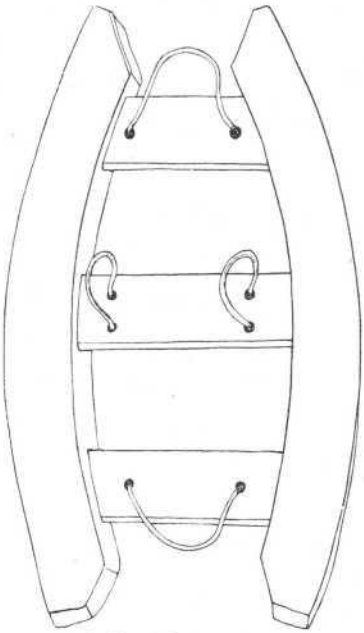
View from Noah's Ark.

They tried to cheer us, however, with the information that their mountains abounded with bears, wolves, chamois, and what not; only roebuck were said to be rare, owing to the last winter's heavy snowfall, and this scarcity of roebuck was, as we found out later, the only statement which was strictly correct.

With the exception of the chief cura, who was a man above the average, and the apothecary, these fellows were none of them any good. Curiosity had prompted them to the visit. The apothecary did us many a good turn; he was himself not a native of Riaño, and was therefore able to speak about it from a broader point of view. He had read

a good deal, knew the native flora well, and had seen something of the world, having got as far as to the Canary Islands, whence he imported the greatest treasure those islands had possessed, namely, his wife, a nice person rather out of place in that village. Several evenings spent with these kind-hearted people are an agreeable reminiscence.

On the first morning, when I "left cards" on our visitors,



A Spanish Snowshoe.

I was lucky enough to find most of them in the *Arca de Noe*, Noah's Ark, a favourite name, assumed by general providers for their shop. Besides much local information and gossip, they spoke of the great amount of snow which in the winter covers everything to the height of many feet, and in answer to my inquiry how they managed to get about in the deep snow, they said that they then used their *barahones*.[1] "Very likely, but what are *barahones?*" "*Hombre,*

[1] See Appendix.

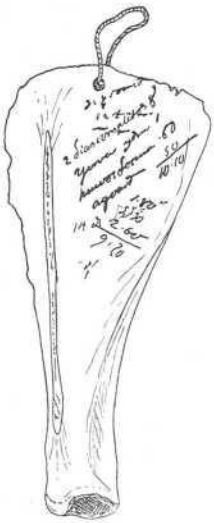
barahones, for walking on the snow!" As this did not bring us nearer to an understanding, and as nobody knew how to enlighten my ignorance, Father Noah disappeared and came back with a veritable pair of snowshoes. That was a discovery! Fancy snowshoes in Spain, a country which we invariably associate with a broiling sun. The "shoe" consists of two flat, but curved pieces of wood, from 12 to 14 inches long, joined together by two crossbars, upon which the boot rests, the latter being fastened by leather thongs, as shown in the accompanying sketch. These snowshoes have consequently nothing in common with the Norwegian *ski*, except that they present surface enough to prevent the wearer from sinking into the snow. When the latter is fresh and loose they are probably useless. In spite of many inquiries in other villages, these shoes as well as their name were found to be unknown, and even when I showed our own sample, which Rafael had kindly made for us, the people did not understand its meaning. A curious instance of limited local distribution. A month later, in the Basque province of Alava, these things were understood, and were called *bore-ruelas* in Spanish, but ours were severely commented upon, because theirs are made of square pieces of wood. The priest at Riaño quite agreed with me that *barahones* was not exactly a Spanish sounding word, but with a shrug of his shoulders he asked what else such things could be called!

A Lady's Mountain Shoe.

During the greater part of the year the peasants, both men and women, and the children, wear wooden shoes, called *madreñas*. These resemble the *sabots* of the French and Dutch, but owing to the wet ground on which they are used, the heel ends in a thick wooden cone or spike, and under the root of the toes is a similar contrivance, either only a trans-

verse bar cut out of the same piece of wood, or a right and a left thick cone which is let into it. The spoor left by these three-spiked shoes looks very quaint, and on dry ground they can be heard a long way off. These *madreñas* are used all along and on both sides of the Cantabrian mountains.

We carried away another treasure from the neighbourhood of Riaño, namely, the shoulder-blade of a cow, of which the spine has been removed and smoothed down. This bone was hanging inside a shop, and had been used for writing down memoranda. It was only quite recently that the introduction of slates has superseded the shoulder-blades of cattle and sheep as writing tablets. All the older people in the mountains, from Galicia to the Basque provinces, had learnt to write and to do their sums upon such *palmas, i.e.* hands, or *huesas*, as they are more properly called. It is worthy of note that *hueso* is the Spanish word for bone, and that these writing-bones have established themselves so firmly as to require the coining of a special term. The writing was done with quill and ink; some of the *huesas* were said to have a hole, to receive the quill, drilled into the narrow end, which was used as the handle while writing. This custom has undoubtedly been introduced by the Arabs. Mohammed wrote his inspirations upon the shoulder-blades of sheep and goats, which were then carefully stored up, and scoffers will have it that this somewhat untidy mode of keeping precious manuscripts has something to do with the irregular order in which the *surâhs* follow upon each other in the Koran, which was edited after the prophet's death.



An Old-fashioned Ledger.

The alcalde took me to the school and introduced me to the schoolmaster, but I would not "take a class." The lessons are likewise learnt in Oriental style, just as is done in Jewish schools in Eastern Germany. The master recites a sentence, and the children repeat it over and over again in a chorus until at least the sound has become thoroughly familiar to them, and let us hope that understanding will sometimes follow. This noisy mode of learning lessons becomes highly embarrassing to the listener, when two classes, each dealing with a different species of the three "R's," are conducted in the same room and at the same time.

The schoolhouse and classrooms, one for boys and one for girls, were well built and well lighted; the forms, however, were narrow and rickety, but lavishly adorned with carved autographs, undeniable proof that the boys had learnt something. An iron stove, with long iron pipe, heats the room in the winter and blackens the ceiling, to the serious concern of the alcalde. Under the desk of the *maëstro* stood the inevitable coal-brazier, *el brazero,* and upon the desk was lying a curious instrument made of certain long elastic tissues of two oxen, twisted into a very flexible and effective whip, which cuts like anything. It must have been used frequently, to judge from its ends, which were well frayed out.

The walls of the room were hung with maps of the world, and very wisely there is always a map of Spain, and another of the province to which the school belongs. I append a list of the names of the boys, and regret not to have copied those in other schools, because such lists afford the best material for the interesting study of the names of the people. These names fall easily into three categories. Firstly, true patronymics, which are decidedly in the majority, easily recognised by ending in *-ez,* a Latinised kind of genitival sign; for instance, Eugenio, Gregorio, and

Victoriano *Alvarez;* Telesforo and Gregorio *Diez;* Esteban (Stephen) and Francisco *Alonso;* Santiago, Santos, and Victor *Gonzales;* Antonio and Cayo (Caius) *Perez;* Prudencio *Dominguez.*

Secondly, names derived from places and other natural features, still understood, like our Hills, Montagues, and Blacks; for instance, José *Valbuena;* Primitivo and Isidro *Liebana,* Francisco *Sierra,* Luis *Prieto.*

Lastly, Augustin, José, and Césare *Garcia* (originally Keltic-Basque, meaning Bear), and Donato *Pascual.* According to their physical features the people of Riaño fall into two classes, both well built. The majority have dark-brown hair and dark eyes, with long narrow faces and pointed chins, and of this type the male is the better looking. The others have blonde hair and light blue eyes, round heads, with a broad forehead and face, the chin and the lower portion of the cheeks coming rapidly to a point; of this more strongly built race the girls are decidedly the more attractive. There was ample opportunity of making these interesting studies towards the evening, when all the girls collected round the only running spring in the village, to carry off the heavy wooden pitchers on their heads, a custom which partly explains their wonderfully upright gait. Need it be further explained why I always fetched our own water supply towards nightfall?

The men are fond of playing at skittles or ninepins, which are arranged in the ordinary way, but instead of rolling the ball along the ground it is shied directly at the pins, first several times from one side, and then the same player—of which two only make a party—goes to the opposite side and throws the ball in the reverse direction. The pins are set up after every throw, and only the number of pins hit is counted and added up, without regard to which of them are hit. Twenty-four is game.

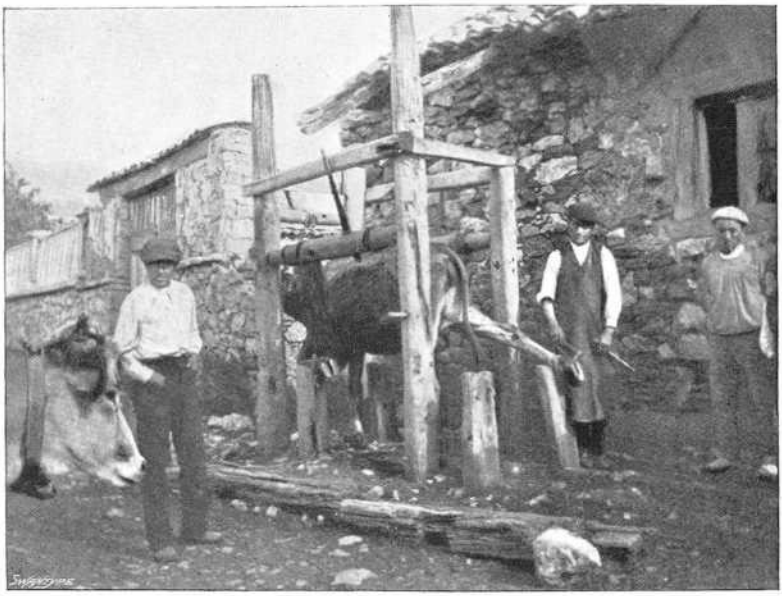
Near the upper entrance of the village is a smithy, with gallows for the shoeing of refractory cattle. The creature is led between the four uprights, and a suitably shaped block of wood is put beneath its belly, while a very broad leather belt is passed beneath its chest, just behind the forelegs.

Shoeing a quiet Cow.

Then the beast is lifted up by windlasses, without any struggle or interest being shown on the part of the brute, and the feet are then secured by thongs on to four smaller posts. The head is likewise fixed and has a windlass of its own. Such gallows are also to be seen on the north coast. Each ox wears of course not less than eight little shoes, which, owing to the nature of the cloven foot, are nailed chiefly on the outside rim, while the inner anterior part of the shoe is

continued into a broad tongue or flange of soft iron, which passes upwards between the two toes, and is firmly curved round the corresponding hoof.

At the opposite end of the village stood another curiosity—what in every respect and detail resembled a tall May-pole; a very tall mast planted in the ground, with a crown of leaves and flowers, adorned with coloured ribbons and



Shoeing of refractory Cattle.

streamers. It has, however, no such frivolous use, but a solemn function. It is the excellent custom for a young man, after he has been ordained, to pay a visit to his native village and celebrate a mass at the ornamented pole which has been erected by his former playmates, in order to memorialise the honour which has befallen their village.

They are a curious mixture these people; you never can predict what is going to happen. A violent row, impudence, genuine acts of feeling and kindness, may be experienced

within a few minutes in succession, perhaps even at the same time. It is therefore often difficult enough to know exactly where you are.

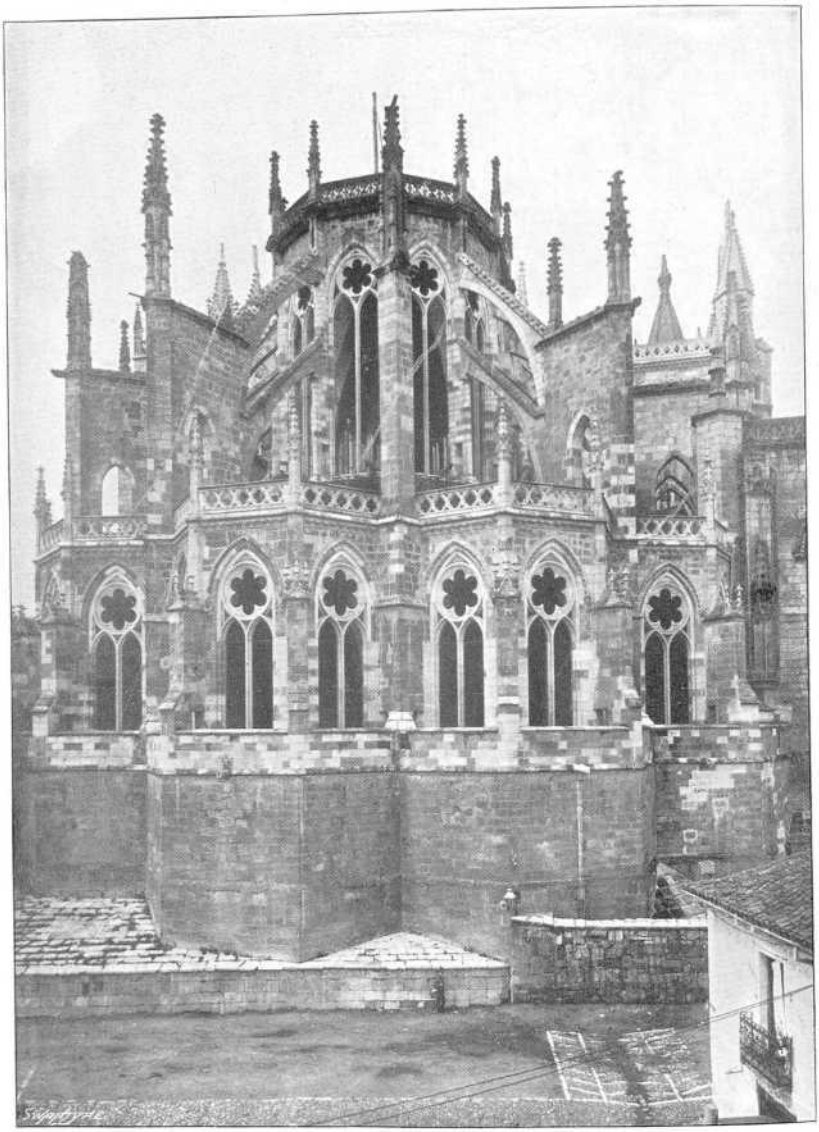
Rafael and his people had been as meek as could be; he had been taciturn and obliging, while she was talkative, annoyingly curious, and not of an obliging nature. When it came to settling our bill she said she did not know—always a bad sign in an inn. He looked quite puzzled too. "Yes, what are you to pay? That is very difficult to make out, and I never thought of that. *Hombre!* You pay two duros per day; that will do well enough, and save us any further reckoning." Now, as this was so sneakingly put, and as the charge was ridiculously out of proportion, due regard being paid to surrounding circumstances, I gently expressed surprise, but Rafael made matters worse by complaining that he had felt like a bird on the top of the house, because during the whole of our stay he was not able to use our room!

As this was sheer impudence, he was taken at once to the alcalde. The old man was sorely troubled; he did not deny that in his opinion 8 pesetas per day for two people's board and lodging was high, very exorbitant. "In truth, Rafael, I have on various occasions boarded and lodged at Leon for 8 veales (about 1s. 8d.), and have not fared badly, but I doubt me if your *posada* is so well found as those *fondas* of Leon. And you, Don Juan, will pay what you think proper. I would rather make up the difference out of my own pocket than that it should be said in Leon that a *caballero* was treated badly and unfairly at Riaño. *Vayan ustedes con Dios!*—Go you with God." He could make fine speeches that old alcalde.

In the meantime all our luggage had been carried on the heads of willing friends far out, beyond the other end of the village, to the diligence, which started thence that morning

for a change, instead of from the space in front of the inn. They were anxious to retrieve the reputation of Riaño, jeopardised by Rafael, who slunk away in anger and in disgrace.

The coach runs through pretty country in four hours to Cistierna, the fare for the twenty miles being only 2·50 pesetas. Cistierna lies on the edge of the great plain, and is a newly founded place and railway station, the necessary cistern having given it the name. The railway, the chief object of which is to carry coal from the north-western coalfields to Bilbao, where it possesses a fine terminus, has been completed for years, but maps and guidebooks have not yet acknowledged its existence. It passes through Boñar on the river Curueño, and La Vecilla on the Porma, and joins the Gijon-Leon-Madrid railway at La Robla.



LEON CATHEDRAL, EAST

CHAPTER VIII

LEON

WHILE ninety-nine out of a hundred tourists in Spain "do" Burgos, or at least its renowned Cathedral and La Cartuja, it is doubtful whether the remaining one of the hundred finds his way to, and stops at, Leon. Whoever enters the country by Gijon, La Coruña, or by Vigo, and is bound for Madrid and the South, must pass through Leon; it is therefore accessible enough, but somehow it manages to escape the lovers of the beaten track. It has two decent hotels, but there is a delightful absence of commissionaires, guides, and other touts.

The town itself lies on the enormous plain of Castile, not less than 2500 feet above sea-level, and is consequently healthy, in spite of dusty, hot winds and the summer heat. It was founded by the Romans under Trajan as the central station for the Seventh Legion, the Legio Gemina, which held the country against the turbulent Astures and Cantabri. Strategically this permanent camp was extremely well chosen, on a slight elevation in the fork between the two rivers Bernesga and Torio, and with the inestimable advantage of permanent springs on the knoll. In the far distance rise the outlying spurs of the Cantabrian mountains; the passes of Pajáres and of the Puerto de San Glorio, strategically the most important, could be reached with equal facility. This fortified place became a military town, and Leon is only a

shortened corruption of Legio. The Lion of Castile owes his origin probably to a bit of popular etymology.

The Romans surrounded the town with a high wall, which stood until the Moorish conquerors pulled it down in 846. In the time of the *Reconquista* it was rebuilt by the Spaniards, they using the same foundations and most of the old material; but portions of the walls were constructed badly enough, here and there with field stones and loam only, besides the better original material—shaped hewn stones—and of course bricks. Only the bottom rows are of genuine Roman construction, and they show the usual masterly workmanship.

There are many recent houses now, in which are used modern bricks, which are of the same thin and long shape which is so characteristic of Roman tiles. The soil of the neighbourhood consisting of sand and yellow loam, Leon has naturally become an essentially brick-built town, with a prevailing colour of reddish ochre.

It was for some time the capital of the early Spanish kings, simply because it was the largest place available south of the mountains; but its strategical importance was lost from the time that the enemy, namely, the Moors and Arabs, was in the south. Almost certainly Leon would never have sprung into existence unless the Romans had built it. Now, with only its 12,000 inhabitants, it is the chief place in a large agricultural district, and it forms the collecting centre for live stock and raw products, its annual horse-fair, its wool-market, and also its trade in Spanish linen, being renowned. Every Saturday hundreds and hundreds of cattle and pigs are driven in from every point of the compass, and fill the large place under the western walls of the old town. From early morning until noon there is much bartering, bargaining, and changing of hands, and in the afternoon all the animals, except those retained for the town's consumption, are driven home again. It was one of the funniest sights

we ever beheld, to see a peasant and his wife trudging home behind their horse, loaded with all sorts of implements and goods, whilst each of the large side-pockets of the straw-plaited pannier held two little pigs, which, with only their heads sticking out, squealed with all their might.

The peasants are considered to belong to the finest type in Spain, and are remarkable for their quiet, steady, trustworthy, and hospitable behaviour. They are tall, chiefly on account of their long calf-less legs, which are enclosed in tight breeches, ending at the knee, where they are either slit open, to show some white under-linen, or they are tightly buttoned. Dark brown gaiters of cloth, white stockings, and leather shoes complete the lower gear. The jacket is made of strong dark-brown cloth, with a stand-up collar, and with two rows of buttons in front, preferably of silver, and with some other ornaments; this jacket being mostly worn loosely over the shoulder, or as often left at home, it is natural that special care and thought is bestowed upon the waistcoat. It has likewise two rows of buttons and a short stand-up collar, but the interesting part of it is its back; this, as intended to be seen, is in the first place made of the same cloth as the front; then a large piece of variable pattern, either lozenge, square, round, or shield-shaped, is cut out across or between the shoulders and is replaced by white cloth. A felt hat completes this altogether smart-looking, tidy get-up, which, accidentally of course, greatly resembles in cut and composition, but not in the sombre absence of gay colours, the dress of the country-people in Southern Sweden (the purest Goths left), and that of the young Suebian peasantry.

The women wear low shoes and white stockings, brightly-coloured skirts and bodices, with wide, white shirt-sleeves, and with a large kerchief slung cross-wise over the shoulders and chest, and a kerchief tied over the head, the prevailing colours being red and yellow.

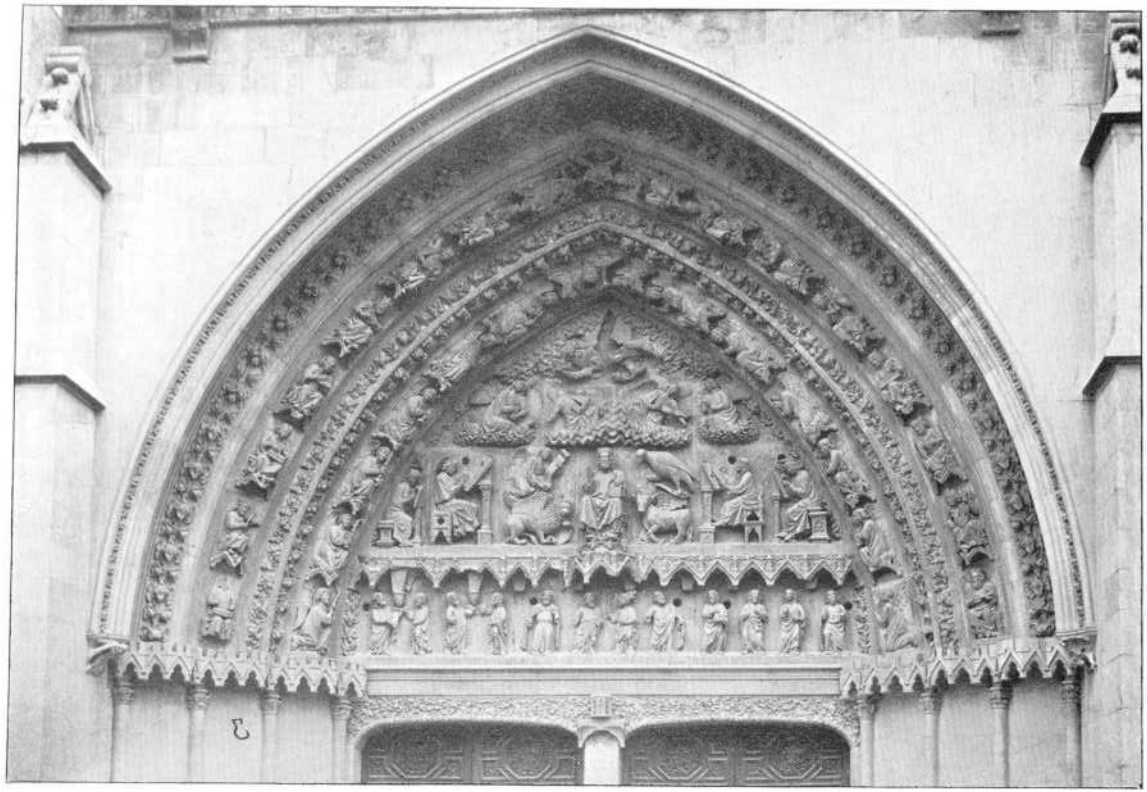
There is a fair sprinkling of blue eyes, combined with flaxen hair, especially among the children of Leon, but they darken with age, and the prevailing type inclines decidedly towards brown eyes and brown, not blonde, but certainly not black, hair. Lastly, if there is any feature which is worthy of notice, without its being able to be put to an exact test, it is the small size of the heads of the male peasants, the top-heavy features at any rate being absent.

The town, as such, with its 12,000 inhabitants, is much smaller than one who, since his childhood, has heard of the glories of the kingdom of Leon would suppose. It is extremely densely and compactly built; the streets are narrow and paved with the most terrifying cobble-stones, with deep-sunken or worn ruts. There is practically only one wide but short street, decently paved, with a few tolerable drapers' and grocers' shops, and some very modest cafés. It is not a shopping town, and nobody dreams of walking about in its narrow streets, with its uninteresting houses. The promenade and the pleasure grounds are outside the town, and thither on Sundays streams nearly the whole population, to see and to be seen, while walking up and down by the music stand.

The country is monotonous in its flatness; there are no woods or trees, except poplars, even along the banks of the rivers, and scarcely anything more dreary can be imagined than the high roads—for instance, that to Zamorra, planted with four rows of enormously tall poplars, and so straight is the road that it loses itself in the interminable distance. You walk on for miles and miles on the sidewalks, the cart-traffic being restricted to the middle, and after an hour you imagine yourself at exactly the same spot.

Whilst Leon, then, as a town is hardly to be recommended, it more than makes up for this deficiency by the possession of some ecclesiastical buildings.

We were lucky in the sight-seeing line, because Don José



LEON CATHEDRAL, SOUTH GATE

Armero, the civil governor,—civil in more than one sense,—paid us a ceremonious visit and offered to be our guide. Accordingly he fetched us, on the morning of the next and the following days, with a highly distinguished party, and they set to it with a will. There was the director of the Institute, who is the learned authority on architecture and history,

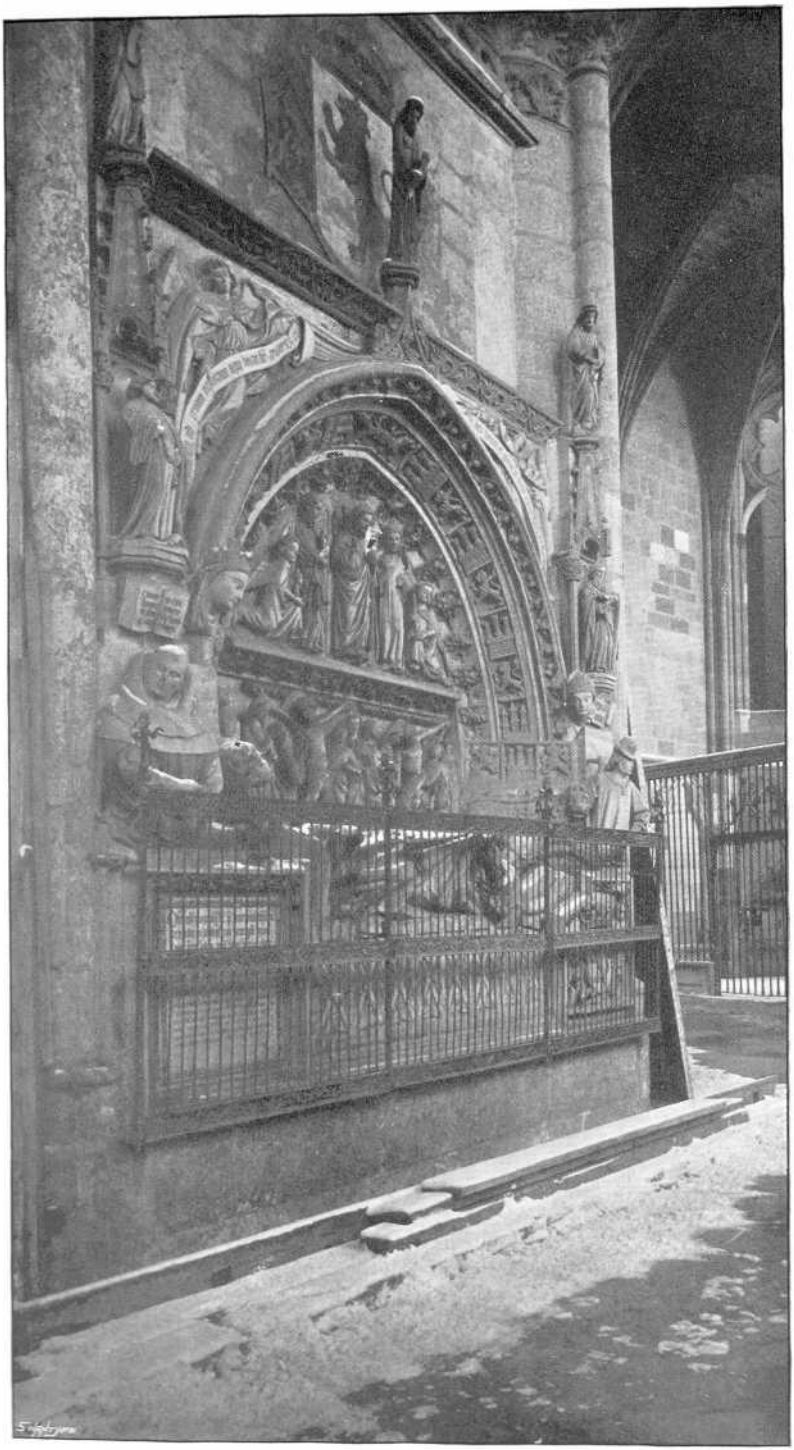
The Cathedral of Leon.

another gentleman, the director of public works, the principal librarian, and a general, the military governor of the province.

The first visit was naturally paid to the world-famed cathedral, a specimen of the purest and most delicate style of Gothic architecture. It stands in the highest part of the town, on the spot originally occupied by a temple and by baths in the time of the Romans. The temple gave way to a church in the reign of the Visigoths, was demolished in

turn by the Arabs, and followed by a humble cathedral when Ordoño II. made the town his capital. This second town and the church were again demolished by Almansor in 996, but rebuilt under Alfonso V. Ultimately, in the fourteenth century, the present marvel was erected, and, as usual, was finished many years later. At present the cathedral is absolutely gutted, as it is being thoroughly and carefully restored,—even the stained windows, the lead of which had given way, being stored up in large workshops established under the roof. The restoration of the masonry went on actively enough, but the three workers in charge of the window department did not hold out much hope of seeing the end of their labours. One of them had already grown old under that roof, and we calculated that in fifty to eighty years the last window might be finished, provided always that more funds, which at present are very low indeed, were forthcoming. There is, indeed, chiefly owing to the exertions of the late Alfonso XII., a government fund for the proper restoration and the keeping up of the national monuments, but fortunately there are so many in Spain, and unfortunately most of them are so sadly in want of restoration, that the money supply reaches them in small drops only.

Luckily the choir was left in its place, a marvel in carving. The smallest detail is exquisitely finished ; every one of the figures is in an attitude expressing incredible force, activity, and vivacity. The figures are not large ; whole landscapes and scenes, solemn and historical, ludicrous satires of the life and habits of peasants, soldiers, citizens, and priests, are represented on the panels, many of which look like Albrecht Dürer's designs carved out of the darkest—almost black—oak and chestnut wood. No two are alike, and there are hundreds and hundreds of episodes, with thousands of figures, not a square foot of the huge amount of woodwork being left unembellished. It was a pity that no photographs were to be



LEON CATHEDRAL, THE TOMB OF ORDOÑO

had of these details, but we could not possibly have a better cicerone than the highly-cultured gentlemen who had all the points of historical, architectural, and local interest at their fingers' ends, and who were untiring in their explanations.

The next morning we went to the church of San Isidro, and were received there by the "Abbas." It was begun by Fernando I. and completed under Alfonso VII. and his queen, Sancha, at the period of Leon's greatest importance. This place is full of relics, the most renowned show-pieces being the dried hand of the Spanish St. Martin, whose body is set in a side niche, and half of the lower jaw of St. John the Baptist, with terrific teeth. But the gem of the building is the old Byzantine chapel and crypt, where the bodies of many of the early kings are buried in simple stone sarcophagi. The French, who had sacked the place, had demolished many of them and thrown them into that disorder in which they remained for nearly eighty years, until Alfonso XII. made good the sacrilege. This young king took a keen, active interest in all such matters, and glowed with the ambition of restoring the old national monuments and places connected with the Reconquest to their old glory.

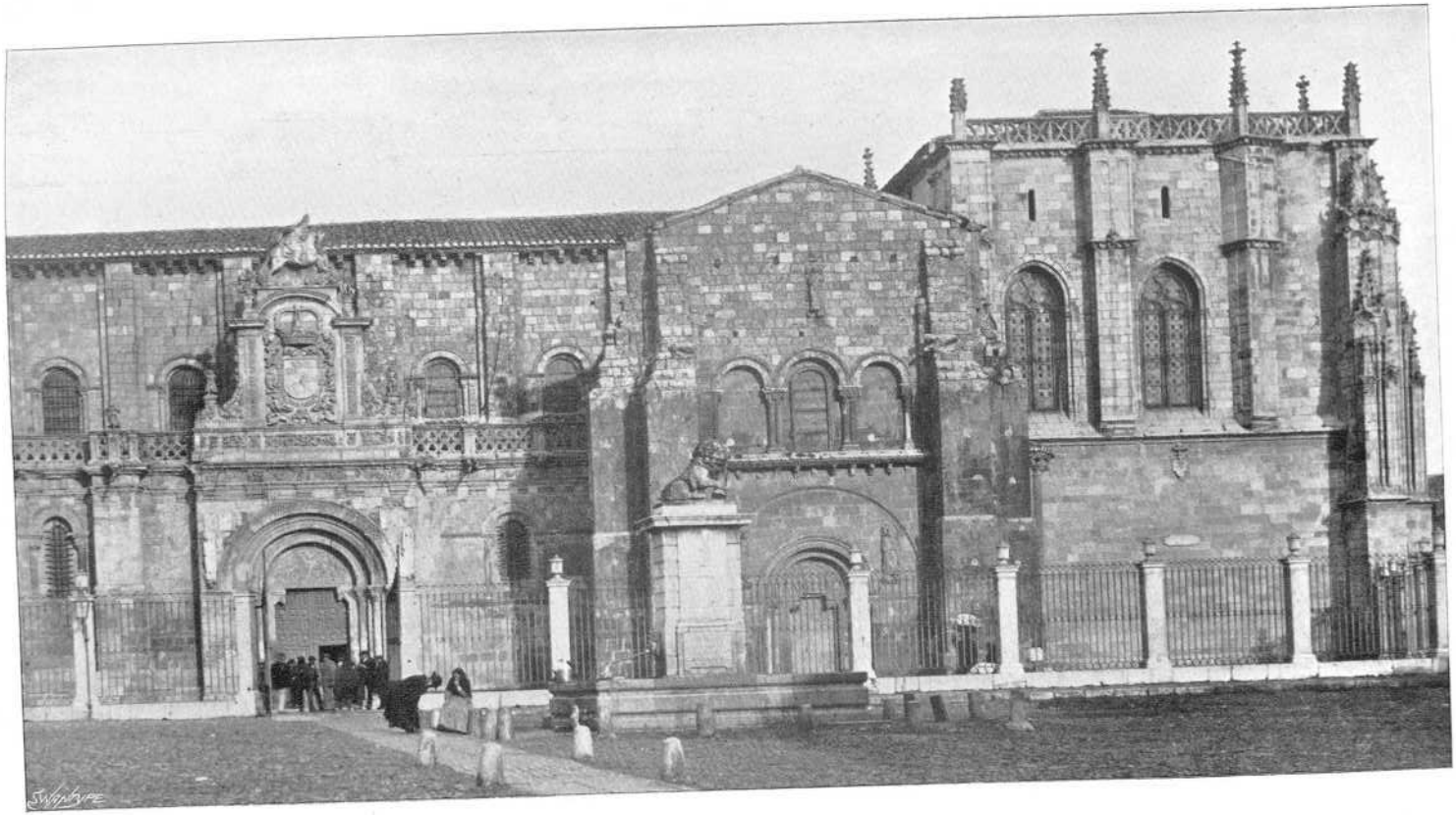
When the old abbot spoke of the cartloads of silver ornaments, carried away by the French to be melted and coined for the payment of their troops, and when he drew a picture of the lost riches,—the few dozen tall candelabras being all that was left of the former splendour,—the martial feelings of the sturdy general were roused, and he thundered forth with lively indignation, to the embarrassment of the abbot, and to the astonishment of some other clericals, who did not know what was the meaning of the row which had so suddenly burst forth in their holy edifice.

Most of the frescoes on the vaulted ceiling of the crypt date from the time of its foundation. In the left-hand corner is a deep, dry well, into which the bodies of the kings

are supposed to have been sunk and cured before they were enclosed in the stone coffins,—mummified, in fact, by the action of the dry air and the probably porous walls of the hole. Some of our party, however, opined that the well had held water, which dripped upon and petrified the bodies!

My wife was then asked to remain behind in the church, whilst we males inspected the adjoining building, which is inhabited by the staff of the ecclesiastical *collegio* attached to San Isidro. The large, airy rooms are tall, well built, and kept clean, the same applying to their inhabitants. In one of the rooms, originally occupied by Doña Sancha, Alfonso's queen, is now the manuscript library. Huge, ponderous old missals, beautifully illuminated, stand against the walls. Thousands of parchments are piled upon tables, on benches, on chairs, and in repositories, all unprotected from the dust and sunshine. Many of them date from the period of the early Reconquest, and contain decrees, treaties, and donations, written in Latin, and some, most valuable of all, in early Spanish. Here, from these priceless treasures, could be compiled and sifted the history of the kingdom of Leon and the intricate growth of the early Spanish monarchy.

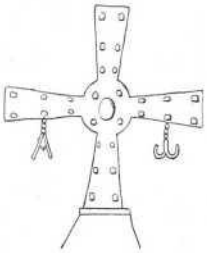
It is a unique collection, and the only large one in the possession of the Spaniards, who, in writing of their early kingdoms, have frequently to fall back upon the Arabic historians. This, and more, was explained to us by the great *sabio* or savant, and his Excellency remarked pertly, "Why don't you sit down and write a history of Leon?" The answer was characteristic. "Considering the number of documents, and their not yet having been sorted (even after 800 years), it is necessary first to make a catalogue. This we are doing, but there are so very many parchments. Besides, we have not yet catalogued the printed books, and there may be some valuable information in them. *Quien sabe.*" They produced a little memorandum-book, in which



CHURCH OF SAN ISIDRO, LEON

a few hundred titles had already been entered! The library of the Institute, supervised by one of our ciceroni, is, on the other hand, well kept, well arranged, and scrupulously catalogued. They boasted a considerable collection of early Nuremberg-printed books, which had found their way into Spain through the influence of Charles V.'s connection with Germany. A gentleman came in and began to cut the pages of a newly arrived book, Professor Michael Foster's *Textbook of Physiology*.

The last lion of Leon is the San Marco, formerly a Jesuits' college, now disestablished and turned into a sort of museum of local antiquities. Many of the rooms and corridors of the enormous building are empty, but the rest is well worth a visit. The Salon de Grados de los Jesuitas, the chapter hall, has a marvellously-carved wooden roof. A cross of black marble, with a Christ carved in ivory, is of Byzantine workmanship; there is also another Byzantine cross of gold, set with emeralds, amethysts, lapis lazuli, and in the middle a stone of orange colour, as large as a hen's egg.



Byzantine Cross of Gold.

The high choir in the huge chapel is noteworthy because of the elaborately carved seats, seventy-two of which are arranged in two tiers. The carving is as fine as that in the cathedral, but bolder. Seats, backs, every nook and corner, contain a figure or device; even the undersides of the seats have designs in inlaid wood. The panels are adorned with figures, half life-size, of apostles, saints, heroes, dragon-killers, etc. A beautiful Magdalene with the pot of ointment, S. Marcellus, S. Joseph, Sa. Katharina, Sa. Agatha, appeared to us as some of the most striking. The adjoining sacristy, likewise large and lofty, is, however, of the hideous florid, gold-and-white Cornucopia style.

The Museum proper contains a mass of antiquities, chiefly local. There are hundreds of Roman tiles, with the stamp of the Seventh Legion, some looking as if they had only just left the kiln. Dozens of large water-worn stones and slabs are arranged in rows, mostly with Roman sepulchral inscrip-

tions, and containing designs of which a heart, a tree, and a horse were the more prominent.

An interesting reminder of Moorish times had been found near Boñar, the marble quarries of which have furnished much of the building material of Leon's churches. It is a small slab of white marble, with an Arabic inscription, of which the following is the Spanish translation, as exhibited with the original :—

En el nombre de Alá clemente y misericordioso.
Oh hombre ! Ciertamente la promesa de Alá es verdad.
No os engañe la vida presente,
Y no os engañe acerca de Alá el diablo.
Este es el sepulcro de Alhosein.

In the name of God, the clement and merciful !
Oh man, of a surety the promise of God is truth.
May the present life not mislead us,
And may the devil not tempt us from God.
This is the grave of Alhosein.

THE CRYPT, SAN ISIDRO

CHAPTER IX

BUSDONGO AND PAJÁRES

BUSDONGO is a very small village on the railroad from Leon to Oviedo, situated on the southern slope of the big mountain range, some 3700 feet above sea-level. The inhabitants, perhaps 100 all told, are mostly good-looking, and strongly built without being tall, with broad, energetic faces and pointed chins; but the old women are sadly degenerated owing to their toiling lives. Most of the houses in the village,—not the new-fangled erections near the station,—have walls constructed of wattles daubed with loam, but they are tiled, and few have straw-thatched roofs. The four-footed, raised barns of Riaño and the Asturias are absent. Snowshoes are unknown, although in the previous winter snow fell in such masses that it reached to the roofs, and the people were obliged to dig tunnels from their doors into the roads, and even that was of little use, as the latter were impassable.

When I presented myself to the alcalde, I found him occupied in stopping up with loam some cracks in the walls of the schoolhouse. That school was indeed a caution; the single classroom had no floor but the natural ground; the rough walls, constructed of the stones of the country, were full of cracks; the small windows admitted little light, and the ceiling was black, a fire being kept up in the winter in one of the corners, the smoke escaping theoretically through a

funnel-shaped chimney. Upstairs was one room and a half for the *maëstra*, the schoolmistress, who was supposed to run the institution. At the time of our visit, the month of September, there were still vacations, the children being wanted elsewhere during the summer months. The people were extremely indignant about their school, not, however, because of its deficiencies, which they admitted, but because Government wanted them to build a decent house, and expected to be met half-way with the expense. I do not profess to having understood the legal difficulties of the case, but certainly there were hitches, and hope was not entirely given up that at the next inspection the school might still pass muster, provided the judicious administration of loam and whitewash could impart a more cheerful look to the den. Hence the activity of the alcalde.

My next visit was intended for the priest. I was admitted by an old woman in a pair of wooden shoes, and literally clad in sackcloth and rags, with dishevelled hair and inflamed, sunken eyes. On my inquiring if I could see the señor padre, she only shook her head and whispered, *Está rezando* (he is at prayers). I had heard that phrase before. The woman who answers the door, either an old person, or more frequently one young and good-looking, the so-called niece, invariably denies admission to her master, either by telling you that he is at prayers, or, in the south, *está dormiendo*, that he is asleep. Never do you hear that he is at breakfast, dinner, or supper—conditions which can also be expressed in Spanish, and which likewise happen to priests.

Padre Fernandez was a thoroughly decent young fellow; the old woman was his *mama*, a native of the village, and they were both so genuinely anxious to do the honours of their very humble abode that one soon got over that little matter of the praying.

The priest was "muy afficionado de la caza mayor," very fond of shooting at large game, ever since he had a few months ago killed his first chamois, and he was delighted to go with us for a stalk. We made for the top of the Peña, an elevation of 5000 feet. All the slopes were covered with low gorse, still in bloom, and with heather and bracken. Low dwarf juniper, spleenwort, woolly fern, and cranberries grew on the wild, rugged heights, which were intersected with deep, crater-like, sunken holes, in which the snow had only quite recently thawed away, the wet sun-sheltered ground being covered with small bluebells and tall monkshood. The hills and mountains, from the rising ground near Leon to the high ridge on the north, are otherwise rather barren, there being no trees; thick-stemmed *Escoba* or tree-like broom, with occasional patches of beech and oak in the more sheltered glens, supply the only firewood. The padre fairly outdid me in the climbing and doubling of the precipitous crags, where he simply took off his shoes and went along barefooted, hanging on by his fingers and toes; but before we had done with the day's sport, I had the satisfaction of hearing him declare himself *escanzado como un perro,* tired as a dog, and suffering from a *sede fier,* fierce thirst. It ought to be *fiero,* but the influence of the Asturian *bable,* their own name for their dialect, makes itself felt, the omission or the almost inaudible pronunciation of the terminal vowel producing a striking analogy with French.

The interest of the day centred in the exchange of views with Padre Fernandez, who revealed himself as an ardent, almost fanatic, champion of *el Cristianismo,* by which is understood the *propaganda fidei* of the Church of Rome. Although the term *cristiano* is used as practically equivalent with man, in opposition to the so-called brute creation, and as an appeal to one's respectability, *cristianos* are the Roman Catholics.

Our friend defined the English as a *raza maledicha*, a damned race, and hoped that "La Irlanda" would enlighten the rest. When it was pointed out to him that there were plenty of Roman Catholics in England, that London alone contained probably more than all Madrid, or even Rome, he said, "Friends, how can that be the case in a country where you persecute the true faith, and where the priests are martyrs? Moreover, I am sure it is impossible; you do not know that Madrid, *hombre, la capital de todas las Españas*, has more than one hundred thousand inhabitants!" He therefore was treated to a bit of political geography, including the well-known conundrum that London held more *Irlandeses* than the capital of Ireland, more *Escoceses* than Edinburgo, and possibly as many Spaniards as many a good-sized Spanish town, say, for instance, his own University of Salamanca, or even Leon. "But," said he, "are there no Ingleses?" "Certainly, more than all the rest put together, but you must know, Señor Cura, that London is large, very large, and has as many inhabitants as the whole province of Leon, and all the Asturias, with—well, those of Santander and Galicia thrown in."

He did not give in: "I always heard that Londres is a town, but you describe it now as if it were a country; is it then the same as Inglaterra?" "No padre, it is only a town." Then he stood aghast.

Once, at a lonely spot, I watched him folding his hands and bursting out into "O Lord, do destroy that accursed race of heretics, if they will not return to the true belief!" His feelings were so genuine, he had pondered over his troubles in such earnest, and—be it understood—he behaved so courteously and modestly to us, that there was obviously lost in him a fine member of the *ecclesia militans*. For his ignorance he was probably less to blame himself than the system by which these priests are reared.

On our return to the village we were stopped by the event of the day. The up-express to Madrid and the down-train to Oviedo had to meet and to pass each other at the station, for there is no double line in Spain. My wife remarked upon the engine's bearing the name of an English manufacturing firm, whilst the carriages were of Belgian make. Padre Fernandez thought we were lost in rapture over the busy scene, and said, "Of course you have also much traffic in your country." "Yes, padre, even more." "Have you likewise such expresses as this?" "No, not one!" Not to let him grow too conceited, however, he was told that our expresses had no time to stop anywhere, certainly not at a village of one hundred inhabitants; that *trenos de lujo*, (trains *de luxe*), sleeping cars, and such like expensive items, were scarcely necessary, because there was not a train in England which spent twenty-four hours and more on the road; lastly, that *el correo*, the mail train, did not stop at all, being therefore obliged to drink on the road out of long tanks while passing over them, and to pick up the mail bags as best it could. But the cura did not allow himself to be crushed. "That your trains do not run twenty-four hours, you need not tell me; that is simply on account of England's being an island." And the rest he obviously did not believe.

A bagpiper passed through the village, and was induced to produce himself and his art before our inn. He was an Asturian—a fine, tall, white-haired man, with sharp, extremely good-looking features. The *goita*, or bagpipe, was made of goatskin, was hidden in red flannel, and was inflated by means of a mouthpiece; fringes of red wool ornamented the droning pipe. Such *goitas* are still used in the north-west of Spain, in Galicia, and Asturia; the adjoining provinces see them only occasionally. This funny instrument throws no light upon the race of the people who use it in Spain, but the pressure of the mouthpiece excludes the Irish—let us say

Western Keltic—origin. The Irish bagpipe is, so to speak, self-filling by a valve worked under the arm. The Moors had bagpipes in Spain, and during the Middle Ages it was, with

An Asturian bagpiper passed through the village.

the fiddle, the commonest instrument in Germany with itinerant musicians.

We left Busdongo by rail, ascending towards the pass through the barren brown country, with some coal-mines here and there, and entered a tunnel 3700 yards long, which cuts through the summit of the pass. On emerging on the north side we experienced the most unexpected change of scenery, the complete reverse to what we had seen during the last fortnight. You look from the train into the head of a huge valley, rich in meadows and forests, surrounded on three sides

by high mountains, which in the west stand out as numerous sharp peaks in wildest confusion. This is the famous Puerto de Pajáres. The station lies 3900 feet above sea-level, and the village some 450 feet lower down—a bad, steep road, impassable for carts, leading to it.

Although Pajáres is only a few miles distant from Busdongo, both lying on the well-made high-road from Leon into Asturia, we had not succeeded in getting anything like proper information about the distance from the station to the village. Such questions are of importance in a land where nothing is easy, especially travelling. Some said it was very far, *una legoa*, two or three miles, while the cura had done it in three or four minutes. In reality it takes twenty minutes down and half an hour up.

Here also we had a practical lesson in the difficulties of writing history on the spot, although the recorder may take the precaution of examining eye-witnesses shortly after the event to be described. The event which had recently stirred the whole district was the flying visit which, a few weeks ago, had been paid to the Puerto de Pajáres by Prince Henry of Prussia. The following, as recorded to us, were each vouchsafed to be the correct accounts :—

First, the official account by the Civil Governor of Leon, who, however, had been away at the time in Madrid: *El principe, el "'Einric,"* having arrived with his fleet at Vigo, took train to Leon, and a special carriage brought him to Pajáres, where natives, to act as guides, accompanied him into the mountains; but a dense fog came on, and the poor prince was lost with his party until nightfall. His party was shouting from one height, and from another mountain yelled the strong force of the *guardia civil*, which had been collected and sent after him for his protection. Late at night the prince returned to his carriage at Pajáres station, and left the place.

Secondly, the story by the chief sportsman of Busdongo, an old soldier: The carriage remained at their station for two days; he conducted the party up to the high ridge, but the view was much impeded by misty clouds. The whole party picnicked in the mountains, and the prince won the hearts of the natives by his frank, jovial behaviour, and above all by tucking up his sleeves and partaking heartily of the fare they had provided for him. "But was the party not lost in a fog?" "Lost? with me as guide, who knows every inch of the ground? What next?"

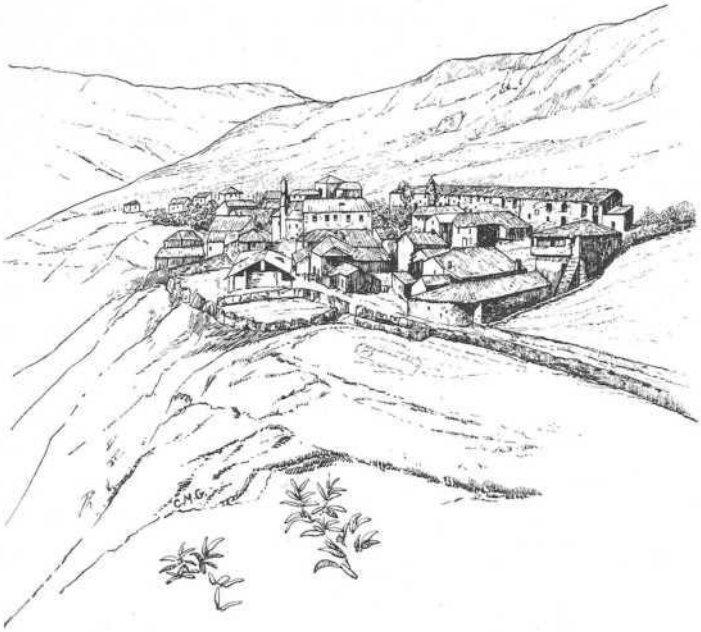
Thirdly, by the stationmaster at Pajáres: The prince saw all that—waving his arm through a half circle—although the views were somewhat impeded by hanging clouds. Two or three of his party lost themselves for an hour or so in the woods; the whole party returned to Leon the same night.

Lastly, our landlord told us that the prince remained four days in the neighbourhood (not for days, but unmistakable *quatro dias*), and stopped in his house at Pajáres. The date of this manifold event was reported as having taken place two months or a fortnight ago.

Pajáres could, without difficulty, be made a fine health resort. Situated upon the brink of the valley, half-way up the mountain slope, it is completely sheltered from the north and east, and looks south-west into the wide, beautiful circle of the head valley. The climate is salubrious, and the supply of water is permanent and pure. The river below is deep enough to bathe in, and the country all round offers any number of excursions, from the gentle walk to the climbing of untrodden peaks. In fact, from May to October, it is a place for weak chests. But of course there is a but—namely, the want of an inn with proper accommodation. We stopped at Lothario's, in the row of little whitewashed houses, which, standing just above the village, on the high ground, command the finest view. All the houses are tiled; most of them are

built of the unhewn, brown, slate-like slabs commonly yielded by mountain limestone.

In former days the whole place was more prosperous, especially the inn, on account of the great traffic across the pass, but all this has been changed for the worse by the railway, which to the villagers is of no use whatever. We



The Village of Pajáres.

benefited from the deserted state of the road, as for nearly the whole of our stay we were the only guests. To prevent mistakes concerning such an inn as this at Pajáres, which is more or less typical of all the rest, with slight variations, it may be mentioned that guests of any pretensions find accommodation upstairs. The landing opens into a fair-sized small room, with a rickety table and similar chairs; the whitewashed walls are decorated with a few coloured prints of Madonnas and other religious subjects, generally framed but not glazed, and surrounded with paper cut into frills and

fringes, in order to divert the attention of the flies from the picture. The explanatory title or name being printed in four languages, proclaims the origin of the prints, to the exclusion of England and France. This completes the furniture of the combined drawing- and dining-room, but sometimes a chest of drawers stands in a corner, not, however, for the guests, as it is filled with the women's belongings. On the right and left of this room are two bedrooms, with one or two thin iron-bedsteads, and a ditto washing-stand, which holds a tiny basin. An old wooden box between the two beds, and a chair which you are welcome to borrow from the reception-room, complete the furniture.

The inn was run nominally by one Lothario and his wife Concha (short for Maria de la Concepcion), but virtually it was ruled with a rod of iron by his mother, a sturdy, vigorous old woman, who meant well enough, but was annoying through her many little obstinacies. She did all the waiting and most of the talking. Lothario, or Elothario, looked rather superfluous, and wore an apologetic mien when in the house. He was a teetotaller, but made up for this asceticism by over-indulgence in tobacco, which had made a sallow-faced and lean man of him. Out of doors I found him an agreeable companion, who talked well and intelligently, with a philosophical turn of mind. In the evening he suggested my accompanying him on a long walk to the rich meadows where his cattle were grazing, and as we were driving home the night's and next morning's milk supply, talk about the breeds of cattle and their management, and about local affairs, led on to other economical and political discussions.

The insurrection in Cuba naturally occupied the minds of the people even in the remotest mountains. Although the great number of young soldiers who were going out caused much anxiety to their relatives, they all seemed of one mind that Spain should do her utmost to retain her possessions.

It is all very well to talk of the blood-tax of the conscription, and life in Spanish barracks may not be all enjoyment, but the people of the country are a martial race, and every man who has served his time feels himself still a soldier, and before long he tells you so, which in most cases is scarcely necessary, as you can see it from the expression of his face and his general behaviour. This favourable account of martial feeling does not apply to the rabble which is drafted into the army from the towns, enlightened as they are by socialists and other faddists, who preach universal peace and anarchy. The papers were full of tales of the good bearing of the levies which were collected and conveyed to the principal ports, and likewise of the many attempts at wholesale desertion, which certain journals tried to make much of. But these futile attempts to escape applied mostly to the batches of levies before they had actually joined their colours, and were the result of panics artificially fomented. No wonder, considering the terrifying reports about the deadly climate and the stories of the bloody guerilla warfare. Horrid daubs were exhibited on large canvases in the market-places, representing impossible figures shooting point-blank at each other, while a man with a quavering voice recited the latest authentic account. And still there is no race like the Spaniards, be it in Europe or elsewhere, who so thoroughly enjoy a guerilla, the very word being a Spanish invention.

The cura of Pajáres is a man far above the average. Although not a native of that village, he has been associated with it for most of his life, which, helped by his private means, he devotes to his parishioners, who spoke of him with the highest praise, and who knew how to appreciate a priest who had refused a superior position in a town. This gentleman was not at prayers when I called. He kept a man-servant, and was fond of his books and newspapers.

His neat study actually possessed proper furniture, even a horse-hair sofa, and on the table was a water-jug with a silver lid. The enumeration of such details may seem ridiculous, but they are not of everyday occurrence in Spanish villages, not even in curas' houses, of which I have seen many.

He possessed a great treasure in the shape of a large slab with the beautiful impression of a fossil Lepidodendron. He himself was uncertain about the nature of the thing, and was delighted when he was told what it was ; but his nephew, a former student of science, of the fisico-quimical department at Oviedo, and Lothario, our host, had peculiar notions about the slab. It was, according to them, a carved stone-ornament, a sort of facing, having belonged no doubt to a church or other edifice of great ornamental beauty, and the circumstance that it had been found high above Pajáres, near one of the many railway tunnels, where no church could have stood, was looked upon as a tangible proof of "El Diluvio." The great flood had destroyed the building, and the stone had been stranded on the mountain. My own explanation was not received with favour; undeniably it was a little far-fetched, and when I drew for their instruction a few fanciful sketches of Sigillarias and Lepidodendrons, Lothario calmly opined that such trees had no existence, and asked me if I had ever seen one like it. The boy who had found the thing took me to the spot the next morning, where, after some picking and hammering, we secured a still better piece, with numbers of other specimens of Devonian plants.

A few years ago Pajáres was threatened with destruction by an avalanche, which came down during the night from the same heights, destroyed half a dozen houses and buried thirteen people. This avalanche took away the corner of the village, as shown in the sketch, p. 147, and the whole ravine in the foreground was filled with the snow, so densely packed, that nothing could be extricated.

The mountains of Pajáres, especially the fastnesses of the pinnacled group called La Teza, to the south-west, are full of game of various kinds. Chamois are plentiful; they have their headquarters at the Teza group, but they by no means always keep to the loftier heights. On the contrary, they descend right into the forests of beech and oak, when the cattle, from the middle of September, are driven down, more to the level of the village, and when therefore the milking, the dogs and the herdsmen no longer disturb the upper grassy regions.

Roebuck have much decreased within the last few years, for two reasons. First, because of the increase of wolves, for the destruction of which the Government has ceased paying a premium; in consequence these creatures are now often heard of, but rarely seen, and even in the summer they extend their raids into the vicinity of the villages. Secondly, the excessive snowfalls are highly detrimental, by making food almost inaccessible to the roe, and when the snow lasts long, by bringing them to actual starvation. Still more dangerous to them is the deep and soft snow, as then the game is easily followed up, tired out and hunted down by wolves, and above all by man. There is nothing new in this absence of mercy, which, when related in prose and of Spaniards, arouses righteous indignation, but the same scene stirs up no such reflections when described in "the incomparably sublime language of a classical poet": "or whilst you are hunting down hares on the snow-clad fields of the Balkans."

Bears are now very scarce, owing to the exertions of a native of Pajáres, who killed no less than thirty-eight during a long lifetime. The following story refers to another native of the village. He was a fellow absolutely fearless, and was in the habit of going out alone at night into the forest in search of wild creatures. As he lay in ambush one night he heard an uproarious noise, and rushing to the spot he

found a bear and a boar engaged in deadly combat, the boar being hugged or embraced by the bear. He managed to shoot them both, and spent the rest of the night with his trophies, returning in the morning to Pajáres in triumph. But soon after his adventure the man became greatly changed, first restless on account of nightmares, then morose and despondent; and as his nerve gradually failed him he gave up his shooting, and within the year he sickened away and died. *Cojió miedo,* he had got a fright.

Other natives of fame were two dwarfs, so-called *enános,* who have been photographed and made much of as specimens of a whole race of dwarfs. They were well built and healthy, clever with all their wits about them, and one of them was renowned for his penmanship. The most important point about them is, however, the fact that their parents are of normal size, and that they have a brother who is somewhat taller than the average natives.

It is curious that Pajáres, situated as it is in the midst of a district rich in all sorts of game, has now no sportsman worthy of the name. There are not even professional *batadores,* or beaters; the chamois are shot and taken by people who come up from Pola de Leña and other places, many miles distant to the north. Lothario loathed shooting, the cura was too learned, and his nephew had no gun, but one evening an elderly fellow called Celestino presented himself as the *cazador* of the place, dilated upon the superiority of chamois-hunting to all other occupations, roebuck to come a long way after that, and lastly promised that he would lead us off the next morning at the dawn of day with a party well found, well equipped, and well provisioned. Fortunately, Lothario's *mama* knew the fellow, gave us a wink, and blandly suggested that we should take only a little food with us while she would prepare a proper repast against the return of the whole company. Accord-

ingly we were ready at five in the morning, when the *gran cazador* whistled under our window and disappeared immediately after, to take his *desayuno*, namely, the early breakfast. At six o'clock he was still away; an hour later he reported that he had been looking for his dog, and that his chief mate was not quite ready. At eight o'clock he confessed himself much annoyed at our impatience, and explained that the mate was mending an ox-cart. "But hang it all, can't we do without that fellow; and are not the other men at least ready?" "*Hombre*," answered he, "how could we start without the surest man in the village, a wonderful shot like him; and the others—have no doubt about them, they are sure to be ready by and by."

Ultimately we could stand it no longer, and knowing the direction, we two started alone, and after an hour's walk found Lothario and other peasants busy cutting down big logs of beechwood. The gnarled thick stems are so hard that it takes days and days to fell such a tree, and as long again to reduce it to manageable logs, but the natives know how to help themselves with the unstinted application of dynamite. Lothario happened to have several cartridges in his pocket.

This again is one of the curious anomalies in the Peninsula. The Government is now and then startled into extra activity by some dynamite plot in Barcelona and other hotbeds of anarchists, and all sorts of terrifying edicts are issued to make the possession of high explosives impossible. The law is vigorously enforced in a way. In the towns it would be a very audacious attempt to buy dynamite, but in the country you can get as much of the dangerous stuff as you like. Wherever there has been a railway in process of construction, still more in the neighbourhood of mines, you can get your supply. The same applies to quiet Portugal, of which I could tell many a tale. Once, when in a small

out-of-the-way village in the Algarve, bent on collecting fishes, the people said it was the proper thing—the custom in fact—to fish with dynamite, but that we need not make unnecessary fuss about it, they knowing, of course, well enough that this mode of fishing was illegal. Accordingly my man took me to the shop, and with a wink of his eye asked for some sausages, *para tiros*, for shots, and the shopkeeper at once produced from between the stores of dried cod, ropes, oil-cans, matches, and tobacco, a large bundle wrapped up in greasy paper, laid it on the counter and asked, "How many?" Then he took a knife and cut off the required number of pieces from the dynamite, which comes into the trade in the shape of red, doughy, sausage-like sticks. It was days after that I found, to my horror and subsequent wrath, that my muleteer, Manuel, had kept back some of those cartridges and had secreted the infernal things in my own pair of saddle-bags! Well, there was a row.

Most of the traffic on the by-roads is carried on by means of sledges of primitive construction. The whole contrivance is called a *forca* or *furcado*, because it consists of the strong fork of a beech-tree, to which are nailed the real runners, to be renewed when worn out. A crude basket frame is erected upon the arms of the fork, and it is a funny sight to behold a pair of oxen dragging the *apparejo*, the promiscuous name of such an apparatus, along, while out of the basket comes the monotonous, drawling sing-song of the driver, who lies on his back out of sight. When he stops his noise, the oxen stop too, and the prodding goad appears.

At last we were joined by five *cazadores* and a dog, quite jolly, as if nothing had happened, only a bit surprised at our impatience. We soon came to a deep ravine, which separated us from an abruptly-rising spur of a craggy mountain. Two or three boys, belonging to one of the numerous water-mills below, were basking near our path, and amused themselves

by watching five chamois on the opposite side. The creatures were moving about quite calmly between the bushes and ferns, and could easily be seen here and there taking a bunch of grass.

Now, instead of making a proper plan, the whole party collected on the most prominent slab and entered into the most violent debate as to how to arrange matters. Everybody had his own notions, and nobody wanted to act as driver or beater. Celestino made himself ridiculous by insisting upon it that a large cluster of dry bracken was a sixth chamois, but although the others laughed and pointed out that the thing did not move, and above all, that it was too large for a chamois, he did not give in, and declared angrily that it certainly was large, and was certainly the biggest *rebeco* in Spain, *pero no hay remedio*, but that cannot be helped!

The most reasonable of our companions took another man and the dog with him, with the intention of doubling the spur from the right, while we others were to ford the stream higher up and take the spur from the left. This was to a certain extent done. The sharpshooter was to wait until we had time to post ourselves higher up, near the crest of the whole valley; this would have taken at least three-quarters of an hour, but before we had climbed fifteen minutes through the primeval forest, the fellow had scrambled up the spur and had almost stumbled upon the five chamois as they were reposing in the high bracken. He fired, and missed them at ten or twelve yards, whereupon we others had the pleasure of watching their escape over the exact spots which we had intended to occupy. As there was still a chance that the game had remained in the valley, provided the man with the dog had had sufficient time to gain the heights towards the right, an apology of a new plan was made, and Celestino started with me to the summit or terminal ridge of the valley.

There was a famous pass, over which, still within the dense forest, chamois and roebuck were wont to pass into and out of the valley, and certainly I have never before beheld so many spoors of game on so small a piece of ground. The reddish, loamy soil, still moist from last night's rain, was literally covered with spoor, and looked almost as if a herd of goats had been driven over it. As was naturally to be expected, as many tracks led into as out of the valley, some of those leading upwards being the freshest, but Celestino pleaded with so much earnestness that we posted ourselves and waited for an hour—of course in vain, until the rest of the scattered party joined us and reported that the mountain, with its barren tops, was quite deserted. The poor dog, which naturally had done most of the running about and problematic retrieving, was quite done up, and was obviously disheartened, as well-meaning dogs are likely to be when they have been ordered here and countermanded there. But the brute Celestino took him by the collar and dealt him several deliberate blows with the butt-end of the gun. That was the last I saw of those people, as I left them then and there to their own devices.

The descent by another route was beautiful; all the more interesting as it led me over a *braña*—that is to say, an open grassy height, which in the summer is used as a sort of cattle station. The cattle are not kraaled, but kept together during the night by the herdsmen, who take shelter in small huts, not unlike bee-hives, the circular walls being formed by upright sticks, with branches plaited in between, and covered on the top with a thick layer of broom and bracken. Such a *braña*, especially the space round the little huts, becomes disgustingly dirty, but is used year after year.

Before we had reached Pajáres again, heavy rain came on, and a tremendous thunderstorm drenched the valley until darkness had set in. In the night anxious inquiries were

made concerning the whereabouts of the so-called hunters, who had not yet returned, but the old cura calmed their women-folk and friends by telling them that such people were not easily lost. When they came back we do not know, but when we left Pajáres the next morning, Celestino slunk round a corner.

Our intention of leaving the village was easier declared than carried out. Lothario promised to take the luggage up with his *apparejo*, but his wife confided to me that this could not be done unless the oxen were fetched, and this again could not be done until the storm was over. When it was quite dark the servant girl was sent out, but she returned without the beasts, and the old woman decided that our things should be carried up to the station. Next morning we beheld to our joy the oxen yoked together and tied to our door-post, but the *apparejo* was not forthcoming, nor did the two men appear who had volunteered as carriers on the previous night. As time began to press, the matter was settled by hunting up a lad and a woman, the latter carrying the heaviest bag. Our two landladies said a cordial good-bye, but Lothario, perhaps overcome by his feelings, went away with his oxen and only waved his hand.

CHAPTER X

TO AND FROM COVADONGA

If Santiago de Compostella is the Mekka, then Covadonga is the Medina, of Spain, and having made a pilgrimage to one, we felt it would be only proper to pay our respects to the tomb of Don Pelayo, the founder of the Spanish monarchy.

Although Covadonga is situated only twelve miles from the north coast, a visit to and from that place means nothing less than a coaching tour of at least four days along the coast, provided you find yourself either at Gijon or at Santander. We happened to come from the west, from Oviedo. This is a place of unknown antiquity, the Asturum lucus or Ovetum of the Romans. During the ninth century it was the residence of the Spanish kings, until they removed to Leon, but it always remained the capital of Asturia, now officially called the province of Oviedo, and it developed itself into an ecclesiastical and learned centre. The learning has given way to commerce and industry, coal, iron, and other minerals being plentiful in the neighbourhood, and the town possesses now between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants. Many of the streets are paved with broad stone slabs, the gutter being in the middle, and the rainfall, which amounts to not less than six feet during the year, keeps the place damp and tolerably clean. It is full of old palaces, chiefly ecclesiastical, but the more noteworthy buildings are the cathedral and the university. The present Gothic cathedral dates from 1380,

and is richly decorated, though perhaps overloaded, with gilding. It contains *la cruz santisima* and the graves of many kings. All this, and more, is described in guide-books and works on architecture, with the exception of two placards, which are conspicuously fixed on the chief portal, namely :—

		†
Se prohibe entrar con madreñas	and	Se ruega á los fieles no escupan en este santo templo

It is forbidden to enter with wooden shoes, and the faithful are requested not to spit in this sacred temple.

The University possesses a fine old building with a huge cloister-like court, was established in 1574, and has since been restricted to the faculty of law. But many of the rooms are occupied by the Œconomic Society, which acts as a sort of university college of the province, and has established chairs for various branches of science, chiefly mathematics, physics, and chemistry. There is also a large museum of natural history, containing principally a collection of birds and minerals. The state of preservation leaves much to be desired; the labelling and naming of the specimens is bad, often ridiculous; and no attempt has been made to display the fauna of the province. A suggestion to the doorkeeper that the museum might be made a little more attractive was not received with favour. "Why should the collections be made more attractive? If people do not like to visit the place, nobody forces them to come here. They are only a nuisance. I get my two pesetas a day, and that is all I care for."

Above the doors are written in grand display the names of the various departments. On the outside wall, in the corridor of that of the physical sciences, hangs a number of coloured diagrams explaining "the most important laws and

facts of the physical sciences." The diagrams are such as we have in our elementary schools; for instance, illustrations of the principle of the lever, of a balance, of litres, centi- and deci-litres in natural size, etc. On the wall of the *Aula*, or lecture-room of the historical class, is fixed up that silly synchronological map of universal history by S. C. Adams, and this gorgeously-coloured thing of some twenty feet in length has been translated into Spanish.

We did not care for the inhabitants of Oviedo, who, probably seeing a good many foreigners coming up from Gijon, have become a grasping, uncivil, swindling lot. Whenever we went into a shop, whether that of a grocer, photographer, haberdasher, or vendor of newspapers, we met with the same bad luck; a leery smile to us and a wink to their companions in the shop, and out they came with the worst articles they had in stock, and asked a preposterous price. On several occasions we tried to sift the matter thoroughly, but without success, and when remonstrated with they said it was an oversight, and turned sulky. In the principal café they served iced water with a rotten lemon, and refused to take the stuff back, although ultimately they changed it for decent coffee without an extra charge, and without a word of apology. All these are very small items, but they are significant of the place, and fortunately not at all common in Spain.

Let the intending visitor be warned against alighting at the Hotel de Paris, a brand new and large establishment in the broad street leading from the station into the town, and run by a French family. We endured it for half an hour, but it took us a whole hour to extricate ourselves from their clutches.

There is a branch railway, with its own separate station, which runs in the direction of Covadonga, but ends at Infiesto, a small town, whence the coaches start. An excel-

lent lunch or dinner for 2·50 pesetas is provided at the *table d'hôte* in a well-managed inn at Infiesto. The regular *diligencia* to Cangas was full, but the posting-master is bound to provide for the conveyance of passengers. He therefore found a small wicker carriage, unfortunately with a closed top; four iron posts support a frame, the sides of which are closed with flaps of black leather and canvas. This vehicle was already occupied by two men, one of them very old and without a single tooth in his mouth, the other, his son, with a nose cleft in the middle and smashed flat, so that his face looked like that of a bulldog. This similarity was still further enhanced by his having neither moustache nor beard, but a fat swollen face and bleary eyes. The old man developed himself, in the long run, into an unmitigated nuisance, not so much because he became talkative and otherwise aggressively friendly, but he assured us that he was *buen cantador*, a fine singer, and offered to while away the time by songs. Of course the singing of the old fellow, who could hardly speak intelligibly, consisted of nothing but the droning noise of *aaa, aaah*, that terrible noise which low-class Spaniards are so fond of repeating to distraction, with never-varied monotony, and mostly without rhyme or reason. Everybody has a right to sing anywhere he pleases, especially on a mail-coach, but the case being considered slightly different under present circumstances, we at first did our best to stop him by thanking him for his treat; but this only encouraged him to further exertions, until he was entreated to stop *per*

The most persistent of beggars.

Dios, as it *incomoda mucho á la señora*. The phrase *per Dios*, for God's sake, is the only one which has invariably the desired effect, even in stopping the most persistent of beggars. Then he talked at random, addressing himself by preference to my wife. To stop this, I said to him that it was of no use speaking to her, as the lady did not understand a single word, much less did she talk. This quieted him, and for a while he eyed her askance, but suddenly, my wife breaking the silence by a remark to me, he grasped his companion's arm, and exclaimed: "There, she has just said something, I have heard it distinctly, and the *caballero* tells me that she is

The Bridge at Cangas.

dumb!" The old brute and his bulldog were not imbecile, but only typically aggressive, and became vindictively malicious, as is the case with so many Spaniards when, instead of being flattered, they are reminded of how they ought to behave.

At Cangas de Oniz, where Pelayo established his first court, we changed carriages. The country, and this refers nearly to the whole province, is very pretty, without grandeur. The ground is hilly, intersected farther inland by higher spurs of the mountains, and dotted with villages, and there are many of them, besides still more numerous little groups of houses and single farms, quaintly-shaped granaries and corn-stalks, and houses festooned with vines amidst luxurious

fields of maize. The many streams are bridged over with single high-arched spans, and such a bridge, ivy-clad, preposterously high and long for the small river, which runs through a bouldery bed with thickly overgrown banks, is a picture in itself. The whole country is made for the artist.

Covadonga is neither a town nor a village, but consists entirely of ecclesiastical buildings, with a fair-sized inn or *hospicio* attached to them for the accommodation of the pilgrims. The inn, a modest affair, contains a large dining-room and some dozen small bedrooms, with the stables below, and so arranged that the smells therefrom must enter the bedroom windows. The food is good, and the prices are moderate, being fixed by Government, to whom the whole place belongs.

The fame of Covadonga dates from 718, when Don Pelayo here waylaid and routed a detachment of Arabs, a victory which resulted in the evacuation of Gijon by the Arabic general, Munuza, and his withdrawal from Asturia. This victory has naturally been praised and exaggerated beyond recognition. Pelayo's force dwindled down to a mere handful, while the Moorish hosts were swelled into an army of hundreds of thousands, the number of slain alone amounting to something fabulous. Anyhow, here the first brush of arms took place, and resulted in favour of the faithful Goths, who rallied round Pelayo as their leader; they gradually gained confidence, and this victory marked the turning of the tide. The reconquest, the remaking of Spain, had begun.

It is absurd to imagine that the cave in the side of the mountain, now ascended by a flight of wooden stairs, was the real hiding-place whence Pelayo fell upon the passing army of the enemy. Pelayo must have had at least a few hundred men with him, and there is not room enough in the upper cave for one hundred to hide in. Spaniards, who have not seen Covadonga, will tell you that "the cave can hold one battalion." Probably the whole surroundings of the cave

have been much altered. The space in front of the mountain wall has been levelled; the pool of water, into which falls a cascade from one of the cracks of the precipitous walls of the hill, was probably surrounded by trees and dense undergrowth. Out of such a nook Pelayo could well sally forth without having to risk his and his followers' necks by climbing down some thirty feet. There are many caves in the immediate neighbourhood of these mountains of limestone, and they were most likely used as places of refuge by the Goths during the invasion, but *the* cave was fixed upon by the legend on account of its conspicuous position on the face of a perpendicular wall, high above the foot of the valley; and such a niche is a fit resting-place for the remains of the hero. The tomb is in a little recess on the right side near the entrance of the cave, and is barred with a single iron grating, looking rather like the den of an imprisoned beast, certainly very far from imposing, but genuine. The memorial stone over the entrance of the recess bears an inscription which cannot date far back into the Middle Ages, considering that the Christian instead of the Spanish era (beginning with the year 38 B.C., when Spain became a Roman province) and current Arabic ciphers are used :—

AQVI YAZE EL^{s} REY DON PELAIO
ELLETO EL AÑO DE 716 QVE EN
ESTA MILAGROSA CVEBA COME
NZO LA RESTAVRACION DE ESPA
NA BENZIDOS LOS MOROS FALECIO
AÑO 737 L^{E} ACOMPAÑA . . . Y ERMANA

Here lies the Sire King Don Pelaio
Elected in the year 716 who in
this marvellous cave be
gan the restoration of Spain.
Having beaten the Moors he died
in the year 737. His . . . and sister keep him company.

The cave has a wide entrance, reached by a flight of wooden stairs, and in it has been constructed a wooden platform, upon which has been erected an ugly wooden shrine, containing a tawdry Madonna of no artistic value, but of great miraculous powers. The water dripping from the roof, partly adorned with little stalactites, is collected into a network of tin pipes, by which it is conducted away. Cheap articles are exposed for sale on tables; for instance, rosaries, thimbles, hairpins, brooches, and other Nuremberg wares, and are eagerly bought by the people, who all day long crowd together before the shrine from all parts of Northern Spain. It is a favourite place for pilgrimages; the old man with his bulldog son was also there. The correct thing for the girls is to dress up in a long brown garment, with the hair hanging loose down the back, and to walk barefooted, with rosary in hand. I forget how many *indulgencias*, or forgiveness of sins, are gained by the visit.

In many parts of Spain churches attract the faithful by promissory placards, but one of the most curious is that on the door of a solitary church between Alcalá and Dos Hermanos, south-east of Seville, which runs as follows: *Inumbrables indulgencias se ganan rezando en esta iglesia, y quando está serrada, se ganan las mismas rezando fuera, en frente de la puerta.* "Innumerable indulgencies are gained by praying in this church, and when it is closed, the same are gained by praying outside, in front of the door"!

Close to the cave stands a building of considerable size, with a proper chapel, a small and very old cloister court, with tombs of some of the early counts of Asturia, and a vestry which holds in wooden presses some of the richest of ecclesiastical vestments; lying about were the cranium and other bones of a cave-bear, which had been found when the foundations of the votive church were being dug out. This

church, founded by the late Alfonso XII., stands on a spur, in a commanding position, and is visible afar both from below and above the valley. It is built of red sandstone and reddish marble, chiefly in Gothic style, lofty and graceful, although not strictly pure. They have been at it for some time, but considering that only ten men were working at the still roofless building, nobody knew when it would be finished, the present excuse being that "Government has now little money, because of Cuba."

The clergy are already well looked after, not less than twenty-two deans and canons living in a long whitewashed building. We had an introduction to the principal *canónigo*, an old man, who, instead of imparting any of his reputed historical wisdom, was barely civil, and handed us over to a lay servant, who knew nothing whatever. He showed us over the large, new, well-constructed buildings, which are intended for a big clerico-historical institution. Some of the rooms are palatial; one contains the library, well stocked with old books, together with odds and ends, like old fonts, crystals, lumps of minerals, and fossils from the neighbourhood. The walls of the chapter-room are adorned with fanciful oil-paintings, more than life-size, of the first dozen Spanish kings, beginning with Don Pelayo. Another room holds in presses and wardrobes of deal and cheap make great numbers of standards used in the processions, and richly ornamented vestments, many of them dedicated by members of the royal family; there are silver-gilt vessels for church services, "with precious stones," but these vessels, all new and well executed, are wrapped up in tissue-paper, and put by in common cardboard boxes. It is the incongruity which is the most striking feature. It is a grandly-planned attempt, carried out to a certain extent, to turn Covadonga into the national hall of glory, a Walhalla of Spain, with unique, glorious, and historical reminiscences; but the times for

the successful carrying out of such great undertakings are past, even if the money be not wanting.

It was not easy to get away from Covadonga; the regular coach leaves at an inconvenient time, and then only provided it is full, while other vehicles returning empty, and knowing that the visitors have no other means of transport, put on a swindling price. We crept into the tiny bread-cart and trundled down the valley; the bread man, enjoying the fun and the promised reward immensely, managed just to catch the coach at Cangas. Of course we got on to the top front seats, which nobody wanted; otherwise the coach was crammed full. Even the *vaca* behind us, besides being full of luggage and goods of all sorts, held several men, boys, and even a live young calf, tied up. The driver stipulated at every halting-place that the new passengers were not to sit on the creature.

From Arriondas the road follows the banks of the river Sella to the coast, through extremely pretty scenery. From Rivadesella, a little port, the road follows the coast, which, especially at the many little bays, surrounded by high, rocky cliffs, makes a charming drive; but we were heartily glad when, after eight hours spent in a cramped position, we arrived in the night at Llanes. The coach stops at the market-place, but the best inn stands at the western end of, and a little outside, the town. It is run by a Basque, and possesses a large and good dining-room, with satisfactory food and reasonable charges, namely, six pesetas a day, all included.

Llanes is a clean, pretty little town, with a tiny harbour, a theatre, and spacious market hall; it was on the verge of getting electric light, the necessary plant having just arrived. It would be an ideal seaside resort, but it possesses no beach whatever along its coast of blue hard limestone, which rises precipitously about 100 feet out of the sea. The latter is,

moreover, full of sharp rocks, all the more interesting to look at. To the west of the town the top of the cliff has been levelled down to make a promenade, some two or three hundred yards in length—without trees or shrubs, but with green grass, sea pinks, and clover. I was attracted by a monument, a marble slab, upon a pedestal, with an inscription beginning with AMOR PATRIAE SUMMA VIRTUS.

Here, thought I, has fallen some great hero, perhaps one of the many in the Peninsular War, just as the steep slopes of the Castello of San Sebastian are strewn with memorial stones, which bear testimony to the bravery of the British soldier. But the rest of the long inscription was the following ridiculous, bombastic affair:—

> This marble tablet has been erected in perpetual memory of the citizens of Llanes, who, ever willing and desirous to increase the welfare of their native town, after a meeting of their most noble town council, under the presidency of the most illustrious señor . . . the Mayor, have most willingly and nobly responded to his appeal, so that through their unselfish contributions this fine promenade could be constructed, for the everlasting enjoyment of the citizens.

It is a pity that the glory of the Senatus Populusque Planensis has not spread farther.

The journey to the east is continued at eight o'clock in the morning by coaches, which are collectively called La Aurora, the name of the private enterprise of Fidel Velarde, who lives at Unquera. The coach starts from the eastern side of the little harbour, although the tickets are taken at the *administracion de los coches* in the market-place. The road hugs the coast, and is of little interest except for the glorious views of the Picos de Europa in the distance. The scenery is tame, no longer picturesque until Unquera, at the mouth of the Deva, is reached, where at Velarde's inn a good noonday meal is provided. Farther on various strikingly pretty places are passed,—above all Vicente de la Barquera, whence the road

turns inland to Cabezon de la Sal, the terminus of a branch line from Torrelavega ; thence the main line runs to Santander, which is reached in the evening.

Communication between Santander and Bilbao is twofold. First, by local steamer for twelve pesetas, in five or six hours, which in fine weather is a treat. The coast, with its many headlands, bays, nooks, and rocks, shows to the best advantage, and one can appreciate the striking fact—the greatest boon to

Crossing the Estuary near Colindres.

Bilbao—that the river Nervion, although only a narrow mountain stream above Bilbao, is navigable up to this thriving town by ocean-going steamers of the deepest draught, a distance of more than ten miles.

Secondly, by land, and this we have likewise done. A branch line goes from Santander to Solares, then the coach is taken to Portugalete, and thence again the railway to Bilbao ; but this journey takes twelve hours, and becomes very, very tedious, although many parts of the coast are charming, especially near Colindres, where a broad estuary is crossed by a ferry. Farther on is Castro Urdiales, a beautiful, old

romantic place and modern seaside resort; and lastly, Somorrostro, with its brownish red mountains, containing untold wealth of hæmatite iron ore in such masses that the magnetic compass is disturbed for miles around. All these places

On the top of a jolting coach.

conjure up delightful reminiscences, but these were bought somewhat dearly by a long journey on the top of a jolting coach, crowded with noisy, disobliging townspeople, under a hood not high enough to enable us to sit upright. But it had been blowing at Santander, and by avoiding the whirlpools of the Biscayan Charybdis, we fell in with the many-headed Scylla.

CHAPTER XI

A PILGRIMAGE TO SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELLA

THE old kingdom of Leon is connected with Galicia by one of the most famous roads in the whole of Spain. Practically the only road mapped out by nature, it was followed by all the successive masters or would-be masters of the north-western part of the Peninsula, by the Romans, the Suevi, the Visigoths, the Moors, and then, after the reconquest, with all its vicissitudes, for a thousand years by the countless flocks of pilgrims who wended their way from France and from the north of Spain to Santiago de Compostella, the most renowned goal of the faithful of western Christendom.

All these nations and peoples have left their traces, both constructive and destructive. The whole long road is therefore of no small interest to any visitor, whatever his tastes may be. The historian and antiquarian will feel amply repaid, and so will he who has an eye and feeling for manners and customs, while the lover of scenery will find changes enough from apparently endless corn-producing plains, over barren plateaus into fertile, garden-like valleys, and then again over wild mountains into and through the intricate maze of gorges, grassy slopes, and wooded hills of pastoral Galicia. Ruined castles, towns of bygone glory, villages picturesque and dirty, invite you to at least outline them on paper. Tertiary sands, metamorphosed rocks, archaic granite, and Silurian slates, proclaim in more sombre language that the

very foundations of this part of the world are as varied as its more superficial features.

But to see all this means hard work, and to travel by this great road is not all enjoyment. On the contrary, it should never be forgotten that to travel means originally hard work, *travailler, trabalhar.*

The Maragatos

One of the first sights which the traveller meets with on

A Maragato Cart.

the roads from Leon westwards are huge two-wheeled carts, which are covered with a high and long vaulted canvas roof, and are drawn by a string of many animals. The wheels are about five feet high, and the axle is of iron. A peculiarly simple and effective brake is formed by a long strong pole, the ends of which are tied or chained to the shafts in front and to the hinder end of the cart, the pole passing loosely outside the wheel and hanging just above the nave. The latter, being of iron, is always brightly polished by the friction, but there is no noise. When the brake is to be applied the

ropes at the end of the pole are shortened, and the pole presses, owing to its elasticity, upon the outside of the wheel. Below the bottom of the cart is suspended on chains a large, square, wooden box, filled with all sorts of litter, and superintended by a snarly dog, who lives there.

The first animal is harnessed to a pair of shafts, which are immovably fixed to the cart; the other animals, horses and mules in mixed order, as the case may be, are attached by rope traces in single file to the ends of the shafts and to each other's harness. The mules especially are very tall and strong. As a rule there are at least four or five, often as many as seven, or even more.

The roomy inside of the cart, or *tartana*, is filled up to the roof with all sorts of merchandise, skins of wine, hides, stuffs, flour, furniture—in fact everything and anything that requires transport. On the top of all this, under the overhanging front of the roof, sit or lie, generally asleep, one or two men. One man, a strongly built fellow, walks beside the cart guiding and urging on the team without whip or rein, but he picks up stones and shies them at the animals. He is in no hurry, the pace being invariably only two or three miles an hour. There is no bad language used, the team knowing perfectly well what they have to do, and, what is stranger still, the fellow does not sing, or rather does not keep up an interminable string of a few ever-repeated notes, as is so generally the custom in Spain. He does not greet you, nor do those inside the cart take any notice of you.

Their costume is peculiar. A broad-rimmed hat of drab or gray colour, a short jacket (*juboneta*), ornamented with embroidery, an elaborately frilled kerchief or ruff round the white shirt-collar, very wide trousers, like a pair of baggy knickerbockers (*zaraguelles*), high gaiters of brown cloth (*polainas*), tightly fastened with many side buttons, and red cotton garters and shoes. The men are extremely well and

strongly built, often tall, frequently with dark hair and dark gleaming eyes, although lighter hair and blue eyes are also met with.

You wonder at this strange sight, and when asked everybody will give the same answer, *san Maragatos.* "They are Maragatos!" Nothing more, unless some more refined

The thriving Maragato, with the cart described above.

person will venture to explain that they are the descendants of captive Moors, *Mauri capti* in Latin, don't you see?

Their home district, la Maragateria, comprises about one hundred square miles, coinciding with the range of the Montes de Leon, between Ponferrada and Astorga. Northwards these hills end in the Sierra de Jistredo, which is only a dozen miles from the pass of Leitariegos, where the Vaqueros

live (see Chap. XIII.). The Maragateria is a mostly sterile and rough country, and this seems to be the reason why the men have taken to the carrying trade, the thriving man with the cart described above, his humbler brother with only one or two pack-mules. Absolutely trustworthy, honest, and diligent, they have in their hands the whole of this trade from Coruña to Leon. Their charges are said to be high, but what does this matter in a country where a *Juez de la primera instancia,*

His humbler brother with only one or two pack-mules.

a sitting magistrate, advised us to entrust a bagman with a pair of shoes, instead of sending them by rail!

Whilst the men are always on the road, the cultivation of the sterile fields rests entirely with the women. The latter do not as a rule marry outside their tribe. But there are exceptions. Sometimes a family settles at a place far from the rest, and thrives by running a shop of general provisions. We met with such a case at Busdongo, where *the* shop, the best and the only one, is called "el Maragato."

Although fond of dancing, they never sing when on the road, being of a grave, taciturn, and serious turn of mind, and as report goes they are rarely seen or heard laughing. Ford in his delightful book, *Gatherings from Spain,* gives an

elaborate account of these people. "The Maragato wears, if married, a sort of headgear, *el caramiello,* in the shape of a crescent, the round part coming over the forehead, which is very Moorish, and resembles those of the females in the basso-relievos at Granada. Their hair flows loosely on their shoulders, while their apron or petticoat hangs down open before and behind, and is curiously tied at the back with a sash, and their bodice is cut square over the bosom. At their festivals they are covered with ornaments of long chains of coral and metal, with crosses, relics, and medals of silver. Their earrings are very heavy and supported by silken threads, as among the Jewesses in Barbary. A marriage is the grand feast; then large parties assemble, and a president is chosen, who puts into a waiter whatever sum of money he likes, and all invited must then give as much. The bride is enveloped in a mantle, which she wears the whole day, and never again except on that of her husband's death. She does not dance at the wedding ball. Early next morning two roast chickens are brought to the bedside of the happy pair. The next evening-ball is opened by the bride and her husband to the tune of the *gaita,* or Moorish bagpipe. Their dances are grave and serious; such indeed is their whole character.

"The whole tribe assembles twice a year at Astorga, at the feasts of Corpus and Ascension, when they dance *el canizo,* beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon, and ending precisely at three. If any one, not a Maragato, joins, they all leave off immediately.

When in Leon we were on the look-out for pictures of Maragatos, and invaded the photographer in his shop and studio on the fourth floor. Unfortunately the man considered us great bores when we insisted upon overhauling all his photographs. After much coaxing and buying he owned to having taken a large photograph of a Maragato bridegroom with his bride in their full marriage costume, and admitted that he

still possessed the negative. But he was aghast when urged to hunt it up and to print a copy of it. "We are already approaching the end of the week. Let us wait till next Monday; it would otherwise be such a trouble. Who knows, I may in the meantime come across the plate; but you people are always in such a hurry."

We did not get that picture. We therefore reproduce

A Maragata. From an old Print.

here the quaint view of a Maragata, taken from the corner of a map of the Bishopric of Astorga, published in vol. xvi. of *España sagrada*. Astorga is the commercial headquarters of the Maragatos, a town of unknown antiquity, the *Asturum lucus* of the Romans, later on called Asturica, and now Astorga.

Many a view has been started, and is still entertained, about the origin of the Maragatos. Celtiberians, Visigoths, Moors, have been suggested as their ancestors. The derivation

of the name Maragato, from *Maurus captus,* seems to receive support from the circumstance that one of the early kings of the Asturias was called Mauregato (783-789), and that this man was a son of Alonso el Catolico, probably by a Moorish lady. Others derive it from *marca,* Gothic *marka,* the German *Mark,* a frontier district (hence *Marquis*), but it requires a good deal of twisting to make Maragato mean "inhabitant of the frontier province." All these are, however, popular, cheap etymologies, not worth more than the learned joke that King Mauregato's name means *Maurus catus,* a kitten of a Moor, in allusion to his maternal descent.

Borrow, for ever famous for *The Bible in Spain,* suggested that these people were unadulterated Goths, simply on the strength of their tall figures, blond hair, and blue eyes. This idea is quite futile, for obvious reasons.

The Maragatos do not speak a special dialect, and not much can be gathered from the names of their household goods and dress. *Caramiello* is obviously composed of *cara,* the ordinary Castilian word for face. *Polaina,* their name for the gaiters, in French *souliers à la poulaine,* has been derived by some etymologists from *polonais* or *Pologne ! Polaca* in Castilian means the instep of the shoe, and this has certainly more to do with *pola-ina* than the Latin *pellis,* Spanish *piel,* in spite of gaiters often being made of skins. The name of the typical baggy knickerbockers, *zaraguelles,* is on the other hand truly Arabic, being derived from *sarawil,* trousers.

Ford, an excellent authority on Spain, considered the Maragatos as distinctly of Moorish origin, and the same view has been taken and elaborately discussed by Dozy upon historical and political grounds.

As has been explained in the historical chapter, the north-western portion of the peninsula was allotted to the Berbers, who for various reasons returned to Africa in a mass about the year 750. The future kingdom of

Leon in particular, the cockpit of the early reconquest, remained desolate. Astorga, for instance, was not recolonised until the year 850 under Ordoño II. But naturally not all the Berbers had left Spain. Some remained, and held their own for more than a hundred years, especially in the vicinity of Leon and of Astorga. The Spaniards of the Asturias and of Galicia naturally disliked these remaining Berbers of Leon and Astorga, districts which formed part of the so-called *campi Gothici*, where the Goths had settled in great numbers before the invasion. These plains were the Gothia, Gothland. About the year 784 or 785 these Berbers, the *montanezes de la Malacoutia*, or "strangers who are chiefly false Christians," even took up arms against the Asturians and Visigoths in the north, but they were beaten and dispersed by King Mauregato. It is very likely that their freedom became more and more restricted, and that they were driven into the more sterile districts of the present province of Leon, while the reconquering and recolonising Spaniards occupied the more fertile districts, and that gradually the sterile mountainous reservation became known as the Malacoutia, *i.e.* Mala Gothia, now in conformity with the Spanish idiom called Maragateria.

For obvious reasons these Berbers embraced Christianity, or at least professed to do so; but although looked upon as lukewarm and doubtful Christians, as they are spoken of in old charters as "strangers who are chiefly false Christians," they seem to have got on well enough with the Spaniards in Leon and Astorga, with whom they became, at least politically, amalgamated. That many Berbers lived in their towns along with the Spaniards is proved by the names of the witnesses appended to several most interesting charters. For instance, the charter *constructio et dos monasterii de Peñalba*, of the year 937 (published in *España sagrada*, vol. xvi. (appendix) p. 434), is signed, besides by typically Gothic and

Latin names, by many unmistakably Mohammedan ones, as Didacus Ibenfroila, Zuar Iben Mohaiscar, Addaulfus Ibendair, Ihaia Ibencenchri, Zuleiman Ibenapelia, Habdela Ibenaumar, and many others. In another charter names like Mahamudi, Meliki, Kazzem, occur as those of priests (*presbyteres*).

Some of these names are very interesting, and suggestive of social mixture of the two races. Ibendair, the son of David, was christened Adolf, and in a charter of the year 925 occurs the name of Didacus Frolani, which is of course the latinised form of Ibenfroila—that is, son of Froila, and Froila or Fruela is a thoroughly Gothic name. Possibly he was the son of a Goth and a Berber woman.

So far so good, but a few years ago Don Jimenez pleaded with learned reasoning that the Maragatos are not Berbers, but berberised Mozarabes, who in the ninth century migrated from Andalucia into the province of Leon. Even as late as the eleventh century many families with Berber names are mentioned in a *Fuero de Leon,* article 1st, issued by Alfonso V.—a roundabout and scarcely happy solution of the problem.

The Maragateria coincides practically with the range of hills which, running from north to south, are generally called the Montes de Leon. They are visible from Leon across the plain, above which they rise on the average only some 600 feet. Plenty of abandoned mines, ascribed to the Romans, bear witness that in olden times these hills have been worked extensively for iron and silver; zinc and lead are also found.

Justinus speaks of a Mons sacer, within the confines of Galicia, which mountain it was not allowed to open with tools; but if one of the frequent lightnings should break the ground, then the people collected the lumps of gold which may have thus come to daylight, and they considered them as God's gift. Risco in *España sagrada,* and others since, recognise this Mons sacer in the present Monte Irago, to the

south of Fuencebadon. It is not very obvious why. On the contrary, there are reasons against it. There is no gold to begin with, at least not in nuggets, and then what does *in confinibus Galiciae* mean? An instance of the much over-praised classical accuracy, the stingy grudging of a few explanatory words. It is true Galaecia comprised originally a much larger part of Spain; its capital was for some time in the reign of the Suevi, of whom Justinus of course knew nothing, Braga in North Portugal. It is probable that part of the present province of Leon belonged to it, but this again certainly formed the Asturia Augustana of the Romans. *In confinibus*, on the frontier of Galicia, well and good—that may possibly do for the Montes de Leon; but if *in confinibus* means within, as it ought to, then the Mons sacer has to be looked for somewhere else, where there is gold, where thunderstorms do break off and wash down portions of a mountain, where there is a mountain or hill of striking appearance, and last, not least, one which is situated at a place which can be described but vaguely. Such a hill, which fulfils all these requirements of the Mons sacer, exists between Villafranca and Burbia; of this more anon. But the Monte Irago lies a few miles to the west of Astorga, and so it did when this town was still called Lucus Asturum.

The climate during the winter must be rather severe. One of the parts of the Sierra is called El Morredero, which, according to some Spanish savants, means in Gallego dialect "a resting-place, where there is great risk of dying." It is the high-backed windy ridge where wayfarers have occasionally perished in the snowdrifts. It is obvious that to the word *morredero* have been assigned two different meanings. In reality it is *moradero*, the resting-place, from *morar*; Castilians would call it a *paradero*; but the idea of dying has grafted itself on to the word owing to its resemblance in sound to *morir*.

All the names in this range are Romano-Spanish. There is, for instance, a certain gorge called La Portilla, and a saddle-ridge called El Yugo, the yoke.

The main road (we disdain the railway which a little farther north is tunnelled through) crosses the ridge, an elevation of some 2500 feet, at the Puerto de Fuencebadon, the old Fons Sabatonis, and here the wayfarer, looking westwards, beholds the famous Vierzo.

The Vierzo is, roughly speaking, a secluded district, surrounded on its four sides by ranges of hills or mountains. It extends westwards to the Pass of Piedrafita, a distance of some thirty miles, while northwards it is shut off completely by the backbone of the Cantabrian range. Parts of this enclosed country are very hilly, while others are absolutely flat, but everywhere there is abundance of water, and the alluvial soil, washed down from the mountains by the many rivulets, streams, and brooks which compose the Sil, is a garden of fertility.

During the time of the Romans the Vierzo formed part of the Asturia Augustana, and it received its present name from the town of Bergidum Flavium. Under the Suevi it belonged to their kingdom of Galicia, and it continued to be part of that kingdom under the Visigoths, and later still, until in the year 1060, after the redivision made by Fernando, it was assigned to the kingdom of Leon. It was always ruled, until comparatively recent times, by a count or *comes*, and it was variously spoken of as Bergidum, Bergio, Verizo, and ultimately as Bierzo or Vierzo.

In the year 606, Fructuoso, the pious son of one of these counts, founded the monastery of Compludo on the western slope of the Monte Irago, near Fuencebadon. Owing to his pious life and miraculous powers he attained great sanctity, and soon the secluded Vierzo became studded with hermitages, convents, and monasteries, chiefly inhabited by

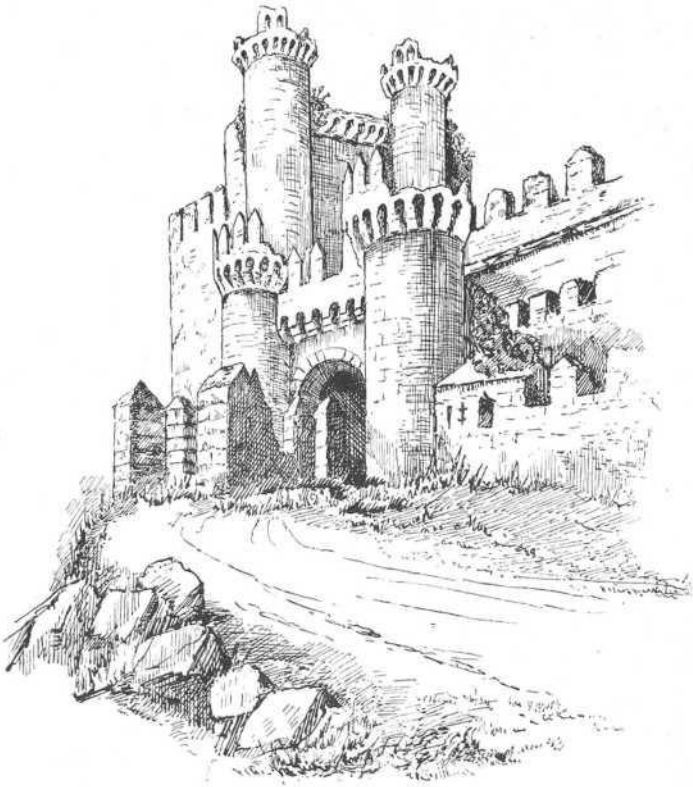
Benedictines and Cistercians. But this was a short-lived joy on account of the invasion of the Moors, from which the Vierzo recovered, however, towards the end of the ninth century.

Four leagues, about twelve miles, farther west the road leads to Ponferrada. Not far from it, but on a site no longer known with certainty, was the Interamnium Flavium, so called after Emperor Flavius Vespasianus, who was a Spaniard by birth. It was a station on the military road from Astorga to Braga, which followed the Sil and the Miño; the latter river was left at Monção, to turn due south through the lovely province, "Entre Rios," of North Portugal, where the tourist can still enjoy travelling over the identical bridges left by these marvellous constructors of strategical highways.

Interamnium has disappeared, and Ponferrada is practically its successor. Likewise an *interamnium*, situated where the Boeza, coming from the Montes de Leon, joins the Sil, it has received its name from the bridge of hewn stones which spans the Sil with a single arch, and is protected by iron railings. The bridge was built towards the end of the ninth century, but the iron railings were added two hundred years later by Bishop Osmundo of Astorga, when, in the year 1180, under Fernando II., the devastated town was restored. It was then turned into a fortress by the Templars in order to command and to safeguard the crossing of the river for the pilgrims on their way to Villafranca and to Santiago, and to hold the Vierzo against the still possible inroads of the Moors. It was fortified with tremendous walls, of which now, however, not much more remains than the four entrance gates.

The castle, although in ruins, standing high above the western side of the town, is still an extremely fine, powerful-looking building. The town itself, of some 5000 inhabitants, commands a beautiful view of the Vierzo and the mountains towering towards the south-west. It makes a pleasing im-

pression with its large, well-planted square, surrounded by the well-built town hall and some churches. In one of the latter is, or was, the image, set up in the hollow trunk of an evergreen oak (*encina*), of Maria Santisima de la Encina; it



The Castle of Ponferrada.

worked so many miracles that the Virgin was offered, and accepted, the patronage of the whole Vierzo.

At the place stands also the Fonda Astorgana, a clean inn, kept by Maria Soliz, the obliging, friendly landlady, who strives to make her guests comfortable. The "boots," a smart lad, enjoyed the name of Paco. In the dining-room hangs the following curiously-written advertisement:—

Frente á la Tertulia Perluqueria de Cabrero ofrece sus servicios a Domicilio.	The hairdresser's shop of Cabero opposite the Tertulia offers its services at customers' houses.
Se estraen muelas y raigones se cortan cabellos y uñas gordas.	Molars and roots are extracted ; hair and corns are cut.

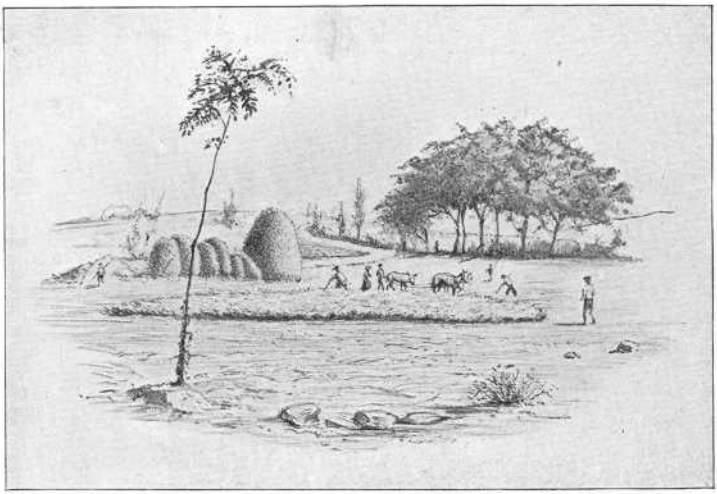
Ponferrada, as the capital of the country, *del partido judicial y administrativo*, has an *Instituto de la segunda enseñanza*, and this roomy building of secondary instruction, where a moderate amount of mathematics, geography, French, Latin, and Spanish literature is imparted to the boys and girls, to fit the boys for the universities, possesses also a collection of local specimens of natural history. This collection is in a decent state of preservation, but many of the stuffed animals are wrongly named.

A specimen of the interesting Musk-rat, *Myogale pyrenaica*, is, for instance, named *Topo, i.e.* Mole! The Wall-creeper, *Tichodroma muraria*, is labelled *Merops apiaster* and *Abejaruco, i.e.* Bee-Eater, while the native river-tortoise, *Emys orbicularis*, is labelled *Testudo graeca!*

The pride of the collection is a large stuffed bear. In the month of March 1878 some people, who were working in the fields, came across the animal, which they gallantly but imprudently attacked with their hatchets. The bear retired into a small farm, and when she found herself still pursued, entered into the combat, embraced and killed one man, and wounded another badly on the hand. Thereupon the labourers procured help from the town, and a large number of people congregated around the farm, which in the meantime the bear, however, had left. She was soon discovered and ultimately shot only a few hundred yards from the town.

I made, of course, the acquaintance of the apothecary, who, in his leisure time, fills the professional chair of natural history. Don Victor Hernandez wore a watch chain which was made of little nuggets of gold linked together, and these

nuggets had all been washed out of the river Sil close to the town. This chain initiated some talk about local gold, and curious was the information received. There was a certain boy in Ponferrada who knew the best spot, and offered to wash out some nuggets and dust before the eyes of the inquisitive. "But why does he not always wash out gold?" "Because that would interfere with his regular occupation as second hand in a tinker's shop." Some years ago a little



Threshing Corn.

company of foreigners had taken up the gold-washing in earnest, but they gradually gave up the gold for the more profitable tin, and then they became bankrupt.

Ponferrada gets on much better with less exciting occupations. It possesses several tanneries and quite a number of potteries. Wednesdays and Sundays are the market days, when all sorts of cereals, wine, and garden produce are brought into the town. At the time of our visit, 21st of July, the people were busy threshing, or rather trampling out, their corn with asses and horses on a flat space outside the eastern end of the town.

The road continues westwards through a wide plain, but the mountains on either side relieve its monotony. The soil is extremely fertile, consisting of comminuted, triturated, ground-down *débris* of the mountains. The whole plain, and indeed a great part of the Vierzo, seems to have been a lake,

A Castilian Pedlar.

which at last burst through the Valdeorras and produced the Sil. The water in this alluvial soil is bad, but there is plenty of it only a few yards below the surface. Towards the evening the villagers are busy irrigating the garden-like fields, which are studded with hundreds of the most primitive and effective draw-wells. A forked, upright pole balances another larger tree, to the thin end of which is linked a third pole

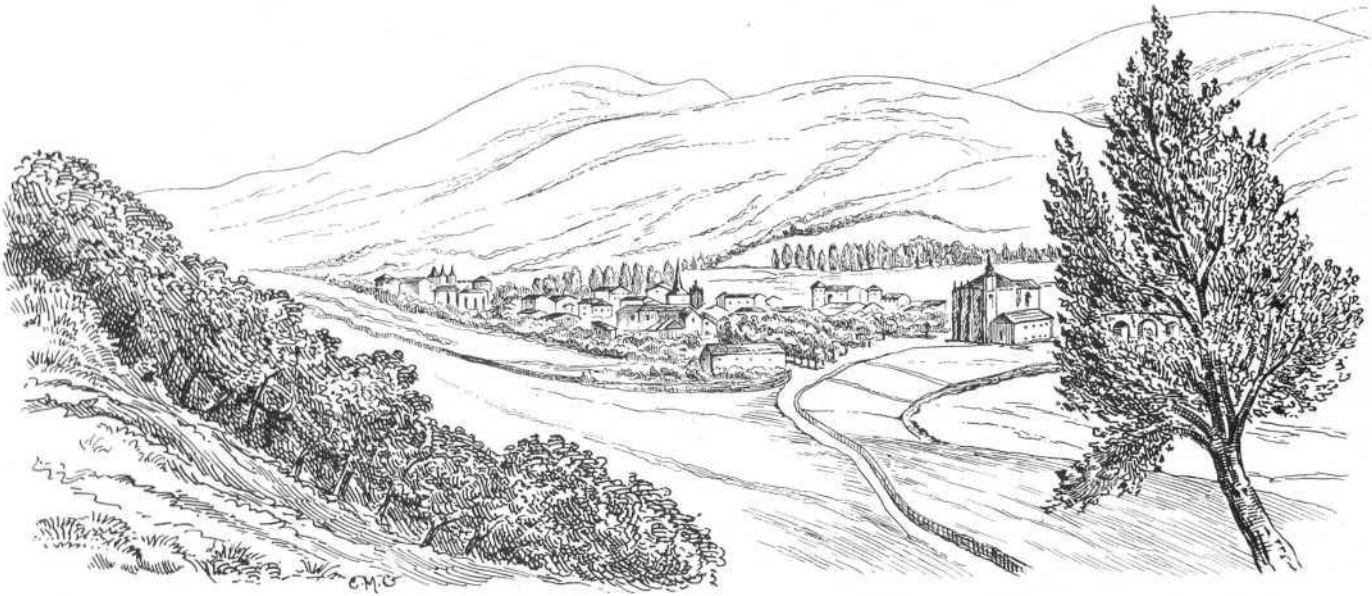
with the bucket, while the thick end of the tree, sometimes weighted by a log fastened to it, acts as a counterpoise.

The villages are built in a straggling way on either side of the road, the even ground of the wide plain being of little value. Most of the houses are low, with large and rather flat, slate-covered roofs. The principal village is Cacabelos, which is renowned as the centre of the annual fair of the cattle trade. The meaning of this name is not clear, but it is remarkable that there are at least eight other Cacabelos in Spain, all of which are in the provinces of Lugo, Orense, and Pontevedra—that is to say, in old Galaecia.

VILLAFRANCA DEL VIERZO

Villafranca, distinguished from the many other towns of the same name, as Villafranca del Vierzo, means French town, or rather Frankish town, not free town. It owes its origin to monks from Cluny, who had settled in the neighbourhood to administer to the French pilgrims while on their way to Santiago. In the reign of Alfonso VI. (1072-1109) they erected and dedicated a church to N^a^. Señora de Cluniaca, a name which became vulgarly contracted into Cruñego. This church and the monasterio Cluniacense formed the nucleus of the town, which in the reign of Doña Urraca, Alfonso's daughter, is mentioned for the first time as Villa Francorum, the seat of various communities of Franciscan and Augustine devotees.

Both the monastery and the church of the Cluny monks have disappeared, not even the site of the former being known with certainty. Not far from Villafranca there are ivy-clad, strong-walled, imposing ruins, standing on a commanding hill, and local tradition will have it that this "Castro de la Ventosa" is the remains of that monastery, or even of a town. A whole town, however, although not on that small



VILLAFRANCA DEL VIERZO, FROM THE NORTH

plain-topped hill, has disappeared, namely, the old Bergidum Flavium of the Romans. This stood about one mile eastwards from the present town, and half a mile to the south from the road to Ponferrada. Now the gentle slopes of that locality are ploughed fields, but numerous remnants of foundations, walls, and vaults have been discovered. People even speak, and the more positively the less they know personally about them, of long subterraneous passages which lead from the site of that vanished town to who knows where. The course of one was carefully pointed out to us as leading to the far-off river! All this is, of course, exaggerated nonsense, except that we are here on the well-ascertained spot of the old Bergidum. Roman silver coins have often been found, and Don Lopez, the *notario publico*, graciously presented my wife with two of them. A gold coin has also been found, inscribed Sisebutus Rex, and on the reverse Bergio Pius, which shows that this place was of some importance under the Visigoths. It was destroyed by the Moors.

Villafranca soon attained world-wide fame, and became crowded with hospitals, convents, monasteries, churches, and other ecclesiastical institutions, and it flourished as long as there was a perpetual stream of pilgrims passing through it. But all this glory has faded away in our more practical times, and although most of the buildings are still in existence, the life and soul of the place is gone. Not a commercial centre, not wanted for strategical purposes, the faithful pilgrims now betaking themselves to other places, the town, with its 4000 inhabitants or so, is a dead-alive place, but one of glaring contrasts. It has half a dozen churches, and not worshippers enough to fill them. The night-watchman, *el sereno,* still walks about with halberd and lantern, and sings out the hours of the clock, supplemented by a short weather-bulletin, and, as in most parts of Spain the sky

during most nights of the year is clear, serene, this ever-recurring refrain has fixed itself on to the singer himself as his official title.[1]

The town has a railway of its own, in the shape of a

Villafranca from the South-West.

special branch line a few miles long, from Toral de los Vados on the main line; it is scarcely necessary to say that this branch line has not been constructed out of consideration for

[1] The singing out of the hours at night was until recently a common practice in many parts of Germany, and very nice, often melodious, were the

the town, but for the benefit and through the influence of one of its occasional inhabitants.

Lastly, which seems most incongruous, the town is lighted by electricity; the plant and installation cost 8000 duros = £2000, and the necessary power is given by the Rio Valcarce, a little mountain stream. Our informant told us that by waiting long enough they had escaped the threatening necessity of constructing gasworks, that the incandescent lamps answered very well, but that they had a superabundance of light when it was least wanted, and *vice versa*. For the river is extensively "bled" by mills and irrigating works, which have old-established rights, and in long and sharp winters the river is liable to run low on its own account, as its sources in the Cebrero mountains are frozen.

A large square of buildings on the left side of the road at the eastern corner of the town is the Castillo or Palacio of the Marquises of Villafranca, constructed about the year 1500. Some of the outer facings are well carved, but there is not much artistic merit in the square blocks, most of which are in a ruined condition. Only two or three rooms are said to be kept in tawdry repair, and to serve for three months as the summer residence of the *hidalgo*, when the arid heat and the closed *cortes* drive him and his like away from Madrid.

In front of this castle is a large square, La Plaza del Castillo, where the great annual fair of Santiago's day is held. Farther on is the Plaza de la Constitucion, the principal market-place, surrounded by quaint houses with old-fashioned

little ditties with which an occasionally gifted watchman lulled the burghers to sleep. One of the best is perhaps as follows:—

Hoert ihr Herren und lasst Euch sagen
Die Glocke die hat zehn geschlagen,
Bewahrt das Feuer und das Licht
Damit der Stadt kein Schad' geschicht.

passages, and on two of its three sides by arched colonnades, under which the chief shops are to be found.

Formerly the family of the Marquis de Villafranca was mighty and wealthy. Don Pedro de Toledo y Osorio, fifth Marquis of Villafranca, built and endowed a convent for Franciscan nuns, which was dedicated to N^{tra} Señora de la Anunciacion, now commonly called La Anunciada. This convent stands in the south-western part of the town, in the fork between the little rivers Burbia and Valcarce, and on the ruins of the former hospital de San Roque. We tried to pay a visit to these Franciscan nuns, although we were warned that the attempt was not likely to prove successful.

A slatternly-dressed laywoman opened the outer gate, admitted us to the court, and banged the high doorway behind us. After much waiting I was summoned to a double-grated hole of a window, and invited to *dar lingua*, to give tongue. It is bad enough to have to speak into a telephone in a language not your own, as you then feel what an inestimable help facial expression can be, but I draw the line at speaking through such a grating to an invisible Spanish nun! After much palavering it was arranged that my wife should be shown over the establishment, I being out of the question; but after a quarter of an hour I was summoned again and taken through some passages, to find her stuck at another grating, behind which lurked the *abadeza* or prioress herself.

She said that their rules were very strict—they could hold no communications with the outer world. Had we a permit from the Bishop of Lugo? If not, we had better wait till we got it. What does the lady want to see us for? Is it to derive some spiritual comforts? In that case, why not go to the padre? You are heretics, and married? Is it that she contemplates retirement from the world, and hopes to find the true light with us? Now, none of these, and many more

searching questions, we could answer in the affirmative, and the old dame (who by the way spoke and behaved like a lady) shrank back from such a dreadful responsibility; but she did not mind telling us the fib that "we are poor, very poor nuns, and Our Lady is very hard up." If we helped them, she would see what could be done for us. We took the hint, put down a piece of two pesetas, the disc revolved, and we were told with thanks that a lay sister would show us the church.

This is a roomy building with a single nave without aisles; over the high altar is a big relievo representation in marble of the Annunciation. The walls are covered with a goodly number of pictures, some by Rafael Urbino. Below the high choir is an oval niche or chapel, the resting-place of the local marquises, which was originally adorned with pictures and various *alhadas*, or valuables, but these had "disappeared," *vulgo* been stolen, during the Peninsular War. Even the sepulchre of the illustrious founder did not escape the ravages of the compatriots of the original founders of the town; only his skull and a few other bones have been saved by the pious nuns.

Although the place seemed empty, it was astir with rustling and whispering behind the screened choirs and galleries. The nuns, whom we had come to see, had a good look at us!

On the Campo de San Antonio, outside the south-western end of the town, on the left side, towards the Pass of Piedrafita, stood the original church of the monastery of Santa Maria de Cluni. In its stead was erected in 1726 the Colegiata, the largest edifice of the town, in imitation of the basilica of St. John de Letran in Rome. This fine building consists of three naves, with a high cupola over the transept, and with Graeco-Roman portals. It contains also the church of Santa Catalina.

On the northern side of the town is the Calle del Agua, with a broad *alameda* or *paseo*, with elm-shaded walks, partly laid out in gardens, and this street is bordered on the northern side by a whole line of famous buildings. There is, first, the Convent of the Monjas Augustinas recoletas de San José, St. Joseph's strict Augustine nuns. Then there is the Church of San Nicolas, always noisy with its bells. The Casa abacial, the residence of the abbess, was originally a Jesuit's college, built, like the church, by one Gaspar de Ronda, who endowed it with all his fortune on condition that the inhabitants should impart free instruction to the poor in reading, writing, rhetoric, and Latin. Lastly, the Hospital of Santiago, a big building containing, besides the wards for sick pilgrims, a chapel and a chemist's shop, with official residential rooms for chaplain and apothecary.

But there are several more ecclesiastical places to complete this list; for instance, the small church of San Juan, built by the Templars, a hostel and church of Franciscan Friars, and another nunnery.

The best inn, the Fonda tras Orras, stands in the Calle del Agua, opposite the hospital. It has only two small guest rooms, one on each side of the dining- and reception-room combined, and its charges—nine pesetas for two people—are very moderate considering the amount of food offered. It is true, the landlady was a lazy, rather inhospitable young woman, and being the daughter of the house held the reins, while her husband was a weak, slouchy fellow. It took us a day or two to warm them up into friendliness, but the old papa, a former *guardia civil*, was a courteous and talkative host. He had been through both Carlist wars, had been stationed for many years in Andalucia, with which, to his joy, I was acquainted, and he was full of stories, local information, and gossip.

According to him the town was named after a cow called

Franca, and this cow had been the only companion of the first settler in the place. All through Spain the ten and five centimos copper coins are called *perros gordos* and *perros chicos*, fat and little dogs respectively, in allusion to the lion rampant on the reverse of these coins, and this dates from the time of the last, fortunately short-lived, republic. Well, when this nickname was still new, and not universally understood, it led to many misunderstandings, often wilful, as the republicans, or at least the soldiers, were also designated *perros*, chiefly by the Carlists, who occasionally refused these coins. On a market-day two men of opposite political creeds negotiated about the sale of a cow, and the one, to spite the ardent republican, stated at last "fifty fat dogs" as the price of his cow, thinking first that this was the nickname for dollars, and secondly that the intending buyer would draw back in disgust. But the other got witnesses, an altercation arose, the farmer became stubborn, and before many hours fifty curs were led up to the astonished farmer, who was forced by public opinion to accept this barter.

Such little yarns are very harmless, but the clean shaven veteran, with his white moustache, told them in an energetic, authoritative way. He had also other tales to tell, about the ravages, and the fierce hatred engendered by civil war; how he had helped to raise the siege of Bilbao, one of the memorable occasions, perhaps the only one, on which the force of the *guardia civil* was employed in a large body like ordinary troops; about hot-tempered smugglers in Andalucia, where *gente se matan por gusto*, where people kill each other for fun.

Certainly this old fellow's talk was far preferable to that of the judge, who boarded in the inn, and disgusted us with his and his companions' unpolished conversation and ill-bred manners.

The meals were arranged as follows:—The early breakfast consisted of a cup of thick chocolate, to be ladled out with

some sweet biscuits, and a glass of water, in which was to be dissolved an *azucarillo*, a *marengue*-like crisp roll made of sugar, with white of egg, and flavoured with lemon.

Nothing else is taken until the chief meal, *el pranzo*, at about one o'clock. This was an elaborate affair of many courses. The *menu* was varied a little from day to day, but the total impression and effects remained the same. It was generally something like this :—

1. A vegetable soup of cabbage, or the green pods of beans, which had been boiled with bacon and meat, with large round eyes of olive oil swimming on the top.

2. Broad beans, or rice, cooked in a very oily way, with the two small pieces of boiled bacon which had done duty in the soup.

3. A piece of boiled beef, likewise taken from the soup, with a side dish of boiled potatoes.

4. Good fresh trout, baked in oil.

5. A vegetable course, consisting of green French beans, tomatoes or cucumbers, or the delicious pepinos, highly spiced and stewed in oil.

6. Roast fowls, done with oil instead of butter, served with rice or potatoes.

7. Dessert.—Cheese, to be eaten with muscated grapes; peaches, figs, apples, pears, and green almonds; raisins, dried almonds, and figs in the winter and spring.

Table-wine is always provided *ad libitum*. A freshly-filled flask, like our water-bottles, stands before each person's place. Gracefully-shaped porous red or white jars of earthenware hold the drinking-water. In towns and inns of pretension ice is supplied, but this is scarcely necessary when proper precautions are taken in a well-managed inn. There, especially in the south, all the jars are filled in the evening and are put in rows on the balconies of the dining-room, where, with windows and doors open, they are left in the draught. The

latter makes the water icy cold owing to the incessant evaporation through the porous vessels.

It is a bad sign when the middle of the dining-table is covered with bottled wine, with all sorts of attractive-looking labels, but with the prices clearly marked. This means that the table-wine supplied is of inferior quality, either because the establishment is run by a woman, or as a dodge to justify extra charges. This is a common trick in the Asturias and in Galicia.

The evening meal, *la cena*, was in Villafranca served at nine o'clock, and consisted of much the same dishes as the *almuerzo* or *pranzo*, only with one or two courses less. Fried eggs swimming in oil, highly spiced sausages, roast goat-flesh, or *bife*—namely, beef cut into thin slices and well hammered to take out some of its dry hardness, and then roasted, or rather fried. The preponderance of oil in all the dishes is somewhat trying, but in many cases it is preferable to butter, which in hot districts is liable to be thin and sour. The more south, the more oil, while butter is distinguished as *manteca de vaca*, cow-butter, in opposition to *manteca de cerdo*, pig-butter—namely, lard.

The reader will probably be astonished that no mention has been made of the garlic, which in most descriptions of Spanish life is a never-failing item, together with stirring bull-fights, blood-curdling knives, cloaked brigands, and graceful dances accompanied by the rapturous music of sweet guitars and lively *castagnettes*. Well, plenty of garlic does grow in Spain, but if applied in moderation, it is not a bad addition to many a dish. It is liable to be overdone in the boiled rice, especially when the oil with which the rice or the meat has been treated is rancid. Then the garlic is resorted to in order to combat this really more serious evil. Lastly, he who does not like garlic must not take garlic-soup.

The waiting at the Tras Orras was done by Francesco,

who as the *mozo*, or boy of the establishment, was also *portier*, boots, and general adviser. His way of putting, or rather shoving, the dishes on to the table reminded us of the game of squails; he neatly balanced them, one on each hand, just missed the edge of the table close to your elbow, and the jerk caused the oily mess to shoot over the farther rim of the tureen; then he shook his head with a disapproving smile, and spread a napkin over the spot.

Many of the girls of well-to-do houses fetched water in large graceful copper jars of a shape we had not previously observed, carrying them on their heads, and after we had traced two of them into our landlady's kitchen, we were told that these *cántaros* were made by one particular coppersmith. The latter fortunately happened to have one ready, and parted with it for about 18s. When asked how he came to make these peculiar jars, he explained that the grandfather of his grandfather was a Neapolitan, who had probably stuck at Villafranca on the way back from his pilgrimage to Santiago, and that all his, the present man's, ancestors had been coppersmiths.

What a warning to be careful not to mistake for native what in this case was only a local, imported industry, which probably dates no further back than some 120 years. And this is still another instance of the fact that the shape of common utensils affords a very good clue to the origin of the people who use and who make them.

The water-vessels for domestic use are a good illustration of this; not, of course, the porous earthenware jugs and jars which are made only where the necessary fine earth exists, and then are sent all over the Peninsula, but such vessels as, like pitchers, can be made anywhere on the spot. In Viscaya, for instance, the vessels are of copper, and thick-bellied, some rather ugly, although quaint; while in Alava, in the province of Santander, and at Becerrea, the pitchers are made of wood,

and are conical, with broad bases held together by three or four broad, brightly-polished iron bands. These show in certain districts a tendency to increase in width, so that they nearly touch each other, and the wood is scarcely visible between them. The pails become practically bright-looking iron pitchers, lined with the original wood. Then again there are countries where these pitchers are not so broad, but considerably higher, and with two short immovable handles on the sides to enable the carrier to put these high vessels on to her head.

All over Spain and Portugal the women, not the men, carry anything and everything on their heads, from the pitcher weighing fully 60 lbs. to the dainty pair of shoes when the damsel is tripping into the town of a Sunday morning. We have seen a *lavandera*, a washerwoman, coming home empty-handed, with a piece of soap on her crown.

This mode of carrying has two obvious effects, a good and a bad one. It keeps the figures of the women wonderfully straight, although the gait is liable to swing at the hips; the incessant friction and pressure of the load destroys the hair, and the centre of the crown becomes bald, in spite of the round wreath-like pad which is used especially by persons who, unknown to themselves, have a somewhat prominent ridge on the cranium. Upon many a skull this load-carrying has a flattening influence, and very queer-shaped heads are occasionally met with. Not a bad illustration of two contending views explaining nature's reasonable working. Are these pates flat because they have been flattened by the repeated heavy pressure from the loads by which the owners of the pates have to make their living? Or—and this would be more in the line of new-fangled malcontents—is it the flat-pated children who are selected for the carrying trade as obviously more fit for such an occupation, since the load could not hurt the prominence they do not possess?

We said that all over the Peninsula things are carried on the head, but in some counties this is not the case. The Pasiegas, inhabiting the mountains to the south-east of Santander, carry their loads in baskets on their backs; on the mountains near Tanarrio the same happens, or things are carried on the hips or in the hands. In the equally mountainous province of Tras os Montes women carry the heaviest loads imaginable on their heads up the steepest paths, for hours and hours, and you can, if you dislike the girl, hire her for such a purpose. If, on the contrary, she is good-looking, you turn against her mistress, and—well, there are as often as not no other carriers. Is it not the same in German Tyrol?

One morning we were awakened by the unexpected noise of a bagpipe (the sort with a mouthpiece), accompanied by the beating of a drum. This musical band was at the head of a procession of candle- and censer-bearers, followed by three figures borne on men's shoulders, one of a Saint coming first, then a figure of Christ, and lastly the Virgin. The whole show—priests, dignitaries, and crowds of the faithful or curious—made for and disappeared in the church of Saint Nicholas. It was noteworthy that there was so little excitement and jubilation; no shots were fired, and no crackers or rockets were let off. The people, all uncovered, looked as glum as the priests themselves. They were taking their pleasures sadly. In fact, we had already got well into the influence of Galicia, although we were still a good way off its present political frontier.

The people's characters were a queer mixture. They greet the stranger with the most polished phrases, pronounced in touchingly sweet accents; they pass the time of day and inquire after your present state of health with the greatest concern, ask how you like the place, and what they can do for you. They promise anything, but if you thwart them in

their intentions of taking you in, you will soon see with disappointment how false was their politeness and how sly and calculating their character. There is nothing surprising in the fact that the coast-towns and harbours, like Vigo, Coruña, Gijon, and Santander, are demoralised by the sudden influx of sight-seeing strangers, who just land for a few hours; but the behaviour of the natives in a tucked-away, dead-alive place like Villafranca means genuine character. You go to the market to buy a loaf of bread; if you ask the price it will at once be doubled, and if you quietly inquire why she intends to cheat you, the girl will simply reply: Why have you asked the price at all? Or she will laugh and pocket the proper amount of coin. Go to the row of women who are seated along the Calle del Agua, offering their fruit and attracting you by the friendliest and most flattering invitations. The favoured woman will deliberately select the worst fruit from the basket, the worm-eaten apple, the bruised pear, the squashed fig, the mouldy grape, and when, with a gentle remark, you shy this rubbish back into her lap, she will not get up a fierce row, but will remark to her neighbour: "Fancy, these strangers!" "Well," says the other one, "they are not people to be cheated, they know Spanish." And this same neighbouring friend will sell you the best fruit, and that as cheap as to any bartering, marketing housekeeper.

One day, while sketching in the neighbourhood, we induced some urchins to catch locusts and grasshoppers as food for a little pet owl, and as the boys were willing and caught some fat specimens, they received a copper each. At dinner-time the following day a person was announced as particularly wanting to see us. A smart-looking young damsel came in, dressed up in the unmistakable style of a dressmaker, and produced a bandbox, which she handed to us with a gracious smile, hoping the contents would be favourably accepted, and that it gave her and her brothers great pleasure to be of some

use to us. The box contained hundreds of beetles, grasshoppers, flies, and other insects, and in embarrassment we tendered a peseta to the smart young lady, hoping thereby to get well rid of her; but, good gracious, how she flared up. "There are so and so many hundred *bichos* in the box; you gave 20 centimos to my brothers for less than one dozen; this makes one duro, and that without the box!" "Gently, gently," we replied; "keep your *bichos* and the box *muchacha*, girl, and leave us in peace." Then she grew dangerous and wanted us to pay her at least for the insects which had escaped into the room!

One afternoon we strolled out, and half a mile from the town scrambled up the steep side of a hill to get a better view, and came in sight of a small hut under a cluster of chestnut trees, when we were attacked by some ferocious dogs, whose owner rushed out too, armed with a stick, to inquire in an anxious and surprised manner what we wanted, and where we had come from. We assured him that we were harmless travellers, who had only just arrived in the neighbourhood to see Spain, and thought that we might as well begin with his hill. Some English tobacco established confidence and aroused his interest in us. As it was rainy he asked us to his hut, which was a rough, poor sort of thing —just a shelter, as his winter residence was in the town itself. He showed us an old pistol, which he kept loaded "in case of accidents," as his feelings towards all his neighbours were anything but friendly. All the same, the man, with his wife and daughter, treated us as kindly as possible, telling us confidently that we need not be afraid of insects, which he was thus escaping by spending the summer in his mountain villa; and they were loath to part with us.

In trying to leave a place in Spain there is somehow or other always a hitch. In Villafranca we had arranged with the owner of the diligence, from whom we had hired horses

before on several occasions, that he should come at eight o'clock with his carriage and pair to take us quickly to Piedrafita. Francesco stirred us up at five o'clock, and told us that the vehicle was coming. "Never mind, Francesco; we do not want to leave for another three hours." At six the landlady came up, entreating us to go, as the diligence was waiting at her door, and the passengers were getting impatient. Indeed the diligence was crowded, and this was clearly not what we had bargained for. Then came the owner in hot haste, and declared that this was our only chance, and how could we dare to delay the royal mail. At last he despatched his load and went off sulking.

The real explanation of the case was this, as we found out by and by after much talking. The fellow was bound by contract to forward the mail and passengers, in case such should arrive at 3 A.M. by railway. Passengers from Villafranca itself he could easily have persuaded to go with us at eight o'clock, and the mail would not have minded it either. But his plan was upset by the unexpected arrival of travellers at the station. However, some Spaniards can be argued with if you appeal to their *pundonor*, or point of honour, and he sent a *timburel* or *tartana*, "tumbril" in English, with the worst jade he had in his possession, driven by a dirty, impudent, aggressive man. This *timburel* was a two-wheeled springless cart, with a canvas cover, supported by shaky hoops, open behind and in front. Seats there were none, our luggage doing duty instead, while the driver was perched upon the shafts.

We started in rather a dangerous mood, but whilst we jogged and jolted on slowly, the charms of the fresh morning and the Rio Valcarce soon captivated us, and brushed away any unpleasant feelings of having "been done." The road towards Lugo, which we were following, passes along the valley of a little river, both valley and river being now called Valcarce.

This name means originally *Vallis carceris*, valley of the prison, in allusion to its shut-in, narrow, often gorge-like features. *Carcel* is the Spanish for prison, and it is interesting to note that the valley as such is often still spoken of as El Valcarcel, while the river has dropped the final *l*, and is only called El rio Valcarce. The latter comes from the mountain ridges near Cebrero, to be mentioned later, and is full of trout, which, however, do not rise well to the fly. Boys were tickling them, or catching them in a small hand-net, opened or closed by two short sticks. The trout were remarkable for their coloration. The ordinary brilliant red spots were there, but the sides showed large pale and dark brown, very irregular, non-symmetrical patches, one side or one quarter being much paler or darker than the rest. As these fishes by preference frequented the shallow pebbly rapids, it was obvious that some natural fitness existed in their markings adapted to their surroundings.

The road passes by some ironworks, there being plenty of iron in the hills, and the ore of these districts seems to have been worked for thousands of years. Let us see. Another tributary of the Sil, joining the latter farther down than the Valcarce, rises also in the Cebrero hills, and is now called Cabe; this same river is the Calybe of the ancients. Justinus speaks of the peculiar effects of the rivers Bilbilis (a southern tributary of the Sil, near Montefurado, now called Rio Bibey) and Calybe, the water of which gives the best possible temper to steel. The armour and arms, notably darts, from these parts were of great fame. According to Silius Italicus the Spaniards presented Hannibal with a complete metal outfit. Whether the name Chalybs (the Greek for steel) was given by the Greeks or Romans to that river on account of the good quality of the steel produced there, or *vice versa*, is not known. Suffice it that this road passes crushing-mills and hammer-works, driven by a plen-

tiful supply of water, for the ore from these very mountains, and that the tourist, if classically inclined, is welcome to dream of bygone glory.

The villages, of which Vega de Valcarce, so named from the Vega, or widening out of the valley, is the most important, are fearfully dirty. The houses show two types of

A Factory of Wine-skins.

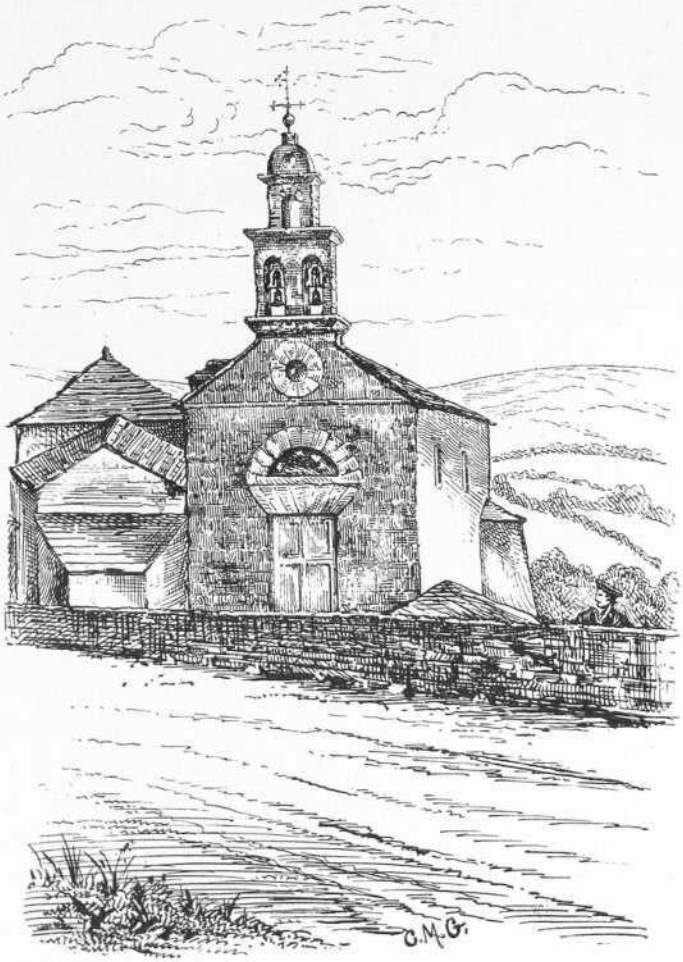
building in the balconies and upper stories. These balconies are either constructed entirely of wood, and jut out into the street, overhanging, of course, the ground-floor; or else the ground-floor occupies more ground, while its top is partly flat, and this part, provided with railings, represents the balcony. The upper story in these houses consequently recedes from the street.

The well-made road crosses the ridge which divides Galicia from the Vierzo, by the Pass of Piedrafita. This

pass is 3200 feet above sea-level, and as Villafranca lies about 1650 feet high, and is twenty miles distant, the rise of 1500 feet is very gentle indeed. All the more interesting it was to watch the change of vegetation. Even Villafranca stands too high for olives, but vines are cultivated. Poplars and elms line the roads. Then, higher up, follow chestnut-trees, which attain a large size, and stop rather suddenly at 2700 feet elevation. *Milho,* Indian corn, is cultivated extensively in well-irrigated fields, and goes up to 3000 feet. Here, on the 2nd of August, the potatoes were still in full bloom, and the corn, chiefly rye, barley, and oats, was far from ripe, while in the plains of the Vierzo the fields were already barren and the corn was being threshed. On nearing the pass the character of the vegetation changes rapidly. Low, prickly-leaved dwarf-oaks, soft broom, gorse, and bracken cover the neighbouring round, knolly hills, and tremulous aspen-trees and birches are the leading features.

Piedrafita is a very common name. It means a fixed stone, with reference to an artificial landmark or boundary. There are about twenty-five places called Piedrafita, all in Galicia, and in the strip to the north of Leon towards Asturia. Another nine or ten Piedrahita are enumerated in Madoz' *Dictionario geographico estadistico de España,* and these are chiefly confined to the province of Zamorra, but a few are scattered through the provinces of Avila and Burgos. The Latin *f* is often turned into *h* by the Castilians, and almost invariably by the Basques. This name bears no allusion to dolmen or other prehistoric monuments. The places so named are without exception in mountainous districts, and it is not rash to suppose that most of them marked the boundaries which were gradually pushed farther off by the settlers who repopulated the expanding kingdoms of Leon and Castile during the reconquest from the Moors. Lastly, some of them may have received their name from Roman milestones.

Our present pass of Piedrafita must have witnessed many stirring scenes. Across it led the Roman military high-road to Lugo. Suevi and Visigoths surged over it, and it was



The Church of Piedrafita.

used repeatedly by the Berbers and Arabs when they invaded Galicia.

On the summit of the broad-backed pass, belonging to the Galician side, the frontier of which runs curiously enough a

mile or so on its eastern slope, stands a church, and about a dozen houses. We had been warned by the judge and other dignitaries of Villafranca that there was no inn at Piedrafita. Don Lopez had paid us a friendly visit, and handed us a letter of introduction to the most influential and "very rich man" of the place, I being described as a distinguished person and of very good address (*persona muy distinguida y de muy buen trato*).

Imagine the irony of our stopping at a miserable house and sending in the letter with our cards to "Don" José Rodil, who appeared in the shape of a fat, boorish peasant and cattle-dealer, and simply sent us next door to a fifth-rate inn, which was said not to exist. He soon followed us into the room, sat down with his head covered, and had a good stare at us. Ultimately it came out that he himself was the inn-keeper.

We spent the afternoon in exploring the higher grounds, and enjoyed the most splendid views of the mountains. Towards the north stretched the towering, wild, well-wooded mountains of the Sierra de Picos, while in the south-west loomed the Sierra de Caurel, famous for its roebuck, and westwards the eye gazed over the intricate maze of gorges, hills, meadows, and woods of Galicia. We stood here at the western spur of the backbone of the whole Cantabrian range.

This is a cattle-rearing district. There is a fortnightly cattle-market at Piedrafita, long wooden sheds affording the necessary shelter; sheep and goat cheeses, and butter, find their market in the Vierzo. The whole region contains a great number of *lugares*, or hamlets, which are visible from the heights, and make up the *feligresia* of Sta Maria de Cebrero.

Most if not all the names of these little settlements are Romano-Hispanic; for instance, Fuenteferreira (the smithy fountain), Fuentevedra (the old fountain), Laguna, Mata (a

wood), Piedrafita, while others like Bomullan or Bosnullan defy a satisfactory explanation. Near the last-named place rises a little tributary of the Navia, which flows northwards into the ocean, and carries the unmistakably Keltic name of Conavia.

The chief point of interest was a visit to the Monastery of Cebrero, which stands a few miles south of Piedrafita on the top of the ridge, in a rather barren wilderness, and it was there that the old Roman road crossed the mountains.

Visit to Cebrero

The Monastery of Cebrero is supposed to have been founded in the year 836 by King Alfonso II., surnamed el

The Church of Cebrero.

Casto, the chaste, originally as a *Hospicio real*—namely, a shelter for the pilgrims who crossed the pass of Piedrafita. The monastery, belonging to Augustine Friars, reached the height of its celebrity after the following event. There was a pious hermit living in the neighbouring mountains, who went daily to hear mass. One winter's day a great tempest raged, and, covering the heights with ice and snow, rendered all the parts well-nigh impassable. The abbot summoned the monks to solemn prayer for the unfortunate wayfarers who

might be out in the storm, and it was observed with misgivings that the old hermit, who never failed in his attendance, was not amongst them. Possibly the tempest was too strong for him, or, worse still, he might have lost his way and be perishing of cold and exhaustion. Mass was read, the priest held up the host, the storm raged more furiously than ever, and shook the building, when with a crash the door burst open, and lo and behold, in tottered the hermit, who, with his face uplifted towards the host, fell down on his knees. Thus he remained—dead. The host was found to be converted into flesh, and the wine into blood, and these were kept for several centuries.

This "portentous miracle" naturally made Cebrero one of the holiest places in Galicia. However, in the course of time the celebration of the anniversary of the *milagro*, or miracle, has shifted into a more genial month of the year, being now held in early summer, and the whole place has lost its renown. The once numerous outhouses have mostly disappeared, and the monastery itself, with its narrow passages, creaky stairs and chestnut-beamed ceilings, the cells, and the refectory are tenanted by mice, rats, bats, and spiders. Only two gloomy rooms were inhabited by a sorry-looking elderly ecclesiastic, who acted as caretaker of the former glory, and who was still in hopes that, with the help of his rather well-stocked library, he would some day be able to pass certain examinations.

We found him busy superintending the renovation of the church. The inside of this was a horrid sight—dirty and untidy beyond description. The stone slabs with which the church was paved had all been removed, disclosing to view quantities of bones of the monks once buried below, which now lay scattered in all directions. Others were piled up in the adjoining wilderness of a churchyard, which he assured us would soon be quite tidy.

In the deepening gloom, straight in front of the high altar, rigid in devotion, knelt the figure of a monk. The impressiveness of this picture only changed into another feeling of disgust, as on nearer approach we discovered that the monk's garment poorly concealed the ruffianly features of a—shall we say vagabond? doing penance. Suffice it to add, we were heartily pleased not to meet the gentleman in plain clothes outside the church, and conjecture as to his probable crime added to the weird impressions the whole place gave us. This scene was an apt illustration of the Portuguese proverb, *O habito não faz o monge*, The dress does not make the monk.

The old caretaker then displayed the miraculous image, a tawdry absolutely unartistic work, "the oldest and finest treasure for many miles around." *Lle gusta?*—Do you like it? With a look of disappointment, as he glanced at our unappreciative faces, he drew the pulley, and the curtain again sheltered its treasure.

However, he took us afterwards into his private sanctum, refusing a gratuity, and regaled me with a mildewy, damp cigar, which I tried to smoke, but could not, whilst he read out a long authenticated account of the miracle described above.

José Rodil had offered to lend us three horses of his and a boy for eight pesetas, to take us and our baggage to Becerrea, which, being just twenty miles off, we intended to make our next halting stage. The terms and conditions for hiring horses and other beasts of burden vary considerably in neighbouring districts. For instance, all over the Vierzo animals are hired by time, not by distance, and the return journey is universally included; occasionally the owner may be bargained down to a day and a half's pay if you send the horses back with empty saddle. The man or boy who in the latter case accompanies you receives invariably 10 reales = 2·50 pesetas per day; if you hire a horse without a guide

you have to pay for its keep; in every other case the man looks after the animal's provender unless quite special, unusual arrangements have been made. From Piedrafita onwards, through the wilder parts of Galicia, the man or boy who accompanies the animals does not receive any pay himself, because "he belongs to the animals." They take it for granted that their horses would be run away with.

Twelve reales, or three pesetas, per day is the proper charge for a good horse or mule in the mountains, or anywhere in the Vierzo or in Galicia, while an ass costs six to eight reales in the towns, and as little as four in the mountain fastnesses, but its keep has to be added.

Eight pesetas for three horses, including a boy to take them back the next day, was certainly cheap enough; there was only one little hitch, namely, that we did not get them. We had intended to start at noon, but at one o'clock José Rodil gave out that there might be some delay, as it might be difficult to procure a third horse. Ultimately he produced two strong mules and no more. When remonstrated with, it was a sight to watch the change which came at once over his boorish smirking face. Oh, that look of impudent, sullen brutality! "It was not his fault that a third horse could not be found." "Well, how much shall we have to pay, considering that the other two beasts are not horses either?" "Pay? Eight pesetas, according to our bargain, to take you and your things down to Becerrea."

Such was Don José Rodil, a typical Gallego. The dodges of these people are endless, and sometimes really surprising on account of their ingenuity and artfulness, which are worthy of a better cause than evading contracts once entered into.

If they tell lies—good gracious, who does not?—in a country where a gentleman, a friend of your family, whom you happen to pull up on his making some lying excuse, will with a

significant and impatient gesture answer: "*Mentira?* Yes, I know that, but what will you? People don't go to hell for a lie!"

The road leads through an excessively picturesque country, intersected by tremendous valleys with rich grassy slopes, while the hills are covered with luxurious vegetation in the shape of oaks and enormous chestnut and walnut trees, interspersed with birches. At Noceda, the first village, we tried to pay a call on the priest, but he sent out word through his "niece" that he was not in. Ten minutes later, when we were resting a little by the wayside, the fat fellow, with another vulgar-looking padre, passed us on horseback, without condescending to take any notice of us.

A little above Doncos, right in the middle of the deep valley, surrounded by a curve of the Conavia, stands a well-preserved, high square watch-tower, which tradition assigns to the Romans. It does not, however, look Roman. There are several of this same kind in Galicia, and they are, as a rule, quite inaccessible, as their narrow entrance stands many feet above the ground.

Nogales lies like the other villages at the bottom of the valley, and suffers in consequence from moisture. Nogales, Noceda, and Nogueira are very common names of villages in Galicia, in allusion to *nogal* and *noce*, the Spanish names of the walnut tree and its fruit, which grows there in abundance. Nogueiro is the Gallegan and Portuguese for walnut tree. The people were disagreeable, but nature, as usual, was fascinating.

Becerrea, which we reached when darkness had already set in, is a very queer place. Although the seat of assizes for a considerable district, and boasting of a town hall, it consists of clusters of low houses, which are scattered for a long distance on either side of the road. In all it has 400 inhabitants, including the "suburb" of Lamas, which is

situated about half a mile farther on, and where there is also a big, solid building, called el Cerezal, which is now used as the prison. The only barber lives likewise in this neighbourhood, but it would be wrong to conclude from these facts that this is the aristocratic quarter. To a certain extent, however, it is, as Becerrea itself still possesses a number of the peculiar round, low straw-thatched houses which are so characteristic of the villages of Sierra de Picos. In fact, Becerrea[1] seems to be the last western outpost of the *montañezes.* Besides these characteristic houses we observed here for the last time that the crossbar of the yoke of the oxen is tied on behind the horns, instead of resting upon their necks.

We had some trouble at the inn, kept by one Ricardo Fernandez. As we had arrived late, when it was already dark, the women thought it not worth their while to prepare any supper, and they wanted to put us into a windowless back-room, which was full of their clothes. I let fly, perhaps a little strongly, and took care to explain to the landlady what an honour it was to her for us to alight at her hovel at all. I told her that she would have to apologise to the lady, *una dama verdadera*, for the insult, and asked her what she meant by addressing a *caballero* as *hombre?* Ricardo was standing below in his shop, full of people, and—he became amiability itself. They made us as comfortable as they could, apologised for unavoidable delay, prepared a little sitting-room and a bedroom, and by ten o'clock invited us to a third room, where a really good supper of fresh trout, eggs, potatoes, wine, bread and cheese, was laid, with the gratifying information that on the morrow we should fare much better still.

We mention these disagreeable trifles because they are so

[1] In the northern third of the Peninsula are many names of places beginning with *becerr*, and ending variously in *-a*, *-ea*, *-al*, *il*, *-ales*, *-eira;* and other places are called simply Becil, Becilla, Becin, and Becor. *Becerro* means in Spanish a calf, or the hide of a calf.

typically Galician. We should be sorry to convey the impression that disobliging landlords, impudent boors, cheating and lying, do not occur in other parts of Spain. Certainly they do, just as much as at home, but there is a difference of character in the people. Our sad experience has taught us that if you want anything at all from a Galician, be he a miserable shopkeeper in the Sierras, or be he agent of a line of transatlantic steamers, you must "go for him" from the beginning; make yourself as disagreeable as possible. Polite phrases and humble requests are not appreciated, or rather they are misunderstood and misinterpreted as weakness; and to yield or to concede anything at all is a mistake. There is no race who will stand a rebuke so well, and who can be cowed so completely, as the Gallegos. In the Basque provinces such rows are not necessary, since the Basques are superior, and in Andalucia any attempt to browbeat or to rebuke would be absolutely fatal. Those Southerners are certainly malicious and vindictive, and have an uncontrollable temper, and they will also cheat and take in whom they can, but all that is done in a totally different style. With the typical Spaniard politeness goes a long way. It is appreciated, and there are attempts towards the much-talked-of and rarely-met-with Spanish grace and magnanimity. Things are different in the North. People are calmer, duller, and worse mannered; however, they stand their own ground, and, as Spaniards, have a fair amount of swagger, generally called dignity. But in the north-western corner?

One gentleman, himself a native of Galicia, spoke of the people as *melancolicos;* more often they are referred to as *poco simpaticos,* little sympathetic; but the term which characterised them best was that of bullocks—heavy, plodding, and occasionally vicious, without the charging courage of the bull. There is a saying, *Point d'argent, point de Suisse,* and this applies equally well to the Gallegos. They migrate

into all the larger towns of Portugal and Central Spain as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and there are few larger households—for instance in Oporto—where the post of butler or general manservant is not held by a Gallego, and he is so well-established a feature that the manservant is simply spoken of as the Gallego. In fact, they are good servants, but bad masters.

It has frequently been stated that the Galicians are of the same race as the Portuguese, and that there is no difference between them. This statement is too sweeping to be accurate. They have one great feature in common, namely, the language. The Gallegan dialect is much more like Portuguese than Castilian or Spanish proper, but the reason of this resemblance is that both Gallegan and Portuguese have retained so much of the old Roman-Hispanic language, while the Castilian represents a further, newer, and simplified development. Why this should be so is obvious enough. The north-west of Spain has its own history, apart from the rest of the Peninsula. Galicia in its variable extent was always more or less independent since the Suevi settled in it, and although for a short time this corner formed the bulk of regenerated Spain, they were not the people to appreciate and to continue the active spread of the reconquest and subsequent higher development. They remained behind, and the wave of life's progress passed by.

All this applies with equal force to some of those districts which happened later on to become parts of Portugal, notably the present province of Tras os Montes, which historically happens to form the nucleus of the Portuguese realm. The frontier line between Portugal and Spain is as arbitrary as that between Holland and Belgium, which practically is known to the custom-house officers only, and as that between France and Germany in Lorraine. Nevertheless half a thousand years of political separation, in addition

to the fact that the bulk of the Portuguese are as different from the Spaniards as black is from white, have fostered imaginary differences and changed them into realities.

The pleasant, lively, witty inhabitants of Entre Minho e Douro are very different from the stolid, dull, disagreeable Galicians. But to the tourist who travels by leisurely stages from Porto through Braga to Monção, and thence into Galicia, life becomes gradually and steadily less genial, less pleasant. His good-humoured chaff and banter will at first be less readily responded to, then it will fall flat, and ultimately it will be openly resented. Hitches in his progress, frequent everywhere, will no longer be settled by hours and hours of talking only, but he will meet with unexpected rebuffs of unprovoked impudence, and he looks in vain for friendly faces and helping hands. Still the picturesque Minho, nowhere a formidable river of great depth or width, now forms as effectual a barrier as a high and broad range of mountains. The adjacent people lead precisely the same rural life, but their thoughts are occupied by different matters. One sells his crude, terrible wine to the French traveller, to be turned into mellow genuine Bordeaux, and he wonders at the banknotes, worth 5d. each, which he received in exchange at the last *romeria*, or jolly saint's festival, for he is accustomed to hoard up gold and silver coins. The other is in despair about the stoppage of the native cattle trade with England; he has gloomy forebodings that he himself or his son will soon be drafted into the army to fight against that terrible Cuba, and the only thing he looks forward to is the *corrida*, or bullfight, which has been placarded up even in his remote village.

One evening, when stopping at the Portuguese town of Monção, we witnessed an amusing illustration of a fight across the border, carried on by boys. They were in array, a dozen or two on either bank of the Minho, and the battle

began, as it ought, with a duel at long range. Pebbles were the plentiful ammunition, and the river was just wide enough for most of the missiles to fall short of the mules which had been ridden to water on the Spanish side. The origin of the battle was that the Southerners wished to prevent the Northerners from watering their beasts. The Southerners shouted Galleeegosh, and the Northerners replied derisively Portugueeezes. Now and then there was a yell; a mule had plunged into the river and shaken off its rider. A few hundred yards farther up, sheltered by some rocks, a detachment of half a dozen Portuguese boys swam the river, rolled up the Northerners' left flank and routed them, but it was a short-lived victory. The naked heroes had to return to their native shore, and all the while they were mercilessly bombarded by the rallying Gallegos. The sentinels of the customs watched this everyday occurrence; the Spaniard dressed up smartly and in green woollen gloves, the Portuguese in an unbleached linen suit, but both were smoking.

A whole day at Becerrea proved more than enough, with its weavers' stools, flour mills, and cattle and pigs running about and wallowing everywhere. We saw a girl come out of a house with a cooking-pot and fill it from a little runnel which was winding its way over the ground in front of a stable where mules had been standing, and where two pigs were actually scavenging the ground. This was not an accidental watering spot, as there was a nick cut in the stone beneath which the girl held the mouth of the jar. Not more than ten yards from her a spring of pure water burst out of the hillside!

The cattle were remarkably tame, even the very bulls, which, when unyoked, were allowed to go to the fountain in front of our inn, and then to wander home while the driver refreshed himself in the shop.

We paid our very moderate bill, only twelve pesetas for

two nights and a day and a half's board, and at 7 A.M. we tucked ourselves away on the front seat of the crowded omnibus which plies between Becerrea and Lugo, a distance of 33 miles. The drive was dull, all the pretty mountain views being at our backs, while in front extended a monotonous plateau.

Lugo was reached at 2 P.M. The Fonda Mendez Nunez is a fairly good hotel. It has a *table d'hôte*, a rare institution in Spain, and the regular customers, military officers, and government officials were seated at the upper end of the long table, while we were beckoned to the bottom to the company of the commercial travellers, separated from the swells by a wide interval. Bagmen, practically the only travellers to be met with, are called *negociantes* or *viajantes*. In my earlier experiences it once happened that my neighbour at table asked if I was a *viajante*. "Yes," said I, thinking that word could only mean a traveller, but he promptly followed this up by the question—"*De quel articulo?*" "In what article?" When I had hastily explained that I travelled *por gusto*, for fun, he superciliously said, "*Ah, tourista!*" and left me to my own insignificant contemplations.

Lugo lies on the top of a plateau of granitic terrain, and is a clean granite-built town, with a quaint cloister-like or colonnaded market-place and similar streets; quietly interesting, although devoid of any stirring features. The sight, however, is the enormously strong, high, and thick Roman walls, which are preserved almost intact, except for the numerous turrets which have recently been demolished. The walls are 6 to 7 yards thick, and being quite level on the top and balustraded, form an ideal promenade round the whole town in almost unbroken circuit; but the view, although extensive, is monotonous.

The cathedral—Lugo is an episcopal see—is a poor tawdry building, dating from the twelfth century, but it has been

much altered, and is now in the Romanesque style, and whitewashed inside.

The natural history collections, although in the large, airy rooms of the fine government building, are miserable, and the few stuffed specimens are in an abominable condition.

The town has not experienced many vicissitudes. It seems to have been built by the Romans, who called it Lucus Augusta, fortified it strongly, and made an important place of it, the centre of a *conventus juridicus*. What Lugo means is not quite clear; there are several places of the same name in Spain, and various *lucus*, or compounds thereof like *lug-dunum*, existed in Gaul. It is not improbably a Keltic word, and as such has nothing to do with the Germanic *lugen*, "to spy, to look out for," and *lucus*, "a grove," we all know *a non lucendo!*

During the reign of the Suevi it was their ecclesiastical metropolis. In the year 716 the town was taken by the Berbers, but not destroyed; those of the inhabitants who were not taken prisoners escaped into the mountains to live in caves, and others fled to the coast, according to an old historian. It was retaken in 740 by Alfonso I., and Odoar, one of the fugitives, became the first Bishop of Lugo after the reconquest. Strategically no longer of importance, with the capital of the kingdom of Galicia at Braga, Lugo became and has remained an episcopal town, soon to be put completely in the shade by Santiago. It would hardly figure in later history, at least not to the English mind, if it had not become prominent through Sir John Moore.

For various reasons we had to give up our original plan of making straight for Santiago, along the old pilgrims' road, which we had hitherto faithfully followed. This would have meant at least three long stages, with stoppages on the intervening ridges of hills which were described as rather inhospitable. Camping was out of the question, owing to

the foggy and wet nights; animals could not be procured for the whole distance, and nobody at Lugo seemed keen about such a venture. So we decided to go round by rail to Coruña, and thence to take Santiago from the north. We thought it would be better to leave Lugo by the early morning train instead of arriving at Coruña towards midnight. Little did we expect what was in store for us. They called us up at 4 A.M. to catch the six o'clock train, and they dawdled so long with the breakfast that we had barely time to reach the station, which is some way off. But trains cannot be caught in this country, not because they rush past, but because they sometimes do not turn up at all. In this case the train had crept off the rails, and we were told that by 9 A.M. things might look more promising. So we went back to the inn, and three hours later presented ourselves again at the station, which was enveloped in a thick white fog; this was soon dispersed by the powerful August sun, and we roasted and waited until noon, when the train took us up, and crawled towards Coruña, spending four hours over the 70 miles. Perhaps it still felt somewhat weak and shaken from its accident. The line passes Betanzos, the old Brigantium of Roman times, the chief centre of the clan of Brigantes, and the old name is still preserved in the Bergantino, a little river farther westwards.

We found the Fonda de Europa a decidedly good inn, large, airy, and well managed, with no awful smells. In the town, however, they are terrific, as the drains run in the middle of the streets, which are paved with large granite slabs, and these have frequent gaps between them. The principal streets make a quaint impression, as all the fronts of the tall, many-storeyed houses are caged in with glazed balconies, which in many cases extend verandah-like over the whole front.

The *farol*, or lighthouse itself, a fine structure, is scarcely

worth a visit, except from the fact that it is the second or third successor of the famous Tower of Hercules—a beacon or watch-tower of unknown antiquity. The neighbourhood is a fine illustration of granitic coast scenery. The rocks, with numerous nooks, bays, harbours, and outlying islands, clad with turf and in parts with dark pines, might well be a bit of Norwegian scenery but for the feathery pinks and the prickly gorse.

Coruña is a modification of its older name, Corona; the English sailors have changed it into The Groyne, and they have had a great deal to do with this place. Here landed John of Gaunt in 1368, claiming the crown of Spain. From here started in the year 1588 the famous Armada, and in the following year Coruña was taken by Sir Francis Drake. On the 16th of January 1809 Sir John Moore, pressed by Soult, on his retreat from Lugo, successfully covered the embarkation of the British troops by giving battle to the foe.

Several diligences run daily to Santiago; some are private affairs, and considerably cheaper than the mail-coach, the charges of which appeared rather high, but they explained at the *Ad^mon de los coches*, Administration or office of the coaches, with truly Spanish grandiloquence, that they were high, because the coaches *san de su magestad*, belong to his Majesty. They guaranteed the safety of our luggage, which the other private concerns did not, and they professed to punctuality. They beat the opposition lines by giving the passengers a much longer ride, but out of sheer modesty they concealed this fact.

As we were in for a long journey we booked three seats on the top in the *coupé*. For thus counterbalancing the cheapness of the third class we were considered extravagant as well as *locos*, cracked. Privacy was, however, secured to a most moderate extent only, as on our bench were two

other passengers, who, coming from the bullfight at Coruña, and looking forward with great excitement to one at Pontevedra, sang and jabbered incessantly. We started at 5 P.M.; cramped, cool, shaken, giddy, and sleepy, we did not arrive at Santiago until three o'clock in the morning instead of at one o'clock.

A SPANISH MAIL-COACH,

not a mere *diligencia*, is a formidable-looking concern, and a

A Spanish Mail-Coach.

journey by it can be very entertaining. The coach stands on very high back wheels and remarkably small, many-spoked front wheels, and the whole thing tilts forwards. The seats are arranged as follows:—About ten can be seated inside, but because of the usual lack of comfortable space and air these travellers are not to be envied. In front of this "interior," facing the horses, is a small compartment, the *berlina*, capable of holding three or four,—comfortable for a night journey in cool weather, stuffy and oppressive

otherwise. A few passengers can share the box-seats with the driver and his mate.

Above the *berlina* is the *coupé*, a sort of second storey, providing another row of four or five seats. These, although ranking as third class, are really nice places, where one can enjoy the fresh air and the scenery in tolerable peace. In front you are hemmed in by a crossbar; coming from behind and stretching above is a leather hood.

The space behind the *coupé*, on the top of the interior, is called *la vaca*, the cow, because of the large leather covering, originally a cow's hide, placed over the luggage. Fourth-class passengers, however, as well as the luggage, find accommodation there; they have to wriggle their way under the hide and struggle for space amongst the luggage and their fellow-travellers.

A well-found coach is drawn by at least five, and often by six, seven, or eight horses and mules. As a rule, with odd numbers, one horse goes in the shafts, with one on either side, the others in pairs in front, but a six-in-hand is often driven three abreast. On the foremost near horse rides a boy, *el delantero*, armed with a short whip or stick. His business is to guide the first two or three horses, as they are not under the control of the driver. The *zagal*, the Arabic word for ostler, is supposed to look after the passengers' welfare and to make himself generally useful. He expects a tip, is out of elbows, and wears a hat which has at least once been run over by the coachwheels. The commander-in-chief is *el mayoral*, or driver. He is well dressed in typical Spanish manner, and condescends at each halt to accept a small cup of wine or a glass of *azucarillas*, a mixture of white of egg with sugar in water.

Now, let us take our seats. We scramble up and creep into the *coupé* with some difficulty, as the ladder is not

forthcoming, although it should be according to regulations. The whole coach is crammed full, even the *vaca* holds men, women, children, and poultry. The horses and mules are held by the bystanders; the *delantero* is in his saddle, motionless; the *zagal* stands on the steps; everybody is on board. The ubiquitous *guardia civil* has been round the coach several times, has sternly looked into every passenger's face, and now stands aside with his Remington rifle over his shoulder. Even he thinks that all is right and above suspicion.

What are we waiting for? The *mayoral* leisurely proceeds to make himself a cigarette; looking down with the greatest possible indifference upon the admiring crowd, he lights and half-finishes his cigarette. . . . There, the big clock strikes, and with the first stroke "ooy," says the *mayoral*, "anda" says the *zagal*, and both deal the animals a few rapid blows. The bystanders jump aside, and away dashes the coach.

The *mayoral* keeps up an almost incessant conversation with his animals. The horse in the shafts is the *caballo* (pronounced by him *cavallyooh*); the black one is called *culebra*, the snake, and there is a *culebra* in every team; others are distinguished as *macho*, *mula*, or by the town or district they come from.

The speed is good enough, and well kept up. Now we are approaching a steep incline; instead of slackening speed, the scene becomes animated. "Now you will go, you will go, all of you; *culebra*, *cavallyooh*; ah, and you from Leon, so old and still so lazy." The *zagal* has jumped off to collect stones, and with demoniacally noisy shouting, yelling, and hooting has run up almost abreast with the likewise yelling *delantero*, who is whipping up the team. He rapidly lashes at the horses as they dash past him, then shies the stones amongst the team, and hops on to the coach again.

The rumbling mass flies up the hill without a pause until the top is reached. The descent is commenced almost at a foot pace, which gives us all time to recover breath.

The incessant urging on of the team by *mayoral* and *zagal* may at first be amusing. "If you run well you shall have plenty of grass; did I say grass? Oh, nice sweet clubs of Indian corn, even barley. I tell you what! You shall have a feast like a Christian, bread and wine, and as much water as you like. Not yet, however, little ones, brave ones; I mean when we are there. In the meantime *anda, anda* (go), *andaah.*" The feast referred to is a very sensible institution. At half-way stations dough made of ground Indian corn, with wine instead of water, is put before the animals in cribs, and this they partake of greedily on account of its sustaining and invigorating properties.

However, during a long drive of many hours the everlasting *asta, asta, anda, culebra, machoooh, cavallyooh,* mixed with the incessant jingling of the bell-bedecked horse collars, are liable to become at first monotonous, and at last well-nigh intolerable. A ten hours' drive exhausts the most brilliant *mayoral's* phraseology.

As a rule a Spanish mail-coach of this type is well managed; there is no extortion or overcharge, the luggage is safe, except that the administration will not be held responsible for any loss by robbery committed on the high-road, and except that the passengers under the *vaca* may sit or lie on that very valise in which we have imprudently stowed away our most cherished and fragile curios.

The horses are not very badly kept, and sometimes they appear almost as if they were groomed, but the grooming is generally restricted to the hair at the root of the tail, which is snipped off in fanciful patterns. Barring that crazy scene preparatory to rushing uphill, the *mayoral* spares the whip, but the *zagal* is the real fiend, as shown by the following

never-failing, favourite trick. A vicious fly has settled on the neck of the horse, and cannot be shaken off. The *zagal* at first tries to remove it gently with the whip, but the fly slips round into a less exposed place and there sticks. Now the *zagal* deals a series of carefully aimed blows at that poor horse until after perhaps five minutes' hard work he at last hits and smashes that fly! But the team does not appreciate his kind attentions.

The Town of Santiago de Compostella

is picturesquely situated in the midst of hilly surroundings, with walks in the old mulberry plantations. It is built of granite, and the streets, which are also flagged with granite, are clean; but below them flow the drains, imperfectly covered, and they seemed more noxious than usual. The colonnaded streets and ancient houses are most interesting. The University building is well worth a visit. It contains a large, well-arranged museum of natural history, the collection of stuffed birds, mammals, reptiles, and amphibia being quite remarkable, and, so far as the Galician fauna is concerned, well-nigh complete. The *aula* in which the disputations are held and the degrees given is a beautiful, old-fashioned room, and so is the library, well stocked with historical and ecclesiastical works. The deans of the various faculties, the registrar, the secretary to the financial board, and other high dignitaries, walk about in long black coats, with a black barret-like cap, the knob on the top of which, either yellow, crimson, black, or blue, indicates the faculty or office. The academical dress of the students is a wide-flowing mantle of black cloth, and it is the fashion, at least in the summer, to go bareheaded.

The Fonda Suiza, a large hotel in the middle of the town, is not to be recommended; the commercial inn near the

diligence office is better. The management in the former is careless, the food and wine are bad, and the charges, eight pesetas per day, and the smells arising from the kitchen and certain offices which are attached to and reached through the

Near Santiago.

culinary department, beggar description. The proprietor himself looks only after the café on the ground-floor, and remonstrances with the landlady receive scanty attention.

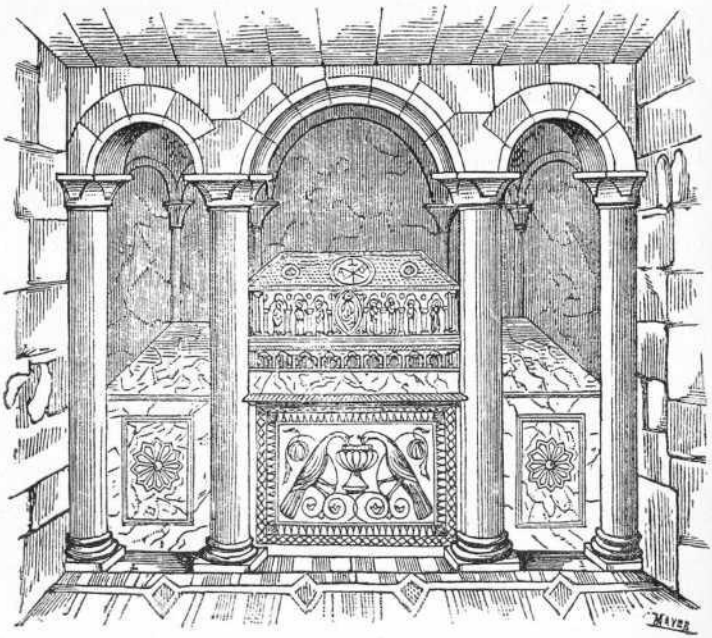
The origin and rise of the town of Santiago are peculiar. After St. James the Elder, brother of St. John the Apostle, had been stoned to death by a fanatic mob in Jerusalem

his body transported itself to the north-west coast of Spain, and landed near Padron, according to tradition, in a scallop shell. When the body was transferred farther inland, to the present Santiago, is not known; some authorities opine that Pope Leo III. gave the necessary orders. Anyhow, the disciples of St. James, St. Theodore, and St. Athanasius erected a small mausoleum, the present crypt. Owing to the turbulent waves which in the fifth and eighth centuries broke over the country, the mausoleum and its very site fell into oblivion. When, however, Galicia became of great importance during the reconquest, it was a clever stroke of political wisdom to establish in this unruly province the home of the patron saint of rejuvenescent Spain.

Celestial lights appeared over the proper spot, angels' voices were heard heralding the coming of better times, and miracles were wrought, until Teodomir, Bishop of Iria, in the year 808, made a judicious search and discovered the epitaph with the saint's remains, *la concha madre de tal perla*, the mother of pearl with its treasure. King Alfonso II., el Casto, no sooner heard of this find than he visited the place, and ordered the erection of three small chapels or oratories—one on the very spot dedicated to St. James, another to the Saviour, and the third to St. John the Baptist. The whole place was called Campus stellae, or Compostella, from the lights or stars which had drawn attention to it. St. James was declared the patron of Spain, and he was not slow in assuming with great vigour his proper functions as tutelary saint. When the Mohammedans sent several armies into Galicia, they were beaten back, the first in the year 820 at Naharon, somewhere between Lugo and Betanzos, and the second in the district of Pontevedra; the third and last struggle during Alfonso's reign took place in 832 not very far from Lugo.

When Ramiro, the next king, waged war against Abder-

rahman of Cordoba, the saint was seen at the head of the Spanish army mounted on a white horse, with a sword in his right hand, and in his left carrying a white banner with a red cross. "He hurled lightning against the Half-moon, and the sound of the Saracene drums was drowned by the trumpet-call of the invincible name of San Tiago." The



The Crypt.

date and place of this battle are a matter of doubt; some historians assume that it took place near Clavijo in the year 849.

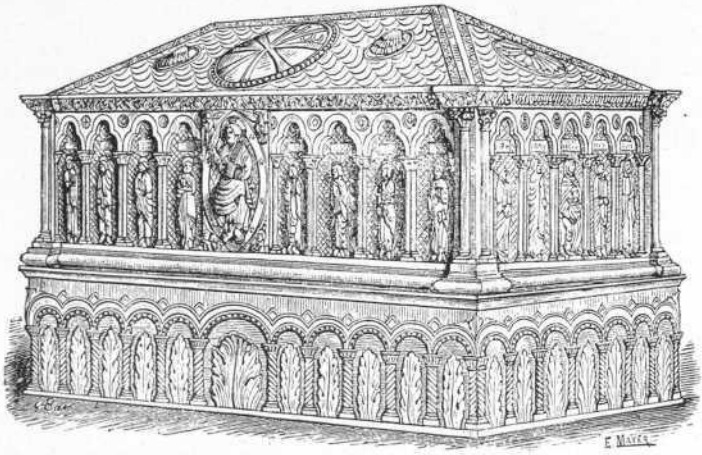
The saint, for having thus risen to the occasion, gained the epithet of el Hijo del Trueno, the Son of Thunder, and the white standard is one of his chief attributes.

The memorial chapels were partly pulled down by Alfonso III., el Magno, towards the end of the ninth century, in 879, and a basilica was built in their stead. This stood only for one hundred years, when Almanzor sacked the

town and destroyed the church, but respected the saint's remains. It was rebuilt by King Bermudo II., surnamed the Gouty.

The present cathedral, the fifth generation of buildings, was begun in the reign of Alfonso VI., and completed in the year 1118 under his grandson, Alfonso VII., el Emperador.

Being bent upon doing this vast and beautiful cathedral properly, we soon exhausted the patience and inventive



The Silver Shrine.

powers of one of the vergers, and he suggested that after the meeting of the chapter I should go in boldly and explain our desire. When the clergy filed out, I made for one of the less awe-inspiring *canonigos*, and he introduced us to the venerable highest dignitary. This white-haired aged gentleman received us at first somewhat coldly, but we presently became good friends, and he even took us to the holy crypt.

This is situated below the *Capilla mayor*, or chief chapel, and below the high altar, and has only quite recently received its present shape and ornamentation. They had begun to reconstruct it in 1879, one thousand years after the

foundation of the basilica, in Romano-Byzantine style, of white and black marble, and the whole had been finished and consecrated on the 2nd of May 1891. The altar is of red marble, and its front is decorated in relief with two peacocks drinking out of a cup. On the altar stands a bronze pedestal, cast and chiselled in the town of Carril, and on it rests the large silver shrine, a beautiful piece of choice work, which contains the remains of the apostle and his two disciples.

Saint James.

Then we were introduced to Don Antonio Lopez Ferreiro. This learned and accomplished gentleman, the author of several works on the history of the cathedral, made an admirable and amiable cicerone. He took us into the Reliquary, which is kept carefully locked, and showed us an astonishing number of most interesting relics and artistic objects of great value, many of which he carefully explained from a historical and artistic point of view. When we told him of the scallop shell in the Paget arms, he smilingly observed that we of course had come *para certificar*, to corroborate or to verify the fact,—my wife at least, while I myself wanted to gain the shell. The scallop was, namely, the emblem of a successful pilgrimage to Santiago, while the cross was gained at Jerusalem and the keys at Rome. He also remarked that many Englishmen had worshipped at the shrine of San Tiago, but that was a long time ago, "when

times were better." "However, here you are," said he jovially, and back we went with him to the *Capilla mayor*, with its high altar of white marble. Above it towers the colossal image of San Tiago (St. James), dating from the thirteenth century. He is seated in a chair; his left hand grasps the pilgrim's staff, with a tiny gourd-flask, while in his right he holds a scroll with the inscription, HIC EST CORPUS DIVI IACOBI APOSTOLI ET HISPANIARUM PATRONI. The statue is made of red granite, the flowing vestments being richly gilt and ornamented. His broad pilgrim's cape, *la esclavina*, is of silver, and its edge is polished to shininess by the kisses of countless thousands of worshippers. Steps lead up behind the statue, so that the faithful can go through the ceremony of kissing the cape, and this performance is called *el fin del romaje*, the end of the pilgrimage!

CHAPTER XII

OUT OF THE WAY TO BURBIA

DURING our stay at Villafranca del Vierzo we heard so many stirring accounts about the grandeur of the mountains and the uncouth semi-savage nature of their inhabitants, that we decided to pay them a visit, especially since by doing so I hoped to solve certain problems of geographical distribution relating to the western portion of the Cantabrian Alps.

We selected the village of Burbia, whose alcalde the judge at Villafranca characterised as *un buen sujeto*, and the priest as *un gran burro*. The good, loyal subject and the big Ass were apparently the people to make for. The others were said to speak a language we could not understand, as it was not Castellano, and they *ladran como los perros*, bark like dogs.

A young man, Alejandro Balinez, procured two horses; we filled our saddle-bags with provisions for the day, and set out at 7 A.M. on a reconnoitring visit to Burbia, situated eighteen miles off in the mountains. Alejandro almost at once left the street, took us through a doorway, and we ascended the hills by a bridle-path. This kept more or less on the ridge of hills of the Sierra Samosa, which flanks the eastern side of the wide tortuous valley of the river Burbia.

Two hours later we came to Pobladura del Vierzo, the birthplace of Alejandro's wife. This little village of scarcely

two dozen houses lies in a sort of depression in the hills, with magnificent chestnut groves. There are about ten places called Pobladura de ——, mostly situated in the province of Leon, and a few in that of Zamorra, and as *pobladora* actually means settlement, or rather settler, it stands to reason that those places owe their origin to those colonists who, during the early days of the reconquest, were sent by Alonso el Catolico, and other kings, to repeople and to garrison the devastated countries to the south of the Cantabrian Cordillera. Such settlers were naturally not the natives, or "Romans," as they were still occasionally called, but they were preferably taken from the conquering races, either Visigoths or Suevi. Most likely they came from the latter, considering that many of the inhabitants of Galicia had fled into Asturia, and what is more likely than that these same people returned, and were induced by the promise of land to leave the north country?

Beyond Pobladura the scenery becomes extremely wild, and the hills, mostly spurs running out at right angles from the backbone of the high Sierra, appear rather barren and uncultivated. Half-way towards Burbia the path leads along the top of sheer, ragged precipices, which flank the eastern side of the wide valley about one thousand feet below. This valley, called significantly la Luctuosa, the spot of mourning, is densely covered with oak forests, and is formed by the junction of the river Burbia with the Vegueliña, and farther up the Tejeira. Far down on its western side lies the little village of San Cosme, which a thousand years ago boasted of a monastery dedicated to San Cosme and San Damian; it existed as late as the year 931, and is mentioned occasionally as el monasterio de Francineto y Burbia, but it has since disappeared, leaving scarcely any traces behind.

The valley is filled with red alluvial soil, which abounds in iron pyrites and contains gold, which is washed out by an

enterprising French company. The whole precipitous mountain-side, with its jagged pinnacles, deep cliffs, and gorges, makes a striking impression owing to its rich red colour, and to the masses of iron ore of which the living rocks seem to consist. There are many shafts sunk into these iron-bound mountains, abandoned ages ago, and, as usual, attributed to the Romans. All this enormous mass of red ferruginous and auriferous soil, although looking like a genuine mountain in its own right, is of course the *débris* which has been washed and carried down from the high Sierra of silurian formation with its veins of quartz, and from the granite and trap which crops up on the higher peaks. Thunderstorms are frequent and heavy, and the torrents of rain cause landslips and lay bare new portions of the auriferous mass which has filled up to the top the valleys between the primordial rocks; but it would be of little use to dig through the enormous deposits of rubble and clay, as, even if this were done, and the proper strata were reached, there could be no sufficient and regular supply for washing-works. The only people who knew how to make such gold diggings pay were the Romans, the greatest "sweaters" whom the world has ever known. There is a difference between forcing a primitive people like the Asturians (*impiger Astur, Astur avarus*) to pay a heavy annual tribute of gold into the imperial exchequer, and working a modern company at regular wages. This is the obvious explanation of the fact that in the north-west of Spain so many mines, which had been worked in Roman times, stand abandoned. One wonders at the deep shafts, the extensive tunnels for draining off the water, the great heaps of rubbish and "tip," and the apparent absence or paucity of metal, unless—and such things have happened—the mine has been "salted."

We reached Burbia by one o'clock. The alcalde was amiability itself, and when he heard that we intended, if possible, to stop some time at the village, he promised to

place his house at our disposal, to have it cleaned and made ready for us. We cooked our mid-day meal, had a look round, and "found the people charming in their unsophisticated hospitality and kindness,"—these at least were the words which we entered in our notebook. It is true that immediately we had unpacked, we missed a bright metal spoon, and found, after half an hour's hunt, that it had tumbled into the basket of a woman who happened to be standing by in admiration; but we overlooked this little matter for the sake of our would-be host, who was the *gran cazador*, or sportsman, of the village, and invited me to a bear-hunt for the next Saturday.

The situation of the place was charming, in the midst of a grand amphitheatre of mountains, meadows, and valleys covered with primeval oak and beech forests. We knew that we should have to rough it more than usual, but promised to return a few days later, and left again after only two hours' rest for Villafranca, which we hoped to reach before dark. However, the horses were no longer fresh, Alejandro and ourselves were also tired, so that we were all only too easily allured into taking an hour's rest in the shade by the fern-clad banks of a lovely little stream. It was dark—the July sun sets rapidly in Spain, and there is little twilight—long before we reached Pobladura, and whilst leading our horses by the bridle over the barren plateau, a wolf crossed our path scarcely sixty yards off. He made for one of the high stone enclosures in which the goats and sheep are guarded during the night.

How different everything appeared to what it seemed only half a day ago. Instead of hot sunshine, a cold wind was blowing, and the glaring light, which had revealed the minutest pebble in our path, had given way to darkness which filled up deep hollows and hid the sharpest ledges of the rocks. Things became exceedingly trying during the descent, and it was quite a miracle that no one fell, except a

horse in the rear. In one of the gullies we met another party coming up. Fortunately the cry of a frightened child announced their approach, but we had to strike matches in order to separate our various animals. We were more than pleased when at eleven o'clock we hammered at the door of our inn, and Alejandro, who had surpassed himself as a circumspect guide, remarked with a sigh of relief that "little was wanted to make our circumstances worse."

Two days later we set out again for Burbia, equipped with the articles most necessary for a prolonged stay.

The two hundred or so inhabitants of this small village present several different types.

The majority are undersized, but strongly built, broad-faced, with flat nose, strong jaws and teeth, rather long-headed, with eyes frequently blue, and hair light brown.

The second type is short and spare built, the head is distinctly short, broadest and nearly flat at the top, and tapering down from the high prominent cheek-bones towards the short small chin. The nose is small and sharp, the hair dull brown, and the eyes slightly but distinctly oblique. These people[1]

[1] In connection with this type of natives, the like of which I have not met with in other parts, I refer to R. G. Haliburton, *Racial Dwarfs in the Atlas and the Pyrenees*, London, 1893; and D. MacRitchie, *Dwarf Types in the Eastern Pyrenees*, *Internationales Archiv. für Ethnographie*, viii. (1895), pp. 117-121, with five figures. Mr. Haliburton draws attention to the report of very short people in the province of Gerona, under four feet in height, with slightly Mongolian eyes, and yellow, broad square faces. Others have been seen in the valley of Ribas and from the Col de Tosas in the Pyrenees. Again, very undersized peasants, with broad faces and mahogany-coloured, woolly hair, live in the province of Salamanca, and may be referable to the peculiar isolated Batuecas.

My friend Professor Lázaro of Madrid, to whom I had spoken of the short and oblique-eyed people of Burbia, told me at our last meeting that he too had since seen such people on the Spanish side of the Central Pyrenees.

Mr. Haliburton had been led by native stories to believe in the existence of a race of dwarfs in the mountains of Northern Spain. Dwarfs, called *enános* in Castilian, are not uncommon in those mountains. Those whom

are less numerous and were not the dominant race. Their manners were rather shy and gentle as compared with the overbearing and almost brutal style of the others.

Lastly, there were a few who looked more like typical northern Castilians—dark-haired with brown eyes, broad square forehead, strong chests, and massive limbs. To this type belonged the keeper of the storehouse and inn, the shoemaker, and the alcalde. These three seemed to be invaders, strangers to the village, which they more or less ruled. The alcalde, who boasts of the fine name of Romaldo Rodriguez, was the most feared, and secretly also the most hated, of the whole lot. Unable to read or to write, except a peculiar scrawl with an intricate *rubrica*, or flourish, at the end of it, which passes as his signature, he has attached to himself a fellow who acts as the private secretary to Romaldo Rodriguez, whose full titles are, "Alcalde de barrio y presidente de las juntas administrativas del pueblo de Burbia." In fact he is the Mayor and Chairman of all the possible boards of the whole miserable community.

Signature of Romaldo Rodriguez.

We could scarcely propose any joint action with any of the people without their suggesting an appeal to Romaldo, who had them all at his beck and call. After all he was the only well-to-do man of the village, the only one who was occasionally cleanly shaven, and, moreover, he was in possession of one of the two large straw hats which existed in Burbia.

A striking contrast to all these natives were two young Asturians, who lodged in Romaldo's loft, and intended to

we have met in various places (see for instance pp. 14, 98, and 152) were not Cretins, but wideawake and healthy; and the other natives, although well aware of the not infrequent occurrence of dwarfs (not merely undersized people), were positive about their not belonging to families of dwarfs.

employ themselves with the cutting of railway sleepers in the forest. For several weeks, however, before our arrival, they had been idling, waiting for more men to join them. In the meantime they amused themselves chiefly with looking down upon the natives, males and females alike, whom they inwardly despised. These two Asturians were quite the gentlemen. They were tall, dark-haired, and blue-eyed, with long, narrow faces and noses, and with fair complexions.

We soon made friends with these two smart fellows, who were called Isidoro and Jesūs respectively. The latter was an ardent sportsman, and had an old muzzle-loading gun, and as they knew the district well, we hired them for the modest consideration of two pesetas a day each, to act as guides in the mountains for a day's sport among the chamois and roebuck, which were plentiful. An ass was to carry our cooking utensils and provisions.

All went well until we selected a lovely spot for our mid-day meal. Our two gentlemen lay down at once to sleep, whilst we had to make the fire and to cook the food, of which they then partook heartily. We climbed up to the haunts of the chamois, amongst stupendous gorges and precipices. Jesūs transformed himself from a somewhat placid, easy-going fellow into agility itself; when the crags became too steep he simply took off his shoes and ran on barefooted, beckoning to us to follow suit, lest we should disturb the chamois! Isidoro, who was a little more compassionate, helped us on to the brink of a precipice, whence we could see Jesūs clinging to a nasty corner, and explaining by signs that he saw the chamois, which we heard only, and that he intended to wait for them. Half an hour later Jesūs disappeared, and Isidoro, who could not stand the suspense any longer, crept after him, and vanished too. That was the last we saw of our two "guides" until the evening of the following day, when Isidoro turned up crestfallen and ravenously hungry,

and on the following morning Jesūs appeared! They had overclimbed themselves, and then spent the night in a deserted cowshed. What they did on the following day remained a mystery.

We ourselves waited patiently in our precarious position for several hours; to tell the truth, we did not quite relish the idea of creeping down unaided, but a thunderstorm came on, and brought matters to a speedy conclusion. We were heartily glad to find our faithful donkey at the improvised camp.

It is only fair to mention that both our friends were much astonished and most courteously grateful when they received their promised pay. Isidoro blandly asked: "What is this for? We are not servants, we enjoyed your company, and if you go after chamois in these mountains, you must be prepared for little incidents and diversions."

He was quite right. It is not the custom at Burbia to trouble about preconcerted plans. Romaldo himself invited me one fine morning at four o'clock to join him to *hazer carne*, to make meat, by which he meant providing game for the approaching feast day. I declined, fortunately, for it turned out that he did not come back until the morning of the third day, having spent all the time in the wilds, but he brought a chamois with him, which he had killed only two hours before his return.

Occasionally we sauntered out alone, to enjoy to the fullest extent the semi-alpine scenery. The vegetation was simply luxurious. The chestnut trees were soon left behind; they stop abruptly at the low level of 2700 feet, where the truly primeval forest begins, composed of enormous oak trees, birches, ash, mountain-ash, holly, hazel, laurel, tree heath, and broom of astonishing proportions, bilberries, and mossy banks thickly clad with ferns and London pride. Innumerable rivulets, and streams in deep gorges, were overhung by

dense masses of clematis, honeysuckle, and rose bushes. Here and there is a green ridge, which on closer inspection turns out to be the fallen trunk of a mighty tree, which now supports younger generations of goodly size. At such a spot, at the edge of a verdant open space, we rested, set to work to cook a meal, and felt extremely happy, and at peace with the whole world, even Burbia included, when all this quietude was disturbed by the bellowing of a bull, and we espied the big beast following up our very track, fortunately at the lower end of the meadow. We fled, ignominiously but wisely, not without the already cooked soup. The dense primeval forest had lost all its charms, as it sadly impeded our progress. On our return in the evening we were told that these bulls are supposed to be tame, and that they do no harm whatever, except perhaps to strangers.

The same night Romaldo came to us in an excited state of mind, and incoherently jabbered about the arrival of *el conde, el hijo del hidalgo,* and a man who had got 20,000. "Imagine, Don Juan, 20,000, and he has come to look for them here!" We naturally thought that this had reference to the fortune of the count. Romaldo then took away the earthenware plate, to carry some meat to the house of the priest, where the party lodged, and he soon came back with the polite message that if we were in want of anything the count would have much pleasure in supplying it. At last he asked whether it would be agreeable if the *hidalgo* paid us a visit then and there. "Yes, certainly, we shall feel highly honoured." We made hurried preparations to receive a count of the realm. The dirty oak-chest was cleared, the planks of the second bed were covered with cooking utensils, and a piece of soap, although our makeshift basin was doing duty in the cura's house; Murray's *Spain* and a large map were put on the chest, cigarettes were conspicuously displayed on the collecting-box, and our clothes and rugs were tidily

draped on the state-bed. We went to the extravagance of lighting three candles. In fact, all was neatly arranged in our den, and we waited and waited.

Next morning at six o'clock I saw two slouchy youngsters with shouldered guns sauntering up to Romaldo's wife, who was still half in bed between three pigs and three children, under a shanty in the open. "Well, Inocencia, how are you getting on so early?" was the graciously drawled-out greeting of the more foolish looking of the two sportsmen. Thereupon Romaldo rushed up to me; "the count is here, and wants to see your rifle." This intimation naturally had not the desired effect; on the contrary, I am afraid that it did not quite fall in with our perhaps somewhat overstrung notions of Spanish etiquette and *grandeza*. It was our first opportunity. *Ay de mi!* We know better now.

When the coast was clear we went out with Jesūs and the donkey on a little sporting expedition of our own. It may perhaps not be amiss to explain that, as our den was so disagreeably nasty, we always contrived to spend the whole day away from the village, taking a day's provisions, cooking apparatus, sketch-books, collecting bottles, and other paraphernalia, with us. Moreover, in the months of July and August thunderstorms are frequent in these mountains, the storms being of short duration, and bursting with great regularity either at nine in the morning or at three in the afternoon.

We had scarcely proceeded a few miles up the valley when we encountered Romaldo, and a wealthy but common-looking man on horseback. We naturally took him for the count senior, but he at once dismounted—as is the proper custom when a *caballero* meets a lady on foot—and courteously offered her his horse. He was a contractor of railway materials, who had secured the delivery of 20,000 sleepers, and was now looking out for a feasible district wherein to cut them. There was certainly enough timber

available, but how he was to carry the logs down to Villafranca, more than 22 miles, without roads and no river to float them on, was a difficulty which Romaldo could not explain away.

In these woods we saw six chamois, some quietly grazing, while the others were resting under the shady trees. Romaldo calmly suggested through the contractor that if I gave him my rifle, he would stalk and shoot them. This was of course firmly and somewhat vigorously declined, and it was decided to arrange a proper *cazaria* or shooting diversion. Jesūs was sent back on horseback, and after two hours turned up with a couple of guns. He carefully loaded his own with a mixture of gunpowder and snuff, wads of grass, leaden slugs, and two bullets. Then every one, except ourselves, lunched for another hour. At last we crept up to the game, dividing our forces, and in spite of several misses, managed to secure a fine chamois. My wife, who had remained below near the stream, opposite a barren slope, watched the whole performance, and actually saw more of it than any of us.

Meanwhile the two youngsters of the morning turned up too, attracted by the shots. The less-promising looking of the two was the count. As it did not seem compatible with his dignity to bow, or even to raise his hat, we left him severely alone. Jesūs was rather amused when the *hidalgo* talked grandly about his intention of spending a night with his servant under "one of these big chestnut trees," pointing at the oaks, we being well above the level of *castaneros*.

As mentioned before, the *grandee* was staying with the cura, a dissipated young fellow, who talked much and did little. This at least was the impression I had gathered from a visit to his house, and although he bragged much about his rifle with a bayonet fixed to it "for the bears," report had it that he had never hit anything yet either with rifle or gun.

The houses of Burbia present several types. They are

mostly of unhewn stones, as the Silurian formation yields them ; the crevices are filled with yellow ferruginous loam or with inferior mortar. This gives the walls a coarse look, somewhat like a stone fence in the fields, with a little extra care bestowed upon it. The houses are scattered about promiscuously without any idea of a street.

Let us first describe the two-storeyed house of the inn- and store-keeper. In the middle of the front wall is a door, and on one side of it is a small window without glass, but with a doorlike shutter. Through the door you enter a spacious room with a wooden ceiling. The floor is the natural ground, with the addition of loam stamped down where needed ; in the middle are some large stone-slabs forming the hearth. Around the walls stand huge, long chests, and upon them rest several wine-skins,—hogsheads in fact,—together with cheeses, butter, and bread. Sausages, dried guts ready for other sausages, wax candles for processions, grass-ropes, hams, and strings of onions, are suspended from the beams of the ceiling. There are some grass-bottomed low chairs, a bench in front of the hearth, and several big logs of wood as occasional seats. The darker half of the room is in wild disorder,—saddles and stirrups, yokes, mantles, blankets, shoes, pots, and a hundred other things, being littered about. A door near the farther corner leads into a dark annexe, the stable. Outside, parallel with the front wall, is a narrow wooden staircase, with a railing, leading to a wooden verandah, also railed. This communicates by one or two doors with as many upper rooms, where the family sleep. The verandah is overhung by the low slate-roof, and is a universal feature of all the houses in the Asturian and Cantabrian mountains ; its rails are used for drying the washing.

Romaldo possessed two houses. The one in which we lodged has the right-half divided into a lower and an upper

room. A stone staircase with a little porch over the door of the lower room leads into our room. This has a door in front, a paneless window with a thick wooden shutter on the right, and a door at the back, which leads on to a verandah overhanging the garden. The floor consists of rough, unevenly-hewn planks, and from the chestnut beams above us were suspended the axle and other parts of an ox-cart, to be out of the way and kept dry. The left wall of our habitation consisted of boards, which went up half-way to the roof and separated us from the barnlike left half of the building. This is Romaldo's palace, which he cannot well use in winter on account of the absence of fireplaces, and the winters in the Sierra de Picos are bitterly cold. He was sleeping in the upper room with his family, until he cleared out of it for our benefit, and betook himself to the other house, which is older and much more interesting.

It is somewhat difficult to describe. It is without an upper storey, but has a sort of hay-loft in the corner. The low-pitched roof comes down lower at the sides. The gable side has two entrances. The right door leads into the stable, the left into the general room. Benches, seats, and chests stand against the walls and partly round the hearth. Above the latter, from the beams of the roof, are suspended on chains and hooks several cast-iron kettles. There is no ceiling. The beams are black from the smoke, which finds its way out anywhere. The absence of chimneys or of regular smoke-holes often gives these houses a startling appearance, as, according to the direction of the wind, the smoke comes out of the door or window, or sometimes through the slates of the roof, so that it seems as if the house were on fire. The smoke, however, cures the hams, sausages, and sides of bacon. The stable is separated from the room by a low partition of planks, but the right-hand corner of the room, near the door, is set apart for the pigs.

All the cooking is done in the general room, and there the people live in the winter. Candles or lamps being not much used in Burbia, the necessary illumination is obtained from the slender, dried twigs of the chestnut tree. A wisp of this kind, about four feet in length, is lit in the fire, and then, in a slanting position, it is clamped into a piece of iron which is fastened on to a beam. It is in fact like a gigantic rush-light. This gives quite a tolerable flame, and after five minutes another wisp is taken from the bundle, and so on. If the fire on the hearth is bright enough, these primitive candles are of course dispensed with.

Servants and guests sleep in nooks and corners of this room, or in the stable, barn, or hay-loft. Romaldo, Inocencia, and the three children slept in front of the house, half in the open—that place being covered over with straw and serving chiefly as a shelter for the ox-carts. Romaldo slept on one ox-cart, and his wife on the platform of another, which had been taken off the axle and the wheels. The children were tucked away towards the foot end. There was plenty of old straw lying about, but somehow or other they did not take to it. The mother and the children had only one blanket between them, which was rather too short. When Inocencia felt the chilly cold in the early morning, she drew up the blanket over her head, and the children were bare from their heads to the middle of their chests. Then they woke up, and by slyly pulling and pulling would ultimately strip Inocencia. However, the latter had the best of it, and, moreover, she slept in her clothes, while for some unearthly reason the two smallest children went to bed naked. When the mother rose in the morning,—and she was a late riser,—she flung the blanket over the children and told them to have a nice, warm time.

A peculiarity of many other houses in Burbia is the combination of stables and dwelling-rooms, not side by side, but above one another. The ground-floor of these often large

houses is one large stable, in the front part of which is the hearth and sitting accommodation for the people whilst taking their meals. The upper storey projects considerably in front in the shape of a huge balcony, which, on account of its size, is supported by several uprights. There is thus formed a sort of ante-room or hall, which is separated from the street only by the upright timber. This ante-room is used in summer by the whole family; moreover, it shelters carts and other implements. The upper storey is partly divided into hay-lofts, and partly into rooms for the winter and for the night.

The most noteworthy peculiarity of these houses is that the back wall is not square but round, and the roof, generally straw-thatched, comes down to within a few feet from the ground. The roof, apart from the front side, is often the shape of a huge, flat tortoise-shell—an illusion which is enhanced when the house has only one storey. These roofs are, as a rule, thatched with straw, which is kept down by long horizontal bands of plaited or twisted straw.

These round and straw-thatched houses are to be found in a very limited area. We have met with them in Burbia, Pobladura del Vierzo, Piedrafita, Cebrero, and Noceda. Lower down, although still well in the mountainous district,—for instance in Vega de Valcarce to the east, and at Nogales and Becerrea on the western slope of the Sierra de Picos,—they are decidedly less common. The last we saw were at Becerrea, so that they may be looked upon as typical of the Sierra de Picos. A gentleman of the University staff of Santiago told us that he too knew of the existence of such houses in the country between the Vierzo and Galicia, and he was positive about their not occurring in other parts of Spain.

We were not able to find out with certainty whether the round-backed houses were chiefly those of the short, round-headed people.

The roofing of the houses depends, by the way, a good deal upon the locality, or rather the absence or presence of serviceable slate. The top ridge of most slate-roofed houses is adorned with lumps of quartz.

The two or three types of houses described above are not always pure in style—combinations and modifications are frequent. Sometimes the round portion of the house appears only as a sort of lean-to at the back, this alone being thatched, while the chief part of the house is slate-roofed; or the round portion may even stand apart from the principal house, and may also be slated. Nowhere, however, are sun-dried bricks used, and nowhere in the Sierra proper have the houses sharp and high gables.

The dialect is a mixture of Galician and Castilian, which would not be so bad in itself if the people did not pronounce the words with a most disagreeable, harsh, broad, loud, and utterly uncouth voice. Indeed, at Villafranca we were warned that we should not be able to understand the jargon. This was fortunately not the case, as the very words which stumped the Castilians we recognised as scarcely modified Portuguese. But the description given by the lowlanders was nevertheless true; they declared that the *montañeses* barked like dogs, and this unkind remark hits off their sounds only too well. That they should bark instead of talking gently is perhaps due to their outdoor life, but this does not account for the awful, guttural sounds which they managed to intersperse amongst the words.

Personally, we were always treated to an extra dose of shouting by our landlady. As is common among many, not only uneducated people, she thought we should understand her better. She proceeded in this way. Suddenly a terrific shout "Don Juan!" was ringing in our ears. This was followed by a few violent bangs at our door, and the imperious summons: Don Juan, *abre!* (open the door). Then she came

in and bellowed out: Don Juan, *que tal?* Senorita, *tal é tal?* meaning, how so? or how do you do?

The ensuing conversation had this advantage, that neither we nor she had later on to recapitulate to the neighbours any of our news and doings, as they had all heard it. Anything we told her we had been doing, or were in want of, she

Procession through the Streets of Burbia.

repeated in her stentorian voice as a sign of understanding. Perhaps Inocencia was a little louder than the rest; we always knew at once whenever she was at large and conversing with somebody. Once or twice we even heard Romaldo telling her to *hablar abajo,* talk in a more moderate voice.

Talking suggests singing and music. Of the former there is too much, of the latter too little, not only in the mountains, but in most country districts. Of musical instruments we

came across only the drum and the flute. On the 26th of July the chief saint of Burbia has his feast. In preparation for this grand occasion a man walked about the village hammering incessantly upon a drum. This instrument was primitive—a wooden frame a little more than a foot in height, and scarcely a foot in width, across which was fastened the apparently untanned, but of course hairless, skin of a goat. When the procession was formed it was headed by this drum, accompanied by a flute. Then followed all the men and boys of the village, next all the available images, and then the host, with the priests who had collected from the neighbouring villages, as is customary in order to make the show a little more impressive. Lastly came the women and little girls. They went to the Hermida, a shrine dedicated to San Roman, a hundred yards outside the village. This sacred little shanty had been vigorously cleaned the day before.

We said that of singing there was too much. Everybody—man, woman, or child—when working in the fields sings a few notes in everlasting repetition. The thing begins in a promising enough way; the words are simple, but the last word of every line is drawn out in a tremulous voice as long as the breath will hold out. All this can be most effective and very pretty, provided the performer has a musical voice, but most people have not the faintest notion of anything like music. How often did we exclaim, "There are Buffalo Bill's wild Indians again!" The noise these latter made when on the trail gives a good idea of what the Galician mountaineers' singing is really like. They will go on for hours with their dirge-like performance. Sometimes they improvise rather cleverly, and then the long-drawn final syllable of each line comes in usefully, as it gives time to the bard to think of the next few words.

One night we were treated to a very impressive performance. A few houses from us a man lay dying. Leaning

against the door opposite to us stood a friend who, with a voice above the average, sang out a regular dirge into the clear, calm night, the only other sounds being the frequent musical call-notes of some little owls in the chestnut groves. He sang about "a man there yonder being on the point of death; he is ill and infirm, already he understands no more what is said to him; it is dark and he knows it not" . . . and so on. Very simple words, and all the more touching, but the dirge went on and on until the ever-recurring, tremulous sound rang painfully in our ears.

This tremulous holding of the note is also much the fashion in Andalucia, where the guitar and singing reign supreme; but even there it is, as a rule, disagreeable. It is practised by the lower and upper classes alike, and I never could understand the supposed charm of this custom until one night at a small watering-place in the Alpujarras. A powerfully built man, a servant, who had been gazing at the little crowd of guests in the *patio* of the inn, began humming a tune, and gradually increased his full melodious voice. Each stanza, not every line, ended with the tremulo, which, organ-like, filled the whole wide *patio*, and left every one spellbound. He sang the little piece again, and that song has haunted me ever since.

In describing the dress of the natives of Burbia, it may be mentioned that some, not all, of them wear shirts. These are entirely home-made. The flax they cultivate themselves; they soak it, roast it, break it, spin it into threads by means of a distaff, which the older women always carry about with them, and ultimately they weave it in their own houses into linen which is of the strength and coarseness of sailcloth. Napkins, tablecloths, and handkerchiefs being unnecessary luxuries, and bedsheets being likewise conspicuously absent, all the linen is made into shirts. These acquire whiteness owing to their being from time to time washed and dried in

the sun. The older the shirt the whiter it is; the new ones are gray or yellow. When ready for washing they are of the true isabelline colour, as they are not changed until some great occasion requires it. A daily change would be difficult, as, when once put on, the wrists and the collar are firmly stitched up by helping hands.

The ordinary jackets, trousers, and shirts are homespun, made of goat's hair. Diodorus described the *sagum* of the Keltiberians, and the skirts are still called *sayas*, and are made of a very thick and coarse stuff, of the natural brown colour. The jackets of the men are short, with side pockets, without any ornaments, except horn buttons and a short turned-down collar. Sometimes a cloth waistcoat is worn, but as a rule trousers, shirt, jacket, and the universal black sash complete the dress. Straw hats are rare; some of the younger men had adopted the brown Tam-o'-Shanter-like cap, which is now the usual headgear from Galicia to France. Others wear knitted, dark-coloured Phrygian caps. On account of the ground being stony and moist, strong boots and high iron-bound shoes are worn, besides *sabots*—that is to say, heavy wooden shoes with the front end pointed and turning upwards, with a broad high heel and a transverse ridge just under the instep.

The previous description applies to the everyday or working dress. On the great saints' day many of the men put on clean shirts and town-made black jackets. All the women wore yellow and red kerchiefs—Barcelona ware—over their heads and necks. Some few girls, who had donned their very best, black cloth dress and gay kerchiefs, looked clean and attractive in the distance. We feel almost positive that one of them had gone to the length of washing her face. This supposition suggests some further remarks. Nowhere in the Peninsula have I come across a community of people who were so absolutely unwashed as these Burbians. Dirty

people occur everywhere, but I am speaking here of a whole village. At Burbia there is no scarcity, but abundance of clear water; one little stream runs actually through the village. A suggestive proof of the lack of washing is the following. I asked Inocencia for a hand-basin, but evidently neither the Spanish word *bacia* nor *vasilla* meant anything to her. At last she gave me a *puchero*, a brown glazed earthenware cup, 5 inches high and 4 inches wide at the top. Next day I tried Romaldo, who sympathised with us, and produced a deep soup plate. "Now, Romaldo, what do you or what would you call a thing in which you could wash your hands and face?" "Well," with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "*una fuente*." In fact the font in the church was associated with our requirements. When, a few days later, this sorry, makeshift basin was taken from us to carry some roast chamois to the house of the priest, I made a raid upon the storekeeper's shop and borrowed—a dish.

The children are a miserable sight to behold—shirtless, shoeless, and bareheaded. The colour of the exposed portions of their bodies is brown, with blackish patches: this hue is not due to their being sunburnt, because from the eyes down the cheeks extend two rosy streaks; that is where the natural colour appears as washed clear by the tears, for most of these little fellows were always howling. Eyes, nostrils, mouth, and ears are inflamed and encrusted with dirt; never cleaned or wiped, it is a marvel how they manage to grow up. The older they are, the darker and more patchy they look. A two years' child has two, and a child of ten years would have ten, years' dirt upon its skin, were it not for nature's providential arrangement that we shed our skins, not periodically like snakes, but by a gradual, almost imperceptible process of peeling.

Shirts are washed with water and soap, as are also the black, town-made clothes, but not the thick working-suits,

although these naturally want it most. The general filth was indeed the greatest drawback to our intercourse with the natives. We always tried to get well to the windward of them, but this was not always easy, since they were talkative and curious. Some of the women complained bitterly that the Señorita was scarcely visible after the first few days, except when she rushed with me through the village, as on one of these former occasions curiosity had extended to the

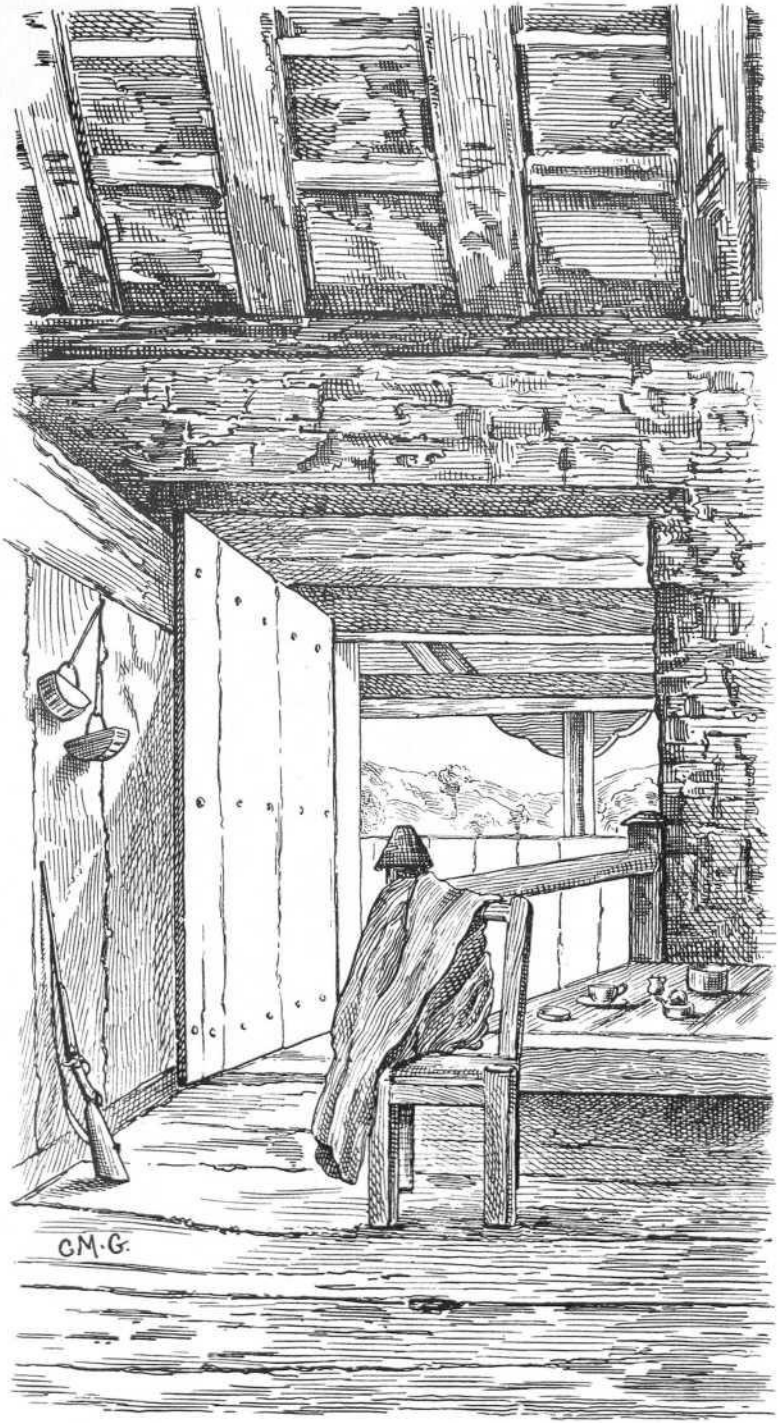
A Morning Custom.

sudden handling of her clothes, hair, etc. But how could we possibly be less rude after we had found out their morning custom of sitting together in couples in the road or on their door-sills, and carefully inspecting each other's heads?

Of bugs there were fewer than in the towns, but of fleas there were just as many, or rather more. Whenever I had entered a house, I imported some half-dozen into our habitation, and thus we were never able to completely free our abode from these vicious beasts of prey. However, we managed to stamp out the original garrison so as to have to

battle only against the daily supply. Although this is a painful subject, our tactics are perhaps worth relating. When we first came into the loft or room allotted to us, we found in it, besides two large chests, two wooden bedsteads, from which, at our urgent request, the straw sacks and blankets were removed. One of the beds had a few cross boards on it; this was turned into a sort of washing-stand and table for our cooking pans, cups, etc. The bottom of the other bed consisted of cross-ropes. These cut us horribly during the first night, in spite of all our available rugs and clothes, and the cork mattress. This difficulty was overcome next day by a great load of fresh bracken, which, when laid upon the rope-work and covered with rug and mattress, made a fairly comfortable bed. Sleeping on the floor was out of the question, on account of the howling draught which swept in at one door and out at the other. In finishing the description of this den, we must not forget to mention the wardrobe of the family Rodriguez, which hung on a pole from the roof, and, as may be supposed, did not add to our comfort. A word of praise is due to Keating's!—One morning, when I was sweeping the dust out of the door, I was watched by a girl and a man. "Look at him," said she; "what is he doing?" "*Es un loco*" was the answer, accompanied by an upward twitch of the head. "He is crazy!" This speaks for itself.

About half the middle-aged and old people suffer from goitre, called *vocio*. It begins to show itself about the age of thirty. They seemed to be none the worse for it, cretinism being apparently very rare. Goitre is common in the Asturian, less so in the Cantabrian mountains. The exact cause of this hideous enlargement of the thyroid gland is unknown. It occurs most commonly in mountainous districts, and the general opinion is that the shut-in situation of the villages and the water-supply have something to do with



OUR DEN AT BURBIA

it. Burbia is not exactly a shut-in village, for there is plenty of air and sunshine, the broad fertile valley opening towards the south.

Concerning the water-supply for drinking purposes, the indolence of the native is appalling. There are a few wells sunk in the dirty sodden ground, and this water was known to be unfit for drinking purposes. A nice little stream with cold delicious water enters the village, and just above the first houses there is a spot whence some people fetch their supply. But most of them think this too much trouble, and they fill their jars anywhere in the middle or at the lower end of the village, where the water is absolutely spoiled, not through drains, which, like cesspools, do not exist, but because every rain shower washes some of the general dirt into the rivulet. Moreover, this stream is tapped and made to run through and between the houses in order to irrigate the gardens. The water is of course common property. Every now and then somebody comes out of a house, and with a hoe scrapes up some soil and diverts the water into a private channel for the benefit of his own beans and cabbages. After some time another neighbour takes his turn. Suddenly the little supply diminishes and stops. The man or woman darts out of the garden, looks wildly round, and follows up the dry channel; then you hear vociferation, and there ensues a grand row with the other person who had appropriated the stream farther up round the corner. Now this careful irrigation is all very well, but the natives filled their jars with this water which runs so temptingly near and past their very doors!

Agriculture is carried on to a height of only 2700 feet above sea-level. The plateau-like backs of the mountain spurs are left uncultivated; they are covered in patches with tree-heath, wild thyme, sage, and other aromatic herbs. The slopes and the wider valleys are tilled by the plough,

which is drawn by a pair of oxen, and has a very small iron share, so that the ground is only scratched. The stony and shaly schistaceous soil has an unpromising look, and the yield is poor. Rye is the common corn, while oats are rare. Wheat and barley appear lower down. Potatoes are good and plentiful. Indian corn does not ripen at this high level. Farther down it is of course grown extensively as food for man and beast. The bread made of this *milho* is rich, agreeable in taste, and wholesome, provided it is well baked; otherwise it is doughy and well-nigh indigestible. The home-made bread at Burbia—rye bread—is bad, owing to the want of care bestowed upon it. Once or twice a week a baker comes up from a lower village with a small supply of properly baked rye and wheat bread. This is another illustration of the indolence of these people. Although they might easily have a flour mill, they carry their corn a long distance down, bring back the flour, and spoil it through careless treatment.

A peculiar feature of the mountainous districts is the care bestowed upon the irrigation of the meadows. All the narrow valleys have an abundance of running water, which is caught, and by a most intricate maze of hundreds of little channels distributed over the whole meadow, so that every square yard receives its due share. The result is two, or even three, abundant crops of hay. The cattle are not permitted to enter these meadows until the autumn; the hay is carried home and stowed away in the lofts of the dwelling-houses and cattle-sheds.

Every household has its little garden, which, being carefully irrigated, as described before, and receiving a good deal of what would go into drains, if there were such things, produces plenty of beans and cabbages. The latter grow to an astonishing height, not only at Burbia, but also in most parts of Galicia. The lower leaves are cut off first, and then gradually upwards until there remains a stalk of

perhaps seven feet in height. In Burbia the cabbage leaves form a considerable item in the daily fare. The principal meal, *la cena,* is taken between nine and ten o'clock at night. Towards dusk Inocencia repaired to the room below our quarters to fetch several handfuls of half dry cabbage leaves, which were lying there in a heap; butter and flour came from the same stores. Romaldo then cut the long stalks of the leaves into small bits and threw them into an iron cooking kettle, and when they had boiled for a good hour, some flour and fat were added. In another cooking vessel the potatoes were boiled with salt. These were invariably peeled and cut into pieces, to let the salt impregnate them. This is rather necessary, as the common salt is of a rough kind, in big crystals, and consequently disagreeable to eat, unless pounded up, which the people, however, shirked doing. We ourselves had some difficulty with the potatoes. For the sake of cleanliness we suggested to Inocencia that she should boil them in their skins, which she did, but she insisted on serving them to us peeled, which was worse.

The supper being ready, Romaldo's family and field-labourers sat down on benches or logs of wood along the walls, the hearth with the kettle being in the middle. Everybody was supplied with a chunk of bread, and then Inocencia poured the cabbage-stew into the small *pucheros,* which were carried round by her and by Romaldo to the various people present, each person receiving a *puchero,* which they held on their knees, eating with wooden spoons. Now this is exactly as Strabo describes it: "The meals they take sitting, on seats put up around the walls, and they take their places on these according to their age and rank. The supper is carried round." The morning meal consisted chiefly of bread, milk, and potatoes. Coffee, tea, or chocolate were out of the question.

Besides this vegetable fare the *montañeses* keep a fair

store of meat. Hams and sausages are suspended from the beams to be cured in the smoke which ascends from the hearth and collects under the roof. The greater part of the pigs is salted and cured, as are the cattle, which are slaughtered occasionally. Pigs—long-legged, arch-backed creatures of a dark colour—roam about everywhere on the stone-fenced roads and in the village. As principal scavengers they walk in and out of the houses, and what is worse, they often sleep in the general room, where a corner is partitioned off for them with planks. These beasts are rather dangerous to children. We have met in various parts of the Peninsula not a few people who were short of fingers or otherwise maimed, because while sleeping in their cradles the pig had chewed them off. In the summer the pigs get a living anywhere, in the autumn they fatten on the chestnuts and acorns which grow in abundance in the mountains.

Large herds of goats and sheep are driven out, and brought back to the folds and pens in the village towards nightfall, on account of the wolves. The goats give the chief supply of milk; that of the cows is almost entirely used for the making of butter and cheese. Butter-making is one of the industries of Burbia, and a curious sight it is. The milk is poured into a pig's skin, the same sort of skins which are the universal receptacles for wine. The skin is kept almost entire, that is to say, only a small incision is made between the hind-legs in skinning, the head, and the legs at the heels and elbows, are cut off; everything is tightly sewn up again except the neck, through which the milk is poured in. In the case of wine one of the fore-legs is used as the spout and bound up with string. Such a skin, when tightly filled, looks in the distance not unlike a large, malformed baby; the brown colour is quite in keeping with this idea, and the illusion is considerably enhanced by the circumstance that the buttering woman sits with this bag in her lap and rocks it

to and fro for hours. Now and then the neck-strings are loosened, and a little fluid is squeezed out and carefully inspected. However, the butter is good and clean, made up into round balls of a pound and taken to the markets in the civilised plains.

The cattle, with the exception of the oxen which are necessary for work, are driven on to the high ground and left there during the summer in charge of a few herdsmen. The latter live in the roughest of huts, and as they spend most of their time in the wilds, scrambling along the slopes and precipices in search of strayed cattle, they become truly uncouth creatures. On the feast-day, mentioned previously, we saw one of these fellows in the village, where he was completely out of his element, as he plainly had difficulties in walking on the flat ground. Himself in rags, with a thick woollen blanket, his feet in extra thick, cross-ridged *sabots*, he was armed with a long pole which he held in both hands, leaning over to the right side and searchingly thrusting the thick end on the ground. He walked, in fact, as he was accustomed to do on a steep, stony mountain slope. These herdsmen have to milk the cows, and are in charge of the cheese-making; but their looking after the herd is rather problematic, as the cattle roam about everywhere in the thick primeval forest, although within the district allotted to the particular herd. The boundaries are those which nature herself has made, and the object of the herdsmen is to prevent the cattle from straying across the ridges into neighbouring valleys. We found their spoors on places to which it seemed almost incredible that a cow could climb—on the very brink of precipices, on the steepest of slopes, and in deep ravines. Accidents to the animals are consequently not rare—some are killed by wolves, others overclimb themselves and have to be hoisted down; and here we have a sad tale to tell. One night there was a commotion in front of

and below our room. One of Romaldo's cows had been found dead in the mountains, having fallen down a precipice. It was impossible to carry it away entire, so it was skinned and cut up on the spot, and then brought on a cart to the village. Everything—skin, meat, bones, and intestines—was stowed away in the storeroom below our den. There it was left for the night, and next day from morning till evening the weeping Inocencia and her helpers were cutting the meat into small pieces, which were salted in big tubs. The whole process we could easily observe, if we wanted, through the wide chinks of our floor. We draw a veil over this most unpleasant incident in our life at Burbia, as few would care for the experience of living for two whole nights in so unprotected a manner above an improvised slaughter-house. Romaldo looked very glum, he told me that the cow was worth 1000 reales, *i.e.* £10, and that it would take him a long time to get over this loss. However, he set to with a will by fleecing us.

Our mutual relations had gradually become cool, not to say strained. First on account of the *hidalgo*, for whom Romaldo showed a cringing respect, but that party had taken himself off some days previously, the thunderstorms not suiting his constitution. Secondly, our supply of wine and tobacco had come to an end, and our host knew that none was to be procured in the village. Lastly, he had intended to monopolise us, and he was jealous of some of the other householders with whom we had entered into negotiations.

Having secured several head of game of various kinds, and having made other collections, we had enough of the place, and the dead cow brought matters to a crisis. This happened on a Friday, but the leaving of Burbia was by no means easy. The few horses were said to be a day's journey away on pasture in the mountains, and it was not until Sunday

morning that, after endless trouble and disappointments, we got a man, two wretched horses, and a donkey, these creatures representing as many different owners. When Romaldo saw that we had frustrated his underhand machinations, he produced his bill:—

6 duzenas uevos	18	reales
8 libras de manteca	24	„
Leche	4	„
5 libras de pan	2	„
Alejandro comida	3	„
Lavar	3	„
Cuatro arobas de yerba	16	„
	pesetas 17	
de cuarto y den	18	
	35 pesetas	

Now these charges were absurd. One real is $2\frac{1}{2}$d., and 4 reales go to a peseta. Six dozen eggs at $7\frac{1}{2}$d. the dozen, 10d. for milk, $7\frac{1}{2}$d. for one day's food of Alejandro, $7\frac{1}{2}$d. for washing, were all reasonable, and 5 lb. loaves of bread at a 1d. each is very low, but we could not possibly have consumed 8 lbs. of butter. Some of our friends were indignant about the charge of 16 reales or 3s. 4d. for 4 *arrobas* or 60 lbs. of grass, which our three horses had eaten after our arrival with Alejandro. However, all these were small matters, but the exasperating point was that Romaldo charged us for our quarters (*de cuarto y den* by the way does not mean quarter and den, although this would be most appropriate, but it is intended for idem, namely pesetas). It is not the custom to charge anything for lodgings in these mountain villages; the proper thing is to give a present to the servants or to the children, and some of the bystanders professed to look upon our treatment as a disgrace to the reputation of the place. We actually had with us a large brand new hunting-knife

and some other articles which we felt sure would be acceptable keepsakes to the Rodriguez family. But Romaldo had the impudence to explain that we had brought bad luck to his house. We had collected toads, snakes, and other venomous creatures, and he must fine us for this outrage. Well knowing that we were being imposed upon without redress, we paid up, and then came the scene of leaving.

"Jesūs and Isidoro, come and help us to pack our things!" In front of the house stood our three beasts of burden, each held by its respective owner, who wanted to be paid beforehand, otherwise they threatened to accompany us; especially a woman who was clinging on to her donkey. This was categorically declined. First work, then pay; we are not thieves or cattle-lifters. Most of the natives stood closely around and sided against us, all vociferously shouting, swearing, and threatening, instigated by Romaldo and his family, who stood round the corner. At last my wife was safely perched on the luggage, I gathered the leading-strings of the animals, shook hands with the two Asturians, and shouted, "Out of the way, make room for the *cavalgadura*," when Inocencia rushed out of our old quarters with a bottle in her hand. Now, having upset our inkstand, we had asked for some ink, and after several days' waiting an opportunity had occurred, and a man had brought us a whole wine bottle full. "You may keep that ink," said I, "it will no doubt last you and the whole village a long time." "Don't take it, Inocencia," shouted somebody, "*valgame Dios*, God help me, it may be poison which they have left in your house!" "Poison?" said I; "it's ink, and I'll show you creatures that we speak the truth," whereupon I swung the bottle round, jerking out the black fluid and so clearing the place. Then one or two people rushed up and wanted to save it, but it was too late. By this time our temper was thoroughly roused; I made them a short but rather impressive, uncompli-

mentary speech, shouldered my rifle, and we left the silent crowd.

Villafranca and the modest inn "Tras Orras" seemed almost the height of civilisation. The wine-stained cloth on the rickety table, a regularly prepared dinner with an apparently endless change of courses, young Francisco in his shirt-sleeves as head- and only waiter, the æsthetic landlady, a lamp, the two beds in the adjoining room, were all delights beyond expression!

CHAPTER XIII

THE BRAÑAS

In the Asturian and Cantabrian mountains are certain localities which are called *brañas.* Concerning the etymology of this Keltic word, which means a height, the reader may be referred to the Appendix. A *braña* signifies now a high pasture-ground, where the cattle are kept during the summer. One of the upper valleys of the river Burbia, in the Sierra de Picos, bears this name. To the north of the Puerto de Leitariegos is a small village called Brañas; other *brañas* exist near the Puerto de Pajáres, and the village Brañosera lies to the south-west of Reinosa. But the home of the *brañas* is a hilly district of the western half of the province of Oviedo, which is inhabited, in a rather scattered way, by a peculiar nomadic cattle-rearing tribe who style themselves Brañas, whilst the Asturians call them Vaqueros.

Ford, in his handbook of Spain, gave a short account of the Vaqueros, whilst describing the route over the Pass of Leitariegos; he also mentioned that "Jovellanos wrote a paper on them." This essay is reprinted in vol. l. of the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles;* it was written about the beginning of this century. The following is an abstract of it:—

Vaqueiros de alzada is the name given by the Asturians to certain nomadic cattle-rearing people, who during the winter months inhabit small settlements on the lower moun-

tains of the western half of the province of Oviedo, whilst in the spring they migrate to the heights of the big mountain range. *Vaqueiro* means cow-boy, and this term is resented by them as a great insult; *alzada* signifies breaking up, lifting, not referring, however, to the "lifting" of cattle, but to the changing of their unfixed abode. Most of the *brañas* or hill-settlements exist in Western Asturia, near the sea-coast, in the districts of Pravia and Navia, but also farther inland, for instance near Tineo. The population of such a *braña* varies from half a dozen to twenty or thirty, rarely fifty. The cottages are made of stone, and although small, are well built and well thatched. Without any inner division, they serve at the same time for man and beast promiscuously during the winter. The chief occupation is the breeding of cattle,—chiefly cows, rarely sheep, and goats. All their other occupations are subsidiary to help in eking out an existence. To secure the necessary fodder, they cultivate meadows. Where the soil is good enough they grow potatoes, but no corn. Indian corn is bought. To gain the necessary money, many of the men employ themselves during the winter and early spring in buying fish, vegetables, dried fruit and corn, which they hawk and sell to other people. For this purpose alone they use horses, which are few and small, as carriers. The care of the meadows and of the cattle falls in the meantime to the women and old men.

Their name for the cattle is *armiento*, a word not used elsewhere. All their animals are small, the people caring more for numbers than for quality.

In the spring, generally on the 8th of May, St. Michael's day, they all move to the high sierras between Asturia and Leon, and they return on the 29th of September, the other St. Michael's day. Sometimes the start and the return are shifted to other saints' days. This always means a complete

migration. The whole family, men, women and children, with their cattle, pigs, chickens, dogs and cats, form a little caravan. The horses and the cattle have to carry the household goods. Pots, chickens, and children are packed and fastened between the very horns of the oxen and cows. Carts are not used, which is perhaps as well, on account of the absence of roads. Thus they migrate on to the subalpine meadows, where they construct a rude shelter and live in an absolutely primitive condition, subsisting chiefly upon milk.

To secure hay for the winter, they cultivate the meadows most carefully, surrounding suitable patches with stone walls, manuring them well and irrigating them by an elaborate system of water-runnels.

Their poverty exempts them from taxes, and their innocent mode of life from conflict with the law. They keep to themselves, inter-marrying only with their own clans. They seem to possess no peculiar baptismal rites. Marriages are celebrated with great and loud rejoicings by the whole *braña*. A bread and a cake are divided between the young couple and eaten by them in public. Before a funeral the corpse is put in front of the table, where it receives the last rites. After each person has thrown a handful of soil into the grave, they go away quietly and leave the rest to the sexton. A few days later the relatives put such victuals upon the grave as the deceased liked best.

All sorts of superstitions are believed in, and magical craft is frequently resorted to. In most parts of Asturia the Vaqueros are looked down upon; in some churches there is a wooden partition, the half farthest from the altar being reserved for this tribe. There are, however, Vaqueros, farther in the interior, who are likewise nomadic, but who mix with the other natives without distinction, and even fill public offices. Their costume is the same as that of the other

Asturian peasants, and the same applies to their language with a few exceptions.

The few Vaqueros we came across on one or two *brañas* were rather short, with brown hair, short-faced with broad and high cheek-bones, and round-headed, shy and very dirty.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PASIEGOS

THE Pasiegos are another isolated tribe. They have taken their name from the river Pas, which flows through the hilly country to the south of Santander; the district is called La Pasiegueria. Well-built, rather light-complexioned, often with blond hair and blue eyes, they do not differ conspicuously from the other inhabitants of the province, but by their character, habits, customs, and dress they proclaim a separate origin. The *montañeses*, the inhabitants of the mountains, take it very ill if they are confounded with these Pasiegos. The latter also rear cattle, but, somewhat like the Vaqueros of Western Asturia, they wander about a good deal in search of pasture-grounds and water. Their diet consists chiefly of milk (called by them *mozizu*) and whey, the cream being turned into butter. Hams are despised, but cooked pork is eaten. They are very independent, and do not hire themselves out as servants in any capacity, but travel over a great part of Spain, hawking trousers and other articles of dress, cheap ornaments and the like, by which means, owing to their business-like ways and shrewd bargaining, they make considerable profits. Many a Pasiego has established a shop in the various villages and towns of Santander and has become a well-to-do citizen. The women of the country are much in request as wet-nurses in the neighbouring provinces.

The Sunday dress of the peasants is very becoming. A

short, dark jacket, one or two waistcoats, the inner one white, like the collared shirt, the outer of dark cloth and ornamented with several rows of silver buttons; a black, brown, red, or blue sash, called *la faja* or *el ceñidor*, wound in many coils around the waist; trousers, *bragas*, down to the knee, embroidered on the sides, and tied below the knee over the white stockings with coloured or white ribbons. The footgear consists of cloth shoes with hempen-plaited soles. A yellow and red handkerchief is wound round the head, unless the *boina* or flat cap of the Basques is worn. A long, stout stick, or rather pole, *palancu* is the never-failing accompaniment of the swift-footed Pasiego. In the winter they are said to wear long white cloaks, called *capiruzas*.

The women's dress is still more attractive. A short jacket of dark cloth, richly embroidered round the edge and on the cuffs. A brightly-coloured bodice, often richly embroidered; around the neck and over the collarless shirt strings of coloured glass beads; on the head a handkerchief. Over the thickly-gathered petticoat of scarlet flannel, which makes the hips appear unduly broad, is put a short *saya*, likewise much plaited, and over all is a wide apron. Blue stockings and the plaited *alpargatas* or *chapines* complete the footgear. The silver or gilt earrings are called *arracadas*. The women carry nothing in their hands, but children or anything else are placed in the *cuévano*, a large plaited basket, which is slung on the back by two large loops, through which the arms are passed.

CHAPTER XV

OX-CARTS AND DIFFERENT MODES OF YOKING

THE ox-cart is a ponderous thing, but very simple in structure. It consist of the platform with pole, an axle, and two wheels. Everything is made of wood, with the exception of the iron tyres and the necessary nails. The platform is composed of five or seven beams, of which the middle one is continued forwards as the pole or rather tree. The outermost pair of beams or planks is the shortest, the inner pairs increase in length towards the front, while they are cut off square behind. Consequently the whole platform is rather triangular. At least this is its shape in Galicia and in the western half of the mountainous districts. In other provinces the platform is more or less oblong, square in front and behind.

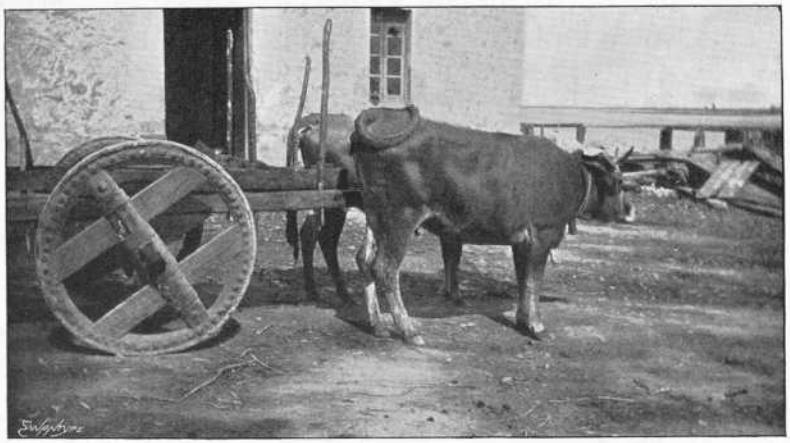
From eight to ten holes are bored in the outer beams, into which are inserted stout uprights, to prevent the load from falling off; sometimes rough wickerwork is plaited in between the uprights.

The carts of the peasants in the mountains bordering on the Liebana, for instance at Tanarrio, are very long, narrow, and low, and well adapted to the narrow tracks of that rocky district.

Again, in other parts, more especially in the plains and on the high roads, we have met with a peculiar modification of cart. The platform is long and triangular, and carries a

permanent superstructure, which is continued forwards halfway over the oxen, who walk under a sort of awning upon which goods are stored, and this extension or awning is supported in front by an upright, which rises from the middle of the pole, almost on a level with the shoulders of the animals.

The most noteworthy parts of every cart are, however, the axle and the wheels. The latter are made of very thick



Asturian Ox-cart.

wood, but curiously enough often with very narrow tyres, sometimes scarcely an inch in width, and they are immovably fixed to the axle, which itself turns upon a pair of logs, which project downward from the platform. The pattern of the wheels varies considerably according to the custom of the various provinces. A few samples are shown in the illustrations (see pp. 125, 273, 274, 277).

Except in some of the towns, where law compels the use of grease, the axles are never lubricated, with the result that a heavily laden cart makes the most awful squeaking, squealing, creaking, croaking, howling noise.

Let us draw a little picture as it presents itself vividly

to our recollection. We are riding along a hilly, dusty road; the heat of the day is over, and we enjoy the scenery; rich verdant meadows below us, carefully irrigated by the abundant rivulets which help to swell the trout stream deep down in the valley. On our right and above us are groves of huge chestnut and walnut trees; here and there are the lovely yellow, red, or white Cistus, interspersed with thyme, heath and heather, pinks, brambles, smilax, and bracken. Nature is wide awake. Grasshoppers, locusts, and cicadas chirp in shrill concert; a jay is calling its mate; in the meadow is

Ox-cart in the Vierzo.

a quail, and on the rocks the beautiful red-legged partridges utter their sharp but melodious call-notes. These are pleasant familiar sounds, in spite of which a peaceful quietude seems to prevail. But what is that? From somewhere far distant comes a queer humming, drumming, singing sound. We are half conscious of having noticed it already for some minutes, but now it has stopped. No, there it is again, and much stronger. Bagpipes? But what a lot of them. We turn the corner of the road, and behold two ox-carts, laden with stones. By the time they have approached within a dozen yards of us their droning, dinning, grinding noise completely drowns our voice, and certain choice notes send hot and cold

shivers up and down our backs. The road is narrow, and we shall have to pass this pandemonium at close quarters, but a slight touch upon the horns of the oxen by the drivers, one or two more squeaks, almost melodious because they are single sounds, and the sudden stillness becomes almost painful.

These creaking carts have their advantages. They never break, at least I have never seen a broken one, and in narrow lanes the noise gives ample warning of another cart coming from the opposite direction. This would be a reasonable explanation, but the people themselves give others. They either say that the oxen like the music, or that the noise drives away the devil, and in a superstitious country this is an advantage not to be trifled with, especially at night on a lonely road. Last but not least, a reason never given, but implied, is laziness and custom. Why should they go to the trouble and expense of greasing their carts considering that they have managed without doing so for the last two thousand years? Even the Roman poets made fun of the *fremitus lusitanicus*, the Lusitanian creaking.

The chief differences in the mode of *yoking the oxen* depend upon the parts by which the animals are intended to draw, —by the head, by the shoulders, or by the wither.

In the Province of Tras os Montes

Near the front end of the pole is a wooden pin, or a notch, around which the cross-bar is secured by means of a few turns of an untanned thong of hide. The cross-bar is a stout roundish piece of wood, which is rather longer than the distance from the left ear of the near ox to the right ear of the other. Each ox is furnished with a big bolster of leather, which rests upon the head between and behind the horns. A long thong is passed in

several turns round the root of the left horn and the cross-bar, then across the front portion of the bolster, and next in several turns round the right horn, and again round the bar. The latter rests firmly behind the horns, and the oxen cannot move their heads independently. But the neck and the rest of the body are entirely free, and the beast draws solely by its head.

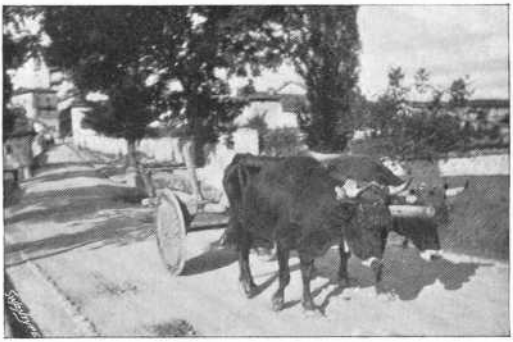
When the oxen are in motion the pole is slightly slanting upwards, the oxen lower their heads a little, and the strain goes exactly in the line of the vertebræ of the neck; it coincides with the straight line of the neck of a charging bull. This is a very sensible plan, and there are no sore places caused by pressure or rubbing, especially since a thick flap of the upper part of the bolster extends over the occiput. The horns are short, the two animals scarcely touching each other.

At Burbia and in other Places of the Western Part of the Asturian Mountains

The oxen are yoked in a similar way, but instead of the neat bolster, which is absent, a long and broad thong of hide is slung in turns of eight round the horns and the bar. A ragged flap of a skin, with the hair outside, either the skin of a badger, sheep, or goat, or occasionally rags of coarse cloth, are laid over the head to keep it dry. Tassels or strips of leather overhang the forehead, as a protection against the flies. The cross-bar is not firmly tied to the pole, and rests against a big wooden pin. The most western place where we have met with this arrangement is Becerrea. From this village westwards another custom of yoking prevails.

The usual plan adopted in the provinces of Asturia, Leon, Santander, and the Basque countries, is the one just described, with slight modifications. For instance, the cross-bar may

have two slight curves, and the middle part may be somewhat thickened in consequence of the prevailing fancy of fastening it to the pole; or, especially in the Basque countries, the cross-pole is a little shorter than elsewhere, and ends in two short projections to enable it to be more easily tied on. Fancy reigns supreme in the red, blue, or black colour, and in the shape of the tassels over the forehead and eyes. In some



Basque Ox-cart.

districts a hairy skin protects the forehead, in others the skin is tanned and hairless, or a thick mass of woolly fleece takes its place.

In Central and Western Galicia

The pole either possesses a big wooden pin, or its front portion is curved upwards and the bar rests against the prominent portion of the bend, or against a knob of the pole. The bar is not straight, but is depressed in the middle, with a curve at each arm, which fits on to the neck of the animal. The neck is enclosed in a wooden frame which resembles a capital Latin A. The shanks of the A flank the sides of the neck, the narrow triangular part rests on the neck, and the two lower ends of the shanks are connected with each other by a twisted strap of hide, which, when the ox is in motion, interferes with its dewlap, and occasionally half throttles it by

pressing too firmly against the throat. The wooden A frame is secured by thongs to the cross-bar, and rests almost entirely against the shoulders, by which the beasts pull the cart. The cross-bar is moreover fastened to the horns, but naturally by long straps, about a foot in length, owing to the position of the frame so far back. This arrangement is awkward on a steep declivity, as then the cart and pole push forward and there is no provision made for checking it. It is almost needless to state that brakes and other arrangements for arresting the downward course are absent, but stones are put under the wheels, and the best safeguard is after all the sturdy temper of the oxen.

In the Portuguese Province Entre Rios

The cross-bar is a plank of wood, about two inches thick and often twelve inches high. It rests by its own weight upon the necks of the oxen, in front of the shoulders. This arrangement is liable to cause sores and swellings at the root of the neck, and this danger is greatest in wet weather. The skin is often of an enormous thickness owing to the constant pressure, but on rainy days it easily gets inflamed, especially when the hair has been rubbed off.

These high cross-bars or planks lend themselves by their shape to ornamentation. The simplest consists of a row of tufts of bristles let into the top edge. A higher state of artistic taste produces the carved bar, and often exquisitely carved specimens are met with, regular pieces of art often of the most elaborate and neatest design. Surface carving—leaves, tendrils, and branches are worked out, or else the plank is fretted, and in order to allow free scope to the artist, though partly to counteract the weakening which actually results from this over-carving, its height is increased. A well-seasoned, well-worn, and therefore easy-fitting yoke is a valuable article in itself. The finer specimens are handed

down as heirlooms from generation to generation, and, with rare exceptions, the proud owner will not part with them for love or money. Some of these bars can be traced back to the artistic times of King Manuel.

It is a pretty sight to see the dozens and dozens of ox-carts drawn up before the Custom-house of Oporto. Every board has its own design, in infinite variety. The oxen of the Porto district have enormous horns. The tip of the right horn of the near ox reaches well to the middle of the left horn of his mate. Consequently the inner horns are crossed, and it is an important point for each ox that his horn should cross that of his mate in front, and not behind, as he then enjoys more freedom for his head. This causes endless quarrels, since the other ox is sure, by a deft jerk of the head, to try at least to shift his head to the front.

Sometimes the tip of the horn is pierced through, and has a short strap attached to it, by which the ox is caught when required to be harnessed. A well-trained pair of oxen comes to a stand-still immediately their horns are touched slightly by the hand. It is customary for the driver to do this when a man on horseback passes the cart, and this is a very desirable precaution, when, in a narrow lane, the horse is fidgety and the owners of the long horns are also a little restive. There is often not much space to spare, as the horns are of greater width than the whole cart.

The oxen are guided by means of a stick, which is about six feet in length, and is provided with a short iron spike, which by law and custom must be no longer than the hide is thick. The proper place for the "driver" is some yards in front of the oxen, and the slightest touch with the rod upon the back, flanks, or hindquarters, shoulder, neck, or horns, is sufficient to urge the pair onwards, to direct it to the right or left, or to stop it. When the road is difficult, and often it is nothing but the incredibly rough dry bed of a stream, or worse than

this, when the road has ages ago been paved with huge stones, many of which have been washed away by the rain-water which takes a delight in following the slopes of the village street—then the guiding-rod fails in spite of its spike, and a good driver resorts to his power of persuasion. This does not mean strong language, which would be utterly wasted on the oxen, nor are they beaten or prodded. On the contrary, they are coaxed by all sorts and variations of unearthly sounds, such as, *ooh, eeh, aah,* or by the same sounds pronounced very rapidly. Every half-minute the pair is told to stand still, when the cart is near capsizing, or in imminent danger of being jammed between the stones. Then a slight touch on the back of the near ox, a double touch on the right hindquarter of the right ox, and the cart passes that point in safety, a feat which horses would not or could not have managed!

It is a strange sight to see a cart, heavily laden with corn, being dragged up the steep slope of a field in the mountains. Two men perhaps support the load, which has an ominous list, a third looks after the oxen; all the men shout, scream, and gesticulate to each other and to the beasts, and in front of all a tiny boy pulls with all his might by a leather strap fastened to the horns of the oxen, in order to guide and to encourage them. On they go, step by step, with their bellies almost on the ground, until with heaving flanks and blood-shot eyes they have to stop for breath. The little boy, however, will go on tugging and tugging until he finds out that he really cannot pull cart and oxen against their will.

CHAPTER XVI

A VISIT TO THE DOLMEN OF ÁLAVA

WE had heard and read of Dolmen in the Basque provinces, and finding ourselves in large, bustling, noisy Bilbao, we stopped only long enough to gather some information from the polite officials of the Institute of Mines, who through their surveying were naturally well acquainted with the country. Moreover, they were able to tell us what we should have to ask for when dependent upon the peasants. Our inquiries after dolmen, cromlechs, stone-tables, and old sepulchres had hitherto been futile; the same applied to faithful graphic representations of Welsh dolmen, and on several occasions we had been to a wild-goose chase after what ultimately proved to be a cave or a natural heap of boulders. The proper things to ask for are *sepulturas de los Gentiles*, or *casas de brujas*—witches' houses.

We took train to Suazo, a station on the rail from Bilbao to Miranda del Ebro. From the hills around Bilbao, with their enormous wealth of iron ore, the railway ascends the river Nervion, all the way up to its source near Orduña, a town which lies in an upper valley. This is surrounded by the high ground of the Upper Cretaceous period, hills which, as the Sierra Salvada, Peña de Gorbea, Sierras de Arlaban and Aralar, form the connecting-link between the Cantabrian chain and the continuation of the Pyrenees near

Roncesvalles, the place famous through Roland's fabled rescue of Charlemagne on his defeat by the Basques.

At Orduña the railway turns again due north and begins to climb the plateau and watershed, which is reached near Lezama, and there after a sharp curve of more than a dozen miles in length we seem to be exactly at the same spot, but some 700 feet higher. The banks of the valley are full of stone-oak and evergreen oak, chestnuts and beeches; the chestnuts disappear, the evergreen oak grows scarce, until the plateau, about 1800 feet above sea-level, is studded with beeches, bracken, heather, hawthorn, and clematis. Then the descent begins, and the railway follows the valley of Cuartango, watered by the Bayas, a little stream, soon to become a river, which near Miranda joins the mightier Ebro. Ibaya signifies river in Basque. At Suazo the river enters a defile, now called La Techa, a corruption of *atecha*, a Basque term meaning a gorge. There is also an Atheca a little to the east of the pass of Roncesvalles.

Suazo is a village, with a bathing establishment and a corresponding inn of some pretensions, but the driver of the cura, who obligingly gave us a lift, confided to us that the cook had already left that very day, and that the place was to be shut up on the morrow, the first of October being the end of the season. We were lucky enough to get accommodation in a small roadside inn, kept by one Melquiades Angúlo and his daughter Florencia.

After they had taken our measure, Angúlo quietly said that we were welcome, and that they could make us comfortable, provided we were content with a small room and plain food. The house was fairly clean, and the people were still more attractive. They were Basques, but spoke Castilian, the Basque language having nearly died out in the province of Álava, except in the more remote villages of the mountains.

The difference between Basques and other Spaniards is

striking, not only physically, but mentally. The Basques are clean, quiet, and business-like, not profuse in their speech, and they stick to a promise when this is once given. Other Spaniards think them morose, as they are people of few words, rather peppery when contradicted unnecessarily and only for

Melquiades and Florencia Angúlo.

talking's sake, and they will stand no nonsense. Whilst it is the universal custom in the surrounding Spanish provinces for every peasant, be it man, woman, or child, to greet you with a polite phrase, the incessant *buenos dias, buenas tardes, vayan Ustedes con Dios,* etc., becoming monotonous and purposeless in the long run, the Basques pass by without any salutation. Instead of profuse recognition when meeting a

former employer, in whose mines or other establishments they have worked perhaps for years, and then, after typical Spanish fashion, inquiring after his own health and that of every member of his family, the Basques pass by without a word; the former business is over, but he has no objection to enter into a new contract. Wherever there is, in a typical Spanish town, an inn or hotel run by a Basque, that house is the one to make for; not only is it cleaner and more orderly, but ten to one the landlord will not mind going out of his way to help his guest. In this respect he is to a certain extent in a more favourable position, as he is himself a stranger in the place, and not in league with the natives.

After supper, which was served in an adjoining room upstairs, our host came to ask permission to take his own supper there with a friend to be out of the way of the noise and bustle in the ordinary room downstairs, which was full of working men and others who had returned from marketing. This was a splendid chance of getting local information, and when he heard that we were in search of *sepulturas* and old stone monuments, he at once nodded and said: "I will take you to them to-morrow; there are more than you think. You call them by a funny name. Let me see, dol- . . . dol- . . . there is something about stones in the name; we say *mendi* in Euskara; *dolmendi?* No, *dolmenes* you call them." By good luck our host happened to be the very man who had accompanied some Spanish archæologists when the monuments in question had been discovered during the construction of the railway.

Then the talk drifted on to other matters. We told them that we had seen their young king in San Sebastian, where he was bathing with the Queen Regent, and what a bright little fellow he looked. This led to political talk. At heart the Basque peasants are all Carlists, but only in a way not generally understood. They call themselves *Carlistas*, not

on account of Don Carlos, who never had many personal admirers, but rather in default of a better name. If there is any form of Government they hate it is a Republic. They want a king, but a real one, *un rey asoluto,* not one hampered by a Constitution and a Parliament. And herein lies the key to the secret. The Cortes, be their parties Monarchical or Republican, Conservative or Liberal, or hair-brained Socialists, are essentially Spanish, and the Basque element will always be in the minority.

The Basques, whether herdsmen in the mountains or fishermen on the coast (they were famous whalers in the Middle Ages), had always an indomitable spirit of freedom. Pompeius in the year 74 B.C. founded the town of Pompejopolis, the present Pampelona, which the Basques have modified into Prun; but the Vascones, as they were then called, were not subjugated, although kept quiet, even when in Augustus' time the last of the troublesome Cantabri had submitted. The Basque provinces remained, and to a certain extent still remain, the only districts in all Spain where the Roman language made no headway whatever. They held out against Suevians and Visigoths until, according to the ecclesiast and historian Gregorius of Tours, about the year 580, Leovigild routed and crushed them utterly, and drove a great portion of Basque-speaking people into the south of France, where they are still living as the Gascones. In commemoration of this feat the Visigoths founded Victoriacum, the present Vitoria, a place so well chosen for strategical purposes, that it is still, or was until a few years ago, the headquarters of the *Ejercito del Norte,* with a view to possible disturbances. The Arabs and Moors never entered the Basque provinces, but gave them a wide berth, even when they made their dash into France as far as Poitiers.

Counts rose to power, and about the year 720 the Basque countries were consolidated into the kingdom of Navarra,

which ultimately, after many splits and vicissitudes, became part of the kingdom of Spain.

In 1394 were instituted the famous *fueros* (from the Latin *forum*) or assemblies for executing their codes of law. Each province had its own *fuero;* that of Viscaya met under the old oak of Zurinica, near Durango; that of Álava in the plain of Arriaga, near Vitoria, also under the open sky; but that of Guipuzcoa assembled in towns. These *fueros*, which gave the Basques absolute autonomy and home-rule, went on without interruption for 400 years, until in 1805 they were somewhat limited. When, in 1832, they were abolished by the Cortes, the Basques rose in the following year against the newly proclaimed constitution, and they did this with so much effect that the *fueros* had to be reinstated. The last time was in 1844, but they were not entirely respected. In the meantime the Spanish Government, chiefly owing to Espartero's exertions, had disestablished the customs of import and export which existed not only between these provinces and the rest of Spain, but between the several Basque provinces themselves. The *fueros* were done away with in 1876 after the last Carlist war. The Basques are now liable to military service; there is no longer a Customs barrier to shut them off from the rest of Spain; they have now the same criminal and civil law, but they have retained a certain administrative autonomy or home-rule in the four provinces, and also a considerable amount of commercial liberties.

As the threatened conscription has been ostensibly given as one of the chief reasons of the revolt, the oft-heard remark is true that the Basques always fought for their right not to have to fight.

A proof that the Carlist idea was quite a secondary consideration is afforded by Bilbao, the very place which the last Don Carlos tried so hard to make his capital. Bilbao[1]

[1] *Belvao*, in Basque pronunciation, was built in 1300 on the site of the old

never threw in its lot with the Carlists and the Basque provinces; it was besieged twice by them—in 1836 by the famous Zumala-carregui, and again in 1873. As the town, in spite of the very weak garrison, stood so heroically by the Government, and was never taken, it has the honorary term *La invicta* bestowed upon it. Trade within the last twenty years has made enormous strides in these Basque provinces, but that applies only to mines and to the towns. The heart of the country people still loves the symbol of the three joined hands with the motto *irur ac bat* = three are one—a sort of *tres in uno,* with reference to the three provinces—Viscaya, Guipuzcoa, and Álava. And the people still sum up their political creed in the words: *Dios, Patria y Rey.* Not exactly the cry you would expect in a so-called hotbed of revolution.

Physically, the Basques belong to the taller half of the peoples of Spain, the Basque soldier measuring on the average 1·625 metres like the Leonese, while the Catalanos are appreciably taller, averaging 1·636; Asturianos and Andaluzes are a little shorter, just under 1·62; then follow the Castilians of Central Spain, and lastly the Gallegos, who, with an average of only 1·600 meters, are the shortest of all.

The Basques do not present a uniform type. Statistically, it has been found out that about 40 per cent have blue eyes and 20 per cent brown eyes. The blue-eyed people have mostly blond, often light blond and smooth hair, are long-headed, and possess well-grown, high-backed noses. Their gait is upright, with square shoulders, although the neck is not short; the limbs are strong. The type is most common in Viscaya and in Álava, extending thence into Aragon. Guipuzcoa contains a mixture; the people are perhaps a little shorter, darker, and more round-headed, approaching in

Flaviobriga, and received the name of *Bellum vadum* = pretty ford, hence *bilbaum* and *bilbao;* the natives are called Bilbainos.

appearance the Basque-speaking people of France, who are decidedly brown-eyed and essentially round-headed, with dark hair slightly curled.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that there are also any amount of mixtures of these two types, to say nothing of the narrow and long-faced, long-armed, town-bred Castilians. The measurements of skulls, and nothing but skulls, procured from the hospitals of towns like San Sebastian or St. Jean de Luz, are of no value, and they only confuse the matter.

What are then the striking features among the Spanish Basque population? Undoubtedly those, which, although not universal, are chiefly met there, while they are rare in the neighbouring provinces, and these are all the more easily recognised as peculiar. Spaniards often spoke of *el tipo vasco* as unmistakable, and indeed the solitary Basques in the provinces of Santander and Leon appeared all curiously alike to our inexperienced eyes, different from the surrounding majority, and we almost imagined that we could draw such faces and heads from memory; but when we stayed in Basque-land that image soon became disturbed, swamped by the individual features. This is a well-known experience. The few Japanese or Chinese whom we see in Europe seem individually indistinguishable from each other, and the shepherd, as well as his dog, knows every single sheep of his flock.

However, to return to *el tipo vasco.* The broad and square forehead (not necessarily strong supraorbital ridges) overhangs or overshadows the deeply set eyes; the face, or rather the part of the forehead between the eyes and the nose, has a serious expression, as if the person were suffering from a severe headache, especially brow-ache. The cheek bones are rather broad, and the lower half of the face narrows rapidly towards the pointed chin. Such a face or head is often powerful, but it is not heavy. The *sepulturas de los*

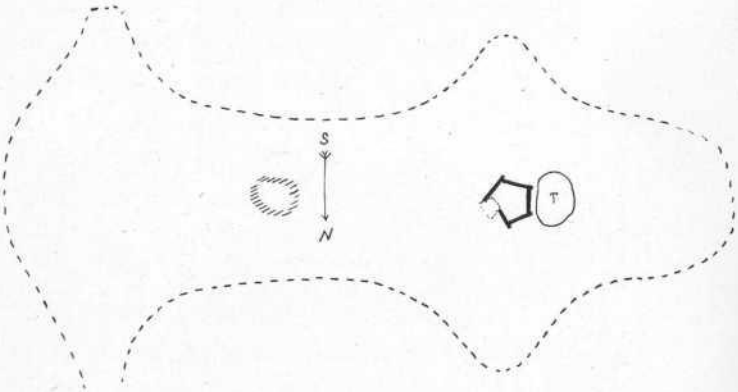
gentiles are situated some two or three miles to the north of Suazo, close to the railway, and to the west of the villages of Cataziano and Tortura. They stand in the middle of a wide basin which is closed on the western side by high and abrupt cliffs. The basin is in fact a wide trap, which is entered on the north by a defile in the Sierra de Anda, and on the south by the so-called Techa or Angostura mentioned above. The graves are not dolmen in the proper sense, but they belong to

Burial Mound near Suazo.

the class of long burrows, earth tumuli containing burial chambers made of stone slabs. Several of the mounds were opened years ago by the owners of the ground who lived at Anda. They searched for treasures which they did not find, and the few metal implements which they are said to have carried away seem to have been lost. The father and the son, who explored, are dead.

The number of tumuli is considerable; some are larger than others; they all look east to west with their long axis; some stand in clusters, while others are separated from the rest. The most southern one lies half an hour's walk from the chief

burial field. One of the largest is about 30 yards long and 8 yards wide in the middle, standing with its even top 10 feet above the flat ground. Near the western end is a grave, an irregular chamber 3 feet wide from east to west and 6 feet long from north to south; it is composed of seven natural stone slabs, six of which form the vertical walls, are from 6 to 18 inches thick, and still stand, with one exception, in their original position. The top was closed by a big slab, now removed, 2 feet in thickness, in the shape of an irregular

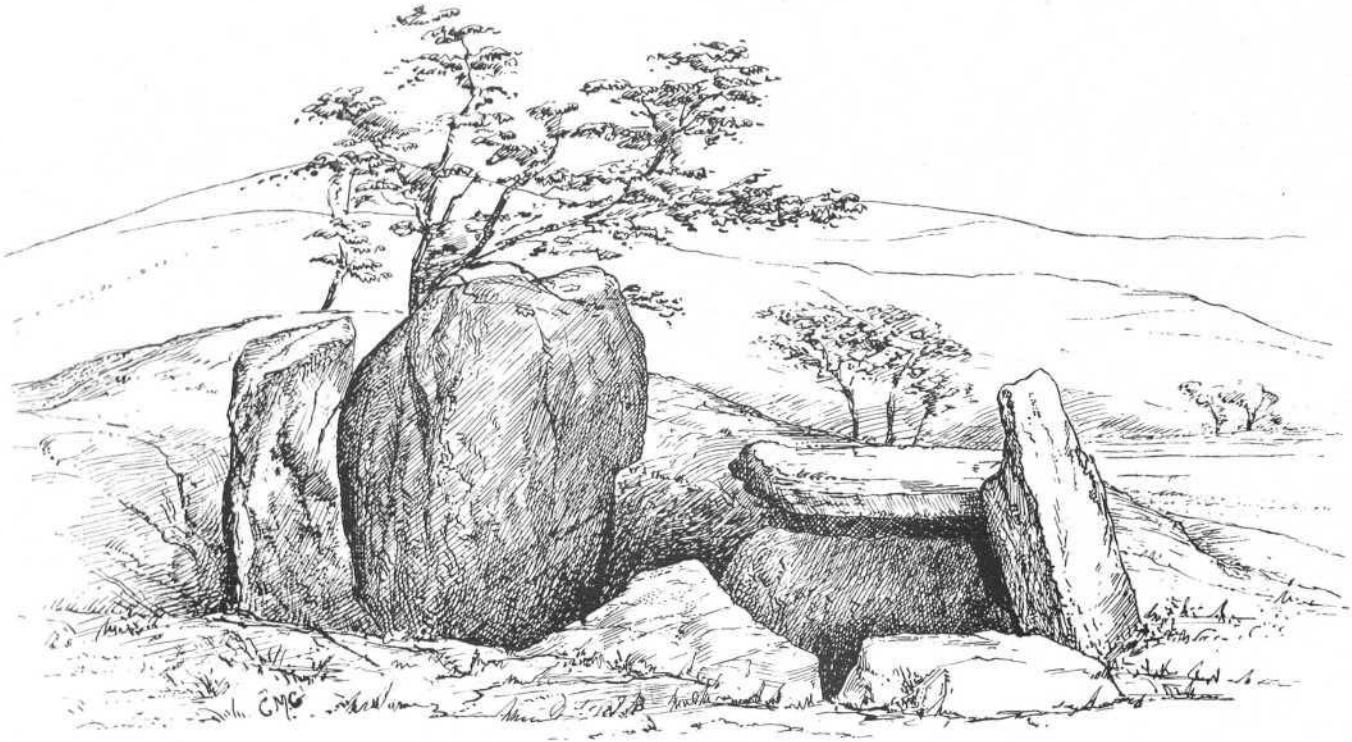


Plan of the Mound figured on p. 289.—T = Top slab.

square of 6 to 8 feet. All these stones are of the black marble which is quarried one or two miles farther north, near Anda. This grave contained skeletons, the bones of which were now all huddled together in one heap and much broken; they belonged to at least four different people, one of them a woman.

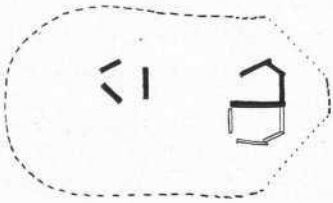
The whole tumulus must originally have been much higher than it is now, to judge from the amount of soil which forms four arms projecting from the level of the grave and from a corresponding spot nearer the east, where a deep hole had been dug.

Most of the other tumuli are now scarcely 6 to 8 feet high. One of them, about 17 yards long and 9 yards wide,



MOUND AND SEPULCHRE NEAR SUAZO

contains two sets of stone chambers, and must have held a great number of bodies, as baskets full of broken bones could easily be gathered on and around the mounds, the sides of which are now gradually encroached upon by ploughing.



Plan of Stone-chambers in a Burial Mound.

Most of these graves, of which at least twenty are still intact, while others are in process of being levelled down by the plough, are arranged in rows, which, like the tumuli themselves, run from east to west, parallel with each other.

There is no tradition whatever connected with them, and history is equally silent. Still it is with some show of probability that we can assign time and circumstances to these mounds. They are graves and nothing but graves; they each held not one but more, often many, bodies; they were not constructed in a hurry, but carefully, after a principle; they do not form a circumscribed cemetery, but extend over a wide field, some of them standing at a considerable distance from the rest. All these considerations point to a battle and to the tumuli having been constructed by the victors. Any one who inspects this trap-like widening portion of the valley, with a defile at either end, will find that he looks at a field made for a battle.

But who were the performers? The victors were certainly not the Basques, as they were not in the habit of burying their dead in such a fashion in the Bronze Age; and near Vitoria, where Leovigild is said to have routed the Basques, there are no such graves. Nor did the Visigoths leave any such tumuli behind them, although they ruled nearly the whole Peninsula for several hundred years. Romans and Arabs are not to be thought of. There remain only either the Kelts, who are said to have entered this part of the

country about 500 years B.C., *or* the Suevi, who broke into Spain nearly one thousand years later. The state of preservation of the bones is such that an age of 2400 years cannot well be assigned to them, while their condition agrees better with an age of 1500 years. The Suevi can well be held responsible for these graves, especially as such "Reihengraeber" are characteristic of the so-called age of the people's migration; Reihengraeber, dating from about the fifth century, are extremely common in Suebia, and can be traced westwards into and through France, and it appears that, when these people were Christianised, they gave up this mode of burial. It is curious that a village, within sight of this battlefield, should be called Tortura (bend, or torture), while Echávarri, Anda, and Cataziano are so purely Basque.

Near Vitoria, between the little villages of Betoño and Durango, are two tumuli, each of which contains a dolmen similar to the one of Eguilaz, a description of which will be given further on. The most interesting fact in connection with these two dolmen, however, is that they have each an individual name. The larger one is called Capela-mendi, the other is known as Euscal-mendi.

S^r^. Becerro Bengoa of Vitoria searched the latter mound in 1879, and found therein a great number of skeletons which were arranged in three rows, each separated by small slabs of stones. Spanish antiquarians are of the opinion that dolmen were constructed by the Kelts, and S^r^. Becerro considers the names of these two mounds, with the dolmen inside, as an undeniable proof that there was fought a battle between the victorious Kelts and the vanquished Basques, the slain of each nation being buried in a separate mound. He translated Euscal-mendi quite correctly as "mound of the Basques," Capela-mendi, however, as "mound of the Kelts." About the meaning of *mendi* there can be no doubt. *Men*, *mendi* or *mendia* is one of the many words

which in Basque mean stone, hill, or elevation, and it is probable that this word, or at least *men*, has been borrowed by the Kelts from the Basque; but to dissolve *mendi* into the Keltic *men-di* (in Welsh *maen du* = black stone, and therefore meaning *monte sepulcral*), is carrying the matter a little too far in the attempt to prove the Keltic origin of the whole name. That Capel must mean Gaël or Kelta is also not beyond doubt, but it is possible. On the southern precipitous spur of the Sierra de Arlaban, three miles

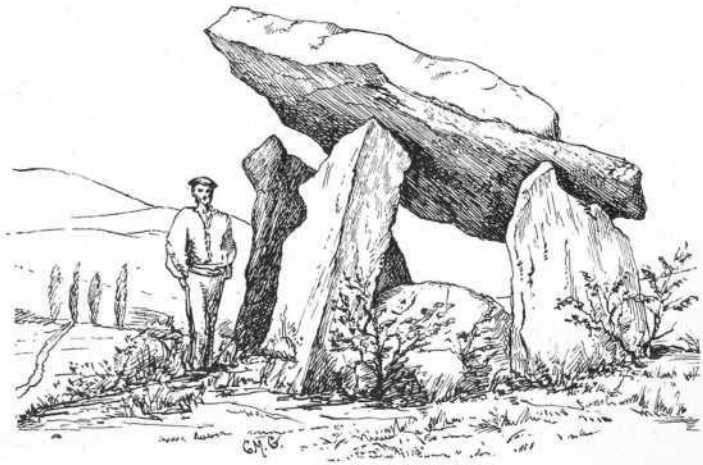
Salvatierra.

east of Salvatierra, opposite the village of Eguilaz, stands a high, lonely tower, constructed of natural, unhewn stones. It is called Capel dui, and this is supposed to mean *alto Kelta*.

Salvatierra is a small, nice town, on a slight elevation, in the middle of the long wide plain through which flows the Zadorra, a tributary of the Ebro. This plain is a notorious battle-ground, owing to its position between two long ranges of mountains which run from east to west. Two of the battles fought there are historical,—first, the rout of the Basques by Leovigild; secondly, the last battle fought by Sir

Arthur Wellesley in Spain, a little to the south-west of Vitoria. Other engagements are indicated by the many mounds and dolmen, only they have not found a historian to hand them down to posterity.

A little more than a mile from Salvatierra and due south from the town, stands a large and beautiful dolmen, called "el dolmen de Arrizala" by Spanish antiquarians, and according to some of them known locally by the Basque term of *sorgineche*, which means "witches' house." This word

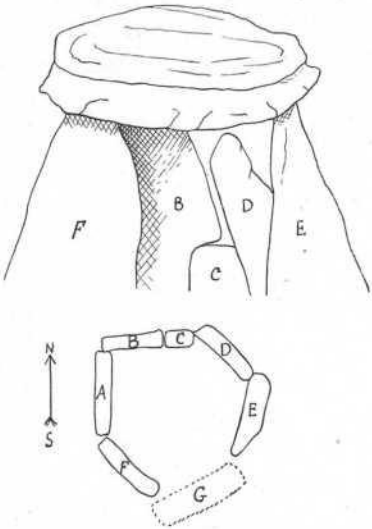


The Dolmen of Arrizala, near Salvatierra—West View.

by itself is interesting, as the Basques have or had no belief in witches, and they have taken both the notion and the word from the French, *sorgin* being a corruption of *sorcier*. Not much Basque is now spoken in Salvatierra, the very name of which means "claimed or gained country," and so it came to pass that our often repeated inquiries after *sorgineche* were answered with *no hay d'esos aqui*, here are none of that kind,—until the stationmaster put us on the right track.

The dolmen *la casita de las brujas*, the little witches' house, stands quite alone in a field, on slightly rising ground,

and is of fine proportions. Five huge slabs and stones, one of which has fallen down and blocks the south side, support one huge slab a foot and a half in thickness, which lies in a slanting position, with the upper edge 10 feet above the ground. The heavy slabs and unhewn natural blocks came from the slopes of the Sierra de Anda.



South View and Plan of the Dolmen of Arrizala.

In the neighbourhood are remnants of two other dolmen, one of them a little farther up towards the south-east. Several enormous mounds which rise out of the gently-sloping fields are very suggestive. Their height is difficult to calculate—it may be 30, or it may be 50 feet—on account of the circumference of these mounds, which are now gradually becoming part of the ploughed fields, the plough even passing over, or nearly over, their tops. They are in fact enormous mounds, and that they are artificial is practically certain, because of their shape and position in the broad valley of cretaceous formation. Natural knolls, or sandhills, due to glacial action, are out of the question, just as much as the explanation vouchsafed by the stationmaster that these *monticulos* are little volcanoes. There are several more of such mounds in this valley, a little to the east of the village of Eguilaz, some of them even more striking and as conspicuous as the largest mounds on Salisbury Plain. A properly conducted exploration would not be difficult, provided the owners of the land were indemnified and

appeased by the promise of a share in the treasures of gold to be found.

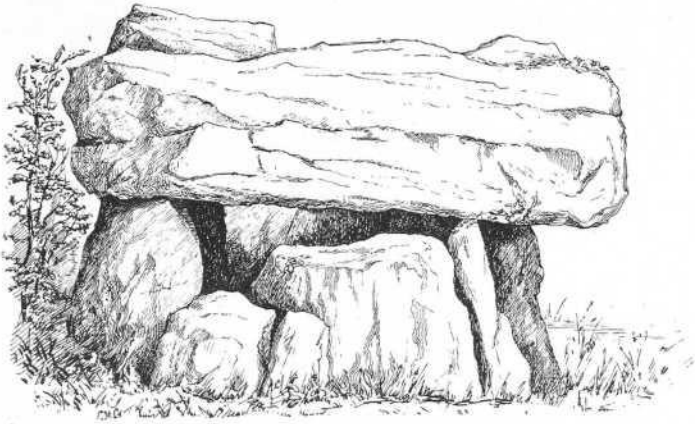
On the next morning we followed the road which runs parallel with the railway to Alsasua, in search of the dolmen of Eguilaz. We had been told that we could not miss it a few hundred yards outside the western end of the village, close to the road, on the left hand. Eguilaz is only about three miles from Salvatierra. We walked on, but except some big mounds to the south, almost bordering the village, we found nothing, and no questioning of the labourers along the road was of any avail. We therefore made for the Cura.

First of all he took us to his house, to give us a shelter from the rain. On the beam over the house door is a legend, in letters of iron, three inches in length, "Ave Maria purissima." The two differently shaped R's are rather unusual. The old priest conducted us to the mound and dolmen, which we had passed within a dozen yards, close to the road which just there happens to rise a little. The mound stands exactly on the watershed between the Zadorra and the Arga, both small tributaries of the Ebro, the Arga flowing eastwards towards Pamplona. The mound is round, with a diameter of about 150 feet. On the east side it rises abruptly to a height of 7 feet above the field, and then slopes gently upwards towards the middle, another 6 to 8 feet. On the west it gradually passes into the surrounding ploughed field. The centre contains the dolmen, the top slab of which lies some 3 feet below the summit of the whole earthwork.

ABMAYIAPVMISIMA

Nobody had suspected anything particular in connection with this mound (although a tall stone-cross had been erected on its southern rim) until about seventy years ago, when the road was being constructed, the labourers observed a dog digging at a rat's or rabbit's hole. One of the men returned

in the night, enlarged the hole, crept in and was found crushed to death by one of the stones, which had fallen upon him. This *desgracia* or accident led to a search of the structure, which yielded "two skeletons and various implements of some metal." Later on a properly conducted exploration was made. The whole dolmen was laid open, and was found to be filled to the height of 5 feet with



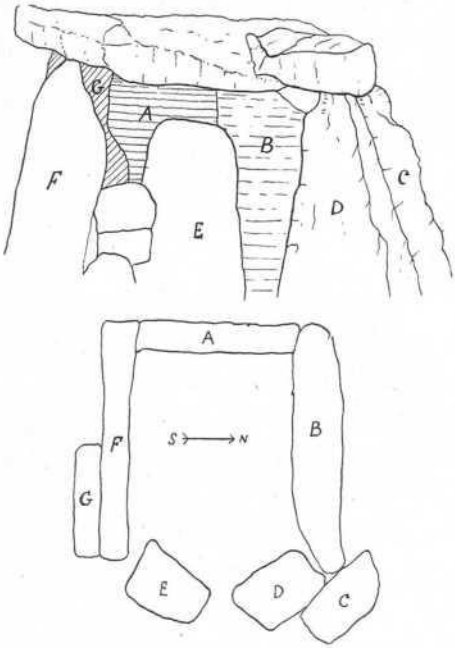
The Dolmen of Eguilaz—West View.

human skeletons, together with two lance-heads and a spike of copper.

Now the whole imposing dolmen is exposed to view; it is of course sunk into the mound which surrounds it like a big earthwall. The bottom of the dolmen is level with the field; the top slab was originally covered with several feet of soil.

The inside of the dolmen is nearly square, 6 to 7 feet wide, and of the same height. Its longer axis lies strictly east to west. The northern, western, and southern walls are each formed by one huge slab; the northern one is a piece of yellow sandstone (10 to 12 feet long, 8 feet high, and 2 feet thick) carried there from the Monte Araz, where the tower Capel dui stands. The southern stone is from 12 to 14 feet in length and 9 feet high; part of it is now cracked. The east

side is blocked by two pillars 9 feet high and 2 feet thick, with a gap or entrance of 18 inches between them. A similar pillar stands against the outer, north-eastern corner. The top is closed by a mighty slab, which measures at least 12 feet by 8, and from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness, besides a big piece



East View and Plan of the Dolmen of Eguilaz.

which rests upon the north-eastern corner, and is most likely a portion of the big coping stone cracked off.

A List of Dolmen and similar Prehistoric Remains in Spain and Portugal

1. Dolmen of Eguilaz.
2. ,, Salvatierra.
3. Euskal-mendi and Capelamendi of Vitoria.
4. Sepulturas de los gentiles, near Suazo.
5. A little church, on a mound at Cangas de Oniz, has been built over a dolmen.

6. Near Betanzos, several dolmen. Probably more in various parts of Western and Northern Galicia.
7. Monte de Brabanza ; many dolmen.
8. Near Carracedo, west of Braganza ; according to Vilhena Barboza not a dolmen, but a "mamoa." A dolmen is mentioned by the same authority on the Monte da Pedreira, near Pombeiro.
9. Dolmen on the Monte de Polvoreira, near Caldas de Vizella.
10. Dolmen near Vizeu.

11. "Antas" de Penalva, between Vizeu and Celorico.
12. Dolmen near Celorico.
13. „ Guarda.
14. „ Sabugal.
15. „ Villa Velha de Rodão, north of the Tagus, east of Abrantes.
16. Dolmen near Niza, south of the Tagus.
17. „ Crato.
18. Numerous dolmen near Castello de Vide.
19. Dolmen near Valencia de Alcantara.
20. "Huge stone-slab houses," with polished stone implements, near the stream of Garrovillas, south of the Tagus.

21. Near Bótoa.
22. Near Talavera, east of Badajoz, numerous "sacelos" or "antas," with many stone implements.
23. Dolmen near Barbacena.
24. „ Arrayolos, N.N.W. of Evora.
25. „ south of Evora, between Evora and Aguiar; another between Evora and Vendas de Duque.
26. Dolmen between the railway stations of Pegões and Vendas novas.
27. Dolmen in the Serra de Cintra.
28. The great monumental stone chambers near Antequera, called Cueva de la Menga.
29. Several dolmen in the district of Guadix. One near Gor is called "Sepultura grande," another, near Fonelas, "Casa de la Cruz del Tio Cogolleros" (The Cross of Uncle Cogolleros).

There are undoubtedly many more dolmen which remain at present unknown, while others have been destroyed. Such monuments are mostly discovered by accident, although they may be known to the natives. On the other hand, several places have been wrongly credited with dolmen and menhirs. For instance, the Church of San Miguel, in the village of Arrichinaga, province of Biscaya, is said to contain a dolmen, but in reality it has been built to enclose a huge natural, upright rock. The latter may have been worshipped in pagan times, and this has probably caused the erection of the church, but all this does not make the stone an artificial monument.

Above Pajáres is a natural group of stones, which have tumbled upon each other into something like a rude stone-hut, the only instance in those mountains of a possible dolmen known to the priest.

A very famous, and even figured, "stone-table," is that of the Peña Labra or Abra, one of the highest peaks of the Cantabrian mountains, 6400 feet above sea-level, west of Reinosa. Dolmen were not erected on high peaks; on the contrary, they are always in or near the plains; and the

whole striking-looking mass is a natural group of tumbled rocks, with a huge top-piece some 22 feet long.

In the same district, near Boariza, are two "rocking-stones," *la grande y la chica,* in fact *roches perchées* or *roches moutonnées,* such as are not uncommon in mountainous countries which have undergone glaciation.

No dolmen are known in the following provinces: Gerona, Barcelona, Tarragona, Castellon, Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, Lerida, Huesca, Navarra (except perhaps west of Pampelona); Logroño, Soria, Zaragoza, Teruel, Guadalajara, Cuenca, Albacete, Ciudad Real, Toledo, Madrid, Avila, Segovia, Valladolid, Burgos, Palencia, Leon, Huelva, and the greater part of Andalucia.

To the east of Treviño, south of Vitoria, is the Cave of Marquinez, with very peculiar prehistoric drawings on the walls. Still more remarkable is the Gruta de Altamira, on the coast west of Santander, near Santillana. The coloured drawings on the walls, and various objects found in this cave, have been described by E. Harlé, in *Matériaux pour l'histoire primitive de l'homme,* vol. xvi.

CHAPTER XVII

A CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF SPAIN, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE NORTHERN PROVINCES

BEFORE the light of history dawned upon South-Western Europe, the Iberian Peninsula seems to have been inhabited by three races. One race, namely that which built dolmen and other rude, heavy stone monuments, was restricted to part of the south, the western third, and to the north of the country. We know nothing of its language, but the people had neolithic stone implements, and belonged to the tall, dolichocephalous or long-headed and brachyprosopic or short-faced type, resembling in these respects the other dolmen-builders of North Africa, France, Great Britain, Northern Germany, and Southern Scandinavia.

The second race occupied the rest, or if it was in the country before the dolmen-builders, originally the whole of the Peninsula. It was a brachycephalous or round-headed, dark-haired race, speaking a language which greatly resembled the present Basque idiom.

The third race is Keltic. They were the newest arrivals, and are supposed to have immigrated before the sixth century B.C., either from Aquitania, along the north and west coast, or from the Mediterranean side. This race belongs to the short-headed, dark-haired type, and spoke Keltic dialects.

Wilhelm von Humboldt, the distinguished philologist and statesman, was for some time the Prussian Ambassador in

Spain, and he availed himself of this opportunity to study the Basque language. He found, first, that numerous names of places, rivers, and mountains, all over the Peninsula, were undoubtedly of Basque origin; secondly, that, with the exception of Roman and Gothic names, the north-eastern portion of Spain contains only Basque names; thirdly, that in all the other parts of the Peninsula the geographical names are frequently of Keltic origin, or that they are a mixture of Keltic and Basque; and lastly, that very few Basque, but almost entirely Keltic, names occur in the country between the Tagus and the Guadiana. He also concluded that Basque and Iberian are practically identical terms, and that these Iberians could also be traced into Corsica, Sardinia, Liguria, and even into Northern Italy.

These conclusions of Humboldt agree pretty much with what the old historians Herodotus, Ptolemaeus, Posidonius, Strabo, and Diodorus tell us. The mixture of Kelts and Iberians was already accomplished about 500 B.C. The old writers distinguished between Iberi, Keltici, and Keltiberi, but they did not with anything like exactness define the limits of these three nations. On the contrary, they entertained very hazy notions on the subject. This difficulty is aggravated by the circumstance that the name Iberia, or Iberi, is often indiscriminately used, either for the whole country and all its inhabitants, or on other occasions in opposition to either Kelts or Keltiberi. Moreover, these old historians and geographers and poets frequently did not discriminate between little tribes and large nations. The number of such tribes seems to have been very great; for instance, Strabo says that between the Tagus and Cape Finisterre there lived no less than thirty nations. These were, of course, not nations, but clans, a thoroughly West-Keltic particularism.

Keltici (called thus, and not simply Kelts, perhaps in order to distinguish them from the other Kelts of Gaul and

Northern Italy), are mentioned as inhabiting three different districts. First, the present province of Alemtejo, and Western Andalucia; secondly, the western part of Galicia; and, thirdly, the present province of Logroño, which latter district was inhabited by the Berones; hence Verea, a town near Logroño.

Strabo and others mention some fabulous expeditions, which led to the Galician Kelts and the Berones coming to live in the north, away from the southern mass of Kelts. It is possible that these traditions, old already in the time of Herodotus, were the last reminiscences of a spreading of the Keltic invaders from the south-western part of the peninsula. But how they ever got there is quite another question.

Iberi, unmixed, seem to have lived between the Ebro and the Pyrenees, and in the eastern and central portions of Andalucia.

Keltiberi, a mixture of the two races, certainly inhabited the country between the Ebro and Jucar; also the midland districts, extending towards the north-west apparently as far as the province of Leon. Their western neighbours seem to have been the Lusitani. Concerning the nationality of the latter, and the extent of their country, we have only muddled accounts. Diodorus considered them as belonging to the Iberi, not to the Keltiberi. Roughly speaking, their country was that between the Minho and Tagus; eastwards it certainly extended much farther than the frontier of Portugal.

The inhabitants of the country north of the Douro were likewise "formerly styled Lusitanians, but are now called Galicians. The northern mountains, together with the Asturian and Cantabrian, border on these" (Strabo, iv. § 20). At another place (Book iii. § 3) we are told that "to the east the Galicians border on the nation of the Asturians and Keltiberians."

In trying to unravel the mystery of the oldest inhabitants of the Peninsula, we must be guided by the following considerations :—

Dolmen were not built by the Keltic races. It is a curious coincidence that Great Britain, France, and Spain are the very countries in Western Europe which have been populated by Kelts; and in the Peninsula the distribution of dolmen agrees very closely with that of the Keltic tribes, with the exception that no dolmen are known in ancient Keltiberia, and that dolmen do exist in the home of the old Lusitani.

Dolmen are not known in the centre of Spain, nor in the east or north-east, but some of the finest exist in Central and Eastern Andalucia.

Dolmen are not found in those countries in which Basque is now spoken, nor in those countries which are reputed to be Basque, notably the districts on the southern side of the Pyrenees, Navarra, the south-western corner of France, Guipuzcoa, and Viscaya. But fine dolmen, covered and uncovered, exist in Álava ; that is to say, in a country where prehistoric fights between Basques and Kelts have probably occurred.

The present Basques have no traditions about dolmen ; they have not even a general name for them, except that of *sorgineche* (witches' house); and it is all the more noteworthy that one of the dolmen near Vitoria is actually known by the name of Euskal-mendi, that is, stone or mound of the Basques.

Not all the Basque-speaking people are Basques. The old Gascones and the present Béarnais speak a Basque dialect, but they are widely different from the Spanish Basques. These French people have dark curly hair and brown eyes, and are round-headed and comparatively short; the true Basques are long-headed and short-faced, with light

hair, and most frequently blue or gray eyes, and are tall and high-shouldered.

Now, just such tall, long-headed, blond, long-haired, short-faced people were the true Gaunches in the Canaries. Their language was closely akin to that of certain Berberic tribes in North Africa. Moreover, pale blond Berbers are still very common in Marocco or Algiers, very different from the brunette or swarthy Kabylas. Eastwards they are represented by the Tuareg, and it has recently become a more and more favoured view that all these North African light-complexioned, long-headed tribes were possibly connected with the Tamehu of the old Egyptians. Certain Somali tribes are very similar. Some of the Berbers in Marocco, blue-eyed, with hair light or reddish-brown and slightly curled, long-headed, and with high square shoulders, are indeed strikingly handsome men, and one cannot help being impressed by the resemblance when one meets such types again in the Spanish Basque provinces more commonly than in other parts of Spain.

Hans Meyer, in his interesting book, *Die Insel Tenerife*, Leipzig, 1896, makes the important statement that the Tuareg attribute the dolmen, which are very numerous in North Africa, to the *Iabar*, a word which contains the same Tifinar stem *bar* or *ber* (= to wander), as *Iberi* and the present *berber*. I am inclined to go a step further and suggest that *barbarus* has the same origin, and that the Romans and Greeks applied this term at first to all their western and southern neighbours, and ultimately to all the foreigners with whom they came into contact.

We know that the European and North African dolmen-builders were a tall, long-headed, short-faced race, very uniform in its physical features, who built their monuments when they were still in the Stone Age. It has therefore been suggested that they spread in two streams into Europe, one

by the south of Spain into the western and thence into the northern districts of the Peninsula, the other stream by Sardinia and Corsica to the mouths of the Rhone, and thence in a broad belt across France into Brittany and into Great Britain, a side branch extending into North Germany and Scandinavia.

There are no dolmen in the Netherlands, but this break signifies nothing, except that one cannot erect rude stone monuments without large stones. The same might apply to the Département des Landes, but plenty of stony material exists in the large tract of country which, roughly speaking, is the basin of the Garonne, and where no dolmen are found.

The Basques, then, and the light Berbers are the only people who fulfil all the physical requirements of the dolmen-builders, except that they no longer build them. However, no race is known to do that now. That habit died out with the end of the Stone Age. Even the old Egyptians ceased building pyramids, which after all are only glorified dolmen.

Lastly, let us look at the language of the Basques. All sorts of wild suggestions have been made as to its affinities. For a long time, perhaps owing to Borrow's ever-famous *Bible in Spain*, it was believed that Basque belonged to the Mongolian stock. That view has rightly died a natural death. It is certain that Basque in its roots and in its structure is not an Arian, not an Indo-Germanic language. A few years ago the late von der Gabelentz tried to show that the origin of Basque is to be looked for in the old Berber, Tuareg, and similar languages of North Africa. This view, reasonable in itself, based upon not inconsiderable resemblance between the languages in question, has, needless to say, been violently criticised. But, as we have seen, it receives strong support on anthropological grounds.

But here comes a perplexing difficulty. When the Romans took possession of the country, there were only two

languages spoken, Keltic and "Iberian." We know, since Humboldt, that the Iberian language has left traces all over the Peninsula, except where it was too thickly overlaid by the Keltic dialects. This old Iberian language was practically identical with Basque, which points to affinities with that of the Berbers, and the latter is closely akin to the Guanche dialect.

So far so good, but people who are not Basques, namely the Béarnais, also speak a Basque dialect; the old Lusitani, the people of Southern Spain, Turduli and Turdetani, and those of the lower basin of the Ebro, were not true Basques, but Iberi of the Romans and Greeks. Were these Iberi akin to the Ligurians and other short-headed, dark-complexioned Mediterranean races, who adopted the Basque language? Or, supposing that the whole Peninsula, before the Keltic immigration, was peopled by one race, namely, that of which the Basques are the last pure descendants, why is it that these people did not build dolmen all over the Peninsula? Did they build those funeral monuments only when they had come into fighting contact with the Mediterranean race? This is not likely, as naturally the fighting would have begun in the east, and then gone into the centre, where dolmen are equally unknown.

Or, for argument's sake, was the Mediterranean race the aboriginal one, and did the dolmen-building Basques force their way into the western third and along the north coast? If so, how could they give their language to the whole of the rest of Spain, where under this assumption they never went?

It seems to me that the following hypotheses would explain and reconcile all the difficulties :—

1. The whole West and South-west of Europe was originally peopled by a palæolithic, small, short- or round-headed (brachycephalous) dark-haired race. These people are

Luschan's Armenoids, the early Mediterranean people of other authors. Luschan thinks it possible that this race came originally from Asia Minor, that remnants of it are represented by Armenian tribes, by the Savoyards and various other tribes in the district of the Alps, by the old Ligurians and even by the aborigines of the Western Canaries. There may be added the Aquitanians (the so-called French Basques), and the whole aborigines of the Spanish Peninsula. People who are neither Basque, Keltic, or Gothic in their features, but pronouncedly brachycephalous and short, we have found in the mountains between Leon and Asturia.

These Armenoid or early Mediterranean people spoke a non-Arian language. Hommel and Pauli have recently come to the conclusion that affinities exist between the Ligurian and the present Basque dialects. On the other hand, D'Arbois de Jubainville's analyses of the river names of the Mediterranean area (rivers which were presumably named by the swarthy race) show no affinities with Basque.

2. The tall, long-headed, short-faced, light-haired, blue-eyed dolmen-building North-African race extended into Europe, as indicated above. Their language, likewise non-Arian, is akin to the old Guanch dialect and to those of the Basques. The Spanish Basques are the least modified descendants. The term Iberian must be restricted to this Berberic race, to the exclusion of the other races who lived in "Iberia." These Iberians were, in Europe at least, in the neolithic stage. By the time that they emerged from it, they gave up the building of dolmen, and had spread over the greater part of Spain, there mixing, or intermingling, with the aboriginal Mediterranean race.

It is probable that the language spoken by these two non-Keltic mixed races in the time of the Romans was also the result of a mixture. Either race spoke originally a non-Arian language; from this of course it does not follow that their

respective languages were the same. But the following equations throw some light upon the question :—

1. The language of the true Iberians, including the present Basques, has affinities with Berberic, and points to old Egypt and to Somaliland.

2. The language of the old Mediterraneans has affinities with Basque, and points eastwards into Asia Minor.

Consequently, what we call Basque, is the quantity common to both. Consequently either the true Iberians and the old Mediterraneans are closely akin, and this they are not physically, or the Basque language is a mixture.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that our whole knowledge of the "Basque" language is based entirely upon the recent Basque dialects, and upon the geographical names, as these have been handed down to us most likely much garbled by the old Greek and Roman writers. The alphabet of the so-called Iberian coins and other remains has not yet been deciphered satisfactorily. And if ever it should be read, there remains the question as to whose language it refers. To call it old Basque would be a *petitio principii.* The Basque chant of Roland is said to be a fraud, and that ballad was intended for the oldest specimen of Basque literature!

Miguel de Unamuno has recently published a most interesting paper on the Basque language.[1] He draws attention to the suggestive fact that according to some authorities the Basque language contains only about forty foreign words, while others affirm emphatically that more than half of the words in the Basque language have been borrowed. Larramendi carried the Vascomania indeed too far in his endeavour to derive an enormous number of Spanish words from his native Basque.

Unamuno concluded that the Basque language, if stripped

[1] "Del elemento alienígena en el idioma vasco," *Zeitschrift für Romanische Philologie*, 1893.

of the many words of Keltic, Latin, Gothic, and Spanish origin, reveals a very low state of civilisation.

Of Romanic origin are :—

1. All the religious ideas and metaphysical notions, with the possible exception of the term for God: Jaun goiko or Jainko [Jingo?!] = "Master of the above," and even this idea seems to be due to the Christian missionaries.

2. Universal and abstract notions; for instance, they had no word for tree, plant, flower, animal, figure.

3. Domestic utensils of a certain degree of culture, *e.g.* kettle, spoon, pitcher.

4. Ideas referring to industry and agriculture: land, flour, wheat, bean, hammer, anvil.

5. The names of the pine, chestnut, fig-tree, beech, and willow.

6. The names of most domestic animals, for instance ram, pig, ox, cat, ass, bug. The name of the bear (*arth*) is Keltic [and bears do not exist, nor have they ever existed in North Africa]. But the names of the wolf (*otso*), fox (*azeri*), raven (*belia*), a big dog (*zaunkurr*), and the names of the elm (*zumarr*), the evergreen oak (*arte*), the stone-oak (*aritz*), the ash (*lizarr*), are indigenous.

There are no indigenous words for war and for peace, *gerra* or *gerla*, *pake* or *bake* respectively. But *eche*, signifying enclosure, and now house, is indigenous. According to Hans Meyer the crater of the Pic of Tenerife was the seat of the evil spirit, and was or is called *echeyde*, hence the present Pico de Teyde!

Most suggestive are the following names of cutting implements, names which, on account of their being composed of *aitz*, *haitz*, or *ach* (meaning a rock, or stony substance) have been most happily suggested by Charencey as reminiscences of the Stone Age :—

aitz-kore or *aiz-kore* = hatchet.
aitzur, *achur*, or *ainzur* = spade
haitz-to = knife.
aiz-turrak or *aich-turrak* = scissors.

It stands to reason that a race with so primitive a language must have borrowed extensively when and where it came into contact with other, not necessarily more civilised, races; and if the Mediterraneans likewise spoke a synthetic language, the resemblances of the language of old "Iberia" with both Berber-Guanche-Basque, and "Armenoid" or "Alarodic"-Ligurian-Basque, would be comprehensible.

There remains the question, whether these Western and Northern Mediterraneans are akin to the dark Kabylas of the North Coast of Africa, people to which, vaguely hitherto, the term *hamitic* has been applied.

The mystery of the ethnology of Spain is now fortunately taken up in earnest by men of energetic research, such as Luis de Hoyos Sainz and Telésforo Aranzadi, the latter himself a Basque. A preliminary abstract of a promised elaborate work, "Un avance á la antropologia de España," has appeared in the *Archiv für Anthropologie*, vol. xxii. 1894.

But the anthropological measurements of skulls and of the whole body, the statistics of the colour of the eye and the hair (taken from the recruits as they are drafted into the Spanish army and extending over all the provinces of Spain), deal with a terribly complex question. Not only our problematic West Mediterranean aborigines and the true Iberians, with the comparatively recent addition of the Kelts, but also Phœnicians, or Carthaginians, Romans, Suevi, Alans and Vandals, Jews and Visigoths, recent Berbers, Kabylas and Arabs, have left undeniable traces in the Peninsula.

As regards the habits of these various peoples, Strabo and Diodorus Siculus mention, besides others, the following:—

"They all dress in black, the majority of them in cloaks

called *saga*." According to Diodorus, the *sagum* was a "coarse black cloak, the wool of which is not unlike that of goats." The same thick stuff is still manufactured by the natives from the natural undyed wool of the goat and the sheep; it is sold at Potes at twelve reales *la vara*, three francs or pesetas per yard. Petticoats are still called *sayas* both in Spain and in Portugal.

"Some women twist their flowing hair round a small style a foot high, and afterwards cover it with a veil." This head-gear reminds us forcibly of the mode in which the women of all classes of Andalucia gather their back hair into a peak, which is heightened and strengthened by an erect comb, over which the invariably black veil is drawn.

"Their salt is purple, but becomes white by pounding." The coarser sorts of Portuguese sea-salt, which is obtained through evaporation in huge saltpans in the open air, is usually of a reddish or bluish tinge, owing to its being stained by the ferruginous soil which is so common in that country. The large crystals lose their colour by pounding, just as coloured glass appears white when pounded. In out-of-the-way places the salt is always served in the crude state.

"Up to the time of Brutus, 138 B.C., they made use of vessels constructed of skins for crossing the lagoons formed by the tides; they now have them formed out of the single trunk of a tree, but these are scarce." Festus Avienus has described these coracles of the Celtae Artabri, who lived near Cape Finisterre, Brittany, in the following words:—

> Notisque cumbis turbidum late fretum
> Et belluosi gurgitem oceani secant,
> Non hi carinas quippe pinu texere
> Fecere morem, non abiete, ut usus est,
> Curvant fasello, sed rei ad miraculum
> Navigia junctis semper aptant pellibus.

Slings were also used, the Balearic *fundatores* were

renowned auxiliaries of the Roman armies. At the present time neatly-plaited slings, called *fundas*, made of the fibres of the universally introduced American Agave, are skilfully used by the shepherds in the Algarve, and they are most formidable weapons. In the hands of the uninitiated they are even more dangerous, because the performer is almost sure to hit either himself or the bystanders.

Neither Strabo or Diodorus mentions the bow and arrows; the bow does not seem to have been an Iberian weapon. Nowhere in Portugal, in Andalucia, or in the North of Spain, have we ever seen boys playing with bow and arrow. They were used by the Visigoths, and there are now inns which are called "The Cross-bow Arms," for instance the "Fonda del Ballestero" in San Lucar; but practising with the bow is not a Spanish or Portuguese pastime.

Strabo and Diodorus record a queer custom of the Cantabrians and their neighbours. Catullus gives it in the following words:—

> Nunc Celtiber Celtiberia in terra
> Quod quisque minxit, hoc sibi solet mane
> Dentem atque russam defricare gingivam.

Risco, in vol. xl. of *España sagrada*, remarks blandly upon this revolting custom:—Y si aun en nuestros tiempos usan algunos hombres cultos y limpios de este remedio siempre que se considera necessario para la salud, no es justo afearlo tanto en los Españoles de aquellos antiguos siglos. (Considering that in our own times [namely, towards the end of the eighteenth century], some cultured and cleanly people use this remedy, which they consider necessary for health's sake, it is not fair to cry it down so much in those ancient Spaniards!)

A very similar habit is mentioned by either Schweinfurth or Junker, as prevailing among certain tribes of the Upper

Nile, who keep themselves and their cooking vessels and other domestic utensils scrupulously clean by washing them carefully in the urine of their cows. Perhaps they do this because they are alive to the advantages of filtration.

"The inhabitants of the Pyrenean valleys cure hams, which are excellent, fully equal to those of the Cantabrians, and they realise no inconsiderable profit." The cured hams of the pigs which have been fattened on acorns and beech-mast, are indeed splendid, and are a considerable source of income to the peasants. Even the Alcalde of Burbia has taken loads of cured hams from his mountain fastness to far Madrid.

By the end of the first century of the Christian era the whole of the Peninsula was in the hands of the Romans. The last to submit were the Northern Asturians and Cantabrians, perhaps those of the district of the Peñas de Europa:

> Populi gentesque remotae
> Sub juga jam veniunt, abjectis Cantaber armis,
> Callaicusque ferox, et Celta, atque impiger Astur,
> Exposcunt veniam, pacemque a Caesare quaerunt.

But all these tribes remained for some time rather unruly. The Romans kept three legions in the north. The headquarters of two of them, the legio VII. or *gemina*, gave rise to the present town of Leon.

The Romans distinguished between Asturi Augustani, south of the Cantabrian range, and extending southwards to the Douro; and Asturi transmontani, corresponding with the present province of Oviedo, or Asturia proper of modern times. A reminiscence of the formerly wider extent of these people is that their country is frequently still spoken of as Las Asturias.

Towards the west the old Asturi extended certainly to the Pass of Leitarriegos, probably including also the Sierra de Picos. Now the line of division between Asturianos and

Gallegos runs somewhere between the rivers Eo and Navia. Eastwards the old Asturi extended to the river Esla. This very river has derived its name from the Asturi; it appears variously as Astura, Extula, Estola, and lastly as Esla. The capital of Asturia Augustana was Astorga.

Gallaecia proper comprised all the country between the sea, the Douro and the Asturias. The limits of the term Gallaecia seems to have changed, or perhaps they were never fixed. According to Strabo the people of the present provinces of Entre Rios, Orense, and Tras os Montes, were formerly called Lusitani, and came to be called Galicians; and about the year 400 Gallaecia seems to have extended much farther east along the Douro. The emperor Theodosius is mentioned by Idatius, of whom more anon, as "natione Hispanus de provincia Gallaecia, civitate Cauca." This latter town was situated to the north-west of Segovia, between it and Valladolid; it is now a small village called Moraleja de Coca.

The Romans founded numerous colonies by settling Italians in Spain; they constructed roads and bridges, some of which are still in use! To what an extent the Romans and natives mixed we do not know, but certainly the Iberian and Keltic languages were gradually replaced by the Roman tongue, and comparatively few words were adopted from, or rather retained by, the natives. The names of rivers, mountains, towns, and villages were naturally mostly retained, but more or less modified to suit the Roman pronunciation.

Several hundred years of peace and strong government made the Peninsula one of the most flourishing provinces of the empire. A new nation was formed, which called itself Hispani, from Hispalis, the present Seville. These early Spaniards, among whom at first the Roman element was in the minority, have produced many famous persons. For instance, the three emperors Trajanus, Hadrianus, and

Theodosius, of whom the two first were natives of Italica, a Roman colony near Sevilla; Pomponius Mela, the geographer; Seneca, the philosopher; and the poets Silius Italicus, Lucanus, and Martialis were Spaniards.

The proud civis Romanus was judged according to the Jus Italicum; the same right was conceded to such of the indigenous non-Roman Spaniards as had rendered important services to the government; in other words, to those who had become men of respectable notoriety. It is possible that such men assumed, or were known by, the distinguishing epithet of Italici, and it is possible that this word became transformed into the term *Idalgo* and *Hidalgo*. Ultimately *la Hidalguia* has come to mean nothing more or less than nobility. Such is the not unreasonable explanation first proposed in 1424 by the Marqués de Villena, of that most puzzling word *hidalgo*. Some of the explanations of *hidalgo*, variously written and pronounced, owing to mistaken notions of etymology, *e.g. fidalgo*, *hidalgote*, and *hijo dalgo*, are very wild, not to say silly.

Some suppose it to mean *hijo dal Go*, son of the Goth, because the Goths were for several centuries the rulers, and consequently the nobles of Spain. Now, *Godo*, the Spanish name of these people, might give *got* or *gote;* and although the form *hidalgote* does actually occur, the ending *ote* has another meaning than Goth, being a strengthening and at the same time disparaging termination. *Viejote*, for instance, from *viejo*, means "an old fellow." *Feiote* is a rather ugly person. My *capataz*, or headman, whom I employed whilst digging in caves in the Algarve, wound up his report about a visit to one of the farmers: *e as meninas são feiotas*, and his girls are rather ugly.

Others, with more grammatical probability, decompose *hidalgo* into *hijo de algo*, or *fijo de alco; i.e.* son of somebody, in opposition to "a nobody." This derivation is ridiculed

as childlike by various learned Spaniards themselves, but it may after all be the right one. It is possible that Italico may have become mistaken for *hijo d'algo*, on account of the similarity in sound; but the fact remains that one of the earliest passages in which the term is mentioned, namely, the oath administered to King Alfonso VI., by the famous Cid (cf. p. 334), speaks of the other nobles present as *fijos dalgo* in the plural, literally "sons of somebody," although now the plural form is *hidalgos*. It is, however, noteworthy that the Leges Visigothorum do not use the term *hidalgo*, or any other similar word, but that they distinguish between nobles and commoners as *seniores* (now the universal señor) and *viliores*.

Lastly, the Gothic or Germanic word *hedelg*, *edel* = noble, has been resorted to for an explanation. *Hedelg-ote* would come very near *hidalgote*, which would in this case be a terrible *vox hybrida*. Unfortunately nothing is known about the time when the title of *hidalgo* was first used. Peninsular literature of the time of the Roman dominion is very scarce, and most of what existed was probably swept away by the stormy waves which broke over the whole country at the beginning of the fifth century.

A mass of total strangers, Vandals, Alans, and Suevians, broke into Spain.

By rare good luck this period has a historian, who was an eyewitness. Idatius, a native of Lamego, a small town near the southern bank of the Douro, opposite the *pais vinhateiro*, or Portwine district, has left us his chronicle,[1] which extends over a great part of the fifth century.

The great mass of the invaders consisted of Vandals, a people closely allied to the Goths. The Alans, next in numbers, were also of Germanic origin. The Suevi, whose

[1] *Idatii Episcopi Chronicon.* In *Historiae Francorum scriptores.* Edited by Andrée du Chesne. Paris, 1638.

home was, and is still, in the heart of Germany, were in the minority.

Pressed by the Huns, the Vandals moved westwards, and were joined by the Alans and by some of the most active clans of the Suevi. In the winter of 406 these three nations crossed the Rhine and entered Gaul, whence most of them went farther south, and three years later invaded and devastated Spain. This, according to Idatius, caused famine, pestilence, and general confusion, whereupon the invaders somehow or other agreed upon a division of the Peninsula. We do not know how many hundreds of thousands they were, nor even if they brought all their wives, children, and household goods with them.

The Suevi, the least numerous, occupied the northern half of Gallaecia, the country between the Minho and the sea. The southern half of Gallaecia was taken by the Hasdinger Vandals. Lusitania, the present Portugal, and the province of Murcia in the east, fell to the lot of the Alans. The centre of Spain and the old province of Baetica was appropriated by the Silinger Vandals. They have left their name in "Andalucia," through the Berbers. The north-eastern third of Spain remained in the hands of the Romans. The Basque provinces, Cantabria and Asturia, kept the invaders out, but being shut off from the Roman Empire, they drop out of the pale of history for several hundred years.

Concerning Gallaecia we learn from Idatius that the Spaniards retained most of the towns and castles, while the country was given up to the "barbarians." The old bishop considered the division of the Peninsula as a blessing, as there was hope that the strangers would settle down peacefully. But only three years later a new wave broke into Spain.

Athawulf, King of the Visigoths and brother-in-law of

the Emperor Honorius, left the south of France, crossed the Pyrenees and settled in Catalonia, with Barcelona for his capital. Wallia, his successor, attacked the Alans and Silinger Vandals, with the ready consent of the Romans, who were only too glad to see the previous invaders beaten. The Silinger were extinguished in Andalucia, and shortly after that the Alans in Lusitania [1] were beaten, and seem to have become merged in the northern or Hasdinger Vandals.

Galaecia was not disturbed this time, because in 419 the Visigoths were coaxed out of Spain by the emperor, who offered them the southern half of France, with Toulouse, to settle in. The immediate result was that the Vandals fell out with the Suevi, and pressed them back into the Asturian and Galician mountains, but they in turn were attacked by a Spanish-Roman army, so that the Vandals had to give up their hardly acquired seats in the north, and migrated into Andalucia. But these restless people, the Vandals, together with part of the Alans, prepared in 429 for the invasion of Africa.[2] The Suevi immediately took advantage

[1] About half-way between Lisbon and Santarem are two small villages, called Alemquer and Athouguia. Alemquer has a romantic situation; a picturesque old church towers high above the village, and close to it are the ruins of a still older edifice, which is supposed to have been a church of the Alans—Alan-kerk = Alemquer.

Athouguia, a small village not far from the malarious Ota, is supposed to mean Athaulf's abode or place. It is remarkable that the inhabitants of these two villages are still looked upon as different from the majority of their neighbours. I was told by an old gentlemen, a landowner, that the Athouguians do not make good servants or hired workers in the fields, but that they are first-rate and independent managers of their local affairs, as, for instance, local boards and elections.

[2] Nothing is known about the numbers with which the Suevi, Alans, and Vandals invaded Spain, but Bishop Victor of Vita (who wrote about the year 484) tells us that Geiserich, before crossing over to Africa, had a census taken, and that the whole mass of his followers amounted to 80,000. The bishop adds that ignorant people mistook this number for that of Geiserich's

of this and rushed down south, and although once beaten back, when Geiseric or Genseric had left the country, they managed within a short time to overrun nearly the whole of the Peninsula. Now and then the Romans induced the Suevi to enter into treaties, but these were no sooner made than they were again broken. About 450 A.D. the Suevi had attained to a considerable amount of power, sufficient to induce Theoderic, King of the Visigoths in France, to give Rekiar, the first Christian King of the Suevi, a daughter in marriage. Lugo became the ecclesiastical metropolis of the Suevian kingdom, while Braga seems to have been its actual capital.

The Suevi continued their raids into the neighbouring provinces, until in 456 the imperial and Visigothic troops under Theoderic II. gained a complete victory over them near the river Orbigo, between Leon and Astorga. This victory marks a new epoch for the Peninsula, because thenceforth the Visigoths supersede the Romans in Spain.

Theoderic took Braga, and the Suevian king was killed in Oporto. Southern Gallaecia was now in the hands of the Visigoths, but this was no change for the better so far as the Gallaecians were concerned; on the contrary, they had a bad time of it, because the Visigoths, being of the Arian persuasion, treated the Catholic Suevi badly. Idatius has a miserable tale to tell of the devastation of churches and of the expulsion of monks and nuns from their holy places of refuge.

Bent upon plunder, Theoderic marched into Lusitania.

army. The fighting strength can scarcely have amounted to more than 25,000 men.

Victoris episcopi Vitensis historia persecutionis Africanae Provinciae, I. 1: . . . statuit omnem multitudinem numerari. Qui reperti sunt senes, juvenes, parvuli, servi vel domini LXXX milia numerati. Quae opinio divulgata, usque in hodiernum a nescientibus armatorum tantus numerus aestimatur, cum sit nunc exiguus et infirmus.

The Suevi rallied round a new king, Maldras, in the north-western corner, which the Goths had not entered, whereupon a period of the utmost confusion ensued. Now and then Theoderic sent troops into these districts to establish order, especially when some of the Roman citizens had been the sufferers, but they no sooner turned their backs than *indisciplinata perturbatio* broke out again.

Gradually the imperial prestige declined, and the Visigoths, during their avowedly avenging expeditions, plundered Suevians and Spaniards promiscuously, or both Goths and Suevi plundered Lusitania and Gallaecia, the town of Astorga, for instance, in turns. To Idatius' grief, those of the Suevi who were already Christians were induced by the Visigothic Bishop Atax to embrace Arianism. Idatius himself was caught in one of the raids by the Suevi, and was imprisoned for three months in the town of Chaves, in Tras os Montes. His chronicle ends with the year 468, and our knowledge of the vicissitudes of Gallaecia becomes a blank for nearly a century.

Goths and Suevi continued fighting with each other, chiefly outside Gallaecia, until in 585 Leovigild completely routed the Suevi, and put an end to their independence.

For the first time, for the last 176 years, Gallaecia enjoyed peace. The Suevi were naturally left in possession of their north-western corner. The Visigoths seem to have left them to their own devices, as appears probable from the fact that the Gothic kings occasionally sent one of their brothers or sons to them as viceroys. Certainly until this period the Suevi had never shown either the inclination or the capability of settling down, and the incessant raids and wars had deprived their country of the chance of attaining to that state of comparatively prosperous development which the other parts of Spain reached, or retained, under the superior Visigoths. The latter readily adopted the considerable amount

of civilisation which they found in the former Roman provinces. There is no doubt that the Visigoths, from the beginning of their wanderings, only desired a large and fertile country to settle in. They had proved this previously in France, and they have shown it again in Spain. However, they wanted to be the masters, not fellow-workers in the new country. From the beginning they endeavoured to win the Spaniards' confidence. They adopted the language and gave up their own, and only a few hundred, perhaps a thousand, words of Germanic origin have become embodied in the present Spanish language, and these refer mostly to ideas connected with military things, horses, harness, cattle-rearing, and kindred occupations.

The greatest obstacle was the difference of creeds; the Goths were Arians, the Spaniards Catholics, and as early as 560, at a synod at Braga, Catholicism was declared to be the religious creed of the Suevi. All this induced Leovigild's son Recared (Richard), in 586, to change his persuasion. This step was of the greatest consequence, as through it not only the confessional gulf between Spaniards and Visigoths was filled up, but also the Roman Church became the ally of the new Government. Unfortunately the Visigoths were fanatics; the Arians were exorcised, and the Jews, who were very numerous in Spain, were converted by force, and thenceforth remained the secret enemies of the Government. The Visigoths spent all their superfluous energy in the persecution of the heretics. Gradually it came to pass that the Synods and Councils became first a mixture of ecclesiastical and political affairs, and ultimately a sort of military diet under the ever-increasing power of the Church. The kings were in the hands of the priests.

It seems probable that the narrow-mindedness of the Visigoths in religious matters has given rise to the word bigot (*visigot, bisgot*), just as *cagot* seems to be the contracted form of *canis gotus, i.e.* dog of a Goth. They laid the foundation

of that persecuting mania which became the curse of Spain, a mania which has ruined that country, and from which it has not even yet shaken itself free. It is undeniable that this very fanaticism helped the Spaniards to reconquer their country from the Moors, but it is equally true that it was one of the causes of their being so easily overrun by the Moors.

The kings resided in Toledo. King Eurich collected and established the Leges Visigothorum, which were, however, applied to the *seniores*, the Visigoths, only. His successor Alarich, in 506, brought out a code which applied to the natives, an abridgment of Theodosius' Roman law. This code, with numerous later additions, ultimately grew to form the chief law of the Peninsula, especially when during and after the reconquest the Roman or native law had become more and more obsolete.

For many years the natives were excluded from the public offices, and they were not allowed to intermarry with the conquerors. The Visigoths did not care for science, literature, and art, which consequently died out; they forbade and destroyed the establishments of warm baths as effeminate; they stopped and discouraged the theatres, which were looked upon as pagan institutions, although some high ecclesiastics took a great interest in these pastimes. King Sisebut actually deposed the Bishop of Barcelona, in 621, because the latter had permitted theatrical plays in his church.

The year 711 marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the Peninsula. This epoch was of the utmost importance in two ways: First, because the Moors, wherever they ruled for some considerable time, raised the country to a degree of agricultural, commercial, artistic, and scientific prosperity, which it had never attained before, and which in many ways it has never recovered since the Moors were expelled. Secondly, because the few northern districts which remained

free from the Moorish invasion were put on their mettle, and, by dint of the very struggle for an independent existence, that valour was roused and fostered in them which led to the reconquest and ultimately to the establishment of the present Spanish and Portuguese monarchies.

The Berber Lieutenant-General Tarik, whose name is immortalised in the rock of Gibraltar (djebl al Tarik, Tarik's mountain) crossed the Straits at Algeciras, and met the army of Rodrigo or Roderic, who had marched to the south, at the river Guadelete. There, in the neighbourhood of Jerez, the decisive battle was fought from the 15th to the 19th of July 711. Roderic lost the battle and his life.

Within a year the Berbers took Toledo, which the Jews betrayed into their power. This was simply a result of the shortsighted fanatic policy of the Visigoths. Christians in the eye of the law, Jews at heart, Asiatics by blood, they not improbably looked upon the Arabs not only as a kindred semitic race, but also as their liberators. After all they were not mistaken, as during the tolerant rule of the Omejades and Almoravides they enjoyed a wonderful amount of freedom and prosperity. This is the only instance of this gifted and dispersed race having got on well amongst the Gentiles. The same by no means applies to them now in Marocco.

In 712 Tarik's superior, Musa, the Arabic commander-in-chief in North-west Africa, took a second Arabic army into Spain, assisted by Berbers. Within a few years he managed to overrun, one can hardly say conquer, nearly the whole of the Peninsula, until the wave of inundation was beating against the Pyrenees and the Cantabro-Asturian chain of mountains. Only the Basque provinces, Cantabria and the greater part of Asturia, remained free and independent. The whole long range of mountains has few practicable passes to the north, and they all lead into extremely awkward terrain for military purposes. It had taken the Romans 200 years,

and the Visigoths likewise 200 years, to subjugate the Asturians and the Cantabrians. Still the Arabs succeeded in overrunning Galicia, which they entered from the south, and from the south-east through the Pass of Piedrafita. In 716 they took Lugo. After crossing the Asturian chain by the passes of Leitarriegos and Pajáres, they conquered the strong place of Gegio, now Gijon, on the north coast, and they thus became masters of the western half of Asturia. How far east they extended is not known; probably many places remained in the hands of the Asturians.

Pelagius or *Pelayo*, formerly commander of the royal guards at Toledo, had retired with the rest of the Gothic nobles into the mountainous districts of Eastern Asturia and Cantabria. Those who had not lost their martial spirit during the easy-going reign of the last Gothic kings, rallied round Pelayo, and led by him fought a victorious battle at Covadonga in 718, on the north-eastern slopes of the Peñas de Europa. The immediate result of this success, astounding because of the great odds against which the Northerners had to fight, was the evacuation of Gijon by the Arabic General Munuza and his withdrawal from Asturia. Pelayo, hitherto the acknowledged leader, became practically—he does not seem to have been crowned—King of Asturia. He established his court at Cangas de Onis, but did not extend his conquests beyond the mountains, although he lived until the year 737.

Favila, Pelayo's son, reigned only for two years, and the Moors made no attempt to reconquer the northern counties. Risco, in *España sagrada*, makes the following pert remark about Favila: "devoted to the chase of a wild beast, instead of using his sword against the wild beasts of Africa (namely the Arabs!) met his death from the hand of a bear."

Alonso el Católico, 739-757.—This name has undergone many modifications, from Adelfonso to Adefonso, Ildefonso, Anfonso, Alonso, and Alfonso. Adelfonso is referable to the

Germanic Athaulf and Adolph, originally Athawulf, which means "terrible wolf." Now the "terrible wolf" has degenerated into the French poodle "Alfonse." Alonso was the son of Pedro, Duke of Cantabria, and son-in-law of Pelayo. He united Cantabria with Asturia, and then took the offensive against the Moors. Crossing into Galicia, he reconquered Lugo in 740, where he reinstalled Bishop Odoar. Ultimately he drove the Berbers to the south of the Douro. As early as 745 Alonso reorganised the whole mountainous districts from Galicia to the Basque provinces by means of garrisons and settlements. The devastated cities of Galicia especially were his first concern, and he charged the counts of his court, and Bishop Fridesind of Braga, with this task. But there was little possibility of success in the country south of the Minho, notably at Braga, which did not become secure until, more than 250 years later, Fernando I. firmly established his power to the south of the Douro. The towns in Northern Galicia, Lugo, for instance, were, of course, more favourably situated; moreover, the Roman fortifications of this town had been left intact; but even these northern towns were for many years liable to be overrun by the Mahommedans. The latter never obtained a firm footing in Galicia, and after they had once been driven out by Alonso, they contented themselves with frequent plundering raids into those countries where they could not take root. This was due not only to the strategically difficult terrain, but also to the dampness and the chilly nature of the climate of Galicia, which could not possibly be congenial to the Berbers, to whom the northwest of Spain had been allotted.

Probably all that Alonso succeeded in doing was to give the Christians a moral support against the spreading Mahommedanism, which offered many advantages since the Moors exempted the proselytes from the heavy capitation tax. Such converts came to be called Muzarabes, from the Arabic

mosta 'rib = almost Arab. The bishops, however, spent their energy in incessant quarrels about the precedence of the various sees of Lugo, Orense, Braga, and other places.

The causes of the sudden growth of the little kingdom under Alonso are explained in a different, and more likely way by Dozy,[1] who studied the Arabic historians' works. It was not so much due to the valour of the Spaniards as to several causes which have not been mentioned by the Christian historians: first, a civil war between the Mahommedans themselves; and secondly, a terrible famine which spread over Spain from 750 for several years.

The whole of the north-west of Spain, especially Galicia, and the arid central provinces, had been allotted to the Berbers, while the Arabs retained for themselves the lion's share, the richer south and the east. The Berbers became extremely indignant, and received with open arms the non-conformist Mahommedan missionaries from Africa, who agitated for the expulsion of the orthodox Arabs. The revolt broke out in Galicia and soon spread farther, but the Berbers were beaten by the Arabs, and when the famine set in they resolved to leave Spain for their old homes. The Galicians themselves rose against their oppressors and acknowledged Alonso as their king. The high plains of Leon and Castile became a desolate wilderness, there not being Spaniards enough to cultivate these countries.

Fruela, 757-768, the son of Alonso, lost ground against Abderahman, the Kalif of Cordova.

Aurelio, 768-774, cousin of Fruela, lived in peace with the Moors, but he subdued a number of captives who lived in his kingdom when they rebelled. This is an important statement, since it has probably given rise to the usually accepted idea, that the peculiar tribe of the Maragatos has received its

[1] *Recherches sur l'histoire et la littérature de l'Espagne pendant le moyen age*, 2e édition, pt. i. pp. 126-137. Leyden, 1860.

name from Mauri capti. See also the chapter on the Maragatos, p. 178.

Silo, 774-783, had married Adosinda, a daughter of Alonso. He moved his court to Pravia and lived at peace with the Arabs, since his mother seems to have been an Arab lady. Into the reign of Silo falls the famous expedition of Charlemagne into Spain by the Pass of Roncesvalles in the year 778.

Mauregato, 783-789.—Alonso, the son of Fruela, had been proclaimed king, but he was very young, and Mauregato, a natural son of Alonso el Católico, invaded Asturia, assisted by other malcontents, and supported by Moorish troops, and took Oviedo. Alonso would not fight against his uncle, but resigned and retired to Álava, to relatives on his mother's side, Fruela having captured and married a Basque lady. The peculiar name of Maragato has suggested to Ferreras and other writers that it means Maurae catus, which might be translated as "Kitten of a Moorish girl," and there may be some sense in this, considering his descent and the fact that he kept on very good terms with the Moors or Arabs.

Bermudo, 789-791, an uncle of Alonso, fell out with the Moors. Risco, in *España sagrada*, vol. xxxvii., quotes the following passage from Albelda's chronicon:—"Eo regnante proelium factum est in Burbia;" and the following from Archbishop Rodrigo's *Historia de los Arabes*, chap. xxi.:—"Isen (the Kalif of Cordova) Gallaeciam devastavit anno Arabum 175 et in reditu obvium habuit Veremudum." The neighbourhood of the village of Burbia is not a place where such a battle could have been fought, as there is no proper pass over the mountains. In all probability the battle was fought on the river Burbia, where Villafranca now stands. There Bermudo could well have awaited the Arabs when they retired from their raid by the Pass of Piedrafita, down the valley of the river Valcarce. This is still the only communication between Central Galicia and the Vierzo.

Alonso II., el Casto (The Chaste), 791-843, son of Fruela. Alonso fixed his court at Oviedo, which town he partly refounded and then raised to an Episcopal see. The previous kings had no fixed capital; they lived either at Cangas de Onis, or at Pravia, or at various other places in the neighbourhood of Oviedo. Alonso is buried in the present Cathedral, which was built in 1388. It seems gradually to have become clear to the Asturian kings that the country south of the mountains was still too much endangered by the Arabs, and that Galicia must be consolidated before further conquests could be thought of. In conformity with this necessity the importance of Galicia and its inhabitants as part of the new Spanish monarchy was considerably enhanced by the timely rediscovery of St. James and the subsequent foundation of Santiago (see p. 229). This was a great step towards a firmer union of the Galician Kelto-Suevi, who had been rather unruly, with the more Keltiberian and Gothic portion of the new kingdom. The saint was not slow in assuming his tutelary functions. The Arabs sent several armies into Galicia, but they were beaten back; the first, in 820, at Naharon, somewhere between Lugo and Betanzos; the second, in the district of Pontevedra; the third and last struggle during Alonso's reign took place in 832, in the district of Lugo. The latter invasion seems to have taken the old route over the pass of Piedrafita.

Ramiro or Ranimir, 843-850, cousin of the childless Alonso II., and previously Governor of Galicia, fought various battles against Abderhaman of Cordova, who, perhaps not without reason, suspected Alonso of having diverted the ravaging Normans from the coast of Galicia to that of Portugal.

Ordoño I., 850-866, Ramiro's son, was the first king who called himself "dei gratia rex Hispaniae catholicus." He charged Gato, Count of the Vierzo, with the fortification of

Astorga and Leon. The strong walls of these towns were completed about 856, and both places were partly repopulated by inhabitants of the Vierzo. In 858 Pedro, Governor of Galicia, defeated the Normans, who had landed on his coast. A large fleet, sent by Mahommed of Cordova to Galicia, was destroyed by a storm in 865.

Alonso III., el Magno, 866-910, Ordoño's son. The young king had first to defend his kingdom against the Arabs. One army he defeated near Leon; the other, which was to march from the Vierzo into Galicia, was beaten near Astorga. In 869 the king took the offensive, cleared first the whole country as far as the Douro, and then marched into Portugal. Lamego and Viseu could offer no resistance, since their walls had been dismantled by Alonso el Católico. Coimbra was taken in 871 and demolished. Orense, Braga, and Porto were refortified, rebuilt, and repopulated, as were also Lamego, Viseu, and Erminia. The latter place was henceforth called Guarda, since it was to be a warden of the frontier.

Gennadius, a monk of Angeric, received permission to live with twelve companions in the desolated parts of the fertile Vierzo. He soon attained fame by his pious life, and through the miraculous cures which he wrought. Gradually many of the ancient monasteries and convents, which had been destroyed during the wars with the Moors, were rebuilt, others were founded, and the whole Vierzo became the most famous monastic centre of all Spain.

The flourishing condition of Alonso's kingdom induced the Mahommedans to break the armistice, but Alonso marched against them from the recently fortified Coimbra, and advanced as far south as Merida. These wars certainly extended and consolidated the growing Spanish realm, but they also ruined the debatable ground, and every newly conquered district. The old historians generally wind up their accounts of these victories with the statement that towns, villages, and country

were devastated, and that much spoil was carried away. This affected the Moors and the original Spanish inhabitants alike. Famines were not uncommon, and it cannot be doubted that the Spaniards in the southern provinces, where the Arabs remained unmolested, led a more prosperous and contented life.

In 878 the Mahommedans were beaten back between the rivers Esla and Orbigo, after they had advanced into the vicinity of Leon. A large golden cross, given to the church of Oviedo, commemorates this victory. In the following year Alonso visited the tomb of St. James, and ordered the old brick church to be replaced by a more sumptuous edifice.

In 884 Burgos was fortified and repeopled.

Alonso divided his lands between his three sons.

Garcia, 910-914, received the province of Leon and the Asturias; he made Leon his capital, and left his brother Fruela as count, or possibly as viceroy in Oviedo. Ordoño became king of Galicia.

Ordoño II., 914-923, succeeded his childless brother, and thus united the two kingdoms, with Leon as the capital.

Fruela II., 923-924.

Alfonso IV., 925-930, *el Monge* (The Monk), Ordoño's son, resigned the crown to his brother.

Ramiro II., 930-950, extended his conquests to Madrid, which at that time was a very small place of no importance.

Ordoño III., 950-955, Ramiro's son, gave Galicia to his brother Sancho. Both waged war against the Moors, with the help of the Counts of Castile, who now for the first time enter the history of Spain.

Sancho, 955-967, *el Gordo* (The Fat), after his brother's death united both the kingdoms of Leon and Galicia, but he was so fat that he disgusted his subjects by his inability to put the crown on his own head, nor could he wield his sword. Moreover, Ordoño, son of Alfonso IV., aimed at the crown.

He was, however, soon disposed of by Sancho, who had made friends with Abderhaman of Cordova, where he had been cured of his fatness by Arabic doctors.

Fernan Gonzales, Count of Castile, beat the Mahommedans on the Pass of Piedrafita, and then turned against Sancho, whom he poisoned, whereupon he established himself as master of Galicia, and of a great part of Portugal.

Ramiro III., 967-982, Sancho's son, died as a child. Galicia was harassed, and Santiago was occupied for two years by the Normans.

Bermudo II., 982-999, *el Gotoso* (The Gouty). Almansor took Leon in 996, but he died in the year 1002. The battle of Calatañazor is a myth.

Alfonso V., 999-1027, Bermudo's son, repaired the damage after Almansor's death. He gave his sister to the Arabic Master of Toledo. There were cross marriages between the children of Alfonso and those of the Count of Castile, who was made king of independent Castile.

Bermudo IV., 1027-1037, Alfonso's son, was killed in the battle of Carrion, against his brother-in-law Fernando, the King of Castile. This Fernando was the son of Sancho, the ruler of Navarra and Northern Aragon, and had inherited Castile by marriage.

Fernando I., 1037-1065, *el Grande*, had married Bermudo's sister, Doña Sancha. After her brother's death Fernando and Sancha called themselves kings of Castile and Leon. They drove the Mahommedans out of Central Portugal. Instead of keeping their large monarchy—which now comprised Asturia, Galicia, Leon and Castile—together, they divided it between their three sons. Sancho received Castile, Alfonso Leon, and Garcia Galicia, and Portugal down to Coimbra, with Braga as capital. The immediate result was civil war. Sancho and Alfonso attacked Garcia, but the latter made Sancho his prisoner. Albar Farez, however, a Castilian noble, liberated

Sancho and imprisoned Garcia. Alfonso of Leon was also imprisoned, and Sancho reigned alone.

Sancho II., 1065-1072. His sister Urraca, knowing that her other brother Alfonso would sooner or later be murdered, persuaded him to become a monk at the monastery of Sahagun; thence Alfonso, of course, escaped, and fled to Toledo. In the ensuing civil war Sancho lost his life, and

Alfonso VI., 1072-1109 (1st of Castile), became king of the whole triple monarchy. His dreaded adversary was the famous Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, called in Arabic *el Cid*, the Master. He was a *condottiere*, hence his title el Campeador. He would not acknowledge Alfonso as king, unless the latter swore before the Cid and twelve Leonese nobles, that he had no hand in the death, or murder of, Sancho.

En Santa Gadea de Burgos
Do juran los fijosdalgo
Alli tomaba las juras
El Cid al rey castellano.
Villanos te maten Alfonso
Villanos que no fijosdalgos
De las Asturias de Oviedo
Que no sean Castellanos.
Mátente con aguijadas
No con lanzas ni con dardos
Con cuchillos cachicuernos
No con puñales dorados.
Abarcas traigan calzadas
Que non zapatos de lazos
Capas traigan aguaderas
Non de contrai ni frisados.

(*Romancero Castellano*, Romance 128, by G. B. Depping.)

Part of this runs as follows in Gibson's flowing, but somewhat free translation :—

Alfonso, if thou tell not truth
Be thine a death of shame ;

May villain peasants strike thee down,
Not gentlemen of name.
Not nobles of Castilian blood,
But, to thy foul disgrace,
Asturian men of Oviedo,
That fierce and cruel race.

In 1085 Alfonso took Toledo from the Arabs, who had helped him to the throne.

During the long reign of Alfonso, the Mourabitin, or Almoravides as the Spaniards called them, a religious sect, came over from Marocco in 1094, and overthrew the various Omra, into whose hands the south and the east of the Peninsula had passed, owing to the gradual decline of the Omeyad dynasty of Cordova, after the great Almansor's death.

Alfonso gave one of his daughters in marriage to Henry Count of Besançon, with the recently conquered parts of North and Central Portugal as a dowry. Another daughter, Urraca, had married Raymond, Count of Burgundy, who had distinguished himself in the campaign against Toledo. After Raymond's death Urraca married Alfonso, King of Aragon, and, her brother Sancho having been killed in battle against the Mourabitin, Urraca and her husband united Aragon with Leon and Castile.

Urraca, 1109-1122. Urraca is a common name of the princesses of this time; it is now a name of the Magpie, especially in Andalucia. The Aragonese stranger was objectionable to the Castilian and Galician nobles, who declared Urraca's marriage null and void. After the inevitable civil war, the son of Urraca and her first husband Raymond, was elected king.

Alfonso VII., 1126-1157. El Emperador, because he assumed in 1135 the title of Imperator totius Hispaniae.

About the year 1148 a new religious sect, the Almohades, overthrew the Almoravides.

Alfonso divided his realm between his sons.

Sancho III. received Castile. *Fernando II.* received Leon, reigning from 1157-1188, and was followed by *Alfonso IX.*, of Leon, who reigned from 1188-1230.

Alfonso VIII., 1158-1214 (The Noble, or Good), Sancho's infant son. He married, when only fifteen years old, Eleanor, daughter of Henry II. of England. He lost the battle of Alarcon against the Almohades in 1195, because his cousin and namesake Alfonso IX., of Leon, had not joined him in time. The ensuing quarrel was patched up by the Leonese Alfonso marrying Berengaria, the daughter of the Castilian Alfonso. After the battle of Alarcon, the Mahommedans swarmed north as far as Salamanca, but all the various Christian kings and counts united and, in 1212, beat them back at Las Navas de Tolosa, in the Sierra Morena. Henceforth the Mahommedans were restricted to Andalucia and Valencia.

Enrique, 1214-1217. His sister Berengaria, wife of Alfonso IX. of Leon, acted as his guardian during his short life, but on his death she resigned in favour of her son Fernando, who, on the death of his father Alfonso IX. in 1230, reunited Leon and Castile, and this union was final.

Fernando III., 1217 (1230)-1252. He was strong enough to wrest Cordova from the Moors in 1235, and even Seville in 1248. Aragon, which had absorbed Catalonia, conquered Valencia and even Murcia. Christian Spain was now composed of three large kingdoms: Leon with Castile under Fernando; Aragon, extending from Navarra to Murcia, under Jayme, el Conquistador; and thirdly, the kingdom in the west, which comprised the whole of the present Portugal, with the exception of the Algarve.

Alfonso X., 1254-1284, *el Sabio* (The Learned), Fernando's son. His long reign was troubled by family dissensions, and by various fantastic ambitions of his own with regard to countries outside Spain—at one time the south of France, and

at another time Germany. He gained the epithet of el Sabio (The Learned), owing to his literary and scientific tastes. He edited, and partly composed the *Cronica general*, a history beginning with the creation of the world, and ending with Spain in particular. It was written, like his poems, not in Latin, but in his own native dialect, Gallego.

Sancho IV., 1284-1295, Alfonso's son. Tarifa was taken from the Moors. Sancho's daughter Beatrice became the grandmother of Fernando of Portugal.

Fernando IV., 1295-1312, Sancho's son.

Alfonso XI., 1312-1350, son of Fernando. A victorious battle was fought near Tarifa in 1340, and in 1344 Algeciras was taken, the Moors thereby losing their stepping-stone into Spain.

Pedro, 1350-1369, *el Cruel*. This new name Pedro, new, at least, on the throne of Castile, was due to his father Alfonso having married an Aragonese princess. Pedro III. of Aragon, the son of Jayme el Conquistador, had married a daughter of Manfred, the Norman King of Sicily, and when this island was taken by the French, Pedro, after the "Sicilian Vesper" in 1282, successfully helped the Sicilians and linked the kingdom of Sicily for a time to that of Aragon.

Pedro had several wives, the ill-treatment and murders of whom caused a general rising against him. He sailed, or rather fled, from Coruña, to Bayonne, to ask Edward, the Black Prince, then Governor of Aquitaine, for help. The Prince of Wales, with his brother John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, crossed the Pyrenees by the Pass of Roncesvalles, and, in 1367, won a battle near Navarrete against the Castilians and their French allies. He followed up his success as far as Burgos, fell out with Pedro, and returned to Bordeaux, where he died, in 1376, of the fever which he had contracted during his rash attempt to help the perfidious Pedro. Pedro had given one of his daughters to John of

Gaunt, and another to Edmund, the Duke of York, John's brother.

Enrique II., 1369-1379. The elder, but illegitimate brother of Pedro, was elected by the Castilians, in preference to the two English Dukes, and to Fernando of Portugal, who was a great-grandson of Sancho IV. Fernando was beaten, and the Duke of Lancaster became the next claimant.

Juan I., 1379-1390, Enrique's son. He actively continued the alliance with France against England; in retaliation Edmund, Duke of York, joined the Portuguese with a small army, but Fernando made peace with Juan by making him his son-in-law, and when, shortly after, Fernando died, the Spanish Juan of course claimed the crown of Portugal. The names are now rather confusing. The Portuguese proclaimed João (the Portuguese version of John, in Spanish Juan), the son of their Pedro I., by the celebrated lady Inez de Castro. This João, with his Portuguese, supported by a few thousand archers, took up a strong position near Aljubarrota, between Leiria and Alcobaça, and awaited the far stronger Spanish army, which was reinforced by two thousand French. He routed them completely on 14th August 1385. The victor took the crown of Portugal as João II. In fulfilment of a vow made on the eve of the battle, João founded the Church and Monastery of "Batalha," a specimen of the purest Gothic. At Alcobaça, a most interesting place, are still shown several of the huge copper kettles which had been used by the Spanish troops for cooking their meals in. When, some 200 years later, Felipe II. had annexed Portugal, these kettles were shown to him with the request that the metal should be used for founding church-bells, but Felipe declined the proposal, saying that those kettles had already made a noise enough in the world, the Portuguese having always extolled them as trophies of their victory.

John, Duke of Lancaster, landed in the following year with his family and a large bodyguard of English knights and archers, and had himself crowned King of Castile and Leon at Santiago in 1386.

Enrique III., 1390-1407, Juan's son.

Juan II., 1407-1454, Enrique's son.

Enrique IV., 1454-1474, Enrique's son by Maria of Aragon. Another son of Enrique was Alfonso, and he also had a daughter, Isabel, by a granddaughter of João and Queen Philippa of Portugal.

Isabel I., 1474-1504, Enrique's sister, was offered the crown, her brother Alfonso having died. She had married Fernando, son of the King of Aragon. Fernando had the title of King of Sicily, including Sardinia and the Balearic Islands, and was to live in Castile as Isabel's consort. On the death of his father Juan, Fernando inherited Aragon also in 1479, and henceforth the two great kingdoms of Castile (Isabel) and Aragon remained united.

Los Reyes católicos, as they were and are called, were a curious mixture. Clever, sagacious, and fanatic, they established order and safety in their dominions. The holy Hermandad, originally a private but widely-spread lynching committee, became firmly consolidated throughout the country as a most powerful vigilance committee, administering justice when that was at fault or improperly executed.

The *siete partidas*, or seven chapters, the law-code which under Alfonso X. had been built up from the antiquated Visigothic laws, but with a closer recurrence to the Roman law, were modified into a new general code.

The royal couple introduced the "Holy" Inquisition into Spain; they decreed the forcible conversion of the Jews, soon to be followed by their wholesale expulsion from Spain. These Jews went to Holland and England. Lastly, the monarchs yearned for the kingdom of Granada, the last and

the most beautiful kingdom of the Moors. The town and fortress of Granada fell on the 2nd of January 1492.

It had taken the Berbers and Arabs less than seven years to conquer the whole Peninsula and to overthrow the rotten Visigothic power. It took the Spaniards more than 700 years, thanks to their own dissensions, to reconquer the country, but it was also due to the quarrels among the Mahommedans themselves that they were ultimately overcome. Isabella died in 1504, Ferdinand in 1516.

They had several children. Isabel, the eldest daughter, was married to Alfonso, son and heir of João II. of Portugal, and after Alfonso's death she married Manuel, the next heir-apparent. The second daughter, Juana, was married to Archduke Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian I. After the death of Queen Isabel, Juana, called La Loca, the Insane, succeeded with Philip in Castile, but her husband died two years later, and Ferdinand ruled alone in the whole of Spain, to which had been added Navarra.

Carlos I. (Charles V. of Germany), 1516-1558. With Carlos, son of Juana and Philip, begins the rule of the house of Hapsburg in Spain, which henceforth enters extensively into the politics of Central Europe. This is also the time of the famous Cardinal Ximenes, whose palace is now that of the British Embassy in Madrid.

Charles had become Emperor of Germany after the death of his grandfather in 1519. The empire united in this one man's hands was vast. Cortes had added Mexico, and Pizarro had conquered the Inka kingdom of Peru.

Charles retired a few years before his death into the monastery of San Yuste in Estremadura; his brother Ferdinand succeeded him in Germany.

Felipe II., 1558-1598, Charles's son, inherited all Spain, South Italy, with Lombardy, and, through the mother of Philip I., Burgundy and the Netherlands also. In 1581 he

claimed and took Portugal, Manuel and Isabel, Felipe's great-aunt, having died without heirs. Portugal was treated badly, like a province, all the high offices being filled by Spaniards. Felipe missed the grand chance of properly uniting the two countries. This would perhaps have been possible, if he had taken as his capital Lisbon, which town with its splendid harbour would then have become the emporium of the whole American, West African, and even of the Indian trade. Until Felipe's reign Spain possessed no fixed capital. Carlos had built, and left unfinished, a huge palace in the grounds of the Alhambra of Granada, but he gave it up for an insignificant place called Majerit, the air of which seems to have suited his constitution. *Majerit*, originally an Arabic word, signifies a draught, a chilly place; it was surrounded by woods, "good cover for bears," and the armorial bearings of Madrid are a tree and a bear. This place, absolutely without any strategical importance,—which Romans, Goths, Moors, and the long line of Spanish kings had shunned,—Felipe fixed upon as his residence and centre of government. By the time that Portugal was annexed, Madrid, with its huge Escorial, and also with Aranjuez, had already advanced too far to be given up again without trouble. Its position is central, but that is all.

Felipe II. was a stern, intolerant bigot. His external policy, fraught with too ambitious plans, was a failure. In his reign began the revolt of the Netherlands. As Crown Prince Felipe had married Mary, the "bloody Queen" of England, where he lived with her. The invincible Armada sailed from Coruña, and with its loss in 1588 the supremacy at sea began to pass from Spain to Holland and to England.

Felipe III., 1598-1621. Under this pious and incapable king the Moriscoes, the converted Moors, were expelled from Spain in 1609, and with them Spain lost its industrial, commercial, and best agricultural population, a blow from which

it has never recovered. The Netherlands at last became free, and Spain squandered its money and troops by aiding the Roman Catholic side and the House of Hapsburg in the Thirty Years' War, which then began to rage and to ruin Germany.

But in Felipe's reign flourished Cervantes, Lope da Vega, Calderon, Velasquez, and Murillo.

Felipe IV., 1621-1665, the son of the last king. The Dutch took Brazil and the Malay Islands, hitherto the Portuguese possessions of Spain. Catalonia revolted, aided by the French Cardinal Richelieu, and in December of the same year, 1640, the Portuguese also revolted, and elected as monarch a descendant of their ancient kings, João of Braganza, who ascended the throne of Portugal as João III.

Carlos II., 1665-1700. The decline of Spain was aided by the circumstance that Carlos was a child at his father's death. During the regency of his mother, Maria Anna of Austria, the last possessions of Spain in Flanders fell to France, in spite of the efforts of Don Juan d'Austria, the younger, the king's half-brother.

Carlos died without issue. One of his sisters was married to Louis XIV., and there had been other marriages besides between the Austrian Hapsburgs and the French Bourbons.

Felipe V., 1700-1745, a grandson of Louis XIV., was proclaimed king. The Emperor Leopold I. protested, and there ensued the "war of the Spanish succession," which embroiled nearly the whole of Europe. In 1704 the English fleet, under Sir George Rooke, took Gibraltar, and the Archduke Charles was for a while, with the assistance of Portugal, set up as King of Spain. This is the same Charles who in 1711 became Emperor of Germany as Charles VI. By the Treaty of Utrecht Felipe was acknowledged King of Spain. He was the first Bourbon in that country.

Fernando VI., 1745-1759, the only surviving son of Felipe V.

Carlos III., 1759-1788, Fernando's half-brother, had been King of the Two Sicilies since 1735. Into his reign falls an invasion of Portugal, which was, however, counteracted by Pitt, the English taking Havana and Martinique from Spain. The siege of Gibraltar was raised by Lord Howe in 1782. During this reign too the expulsion of the Jesuits took place. It was also a period of reforms in the internal administration of the whole country.

Carlos IV., 1788-1808; his wife was Maria Louisa of Parma. In 1800 Spain bought the goodwill of France by the cession of Louisiana (soon to be sold by Napoleon to the United States), and invaded Portugal in 1801 at the bidding of Napoleon, in order to force Portugal to keep neutral. The battles off Cape Finisterre, and off Trafalgar 21st October 1805, destroyed the naval power of Spain and France. England stood by Portugal against Napoleon, when, in 1807, Spain and France had agreed upon the partition of Portugal. Junot marched into the latter country, and the court fled to Brazil. Napoleon quarrelled with Spain, and Madrid was occupied in 1808. Carlos IV. had to abdicate, and Joseph Bonaparte, already King of Naples, was declared King of Spain. Joseph was driven out of Madrid by the Spaniards in the same year, and almost at once the capital was retaken by Napoleon himself. Sir John Moore arrived too late, and on his famous retreat through Galicia, pressed by Soult, lost his life at the battle of Coruña, which successfully covered the embarkation of the English troops. Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had hitherto held Portugal, broke into Spain in 1812. Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were taken by storm. Marmont was utterly beaten at Salamanca, but the English general retired for the winter again into Portugal, and in 1813 he routed the French at Vitoria. Then followed the storming of the citadel of San Sebastian, and the crossing of the Bidassoa, the frontier-river between Irun and Hendaye, and Carlos'

son, released from French captivity, ascended the Spanish throne as

Fernando VII., 1814-1833. During the Peninsular War all the Spanish colonies in South America established their independence. The Cortes in Spain had framed a new constitution which was accepted by Fernando; but this constitution was too liberal to be liked by the absolutist "Holy Alliance" of the other continental monarchies, and in 1822 the French overran nearly the whole of Spain with a large army, and again enforced absolute monarchical rule in Spain.

Ferdinand, being without children, in 1829 abolished the Salic law, which had come in with the Bourbons. His brothers Carlos and Francisco protested. Curiously enough in 1830, a daughter was born to Ferdinand, by his wife Maria Christina of Naples.

Isabel II., 1833-1868. Her mother acted as Queen Regent. Her uncle Don Carlos, supported by the adherents of absolutism, and especially by the Basques, caused the first Carlist war, which was successful until the death of their leader Zumalacarregui; but in 1839 General Espartero subdued them, and acted as Regent until 1843. Isabel was induced by Louis Philippe to marry Francisco de Assisi, while her sister Maria Louisa married the Duke of Monpensier, a son of the French king. The family of the Duke of Monpensier now resides at Seville.

Isabel led so disreputable a life that the liberal generals Serrano and Prim headed a revolution. The queen was expelled and a new liberal constitution was proclaimed, under which the new king was to rule, but that king had first to be found. We all remember the candidature of Leopold, Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and its marvellous result. In 1870 Amadeo, the younger brother of the present King of Italy, was induced to accept the Spanish crown, but

when he landed, Prim, his chief supporter, was murdered, and in 1873 Amadeo resigned, having met with nothing but universal coldness. A republic was declared. Don Carlos, the son of Isabel's uncle of the same name, stirred up the second Carlist war, which raged from the Basque provinces as far as Andalucia. At last the most obvious step was taken, and the young son of Isabel was put on the throne.

Alfonso XII., 1874-1885. The Carlist war was brought to an end in 1876, when the young king made a triumphant entry into Madrid. This gifted king, an ardent soldier, and imbued with the desire of saving and restoring the numerous historical and ecclesiastical edifices of his fascinating country, died of consumption in the autumn of 1886.

Alfonso XIII., Q.D.G. (whom may God protect!), his posthumous son, born on 17th May 1886. Christina, Archduchess of Austria, his father's second wife, a lady of marvellous tact, is the Queen Regent.

"Oh if Spain only had a real king," said our Basque peasant friends. "God, fatherland and king, the three are one." *Dios patria y rey, hirur ak bat!*

CHAPTER XVIII

NOTES ON THE FAUNA OF NORTHERN SPAIN

THERE is a collection of local objects of natural history at Ponferrada, in the Museo del Instituto. Many of the animals are wrongly named, but they are in a decent state of preservation. The apothecary fills the professorial chair of natural history. The zoological collection at Lugo, although in a large, airy room of the fine Government building, is miserable, the few specimens being in an abominable condition.

The University collection at Santiago is extremely well kept, and, what is rarer still, the specimens are correctly named. Unfortunately the authorities are reluctant to pay much attention to the local fauna, which could be well represented at little cost; they prefer to spend a great deal of the little money available on sensational specimens, as for instance a tiger.

The collections at Leon we were not permitted to see, in spite of my entreaties, the reason given being that the curator had gone to the seaside and had taken the key with him.

Local vernacular names should always be ascertained by travelling naturalists, as they are of importance not only from a zoological, but equally so from a linguistic and historical point of view. I have found their study most interesting. The aboriginal Basques and Kelts, the Romans,

Goths and Arabs have all contributed to the vernacular nomenclature of the Spanish fauna.

Amphibia and Reptiles

Salamandra maculosa (Spotted Salamander).—I found adult specimens under stones in a moist meadow in the Cantabrian range, south of Potes, at 3000 feet elevation. They are also common in the vicinity of Potes. Larvæ, with scarcely any traces of the gills left, I discovered at the beginning of September, in running springs near the Puerto de Aliva (4100 feet), where they are so common that one of the springs is called *la fuente de la salamanteca.*

This salamander is considered as one of the most poisonous creatures in Spain, too dangerous even to touch. There is of course some reason for this fear, as the milky excretion of the glands of the skin causes a burning sensation on tender skins, and will produce a serious inflammation of the eye (*conjunctivitis*) if the eye be touched inadvertently with the fingers. When in agony of pain the creature can squirt out little jets of the poison to a distance of almost a foot. *Triton marmoratus* and *Triton boscai,* always found in running water, are common in the Vierzo and in Galicia, for instance near Santiago; they have also been recorded from the Asturias.

The common Castilian name of these Urodeles is *salamanteca;* Portuguese, *salamanteiga* or *salamantiga. Salamanca* is sometimes used, the word being possibly confused with the name of the well-known town; the same applies to *salamanquesa;* Salamanques is properly speaking the term for a native of Salamanca, the Latin *salmantica.* Its Gallego names are *pinta, píntega* and *píntiga,* derived from *pintar,* to paint, from the Latin *pingere,* and such a name suits the spotted salamander very well.

Rana esculenta.—The greenish Water-frog is common throughout the Peninsula wherever it finds standing water or rivers, but in the north of Spain it does not go higher than about 3000 feet above sea-level. I have seen it in the river Valcarce near Villafranca; also at Burbia, Leon, and Riaño.

Rana temporaria (Brown Land-frog).—This species goes up considerably higher than *Rana esculenta.* I found very large specimens, 4·3 inches in length from nose to vent, amongst the heather on the Pass of Pajáres, at 4300 feet elevation; also above Burbia at a level of 4500 feet. It frequently seeks and finds an effective refuge in the gorse bushes, hopping through the spiky thickets with the greatest agility.

The universal name for frogs is *rana* in Spanish, *ran* or *ra* in Gallego, *rã* or *arrã* in Portuguese. The brown frog, and still more appropriately the reddish *Rana iberica* (which takes the place of *Rana temporaria* in Portugal and in Central and Southern Spain), is sometimes called *rubeta,*—appropriately if this name is derived from *rubio* or *ruivo*, reddish. Monlau, however, favours another etymology, namely *es el latin rubeta, rana que se cria entre las zarzas,* deriv. *de rubetum = zarzal,* brambles. It seems far fetched to name this frog *rubeta,* "because it grows or propagates (which it does not) under brambles," although it occasionally takes shelter in thorny surroundings.

Bufo vulgaris (Common Toad).—Adult females, in the mountainous districts of the Peninsula, attain an extraordinary size. One specimen, caught at Tanarrio, near Potes, measures 5·1 inches from nose to vent, and 10·5 inches from the nose to the tip of the fourth toe. Another specimen, from the Serra Gerez, measures even more, namely 5·5 and 12 inches respectively.

The natives of course know of much bigger specimens,

especially when a prize has been promised for their capture. I have been promised some in Portugal *do tamanho de um cesto*, of the size of a basket, but unfortunately such choice individuals seem to be very difficult to procure.

These toads occur in two varieties. One, var. *spinosa*, is characterised by numerous small horny and spiny excrescences all over the upper surface of the body and the limbs. This is not a sign of age, as young and small specimens show the same features. They seem to prefer drier, stonier localities, and are mostly of a reddish brown colour, sometimes mottled with yellowish white patches or eye-spots. The other variety possesses a smoother skin, occurs more frequently in meadows, and is of a more greenish olive-brown hue, with broader, more regular and symmetrical lighter and darker markings.

Toads go by several vernacular names, according to the various provinces. The commonest name is *sapo* in Castilian and Portuguese, *zapo* in Aragon, *zapoa* or *apoa* in Basque. According to some authorities this word is derived from the Basque *ap*, a contraction of *apal*, low or small, and *hoa* to walk. Others suppose it to come from the same root as the Latin and Greek *seps*, which means some sort of venomous snake (from σήπω to putrify, σαπρός putrid). It is not impossible that the Latin *sapo*, soap (in Spanish *savon*), has something to do with it, in allusion to the slimy skin with which toads are credited by the popular mind, or more reasonably with reference to the milky, lathery poison which is emitted from the numerous large skin glands when these harmless and useful creatures are trodden upon or otherwise maltreated. Few natives can be induced to touch them, and all abhor them.

Another Castilian name for the toad is *escuerzo* or *escorzon*; *escorzo* and *coguerzo* in Gallego dialect; and it seems reasonable to connect this word with the Italian *scorza*, bark of a

tree, on account of the obvious resemblance, the common root appearing in the Latin *cortex*, which has also given rise to *cortiza* and *corcho*, cork.

A third name is the Catalan *gripau* and *galipau*, which probably is the origin of *galápago*, turtle (see p. 358), and is possibly to be derived from the same root as the Anglo-Saxon *creopan*, Dutch *kruipen*, to creep; vulgarly *kraufen* in German. Naturally the French *crapaud* is of the same family too, but it is curious that the Welsh call the tortoise *grwpan*.

Hyla arborea (Tree-frog).—This I heard in the Pass of the Deva; and near Pobladura del Vierzo at an altitude of 2600 feet. It is common throughout the Peninsula in suitable localities.

The Spanish and Portuguese name of the tree-frog is *rela*, a contraction of the Latin *ranella*, a froglet.

Bufo calamita (Natterjack).—This is common throughout the Peninsula. I saw many at Riaño.

Alytes obstetricans (Midwife Toad).—This is undoubtedly the commonest toad in the whole of the Peninsula. Its musical, bell-like call-note is heard almost everywhere during the night. I found large numbers of young specimens, already completely metamorphosed, and adults in the river Esla near Riaño, in the middle of September. Tadpoles I saw in the middle of August in the Pass of the Deva near la Hermida; at the beginning of September at the Puerto de Aliva at about 4000 feet elevation; in the month of July on the high plateau of the Serra da Estrella in Portugal, 5000 feet above sea-level. It is as well to mention that on the Serra da Estrella the tadpoles are called *cágados*, a name which is usually restricted to tortoises! This I learnt to my own cost. When I was exploring that interesting mountain range of Central Portugal the people roused my incredulity by speaking of the abundance of *cágados* in their streams and pools. A promised

reward of so much per piece resulted in my being inundated with tadpoles.

Pelobates cultripes.—This was observed in the sandy plain between Villafranca and Ponferrada.

Lacerta muralis (Wall Lizard).—It is common everywhere, occurring in the Cantabrian Alps up to a height of 4000 feet, and on the Serra da Estrella up to 5000 feet.

Lacerta schreiberi.—This interesting form, intermediate between *Lacerta ocellata* and *Lacerta viridis*, which latter does not occur in the Peninsula, is essentially an inhabitant of mountainous, wooded districts, which it ascends to 3000 feet above sea-level, at least in the province of Leon, for instance, near Burbia and below Riaño.

Lacerta ocellata (Ocellated Lizard).—Common throughout the country, but does not go up so high into the mountains as *Lacerta schreiberi*, its upper limit being at Tanarrio, near Potes, about 2000 feet.

The vernacular name of a lizard in general is *lagarto*, that of the smaller species *lagartija*. In Portugal *Lacerta ocellata* is called *sardão*, while *Lacerta muralis* and *Tropidosauros algira* are named either *lagartixa* or *sardanica*.

According to Dr. Forsyth Major, who has published an exhaustive and most interesting paper on the names of lizards in *Zoologischer Garten*, xxiii. 1892, *Lacerta*, *lagarto* and *lizard* are all indicative of Keltic origin. In Bretonic it is *glazard*, which suggests the older form *clacerta*, and this is possibly derived by reduplication of an Indo-germanic root *kar*, to bend, from something like *kar-kar-ta*. We have nearly the same word in the Greek κροκόδειλος = *kor-kor-deilos*, which without the reduplication is κόρδυλος, a newt. As was observed by Herodotus, the Greeks applied their name to the Egyptian beast, the crocodile, which the Egyptians themselves called *champsa*. In modern Greek the lizard *Agama stellio* is called κροκόδειλος χερσαῖος. It

seems to me not unlikely that the Portuguese *sardão* and *sardanica*, both of which are modifications of *sarda*, may also be derived from some Keltic word like *glazar*, especially since the initial *cl* of many Latin words is turned into *ch*, pronounced like the English *sh*, by the Portuguese idiom.

Anguis fragilis (Blindworm). — This was observed at Hermida, Burbia, Santiago. It is known under many names. The most obvious is *cobra* or *culebra de vidro*, glass-snake. It is also called *licanso*, *licranso*, *alicanso*, and *alicranso*. Similar words are *alicante* or *alicates*, the name of the snake *Elaphis quadrilineata*, and *alicántara*, a provincial name of the Gecko. *Alicante* is the Arabic *al-laccât*, from the verb *lacata* = to collect, to grasp, a very appropriate name for the snake Elaphis which constricts its food. A provincial Portuguese name of the Scorpion is *alacrão* and *lacranço*, with the same signification of grasping; and in some districts of the Algarve and Alemtejo *alacrão* has become modified into *alaclara* and even into *santa clara!*

Seps tridactylus. This creature may be caught on the western coast of Galicia, close to the sea, amongst the gorse-bushes. It can be seen, when stealthily approached, basking in the sun on the tops of the thickly-growing, low bushes; it disappears with great agility on the slightest alarm, almost swimming, as it were, through the prickly cover, and then hiding and wriggling through the loose sand between the roots. Why this smooth and absolutely dry little creature should be called *sepa* or *sepedon* is not easy to understand, if the Greek and Latin *seps* are derived from *sepo*, to putrify.

Tropidonotus natrix (Ringed Snake). — Many, in some districts the majority, of these snakes are noteworthy for the total absence or only faint development of the white or yellow collar behind the head. Specimens with the typical, strongly pronounced collar are comparatively rare. The prettiest

specimen I caught swimming in the middle of the Guadiana near Mertola. It was a female, uniformly olive-green above, yellowish-white and gray below, without any trace of a collar, and with red eyes. When caught it was 3 feet long, and during nine years of captivity in a large greenhouse, where it lived on frogs without once hibernating, it grew to the length of 3 feet 9 inches. The wildest snakes of this kind that I have met with were in a swamp near Leça de Palmeira, not far from Oporto, where they simply swarm in abundance. Many a specimen, when pursued in the water, instead of swimming away, made straight for me, with head and neck erect above the water, with open mouth and hissing furiously, but although they darted forwards and snapped, they never bit.

Tropidonotus viperinus.—The viperine snake is the most abundant, being mostly found in the slow rivers or in standing water, where it lives on fishes and frogs. In the spring it is often seen basking on low bushes or on rocks, sometimes at some distance from the water. In the Alemtejo, when during the long, rainless, and hot summer the small rivers have nearly dried up, these snakes collect in great quantities in the little stagnant and muddy pools, and as the stock of suitable fishes gets exhausted, are often reduced to a deplorably emaciated condition. By the month of August they have become so thoroughly aquatic that they cannot be kept alive in dry surroundings for twenty-four hours. Mine generally died, apparently from some sort of cutaneous suffocation, in the night following their capture; sometimes even before that. Taken under other conditions they are very easily kept alive and tamed.

I once caught a snake of this kind in a ditch whilst it was in the act of swallowing an eel of nearly its own length. Both were separated, and then put into a small bag together with other creatures, and no more attention was paid to them for several hours, as we, that is to say, the priest of

the village and myself, were shooting quails. When I opened the bag again the snake, undisturbed by our incessant walking about, was still busily engaged in trying to get outside that same eel!

Coronella austriaca and *Coronella girondica*.—Both these "smooth snakes" occur together in most parts of Spain and Portugal, but *Coronella girondica*, whose range extends from France into Marocco, is far less common in the northern and north-western provinces of the Peninsula than *Coronella austriaca*. They are found up to about 3000 feet above sea-level. Rarely met with in the daytime, except accidentally, hating hot and brilliant sunshine, they leave their hiding-places towards sunset stalking lizards and blindworms which usually abound in the same bushy and rocky localities. They vary much in colour, especially in the amount and distribution of the dark brown markings, which on the head and nape of some specimens produce a striking resemblance to these parts of the viper.

Coelopeltis monspessulana s. *lacertina*.—This is the largest, but not a very common snake, in the Peninsula. It does not seem to occur northwards of the Cantabrian range, and not in Galicia proper. I have caught it near Murça in Tras os Montes, and in the Vierzo.

Vipera berus.—The common viper occurs only in the northern provinces, including the southern side of the Cantabrian mountains, but to the south of this Cordillera its place is taken by the knob-nosed *Vipera latastei*, which ranges from the Serra de Gerez in North Portugal to Marocco and Algeria. I have met with the typical *Vipera berus* at Burbia, at 2700 feet elevation; above Lebeña, near Potes, 1360 feet; near our first camp south of Potes, 2900 feet; on the southern side of the Pass, near Barmiedo, 3800 feet above sea-level. Its upper range seems to coincide with that of the zone of trees, about 4500 feet. *Vipera seoani*,

described from Galicia, is a synonym of *Vipera berus.* Cf. Boulenger, *Catalogue of Snakes,* vol. iii. p. 477.

The usual name of the harmless snakes is *Culebra de tierra* and *Culebra de agua,* the various species not being further distinguished. *Cobra* is the Portuguese word. The viper is called *vibora* and *bicha.* The word *vibora, vipera* or *viper* is generally supposed to be a contracted form of *vivipara,* in allusion to the viviparous mode of propagation of this snake, but this interpretation is most unlikely to be correct. It seems more reasonable to connect it with *vibrare,* to vibrate, to gyrate, and the same stem or root appears in the German *wippen;* Wupper and Wipper are names of several meandering rivers in Germany. This derivation is of course not incompatible with Laurenti, and other Herpetologists, having thought of *vivipara* when they first used *vipera* as a scientific name.

Bicha, in Portuguese and in Spanish, and the Italian *biscia,* are thought to be connected with the Germanic *biss,* a bite. While in Portuguese the word *bichero* is obviously intended for a man who has to do with *bichos,* just as *bicheria* is the jocular term for a collection or lot of beasties, *bichero* in Spanish means a boarding-axe, and this naval term seems to imply the idea of biting, beak, to bicker.

Bicho is a most useful word all over the Peninsula, as it is applied to any creeping, crawling, hopping or running thing, from an elephant down to a flea, mostly with the intention of conveying a feeling of nastiness. A man who collects such creatures is called *bichero* by the Portuguese, and occasionally some larky Portuguese has bestowed upon me the title of *bichero mor.* This is really a term of distinction, as *mor* is a now somewhat antiquated adjective meaning great. The commander-in-chief of an army is, or was, called *capitão mor,* and this *mor* is not a contraction of the Latin *major* — which in Portuguese and Spanish is

mayor—but not improbably a remnant of the pre-Roman Keltic aboriginal language, almost the same as the Welsh *mawr*, great, which moreover is likewise put after, not before the noun.

Snake-stories, mostly fables, are plentiful, and the same applies to the natural history of these creatures. In the Algarve I was told by an educated gentleman that *a bicha não vê mas ouve*, the viper does not see, but it can hear; while *o alicanzo não ouve mas vê*, the blindworm (or possibly a *seps* or an *Amphisbaena*) cannot hear, but it sees. The female viper, when pursued with her brood, opens her mouth wide, and the little ones seek shelter inside the mother. This silly story, which it is hardly necessary to mention has been authenticated by eye-witnesses, is widespread in most parts of Europe, and probably has its origin in the fact that the young have been observed to crawl out of the gravid female after the latter has been killed.

In the north of Portugal occur *Cobras con azas*, snakes with wings, but the mountain fastnesses of Tras os Montes, and especially the Serra Gerez, seem to be inhabited by various marvellous creatures. One of these is the huhu-bird, which is so afraid of the light that it flies stern foremost to prevent the sun from catching its eyes!

My friend Alfred Tait of Oporto, an ardent naturalist like his brother William, once spent a long, broiling, hot summer day with me and a native sportsman, in the wilds of the Serra Gerez, bent on catching specimens of *Vipera latastei*, the knob-nosed viper. For some occult reason or other we got none on that day, although we heard several. Our companion thought he would apply a radical measure, sure to drive the vipers out of their hiding-places in the thick brambles and bracken. He set fire to the mountain-slope, and as even this somewhat high-handed and dangerous *batida*, or battue, did not produce the game, he threw himself

down exhausted and exclaimed, "To-day God himself protects the vipers, because he knows his excellency, *o bichero mor*, is after them."

The grass-snake, which likes to deposit her eggs in manure-heaps and similar litter, and is consequently often found in or near the cattle-sheds, is universally credited with sucking the udders of the cows. A common belief in many countries, but in Spain several peasants have told me solemnly that a snake had stolen in during the night and had taken to their women's breasts. Near Salvatierra, in the Basque province of Álava, such a case was narrated with circumstantial detail. A snake stole in night after night and refreshed itself side by side with the baby. The wiseacres of the village were of the opinion that it would have an evil influence on the baby if the snake were disturbed in the act and killed in the bedroom. This view met with the approbation of the priest, who also refused to exorcise the snake, but he advised that a saucer with milk should be put on the door-sill to attract the unwelcome visitor, which should be watched for and killed before it actually entered the house. The husband performed this task successfully, without any evil consequences to his household.

Emys orbicularis s. *lutaria* s. *Cistudo europaea.*—This is the only tortoise which occurs in the northern half of the Peninsula, but it extends its range southwards throughout the Peninsula, and occurs again in Algeria. In the southern provinces it is distinctly less common than the *Clemmys leprosa*, although in certain localities both species are found in almost equal numbers, as for instance in the Laguna de los patos, in the Marismas of Andalucia. In the Alemtejo it is decidedly rare, but I have taken specimens in the rivers Mira and Sado. It does not occur on the northern side of the Cantabrian range, or, in other words, not in the short and rapid rivers which flow into the Bay of Biscay. In Galicia it is restricted to the lower Miño, but it ascends the Sil as

far as Ponferrada, 1700 feet above sea-level, and this seems to be its upper limit.

Clemmys leprosa s. *sigriz.*—The northern limit of this tortoise is the river Mondego. In the Alemtejo it occurs in abundance, and its range extends southwards into Northern and North-Western Africa, even as far down as Senegambia. When the rivers dry up in the summer, these tortoises withdraw into the remaining pools, where they then simply swarm, and when these pools become overheated the tortoises hide themselves under ledges of rocks and aestivate for months. The life in the muddy, slimy pools renders these reptiles very liable to the attacks of a certain freshwater alga which enters through cracks or between the horny epidermal shields and flourishes in the Malpighian layer and in the underlying bone. This becomes gangrenous in patches, and the whole shell assumes a leprous appearance, hence the specific name of *leprosa.* My friend Mr. C. M. Potter, who studied the life history of this parasitic alga in 1886, named it *Epiclemmydia lusitanica* (*Proceed. Cambridge Philos. Soc.* 1888).

The vernacular names of tortoises are *sapo concho* in Galicia and North Portugal, *cágado* in most parts of Portugal, and *galapago* and *tortuga* in Spain. *Sapo concho* means shell-toad, expressing the same idea as the German *Schildkroete* and the Dutch *schildpadde.*

I know of no plausible derivation of *cágado.*

Tortuga is according to some Spanish authorities the low Latin *tortuca,* from *torquere, tortum, "porque tiene las piernas torcidas"* on account of the twisted or crooked legs. Hence also *tortue* and *tortoise. Tartaruga* is the Spanish and Portuguese name of the marine turtles; in Lisbon society *tartaruga* is a jocular term for an old woman.

In connection with *galapago* and *galipau* (cf. also p. 350) may be mentioned the English commercial terms *calipash* and *calipee,* for the edible turtle's fat.

Birds

Colonel L. Howard Irby has published notes on the Birds of Santander chiefly relating to Liebana, the observations having been made together with the late Lord Lilford (*Ibis* 1883, p. 173-190).—Arévalo has written an exhaustive work on the *Aves de España*, Madrid 1887.

I therefore restrict myself to a few notes only on some of the more remarkable birds which we met with in the sub-alpine regions of the Cantabrian and Asturian mountains.

Ciconia alba, Cigueña.—The white stork does not occur in the Liebana district, but it is plentiful in the plain near Riaño, where it breeds on the tops of stunted or pollarded poplar trees, sometimes close to the villages, not, however, on the houses. We saw a solitary specimen in one of the deeper and wider valleys half-way between Villafranca and Burbia.

Gyps fulvus, Buitre, from the Latin *Vultur.*—The Griffon Vulture breeds regular in the district of the Picos de Europa, for instance near Aliva and near Lebeña.

Gypaëtus barbatus, Casca-huesos or *Quebranta-huesos,* which means break-bones.—The Laemmergeier, unmistakable from the spread-out primaries when on the wing, is met with all along the Cordillera.

Neophron percnopterus (Egyptian Vulture).—This pretty bird visited Tanarrio and Mogrobejo regularly every morning about ten o'clock.

Tetrao urogallus, Faisan or *Gallo de bosque* = Cock of the wood.—The Capercailzie is a resident of the beech forests, which have a northern aspect; for instance near Cosgaya above Potes; near Pajáres and near Burbia. They are rather highly prized, as much as ten shillings being offered in the towns for a cock in good condition.

Caccabis rufa, Perdiz.—The red-legged Partridge is common up to an altitude of about 3000 feet. It is often

kept in a very small cage, to be used as a decoy-bird. Most natives can imitate its call-note to a nicety.

Perdix cinerea, Pardilla = the little gray one.—The gray Partridge occurs all along the Cordillera, from 3000 feet upwards. The winter snows drive them down, into the plain of the Vierzo for instance. We found the young of this partridge, only a few days old, on the 26th of July, above Burbia, at an altitude of 4000 feet. In Tras os Montes this partridge is called *Cince,* in allusion to its ashy colour.

The differences in colour between specimens from Spain and Portugal and those from Central Europe are not greater than those between the several varieties which occur in Germany itself. There is no justification for distinguishing the specimens from Spain as a separate sub-species *P. hispaniensis,* as has been done by Dr. Reichenow of the Berlin Museum.

Coturnix communis, Codorniz (Quail).—We saw this in the neighbourhood of Burbia and Riaño.

Columba palumbus, Torcaz, in allusion to the *torque* or ring round its neck. Ring Dove: Burbia, Tanarrio.

Turtur risoria, Rola (Turtle Dove).—This is a common bird.

Alcedo ispida, Martin pescador (The Kingfisher).—Rivers Deva, Burbia, Valcarce, and Sil.

[*Merops apiaster Abeja-ruco* (Bee-eater), from *abeja* or *abella,* a bee; does not occur in the northern provinces.]

Syrnium aluco (Tawny Owl).—Called *mochucho* in Galicia; at Burbia it is called *lechúza;* at Potes, and near the Puerto de San Glorio, it has the more usual name of *cárabo.*

Bubo maximus s. *ignavus* (Eagle Owl).—I saw this bird in the Pass of the Deva; at Burbia it is called *mocho.*

Scops giu.—The small scops owl occurs all along the Cantabrian range.

Athene noctua s. *passerina*.—We have often heard this little earless owlet at Burbia, and at our camps on the southern slopes of the Cordillera.

Caprimulgus europaeus (Nightjar or Goatsucker).—Specimens were seen below Llanaves at 4000 feet elevation.

Cypselus melba (Alpine Swift).—This bird is much more common than either martins or swallows.

Gecinus sharpei (Spanish Green Woodpecker).—We noticed it at Burbia. *Pito real* or *Verdenal* are its Spanish names.

Sylvia tithys (Black Redstart).—Found at Burbia.

Sylvia rubecula (Robin).—Also found at Burbia.

Cinclus albicollis (Dipper).—It is common in the rivers Deva, Esla, near Pajáres, Burbia, and Valcarce. Near Pajáres it is so common in the autumn that it is shot and eaten.

Tichodroma muraria (Wallcreeper).—Observed at Aliva, 5000 feet above sea-level; also on the heights above Busdongo. A stuffed specimen in the Museum of Ponferrada is labelled *Merops apiaster*, *Abejaruco*, an indication that the Bee-eater is not known in the Vierzo.

Pyrrhocorax alpinus (Yellow-billed Chough).

Fregilus graculus (Red-billed Chough).—Both Choughs are called *Graja* promiscuously, and they occur in equal numbers, often together, in the whole of the subalpine ranges, their lower limit in the summer being about 3500 feet. At Pajáres both kinds, in large flocks, visited the meadows chiefly towards sunset.

Garrulus glandarius (Jay).—It was called *Gayo* at Burbia, where it was shot and eaten by the *capitulo*, or sexton.

Corvus corax (Raven), *Cuervo*.—This bird was observed in the Picos de Europe. Ravens and crows were conspicuously absent in the whole district around Burbia.

Motacilla alba (White Wagtail)
" *yarreli* (Pied Wagtail)
Budytes rayi (Yellow Wagtail)
} All these three were seen at Burbia.

Montifringilla nivalis.—The Snow Finch was observed at the end of August at Aliva, in the Picos de Europa, near the patches of snow, from 6000 feet upwards. In the winter it seems to descend considerably farther down. This species has been recorded as resident in the Sierra Nevada.

Fringilla montifringilla (Brambling).—The landlord of the Fonda tres Orras in Villafranca possesses a stuffed specimen from this neighbourhood.

MAMMALS.[1]

Ursus arctos—Bear, *Oso* and *Osa.*—Bears still occur not unfrequently all along the Cantabrian range of mountains. On the central chain of Spanish mountains they seem to be rarer. There are none now in Portugal. Formerly, as lately as the sixteenth century, before the devastation of the forests, the bear seems to have had a much wider distribution in the Peninsula. The armorial bearings of the town of Madrid show a tree and a bear, and the surrounding woods were known as the haunts of this animal. Madrid has a good right to its armorial bearings, while the bear of Berlin owes its existence in great measure to an etymological mistake.

The Highlanders all agreed that the bears, so far as man is concerned, are absolutely harmless, and, when tracked, will do their best to escape. This they generally manage to do, because some of their sense organs, namely the ear and nose, but not the eye, are very sharp. When surprised in his lair, or driven into a defile, or above all, if wounded or worried by dogs, the bear's temper is up at once and the tables are likely to be turned against the hunter. However, I did not hear of any man in the Cordillera who had lost his life in a bear-hunt. The bear being by choice a strict vegetarian, his flesh is eaten, and the smoke-cured hams are said to be especially delicious.

[1] Part of these notes has previously been published as "Notes on the Fauna of North-western Spain" in *Zoologische Jahrbücher*, vol. vii. 1893.

Mustela vulgaris—Weasel, *Mustela.*—A stuffed weasel, with a field mouse (*Arvicola arvalis*) in its mouth, is in the Museum at Ponferrada, but unfortunately the group is labelled *Sorex araneus—Muçaraña, i.e.* Shrew.

The weasel is also common in Galicia. *Mustela* is also the Spanish vernacular name. *Lista como una mustela, i.e.* as sly as a weasel, is a common saying.

Mustela putorius—Polecat, *Furon.*—There are specimens from the neighbourhood in the Santiago Museum.

Mustela foina—Marten, *Garduña.*—In the Santiago Museum may be seen examples from the neighbourhood; it is also found in the woods above Burbia.

Viverra genetta—Genet, *Marta.*—The Santiago Museum contains specimens; it is common in the vineyards of the surrounding country. This little animal seems to be well known in most parts of Spain and Portugal; it is called *geneta* except in Galicia.

Herpestes widdringtoni.—This Ichneumon does not occur in Galicia. The Museum of Santiago possesses several stuffed specimens, but the animal is otherwise unknown. Very local in its distribution, it seems to be least rare in the South of Spain, in the Alemtejo and in the Algarve, in vineyards on flat ground, but also in the Asturias, whence Lord Lilford has received it. According to him it is called *melon* or *meloncillo.*

Some naturalists are inclined to think that this animal was introduced into Spain by the Moors, as a destroyer of mice and rats, and its very local, sporadic occurrence seems to favour that view, but there are several objections. First, the Iberian *Herpestes widdringtoni* exhibits some slight, but apparently constant differences in colour from the North African *H. ichneumon;* and even if these differences be not of specific but only of subspecific or racial importance, it would be a rash attempt to explain them as the immediate

result of the introduction from Africa into Spain, although it is conceivable that about one thousand years may have produced such changes in a shortlived little mammal, especially if for argument's sake we assume that it was semi-domesticated. Secondly, it may be asked, why should the Moors take the trouble of introducing this animal into a country which was already blessed with the domestic cat? Whether the latter was in Iberia before the Romans, or whether it was introduced by their legionaries, we do not know, but it is very probable that the Visigoths had domestic cats. The Spanish and Portuguese name of these creatures is *gato*, which of course is the same as cat, *Katze;* and *catus* is late Latin. Moreover, the Spaniards call their cats by exactly the same sound as the Germans, namely by *miez-miez!* These facts show, I think, that in Spain the cat received and has retained its name and call from the Gothic, but not from the Iberian, the Roman, or the Moorish population. Lastly, the very name of *Herpestes*, namely *Melon*, is derived from the Latin *meles*, while there is no name of Moorish origin, and considering the way in which the name clings to nearly everything introduced by the Moors into Spain, it is most unlikely that the Ichneumon should be an exception.

Concerning the vernacular names of many of the smaller mammals, there exists a good deal of local variation and of uncertainty. For instance *Mustela foina* is, according to Lord Lilford, generally known as *foina*, while *Mustela putorius* is called *marta*. In Galicia they are called *garduña* and *furon* respectively, while *marta* is the term applied to the *geneta* of other parts of Spain. *Marta* (with *mrt* common to all the Roman and Teutonic languages) is of course the same as the German *Marder* and the English *marten*, the murderer, while *furon* is the thief or rogue. *Garduña* has been derived by Dr. Forsyth Major from the Arabic *djardoun* = mouse.

Meles taxus—Badger, *Tejon*.—It is common in Galicia,

also in the Vierzo, Puerto de Pajáres, and Liebana. The name of this animal goes likewise back to remote antiquity; the Spanish *tejon* or *tasugo*, Portuguese *teixugo*, Italian *tasso*, the low Latin *taxus* and German *Dachs* refer to the same root which in English appears in to dig.

Lutra vulgaris—Otter, *Nutria.*—The otter is found in the rivers of Galicia and North Portugal. The Portuguese at the Minho, Cavado and Lima call this animal *lontra.* Accidentally the southern limit of the otter seems to coincide with that of the salmon; the latter ascends the Minho and then the Sil into the Vierzo.

Erinaceus europaeus—Hedgehog, *Eriço.*—Galicia, Vierzo, and Pajáres. Sometimes called *porco espin*, properly speaking the name of the Porcupine, *Hystrix cristata*, which is said to be of very rare occurrence in Andalucia.

Myogale pyrenaica — Muskrat, *Rato mosquetero.* — This interesting little animal seems to be restricted to the Pyrenees, the Cantabrian range, and the western continuation of these mountain systems into North Portugal. It has been found in the streams of the Vierzo, *e.g.* in the Rio Valcarce near Villafranca, where my friend Mr. Alfred Tait, a keen sportsman, procured a specimen. The same gentleman has caught this species in the Serra Gerez in North Portugal. Lord Lilford got one in the Deva near Potes, and I myself have found it in the Rio Esla, below Llanaves, about 4100 feet above sea-level. A specimen in the Museum of Ponferrada is labelled *Talpa europaea, Topo!*

The name *rato mosquetero* needs no explanation. In the Pyrenees the animal is called *desman.* Some etymologists recognise in this word the Latin *manus!* Equally futile, however, seems to be the attempt to explain it as Basque, *deseman* = to give up that which has given itself!

Talpa europaea—Mole, *Topo.*—Molehills are plentiful in the Vierzo and in suitable localities of Galicia, but in the

damp mountain meadows and on schistaceous ground they are rare or absent.

Sorex araneus—Shrew, *Muçaraña*, i.e. *Mus araneus*.—This is common in Galicia, in the Vierzo, and Liebana.

Canis vulpes—Fox, *Rapozo* or *Zorro*.—The fox is common everywhere, *e.g.* in Ponferrada, Burbia, Becerrea, Santiago, Tanarrio, and Potes.

While there is no difficulty in deriving the name *rapozo* from the Latin *rapere*, to rob, *zorro* and *zorra* (old Spanish *zurrar*) has led to a most amusing explanation. There is a verb *zurrar* or *surrar*, which means to cut or to scrape off the hair, and is possibly a contracted form of *subradere*. The unfortunate fox is now supposed to have received its name *zorro* from this verb *surrar* "because the fox is of such a hot nature or composition that at certain times in summer he sheds all his hair!" The reasonable explanation is given in the Basque word *zurra* which actually means astute or sly.

Canis lupus—Wolf, *Lobo*.—It exists everywhere in the mountains, although often not seen or heard of for months. In the winter wolves are more frequently met with; when driven by hunger, they make raids into the more inhabited districts. During our stays at Burbia and at Pajáres, wolves killed several calves on the mountain pastures, almost in sight of the villages, and one evening we met a wolf on the barren plateau making his way towards a sheep-fold in one of the valleys. Sheep and goats are never left out during the night, but are either driven home into the villages or into pens and folds, which in the Sierra de Picos are generally constructed of stone slabs. The enormous herds on the Serra de Estrella in Portugal are not so regularly hurdled in, but are protected by men and colossal wolf dogs specially trained.

At Burbia I was told the following story. In the month of January, when the mountains were deeply covered with snow,

a man who was out in the woods saw to his surprise a roedeer rush up to him and seek shelter between his legs. The poor creature was hotly pursued by a wolf. The man, who was a great sportsman, first killed the roe and then he shot the wolf, having thus managed to make meat and to kill a dangerous wild beast *á un golpe* (at one stroke). *Hazer carne* (to make meat), in plain English to butcher, is a common expression among these semi-savages for shooting game. Wolf stories are plentiful. In the Val de Leonte, in the Serra Gerez, I was shown a huge oak, in the hollow stem of which a cow had once taken refuge, defending itself against the onslaughts of a couple of wolves. The man who was responsible for this story was unarmed, and not caring to interfere, went home to procure help, but on his return the cow had already succumbed to the repeated attacks of her enemies.

Felis catus—Wild Cat, *Gato bravo.*—Curiously enough there is no specimen in the Museums of Ponferrada, Lugo, and Santiago. I was left in doubt as to whether the wild cat occurs in the Sierra de Picos, in Galicia, or in the Picos de Europa. The University Museum of Coimbra possesses several very dark Portuguese specimens, which are supposed to be genuine.

Felis pardina—Lynx, *Lince.*—This apparently strictly Iberian species does not occur in the northern half of the Peninsula. I have seen stuffed specimens from the eastern Alemtejo, and a wild one in the Marismas.

Plecotus auritus (Long-eared Bat), *Rhinolophus ferrum-equinum* (Horse-shoe Bat), *Vespertilio murinus* (Mouse-coloured Bat).—Specimens of these three species of bats are in the Museum of Santiago, from the town. They are also common at Burbia, in hollow trees, and in the houses, and show a liking for the vessels and globes of the pendant lamps of the church. The natives entertain the common belief that the bats collect in these vessels in search of the oil.

The Spanish vernacular name for bat is *murciégalo* or *murciélago;* the natives of Burbia, who speak a sort of Gallego dialect, call it *moricego,* which approaches the Portuguese *murcego, i.e. Mus caecus,* blind mouse. An animal with small eyes, which lives in the dark, must needs be blind!

Sciurus vulgaris—Squirrel, *Ardilla.*—Not uncommon in the chestnut and oak trees of the Vierzo and of Galicia, *e.g.* at Villafranca, Burbia, Santiago, and Mogrobejo, near Potes.

The old Spanish and still local Portuguese name of the squirrel is *arda* or *harda;* this circumstance excludes the possibility of deriving *ardilla* from the Latin *nitedula* or *nitella.* Not a bad explanation of *arda* is the Basque *ari da* = something that always moves. Another name of this animal in Portugal, Old Castile, Aragon, and Catalonia is *esquillo* and *esquirol,* interesting because of the English name squirrel, whatever may be the true meaning of this word.

[*Arctomys marmota—Marmota.*—A stuffed specimen of the marmot is in the Museum of Santiago, but without a locality on its label. We never saw or heard a marmot during our wanderings in the Sierras, nor does this creature seem to be known to the natives. Lord Lilford likewise never heard of its occurring in Spain.]

Lepus cuniculus—Rabbit, *Conejo.*—This is absent in the mountainous granitic and schistaceous districts. It is generally found in the sandy plains. It is curious that the rabbit, although the whole country has received its name from it, should now be known only as *conejo,* a modification of *cuniculus.* Rabbits are abundant in Andalucia, and Hispania is supposed to be derived from the Phœnician *sephan,* rabbit. *Sephan,* aspirated: *isphan, Hispania* = the rabbit land; now *España, Spain, Spanien.* The ancient name of Sevilla is *Hispalis* (also referable to *sephan*); the Moors turned it into *Isbilia,* which by partial reversion, has become *Sevilla.*

Lepus sp.—Hare, *Liebra.*—Curiously enough we never saw a hare in Spain, either alive or in Museums.

Mus decumanus—Brown Rat, *Rato, rata.*—It is very common everywhere, to judge from the many dead bodies in the streets.

Mus rattus—Black Rat, *Rato negro.*—This species is still found in Santiago and at Burbia, but is well known to be getting scarce.

Mus musculus—House-Mouse, *Raton*—*Mus sylvaticus.*—This I caught in the hills above Potes.

Cervus elaphus—Red-Deer.—Its Spanish name is *Ciervo* and *cierva*, but it is occasionally called *venado* and *viado* (*i.e.* the chase), although this expression may, according to Lord Lilford, be applied to Deer in general, including Fallow and Roe, also to venison.

The Red-deer I have ascertained to occur in the mountains of Leon, in the Sierra de Sanabria, Serra Gerez, Tras os Montes, and in the Minho district. It is, however, absolutely unknown on the Asturo-Cantabrian range; it is likewise absent in the Algarve, although in the marismas of South-Western Spain I have seen it frequently.

[*Cervus dama*—Fallow-Deer, *Gamo.*—This is apparently not found in Galicia, certainly not in the Sierra de Picos.]

Cervus capreolus—Roe, *Corzo.*—This creature is common in the woods, for instance at Ponferrada, Villafranca, Piedrafita, Pajáres, and Riaño. In the Sierra de Picos and at Pajáres the roe ascends to a height of 4000 feet, and grazes not unfrequently close to the chamois.

Several untenable and wild suggestions have been made to explain the origin of the word *corzo*, but the following series of changes is very reasonable: *caprea, caurea, corea, corja, corza.* A range of mountains, south-west of the Sierra de Picos, is actually still called Sierra de Caurel, and is, as I

was informed by people at the Pass of Piedrafita, famous for its game.

Rupicapra tragus — Chamois, *Rebezo* and *Gamuza*. — The distribution of the Spanish chamois coincides with the Pyrenees and the whole of the Cantabrian or Asturian range. The north-western limit is that of the higher and wilder parts of the Sierra de Picos, excluding the neighbourhood of Piedrafita and Becerrea. There are no chamois to the south of the Cantabrian range.

The chamois, not only of poetry, but even of most books which deal with its natural history, is a creature which inhabits the loftiest peaks in the regions near the eternal snow, far away from and above the reach of ordinary mortals. Putting aside the Bavarian and Styrian highlands, where chamois are often met with on wooded heights of only 5000 feet elevation, I shall speak only of Spain. There they retreat into the higher, less accessible regions only on account of the persecutions by man. The chamois is a subalpine and not an alpine creature. When, towards the beginning of autumn, the herds of cattle and goats with the herdsmen are withdrawn from the higher pasture-grounds, the chamois descend regularly to these districts and browse, for instance at Pajáres and near Burbia, at an elevation of not more than 3500 feet, or even lower down, in sight of the villages. They descend after dawn, feed until 9 or 10 o'clock, and rest during the heat of the day in the shade under the oak and beech trees, or amongst the bracken fern, preferring somewhat open places where they have a free view. Sentinels are not posted. In the afternoon they slowly graze upwards, and before nightfall they withdraw to the rugged peaks, where they spend the night.

The bucks are undoubtedly more wary and shy than the does, and except during the pairing season in the spring, keep aloof from the herds. Old males are solitary and almost unapproachable. Small troops of five to eight can

easily be observed during the summer; in the late spring they often congregate into large herds of "more than a hundred," probably less. They frequent certain passes, well known to the natives, who post themselves at the most advantageous *esperas* (waiting-places) or *tiros* (shots) during the *batidas* or battues. This is the most expeditious mode of hunting chamois, but the stalking is more interesting. The lying in ambush near certain salty springs which the chamois frequent at dawn is a vile procedure.

The Spanish chamois, of which I was fortunate enough to procure several specimens at Burbia and at Aliva, differs in several points from the typical race of Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Tyrol. It is of a considerably more slender build, the neck especially appearing longer and more graceful in proportion. The general colour, in summer, is of a lighter and more reddish brown, although such intensely coloured specimens are also met with in the Austrian Tyrol.

The chamois is supposed to have a close time and, belonging to the *caza mayor*, is not to be killed without a game licence; but in the Sierras, whoever has a gun helps himself, and whenever one of the numerous feast-days approaches, parties of two or three men sally forth "to make meat."

An animal so conspicuous and valuable as the chamois, and so widely distributed, is naturally known by several vernacular names, and these are very interesting from an ethnological point of view.

In the Sierra de Picos, between the Vierzo and Galicia, the chamois is called *rebezo*, which at Burbia is sometimes pronounced *ribisso*. At Pajáres and in the district of the Picos de Europa it is called *rebeco*, a word which purely accidentally, but none the less forcibly, reminds one in sound of the German *rehboecke* (roebucks). Whilst *rebezo* and *rebeco* are the terms used by the Highlanders, the Castilians lower down speak of the chamois as *gamuza*, for instance

at Villafranca del Vierzo, and the same word was used by the educated priest and his nephew at Pajáres. According to Lord Lilford it is likewise called *gamuza* in Catalonia, but *sario* in Aragon. Its Basque name is *basauntza*, forest-goat. In the Pyrenees it is called *izard*.

Rebezo is supposed to be derived from the Latin *reversus*, with reference to the sharp backward curve of the horns. The derivations of *izard* and of *gamuza* are beset with difficulties.

Littré gives under *isard* the Catalonian *isart* and *sicart*, and the Provençal *uzarn*, suggesting that the last may be derived from the German *isern*, *eisern*, *i.e.* iron or bluish-gray; this would suit the winter colour of the Spanish chamois very well. Others connect *isard* with the Germanic *hissan*, to hiss or to whistle, *izar* in Spanish, and this would do equally well with reference to the loud warning note of the animal. Another name, probably like the Aragonese a variation of *uzarn*, occurs in the following quotation[1]: "Il y a (dans les Pyrénées) deux sortes de boucs, les uns s'appellent boucs sauvages et les autres ysarnes (chamois)."

Gamuza is of course the German *gams* and *gemse*, and the French *chamois*; possibly to be derived from the Celtic *cam* = crooked, which would suit the shape of the horns and would, moreover, express the same idea as *rebezo*.

Capra pyrenaica — Spanish Goat, *Cabra montez*. — It is called *bucardo* in Aragon, according to Lord Lilford. This animal does not now occur anywhere in the Cantabrian range, not even at the Peñas de Europa. All the more interesting is its regular occurrence in the Serra de Gerez, in the northern corner of Portugal. Formerly more common, the species is now, in the Serra de Gerez, reduced to a small

[1] Gaston Phoebus, *Vénerie de Dufouilloux*, p. 65, according to Schinz, "Bemerkungen über die Arten der wilden Ziegen" in *Neue Denkschrift. Allg. Schweizer. Gesellsch.*, Bd. ii. 1838, 3 plates.

herd of perhaps only half a dozen. One specimen was shot there a few years ago by the King; a young one was caught alive in 1891, a photograph of which I owe to the kindness of my friend Mr. A. Tait of Oporto. In the summer of 1885 I made an unsuccessful attempt to stalk these *cabras bravas*, as they are called by the Portuguese.

This goat was first recorded from the Gerez by Professor Barboza du Bocage. It certainly does not occur now in the Serra da Estrella, or on the Serra de Monchique in the Algarve. Its present distribution in Spain is still wide, extending over the whole of the Pyrenees, the whole range of the mountains from the Sierra Nevada to the Sierra de Ronda, the Sierra de Gredos, Sierra de Avila, and parts of the Sierra Morena. Lord Lilford at least was in possession of a very fine specimen from the last-named range. From information received at the Sierra de Picos, I think that this goat occurs also on the Sierra da Peña negra, to the south-west of Leon. In former times it must have been much more common and more universally distributed over the higher mountain ranges of the Peninsula, for otherwise its now very sporadic occurrence would be difficult to explain. In the Cueva de la Mora, described in the chapter "The Pass of the Deva," we found a quantity of bones which are referable to this Spanish wild goat. Mr. Charles W. Andrews of the British Museum has kindly compared them with specimens of *Capra pyrenaica* from the caves of Gibraltar (cf. G. Busk, "On the ancient or quaternary fauna of Gibraltar as exemplified in the mammalian remains of the ossiferous *breccia*," *Transact. Zoolog. Soc.* x., 1876, p. 53).

The former existence of this species in the Cantabrian range is therefore proved, and its absence nowadays is probably due to extermination.

This wild goat was first described by Schinz in 1838 as different from the *Ibex* of Central Europe, and his figure of

the young (on tab. 3 of his work) is very much like the photograph mentioned above. It is wrong to apply the name of *Ibex* to this very distinct and isolated species, which is essentially a goat, if the shape, bend, and formation of the horns be of any taxonomic importance. The wild goats from the Sierra Nevada do not differ from the northern specimens, unless the former have somewhat longer and more upright horns, but these are subject to much individual variation, and according to age change considerably in curvature, direction, diameter, and surface-moulding.

Of all the wild goats *Capra pyrenaica* most resembles *Capra pallasi* from the Eastern Caucasus, except that in the latter the transverse section of the horns is triangular with rounded-off corners (hence the name *Capra cylindricornis* given by some authors), while in *C. pyrenaica* the section is pear-shaped, with a sharp inward projection.

The following are true *Ibices*, with long horns which are curved back in one plane, and have thick transverse ridges in front: *C. ibex*, Savoy, Switzerland; *C. sibirica*; *C. sinaitica*; *C. walie*, Abyssinia; *C. aegagrus* (incl. *C. dorcas*) from Jura, Crete, Cyclades, and Asia Minor; to this group belongs also *C. caucasica* from the Western Caucasus, and the animal from the Elbruz. On the other hand: *C. pyrenaica*, Iberian Peninsula; *C. pallasi*, Eastern Caucasus; *C. falconeri*, the Markhoor, Kashmir, are goats with doubly curved or with lyre-shaped horns (in the Markhoor with spirally twisted horns), but without prominent transverse anterior ridges; while *C. jemlanica*, Himalaya, and *C. hylocrius*, Southern India, are goats with small, indifferent horns.

Sus scrofa—Wild-Boar.—Its Spanish name is *jabali* or *javali*, from the Arabic *djabal*, mountain. The wild-boar of the Peninsula is a common animal in the hilly and mountainous forests, although it occurs also in the plains, for instance in the pine forest of the Marismas. The term *jabali*

is used exclusively for the wild-boar, never for the domesticated pig, which is called *cerdo* (the bristly one). *Porco* or *puerco* is not a word for ears polite; hence the voluntary retention of the Arabic name. The Spaniards have coined the verb *cerdear*, like *torear*, *i.e.* pig- or bull-fighting; the weapon used is the *javalina*, a spear, the proper pig-sticking implement.

Conclusions

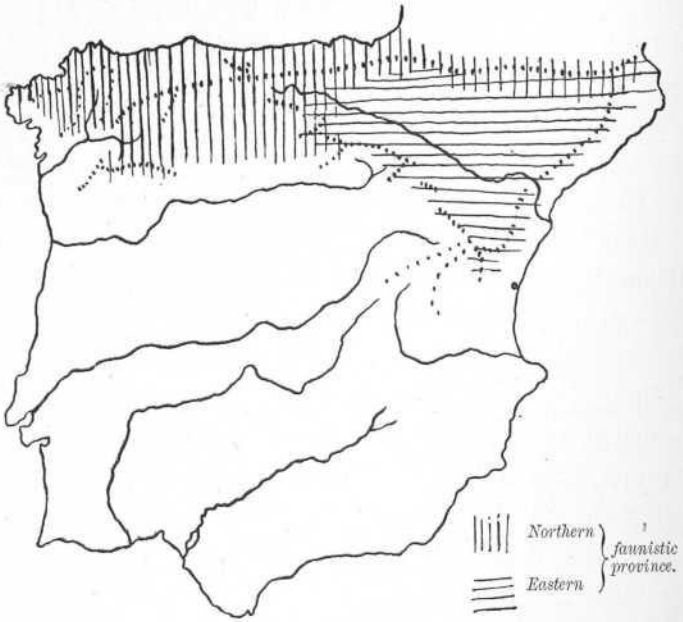
The chief conclusion to be drawn from the distribution of Fishes, Amphibia, Reptiles, Birds, and Mammalia in Spain and Portugal, is that the whole of the Peninsula can be divided into two principal faunistic zones, namely, a northern and a southern zone.

The divisional line runs, roughly speaking, from Coruña, or from Cape Finisterre in the north-western corner to Castellon, in the middle of the east coast. This line is, however, by no means straight, nor does it entirely coincide with some of the chief ranges of mountains, although in broad outline the dividing backbone is formed in the north by the Cordillera Cantabrica, from Galicia to the Basque Provinces, whence a broad and intricate system of hills and mountains continues south-eastwards to Castellon.

The whole divisional line forms two important watersheds. The northern zone contains (1) all the short rivers which run into the Bay of Biscay; (2) the whole system of the Ebro; (3) the upper Miño; (4) the numerous tributaries of the left side of the Duero in Leon and Old Castile until they descend to about 2000 feet above sea-level. Naturally the two zones are connected by a broad strip of debatable ground. A number of amphibia and reptiles extends upwards in the basin of the Duero, and most likely the same applies to that of the Ebro. The high plateau of Leon and Old Castile has to be added to the northern zone, while the narrow strip

along the east cost, from Castellon to Barcelona, separated from the interior by a low but continuous range of mountains, forms a continuation of the southern zone.

The northern zone can again be subdivided into a northern and eastern province, the latter being bordered on the north



The northern faunistic Zone of the Iberian Peninsula. The dotted lines indicate the chief mountain ranges.

by the Pyrenees, and coinciding therefore with Álava, Navarra, Aragon, and Catalonia.

The northern zone is characterised as follows :—

I. Animals which occur in the northern, but not in the southern zone :—

Salmo salar.	Tetrao urogallus.
Rana temporaria.	Rupicapra tragus.
Vipera berus.	Myogale pyrenaica.

Typical residents are also *Perdix cinerea* and *Montifringilla nivalis*, but the former extends into Tras os Montes, while the

Snow Finch has been stated, although on doubtful authority, to be a resident on the tops of the Sierra Nevada.

II. The following Amphibia and Reptiles are absent in the northern, whilst they are characteristic of the southern zone :—

Chioglossa lusitanica.
Pleurodeles waltli.
Rana iberica.
Discoglossus pictus (occurs, however, in South-Western Galicia).
Pelodytes punctatus.
Alytes cisternasi.
Hemidactylus turcicus.
Tarentola mauritanica.
Psammodromus algirus.
Acanthodactylus vulgaris.
Blanus cinereus.
Periops hippocrepis.
Rhinechis scalaris.
Macroprotodon (Psammophylax) cucullatus.
Emys orbicularis.
Clemmys leprosa.

To these may be added *Psammodromus hispanicus* and *Vipera latastei*, which certainly do not occur on the northern side of the Cantabrian range nor on the range itself, but the Viper has been recorded from Vitoria, and the Lizard from Vitoria and Burgos.

A considerable number of Amphibia and Reptiles are too widely distributed through the whole Peninsula to be available for our purpose :—

Salamandra maculosa.
Triton marmoratus.
Triton boscai.
Bufo vulgaris.
Bufo calamita.
Alytes obstetricans.
Hyla arborea.
Hyla meridionalis.
Rana esculenta.
Lacerta ocellata.
Lacerta schreiberi.
Lacerta muralis.
Seps lineatus.
Seps bedriagae.
Anguis fragilis.
Coronella girundica.
Coronella austriaca.
Tropidonotus natrix.
Tropidonotus viperinus.
Coelopeltis lacertina.

Concerning the division of the northern and of the southern zones into sub-zones or provinces, our knowledge is for the present still deficient.

The Chamois, the Musk-rat, and the Capercailzie occur also in the Pyrenees, which form a natural continuation of the Cantabrian range, and consequently also of the northern province. On the south slopes of the Pyrenees occurs *Triton asper* s. *Euproctus pyrenaeus*, but it is still unknown how far west it extends. *Vipera aspis*, the common viper of France, ranges beyond the Pyrenees, and descends towards Barcelona. *Vipera latastei* has been recorded from Vitoria.

Unfortunately, we know next to nothing about the provinces of Zaragoza, Soria, and Teruel.

Roughly speaking, the northern province of the northern zone can be characterised by the presence of *Salmo salar* (basin of the Miño and countries north of the Cantabrian range), and by the presence of *Vipera berus*, excluding *Vipera latastei*.

I do not see my way to subdividing the large southern zone into provinces, unless a southern province can be separated containing the Algarve, the basin of the Guadalquivir, and a narrow, but long strip of the coast from Cadiz to Barcelona. This southern province might be characterised by the not infrequent occurrence of *Hemidactylus turcicus*, which has not yet been found in other parts of the Peninsula. The same applies to the very sporadic *Chamaeleo vulgaris* (near Jerez and Nerja), and to *Testudo ibera* s. *mauritanica* (breeding in the marismas between Huelva and Sevilla), but both Chamaeleon and Land-Tortoise are not free from the objection that they have perhaps been introduced by man.

Attempts to divide the whole southern zone into a southern, western, and central province are futile. *Rana iberica* and *Chioglossa lusitanica* seem at first sight to favour the existence of a western province, consisting of the greater part of Portugal and extending far up the basins of the Douro and Tejo, but both *Rana iberica* and *Chioglossa* have been found as far east as Avila.

A considerable number of species are restricted to the Iberian Peninsula :—

Triton boscai.	Lacerta schreiberi.
Triton asper.	Myogale pyrenaica.
Chioglossa lusitanica.	Herpestes widdringtoni.
Rana iberica.	Felis pardina.
Alytes cisternasi.	Capra hispanica.

To the above might be added *Triton marmoratus*, which, however, occurs also in a great part of France.

Triton waltli, which has been recorded from Tangiers, and *Psammodromus hispanicus*, which extends along the south coast of France.

An analysis of all the species mentioned above under different headings or groups, reveals the following important results :—

I. Nearly all the animals, which are restricted to the Peninsula, have their nearest relations in European countries, the exception being the African genus Herpestes. They are a good illustration of the effects of isolation, the barrier being formed by the Pyrenees, excluding the Cantabrian Cordillera.

II. Not less than seventeen of the twenty Amphibia and Reptiles, which are widely distributed over the Peninsula (both in the northern and in the southern zone), are also found in Central Europe. The exceptions are the typically Iberian *Triton boscai*, *Lacerta schreiberi*, and *Coelopeltis lacertina*, which latter belongs to the Mediterranean fauna. There may be added *Emys orbicularis*, as a rather northern form in opposition to the more southern *Clemmys leprosa*.

III. All the animals which are characteristic of the northern zone are markedly Central-European species.

IV. Of the nineteen species enumerated as absent from the northern, but characteristic of the southern zone, the following nine show distinctly North African relationship :—

Discoglossus pictus.	Blanus cinereus.
Hemidactylus turcicus.	Macroprotodon (Psammophylax) cucullatus.
Tarentola mauritanica.	Clemmys leprosa.
Psammodromus algirus.	Zamenis hippocrepis.
Acanthodactylus vulgaris.	

To these must be added *Coelopeltis lacertina*, as being common in North Africa and in most parts of the Peninsula, while *Emys orbicularis* must be excluded from the nineteen species.

Four-fifths of all the species enumerated show Northern or Central-European affinities, and one-fifth (about twelve) North-African or Mediterranean relationship, and with few exceptions (Coelopeltis, Viverra, and Herpestes) the African influence is restricted to the Southern-Iberian zone. This feature, coupled with the fact that the animals which are restricted to the northern zone point towards Central Europe, proves the correctness, or at least strengthens or justifies, the division of the whole Peninsula into a northern and a southern zone.

It seems reasonable to conclude that the majority of the present Iberian fauna are of European origin, and that they are overlapped by additional North-African forms. Most of the northern species and genera (excepting of course alpine and subalpine forms) are not averse to warmth; on the contrary they like it, and they extend to the most southern districts of Spain. It is different with the originally southern animals. Their northward extension is impeded by the cold, and the necessity of hibernating during several, perhaps four, months of the year. They decrease steadily in frequency from the south towards the north, until they are effectively checked by the high plateaus and the ranges of mountains which thus form the boundary between the two zones. The chief determining factor of their distribution is consequently altitude, in this case coinciding with the climate.

The mammalian fauna of Spain and Portugal contains no African elements, with the exception of Viverra and Herpestes, the latter of which has become sub-specifically distinct. And neither Bear, Wolf, Lynx, Badger, Otter, Goat, Chamois, Roebuck, or Stag extend into Africa. Their distribution has been checked by the severance of Spain from Africa. During which geological epoch this took place we do not know.

The southern stock of Amphibia and Reptiles in the Peninsula must therefore be a remnant of an older Afro-Mediterranean fauna of the last pre-Glacial epoch, and this fauna has spread again and has in turn overlapped the northern fauna, which itself may be assumed to have spread over the aboriginal fauna.

Proofs of glaciation are obvious enough in the Pyrenees, in the whole of the Cantabrian range, in the Serra da Estrella, and to a smaller extent in the Sierra Nevada. The glaciation need not have been extensive, but what there was of it must have influenced the whole country. Indications of such a colder period are not wanting. In caves near Cape Peniche (Central Portugal) have been found fossil remains of a seal (the southern limit of which animals is now the Cape Ouessant of France), and in caves near Athouguia, north of Santarem, I have found mummified bodies of the Lemming (see Barrett-Hamilton, *Proceed. Zoolog. Soc.* 1896.)

There are, of course, other factors in the distribution of animals, besides those which are purely geographical and climatic, for example, the nature of the geological terrain. For instance, the amount of lime either in suspension or in solution in the rivers, streams, and pools has a decided influence upon the occurrence of those Amphibia which are chiefly aquatic, or at least rear their offspring in the water. Limestone and calcareous terrain is poor in Amphibian life, and it influences the welfare of those creatures, notably snakes, which prey chiefly upon Amphibia. Again lime-

stone and calcareous districts are not at all unfavourable to certain lizards, and the same districts abound with such snakes as feed on them. Vipers depend chiefly upon mice, and these upon the vegetation. Sandy ground, either dry or moist, is a necessity for certain burrowing toads and lizards; others again require damp moss, or a layer of *humus* which is not subjected to droughts, conditions which are directly connected with the physical state of the soil. Granite, silurian slate, sandstones, limestone, and sandy plains represent extremes.

The correlation of the Flora—which itself depends to a great extent upon the nature of the terrain—with Insect life, this again with the numerous insectivorous Amphibia and Reptiles, some of which in turn form the mainstay of many snakes, renders the investigation of the ultimate causes of geographical distribution one of the most intricate and therefore all the more interesting of problems.

CHAPTER XIX

NOTES ON THE FLORA OF NORTHERN SPAIN

THE few plants of which we have taken notes, and the small collection which we have brought home, in all about 150 species, are not intended to be anything but a modest contribution to our present knowledge of the Asturian and Cantabrian mountains. Still a number of species had hitherto not been recorded from their alpine and subalpine districts.

My friend, Mr. Burkill, formerly curator of the Cambridge Herbarium, has been kind enough to name the dried specimens, about eighty species. The standard works on the Spanish flora are the *Prodomus Florae Hispanicae*, by M. Willkomm and J. Lange (vols. i.-iii), Stuttgart, 1861-1880; and Willkomm's *Grundzüge der Pflanzenverbreitung auf der iberischen Halbinsel*, 1895.

My friend Blas Lazaro é Ibiza, Professor of Botany in the University of Madrid, has recently published a remarkable paper, "Regiones botánicas de la Península Ibérica," in the *Anales de la Sociedad Española de Historia Natural*, vol. xxiv. 1895, p. 161-207, with a map which graphically expresses the extent of the geographico-botanical regions into which he divides Spain.

We had the great pleasure of meeting Don Blas and his charming wife, Doña Maria, at Vigo in 1892, after they and we had independently roamed about in Galicia. It was a curious coincidence that three years later we met again

quite acidentally, at Leon, in the same hotel—they coming from, and we going to, the Asturian mountains. They had in the meantime thoroughly explored the flora of the southern side of the Central Pyrenees.

The general aspect of the flora of the Asturian and Cantabrian hills and mountains shows a thoroughly Central-European character. Above 4000 feet elevation appear more and more species which are either alpine or common in the northern half of Europe. It is also clear that, botanically, the Asturo-Cantabrian range forms the continuation of the Pyrenees, more so than has hitherto been known to be the case. The countries on the northern side of the range—the provinces of Lugo, Oviedo, Santander, Viscaya, and Guipuzcoa—have a distinctly Central-European flora, and this extends over the watershed, a little way down the southern slopes, where the character changes rapidly into that of Central and North-Eastern Spain, while in Galicia, from the Sierra de Caurel towards the south-west, the western or Portuguese influence becomes evident.

The following, amongst others, are typically Central-European species, forming a characteristic feature of Northern Spain :—

Juniperus nana.	Pinguicula grandiflora.
Betula verrucosa.	Gentiana lutea.
Populus tremula.	Swertia perennis.
Quercus robur.	Ulex europaeus.
Fagus silvatica.	Ulex gallii.
Campanula pusilla.	Ulex nanus.
Vaccinium myrtillus.	Gypsophila repens.
Vaccinium uliginosum.	Helianthemum vulgare.
Vaccinium vitis idaea.	Thalictrum alpinum.
Erica tetralix.	Delphinium elatum.
Erinus alpinus.	Ranunculus aquatilis.

A number of species are restricted to, or peculiar to the whole or part of the Asturo-Cantabro-Pyrenean range. For instance:

Iris xiphioides.	Saxifraga ajugaefolium.
Crocus asturicus.	Saxifraga cuneifolium.
Fritillaria pyrenaica.	Hypericum fimbriatum.
Asperula hirta.	Iberis conferta.
Lithospermum olaeifolium.	Astrocarpus sesamoides.
Digitalis parviflora.	Genista horrida.

There may be added to these *Eryngium bourgati* and *Aquileja viscosa*, which, however, occur also on high mountains in Central and Southern Spain. Southern influence, a northern immigration of Southern Iberian, or of Mediterranean species is indicated by—

Bellis annua.	Campanula macrorhiza.
Centaurea salmantica.	Eryngium tenue.
Jasonia glutinosa.	Paronychia argentea.

Lastly, the traveller who is acquainted with the western and southern half of the Peninsula, will be impressed with the absence or scarcity of those plants which he has been accustomed to consider as the leading features of a country so far south as Spain. The absence of such plants is as important as is the presence of the northern kind. We miss the fields of the numerous kinds of Rock Roses or Cistus, which, when in bloom, are a glorious sight, and which in many more southern provinces almost supplant the stretches of heather and heath. There are no myrtles and no orange groves; no oleanders in the river's bed, and the bed itself is not dried up in the summer months; no fine Cork Oak to admire. No American "Algarrobo" or Locust-bean trees (*Ceratonia siliqua*), no Opuntias, no Yuccas are or can be cultivated, and the Afro-Mediterranean Dwarf Palm, *Chamaerops humilis*, is equally unknown.

List of the Plants Observed or Collected

Ceterach officinarum, W. Pass of the Deva; above Busdongo, 4000 feet.

Polypodium vulgare, L. (Common Polypody). Pajáres.

Adianthum capillus veneris, L. (Maidenhair). Deva, Pajáres. *Culantrillo*, Coast of Asturia.

Allosorus crispus, Brhd. (Parsley Fern). In the gorge of the Esla below Llanaves, and in profusion above Burbia.

Pteris aquilina, L. (Bracken). Unquera, Deva, Pajáres, Puerto de Aliva, forming dense covers between 3500 to 4000 feet.

Blechnum spicant, Rth. Between Potes and Llanaves, 3000 feet.

Scolopendrium officinale, L. (Hart's Tongue). Pass of the Deva.

Asplenium trichomanes, L. (Common Spleenwort). Hermida; above Potes 3000 feet.

Asplenium viride, Huds. (Green Spleenwort). Above Busdongo.

Asplenium ruta-muraria, L. (Wallrue). Pass of the Deva.

Asplenium filix femina, Brhd. (Lady Fern). Common; south of Llanaves at 4800 feet.

Cystopteris fragilis, Brhd. (Brittle Bladderfern). Near Lugo and Villafranca.

Aspidium filix mas, Rth. (Male Fern). Common.

Aspidium spinulosum, D.C. (Broad Shieldfern). South of Llanaves, 4000 feet and higher.

Aspidium lonchitis, Sw. (Holly Fern). Above Busdongo.

Davallia canariensis, Sw. (Canary Fern). On *Quercus robur*, near Arcos in the Minho province, and inland from Vigo.

Osmunda regalis, L. (Royal Fern). Unquera, near the mouth of the Deva. We did not find it anywhere in the Vierzo, nor on the Cantabrian range, nor at Burbia, but it is plentiful on the granitic soil of Western Galicia and in the Minho province.

Equisetum telmateya, Ehrb. (Great Mare's Tail). Above Tanarrio, 3100 feet, with the sterile fronds nearly five feet high, called *Urze*.

Pinus silvestris, L. (Scotch Pine). *Pino bravo*, near Lugo.

Pinus pinaster, Ait. (*P. maritima*, Lmk., and *Pinus pinea*, L.). *P. pinea* and *P. pinaster* are common in Western Galicia wherever there is granite soil, and they occur also on a narrow strip along the coast of Asturia, but pines are completely absent on the whole of the Cantabrian range (limestone) from between Lugo and Becerrea on the west to the Pyrenees, where *P. silvestris* and *P. pyrenaica* are plentiful. In fact we never saw a pine tree along the whole of the Cantabrian range, or on the southern plateau.

Juniperus nana, W. (Dwarf Juniper). The Dwarf Juniper forms large low patches which overgrow the boulders, above Busdongo from

4500 feet upwards; also near the Puerto de san Glorio near Llanaves, and at Aliva. *Enebro*, a corruption of *juniperus*.

Taxus baccata, L. (Common Yew). Fine trees near Lebeña in the Vierzo. Numerous large and small trees, forming a scattered forest, between Riaño and Cistierna, at about 3600 feet elevation, the terrain belonging to the reddish Permian rubble. Single trees near Pajáres 4300 feet, near Riaño 3500 feet, and above Burbia 3800 feet. The Yew tree is widely distributed through the Spanish mountains and on the Serra da Estrella, but it is rare everywhere; most of the trees, for instance those near Burbia, are solitary and old with decaying tops. Younger trees are ruthlessly destroyed by their branches being lopped off to be used in the cattlefolds, partly instead of straw, and partly for repairing the fences and the roofs. The vernacular name is *tejo*, from *texus*, *tegere*, to cover.

Arum maculatum, L. (Lords and Ladies). Tanarrio, Riaño, Pajáres, Burbia, Covadonga.

Iris pseudacorus, L. (Yellow Flag). Near Leon.

Iris xiphioides, Ehrb. Riaño, south of Llanaves at 4000 feet; Pajáres, Burbia, 2800 to 4000 feet. This plant seems to be restricted to the Pyrenees and the Cantabrian range.

Iris spuria, L. At Suazo, province of Álava, on cretaceous soil, about 1200 feet above sea-level. The vernacular name of all the Irises is *lirio*.

Crocus nudiflorus, S.M. Aliva, blooming above Tanarrio from 3200 feet upwards, towards the end of August.

Crocus asturicus, Herb. Pajáres, common, and in bloom in September, from 4000 feet upwards; also at Busdongo and Riaño. Most of the Crocus flowers are very small and almost entirely white.

Colchicum autumnale, L. (Meadow Saffron). Between Riaño and Pedrosa.

Smilax aspera, L. Hermida, Potes, Pajáres. *Zarzaparilla*.

Polygonatum officinale, All. (Angular Solomon's Seal). Riaño.

Ruscus aculeatus, L. (Butcher's Broom). Villafranca del Vierzo, Pajáres.

Asphodelus microcarpus, Viv. Above Burbia, up to 4300 feet; in bloom 25th July. *Abrótiga*.

Asphodelus albus, W. Riaño, 3800 feet; south of Llanaves at 4800 feet, and farther up; in seed at the beginning of September. *Gamon*.

Allium ochroleucum, W. Aliva, 5000 feet; in bloom at the end of August.

Scilla autumnalis, L. (Autumnal Squill). Suazo, province of Álava; in bloom at the beginning of October.

Lilium martagon, L. Riaño and Pajáres.

Fritillaria pyrenaica, L. Riaño; a typical Asturo-Cantabro-Pyrenean species.

Fritillaria sp., perhaps *meleagris*. Riaño; so far as Spain is concerned, hitherto recorded by Willkomm Lange from Catalonia only.

Salix purpurea, L. (Purple Willow). Rio Deva, rivers and swamps near Leon. *Sauce.*

Salix incana, L. Rio Esla, below Llanaves, 4000 feet.

Salix viminalis, L. (Osier). Rio Minho.

Betula verrucosa, Ehrb. (Birch). Common in the Sierra de Picos, around Burbia, from about 3000 to 4500 feet above sea-level. At the Pass of Piedrafita mixed with poplars and dwarf-oaks; absent in the lower valleys, for instance at Doncos and Nogales; reappearing on the heights above Becerrea. Also near Riaño. Higher up the Rio Esla, towards Llanaves, at an altitude of 4500 feet, the birches are low and stunted, growing only on the slopes sheltered from the sun.

The Castilian name of the birch is *abedul*, the Gallego *bido*, *bedulo*, and *bidueiro*. *Bet* in Celtic means yellow; *beith* is still the Irish name of the birch, probably on account of the yellow-staining property of its bark.

Birches do not occur in Portugal, nor in the southern half of Spain, their southern limit being the Sierra de Gredos.

Populus alba and *P. nigra*, L. (Poplars). *Álamo blanco*, and *Álamo negro*. At Piedrafita, Villafranca, Riaño, Leon, and Hermida.

Populus tremula, L. Aspens, although not common, occur on the Sierra de Picos and at Piedrafita, from 3000 feet upwards. At Riaño, 3500 feet; at Llanaves, about 4400 feet elevation, they are the only trees. *Álamo tremblon*, from *tremblar*, to tremble, expressing the same idea as the German *Zitterpappel.*

Alnus glutinosa, L. (Alder). Common on the banks of the rivers Burbia and Valcarce. Plentiful at Lugo; also Pajáres, Hermida, etc.

The Castilian name of the Alder is *aliso*, which is undoubtedly the same as the French *alise* and the German *else;* its Galician name is *amieiro* and *ameneiro.*

Carpinus betulus, L. The Hornbeam does not occur in Spain except in the Pyrenees.

Corylus avellana, L. (Hazel). Common in the Galician, Asturian, and Cantabrian mountains. Below Llanaves at an altitude of 4000 feet. *Avellano.*

Quercus robur, L. The oak is widely distributed over the northern half of the peninsula, especially along the Pyreneo-Asturian range. An imaginary line drawn from San Sebastian over Leon to Coimbra divides the two varieties of the common oak from each other. *Quercus pedunculata* flourishes to the north of this line, while *Q. sessiliflora* is absent in the north-west, and becomes more common in the north-east and on the plateau south of the northern range of mountains.

Splendid oak forests exist in the Sierra de Picos up to 3800 feet, where they get thin; they disappear completely at 4000 feet; their lower level seems to be about 1500 feet. The upper limit of the oak forests about Pajáres and the Puerto de Aliva is reached at about 4000 feet, but lower, stunted trees occur on the shady slopes south of Llanaves up to 4800 feet elevation.

Roble in Castilian, from the Latin *robur*; *carballo* and *carvalho* in Galician and in Portuguese.

Quercus tozza, Bosc. Abundant in the northern provinces from about 1000 to not quite 3000 feet elevation. Very common in Liebana, where it forms peculiarly-shaped galls. In Castilian *roble*, in Gallego *cerqueiro* and *cerquiño*, which, an obvious diminution of *quercus*, means "little oak." The scientific specific name *tozza* is generally supposed to be derived from the Spanish word *tozzo*, which means a stump of a tree (from *tusum*, *tundere*) in allusion either to the prevailing habit of lopping off the leafy branches of this oak, which are extensively stored during the winter as fodder for the goats, or to the smaller, comparatively stunted, size of this oak. I think, however, that a more probable derivation is that from the likewise Spanish word *tosco*, which means rough, unpolished; this would be descriptive of the velvety surface of the leaves of this oak in opposition to the strong, smooth leaves of other species.

Acorns are called *bellotas*, supposed to be of Arabic derivation.

Quercus occidentalis, Gay. This oak, which gives an inferior sort of cork, is rather common in Eastern Galicia; a few trees are to be found in Liebana, their upper limit near Tanarrio being about 2500 feet, but they are not to be compared in size with the grand cork trees (*Q. ruber*, L.) of the Alemtejo and of Andalucia. *Alcornoque* in Spanish, *subreiro* in Galician.

Quercus ilex, L. (Evergreen Oak). All over Spain, except on the north coast and in Galicia. Its western limit on the Cantabrian range lies half-way between Pajáres and the Picos de Europa. Rare on the Asturian mountains, absent about Riaño; common in

Liebana, reaching its upper limit above Tanarrio at 3000 feet. It is very remarkable that in the Liebana the evergreen oak is absolutely restricted to the limestone terrain, and stops abruptly at the Keuper marl. Common at Orduña in Álava, on cretaceous terrain. *Encina* from *illicinus*, the diminutive of ilex.

Quercus coccifera, L. The dwarf oak forms dense covers on the limestone cliffs near Unquera. Dense scrubs also near Piedrafita.

Castanea vulgaris, Lawk. The chestnut trees prefer open sandy soil; they flourish best on granitic and schistaceous terrain; Hermida, Liebana, Tanarrio, Villafranca. The largest trees which we have seen in Spain stand near the little village Pobladura del Vierzo, about 2500 feet above sea-level. Several hollow stumps at Burbia, 2700 feet, have 4 feet above the ground a diameter of 6 feet. At this level the trees flourish and attain magnificent dimensions, but they stop short at this same level, there being no lingering or straggling on of smaller specimens. This we have observed near Burbia, again on the road from Villafranca to Piedrafita, and lastly on the western slope towards Doncos and Nogales.

These trees are frequently cropped, and what is more remarkable, they are grafted. The three to five big branches of already good-sized trees, of more than two feet in diameter, are sawn off and half a dozen sprigs are grafted in between the wood and the bark. Frequently, however, the trees are only cropped in order to produce an outburst of numerous and rapidly-growing straight shoots. These are most useful for all sorts of purposes, for instance as wattles, staves, and handles of agricultural implements; the slender switches are dried and used instead of candles, as we have described in the chapter on Burbia. The chestnuts, *castañas*, ripen in October and help to fatten the pigs. The tree is called *castaño* in Castilian, *castañeiro* in Galicia, but also by the inhabitants of the Vierzo, while *castañero* in Castilian proper means a vendor of chestnuts.

Fagus silvatica, L. The distribution of the beech coincides rather well with the extent of the northern faunistic zone, except that beeches occur again on the northern side of the Sierras de Guadarrama and Gredos, and that they do not extend westwards beyond the Montes de Leon. There are splendid forests at Pajáres, Riaño, and Tanarrio. They reach their upper limit at about 4000 feet elevation. On the northern side of the Cantabrian range the forests descend to 1500 feet, but on the southern side, for instance below Riaño, they stop at 3200 feet. Beech forests are, with few exceptions, restricted to the slopes with a northern aspect.

Haya, and more rarely *hayuco*, which latter term is more generally reserved for the fruit. *Haya* (*haye* in French) is of course the Latin *fagus*, the *f* as usual being changed to *h*; and *fagus* contains the same root as the German *Buche* and the English *beech*.

Ulmus campestris, L. *Álamo*, which is Elm in English, *Ulme* in German. *Álamo*, the name of poplars and elms has given rise to the word *alameda*, a public walk or recreation ground which is planted with these trees.

Urtica dioica and *U. urens*, L. (Nettle). Common. *Ortíga*.

Humulus lupulus, L. (Hop). Found wild near Cosgaya (not far from Potes), and near Leon.

Convallaria polygonata, L. Riaño.

Laurus nobilis, L. (Bay tree). Burbia.

Daphne laureola, L. Aliva, 5000 feet.

Valeriana sambucifolia (?), Mik. Hermida. Recorded by Willkomm in Spain from the Pyrenees only.

Bellis annua, L. (Daisy). Tanarrio. An Iberian and West Mediterranean species.

Centaurea salmantica, L. Aliva. This Iberian and Mediterranean species had hitherto not been found in the north.

Jasonia glutinosa, D.C. Above Lebeña; above Tanarrio on the Sierra de Cortez; at Aliva 5000 feet; south of Llanaves at 4800 feet elevation. This Mediterranean plant is mentioned by Willkomm and Lange as existing in South, Eastern, and Central Spain only. The "Té del Monte," mountain-tea, which is drunk as tea, and is supposed to be good for the chest, is eagerly collected.

Solidago virga-aurea, L. (Golden Rod). Aliva, 5000 feet.

Campanula macrorhiza, Gay. Aliva. Recorded by Willkomm only from the Sierra Nevada, from Nizza and Corsica.

Campanula pusilla, Haenke. Aliva. A typical species of the Central European mountains.

Asperula odorata, L. (Woodruff). Riaño, under beech trees.

Asperula hirta, Ram. Aliva. Mentioned by Willkomm as growing in the Pyrenees only.

Galium mollugo, L. Aliva.

Vaccinium myrtillus, L. (Bilberry). Above Burbia, 3000 feet.

Vaccinium uliginosum, L. (Bog-Bilberry). Above Busdongo, Puerto de Aliva.

Vaccinium vitis idaea, L. (Red Whortleberry). Above Busdongo, from 4500 feet upwards.

Arbutus unedo, L. (Strawberry-Tree). Unquera, Vierzo, Miño. Its

upper limit 2000 feet. *Madroño.* The fruit of the strawberry-tree is eaten, but even when ripe it is rather astringent.

Arctostaphylus uva ursi, Spr. (Bearberry). Above Busdongo, 4000 feet. Not mentioned by Willkomm as to be found in the Asturian range.

Erica cinerea, L. (Bell-heather). Unquera. Above Potes, Vierzo, Burbia, Galicia. Typical for the northern provinces as a Northern and Central European plant. *Brezo*, in Galicia *Carrascina.*

Erica arborea, L. Plentiful and tall on the plateau between Burbia and Villafranca. South of Llanaves, from 4000 feet upwards, the tree-heath is low, and spreads out in a sprawling manner on the ground on account of the winter's snow.

Erica tetralix, L. (Cross-leaved Heather). Unquera, and common on the northern mountains. A typical northern plant.

Erica multiflora, L. Pajáres ; the most western record.

Erica vagans, L. (Cornish Heather). Unquera, Hermida, Busdongo, Aliva. A typical West European plant.

Origanum vulgare, L. (Wild Marjoram). Below Llanaves, Burbia. *Orégano*, and in Galicia *Ourego.*

Teucrium pyrenaicum, L. (Germander). Tanarrio, Aliva. Typical species of the Cantabro-Pyrenean range and of the Alps.

Lithospermum fruticosum, L. (Gromwell). Hermida, Pajáres.

Lithospermum olaeifolium, Lap. Busdongo. Recorded as rare by Willkomm and Lange only from the Pyrenees and the Catalonian mountains.

Myosotis silvatica, Hoffm. Aliva.

Myosotis intermedia, Lk. Puerto de Aliva.

Cuscuta epithymum, L. (Dodder). Forming dense interwoven masses upon furze-bushes near Vigo, Coruña, and on the plateau between Arcos and Monção in the Minho province of Portugal.

Solanum nigrum, L. (Black Nightshade). Pajáres, *Yerba mora, i.e.* Black herb.

Solanum tuberosum, L. (Potato). Highest altitude of cultivation observed at Llanaves, about 4500 feet above sea-level, where the plants were still in flower on the 7th of September. *Patata.*

Veronica Ponac, Gou. (Speedwell). Aliva. Typical of and peculiar to the Cantabro-Pyrenean range.

Erinus alpinus, L. Aliva, Pajáres. Typical of Central European mountains.

Digitalis parviflora, Jacq. Puerto de Aliva, and north of Llanaves, up to 4000 feet. Peculiar to the Cantabrian mountains.

Digitalis purpurea, L. (Red Foxglove). Common. Pajáres, Tanarrio, Burbia, Riaño.

Digitalis lutea, L. (Yellow Foxglove). Burbia.

Dedalera and *Gualdaperra* in Castilian; *Belitorques* or *Palitorques* in Gallego. The meaning of *dedalera* from *dedo*, a finger, is easily understood. *Fingerhut* in German.

A satisfactory derivation and translation of *Gualdaperra* is difficult. Some authorities derive it from the Spanish *gualdo* or *guado*, which is the name of the weld and woad plant, which are used for dying purposes. In this connection Guelder-Rose, the yellow "rose" must be remembered. Others refer it to *gualdera*, which means a cudgel, and the strangling of a criminal; an execution which was formerly effected by a stick and a rope round the neck, in fact, by the application of a sort of tourniquet. The root of *gualdera* appears in the Latin *palus*, the Gothic *valus* and the Keltic *gwalian*, all of which mean a stick, pole, or garrot. *Palito*, the Spanish diminutive, now means a toothpick. It is conceivable that the notion of strangling is connected with the burning of the throat which is caused by this poisonous plant, and this idea receives support from the Galician name *palitorques* which literally means stick-tourniquet. But there is also a Spanish verb, *gualdrapear*, which means to fold, or reef sails, or to put one thing upon another, and this is just what children do with the flowers of the foxglove. The ending *perra* (*perro* a dog, *perra* a bitch) may have come in on the strength of similarity of sound, or through the same freak of mind which has caused the name of "foxglove," and Wilkomm gives *calzones de zorra*, fox-trousers, as a vernacular name.

Orobanche major, L. (Broomrape). Nearly one foot high at Burbia, *Yerba tora*.

Pinguicula grandiflora, Lam. (Butterwort). Tanarrio, near the snow, blooming towards the end of August. Pajáres. Typical of the Cantabro-Pyrenean range and the Alps.

Androsace villosa, L. Pajáres, Aliva. An alpine plant of Central and Southern Europe.

Eryngium Bourgati, Gou. Tanarrio, Pyrenean and high Spanish mountains.

Eryngium tenue, Lam. Burbia. Its distribution extends from North Africa through the western third of the Peninsula.

Angelica sp. (?) At Burbia, where the roots are collected and stored, to be used as an infusion against disorders of the stomach. Vernacular name *angélica*.

Primula officinalis, Jacq. (Primrose). Puerto de Aliva; above Tanarrio near snow, in bloom at the end of August.

Gentiana lutea, L. North of Potes, 4000 feet; Puerto de Aliva; south of Llanaves from 4000 to 4500 feet. Typical of the mountains of Central and Southern Europe.

Gentiana acaulis, L. Aliva; Tanarrio, 3000 feet; Burbia, 4000 feet.

Swertia perennis, L. Aliva. From the Pyrenees to the Carpathian and Norwegian mountains. Hitherto not recorded farther west than Aragon.

Astrantia major, L. Aliva, Pajáres.

Hedera helix, L. (Ivy). Vigo, Burbia, Pajáres, Riaño, Hermida. *Yedra.*

Chaerophyllum aureum, L. (Chervil). Riaño.

Saxifraga umbrosa, L. (London Pride). Burbia, Pajáres.

Saxifraga ajugaefolium, L. Aliva, 5000 feet. Hitherto recorded from the Pyrenees only, at an altitude of 7000 to 8000 feet near the glaciers.

Saxifraga cuneifolium, L. Aliva. Hitherto not recorded from the Cantabrian mountains, in Spain from Aragon only.

Sedum album, L. (White Stonecrop). Tanarrio; Aliva, 5000 feet; Pajáres. *Siempre viva.*

Paronychium argenteum, L. Aliva, 5000 feet. *Sanguinaria* because of its "blood-cleansing" properties when taken as an infusion. This Mediterranean and North African plant has hitherto not been recorded from the north of Spain. Willkomm and Lange give its upper limit as 4000 feet in Central and Southern Spain.

Myrtus communis, L. *Murta.* The northern limit of the myrtle is the Lower Minho; it does not occur spontaneously in the northern faunistic zone.

Pyrus aucuparia, L. (Mountain-ash or Rowan-tree). Burbia, Pajáres, Riaño; up to the limit of the forest zone about 4500 feet. *Serbal de cazadores*, *serbal* or *sorba*, and the English *service-tree* from the Latin *sorbum*, the name of the berries of the mountain-ash, from *sorbere*, to suck.

Crataegus oxyacantha, L. (Hawthorn). Very common near Pajáres.

Mespilus germanica, L. (Medlar). Pajáres. *Nispero.*

Potentilla rupestris, L. Pajáres; common everywhere.

Rosa canina, L. Villafranca del Vierzo. Fruit long, oval.

Rosa stylosa, Desv. Near Burbia. Fruit more round or globular.

Rosa spinosissima, L., s. *pimpinellifolia.* Coast of Cantabria, *e.g.* Llanes, Liebana, and Álava.

Prunus laurocerasus, L. (Portuguese Laurel). Burbia.

Spiraea flabellata, Bert. Burbia, Vierzo, Riaño.

Amygdalus communis, L. (Almond-tree). *Almendro.* Extensively cultivated, especially in the Vierzo and Liebana.

Prunus spinosa, L. Very common at Pajáres, Villafranca.

Anthyllis vulneraria L. (Kidney Vetch). Common.

Lotus corniculatus, L. (Bird's-foot Trefoil). Common.

Spartium junceum, L. This broom-like plant flourishes best at an altitude from about 3500 to 4300 feet above sea-level, for instance above Burbia where the shrubs attain a height of 12 feet, with stems 4 inches thick, 2 or 3 feet above the ground. Also on the Sierra between Potes and Riaño, near Pajáres and Busdongo. *Escoba.* Used as firewood.

Genista Lobelii, D.C. Aliva.

Genista hispanica, L. (Spanish Broom). Potes, Hermida.

Genista horrida, D.C. These small, thick bushes, scarcely one foot high, are the surest means of kindling a fire, which is done by simply putting a match to them. Common on the dry limestone slopes of Tanarrio.

Cytisus scoparius, Link. (Common Broom), and *C. eriocarpus*, Bss. Common on the whole Cantabrian range up to 4000 feet. *Hiniesta*; *Gesta* in Galician, which recall the German *Ginster*, a common name of Broom ; *Planta genista*, Plantagenet!

Ulex europaeus, L. (Furze, Gorse, Whin). Very common on the north and west coasts, less frequent inland: Vierzo, Liebana. The vernacular name of this furze or gorse is *tojo.* It is extensively collected, piled up in heaps and used as firewood. First-rate for kindling a camp fire. All the more reasonable seems to be the derivation of *tojo* from *tundere*, to chop ; *touche* in old French signifies a shrub, and *touchwood*, that is to say wood for kindling a fire, appears to me not far off.

Ulex nanus, Forst. (Dwarf Furze). Common on the sterile slopes of Piedrafita ; also near Pobladura del Vierzo ; Busdongo ; Tanarrio, where it is called *agróma.*

Ulex gallii, Planch. Cebrero, above Piedrafita ; above Tanarrio, where it is called *árgoma.*

There are many various other species of Ulex, Genista, and Sarothamnus in the northern half of the Peninsula, besides the few mentioned above.

Juglans regia, L. (Walnut Tree). Liebana, Tanarrio, Vierzo. The upper limit of the walnut tree seems to be below 3000 feet. Various villages have received their name from this tree, which is called *nogal*

in Castilian, *nogueira* in Galician, derived of course from *nux*, *nucalis*. The nuts are simply called *noces*, being in fact considered as the nut. Walnuts form an important product to the Asturians, Cantabrians, and Galicians ; from the district of Liebana, for instance, walnuts are exported in exchange for equal measures of grain from Castile.

Acer pseudo-platanus (Sycamore). Tanarrio, Riaño, Pajáres.

Ilex aquifolium, L. Large holly-trees above Burbia, at 3700 feet. *Acebo*. Its Portuguese name *azevinho* would mean "little needle" if it be a diminutive of the Latin *acus*, which is rather unlikely, because the older spelling of the tree's name is *azebo*. Derivation from the Arabic *zebege*, intractable, has also been suggested with more reason.

Fraxinus excelsior, L. (Ash). *Fresno*. Vierzo, Liebana.

Tilia ulmifolia, Scop. (Lime-tree). Pajáres, up to 4300 feet.

Malva silvestris, L. (Mallow). Hermida, etc.

Malva moschata, L. Puerto de Aliva.

Tamarix gallica, L. (Tamarisk). Hermida ; rare on the northern side of the Cantabrian range ; common on the southern side and in Western Galicia.

Hypericum fimbriatum, Lam. Busdongo. Peculiar to the Cantabro-Pyrenean range.

Linum viscosum, L. Hermida. First record from Cantabria.

Cerastium arvense, L. (Field Chickweed). Above Busdongo.

Gypsophila repens, L. Aliva. Typical Central European alpine plant.

Viola silvatica, Fries. Pajáres.

Parnassia palustris, L. (Grass of Parnassus). Puerto de Aliva, Busdongo, Pajáres.

Helianthemum vulgare, Gaertn. (Common Rock Rose). Unquera, Tanarrio, Villafranca. Typical Central European plant, in Spain restricted to the north.

Helianthemum grandiflorum, D.C. Aliva.

Cistus hirsutus, L. Vierzo, Burbia, Nogales in Galicia.

Cistus albidus, L. Burbia, Vierzo.

Cistus salviaefolius, L. Tanarrio, up to 3000 and not higher.

Dianthus monspessulanus, L. (Pink). Hermida. Pajáres.

Iberis conferta, Lag. (Candytuft). Aliva, 6000 feet. Peculiar to Spain, hitherto recorded only from near the passes of Pajáres and Leitarriegos.

Astrocarpus sesamoides, Gay. Aliva, 5000 feet. Peculiar to the high Cantabro-Pyrenean mountains.

Anemone alpina, L. Aliva.

Anemone hepatica, L. Los Navares, near Tanarrio ; Riaño.

Aconitum napellus, L. (Monkshood). Riaño ; above Busdonga at 4500 feet, in bloom at the end of September. *Matalobos* = wolf-killer.

Paeonia broteri, Bss., and *P. peregrina*, Mill. Peonies are frequently found cultivated in gardens, but we have nowhere in the Cantabrian and Asturian mountains found them in a wild state.

Aquileja viscosa, Gon. (Columbine). Above Tanarrio, 4000 feet, blooming at the end of August; also at Aliva. Peculiar to the high Iberian mountains.

Thalictrum alpinum, L. Aliva. A typical alpine plant, from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas. It has hitherto not been recorded from the Cantabrian range.

Delphinium elatum, L. (Larkspur). South of Llanaves, 4000 feet. This plant, typical of the Central European higher mountain ranges from the Pyrenees to the Alps and the Carpathians, has hitherto not been recorded from the Cantabrian mountains.

Helleborus viridis, L., and *H. foetidus*, L. Tanarrio, Riaño, Pajáres, Vierzo, Piedrafita ; above Burbia up to 4000 feet ; Becerrea. *H. foetidus* at Aliva 5000 feet.

Ranunculus aquatilis, R. In the Minho near Monção ; also at Lugo ; in the Sil at Ponferrada ; in the rivers near Leon. *Ouca*, or *oca*.

Brassica oleracea, L. Many varieties of cabbage are cultivated ; they are called *col* and *berza*. *Col* seems to be the same as the German *Kohl* and English *Kale*, although there is also the Latin *caulis*. *Berza* is referred by some to the Latin *brassica;* more reasonably by others to *veridia* (verdure), which would give *virdia*, *verza*, *berza*, in fact *greens*. This latter derivation applies, moreover, to *brezo or berzo*, old-fashioned *verezo*, one of the many names of the broom.

APPENDIX

ETYMOLOGICAL NOTES

A.—Geographical Names and Surnames

—*aga*, a Basque locative ending, and this contains the adjectival *coa* or *cua*, which means "feature" or "peculiarity of." For instance *Zumárraga* = elm-featured, something like Elm wood; *Lizarraga* = Ash-wood or Ashtown.

—*aio*, a common suffix of Keltic local names.

Álava or *álaba*, the southern and least mountainous of the Basque provinces = *ala-pa* = low land.

Aliva, the name of the highest district of the Peñas de Europa. The mountain limestone appears almost pure white, and forms a striking feature for many miles around, pronounced *áliva*. These circumstances make one think of the Alps, the "Rauhe Alp" in Wuerttemberg, and of Albion, names which have reasonably been referred to an Indo-Germanic root *alb* = to be white.

Anda: a range of hills in Álava is called Sierra de Anda.

Ándara, Sierra de Andara, near the Peñas de Europa, the border between the Vierzo and Asturia. *Andé* as a prefix is supposed to be Keltic, and has various meanings according to Holder.

Andi, Basque adjective = tall, large. Andosini were a tribe in the Pyrenees.

Andorra, the name of the little Republic in the Pyrenees, may possibly be *and-orra*.

Aralár, Sierra de Aralar, to the east of Salvatierra in Álava, meaning land of stones; *ara*, *al*, *ar* = surface, *erria* = land, *arria* = stone, and *lar* also = stone or rock.

It is noteworthy that the Basque language possesses many terms which signify stone, rock, mound, hill, mountain, stony ground, hard

surface, hard substance, etc.; for instance *ar*, *al*, *ara*, *arria*, *erria*; *men*, *maen*, *mendia*; *acha*, *aitza*, *asta*.

—*ārio* as a suffix is common in Spain; in Latin, *arius*; Irish, *airc* or *ire*; old high German, *ari*, *eri*, *iri*; therefore of wide Indo-Germanic distribution.

Arlanza, river in Castile. *Arles* in the départements Pyrenées orientales and du Rhone; *Arly* in Savoy.

Ave, river in the Minho province; mentioned by Ptolemee as *aúos*, recalling the old-high-German *awa*, and similar names in Central Europe.

Badajoz, the Roman Pax Julia, turned by the Moors into *Báthlios*, later *Bádalios*.

Basques.—The Romans mention only a tribe Vascones, who lived somewhere in the present Basque provinces. Gascones is the same word, the letters *g* and *b* being often interchanged. The Basques call themselves Eusc-al-dun-ac, which has the following meaning: *Eusk* = sound, noise, language; *al* from *aldea* = part or side; *dun* is an adjective of plenty, full of; *ac* is an adjectival ending with the *c* as the sign of the plural; therefore *Euscaldunac* = (people) "those with a language." Many a nation has called itself either "the people" or "the speaking ones," for instance the "Bantu" of Africa and the "Deutschen," who, characteristically, are called *niemez* by the Russians, which means the "mute ones," those who cannot talk! The word *eusk* has most likely been changed by the other nations into *vesk*, hence *vask*, *bask*, and *gask*.

The country is called Euscalerria or Eusqererria, from *erria* = land; consequently "the land of those who speak."

The language itself is called Eusc-ara.

Becerrea, villages in Galicia, in cattle-rearing districts. *Becerra* and *becerro* in Spanish means a calf, or the hide of a heifer. Larramendi sees in it the Basque *bei-cecorra*; *bei* = cow, and this is undoubtedly a word adopted and modified from the Latin, like the Spanish *buey*, ox; *cecorra* = heifer.

Betanzos, a town near Coruña, formerly called Brigantium, the home of the old Brigantes. Hoelder translates *brigantes* as dwellers in the hills, from the Keltic *brĭg*, *brĭga* = hill, height, fortified place; *brīga*, however, means might, power.

Beja, the town in the province of Alemtejo, the old Badia.

Braña.—This word is undoubtedly of Keltic origin, but its particular derivation is beset with difficulties. The true meaning of *braña* in the Asturian mountains is that of an elevated pasture-ground where the cattle are kept during the summer. These summer pastures are,

however, always small places; wide pasture-plateaus are not called *brañas.* In Castilian *braña* has now come also to mean trampled-down leaves, leaf-manure. *Brena* or *breña*, in Portuguese *brenha*, signifies craggy, broken ground; but in the mountains of Santander the short, second crop of hay is called *brenna; breñoso* is cragged, or overgrown with brambles. Curiously enough there is a provincial German word *brahne*, meaning a field full of brambles or briar, exactly like the Spanish *breñal.* According to Jovellanos *braña*, in the Asturian dialect, means the same as the mediaeval Latin *branna* or *brenna*, namely a high place.

Now, *brān* in Welsh means something which is over, above; hence also bird, particularly crow; *branas* = a flock of crows; and many rivers are called *bran. Bre-en, bren* signifies supremacy, *brëenin oedd* = supreme person; *Brennus* = the king, and *Bran bendi-gaid* of Welsh renown. *Bràn* in Welsh is a husk of corn, or equivalent to the English *bran*, and need not be mentioned here, if Larramendi had not dissolved *breña* into the Basque *be-erenac* = cornfields, which by the way are never found on such places.

The greatest number of such elevated cattle-pasturing places called *braña* exist in the hilly district of Pravia, mostly near the coast. But there are also many in the high mountain range itself, for instance above Burbia, near Pajáres, and as far east as Reinosa.

Burbia, the name of a small village and river in the Sierra de Picos, north of Villafranca del Vierzo. There is apparently only one place of this name in Spain. I have made many attempts at unravelling its meaning, all unsuccessful. My Basque friends translated Burbia at once as *ur-bi-a* = water-two-the. The river receives several headwaters near the village of Burbia, and the letter *b* is not unfrequently prefixed euphonistically to Basque words. But there is a Basque local name *Urbion*, and many other names like *Urdon* and *Urdiales* without the prefixed *b. Bro* and *bri* in Keltic dialects means country, land; *burb* or *borb* in Irish = ignorant, rude.

Burgas, the name of the hot springs in the town of Orense; the water of the town being indifferent, that of these springs is used extensively by the natives for domestic purposes. *Burga* is, according to Larramendi, a contracted form of the Basque *bero-ur-ga* = seat of hot water, the adjectival *ga* indicating plenty. But Holder, under *borvon*, resorts to the Welsh *berw* = boiling, fervens, and refers to the Irish name *Bearbha*, the present Barrow; also to Bourbonne-les-Bains in the département Haute Marne, and to the Greek surname of Apollo, as patron of the hot springs. Larramendi also has *burbuja* = *campanilla de agua;* and *bururus* in Irish is said to mean warbling or purling of

water. The very presence of these hot springs in Orense seems to justify the assumption that the town Orense has received its name from the Latin *urens*, certainly a better explanation than the suggestion that Orense is in reality Warm-Sea, so called by the Suevi!

Cabe, a tributary of the Sil, arising in the mountains of Cebrero. Originally it was called Calybe, perhaps on account of the still numerous ironworks along its banks, from *chalybs*, steel. According to Silius Italicus the natives presented Hannibal with a complete suit of armour from these parts. The water of this river and of the Bilbilis, now Bibey, another tributary of the Sil, was supposed to give an especially good temper to the steel.

Cáceres in Estremadura; the old Castra Caesaris, contracted by the Moors into Cáceres. In a similar way they have turned Castra Julia into Targiella, and this has become Truxillo and Trujillo.

Calahorra, the name of a town, so modified by the Arabs from the old Calagurris, and this is supposed to be the Keltic *cala* = mouth, bay, port, or crossing, and *uria* or *uri* = town. Portugal may well be simply a common instance of tautology, namely Portus Cale, the Port, in fact O Porto. There is a small harbour town, Portugalete, near San Sebastian.

Cantabri.—Many suggestions have been made, but none are very satisfactory. Holder refers to the stem *abro*, from an Indo-Germanic root meaning "to swell, to be full of," and he mentions the Artabri of Hispania, the Velabri of Hibernia and the Calabri of Italia.

Cant = shining, Keltic, *candidus;* secondly, *cant* in Keltic and Germanic means margin or edge, *canto* in Spanish means surface; thirdly, *cant* in old Cymric = with. To translate Cant-aber by edge of the water, from *aber* (in Keltic = mouth of the river), is silly.

Fernandez Guerra translates Cantabro by "inhabitant of the Ebro, Canta-iber," and he resorts to the Sanscrit *kanta* = near, close by. A *canto de mi* in Spanish means close by me, and he draws attention to the many Spanish names which are compounds of *canta*. For instance Cantalapiedra, Cantaelpino, Cantaelgallo in the province of Salamanca; Cantamolino in that of Oviedo; Cantabrana near Burgos; Cantaria near Almeria; Cantallops in the districts of Barcelona and Gerona.

Catalonia, and *Catalanes* the people. To explain Catalania by "Gothland" is an instance of popular etymology. A more plausible derivation is that from the Keltic *catu*, *cath*, *cat* = fight, with reference to the Catu-vellauni (*catalaunian* fields), *catvallauni*, *catalauni; cat* and *guallaun* or *gwell*, *vel* = better, the better in the fight; *caturiges* = war-kings or lords of battle.

Cúa, or Coa or Cea, a tributary of the Esla ; Tua, a tributary of the Douro in Tras os Montes ; Tuy, a town not far from the mouth of the Minho.

Deva, a river between the provinces of Santander and Oviedo. The derivation is from *deiva* or *deivos* = a god ; the Irish word *dea* for river means originally river-goddess. Numerous rivers have this same name in Keltic-speaking countries. There is a Deva, now Deba, in Hispania Tarraconensis ; the Deva or Duis, a tributary of the Loir ; Dee in Ireland ; Dee on the border of Wales, in Welsh *Devy ;* Aberdeen, the Pictish *aber-deon;* the *Devon* in Perthshire ; and half a dozen Dive or Dives exist in France. In connection with the Asturian Deva may be quoted the passage of Pomponius Mela (iii. 1), which contains the silly statement often cursorily mentioned, concerning the impossibility it was to the Romans to pronounce the native names : "Cantabrorum aliquot populi amnesque sunt, sed quorum nomina nostro ore concipi nequeant. Pereundi et Salaenos Saunium, per Autrigones et Origenomescos Nanasa descendit, et *Devales* Tritium Bellunte cingit, et Decium Aturia et Oeasonem Magrada." But this passage is very corrupt, and has been amended in many, all equally uncertain, ways. See the variations as published in Gustav Parthey's edition, Berlin, 1867. *Oiaso* was the name of a town of the Vascones according to Ptolemy. The river *Nansa* falls into the bay at Tina menor, a few miles to the east of the mouth of the Deva, and the river *Bullon* joins the Deva at Potes. It may not be superfluous to mention that the names of rivers in Spanish are of the masculine gender, without exception. Therefore el Deva, el Nansa.

Duero in Spanish, the Duris or Dorius of the Romans ; Douro in Portuguese, still pronounced *Doro. Dur* means "water" in several Keltic languages, for instance in Cornish and Breton, *dwr* in Welsh ; originally *dubr* (Dover), possibly connected with the Indo-Germanic *dub*, and *dub* in Keltic means black. *Dublin* = black - pool ; river Doubs in France. Connected with *dur* are many rivers in Western Europe ; Dordogne, the Roman Dornonia and Duranius ; Doron, département Isère ; Dora, two tributaries of this name of the river Po ; Deron in Savoy ; Dur in Ireland according to Ptolemy ; Derwent near Durham ; Dervent in Cumberland ; Derwent near York ; Derwent in Derbyshire. The Durance, a tributary of the Rhone, is on the other hand the Roman Druentia, and probably derived from the Keltic *dru* to run, recalling the river Drave in Austria.

Spanish Vascophile etymologists prefer to explain the name Duero as Basque. This river rises to the north of Soria from a double lagoon,

called, like the Sierra, Urbión, which in pure Basque means *ur-bi-on* = waters-two-good, the "two good waters." However this may suit the name of the source, it will scarcely do for the name of the river.

Sometimes the etymologies offered by natives are rather appalling. For instance an educated Basque gentleman explained to me in good earnest that Zaragoza was really a native name, *zara-otza* = *clima frio*, cold climate. He did not know for certain that this town in the sweltering valley of the middle Ebro was particularly cool, and I did not hurt my polite and most obliging friend by telling him that there was once a town called Caesarea Augusta, which Goths and Arabs have turned into Zaragoza.

Eguilar or *Eguilaz*, the name of the village in Álava with the large covered dolmen. *Egui* means corner, or angle; *lar* = stone, consequently corner-stone.

Eo, a river in Asturia. There is no river Ea, nor Eau in France, but several named Aa in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and one in Lioland.

Esca.—Several names of rivers are composed of *-esca*, for instance the Bernesga near Leon. Esca, a river in the Basque Spanish Pyrenees. *Esc* in Irish, *wysg* in Welsh = water. There are rivers called Esk in Dumfries, near Edinburgh, and near York; the Escaut (Schelde) in Belgium, and an Escalote in Spain.

Esla, a northern tributary of the Duero, originally Astura, then Extola, Estola, and ultimately Esla. *Ast-ur* is Basque = mountain-water. Astura is also the name of a little river to the south of Rome.

A river Isole is in France; the Isela, now the Yssel, in Holland; an Isle in the Dordogne, and an Isla in Scotland.

Escobio or *Esgovio*, the provincial, Asturian name of a defile near Riaño, and one near Liebana. Escoba is the Castilian name of the Broom, *escobos* = thick bushes or underwood.

Garcia, a frequent surname and proper name, from the Basque *hartza* or *artza* = bear, and this recalls the Keltic *arth*, which also means bear.

Guadalaviar, the old Turis or Turia, changed by the Moors into Wad-el-djar.

Guadalquivir, the old Baetis, re-named Wad-el-kebir = the big river, by the Arabs.

Guadiana is the Wadi Anas = river (Arabic) Anas, of the ancients.

Ibia, the name of a river in the north-western corner of Spain; according to Mela, *Ibarra* in Basque means valley, and is also a surname; *ib-aya* = river. *Ib* is supposed to indicate something flowing

or moving; *Ib-arra*, would then be stones or rocks, where something moves, hence valley. *Ib-erria* would be land in which something flows. All the more interesting is *Iabar*, the name of the traditional ancestors of the Berbers (cf. p. 306), which is said to mean wanderers.

Jucon, the old Sucro, changed by the Arabs into Schukar.

Liébana, the name of a district in the province of Santander, and *Lebeña*, the name of a village in the same district. It occurs in old documents as Flevenna, Flavenna, Leuenna. Liebana is probably only a phonetic spelling of Llebana. Another village in Asturia was called Lebanes, and is now called Pola de Leña or Lena. The origin of these names is probably the Roman Flaviana, in allusion to the Gens Flavia. The town Chaves, in the province Tras os Montes, was also called Flavia, and the Portuguese tongue turns the initial letters *fl*, *cl*, and *pl* of Latin words into *ch*. Hence *flavia* = *chavia*, came to resemble in sound the Portuguese word *chave* (pronounced *tshave*), plural *chaves*. The town has now a pair of keys as its armorial bearings!

Chaves is a good instance of harmless popular etymology; but an example of supposed learned classical philology is to be found in the explanation of the name of Coimbra. This is in reality the Keltic *Coni-briga;* it naturally assumed the parasitic *m*: Conimbriga or Conimbrica, adjective *conimbricensis*. Here steps in the local classical mind, and declares that this means *con-imbricensis*, a place where the rain-clouds (*imbres*) meet, and as Coimbra enjoys, or in the spring rather suffers from a great amount of rainfall, this fact is looked upon as a proof of the correct derivation. However, this is not quite so bad as another derivation given to me on the spot by some *catedrático* or professor, namely, *collis imbrium* = the rain-cloud hill.

Lima, a river in the Minho province. There is another Lima in Italy, a Lim in Herzegovina, and a Limmat in Switzerland. The name Lethe or river of Oblivion, by which the Lima was called by the Romans, has given rise to various utterly ridiculous explanations. Strabo himself propagated, and at the same time explained the muddle, although unknown to himself. "After this comes the Lethes, which some call Limaea, others Belio." Pomponius Mela has: "cui oblivionis cognomen est Limia," and Sallustius simply calls it "oblivionis flumen." The lake, whence the river Lima rises, is still called Beon! Belio was mistaken for *oblivio* by the Romans, the Greeks translated this into Lethe, and the Spaniards into Olvido. Beón and the Beán, a tributary of the Upper Minho, near Lugo, recalls the Keltic *ben* = mountain.

Llobregat, a river near Barcelona, the Roman *rubricatus*.

Mendia, shortened to *men* and *maen*, is the Basque for height, mountain, power. *Euskal-mendi* = the mound of the Basques, is the name of one of the dolmen in Vitoria. *Maen* in Welsh means also stone or mountain; for instance, in Pen-maen-mawr, Maen-twrog; *Maeni-hirion*, the name of prehistoric stone circles near Dwygyfylchi in North Wales, recalling at once the menhirs of Brittany. But it is significant that *maen* is a word which occurs only in the southern Keltic languages, not in the northern, the Irish or Gaelic dialects; it is not impossible that it has been borrowed from, or imported by the Iberians. Larramendi is the name of the Basque philologist; *larra* or *larrea* signifies stone, and is a not uncommon family name of Basques.

Miño, or *Minho* in Portuguese. There is the Mincio in Lombardy. The derivation from the red ore minium is nonsense. Strabo speaks of it as "Baenis, sometimes called Minion, by far the largest of the rivers in Lusitania." The mutation of *b* into *m*, and *m* into *b*, is common in Welsh and in Basque. An older name of the Miño is Baenis, and Bean is still the name of a tributary of the river near Lugo.

Mondego, the river of Coimbra; the old Munda. Another Mundo is a tributary of the Segura near Murcia.

Nalon and *Navia* in Asturia. Nabão (meaning the big Nab), a tributary of the Zezere in Portugal. Naab in Franconia, Nive and Nivelle near Bayonne. Derivation from the Sanscrit *nio* = to flow, and from the Welsh *nofio* = to swim, to float has been suggested. *Nava* in Basque means "flat"; a seaport in Biscaya has the name of Navia, and the Basque word *nava* has been adopted by the Spaniards; for instance, in Las Navas de Tolosa, the plain of Tolosa.

Narcea, a river in Asturia. Narcao in Sardinia; the Nar in Norfolk.

Nervion, the river of Bilbao. There is a Nervia in the Riviera, a Ner in Western Russia, a Nera in Siberia, and in Hungary and in Italy. *Ner*, as the first syllable, is supposed to be mostly Keltic.

Ochoa, surname and proper name, is the Basque *otsoa* = wolf.

Pisuerga, a northern tributary of the Duero; the Pisoraca of the Romans, Pisorga of Arabic writers.

Sarasate, and various other surnames, have been derived from the Basque *saats*, *sarats*, *sayats*, which seem to have originated from the Latin *salix* = willow, through the Spanish *salazar*, *salcedo*, *saucedal*, *sauce*, the last being the Castilian name of the willow.

Sella, a river in Asturia, with Riva de Sella as its port. Selle in Belgium, Selune in the north-west of France.

Setubal, St. Ubes of the English sailors and of certain English-speaking Portuguese. *Ceto*, according to Holder, is Keltic, meaning wood or forest, *coed* in Welsh; and he translates *Ceto-brigo* as forest-hill or forest-borough. Kaitóbrix, Catobrica, Cetobricca was the name of a town, opposite Setubal, the ruins of which, full of Roman remains, are now called Troya.

Sil, the chief tributary of the Miño. Sil in Rumania, Silanus in Sardinia, Sihl in Switzerland, Silbach = Sil-brook in Westphalia.

Siluri. Florian d'Ocampo, in the fourth book of his *Historia general de España*, p. 141, mentions a Biscayan tribe called Siloros, who joined the Brigantes, and migrated into Britain. As *Sil* not improbably signifies river, or water, in some old Keltic dialect when the Kelts peopled Europe, and *ur* is the Basque for water, we may perhaps look upon *silur* as a sort of reduplication or tautology. Such instances are common enough when the real meaning of one half of the word has been forgotten, and it is mistaken by the new-comers for a proper name.

Tajo in Spanish, *Tejo* in Portuguese, the Tagus of the Romans.

Tambre, a river in Galicia. Tamar in Devonshire.

Tamega, a northern tributary of the Douro. Temo in Sardinia, Temes in Hungary, Teme in Wales, Tamise a place in Belgium; and last, not least, Tam-isis, the Thames.

Tanarrio, a village in the mountains at the foot of the high Sierras de Corbó and Cortés, and close to the Sierra de Andara, west of the Liebana. The syllable *tan* is possibly Keltic, *tan* = under, *tan-r-allt* = under the hill.

Teza, La Teza, is the name of the highest peak, or group of peaks, near Pajáres. There is a Djebl Tesa in the Anti-Atlas, and the Col de Tosa in the Pyrenees.

Treb in Keltic = inhabited place. *Treviso* in the Peñas de Europa, another Treviso in the province of Venezia. Treviño, south of Vitoria. Treviso is now often called Tresviso, and the neighbouring alpine village Sotres not improbably also contains the word *treb*, so common in Cornish and Welsh local names. The river Trebia in north Italy should also be remembered.

Urdón, the name of an inn in the gorge of the Deva, where it receives a tributary torrent. *Orduna* is the name of a Basque village north-west of Vitoria. *Ur-dun-a* means literally "rich in water"; *ur* = water, *dun* = rich in. Possibly the name of the old Spanish King Ordoño has the same derivation.

Velasquez. — Vela was formerly a proper name, the Basque

belia = raven, now *Vela-zco* = Vela's son in Basque, in Spanish Velasquez.

Vianna, a town in the Minho province; Vienna in Caesar's time. There is a Vienne near Lyon.

Vindius mons, or Vinnius. Ptolemy's (ii. 6) name of the highest part of the Asturian mountains, most likely of the Peñas de Europa. *Vind* is Keltic, and many compounds of *vind* existed in Gallia and Britannia. Vindobona or Vindomina has become Wien through Vianio mina, although the Austrian capital is said to have taken its present name from the river Wien. Two peaks in the Asturian mountains are still called Guiñon and Guiña, obviously the same as Vindius!

It is natural that not only the names of rivers, mountains, and towns preserve the record of bygone and successive nations with their different languages, but that those of the people survive and supersede one another in the same way.

In the Basque provinces, for instance, most family names are purely Basque, and they are, as a rule, simply taken from natural objects. In Andalucia is an unmistakable admixture of Arab and Berber names. Keltic names seem to have died out almost completely, or, if there are any left, they are very rare. This is easily explained by the long reign of the Romans, and the following Suevian and Visigothic dominion.

I have taken the trouble to collect several hundred names out of *España sagrada*, chiefly from the middle of the third to the tenth century. Out of 104 bishops of Astorga, about 60 have Roman or Greek, the others Gothic names. The first 14 without a break are all Roman or Greek. After the reorganisation of Astorga, after the Reconquest, Roman and Gothic names occur in equal numbers and in mixed order; there are 43 Gothic out of a total of 90. Out of the 14 first bishops of Lugo, since the year 740, only 4 have Roman, all the others have Gothic or Suevian names.

Out of a total number of 123 kings and bishops, extending from the year 410 to about the year 1000, only 23 are Roman or Greek. In other words, the Roman names declined in numbers, and were supplanted by those of Gothic origin. Gradually, however, all this was changed. Now the ordinary names of the Roman Catholic calendar are preponderant, and few of the Gothic names have survived in Spain. Instances of the latter are Ricardo, Rodriguez, Romaldo, Henriquez, Gonzales, Hernandes or Fernando, Alfonso, Gertruda, Casilda.

Much more common are Isidoro, Jesūs, Antonio, Manuel, José, Alejandro, Salvador, Emilio, Juan, Sisto; Maria de la Purificacion, Maria de la Concepcion, Maria Dolores, Indolencia.

All such calculations are, however, very faulty and one-sided, chiefly because, besides the names of kings, only those of bishops, counts, and similar dignitaries are preserved, while those of the majority of the people, the peasants and small citizens, have been forgotten.

The Gothic and Suevian names were grand in sound, and there must have been weighty reasons at work for suppressing them. What these reasons were it is difficult to understand. The Visigoths were violent Catholics, not opposed to the Church, consequently the Church cannot have suppressed their names. The old Keltic names have not been revived. Was it that, after all, the Suevi and Visigoths were in the eyes of the mass of the people only the military and ecclesiastical rulers, a foreign element, which gradually became absorbed in the Romanised Kelts and Keltiberians? This is most likely, considering how completely the Visigoths adopted the Roman tongue, and how few are the words with which they enriched the Spanish language.

Instances of grand-sounding names are Alaric, Atanagild, Amalasvind, Fruela, Frankila, Rodolfo, Ramiro, Suavila, Sisebut, Silo, Tulga, Vigila. There is nothing in these names which is difficult to the Spanish tongue. On the other hand, Favila, Gundulfo, Gundemar, Wimared, Witeric, Wallia, would not so easily assimilate themselves on account of the initials *f*, *gu*, and *w*. Gundulfo is for instance mentioned as Quindulf; Witeric appears as Vitiza, Uvitiza, and Witika. Hildisel, Hermengar, Hermegild, were, of course, hopeless, although Fernando has become Hernandez.

Some of the old Gothic names have been translated and have then disappeared. For instance, Gudiscalc, still existing in Germany as *Gottschalk* = Servant of God, reappears in the year 910 as Abdias, Gladilan may have been changed into, or may have been mistaken for Flavian; Fridesind is not improbably Placentius.

It is occasionally most amusing as well as very instructive to hear how very differently the Spaniards, or the Portuguese, will pronounce our own words. I was asked by a colleague in Lisbon if I knew Mistere Odoarde personally, and would I give a message to him?—No, never met him, never heard of him.—But surely you do know him; we have just been speaking about some of his discoveries; here is his book.—Oh! Woodward, certainly!!

On another occasion I had to wait at the terminus of an incomplete railway in the middle of the Alemtejo. They looked after us very

well at the small inn; the host was kind, full of fun, and he teased me with my bad Portuguese, until I told him, "all right, you try and say Hoellenhund." Promptly he said, what sounded, as nearly as possible, like England! This astonishing change was brought about quite regularly, according to firmly established rules. The *h* is dropped, the double *l* becomes *mouillé*, something like the Italian *gl*, the second *h* is also dropped, and the *n* was sounded before the *gl*, instead of after it, which latter would be impossible. Consequently Hoellenhund = Oeglnund = Oe-ngl-und = England!

Cambridge reverts in the mouth of a Spaniard to Cámbrike.

B.—Etymology of Domestic Implements, etc.

Almadreña, wooden shoe; from *madera*, wood; *madereña*, *madreña*. There are several instances of Portuguese and Spanish words having assumed a prefixed *al*, which in these cases has nothing to do with the Arabic article.

Alpargates, the name of the plaited shoes. This is not an Arabic word, but is said to be derived from the Basque *abarquia*, the name of a kind of shoe. *Abarra* = branches, twigs, the material out of which such shoes were made, and *quia* = a thing. Those two words became *abarca* in Spanish, *alabarca* in Portuguese; hence *alparca*, *alparcata* in Portuguese, *alborga* and *alpargate* in Spanish. The Moors mistook the *al* for their article and made *balga* of it; *al balga* being modern Arabic.

Arnes, armour or mailcoat, undoubtedly allied to harness and the German *harnisch;* therefore more reasonably of Gothic than of Keltic origin (*haiarn* = iron, from *ferrum*).

Arracadas, the name of the earrings of the Pasiegas. Originally *alcarradas*, from the Arabic *al-cort*, plural *al-acrat*. There is a Spanish proverb: "Le está como á la burra las arracadas," it suits him as earrings would a donkey.

Bagaje, baggage, recalls the Germanic *packen*.

Barahones, or *barajones*, the name of the snow-shoes used at Riaño, and by the Pasiegos in the province of Santandar. Perhaps related to the Germanic *beran*, to bear, and the German word *bahre* = stretcher. The Spanish-speaking Basques called the snow-shoes *bore-ruellas*, *ruello* = a roll.

Boina, the flat cap of the Basques, universally worn without the *borla* or tassel, which latter is a sign of some dignity. *Borlarse*, to tassel oneself, means to take one's M.A. degree.

Bombaches, the name for cotton-trousers which are manufactured in

Barcelona; Italian *bambagio*, from the Low Latin *bambacium; bombassin* in Germany used for cotton with a fluffy, silky surface; *bombyx* = silk. English, *bombazine.*

Borona, in Asturia the name of millet, in the Basque countries that of Indian corn, and of the kind of porridge made of the ground millet or Indian corn, or of the cakes which are eaten when still warm. Hence Larramendi suggested that the word is Basque, *bero* (warm), and *ona* (good)! The derivation from *brunus*, brown, is rather childish. It seems to me more reasonable to think of the Spanish words *bornera*, millstone, and *bornero* = corn which has been ground; the verb *bornear* signifies to turn.

Bosque, meaning forest; bush, German *busch.*

Bragas, short trousers, from the Keltic-Latin *braca*, breeks! In the north of Portugal *bragas* has become a rather old-fashioned word, the meaning of which has been almost forgotten. This is shown in the nice Portuguese saying: *Não se pescan as trutas sin bragas enxutas* = One cannot fish for trout without wetting one's trousers. But this proverb is often rendered thus: . . . *sin barbas enxutas* = without wetting one's beard, which makes no sense. A somewhat different kind of trousers is called *greguescos*, interesting because of the Cornish *grugis*, and Welsh *gwregys*, the initial *b* having been changed to *g*, of which mutation there are many instances.

Brezo, the cradle; *berzo*, in Galician; the English *berth* and the French *berceau.*

Buzon, a box, especially the letter-box. The most obvious derivation seems to be from the German *buechse*, box; to emboss (*bozen* in provincial and old German means "to hollow out"). This is certainly more plausible than the Latin *bucca*, mouth.

Cama, bed; but also ploughshare, and the mouthpiece or bit of the bridle. The connection between bed and bridle is not obvious. An old Germanic word for the bridle is *chamo*, which seems to survive in the German equestrian term *Kimm-kette*, the chain which passes underneath the chin, now often misnamed *Kinn-kette* (chin-chain). *Hazer la cama* means to make up the bed; *hazer cama*, to keep one's bed, to be ill.

Carnero, Portuguese *carneiro*, the universal name of the sheep, when considered as food, or mutton. Monlau cites several wild derivations from Hebrew and Greek, and from the Low Latin *crena* = a notch, or cut! A very obvious translation of *carnero* would be "the meat-giver"; *carne*, with the thoroughly Spanish ending *-ero.* The name of the sheep is *oveja.*

Cebada, barley, from *cibare*, *cibus*, the food for horses.

Cerdo, pig. *Cerda* means bristle, from the Latin *seta*, *setula*, *serta*. In Basque the pig is called *cerria* or *cherria*. The Spaniards have made the word *cerdear* analogous with *torear*, the words meaning respectively pig-sticking, and bull-baiting or fighting. The word *porco* or *puerco* is never used in polite conversation, either in Portugal or in Spain. See also *jabalí*.

Colmena, beehive. Reasonably supposed to be Keltic; *kaloen* = hive, *gwenan* = bee in Armorican.

Daga, dagger; German *Degen* = sword.

Esgrima, *esgrimir*, fencing, to skirmish; old Germanic *skerman*; modern German *schirmen*, and *Scharmützel*, a skirmish.

Estufa, meaning generally a hothouse in Spanish and Portuguese; German *Stube*, a chamber.

Flecha, arrowhead; *flitsch* in Middle High German, and *flitz-bogen* is the North German children's vernacular term for the bow!

Ganado, cattle. Literally "the gained" (stock), from the verb *ganar* = *gagnar*, to gain. Monlau tried to derive this verb (in Catalan, *guañar*) from the old High German *weidanjan* = to pasture. Covarrubias was on the right track when he explained *ganar* as meaning to augment the *ganado*, but he derived the noun from the Greek *ganao* = to be joyful! *Gañan* in Spanish means shepherd, and this is the Arabic *gannâm*. The Portuguese have shortened *ganado* to *gado*.

Ganso and *gansa*, gander and goose; German *gans*. The goose is also called *oca*, which is the Latin *avica* or *auca*, the bird; *oie* in French.

Garbanzos, chick-pea, the *Cicer arietinum* of botany. Possibly from the Basque *garau* = grain (unless this is originally the Latin *granum*), and *antzua* = dry. The bean, *Vicia faba*, is called *haba*.

Gorra, the Spanish name for cap. There is a curious idiomatic phrase—*hablarse de gorra*, to speak to each other by the cap, meaning to be on bowing but not on speaking terms.

Guerra, war; old Germanic *werra*, a dispute.

Heraldo, *haraute* or *faraute*, herald; *herold* in German; either from *haren*, to shout (hence *hart* = stag), or composed of *her* = army, and *walten* = to administer, to look after; *hariowald*, the old German title of a certain army official.

Ijada, a side of bacon, from the Latin *ilia*.

Jabalí, and *jabalina*, wild-boar, *djabali* in Arabic, from *djabal*, mountain. I fail to understand why *jabalina*, the spear, the proper pig-sticking weapon, the javelin, should not be derived simply from

jabali, instead of from the word which appears in German as *gabel* (fork), in Norsk as *gefja* (lance), in Anglo-Saxon as *gaflac* (spear).

Lienzo, handkerchief, from *linteum*, linen.

Llar and *llares*, the chain and hook from which the kettle is suspended over the hearth in the houses of the peasants. This suggests of course the Latin *lar*, the hearth, with the Lares and Penates.

Lumbre, fire, light, from *lumen*. *Fuego* signifies fire in the abstract, while *lumbre* is the particular fire which has been kindled.

Mayal, the flail for threshing corn, from *malleus*, a mallet.

Miez miez, the sound by which, in the province of Leon, the cats are called. The same sound is used in Germany. Cf. *Pita*.

Montera, the Asturian peaked felt hat, generally light-coloured with green trimmings, with a broad brim, one side of which is turned up. *Montero* is a sportsman, and *montear* means to hunt game, an occupation which flourishes in the mountains.

Muchacho and *muchacha*, boy and girl, from *mutilus*, mutilated, incomplete. The original word is *mocho* or *mocha*, enlarged to *muchacho*, and this has given rise to *muchachado* = a childish action, and even to a verb *muchachear* = to commit childish actions.

Ordeñar, to milk, of doubtful derivation, but it is at least a striking coincidence that in South Germany the regular act of milking is called *auf die Regel gehen*.

Orrio, or *orreo*, granary, in Asturia and the neighbouring districts, from the Latin *hordeum* or *horreum*; the Castilian word is *granero*.

Pareja, a sledge ; diminutive of the Latin *par*, "a pair," namely of runners.

Pita, *pita*, the sound by which the fowls are called. *Put*, *put* in Germany.

Rico, rich ; Gothic *reiks*. Forming various compound Gothic names, Recared, Recismond, Ricimer.

Rocin, hack, *rocinante*, a valueless hack ; German *ross*, English *horse*.

Saya and *Sayo*, petticoat and peasant's garment. The crude stuff itself is called *sayal*. The "sagum" of the ancient historians, of Keltic origin *sach*.

Sayon, bailiff, executioner ; rather old-fashioned Spanish. *Sagio* in Low Latin, *sago* in Gothic with the same meaning.

Tripa, tripe ; *stripa* in Low Latin ; recalling the German *striepe* and *strippe*.

Tropa, troop, meaning originally a drove ; German *trieben*, to drive. The same idea is implied by the Latin *agmen*, from *agere*, to conduct.

Uvagemestre, old-fashioned Spanish title of the officer in charge of the baggage and carriages; literally *wagenmeister*, master of the waggons, obviously adopted in the Middle Ages.

Vivaque, bivouac, the old German *biwacht* = by-watch.

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INDEX

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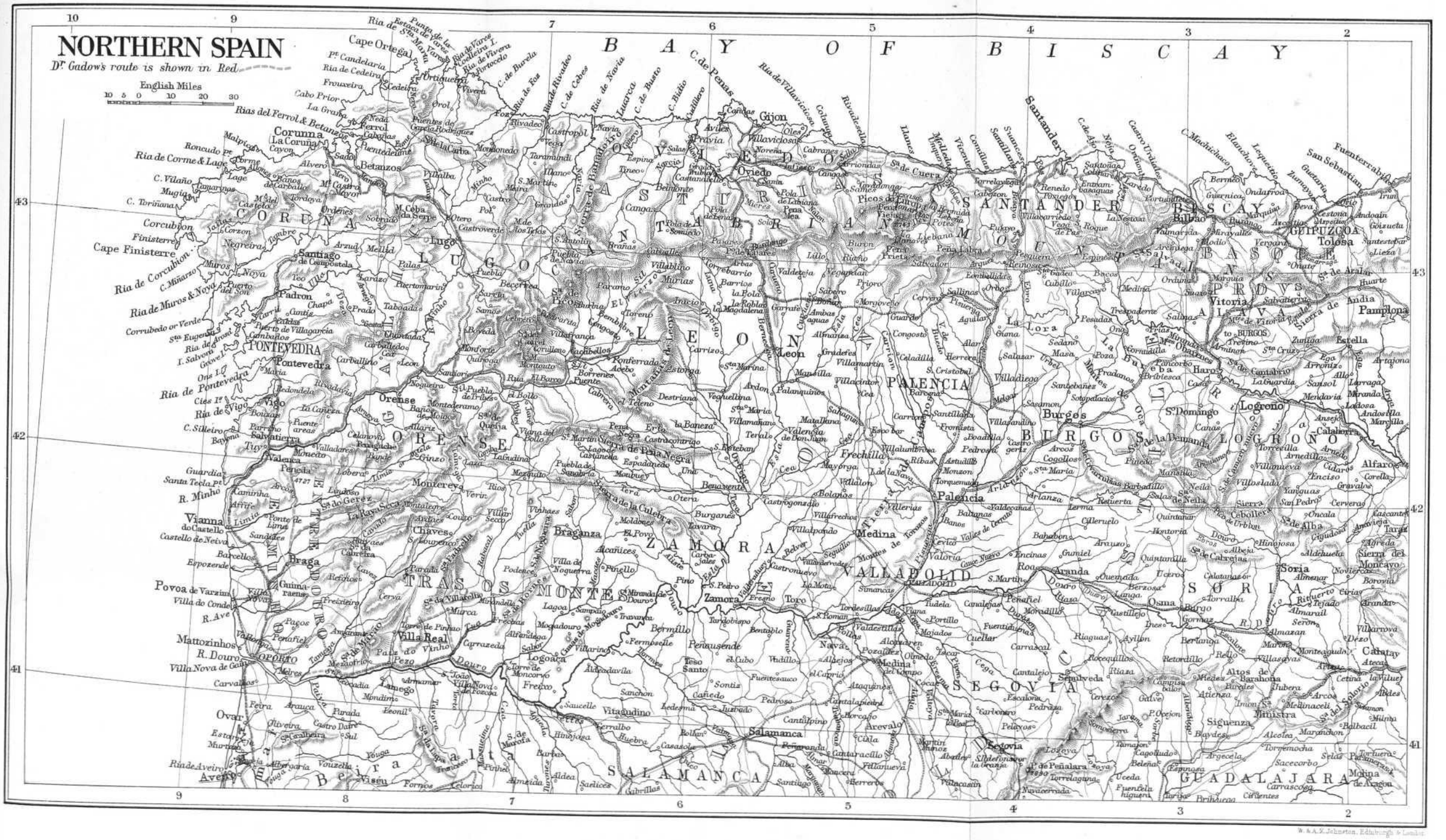

NORTHERN SPAIN

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See also:

Birds of Northern Spain ('Ibis') 359

Ringed Snake p. 352

A marvellously bold Ringed Snake 353

A spotted Salamander 347

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