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GALICIA, THE GARDEN OF SPAIN.

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Illustrated from the Author's Photographs and others.

GALICIA is at last awakening from its long mediæval sleep and bestirring itself to obtain recognition as a beautiful country richly adorned and bountifully blessed by nature, opening its arms for admirers. I can safely say that those who visit this Province of Spain for health or pleasure, or both, will not be disappointed. It is a country of great interest also to the lover of unspoilt scenery—to the artist, for the colouring is fascinating and baffling; to the historian, for it figures prominently in many a page of English history; to the antiquary and archæologist, for it contains monuments of priceless value and of great antiquity.

I left Havre on the commodious and exceedingly comfortable Booth s.s. "Hilary" at 8.30 p.m. on Friday night, July 22nd, and reached Vigo on Sunday night, the 24th July, at 9 p.m. The "Hilary" had started from Liverpool and proceeded to Havre, where I picked her up. On Monday morning, the 25th July, I saw Vigo Bay around the steamer.

The town lies to the South—tall white and grey houses rising up the slopes of a hill dominated by an obvious walled fort silhouetted against the sky line. To the S.W. a range of deep grey serrated edged hills running out seawards reminds one of a similar range at Santa Cruz de Tenerife. The Cies Islands, fifteen miles away, at the mouth of Vigo Bay, through which we had passed

by the northern channel during the previous evening, looked like low lumps of almost black land deeply denticulated on their sky-line edges. I could count forty-seven small boats dotted like black specks on the calm, cool-looking surface of the sea. Some had large round nets, some were using hand-lines. Away to the East, at the end of the harbour, peaked pine-clad hills dovetailed with one another in a series apparently stretching away in the dim distance for many miles. In Vigo itself, two tall round towers, domed, rising above the sky-line, showed the position of the most prominent church flanked on the sea side by a line of neat ball-headed green trees, an irregular strip of houses of various sizes and degree intervening. Occasionally the sound of a tin-kettle-like bell breaks the silence, the rapid strokes being taken up again by some other church in the distance announcing early services.

The verdant north and south sides of the Bay of Vigo slope gently when nearing the shore, and on these seaside slopes lie scattered about several small villages and many houses as if thrown out promiscuously from a gigantic pepper-box. A pretty scene it is, look where you will.

The Bay of Vigo is so enormous—fifteen miles from the guardian islands of Cies, at the entrance from the Atlantic, to the town itself—and so landlocked that it could contain all the navies

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Photo by]

VIGO FROM THE SEA.

[J. Harris Stone.

of the world with ease. Yet it has its dangers. I saw sticking up just to the east side of the islands, and not far from them, the remains of the "Southern Cross," one of the Holder Line, which had broken her back against some rocks there last December, and is a total wreck.

Yes, Vigo lies in a beautiful bay, which, travel where you will, can hardly be equalled, rarely excelled—at least that is my experience.

The country immediately around the town is delightful. It is practically one huge garden, stretching for miles and miles in vineyards and orchards, in maize plantations and forests. The scenery is, in short, equal to that of Italy and superior to any that can be found in far-famed Andalusia. The natives tell you they have here perpetual Spring. There is neither snow, nor too much rain, nor excessive heat. It is the land of the Spanish chestnut, the oleander, the orange, the cyprus—proofs sufficient to show the mildness of the climate.

Vigo is, too, a very go-ahead place. The old shanties are being pulled down and old streets widened. A fine boulevard is being constructed round the town and the old castle at the top of the hill will be reached by an electric tramway

and laid out in lovely gardens. Vigo means to make itself pleasant to foreigners. Nature has done much for it, man will do a little more in the increase of creature comforts. The result will be that as a residential city, and a city to sojourn in for a time, Vigo will have few rivals in Spain.

I motored the twenty-one miles from Vigo to Mondariz in a large 'bus, with a small compartment in front and a large one behind, both enclosed with windows and with seats on the top. The main road is wide and well kept. It is bordered for many miles with hedges umbrageous with bramble, furze, and honeysuckle. Here and there the Butcher's Broom displays its yellow flowers, and now and again a Tasmanian Gum Tree (*Eucalyptus Globulus*) pulls one up short and makes one realise that this favoured region is endowed with not only temperate but also sub-tropical vegetation. How like to Connemara it is! There as here this health-giving and marsh and miasma destroying tree apparently luxuriates and grows in the open all the year through. As too in Connemara, so here, masses of globular blossomed hydrangea delight the eye with its wealth of blue or pink flowers, and the rare pale blue of the plumbago pouring over the walls

tells of a climate mild and equable. There are no fields or anything comparable to what we call fields in England—a few square patches here and there along the roadside on the other side of the hedges have been obviously levelled and hand-sown with grass seed, but otherwise the landscape on the hill slopes is composed entirely of maize plantations and plots of potatoes. Fox-gloves rear their spikey spears of colour from the ditches by the roadside, and cabbages on enormously long stalks—just as they are in Jersey—are common.

As we near Mondariz, sycamore trees are planted along the roadside, which in a few years will afford welcome shade. The drive from Vigo to Mondariz imparts the impression on one's mind that this is a hilly country, well watered, with plenty of trees and diversified with bubbling brooks and trout-like expanses of sparkling water at places. The Province of Galicia is to all intents and purposes a rare jumble up of hills or small mountains where the ranges of the Asturias and the granite masses of the Cantabrian chain-form, as a glance at the map will show, a western continuation of the Pyrenees spread out like innumerable

fingers or roots in many directions as they sink towards the sea.

Vines grow everywhere, not only in vineyards set apart for them, but also all over the cottages, by the sides of the houses, in front of the houses, forming shady verandahs and avenues, and in walks leading up to the houses. They are chiefly supported at about three to six feet from the ground on long thin pieces of split granite stone. These square, pillar-like monoliths are most skilfully cracked off from huge granite masses just as they are made in the Land's End District of Cornwall, where as here they are used also for fencing purposes as well. But they seem in Galicia to get longer, thinner, and more skilfully cut and elegant pieces than in Cornwall. Though vines abound in such enormous quantities all over Galicia, it is extraordinary that no wine of the country has attained a name for itself outside. The truth is each little peasant proprietor makes his own wine on a small scale and in the most primitive fashion. If some capable wine merchants, or makers, bought up the grapes on a large scale, and set to work making good wine, there is no reason why



Photo by]

VIGO, ON THE QUAY.

[J. Harris Stone.

Galician vintages should not have a vogue. The grapes are all right, and there are plenty of them. Co-operation, skill, and commercial knowledge are the factors now needed to effect this purpose.

One feature of the country should not be passed by, as it is a feature peculiar to Galicia. This is the prevalence everywhere near the country cottages and houses of the curious casket-like, and most artistic, receptacles on stone legs for the grain—maize chiefly. These are the *Graneros* or *Horreos*, built sometimes of wood, sometimes of stone, and

I was not in County Galway—a man leading a pig to market with a string tied to one of the animal's hind legs, grunting and plunging about from side to side, the errors of his ways being corrected by the stick carried in the peasant's right hand.

Children run about without shoes and stockings, clad in the scantiest of robes, and the women carry everything on their heads—even to boots, which they put on their feet just before entering a village or town—how like Ireland!

The women of Galicia certainly do their share of work. The roads are



Photo by]

A WOMAN'S LOAD.

[J. Harris Stone.

the grain has to be stored in these delightful artistic additions to the farm buildings in order to keep it from the ravages of the rats which abound.

Many customs I observed in travelling through Galicia which recalled the wilds of Connemara. You would see a man using a flint and steel to light his cigarette, occasionally you would pass a woman on a country road, with distaff under her arm, spinning thread as she walked along, and more than once I came across a roadside scene so typically Irish that I rubbed my eyes to make sure

mended by women; the fields are worked by women; the carts are driven by women; the seed is sown by women; the harvests are reaped by women, and even furniture is moved by women, for a lady at Ferrol told me when she moved house there recently all the furniture was transported to her new abode, at a considerable distance, on the heads of women.

But in the predilection for the labour of women Galicia stands not alone. I am reminded of the story of the Somerset farmer who came home from a

tenants' dinner, and said to his wife: "I am about dead tired out. Is cows in t'barn?" "Yes," answered his hard-working spouse, "long since." "Is t'hosses unharnessed and fed?" "Yes." "Fowls locked up?" "Yes." "Them ducks plucked and dressed for market?" "Yes." "Oh, then," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "let me have my supper and turn in. Farmin' is beginning to tell on I!"

This prevalence of women's work is no doubt due, at any rate partially, to the absence of able-bodied men through excessive emigration. I spoke to many influential and educated Spaniards in Galicia regarding this emigration question, and found it was not altogether an unmixed evil. Enormous numbers emigrate each year, chiefly to the Argentine Republic and the West Indies, but a great many when they

make a little money return to Galicia, which they love, and set up in farming or other business in the land of their birth, so that the more emigration goes on so, as a counterbalance, does more money come into the country. It is estimated also that each year some £280,000 is sent home from emigrants abroad to help those they have left behind in the old country.

Another very Celtic trait of the Galician is evidenced in their dances. I saw a great many peasants dancing at fiestas at Mondariz, and La Toja, and always the men danced facing the women, and around them, never touching them as we do in our valse. The Irish national dances I have seen were almost identical. In Galicia, too, as in Ireland, the bagpipes are usually present and the music is generally in a minor

key, with a touch of sadness more or less perceptible. The only recognised dance approaching a romp is where everybody joins in one long string, men and women alternately, and then step merrily to the music, sidling along in and out of the musicians and round tables and chairs, just wherever the leader at one end of the human string determines to go. This extraordinary dance, or rather rapid side-stepping



STREET SCENE, SHOWING GALLERIES, CORUNA.

procession, is called the *rigolo*, and gives rise to much merriment and laughter and it continues till those taking part in it are too tired to go on, when all separate into couples again and seek seats and rest.

But there has always existed an attraction between Ireland and Galicia, which may to some extent explain the similarity of habits and customs.

Augustin Thierry affirms that centuries before Christ, the tribe of Breogan not only went from Galicia to Ireland, but it went on to Wales, and the French name of Galles gives force to the theory. The Irish had chairs in the University and some became Bishops and Prebendaries. Many of the Galicians I noticed looked like typical Welshmen.

The Gallegos are not a beautiful race. They are short in stature and thick set. In truth they are a remarkably plair people. I did not see what could be called a really beautiful woman anywhere. Anyone approaching that description I always found on enquiring was a foreigner, generally a Portuguese or from the South of Spain or South America. They have dark complexions, broad faces, rather coarse features, and singularly dull, inexpressive, apathetic countenances. The poorer Gallegos may make good servants, but usually they are noted throughout Spain for their stupidity and boorishness. Costume is rather dying out here as it is all over the continent, and when seen it is not attractive. The peasants wear a jacket and breeches of brown serge, and carry a long stick or staff which is used as an

aid for walking on the rough paths, and also for driving oxen and playing single-stick, at which they excel. They wear broad brimmed hats of the flopping description pulled on one side.

The band which entertained us at La Toja with Galician airs and songs was clad in the full dress costume of the country. They wore knee breeches with brass buttons at the side, black cloth gaiters, waistcoats white at the back, the two front flaps of bright red and green and brown velvet. These gaudy waistcoats made no pretence of being buttoned over the white frilled shirts. Some had a long silk scarf twined round the waist of blue or red, and their caps were peaked felt of dark blue cloth with narrow red ribs and red and blue tassels.

In rainy weather (and they have plenty of it in Galicia) the peasants also wear a cloak, called *cocoza*, formed of loose straws, which hang down over the body and are fastened into a collar of the same material round the neck, so that the garment looks from a distance as if the wearer was thatched. It resembles in general appearance and effect the *Manto* of the Canary Islands, which, in turn, is



Photo by]

A LOAD OF SEAWEED.

[Walter Wood,



Photo by] ONIONS ON QUAY, CORUNA, IN OXEN CARTS. [J. Harris Stone.

a lineal descendant of the old cloak of the Guanches. Only, of course, the Manto is made of flannel not straw. The women wear the scarlet *esclavina*, or cape, trimmed with black velvet and a kerchief of some bright colour, usually yellow, tied mantilla fashion over the head. The real Spanish Mantilla is rarely seen in Galicia.

Mondariz is famous for its mineral water. A Spanish gentleman I met there, who had come from Malaga, said to me: "I came here only with my skin and my bones—look at me now!" I did. He seemed fat and well. I know he ate well for I saw him. So did I. The glass of water taken twenty minutes before a meal seemed to give one an enormous appetite, and, singularly enough, what one ate one could thoroughly digest. That is my personal experience. The Spanish gentleman I have alluded to said his local doctor at Malaga had told him to "gather his family together," instead of doing which he started for Mondariz, and left his family behind. Wise man. He will now be able to see them frequently for many years to come. Another old Spanish gentleman from South America,

staying at the Hotel beside the Spring, said to me one day, "I came to Mondariz weak, and behold, I am full of life." Such independent testimony, coupled with my own experience, is more convincing than all the eulogies of interested doctors and paid analysts. The water is undoubtedly beneficial for all kinds of disorders, due to forms of indigestion. How few of us can say that their liver, digestion, throat, and kidneys are all in perfect order. Mondariz is the place to put them into good working order. I should mention also that bottled Mondariz water is a good specific against sea-sickness.

The spring is just within the gates of the beautifully laid out garden and woods of the Peinadors' Hotel. The water comes through a rock and is drawn off in two ducts—one for the supply of those who drink at the spring and the other for the use of those who fill the bottles for export. The bottling industry is carried on within sight of the visitors, and enormous numbers of bottles in cases are sent yearly all over Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, and South America. At present it is scarcely known in England.

The water is cold, sparkling, agree-

able, and excellent when used as a table water alone or with light wine. There is no question that it is very radio-active.

The Hotel is palatial. It can accommodate 600 visitors within its walls, and within a stone's throw are châteaux on the slopes of the grounds around, so those who wish to be quieter than in a large hotel can take up their abode in those smaller residences. The dining hall can easily seat 500. The ceiling is beautifully carved, and the balcony which runs around the hall is wide enough for tables for those who wish to dine more privately than in the body of the room. From the

liness inspire the greatest confidence. Electricity is employed for working the machine washing the plates and vessels, and the whole huge establishment is lighted with electricity and is in every respect most modern and sanitary.

Belonging to the hotel, at a little distance, is a farm, Pias, of several hundred acres, where excellent wine is made and whence come also the milk, cream, cheese, strawberries, apples, pears, small fruit and vegetables which are consumed at the hostelry. Fresh fruit and vegetables of unlimited quantity supplied daily to the kit-



Photo by]

A GALICIAN GRANARY.

[Walter Wood.

windows of the hall are magnificent views of mountains, the trees of the grounds in the front of the house and the fine garden at the back, with the pergolas covered with vines and gay with flowers of all description. The concert room, with its dancing floor and stage for dramatic and musical performances, is well patronised, and daily entertainments are provided for visitors.

Visitors are invited—a most unusual privilege in my experience—to inspect the kitchen whenever they like, where the many smart cooks and general clean-

chen add somewhat to the enjoyment and health of visitors to Mondariz. Fresh trout from the stream at Pias are also often served at table.

Besides the Mondariz water there are several others in Galicia. *Cold* waters at Lerez, Cortegada, Verin, Tucio, Cherez; and *hot* springs at La Toja, Caldelas, Caldas de Reijes, Cuntis, Lugo, Tucio, Airterjo, Molgas, Carballino, Carballo.

The only hot springs I visited were those on the island of La Toja, in the Bay of Arosa, which is connected with the mainland by a long bridge, first

opened to vehicular traffic on July 28th, 1910—the day I went there from Pontevedra, in a fine Hotchkiss car, kindly driven by the owner, the journey taking only one hour, five minutes.

The waters of La Toja are especially efficacious for skin diseases, and the baths in the basement of the Grand Hotel there are well equipped with plain baths, douches, and all other arrangements for squirting water on particular parts of

the body, or for inhaling for throat troubles. The temperature ranges from 65 degrees Fahr. to cold, and apparently the water is found all over the island at a depth of three meters. It contains a large quantity of mineral ingredients and a factory is established at which two tons of salts from the water is obtained daily by evaporation. These salts are exported in sealed bottles and tins for baths, and at another ad-

joining factory soap is made in which they are largely incorporated, and which is said to be nearly as efficacious as the water itself. At any rate, I know the soap is very pleasant to use.

The hotel at La Toja, designed by the famous Spanish architect, D. Daniel Vasquez, is even more grand and palatial than that at Mondariz. The bedrooms are large and lofty, the decoration and

furniture are elegant but simple, and the utmost attention has been given to the sanitary arrangements. There are lifts from each landing, the bedrooms are fitted with electric lights, bells and telephones, and each bedroom is provided with a lavatory basin on the latest sanitary principles, and with both hot and cold water.

At present only two blocks of buildings are completed, but four more, similarly palatial, are already planned and are to follow. Gambling tables are already established, and as La Toja can be reached direct by steamer as well as by land, and as the situation is superb, it is not unlikely in the near future to become a fashionable resort after the style of Monte Carlo. The large dining-hall has galleries around, decorated with panel paintings by the great artists. Señor Montserin, of Ponte-

vedra, and Señor D. Ramon Pulido, and the gambling tables are in another gallery above. The King and Queen of Spain's island, Cortegada, is in the same bay as La Toja and can be easily visited by a motor boat which is an additional attraction for visitors. Another land route to the island is by train from Calais to Paris, thence partly by Sud-express



SIR JOHN MOORE'S TOMB, CORUNA.

to Villagarcia, and from there by motor boat, or steamer to La Toja. The sea views around La Toja are magnificent, and the whole place suggestive of rest and quiet enjoyment.

With two such magnificent watering places, replete with every comfort and amusement as Mondariz and La Toja—to say nothing of others which are arising in Galicia—it behoves our English pleasure cities and watering places to wake up and look to their laurels.

Coruña is a pleasant town with a sea front not unlike Brighton, along which trams, pulled by mules, run, and on the

far as I know, peculiar to the place. Between the wharves and the tram lines are well-kept shady gardens, laid out with flower-beds and seats in the English fashion, which, indeed, they purposely imitate, so popular are English customs and habits in Coruña. Electric lights illuminate the promenade at night, and there is a spacious bull ring and a sporting club where tea, gossip and tennis take place daily, occasionally varied by horse jumping and other sports.

But the chief interest in Coruña to English people, lies around Sir John Moore. The place where he fell, on the



LA TOJA HOTEL, GALICIA.

adjoining wharves I saw enormous quantities of onions, of the red kind, which had arrived on oxen carts, being shipped chiefly to South America and the West Indies.

The houses of Coruña have curious glass adjuncts, or additions to their fronts, which run along the first and the upper stories, looking like added green-houses. These are three feet wide and are a protection against wind and sun—keeping the rooms cool. They give the street-vistas a curious appearance, very unlike anything I have seen elsewhere. These structures are called *Galerias* and are, as

heights of Elviña, the house (and the room) on the front at Coruña, to which he was hurriedly taken, and where he died, and the place of his burial on a little hill beyond, are most carefully preserved and cherished. The tomb of Sir John Moore is surrounded by a railing and is well-known from pictures and photographs, but it is not so well known that two English ladies are buried within the enclosure also. Soon after the hero died two English ladies died at Coruña, and there being at that time no English cemetery, they were interred within the enclosure, one at either end of Moore's

resting place. The large garden, beautiful with flowers and trees, surrounding the tomb is now encircled by a high wall, and on the N.E. side is a tablet affixed to the wall to the memory of 172 officers and men of H.M.S. *Serpent* "wrecked on Boy rock, near Cape Villand, about 36 miles from this spot, 10th November, 1890. This stone was placed by the officers and men of H.M.S. *Lapwing* in respectful remembrance.

England expects every man
To do his duty."

In the island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples—a wholly volcanic island—are many craters, and at the bottom of one is a white marble tombstone, recording the burial there in that strange position of Surgeon James Moore. The island had been visited with the scourge of cholera, and most of the inhabitants fled to the mainland, but Dr. Moore remained to attend the sick. He too eventually fell a victim to the dread plague, and was buried in the place of honour at the bottom of an extinct crater, whilst the other victims of the epidemic were



Photo by] GALICIAN MUSICIANS, LA TOJA, IN
NATIVE COSTUME, [J. Harris Stone.

Sir John Moore was the eldest of three brothers, their father being Dr. John Moore, who died in 1802. The second son, James, or as he called himself sometimes James Carrick, was born in 1763 and died in 1834, and it is an interesting fact little, if at all, known, that like his eldest brother, his place of burial is absolutely unique and equally honourable.

interred in ascending circles round the sides.

Just across the Bay of Coruña is Ferrol, the Woolwich of Spain. The arsenal and dock yards are in a transition stage just now. The apathy and stagnation of the past is being overcome by an influx of English firms, who are aiding the Spaniards in building ships.

The staff consists by arrangement of 25 per cent. English and 75 per cent. Spanish. The workmen of 10 per cent. English and 90 per cent. Spanish.

Two men of war of the Dreadnought type are at present being constructed, the *Español* and the *Alphonso XIII*. The keel of one—a 15,700 ton vessel—was laid a year ago, and the ship will be ready in two years time. Each of these war vessels will mount eight twelve-inch guns: and twenty four-inch guns. They will be driven by turbine engines. A large dry dock is also now being constructed, which will take the largest vessel afloat, which also will be finished

in two years from now, so the English engineers told me. This rate of progress is phenomenal for Spain, for I saw in the harbour there a vessel which had been no less than fourteen years in process of construction and is not finished yet! Of course, by this time it is absolutely obsolete and useless as a war engine.

Spain has practically no navy, and these two new ships can only be considered as useful for home policing work. Her army too is in as bad a state as her navy, so that for any practical potency in the politics of the world she might be non-existent. Alas! how her glory has departed.



THE HOTEL, MONDARIZ, GALICIA.