

No Baixo-Alentejo: *castelinhos* do interior do sertão. — A Senhora da Cola. — Museu de Beja. — Antigualhas de Mertola e da Vidigueira.

Além-Guadiana: Serpa e seu aro.

Maravilhas artísticas dos pastores alentejanos. — O coração na arte e poesia populares: observações feitas a proposito da arte pastoril do Alentejo.

A *padeirinha* de Fronteira (semana-santa). — Vestuario alentejano, feito todo ele de peles. — Asseio e compostura da casa do Alentejo.

Caracter grave dos Alentejanos.

6. O reino do Algarve. — Castro-Marim e seu cais. — Restos que os Mouros deixaram em Faro e Silves. — Viagem de Silves a Portimão, pelo rio. — Ilha desencantada. — Romanos nos arredores de Portimão e no Algôz. — Açoteias de origem arabica. — Mulheres de biôco. — Rudeza agreste do Cabo de S. Vicente, em contraste com os amendoais floridos do resto da provincia.

O que fica dito é incompletissimo sumário, pois nos dois volumes dão-se muitas mais notícias archeologicas e ethnograficas das terras mencionadas e ainda de outras, e até se declaram os nomes de algumas das pessoas com quem o autor tratou ou que lhe ofereceram objectos para o Museu Ethnologico de Belem.

A obra não é meramente um repositório de factos. Estes, nos varios ambitos em que se expõem, estão coordenados, metodizados, e em regra submetidos a ideias gerais, e no que toca á parte archeologica apresentados segundo a natural sucessão dos tempos.

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The author of this book says that Portugal is possessed by a fury of destruction. It has always been so, and those who attempt to pull against the tide of destruction and save something of a constructive and efficient nature are themselves destroyed. A few exceptions are endowed with the ne-

cessary resistance to emerge from this democratic cult of incompetence and to survive; the greater the difficulties they encounter the greater they themselves become. This accounts for the solitary peaks in Portuguese literature and history — a statesman like Albuquerque, a poet like Camões, a mystic like Frei Thomé de Jesus, a historian like Herculano, an archaeologist like Dr. Leite de Vasconcellos towering above the rest, strengthened by the very obstacles that overwhelm lesser spirits. This celebrated archaeologist is one of those who have survived, thriving on the general indifference, like one of those luxuriant Southern plants which prosper in a parched and apparently barren soil. He frequently laments the indifference towards things of the past to which he has devoted a long life, but it has not succeeded in dulling his own enthusiasm. He received much assistance in his excursions from parish priests throughout the country, and in passing one may contrast these keen, kindly, hospitable, cultured priests with those depicted in a recent Portuguese novel.

Dr. Leite de Vasconcellos himself is tireless and indomitable. In 1916, being then just under sixty, he explored the Serra da Estrella, and after returning in the morning from a twelve hours' expedition went back to Covilhã in the afternoon. Only those acquainted with those shadeless, stony mountain paths can realize what that means. Some of the expeditions here recorded were made nearly fifty years ago, others are recent. Riding a horse or donkey, on foot, in diligencia, train and motor-car, in an Alentejan mule-cart or *carrinha* of Algarve, by moonlight or in the summer *calmas*, when the word acts up to its Greek derivation of burning, he has explored every nook and corner of Portugal in search of phonetic and dialectal variants, of inscriptions, place-names, ancient customs, popular quatrains, folklore, legends, and archaeological specimens for the Portuguese Ethnological Museum, which he founded at Belem, near Lisbon, and which Baedeker fifteen years ago was able to describe as one of the richest of its kind in existence. We see him falling off his ass in the act of copying a Roman inscription; waking up a farmer on a pitch-dark night to inquire after prehistoric remains; eating «ethnological meals» in wayside inns, glad sometimes to obtain black rye-bread and goat's cheese; going over the sixteenth century archaeologist Resende's house at Evora; wading through a sea of stones on a moun-

tain-side in hope of treasure; exploring mountains and moors in pursuit of dolmens; sifting fairs and markets for ethnological finds; and packing cases of his acquisitions, which might be as small as a coin or as large as a Roman tomb or altar. To the peasants this was all incomprehensible; his keen inquiries gave rise to the suspicion that he was a sorcerer or a collector of taxes or even an accomplice of robbers; mostly, however, it was believed that he was in search of buried treasure, of gold and jewels hidden away by the Moors, and a group of women would gather to watch him dig it up; that he should seem pleased with an apparently insignificant bit of stone or brick only meant that the treasure was for the moment magically transmuted. Sometimes much toil proved fruitless, but elsewhere the finds were very rich, as was but natural in a country of so many and various ancient civilizations.

These two volumes might almost be taken as a proof that nothing exists; again and again an ordinary person might have seen the things the author saw and found no interest in them. As Dr. Leite de Vasconcellos proceeds, interest springs up at every step: the shape of a house, of a water-jar, of clogs or headdress, lamp or spoon, takes on a new significance. The most ordinary industries, such as tanning or shearing, attract him because they may illustrate the implements used by primitive man. He copies the marks of potters, of masons, of fishermen (carved by them on the sly in the parish church, in the belief that it will increase their catch). We are regaled with hundreds of small interesting facts by the way; we are informed that the names of an innkeeper's children are Viriathus, Virgil and Horace; we see a woman carrying her baby on her back as she ploughs (with donkeys); we come across a small African colony at Alcacer do Sal. At Fronteira, in Alentejo, on Easter Eve biscuits are made in the shape of lizards and hens and eaten, the hens by the girls, the lizards by the young men, at a chapel after the religious procession. Dr. Leite de Vasconcellos puts in a plea that such survivals from an immemorial past may be allowed to die a natural death and not be « polizeilich verboten ». Meanwhile in these and many scores of similar volumes he has garnered an abundant harvest; if this had been done once in each generation since printing began we should possess an inexhaustible mine of interest, since trifles which seem unimportant are apt,

when recorded, to gather fresh value as each year goes by. We are here given several of those undecipherable Iberian inscriptions. One that frequently occurs on coins, between two horizontal fishes, and usually accompanied by the head of Hercules, Dr. Leite de Vasconcellos, reading from right to left, interprets as «Eviom», the final, or initial, letter representing a half-moon. If archaeologists could agree upon the interpretation, it might prove a sure beginning in the important task of reading this mysterious alphabet; but, unfortunately, they can only agree to differ. The value of this work is increased by over three hundred illustrations, including photographs and drawings by the author and others. It is curious to see that in a wood-carving by an Alentejan shepherd dated 1891 (Volume II., Figure 136A) the figures of men and animals, in their vivid simplicity and clever rendering of swift motion, resemble those of the primitive drawings in Spanish caves.

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Aushwahl altportugiesischer Lieder, von S. PELLEGRINI. Halle/Saale 1928. Max Nimeyer.

Mais do que entre nós — é triste dizê-lo — a nossa primitiva poesia tem sido objecto de estudo para os estrangeiros. Os nomes de Lord Stuart, Bellermann, Wolf, Lopes de Moura, Varnhagen, Diez, Lang e sobretudo Monaci, a quem devemos poder conhecer a sua maior e melhor parte, serão sempre lembrados por quantos d'ela se ocuparem. Estrangeira foi também, pelo nascimento, D. Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, que lhe dedicou quasi toda a sua laboriosa vida, deixando-nos o estudo mais completo que sobre tal assunto se há publicado. Outro erudito estrangeiro, o D.^{or} S. Pellegrini, acaba de dar a lume um livrinho, destinado aos estudantes alemães, no qual insere várias cantigas que lhes permitem fazer juízo da sua natureza e forma, reunindo aí, não só as de assunto profano, as chamadas de *amor* e *d'amigo*, mas também sacro, sem esquecer as satiricas ou de *escárneo* e *mal dizer*. Ao mesmo tempo, para de certo modo fazer conhecer