the oil, of course." That was all his answer. I remember my own little fishing-lugger at Brighton, the master of which was a "pig-headed" Suffolk fisherman; he never, though I have been out with him in his bit of a 10-ton lugger on the most misty nights, would run up his light to the mast-head, and hour after hour have we drifted with our trawl-net in the blinding mist, hearing large vessels passing up and down hard by us,—yes, ourselves lying in their very track,—and yet he would not run up the light. But then there was method in his madness. "As long as I live, sir," has he said to me, "I'll never hoist a lamp for the Board of Trade, or any other Board." "And why not?" "Why, the first lugger as ever wore a light at her mast-head, off Brighton coast, was run down by a vessel that took her for a pilot — so I'll never run up a light!" But how captains of sailing brigs and the like, for the paltry saving of oil, can dispense with a light, does, I must say, surprise me.

And now we are at Gibraltar, and it is early morn. Already, however, I have seen the cloud that rests so frequently upon the head of the rock; already have I heard the joyous clarion of the bugles of the English soldiers sounding the *reveillé*, and my heart longs to be on shore.

Our time at Gibraltar was very limited, as the trading steamer in which we had taken passage was bound for Malaga. I inquired if we could return by a Spanish boat to Cadiz, and thence go up country, but landing at Cadiz was, in the then state of political affairs, said to be most unadvisable.

The enormous strength of the fortifications at Gibraltar is the most striking feature of "the Rock"

on first landing; the place would seem to be well-nigh impregnable. The heat was tremendous, the sun's rays seeming to be reflected, as from a furnace, from the white, glaring dusty road leading into the town; their power, however, is lessened by the rows of trees and the wooded hills rising to the right. The soldiers' dresses are very handsome, especially that of the sergeants, who, in addition to the snowy-white tunic and linen "puggery" encasing the cap and flowing over the nape of the neck, wear a crimson sash across the shoulder, the contrast between the whiteness of the tunic and the crimson of the sash being exceedingly chaste and handsome.

Walking down the streets, the sight was picturesque in the extreme. Here congregate men, absolutely, of all nations: the tall, well-built, haughty-looking Barbary Moor, with his sweeping beard, and clean-cut, aquiline features; the money-making Jew, dressed in his "Jewish gaberdine"; the Andaluz gitano, or water-carrier, in crimson faja, breeches open below the knee, and sandalled feet; the Mediterranean boatman, in his uncouth and varying costume; the Levantine, in full Oriental costume; negroes, Indians, Indian nurses, interspersed with the chaste uniforms of the British army—to say nothing of the "man-of-war's man," and the ordinary costumes of the English. All these give an exceedingly unusual and picturesque appearance to the crowded, car-rattling, jabbering, and noisy streets. Where many nations meet, many tongues must be spoken, and in some of the shops, German, Spanish, French, and English were freely circulating.

At 4 o'clock, on July 1st, we steamed out of harbour, and had another opportunity of admiring the

abrupt grandeur of "the Rock"; but ere we passed from sight a white fleecy cloud came down, and completely hid its summit from view, almost, as it seemed, in a moment: the effect was very striking. This is commonly called, "the Rock wearing its nightcap."

At 7 o'clock, along the coast, were passed the extreme westernmost mountains of the Sierra Nevada range—a noble, barren line of sierra, probably teeming with mineral wealth. At 10 P.M. "Malaga Light" was sung out by the watch. The heat of the day had given place to a refreshing coolness, and through the calm moonlit water — it seemed almost without a ripple—we steamed at midnight slowly into Malaga harbour, anchoring full in front of the twinkling lights and dark encircling hills of the city.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A SPANISH TOWN OF THE INTERIOR.

ENGLISH people, who glean their ideas of Spanish life and character from a sojourn at Madrid or Malaga, Gibraltar or Seville, know strangely little of the real state of education and social life in the less-visited towns of the interior.

When I arrived at Gibraltar on my way to the secluded town from which I write, I was warned not to attempt to return to Cadiz, as the line was cut, and that city "in a state of siege." Malaga was "in a condition very little better." However, I went on by sea to Malaga, hardly knowing—indeed, I should say, very doubtful—whether or no I should be able to take train into the interior. At Malaga, the first token of "La Republica Democratica Federal" was a string of red-capped Voluntarios, who had taken the place of the ordinary Customs officials. They boarded our steamer, headed by their captain, and with fixed bayonets marched up to the breakfast-table on deck to confer with our captain. They seemed but ill armed, and wore no uniform, save the scarlet flannel cap, peaked over the eyes, of which every shop window was full. Some had old fowling-pieces, some Enfield rifles, some the Snider. They seemed restless and haggard, and, indeed, one of them told me, as we smoked a cigarette together, that he was dissatisfied

with his Government, his faith—in a word, with everything. Our captain, a hearty Englishman, who did not like arms at his breakfast-table, good-humouredly asked them to "unfix bayonets." This the poor fellows did, after a moment's demur, with a hearty laugh. Afterwards, I met these same men at the Custom House, and they passed my luggage unopened, in remembrance of our cigar and chat together, and behaved most courteously. This was my first introduction to the Intransigentes. Next day, two thousand Malaguanese Voluntarios, who had been to proclaim the independence of Seville, entered the town, preceded by their band and four cannon. They, too, were ill armed, and only distinguished from civilians by the red cap; they promenaded the street in triumph for some time, and at a bugle call dispersed at once, each man going to his own home. In two hours Malaga was quiet as ever, and not an armed man seen in its streets. The only active measure taken on that day was the issuing of the order for every nun to leave her convent in twenty-four hours, which time of grace was readily extended, at the request of the English and American Consuls, to six days.

Starting up country, *viâ* Cordoba, I was reminded only too sadly of the unhappy state of sunny, beautiful Spain. The corn, over-ripe, was ungathered in; at each small station stood, with fixed bayonets, a couple of Guardas Civiles. No words of mine can describe the alternate beauty and savage grandeur of the route from Malaga to Cordoba. From Malaga to Alora, the wild semi-cultivated slopes stretched out far as eye could see, reminding one, here and there, of the Wiltshire Downs on a grand scale; but at Alora, a

lovely town of some 8,000 people, the fertile plains of Andalucia Abaja (Andalucia the lower) suddenly spread around us in all their beauty, lit up by the beams of the morning sun—the orange, the vines crowning slope after slope, the full palm-tree, and the olive-patches dotting the landscape far and near; field after field separated by hedges of prickly pear, and groups of aloes here and there, completely enchained and fascinated heart and soul, and one forgot the sorrows of one's new country, and her strife and her bloodshed, in looking on her beauty and her grace.

Suddenly all was changed—vineyards, olives, trees, were all but as a dim mist of blue far behind, and we had entered on a scene of more savage grandeur than the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Tyrol. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the country after crossing the Guadalhorce near Bogantes Station. Far and wide there is nothing but naked rock; you look up, peak after peak of granite towers up above the line, and cuts its rugged way into the deep clear blue; while to your left, seen here and there through the holes of the rock, the Guadalhorce, increased and fed by one cascade after another, foams and dashes along over its huge granite boulders. The line goes through tunnel after tunnel in swift succession, until the far-famed viaduct at Bogantes is passed at a foot's pace.

The chief spot of interest is the "Hoyo," or gorge, with the river foaming at its side as just described. This magnificent scenery is but a short distance from Bogantes Station, and is called here "the pass of the Guadalhorce." It is hardly more than fifty miles from Malaga, and I can only wonder that the artist's

hand and pencil are not busy here year by year, where all is so intensely new and almost untrodden ground.

Let me pass on to the end of my journey. The road was treeless and barren, and, save for the beautiful ridge of some sierra, just tinged by the setting sun, and the silver Guadalquivir—winding among its here treeless hills—devoid of beauty. Late at night I arrived at my destination, and was only too glad to turn off to rest.

What struck me most, at first, was the wretched state of the streets, which is common to the towns of the interior: they have no pavement, but have, at some remote period, been "pitched" with huge stones, many of which have gone, leaving holes a foot deep. All travelling is accomplished on horse or donkey back, or in springless mule carts, which jolt one to pieces. These carts are covered with bamboo canes, with a sacking at each end; the bottom is simply a piece of ordinary matting stretched over the iron bars that join the wheels. But, to say truth, there *is* hardly any communication between town and town. Villages, country-houses, farm-houses, absolutely have no existence, owing to the unsafe state of the country. The farmers live in the towns, and gather their wheat and garvancos (a sort of pea) into the camera, or attic, at the top of the house.

Walking out the next morning, I heard in the distance the well-known strains of the 'Marseillaise,' played in the most lively way by a brass band, and presently a tiny coffin, swung between four boys, came round the corner—the coffin of a little fair-haired child of some seven summers, laid out in blue paper, with a glass lid to show its peaceful face. A crowd of

boys, cutting capers, singing and shouting, ran before it, while close behind, at a swinging pace, and playing their loudest and liveliest, came the band I had heard; behind them, four abreast, walked fifty or sixty young men, chiefly of the mining or artisan class. This ceremony is peculiar to this part of Spain, and has only existed since the Republic was formed. It is called a "civil funeral." The ceremony is simple enough; the band (of advanced Republicans) marches to the house whence the funeral is to come, and forms in a semicircle around the door, with all the followers; they then march to the cemetery, play one last lively Republican air, in token that the innocent has gone to a better country, and is safe "en los manos de Dios," leaving the little flimsy coffin on one of the stones until the grave-digger can find time to inter it. The law in other days was, that no funeral should take place without a priest, but this was repealed by the Republic, and permission given to all to bury with or without a religious ceremony. It is sad, I must confess, to witness such a spectacle; it is a defiance of the religion of their fathers, from men who absolutely have no faith at all to cling to in its place. Strangely enough, I have never seen a grown-up person buried with a civil funeral. The most striking part of a Spanish funeral is the number of those who follow. Every friend of the bereaved family, every distant relation, those in the same street, and all who knew the dead man, leave their work and follow him to his last resting-place. No women ever follow; no special mourning seems to be used.

A few days after my arrival, I was introduced to the Mayor of the town, himself an Intransigente, but not an ultra-red. Here is the blot of the Spanish Re-

public, that there "are Republicans *and* Republicans"; the moderates are divided, the ultras are divided, and they will not, even in face of the ruin of their country, unite. This man, Intransigente himself, saw the danger to our town from his advanced brethren of the same order—men who live in the mountains of the Morena, whose one idea is equality of property, and the dividing of their country into countless small "cantones," or states, and who descend on any town at will,—which is ungarrisoned,—and simply demand and receive from the frightened inhabitants any sum they choose to name. I should say that during the summer our town had absolutely no garrison at all. The Alcalde, to his honour be it spoken, equipped and armed, and kept at his own expense, some three hundred Voluntarios, to defend the property of his fellow townsmen, English and Spanish, from the descent of the insurgents. Nightly they walked the town, and guarded the threshing-floors from fire. One night the rumour was spread, "the Intransigentes from the sierra are in the town." Yes. They had descended to the number of fifteen or twenty, and were drinking in the very fonda I had occupied a few nights before. They had come to levy contributions, and to proclaim our town an independent canton. You, in England, would have taken them prisoners at once, with a force of three hundred men to support you. We, however,—that is, our authorities,—did no such thing. Let me tell you what befell them.

At midnight the Voluntarios marched down to the fonda—armed they were to the teeth; behind them followed a string of mules and donkeys. At one o'clock that morning some fifteen or twenty men on beasts of burden, guarded on each side by a string

of red-capped Voluntarios, marched out of the town, and were taken to a spot twelve miles off, and—shot? —no; but simply told to dismount, and not enter our city walls again! I asked one of the authorities *why* this was so. "Why," said he, gravely and sadly, "for aught I know, those very men's party may hold the reins of government to-morrow, and some of them being men of position, may themselves be liberated, and hold office."—"And then?" said I. —"Why, *then*, where would I be?"

This little visit of gentlemen from the Morena, however, bore fruit afterwards in a way we little expected. One night I passed at twelve o'clock up the dark and silent street in which the barracks of the Voluntarios stood. I had always been glad to see the gleam of their sentry's bayonet and the red tips of their cigarillos, as the guard sat waiting for any fire or other emergency, and smoked the night away. To-night the barrack-door was closed, the sentry absent, the barracks deserted. I could not think what it meant. Next morning the town was in a ferment. The main body of our trusty defenders, arms and all, had marched boldly through the streets the evening before, openly announcing their intention to join the Intransigentes in the sierra, and once more our town was undefended.

A strange picture then presented itself. Spanish families, in some cases, sent for their *employés*, from olive-farm and mine, to come in nightly to the casas, and act as body-guards. In the house next to my own, some twenty men, armed, sat throughout the night around and within the casa of their master, and drove away alarm with frequent cañas de vino, and the tinkle of guitar, as light feet danced the

fandango, until morning dawned. Arms were carried by hundreds in the streets and the Plaza; journeying outside the walls was at an end.

One morning, I was standing at the open window, looking out on the olive-groves and withered plains, waiting for breakfast, and enjoying the cool morning air; suddenly, the maid, who had gone for the fruit and bread for our early meal, entered the room with outspread hands. "What is the matter now?" I asked. "Mucha génte, mucha génte en la Plaza," was her excited answer, pointing out of the window towards the olive-groves. Scanning the avenues with my glass, I saw a little band of sixty or eighty men under arms. These were none other than our friends who had deserted a few nights before. Finding provisions run short in the sierra, they had made a descent at early morn on the Plaza (where the market is held), and taken ample stores of bread, fruit, and meat; and were now, almost within gun-shot of the town, calmly smoking their cigarillos and dividing the spoil.

Seven or eight hours after, a flying column of General Pavia's army, some 2,000 strong, bringing back peace to Andalucia, passed over the very spot where the deserters had stood, and entered the town, to restore order! They had come, flushed with victory, from the storming of Seville. Next day an edict went forth that all fire-arms should be delivered to the troops, under pain of punishment; the soldiers entered any disaffected house, and two mule-carts, piled with our townsmen's arms, went away with the troops.

I can hardly tell you how far behind the age, in civilization, are these towns of the interior. The streets unpaved and unlighted, save here and there

with an oil-lamp; children up to the age of nine and ten constantly running about the streets stark-naked, not, however, *girls;* in a town of 30,000 people not a single book-shop, the only books, chiefly of a religious order, being procurable *once a year* at the "feria," or annual fair. It may amuse you, however, to know that the first three books that met my eye were translations of Scott's 'Guy Mannering,' the Bible (in Spanish, of course), and a copy of 'Regula Cleri.' Again, people talk much of Spanish ladies; and certainly the higher classes are in some cases very beautiful, and in their graceful mantillas, trailing dresses, and stately walk, have no equal, but they are strangely uneducated, and their musical powers very slender; still, the Spanish women, as a rule, are good, really religious, very affectionate mothers, very generous friends. But there are no schools, and hardly any governesses, so how *can* they learn?

Let me here, as one who is neither Carlist nor Republican, nor a bigot in religion, but who simply wishes well to a country where he has received kindness from all parties, pay a passing tribute to the large-heartedness of the Spaniards. A few weeks since I was in a difficulty, and appealed to a passing stranger, a Spanish fondista (hotel-keeper) for help. The help required was readily and freely given, and, as I shook the hand of my generous friend at parting, I thanked him warmly for his help, and inquired who and what he was. "Never mind what I am," was the ready answer; "Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Carlist, you stood in need of help, and *we are brothers because we are Christians.*"

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE INTERIOR.

You cannot think how entirely different Spanish domestic life is from what it is in England, nor would you credit it were I to tell you how rough and rude is the life of the lower—how ephemeral and purposeless the pursuits of the higher—classes.

Let us take a glimpse of family life in the middle class. The Spanish houses are built chiefly of the hard but porous sand or iron stone, quarries of which abound in the interior; they have some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer has varied from 87° to 104° throughout the summer in the shade—no carpets seem to be used, save just in one room, in the heart of the winter. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, mules, and carriages all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. I have often been taking a "refresco" with the señor and his señora in the hall, and we have had to move the little table to let the servant and his mules pass through! Every morning the "criada," or Spanish maid-servant, takes her watering-pot, and carefully lays the dust, and cools the room with an abundant sprinkling of aqua fresca. At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of chocolate, an egg, and a slice of melon, await him in the sala, or large sitting-room—to English eyes a

most comfortless place; very large, stone-flagged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in the rudest way, and one large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by means of closed shutters throughout the day—some of the windows have glass, some not; but all are strongly protected, without exception, by a strong cage of massive ironwork outside. The señora has her chocolate in her bed-room, at the open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze.

All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the summer, to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the summer day; at one o'clock they have dinner—the comida; and after that follows the two hours' siesta in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night-breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the alameda for the passeo, or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her criadas to look after, and, above all, her dresses to make or superintend, and her graceful mantilla to arrange. It is quite a striking sight to pass down the streets from six to eight at night, and see the graceful carriage of the head and the stately upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust. How they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets without a trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest, to rise up refreshed for another uneventful day.

As regards the master of the house, he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is, Politics. He may ride out to view his olive-farm or his mine; and you will certainly meet him in his shop, his casino, or his friend's casa, smoking the inevitable

cigarillo, and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort—not even a book of the calibre of a three-volume novel. Politics, politics are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire. I was but yesterday talking with a friend here, a professional man, one who would give up all for the sake of "his cause," and during the whole weary evening we seemed to have nothing in common. At last I bethought myself of the unfailing subject, and said, "What is your opinion of Señor Castelar's enforcing the penalty of death again?" In a moment all was changed: his look of utter apathy had given place to the keenest enthusiasm, and knocking the cigarillo out of his mouth, he said, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, "Castelar is a statesman, a poet, and an orator; he knows and says that, in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be applied; so he does right for awhile to enforce once more capital punishment in our army; for me, I am a Republican of Republicans, and I consider capital punishment opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. I desire nothing for my country but to see her sons free—free to serve their God as they like, as their unfettered conscience tells them; freedom in their families; freedom from slavery in their colonies: *that* is the wish of Heaven; that is my wish also."

You will say, what, then, are the pleasures of the Spaniards? I asked that question too, and received for answer, shooting in the "sierra"; a pic-nic in the "campo"; the annual "ferias" (fairs); and the "baño del rio" (river bath).

It was a piping hot evening in July last, and we were all in this house fairly exhausted with the long unbroken drought and heat, when my friend said,

"Let us join the ladies to-morrow, and get a bath in the river." The thought of any change to break the monotony of daily life, especially the coolness of a bathe in the Guadalquivir, was tempting, and I thankfully accepted the proposal. We had a long ride (three miles) across the "campo," or open country, to get to the river, so it was arranged that we should ride down thither at sunrise, four o'clock, the following morning, the señoras going in a springless covered cart before us.

Before the sun broke into view we were in the saddle, after swallowing a glass of aquadiente, a kind of cognac and aniseed, the spirit of the interior. I shall never forget the wildness of the ride. The morning was quite grey, and a chilly air blowing from the hills, as we passed outside the town walls, and entered upon the threshing-floors. These threshing-floors are simply strips of dusty land, where the corn is brought and threshed. Day by day, all round the town, the unmuzzled oxen are seen treading out the corn; and boys driving tiny little carriages, with wooden spikes, among the rich full ears, round and round the floor. As soon as all is threshed it is stored in sacks, and carried into the camera, or granary, at the top of each house; and the pája, or loose straw-chaff, piled up for the horses' and mules' provender, for Andalucian horses know no taste of hay. As we passed the floors, the guards, gun in hand, were slowly rising up, like ghosts, from their bed of straw, rubbing their eyes, and lighting their cigarillos. These men, who are generally old dependents of the owners, live all day and night on the floors, and one of them told me his health was better in the two months of that duty than all the year round. Huge

dogs, too, were sharing in the duties of the guards, barking at our early footsteps, but never presuming —so well were they trained—to cross over the boundary line of their own "floor."

The ride across the "campo," or open country, was not interesting. It consists here of far-stretching wastes upon wastes, treeless but not barren, for corn, and peas, and oats have been reaped therefrom in *our* months of May and June. There are no sign-posts; and the roads are mere tracks, which the fierce rains of winter obliterate. They are knee-deep in fine dust, and, unless careful, you step into a "crack" and sprain your ankle. The only objects of interest I saw were the enormously high thistles, often twelve or fourteen feet high, covering what were just now corn-fields; and a cloud of white vultures from the Sierra Morena alighting to breakfast on the carcase of an ox which had dropped dead. The only persons we passed were the men and women with their donkeys, laden with fruit for the early morning's market in the Plaza, who saluted us, one and all, with sleepy looks of wonder, and the inevitable Spanish salutation, "Vaya usted con Dios"—*Anglicè*, "God be with you on your journey."

At last the three weary miles of dust and thistles were passed, and the beautiful, silver Guadalquivir—here not far from its source—showed before and beneath us. Just as we came within sight of its silver windings the haze of grey and purple broke away from the sierra, and you saw in a moment the cloud turn into a jagged edge of dark-brown rugged hills, and the whole river and landscape become one mass of hot crimson light. Just as I was gazing at the barren magnificence of the prospect, my companion

called out, "Mind where you are riding to!" and as I looked sharply round, I saw that we had got on to a narrow sloping path, not five feet wide. On the right rose up great boulders of granite rock; far above, half shut out, was the sky of fast deepening blue; on my left was a tremendous chasm, the bed of a mountain torrent now dry, sixty to two hundred feet in sheer depth, running down to the "rio"!

At last we were at the river; and for the first time I stood on the banks of the far-famed Guadalquivir. Our bathing-place and our method were as follows:—First we unsaddled our horses, put a halter on them, and gladly they plunged into our bathing-place to enjoy the bath. I stood still to see the place. A magnificent view it was. A few miles in front, stretching farther than eye could reach, lay the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena. In the river bed all was fertile and green; and all along its peaceful banks, and overhanging its waters, were the beautiful rose-pink oleanders, the "lilies of the valley" of well-loved story. An old mill-house, with its clumsy wheel, and a couple of pomegranates, shaded one corner of this part of the river, and under their shade, sitting up to their shoulders in the water, on the huge round boulders of which the bottom of the river is composed, were groups of Spanish ladies! Truly it *was* a pretty sight. They sat, as though on chairs, clothed to the neck in bathing gowns of the gaudiest colours—red, grey, yellow, and blue; and, holding in one hand their umbrellas, and with the other hand fanning themselves, they formed a most picturesque group.

Just above them we were fain to undress and tumble in; and we, too, like them, sat down on the

boulder chairs (the river was not above four to five feet deep), and lazily allowed the fast-flowing yellow stream—it is *full* of iron and sulphur—to soothe our skin and nerves, and give us strength and coolness.

I thought the bathing promiscuously was enough; but suddenly I heard shouts on the further bank, and a crowd of muleteers and mules came down the rocky incline for *their* morning's bath. In a moment two of the men were undressed, and mules and men struggling about in the yellow water. I narrowly escaped being struck with the front hoof of one of the former. They, like ourselves, sat in the cool current for one hour, then slowly left the rio, and crawled up the bank. For ourselves—ladies and men—we spread our "mantas" (rugs) on the sandy bank, and slowly dressed.

"Will you not bathe once more this summer?" said I to a Spanish lady. "No, indeed not," was the answer. "I have had my baths up to the *odd number*." What her especial odd number was I know not; but all the Spaniards have a fixed number of baths, beyond which they think it wrong to go; and in all cases it must be, they believe, for health's sake, an odd number!

CHAPTER V.

CANTONAL SPAIN.

LET me recur for a moment to two points already mentioned.

Since giving the description of a ceremony which is common to a very few towns in the interior, and is called a "*civil funeral*," another, equally significant, has come under my notice. Like the before-mentioned, it is confined, I fancy, to the lower orders and those of very extreme opinions—it is a ceremony known as a "*civil christening*." The sympathizers march, as before, with their brass band to the house of the newly-born infant, and, after playing a succession of Republican tunes over it, the spokesman of the party names it by some expressive name, as "Liberty," or "Equality," and the like. With this the ceremony is complete. The significance of such a proceeding, as pointing out the march of things, is only too painfully obvious. The mockery of calling it a "christening" is almost calculated, were it not too sad a subject to joke upon, to provoke a smile. Speaking to a Spaniard on this subject, she said,—"Why, I said to these people, '*You can never make a child a Christian* by playing a tune over it,' and the listeners merely smiled."

The next point to which I recur is the Spanish love for politics. It may be interesting to give a short account, while on this subject, of some of the tiny

photographs, sold at two or three pence apiece, with which, during a horse-fair lately held at a town in the interior, the sides of the booths were studded. Here is one: A group of gentlemen, in full dress, are standing round a female figure with flaming torch in one hand and a sword in the other—"Liberty." Around her head is a halo of lustre, and above it the words "Españoles! el rey es impossible." On her breast is a shield, with the inscription—

"Gobierno del pueblo por el pueblo.
Hombre libre en la familia.
Familia libre en el municipio.
Municipio libre en la provincia.
Nacion libre en la humanidad.
Vivan los derechos del hombre."

Underneath the feet of Liberty lie a crown and sceptre shattered to pieces, and tied to her waist are two lion cubs, on their scarves being written "Down with capital punishment!" "Down with slavery!" Among the knot of gentlemen the well-known features of Emilio Castelar and Pi y Margall are easily distinguishable. Surely such little things as these, trivial as they may seem, show that the heart of this once great nation is panting and yearning for that freedom to which she has too long been a stranger, in religious as well as in civil affairs.

The other photographs are of a coarser nature. In one, Spain is represented as a starving gipsy-hag, shivering on the ground; at her back, the palace of Madrid in flames. A frame of nine-pins, each one having for its top the head of some Republican statesman, stands on her right hand, while Carlista and Intransigente are vieing with each other in knocking them over—"one, two, three, down!"

Some of the photographs publicly exhibited in the street, both of a political and of other character, were so grossly coarse and indecent that they would have been criminal in England. Notably so some of the late Queen Isabella.

And now let me come to *the lower classes* and to *the Spanish character*—two subjects closely allied; for nowhere so well-defined and marked are the outlines of Spanish character as in her wholly uneducated masses.

The dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy colour, especially gaudy on holidays; a red, yellow, or snowy-white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun. Generally they have small, well-formed feet and hands, on the latter of which one or two massive brass or silver rings are seen; on some of these I have noticed the simple word "Recibiado" ("Received"), on others, "No me olbides" ("Forget me not"); while others, again, wear a ring with the image of the saint on whose day they were born. These rings can be bought at the various "ferias," or annual fairs, for sums varying from twopence up to two shillings.

The dress of the men consists of a coloured shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woollen trousers. They do not wear boots as a rule, but sandals bound with string round the ankle: these sandals are of unbleached leather. Many of the women wear sandals of esparto grass, costing about fourpence; many, again, are barefoot.

There are, however, two articles of dress without

which no man's toilet is complete—the "manta," or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed, when on a journey; and the "faja," or waist-belt, pronounced "facca." This last is wholly indispensable: a muleteer, gardener, miner, or bricklayer would gladly do his day's work without his "sombrero," or thick felt pork-pie hat, but without his "faja" it were useless to expect it. Let me describe this necessary article of clothing. It is a long piece of very thin cloth, in length about eight feet, in width about nine inches; in colour, always bright scarlet, black, or crimson. One end is tucked into the trousers just at the waist; it is then wound round and round the waist tightly, forming an elastic bandage about nine or ten inches wide; the remaining end is tucked in tightly, and then the "faja" is complete. The support of this to the back, loins, and abdomen is marvellous, and whether your calling force you to walk, ride, lift, sit upright, or dig, it is equally a comfort. Once get used to it, and you cannot dispense with it. The cheapest of these costs about four pesetas (a peseta is equal to tenpence), and a silk one about four dollars. These are worn in many cases by the better classes also.

Nor is this the only use of the "faja." It serves as the *belt* for the revolver and knife, which are carried by every Spaniard—("Why do you carry a knife?" I asked of a very intelligent Spaniard; and the answer was a very significant one, "I do not know whom I may meet")—and in its ample folds the little purse is kept concealed.

The poorer class of Spaniards carry the whole of their worldly goods about with them; the richer keep all their wealth concealed about their house. In the

towns of the interior no one makes use of a bank; if you ask the reason, and remind them that they lose interest, a Spanish gentleman will say, "Yes; but that is better than to lose the principal."

No Spanish labourer ever walks outside his door without his knife, and those who can afford it carry a revolver too. The knives are clasp-knives, opening with a spring, so as not to close without the spring being purposely loosened, when once opened; in shape they are exactly like the scimitar of old, but taper towards the point, and for about the two last inches are two-edged. Some of them, evidently made solely for the purpose of fighting, are a foot long in the handle and as much in the blade. Such a one was bought, out of curiosity, by an acquaintance of mine at a fair not long since. On reaching his house, he opened it in the presence of his criada, or maid-servant. Truly it was a hungry, hideous-looking weapon; it seemed to thirst for blood. The poor criada shook her head. "Ah," she said, "Señor, Señor; a few years back, in the good old times, you would have had five years at Cuba for being in possession of such a weapon."

This is true enough, and the law to which she referred is, I believe, still unrepealed; but in these days of (almost) utter licence and anarchy, these knives—generally with the motto on the blade, "Viva la Republica Democratica Federal"—are sold by the thousand, openly, in every street and market-place. An ordinary one, used either for stabbing or for eating, is from four to six inches long in the handle, and as much in the blade.

The Spaniards have regular duels with these knives; and a well-matched pair of duellists will cut

and thrust for ten minutes, each turning aside the thrusts of his adversary on his "sombrero," or thick felt hat. Some men are great adepts, and are known to have killed two and even three adversaries, though the crime may not have been brought home to them.

A short time ago a man was carried into the hospital badly hurt by a stab. One of the official guards of the town examined the wound, and shook his head sagely. "I know well enough," said he, "whose hand dealt *that* thrust." On being asked, he said he knew by the character and disposition of the stab, and the spot where it was aimed at, whose practised hand had been at work.

While on the subject of knives, I must be allowed to make a still further digression.

There is a wide-spread impression among Englishmen that the knife is a weapon used always by stealth, and one that needs no skill. This is far from being the truth, or, at least, the whole truth. The general run of things when the knife is used is this:—Two men have a quarrel; words wax higher and higher; they repair to a little road-side *venta*, and drink a *copa* or two of vile wine. This heats their passion still more: they repair outside the house, knives are drawn, sombreros taken off. Both receive several cuts, and at last one falls mortally wounded. As a rule, the Spanish use of the knife is not "a stab in the dark and run-away" affair. It is a quarrel between two men, both of whom are on the alert. In times of festivity, such as the annual fairs, it is no uncommon thing for as many as nine or ten men to be carried off to the hospital mortally wounded.

Once more I recur to some of the other habits of the lower classes.

Their fare is the very simplest. Bread and fruit, and fruit and bread, with now and then, for the men, a "caña" (wine-glass) of Val-de-Peñas (the rough red wine of the country), is the staple of their sustenance. The only thing about which the Spaniards, high and low, are really particular, is their water.

In a country where the women drink nothing whatever but agua (water) from year's end to year's end, and the men little else, it is quite necessary to have that little good; and good it is in all cases. Go into the poorest hut, only tenanted by a few wood-cutters or itinerant miners, and ask for a cup of water, and the little "jarro," or porous four-mouthed water-jar, will be unhooked from the peg where it hangs in the sun, and you will have a drink of the purest, coldest water, from the choicest spring—water perhaps brought from a distance of three miles by the water-carrier. Only be sure you hold the jarro up above your head with both hands, and pour the water down your throat in a refreshing stream, for your manners are voted simply indecent if you touch the brim with your lips.

As regards education, the lower classes have absolutely none. Seventy per cent. can neither read nor write. There are no schools to speak of in the interior: even for the higher classes there are no governesses, and it is no uncommon thing to find a well-born lady not *very* well up to writing a letter. The lower orders are, of course, grossly superstitious. Fortune-tellers abound. There is, however, a vast deal of natural courtesy, natural wit, natural intelligence. Uncultured and uneducated as he is, the Spanish poor man has the manners of a thorough gentleman. Go to the lowest road-side "venta"

(public-house), and elbow your way amid the throng who are drinking their *vino tintè*, and you will find a courtesy and a kindness to which an English road-side tavern is a stranger. The space you need will be cleared; your bad Spanish will be interpreted by some bystander for you; the "copa" of wine will be freely offered you (for your Spanish peasant is *very* generous), and the inevitable cigarillo will be offered you ere you leave. You will then be politely helped on to your horse, and receive, in a chorus, the usual viaticum, "Vaya usted con Dios," from one and all.

Again, the poor Spaniard is witty, though he *has* no education. From the time of Sancho no one enjoys a joke so thoroughly as he.

A Spanish boatman, of the lowest class, had picked up a smattering of broken English. As he rowed me across the ferry, he asked for a light for his cigarillo, and when I handed him one of my last Bryant & May's patent safety matches, looking at its colossal and substantial stem, he said, "*English* INDEED—*fine-growing timber—regular deals.*" I afterwards learnt that he had been unloading "deals" with some of my countrymen.

Another instance is this. A poor little cat the other day tumbled into my well, a depth of forty feet. With the assistance of the servant, I got her out. On telling the man-servant of all the trouble we had had, and how rejoiced I was at the skill of his fellow-servant, "La salvadora de los gatos" (the saviour of the cats), he said, "Yes, you could only have done *one thing better than get her out—leave her in.*"

Again, as to the *intelligence* of the lower classes, they have a theory, and they illustrate it in practice, that you can tell every person's character by his eye

and gait, and in their estimate of human character they rarely fail. Their perception partakes quite of the marvellous. Witness this instance.

Some little time ago two men were caught by the officials, and charged with a robbery upon a large scale. As is usually the case in Spain, they were interrogated first by the lowest of the officials; both men stoutly swore they knew nothing whatever of it. The official scanned with a keen, scrutinizing glance the bold, reckless faces of the two men before him, and then said, "Take *this* (pointing to one) outside for a few minutes till I come to speak to him; then," added he, aside, "I have a MEDICINE that will make *him* tell us all. As to the other, he is that sort of man that you can never get anything out of." He afterwards went out and administered to the one outside a good sound thrashing with a hazel-rod, and after a few strokes the hero confessed his own guilt—a fact the truth of which was abundantly proved afterwards by other and further evidence. The other man, who subsequently received a tremendous sentence, after being clearly proved guilty, refused to acknowledge his own guilt, and would not disclose the name of the receivers, though his half-pardon was made conditional upon his so doing.

CHAPTER VI.

SPANISH POOR.

THE position of the young unmarried women of the lower orders in Spain next claims our attention. Certainly the contrast between the perfect freedom of the daughter of the family in England, and the seclusion and strictness under which her Spanish sisters' days are passed, is a very striking feature in the domestic arrangements of the interior. In the lower walks of life the Spanish maiden is absolutely a prisoner—the prisoner of her madre, or her "tia," or aunt—until a kind Providence gives her a husband. No Spanish maiden, however poor, or however low her rank, can ever walk alone in the street, even for a few paces: if she do so her character is gone. She cannot go out to service unless her madre or tia be in the same service; and hence all the "criadas," or maid-servants, are widows who are allowed to have their children in their master's house, under their own eye, or unmarried over forty. The Spanish maiden has her choice of only two walks of life, until married life and a husband's protection become her own. Up to the time of her marriage she may either, if her father and mother be alive, go to a tailor's shop each day, returning at night, thus earning a few pence, and learning a trade. She is escorted thither and homewards by her mother, whose tottering steps and grey hair often contrast strangely with the

upright carriage and stately walk of the daughter by her side. While at work during the day she is under the care of the "maestro," or master tailor, who sits among his bevy of fair maidens at the open door, and superintends their work. All the "tailoring" is done in this way. You first of all buy the amount of cloth you need at a linen-draper's; it is then taken to the tailor's house, and he takes your measure, and reports upon the amount and fitness of the cloth, and sets his maidens to work. A good Spanish servant, if you get a tailor to cut the cloth, will thus, at odd hours, make a capital suit of clothes. If the Spanish maidens, however, have a mother who is a widow, or who has no settled home with her husband, and is for this cause obliged to go out to service to earn her bread, the maiden will probably be with her mother, and, receiving little or no wages, take an idle share in the household duties, and receive each evening—of course, in her madre's presence—the visits of her lover. Most of these girls have their lover, who, after his day's work is over, saunters idly, cigarillo in hand, into the kitchen which contains his Isidra, Maria, or Isabel—for these girls have very fine names—and perform his courting. The mother's watchful eye and ear are ever open, and the mother herself ever at hand. As to saying a single word, or, at least, having a walk or a good English "chat" *alone*, the young couple never even dream of such a thing. To so great an extent is this system of motherly surveillance carried, that should you call the mother away for a few minutes, she will not leave the young couple alone, but will order the young man to go out for some trifling article, or call the daughter to her side, that they may not have a private talk.

This seems strange, unnatural, and unneeded. The mother, during this period, treats her daughter quite like a child. If she does wrong—no matter though she be on the very eve of marriage—the mother administers a sound beating with her fists, and sometimes even a sound kicking. "Upon my word," said a pretty Spanish maiden thus situated, to me, "I really begin to think my mother is a bad old woman for beating me so." The Spanish mother has *no idea* of *trusting* her daughters; nor do they ever attempt the least religious or moral culture. Their system is to prevent any impropriety simply by external precautions. And I must say that the majority of poor girls, when led to the altar, would present a marked contrast in *purity* to an equal number of our English agricultural labourers' daughters. In Spain the daughter's purity is the mother's highest pride. Mother and daughter, though constantly quarrelling, and even coming to blows, are very fond of each other; and the old woman, when they go out shopping together, will carry the heavy basket, or cesta, under the burning sun, that she may not spoil her daughter's queenly walk; her dull eye, too, will grow moist with a tear, and her worn face will kindle with absolute softness and sweetness, if an English señor express his admiration of her child's magnificent hair or flashing black eyes. The poor old mother, too, will save and save, she will deny herself her morsel of "carne" or meat, and her little "caña"* of wine, on feast-days (and these poor creatures' luxuries are few indeed at best), that she may buy a ring or ear-rings of gold, to grace her daughter at the "Feria," and shame her rivals.

* Caña is the LOW Spanish phrase for half a tumbler of wine.

The moment, however, that the daughter is married all this is at an end. The mother, to use a vulgar, but very expressive phrase, "washes her hands of" her care. From the moment of the completion of the marriage ceremony, the mother declines all responsibility, seldom goes to her daughter's house, and treats her almost as a stranger.

Among the higher classes, although different in kind, the treatment of the young unmarried maiden is almost as strict. She, too, like her humbler sister, can never have the privilege of seeing her lover in private, and very rarely indeed, if ever, is he admitted into the sala where she is sitting. He may contrive to get a few minutes' chat with her through the barred windows of her sala; but when a Spaniard leads his wife from the altar, he knows no more of her character, attainments, and disposition, than does the priest who marries them, and, perhaps, not so much. Happiness under such circumstances can hardly be expected as a rule, and yet the married life of the Spaniard, if not brilliantly happy, seems, at least, calmly peaceful. The pleasures of husband and wife lie in different directions, and each leaves the other free to follow out and enjoy them as he or she best can. They are not much together again, and in sunny Spain there is no fireside gathering—indeed, there are no fire-places, only "braseros" of charcoal —to bring husband and wife together in sustained intercourse. There is a very striking law in Spain, the very existence of which proves, better than any words of mine, the strictness with which the Spanish maiden is guarded, and the absolute authority of her parents. Its provisoes are these: Should a Spanish lad and lassie become attached to one another, and

the parents absolutely forbid the match, and refuse their daughter liberty and permission to marry, the lover has his remedy at law. He has but to make a statement of the facts on paper, and deposit it, signed and attested, with the alcalde, or mayor, of the township in which the lady's parents dwell. The alcalde then makes an order, giving the young man the right of free entry into the house in question within a certain number of days, for the purpose of wooing and carrying off his idol. The parents dare not interfere with the office of the alcalde, and the lady is taken to her lover's arms. From that moment he, and he alone, is bound to provide for her: by his own act and deed she has become his property. Cases have happened where the parents' judgment has been proved, by the bitter experience of their unhappy child, to have been the best, the would-be husband having turned out to be a seducer. But the law comes upon him with all its force, and he is bound to maintain her, in every way, as a wife, under pain of punishment. The whole Spanish law on the question of bastardy is very stringent, and bears severely—and deservedly so—on the man.

CHAPTER VII.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

In seeking to present a general and impartial outline of Spanish life in the interior, I promised to give some estimate of the Spanish character. The first thing you will notice as a leading characteristic is its *exceeding passionateness*. Whether this may be due in any measure to the fiery sun of their climate or no, I cannot say. Many thoughtful men with whom I have conversed upon this subject believe that such is the case. But the fact remains: no race is so fiery as this. The rule with the Spaniards of the lower order is a word and a blow. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the uneducated Spaniard is *vindictive* in nature—quite the reverse. His anger, soon up, is soon down again, and the insult under which he smarted forgotten, whether it has been avenged or no. The only safe way to deal with these men when angry is never to thwart, answer, argue with, or irritate them at the moment when their passion is boiling over. "Speak an angry Spaniard fair," and very soon his anger will calm down, and he will become a rational being again. More than this—he will be willing and glad to acknowledge his fault, and shake hands and be on friendly terms again.

A case in point here occurs to my mind. A friend of mine, while out riding, came suddenly, at a bend in the road, on two angry men, who were just in the

act of drawing the knife upon one another. Contrary to the advice and entreaty of his companions, he sprang instantly from his horse, rushed in between them, separated, and expostulated with the combatants. The men, maddened with passion, deemed his arguments and entreaties worthless and an interference. At last one of them let fall the fact that they (the duellists) were brothers. Instantly my friend made use, and good use, of this point. "Sirs," said he, "would you, who sucked the same mother's breast, go down to the grave, one of you with a brother's blood on your soul!" For a moment the men's better feelings were aroused; the younger brother drew back, and sheathed his knife. "Right you are, señor," he said; "badly, shamefully, as my elder brother has treated me, I have no right to draw upon him; he is my brother, after all—my *elder* brother." My friend took the young fellow's arm, and walking beside his horse led him slowly away from the scene of temptation. Homeward they went, talking about indifferent matters, until at last they reached the "casa" of my friend. On entering it, this man (the younger combatant) said, while the tears streamed down his brown wooden face, "You are *my friend.* Thanks to God, I lie down to-night with hands not wet with my brother's blood." The men were miners, and of the lowest class of itinerant Spaniards.

Again—and possibly as a natural consequence of these frequent and deadly crimes, committed with the ever-ready knife — the Spaniard's utter disregard, utter recklessness about shedding man's blood, comes in here as another marked feature of Spanish character. The Spaniard thinks nothing at all of the higher and deeper aspects of his crime; he thinks

nothing, perhaps because he has *been taught nothing*, of the responsibility of sending his own soul or his neighbour's, without one moment's warning, to its last account. True, he feels a certain remorse, and a certain terror of the law may cause him to tremble. But, if his crime be not found out, with the morning sun his remorse has passed away. The brother's blood has dried upon the knife, and he can cut and eat his melon with the self-same blade without a pang, perhaps without a thought. And this disregard of human life does not entirely confine itself to the utterly ignorant classes. Like a vile infection, it spreads to those around. Two men, fighting in our streets, with revolver and knife, a few weeks since, both fell mortally wounded. Of course not one of the ring of bystanders had lifted a hand to prevent so ghastly a termination of what, in its commencement, had been but a trivial quarrel. The bystanders, I grieve to say, never do interfere. The two men were carried to the hospital; and on speaking to one of the chief officers of justice about the affair, "Yes," said he, lighting his cigarillo, "one is dead, and the other, I fancy, is *just walking on the border-land*." With these words he quietly dismissed the subject. Another case, illustrating what I have said, here occurs to me. I went into a wayside venta with a friend, a Spanish gentleman, for a glass of the common rough red wine of the country, the Val-de-Peñas. Two men, words running high between them, entered soon afterwards: one drew his knife, with an oath. The hostess did not cease filling the copas of her customers. My friend, a really humane and good man, merely uttered the single word "Knife!" and, drawing my arm through his own, dragged me out.

Noticeably in warfare long continued—if we are to believe what has been written—the mind gets used to deeds of violence when so constantly presented to its view; and so, I suppose, it is in the case I allude to. But it is absolutely shocking to see how callous the lower classes have become to these swift, fierce deeds of blood.

"I wonder," said an educated man to me the other day, "how many men will be stabbed at the Feria *this* year."

I think any comment of mine upon this speech would be wholly superfluous. There is one reflection that I cannot help making here—one question that constantly presents itself to my mind, when I see the fearfully low state of religious and moral culture to which the masses in this country have been suffered to become a prey—it is this, *Who is to blame for these things?* Here is a country with undreamed-of mineral wealth; with vast resources of timber uncut, and of land uncultivated; with vineyards to the full as rich as those of sunny France, and with a glowing climate; yet her poor have no education, and nothing but huts to live in; her roads are mere tracts, all trace of which the winter storms carry away; and, above all, not only mental, but religious culture is a stranger to the masses; and who is to blame for these things?

The Spaniard, again, is a man *full of courage.* But it is courage of a certain and peculiar kind, and his courage is made up of paradoxes. He is reckless of his own life, and will fight with an adversary far his superior in skill. He is a daring horseman, and a still more daring driver. In the bull-ring or personal combat he shines for courage and adroitness; and yet in some things he is strangely timid.

As a soldier in the ranks, he has been proved not to be always very plucky, by the experience of past warfare. But I account for this upon this theory, that, being only semi-civilized, the Spaniard, like all semi-barbarians, cannot rely upon his comrades. These men do *not*, in trading or in fighting, loyally and fully *trust* one another. Then, again, the "presence" of a brave and yet unarmed man—his mere voice and presence—will awe two or three armed Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid: once the foe has fairly got him in its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fate."

So, then, his courage is made up of paradoxes, and I account for the fact in this way, that the nation is really only semi-civilized, and shares the characteristics of other semi-civilized peoples. Like them, the Spaniard knows no reliance on his comrades *en masse;* like them, he knows nothing of combination as a secret of strength; like them, he has not the full and free and absolute trust in God as the Defender of the right.

Yet, as a soldier, the Spaniard's patience under privations is of no common order, and his exceeding endurance of hunger, thirst, and nakedness would put to shame the endurance of an English infantry man.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character —sobriety, and the politeness of all classes. The Spaniard, however ignorant, has naturally the manners and the refined feeling of a gentleman. A rude speech, a laugh at a foreigner's expense, would be voted simply indecent by him. Should an Englishman so far forget himself as to become

"drunk and incapable" in a Spanish town, I believe he would be politely carried home and his purse restored to his pocket. The Spaniard, again, is *no drunkard;* as he himself says, "I know when I have had enough." Rare as may be his opportunities of getting stimulants, he would not pass the bounds of moderation when the opportunity of drinking at another's expense is offered him.

Then the Spaniard, again, is *very contented.* Ask him why he does not ask more wages, and he would often say, "It is too much trouble," but oftener still, "I have enough." He is not, certainly, a "saving man"; on the contrary, *most* improvident. He reads the motto, "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," in its *wrong* sense, and he acts upon it.

In some other relations of life the Spaniard of the lower class does not shine. In a country where the very bread, the very existence of two out of every three men depends solely on "his beast," one would expect to find many merciful men. But such is not the rule. The Spaniard never calls his mule or donkey by any pet name; he calls the one "Mulo" (mule), pronounced "Moo-----lo!" and the other "Borrico"* (donkey), pronounced "Bo----reeko!" You hear the ominous sound "Moolo," and, instantly following it, a shower of blows and kicks, too often wholly undeserved. A bad-tempered mule or donkey driver will actually, if his beast be obstinate, seize its ear and bite until the blood streams down. This disregard of the sufferings of the rest of the creation seems to be sucked in with their mothers' milk, for

* The exact meaning of *borrico* is "*little* donkey," it being the diminutive.

boys of seven and eight years old will stand at the corner of a street, where some poor donkey is tethered, and beat it mercilessly with an ashen staff, wielded with both hands, the passers-by never dreaming of interfering the while! So with the dog: he is beaten, not to correct and amend his faults, but simply to avenge the fault he has been guilty of.

The one pleasure, amounting to a passion, of all classes in this country is *gambling* of every sort. In the street, the cottage, the casino, the fair, are lotteries, pitch-farthing, cards, roulette-tables, and every sort of gaming, to be found.

So let me end. Passionate, but rarely revengeful; careless of others' lives, yet equally so of his own; more enduring and contented than courageous as a soldier; very generous of what he has; sober, but not very chaste; polite and kind, but not very truthful; cruel, and yet withal warm-hearted; not patriotic, yet very fond of his country; proud, and yet ready to serve and help,—the Spaniard has many noble qualities. But he needs education of heart and mind, moral as well as mental culture. That given him in greater abundance, he would be a noble friend and a by no means contemptible foe.