CHAPTER VIII.

SOME SORROWS OF THE POOR.

I MUST endeavour to bring to a close my chapter on the general view of Spanish life and character in the interior. I have sought to bring out vividly and impartially a true picture of Spanish life and manners, and to describe the state of some of these townships of the interior as it really is. I have taken you from the poor to the well-to-do; from the town to the country; from troubles to peacefulness. Let me gather up some details that still remain to make my picture as clear as I can.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA
JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Let me premise that it is almost with a feeling of sadness—at any rate, of depression—that I begin these chapters; for in them, to be truthful, I must give rather a gloomy background to the many bright traits in the character of these people, the reproduction of which has given me sincere pleasure. It may be that, like the Spaniard himself, one is too prone, under these bright and cloudless skies—where day after day reproduces itself only more bright and yet more bright than the last—to dwell upon the bright side, and forget what is equally true, yet far from bright or encouraging.

But, as our home poet has said, with touching simplicity,—

> "Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn;"

and one must walk at times through the shadow, and be content to grasp the thorn.

I have not sufficiently dwelt upon the low, the very low, state of morals among the higher classes; and the ignorance, the rudeness, the semi-civilized state of the masses. Let me speak of the latter first, for with *them* I am most at home. Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-taught, or rather *untaught*, and uncared-for—a hopeless, objectless being, feeling no responsibility for the present or the future. Such is the peasant of the interior, be he farm labourer, blacksmith, fruit-seller, water-carrier, gipsy, horse-dealer, or what he may. He seems to be unable to read, or write, or think, or love, or hope, or pray, or plan. With him there is no light. Into darkness, social, moral, religious, and intellectual, he is born as his heritage; in that darkness he spends, and in that darkness he is content to end his days. Come with me for a stroll—although *unarmed* a stroll is by no means a secure pleasure—into the campo, or wild country, and visit the hut of a friend of mine, a poor fruit-seller, and we will pass a few hours of one day with him. His little shanty stands alone near his dry, half-tilled garden; and you look in vain for a smiling village or a substantial farm or country house. His hut—let us call it "shanty"—stands alone amid the thistles, its poverty its best protection. It is formed of three walls of rude, unfashioned, unhewn stone, bound together with no mortar. You must stoop low to enter it; it is roofed with reeds from the Guadalquivir, or with brushwood from the steepes of the sierra; its door is a hurdle, laced with green brushwood and rushes, from the neighbouring bosque (coppice). There is one rough settle in the dark room, and on it lie the two "mantas," the use of which I explained in a former chapter. The floor is the earth and dust. Here

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

is the mistress, a knife stuck in her girdle. You must not look for beauty or tidiness in her wooden, mahogany-coloured face; and you wonder at her stride, like a man's, and her muscled arms, and rough voice. Yet, remember, she has to work very hard; and the Spanish old woman (madre) of the lower class is always a masculine-looking hag. She has no chair, but courteously apologizes for its absence, and throws down a "manta" on the floor for you to sit on. Suddenly, you hear at your ear the cackling of hens, the crowing of a cock; she sees, with ready Spanish perception, that you are puzzled, and pushes aside, not the bed linen, but the brushwood, and there, under the settle, is the "roost" full of poultry! There, too, is her little jarra of water, "agua clara," and the provisions for the scanty "comìa" (we drop the *d* in "comida" in the interior), the flat cake of coarse bread, and the melon, or the white grapes. She will tell you, with a woman's tact (though it is not, perhaps, strictly true), "We are all in the rough, for the winter rains are coming, and then we go to take a house" (*she means a quarter of a room*) "in the town." The little vineyard, or melon, or vegetable ground of this man is close to his house, and daily he takes his produce to the Plaza (market-square) of the adjoining towns. Just now he is taking his siesta, rolled in his manta in this room, too indolent to move. At sundown he trots behind his donkey, with its panniered sides well galled with "melones" or grapes; and we will follow him along the dusty track—we boast no roads—with his baggy canvas trousers, esparto-grass sandals, and huge knife stuck in his faja. About ten o'clock he arrives in the street, which, running out of the market, serves for stables for the beasts and

bed-room for the owners of these panniers of fruit. He loosens his pannier from his donkey's back, and lets the air get to the inside of the packet of fruit; then tethers his donkey to the side of the street, rolls himself up in his manta, lights his cigarillo, and falls fast asleep by his fruit. It is a strange sight to pass about midnight along these streets adjoining the fruit-market,—the rows of donkeys, the hundreds of sleeping forms, undistinguishable from the fruit and sacking, the fresh sickly damp smell of fruit hanging heavy on the air; and just beyond the Plaza, with its every tent now lying on the ground covering the fruit, and a tiny oil lamp burning faintly to show where the stall and the stall-keeper and the fruit are, all lying under the rough tent like a lot of half-empty sacks.

At 3·30 the market opens, and at four to five it is, in truth, a lively sight. From every house in the town comes a representative; and from every rich house a criada, her basket on her arm, to buy fruit, bread, and game (for there is little beef or mutton killed in the summer months) for the day's consumption. The little tents of the fruit vendors are of the most primitive and varied shapes, dirty canvas stuck in fantastic shapes upon one or more sticks; underneath their shade lie the heaps of glowing fruit, the red flame-coloured tomato, the red and yellow pomegranate, the purple fig, the yellow, or dark-green melon, the plum, the apple, and the grape, all in profuse abundance, all sold at the uniform rate of five farthings the pound!

The rich colours of the fruit, the chattering of those that buy and sell, the gaudy colours of dress of the people, with the tinkling of hundreds of mule and donkey bells, and the shouts of the muleteers, who can hardly pick their way through the eager throng,

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

—all these together make up a scene for an artist's pencil. I strolled down one day at five o'clock, when a column, 2,000 strong, of General Pavia's army had entered the town on the night preceding, and the Plaza was thronged, and stripped of all its luscious stores; but I shall never forget the sight: the uniforms of the soldiery, their shoeless sandalled feet, the bright fruit, and the fierce competition for it, in the early morning sunlight, formed a scene at once busy and beautiful.

Sunday, alas! though the "Domingo" (Lord's day), is the busiest day of all. Sunday, which brings rest to the tired millions in our own land, brings none to these. True, the bells are clashing and clanging all the day, but, save a few pious or frightened women, in many of these towns there is no congregation at all. On Sunday, bricklayers build, carpenters rend, and shops drive a roaring trade. To a certain, but *very small* extent, the "feast days" make up for the Sunday's rest. Thus, a devout man will say to his employers, "To-day is the festival of the saint after whom I was christened," and his holiday will at once be granted to him, and to some of his chief friends. Then, he can pray or confess in the morning, and have a feast in the afternoon.

Now for the closing scene in the life of the Spanish poor. Ill health and old age must come at last, and bread cannot be won any longer. He has no workhouse or "parish pay" to look to, and so he must either beg his bread from door to door, as do many, or live on the grudging charity of relatives; or, as is often the case, he must be content, for the term that remains to him, to be a "dependent" of the master for whom he once worked, or of some charitable rich man. These masters, in the larger houses and

"palacios" of the towns, are very kind to their old servants. At eight or nine o'clock you will be surprised by observing crowds of these poor, worn, ragged creatures sitting inside the courtyard, and round the outer doors of some of the great ones, waiting for alms and food. Often I have been thus most forcibly reminded of the Parable of the Great Teacher, framed on this spectacle. Like the certain poor man, of whom He spoke, they are laid at the rich man's gate; like him, too, they desire only to eat of the crumbs which fall from his abundant table. There, too, you may often see the dogs—great, rough hounds kept for guards—passing up and down the string of sitting suppliants, and greeting with a lick or a kiss some old acquaintance!

Such, to its end, is the Spanish peasant's life. And is not the picture all too dull? No joys of education while away his time. I have never yet seen above three books read in the market, and they were hardly decent! No cottage home or peaceful village is his, where his weakening eyes may see his sons and daughters growing up around him. Hard, coarse fare, with hard lodging—this, without one ray of religious hope and light to lighten his darkness—is his hard and bitter lot.

Would you follow him one step further? There is a little, walled-in spot of sandy, rocky ground, some two miles outside the town from which I write—it is the cimenterio, where at last his bones are laid in peace, waiting for the touch of that Magic Wand which one day is to make all things new. I entered that sacred ground, a few nights since, for the first time. Much as I had heard of the beauty of burial-yards abroad, I looked at least for decency and clean-

liness. The first thing that struck me, as I opened the gate and took off my hat, was the sickly, putrid smell, that well-nigh caused me to vomit. Close before me, on a rough-hewn and unlettered stone, stood two tiny coffins; the lids (always of glass) were not screwed down. I pushed one aside, and there, beautiful even in death, were the rich tresses and pink cheeks of a child of some eight summers. The other was the coffin of an infant. Both bodies were wrapped, as is customary here, in coloured silver-paper—for the clothes are *burnt* invariably, as they might be a temptation to some dishonest person to exhume the coffin from its shallow grave. Just then I looked down, and lo! the whole place was covered with human bones, lying on the surface. The evening breeze rose and fell, coming from the distant Sierra Morena, and wafted to my feet—it *clung around* my feet—a light, loose mass of long and tangled hair. Stooping down to look, I saw that there was plenty of it about; on the gravestones, and around the dry thistles, which grew in abundance, it twined and clung. There was no grass, no turf—only sand, and rocks peeping out. This, then, was the end of life's brief drama here: the rude end of a still ruder life! I saw no tombstones worthy of the name. I asked the old gravedigger, when he would bury the two little coffins? "Mañana" (to-morrow), he answered; "but the place is so full, I hardly know where to scrape a hole."

Just then I heard the strains of martial music coming near. A civil funeral came, heralded by its band; and as the shades of evening fell, one more coffin was deposited on the rude blocks of stone, to wait until the morrow's dawn.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

THE lot of the Spanish poor is not an enviable one. Nor will Spain be happy, or her masses religious, or ripe for that liberty for which, while as yet immature for it, they yearn so ardently, until education is made a compulsory matter throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Germany every parent is bound to send his child to school, for so many years, from the age of seven, unless he hand in a medical certificate to the effect that the child's health will not allow of his so doing. In England, the very land of National Schools, the same restriction, I believe, has lately been deemed advisable. Here, of all lands, it is absolutely indispensable. But, first, good schools must be formed. "Why," asked I of a parent, some few days since, "do not you send your three niños (young ones) to school?"—"So I did, for a time," was the answer, "until I discovered that they learned everything that they should not, and nothing that they should learn."

Another sad feature in Spanish life in the interior is the utter *absence of patriotism*. There seems to be spread abroad a general feeling of distrust and of questioning—"For what are we to fight?" "Why should we die?" There is no patriotic feeling among the lower, very little, properly so called, among the higher classes. With the lower classes, their whole object now seems to be to escape the "Quinta," or

conscription, held annually in every town. Let me give you a telling instance, which came to my own notice. A large town near to my present residence was required, at its country's urgent need, to furnish at once a levy of 150 men out of a population numbering more than 30,000—no very great tax, one would think, when a country is in the very throes of dissolution and dismemberment. Of those who were drawn, not more than fifty were found ready and willing to answer to the final call. Some escaped to the sierra; some, who had it in their power, escaped service by bribery, securing to themselves from the officials immunity from this threatened hardship on the ground of bad health and unfitness for military service.

The reason of all this dereliction of duty is possibly to be traced to the following facts:—First, that the people absolutely do not know whether the cause for which they are to fight is a righteous one; next, they do not know for what they are to fight, for to-morrow—so rapid are the "crises" here—may witness a complete change of policy, or a new Government; and, again, the country is in so wretched a state, that the majority of those who think at all decide that their present position is one barely worth the sacrifice of taking up arms in its behalf; and, lastly, the Spanish soldier has "a hard time of it." Badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid, he yet endures much with cheerfulness and patience, often marching, with his sandalled or bare feet, twenty-five miles under the tropical sun; yet when brought up to the scratch he fights well. Of what avail, however, is his valour or his endurance? If the sun of the morrow should bring defeat or change of Government, all his chance

of promotion or reward falls to the ground, and some beardless puppy may take the reward which a veteran has gained by many noble deeds, and fought for, or at least deserved, on many fields.

Some such causes as these, it seems to me, must be held to account for the present absence of patriotic feeling, for, in minor cases, the spirit of patriotism is seen to be present and alive. Some weeks since, in the fiery heat of summer, when the sierras offered a cool retreat for hundreds of the Intransigentes of the interior, a body of the more violent of the latter threatened to strike a blow at the existence—by sacking the strong-box—of a large English firm. No sooner did the unlettered Spanish *employés* of that company hear of the situation than a guard of some hundreds of them volunteered, without reward, to patrol night and day around the offices of the company. In this case, they had high wages and generous employers to fight for!

Then, as to the patriotic feeling of the higher classes in the interior, it is certainly at a very low ebb indeed. Bribes go about very freely; and, a few weeks since, were as freely received, to evade service!

As to *religion*, again, it is at a fearfully low ebb in the interior; and one naturally asks the question,—Why so? Is the fault to be found in the especial phase of Christianity grafted upon this people? Certainly no religious faith has ever been nursed more, and brought up, as it were, by hand, than that branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain. Up to a few short years ago, the clergy, as self-ordained teachers of this vast nation, had it (to use a trite saying) "all their own way." They were protected, during the sovereignty of Queen Isabella, more strictly

than any of her subjects; their rights, revenues, doctrines, were guarded with a jealousy that knew not where to stop.

An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse, as the "Host" passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined or imprisoned for the offence. And what work have the clergy done? What revolution have they brought about, fighting, as it were, under cover? What blessing have they brought about for their country? Simply nothing. True, the material they have had to work upon has been of the rudest kind, but *something* might have been done, if but little. Had the clergy merely exerted themselves to get a law passed making education compulsory, the good springing from such an act would have been boundless. But it was not so. Feeling all in their own hands, they were well content to rest on their oars, and think, fondly enough, that "to-morrow would be as this day, and still more abundant." The clergy of the State Church in England certainly, in their zeal for education, present a marked contrast to their brethren here, for they did buckle to work and educate their flocks by means of National and Sunday Schools. The clergy of the State Church in England, again, especially in our large towns, are now, in this their day, endeavouring to meet and satisfy, and not stifle, the inquiring spirit of the age in which their lot is cast. The clergy of the interior of Spain, though kind and good to their poor, have been content to stifle, or not acknowledge the existence of, such a spirit in their land. They, in the zenith of their power, simply sat still. And what has been the

result? Simple irreligion, or blank superstition. The "civil funeral" and the "civil christening," the empty churches, the covered heads of the men as the religious processions pass by, the cynical profession of many of the educated men, "I am a Protestant," which means, "*I belong to no Church at all;* I am a Doubter, or a Materialista,"—all these little things are evidences that the clergy knew not the days of their visitation, or that the faith they had to preach had not within it salt enough. Now, the position of the clergy in the interior is cruel indeed; their influence is on the wane, their incomes are cut down to nominal sums; many have been driven to lay aside their robes and seek their bread by other means; the poor — whom once they were glad generously to feed—are suffering from hunger, cold, and wretchedness.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the "Host" passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colours; the viaticum was being carried to some dying Christian. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and, to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a horse-laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.

The picture, slight as it is, here drawn of religion is depressing indeed, you will say. But with the virtuous and the educated, the oft-repeated dictum of Señor Castelar has increasing force—"I turn from the uncertainty, the vanity of what is of human

invention in religion, to the example of Him who suffered to set me an example: that, I know, is true: it is abnegation of self: I strive, I pray, and, looking at Him, feel that grace will be given to follow His example."

As regards the *Laws and the Administration of Justice*, let me say a word. No laws are better adapted for her people in her present state than the laws of Spain, were they well administered. But, from judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. "Why," said a friend of mine to a Spaniard who had been greatly wronged, "why do you not seek redress?"—"Because I have not got £40 to give to the judge."

There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His Government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him; and so, the temptation being strong, and public feeling not at all sensitive, the official pockets his bribe and then administers "justice." Where bribery, absence of definite faith, and absence of education and patriotism, are found, one is not surprised to find a very lax state of domestic morals. All or most of these seem to me to proceed from the same cause, viz., that the doctrine of personal responsibility for words and actions—a doctrine so needful to insure a right line of conduct—has not been sufficiently inculcated.

After an expression of dissatisfaction at the state of religious and political feeling around, I heard with profound interest the following remark, lately made:—"From this chaos of doubt and haziness, and pulling down of religious faith, will come a Reformation for our country; a wave of simpler faith will break upon this land, and spread over its length and breadth."

This would not be contrary to historical precedent. And it would be a joyful sound—a Renaissance, a Reformation for the land! For now, men are going about seeking rest and light, and there is none; looking for a master spirit, and none appears to guide.

To finish with the topic from which I digressed—the laxity of domestic morals. The subject is painful, and one hard to speak upon. But it would seem that, as is the case too, I fear, in England, taken *en masse*, the standard of morality among the highest and wealthiest classes in the interior may be set down as very low; among the middle classes, respectable; among the lowest, low again. In the highest classes, their wealth and ease are their temptations; in the lowest, their want of education, bad accommodation, and poverty, lead them to sin. True was the saying of the wise—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." Among the two extremes alluded to, the marriage tie is too often but little thought of, and society does not bring its influence generally—as in England still is the case—to bear *against* the offender. There is no definite line drawn here.

Up to marriage, chastity is strictly observed; but afterwards, licence of conversation and deed reign and prevail very widely. Domestic life as in England is unknown; the husband seeks his own, the wife her own pleasure.

This state of society is doubtless very corrupt. But why dwell further on the dark side of the picture—a picture we shall find repeated in other lands than Spain? Rather let me speak of the cordiality, the kindness, the courtesy of the Spanish lady and gentleman to the stranger; of their generosity to their

dependents; of the thousands upon thousands of women, high and low, whose sweetness of disposition, nobleness of tone, purity, and devotion to duty can only spring from their true, simple, unpretending faith in their Maker and His love.

What will be the future of this country—a country whose climate is enjoyable beyond measure, whose artificers yield in skill to those of few foreign countries, whose mineral wealth is undreamed of, whose people, uneducated as they are, are full of noble qualities—it is impossible to say.

But "Resurgam" is the motto hidden in every heart; and with the spread of religion and education, and with that alone, under God's blessing, Spain will cease to be the anomaly she is, and once more resume her place among the nations.

Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife
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CHAPTER X.

SPANISH RECKLESSNESS.

BEFORE leaving the subject of the character of the Spaniard of the interior, it may be interesting to string together, without any attempt at *lucidus ordo*, a few incidents which either happened to myself, or to which I was a witness—I say interesting, because facts simply told cannot be gainsaid, and those who read can draw their own inferences as to the state of the country and people where those facts are acted out.

The carelessness of the Spaniard of the interior about human life and property is well-nigh incredible, and shows a state of civilization terribly low indeed. As regards human life, I was unhappily close to the spot where two of the most barbarous murders that can be conceived took place in the summer of this fiery year. In the first case, a poor itinerant tailor was returning from his rounds in the cool of the evening, with his two asses laden with his whole earthly wealth of cloth and handkerchiefs, and with him, as servants, two men, with one of whom he had previously been on ill terms. What occurred between the three will never be known, but at twelve o'clock at night the younger of his two companions, a lad of three-and-twenty, came in haste to the barracks of the Civil Guards in the nearest town, and said to the sentry, "I have come in great trepidation to inform you that my master has just been shot, and I have run

here for fright. I don't know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off." The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or, as civil police, in couples, they are the terror of all evil-doers. The sentry collared his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his faja, he said, "*You* were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, *I see specks of fresh blood upon you!*" Two civil guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little venta hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 o'clock next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay, wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders: this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church-bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be "pressed" to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed!

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the Municipal Guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why he did not stay by the dying man? "Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer," was the prompt reply.

In the interior, too, where some of the over-crowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men's bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer's to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young

fellow, who had evidently been, till his death-stroke, robust and strong. "What business had he to die? he's fat enough!" was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection is afforded to the brute creation, and the S.P.C.A. would find here a prolific field for its noble labours.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavour to convince him that this is not the case. Accordingly, dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago, the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (criadas) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting "Pobre gato! O pobre, pobre gato!" I told them that poor pussy's life was at stake, and urged them to help me rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sank the pitcher under the struggling cat and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of

the newly-cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of "Malo gato! malo gato!" ("Good-for-nothing puss!"), they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter!

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, and beat them cruelly if they are stupid.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offence—*Anglicè*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards (when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps,) the criada takes hold of it by the tail, and belabours it soundly, calling out "Malo pecho! malo pecho!" This is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavoured to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the criada's head. "No," she said, "I beat him for his wickedness; when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat." There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a criada into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant, and three or four at once apply at the door; you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours' time, bringing her child or children, and her bed, clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (£1 4*s.*) per month, finding her own food. Well for the master and mistress if their criada has no "followers," for, if so, she is at perfect liberty to have one

or more in the kitchen, smoking their cigarillos, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night, and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants, and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaniard of the interior, nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad.* The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labours, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this premature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version:—

"EL CHALAN."

(The Fish-Hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well;
On the streets and shore to loiter,
And his silver shoals to sell!
Live anchovies, all a-glowing!
Sweet anchovies, who 'll buy more?
Quick about it, for I 'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore!

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet;
But I 'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street!
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes:
Owning it 's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries—
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money; but to-day
Not a single fin I 've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away!
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(*From the 'Ecos Nacionales' of V. R. Aguilera.*)

I.

Hark from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep,
Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee,
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.
Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dews of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.
Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.

Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valour
On the field this day I won:
In the front, beneath the colours,
Rough hands pinned it on thy son."
'Mid the stalwart and the brave
Stood my boy where colours wave!—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

IV.

And full many a time he told me—
In a merry way he told—
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold:
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle-call,
He would march (poor boy!) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

V.

Never will he come: I *know* it.
Mother-like, I still hope on:
Though I know th' accursèd bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear:
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer!
For *his* soul? Son, can it be
Among the *dead* I pray for *thee*?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

C.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA
JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

CHAPTER XI.

A WORK OF MERCY AT MADRID.

No one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved, streets; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open, sandy plains, are forced to stop and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment and stopping as suddenly, whirls it along; the scarcity of good and tender animal food,—all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling, in a few days or hours, the downpour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer, in shaded rooms (alas! that we have no punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous: in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees; the following nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain a bitter east

wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place; the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength and funds were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England,—all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz,—rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville—unknown in the treeless wastes of the interior—and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trousers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep-blue sea, studded with shipping, the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described: it is like coming from darkness into light—from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although,

perhaps, a trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see—a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the Casa de Misericordia; or, as it is now called, El Hospicio de Cadiz. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon), fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up, written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye—

> "This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell:
> I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. cxxxi.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "for ever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet-looking Lady Superior said, "*is* the home of the poor—*but not for ever.*"

The Hospicio, perhaps, may be best described as an English workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or, at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "decentes" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children;

and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the "decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me, as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place at a first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared, with her bunch of keys—the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriate name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labours being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly explaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA
P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being £5,000 per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys, and 136 girls, from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes*.

The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of: if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the feast-days (and their name in Spain is legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English workhouses. So much for the *Departimento de Ancianos*.

As regards the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next, eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they are then taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the band-master of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished

by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the collar of the coat and round their little caps.

Many of the girls were servant-maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own,—for all here are *decentes*,—and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word must be said as to outdoor relief. This is very simple, and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are, many of them, paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily

writing, and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

The whole management of the domestic arrangements, however, is under the care of the Señora Angel Garcia, who seems the very model of a Lady Superior —gentle, dignified, cheerful, and full of bright and sparkling conversation. It was indeed a privilege to be in the company of one whose every word and look was full of benevolence. There are two doctors attached to the Home, of whom the one devotes himself exclusively to the patients within the walls, the other attending daily for consultations. Until a few months ago two clergy lived within the walls, to minister to the sick, and offer prayers, and give religious instruction; but in the Revolution of the summer they were dismissed and the chapel laid in ruins.* At present only the girls receive religious instruction, and for the rest prayers are optional. The inmates who desire it now, I have been informed, attend one of the neighbouring churches.

A short time ago this Home was to have been greatly enlarged, but the good work, alas! languishes from lack of funds. Let us hope that the Government will take it up, and carry out an idea so benevolent.

The Commissariat Department is capital, beautifully

* Among the other acts of the summer Revolution, visitors to Cadiz should know that the three undoubted Murillos—among them that great artist's *last work* (for he fell from the ladder just as it was completed, and received the injuries which caused his death), the 'Marriage of Santa Catalina'—pictures which have always been preserved in the convent De los Capuchinos, were taken away by force, and placed in the Museum, where they now hang; thus, I suppose, being converted from ecclesiastical to civil property. Such, at least, was the intention.

managed, and the food excellently cooked. About this latter point I may be allowed to speak, as I not only saw but tasted the provend, which commended itself even to the capricious appetite of a sick man. Each department has a separate corridor or dining-room, and a separate kitchen, while for the whole place there is one huge store-room. For all who are well there are three meals a day, at the hours of eight, two, and six. The grown-up inmates have meat, roasted or boiled, once every day, and soup, bread, fruit, and vegetables. The children have their soup, and, instead of "carne," the favourite Spanish dish called "cocida," which may briefly be described as mutton boiled to rags, with peas and onions; it is, in fact, the meat from which soup has been taken, and is a staple dish at all tables in Spain. They, too, have their bread and vegetables. All except the sick drink water; for in Spain, both with high and low, water is the chief drink, and they are far more particular here about the spring from which their water comes than an English squire is about the quality of his port. The soup is excellent: rice and tomatoes and onions formed the ingredients of the huge cauldron into which I dipped, while curry, cutlets, and other delicacies were being carried off as portions for the sick. On feast-days all the inmates have wine.

So much for the cooking department. It would have gladdened an English housewife's heart to see the ample and good fare, or to enter the Dispensa, or store-room, and see the huge vats of Val-de-Peñas (the rough, red, wholesome wine of the interior), the strings of garlic round the wall, the sacks of garvancos (a kind of pea, for soup), and the shelves of clean massive crockery, each cup or plate bearing

the inscription, "*Caritas. Casa de Misericordia de Cadiz.*"

As to the sleeping arrangements. These are specially attended to. All sleep in separate iron beds, on the upper storys. All sleep according to age, or, as it is called, their different classes. With those from six to eight nurses sleep, or sit up nightly. All the rooms are lit by oil lamps; all have from thirty to a hundred and fifty beds in them, with soft mattrasses and blankets, snowy sheets, and coloured coverlets. The rooms are all ventilated at the bottom of the walls; nor did I trace, even in the Infirmaries, a suspicion even of disagreeable or polluted air. The windows are all on one side of the dormitories, and are high and broad. The walls, as usual in Spanish houses, are whitewashed, with a row of enamelled blue tiles along the bottom. The inmates of the Home all rise at six, and repair to bed at seven.

There are several *Infirmary Wards*. One, which I noticed especially, was entirely devoted to those suffering from skin diseases. The number of bed-ridden men and women (the two sexes live on different sides of the quadrangle) seemed to me about ninety in all; these were eating curry, working with coarse materials, or sipping their wine or chocolate, or chatting to the comely nurse; all seemed cheerful and contented, and every face brightened as the Rectora drew near.

The School-rooms, the Gymnasium, the Music-rooms —of which last there seemed many—were in beautiful order, although there was no lack of noisy children about them. So "free and easy" did the children seem in the presence of their superiors, that in one room, where some fifty were learning the military drill,

in shirt-sleeves and bare legs, some half-dozen ran up to me, and fairly dragged the "Ingleesi" by his hands across the drill-room.

Music is taught twice a day; every sort of brass instrument, as well as singing, and this is very popular with the young folk. Might not the same plan be adopted in our own workhouses with good effect?

We were just about taking leave, having looked at the long, clean lavatories, the cabinets of work sewn for the Home by the girls, and the bright garden, and the lovely stretch of blue sea from the dormitories, when the Rectora said, "You have not yet seen the workshops." In two minutes we were in a new world. One workshop opened into another; the blacksmith's anvil rang, the carpenter's hammer thudded, the tailor and cloth-maker were hard at work, the shoe-maker's shop seemed decked out for the streets. In each little workshop was one skilled master-worker, and working away, as apprentices, were the boys of the Home, each learning, with a smiling face, his several trade. "We work only for the Home," said one maestro to me, "and everything for the Home is done on the premises."

If any one thinks this a highly-coloured sketch, let him, if he can, see the Casa de Misericordia for himself, and spend three hours within its walls with Angel Garcia. It can be visited on any day, by any one presenting a card and asking for the Rectora, and he can make himself acquainted with all its workings. It is called usually now, "El Hospicio de Cadiz."

As I took leave of the Rectora, and thanked her for devoting so many hours to instruct a stranger, she

said, "I deserve no thanks; this place is my sphere of duty and of pleasure, and you also seem interested in works of charity. Farewell."

Once more; ere I passed through the spacious doorway, the inscription above quoted caught my eye, and I felt that had my lot been a less blissful one—had it been my lot to be one of the Spanish homeless poor—I, too, should thankfully echo the psalmist's words, and say, "Hic requies mea: hic habitabo."

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA
P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER XII.

MINOR CHARITIES OF CADIZ.

One of the most cheerful sights in this great city is that the street corners and the church steps are in great measure free from the shoals of beggars who stand or sit at every street corner, and under every scrap of shade, in the towns of the interior. It is a very sad sight to see there the fearful amount of utter helpless, shiftless misery, which one has not the power to relieve; and to hear every five minutes the pitiful appeal made by the widowed, the maimed, the lame, and the blind: "Por el amor de Dios—muy poquito"—("For the love of God, I beseech you, give me a *very* little").

In the interior, so great is the press of poverty, that the rich and benevolent in many of the towns give out that on a certain day in every week, between the hours of nine and ten, bread and copper money and scraps will be given away; and on the set morning the gateway is lined with suppliants, quietly waiting for the expected portion. Here, however, the Casas de Misericordia and the associations of the charitable —coupled with the benevolence of the Church, which has more in her power here than in the interior—do much to diminish this wholesale begging.

Let me give you a short sketch of some of the smaller works of mercy here.

Overlooking the bright expanse of sea near the Fish-

market stands a cleanly, whitewashed, but unpretending house, bearing over the door the inscription—

"Casa de Hermanos de la Caridad"

("House of the Brothers of Charity"). Entering in, I found the hall or courtyard—for the houses here are all built in a square round the hall, which is open to the blue sky, and usually full of tropical shrubs in huge wooden vessels—most tastefully laid out, with flowers, palm-trees, and aromatic flowering shrubs growing in profusion, quite unlike the bare walls which one unhappily associates with Houses of Mercy. One of the Sisters of Mercy, attired in the dress of her Order (S. Vicente de P.), kindly offered to take me over her hospital, for such the Casa was. It is a large house, taken by an association of benevolent private individuals—the Hermanos de la Caridad—and devoted entirely to the care of the sick, who cannot, from poverty, or the number of their family, or scarcity of work, receive the medical skill and the diet and nursing they require at their own homes.

The Hospital makes up one hundred beds, of which fifty-eight were occupied at the time of my visit. It is entirely for sufferers of the male sex, there being a sister institution devoted to suffering women. The plan on which it is carried out is a striking one, and one, I think, unknown in England. It is as follows: Forty benevolent persons, men of some affluence, seeing how many of their poorer brothers were unable, when sick, to command at their comfortless homes, or on board their ships lying in harbour, the comforts, quiet, and medical skill which they needed, bought this large house, and fitted it up as a hospital for the accommodation of such cases. It was intended to

take in, not especially the very poor, for whom (such as they are) there are hospitals, but to provide also for two distinct classes; first, all who could not afford to pay for a good doctor's visits, and skilful nursing and luxuries, and yet could afford to contribute a little to their expenses when sick, that little being fixed at two shillings and a penny per diem; in Spanish money, two pesetas and a half. Secondly, the institution was to provide a refuge in sickness for all the "decentes" (or respectable poor) whose friends or relations would become responsible for the payment of that sum. In many cases these very Brothers of Charity themselves pay the sum to admit one of their *protégés*; in other cases, the clergy pay, or masters for their servants

The sum of twenty-five pence per diem may seem, to some readers, large for a House of Mercy, yet, be it remembered, there is here no "parish doctor," and no union-house, though there is a Poor Law in existence, and the visits of the *commonest* doctor in Spain are each reckoned at two pesetas, *i.e.*, twenty out of the twenty-five pence charged in the hospital.

The arrangements of this miniature hospital are simply exquisite. Some twenty beds or so are in one room, but privacy is secured by white dimity curtains, on iron bars about five feet high, being drawn around the patient's bed at his will, making a light and little airy room, open to the ceiling. The nearest approach I have seen to this was in school-days at St. Peter's College, Radley, where each boy had a separate "cubicle" of the same kind.

The whole appearance of the place betokened peace, comfort, and kindliness—nay, more, cheerfulness.

The men were, some of them, sitting up in bed, drinking their soup or eating their curry, with a good copa of red wine by their side. Others were sauntering about, reading, or chatting.

Next, we visited the surgeon's room, and most beautifully and perfectly was it fitted up. I noticed several glass cases full of instruments, medicine, &c., and a couch for operating, of the shape, or nearly so, that I have observed at some of the London hospitals. The kitchen was beautifully clean, with a capital range. It was full of bustle, for at least ten or twelve different sorts of dinners, to suit the various tastes of the poor sick fellows, were being carried away.

"Take which you like," said the smiling Sister of Mercy, who was my companion; and I can answer for the excellence of the fare. Among the favourites were curried rice and mutton, cutlets, boiled beef and fried potatoes, and tomato soup and rice soup—the favourite "sopa de arroz" of this country.

Thence, to see the convalescents dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders, in the same case; an American, from "Philadelphy," as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me "they were very comfortable quarters," with a genuine new-country twang.

The tiny chapel is a real gem in its way—very, very small, but very costly, the whole ceiling and

walls being of carved brass. A Roman Catholic clergyman performs divine service every morning.

The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy of the Order above mentioned, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good. They have, I believe, four or five men-servants for the work of the Casa.

Are not institutions on this system needed in England, where, for a small sum, even gentlemen and ladies with slender means, living, perhaps, in lodgings or the like, might find a home, and not forfeit their self-respect by being dependent wholly on charity?

This hospital is in the Plaza de S. Juan de Dios, close to the fruit and fish markets. The stranger who seeks to see it will be courteously shown over it, and allowed to leave an offering for the benefit of its inmates.

The next institution of charity (Casa de Caridad) to which I bent my steps was of a sadder character, as the inscription over its heavy portals showed. It was the "Casa de Dementes," or, as these smaller asylums are called by the common people in this country, the "Casa de Locos," the word "loco" being equivalent to the English phrase "cracked." I presented my order of admittance, which is a necessary document, and may be obtained, by any English gentleman who desires to see it for higher motives than those of idle curiosity, of the courteous director of El Hospicio de Cadiz, the two being sister institutions, and situated not far from each other. The spectacle in the little hall was a sad one. In the door

opening into the ample courtyard, where the lunatics take their exercise, is a tiny grating, with a sliding panel, on which a porter keeps guard. Through this the friends of the unhappy inmates are always allowed to see them and speak with them, admittance to a closer interview being only admissible by an order from the doctor, certifying that it will produce no ill effects. As a rule, I was told by those who have the supervision of the Casa, the visits of their friends or relations have a tendency to excite and unsettle the patients.

In the little vestibule a sorrowing group was sitting, each awaiting his or her turn to look in and speak a word to some loved one through the narrow grating. One was a poor and careworn mother, who, so my guide told me, came every day, rain or shine, sick or well, to bring the little luxuries she could spare from her scanty table to the son who had once worked for her and could work no more. The next was a father, who made a weekly visit also to his son. One or two others, a youth, and two young Spanish girls, were there; they, too, came constantly, at stated times, to bring "alimentos" (provision) to their "loco." The head-porter, who is a kind of master of the Casa, soon appeared, and with him a buxom and smiling elderly "Hermana de Caridad" (Sister of Mercy), dressed in black, with white hood and cape, and rosary. The "maestro" was a fine, handsome young Spaniard, of some five-and-thirty summers, with a bright, gentle smile, a keen eye, that looked one through and through. He seemed firm and confident enough, and all the inmates seemed very fond of him.

The asylum was formerly a convent; it has ample premises, and garden, and a sea-view on one side. It