

is, however, only a small asylum, making up about one hundred and sixty or seventy beds. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered ninety-seven men and fifty-three women. Of these inmates, some are idiots, some raving mad, some monomaniacs. The asylum is *for rich and poor alike*, although their privileges and indulgences vary according to their rates of payment. Thus, sixteen of the men and seven of the women were of gentle birth, and paid for liberally by their friends. These have each a separate bed-room, with arm-chair, table, books, and any little luxury of the kind, such as wine, better food, and the like. In some cases, where the relatives of these "particulares," as they are called, live on the spot, they send the dinners, &c., from their own table; in other cases, they pay some one to supply them with what is needful, and suited to their former position.

The majority of the inmates are poor, and are paid for by the Government of the Provincia at a fixed rate per head. *Their* friends also can supply or pay for little extra luxuries, as tobacco, wine, and the like. This system of allowing the relatives of any one under confinement to bring them nourishment is also, I am assured, allowed in many of the prisons of Spain. The payment for rooms and attendance, without food, is at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, which includes medical advice.

The law in Spain forbids, under severe penalties, any private person to keep an insane person in his or her house; and it also decrees that the Provincia of an insane person shall maintain him, if his friends are unable to do so. Thus, one little chamber, with arm-chair and writing-table, was inhabited by a captain in the army, seized with madness at Manilla; another,

by the wife of a man of good position; and the like.

Many—a great many—of the men get better, and leave the asylum, the Sister told me, perfectly sane; but, she added, to my surprise, very few of the women recover perfectly. I cannot account for this to my own satisfaction; but I fully believe it to be true, as the women seemed far worse than the men.

It is almost needless to say that the sexes occupy each a separate wing of the Casa. The rooms for the "particulares," and for those who need a separate bed-room for safety's sake, are about four-and-a-half yards square, with windows (barred) of fair size, as it seemed to me. It struck me that there was no glass in these windows; but in Spain, among the houses of the common people, in the interior, at least, glass in the windows is by no means considered a necessary. The writer of this, when taking his own house in the interior, had to add glass himself to his windows. The fare of the inmates who come under the usual rules of the asylum seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale, viz., at eight, soup (of meat) and a small loaf; at 12·30, rice or vermicelli soup, and bread and meat, with a little wine on certain days, as feast-days, or under medical advice; and coffee or soup at seven. Their exercise is taken in the ample open courtyard or quadrangle of the building, whither the men are all turned in, as soon as they like, after breakfast. They are allowed, for amusements, newspapers, cards, and cigarillos. Nearly all the women take to smoking, and enjoy it, after a few months in the asylum. "It tranquillizes them," said one of my conductors.

Two doctors, one for each sex, live within the

walls of the Casa; a clergyman also is in constant residence. The rest of the staff consists of nine Sisters of Mercy, five men, and the same number of women, servants.

The corridor, or dining-room, in both wings of the Casa, was bright and clean, the inmates (save the "particulares" and the "furiosos," who dine in their own rooms) dining all together, the only thing noticeable being that fingers and spoons alone are allowable in eating. The dormitories, with iron bedsteads and comfortable bedclothes, were airy and bright, and, be it remarked, *forty-five* of these men sleep without any partition in one dormitory together; others in rooms holding fifteen or ten beds; and the same seemed the case with the women, though not in such numbers. This struck me much at the time of visiting. Of course one or two attendants are in the rooms. It certainly pointed to the fact that the majority were in no sense violent lunatics.

The infirmaries were clean, warm, and, to all appearance, comfortable.

Thence to the large room, where the female lunatics assemble. Here, I confess, I was greatly shocked: the wretchedly low—I was going to write villanous—type of face, old and young, herding together, doing nothing; the inarticulate sounds, chattering and screaming like parrots or monkeys; the eagerness with which they ran at me, and clutched hold of my hands and coat,—all were very awful—beyond description, awful. There were thirty-five girls and women in this room. The gentle voice and presence of La Hermana Sorpilad soothed them a little; they all clustered round her like bees. One was weeping hysterically in a separate room, but the

sound filled the sala. They followed us to the door, one clinging tight to my arm, until the "maestro" gently disengaged her grasp. I could hardly bring myself to see the last sad spectacle, the rooms of the "furiosos," or violent. Only two were tenanted: the unhappy inmate of one was shouting like a wild beast, shaking his hands in the air in his frenzy, and stamping up and down the narrow room. Seeing us, he rushed at the grating, and the fearful sight of his face I pray God I may never again behold. He had killed a man some two years ago. He was a "religious monomaniac," the gentle-faced Sister said. "Ah, señor," she added, "this is *muy triste, muy triste!*" ("very, very bitter"). I could but thank God that I had not to look on such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!

The faults of this Casa struck me as twofold—(1) the insufficient amusement, and not nearly sufficient work—such as gardening—for the afflicted inmates; (2) the absence of padded rooms for the "furiosos."

The merits seemed to me to be also twofold—(1) the inestimably humanizing effect which the ministrations and mere presence of these Sisters must have, especially on the men; (2) the advantage of the relations being allowed to bring little luxuries for these their afflicted brethren and sisters.

A few words, before I close, on the Hospital for Women—the sister institution to that for men. The "Hospital de Mugerés" is situated in the street bear-

ing its name; and is a large and handsome building. Its wide courtyard is filled, as at the "Hospital de los Hombres," with exotic shrubs and flowers: the graceful white bell-shaped flowers of the trompeta, the platanos of Havannah, the camellia francesca, with adelfas and aureolas, made a bright and rich show. The priest was at the gateway, and, with true Spanish courtesy, bade us welcome.

This Casa de Misericordia is under the care of the Carmelitas de la Caridad (Carmelite Sisters), of whom there are ten in residence, who do nearly all the work of the institution with their own hands. One of them, in her brown stuff dress, blue serge apron, white hood, and black cross, showed us over the building.

Very noticeable in these lofty white-washed dormitories and salas was the effect of the introduction of colour. At regular intervals, paintings on encaustic tiles were let into the walls, all representing religious subjects. In one sala were the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," in blue and buff. The bed-heads were painted dark green, with little yellow crosses at the head. The coverlets were buff, with the escudo of the Virgin stamped upon them in white. Small oil paintings also were hung round the walls, and many other trifling and inexpensive ornaments. The effect was exceedingly pretty. This Casa contains seventy beds, thirty-five of which are in one lofty room. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered about fifty.

The classes who come here are threefold: first, the very poor, who are received for nothing; the funds, however, are so deficient that very few can be received. It was a sad thing to know that, some few years back, Government and Church could give, and did give liberally, and these institutions were filled, and now

no funds are forthcoming! The second class are aged women, who have a little money, and prefer to spend their old age in the Casa, and die there. The third class are the sick members of moderately well-off families, who cannot afford to maintain them at home, and can provide for them far better and more cheaply here. Both these last classes pay a fixed sum weekly.

There is a ward for infectious diseases, and one for accidents.

Two doctors and one clergyman live in the Casa. In each ward is a small altar for praying. One of the rooms, used for various purposes, is a very fine one, in size 22 yards by 34, and very lofty, with a row of marble pillars, and enormous windows. Arm-chairs and tables were spread about it.

Next I visited the kitchen. It was "comida" time, and a gratifying sight it was to see the well-dressed Señoras of the town—evidently persons of respectable position—themselves taking the dinners to their mother or sister, or whatever relation they might have in the Casa. They fairly vied in activity with the ten bustling little "madres." Relations are admitted to sit with their sick at any time.

Two arrangements I remarked that were wholly new to me. First, the advantage of the introduction of colour into the wards, as above mentioned. Secondly, the admirable arrangement for the bed-ridden, by which privacy is secured to each.

The whole atmosphere of this hospital was deeply religious. On all the crockery was stamped, not the name or coat of arms of the Casa, but the escudo de la Virgen. In every ward was a small altar; every wall and bed, every nook and corner, had some re-

ligious motto, or picture, or image. As I turned to go away, I saw that some nervous fingers had barely secured to the door, with a pin, a tiny piece of paper with the bleeding heart of Christ painted roughly on it, and underneath, in MS., the words—

“Detente : el corazon de Jesus está con migo.”

(“Stay : the heart of Christ is with me.”) I stayed for a moment to consider the meaning, and the two “madres” remarked audibly, “The English captain *will see* every little thing; but it is well that he should.”

And then I said farewell to this model hospital. As I passed through the outer door, in the tiny vestibule, quite open to the street, a young Spanish lady was kneeling, evidently in fervent prayer. Not until then had I noticed that a little altar there was lighted up with much taste, barely removed from the street. A heap of aromatic boughs was lying in the street as I stepped out. I said to the guide, “What are these?” —“Those,” said he, in broken English, “are the scented shrubs we use on *the good night*. Don’t you know?—the night God came down with the good news for us all.”

Truly, I thought, religion here is not thrust into a corner; but speaks for itself at every turn.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN SPAIN.

WHEN the last fruits of autumn have been garnered in, and the last red leaf is whirling to the ground, when—

“Change and decay in all around I see,”—

very aptly does the Catholic Church bring before her faithful the bright hope of immortality and reunion in her festival of All Saints; or, as it is called in Spain, “Tosants,” the abbreviation of Todos los Santos.

Little as that day is generally observed in England, one yet sees on the Continent how strikingly, and yet simply, its lessons may be brought home to the simplest and most careless mind; how even the passer-by may be led to stop a moment and consider his ways.

It so happened that a severe illness led to the writer's passing the Feast of Tosants in the city of Cadiz. The first notice of the day was given to him by the waiter at the hotel saying on the eve,—“Of course you will go to-morrow to the Misa Mayor at the cathedral, and visit the Cemeterio? *It is our great day.*”

The morning of Todos los Santos rose bright and clear; the air was balmy and soft as of an autumn day in England—the very day for such a festival. The first thing that struck me, as I strolled out at eight o'clock

to catch a breath of the crisp sea air, was the number of ladies and gentlemen returning from or going to early celebration, as the Prayer-books in their hands plainly showed. Nearly every group one passed was in mourning, yet there was no air of sadness about them; they were laughing and chatting gaily enough. Many of the shops were half-closed, some entirely.

At ten o'clock the Misa Mayor was to be chanted at the new cathedral. When I entered, the sermon was being delivered to an exceedingly attentive, though, as it struck me, very small, audience. There were apparently not more than sixty or seventy women, most of whom were sitting upon the floor of the cathedral, or kneeling; the number of men, nearly all of whom seemed of the higher class, from their dress, appeared to be about one hundred. These were seated on benches, and listened most attentively to what I conceive to have been a very striking sermon. Generally, in the churches of Spain, the number of women worshipping greatly exceeds that of the men. The preaching was very animated. At one moment the Father, who was dressed in a plain black gown, with the usual white linen vestment above it, raised his voice to a shout; at another, he spoke in an audible whisper, all that he said being enforced by much and rapid gesticulation. The object of the sermon seemed to be that, however wide and many in number the political differences which separate men in the present unhappy state of the country, they should all be united in religion, and hold the faith. We may be mistaken, he seemed to say, in our individual political creed—that will be forgiven; we *cannot* be mistaken in clinging to Him who changes not, and in striving to lead a holier life. So only can we hope to be

numbered among all the saints. The sermon was extempore, and was delivered without any hesitation.

I will not attempt to describe the grand effect of chanting the Misa Mayor, the full choir of loud, ringing voices, the swelling notes of the organ, the ever-ascending smoke of the incense, and the bright array of lighted candles—all these have a strange effect on a mind unaccustomed to such display.

The Cemeterio, where within four walls sleep the dead of the whole of this huge city, is about a mile outside the town, and thither I slowly wended my way, wondering what there could be to be seen there.

The walk is very beautiful, and, to a stranger, striking. First is passed the fruit market, in itself a gorgeous sight. Pile after pile of pomegranates, with their red and yellow hues; the bright pink arbutus berries, the dark green melon, the brown chestnuts heaped up in piles four feet high; with heaps of oranges, green melons, sweet batatas, quinces, pears, tomatoes—all being gracefully wreathed with ever-greens and *immortelles* in honour of the day: these, with the bright, picturesque dresses of the men and women who bought and sold, formed an exceedingly pretty sight. We passed through the Land-gate, and along the fortifications, the sea, studded with ships at anchor of all nations, stretching along both sides of the narrow tongue of land which leads to the cemetery. All who were not employed were dressed out in holiday costume, and in mourning or "half-mourning." We passed group after group walking slowly the same way, many with flowers in their hands. Presently two men passed by with a huge basket full of lamps, of brass, partly painted black; then one man, in each hand a most costly lamp, which seemed one mass of

brass and crystal, until the whole road was filled with servants carrying these lamps to the last resting-place of their employers.

The walk is very beautiful: on either side the sea was sparkling; the avenue of silver poplars and acacias was just shedding its fruit and its leaf; the hedges on either side were of prickly aloe, or some native creeper, tinged with its autumnal hues of red and yellow, and reminding one almost of an English hedgerow in its autumn dress.

The Cemeterio has no beauty or grace to recommend it, save its little garden of flowers and shrubs—a small square garden, which you enter, and through which you walk before you come to the whitewashed quadrangles of the dead. The plot of garden, however, is beautifully kept, and English geraniums, and dahlias, and masses of sweet heliotrope, show their bright heads amid the semi-tropical shrubs and flowers of Spain.

The cemetery itself consists of seven squares or quadrangles, of which all but one were full, opening into each other: the ground in these quadrangles is simply dust and sand, without a shrub or flower growing. Each of the four walls of the quadrangle is built of whitewashed brick, with tiers of long narrow holes, into which the coffins are pushed, the walls being of sufficient height to allow of six coffins resting one above the other, and of sufficient depth for two coffins to lie lengthways across them. When the coffin is put in, the narrow hole is covered up with masonry, and a small marble tablet, *with no inscription* but the name, age, date of death, and the relationship to the dead of those who caused it to be placed there, at the head; thus, "Jose Perez. Fallecio el dia 19 de Febrero de

1872: sus padres y hermanos." In the next quadrangle, of which the same thick wall forms one side, another coffin has its place opposite to the first, so the two bodies lie foot to foot. The whole looks like a thick whitewashed wall, with small marble inscribed slabs, of semicircular shape, inserted in regular tiers. Each of the several quadrangles I calculated would contain about a thousand bodies—to say nothing of the "bodies of the second and third class," which lie in crowded heaps beneath the sandy soil of the quadrangles, and over which we walked, without even knowing that the dead lay beneath our feet. Dull, naked, and unsightly (with all its whitewash and neatness) as the Cemeterio was, yet this day it was bright in honour of Todos los Santos, and its glittering array of lamps and *immortelles* told forth to the humblest labourer employed the hope of immortality. For, in front of every little marble slab, some working on the ground, some on ladders, busy hands were at work, fixing on the lamps, some of which were very tasteful and costly, some cumbersome and funereal in appearance.

Though it was but midday, these little lamps were showing their sickly but steadfast light all about the quadrangle, and nimble fingers were twining around them their wreaths of *immortelles*.

Every square, too, was dotted with mourners, single or in groups, many habited in deep mourning, standing in prayer before the last home of their loved one, or walking up and down wrapped in thought.

"What do they all here?" I inquired of my guide—a poor boatman from the wharf. "They come to think about those that have gone," he said, "and to say their prayers."

I could not help thinking to myself, as I turned my steps away, that this observance of the day was really impressive for good: to many surely among those who thronged that sandy walk it must have brought back many slumbering thoughts of the loved and lost; many unheard prayers must have been breathed to follow their good examples.

This festival is observed for three days, and while I write (November 3rd) many of the shops are still closed, and the streets are filled with holiday makers. Yet none of these forget to walk down to the home of their dead, and gaze on it with respect. And the little lamps have been lighted for the third time to-day. And there is no drunkenness in the streets, although this is a three days' holiday: all is orderly, cheerful, and decent, for so, with all his faults, the Spaniard likes to keep his feast day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WIDOWS' HOME AT CADIZ.

THERE are three elements in the Spanish Houses of Mercy which, I believe, are absent from institutions of (partly) the same nature in England. First, there is a complete and beautiful blending of freedom with restraint, the union of the two making an harmonious system, never, to my knowledge, attained to in England; next, there is in the system of the Spaniards the recognition of the fact that well-born persons may have a little money, which, if some help be added from a charitable source, will serve to keep them in decency, and not let them lose their self-respect by feeling that they are wholly dependent on charity; and this fact also is recognized, that many a poor man or woman can get by work a little money, who cannot yet obtain work enough at all times by which to live all the year round; and, thirdly, the great fact is recognized, and acted upon in Spanish houses of benevolence, that there is no reason why persons well-born, fallen in fortune, should not live under the same roof with, and yet not be compelled necessarily to associate with, the respectable poor of the same city.

Let us call these three elements—(1) the union of freedom and restraint, (2) the union of help and self-help, (3) the union of different classes; and let us see

how these three elements are brought into some of the Casas de Benevolentia in Spain.

Cadiz is very rich in Casas de Misericordia. Be it remembered, these institutions are wholly distinct from the Government hospitals and Government relief to poor, whether *decentes* or otherwise, about which latter I shall have a few words to say hereafter. The former are for the *decentes*, and are the care of and privilege of towns, or provincial boards; the latter are for all.

Nowhere is the union of the three principles above alluded to carried out more beautifully or harmoniously than in a small but useful institution in Cadiz, called "The Widows' Home"; or, to preserve its Spanish name, "La Casa de Viudas."

I trust my English readers will not tire of visiting Spanish houses of charity with me—they will soon be introduced to far different scenes; and let me say, that England, with all her wealth, all her boasting, and (as an Englishman still I will say it) all her charity, has many things to learn from Spanish charities. I speak entirely of institutions of charity founded and supported by individual benevolence, and not of the Government hospitals, &c. Thus, I am merely comparing a Spanish almshouse or home of any sort with an English institution of the kind; the comparison between the Spanish and English *public* hospitals, and the like, remains to be drawn at a future time, and, perhaps, with a different result. As regards the working and system of the Homes founded by the benevolent in either of the two countries, I must unhesitatingly, simply because I wish to be just, yield the palm to Spain.

La Casa de Viudas, like many of the Homes and

private houses in Spain, consists of one large quadrangle. It is exactly like the quadrangle of an Oxford or Cambridge College, save that the "quad" is filled with tropical shrubs, in huge buckets, and gaudy aromatic flowers, and that it is paved. In most cases, as in the one here spoken of, there is a covered walk around the square, but too open and too modern to be called "the cloisters."

Entering the unpretending doorway, over which no inscription is written, you step into this aromatic and bright quadrangle. There are two storys, each of which contains, to recur to Oxford words, twenty-four "sets of rooms." These sets each consist of two (or three) well-furnished and picture-hung rooms, set aside by piety for poor and respectable widows of Cadiz some one hundred and twenty years ago. To each widow the room secured is a sitting-room about 8 yards by 7; bed-room, 6 by 5; with a covered walk and a kitchen common to all members of the Home; and also a chapel open for private and public prayer.

Each widow who enters must be certified to be (1) respectable, (2) in need of aid, but not necessarily destitute, and (3) born in Cadiz; though this latter rule has been deviated from, to my knowledge. There is no restriction as to the age at which they enter, and a widow with children is eligible for election. If her child or children be of her own sex, they may live with her there as long as she likes; but no boy child may sleep in the Home who is over eight years old. He may, however, be with, and dine with, his mother in the day time.

There was a quiet humour in the buxom señora who kindly led me over the place, which amused me much. In answer to my question, "Why do you

turn the boys out so young?" she said, with a quaint smile, "Because our rule is, that not a male is to be on the premises after set of sun."—"How about the priest who is attached, and whose room is here?" I rejoined. "Well, being a man, he has to go too."

Each widow has these privileges—her rooms, good rooms, free of rent (they are very light and lofty), and in money, six cuartos per diem, a cuarto being equivalent to one farthing. She has also a doctor, and, if long ill, a nurse, provided for her gratis. You will say,—“What is the good of three halfpence a day, and a doctor and rooms, to keep a mother and her child?” The answer is simple, but, I think, very instructive. The inmates are not necessarily destitute; many have a tiny income of their own, others have sons and daughters who bring their dinner, and sit down and chat with them while they eat it; then many generous daughters of Spain come and visit and relieve their old favourites located here; then, again, mark this, every inmate is perfectly free to go out from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. every day, and earn what she can for herself. Some go out as daily servants, some go out to work at a trade, some take in needlework at home, or go to it outside. No inquiry whatever is made of them as to the use they make of their time.

I confess, I think this union of help and self-help is, indeed, very suggestive. Why should there be no institution in England based upon this system? We in England ignore the fact that many of our brothers and sisters need a little help, but do not need to be kept wholly by charity; the thought is hateful to them, and it lowers self-respect and stifles self-help. In England we are either rich or beggars—either

knaves or entirely honest; we never, downright nation, allow that in all these things there are "mid-ways," as they say here! Is it not a mistake to do as we do? Might we not take a lesson from the Spaniards in these matters?

The inmates here are allowed to have their friends with them from seven to set of sun; if ill, and desired, they may pay their own nurse, or have a relation with them. They buy their own "comia" (we are Andalucians here, and drop our *d*'s in dinner), and may join in every act of friendship except messing together, that is against the rules. The endowment of the place comes from houses in Madrid left by the founder, and rich men dying often leave a legacy for the Widows' Home.

Most of them, my kind companion said, live and die here. The chimney-corner, in a son's or daughter's house, is associated in English ideas with the old age of the decent poor; and it is well. But in Spain we are not domestic. The poor man often lies down to sleep among the olives, in the long, hot summer months; his wife is quite content to find her bed among the tents of the Plaza de Fruta of her township. We men find for ourselves a home at the club, or in the shaded squares, for many of the hours of the night, during the heats of summer. And so these women are happy enough in this Home!

Those born to poverty and those who have fallen from a high estate, both find shelter within these walls: there they live, there receive their friends, there find their home, their church, and there die in peace.

A Spanish priest superintends the Home. Each inmate does herself her own cooking, &c., or pays

some one to do it for her. Three señoras (not Sisters of Charity, in the technical sense) manage domestic affairs, to each of whom I had the pleasure of being introduced. They are styled "La Precedenta," "La Sacristana," and "La Portera."

It has often surprised me to see the simplicity, the triviality of the things in which Spanish women of the lower and middle classes delight. Of the two criadas whom I knew and liked best in the interior, the whole pleasure of the one was to cut her little dog's hair in different shapes, queer patterns; sometimes he was a poodle, then a short-haired dog, then his hair was suffered to grow, and he had daily washings, poor little beast, and was brought into my sitting-room after each operation by his heels, dripping wet. An image of "San Juan," (and *such* an image!) her patron saint, formed the whole delight of the other poor servant. She would undress and dress San Juan, feel her saint's legs, and make me feel them as I walked up to bed wearied out after a hard day's ride, all the while calling San Juan "Pobre! pobre!" the equivalent to which I can only give properly in English by our peasant's phrase in the Midland Counties, "Poor dear! poor dear!" San Juan (St. John) was this poor thing's patron saint!

And so again here the same love for the simplest hobby came before me again. My companion said, "Come up to the top of the house to see my darling—my hobby." The "darling," to my surprise, was a huge reservoir of water, the water draining into it from the flat, walled-round roof. The poor thing pointed to this with such joy, that I inquired the reason. "We sell that tank of water to the city," she said, "keeping one for the use of our Casa; and the

city pays us sixty-five dollars a year for it, which helps to endow our Home." That was the poor thing's hobby—her pet!

The chapel, where on Sundays there is service, is neat and pretty. In it, and in the galleries, are many old oil paintings. The walls are whitewashed, and prettily ornamented.

The founder's picture hangs over the chapel-door. It is old, and badly framed; but I think the inscription on it is as follows:—

"Verdadera effige (? efigie) de Don Juan Frajela fundador de esta casa pia, vecino de esta ciudad de Cadiz . . . nat . . . Damasco . . . murio el dia 27 Marzo de l año de 1756, de edad 104 años y 10 dias."

The pious founder was, I believe, a Damascene by birth, though of Spanish parentage. He is cited in Spain as one of their centenarians.

The last House of Charity to which I bent my steps—with real joy of heart at seeing, while the horizon, religious and political, is so black with clouds, so many active works of love going on—was the Foundling Hospital, the "Casa de los Niños Espositos," as it is called in Spain.

This building is only distinguished from those around it by a mysterious little door in the wall, just big enough to admit the baby for whose admittance it is formed. Opening this tiny door, there is a small bed upon a pivot. The mother who deposits her foundling upon this cushion gives it a turn, and the baby and cushion are in the room, where, nightly, a Sister of Charity sits to receive the little foundling.

In this Home are thirty-five tiny children, in little curtained beds, ranged round each room. There are fifteen wet-nurses, and six Hermanas de Caridad, of

the Order of S. Vicente de Paul, an Order which is an inestimable blessing to this country. Wherever the sob of sorrow is heard, in Hospital or Foundling, there will be seen by its side the well-known black dress and white head-dress of the Sister of S. Vicente.

The children are kept here until the age of seven; they are then sent to an institution before described, El Hospicio de Cadiz.

This Home for Foundlings is supported by the Deputacion Provincial. It is supported on the same grounds that men supported our Contagious Diseases Act in England, not because it is high, lofty, or desirable, but because it is expedient. Child-murder, I believe, would simply be rife in Spain without these Homes.

The mother and father who want to emigrate leave here their youngest child; the poor fallen girl gets here a kindly home for her babe. Nor is this all. Help and self-help are joined here, and any mother who finds her hands too full of children can pay for her baby's sustenance here, visit and take an interest in it while pursuing her own work, and take it to her home at the age of seven.

Every child who entered used to receive the Christian rite of baptism. Since the summer revolution here that rite is not administered!

CHAPTER XV.

TWO GOVERNMENT INSTITUTIONS AT CADIZ—LA FABRICA
DE TABACOS, EL HOSPITAL DEL REY.

AMONG the many things that strike the wanderer in Spain is the number of institutions, if one may use the name, that are "under Government."

Curious to know something about the real state and working of these, I went one day to visit two of them in the same town of Cadiz—the one, the Government Cigar Manufactory; the other, the Government Hospital.

We will, first of all, take a survey of the Fabrica de Tabacos, or Cigar Manufactory of Cadiz.

The consumption of tobacco in Spain is something enormous. Every man (and many boys!) smokes, not the genuine English pipe, which one simply never sees in the streets, and which is only sold as a curiosity, and smoked by just a few who have come in contact with the English, but in the shape of the paper cigarettes or cigarillos, which are never out of the pocket, and very seldom out of the mouth, of men of all classes. Their proper name is cigarros de papel. What his cup of tea or his glass of beer is to an Englishman, that his cigarillo is to the Spaniard. Every beggar has his little packet of cigarette papers (papel de hilo), bought for about a farthing, and his loose pouch of tobacco, not at all like English tobacco, but the leaf of which the cigar is made, cut into small

shreds, and sold at a very cheap rate; much of it is mere dust, but it smokes well.

With the Spaniards the cigarillo covers all difficulties. Are you dull and sad? Well, no one, say they, ever committed suicide with a cigarette in his mouth; take out your "papel," fill it with tobacco, rubbed to powder in the palm of the left hand, light it, and smoke; the odds are you will forget to commit the crime in question! Does conversation flag?—the little cigarillo is instantly had recourse to. Is an argument getting too hot?—light the cigarillo, both of you, and you are friends at once!

The cigarillo, or paper cigarette, in Spain is, where "a dish of tea" is all but unknown, "the cup which cheers (and soothes!) but not inebriates."

And to the cigar manufactory, in many of the larger towns of Spain, a very high place is given. At Valencia, Malaga, and Seville, the buildings allotted by Government for the making of cigars are almost palatial. At Seville alone some four thousand women are employed at the Government manufactory!

Suffer me to hazard a remark here; it may be true, or it may be untrue, but I may make it because I believe it. Every Spaniard, whatever his station or means, smokes; most of them smoke to excess. A Spaniard, if very poor, must choose between bread and tobacco, buy both he cannot. Let him tell you himself which of the two he will buy, and he will say, "My tobacco; of course"; and add the words, "An empty stomach is a good medicine sometimes, and brings about good appetite; but tobacco is necessary." In England we should just reverse this saying! Now, I find that the characteristic failing of Spaniards of all classes is laziness—simple, sheer laziness. We know

well that the inhabitants of a hot climate are naturally less energetic than those braced up by cold; but that fact alone will not account for all. I venture, then, to hazard this suggestion—that the reason why the Spaniard is so lazy, so disinclined for active mental or bodily exertion, is simply this, that he smokes too much.

The Spaniards certainly have degenerated. They are not what they were in the olden days of their maritime glory; and I put it down to their habit of intense smoking, which is very much the same, only in a smaller degree, as the opium-eating of the Chinese. The Spaniards, in physique, are very strong: they can march far better than English soldiers, and can carry weights far better than any English porter, yet they do nothing either in the naval or military line. People in England say they are a cowardly race. I do not think it myself. I think they are a singularly reckless and hazardous race.

Another cause of their degeneracy is, I must say, in my belief, their religion. You cannot enslave a man's mind and reasoning faculties without making the man himself a slave.

Tobacco used in excess, submission (enforced) to an unreasoning system of religion, a hot, tropical, and enervating climate, these three I conceive to be great and leading causes of the degeneracy of the Spaniard of to-day from his lofty ancestors. I dare say philosophers will say I am confounding "cause and effect." It may be so. I am not a philosopher, but a compiler of facts; and if sometimes, in the course of these pages, I hazard a theory, or even two, I hope the great theorists will not be very hard upon me. Just now, as I write, a little dog made a great

noise, and a ring of great dogs collected round him. I thought they were going to punish him for making a noise, but they only looked at him—he was beneath their notice! So may it be unto me!

To return to tobacco. A short time since, the experiment of growing tobacco was tried in Spain; and, in the warm climate around Malaga, as Ronda, and the valleys near, the tobacco raised was very good. The attempt, however, was stopped by Government; and now all the tobacco of Spain comes from Cuba (called "Habana" tobacco), from Manilla, *i. e.*, Philippine tobacco; and from Virginia. The Cuban, or Habana tobacco is, of course, the best.

Courteously and kindly, as you enter the large manufactory, and ask for a "permit" to see over the "Fabrica de Tabaco" of Cadiz, the Governor gives you one, and summons one of his head men to conduct you over the place. On this manufactory no less than one thousand girls and women are employed; some of the children are but six or seven, while many of the women look at least seventy years old!

The first room into which we enter is devoted to the making of tiny paper-bags to hold the cigarettes. At each table were about eight or nine women hard at work. Never have I seen such nimble fingers. I have often wondered at the sight of the Bedfordshire lace-maker twirling her bobbins—

"Yon cottager, who sits at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,"—

but never have I witnessed such adroitness as this. The stamped pieces of paper are ready at hand; the woman working takes one up, gives it a dab or two of paste, (in a second this is done, not more!) puts it on

a little frame of wood, like a small shoemaker's last, joins it, and throws it over her side into the basket on the floor. The quickness, the marvellous rapidity with which it is done, defies all description. I timed one of the worst makers of these paper-bags, and she made, *in one minute*, twenty-two of these bags! Poor things, they may well work hard. They only get five reals, that is, one shilling of English money, for 10,000 of these little bags!

All these poor women and children—the children are taken from six years and upwards—are very poor: the widow with her child or children, the girl whose husband is out of work, the single and penniless woman, and many aged poor, get their living entirely by making cigars, paper-bags for cigars, or picking the bundles of tobacco to pieces. They come to work at half-past seven in the winter, at six in the summer, and are dismissed at six in the evening. They (most of them) bring their breakfast and dinner with them, but there is a cooking-place, and a room for those who prefer it to buy, for two or three pence, a hot dinner.

The lowest wages are made in the "picking-room," as this is unskilled labour. It consists in untying the bundles of dried tobacco leaf, and drawing out the fibre. Those who do this get from five pence to seven pence per diem.

The highest wages are made, of course, by those who make the cigars (that is, the majority). Some of these have been known to make as much as eight and nine reals a day, a real being equivalent to twopence-halfpenny. But the amount of money made by the average worker would be about five or six reals per diem.

Of course they are paid by the number of bundles

made in the week, and, as nearly as I could calculate, about twopence is allowed for each bundle, a bundle consisting of twenty full-sized cigars.

What is seen in walking through the manufactory is this:—One long, lofty room after another, containing one hundred or more women and children of all ages, sitting in order, six around each table. On the floor, at their side, are great rush-baskets of tobacco-leaf, some much bruised and triturated; some, for the outside of the cigars, in perfect leaves. The nimbleness of their poor thin fingers is wonderful indeed. One rolls out, damps, and cuts into two the large leaf of tobacco; another, to whom it is then passed on like lightning, has prepared the inside of smaller pieces; and she, in her turn, passes the two together to a third, who rolls up the cigar tightly, and throws it to another, who sits, knife in hand, to cut off the two ends. But no one can describe the lightning speed with which this is done; in less time than it takes me to write these two or three lines the cigar would be made. The fingers work like lightning; I know of only one parallel, that of the Bedfordshire lace-maker twirling her bobbins.

Were I asked to describe the poor women who were at work, I should say I never saw a collection of women and children so plain; I did not notice more than two or three really pretty. Most of them seemed very roughly dressed, though, I must say, very tastily; for, were a Spanish woman asked to put on a piece of sacking, I am sure she would put it on gracefully! Particularly, I noticed that the children, and many of the women also, looked ill and sickly; and I remarked it, saying to one of them that I thought it must be an unhealthy atmosphere to work in. The whole air is

rich with the aromatic fragrance of tobacco; you see in a gleam of sun the motes of it floating about! The poor woman to whom I spoke, contented with her lot, said,—“It is a very healthy air; it is a preventive of cholera.”

Then we went below, to the dark vaulted chambers, two in number, where sit the semi-blind, the awkward, the infirm, and the aged poor, rending out the bundles of tobacco-leaf, and pulling out the fibre. Poor things! the rooms are very dark, hardly lighted at all; the work is very rough, but they must do it to live. “No one in this room makes above three reals a day,” said my informant; “most of them two-and-a-half.” It does right to be dark, then, thought I, this chamber of the aged poor.

The piles of bales of tobacco-leaf just come over from Cuba, the piles of boxes of ready-made cigars, packed up for the various towns in this province (for there is only this one Government manufactory for this province), all combined to give one some idea of the enormous consumption of tobacco in Spain.

These cigars are moderately good; they each cost about one penny, rather less, and are sold at all the stamp offices. Wherever a traveller sees “*Etanco Nacional*” over the door, he can be sure of obtaining stamps for his letters, and can get a dozen decent cigars for about eleven pence of English money.*

Seeing me jot down a few notes in my pocket-book, a buxom, middle-aged señora, who had accompanied

* Small cigars (Government) can be bought at the low rate of five for one penny; they are ill-made and ill-flavoured, but have a large sale among the poor. The best Habana cigars are bought at the ordinary cigar-shops, but the duty, as in England, being heavy, they cost five pence a piece.

our little party, said,—“If you think of setting up a Fabrica in-Inglaterra, I will come with you, and superintend.”

Generally, I keep my eyes and ears open to see or hear of improvements. And here is one. In one room was a kind of sofa, of mahogany wood, cane-bottomed, long enough for a woman to lie in at full length, and with light wooden sides. It was the “invalid chair,” light enough to be carried by two men, who are always in readiness to carry any poor thing to her home who may suddenly be taken ill.

On the whole, my impression of the place was favourable, except as regarded the dark, stone-vaulted chambers where the rougher work is done. I do not think it can be right for three hundred women to be working in this dim and gloomy light, which is hardly to be called light at all. The plan of giving a hot dinner on the premises struck me as a very good one, and I was assured that the fare and the cookery were good.

And now let us seek *El Hospital del Rey*, or Government Hospital, where civilians from the town, or any part of the province, are side by side with sick soldiers of the garrison or province.

Let me break off, for a moment, before we enter these guarded portals, and recount a little instance of Spanish wit and impudence. I was remarking upon the absence of mosquito curtains, which I did not see round the beds; “But,” I added, “I have not found them attack me very lately.” A roguish Spanish girl, whom I slightly knew as being a servant, retaliated,—“No wonder; they have tried you, and found you are not nice enough.”

The wide doors of the Civil Hospital, or hospital

for the civil and military of the whole province, are well guarded by some half-dozen Republican soldiers.

If you will walk with me through the rooms, our survey shall be brief, and limited to a few leading facts. This hospital is neither so inviting nor so suggestive in its arrangements as the two hospitals I have before described to you, where help and self-help are combined.

Firstly, there is no need of any ticket of admission to this hospital; he who rings at the bell, and says he is ill, is admitted without question. The patients are all paid for by the Deputacion Provinciale, who pay three-and-a-half reals per diem for each man and woman, that is, about tenpence-halfpenny. Just now, there are seventy women only and two hundred men in the hospital, of which latter about one-half are soldiers, many of them suffering from those diseases to which, alas! soldiers here, as elsewhere, subject themselves.

Tenpence-halfpenny a day is not much; but then the doctors can order, where needful, wine and other luxuries. All classes can come here.

Two priests, before the summer Revolution of 1873, lived and ministered here to the sick and dying—they minister no more! I asked to see the chapel. "I don't know where on earth the key is," said the porter; "but you can peep through this hole in the door." It looked pretty and bright, but dusty.

There are three doctors, thirteen "sisters" of San Vicente de Paul, three women, and thirteen men-servants. Each "sister" has six reals a day.

Three meals daily are allowed to the patients, 7 A.M., 12, and 7 P.M. Those who have a little money

may, if allowed by the doctor, purchase little luxuries; but, it is needless to add, very few can do so, for hither, from the whole province, come the poorest of the poor.

The friends of the sick are allowed to come in when they like to the bedsides; but I saw very few, probably because the majority of these poor sufferers had come from afar.

There is no Sunday service in church, no prayers, no religious instruction. The patients may talk to each other as much as they like, and surely they need conversation, or some pastime. I never saw sadder or sicklier rows of faces. I did not see above two books and as many newspapers in the whole establishment. "Why have they no books to wile away the time?" said I.—"They can, if they choose; very few *can* read, and very few care to read." *That* was my answer.

Spaniards are very fond of attempting to speak English, and it is always best to humour them in the attempt, though it sometimes leads to an exhibition of the whimsical, not to say of the awkward. We passed one ward, and I said, "To what is that ward devoted?"—"Oh, we'll go in presently, and see; that's the ward when any lady's full, and gets babies." I involuntarily glanced round to see the effect on my companion, who was an English lady, and found that it was having much the same effect on her self-control as it was upon my own.

One thing here puzzled me, namely, a whole ward, of some forty, or, to say the least, thirty men, all suffering from bronchitis, asthma, or consumption. Why this number in this climate?

Let me now give the Hospital del Rey its fair

meed of praise. The wards are, some of them, of noble dimensions. Here are the dimensions of one. Fifty-eight yards long, twenty yards broad; down the centre a row of stone pillars. I will estimate the height (which I could not, of course, measure) at from thirty to forty feet. Anyhow, it was very lofty. It turned round a corner, and opened into another of the same dimensions within a yard or two.

The ventilation of Spanish houses and hospitals is very well arranged as a rule; lofty ceilings, windows large, and often opening to the ground, give air, light, and a cheerfulness of appearance which is a stranger to a darker room.

There are a number of small "quartitos," little square rooms, walled off with deal partitions from one another, in a separate ward of their own. They are devoted to two different classes—(1) the poor patient who has undergone an operation in the neighbouring *ampiteatro*; and (2) any one who chooses to pay or can pay for the quiet and privacy of one.

In conclusion, I venture to sum up what, in my mind, are the defects and the excellencies of this Government hospital over some of those I have visited in England.

Among the *defects*, I mention these points: that tence a day does not strike me as enough to keep a man in food, although I must say the soup and other comestibles I tasted were good; that there are no books, no religious services, no newspapers; and if it be bad for a strong man's mind to brood upon itself, must it not be worse for the mind of a sufferer; that there is no separate fever-ward, though there is one for small-pox.

Among the *excellencies* of this hospital, let me mention the presence of the devoted and gentle Sisters of Mercy; the liberty of buying such luxuries as the patient can afford; the splendid size of some of the wards, insuring good ventilation.

All the bedsteads are of iron; they stand in single rows, but rather close to each other; the bedding seemed soft and clean.

Is it well or no to have a common hospital for civilian and soldier?



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

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FISH-MARKET AT CADIZ.

LIFE at the water-side is, as we all know well, very different from life in the better streets, and it is always, to me, most interesting to take even a superficial glance at the ways and life of the fisherman. One can see but little, but that little is, at least, interesting, and better than nothing at all.

One morning I asked a Spanish boatman, the part-owner of two small boats used to take passengers or cargo to and from the steamers or sailing vessels in harbour, to walk with me down the length of the wharf of the town where I was staying. Early he presented himself at our Fonda, just as we were going to kneel down for family prayers. I offered him a chair, and told him what we were about doing; he listened attentively to the Psalms for the day as I read them, and when we knelt, to my surprise he also fell on his knees, and, with his hands clasped, reverently joined us in our devotions. I found afterwards that he had made two voyages to the United States, and understood and could speak a little English.

As we drew near to the wharf, we passed through a broad, and, at this early hour, busy square or Plaza, before we passed through the Puerta de la Mar (Sea-Gate) to the sea. This Plaza was a singularly bright and interesting scene of work and life. It was dotted all over with little knots of two or three Spanish

soldiers, in their long, blue great-coats and brick-coloured baggy trousers. There had been, lately, a "trastorno" (riot) in this quarter of the town, and so a temporary barrack had been established here to maintain order. As if these brightly-dressed preservers of order were not sufficient, there were, sitting here and there, the representatives of no less than four different orders of Spanish police: the bronzed, stalwart Guardia Civil, in his linen-covered cocked-hat, blue frock-coat, faced with red, and blue trousers; the Vigilante, in his short, dark-blue coat, with flat-peaked cap, bound round with a band of violet, red, and yellow, his long sword dragging behind him; the Guardia Municipal, with blue great-coat and kepi, like the French soldiery, with scarlet band; and several individuals, with keen observant eyes, belonging to the Policia Secreta, or Detective Department.

Of all these classes, Spain owes most to the Guardia Civiles. These men are, in physique alone, superior to all the other police or military of the country, between whom they hold a position midway. They are all men who have served in the regular army, and of good character; they are obliged to pass an examination in reading and writing before entering the force, and, I believe, must be up to a certain size. They are used as soldiers, use military arms, and learn drill, and are made up of companies one hundred strong, with captain and lieutenant. During the last summer they, always allying themselves to the cause of order, and being clever, powerful, middle-aged men, were invaluable to their country; they fight as regular troops (but only within the country), or are billeted in disaffected towns, in small bodies, or dwell in twos throughout the villages and at the railway

stations of the interior. Every one, except an evildoer, respects and likes the presence of a body of these men. It is wholly owing to them that Spain is at present fairly free from highwaymen in her lonely "campos" and mountain passes. In the country, where a horse is necessary, they are allowed by Government seven reals (about 15*d.*) per diem for its keep. These men, when sent on duty, always go in couples.

The Vigilante is a civilian policeman. He does duty simply as a policeman in the towns, getting every other night in bed; he is in the pay of the Civil Governor of the town where he acts.

The Municipal Guards only do duty by day. They are employed and paid by the Provincial Government. In the day-time they act as policemen, distribute tax-papers, Government circulars, and the like.

All these various classes carry sword and revolver, the bayonet of the Guardia Civil acting as his sword. They each receive half-a-dollar per diem, which is about 2*s.* 1*d.* of English money.

In many of the towns of the interior the strength of the police is very slender, and they constantly have to call in the aid of the Civil Guards from the nearest barrack-town. But the better class of towns are well provided; thus, in Cadiz, with a population of about 72,000, there are eighty Municipal and one hundred Civil Guards, besides sixty Vigilantes, and forty detectives in plain clothes, making a total of two hundred and eighty preservers of the peace.

Besides these men, every Spanish town has its staff of Serenos, or night-watchmen. These are, as a rule, a capital set of fellows. They wear a long overcoat and peaked cap, but not coloured uniform. Each one

has his "beat," like a London policeman; they carry a small lamp, a sword and revolver, and a spear six or seven feet long, called a "chuzo." It is like an ancient battle-pike. These men may be heard calling or singing the time of night every half-hour. Some sing very well. "Han dado las dos y media—y sereno!"—that is, "It has struck half-past two; here is the night-watchman." Sometimes they add to their cry, "Stormy night," or "Fair the night," or "Viva la—Republica." They keep the streets very quiet, and are courteous and helpful if you need aid at night.

Like all Spanish officials, the Sereno is very jealous of his authority. One night, in a wild town in the interior, my house was assailed; I fired a shot over the assailant's head, and he fled. The Sereno on that beat heard of it, and came and thundered at my door the following night, to "challenge," as he called it, "my shot on his beat."

The method pursued by the Sereno, when he takes a man into custody, and wants to get him to the lock-up, is very clever. He takes the man half way to the next Sereno in the direction of the lock-up, and blows his whistle; his fellow comes up, and the prisoner is handed over to him; he does likewise, until at last, without any of them leaving their beat for more than a few minutes, the prisoner is delivered into the hands of the Sereno in whose beat stands the lock-up! These men are on duty every night, from twelve to daylight, yet some of them actually, for part of their day, work at some trade! In a city of 70,000 the number of Serenos would be about seventy.

The Plaza, as I have said, was dotted all over with soldiers and civil police. The dresses, too, of the buyers and sellers of fruit, water, acorns, &c., were

very gaudy; there were Portuguese sailors, who had just come into harbour with fish, in their bright yellow flannel trousers and blue blouses; watermen in every sort of uncouth and gaudy dress; and hundreds of neat, comely-looking criadas, with coloured handkerchiefs bound over their thick dark hair.

The poor, too, were here: some come to buy the coarser sorts of fish for their humble meal; some for fruit, bread, or nuts, for the Spanish poor live very hardly. The shops round the Plaza were all of a lowly sort, but bright and pretty; many were stores of sailors' clothes, right prettily decked out, but, on a close inspection, with very coarse articles. Everything gave evidence that we were in the "quarter of the poor." The little stores of fruit were very bright, but the fruit was of the humblest kind. No very grand fruit was here! There were the pink arbutus-berries, in heaps on the ground or strung upon straws; the sleep-giving berries which the poor Spanish mother gives her child, as an English gudewife gives it a decoction of poppies; there were heaps of bellotas, a kind of edible acorn; algarrobas, a sort of Moorish bean, imported into Spain by the Moors; heaps of genuine British cabbages, and stalks in thousands of the cardillo, or wild golden-thistle; these, with a few shady-looking quinces and buck-nuts, and a few strings of starlings (a great food of the Spaniards), made up the poor man's simple Fruit-Market. (I should say it was a December day, so fruit was not plentiful as in summer.)

Dotted all over the square were the graceful little movable water-sellers' stalls, called in common Spanish "aguaduchos," with their bright-painted boards, and trim shelves, and spotless counter, behind

which sit the master and his sposa; on their shelves were little jars and bottles of every size and shape, full of water, aguardiente, Catalan wine, liqueurs of different flavours, rose, vanille, aniseed, &c., and large phials full of "orchataz," a kind of milk crushed from almonds and sarsaparilla. Both these last are great drinks (mixed in water) with the Spanish poor. Sarsaparilla and water, and this other milky fluid with water, are greatly drunk by the Spanish women and children; the working-men, especially the seafaring portion of them, keep to aguardiente and black wine. In the interior, on every road leading to mines or any scene of work, you will, if you walk down with the stream who wend their way to their work at break of day, find, at intervals along the road, women with nothing but a basket-full of glasses, and a bottle or two of this aguardiente, on a stone or broken fragment of a bench. It is wonderful how many of the Spaniards begin their morning with a small glass of this, to me, nauseous stimulant. They are not a drinking people, but poor and rich alike believe in the virtue of an *early* dram.

But we have lingered long enough. Let us pass on to the wharf. As we leave the square, and its teeming hundreds of poor, buying and selling, two thoughts strike one:—First, how bright—I must keep on using that word, for there is none other that expresses so well the idea—how bright, with the aid of a little colour, the Spaniard makes his dress, his square, his mule-cart, his boat, aided, of course, by his ever-shining sun! The second thought is, what do all these police, and guards, and "regulars" with fixed bayonets,—for the population now, at any rate, seems quiet enough? Alas! poor fellows, they are hot and

impassioned on one subject—politics. Not very long since, twenty-one bodies, each with a bullet-hole or bayonet-wound in it, lay piled up, as the evening sun said Farewell, on this very spot where now we stand!

The "Puerta de la Mar," opening from the Plaza into the sea-front, is guarded, as we pass through it, by soldiers of the line, with fixed bayonets: they are in waiting to preserve order.

Passing through the Sea-Gate, and standing in the fresh sea breeze on the quay, the first sight that strikes your eye is the graceful rig and gaudy colours of the hundreds of little boats, most of them riding at anchor, or being kept from collision by the lazy boatman, who, cigarillo in mouth, and one oar resting on the side, rocks about, looking out for a job, from early morn until noon. In a moment you are singled out by one or two of the beggars so common throughout Spain, hapless, shiftless, unhappy mortals, who in other days could ask for and obtain a "begging-ticket," but now ply their trade without authority, but unmolested. Pitiful is their voice and language: it is the same everywhere—"Me da usted, Señor, una limosnita por Dios, por Dios, Señor." Here is the soldier, in faded regimentals, exposing the stump of his right arm, hardly healed from the operation; here a blind man is led along by his wan and weeping wife or sister; here are two or three ragged, roguish little children; here, an aged and decently-dressed widow-woman,—all hanging about the Sea-Gate for alms. Alas! they have no workhouse even to shelter them. Many of the Spanish houses of charity are confined to relieve the wants of the decent poor only, and these are not *decentes*. What must they do? The Spaniards recognize this; and it is certainly a touching sight to