

see the hotel-keeper or shop-director, when his harvest has been an ample one, go out to get a few pesetas, or even dollars, changed into "cuartos" (farthings), and return home with the beggar's store wrapped up in two or three little paper packets. The other day I met the landlord of my own hotel returning with his little freight of the same sort. He held up the two weighty little packets with glee—"Por la caridad, Señor."

Here is the boatman's tavern, not very tempting, but one man, evidently a Portuguese fisherman, just landed from a long sea beat, is sitting down enjoying his fried fish and bread and black Catalan wine; nothing but the coarser kinds of fish, fried, and sold when cold, with Catalan or Val-de-Peñas wine, and aguardiente, are sold in this humble venta. All along, under shelter of the wall that shuts us out from the gay town, are countless fruit-stalls, gaudy with paint, and still more gaudy with the fruits of the season, half-ripe oranges, huge brown, rough-skinned pumpkins (calavazos), weighing from 60 lb. to 100 lb., and looking, for all the world, like a piece of the trunk of an elm-tree with the bark on; strings of "ajo," or garlic, gracefully festooned over the doorway; heaps of dandelion thistle-stalks; quinces, medlars, lemons, and bananas from the opposite coast of Africa, ripe and unripe, all together, with the bright winter sun, and the foreground of deep-blue sparkling sea, and the Babel of tongues—for all is noise, and work, work, work—forming a most picturesque scene. Oh, for a painter's hand and brush!

Come with me a few steps further, and we will walk through that long, low, covered building along the sea, around which a crowd of early criadas (come

to buy fish for breakfast), boatmen, and fishermen are elbowing and shouting. This is the Fish-Market, or "Plaza de Pescado." So crowded is it—for fish here is cheap and plentiful, and therefore within the reach of all—that one can hardly elbow one's way along.

This market is celebrated for the numbers and variety of its fish, many of which are of the gaudiest colours, many of the most uncouth and distasteful shape and appearance; many seem to be sea-reptiles, without any pretence to being fish at all.

Pescatology is a most interesting study, but I defy any one to make out clearly the names of these different varieties of fishes, good-humoured and ready to explain all about them as are the sellers. However, I will give, as nearly as I can, the notes of my two hours in the Fish-Market of Cadiz. The details may interest and be a help to some scientific persons.

Here is a pile of eight or nine of (what appear to be) enormous "sea-bream." The hues of this bream are beautiful; it has just come out of the boats. The colour of the greater part of the body is light pink and lilac; the tail, bright pink; head, almost purple; fins, brownish-red; eye, very large. This fish is called by the fishermen "pardo," which word, in Spanish, would be equivalent to lilac-grey. One of these I measured, and found its length to be two feet and a half, breadth half a foot; it is thick and heavy, but not a clumsy, fish, and is sold at one peseta the pound. But, remember, the pound of fish or of beef in Spanish markets means two pounds Avoirdupois; so, when you are told by the seller, "This weighs 20 lb.," remember it is 40 lb. Avoirdupois. I shall use *pounds* for pounds Avoirdupois in my estimate. These bream are caught

by hook and line at night, about fifteen to twenty miles off shore.

Here is a strange creature, looking, with its short, thick, semi-oval body, like a great log of polished wood. It is reddish-brown in colour, and this specimen, about, I should say, a foot and a half in length, weighs thirty-six pounds Avoirdupois. This is the far-famed "mero," which shares with the salmonete, or red-mullet, the honour of being the finest flavoured fish in Spain. It is caught about twenty miles from land, and is sold by the pound, cut up in slices, and dressed with tomatoes or other savoury vegetables.

Here is a heap of what look like emaciated and elongated cod-fish; silvery-white in colour, two to three feet in length. They have, however, none of the plumpness of the cod of the English waters, and are not very highly esteemed by the Spaniards. This fish is called in the market "corvina." They are caught with hook and line. I weighed one of these, and it weighed forty pounds.

Here is a heap of the "salmonetes," or red-mullets, caught in the nets early this morning ten miles off shore. This fish is the dainty, the luxury of the Gaditanian epicure. Fried in herbs and tomatoes, or with plain butter, it is alike rich and full-flavoured. It is the "Sultan al hut," the king of fishes of the Moors. Other and good fish sell for about one peseta (four reals) per pound—the king fish is valued at a peseta and a half per pound.

From the sea-wall of Cadiz many of these fish are caught with a common hook and line, the bait being frequently bread, or a preparation of meal.

Here is a heap of white, sickly-looking—one hardly knows what to call it, fish, flesh, or fowl—fishes.

Some of them, looking like little hollow tubes of white flesh, (for the fisherman has drawn out the poor animal's shell from inside him!) with a string of white, fleshy, tender feelers, are the well-known "calamar," so called, I suppose, from "calamo," a hollow reed, or flute. These are torn off from the rocks with an iron hook; they are stewed with rich gravy and kidneys, and have a peculiar crisp kind of flesh. Many are potted in oil, and sent into the interior, where, during the hot months, when meat is unobtainable, or so tough as to be useless for the table, I have often eaten them for dinner.

The other fish here of the same nature are those called by the fishermen "choccles." The shells drawn from these are strung up in festoons about the market to dry. They are called "conchas de choccle," and are about eight inches long. They have a kind of substance inside, which is then sold to the tailor or cloth-cleaner, who uses it, when powdered, to take stains of grease from his cloth.

The fishermen call all these animals by a generic name, equivalent in English to "tight-stickers"—I suppose from the tenacity with which the poor creatures cling to their rocks.

Here are good English whiting in abundance; they are called "pescadillas."

Here is a bright-red basketful! These little fish, barely two inches long, are called here "carpetes"; they are fried, and eaten by the poorest. Here a basket of fish like herrings, but thinner, and with a longer tail; these are called "aureles," and are of a grey colour. They are said to be the worst, most bony, and therefore cheapest fish in the market; they are about six inches in length. Here is a basket of small, short,

chubby fish, each about four inches long, of cream colour and lilac tint: these are confined to Spanish waters, and are called "parchangs"; I know not why, but possibly from the toughness of their skin, the Spanish word for parchment being *parche*. Here are some San Pedros (the English John Dory); these are fine fish, and are highly esteemed here. Mark those two *criadas* screaming over that fine fellow; everything, in Spanish buying and selling, must be and can only be done in one or two ways. First, there is the screaming way; that is pursued by the *criadas*, and lower orders. It consists in this: the seller asks a certain price (always double what he expects) for an article; the buyer offers one-half; both of them scream at each other. The one says,— "What a scoundrel, *hombre* (man), you are to ask such a lot!" The other says,— "You have insulted me by offering me one-half my price." At last, surely but slowly, the seller yields his point.

Let me digress one moment. It is interesting to observe that the Spaniards always call one another, if strangers (among the lower classes), by the generic name "*hombre*," which merely means "man." It is also worthy of note that you rarely find a Spaniard have any pet name for his donkey or mule. We call even a donkey "Jack" or "Neddy." The Spaniard, on the other hand, calls his donkey and mule simply by their generic names of "*Mulo*" and "*Borrigo*."

This frequent use of the generic word "*hombre*" in conversation reminds one of the written Scriptures, where "Woman, where are those thine accusers?" words from our Blessed Lord's own lips, and St. Peter's avowal, "Man, I am not," have often, until I

came to Spain, sounded harsh to my ears. Other things, alas! bear out the idioms, &c., of Holy Writ. Thus, the ox who treads out the corn in Spain is called the "unmuzzled ox."

But this is a digression. The second mode of "dealing" is the more dignified, and the one pursued by all classes. A seller asks a price. You know, of course, that it is double what he expects. You simply shrug your shoulders, say your "adios," and walk away. Next day you pass (by chance, of course!) down the same street, pass the same shop. In a moment you hear from your friend the half-hiss, half-whisper, "Pish, pish," which is universal in Southern Spain as a means of calling attention. You turn back, and ask, in a *nonchalant* way, "What do you want? It's a lovely day." Out comes the article in question, offered you at a reasonable rate! This system of buying and selling is universal in Spain. No one, in his sober senses, ever dreams of giving the price that is first asked.

But we have not done with the fish as yet. Here is absolutely a bundle of half-living sharks—long, thin, active (but very small) fellows. They look as if they deserved the name the fishermen give them, "cazones," or "huntsmen," from the Spanish "cazar," to chase. These are caught in the nets, and weigh from 3 lb. to 50 lb., but they are of small value, and eaten only by the very poorest.

Here is a heap of tiny sea-bream, for I know not what else to call them. They are about four inches long, and brown and white in colour; they are very plentiful, and are called "vesugos." Close to them lie a dozen or more of rounder, flatter, and more "breamified," each weighing half-a-pound. They are

called "mojaros," and are fairly good—eatable, at any rate, when nicely cooked.

Plenty of spotted sea-trout are to be had, called here, from their shining glossy scales, "lisas." By them lies a heap of what looks like sprats, and nothing more. But you must not call these tiny silverlings sprats! The Spaniards (it is the Republican era now, remember) call these unaristocratic mortals by the name of "Pescao del Rey," *i. e.*, king-fish.

Here is a barrel full of slimy-looking fish, about three inches and a half long. They are black, and green, and mottled all over, and from their sharp row of bristles are called "rascarsos," scratchers, from the Spanish "rascar," to scratch.

Here are little silver "Raphaels," oval-shaped, and flashing in the sun like a new shilling. "Cabritas" (little kids), of dark chocolate skin, very small, and (reptile-like, yet caught in deep-sea nets!) shoals of scaleless, slimy, tiny "babosas," of brown and speckled hues; they are called *babosas*, *i. e.*, the dribblers, from a word in Spanish meaning to slaver, or spit.

Here, again, is an old English friend, the red-gurnet. You know him by his long, tapering, pointed snout, and his soldier's jacket and blazing eye. These are some of the boniest, coarsest, cheapest fish in the market, and are called "rubios" (red-fish) or "garnaos."

But, only look beneath your feet. Here lie two animals, whether fish or reptile I cannot say, neither can I take down their long, unpronounceable name. They are about five feet long, muddy brown in colour, in shape between a fish and a frog; they are eaten, I am told, "by the poor." Alas! how many shapeless things fall to the lot of "the poor"—the poor, whom we are told the good God loveth so well!

Fancy having to eat a slice of one of those. Worse still, to have to buy it, look at it, cook it, and then eat it. Oh! one must be very, very hungry! These creatures have white stomachs, and no scales! Oh, for Frank Buckland, for only one hour!

Look at that basket of "anguilas" (sea eels); their dark, sap-green, slimy, slippery sides. They seem to make no difference between head and tail; they are nearly all one foot long.

No lack of brothers for the red-gurnet. Almost as scaleless, to all appearance, as himself is yonder "garnao," or stony gurnet. By his side lie heaps of red and silver "entong," a fish about eight inches long, silvery, with red fins, and stomach and back, at their ridge bearing a good show of prickles. Around him, as though for a garnish, lies a ring of "gambas," a tiny sort of prawn. And now we have a most strange and unsightly fellow, one foot long. He has three large, blunt, pointless fins, more like small flappers; he has no scales, but his skin is slimy and icy cold; he is in colour a stony-creamy ground, but covered with brown spots, regularly placed; his stomach, which is quite flat, is white; his nose broad and blunt, like a very wide triangle; his tail is flat, and has no break in it, square at the end. He is called a "pintaroja," and one can readily see why. He is beautifully painted, with his spotted skin; but his shape is very awkward, so he is called pintaroja, from the Spanish pintarrago, which means a bungling picture or painting. O Spanish fishers' *sal!*

Wonderful to stimulate the hard-worked brain of man—here, as in England,—is the sole, large and small. Beefsteaks do not supply the waste of brain, but soles, and some other sea-fish do, I have often observed. If

you desire to work beyond bounds your muscles, drink beer, and eat bread and beefsteaks and potatoes. If you desire to work your brain beyond bounds, live upon sole, and drink claret; these will (I do not speak in joke, but am merely chronicling my own experience, and the teaching of one of the most scientific doctors in Spain) supply the waste of brain as far as the fish is concerned, and the claret will make thought and language flow more freely than will beer. And what says the old German proverb?—

“He who beer shall drink,
Beer will surely think!”

Here is a pile of fish called “serranos” (*i. e.* serrata). Each one is from six to eight inches long, and dark-brown, with regular scarlet bars all along his body; his back is completely covered with a row of sharp bristles, like the edge of a mountain. His fellow, also with horizontal bars, lies close by him, the “jereda,” a bright silver fish, seven inches long, with black bars along his side. But his back has very few prickles.

And now we stop in wonderment to know what on earth these reptiles (for they are little better) do, spread out on the deal plank that forms the counter of the fish-market. By the fishermen they are all known by the generic name of “sapos” (*Anglicè*, toads). But each one has his specific name. Indeed, nearly all wide-mouthed fish, whether with or without scales, are called by the fishermen roughly *sapos*, just as an English fisherman, as he returns to shore in his lugger to sell his fish on the beach by Dutch auction (if you know what that means—it is the usual mode on the Sussex coast), throws aside a certain amount of

different species of worthless fish, calling them all "the rubbish."

Here is one sort, the typo or type of all the sea-toads, and truly he is a sea-toad, and nothing more! He is all head; his mouth stretches, from flapper to flapper; he has two tiny eyes, set wide apart; his mouth is all but square; all head and shoulders, he suddenly tapers down to a thin and square-cut tail; he has no scales, but a skin like that of a toad or frog; he is broad at the shoulders, about four inches across, and in length seven inches; his belly is white, fleshy, and flat; on the top of his back is one long, narrow fin; the colour of his body and his flappers is mottled brown and black. He is, as the type of the family, dignified by the name of "*the toad*" among the fishermen. Is he eaten? "Señor, he certainly is!"

Here is another of the family, much like the first. He is a flat fish, (?) nine inches long, in colour of a light stone-colour, with white belly; very slimy and slippery; you cannot hold him. His mouth and tail are absolutely quite square; his two flappers, extending the three parts of the way down his body, are oblongs; on the lower (tail) end of his flat back he has two tiny triangular fleshy fins; but he is more graceful and tapers more gradually than the last. Cut off his head and fins, and put scales upon his body, and he would be a nimble and gracefully-shaped fish.

Here is yet another reptile, much like the last, but of his eight inches of length two inches are devoted to his long fleshy snout. He, like all this family, has no teeth, and seems to live by suction; he measures nine inches in length, and is of a dusty brown, mottled with yellow. He is caught in the nets, well abused,

like all his family, for the room he takes up (he is very valueless), and finally cooked and eaten! But, taking a glance from the fish-market into the world, is it so very uncommon to abuse a person well and then make use of him?

Here is a "saffio," or congrio, a kind of conger-eel, with two tiny fins, a long black line down the-spine of his flat back, and glistening in his hues of bright lilac deepening into purple.

Here are, lying on the ground, a shoal of small fishes, bright-red in colour, with brown mottles. The most noticeable feature in them is their four groups of sharp bristles on their sharp-pointed backs; and, on their sides, half-way to the stomachs, another smaller row. They are pitiful for the table, and one can only pity the sea-fish who gets one of them into his mouth. They are called "drascarcios." The most striking feature in these very small fish is that their tail ends almost in a point. It would seem to me that, owing to their long line of fortifications, they do not stand so much in need of a rudder, not being pursued by the larger fish, as are their more palatable companions. Be this as it may, one who loves natural history sees constantly all around him the well-ordered beauty and wisdom of Nature in these matters. The poet Cowper has beautifully said, in one of his poems,—

"I would not reckon 'mong my friends the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Nor would I. But what a blessing to know—since men who have devoted time to that study assure us of the fact—that the nervous organization of the lowest creatures, who crawl about defenceless, and are necessarily crushed by foot of passer-by or carriage-wheel,

is small and not susceptible; in other words, that the lower we descend in the animal creation, the less developed are those organs from which sensitiveness or feeling proceeds. Surely this is a proof of the All-Wise!

And now to return to the family of sea-toads! Here are two who really deserve that appellation. This one has no suspicion of a fish about him at all. His flat scaleless body is just like that of a toad, but not so long proportionately, or so graceful, for his body is much broader than it is long; still, he has a tail (merciful Providence!) to make up this deficiency. Well, here he is; his mouth like the end of a (very wide) triangle; eyes, close together; body flat, one foot in length, one foot five inches in breadth; tail, one foot long; colour, light-brown, with innumerable dark-brown spots; two small flappers on either side where his tail joins his squat body; a row of tiny fins part-way down on the top of his flat, fleshy tail. He is called by the name of "dralga," or "drayal," and is only fit to be made into sauce. His companion, touching him, has absolutely no shape at all, and I cannot describe him! He is a foot long, and nine inches across his widest part; he is all head and shoulders; his mouth end (where his mouth should be) is as broad and shapeless as his side; he is flat, light-bellied, has a fish's tail, two or three shapeless flappers, and in colour he is brown and white, with some fifty large black spots on his back. He is called a "timblerara." The flesh of these creatures, for the most part, is white.

There lie some "dratas," suction-fish, toothless, weighing 8 oz.; light-brown, mottled with dark-brown; white fleshed, six inches long, with scales.

Here are baskets full of what in England we should call "all sorts."

Juveles, salvalos, dorados, are all reckoned among the choice fish of Cadiz; but none are here to-day. As we pass out, one or two dog-fish (sometimes called pintarajos) are being cut up in slices on the rough stones, and sold to a poor and hungry-looking, but contented and kindly crowd! Poor dear things, good appetite to them!

Step out quickly, please. Here are the Municipal Guards clearing the market, for it is ten o'clock, and there goes the bell. The Fish-Market is only allowed to be open from five to ten in the morning, and in the afternoon from three to five. See, the wet sea-water cloths are being drawn over the fish that are left; basket in hand, the purchasers are walking away, singly or in groups; and already the sellers, who just now were so busy and eager, are sitting down beside their remnants of fish, and leisurely lighting their cigarillos.

"Langostinas—langostinas muy frescas." Glorious sound! This cry, "Fresh prawns," is not confined to the hours of the market, but may be heard at any time, in the streets or here. The prawns, called langostinas, *i. e.*, small lobsters, langosta being the Spanish for a lobster, are worthy of their name. They are caught in the lagoons, or sea-marshes, but are not very plentiful. Their size is worth nothing. I measured two of them, and the length was over six inches, and their stoutness proportionate. They are sweet and tender, but not so full of the crisp salt-sea flavour as are their more modest English brothers.

There is a sight, which, whether seen at Covent Garden or in the Fish-Markets of Spain, always wakes

a chord of pitifulness and tenderness in my heart. It is the sight of the decent poor buying the refuse fish, or fruit, or whatever it may be. Here are poor careworn Spanish gudewives, carrying home in their little cestas, or baskets, (a Spanish criada's first request is always for a "cesta muy bonita," very pretty basket, to go to market with!) the refuse fish for her coarse mid-day fry. Look into her basket, and you will see small fish covered with prickles, bony red-gurnet, and a slice of pintarojo, or some of the toad-fish described above. It certainly ought to make their well-to-do neighbours contented and thankful, and ready to help those less blessed than themselves.

When I see this sight, or, sadder still, the poor Spanish mother enter the chemist's shop for her sick child's little dole of magnesia, which among the Spanish lower classes is mixed with orange-juice, and considered a panacea, a sovereign remedy for the ills of "los niños," and drag out with difficulty her tiny store of cuartos in hopes that it will cover the amount, I own to often volunteering (perhaps the child for whom it is destined would not bless me for my interference!) to pay for a much larger dole; and the poor things are ever grateful and surprised, as with beaming eyes they give the simple blessing, "Our Lord (or Our Lady) give you good health for ever." Such little sights as these, often passed by by the careless observer, are, I find, if properly taken, an excellent medicine for a discontented or restless mind, and a medicine which I would prescribe for every English lady who suffers from the disease called *ennui*. Many of those who read these pages may have read the German story on this same subject. It is a very touching one, and is called 'The Christmas Trees,'

and it just hits off my present point. The Child of Comfort has a Christmas tree, as do all North-German children: his tree gives him books, and toys, and cakes, and *bon-bons*; his heart rejoices at his store. Presently he goes to visit the Christmas presents of a neighbouring child, the Child of Wealth. The Child of Wealth has a pony, and a carriage, and a purse of gold. Discontented at his own lot, morbid, and envious, to his home returns the Child of Comfort; he throws aside his modest joys, and, like the bereaved mother of prophetic lore, refuses to be comforted. His mother and father, hard-working middle-class people, sit in solemn consultation, and at last prescribe a medicine for his disease. It is midnight; the mother rises; she takes her discontented child by the hand, and leads him, he knows not whither, along the crisp and snowy streets; up one alley they go and down another, in the quarter of the poor. At last they climb a rickety, creaking staircase, to its top; the mother knocks at the rusty door, and a feeble child's voice says, "Come in." The mother pushes her child in, and herself goes away. There is but one little tenant of the room, the Child of Poverty; he is ill, sitting up in bed; his hands are clasped in prayer; before him lie a rosy-cheeked apple, and two tiny coloured wax tapers: these are his Christmas presents, and for these he is thanking God!

The mother returns, and, without a word, leads her child home again. "The little child you have seen, my son, is the child of our charwoman; he dies of hip-disease, and he is happy."

The effect of this medicine is (like that of most medicines) on the morrow, when Comfort takes to Poverty one-half of his own Christmas offerings.

The story is so beautiful, that one may be pardoned for having introduced its leading features. It always comes into my mind when in presence of the scenes above alluded to.

On the morrow after my visit to the Fish-Market, I was turned out of bed by my waiter at an early hour. Two "fishers from the sea" wanted me below. I hurried down, and there were two mahogany-faced "fishermen of the sea" (*pescadores de la mar*) awaiting me with a huge basket of every queer kind of fish and reptile caught during the night. We looked them over one by one, and when this task was done, I inquired,—“Shall you eat them all?”—“*Yo lo creo*” (“I believe you”), was the hearty answer. And I believe the reptiles even were so honoured.

This tracking to one's lair, as it were, is very common among the Spaniards, when they have noticed that you have any particular fancy which they can gratify. Their courtesy forbids their saying “Where are you staying?” I once saw a man following me—it was in the dusk of evening—from street to street. To shake him off, I went into house after house; but it was of no avail; my “*umbra*” was outside, lurking under cover of some high wall or dodging in the crowd. I confess I did not like it. Next morning, when I arose, he stood outside my sitting-room, two great sacks of contraband cigars before him. He had heard me wrangling about the exorbitant price asked for some cigars in some shop or other, and had seen me leave empty-handed, tracked me home to my den, “and marked me down,” as we say among the stubbles, for to-morrow.

Glorious is the breeze from the sea; pretty is the sight of the shoals of painted boats, with their naved

masts, and tightly-furled lateen-sails, bending in a graceful curve over the boat from end to end. Some are lighters, some fishing, some pleasure, some fruit, some cargo boats. There are the famous "falucas," often spelt by Englishmen "feluccas," but by Spaniards "faluas." They have one mast and huge lateen-sail, and are capital sea-boats. They are only "coasters," and carry cargo and passengers to the coast-towns eight and nine miles off, returning on the following day, with fruit, &c.

That large 20-ton lugger, her sides painted in lines of yellow, red, blue, green, and black, is a "rasca Portuguesa," so called, I presume, from "rascar," to scrape, alluding to her light seat upon the water. She has been raking the seas for days, and has come into harbour with a good load. She has two masts, two hugh lateen-sails, and two smaller sails. She is manned by eleven seamen, all dressed in bright yellow serge trousers, blue guernseys, and heavy sea-boots; in physique they are splendid fellows,—

"Black-bearded, heavy-browed, and huge of form,
Men who have wrestled with long nights of storm."

What would not one give for a week's cruise with them!

Here is a shoal of boats which may be called "miscellaneous." The Spanish boatmen call all boats, or nearly all, not used for fishing by the generic name "Misticos."

The fishing-boats in vogue on the coast of Spain are of two kinds. The "parejas," or "pairs," so called because they hunt only in couples. These are the boats which do all the fishing with *nets*. An ordinary pareja would be from thirty to forty feet

long, and carry one mast and lateen-sail, with a crew of four men and a boy. They work together, always going out in pairs, for purposes of safety, and because two boats are required to fish with nets, according to the fashion of the country. One boat lies still, while the other does what is called "carry round" the nets. They lie-to for the night within signalling distance of each other, the signal being a shrill whistle. The fishing-grounds are about twenty miles off the Spanish shore; but they go out in all weathers, sometimes even up to Cape St. Vincent northward; or southward right along the African coast. All this depends, of course, upon the wind. It is marvellous what a sea these boats, with their one lateen-sail often lying right down on the water, and the boat's side actually shipping water, will weather. They are, in this respect, like our own Deal lugger.

The other kind of fishing-boat is entirely devoted to fishing with hook and line. These are called "palangeros." They also carry one mast and lateen-sail; they are seldom above eighteen or twenty feet in length, but carry more men than their larger fellows. They go about nine miles out, at sundown, and each man takes two lines, baits them, and the line of four or five men are soon leaning over either side of the boat, and fishing till dawn of day. Sometimes they get enormous fish.

The number of fishing-boats in the harbour of Cadiz is not large. Eight *parejas*, twenty *palangeros*, and three fishing-steamers, complete the fishing-fleet. But there are hosts of others. "Batteas," large flat-bottomed boats, used for taking cargoes of staves or wine-casks from the shallow water of the shore to the lighter lying half-a-mile out. "Laols," a kind of *faluca*,

but wearing a mizen-sail. Larger and smaller *misticos*, the former often being two-masted, and going as far as Barcelona or Malaga for cargoes of fruit, being estimated at sixty tons burden. All these, and a nameless multitude of others, are thickly studded all over the harbour.

The fishermen are said to drink. Probably, to a certain extent, they do, but not to the extent that the English fishermen do. Their fare is very rough. Bread and fried fish (fried in savoury oil, of course), with *aguardiente* (aniseed and coarse cognac) and black Catalan wine; these last are their luxuries. Yet they seem a bronzed, healthy, happy set, and with all their perils and privations—for the winds are very treacherous off this coast, and the tides of immense power—they seem to treat life as a jest, and death as the mere bowing to the audience and walking off the stage of the actor when his part is finished.

The observant wonderer will be fairly surprised at the light-heartedness of the Spanish poor; at their glee at a trifle; at their laughter, even when in rags, so long as the sun shines. But what says their own proverb?—"Debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor," *i. e.*, "Many a ragged coat enjoys his wine."

We wander on down the wharf. A little way in shore, to the right, lies the trimly-kept English cemetery. Close along shore the sun is shut out by uncouth piles of buildings. These are the Wine Stores, or "*Aguadas*," of English, French, and Spanish merchants. Their little piers, for rolling the rich barrels on to their lighters, jut out into the blue sea. We enter one of the largest, and leave is given, courteously and at once, to walk through its dark wide

passages. The first thing that strikes one is an enormous barrel, full of sherry. One looks, with all one's six feet, like a shrimp beside it: it holds eight thousand gallons of sherry, of this year's vintage. There is nothing to see but row after row of barrels of wine—Vino de Jerez, de Malaga, de Oporto, and every sort of wine. There are no less than six thousand barrels full on these premises alone, varying each from 56 to 112 gallons. Just outside, as we return, are some twenty Spanish and Moorish wharf-men, loading a battea with staves, as they stand up to their middles in the blue water; their costume is of every colour under the sun; all are bare-legged, bare to the waist almost, but girdled, for decency's sake.

As we return, a little child, *en passant*, seizes my hand and gives it a smacking kiss. It is some tiny relation of my guide, and does so for courtesy's sake, seeing an English "caballero" with him. In the interior, I have often known a strapping fellow of five-and-twenty perform the same act, as a mark of respect and admiration, if you shall have helped him to raise a weight on to his back, or performed any other little act of kindness to him!

And here comes a decent-looking matron, none other than the veritable wife of my rough guide. They laugh, chatter, and smile at one another, and she invites us to their humble house, with true Spanish courtesy and dignity combined. As we pass on, her worthy husband says, when I compliment him on his choice of a partner for life, "Bien; she is an old good thing, and I like her, and so will you, Señor, because she is so quiet."

There was little to remark on our homeward journey, but I saw the rare sight (in Spain) of two

men "half seas over"—in other words, men who had, as we should say by an euphemism unknown to the sober Spaniards, "had just one glass of wine." They met, and passed. "Vaya usted con Dios," said the one who first recognized his acquaintance. "Vaya usted con"—*Dios*, he was going to say, but a lurch toward the wall prevented the blasphemy.

Of course, it is nothing more for a tipsy Spaniard to use this salutation than for a tipsy Englishman to say to another, equally tipsy, "Good-bye," which means just the same thing but, by our corruption, the Divine name is lost; and the ludicrousity and blasphemy of two tipsy men saying to each other, in as many words, "God go with thee," did strike me at the time.

Little conversations with the suffering Spanish poor, who have deep feelings and great facility of expression, often form a close to my walks. Here is the sentiment of one who had suffered much and long. Is it not a strange mixture of trust with despair, of truth with absence of logic?—"God has tried hard to break my heart for these ten years past, but, thank God! He has not done it yet."

And now it is dinner-time.

Since writing the above, I have been to see a very fine "take" of fish, caught in the Straits of Gibraltar by hook and line, off the African coast deep-sea fisheries. They consisted chiefly of "pargos," weighing about 20 lb. each, all just come down from the boat, and of a bright lilac-pink. I find some of the fishers call them pardos, as written above. They are caught off the African coast, with a strong rope and iron hook. The others were corvinas, spoken of above. Those, however, that I have just seen from the Straits

were exactly, in appearance, like an English salmon; they weighed from 28 lb. to 35 lb., and were very plump and fat. Their length was from four to four-and-a-half feet; they were in colour a rich grey, showing brownish hue towards tail; fins, chocolate-brown. They are caught also with iron hook and strong cord in the deep-sea fisheries. Beside them lay a monster—I know not what to call it—a sea-reptile; a flat body, dirty-white colour; length, a little over five feet; breadth, a little over four feet at his broadest part; weight, 225 lb. His flappers are four in number, the largest covering nearly the whole of his sides; the two smaller, near the tail. His shape is a kind of half-way between a triangle and an oval—call it triangular without an angle. His mouth is enormous, like an oven, and with teeth; tail, shaped like that of a fish; belly and back, dirty-white. He was caught in the nets, eight miles off Cadiz. The poor fry and eat his flesh, but it is used chiefly for melting down for oil for street lamps. His skin, when dried, is used by carpenters to smooth mahogany. His name is “pardon,” and I must use his name in finishing this chapter, for I fear I shall have given you a night-mare. Pardon!

“Obispos” are a large flat reptile, like a toad. “Entones,” or entong, a small thick-built fish, like a carp. Let me add, that many of the names of fish above given are *not* dictionary words.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNRISE ON A SPANISH WHARF—WINE-SHOPS—THE
NIGHT WATCHMAN'S REVERIE.

It is a trite, but how true a saying, "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives." And, when one comes face to face with the way in which the "other half" lives—when one sees the "other half,"—I mean that half which the world calls the less blessed half, as it is, in all its sufferings, all its struggles, all its pinches and privations, and sees it a labouring, enduring, contented, and often cheerful half,—how ashamed one is, or ought to be, of one's own thanklessness in the midst of unnumbered blessings!

Once, in an English curacy, I remember a striking instance of what I have just said. It was one of those "green Christmas-times that make," as the old proverb says, "a full churchyard": there had been nothing but mild weather and rain. In my little parish, under the sweep of the Sussex Downs, I was walking swiftly home one night, buffeted about by the grey clouds of mild driving rain that the fierce but warm sou'-wester swept landwards from the sea, when a poor helpless aged woman asked me for a "trifle for a night's lodging." Curates are always supposed to be poor: it was Christmas-time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet, where work was scarce; still, I could not leave my angel-stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings. She

shambled along through the mud, with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little home. My gentle, thoughtful landlady had made my table ready; a plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers, backed by an easy chair.

To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion, raised her dripping hands, and burst into tears, with the three simple words, "Oh, what luxury!"

That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten! My rector preached, as he always did, a capital Christmas sermon; so did my fellow-curate, a Christchurch student, three days afterwards; but I was thinking the whole time of the short sermon.

At that time I never thought that I should ever stand shivering and wet on a Spanish wharf, at five o'clock in the morning, and not know where on earth to get a breakfast, just at Christmas-time. Yet so it was: we tried to leave Cadiz for the interior by the 5 A.M. train, the morning was pitch-dark, and—we missed it!

The morning was bitterly cold—it was but half-past five—and the dew, which falls heavy and chill in these semi-tropical climes, was still falling, making the rough stones black and damp, as though rain had fallen, when I left the tiny "braseró" at the station, to wander, or rather stumble, along the dark, dripping quay of Cadiz harbour, to the steps where the little fishing-boats, "parejas" and "palangeros," discharge, at daybreak, their fishy freight.

It was dark as night; but at the steps, and under the tin awning of the Fish-Market, already I could

hear the busy hum of voices. The cold, too, and the damp were intense: they made one shiver and shake like an aspen-leaf. Certainly, if men had to be here morning after morning, as they certainly had, while their more favoured brothers and sisters were comfortably ensconced beneath the bed-clothes, then "one half the world did *not* know how the other half lived."

All that I heard was the splash of distant oars, the hum of a few voices, the slow wave washing against the stones of the quay. Suddenly, I heard a friendly voice and felt a kind hand laid on my shoulder, and some one asked, in broken English, "What I was doing there, and whether he could help me." It was quite a relief, as a kind voice, either Divine or human, always is in any sort of darkness. It turned out that I had stumbled on an old boatman, to whom I had shown kindness some time before. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

We together joined the throng of fish-sellers, boatmen, wharfingers, &c., who were huddled together on the quay. Presently one little light, then another, then a third, blazed out in the harbour; the poor fellows, who had slept on board their little boats, were beginning to heat their cup of coffee or chocolate.

Just before sunrise, when a faint gleam of half-light looked over the dark harbour, one boatman began his Andalusian ditty, with its wild, plaintive refrain, which must be heard to be realized and understood. The words were simply these, repeated over and over again:—

"Here am I,
Who is going on board?
Who is going on board?
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la le!"

Then another and another voice took up the song; until the whole dark plashing bay was alive with the lights and the wild monotonous ditty of the Andaluzes.

We strolled down to the Pilot-house, an unpretending little building of wood, upon the wharf, and sauntered in. Two fine, manly-looking pilots were discussing politics, a cigarillo, and a cup of coffee. One lay fast asleep upon the rude settle of the room. As in the Pilot-tower at Dover, there are always a certain number of pilots here, night and day, ready, in any weather, at the boom of a gun by night, or the hoisting of a signal by day, to put off in their lateen-sail boat, which lies moored close at hand, to the aid of any vessel in distress or in need of guidance.

At 6.45 the sun rose, and the Eastern sky was truly beautiful; first, a few fleecy purple clouds, driven by the light "Levanti" wind, sailed into sight; then clouds of a more crimson hue; at last, a fleet of red and golden clouds separated in fleecy masses over the harbour; and this was the every-day sight they looked upon—black, dripping stones, groups of men muffled up in every variety of costume, rugs, pilot-coats, jackets; many only with sandals or unbleached leather slippers tied with thongs round their feet; Municipal Guards, in yellow and purple-striped cap, huge capes, and clanking swords, keeping order, and about to weigh and levy tax upon the loads and amount of fish; carbineros, acting as Custom-House officials; large boats waiting to unload their freight of sweet batatas, fish, &c., into smaller ones, for the water was low; heaps of empty water-casks, ready to be filled with drinking-water for the town consumption, from the opposite port of Santa Maria.

You know how particular the Spaniard is about his water; here, in Cadiz, the bringing of drinking-water, seven and a half miles by sea, in huge water-boats, is a recognized trade of itself, the Cadiz water not being considered wholesome! These, and a whole string of dock labourers of all provinces, from the sturdy Guipuzcoan to the volatile Andaluz, streaming down to the wharf, were the sights the morning sun rose upon: it was so raw, so dark, so dreary!

The moment the first fleecy red cloud had risen over the sea, "day's harbinger," down came a busy, eager, bargaining crowd, every two of whom carried between them a long pole; on this pole the basket, full of fish, was slung, and lifted from the tiny boat on to the wharf; it was then weighed and taxed by the cloaked and rapiered guards, cigar in mouth, and the pole, with the basket of fish slung on the middle, was carried off, with hasty, slipping steps, on the shoulders of the two men, to the Fish-Market.

But what a noise, what a pushing, what a hurry there was to secure this little "job," as an English labourer would call it!

No one who has not witnessed it would believe how motley is the group on a Spanish wharf; truly it is more a scene for the pencil of Frith than for the pen of an unknown writer, be he ever so "ready a scribe."

Spanish infantry soldiers, with cotton comforters rolled round their necks, looking sad and draggled, were stepping into the little wet boat that plied to the Malaga steamer, just getting her steam up a mile out to sea; Moorish and Jewish slipper-merchants, the former wearing the distinctive red, the latter the black, fez; Valencian peasants, in their canvas shirt,

and trousers to match, tied round the waist with common cord; Portuguese fishers, whose *rasca* lay hard by, in bright yellow serge shirts, brown trousers, and knee-boots; one or two English sailors and marines from the man-o'-war in the harbour; peasants from La Mancha, in their usual fur cap, huge *faja*, and clumsy dark serge dress; these, with hundred other nondescripts, made up the crowd who thus sought their bread upon the dripping wharf year after year.

I said to my kindly companion, as we wandered from group to group,—“What a time it is since you have been to see me at our lodgings.”

“Well,” said he, with true Spanish tact and refinement, “you told me you had not been treated fairly by your landlord, and were going to complain about it; as you were both of you my friends, I thought I had better keep away.”

“Ah, well,” said I, “after all I said nothing about it.”

“So best: you may both of you be in the cemetery before a week is over, and it is better to enter the next world as friends.”

This was good morality for a Spanish wharf. It recalled to my mind a striking narrative that I had heard but a few months before. Two young men, of great talent, were, some forty years ago, both elected to Fellowships in a well-known College at Cambridge; in examination, they were well-nigh equal, but necessarily some little precedence was accorded to the one above the other; a jealousy arose and for months existed between them, and, to use a common phrase, they were not friends. Within twelve months from the date of their election both men had gone to their long home,—both spirits had

entered that realm where earth's best honours avail nothing,—both bodies slept calmly and close together beneath the same stone within the College walls. So true is it that “Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.”

After this reverie, inspired by the damp and cold, and the touching words of my unlettered and unpretending companion, we went into one of the many little wood-built wine-shops, which, prettily painted outside, and sparkling inside with bottles of many hues, shapes, and size, adorn the wharfs of many of the Spanish harbours.

In common with the many on the wharf, we went in thither for a cup of hot coffee; and a first-rate cup of coffee it was, with a good dash of aguardiente in it. I never had anything in the shape of drink that warmed me more; and the price of each cup, sugar and aguardiente included, was only half a real, *i. e.*, five farthings. This is the breakfast of the Spanish labourer; at eleven o'clock he will have a good hunk of bread and some fruit or lard; but until eleven or twelve he takes nothing but this! A stream of dock-labourers, guardias, boatmen, &c., were drinking off voraciously these little cups of smoking coffee! It is perfectly marvellous on how little support a Spanish labourer will work, and, what is more, work well; he scarcely ever tastes meat. Fried fish, when he can get it; garbanzos (a sort of pea), melons, bread, coffee, gazpacho (a kind of bread and salad, with vinegar), sweet batatas, tomatoes fried in oil, berengenas (a kind of egg plant) boiled in oil,—on such sustenance as this the dock labourer will lift heavy weights, week after week the soldier will march!

In severe walking in Spain I have noticed this, that the air, from its crisp, exhilarating nature, and freedom from damp, makes the step light and springy, and that until you sit down to rest you feel no fatigue; also, I have noticed, that shortness of breath is not at all common in Spain, probably from the same reason—the peculiar dryness of the air. Even in walking up-hill one seldom needs to stop to recover breath; and perhaps it may be owing to his climate that the Spaniard can work so well upon so little sustenance.

At about seven the sun and sky were lovely; the Fish-Market thronged with a noisy, quarrelling, bargaining crowd. First among those to come to buy was a priest in full canonicals: he looked poor and careworn, offered money for several different kinds of fish, and, at last, poor fellow, contented himself with carrying off, in the ample folds of his flowing sable dress, a handful or two of "almejas" (mussels)!

The two fish that struck me most—they were but just carried in—were the "atun," a huge fish, something like a large salmon in shape, but more clumsy, and of a dull red colour outside; when cut in slices for sale, the flesh looks like a raw beefsteak, and is sold at about one real and a half per pound. I measured one monster of this order, and found the weight was 300 lb.; length, five feet eight inches; girth, something enormous. These are caught in nets off the coast of Rota.

The other that caught my eye was the "safio," a kind of conger-eel.—I believe it is sometimes called "congrío": this was a fish about five feet long; they are caught in great plenty off the Lighthouse, and, being very cheap, are much eaten by the poor.

The atun, throughout the winter, is packed up and sent in large quantities to the towns of the interior, where, especially among the miners of the wild lead district lying under the Sierra de Jaën, its solid flesh is a great favourite. It is said to be a coarse fish; but no one could tell the difference between a slice of sturgeon and one of the much-despised atun. I have lived upon it for days in the interior, and found it more nourishing and lighter of digestion than meat.

Looking at the wealth of fish, the wealth of rich fruit and vegetables, including the piles of olives and oranges, and the wealth of native wine, I could not refrain from saying to my companion, "Spain ought to be a rich country."

"Yes," said he, "our country is the finest in the world, Señor; but our governors are not good or wise. Caballeros (gentlemen) broke my boat, and I cannot recover any money for the loss, because I am poor. Let me go to England for justice, to Spain for beauty of climate; but I would not, all the same, leave Spain for your country: a wet Sunday in Liverpool is a desperate day to get through" (I quote his very words). "We all might be well off; the Spanish gentlemen have muchos dineros, pero poco inteligencia," *i. e.*, plenty of money, but little intelligence. I cannot endorse the last part of his speech: looking at the manly forms and intelligent faces of the Spaniards at any *table-d'hôte*, one only wonders why, as a nation, they do so little.

I said to him, "You talk pretty freely about men and things."

"Not often, Señor; no flies enter the shut mouth." These last words are a very old Spanish "refran,"

or proverb—a good proverb to be remembered and acted upon, not only in Spain!

“And now,” said my good-natured companion, “I shall give you a breakfast, as, at this early hour, you cannot get one for yourself.”

He took us to a Spanish wine-shop of the better sort; and as Spanish *ventas*, like English beer-shops, are a national institution, it may interest some who read these pages to hear a little about them.

There are two prominent houses for travellers in Spain, the “*fonda*,” or hotel, and the “*venta*,” or wine-shop, although there are others, as the “*posada*” and the “*parador*.” The *fonda* is like an English hotel in so far as the host provides meat, drink, and lodging for his guests; but the brick floors, white-washed walls, and, in the towns of the interior, utter absence of chests of drawers, arm-chairs, baths, and the like necessaries, give one no idea of repose or comfort.

The “*venta*” originally meant a small wine-shop, often with a stable attached, on lonely roads or in out-of-the-way villages; but the term now applies, so far as the writer of these pages can understand, to any wine-shop of the lower class in town or country. The ordinary road-side *venta* is a square, flat-roofed cottage, built of loose stones, standing on a bit of waste land; it is littered round with straw (the remnants of the beasts’ provender), and has a well and drinking-trough in front. The dreariness, the loneliness, and the general air of dirt, laziness, and discomfort about these places chiefly strike one. Some are half in ruins! Over the door of each hangs the usual little “bush,” or bunch of dried brushwood, the only sign of a Spanish wine-shop, from which comes the proverb—“Good wine needs no bush.”

A curtain, heavy, dark-coloured, and dirty, hangs over the entrance; you push it aside, and find yourself in a small, low room, almost dark, with a man or woman standing behind a common deal counter; there may be a settle or one or two stools in the little shop. The faint, sickly smell of the Val-de-Peñas, or black Catalan wine, and the fragrance of the aniseed and mint (used for the *aguardiente*), enter into your nostrils. Two or three huge barrels of wine are in tap, and of these common wines of the country you can buy one quart for fourpence-halfpenny; but the wines taste strongly of the pig-skins in which they have been preserved, and are often drugged. Before mine host stands a tray full of tiny glasses, the "cañas" of the lower orders in Spain, and two huge coloured basins, of massive delf, in which to wash the glasses. There is, as a rule, no accommodation for travellers, save the floor or the stable, at these places.

"Bal-de-Peñas, blanco y tinto; y otros vinos y licores; *aguardiente* blanco, &c."—so runs the inscription over the town *ventas*; the bush alone is seen on the outside of those in the country. Those in the town often consist of only one small room on the ground-floor, the rest of the house being let to other lodgers.

The chief trade of these places is in the rough red heavy wines that the Spanish labourer rejoices in—the *aguardiente* that warms his heart, and sometimes fried-fish, cold, and "buñuelos," a kind of cake, fried in oil, and sold constantly in the streets of the interior.

It was a good and large *venta* that to which my humble friend conducted us; consisting of a counter, behind which stood some dozen large barrels of *vino*

Catalan, and a very large, square, stone-flagged room, open to the skylight at the top of the house. All round the room were little square "stalls," dark—and cold, too, at that hour of the morning—each one forming a small private room for dinners, something like the little retreats around the walls of a City chop-house, but more private, each having high wooden walls, and a door, fastening inside.

He ran down to the wharf, and brought up a glorious plate of fried whiting, smoking hot, and a bunch of leeks, which mine host of the venta washed, and brought in with three smoking cups of coffee and aguardiente. The place was somewhat dirty, and sundry cigar ashes, and a general smell of stale tobacco, told a tale of last night's festivity, but we were hungry, and enjoyed our breakfast.

And certainly I never knew any English gentleman play his part as the master of an entertainment better than did our rude and simple friend. A poor, unlettered, ignorant Spanish boatman, he yet had the manners of a thorough gentleman, and did with grace the honours of the homely table. He and I repaired to the public room, to smoke a cigarette and drink a caña of vino de Jerez. I wanted to pay for our humble repast, but my poor but warm-hearted friend could not hear of it. "No, señor; you are my guest, and I am your host."

How often, among the very poorest, does one meet with a refinement of manners, of speech, and of conduct, to which what are called the higher classes are strangers! How often does one meet with unseen, unknown, unrewarded acts of Christian love among those who make no profession of religion, and whom this false world brands as therefore irre-

ligious! How often? Why, surely, constantly, constantly.

Not without reason did our Divine Master say, "There are last that shall be first."

No man more delicate about the little social refinements above mentioned than the Spaniard: offer to pay him for some little service which he had proffered freely, and he will draw back with hauteur. No man, again, better fitted to play the part of an entertainer than the Spanish poor man. If he has only a scrap of bread, painted lard, and an onion (a common meal among the very poor), he will say, if you pass him as he commences his humble meal, "Guste usted comer?" (*i. e.*, "Will you not dine with me?") and he will mean it, and entertain you right gracefully.

The courtesy of all classes in Spain is quite refreshing to one newly come from England, and it is a courtesy that springs, and can only spring, from real and natural refinement of feeling.

No man, again, so exceedingly jealous of his dignity, so much attached to his office, and so proud of it, as the poor Spaniard when put into any official position; he lives for and in his official capacity alone.

He is Municipal Guard: see with what dignity he trails his sword after him in the crowded streets, with what authority he quells a disturbance, or how full of importance he is, and how pleased to aid, if you apply to him, in a difficulty; with what gusto does he march his prisoner through the streets!

He is guard of some public gardens: only attempt to pluck a flower without his leave, and he will not let you off very easily; but appeal to him as the official, and he will immediately grant you the favour you require.

Flatter a Spaniard about his official dignity, recognize his authority, and he will be your friend for ever.

A striking and very characteristic instance of this jealousy of office came, a few weeks' since, under my notice. Owing to a night alarm, I had found it needful one night to fire a shot in the air from my bed-room window over the heads of some miscreants. The next night my door was fiercely assailed by the "sereno," or night-watchman, who came to demand an explanation of my firing a shot on his beat—an act which he evidently seemed to consider a personal affront. I suppose he thought that such an action on my part was a tacit impeachment of his capacity for preserving order.

There is a little country village in the heart of one of the Midland Counties in England: it is a land of stiff clay soil, where are grown the finest, richest crops of golden corn and large mangold-wurzel,—where nothing is spoken of so much as the weather and the crops, alike in the comfortable farm-house or the modest cottage,—a land where the old brown smock-frock of the peasantry still lingers on, and men work on one farm, and make it their boast that they have worked, for well-nigh a lifetime, and take almost as much pride in the produce of the farm on which they work as though it were their own,—a land, too, it is where Wesleyan Methodism has one of its firmest strongholds, and where the Prayer-meeting and the Camp-meeting still form the poor labourers' Sunday's dissipation.

In Sussex the average number of agricultural labourers attending any place of worship would not be, I fancy, more than two out of every six; in the

county of which I now speak, the majority of the peasantry, of more fervent spirit than their stolid Sussex Saxon brethren, find that the religious exercise of going twice to church, and then to meeting in the evening, edifies them, and they go.

One evening I was summoned from my little cottage, in the village above described, to the bed-side of an aged agricultural labourer in a hamlet a mile or so away. It was a chilly, but refreshing and beautiful evening in late autumn: the sober hues of the autumnal evening were gathering slowly over the peaceful landscape; the peasants, in their allotment-grounds over which I passed, were slowly (their farm-work done) digging up with fork and prong their winter's store of potatoes, and housing them safely in the field; the grass was already wet with dew, as the October sun sank to rest; the partridge, scared by my footfall, whirred away on rapid wing from his seat in the stubbles; ever and anon about the fields rose up the slow smoke of the fires of burning weeds, the aromatic scent hanging heavily upon the damp evening air.

It was a scene—how different from those from among which I now write!—that told of peace, contentment, and security. There might be, and doubtless was, a black side to even this peaceful scene, as Mr. Arch could tell us, but on the surface all seemed contentment and security. When does it ever do to look too far below the surface?

I entered the little cottage of the suffering man. His hands were clasped in prayer, his open Bible lay upon his lowly bed; by his side stood a bottle of eau-de-Cologne and one of red port wine, the gift of the generous shepherdess (the Rector's wife) of the

parish; the sheets were white and clean, nice pictures decked the walls. He was half-wandering, half in a reverie, when I sat down at his bed-side, but his talk was all of one thing, or rather of two very different things—the “blessed Lord” and the “old enemy.”

“Ah, sir,” said he to me, grasping my hand in his rough clammy fingers, while the beads of cold sweat ran down his forehead, “ah, sir, I thought I would take off my waistcoat to work. I knew it was wrong, and the blessed Lord found me out; He found me out, He did; and here I am.”

He had taken off his waistcoat, in order to work more easily, on a chilly evening, and was suffering from inflammation of the lungs in consequence.

“The blessed Lord found me out; He did, He did,” that was the burden of his speech, repeated again and again.

Very touching it was to see his belief—the belief of a dying peasant, of a man, too, who could not read or write (for his friends read his Bible to him, I found)—in a personal God, a Being who was “about his path and about his bed, and spying out all his ways.” Who even took account of his wilful casting aside of his poor corduroy waistcoat.

I did and said all that I could to comfort and soothe the poor dear fellow, and then came another oft-repeated voice from his hot, dishevelled pillow, “I struggle, and struggle, but the old enemy will come creeping round; yes, he will come creeping round; but the Lord, sir, will be too strong for him; yes, blessed, blessed Lord!”

Still more touching, more striking was it to see this simple man’s belief—a stern, deep belief—in the

personality of Satan. To him the two "strong men" were warring for his soul; he was sinking and powerless, but he felt that the stronger would prevail, and he was satisfied.

And then came the final question,—that question which every sin-stained soul must ask itself at some time in the weary hours of the wakeful night, or on the feverish couch of bodily anguish,—“I wonder if the Lord will forgive me my sins?”

Can any one doubt it? Surely He who, as Divines say, is “not an austere Master,” He who asks no sacrifice but the outpourings of a broken and a contrite spirit, forgives all those who, even at the eleventh hour, with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Him.

And surely here was “hearty repentance and true faith,” so far as man may judge, *if* man may ever presume to judge at all. In the simple words of that poor dying peasant, I take it, was contained the very summing up of the Creed of the Ages, the personality and nearness of God, the power of the Tempter, the need of a human assurance of forgiveness.

“I took my waistcoat off in the cold; I knew it was wrong, and the blessed Lord found me out, He did. The old enemy will come creeping round, creeping round, but there is One stronger than he. I wonder if the Lord will forgive me my sins?”

Surely here was humility, repentance, and that craving for earthly support and assurance which betokens the deepest earnestness.

In three days the tongue of him who spoke these words was for ever still; within ten days the fresh-moved earth was heaped over a humble and still stoneless grave.

Far away from the Weald of Sussex, and the teeming acres of the Midland Counties,—far away, where the stunted olives rise in regular rows from out the sandy red soil, where the fierce sun of Spain smites down on yellow river and thistle-clad field, and strange costumes,—two men lie in the dark, low-ceiled cell of a prison in the interior, waiting to be led forth to death. Their crime had been a black one, the shooting of two of the “Guardias” of the existing Government in the public streets, in broad daylight; and of them a public example is to be made.

They spoke but little, if they spoke at all. On the day before their execution they desired to see an Englishman in whose employ they had once been. He came, and asked them kindly, “What could he do for them?”

Poor fellows! it was no question “Will the blessed Lord forgive me my sins?” that they asked; their rude, untaught thoughts centered on one thing, the office they had held under an Englishman, and a kind one. “Will you obtain one favour for us?” they said; “and that is, that we may both, ere we die, be photographed together; and then let us hang together before your eyes on the walls of your sala: for you were our master, and we your officers.” Poor fellows! Their wish was granted, and their sad, stern faces still hang on the walls of their English employer.

The day after the taking of their photographs, they were led out into the public streets, and, close to the scene of their murder, were shot. I saw, but a few weeks since, the likenesses of their pale, sad, heavy determined faces.

There is one more closing scene of lowly official life