

and death, which presents a marked contrast again to the first scene described from English life and character, and which, therefore, I subjoin.

It illustrates in a striking way the points in Spanish life and character among the lower orders which I am now endeavouring to bring out, namely, the absence of faith in a personal God, and the absorbing love of office.

Perhaps some who read these pages may think that the writer of them exaggerates, and gives too high a colouring to his pictures of Spanish life and character; and he takes this opportunity of saying that all that he says is the narrative of what he himself has witnessed, or what has been witnessed and related to him by men on whose veracity there can be no doubt. Any story of the truth of which there is a doubt he banishes from his pages, omitting thus many striking episodes because he has been unable to prove their truth.

When Phillip's well-known picture—I believe it is by Phillip, but, at any rate, it will be one well known to most who read these pages—of a Spanish girl holding up her babe for its father, who is a prisoner, to kiss through the open bars of the prison, and hiding her own tears under the child's frock, held aloft, was first exhibited, it was thought to be a *fancy* picture. I have myself seen, in the prisons of the interior, a prisoner standing gazing vacantly through the open bars of his stone-flagged, dark abode, while a dark-eyed Spanish girl made and handed to him his cigarette and a piece of bread, all the luxuries she could afford for her unhappy “*amante*.”

Truth is often stranger than fiction!

Of the following picture I had only the outline

given me in a few words. Those who live in Spain know well the different cries of the "serenos," or night-watchmen, in different cities. Sometimes it will be merely the time that is called out, thus: "Las dos y media; el sereno!"—"Half-past two; the watchman." Sometimes the watchman will add to it a little notice of the weather, as did the old Charlies in London. "Four of clock, and a cloudy sky." Sometimes more especially in times of political disturbance, he will add a political notice, which sounds strangely when heard every half-hour or hour in the stillness of the night,—“Las dos; el sereno; Viva la Republica Democratica Federal!”

Sometimes the cry will be different, and will be really beautifully sung, or rather chanted, by the deep bass voice of the sereno, if he take a real pride in his profession, thus: "Han dado — las dos — y me di-a; el sere no-o-o-o-o! habla do" (this last termination, not strictly grammatical, to rhyme with the "o" of "sereno"). This means, "The clocks have struck half-past two; the watchman comes; a cloudy night."

One of these chanting watchmen, who took great pride in his office, lay sick of calentura, the Spaniard's deadly foe—a kind of fever, which has three stages, calentura, calentura intermitente, and calentura perniciosa, this last really dangerous.

Probably, as is often the case, his little ground-floor house, with its three small rooms, lying across the house and opening into one another, so that a free current of air passes through from the front-door to that at the back, stood in the suburbs of the city, far away from the wealthy streets of those whom, for years, he had served so faithfully, watched over so

carefully, when they could not watch over themselves.

His little pictures of the saints of his Church hung round his room; his tinselled image of "La Virgen" stood before his eyes; his sack of garbanzos, and his señora's little coop of young chickens were hard at hand; over him kind forms bent down; but his thoughts, poor wanderer, were far away from angels, either human or divine, although faltering woman's lips kept repeating again and again, as the Spanish poor women ever do in their extremity, the prayer,—

"Santa Maria,
Madre de Dios,
Madre de Gracia,
Madre purísima,
Madre castísima,
Ruega por nosotros." (Pray for us!)

He was not there; he was far away on his lonely beat, up and down the silent streets, "Han da; . . . dō; las dos . . . y me . . . diā: el sere . . . no"; and so with every onward march of his long night, he was marching too, sometimes through wind and tropic rain; sometimes through fair moonlit streets; sometimes in cloudy weather, "Han da . . . dō . . . ; las tres; . . . nublado . . . ò,"—the ruling passion strong in death.

So he went on, through the weary watches of the long night, "Han da . . . dō . . ."—"Han dadō . . . ò,"—"four o'clock," he would have said, but another machine, more delicate than clock or watch, "had gone." At the cock-crowing the Master had called, and "he must not say no"; and the simple, faithful, ignorant spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

Well, he knew but little, and was one of those to

whom little had been given. In that little, according to his light, he was found faithful; and is there not a blessing for him who has been faithful over a few things? for her who, though little, *quod potuit tamen, fecit?*

A friend has suggested to me that possibly the watchman's cry above alluded to may be "Andado," i. e., "It has struck." It may be so; either expression would be intelligible, and the aspirate is constantly dropped.



P. C. Monumental de la Alhambra y G. C. G. C.
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPANISH FUNERALS.

THE different ways in which, in different countries, and by differing religions, respect is paid to the dead, must ever be a very interesting study. In England, the simple yet touching meeting of the body at the "Lich-Gate" by the clergyman, and the opening words of the grand Funeral Service,—words so full of life and hope, "I am the resurrection and the life,"—have taken a very firm hold on our affections and feelings. And who, again, is there who has ever heard the ringing volley fired over the half-covered-in grave of some comrade in arms, and seen the long procession of stalwart men filing along with arms reversed, who has not felt the grandeur of *that* ceremony, and known the utter loneliness of the poet's words,—

"Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried"?

The funeral, as at present conducted by the Church in Spain, perhaps is hardly so wedded to men's minds here as the civil or military funeral ceremony in England. And yet there are in it many elements of instruction and of beauty, and a fairly well-conducted funeral in Spain is well worthy of description. The one thing lacking in this especial service, which is an exceedingly grand and beautiful one, is, that so much is chanted, and so much is in Latin, that much of it

is lost. True, the little books containing the "Orden de los Entierros" can be purchased, but many of the Spaniards are, especially in the interior, wholly unable to read; thus the whole beauty of a really beautiful service is lost to them.

A few days since, I was standing at night in one of the beautiful squares of this large city from which I write, among some of the knots of men who, in this lovely climate, up to nine at night can enjoy a cigarillo and a chat about politics *al fresco*. Suddenly the hum of voices ceased; every woman, and nearly every man, went down on their knees on the stones; not a single head was covered. The procession of the Host, heralded by twenty lads with fiery torches, slowly wound by. I had seen the same sight, in some of the towns of the interior, treated with such disrespect, that the observance struck me with surprise.

A bystander told me that it was—he spoke in a whisper—the "blessings of our suffering Lord" being carried to a dying girl. Presently he added, with a true Spanish stoicism about life and death, "and in the next procession, *pobre* (poor thing!), she will bear a part." I knew only too well, by his quiet look and manner, that he could mean but one procession, and that the last in which any one of us can join on earth. The conversation led me to inquire into the matter of funerals and funeral rites in this country, and in my inquiries I found many matters of interest, and many things quite novel to me.

The funeral ceremony, and all pertaining to it, is, as nearly as possible, as follows:—After death the body is laid out carefully, and dressed in its fairest and richest clothes; a few bright flowers are laid upon the well-loved form, by rich and poor (if *decentes*), to

speak, as my informant told me, of "hope for a bright future, like the flower that will be better next spring." The body may only be kept for twenty-four hours, and in this country decomposition takes place so rapidly that there is little need of the restriction. At the end of that time, in the interior, the clothes are probably cut, or snipped, to prevent exhumation for the sake of the clothes; the coffin, a very light painted coffin—often, in the case of a child, with a movable glass lid—is brought, and the remains are carefully laid in it. In the case of any suspicion of foul play of any sort, the doctor can order the coffin to be kept in the open cemetery for another day and night.

Thirty years ago, the body was always wrapped and laid in its mortaja, or shroud; but a Government decree, or, perhaps, long custom, here more binding even than decrees, has ordered that an especial dress need not be used. The story current among the poor peasantry, to account for this custom, is so strange, that I may be forgiven for mentioning it. Thirty years ago, a poor woman (so they say) was carried to burial, wrapped in her mortaja; at the grave the lid was removed (as is common in Spain, where what is called "the last look" is taken at the grave), and suddenly the woman started up. She saw her mortaja around her, and fell back with a scream; suddenly brought to life, she had as suddenly died of the shock caused by the sight of her own shroud. So, say the poor peasantry, our laws order every one to be buried without a mortaja!

The next point to be decided about the remains of him who has gone to his long home is, of what class shall the funeral be: first, second, or third; in other words, what can we afford for it?

The priests, of course, are paid for a funeral by those who can afford to pay them; and, indeed, hardly used and wretchedly paid as they now are, their pictures taken, part of their property and endowments gone, their position such that, in some of the towns of the interior, they have been forced, from very poverty, to enter some other profession, it is but fair that they should be paid for their services; and the payment varies naturally according to the amount of ceremony and attention required. The first-class funeral costs sixty dollars (a Spanish dollar is equal to 4s. 2d. of English money); in this case the number of priests in the procession towards the grave is eight. The second-class costs forty dollars, and the number of priests engaged is four; while the third-class only costs, so far as the Church is concerned, one dollar; in this case two poor priests are employed, possibly Franciscans, and they each receive the pitiful sum of half a dollar.

This matter once settled, the priests repair to the house where the coffin lies, dressed in their black gowns, with the short white linen tunic to the waist; two of them enter the room where it is, and the corpse is sprinkled with holy water. The párroco and clero then chant the psalm "De profundis" (with some additions from other psalms), and the touching and expressive antiphon comes again and again. "If thou, Lord, shalt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, who may abide it?" The "Requiem æternam" is said, and repeated; four bearers, supplied by the town government, take down the coffin, and the procession towards the grave commences. The priests walk in pairs, the crucifix, banner, and cross, with oftentimes four lighted lamps, being borne by their side. As the

procession moves swiftly along, followed by a long train of men four deep,—for in Spain your friend, your cousin, your tailor, your cigar-merchant, your neighbour in the street, reverently puts on his darkest clothes, lights his cigarillo, and follows you to your long home,—the párroco chants the “*Exultabunt Domino*,” and the clero the “*Miserere mei, Deus*,” with the “*Requiem æternam*.” All these are intoned, in a deep sonorous voice, that can be heard a long way off. As the long array marches through the narrow street, hats are taken off by many, as a mark of respect, and women reverently bow their heads.

What follows varies according to circumstances. The direction in the office-book requires, or implies, the attendance of the same priests at the grave and church; but, owing to the great distance of the cemeterios from the towns, the number of funerals in one day, and the fewness of the clergy, the beautiful prayers that follow, with the final “*May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful, rest in endless peace through God’s mercy*,” are often, as in the town from which I write, obliged to be offered at some wayside halting-place half-way, one priest attached to the cemeterio probably meeting the body there to say the last few words of hope, and the last “*Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine*.”

A few particulars shall here be added about some of the cemeterios in this country. In many of those attached to the towns of the interior, the whole state of affairs is very rude, very sad, very disheartening. No English turf is seen, but sand and rock; the small walled-in spot is absolutely crammed with bodies, and even before decency would admit of it, the bodies and coffins must be burned or buried to make room

for more! Epitaphs there are few or none; stones and tombs are few; and the tombs that there are, are simple square blocks of stone, with the name and date of death alone, and a few words at the bottom, saying to whose loving care the tomb is due. Thus, the whole inscription will be:—

“En pace descanso,
El Señor
MANUEL RUBIO,
29 de Nov^{bre}. de 1840.
Sus padres y hermanos.”

Texts of Scripture, or poetry, I have rarely met with.

But in the cemeterios of the larger towns care is taken, and decency is insured, to a certain extent. Here, then, is a picture of one of these latter.

There are six or seven white-washed quadrangles opening one into another, each quadrangle being formed of walls about fourteen feet to twenty deep. Into little, so to speak, pigeon-holes in these walls, just large enough to push in the coffin lengthways, the coffin is put; the little hole is sealed up with masonry, and a small square or semi-circular slab of stone placed upon the outside or mouth of the simple sepulchre. The wall is about twenty-four feet in height, so that six coffins are placed one above the other; and in the cemeterio of which I speak, each side of each quadrangle contained 168 coffins in these little niches, and as many, or rather many more, in all probability, in the ground in front.

These niches in the wall are taken by the first-class funerals. The niche is secured to the family for twenty years only, on the payment of seventeen dollars; at

the expiration of that period, unless they renew, the coffin is taken out, and, with the bones, is burned, or, with all others unrenewed, is thrown into the huge pit within the walls of the cemetery, where all are thrown. The burning, however, is not general or needful.

The second-class grave is in the earth immediately in front of the walls of these quadrangles—under their shade, as it were. The bodies, or rather coffins, lie six deep, with their head touching the wall of the quadrangles. For these, underground, the price is two dollars; and these are never disturbed, for the obvious reason that there is plenty of burying room below ground in the quadrangles without the trouble of disturbing those bodies already buried. These second-class graves very rarely have any stone upon them, but here and there I noticed a tiny wooden cross, and here and there a shrub, which pious hands had planted. It did duty for all, whether shrub or cross, for all the six lay beneath it.

The third-class pay nothing for their six feet of earth. The coffins of these, if coffins they were, are simply put one upon the other, in a huge pit dug in two or three of these quadrangles, and covered in decently with sand. "These poor (*pobres*) fellows," said a Spanish sailor, who showed me over the place, "have the best of it after all, for they are never turned up." It was true. Death is a strange equalizer. In twenty years the rich man would be lying down in the sand of the quadrangle, by the side of his second and third class brother!

This removal and re-interment of the first-class coffins takes place on the last day of each year; and the little slabs taken from these pigeon-holes are made

into a pavement, face uppermost, over the pit where all the bodies are re-interred.

Two privileges connected with cemetery rules should here be mentioned. By an extra payment, anybody can be laid for a few hours in the chapel near the cemeterio, and the proper sentences said over it there. Also, any niche can be purchased for ever, and thus the body never be disturbed, by a payment of fifty dollars instead of the seventeen spoken of above; and, in this case, the persons purchasing must engrave the word "Propriedad" upon the front of their niche.

The utter absence of any words at all of hope or faith upon the little marble slabs that closed the mouth of each niche, struck and surprised me greatly. In the whole of this huge cemeterio, I saw only one text of Scripture, St. John, 11th chap., 25th verse. The ordinary inscription was as follows:—

"José Berez, Fallecio el dia 19 de Noviembre de 1852."

On some were the usual letters, R. I. P. A., or R. I. P., surmounted by a cross; then the name and date of death; at foot, the name, or rather the relationship to the dead, of those who caused the slab to be placed there; thus, "Su desconsolada familia," or "Sus padres y tios." Sometimes, but not always, the age was put; thus, "A los 28 años de edad."

The few tombs standing in the quadrangle marked vaults purchased by some rich family: they were huge, square, unsightly, and unworthy of any notice here. I did not even observe among them what is always very beautiful—the simple stone cross, now so common in England; nor could I help contrasting the tombs in this cemeterio—which, I must say, was

scrupulously clean, regular, and tidy—with the exquisitely beautiful array of tombstones, sculpture, flowers, and shrubs in a small cemetery in England,—I mean that of Holywell, at Oxford,—probably the most tasteful in England.

As I strolled homewards, towards evening-tide, I met, coming towards the cemetery, one of the many daily funeral processions. It was evidently a funeral “de la primera clase,”—the four lighted lamps (it was but four o'clock, and we were in the bye-streets of the town) and the eight priests told me that at once. Coming, as I had, from the wilds of the interior, I made up my mind to join the procession, and see for myself the whole ceremony. In a moment, one of the many Spaniards following invited me, seeing my object, to make one of the four-deep followers, and I did so. Every hat, even in the lowest streets, was taken off as we passed on our way, the priest intoning the sentences, as mentioned above. Four mere lads were carrying the coffin—a lightly-built one, but covered with fine lawn and with gold embroidery, and with a padlock and key at the side of the lid. We walked very quickly, for the evenings draw in swiftly in this semi-tropical climate, and darkness sets in.

The first thing that struck me was, how can those four lads, who are the bearers, carry that full-sized coffin at this pace? We all know that no soldier can march as can the Spaniard; and I can safely say, as an old pedestrian, that I never was so punished, to use a vulgar word, as I have been by having to keep up, under a burning sun, with a thermometer at 130° in the sun, for a four-mile walk with a Spanish miner. But the weight of the coffin, I

thought, must surely be great, for those lads. However, they did not even stop, for the first half mile, to rest or even change shoulders!

I said to my friend,—“How is it they carry this load, and not stop? We should want twelve men in England to do it” (*i. e.*, six to carry, and six to relieve).

His answer was very touching. “It is but the body of a girl of twenty-one,” said he, “and she was so shrunk up.” (That is the nearest equivalent I can give for his words in English.)

Arrived at the walls of the city, and the city “Land-Gate,” there was a halt. As if by magic, the snowy coffin was on the ground, and the priests and mourners (only men) were arranged in a circle around it. About five minutes were occupied in the last prayers; one minute was given for silent prayer; quickly the priests turned back, followed by all except some twenty of the procession; and the coffin, with its four torch-bearers, banner, and followers, moved forward in the evening dusk towards the cemetery. My friend was of those who followed, and I with him. In the whole mile traversed to the cemetery, the bearers only paused once, for a moment, to change shoulders. Though no priests were with us, only the “Director’s” men, who look after funerals, and accompany them, in virtue of their office, held under the government of each town, all was orderly, quiet, and decent.

At last we reached the cemetery: a priest robed in black met us, and walked at our head into the quadrangle.

As we passed into the quadrangle, where the poor body was to find its home, the priest gave the last

Requiescat; the chapel-bell ceased tolling, and gave a sharp ting-tang, ting-tang, ting-tang; the priest and the four lantern-bearers swiftly moved away; and alone with the body, some twenty of us—including one poor and aged beggar-woman, who threw a flower, I know not why, into the coffin—filed up to the niche reserved for this body.

Somehow or other, I could not help recalling the words spoken to me in the square (as related above), and thinking that this was possibly the very person to whom I had seen the "host" taken! Perhaps it was so.

As the two masons, standing ready by the niche, trowel in hand, laid their hand on the fair, white lawn of the coffin, one of the bearers, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked the padlock of the coffin, and we all pressed round to take "the last look."

No wonder the bearer's labour had been so light! The body was that of a fair young girl of one-and-twenty, but shrunk up to a skeleton. She was lying on her side, dressed in a plain white evening dress; her long, rich black hair lying in dishevelled masses nearly down to her waist. All who pressed round to see were reverent, orderly, and subdued in manner. One of them just then (do not judge hardly, it is no mark of disrespect in Spain) lit his cigar, and the flash of the match showed me more plainly still the little group around, and the pale face of the dead.

I said to my friend, "Are you a relation?"

"No," said he; "but I knew that girl from her infancy, and watched her grow up, and then—to see her go off like this!"

I said, "I can well believe she was very dear to you."

"Yo lo creo" ("I believe it"), was the only answer, with a hearty grip of the hand. I saw the tears standing in his honest eyes, and I said a kind word and a good-bye.

No service was held at the grave. As I turned away, the mason had half bricked up the narrow entrance to the niche.

The homeward walk beneath the long mile avenue of silver poplars, acacias, and other trees was very beautiful. The sea was beating loudly on its shingle; the autumnal leaves whirled across my path. Just then, with their usual courteous "Good-night," the funeral procession passed me, returning home, as quickly as might be, along the lonely road, half darkened by the heavy scud that came across ever and anon.

And now, for to-night, farewell. Five hours ago, in my lonely home in the interior, the church-bell has summoned all decent Christians to their ten minutes prayer. Even now, I hear the sereno (watchman of night) outside, crying, on his lonely beat, "Two o'clock—a stormy night." So farewell.

Since writing the above, I have been informed by a solicitor in Spain, that there is no law to prevent burying in a winding-sheet but custom, which prescribes for the dead the richest dress, snipped and cut to prevent exhumation, for the sake of the dress.

This gentleman also told me that none of the nearest relations of the dead follow; these stay at home. Cousins, uncles, friends, &c., distant relatives, alone join the procession.

CHAPTER XIX.

A REPUBLICAN MODEL SCHOOL AT CADIZ.

It has been well observed by a well-known English resident in this country,—“The laws of Spain are the best on paper, and the worst in practice, of any country in the world.” This is very true. Rightly and fairly administered, the Spanish code of criminal and civil law, at the present day, would, if rightly carried out, show well beside the code of laws of any other civilized nation.

Indeed, in many points, they are well worthy of a more careful study than is generally, the writer of this work believes, given to them by English jurists. In the official manual, or rather summary, of one branch of the Spanish code, now lying at my side (entitled, “Leyes Organico-Administrativas de España, Segunda Edicion, Madrid, 1871, Oficial”), occurs the following, among the laws relating to the Provincial Governments:—“Particularly and exclusively does it pertain to the office of the Provincial Council to—1, Establish and keep up all those institutions that promote the comfort and welfare of the people of the province, and to be patrons of their material and moral interests (intereses materiales y morales), such as all institutions that offer help to the needy and instruction to the young.”

Having, in conversation with a Spanish gentleman,

noticed to him the wretched state of some of the Escuelas (schools) of the interior; he recommended me to see and judge for myself of some of the Escuelas Nacionales in the bettered-ordered and larger towns of Spain, under the very eye of the Deputacion Provinciale.

The first that I entered was certainly disappointing, except as regarded the schoolmaster. The school was in one of the good streets of one of Spain's largest cities, and was held in a building which had been a church. The room, it is needless, therefore, to say, was handsome and lofty, but almost empty. There was the master, with a class of some thirty small boys; and, at the other end of the room, an usher held forth to some twenty more. None of these children were above twelve years of age. I asked the master of the Escuela why his numbers were so small?

"Well," he said, "parents are not compelled practically to send their children; again, many go to the religious schools; and still more flock to the large schools, the Escuelas Normales (Normal Schools)."

The most interesting thing he told me was that not one of these children paid a farthing for their education; the Provincial Government paid for them, for the rooms, and his own stipend.

The schoolmaster, I should say, was a most intelligent and superior man; and I must add that, as a rule, in the large towns, I have since found them fully equal, if not superior, to our English certificated masters.

I went, accordingly, to the Escuelas Normales, a phrase which will only convey a right meaning to English ears if translated *Model National Schools*. The school occupied one of the largest houses in

the town, and all the salas were lofty, clean, and well ventilated, and in no case did they seem too full.

The principle of this institution, which is under the management of, and is supported by, the Provincial Board or Government (*Deputacion Provincial*), needs a few lines of explanation. It is at once a training college for schoolmasters and mistresses, and, at the same time, a national school for children of both sexes.

The head or chief of the whole establishment is a Professor (trained, I believe, at Madrid), who resides in rooms in the house, and superintends the whole working arrangements of the school and the training college. His annual salary is 700 dollars per annum, and rooms and attendance free, the whole education of the town costing the Board above 20,000 dollars per annum. There is also a lady, who superintends the girls' and mistresses' department, living on the premises.

Forty young men, averaging from seventeen to five-and-twenty, attend daily lectures at this institution, on the following subjects:—Morals, letter-writing, sacred and profane history, mathematics, including algebra, geography, physics, chemical analysis and experiments, political economy and principles of trade, geometry, and pedagoga, which I fear I must translate by the only English equivalent I can think of, school-mastering.

The course of lectures must be attended for three years; then an examination is passed, and if the candidate has attained his twentieth year, he is available for a vacancy in the mastership of any national school. These young men live in the town, not on the establishment. If poor and promising, the *Deputacion* helps them with funds.

The professors, who lecture daily, are five in number. There is a reading-room for these young men, open daily in the evenings.

The young women who are qualifying themselves to become mistresses are under the same system, but they learn much from properly qualified lady teachers. There were sixty young women, forty young men, qualifying.

The number of children receiving instruction in this school, each division or class having a master (or mistress, in the case of the girls' school) and a separate room to itself, was 350 in all, of whom 200 were boys, of ages varying from six to fourteen. Of these the greater number were the children of "pobres," who thus received their instruction free; some, whose parents were better off, paid from one shilling to four shillings per month. For every sixty or seventy boys, one schoolmaster (a trained and certificated man—my informant had qualified in the walls of this very place where now he taught) is told off, and he uses the help of the sharpest lad in his class as a sort of pupil-teacher,—at least he has the privilege of doing so, if he prefers it to working single-handed.

Let me introduce you to the various departamentos in this very well-ordered, bright, and hard-working model school.

First, I entered the room where the youngest division were at work. The master was, like all of his class whom I have since met, a well-informed, industrious, and, it seemed to me, well-trained man, with much religious feeling, but, in the case of my friend, very little favourable to the religion of his country. There were fifty boys, from six to nine,

hard at work summing, very quiet, very orderly, and all of them seemed fairly well-dressed.

One or two of the little fellows were deaf and dumb. I said to the master, "What, are the deaf and dumb in your line too?"—"You shall see, sir," he said, calling one lad, a child of some eight years, to his side. A swift succession of telegraphic signs between master and pupil sent the little lad off, pencil in hand, to the black-board, and he wrote, and wrote again, at the master's telegraphic finger signals. The mode of telegraph employed was, the master said, the Parisian. "By far the best of all for blind and deaf and dumb," said he, "are the Parisian plans of teaching." Knowing little of the different systems, I was unable to answer the man's question as to what system prevailed in England.

This master informed me that the teaching of the deaf and dumb and the blind was a part of the course he had gone through, although one not insisted on. The master then gave a rap on the door with his magic wand, and all his pupils commenced a series of military evolutions round the room, chanting the numerals (uno, dos, tres, and so on up to fifty), to a very pretty Republican March tune.

All were, I found, taught to sing, but instrumental music was taught to those who liked it at an institution hard by. The master then lit his cigarillo, and prepared to answer my questions. I asked him, "Have you any punishment for the lads?"—"Castigos corporales, *non*; morales, *si*, señor." I inquired what the nature of the moral punishment was. "Of four degrees, señor," said he. "First, a private reprimand; next, a public reprimand; thirdly, the writing up of the offender's name

on the black book; fourthly, three hours' detention during play and meal hours,—but," added he, "the parents send the lad his dinner, we don't want to spoil his physique; fifthly, as a *dernier ressort*, expulsion." The school-hours, he told me, were from nine to twelve in the morning, and two to four in the afternoon, making a total of five hours per diem.

Do not imagine, however, that the mind alone is cultivated in the Escuelas Normales of Spain! Far from it. We passed down a few steps into another room. It was devoted entirely to gymnastics. The sand on the floor was soft and deep; the parallel bars, vaulting-horses, rings, rope-ladders, and all, were perfection. I have never seen a set of exercises so good, or so well done, save in Maclaren's Gymnasium at Oxford. About thirty boys were hard at work, under the eye of a trained and qualified professor of the gymnastic art; and trousers tucked up, shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and panting chests, brought back to one's mind full many a bright memory of happy College days.

I inquired next about religious instruction. What books did they use for the children? "Ah, ah!" said my friend, "we have to use books of Roman Catholic instruction now, but we only wait the order from the Cortes, allowing us to substitute books of a more liberal kind (*mas liberales*). They are all ready, French books, but we must bide our time."—"What," I asked, "do you mean by more liberal books?"—"Why, instead of the Roman Catholic creed, we want to teach nothing but *morales universales*." These last two words he repeated in great excitement, pacing up and down the sanded room.

‘And then,’ said he, “the priests will properly teach in the Church, we in the schools.”

I could not throw off from my mind a somewhat sad impression caused by his words. The two creeds, that of the Escuela and that of the Iglesia, thought I, will be diametrically opposed to one another, in all probability, and what then is there to guide a lad just budding into manhood? Is it not likely that the state of hundreds of educated men just now in this country will be their state too?—will be these poor lads’ state in a few years, namely, that their old faith having been shaken rudely, no other has been given to them on which they can stay their souls. For, after all, faith and a creed men must have. An educated man in the interior said to me the other day, —“I keep a strict Roman Catholic because I feel I must have a something to cling to; all around me men are throwing up their faith, but they seem to me to be like a piece of ivy torn off the tree, with no other tree near to cling to.”

Thence, from gymnastic and religious discussion, we went upstairs. The girls’ school was at the top of the house; more roomy, airy, and full of light, if possible, than that of the boys. Every child was busy sewing as I entered with the kindly and clever lady superintendent. Each child wore a beautifully embroidered white pinafore, scrupulously clean and starched, over her little frock; these they leave in their desks in the school. All seemed bright, clean, and hard-working, and I noticed none of that disagreeable, musty, fusty smell that is never absent from English schools. Then one must remember that the Spanish decent poor, as a rule, are the most scrupulously clean in the matter of wearing apparel of any nation under the

sun. The poorest girl will have a snowy pocket-handkerchief and a freshly-washed pañuelo to tie over her head; and no really true and decent Spanish gude-wife ever lets her husband go out on feast-days without a spotless shirt and tie!

In the next large room that we entered were fifty young women,—I must, I think, say señoritas, for that will not decide whether they were rich or poor, well-born or *pobres decentes*: these were the persons (many of them at least) qualifying for the position of National Schoolmistresses. They seemed to me, judging by their dress, their delicate white hands, and beautifully cut nails, as well as by their conversation, to be, many of them, ladies. They were all taking a lesson in embroidery from an older lady. Each had her little embroidery-frame on her lap or on a "rest," and each seemed vieing with her next neighbour as to who should do her work the best. The embroidery was simply beautiful; it was all on very fine lawn, the pattern being marked out in fine lines. Many of these young ladies, whose ages averaged from sixteen to twenty, were, I was afterwards told, persons of position and property, who come in, some for one kind of instruction, some for another.

This sight gratified me much. It is one among many proofs that in Spain the bitter feeling of class superiority is not kept up as in England. Here we have just seen the lady of position learning embroidery by the side of her humbler sister; and every one in Spain is familiar with the sight of the rich caballero smoking his cigarette with his linen-draper, and chatting over the counter.

The chief thing that struck me in this departamento was the modest and graceful dress and bearing

of all the young ladies, and the beauty of their work, as well as the perfect silence and order that prevailed. One untoward incident here occurred. A beautiful glass-case of flowers, made of wool, was pointed out to me by the lady superintendent; I could not, at first believe that they were not of wax, so beautiful and delicate was their appearance. Unfortunately, to insure finding this school, I had engaged an English-speaking guide, who (bird of evil omen!) stood, though I knew it not, just at my elbow, hearing me inquire a second time of the lady superintendent, "Are they not wax?" and fancying I did not understand the language, he ventured to act as interpreter. "She says," he said, in his blandest tones, "she says that they are made of what you English call old rags."

This was quite enough. I apologize to the señora, and hurriedly beat a retreat. The lecture-rooms, the school-rooms, the library, all were beautifully arranged, and hung with every sort of scientific diagram, with explanations in English, French, and Spanish. In one room above, open to the students, I saw a machine, wholly new to me (French, I am told), called a "pulsometer." It is a small phial, half full of crimson fluid. You simply hold it in your hand, and, for every beat of the pulse, a red liquid leaps to one end of the phial. And there were also electric machines, measures and weights, and cabinets full of various chemicals.

The library seemed fairly well furnished. Among other religious books, I noticed Luis de Granada's 'Guia de Peccadores'; Balme's 'Cartas a un Esceptico en Materia de Religion'; the well-known French work for children, 'Éducation Maternelle,' by Madame Tastu, beautifully illustrated; the Poetry of Mar-

tinez y la Rosa (whose songs the children sing); and many standard works, in French, English, and Spanish, on History, Philosophy, and the New Testament. And then I said farewell.

I should add, before closing this chapter, that one or two of the schoolmasters spoke French fairly fluently to me, at their own request, on my apologizing for my defects of expression, by saying I had only acquired my present knowledge of the Spanish language within the last year; also, I should add, that the masters and mistresses, who are in constant work at these schools, obtain some assistance in teaching from those who are "qualifying"—in fact, it is thus alone that these latter acquire the art of "pedagogia."

Three thoughts suggested themselves to my mind as I left the Escuelas Normales and their painstaking and kindly inmates:—First, might not gymnastics form a useful part of our National schoolboy's career, especially in large towns? Secondly, might there not be more music in our National Schools? Thirdly, might not the masters and mistresses at our great training colleges be offered the privilege of learning how to instruct the deaf and dumb and blind? It would surely be no mean part of their high and noble calling.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

*Being Stanzas written on the wild Sea Beach near Cipiona.**

WHERE naught save cliff and crag are seen,
 And out on ocean's barren breast,
 The restless sea-bird loves to glean
 Her food, and snatch her scanty rest.

The swoop, the poise o'er ocean blue,
 Of hundred whistling silver wings ;
 om morn till eve, with plaintive mew,
 Her changeless song the sea-bird sings.

I heard her once—a child I ranged
 O'er headlands bluff of native clime ;
 To me her changeless song hath changed :
 A true interpreter was Time !

For once I heard her more : alone
 Strayed my rough steps o'er deserts new :
 O'er Cipiona's shores the sun
 A ray of yellow glory threw.

“The world is peaceful as a sea
 That gently laps some Southern shore ;
 Yet man must not a refter be,
 Dreaming in life his work is o'er.

* Cipiona is a small town on the sea-coast not far from Cadiz, inhabited chiefly by fishermen.

“The world is storm-tost as a sea,
 Oft rent about with wave and wind :
 Man, but a wanderer like to me,
 Even here his moment's rest may find.

“The world is barren as a sea
 From whose dark breast my food I glean :
 Thou from thy barren world, like me,
 Mayst pluck fair flowers of heavenly mien.

“The sea wets not my glossy breast,
 Though cradled in her wave I lie ;
 I trust her not—a moment's rest,
 She rises—and I heavenward fly !

“So bask not in life's smiles, nor fear
 Though trouble's crested wave roll on :
 It may be that thy path is drear,
 It may not be thou art alone.

“On dire affliction's sweeping blast
 Ride fearless on Faith's silver wing :
 His Hand who made thy skies o'ercast
 Peace with the morrow's dawn can bring.

“So, like the sea-bird, sit thou light
 To storm or calm : glean what is best :
 Ready, when bidd'n, to take thy flight
 To better than the sea-bird's rest !”



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

Consejería de la Alhambra y Generalife
 CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH THE CONDEMNED TO CUBA.

PERHAPS one of the saddest spectacles in Spain at the present day is that of her sons who, as Mr. Smuggly observed of himself in the well-known novel, "leave their country for their country's good." Apart from joking, this sight is really a sad one, and no honest and good heart can look upon it—and we all out here have it constantly before our eyes—without a sigh.

It is related of a Highland mother, that when she saw a young fellow hung upon the gallows, and heard the hoarse cry of derision of the mob, she entered her protest of natural feeling against such indecency in the words "Remember, though he was bad, he was somebody's bairn."

And the poor "Hieland mither's" words beautifully and simply express the feelings of many hearts in this country when they see old men and children sent off, with the young and the strong, to the unhappy exile of Cuba for political offences.

The writer of this work, in his home in the interior, had often heard of, but until lately had not seen, the bands of political prisoners who are now sent off by hundreds to the swamps and morasses and fierce heats of Cuba, the Spanish "Botany Bay."

And truly, when they pass one—a long string of men, of all ranks, and all ages, and all professions,—

priest, gitano, *littérateur*, lawyer, peasant, child, and would-be statesman—they present a sad spectacle.

Travelling, one meets this sad convoy frequently. They walk, unmanacled usually, between a couple of files of Guardias Civiles—men who ought to have a word of honour whenever they are mentioned. Fearless, clever, educated veterans, lovers of nothing so well as order, every Englishman (with English associations strong upon him) welcomes the sight of their sturdy, square-set frames, neat dark-blue uniform, with its red facings, and black cocked-hat. They are all educated, and can read and write. All are veteran soldiers, and, some mounted, some on foot, in parties of two or more (for they never are allowed to go singly), these men put down robberies in the campo or lonely plains, or march with their officers, many of whom are veterans, in companies of a hundred or so, to any town where there is a rising against the lawful Government of the day (we must limit ourselves to that word in speaking of Spanish Government), and simply, sternly, and quietly restore order. I must say the finest set of men, as half-policemen, half-soldiers, that I have ever seen, are the Guardias Civiles of Spain.

Once, if I may digress, it was my lot to be in a town where the tide of lawlessness had fairly set in. It was a town of some 40,000 inhabitants, chiefly of the lower class, men ready and ripe for an insurrection. The alcalde of the town sent off to their nearest barracks (twenty miles off, at least) for a detachment of Guards.

As they drew up in the narrow dark street of the town where they were to find quarters, they certainly were a noble sight. It was nine or ten o'clock on the

evening of a blistering August day, and the narrow street, with its high houses and its tiny oil lamps, was nearly dark. But there were the Guards, one hundred only strong, with five mounted officers. Each had his cocked-hat swathed in linen, knapsack on back, rifle, with bayonet fixed, for they did not know what reception they would meet with; there they were, standing four-deep, stern and silent, amid a crowd of 900 or 1,000 people. Their stern, dark, moustachioed faces, glaring under the white hats, and the drawn swords of their officers, told a tale of strength. They were 100, the townsmen 40,000; but they were the Civil Guards, and were respected by all, and dreaded by some. The next day all was quiet in the town. We all, who were peaceably disposed, hoped they would remain. Not at all. The head man of their town, under whose authority they were, had a sneaking sympathy for the insurgent's cause, so he simply sent a mounted messenger to command their return next morning, on some pretext or other, and ninety of the hundred dark-browed patriots marched back the self-same weary twenty miles, over red sand and under a glaring sun, and all for nothing. So it ever is in Spain; the authorities are constantly corrupt. And is not an incident of this kind enough to show you (for these fellows never grumbled), not only that Spain has true and loyal hearts, but that Spanish authority too often trifles with and spoils them?

But to return to our prisoners. In the interior we see them only by twos and threes, led along by a municipal guard with drawn sword, or gazing idly and *nonchalantly*, cigarette in mouth, through the bars of the prison.

To one of the large seaports in Spain where I was staying, came a body of some hundreds of these unhappy men and boys, most of them political prisoners, some whose crimes were of the ordinary type—robbery, assault, arson, murder, &c.

They were all habited in Cuban soldier's dress; that is, the dress of the Spanish soldier in Cuba, the "Cuban Volunteer," who is just now so famous. This dress consists of a checked light-blue blouse, with or without red facings; black trousers, with red stripe; and a small black cloth cap, with a red tassel: it is like a prisoner's dress, and very unsoldier-like. Men of all ages, ranks, sizes, &c., were here, guarded down to the vessel on which they were to embark for military service in Cuba.

It was my fortune to fall in with a gentleman who had accompanied a ship-load of some eight hundred or more of these misguided men to Cuba, and he thus briefly describes his voyage. I could follow them no further than dry land, and I was anxious to follow them much further.

I think the account given me by my friend will interest some English readers. Let me tell the conversation in a simple way, as it occurred.

I said, "What are they all going to do when they get to Cuba?"

"Why," said he, "they will be drafted off, ten into each company of Volunteers, to fight the Cuban insurgents."

"But," I said, "how about their age: some are boys, some old men?"

"Well, a great many, perhaps five out of every ten, will die, owing to the climate and bad living; a good many will desert, and a good many will be back again

in Spain in three months' time. I have seen men land in Spain three months after they had gone out under sentence of some years."

He explained that their relations often sent them money; on the receipt of which some deserted and settled in the island, some returned to their native land.

I then inquired what sort of men they were, these prisoners, as a rule. He said, "All sorts; many Carlists—and under this head are numbered all who are taken with arms in their hands in the northern provinces; many priests, who wear the common dress of the Cuban soldier, but are allowed sometimes on board to wear private dress; many Cantonales, and many Intransigentes; some robbers and murderers. As to the priests, they are all Carlists at heart throughout Spain; so we pity those few that are laid hold of! Many are simply ignorant, misguided peasants, who can't read or write: they are stirred up by the priests to fight, and so they do fight."

"Now, look here," said another passenger to me. "In one batch there were two or three boys about twelve or fifteen years of age. I said to one of these lads, 'Are you a Carlista?'—'I don't know.'—'Had you arms, a gun in your hand?' The boy laughed, 'Si, Señor, pero, sin gatillo,' *i. e.* 'Yes, sir, I had, but without a trigger.'"

When a strong body of these prisoners are put on board a Government steamer, they are unmanacled, and have plenty of liberty; they are, in fact, though against their will, soldiers, off to fight the battles of their country (with what heart?) against her Cuban foes! But, though unmanacled, plenty of means are at hand—as, indeed, is simply necessary, when a crew

of thirty or forty men, with twenty soldiers, have to take charge of eight hundred prisoners—to put down any mutiny. First of all, two small cannon are placed on deck, ready, in case of a “rising,” simply to sweep every man and boy off the deck. “Would the gunners fire?” said I.

“I believe you; if they sent half the crew into the air, they would.”

Then the hose from the engine-room is pointed carefully towards the hold, where these poor creatures dwell; so that in case of a riot or mutiny there, boiling water might at once be brought to bear upon them. And if cold water, vigorously applied, often brings a fainting lady or a fanciful man to his senses, what effect must not boiling water have upon Spanish political prisoners?

I inquired of my informant what these men did with themselves all the day. He told me that they employed their time in two ways. Firstly, in singing; secondly, in gambling. “Those two occupations,” said he, “make up their great amusements. The noise of their singing, when the departure of the sea-sickness has enabled them to sing, is something marvellous; they swarm upon deck, light their cigarros de papel, and sing their wild ditties, until you are almost deafened. I am always sorry when they aren’t sea-sick. As to gambling, all the money on board has changed hands a dozen times at least before the eighteen days’ steam to Cuba are over. Often a man loses his shirt and pants, and they have to supply him who are in care of the vessel.”

No one who knows anything of the Spanish love, or rather passion, for gambling, will be surprised at this; from the lord to the melon-seller, gambling is the

ruling passion, strong even on the convict-hulk or in death.

Sit in your hotel window in any large town in Spain, and you will hear, as regularly as chime of hour, the everlasting sing-song cry of the lottery-ticket seller down the street, "Quatro mil reales por una peseta;" *i. e.*, 4,000 reals (a real is twopence-halfpenny) for one peseta; *i. e.*, tenpence.

Go to one of the annual fairs in the interior, and at every street-corner will be found a kind of rough *rouge-et-noir* going on, with a ring of gitanos, fruit-sellers, miners, and nondescripts staking their all on a turn of the wheel.

The Spanish laws, in theory, are excellent; every merchant vessel, above a certain tonnage, must carry her clergyman and her doctor. So on Sundays and feast-days there is a regular Misa, or Church service, on deck.

"But," said my informant, "as to the doctors of these ships, they are no good at all. I have been often superior to them on a sudden emergency."

This may be true of the class of men they obtain for ships' surgeons, but it is only fair to the Spanish doctors to say that I have, more than once, found their prescriptions exceedingly beneficial, and noticed great acumen in their remarks and deductions. But, amongst the ordinary class of doctors in the interior, it is simply the old story of—"If he is ill, bleed him." And, in many towns of the interior, the doctors are "Barbers and Bleeders," or "Dentists and Bleeders." This inscription over the doors is constant in the interior. Sometimes there are three bleeders, "Sangradores," in one street. "Dentista y

Sangrador," is very common. "What must we do?" — "Bleed him, of course!"

When the crew have brought their prisoners safe to land at some port in Cuba, they are received by an escort, and drafted into the different regiments, ten of these prisoners being allotted to each company of one hundred.

I asked my informant what was his opinion of the priests on board the vessels. He shook his head. "I haven't any opinion at all,—they are so ignorant. Ask one where London is, and he will say, 'In Inglaterra,' but what part of Inglaterra he will not know. Besides, they are many of them of very bull-dog countenance—much like prize-fighters in face."

It may be so, I say once more, among the especial class of priests who are engaged for service on board-ship; but my observation of the majority has not led me to exactly the same conclusion as my friend. The priests are ignorant of many modern topics, but well up in Latin, legends, &c. They keep aloof from the world in which we all live and move and have our being.

Most of these vessels get safe to Cuba. Spanish sailors are, as a rule, I have been told by an English sea-faring man, *very* cautious, even to timidity, "and first-rate navigators," said he.

When one has seen such a sight as I have just described, many feelings press into one's mind. These are not robbers or murderers; they are mistaken and misguided men, who have, at least, some elements of nobleness and greatness in them, the development of which has brought them to their present unhappy position. They have no education to brace them, they have no religion to guide them. Like all their

countrymen, they believe in one thing, and that is, the need of their own individual interference in the politics of their country. They see around them sorrow, and wrong, and distress; they look, and in vain, for any master-spirit to redress their wrongs; and so, they take upon themselves the task. There is something to admire in this.

You will say, "Yes; but their life is a mistake—it is wasted." It is true. But what is the life of most of us? Is it not often, like theirs, a mistake—one long succession of battles nobly fought, but seldom won? of high aims and great failures? while he who aims the highest falls the most terribly, simply because he had mounted the ladder higher than others—simply because he aimed so high, his fall is so tremendous? Mediocrity and indifference escape all this!

CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

CHAPTER XXII.

DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN.

"My religion has broken down." Such was the hopeless sentiment—a sentiment rendered doubly mournful by the simplicity of the language, and the position of the speaker—expressed to me a few nights since by a poor Spanish boatman. It was uttered in answer to my question why he was absent from his cathedral, the bells of which had just been clanging for evening service.

"My religion has broken down!"

The train of thought which these bitter words led to, urged me to throw together into a connected form the many observations I had already jotted down as to the state of religious feeling in Spain; and I could not help reflecting, as I turned over page after page of my journal, and came upon the entries relating to this especial subject, with how much truth might both the educated and uneducated Spaniard of to-day say, with the poor boatman, "My religion has broken down!"

This self-imposed task is a dispiriting one; for I cannot, to be candid, write of the vitality and living work of the Church in my present country, but rather of its lifelessness and stagnation—not of the growth and progress of faith, but, alas! of its rapid and visible decay.

The Church of Spain—of Spain in 1873 (I write of

what I have seen in the South and in the interior of Spain; in the North, I am told, ecclesiastical affairs wear a wholly different aspect),—is an institution which has lost its hold on the masses, both educated and uneducated. They do not look to its shelter for the offering of prayers, nor to its pulpit for instruction, nor to its minister for support and comfort. In literature, in intercourse with strangers, in thought and education, all around has moved; the Church moves not; she is left behind in the onward march: too proud to ask, to follow, or to learn, she stands alone; too proud to acknowledge, or too much wrapped in sublime slumber and dreams of her past glory, to recognize for a moment the fact that she is alone.

She writes her commands still, but none are bound to obey them; she proffers her advice, but her sons turn away unheeding. “We have heart and mind like you,” they say; “we can think and act for ourselves. Away!” The picture that rises upon one’s mind when one sees the decrees of Mother Church slighted, ridiculed, or ignored by her sons (though *not* by her pious daughters), is that of some aged officer long ago suspended for his age—to whom the rules and implements of modern strategy are wholly new and strange—suddenly aspiring to command on the field of modern warfare; he raises his hand with all his pristine dignity—he gives the word with all the decision of one accustomed to command. Too full of respect for his grey hairs, and his pristine courage, and his rank, those around him do not ridicule him, or tell him he is mistaken; they simply salute him courteously, and pass on ignoring his commands.

The decay of religious faith in Spain divides itself into three distinct heads. The first subject of inquiry

will naturally be, *What is the precise state of religious feeling existing at the present moment?* The second will be, *To what causes is the present state of things due?* And, lastly, *Whither is it tending; what will be the result in the future of the religious position of the present?*

To answer these questions fairly, fully, and without exaggeration, will be the object of the following remarks: what the writer will say will certainly be suggestive; it may, he trusts, be productive in England of much good. Anyhow, it cannot fail to be full of the deepest interest.

I. What is the precise state of religious feeling in Spain at the present day? Some few years ago it was the writer's privilege, when in London, to attend one or two of a set of lectures, very original and suggestive, given by the great Indian reformer, Cheshub Chunder Sen—lectures which ultimately fell into the writer's hand. Mr. Sen was, as the writer understood him, one who had advanced far beyond the creed of his countrymen—(Brahmees, if my remembrance serves me rightly, was the name by which he designated them),—one who, having become dissatisfied with the superstitions of the Brahmins, had gone hither and thither seeking for a creed. His words were very striking, full as they were of those Scriptures of which, as the writer believes, he had grasped a part—and but a part. "I," he said, in perfectly good English, "I was for many years a man without a creed; I and hundreds of my fellow-Brahmees could not accept or hold to our own religion, and I made trial first of other religious systems in India; but, thirsty as I was, I found none to give me drink; I was hungry, and they gave me no food. At