

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 well been 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 better-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 gudewife 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 vying 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-drawer, 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 apologized 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, 'Education Maternelle,' by Madame Tastu, beautifully illustrated; the Poetry of Martinez 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 ;  
From 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 restler 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 !”

## 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 were 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 insurgents' 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.