near, that one could hardly realize the fact that the foot of them was at least twenty miles away.

Here and there, as we mounted some hill or turned some curve, lay, in its sheltered hollow, a little town, stone built, the home of the farmer or the olive-dresser, and so much the colour of the surrounding country, that the eye at first sight failed to distinguish it. Gradually surveying the whole horizon, the view died away, bluer, and yet bluer, until it was lost in the shade of the great mountains.

Such was our ride. Yet here and there closer objects claimed our attention for a moment. At many a corner, propped up against loose stone wall, or nailed against olive tree or ilex, was a little wooden cross, sometimes painted black, and adorned with letters or initial, or with a half-faded wreath. The crosses are put up to mark the spot where a man has died a violent death. If each of these mute memorials could tell its own dark story, it would be the olden story, of the passionate word, the deathly blow, followed by years of bitter and, it may be, agonizing repentance.

Higher and higher we mounted, when, just as we were getting tired, our mules pricked up their ears, and shook themselves together for a trot. They knew more than we did, for a few moments brought us to a wayside fountain, well supplied with drinking utensils for man and beast, of the purest, clearest, coldest water—a spring so celebrated, that Spaniards, who are more particular about the quality of their water than about any other article of food or drink, send their aguaderos (water-carriers) to fill the canteros (earthern pitchers, carried two on each side in panniers on mule or donkey back) to this especial spring from

distances of three, four, or even eight and nine miles. Lad and lassie, men and women, in holiday costume, streamed up to the fountain; many of them chanting that wild, primitive, monotonous ditty peculiar to the Andaluz, the words of which are almost invariably impromptu, and the tone of which may be thus correctly described: five or six words are said rapidly upon one note, somewhat high; the voice is then, with the most peculiar and difficult runs, lowered several notes; it is then lowered and raised again, according to the pleasure of the singer.

Hundreds of men and women, chiefly of the lower class, were streaming along the road towards Baeza, as we started onwards. Many women, their right arm clasping tightly the waist of their companion, were "riding pilion" behind husband, brother, or father, on mules or donkeys. All were in holiday attire; and the bright handkerchiefs, tied gracefully enough over the ebon locks of the women, and their gaudy dresses, together with the bright-coloured head-gear of donkey or mule, and the invariable halter twisted neatly around the head-straps of the bridle, made a picturesque and pretty stream, lively enough, too, as they passed us, or we them, all speculating on the one subject that then occupied their minds—"What sort of procession will it be under this Government?"

Happy, laughing faces, picturesque dresses, and ringing, joyous carols of laughter, or of song, or gay banter, are not disagreeable companions at the end of a dusty and somewhat monotonous ride; and certainly a better-behaved crowd I have never seen. They came from mine, from olive-lodge, from the "lodge in the garden of melons," from the vineyard, from the counter, yet there was no indecent jest, no

coarse expression, no oath heard—and such has been my constant experience of a Spanish crowd. True, they are ignorant, and cannot read or write, whereas an English crowd of the same character could probably do either; but the Spaniards of the lower class (as well as the higher) have one Christian grace unknown to Englishmen, the grace of natural courtesy.

At last we rode into the entrance of the town. Nothing very striking there. Old and rambling stone houses, with many of the windows without glass, but all with a strong cage of iron bars for protection; streets simply strewed with huge loose boulders of granite or other stone; crowds streaming with us towards the large "posada," or inn, at the outskirts of the township. The posada merits a moment's notice. It was once a (Franciscan, I believe) convent of considerable size, but now *tempora mutantur*, and the spacious "patio" (courtyard) stands thick with mule-carts, and all through the grey stone cloisters, venerable and inspiring respect even now, are beasts of burden, from the lowly donkey up to the fiery little Andalucian charger, slaking their thirst at the stone drinking-troughs with which they are fitted up.

Our mules safely tethered, we hastened to the Plaza, or market-square, an institution common to most townships of the Spanish interior, wherein the representation of the Lord's last suffering was to take place. This Plaza is a very large square, the four sides of which are composed of white-washed stone houses, the upper stories of which project (as in many old English towns—Chester, I believe, for one) over the lower, and are propped up with pillars of wood, which seemed, in many cases, quite weak and crumbling. Around this covered walk—for such it is—facing the Plaza, are

many little shops, where are sold various articles, but chiefly the aguardiente,—a strong spirit, distilled from wine and flavoured with aniseed,—in which the Spanish peasant's heart delights at early morn.

Every street is now discharging its hundreds into the Plaza; the crowd is orderly and quiet, if eager; for every eye will soon be gazing upon the likeness of its Lord and of His sainted mother. Wonderful sight, I thought, for the pencil of a Phillip, an O'Neil, or a Frith, is this crowd, as I gazed down from our balcony upon the moving mass beneath me. The coloured head-handkerchiefs of the women; the scarlet and crimson fajas (sashes) of the men,—some standing in the full, rich sunlight, some, more fortunate, in the blue shadow (for in Spain the shadow really is blue!); the ricketty-looking, nearly flat-roofed houses, and far away the snow-capped ridge of the distant mountains, —all these were matter for the artist's hand, and, with the aid of the strains of solemn Passion music, which soon sounded above the hum of human voices, brought over me that strange feeling of wishfulness for something eternally good and of pensive sadness which ever comes from the contemplation of a spectacle more than usually solemn and beautiful.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd beneath me—a crowd now numbering several thousands—as the music drew gradually nearer and nearer; but there was no noise nor disorder; and silently a row of men, two deep, dressed in long, flowing robes, with hoods turned over their heads, and each man bearing a huge lighted candle, came silently round the corner of the Plaza, and easily made a broad road through the ranks of the now silent and bare-headed crowd. These were the "penitentes," and their immediate

office was to keep a clear pathway for the procession of images soon to follow. And then, as I gazed, it came.

First, borne by four penitentes, our Saviour Himself, clad in a flowing robe of rich claret colour, gorgeously embroidered with gold; firmly around His sacred temples the crown of cruel thorns is pressed, and twined among His hair (real human hair), which, dabbled in blood, falls down over His shoulders. A more awfully natural picture of human agony I never saw. He has fallen upon one hand from exhaustion, and that shows a jagged and soil-stained wound; His head droops a little; His nostrils are slightly widened, as of one who pants for breath. But, oh! the terribly weary, and yet uncomplaining, suffering expressed in the Divine face! Oh! the exhaustion, the mute reproof, the look of utter weariness depicted in it!

As that figure passed slowly up the square, severing, with its quiet, mute, onward march, the thronging populace, every hand crossed its breast, every knee went low in mute adoration.

But He has gone!

In flashing steel helmets, buff coats, and steel breast-plates, behind Him march, two and two, one hundred Roman soldiers, the "Centurion's Guard." Some are riding on fiery Andalucian chargers, which fret and curvet through the crowd,—horses lent by some of the richest men of the town,—some march on foot.

Suddenly the band stepped to one side; the Roman soldiery, four deep, formed up around, above, and below the suffering Christ. The penitentes once more cleared a way through the thronging crowd. Another figure, which we all took for that of Mary the mother of Jesus, came slowly along between the

line of bare-footed penitentes. It was La Santa Veronica (Saint Veronica). She bore, holding it by the corners, a white handkerchief in her hands. As she is borne near to the image of Jesus Christ, she courtesies, as it were, being lowered by her bearers to the very earth. Once, twice, thrice, amid a dead hush, this ceremony of her performing her obeisance is gone through; and then she approaches, handkerchief in hand, her suffering Lord. She stoops down, she wipes the sweat, and blood, and dirt from the Saviour's bleeding brow and travel-stained face, and just as she does so, the handkerchief is swiftly rolled up by means of a spring, and another appears in her hands, with the image of Jesus upon it.

The legend of Saint Veronica is well known. She wiped the blood and sweat from the Saviour's face on the last journey to Calvary, and the handkerchief being folded three deep, she bore away upon it three images, as it were, of the Divino Rostro. One—so says the Spanish legend—was lost; one is in St. Peter's, at Rome; one in the Cathedral at Jaën, in this province, the capital town. And now the Virgin herself comes. As she too, in her turn, came round the corner of the street, the whole crowd in that teeming plaza sank simultaneously to its knees upon the dusty, rock-strewn square. I knelt, in company with some thirty Spaniards, in our balcony; and on looking around and about, up at the windows, into the balconies, and below upon the seething, crushed-up crowd, the eye could not discern one head covered or one single standing figure. In her turn, Santa Maria drew near to her Lord and her God, and (as did Santa Veronica) made obeisance to him several times. Her arms move, she wipes her eyes, her pale

face is expressive of simple, sheer, approachable grief; her eyes are red and swollen with weeping. Beautifully, as she wipes her tear-streaming, blood-shot eyes, the bands (for they are many) play some of the most plaintive strains of Bach's Passion music, and at the saddest, most wailing note, the Virgin mother draws near and puts her arms around the neck and across the breast of her fallen, fainting, and bleeding son. Many an eye long a stranger to tears is wet with them now. Many a heart, doubtless—though we cannot say—is throbbing with the first pulsation it has felt for good since last Passion Week.

The procession vanished, and a slight, a very slight, indecency took place. As the people, rising from their knees, press too hardly upon the penitentes, these latter, with their heavy candles, beat them back. A blow from one of these candles, or tapers, as they are called, is no laughing matter: they average three or four feet in length, and are one and a half inch in diameter.

And so went out of sight, amid an orderly and gentle, but eager crowd, the first procession of Holy Friday. Well, people, especially Englishmen, who know nothing of Spanish character, and of the ignorance, the exceeding ignorance, of the masses here, often affect contempt, or indulge in ridicule, at the idea of these processions being productive of any good. Yet, when one considers that thousands in Spain know but little of God's great act of love but what they learn, and are yearly reminded of, through them, and when one sees the rough miner, the gay woman, the rude olive-dresser, on their knees, with streaming eyes, at this exhibition, one must surely make a very solemn pause before uttering any word

of disparagement or condemnation. True, I have heard the indecent jest and the ribald sneer, but it has been beautifully said that, even of those whose lips utter such language, it may be that "coming to scoff, they stay to hear."

After the procession, we breakfasted in the Casa de Huespedes, or lodging-house for strangers. Opposite to us sat a Spanish gentleman, who, over his sixth egg and third piece of bacalao (salt cod), glared angrily at the strangers who ventured to eat a modest slice of meat. Then to the churches of the town. In each one the images stood, on their framework, ready for the evening procession. The side altars were lighted; the incense smelt fragrant in the dark aisles. The pictures seemed to me poor; but in Spanish churches the light is so bad, and the pictures are hung with such utter disregard to light, that one could form, in so hurried a moment, no fair or trustworthy judgment upon their respective merits.

From the churches, of which we made quite a tour, we passed into the streets; and here we were surprised at meeting two men, heavily manacled around the ankle, bound together. They were, we found upon inquiry, prisoners (condemned felons, in fact), but men who, being "well-behaved," were allowed on Good Friday to parade the streets and solicit alms. I asked one of them what was his offence. "Manslaughter with the knife," he said; "but it was entirely an act of self-defence; and if I had sufficient funds I should be released." At the corner of a side street, a table in front of her hiding her manacles, sat a sweetly-pretty Spanish girl; into a little tray before her every now and again a passer-by threw a few coppers. She,

too, was a prisoner, on a "Good Friday ticket-of-leave." We forbore to ask her the nature of her crime.

The last procession was after nightfall. The crowds, the music, and the images, in great measure, were the same. The image of Jesus Christ came up, and, in the dim grey evening light, by the many lit candles, we saw that he was washing Peter's feet. A silver basin full of water was on the ground: Jesus knelt at the disciple's feet, a silver jug in his hand. His attitude was that of earnest admonition, beautifully conveyed, the disciple's that of deprecation; and, as the solemn Passion music broke once more in the dusky evening over that bending crowd, one could almost hear the words,—"Dost Thou wash my feet?" and the solemn answer,—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know." In this scene, I should say, the letter of the Holy Gospel is ignored, for our Lord was represented in a long, claret-coloured robe! Then was put forth before the crowd Jesus praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. He knelt, the sweat dripping down amongst real evergreens lit up with candles. Most awful of all was the next. The Christ was bound, bound with thongs of esparto-grass, to flogging-post. His holy back was scored with the marks of the lashes, from which blood seemed oozing out; there was around one of His arms a great black-and-blue and livid wale, evidently the result of a foul blow. Then came many figures of Christ bearing His cross, in each one of which I noticed that His hand and knee were represented as fearfully lacerated and blood-stained. Then night fell all around. The crowds were dense. The Plaza was one mass of darkness, moving forms, and lighted candles. All was

hushed and still. You could even hear the night-wind blowing in fitful gusts (had we not all day been praying for rain?) from the mountains to the southward. The end was at hand.

The Crucifixion came at last before our bewildered eyes, and, in its severity, it was truly awful—it was almost too life-like. Night had thrown its shades of gloominess all around. The Christ was raised up aloft in that dim, silent, but teeming Plaza, nailed upon His cross of agony and shame, — a public spectacle, His dying figure barely lit up by torch of penitent or ruthless soldier. Little thin red streams of blood flowed down from His nail-pierced hands, crossing each other at the wrist, and passing to the armpit, and thence trickling down the sides, and soaking in gore the linen cloth at the waist.

I turned away sick and faint; it was all too frightfully real. The blood seemed clotted with sweat, dust, and dirt; the jagged edge of the foot-wounds was terrible to gaze upon. The two thieves, one on either side, had great ugly gashes through their shin-bones. On either side stood the long line of penitentes, whose lighted candles shed a fitful ray over the whole. And then even that great act in man's redemption was finished.

Next came some sweetly-pretty little girls, each one with a pair of silver wings, carrying in their hands tiny banners, inscribed (in Latin) with the words, "For our salvation He hath died." Then passed upward the Roman soldiers, and the Virgin, with the dead body of her Lord in her arms.

One more spectacle later on, and all was over. A glass coffin, at ten at night, was borne past us. It

was beautifully illuminated, and in it lay a quiet body, with pale features, peaceful enough, swathed in a linen cloth. Mary Magdalene first, then St. John, then St. Veronica, followed the transparent coffin.

And then all was over. But I went home with altered feelings as to the use of all these externals; for I had been witness to a most impressive, a most solemn sight.

CHAPTER XII.

SPANISH SERVANTS IN A MINING DISTRICT—MARIA, ISIDRA.

So much has lately been written on the subject of servants, that, were it not that the Spanish servants in the mining districts, and other parts of Spain where the wave of progress and change as yet has hardly been heard, preserve, in a striking degree, their originality and individuality, one would hardly be justified in making them the theme of a separate chapter.

When we speak of servants (criadas or criados), male or female, we may do so without going into any specific differences. There is no broad line drawn between nurse and housemaid, butler and groom, inasmuch as the Spanish servant has no training for accepting any particular kind of place, and is ready to turn her hand to anything, making up, by willingness, sweetness of temper, easiness or indifference, for her lack of special knowledge.

Thus, a young woman will be nurse for a year, then take a fancy to cooking, and offer herself as cook, thinking herself fully competent for such simple cooking as she is called upon to do if she can stew, boil, and fry in oil, make a salad or a gazpacho, and boil goat's meat and flour into sopa de macho (goat's soup).

The man-servant, too, turns his hand to anything. Goes errands, opens the door, cigarillo in mouth, or rides on donkey-back behind his master to the mine, the olive-grove, or the shooting-ground. He never wears livery, but adopts his national or provincial costume, and is more of a free lance than a regular servant.

The man-servant is generally a young unmarried man; the maid-servant generally a widow, who, if she have children, must have them in the house with her; or a woman of mature age, say forty years, the younger unmarried women being jealously guarded at home by mother or aunt.

Those who expect in this chapter a reproduction of the several well-defined types of English servants,—the spruce footman, the man-of-all-work, the house-maid, or the trained nursery-maid,—will be much disappointed: for, instead of them, I shall present the hoyden, under the care of her mother, assisting her in her duties as servant, but not allowed to "go out" on her own account; the young widow, who turns to service for a living until she captivate some swain again; and the respectable married couple, who choose to subject themselves to the little trials of service, in order to save house-rent, the woman acting as cook, or nurse, or maid-of-all-work, the man working all day in the mine or the garden.

To state briefly, on the threshold of our subject, the leading differences between the condition of the Spanish and English servant, this may be said,—that the Spanish generally has wages and not food provided, the English both; the Spanish has ample liberty, may dress as she pleases, go where she pleases, and have relations, friends, and followers in

the kitchen with her at all hours, whereas to the English servant no such liberty is accorded; the Spanish brings her furniture, bedstead, images, pots and pans, and pitchers, with her into her master's house, thus setting up quite a little establishment within an establishment; the Spanish servant is contented with the roughest, darkest sleeping quarters, not turning up her nose at its roughness and even unhealthiness. This seems hard; but it must be remembered that the homes of the Spanish poor are dark, windowless, one-storied shanties, a rug spread upon the stones being often their only bed; and also, that the dryness of the climate, and the very short hours of rest in the bed-room itself, in part act as a makeweight to these discomforts.

The wages of the Spanish servant are low; but it must be remembered that the rate of living in Spain is much cheaper than in England, the constitution not needing so much solid support beneath the Andalucian ever-shining sun as beneath the frowning skies and chilly rains of England.

The general scale of wages among the Spanish poor would be much as follows, varying, of course, from time to time:—A Spanish maid-servant would receive one peseta (tenpence) per day, without food, or fivepence with food—food merely meaning bread, soup, and vegetables or fruit; a man-servant two pesetas per diem, without food; a ploughman, during the ploughing season, would receive two pesetas per diem, with one meal of gazpacho; a vineyard-man, during the forty days of the vintage, would receive as much as five pesetas per diem. And these wages seem good; but it must be remembered that they are wages for these special seasons; that there is, owing

to the drought, no possibility of men being employed on the land all the year round, as in England; and so the labourer, his harvest or vintage finished, goes back to his donkey and his water-carrying until ploughing-time or harvest bids him return to sow or reap.

The usual wages of the Spanish private soldier would be one penny or twopence per day to spend, the rest of his pay being stopped for expenses of dress, &c. His fare is not meat, but soup, and bread, and vegetables. Since the Republican Government, however, the soldier has received, nominally, at least, much more money.

The sailor on board the Spanish man-of-war receives from five to six dollars per month and his food, or, if a preferente (first class), as much as ten dollars. The merchant sailor is more liberally paid, however, receiving from twelve to sixteen dollars per month with his food.

	£.	*s.*	*d.*
The Spanish Real (by which all accounts are reckoned) =	0	0	2½
The Spanish Peseta	0	0	10
The Spanish Dollar	0	4	2
The Spanish Pound	1	0	10

The *modus operandi*, when you need a servant, is as follows. You give notice to any one and every one you meet, servants at other houses included, that you need a servant; and the news of your need will quickly spread. Every morning, before the heat of the day, one servant after another will present himself or herself at your door, even as early as five or six o'clock. They never have any character, by word of mouth or by letter; and to ask a Spanish servant to bring you a character would bring an angry flush to her cheek and a strange fire to her eye, and she would turn

away at once, saying, "Well, I can go elsewhere. Good-bye."

There are generally drawbacks to each one of these poor creatures, especially in the mining districts, where all is of the roughest; where they are frequently called upon to serve very graceless masters, oftentimes English, French, or German. And you will find much difficulty in getting a suitable servant. One middle-aged, decent-looking widow will promise well, but you will find that her drawback, poor thing, consists of two utterly unmanageable lads, whose vagaries have driven her from place to place. Another, with a kind, dirty, honest face peeping out of her rags, quite alarms you, much as you like her appearance, when she tells you that all her traps, bedstead or cuatre included, are gone to the agencia de prestamos (pawn-shop). Much as your heart yearns to help her, you dare not engage her.

At last, there will come one, whose appearance you like. She has only one drawback in the shape of a daughter, of mature or marriageable age; still, Isidra —for such was the name of one who lived in our house—will help her madré in the house-work, and be useful. At any rate, her bright, black, bead-like eyes and racy smile promise a little amusement. So Isidra and her mother Isabel were reckoned among the tenants of our house. Good-hearted, willing girl as she was, she certainly was a drawback. A more mischievous, hot-tempered, reckless little hoyden I seldom met with. Utterly uneducated, a regular child of nature, with an exuberance of animal spirits seldom seen, she, to use a common but expressive phrase, "led her mother such a dance," that, at last, good and honest as was the old mother, we were fain to part

with her. She would have a fit of the sulks, and refuse to work for hours; at last, her mother's patience would tire, and the old lady would beat and kick her daughter with her thick boot until, with loud screams, the daughter would turn upon her mother, and a regular wrestling-match between the two would ensue. At last, the daughter got the worst of it; and the mother, grieved at her tears, would leave the dinner to spoil, hurry down to the trinket-stalls in the market-square, and come home with a pair of brass ear-rings or a tinsel ring, and the two would kiss and hug one another for the rest of the day. Sometimes Isidra would make her escape, and, looking back in fits of laughter at her old mother, would climb and run along the flat roofs of the houses like a cat, the mother wringing her wrinkled hands, and shouting to her worthy daughter to return to her maternal embrace.

The girl was full of natural wit, and loved a joke, as do all the Spaniards, at their masters' expense, and their sayings, which in England would be called impertinent, and resented accordingly, are here so common, and spoken so courteously, that you cannot be angry with them. Indeed, the familiarity of the Spanish servants with their employers strikes me as more natural and far better than the constrained manner and ostentatious distance preserved between English servants and their employers.

As an instance of Isidra's ready wit, I may mention the following. Some members of my household complained of the mosquito-bites at night, and one of the male members thereof said, "But they never bite me." Isidra immediately said, *sotto voce*, "No, nor should I, were I a mosquito."