

than that laid on us by daily life? Do we not learn what Divine love is, first, by realizing the depth and intensesness of an earthly love, and are we not in the way to know more of God's nature when we receive and give a pure earthly affection, than many creeds could teach us? Truly, it seems to me, we all, civilized or uncivilized, need these stepping-stones. Poor Isabel! She would have cut off her right hand sooner than have told me an untruth or deceived me, I verily believe; yet she thought nothing of swerving from the truth for her employer's good, as she expressed it.

Many of the sayings of this couple were at least pretty, if not beautiful. Thus, of one who had wasted good health and fine opportunities, poor Isabel only said, "Pobre! a broken life!"—an expression that struck me at the time as exceedingly beautiful in its simplicity and truthfulness.

Again, when I noticed to Manuel that he did not sing his Andaluz ditties one day, he pointed to the sun, overcast with storm,—“Sun and song go together, like a pair of mules, señor.” Like many of these homely sayings of the Spanish poor, there was truth at the bottom of it; for who does not feel more ready to sing or whistle on a bright and sunny than on a cloudy day? But whistling is unknown in the Spanish interior,—at least, I have never heard it.

One other trifling instance of Manuel's wit. The Spaniard of the interior holds the quality of uncomplainingness in high esteem. One of his words of high praise is to say of a man, “He never complains.” Poorly or strong, I always answered the morning inquiry of my servants by saying, “Muy bien, gracias!” *i. e.*, “Thank you, I am very well.” At

last, Manuel said to his wife, "We must call the Englishman 'Siempre Bien!'" (Always Well!)

The last thing each night, before they retired to rest, the two always came into our room—even into our bed-room—to say their "Que pass' usted buena noche," the Spanish "Good-night." And certainly they were a quaint spectacle: Isabel, in her neat evening toilet, with her kind, pale, homely face and bright smile, and Manuel, in fur-cap, faja with huge knife, and heavy boots, with his wooden, weather-worn, mahogany-coloured face, always giving his partner a sly nudge as they entered the door, and always making some little sally of wit. His weather-beaten, whimsical face was quite a study for a painter, and the colour of his face reminded me of some of Murillo's darker subjects.

Once Manuel, whose work lay at some mines a few miles off, and who, when necessarily absent at night, always returned for food and rest the following morning, punctually as clockwork, at eight, had been absent all night, and in the morning came not. Ten, eleven, twelve struck, and the ingredients for the breakfast-fry, in which his rude taste delighted, still stood in the pan uncooked. Noon came and waned into evening, still he came not. Poor Isabel! her face pale as ashes, a tear slowly trickling down either cheek, sat by the dying embers, helpless, and well-nigh hopeless. The country roads were not very safe, Manuel's work was dangerous, and, had all been well, he might, she thought, have sent a message.

Seeing how weak and faint the poor woman was from taking no food, I said, "Isabel, Manuel will be here all safe and sound speedily; eat something, and brighten up for his coming."—"I cannot eat bread or

drink water until Manuel comes," was her sad, quiet, and strikingly Scriptural reply.

Poor thing! only on those mornings (about four in the course of the week) on which her Manuel came home did she enjoy the savoury and scalding fry in which the Manchegan peasantry delight. On other days (No-Manuel days, as she called them), her breakfast was simply a piece of dry bread and some celery, and a cup of water. That, varied with a little garlic (I always dreaded garlic days), was all she allowed herself; "for," said she, "when Manuel is at work, why should his Isabel feast?"

Night drew on, and no Manuel. Poor, pale-faced woman! I shall never forget her anxiety, as she sat rocking herself backwards and forwards that night beside the dying embers of the ornilla. The night before, ere retiring to rest, she had prepared a little surprise for Manuel, when, at eight o'clock, she should hear his ambitious double-rap. She had placed two pieces of my half-smoked cigars in the mis-shapen wooden hands of her patron saint, San Juan, who stood (as I have elsewhere said is often the case) at the foot of their bed, as the guardian of their life and slumbers,—a strange wooden image, looking stranger still with two cigars in hand. These cigars were to greet Manuel, and to appear as though they were a present from San Juan. Thus, in this poor creature's simple, homely ideas, a little religious lesson would be inculcated in her simple and misdirected, but true and loyal faith.

At last, late at night, a tap was heard at the door,—not the usual rat-tat-tat, but a modest, half-ashamed, single knock. It was Manuel. He had been detained, owing to an accident to one of his fellow-workmen, but was safe and sound himself.

I hurried down to offer my congratulations, and poor Isabel's face was a picture,—all sunshine and showers—tears and bright smiles fighting and conquering by turns. She went up to the bed-room, she lifted St. John from his table, with a cigar in each hand the Saint descended, and was carried to the supper-table. Manuel possibly, when he saw the tinsel of the saint's dress appear round the corner of the stairs, had dreaded a little lecture; but when San Juan's outstretched hands offered him two halves of Havana cigars, his soul was at rest again.

"Gracias á Dios, y á San Juan, Manuel," said poor Isabel. Then she carried up San Juan, despoiled of his cigars, kissed him, and placed him in his proper place again.

Duty first—this was a religious duty—then pleasure. Isabel soon had the humble repast, which had waited for her Manuel all day long, frying famously. Garbanzos, a bit of jamon dulce de Estremadura (sweet ham of Estremadura), and garlic, and pimientos. O luxury for a miner of La Mancha!—rich feast to sleep upon! And the two warm-hearted, simple people crouched over the glowing ornillas, and each, wooden spoon in hand, their vows performed, their thanks offered, ate their bread with a cheerful heart.

Well, Isabel was a treasure! But do not let any one who comes to the interior count upon getting one of such transparent simplicity of character, such devotion, such child-like faith. Of a truth, there are more Isidras and Marias than Isabels among the servants of the interior, although, doubtless, many and many an Isabel might be found frying her garbanzos, or knit-

ting gracefully, with her small, well-shapen hand, in her little stone cottage among the barren steppes of La Mancha. Well has an English poet sung :—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

But one never sees a Manchegan servant-maid without a hiccough.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SPANISH MINERS' UNITED PRAYER MEETING.

A POEM.

How long, O Lord, the Holy and the True,
 How long, dear Lord, wilt Thou withhold Thy hand?
 Lo, for these many months nor rain nor dew
 Have visited and blessed our thirsty land!

The green grass withereth and the floweret dies;
 Sweet carol to the Spring no bird hath sung;
 The earth is iron, brazen are the skies,
 Long hath the blight on vine and olive hung.

Sure 'twere enough, Lord, Merciful and Good,
 That on our plains long since the sword began;
 Wilt Thou withhold the green herb giving food,
 Thy wrath fore-adding to the sin of man?

Yet, why reproach we? Soon shall come the Tide
 Of Passion, and that Friday, blest of all,
 When He who pleadeth at His Father's side
 Shall walk* among us, and the rain shall fall?

But, no; with scorching wind and molten sky,
 Friday's dim dawn grew into dazzling day;
 'Mid teeming crowds we watched, with wistful eye,
 Its sad procession thread the narrow way.

What men are these in sable dress who come,†
 Thorn-crowned each brow, and in each eye a tear?
 Bare are their feet, and muffled is their drum,
 Seeming as men who mourn, what do they here?

* In the common parlance of the Spanish miners, it is said, "Jesus leaves His Father's side on Good Friday, to bring a blessing to men."

† The "penitentes," or "humildes," men who have sinned, and pay for the privilege of helping to carry Christ, and the Virgin, and Saints, thus doing penance during the Holy Week.

Whom bear they on, in robe of royal hue?

Death's Conqueror say ye? But His eye is dim!
Bid ye in that bowed form the sinner view

The God who made, the Man who died for him?

Yet bear Him on, and let His gaze of love

Melt each hard heart and smooth each suffering brow,
While His long train of faithful saints on-move,
Who suffered once, who walk in glory now.

Yea, bear Him on, and let His falling tear

Bless our parched earth. But see, He faints, He dies;
With wan, sweet face, a woman* draweth near,
Kisses His pale brow, wipes His weary eyes.

"And wilt Thou leave me, dearest Lord, for ever,

No more with gentle voice to succour me?

Lord, of my love, my hope, my life the giver,

I weep for ever if I weep for Thee!" †

So, following on through many a dusty street,

Came we to where a church door opened wide,
Beneath whose crumbling stones, where four ways meet, ‡
Poured and stood still the mute but living tide.

All bruised His knee, His holy Form down-bowed,

Scarce grasped His cross with bloodless, quivering hand;
His gaze reproachful melting all that crowd,—
See in the midst the suffering Saviour stand!

Oh, weary brow! Oh, agony too vast,

Too real, for these lewd eyes to look upon!

Oh, gaze of wonder, waking all the past,

My black, black past—Lord, do not me disown!

But, by Thine agony and sweat of gore,

But, by Thy broken, bruised, bleeding knee,

But, by Thy great deep love in days of yore,

And by Thy Mother's love, remember me.

* Saint Veronica, who, when Jesus falls beneath His cross, is carried to His feet, and wipes His face, the handkerchief retaining the impression of the sacred face.

† Saint Veronica's passionate prayer as she wipes the holy brow.

‡ Many of the Spanish churches open into a plaza, or square, as was the case in the processions here referred to.

The unheeding billow, or the hill-side lone,
 Full many a time hath listened to a prayer
 True as hath e'er been wafted to the Throne
 From dim-lit aisle on incense-laden air.

And shall no God the rugged miner hear ?
 And shall no seraph bear, on wingèd feet,
 An answer swift to them that worship here,
 God's air their incense, and their church the street ?

He said, who ask shall have, shall find who seek ;
 He said, in sorrow we should come to Him.
 And hath his ear grown deaf, His arm grown weak,
 His heart grown flinty, or His eye grown dim ?

Then thrice to Heaven the wan, white hand was raised,*
 As though in mute entreaty. Thrice the prayer,
 "Give us the rain, Lord, and Thy name be praised,"
 From thrice a thousand voices rent the air !

And, lo ! scarce larger than the hand of man,
 Such cloud as erst gladdened the prophet's view
 (How swift from lip to lip the tidings ran),
 Floats into sight athwart the cloudless blue.

Full many a prayer for blessings of the earth
 Meets its best answer in the spirit's gain.
 But we the Saviour, in our day of dearth,
 Sought, and at eve it fell, the blessèd rain !

* By means of a spring the image of Jesus raises its hand three times towards Heaven to implore rain, the assembled crowd crying "Agua, agua, agua," thrice, *i. e.*, "Water, water, water."

CHAPTER XV.

LITERATURE OF THE SPANISH MINER.

THE title of this chapter would seem almost one given for the sake of mockery to any one at all conversant with the lower classes in Spain, for the genius of the Spaniards of all classes certainly is not literature of any sort worthy of the name; and, of the mining class, it is doubtful whether one in every eight, were the test applied, would be found able to read. The education of the young, compulsory in theory, is not carried out in practice, although slightly on the increase at the present time. The Spanish miner, then, seldom can read; and, if he can, his tastes do not lead him to it; and again, if he desires to spend some of his time in reading, the books within his command are always, or nearly always, trashy. They may be divided into the following classes, of each of which a specimen shall be offered in these pages. The religious, or superstitious; the fiercely political; the witty and coarse; the semi-obscene. And when I say books, I mean small pamphlets or broad-sheets, sold in the streets and squares for two or four farthings a-piece, with grotesque frontispieces, generally, and flaming titles.

There are no books, properly so called, in the Spanish mining towns—certainly, no book-shops; and, in the cases of the rich and well-educated, it is a

very rare thing, in the interior of Spain, to find a book-shelf! And so, with nothing but an incredible miracle (which, by-the-bye, he does not now believe), told in rude, doggerel verse, the semi-obscene or blasphemous tale, and the pamphlet of some political partisan within reach, the poor Spaniard betakes himself and his surplus cash to the bull-ring, the cock-pit, the gambling-saloon; he throws the iron bar for money; he rolls the bola, or iron ball, for money; he plays "trugé," the usual game of cards among the miners, throughout the evening; or rattles the dominoes at the coffee-room, for money, too!

You will say, then, why write about his literature? I answer, because the nature of what there is in circulation among the reading miners is of a type almost passed by in England; and because, in these pages, my object has been to compare the state of the Spanish with that of the English miner in all particulars.

The pamphlets in which the Spanish miner indulges are generally of four pages in length, and chiefly consist of verse, the rudest doggerel. They are wretchedly printed, in the lowest Spanish patois or slang, according to the province in which they are designed for sale; and so bad is the grammar, and so impure the Spanish, that no one merely conversant with pure Castilian could understand them without trouble. Out of every ten words one would be a slang or patois term, not to be found in any dictionary!

These little pamphlets, costing, as a rule, one cuarto, or farthing, per page, generally consist of two, four, or eight pages, and are sold at every street-corner. Sometimes, on the road to a mine, the vendor will take his stand with a "new and curious recital." Miner

after miner will produce his penny for it, and the long stream of fluttering papers, as the purchasers hasten onward, will present quite a curious, but, indeed, a sad, a very sad, spectacle. For are they not, these books, oftentimes poison to the mind? Can a mind be built up sound and strong upon superstition, obscenity, the scurrilous joke, or the political propaganda? It would be contrary to all precedent were such the case.

I will offer you now, kindly reader, a type or specimen of the various kinds of pamphlets to which allusion has been made; and you shall form from them, unaided by any criticisms on my part, your own estimate of the influence for good likely to be exercised on the character of the poor Spanish miner by the cheap press of Spain.

Here is a specimen of the best class, the religious or superstitious. Do not be surprised at the wonders it recounts—at the improbabilities, I should say, impossibilities, of which it is full. Were it a sober tale, believe me, the Spaniard, who lives upon excitement, would not buy, much less would he read it. The subjoined poem, translated by me with the greatest difficulty from a two-farthing broadsheet into the same rude doggerel in which it is written, was a short time since quite “the rage” out here. The miner read it out, with many a sneer, to his group of fellow-workers when the long Andalusian day was drawing to a close; the monthly nurse pondered it well, and read and re-read it, *sotto voce*, counting her beads and saying her “aves” in the still watches of the night, as I myself can testify.

Here, then, it is, translated word for word, without any attempt at embellishment on my part:—

New and Curious Paper, setting forth the miracle which the most holy Christ of the Wood and the Virgin of the Guide did in a Farm-house near Ronda in the present year.

(Let me add here, a miner, reading the title, said, "In the present year? Why, it has no date, so we can't tell when it was done!" He was right. The "new and curious paper" bears no date!)

- Queen of Heaven, grant thine aid,
 While it is by me essayed
 In this history short to tell
 All the wonders that befell
- 5 A poor Christian labourer
 In our Spain, this very year ;
 Who in Ronda his bread won,
 With his wife and infant son,
 And his daughter, fair and dear,
- 10 Entering on her twentieth year !
 To this poor man's house there came
 Bandits seven, men of fame.
 As they bound wife, son, and man,
 To her room the fair girl ran,
- 15 And, to keep her body chaste,
 She its portal locked in haste.
 At her door each robber banged,—
 "Thy three dear ones shall be hanged,
 If thou dost not instantly
- 20 Yield thy person up to me."
 And her mother, crying, said,—
 "I and father will be dead,
 If thou dost not instantly
 To the robbers give the key."
- 25 Not one thought of honour lost
 Brave Rosaria's full heart crossed ;
 But, with courage pure inspired,
 Quick she took a gun, and fired
 Through the door. The thieves then slew
- 30 Father, mother, baby too ;
 While at them Rosaria sent
 Shot upon shot, till off they went.
 Ere their footsteps on the moor
 Ceased to sound, she oped the door.

35 Lo! the robber chief there lay,
 His life-blood ebbing fast away ;
 Other twain lay him beside,
 One was dying, one had died !

The valiant maiden then takes up the two dead men,
 the one wounded, and sets off with them, strapped
 on a mule by her own hands, to the office of the judge
 at Ronda. Arrived there :—

Admiration and surprise
 40 Kindled in that good man's eyes,
 As he listened to the tale
 Of Rosaria, calm and pale,
 As he looked upon the dead,
 Hearing how their blood she shed.
 45 "Yes," said he, "'tis true the twain
 Robbers here by thee are slain.
 But, señora, tell to me
 Who, in slaying them, helped thee?"
 "Holy Christ of the Wood,"
 50 Said she, "in my peril stood
 With His succour at my side,
 And the Virgin of the Guide."

The judge then offers her a guard of men to pursue
 the remaining four robbers, but she refuses any aid
 save that of "the Virgin and her father's horse":—

To the temple then she went,
 Fair Rosaria, and she bent
 55 To the nailed Christ her knee,
 And, in anguish, thus spoke she,—
 "Sinful, at Thy feet I lie,
 Thanking Thee, O God, most high,
 For that Thou, the succour sure,
 60 Hast vouchsafed to keep me pure.
 Now, dear Christ, lend me Thy skill,
 These four robbers left to kill ;
 And, if so, I vow it Thee,
 In a convent soon I'll be.

65 O, dear Lord, give me Thy power,
Vengeance on these brutes to shower !”

She sallies forth, with her gun, on horseback, meets the four remaining bandits, shoots three dead, and one delivers himself up to her in a dead swoon. She thanks God, and carries the four bodies (one alive, but fainting), on her one horse, back to the judge; he compliments her on her heroism :—

Then, Rosaria, unto thee,
Alms were given right speedily,
And in Ronda's town hast thou
70 Many a good work wrought ere now.

Some account here follows of the Feast to the Virgin and Christ, instituted by the maiden, and then comes the moral :—

“ Christian ” reader, here discern
God's own truth, and deign to learn
How a girl of twenty years
All unaided, without fears,
75 How to use her gun unskilled,
Put to flight, or maimed, or killed,
Seven robbers, who had been
Long the terror of the scene.
Ask ye why her hand was strong
80 To repress this crying wrong ?
She had asked her Lord for aid ;
From her youth up, she had prayed
To that God of whom we pray,
That, at our last earthly day,
85 Unto us it may be given
With His Christ to dwell in Heaven.—AMEN.

Note.—Two hundred days of indulgence from Purgatory are given by certain bishops to all who will say a Creed and an Ave to the Christ of the Wood and the Virgin of the Guide represented at the head of these pages.

Gross exaggeration as the above narrative must necessarily be, it is a fair type of the religious element in the Spanish miner's literature. Another favourite topic, although less so than the miracles, is the Passion of Jesus Christ.

The chief and most noticeable feature in the treatment of Scriptural subjects is the way in which every fact recorded in the Holy Gospels is so overlaid and entwined with legendary lore, that one hardly knows where truth ends and fiction begins. Thus, in the most popular recital of the betrayal of Christ for thirty pieces of silver, the following, among other pieces of mythic lore, occurs. The paper is called "Mystic and Contemplative Narrative of the Passion of our beloved Redeemer":—

Judas, having betrayed his Lord,
Went to where the Virgin sat,
And, with a false smile, he said,—
"Why, Holy Mother, grievest thou!
If I had my will, and were able,
Thy Son should soon be free."

For joy at his tidings, the Virgin
Gave him a very rich supper,
A supper so complete and rare,
That no delicacy was wanting
Oh, Judas! false traitor! thou shalt pay
For thy great deceit.

Some of these religious pamphlets are exceedingly quaint. One, called "The Spiritual Numerator," with a clock for frontispiece, offers a thought, or rather contemplation, for each hour. Thus:—

Two o'clock striketh :
At two consider
That thou hast two eyes

To see good things with ;
 Also two ears hath God given thee
 That thou shouldest hear two good things,
 The preacher's voice, and thy confessor's sentence.
 Also thou hast two nostrils,
 That thou mayest smell two things—
 The fragrance of glory
 And the stench of the pit.
 Also two hands to work with,
 And keep hunger away, &c.
 These are the lessons of two o'clock.

But it is time to turn to the consideration of the moral element, as it is found sparsely, and very feebly, represented in the miner's literature. Here is one of the few specimens of moral tales. It is called—

The Life of the Man who does Well, compared with that of Him who does Ill.

Of Him who does Well.

Being industrious at school,
 All respect him.

In his earliest years
 He makes true friendships.

In his hours of solitude
 He learns to paint.

He pities deeply, and helps
 The sick and suffering.

In the army he fights well,
 And drills his men gently

At last—

In a severe action wounded,
 The doctor comes to see him.

At once, with holy unction,
 He receives the last Communion.

Of Him who does Ill.

He begins to rebel against his
 mother,
 And will not go to school.

He plays tricks on his mother ;
 He goes out throwing stones.

He robs his parents' purse,
 And runs away from home.

At billiards he loses every pen,
 And is punished as a vagrant.

Then he forges a bill,
 But Justice overtakes him.

Thrown into prison, he hears
 With indifference his sentence.

He escapes ; and murders a man
 To obtain his money.

Sleeping in the Campo,
 The guards seize him.

He makes his will fairly ;
Dies : and his parents long weep
for him.

He is condemned to death ;
In chapel he confesses his guilt.

“ Beneath this simple stone,
Rests at peace a holy man.”

By the halter he dies ;
He has no tomb : and none are
found to pity him.

Grotesque and rugged as is the above, it is certainly good in tendency. But the specimens of this sort are few and far between indeed. Turning from the religious and the moral to the comic and the obscene, we shall be surprised and shocked by the scurrility, the coarseness, and the indecency of much of the cheap literature in the market.

Here is a pattern or type of the scurrilous—a narrative said to be based upon fact. Two priests, or curas, in charge of parishes, each have a *querida*, or mistress. They find it needful to effect an exchange of parishes, and, to save expense and trouble, they change their *queridas* also. This incident, embellished and intertwined with the coarsest and most scurrilous jokes at the expense of the clergy, formed a great amusement for some in the Spanish mining districts. But it is a subject at once too sacred and too coarsely treated to be entered upon more at length in these pages. And, besides, one shrinks at the present moment from dwelling at all on the faults and vices of the Spanish priesthood. Like all other classes and professions, it certainly, and undoubtedly, has its faults ; but where is there a profession—especially if it be one kept up in defiance of nature, as is the case with a celibate priesthood—which has not its faults ? And, when to their enforced celibacy is added the fact that the priests, who in other days had, in many cases, only £20 to £50 per annum from Govern-

ment, trusting to their parishioners (in many cases very poor) for any addition to their salary, have now had even that wretched grant refused them for years since the accession of the Republic, and have to live upon alms, or by their wits, can one wonder that in some, if not in many, cases they become debased and reckless?

Surely nothing alters a man's character so much for the worse as a soul-eating poverty. True, it may make a sinner a saint, but, inasmuch as it takes away from a man those opportunities of doing good to others which open his heart and soul, and denies to him all ennobling and elevating pleasures and pursuits of science or art, it is far more likely to make a saint a sinner. But the poor country clergy—who often now have to turn their hand to mending watches, making beehives, hen-coops, and the like, and who certainly do it with true Spanish cheerfulness and goodwill—are fiercely satirised, and too often obscenely so, in the cheap literature of the Spanish miner.

From the scurrilous and semi-blasphemous, the transition to the coarse joke and the obscene story is not very great. Here is a specimen of the coarse printed couplets, read and sung to an attentive group by the Spanish miner:—

You were in the train upset by bandits,
 So I was, in truth ;
 Gladly would I be again upset,
 Never more to see my wife.

Oh ! ye poor men who lecture,
 Thinking to gain a living,
 When you ask for money,
 All will rush to the door.

Moral. Stick to the wine and cigarillo !

If a wife takes to becoming intellectual,
Her husband must make baby's pap!

This last sentence would not, from all I hear, find much favour with a certain advanced party in England now.

Glorious are the laurels
That a poet wins.
What is the good to him?
He never has a peseta in his pocket.

This is a true remark enough; for, of all persons in Spain, literary men, even of talent, are perhaps the least appreciated.

I love to quaff the wine, and say,
Life is bitter, but it is only one swallow.

This last a most thoroughly characteristic *refran*.

Mountebanks and rascals hate politics;
And why? Because a lover of politics is sure to be an honest man!

All these quotations are from one broadsheet—a popular one, the couplets of which are often sung out by the miners. These couplets are, indeed, low, and coarse enough. In them there is evident a certain crude materialism of the worst and most sensual kind,—an utter absence of admiration for what is good because it is good, whether it profits or no.

Let us turn now to a still sadder page—the simply ribald and indecent. Alas! although I have said but little of it, the indecent element enters into nearly all the secular cheap literature of the Spanish poor.

Here is a specimen, and by no means one of the worst. It is called 'Juan Lanás: a very Racy Narrative.' And racy it certainly is. Would that it stopped at raciness. Let me premise, ere presenting 'Juan

Lanas' to the reader, that the history here referred to was sung in front of the writer's house, and other respectable houses, by a blind man, night after night, crowds of women, young and old, admiring and applauding.

Juan Lanás : Verses referring to a Poor Peasant, and the Bad Night he passed, when, returning home, he found his Wife about to be Delivered, and his House dark, and his Dinner uncooked.

On a dark and rainy night
 Came John Lanás from his work,
 Found his house without a light,
 And his wife bedewed in tears.

Oh! but what a night to rest!

Said he, "Leave your grief at once,
 Make my supper, light the fire."
 Little thought he she was suffering
 For the love of the past year.

Oh! but what a night to rest!

Said his wife, "Leave everything,
 Run for oil, and kill some fowls;
 Tell my mother, bring the nurse,
 And a bottle of rich wine."

What a night for John to rest!

"Get me meat and bacon too,
 Get me peas and chocolate,
 Candied biscuits, rose liqueur;
 I am in a dreadful way."

What a chance for John to rest!

Reeling, tumbling, stopping, falling,
 Poor John to the town went on;
 Got the goods, and, home returning,
 Put rich soup upon the fire.

Not a wink of sleep for John!