

heartedness and carelessness; for though every Spaniard who can read and write is a politician, and has his partisan wine-shop, and his political argument over his ration de vino there, yet the throb of the pulse, religious or political, does not reach beyond the towns, and does not trouble the vine-dresser, or the olive-guard, or the leather-clad cazador (sportsman), or gitano, who combines the chase with guardianship of olives, and walks, Moorish gun on shoulder,—often have I seen his picturesque figure,—striding into the disturbed town, surrounded by his dogs, as careless and unconcerned as though nothing were happening, though the streets are thronged with soldiers, and arrests are being made at every corner. Some, again, do not bear the yoke at all, but rise in arms at the first sound of a change, and of the strong arm of a strong Government coming down upon them, and a fierce battle with the soldiery marks the progress of the new Government. Alas! poor fellows! they have some cause to view with apprehension a Government that installs itself by the sword. Said a Spanish gentleman to me but the other day, sadly enough, “Yes, it might be needful, the *coup-d’état*, but, for me, I prefer reason to the sword.”

With the high passions, the love of seeing power centred in small bodies of men who know something of those they are to rule, and have common sympathies, common hopes and aims with them,—the pride of having a share in directing the things of Spain,—above all, with the bitter recollection of the undue severities of past Governments rankling in his mind, with the great absence of education and enlightenment of a great proportion of the population of this country,—it is hard to know exactly for what sort of

Government they are fitted, and what sort they would like. They are so divided among themselves, that in one town will be found a regular clique of Moderate Republicans, another of Cantonales, and a third of Carlistas, or, at least, Monarchists.

And, as regards the undue severities and high-handedness of past Governments, well may the Spaniard feel bitterly when such messages as the following have been sent to Provincial Governors by men in office:—"Do not telegraph a rising unless you can, at the same time, telegraph that you have shot half the rioters;" and when, literally, redress for injuries has been oftentimes sought in vain of those in whose power it was to grant it, and in whom the doing so would have been merely an act of justice. It is impossible to wonder at the state of feeling among those of the lower orders in Spain who think, and read, and feel.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

sings one who knew much of human nature; and, perhaps, even the artisan of Spain, who reads, writes, and thinks, hardly knows enough to know what is for his good. Still, the less a man knows, the more he thinks he knows; as he who has climbed but half-way up the mountain bounds his view by its seemingly near summit, and never dreams of the blue ranges beyond, which make his more earnest or adventurous companion pause in wonder and shrink within himself; and so the Spaniard, with his little knowledge, often thinks that *las cosas de España* are within his own ken, and wearies and harasses himself in vain.

But the Spanish character, like the Spanish clime,

has a tendency soon to recover itself from every storm or day of darkening clouds. If the storms of the Spanish political horizon be frequent and sharp, they are surely followed by a speedy sunlight.

All night long, and through the wintry day oftentimes, the tropic rains fall heavily here, as though they would never be stayed; but the sunlight of another morn floods hill and dale, as though it would not be refused, and the dark clouds, as if by magic, have been rolled away to other climes, and you would think the bright, clear, blue, sunny sky had always reigned supreme; and the song and dance are begun, and the chairs are placed in the streets for the merry out-door workers, and the sandalled or bare foot may tread almost unsoiled the dusty road. And, as his climate, so is his character. Last night may have heard the tramp of armed men along his moonlit street; the morning may see the bando pasted up on the walls of his township; houses may be entered by force, and their occupants led off to prison between dark-browed files of civil guards; aye, and even the morning sun may have seen, as it saw in one city within my ken, a grey, dew-covered heap of dead, lying stiff and cold where the stalls of the fruit-venders should stand; but all that, as the Spaniard himself says of sorrow, "has gone when it has gone," and with the light-hearted, volatile Andaluz, when it is over, it is forgotten as a dream, and dismissed as a disagreeable dream, not to be thought upon again. The clouds have passed away, the sun has broken out, and the light guitar tinkles in the streets, and the wild Andalucian ditty is sung, and the mules are yoked, and a shrug of the shoulders, and a meaning, half-pitying glance, are his only comment on the troubles of yesterday—

are his only epitaph over the grave of many a violent and misguided, but withal nobler companion.

Well, perhaps, for the Andaluz, that it is so! Of the "bando militar" no more need be said.

We pass on from the bando to minor matters of public documents, ceremonies, and the like.

There are two matters of daily occurrence in which Spain, with all her defects, seems to me to be more clever than her sister England. First, in regard to telegraphic messages. In England, having despatched a message, you have no acknowledgment, or had not, that you have done so; and, therefore, if a message did not reach, you could gain no redress, as you would have no means of proving that you had sent it. In Spain, however, the case is different. At the time of sending your message, you receive a sort of receipt or acknowledgment, and, as the day, hour, and destination are written upon it, you can obtain redress if your message be delayed or miscarry. Here is a copy of the "telegraph talon":—

Telegrama para Madrid.

Núm. 697, Palabras 18.

Día 12, mes. 9, hor. 8 : de 1873.

Pagó en sellos valor 8 rs. vn.

The talon system is also very well carried out, on the same principle, with regard to goods sent by rail. The consigner states the particulars of the parcels he is sending, and receives a talon, which he sends by post to the consignee. Unless this talon is produced at the time of claiming the goods, the authorities at the station refuse steadfastly to give them up.

The "Funeral Notices," occupying, as they do, a prominent place in the columns of the provincial

newspapers, next claim a few lines. They are of three distinct kinds. First, the ordinary printed summons to attend the funeral of a friend, which is sent to you by post, inserted in the provincial papers, and laid upon the table of your casino or club. It merely advises you of the time of the funeral, and asks your attendance.

And these appeals are always heartily responded to, both among the poor and rich. To perform this last courteous act to the dead is a *point d'honneur*. The wealthy man pushes aside his cup of coffee, wraps his capa round him, and follows to the grave. His humbler brother quits his work, losing the half-day's pay, (in Spain, men do not grub and slave for money, as in money-loving England; they can afford time and loss for these little amenities of social life!) and joins his humble throng. Here is a specimen of the ordinary kind in use among the better classes:—



LA SEÑORA DOÑA ISIDORA —,
viuda de D. Juan y Garcia, ha fallecido el dia 9 del corriente á las 6 y
40 de la mañana.

R. I. P.

Sus desconsolados hijos D. Carlos, doña Maria de las Gracias, doña Tomasa y doña Isabel; su hermano, hermana politica, sobrinos y demas parientes, supplican á sus amigos que por olvido no hayan recibido esquila de invitacion, se sirvan encomendarla á Dios y asistir á la misa de cuerpo presente, que en sufragio de su alma tendrá lugar mañana 10 á las once de su mañana, el la iglesia parroquial de San Juan, y acto continuo á la conduccion del cadáver al cementerio de la Sacramental de San Ginés; en lo que recibirán favor.

En duelo se despide en el cementerio.—Se suplica el coche.

In this, as will appear at a glance, the bereaved family solicit the attendance of friends at the mortuary mass, and to follow the body to the grave.

The next kind of funeral notice advertises the death, asks the friends of the family to commend the soul to God by their prayers, and gives notice that the prayers in a certain church, at a certain day and hour, will be offered specially for the eternal rest of the soul of him who has been taken from them.

I give these notices in detail, because they seem to me to contain the germs of much that is very beautiful in the Spanish religious ordinances. The funeral in England is put into a corner, and confined to a few friends and relations. In Spain, a tradesman even will put his notice into the papers, and not only the friends, but even those who were bound to the dead by no closer link than their oneness in political ideas will join in the long procession of sable-cloaked followers.

I subjoin here this second form of funeral notice:—



EL ILLMO. SEÑOR DE JUAN DE —,

ha fallecido en Arenas a las doce y media del día 4 de febrero de 1874.

R. I. P.

Sus hijos D. Wilfredo y Don Carlos, su hija política, los sobrinos, parientes y testamentarios, suplican á sus amigos se sirvan encomendarle á Dios.

Todas las misas que se celebren en la iglesia parroquial de San Sebastian el día 10 á las diez de la mañana, por los señores sacerdotes adscritos á la misma, seran aplicadas por el eterno descanso del alma de dicho señor.

The mention of the third recalls to my mind many striking associations. It is called the "Anniversary Notice," and is inserted in the provincial newspapers, and sent to the various houses of the friends and relations of the dead, for whose soul prayers are to be offered on the anniversary of his death or funeral. He who once, at morn, has knelt and wandered in the magnificent cathedral of Seville; has feasted his eyes

on the paintings, only seen in their full beauty, among their fit surroundings, by the dim religious light of the hundred windows; has gazed at the 'Dorothea,' the 'San Antonio,' and, more beautiful still, the 'Angel de la Guarda' of Murillo; has stood, with rapt gaze, before the marvellous 'Virgin and Child' of Alonzo Cano—two countenances so full of expressive sweetness that they haunt your path and bed when once seen; has stood before that picture, so life-like in form and feature that even Murillo stood transfixed to the spot as he gazed upon it, the 'Descent from the Cross,' by Campaña; and, with the spell of this atmosphere of the past still upon him, has passed into the mortuary chapel of the cathedral, where nearly every day is offered a mass for the soul of some inhabitant of that teeming city on the anniversary of his or her death,—will never read even the bare "Anniversary Notice" without a thrill. The dimly-lit, indeed, nearly dark chapel, the sable forms of the cloaked or hooded sons or daughters of Sevilla, the silent prayer of the kneeling priests, and the dim and few wax candles alight, the beautiful altar-piece, all these leave an impression of reverence and awe upon a man's mind not easily to be effaced.

It is in these striking displays that the Roman Church excels; in her externals she enchains and fascinates the heart. Her appeal is to the eye and ear more than to the reason; the senses she holds her own. It is with an unceasing stimulus that she plies her sons and daughters; and if, in the Roman Church, too much stress is laid on the adornment and the beauty of the music, there are many religious bodies, surely, who pay far too little attention to these things; others who

"Dum fugiunt . . . vitia in contraria currunt."

Has any Church of Christ yet found and kept to the "golden mean"? Has not each one, in its day, missed the mark? Is not the old saying, "Many men have many minds," ignored or forgotten by most of the Churches of our day? "Four bare walls and a pure heart" is considered by some the acme of pure Divine worship, and, for some, the four bare walls may be sufficient. But for many, surely some appeal to the senses through grand architecture, through solemn or pathetic music, through exotic flowers, is a needful of Divine worship; and are not these handmaids given by God as helps to His worship, and, therefore, not to be despised? How many a fresh spring breaks forth in the world-worn heart at the singing of a well-known and once well-loved hymn! Let a poor emigrant lad's words declare it. Writing from the "bush," in a remote part of Australia, he said,—“The greatest pleasure and blessing I have had here—it made the tears start—was when I rode to a place of worship one Sunday, and found, as I entered, that the congregation were singing one of our old church tunes at home!” How many a simple peasant has thought, for the first time, of his prayers ascending, when, in the dim religious light of his parroquia, he has seen its symbol incense steaming heavenwards! In how many hearts has the voice of a spring-bird, or the sight and scent of a country flower, awaked holy thoughts of childhood, and of simpler, holier days! Did not "the first daisy" throw a strange spell over exiled hearts but a few years ago? I confess I can never enter a church abroad without a certain sobering of feelings, a calming and elevating of the mind, which the bare walls of the Puritan would never inspire.

Here is the "Anniversary Notice" in use in Spain:—



Quinto aniversario.

Todas las misas que se celebren el domingo 15 del corriente en la iglesia de religiosas Trinitarias, seran aplicadas por el eterno descanso de

LA SEÑORITA DOÑA AÑA DE GARCIA Y DE TEANO.

En sufragio de su alma estará S. D. M. de manifiesto.

Sus inconsolables padres ruegan á sus amigos se sirvan encomendarla á Dios.

A Spanish funeral has been described at length in a previous chapter, and, therefore, I dismiss that matter.

The Spanish baptism of children differs little from that of the English Church save in these respects. A little salt is put by the priest on the upper lip of the child, probably as an emblem that, through baptism, the soul will be preserved, and not suffered to decay and waste or lose its savour; a cross is also made with the holy water on the top of the head.

The christenings in the interior generally take place on a week-day, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. The little procession, the women each with some white article of dress, among the poorest generally a handkerchief like snow over the head, with the babe, march in pairs to the church, and then returning home, have a little "family gathering," when congratulations are offered, the baby inspected, and every person, as he leaves the house, becomes

μαντις ἐσθλων ἀγωνων

for the little Christian.

As regards weddings, a few words may, perhaps, be said elsewhere. But two points connected with the subject shall be mentioned. Those to be married must confess to the priest on the eve of the ceremony.

It should also be remembered that, as a rule, should an Englishman be about to marry a Spanish lady, the Church requires that he should be re-baptized.

A civil ceremony is often performed, at the wedding of the well-to-do, after the religious ceremony. The religious ceremony with those classes is performed in the bride's house; after that is concluded, a "marriage before the judge," or civil marriage, takes place in the same room. This I have touched upon elsewhere.

CHAPTER II.

SPANISH SCENERY—NOTES OF A WINTER'S WALK IN THE
WILDS OF THE INTERIOR.

It has been beautifully said, by one whose faithful and simple delineations of home scenery will live as long as the English language is spoken—the poet Cowper,—

“God made the country, and man made the town.”

Words surely they are which have a significance far deeper and wider than would, at first sight, appear.

It would seem to me, that the scenery of the place in which he lives has, or may have, a great effect upon the mind and heart of a man; and it is impossible, or well-nigh impossible, to doubt that scenery has a vast effect upon national character.

The peasant of the Lincolnshire fens, with his few aspirations, his quiet, almost sluggish, and certainly unexcitable nature, shares in the characteristics of his peculiar clime, with its clouded skies, its rich green flats, and its stagnant, reedy dykes. The Swiss mountaineer, adventurous, fearless, and affectionate, seems to me to draw his inspiration from the spreading lakes and ice-glittering peaks of his romantic land; and is not the Hollander, in his land of flats and slow-flowing dykes, rightly called the “phlegmatic” Dutchman—slow, as his rivers; as his climate, cold?

And certainly the sailor draws his character from

the sea, his constant companion, in all its changeful moods.

It has often struck me that a most interesting essay might be written, although to write it would take years of research, on "the influence of climate and scenery on national and individual character, especially as regards religious temperament." True, the ethnologist will tell us that special features of character attach to different races, and of this there can be no doubt; but whence came these various features or characteristics?

Have not climate and scenery a great deal to do with it? Would not the Hollander in time become the merry, vivacious Andaluz were he transplanted to the orange-groves and sunny skies of Seville? and even the song, and dance, and ever-tinkling guitar, and flimsy cigarette of the Andaluz be exchanged for the phlegm, and repose, and quiet, and substantial meerschäum of the Hollander, were he transplanted (how little he would relish the change!) to the flats of Rotterdam? Would any one deny that he feels, in his own case, the effect of climate and scenery on his own heart and mind?

Here is an old fisherman's philosophy, in whose tiny boat the writer has spent many a rough hour off the circle of the Bognor rocks, and the long, low-lying coast of Selsea Bill:—"I shouldn't like to live in-shore. No; a crust with the sea is better than roast-beef without it. I never feel as if I could do a dirty action when I'm looking at the sea."

Not only, then, to cease from speculations and theories, because I thoroughly love every different phase of scenery for its own sake, but because I ever find a real benefit, a real blessing, to accrue to my

mind and heart from the contemplation of it, have I made it a rule, wherever my lot has been cast in life, to visit and drink in the spirit of the scenery of the surrounding country. I look upon scenery as upon music—as a real gift of God, as a religious influence, calculated, if rightly used, to purify, and ennoble, and exalt, and bless the heart and mind.

Not vainly was it said, by the old Scottish Covenanters, so grandly and naturally portrayed in 'Old Mortality,' that the wild crag and the dusky heath were "helpers to prayer." Never does the soul feel so alone, so brought face to face with its God, as in a lone, desolate landscape, or in a wild night at sea. Once I experienced the truth of this last assertion, when, having gone out for a night's fishing off the Shoreham coast, in a small lugger, we were becalmed in a heavy, dripping sea-fog, and the whole night nothing could be seen, save our own faces, as we lit a match; nothing heard, save the wailing fog-horn of some benighted vessel passing down Channel. It was a weird, strange, lonely, solemn time, and a scene well calculated to make one serious and thoughtful. We carried no lights, and so might have been run down at any moment.

Nowhere is scenery more varied than in the heart of Andalusia. True, there is no wild sea-coast, full of romantic and soul-ennobling associations; no

"League-long roller, thundering on the shore;"

but the scenery is wild, barren, varied, and oftentimes magnificent in the extreme.

Come for some walks with me in the Spanish interior. One of the wildest and most romantic walks is that from a mining town, by name Linares, to the

old Roman bridge of Badallano, some seven miles thence, "as the crow flies," close to the station of Linares.

All Spanish scenery is wild—wild and far-stretching even in the most cultivated districts. There are no hedges, as in England; no green, enclosed fields of grass; and the fields, or rather slopes, wide-stretching slopes of corn, are marked out by conical blocks of stone, set up some distance apart from each other, called the "boundary-stones," which form a rough but effective line to mark off the property of one person from that of another. Possibly, in the words, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark," reference is made to this sort of boundary-line.

I started with a friend, on a bright, sunny afternoon in January, for the bridge. The first glimpse of truly Spanish scenery was when we entered upon the wide, rude track, called by courtesy, "the road to Linares Station."

Behind you, as you enter the first valley, lies the grey, stone-built town of Linares, and all around are undulating slopes, each enclosed in a crumbling and broken stone wall, and planted with dusky rows of olives. These are the olive-groves of Spain, and, the soil being of rich red earth, they are very productive. They have, however, little beauty, save by night, when the moon shines clear and bright, and gives a certain wild charm, a beauty of their own, to these dusky groves of stunted trees. In each grove stands the little stone-built cottage of the olive-dresser, or, as he is here called, the guard of the olives. It is a square, stone cottage, flat-roofed, with hardly a window to let in the light, certainly no glass. Within are two

dark rooms, pitched with common round stones, and without one trace of comfort or of neatness.

And here comes the guard, a wild-looking Andaluz, as light-hearted, as careless, and as uncouth in dress and tongue as the peasant of the interior always is. He is dressed in a rough suit of untanned leather; with him he bears the insignia of his office, the old Moorish or Spanish gun, and the belt across his breast, with brass plate inscribed with his master's name.

"All those olives," said my companion, pointing to one plantation, "have just changed hands; they were lost, in a single night, at the gaming-table."

In a quarter of an hour we were walking along a wild, barren ravine, very narrow and very rocky; hill after hill, with nothing but stunted, prickly herbs, rose on either side. At our feet trickled a little stream, along whose side, and out of whose waters, grew the green oleanders, green as ever, but bearing their red pods, now bursting open with the woolly seed, which is partly like thistle-down, partly like the seed of the cotton-plant. Rocky gulley kept on opening upon the road, now dry and dusty, but which had but lately been a foaming torrent, pouring down to one of the many sluggish tributaries of the Guadalquivir.

A few flocks of goats were browsing about the hill-sides, some with their bleating kids nestling in the prickly, dry, aromatic herbage at their feet. Most of these goats are of a dull red colour; some few are white or dark brown, and, with their tinkling bells, and the wolf-like dogs that guard them, form a somewhat picturesque group. These were the only signs of life on the wild, wind-swept hills, save the countless flocks of frailecillos, plovers, called by the common people "avefrias," that flew away in dusky clouds from

slope to slope, rising far out of gun-shot, and settling so far off that the ear could hardly hear their plaintive, wild call-note.

There was, perhaps, no great beauty in this valley; and yet, as Charles Kingsley has said of the fens of Lincolnshire, in his exquisitely true and faithful delineation of them, these wild, uncultivated, undulating valleys have a beauty of their own. They partake somewhat of the nature of the Sussex Downs, in their grey sweep, with their coombes and deans, as you ride from Brighton to Plumpton; but their beauty is wilder, and the idea they give you of perfect freedom is greater.

Again, the blue sky of the Sussex Downs is flecked with passing cloudlets: the trim village, the snug farm-house, and the well-hedged fields of corn, smile at their feet, all telling of security and labour; while never cloudlet flecks the sky of Spain, nor is there seen any enclosure, or farm-house, or smiling village here.

One valley opens into another as we pass through a most romantic ravine. On our left, sheer down, lies a deep narrow valley, with two "huertas," or market-gardens, each with its picturesque square stone cottage. In these irrigated gardens are one or two orange-trees, laden with golden fruit, shining bright in the winter's sun, and a few "almendras," almond-trees, leafless, but covered with blossoms, exactly like those of the peach, and lading the air with their luscious scent. Though it is February, on a nearer approach you would hear the hum of myriads of bees. Right above these huertas the steep slopes for miles and miles are thickly dotted with the stunted ilex, or evergreen oak, here called encinas, and clothed with