rich with the aromatic fragrance of tobacco; you see in a gleam of sun the motes of it flying about! The poor woman, to whom I spoke, contented with her lot, said—"It is a very healthy air; it is a preventive of cholera."

Then we went below, to the dark vaulted chambers, two in number, where sit the semi-blind, the awkward, the infirm, and the aged poor, rending out the bundles of tobacco-leaf, and pulling out the fibre. Poor things! the rooms are very dark, hardly lighted at all; the work is very rough, but they must do it to live. "No one in this room makes above three reals a day," said my informant; "most of them two-and-a-half." It does right to be dark, then, thought I, this chamber of the aged poor.

The piles of bales of tobacco-leaf just come over from Cuba, the piles of boxes of ready-made cigars, packed up for the various towns in this province (for there is only this one Government manufactory for this province), all combined to give one some idea of the enormous consumption of tobacco in Spain.

These cigars are moderately good; they each cost about one penny, rather less, and are sold at all the stamp offices. Wherever a traveller sees "Etanco Nacional" over the door, he can be sure of obtaining stamps for his letters, and can get a dozen decent cigars for about eleven pence of English money.*

Seeing me jot down a few notes in my pocket-book, a buxom, middle-aged señora, who had accompanied

* Small cigars (Government) can be bought at the low rate of five for one penny; they are ill-made and ill-flavoured, but have a large sale among the poor. The best Habana cigars are bought at the ordinary cigar-shops, but the duty, as in England, being heavy, they cost fivepence a piece.

our little party, said,—"If you think of setting up a Fabrica in Inglaterra, I will come with you, and superintend."

Generally, I keep my eyes and ears open to see or hear of improvements. And here is one. In one room was a kind of sofa, of mahogany wood, cane-bottomed, long enough for a woman to lie in at full length, and with light wooden sides. It was the "invalid chair," light enough to be carried by two men, who are always in readiness to carry any poor thing to her home who may suddenly be taken ill.

On the whole, my impression of the place was favourable, except as regarded the dark, stone-vaulted chambers where the rougher work is done. I do not think it can be right for three hundred women to be working in this dim and gloomy light, which is hardly to be called light at all. The plan of giving a hot dinner on the premises struck me as a very good one, and I was assured that the fare and the cookery were good.

And now let us seek *El Hospital del Rey*, or Government Hospital, where civilians from the town, or any part of the province, are side by side with sick soldiers of the garrison or province.

Let me break off, for a moment, before we enter these guarded portals, and recount a little instance of Spanish wit and impudence. I was remarking upon the absence of mosquito curtains, which I did not see round the beds; "But," I added, "I have not found them attack me very lately." A roguish Spanish girl, whom I slightly knew as being a servant, retaliated,—"No wonder; they have tried you, and found you are not nice enough."

The wide doors of the Civil Hospital, or hospital for

the civil and military of the whole province, are well guarded by some half-dozen Republican soldiers.

If you will walk with me through the rooms, our survey shall be brief, and limited to a few leading facts. This hospital is neither so inviting nor so suggestive in its arrangements as the two hospitals I have before described to you, where help and self-help are combined.

Firstly, there is no need of any ticket of admission to this hospital; he who rings at the bell, and says he is ill, is admitted without question. The patients are all paid for by the Deputacion Provinciale, who pay three-and-a-half reals per diem for each man and woman, that is, about tenpence-halfpenny. Just now, there are seventy women only and two hundred men in the hospital, of which latter about one-half are soldiers, many of them suffering from those diseases to which, alas! soldiers here, as elsewhere, subject themselves.

Tenpence-halfpenny a day is not much; but then the doctors can order, where needful, wine and other luxuries. All classes can come here.

Two priests, before the summer Revolution of 1873, lived and ministered here to the sick and dying—they minister no more! I asked to see the chapel. "I don't know where on earth the key is," said the porter; "but you can peep through this hole in the door." It looked pretty and bright, but dusty.

There are three doctors, thirteen "sisters" of San Vicente de Paul, three women, and thirteen men-servants. Each "sister" has six reals a day.

Three meals daily are allowed to the patients, 7 A.M., 12, and 7 P.M. Those who have a little money

may, if allowed by the doctor, purchase little luxuries; but, it is needless to add, very few can do so, for hither, from the whole province, come the poorest of the poor.

The friends of the sick are allowed to come in when they like to the bedsides; but I saw very few, probably because the majority of these poor sufferers had come from afar.

There is no Sunday service in church, no prayers, no religious instruction. The patients may talk to each other as much as they like, and surely they need conversation, or some pastime. I never saw sadder or sicklier rows of faces. I did not see above two books and as many newspapers in the whole establishment. "Why have they no books to wile away the time?" said I.—"They can if they choose; very few *can* read, and very few care to read." *That* was my answer.

Spaniards are very fond of attempting to speak English, and it is always best to humour them in the attempt, though it sometimes leads to an exhibition of the whimsical, not to say of the awkward. We passed one ward, and I said, "To what is that ward devoted?"—"Oh, we'll go in presently, and see; that's the ward *when any lady's full and has babies.*" I involuntarily glanced round to see the effect on my companion, who was an English lady, and found that it was having much the same effect on her self-control as it was upon my own.

One thing here puzzled me, namely, a whole ward, of some forty, or, to say the least, thirty men, all suffering from bronchitis, asthma, or consumption. Why this number in this climate?

Let me now give the Hospital del Rey its fair

meed of praise. The wards are, some of them, of noble dimensions. Here are the dimensions of one. Fifty-eight yards long, twenty yards broad; down the centre a row of stone pillars. I will estimate the height (which I could not, of course, measure) at from thirty to forty feet. Anyhow, it was very lofty. It turned round a corner, and opened into another of the same dimensions within a yard or two.

The ventilation of Spanish houses and hospitals is very well arranged as a rule; lofty ceilings, windows large, and often opening to the ground, give air, light, and a cheerfulness of appearance which is a stranger to a darker room.

There are a number of small "quartitos," little square rooms, walled off with deal partitions from one another, in a separate ward of their own. They are devoted to two different classes—(1) the poor patient who has undergone an operation in the neighbouring ampiteatro; and (2) any one who chooses to pay or can pay for the quiet and privacy of one.

In conclusion, I venture to sum up what, in my mind, are the defects and the excellencies of this Government hospital over some of those I have visited in England.

Among the *defects*, I mention these points: that tenpence a day does not strike me as enough to keep a man in food, although I must say the soup and other comestibles I tasted were good; that there are no books, no religious services, no newspapers; and if it be bad for a strong man's mind to brood upon itself, must it not be worse for the mind of a sufferer; that there is no separate fever ward, though there is one for small-pox.

Among the *excellencies* of this hospital, let me mention the presence of the devoted and gentle Sisters of Mercy; the liberty of buying such luxuries as the patient can afford; the splendid size of some of the wards, insuring good ventilation.

All the bedsteads are of iron; they stand in single rows, but rather close to each other; the bedding seemed soft and clean.

Is it well or no to have a common hospital for civilian and soldier?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FISH-MARKET AT CADIZ.

LIFE at the water-side is, as we all know well, very different from life in the better streets, and it is always to me most interesting to take even a superficial glance at the ways and life of the fisherman. One can see but little, but that little is, at least, interesting, and better than nothing at all.

One morning I asked a Spanish boatman, the part-owner of two small boats used to take passengers or cargo to and from the steamers or sailing vessels in harbour, to walk with me down the length of the wharf of the town where I was staying. Early he presented himself at our Fonda, just as we were going to kneel down for family prayers. I offered him a chair, and told him what we were about doing; he listened attentively to the Psalms for the day as I read them, and when we knelt, to my surprise, he also fell on his knees, and, with his hands clasped, reverently joined us in our devotions. I found afterwards that he had made two voyages to the United States, and understood and could speak a little English.

As we drew near to the wharf, we passed through a broad, and, at this early hour, busy square or Plaza, before we passed through the Puerta de la Mar (Sea-Gate) to the sea. This Plaza was a singularly bright and interesting scene of work and life. It was dotted all over with little knots of two or three Spanish

soldiers, in their long blue great-coats and brick-coloured baggy trousers. There had been, lately, a "trastorno" (riot) in this quarter of the town, and so a temporary barrack had been established here to maintain order. As if these brightly-dressed preservers of order were not sufficient, there were, sitting here and there, the representatives of no less than four different orders of Spanish police: the bronzed stalwart Guardia Civil, in his linen-covered cocked-hat, blue frock-coat, faced with red, and blue trousers; the Vigilante, in his short, dark blue coat, with flat-peaked cap, bound round with a band of violet, red, and yellow, his long sword draggling behind him; the Guardias Municipal, with blue great-coat and kepi, like the French soldiery, with scarlet band; and several individuals, with keen observant eyes, belonging to the Policia Secreta, or Detective Department.

Of all these classes, Spain owes most to the Guardia Civiles. These men are, in physique alone, superior to all the other police or military of the country, between whom they hold a position midway. They are all men who have served in the regular army, and of good character; they are obliged to pass an examination in reading and writing before entering the force, and, I believe, must be up to a certain size. They are used as soldiers, use military arms, and learn drill, and are made up of companies one hundred strong, with captain and lieutenant. During the last summer they, always allying themselves to the cause of order, and being clever, powerful, middle-aged men, were invaluable to their country; they fight as regular troops (but only within the country), or are billeted in disaffected towns, in small bodies, or dwell in twos throughout the villages and at the railway

stations of the interior. Every one, except an evil-doer, respects and likes the presence of a body of these men. It is wholly owing to them that Spain is at present fairly free from highwaymen in her lonely "campos" and mountain passes. In the country, where a horse is necessary, they are allowed by Government seven reals (about 15*d.*) per diem for its keep. These men, when sent on duty, always go in couples.

The Vigilante is a civilian policeman. He does duty simply as a policeman in the towns, getting every other night in bed; he is in the pay of the Civil Governor of the town where he acts.

The Municipal Guards only do duty by day. They are employed and paid by the Provincial Government. In the day-time they act as policemen, distribute tax-papers, Government circulars, and the like.

All these various classes carry sword and revolver, the bayonet of the Guardia Civil acting as his sword. They each receive half-a-dollar per diem, which is about 2*s.* 1*d.* of English money.

In many of the towns of the interior the strength of the police is very slender, and they constantly have to call in the aid of the Civil Guards from the nearest barrack-town. But the better class of towns are well provided; thus, in Cadiz, with a population of about 72,000, there are eighty Municipal and one hundred Civil Guards, besides sixty Vigilantes, and forty detectives in plain clothes, making a total of two hundred and eighty preservers of the peace.

Besides these men, every Spanish town has its staff of Serenos, or night-watchmen. These are, as a rule, a capital set of fellows. They wear a long overcoat and peaked cap, but not coloured uniform. Each one

has his "beat," like a London policeman; they carry a small lamp, a sword and revolver, and a spear six or seven feet long, called a "chuzo." It is like an ancient battle-pike. These men may be heard calling or singing the time of night every half-hour. Some sing very well. "Han dado las dos y media—y sereno!"—that is, "It has struck half-past two; here is the night-watchman." Sometimes they add to their cry, "Stormy night," or "Fair the night," or "Viva la—Republica." They keep the streets very quiet, and are courteous and helpful if you need aid at night.

Like all Spanish officials, the Sereno is very jealous of his authority. One night, in a wild town in the interior, my house was assailed; I fired a shot over the assailant's head, and he fled. The Sereno on that beat heard of it, and came and thundered at my door the following night, to "challenge," as he called it, "my shot on his beat."

The method pursued by the Sereno, when he takes a man into custody, and wants to get him to the lock-up, is very clever. He takes the man half way to the next Sereno in the direction of the lock-up, and blows his whistle; his fellow comes up, and the prisoner is handed over to him; he does likewise, until at last, without any of them leaving their beat for more than a few minutes, the prisoner is delivered into the hands of the Sereno in whose beat stands the lock-up! These men are on duty every night, from twelve to daylight, yet some of them actually, for part of their day, work at some trade! In a city of 70,000 the number of Serenos would be about seventy.

The Plaza, as I have said, was dotted all over with soldiers and civil police. The dresses, too, of the buyers and sellers of fruit, water, acorns, &c., were very gaudy;

there were Portuguese sailors, who had just come into harbour with fish, in their bright yellow flannel trousers and blue blouses ; watermen in every sort of uncouth and gaudy dress ; and hundreds of neat, comely-looking criadas, with coloured handkerchiefs bound over their thick dark hair.

The poor, too, were here : some come to buy the coarser sorts of fish for their humble meal ; some for fruit, bread, or nuts, for the Spanish poor live very hardly. The shops round the Plaza were all of a lowly sort, but bright and pretty ; many were stores of sailors' clothes, right prettily decked out, but, on a close inspection, with very coarse articles. Everything gave evidence that we were in the "quarter of the poor." The little stores of fruit were very bright, but the fruit was of the humblest kind. No very grand fruit was here ! There were the pink arbutus-berries, in heaps on the ground or strung upon straws ; the sleep-giving berries which the poor Spanish mother gives her child, as an English gudewife gives it a decoction of poppies ; there were heaps of bellotas, a kind of edible acorn ; algarrobas, a sort of Moorish bean, imported into Spain by the Moors ; heaps of genuine British cabbages, and stalks in thousands of the cardillo, or wild golden-thistle ; these, with a few shady-looking quinces and buck-nuts, and a few strings of starlings (a great food of the Spaniards), made up the poor man's simple Fruit-Market. (I should say it was a December day, so fruit was not plentiful as in summer.)

Dotted all over the square were the graceful little movable water-sellers' stalls, called in common Spanish "aguaduchos," with their bright-painted boards, and trim shelves, and spotless counter, behind which sit

the master and his sposa; on their shelves were little jars and bottles of every size and shape, full of water, aguardiente, Catalan wine, liqueurs of different flavours, rose, vanille, aniseed, &c., and large phials full of "orchataz," a kind of milk crushed from almonds, and sarsaparilla. Both these last are great drinks (mixed in water) with the Spanish poor. Sarsaparilla and water, and this other milky fluid with water, are greatly drunk by the Spanish women and children; the working-men, especially the seafaring portion of them, keep to aguardiente and black wine. In the interior, on every road leading to mines or any scene of work, you will, if you walk down with the stream who wend their way to their work at break of day, find at intervals along the road, women with nothing but a basket-full of glasses, and a bottle or two of aguardiente, on a stone or broken fragment of a bench. It is wonderful how many of the Spaniards begin their morning with a small glass of this, to me, nauseous stimulant. They are not a drinking people, but poor and rich alike believe in the virtue of an *early* dram.

But we have lingered long enough. Let us pass on to the wharf. As we leave the square, and its teeming hundreds of poor, buying and selling, two thoughts strike one:—First, how bright—I must keep on using that word, for there is none other that expresses so well the idea—how bright, with the aid of a little colour, the Spaniard makes his dress, his square, his mule-cart, his boat, aided, of course, by his ever-shining sun! The second thought is, what do all these police, and guards, and "regulars" with fixed bayonets,—for the population now, at any rate seems quiet enough? Alas! poor fellows, they are hot and impassioned on one subject—politics. Not very long

since, twenty-one bodies, each with a bullet-hole or bayonet-wound in it, lay piled up, as the evening sun said Farewell, on this very spot where now we stand!

The "Puerta de la Mar," opening from the Plaza into the sea-front, is guarded, as we pass through it, by soldiers of the line, with fixed bayonets: they are in waiting to preserve order.

Passing through the Sea-Gate, and standing in the fresh sea breeze on the quay, the first sight that strikes your eye is the graceful rig and gaudy colours of the hundreds of little boats, most of them riding at anchor, or being kept from collision by the lazy boatman, who, cigarillo in mouth, and one oar resting on the side, rocks about, looking out for a job, from early morn until noon. In a moment you are singled out by one or two of the beggars so common throughout Spain, hapless, shiftless, unhappy mortals, who in other days could ask for and obtain a "begging ticket," but now ply their trade without authority, but unmolested. Pitiful is their voice and language: it is the same everywhere—"Me da usted, Señor, una limosnita por Dios, por Dios, Señor." Here is the soldier, in faded regimentals, exposing the stump of his right arm, hardly healed from the operation; here a blind man is led along by his wan and weeping wife or sister; here are two or three ragged, roguish little children; here, an aged and decently-dressed widow-woman,—all hanging about the Sea-Gate for alms. Alas! they have no workhouse even to shelter them. Many of the Spanish houses of charity are confined to relieve the wants of the decent poor only, and these are not *decentes*. What must they do? The Spaniards recognize this; and it is certainly a touching sight to

see the hotel-keeper or shop-director, when his harvest has been an ample one, go out to get a few pesetas, or even dollars, changed into "cuartos" (farthings), and return home with the beggar's store wrapped up in two or three little paper packets. The other day I met the landlord of my own hotel returning with his little freight of the same sort. He held up the two weighty little packets with glee—"Por la caridad, Señor."

Here is the boatman's tavern, not very tempting, but one man, evidently a Portuguese fisherman, just landed from a long sea beat, is sitting down enjoying his fried fish and bread and black Catalan wine; nothing but the coarser kinds of fish, fried and sold when cold, with Catalan or Val-de-Penas wine, and aguardiente, are sold in this humble venta. All along, under shelter of the wall that shuts us out from the gay town, are countless fruit-stalls, gaudy with paint, and still more gaudy with the fruits of the season, half-ripe oranges, huge brown, rough-skinned pumpkins (calavasos), weighing from 60 lb. to 100 lb., and looking, for all the world, like a piece of the trunk of an elm-tree with the bark on; strings of "ajo," or garlic, gracefully festooned over the doorway; heaps of dandelion thistle-stalks; quinces, medlars, lemons, and bananas from the opposite coast of Africa, ripe and unripe, all together, with the bright winter sun, and the foreground of deep-blue sparkling sea, and the Babel of tongues—for all is noise, and work, work, work—forming a most picturesque scene. Oh, for a painter's hand and brush!

Come with me a few steps further, and we will walk through that long, low, covered building along the sea, around which a crowd of early criadas (come

to buy fish for breakfast), boatmen and fishermen are elbowing and shouting. This is the Fish-Market, or "Plaza de Pescado." So crowded is it—for fish here is cheap and plentiful, and therefore within the reach of all—that one can hardly elbow one's way along.

This market is celebrated for the numbers and variety of its fish, many of which are of the gaudiest colours, many of the most uncouth and distasteful shape and appearance; many seem to be sea-reptiles, without any pretence to being fish at all.

Pescatology is a most interesting study, but I defy any one to make out clearly the names of these different varieties of fishes, good-humoured and ready to explain all about them as are the sellers. However, I will give, as nearly as I can, the notes of my two hours in the Fish-Market of Cadiz. The details may interest and be a help to some scientific persons.

Here is a pile of eight or nine of (what appear to be) enormous "sea-bream." The hues of this bream are beautiful; it has just come out of the boats. The colour of the greater part of the body is light pink and lilac; the tail, bright pink; head, almost purple; fins, brownish-red; eye, very large. This fish is called by the fishermen "pardo," which word, in Spanish, would be equivalent to lilac-grey. One of these I measured, and found its length to be two feet and a half, breadth half a foot; it is thick and heavy, but not a clumsy, fish, and is sold at one peseta the pound. But, remember, the pound of fish or of beef in Spanish markets means two pounds Avoirdupois; so, when you are told by the seller, "This weighs 20 lb.," remember it is 40 lb. Avoirdupois. I shall use *pounds* for pounds Avoirdupois in my estimate. These bream are caught

by hook and line at night, about fifteen to twenty miles off shore.

Here is a strange creature, looking, with its short, thick, semi-oval body, like a great log of polished wood. It is reddish-brown in colour, and this specimen, about, I should say, a foot and a half in length, weighs thirty-six pounds Avoirdupois. This is the far-famed "mero," which shares with the salmonete or red-mullet, the honour of being the finest flavoured fish in Spain. It is caught about twenty miles from land, and is sold by the pound, cut up in slices, and dressed with tomatoes or other savoury vegetables.

Here is a heap of what look like emaciated and elongated cod-fish; silvery-white in colour, two to three feet in length. They have, however, none of the plumpness of the cod of the English waters, and are not very highly esteemed by the Spaniards. This fish is called in the market "corvina." They are caught with hook and line. I weighed one of these, and it weighed forty pounds.

Here is a heap of the "salmonetes," or red-mullets, caught in the nets early this morning ten miles off shore. This fish is the dainty, the luxury of the Gaditanian epicure. Fried in herbs and tomatoes, or with plain butter, it is alike rich and full-flavoured. It is the "Sultan al hut," the king of fishes of the Moors. Other and good fish sell for about one peseta (four reals) per pound—the king fish is valued at a peseta and a half per pound.

From the sea-wall of Cadiz many of these fish are caught with a common hook and line, the bait being frequently bread or a preparation of meal.

Here is a heap of white, sickly-looking—one hardly knows what to call it, fish, flesh, or fowl—fishes. Some