At the foot of the photograph is written, REPUBLICA UNIVERSAL DEMOCRATICA FEDERAL: EL PACTO; and the following terse sentence from Béranger:—

> "Pueblos, formád una santa alianza
> Y estrechád vuestra mano."

That is,

> "Form a holy league, ye towns,
> And act in concert."

The idea of our blessed Lord being the Champion of Liberty is one common in Spain, and hence there is no blasphemy or culpable levity in the picture described. There is a couplet common in Spain at Christmas-tide,—

> "At this time on earth was He
> Born, *and with Him Liberty.*"

The lines, or an equivalent, will be found in "Ecos Nacionales," by V. Ruiz Aguilera.

Beyond the rumours, the anxious faces, the photographs, and the movements of troops, there was but one incident to mark the reign of uncertainty about Christmas time, and that was an attack upon the train on its way to Madrid, which I chronicle merely as showing the lawless state of the country. The night-train to Madrid picks up, as is well known, money from various towns, all of which is sent in small boxes, with padlocks and leather straps buckled over them. Some fifty armed brigands, finding their ways and means straitened, stopped the train by waving a red lamp, and demanded of the terrified guard the boxes of money, commanding no passenger to put his head out of the window of his carriage. One rash person disregarded the injunction, and received a slash in the cheek from a sabre. It is needless to add,

that these men got safely to the mountains with their booty. It is not often one hears of such deeds on a large scale; but every now and then, in some parts of the interior, some young fellow who is known to be rich is carried off, and a heavy ransom demanded. In the last case that came under my notice the young fellow was surprised in the Campo, while out for his afternoon paseo, carried off to the Olivares, or the Sierra, and £400 demanded and paid for his release. This system of "levying black-mail," so common in Southern Italy, is still carried on in the wilder parts of Greece and in the mountainous districts of the Levant. In Spain, if you desire a walk over the hills—and a walk is very enjoyable in spring and winter, when the tints of the mountains are *simply exquisite,* varying from the deepest purple to the brightest roseate hue, and the earth is just putting on its robe of vernal green—it is best to walk with a friend, and to carry arms equally serviceable against dogs or men; and it is safer not to be outside the city walls after dusk—you may be robbed, or at least annoyed.

One more "Christmas episode." On Christmas-Eve the alcalde of a town not far from where I write was enjoying his coffee, cigarillo, and politics in his casino; he was popular with the masses, and so, to do him all honour, a party of gipsies came in, chaired him, carried him round the room, and then *insisted on his dancing the fandango with them!* The whole scene, when recounted to me by an eye-witness the following night, struck me as so thoroughly Spanish, and worthy of these dark-eyed daughters of the sunny South, that I have ventured to mention it.

At last the eventful day, January 2nd, 1874,

arrived, and at evening-time club, casino, and venta were thronged with little knots of eager and expectant politicians, waiting for a telegram; but, as subsequently transpired, nothing definite had taken place. On that day the only sign of excitement that came under my notice was the shout of some fervid artificer on his way to his work, "Down with Castelar." Silently another body of guards marched into our town that night, or the night after, and then came the news of the Spanish *coup-d'état* of 1874, awakening general surprise and bewilderment.

On Monday some apprehensions were felt as to the possibility of an insurrection, and the guards, leaving their barracks in the narrow streets of the town, fortified themselves in a walled spot a few hundred yards outside the walls, where they could act more freely. I walked, about 4·30 P.M., down the streets, which were almost deserted and—rare sound in Andalucian streets at that hour—echoed to my footfall; the shutters were up in many of the private houses, and nearly every shop was closed. I wanted some coffee—a modest wish, surely!—and at last found a grocer's shop with the door only half closed.

Then came the news of the clever way in which the *coup-d'état* at Madrid, on January 3, had been managed. It was thus graphically related to me by a Spanish gentleman. The Cortes had listened to Señor Castelar's magnificent speech, his defence of his own short administration: the votes were taken, Señor Salmeron being in the chair, and it was found that there were one hundred for, to one hundred and twenty against Castelar's continuing in office. He then rose and said—"I have one favour to ask,

that you will construct a Ministry before you leave the room."—"That we will do," was the quiet answer of the President. Just then two aides-de-camp entered the chamber and gave a note to Señor Salmeron, who handed it to his secretary to read aloud to the assembled diputados.

The note was terse and soldier-like, and to this effect :—"That those assembled in the Cortes should, *within five minutes,* disperse to their own homes. (Signed) PAVÍA, Governor-General of Madrid."

Loud cries of "Shame, shame!" were heard, and great uproar prevailed; the President proposed to arraign General Pavía himself at once, and deprive him of his position. At this juncture the two aides-de-camp left the chamber, and met the General himself, who was in waiting close by. They told him what it was proposed to do with him. "Oh that is it, is it?" said he; "come along, men." At the head of two trusty regiments—and with officers and soldiers alike, as a rule, Pavía is very popular—the General entered the Cortes, and, at the word of command, the first rank fired a volley into the ceiling above the heads of the diputados. The effect was magical. In a moment the diputados were seen hurrying out as fast as they could, and even leaping over any obstacles, as a chair or bench, that came in their way. Only one or two foreigners were left in the Cortes, and they were courteously escorted home by some of the troops, with their band playing the *Marcha Real* (Royal March) down the thronging streets.

Castelar was summoned to appear, and was asked by General Pavía to form a Ministry, which, of course, he could not undertake. Marshal Serrano

then appeared, coming from the house of the Russian Ambassador.

Outside the Cortes the streets were lined with troops. At the head of other streets cannon frowned. Every volunteer was ordered to render up his arms at certain depôts named, and that order was acted upon quietly and instantly. Volunteers were hurrying, arms in hand, to the depôts, and giving up their insignia in the greatest haste.

The Marshal, it is said, rode through one or two of the principal squares, and shouted "Viva la Republica Española!" and it is also said, that people, foregoing their favourite term, "Democratica Federal," took up the cry "Viva la Republica de España!"

Perhaps the populace are weary of all this long-continued unrest, of trade suspended, and lines cut, and posts stopped, and are glad to espouse the first hope of a settled Government. At any rate, the soldiers will be glad of the turn things have taken, and will follow their Generals.

> "Non, si male nunc, et olim
> Sic erit,"

we have been saying for a long time; and it may be the "nunc" has passed, and the "olim" is at hand; at any rate, we all thirst for order, justice, and peace, and perhaps these are near at hand.

But there has already been twelve hours' fighting at Zaragóza, between the volunteers and the regulars, resulting in a victory for the latter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"PICHO": A SPICE OF SPANISH SAL.

THERE are, among dogs of the interior, three principal tipos, or types—in fact, what in England would be called three common varieties.

But, before speaking of the dogs, it should be premised, that, although they are wholly distinct varieties—as different as are the English mastiff, greyhound, and poodle—yet in the limited vocabulary of the interior they are all spoken of as "perros," *i.e.*, dogs, and addressed as "picho"; and the common people simply have no special names by which to distinguish them.

For instance, a Spanish peasant was asked, in a court of law, whether a certain dog was a sporting dog or terrier, and, as he could not by any means understand the difference, the question had to resolve itself into one more simple,—"Was it a large dog or a small dog?"

Indeed, one great obstacle to gaining any progressive knowledge of natural history in the interior is, that the vocabulary is so limited, that one name is used for at least half-a-dozen flowers; and among small birds the case is just the same.

And even in conversing on these subjects with the ordinary Spanish gentleman of the interior there is the same difficulty. I have often observed, while

prosecuting the study of wild-flowers of the Campo, or wild-birds, he has but one name for half-a-dozen shrubs or flowers.

The typical dog of the interior—the commonest "typo," would be called a lurcher in England; and such, of a mongrel sort, he really is: he looks like a cross between greyhound and lurcher. He stands about two feet high (not more—oftener less); his coat is not curly, but he is not to be called short-haired; in colour, he is almost always sandy, with oftentimes white belly; his tail is long, always carried curled beneath the rump, and rather bushy; his body is long, lithe, and thin, and his legs long and sinewy.

This dog is so common as to form quite a feature in the towns and on the Campo. You meet his sly, foxy gaze (he looks always half-cowed), and see his drooping brush and protruding ribs everywhere. In the summer and winter alike, groups of these animals are lying by day outside the houses, on the pavement, lazily winking at the sun, and never offering to move, unless they hear the unmistakable, "Anda, picho!" ("Get out, dog!"), with which they are constantly saluted, and which is the sure forerunner of a kick. At night, they are constantly left out of doors, and, in some towns where I have resided, I have been kept awake by the howling, barking, and scurrying up and down the street, and often by the fighting, of these semi-jackals.

Oftentimes, when returning home late at night, I have stumbled over one of these animals. He gets up slowly, walks a step or two, looks at you (no doubt) with disgust; and you hear him settle himself to rest again on his uncomfortable bed. It is strange, but

perfectly true, as I have often proved, that these dogs will never obey the "Get out!" if the command be given in English; but once say, in a shrill voice, "Anda!" and Picho, expecting a kick, moves in a moment. I have heard it often said—I know not with how much truth—that instances are on record of a horse being brought from abroad, and, when submitted to English grooms and their masters, proving utterly unmanageable, because he could not understand the language. In one instance, the story related to me was, that the horse, when told to "Come over" by the groom, and receiving the customary pat on the haunches, by which English horses are admonished to step over from one side of the stall to the other, while their bed is being made, did not understand even that elementary command, and that the groom, in despair, said to his master,—"What am I to do with him, sir! He won't even come over!" And the narrator told me, that when a foreigner went into the stable, a fellow-countryman of the horse, and told him what was expected of him in his own language, he obeyed at once! At any rate, no Spanish group of dogs will attend to you unless you speak to them in their "mother-tongue."

These dogs are used for two purposes: First, they are used as guards, or watch-dogs, by the men who live in the forlorn, lonely little stone lodges, among the olive-groves or huertas of their masters, in the wild Campo; and also, as watch-dogs, they are kept in the various casas in the towns. By all ranks and all sorts of persons are these strange hounds kept. You visit a house in some particular street of a town of the interior, tenanted, perhaps, by twelve different families (for in Spain, where the rich have but a "flat" of a house to

themselves, the poor take half a room, and call it their "Casa in the town!"), and, if you go by day, you will find half-a-dozen of these creatures lying asleep within the massive outer doors; or, if you go at night to make your visit, you will find your rap is half-drowned by their barking, or, at least, you stumble over some of their sleeping carcases at the outer door. Secondly, they are used for hunting the hares and red-legged partridges, and even foxes and wild-cats, in the Campo. And this, in reality, is the chief purpose for which they are kept.

Go out for a ride, or stroll into the Campo, or wild country—and in Spain the Campo bears a romance about its very look—and you will meet these half-wolves, half-dogs, at every sweep of the hills. The goatherd, tending his flock which browses on the short, crisp, aromatic herbage of the slopes, has his band of these dogs. The guard of the olives has his pack also of three or four trotting behind him, as he rends, with his clumsy axe, a branch off the unfruitful trees, here and there, in the grove. The "gitano"—a name which in Spain means anything that travels—or gipsy, has his pack also of three or four trotting behind him; and even the plain, rude peasant, journeying, as is his wont, from one town to another, his wife on the donkey packed as tightly, and to the full as uncomfortably, as his Penates, which he always carries with him, will have his dog trotting behind his heels, as he plods along through dusky olives and sandy plains, over ravine, and across mountain gulley. The mode of hunting with these dogs is peculiar.

Be it remembered, first of all, that much of the Campo is unpreserved, and any one who likes may make it his

coursing or shooting ground. The game, of course, is very wild. It consists of rabbits, hares, red-legged partridges, which refuse to rise ; snipes and woodcocks, in the occasional swampy spots ; foxes and wild cats everywhere. In any case, however, you must have a Government licence to carry fire-arms. You want a day's hunting with these dogs, and speak to the guard of some olives. He says, "Yes," names the day, and organizes " his pack."

The bright scarlet coats and spirited horses of the Pytcheley or the Quorn would laugh one to scorn. The morning breaks, as most Spanish winter mornings do break, bright and clear ; not a cloud to be seen in the sky—not a spot of wet in the road, very often. Here is " the pack," composed of these sandy-haired dogs and one solitary greyhound (*rara avis in terris*) in a leash. Here, too, is the master of the field, a simple olive-dresser, "all clad in leather." His short jacket is of rough, untanned leather ; his cap is of fur ; his gun is not a gun, but a semi-Moorish "piece," something akin to the old English fowling-piece ; his steel buttons glaring enough ; his steel chain across his shoulders, on which hang his small leather wine-bottle and his dog-call ; his leather "shorts," and his boots of untanned leather—all remind you that it is the chase, but not the refined sport of Old England.

The greyhound in leash, the pack running far and wide, you sally forth, each one with gun on shoulder (and does not the mere fact of gun on shoulder make an Englishman's heart dance ?) ; the dogs range far and near ; on you go—now tumbling over some sharp bit of granite, half-concealed in thistles and twiny dry grass, or bents or rushes—now breasting

some steep hill, the short grasses of which are dry, and slippery as glass—now making your way across some mountain gulley, which, to say the least, is rough walking. Yet, with old English memories of the turnip-fields and stubbles, where, with many a friend who long since had laid his weary bones beneath the scorching skies of India, or in the green churchyard of the country that once you called your home, you once, in the damp, fresh autumnal morning, pursued your game,—with these memories fresh upon you, you still enjoy the rough and wearying chase,—and, lo! just as you are in thought far away, hearing the evening bugle-call along the range of the "Hog's Back" (Aldershot), or exchanging kindly greetings, also in thought, with some old squire, on whom your eyes will never look again on this side the grave,—suddenly you hear the Spanish cazador yell out, "Liebre, *oy!*" The pack has put up a hare or a rabbit, you can scarcely say which, as its dusky, undefined form scuttles away amid the thick crop of thistles, furze, and dried bents: all the dogs are after him; but in a moment the greyhound is let slip, and goes straight towards the ill-fated hare. Surely ere night-fall his carcase will be boiling (rich morsel!) in the ornilla of the olive-guard! The Spaniard has not much idea of sport *as* sport—a good run (without a death) has little charms for him.

Now comes the tug of war: there is no fair play, as in our English coursing; remember we are in Spain, and as Spanish political prisoners have no fair play, neither do Spanish hares. Over hidden lumps of rock and stone, through little thickets of brushwood, on you run—straight down upon his prey you see the greyhound making. But the chase,

which would be interesting, is spoiled—"the pack" (clumsy runners as they are) are spread all over the Campo. Wherever and whenever the poor hare doubles, retreats, or feints, one or two of the pack cut her off; and before ten minutes have pumped the wind out of your lungs, the greyhound is upon her, and you hear the wild shout of the leather-clad game-keeper (?) as he pulls the reeking form from his pack, and puts an end to its misery with a blow across the ears.

Then, in the short bents, or on fragments of rock, you all sit down; the leather bottle is passed round: freely you drink the rough red wine, which costs but fourpence a quart; and then you light each one your cigarillo, and you smoke for ten minutes; and—perhaps your thoughts, as you look around at the wild sweep of half-clad hills, at the undulating groves of dusky olives, at the wild, semi-civilized forms around you—perhaps your thoughts wander back once more to home: to the turnip-field, and the stubbles, and that quiet river, along whose banks you used in other days to wander, fishing-rod in hand, and to faces probably long since laid beneath the earth—so it has often been to me.

As to the next sort of dog, the "Spanish bull-dog," or bull-mastiff, as he is called, I have but little to say. He is, when well-bred, very handsome; his measurement of height in general varies from 2 ft. to 2 ft. 8 in. The one from which my subjoined description is taken stands 2 ft. 9 in.

"Liberal" is more like an English blood-hound than any other species of dog with which I am acquainted. His hair is very short and fine, and of a rich sandy-red colour; his sleepy, massive head, with its small eyes,

and ears almost invisible, so short are they cropped, and so sunken in the side, gives one an idea of easy good-nature, which is the characteristic of many of these powerful dogs, for powerful they are. "Liberal's" legs are a study in themselves, so massive as to seem almost unwieldly; his tail he carries gracefully drooped—it is, like his body, covered with short, fine hair.

These dogs are used by the higher classes as guards for their town houses, and you see them dozing peacefully, winter and summer, outside in the street. As a rule, like most creatures that are conscious of possessing power, these dogs are singularly gentle; and it is well that it should be so, for, if aroused, the Spanish bull-dog would prove, with his heavy jaws and massive limbs, a most formidable antagonist.

The third "tipo" among the dogs of the interior is, like the first mentioned, a very common one. He is a little fellow, with white curly hair and a small curly tail; his ears are long, and coated with silky white hair; his little legs are very tiny, and also coated with silky short hair; he has the brightest of all little bright faces; the most impudent, roguish, expressive black eyes. He is usually, from his impudence, his habit of tearing everything he can find to pieces, and from his dirty habits, a regular little bore.

This little fellow, standing about eight inches nothing without his shoes, is the typical "lady's" lap-dog; the pet of the poor man's casa; the little scamp who snaps at your fingers from under the straw, if you pry too closely into the market-panniers of hens and canaries, turnips and onions, carried on the shoulders of mule or donkey to the early morning's market, or nibbles at your heels in the rich man's casa. This little creature

is one of the most intolerable little bores that can be conceived. In mischief and fun ever a child, he will carry off your slippers, tear your trousers, nibble your heels, jump up on the spread table and steal a bit of cooked chicken, and then run out into the yard and worry and kill your live chickens. Well for you if he does not enter your bed-room at night—he alone has the run of all the bed-rooms!—and "commit a nuisance!"

Well does he, the plague of every quiet criada, deserve the name or epithet so constantly applied to him, "Tuno," a word which, of constant use among the stable-men, muleteers, and lower class of domestic servants, implies, as nearly as I can render it into English, "scamp."

There is a well-known proverb among the Chilian Spaniards—"Chili is a paradise for women, a purgatory for men, and a hell for brutes"; and the last part of the proverb is equally true of the interior of Spain. The wretched treatment which the dumb brutes receive on all sides can be expressed by only one word—it is simply revolting. Nowhere as in the interior of Spain—Chili, I am told by Spaniards who have been resident there for years, is "far worse" (God help the brute creation if it is!)—nowhere is one so forcibly reminded of the old and oft-quoted words of Holy Writ, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." Only take one single walk, and you will see every sort of brutality practised upon dog, donkey, or mule.

The poor donkeys are beaten, as they pass along the unpaved street, by the very boys of ten and twelve, simply for pleasure's sake, sometimes with a stick as thick as an ordinary crutch. I have seen

blows given, and remonstrated without effect, on the spine of the unhappy laden donkey, near the tail, which made him stagger, and go tottering from side to side for a hundred yards, the brutal driver, or master of the drove, riding a few yards behind, totally unconcerned at seeing the beast, on whom his livelihood depends, thus heinously ill-treated. One's blood boils, and one often interferes; but whatever may be the moral result in the future on the mind of the man with whom you expostulate, the result in the present upon the body of the poor brute is a double shower of blows, and a torrent of the vilest language!

What follows is the sketch of a real dog, but the writer must be pardoned for acting as his interpreter, and drawing a *little* on his own imagination.

Lost and starving dogs are plentiful in Spain, and poor Picho, as the criada called him, was taken into the house where I was staying. He was a very fair specimen of the last "tipo" I have described, as I thought at the first sight of his erect, cocky tail, (*very* rare in Spain this, where, large and small, the poor dogs absolutely *shrink from* a human being!) and his roguish black eyes, and his strutty little curly carcase. No sooner was Picho installed as a dependent than Picho was master of the casa. He liked the quarters, and made them his own—bed-room, sitting-room, drawing-room, sofa, or bed; all, save the kitchen, which he thoroughly despised from the first, were made, by a "daily beating of the bounds," and oftentimes, I grieve to say, "leaving of strange land-marks," quite his own!

There was only one *un*aristocratic place where Picho deigned to walk, and that was the *house-tops.* These in Spain have so gentle a slope, that dogs, cats,

and, in some cases, even men, can walk them without fear of a fall. In Spain, in the interior, the top story, or what we should call in England the "attic-floor," can only be used for one purpose, namely, as a "camera" or granary, owing to the intense heat, which renders sleeping in the top story impossible; it is therefore used as a barn for the sacks of habas, trigo, or garbanzos, or sevada (beans, wheat, peas, or barley), to be stacked in for the winter; and frequently, in taking a house in the interior, you will find *the camera let to a different tenant*, who has free access at all times to it *through your house*—perhaps, *as is the case with me*, through your study! These little granaries are each filled with sacks of grain, and weekly the renter will come with his labourers to carry home a sack or two, as occasion may demand. Rats and mice abound in Spain, and in Spain, as elsewhere, love the grain, especially if its value is enhanced (as the value of every blessing, even of education, is!) by their having to *pay for it*, by gnawing through the tough sacking. The Spaniards, therefore, make a tiny hole, looking out upon the roof, just large enough to admit of a cat's entering from the roof into the camera; and so the cats, exiled from the house, wander about the roofs, and always, for their shelter, creep into one of these little port-holes, and jump down to find a bed, dry and soft, and a mouse or rat or two, in the camera. On a rainy day you may see cat after cat running along the roof to these tiny pent-houses, and jumping down among the sacks, thus preserving them from the attacks of mouse or rat. Necessarily from all this, it follows that many cats are about the roofs of Spanish houses; and, just as an English squire loves to vary the