

unplucked and burst its leathery rind upon the trees and now shows its rich crimson flesh. The pomegranates are also medicinal. Coming in first at the close of the summer heats, they are supposed by the Spanish poor to strengthen one to resist the calentura. Their name is "granada." The skins grow as hard as wood, and preserve the rich crimson flesh until March. At this time they are carried about, and sold four for a farthing. They are exactly like the dry poppy-heads used by the English peasantry in the Midland Counties to make "poppy-tea" to soothe a restless baby; but when first gathered the granadas are of a rich red and yellow colour, and when some have burst on the tree, ere they are plucked and all are ripe, I know no brighter tree than this. The fruit is, in taste, sweet, luscious, and somewhat sickly, but it leaves an acid bitter taste in the palate after being eaten.

Here, too, are the almond-trees (*almendras*) in full wealth of blossoms. The trees, indeed, bare of foliage, are smothered in flowers like our peach-blossom, and the sweet smell and hum of bees remind one of an English lime avenue, and of the old lines—

"Ere the bees had ceased to murmur  
In the sombrage of the lime."

In the huertas near Seville and Cordova, the orange-trees, standing in little clumps, or in regular avenues, or trained along the grey walls, form the most beautiful and striking feature of the garden, especially at this season of the year, when the fruit shines like balls of gold among the glossy dark-green leaves.

All around the walls grow the pitas, or aloes (*Agave Americana*), with their bold, towering, snow-white

leaves; the prickly pear, the sweet, but well-nigh flavourless and sickly fruit of which, about the size and shape of a small hen's egg, and covered with prickles fine as thistle-down, but most irritating when they get beneath the skin of your hand, is in season in August, September, and October; the chumba, or chumbo, a sort of diminutive prickly pear to all appearance (in many of these instances I quote the *popular* name in use among the peasantry and gardeners); the pelotilla de diablo, or "Devil's balls," a small prickly shrub, with bright purple flower, and covered with small bright yellow balls, like pistol bullets for size and hardness, and utterly useless; the marisma, a small wild plant, with tiny glaucous and brown leaves, often used in some parts of Spain to make a hedge round a plot of garden ground; the taraji, with its tiny creeping thread-like sprays; the flor del principe, or red geranium, even now bright with blossoms, and growing in clumps five feet high on every bit of waste ground; the flor de l'espada, or sword-plant, with its white lily leaf, and long, graceful, crimson blossoms hanging withered from the stem; clumps of stunted adelfa (oleander), the *Nerium oleander* of the botanist; the uñas de soro (hawk's claw), a small pointed leaf, about an inch high, growing in profuse abundance; the Malva rosa, a name given to the shrubby scented geranium; heliotrope; reeds; cambrones, or buck-thorns (*Rhamnus catharticus*), growing in a rough untidy hedgerow; these, with clumps of romero and allucema (rosemary and lavender), make up the "confused element" in the Spanish garden. The lavender is still in bloom!

Rosales (rose-bushes), a bushy evergreen plant, like the English box, and flor del principe, form the borders

to many of the beds, which are thus, summer and winter, prettily and brightly edged.

All the land, you will see, or nearly all, is intersected with little trenches, some six inches deep, for irrigation; and along the sides of every trench grow rows of dravanos, a very large radish, eaten raw, fully as large as an English carrot of ordinary size; cerbolias (winter onions), the very chief ingredient in the savoury stews, soups, salads, and gravies of the country during winter; apio, or celery, of which is made one of the most aromatic liqueurs of Spain, bearing the same name, and said to be a marvellous tonic and strengthener of the digestive organs; and hundreds of tiny spring lettuce plants, just rising above the ground.

Here and there are rows of tomatoes, the love-apples of the Spaniard, now drooping and leafless. The fruit, if eaten by the lover and the loved at the same time, is supposed to stimulate affection by the unlettered Spanish peasantry. There ought to be no lack of mutual love, for throughout the summer—from July, indeed, until Christmas—tomatoes, stewed, fried in oil, boiled with sweet herbs or *au naturelle*, or raw, are eaten by the million, and, indeed, form almost the staple of their food. I have remarked this about the tomato, that when, in the exceeding heat of summer, all solid food is distasteful, or when you have been walked off your stomach—to use an old pedestrian's phrase—and cannot take any solid, you can eat even tough meat, or a slice of bread, with stewed tomatoes: they give a certain tone to the stomach.

Here, too, you will see withered pimiento plants of every sort and kind; they are, in shape, like capsicums, and are of two kinds—the larger, which is a

spiral pod, quite hollow, about five inches long, flavourless, save a slight bitter, leathery, and tough, used universally for fries, and even raw from August, when they come in green, to Christmas ; and the smaller, or pungent kind, used for flavouring stews, &c.

The enormous heaps of the larger kind (*Pimiento dulce*), green, yellow, and flame-coloured, form the most noticeable feature among the autumn fruit-stalls of the Plaza in the interior ; they are piled up in heaps, two, three, and four feet high, and for a few cuartos (farthings) you may buy a lapful. What their excellence is, I know not ; but they are said, even by Spanish doctors, to be "extremely good for the health." These are preserved in syrup for the winter and spring, and are eaten with dessert ; but they are of a sickly flavour, if they have any flavour at all !

The smaller kind (*Pimiento picante*), the shrubby capsicum, or "bird-pepper," is well-known in England, and used for imparting pungency to various articles of food. These are but sparingly used. The pungency of the seed is intense, but they are supposed by the Spaniards, who, with reason, deem, "the fruits of the earth in due season" to be medicines for the body at the several seasons of their maturity, to "give a winter appetite," coming, as they do, towards the close of the summer or autumn.

As to flowers, you will see, in the Spanish winter garden, about December, the carnation (clavel) and clove-pink, the dahlia, the flor del invierno, or chrysanthemum, the aleli, or wall-flower, in full-bloom ; while the narcissus, hyacinth, lily, lemon-geranium, copete, or tuft-flower (a kind of marigold) ; flor de la serra, a pretty creeper ; convolvulus ; campanilla, or bell-flower (a kind of epiglottis) ; malva blanca (white

mallow) ; malva de olor, or fragrant mallow ; chicharo de olor (sweet pea) ; mimosa, capuchina (nasturtium) ; uña de leon, or lion's nail, a small plant with an orange blossom, in its shape and tawny colour like a diminutive lion's nail, often flowering throughout the winter ; yerba becerra (snap-dragon), called by the peasantry, I know not why, *sapo*, a toad ; malacarra, a plant bearing in early spring a small flower of a very pale, beautiful blue ; alfilera (so called from *alfiler*, a pin), bearing on every little spike a light yellow flower ; siempreviva, *i.e.*, ever-alive, a small kind of wall-flower ; and a hundred others, all are showing bright and fair, well above ground, and promising many a sweet and various-coloured nosegay for April and May, and indeed much earlier.

One or two of the most beautiful flowers have been omitted from this list : the graceful trompeta, an exotic shrub, growing some eight or ten feet high, with spreading foliage, and, when in bloom, spangled all over with trumpet-shaped flowers, soft as velvet to the touch, pure white, and looking quite like wax flowers, if it be any flattery to the Almighty's handiwork to compare it to that of men ! This plant which is a great favourite in the patios of private houses and public hospitals, came, I believe, from Las Philippinas. Then there is the madreselva, or honeysuckle of Old England, in full blossom, supplying some grace to the trellis-work, with its leafless vine, the hiedra, or dark-leaved ivy, climbing by its side ; the myrto ; the bocamiella — literally, honey-mouth — a pure white flower, of which I do not know the proper name, giving a most delicate scent ; the hibisco, or Syrian mallow (*Hibiscus Syriacus*) ; the dama de noche, or queen of night, a shrub which yields its perfume only

beneath the influence of the dews of night, whence its name; and the suspiros—these last, I think, if my memory serves me in good stead, are the mimulus of the English garden. Let me add that the last-named four flowers are amongst the greatest favourites here: the bocamiella, the hibisco, the dama de noche, and the suspiros.

A word about the two last-named plants. With regard to the dama de noche: in the bright sun, when all the other flowers of the garden pour out their richest perfume on the air, the dama de noche closes its petals and gives no scent. It is an untidy, straggling-looking shrub, too, with a leaf something like that of the English laurustinus, and, when one sees it by day, one is tempted to despise it; its flowers are closed, its scent is not. One passes down the self-same path, by the self-same shrub, when the dews of night are falling fast; every flower has “gone to bed” with the setting sun—has ceased to smile or scent the air; but the pale flowers of “la dama de noche” are wide open, and are giving their sweetness to the dewy night air. I have ever thought the dama de noche the very type and symbol of the friend or the brother *known by adversity*; of the man who is not half so fascinating as the crowd of his fellows—the man who, perhaps rather vulgar, rather uncouth, even ugly or disagreeable, yet in the *time of adversity* proves himself the true man, and, *if that time never comes*, passes by you in the street, the party, or sits with you at the fireside, year after year, and perhaps passes to his grave unvalued and unknown!

Who would deem Isaac Jarman a “storm-warrior” who saw him smoking his short cutty on Ramsgate Pier?

The "suspiro" is a little flower, delicate as a convolvulus, and, like it, closing its petals at night. The noticeable features in speaking of this plant are, that the same plant bears flowers of three different colours—light crimson, crimson and yellow streaked, and yellow; and that the Spanish ladies take the flowers off the plant and string them upon a straw, and then carry them about—they look *very* gay and pretty—until evening. Oftentimes a Spanish lady will pluck a quantity, impale them, and offer her friend this quaint bouquet, in the months of August and September, when they are in flower.

There are other trees, too, than those I have mentioned, overshadowing the huerta; the many sorts of pinos (pine trees)—pino real, or royal pine—pino rodeno, or clustering or circlet pine—pino majoletto, something like our "arbor vitæ"; the bastard tobacco, a straggling, graceless shrub; the cypress; the medlar (not common); the walnut-tree; the "palmera" (rare here, but common in Valencia, Granada), its graceful foliage rising from its conical-shaped, above-ground stem, almost like a bulb; the grape-vines twining, now dead and withered, over their trellis-work of stone and iron; the beautiful pimienta, or pepper-tree, combining the grace of the weeping-willow with the beauty of the acacia foliage; the acacia; here and there, though rarely, a pear, or plum, or apple tree; the licorice-tree, bearing the "oroyuz" of the Spanish peasant—the well-known "Spanish licorice" of England's coughing and sore-throated population, called "glycyrrhiza," a name much akin to, although more unpronounceable than "licorice." The *twigs* of this tree are sold in every Plaza of the interior as soon as the cold weather sets in, and every poor Spanish

mother (especially in La Mancha) whose child has a "tuss" or cough (Latin, *tussis*) buys a farthing's-worth, and makes a decoction for her child. Now and again a lime-tree, with its wealth of pale, chrome-yellow fruit, and perhaps a stray ilex, or wild olive, make up the shade of the huerta of the interior.

They are, like most of the trees in the interior, stunted, but far from graceless.

Other vegetables, too, "fill up the corners": little plots of turnips, which are dug and eaten only from Christmas to March, and are, in shape, like a carrot, from the loose soil in which they grow, and which they can penetrate; carrots; remolacha, or beetroot, not at all a favourite; acelga (*Beta vulgaris*), or "white beet"; and parsley, with coliflores (cauliflowers) and col, or plain old English cabbage, are grown and eaten, but not with any great "gusto," on the part of the Spaniard of the interior.

The *black flower* of a species of turnip is also eaten at Christmas; it is supposed to be, like our "turnip-tops," a herb full of a wholesome bitter.

Before we take our leave of the huerta, I must crave leave, for fear of being thought an ignoramus, to introduce you to the herb garden, and to the lodge of the gardener.

By the way, I have omitted one plant, the dandelion (*diente de león*), which the Spanish gardener cherishes and reveres; he sends a few leaves to the Plaza with his endive or lettuce, and all the Spaniards hold it to be a specific for liver complaints and lowness of spirits. "Is he so dejected? Let him eat salad of *diente de león* and endive." "Will she not return his love, poor boy? he looks so pale, and his hands are growing so thin. Let them both, at the same hour, eat tomatoes."



So say the Spanish "old wives" of the interior; and, in the first case, I fancy it is not an "old wives' fable."

Wonderful is the faith of the Spaniard of the interior in "simples," and his simple faith often shows a childish, and therefore a deep providence of his God. "Why," says he, "did God put such and such a plant that heals sore throats by the river-side? Simply because in that place sore throats will be; and He who sends the sore throat sends by its side the remedy."

He will have it, that you never need have recourse to foreign drugs; that the All-Wise has planted, in each locality, on mountain side, by stagnant mere, by flowing river, or in marshy plain, the very plants which can heal and cure the diseases of that special locality.

"Why go to Peru for bark? We have a better bitter here. Why take minerals for liver when the dandelion and endive grow hard by?" So will the educated and uneducated Spaniard often speak! I must frankly confess that, from a few months' study of English botany, I have come to exactly the same conclusion as the Spanish peasantry, namely, that the All-Wise has planted in each locality the plants which will cure the diseases of that locality.

I have experimentally tested my theory, and the experiments have more and more confirmed me in my belief, and given me a deeper respect for the science of old herbalists, and a simpler trust in the providence and love of the All-Wise.

The answer to my theory, I am well aware, will be this:—"Yes, but in England, and other highly-civilized countries, we contract, from travelling in

foreign climes, and from leading a high-pressure, artificial, and unnatural life, unnatural diseases."

That is so; and the same ship that brings the traveller home from Peru can bring with it the bark to heal his foreign disease. But if, as in the good old days (as is the case with *the Spaniards* of the interior now), we travelled but once a year, and then *slowly*, had no excitement and telegraphic messages and daily papers, I believe we should find, by the brink of the river on which our cottage stood, the specific of our home disease!

And now, here are *some* of the simples, some of the herbs, all about the garden, in little clumps, cherished with real care. Many and many a poor, careworn woman, who cannot afford the "two pesetas" for the visit of a doctor, comes here—how often have I seen it—at early dawn, with her sick child, *and asks the gardener to prescribe*, and he does so. And the two cuartos (farthings) are paid, instead of two pesetas; and the same amount of good, I fancy, is done to the child. At any rate, Nature and the wisdom of God have as much to do with "the cure."

First, here are clumps of "mejorana," sweet marjorum, the *Origanum majorana* of the botanist: the leaves, boiled down, and made into tea, form a capital cordial, which is put into a drop of aguardiente, and will most surely cure hiccough and flatulence.

Here is a plant, trailing along the ground, in appearance and leaf just like a wood-strawberry; it is called by the gardener "ojo de cinco puntas" (*i. e.*, eylet of five points); and the leaf, boiled down, is supposed to be one of the best *febrifuges* in Spain. I can find no botanical name by which to identify this plant; but I once, I believe, in an attack of fever, took it,

and the advantage I derived was marvellous. The prescription of the Spanish doctor merely said, "Febri-fugii," but I believe what he gave me was the "ojo de cinco puntas."

This is largely had recourse to by the poor, when the "calentura," that foe of the Spaniard in autumn and spring, regularly lurking in the wild campo, or by the sluggish stream, seizes him in its deadly grip.

Then there is the "flamenquilla," or yellow mari-gold, of the use of which I know nothing, but that it is used medicinally.

Then there is "pesote," a red herb, evergreen; it is boiled down into tea, and used for every sort of colic and stomach-ache, among children especially, but also among adults.

There are also green and red sage (*sabia*), the name being derived from the Spanish verb "saber," *to be wise*; following, therefore, the same etymology as the English words "sage," and "sage" = wise man; the "incensa," a tiny herb, with little glaucous-green, thread-thin sprigs, said by the Spanish poor to be one of the best-known cures for rheumatic pains. They boil it down, then steep wet rags in the decoction, and apply them to the parts affected.

Then there is the "ruda," or rue (*Ruda cabruna*), the bitter succulent little leaves of which are pounded or bruised and put into the ear of any one suffering from ear-ache, and are considered a sure and speedy cure. The "pita sabia," or aloe-leaved sage, is used *au naturelle* for poultices, and, as is the case with our house-leek in England, is very healing; it grows chiefly in pots, and is like a diminutive aloe, but has serrated edges. The value attached to the curative properties of this plant is something marvellous.

But I will digress no more upon "simples," hoping to give them the consideration which they deserve in another page.

There are, even now, one or two trees or plants, frequent among us, which I have forgotten to mention: the "membrilla," or quince tree, the delicious cheese of which (like our damson-cheese), called "carne de membrillo" (flesh of quince), is carried round from house to house at Christmas, for sale, and without a store of which no Spanish house-wife would face Noche-buena (Christmas-Eve); the Indian corn, or maize, which grows to an enormous height here; the arbutus tree, the pink berries of which, called "madronios," are highly esteemed as a soporific, and are given by mothers to their children to lull them to sleep, just as a Midland County mother in England would give her child "poppy-tea," or a drop of "Godfrey's cordial" (like the poor flowers of the suspiro, the berries are impaled on straws, three or four of which are sold for one farthing) — and the little plantations of mint, "menta."

So much for the Spanish "huerta," so far as its *natural* produce goes. *Very simple*, as you will have seen, is the poor Spaniard in his medicines. A Spanish peasant told me the other day that "there were two specifics worthy of heaven." The one was, a farthing's-worth of powdered magnesia put into the juice of an orange, to cure feverish symptoms; the other, to cure biliousness, was the juice of two lemons squeezed into a cup of *café noir* and drunk before breakfast. "And these two," said he, "are *the best of the best medicines!*"

Sarsaparilla, given to all the children in the hot

months as a "refresco," is the only other Spanish simple that occurs to my mind.

Beyond their own beaten path, too, the Spaniards are very ignorant. A few months since a railway-station near my home was planted with shrubs supposed to keep off *calenturas*, or fevers, by their mere presence, or, if the leaf was boiled in water, to cure them. I visited the low-lying station and looked at the young trees; I asked the porters the name. "No se," was the answer of one and all; "but they are, at any rate, *calentura-trees*."

Let me be pardoned if I, like the Spaniards, very ignorant, have made some slight blunders in the names of the various plants, and sometimes given the botanical name in Spanish, sometimes in Latin.

For quiet, peaceful thoughts, commend me to a garden; or a fishing-boat rocking out upon the grey sea of our south coast of England; or to talk with a child. A well-known preacher has said that "the smell of a spring flower, or the question of an innocent child," often opens and blesses the heart. Certainly, the smell of an English cowslip or primrose would, out here, bring back many thoughts of bright and happy days and green fields.

A short time since I went into the huerta above described, for a stroll round it in the grey of evening. There is, in all these huertas, a little "lodge," or two-roomed house, for the gardener; it consists of two rooms on the ground-floor, dark, and the floor simply pitched with common pitching-stones. Beds (such as they are!), dogs, cats, and rugs lie all over the floor; chairs there are hardly any. Passing up the huerta, I asked to be allowed to work a bit with the gardener's short hoe. I said, "Ah, I should work harder than

you do, and get through more work." "Bueno," was his touching and pathetic answer; "but I don't get the same food and wine that you do."

His little child, poor fellow, was dying of calentura, and when I said how deeply I felt with him, "Well," said he, "is it not best to go young? you do escape such a lot of sorrow." Was not his philosophy, stoical as it was, very fine? "Whom the gods love, die young."

One of this man's little children at this time plucked me a bunch of winter flowers, and gave them to me with the words, "Have you no flowers in England, Captain of Soldiers, that you come out to our huerta?"

In each of these huertas stands a tiny stone lodge. Is not this the "lodge in the garden of cucumbers" of Isaiah i. ? I have often seen these tiny "lodges" surrounded by melons, to the growth of which, in late summer and autumn, the gardens are partly devoted.

I would venture to call attention to the succulent and juicy character of all the fruits and vegetables of Spain; the hard apple of England and the pear are hardly known.

And let me advise any one anxious to learn the names of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, as I was when I first came to Spain, not to ask an English-speaking guide to accompany him as an "aide," or he will surely destroy all the romance of the garden scenery.

When I first came to Spain, and attempted to botanize, I took with me as guide a Spaniard who knew a little English. All went smoothly enough until the end of my researches in the garden, when a

rather pretty flower was brought me by the gardener's child. A little idea of beauty floated peacefully in my brain. I handed it to the guide: "Pumpkin-flower, by the Lord," said he; "some of our pumpkins have a skin like ebony, and weigh from 60 to 200 lb.!"

Alas! my dream was ended! We had descended to weights and measures, and—"pumpkins." My dream was over!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORDS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED IN SPANISH  
WILDS.

DURING my sojourn in the Spanish interior, few things have struck me more forcibly than the constant illustration of the words of Holy Scripture in the language, scenery, customs, &c., of the country.

Let us take a day's walk into the campo (open country) and observe this for ourselves. I shall be much surprised if you, gentle reader, do not acknowledge at the end of our excursion that you have shared my interest.

Here, ere we leave the town, comes the long string of mule-carts, shaking over the unpaved streets, and you will notice that hardly a single mule has any bit in his mouth. How, then, are they restrained? If you look more closely, you will see that each one has a small curved band of iron over the lower part of his nose, just resting on the nostrils, to which the two ropes (the only reins known in the interior) are attached. This, surely, is the true clue to the meaning of the phrase, "I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips" (2 Kings xix. 28), which, in other days, often has puzzled me. Should it not be, I speak with all deference to Hebrew scholars, "I will put my hook *on* thy nose"? In the case of an ill-tempered, or runaway mule, both the hook and the bit will be used.



This custom is not confined to the interior. If you take notice of the carriage and pair of noblemen and gentlemen in such a town, for instance, as Cadiz, you will see that the majority of the horses have only the steel or iron band across the nostrils.

“Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores,” said the Divine Teacher of him who was “laid at the rich man’s gate.” Just before you is the casa of one of the “benignos,” or “limosneros,” of the town. In his porch, at his door, sits, and lies, and stands a sorrowing crowd of supplicants; some of them his old labourers, some chance visitors, many lame, who have been carried hither, or maimed, or suffering from scrofulous sores that have eaten away a part of the nose or eye. Soon the servant or mistress will come, with a little paper bag filled with coppers, and distribute them with moistening eye and lavish hand. But now there is only one attendant, a huge red dog, the typo of the interior, who looks like a cross between greyhound and mastiff, and he is licking the hands and feet of some of his old friends.

A few doors from this house is the unpretending, curtained entrance to the church; and you pass in, to kneel for one moment in its dark, quiet, incense-scented aisles, on the humble rush matting where the “devout women” are kneeling in prayer.

As you enter, a beggar, who sits daily at this “gate of the temple,” pushes aside the heavy curtain, and says, with the customary whine, “Una limosna, señor, por Dios,” that is, “An alms, sir, for the love of God.” Were there not two men in Holy Writ of whom, also, as they entered into the “Beautiful Gate” of their temple, a beggar “asked an alms”?

If you give him a trifle, he will say, “The Lord