

purse. "Poor fellow!" said one of the Spanish sailors to me; "poor lad! he is an Englishman, and it is muy natural for him to drink! They all drink, they say, because it gives them strength. I think, and tell them, they drink because they like it." I could not help thinking of the old story of the negro,—“Massa no drinkee for dry, massa drinkee for drunk.”

There is another sight in Spain, one of daily occurrence, that betokens heart in the people. Go to the towns of the interior, rough as they are,—go to Malaga, go to Cadiz,—and you will see this sight: a lot of poor beggars around the doors of the private houses, and the mistress herself coming down fifty steps to relieve them. She comes down, she pulls a little paper parcel out of her pocket (poor though she herself may be), and she gives each suffering brother or sister a little (*poco-poco*). Constantly, while you are buying a cigar or necktie, the shopman leaves the counter to put a farthing, his little offering, “*por la Caridad*,” into the hands of some whining beggar at his door. Of old, “begging-tickets” (*i. e.*, permission to get your livelihood by begging) were issued by the Government to the poor; sometimes even to their own wounded or discharged soldiers! now I am told (but I do not know) that this practice is discontinued.

As to laws and justice, the poor Spaniards look up to the English greatly. My poor boatman, a few days since, lent his boat to two of his own countrymen to shoot wild-fowl towards the north of the Guadalquivir. A squall and unlooked-for tidal-rising came on. The men got the boat to the shore, and, frightened, jumped on land without making her fast. The boat was carried out into the current, and she

landed five miles lower down, grievously broken. "Well," said I, "no odds to you; they'll pay you."—"Will they?" said the poor fellow, "not a stiver. I cannot force them, and they haven't got much corazon or conscientia. Let me be at Liverpool for poor man's justice; we don't get it in Spain!"

I believe this is true; you must bribe the judge to get justice. Still, we must be fair. In Spanish trials, civil as well as criminal, no matter how long they last, the Government pays a barrister to defend the accused. As I have before said, and I think not without reason, the Spanish laws are the best in the known world; but they are never carried out. A short while back one of my friends was engaged in a lawsuit. His adversary carried the suit from one court to another. At last the suit was given against my friend; he was to pay £200. "I can't, and won't pay it," he said (he had been living in Spain for thirty years). At last the officials came down to him and said, "Well what *can* you pay?"—"Twenty pounds," said he.—"Muy bien," said the officials; and with a £20 payment he escaped.

The Spaniards have plenty of kind-heartedness, but they are prone to cowardice, and blasphemy too. Possibly those two go together.

A common saying here is, or rather was, when E. Castelar was in full favour, "Castelar is the Christ of 1873!" One trembles to write such words—one would not, were they not daily said.

Another Spanish blasphemy is this—it is a very low one. A man, to defy those who quarrel with him, says, "I trample upon ten such as you." The Spanish word for ten is "diez"; and for God, "Dios." So the speaker, if blasphemously inclined, pronounces the

word Dios, and thus says, "I trample upon God." This is not at all uncommon.

Spaniards are sometimes not courageous. A few days back two men quarrelled in the street. One drew his knife, the other rushed down the street. Every one of us thought a murder was going to be committed. But not at all. Suddenly the pursued man stopped, threw up his stick, and said to his pursuer,—“Where the —— are you coming to?” The hero with the knife turned tail and bolted.

One or two more instances of Spanish character. A man was, a short time ago, close to my house, tempted to abstract money from the accounts of his employers. His conscience smote him; he could not bear it; he went to the priest, and said,—“I have taken this; please restore it.” This the priest did, and the man's conscience was, doubtless, eased. Alas! poor fellow, the money had been missed; the amount of defalcation was known; he was found out—though the priest did not betray him—and dismissed. He said, however, “Better wander with an empty stomach than a full heart.”

I was walking, a short time ago, with a Spanish sailor—I see many of them—and he said to me, “How well your land is governed.” I rejoined, “You, too, are well governed under Castelar.”

It was all over with me. “What?” said he, “you dare to talk about well governed by —— Castelar! First, he promised to throw the Church overboard, and he has not done it. Next, he promised nothing but an army of Voluntarios, and he hasn't kept his promise. And, thirdly, since Emilio is not a true man, we shall soon see another revolution, and Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system come in. As to the

revolution in Spain, I shan't live to see the end of that."

I wonder if there is any consecutiveness in what I am writing? I fear not. Nevertheless, I still write on.

Here are two or three good anecdotes.

I was paying a little account when I first entered this country, and I said to the poor servant, offering two pieces of money, "Which is the right one?" She looked keenly at me, half-smilingly, and then said, pointing to the larger piece, "If you ask me which is the right one, *this* is the right one—for me."

A little Spanish girl had a good sound whipping administered to her by her governess. She was twelve years of age! After the whipping, the child drew herself up, and said,—“Do you know whom you have whipped? Why, my grandmother was married at twelve years of age!”

Two Spanish lads, each about nine or ten years, were fighting for the possession of an arm-chair in a friend's house. At last the younger had to give in. The elder seated himself demurely in the hardly-won chair. The other boy came up with a serious face; “Charlie,” he said, “don't, I pray you, sit in that chair, for it is full of bugs!” The big boy jumped up. Instantly the little one (the vanquished) took the seat. “What,” said the other, “I thought you said it was full of bugs!”—“Yes,” was the rejoinder, “but they are bugs that don't hurt me.”

The Spanish peasant when “off duty” has absolutely nothing to do. He will sit for hours smoking his cigarillos in the courtyard, and doing and thinking of nothing. I said to one old man this summer, who was smoking his cigarillo in my courtyard, “What think you of my dog for killing five chickens

this morning." He smoked on, and gave no answer. I went out for a walk, and came back in about two hours. He was still sitting smoking there, on the self-same stone. As I entered the yard, he said, "I have formed my opinion." To what he alluded I could not think. But he explained the difficulty. Shaking his bald head gravely, he said, "Un perro, mucho, mucho malo," *i. e.* vulgar Spanish for "a very, very bad dog."

The dog and his delinquencies had been brooding in the poor fellow's brain the whole time, and nothing else!

CHAPTER XXX.

TWO SPANISH EPITAPHS.

AY ! há pasado en juventud lozana,
 Cual hoja tierna que arrebató el viento :
 El árbol puede florecer mañana ;
 Ella no puede recobrar su aliento.
 Tan solo alcanza la piedad Christiana
 A mitigar el grave sentimiento,
 Ofreciéndola allá en la eterna cumbre
 Más vida, más amor, más pura lumbre.

From the Spanish of Narciso Campillo.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

To-morrow shall the spray with flowers be shining,
 Whose last fair blossom earthward floats to-day :
 Yet, though the flowret of our years declining
 Hath fall'n, none other blooms upon its spray !
 We do not murmur, we are not forsaken
 Of comfort : mid our tears one hope burns bright,
 She who, o'erflowing with life and love, was taken,
 Hath found the fullness of all love and light !

EPITAPH ON THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

I.

Weep not for those who, like this babe, hath passed
 Untir'd and early to a blest repose :
 Along *their* road, Life had no time to cast
 Those shadows that oft deepen to its close.

II.

But weep (if weep thou wilt) for those who claim
 Thy pity more : those joyless sons who fail
 To bless or be blest, winning deathless name :
 Whose life, when o'er, is but an idle tale.

III.

How many, ah ! how many an one might say,
 Were from his trifling lips the truth beguiled,
 " Better for me, had I too passed away
 (I had, at least, passed simple) as this child !"

CHAPTER XXXI.

A WEEK'S SHOOTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GALICIA.

AFTER a residence of several months in Madrid, I decided on making a shooting excursion somewhere, and as I was quite abroad as to where to go, I took the only and most natural course, *i. e.* I inquired amongst my friends.

Among a multitude of advisers, I adopted the suggestion of one who had lived in Spain about thirty years, and this was to go to Brañuelas, in the province of Galicia; and as, at the same time, he offered me letters of introduction to some of the principal cazadores (sportsmen) of the place, I considered I had fair grounds for following his advice.

Accordingly I packed up my traps, and started northward, on as bitterly cold a night in March as it has ever been my luck to set out on a journey. The route to Brañuelas is in itself worthy of the journey; for, first, as you enter the Guadarama mountains, you pass well within sight of the famous gridiron of St. Laurence, or, in other words, the Escorial. Luckily, too, the moon was about full that night, and consequently I got a good view of it. The route through the Guadaramas is also very fine, the mountains being covered with snow, and shadowed over by tall, ghastly-looking pines. Once through these, however, and Avila passed, the journey became

more uninteresting, as the flat rich plains of the two Castiles, the great corn-producing provinces of Spain, were not calculated to excite enthusiasm in the breast of an ordinary traveller. We reached Leon soon after ten o'clock, and there I remained a few days. This, although now in a state of lamentable decay, impressed me as the grandest old town I had ever seen. A great friend of mine, an eminent Spanish architect, was, at the time, employed in restoring the well-known cathedral, and in his company and that of his young English wife I passed some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent—days that I would willingly have prolonged, but that I was loath to lose time at the then advanced period of the shooting-season.

I was joined at Leon by Don Manuel Diaz, Cura of the village of Yacos, one of the cazadores to whom I had a letter of introduction, and one of the best shots of the neighbourhood. In his company, I proceeded to Brañuelas, which I may here observe is, or was, the terminus of the North-West Railway to the coast, and the station where diligences met the train to pick up passengers for La Coruña.

In the station there existed a fonda kept by a French couple, to whose care I was especially recommended by their chief, the manager of the line, and here I decided on taking up my head-quarters.

The time of year I had chosen for my trip was, in some respects, unfortunate, as, besides the increased wildness of all kinds of game, my clerical fellow-sportsmen were a good deal occupied in their Lenten duties. Owing to this last circumstance, for the first few days I was left to my own resources, and could do nothing but wander about the hills alone with my gun and a solemn old Spanish pointer, and employ my time as

best I was able, in shooting what I could, and learning what I could of the ways and living of the natives.

The village of Brañuelas, containing, I suppose, some two hundred inhabitants, consists entirely of cottages constructed on the most primitive plan. These are all of one story, made of mud, with a simple hole in the roof to form the chimney. The Cura's house differed in no respect from its neighbours; and although he was, I suppose, the man with the largest fixed income about the place, yet, as his stipend of £20 a year had not been paid since the Revolution of 1868, he was, at the time I made his acquaintance, in rather narrow circumstances. His dress was even then far from ostentatious; and, as he was in the habit of tearing off pieces of his coat to serve as wadding, I am afraid, unless matters have since mended with him, his raiment will by now be of the scantiest proportions. He seemed thoroughly happy and contented with his lot, however; and one day, when I asked him if he would like to be made a bishop, he answered that he would not exchange his free life of priest and sportsman for the restrained honours of episcopal dignity.

I passed a good time, as Americans say, mooning about these first few days, and had fair sport with partridges (red-legs), and a good deal of provocation with any quantity of snipe, which, with my No. 7 shot, were not as knock-downable as I could have wished. Nevertheless, I managed—partly, I am fain to confess, owing to their excessive tameness and confidence in man—to bag sufficient to convince my Spanish friends of their excellence on the table, a fact of which they were sadly ignorant; indeed, they

never shoot at snipe, not considering them worth the ammunition; and, perhaps, as they shoot to live, and as powder and shot are both scarce and very dear in that part, they have some grounds for their forbearance.

The country round Brañuelas is very wild, and reminded me of the Scotch moors; the more so as the hills were covered with what, to my unbotanical eyes, appeared to be a species of heather.

Over these hills a person may wander for miles without meeting any one, except a shepherd, charged with the care of flocks of sheep or goats belonging to various owners, whose chief or only wealth they represent. The life of these shepherds is an odd one; they go out with their charges, and, perhaps, a pair of rough, savage dogs, taking with them a portion of coarse bread, sufficient to last a week or ten days; and till this ration is finished, they are seen no more, but live and sleep with their flocks on the open hills, sometimes with one or two companions, and sometimes entirely alone. It must be a desolate life theirs, without other intercourse with their fellows than the chance meeting with a cazador, or their brief stays in the villages, when they return for fresh supplies.

In one of my walks I came across the Campo Santo, and will mention a circumstance which struck me at the time as a novelty, and which I have never seen since.

The cemetery consisted of a walled piece of ground, say half an acre in extent; and although the inhabitants of the village are few, and the mortality small, still, in the course of years and nature, it is evident that so circumscribed a space must necessarily become crowded after a time. This, indeed, happens;

but for the evil the clerical authorities have provided the following remedy, which is, to make the burial-ground an essentially temporary resting-place, and when it becomes inconveniently full, to remove the oldest inhabitant (possession in this case giving no title) to an open porch beside the church, in order to make way for his successor; and in this porch you may see skulls and bones of every description lying mixed up together, exposed alike to the weather and to the gaze of their (the bones') church-going descendants.

From the solemn to the ridiculous,—I must first mention one incident that occurred in one of my walks with the priest of the place, and then I will go on with our sport further ahead.

One afternoon, as we were coming home, a hare started up in front of my friend, who blazed away at it as soon as he could persuade his rusty old flint-gun to go off. (I suppose by the time he fired the hare was two hundred yards off.) He missed it, as might not unnaturally have been expected, and having done so, started off running as hard as he could in pursuit, and vanished out of sight. When he returned, which he did after a few minutes, he explained to me that this greyhound-like proceeding was not due to the confidence he had in overtaking the hare, but merely to the excitement of the moment. This is an instance of zeal I have never seen surpassed.

A few days after the occurrence of the incident just referred to, we organized our party for the *caza mayor*, and started for the higher Sierra, about four or five leagues from Brañuelas. This party was made up of six guns, Don Manuel Diaz, the Cura of Brañuelas, an Astorgan innkeeper, a professional cazador, a certain priest called Don Pablo, and myself. We were accom-

panied by half-a-dozen countrymen, who were to serve as beaters, and about the same number of dogs, of noted qualities and uncertain pedigrees.

We set off as soon as it was light—Don Pablo and the Astorgan riding animals which I was told were ponies, but which looked like rats, the rest of us walking. I had been offered a similar mount; but although a cross-country man in my day, I preferred to take the chance of my own legs in scaling up and sliding down the steep hills, rather than undergo the same processes on the back of one of the weedy quadrupeds in question—in justice to which, however, I must acknowledge that they fully justified the confidence of their masters, and never so much as made a false step. The rest of our cavalcade comprised an old mule, which carried our ammunition and blankets.

The pueblo where we intended to put up was called "Boca del Infierno," which we reached about mid-day, and, sending our traps on to the fonda, we started, after a hearty luncheon and smoke on the hillside, to reconnoitre the ground, and stretch our legs, as it were, after our morning's walk. At about six o'clock we returned to the fonda, all of us ready for supper and rest. Here, as the word fonda, and still more its English equivalent "inn," is more than likely to mislead the unwary, I had, perhaps, better describe our resting-place in full.

It was a mud house of some pretension, insomuch as it was two stories high; the first of which was formed by two rooms, the largest being for the cows, and the smaller for the family. Indeed, this last played a very important part in the domestic arrangements of the house, for it served at once as sleeping-

room for the father and mother, their several sons and daughters of different ages (one a baby), as a poultry-house for the cocks and hens, as a sleeping-place for the goats, as a lodging-room for travellers, as general sitting-room, and as kitchen. The second story consisted of one room, reached by means of a ladder from outside, and which served as a store-room and spare bed-room.

Our choice being comparatively limited, our arrangements were soon made, and it was decided that Don Manuel, Don Pablo, and the Astorgan should occupy the room above, while I was to sleep on a wooden bench on one side of the fire in the room of many purposes below, an opposite bench being destined for the Cura of Brañuelas and the cazador.

Our sleeping-places being thus provided for, our next thought was that of supper, of which I here append a detailed bill of fare.

The first dish was served in a large round earthenware pan, and consisted of large pieces of bread cut up, over which was poured a kind of soup, hot and good, and to this we all helped ourselves with wooden spoons. This was followed by deer's liver, potatoes, and home-made sausages. I don't know whether this fare was really as excellent as I then thought it, or whether our keen appreciation of it was due in part to the fine air we breathed, and the exercise we had taken. I can only say that I enjoyed it more than many a conventional dinner I have partaken of before or since.

As soon as supper was over, we climbed down the ladder, and made our way to the fire below, to mingle the smoke of our tobacco with that of the smouldering logs. I need hardly say that the chimney was of the

usual construction, viz., a mere hole in the roof,—which contrivance seemed to have very little effect on the smoke, as the room was nearly full of it.

We had neither candles nor any other light, save that of the fire or a lighted piece of stick, which a younger son of the house occasionally lit, and held up for our satisfaction.

It was a novelty, however, to sit in that shadowy light with the dogs crowding round the fire, and we had altogether rather a pleasant smoke as we sat and talked of sport and sporting. We went to our respective sleeping-places early, and passed the night, at least I can answer for myself, in as sound a sleep as need be wished for, undisturbed either by the crowing of the cock, which roosted over my head, or by the squalling of the baby.

The next morning we were up soon after daybreak, and our breakfast, of new milk, bread-and-butter, washed down by aguardiente, despatched, we set out for the business of the day.

The *modus operandi* of shooting in those sierras is that of a succession of drives. The guns are posted about halfway up the mountain side, sheltered by some piece of projecting rock, or concealed by the high heather (?); while the dogs and men beat the valley below, shouting and blowing horns (of course, I refer to the men), to start the game, which, when on foot, almost always makes upward. Experienced cazadores are able to judge the places most likely for game to pass, and at these the guns are posted.

In the first drive, the Cura of Brañuelas, who zealously accompanied the beaters, stumbled almost right upon a wild sow and her brood of young ones; but, as (common mishap) his gun refused to go off,

the interesting family escaped unharmed. Presently the dogs began to give tongue, and, after a few minutes of expectation, I saw two corzos (a kind of small deer rather resembling the roebuck) make up the mountain in a direction which I thought ought to bring them within range of Don Pablo's ambush; nor was I mistaken, as the report of a gun soon assured me, but which was followed by no visible result, but that of making the frightened deer spring away with their splendidly free, bounding movement, rather quicker than before.

When one valley has been driven, the same process is gone through in another; and in the second one, Don Pablo distinguished himself by knocking over a fine buck, and I by missing another one.

During the last drive of the day, I got a good shot at a doe, which went away, my friends declared, unhurt. As I thought differently, however, the dogs were laid on the scent, and a beater despatched to follow. To my entire satisfaction, it turned out that my judgment had been correct, for, as we were having our after-supper smoke, the man returned carrying on his shoulders the then dead doe. I may acknowledge that we were tired when we got home that night, and glad to go to bed; and Don Pablo, on finishing his orations, which all the priests strictly performed both night and morning, exclaimed, "There, I have done," in such a tone of evident satisfaction, that we none of us could help laughing.

On the following day I got my first, and, alas! last sight of wild boar, which were, for some reason or other, very scarce, though we saw plenty of signs of them. It was towards evening, when, posted in a particularly rugged spot, I heard the dogs give

tongue, and, after a few minutes, saw two fine old boars gallop up a stony path. I blazed away at the nearest, but whether he was out of shot (as I hope), or whether I missed him, the result was the same—*nil*.

At that moment, as I had often done before, I bitterly regretted that I had not provided myself with a rifle, as many were the tempting chances I lost at deer, which most provokingly passed me out of range of my double-barrel, loaded with large shot, of the size which would, I suppose, correspond to buck-shot.

One day, Don Manuel got a very long shot at a wolf, which he missed. And this reminds me that it may, perhaps, be interesting to remark that among the wolves which abound in those mountains, there existed at the time of my stay in them, a celebrated man-eating one, which had killed a woman and one or two children, and for whose death the authorities had offered a reward of £20.

Among the game we didn't see, I may mention the large red-deer, which are frequently seen at an earlier period of the year, and bears, seen only occasionally.

A short time before my arrival at Brañuelas, a young railway *employé*, going out gunning for the first time, came across one of the latter, and (probably the first time he had fired off a gun) killed it. Any way, whether through luck or skill, it was a good beginning, and a fortunate one for him, as a bear is of considerable value, both for its skin and meat.

We stayed five days at Boca del Infierno, during which time our bag amounted to seventeen corzos, a few partridges, and one hare. Perhaps as a total this may sound insignificant to those accustomed to read

the returns of killed in some large battue, but to these I must explain, firstly, that our party should have been at least double in number, as it is impossible to make an effective drive with only six guns; secondly, that we were, at any rate, a month too late in the year; and, thirdly, that none of us were armed in an effective manner, for, with the exception of Don Manuel and myself, the others were only provided with old flint-guns of the most antique pattern, which you might safely back to burst or miss fire oftener than to go off. Still, even with these weapons, some of the cazadores of the district were wonderfully good shots; and, indeed, there is a story of a celebrated marksman, who, when wishing to attract the attention of a distant friend, was in the habit of firing a shot through his cap, *à la* William Tell, which, I am told, had generally the desired effect of making him turn round. As I never saw this feat performed myself, I, consequently, do not vouch for its entire accuracy, but merely give the tale as it was told to me.

For my part, I was thoroughly satisfied with our excursion, and wouldn't have exchanged our sport for a succession of the largest battues.

The scenery of these mountains—whose name, if I ever knew it, I now forget—was splendid. People who have seen both, have since told me that these are very like those of Switzerland; and I can quite believe them. The variety of scenery is surprising. In places the mountains are extremely rugged, and covered with snow; in others they are covered with broom and heather (?), with plantations of dwarf oaks scattered about; while such of the valleys as are not covered with the same (*i. e.*, heather and oak), are with the greenest grass, and through nearly all of