

public, that there "are Republicans *and* Republicans"; the moderates are divided, the ultras are divided, and they will not, even in face of the ruin of their country, unite. This man, Intransigente himself, saw the danger to our town from his advanced brethren of the same order—men who live in the mountains of the Morena, whose one idea is equality of property, and the dividing of their country into countless small "cantones," or states, and who descend on any town at will,—which is ungarrisoned,—and simply demand and receive from the frightened inhabitants any sum they choose to name. I should say that during the summer our town had absolutely no garrison at all. The Alcalde, to his honour be it spoken, equipped and armed, and kept at his own expense, some three hundred Voluntarios, to defend the property of his fellow townsmen, English and Spanish, from the descent of the insurgents. Nightly they walked the town, and guarded the threshing-floors from fire. One night the rumour was spread, "the Intransigentes from the sierra are in the town." Yes. They had descended to the number of fifteen or twenty, and were drinking in the very fonda I had occupied a few nights before. They had come to levy contributions, and to proclaim our town an independent canton. You, in England, would have taken them prisoners at once, with a force of three hundred men to support you. We, however,—that is, our authorities,—did no such thing. Let me tell you what befell them.

At midnight the Voluntarios marched down to the fonda—armed they were to the teeth; behind them followed a string of mules and donkeys. At one o'clock that morning some fifteen or twenty men on beasts of burden, guarded on each side by a string

of red-capped Voluntarios, marched out of the town, and were taken to a spot twelve miles off, and—shot?—no; but simply told to dismount, and not enter our city walls again! I asked one of the authorities *why* this was so. “Why,” said he, gravely and sadly, “for aught I know, those very men’s party may hold the reins of government to-morrow, and some of them being men of position, may themselves be liberated, and hold office.”—“And then?” said I.—“Why, *then*, where would I be?”

This little visit of gentlemen from the Morena, however, bore fruit afterwards in a way we little expected. One night I passed at twelve o’clock up the dark and silent street in which the barracks of the Voluntarios stood. I had always been glad to see the gleam of their sentry’s bayonet and the red tips of their cigarillos, as the guard sat waiting for any fire or other emergency, and smoked the night away. To-night the barrack-door was closed, the sentry absent, the barracks deserted. I could not think what it meant. Next morning the town was in a ferment. The main body of our trusty defenders, arms and all, had marched boldly through the streets the evening before, openly announcing their intention to join the Intransigentes in the sierra, and once more our town was undefended.

A strange picture then presented itself. Spanish families, in some cases, sent for their *employés*, from olive-farm and mine, to come in nightly to the casas, and act as body-guards. In the house next to my own, some twenty men, armed, sat throughout the night around and within the casa of their master, and drove away alarm with frequent cañas de vino, and the tinkle of guitar, as light feet danced the

fandango, until morning dawned. Arms were carried by hundreds in the streets and the Plaza ; journeying outside the walls was at an end.

One morning, I was standing at the open window, looking out on the olive-groves and withered plains waiting for breakfast, and enjoying the cool morning air ; suddenly, the maid, who had gone for the fruit and bread for our early meal, entered the room with outspread hands. "What is the matter now ?" I asked. "Mucha génte, mucha génte en la Plaza," was her excited answer, pointing out of the window towards the olive-groves. Scanning the avenues with my glass, I saw a little band of sixty or eighty men under arms. These were none other than our friends who had deserted a few nights before. Finding provisions run short in the sierra, they had made a descent at early morn on the Plaza (where the market is held), and taken ample stores of bread, fruit, and meat ; and were now, almost within gun-shot of the town, calmly smoking their cigarillos and dividing the spoil.

Seven or eight hours after, a flying column of General Pavia's army, some 2,000 strong, bringing back peace to Andalucía, passed over the very spot where the deserters had stood, and entered the town, to restore order ! They had come, flushed with victory, from the storming of Seville. Next day an edict went forth that all fire-arms should be delivered to the troops, under pain of punishment ; the soldiers entered any disaffected house, and two mule-carts piled with our townsmen's arms, went away with the troops.

I can hardly tell you how far behind the age, in civilization, are these towns of the interior. The streets unpaved and unlighted, save here and there

with an oil-lamp; children up to the age of nine and ten constantly running about the streets stark-naked, not, however, *girls*; in a town of 30,000 people not a single book-shop, the only books, chiefly of a religious order, being procurable *once a year* at the "feria," or annual fair. It may amuse you, however, to know that the first three books that met my eye were translations of Scott's 'Guy Mannering,' the Bible (in Spanish, of course), and a copy of 'Regula Cleri.' Again, people talk much of Spanish ladies; and certainly the higher classes are in some cases very beautiful, and in their graceful mantillas, trailing dresses, and stately walk, have no equal, but they are strangely uneducated, and their musical powers very slender; still, the Spanish women, as a rule, are good, really religious, very affectionate mothers, very generous friends. But there are no schools, and hardly any governesses, so how *can* they learn?

Let me here, as one who is neither Carlist nor Republican, nor a bigot in religion, but who simply wishes well to a country where he has received kindness from all parties, pay a passing tribute to the large-heartedness of the Spaniards. A few weeks since I was in a difficulty, and appealed to a passing stranger, a Spanish *fondista* (hotel-keeper) for help. The help required was readily and freely given, and, as I shook the hand of my generous friend at parting, I thanked him warmly for the help, and inquired who and what he was. "Never mind what I am," was the ready answer; "Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Carlist, you stood in need of help, and *we are brothers because we are Christians.*"

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE INTERIOR.

You cannot think how entirely different Spanish domestic life is from what it is in England, nor would you credit it were I to tell you how rough and rude is the life of the lower—how ephemeral and purposeless the pursuits of the higher—classes.

Let us take a glimpse of family life in the middle class. The Spanish houses are built chiefly of the hard but porous sand or iron stone, quarries of which abound in the interior; they have some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer has varied from 87° to 104° throughout the summer in the shade—no carpets seem to be used, save just in one room, in the heart of the winter. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, mules, and carriages all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. I have often been taking a “refresco” with the señor and his señora in the hall, and we have had to move the little table to let the servant and his mules pass through! Every morning the “*criada*” or Spanish maid-servant, takes her watering-pot, and carefully lays the dust, and cools the room with an abundant sprinkling of *aqua fresca*. At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of chocolate, an egg, and a slice of melon, await him in the *sala*, or large sitting-room—to English eyes a

most comfortless place; very large, stone-flagged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in the rudest way, and one large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by means of closed shutters throughout the day—some of the windows have glass, some not; but all are strongly protected, without exception, by a strong cage of massive ironwork outside. The señora has her chocolate in her bed-room, at the open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze.

All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the summer, to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the summer day; at one o'clock they have dinner—the *comida*; and after that follows the two hours' *siesta* in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night-breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the *alameda* for the *paseo* or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her *criadas* to look after, and, above all, her dresses to make or superintend, and her graceful *mantilla* to arrange. It is quite a striking sight to pass down the streets from six to eight at night, and see the graceful carriage of the head and the stately upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust. How they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets without a trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest, to rise up refreshed for another uneventful day.

As regards the master of the house, he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is, Politics. He may ride out to view his olive-farm or his mine; and you will certainly meet him in his shop, his casino, or his friend's *casa*, smoking the inevitable

cigarillo, and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort—not even a book of the calibre of a three-volume novel. Politics, politics are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire. I was but yesterday talking with a friend here, a professional man, one who would give up all for the sake of “his cause,” and during the whole weary evening we seemed to have nothing in common. At last I bethought myself of the unfailing subject, and said, “What is your opinion of Señor Castelar’s enforcing the penalty of death again?” In a moment all was changed: his look of utter apathy had given place to the keenest enthusiasm, and knocking the cigarillo out of his mouth, he said, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, “Castelar is a statesman, a poet, and an orator; he knows and says that, in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be applied; so he does right for awhile to enforce once more capital punishment in our army; for me, I am a Republican of Republicans, and I consider capital punishment opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. I desire nothing for my country but to see her sons free—free to serve their God as they like, as their unfettered conscience tells them; freedom in their families; freedom from slavery in their colonies: *that* is the wish of Heaven; that is my wish also.”

You will say, what, then, are the pleasures of the Spaniards? I asked that question, too, and received for answer, shooting in the “sierra”; a pic-nic in the “campo”; the annual “ferias” (fairs); and the “baño del río” (river bath).

It was a piping hot evening in July last, and we were all in this house fairly exhausted with the long unbroken drought and heat, when my friend said,

“Let us join the ladies to-morrow, and get a bath in the river.” The thought of any change to break the monotony of daily life, especially the coolness of a bathe in the Guadalquivir, was tempting, and I thankfully accepted the proposal. We had a long ride (three miles) across the “campo,” or open country, to get to the river, so it was arranged that we should ride down thither at sunrise, four o’clock, the following morning, the señoras going in a springless covered cart before us.

Before the sun broke into view we were in the saddle, after swallowing a glass of aquadiente, a kind of cognac and aniseed, the spirit of the interior. I shall never forget the wildness of the ride. The morning was quite grey, and a chilly air blowing from the hills, as we passed outside the town walls, and entered upon the threshing-floors. These threshing-floors are simply strips of dusty land, where the corn is bought and threshed. Day by day, all round the town, the unmuzzled oxen are seen treading out the corn; and boys driving tiny little carriages, with wooden spikes, among the rich full ears, round and round the floor. As soon as all is threshed it is stored in sacks, and carried into the camera, or granary, at the top of each house; and the pája, or loose straw-chaff, piled up for the horses’ and mules’ provender, for Andalusian horses know no taste of hay. As we passed the floors, the guards, gun in hand, were slowly rising up, like ghosts, from their bed of straw, rubbing their eyes, and lighting their cigarillos. These men, who are generally old dependents of the owners, live all day and night on the floors, and one of them told me his health was better in the two months of that duty than all the year round. Huge

dogs, too, were sharing in the duties of the guards, barking at our early footsteps, but never presuming—so well were they trained—to cross over the boundary line of their own “floor.”

The ride across the “campo,” or open country, was not interesting. It consists here of far-stretching wastes upon wastes, treeless but not barren, for corn, and peas, and oats have been reaped therefrom in *our* months of May and June. There are no sign-posts; and the roads are mere tracks, which the fierce rains of winter obliterate. They are knee-deep in fine dust, and, unless careful, you step into a “crack” and sprain your ankle. The only objects of interest I saw were the enormously high thistles, often twelve or fourteen feet high, covering what were just now corn-fields: and a cloud of white vultures from the Sierra Morena alighting to breakfast on the carcase of an ox which had dropped dead. The only persons we passed were the men and women with their donkeys, laden with fruit for the early morning’s market in the Plaza, who saluted us, one and all, with sleepy looks of wonder, and the inevitable Spanish salutation, “Vaya usted con Dios”—*Anglicè*, “God be with you on your journey.”

At last the three weary miles of dust and thistles were passed, and the beautiful, silver Guadalquivir—here not far from its source—showed before and beneath us. Just as we came within sight of its silver windings the haze of grey and purple broke away from the sierra, and you saw in a moment the cloud turn into a jagged edge of dark-brown rugged hills, and the whole river and landscape become one [mass of hot crimson light. Just as I was gazing at the barren magnificence of the prospect, my companion

called out, "Mind where you are riding to!" and as I looked sharply round, I saw that we had got on to a narrow sloping path, not five feet wide. On the right rose up great boulders of granite [rock; far above, half shut out, was the sky of fast deepening blue; on my left was a tremendous chasm, the bed of a mountain torrent now dry, sixty to two hundred feet in sheer depth, running down to the "rio"!]

At last we were at the river; and for the first time I stood on the banks of the far-famed Guadalquivir. Our bathing-place and our method were as follows:—First we unsaddled our horses, put a halter on them, and gladly they plunged into our bathing-place to enjoy the bath. I stood still to see the place. A magnificent view it was. A few miles in front, stretching farther than eye could reach, lay the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena. In the river bed all was fertile and green; and all along its peaceful banks, and overhanging its waters, were the beautiful rose-pink oleanders, the "lilies of the valley" of well-loved story. An old mill-house, with its clumsy wheel, and a couple of pomegranates, shaded one corner of this part of the river, and under their shade, sitting up to their shoulders in the water, on the huge round boulders of which the bottom of the river is composed, were groups of Spanish ladies! Truly it *was* a pretty sight. They sat, as though on chairs, clothed to the neck in bathing-gowns of the gaudiest colours—red, grey, yellow, and blue; and, holding in one hand their umbrellas, and with the other hand fanning themselves, they formed a most picturesque group.

Just above them we were fain to undress and tumble in; and we, too, like them, sat down on the

boulder chairs (the river was not above four to five feet deep), and lazily allowed the fast-flowing yellow stream—it is *full* of iron and sulphur—to soothe our skin and nerves, and give us strength and coolness.

I thought the bathing promiscuously was enough ; but suddenly I heard shouts on the further bank, and a crowd of muleteers and mules came down the rocky incline for *their* morning's bath. In a moment two of the men were undressed, and mules and men struggling about in the yellow water. I narrowly escaped being struck with the front hoof of one of the former. They, like ourselves, sat in the cool current for one hour, then slowly left the rio, and crawled up the bank. For ourselves—ladies and men—we spread our "mantas" (rugs) on the sandy bank, and slowly dressed.

"Will you not bathe once more this summer?" said I to a Spanish lady. "No, indeed not," was the answer. "I have had my baths up to the *odd number*." What her especial odd number was I know not ; but all the Spaniards have a fixed number of baths, beyond which they think it wrong to go ; and in all cases it must be, they believe, for health's sake, an odd number !

CHAPTER V.

CANTONAL SPAIN.

LET me recur for a moment to two points already mentioned.

Since giving the description of a ceremony which is common to a very few towns in the interior, and is called a "*civil funeral*," another, equally significant, has come under my notice. Like the before-mentioned, it is confined, I fancy, to the lower orders and those of very extreme opinions—it is a ceremony known as a "*civil christening*." The sympathizers march, as before, with their brass band to the house of the newly-born infant, and, after playing a succession of Republican tunes over it, the spokesman of the party names it by some expressive name, as "Liberty," or "Equality," and the like. With this the ceremony is complete. The significance of such a proceeding, as pointing out the march of things, is only too painfully obvious. The mockery of calling it a "christening" is almost calculated, were it not too sad a subject to joke upon, to provoke a smile. Speaking to a Spaniard on this subject, she said,—“Why, I said to these people, ‘*You can never make a child a Christian by playing a tune over it,*’ and the listeners merely smiled.”

The next point to which I recur is the Spanish love for politics. It may be interesting to give a short account, while on this subject, of some of the tiny

photographs, sold at two or three pence apiece, with which, during a horse-fair lately held at a town in the interior, the sides of the booths were studded. Here is one: A group of gentlemen, in full dress, are standing round a female figure with flaming torch in one hand and a sword in the other—"Liberty." Around her head is a halo of lustre, and above it the words "Españoles! el rey es impossible." On her breast is a shield, with the inscription—

"Gobierno del pueblo por el pueblo.
Hombre libre en la familia.
Familia libre en el municipio.
Municipio libre en la provincia.
Nacion libre en la humanidad.
Vivan los derechos del hombre."

Underneath the feet of Liberty lie a crown and sceptre shattered to pieces, and tied to her waist are two lion cubs, on their scarves being written "Down with capital punishment!" "Down with slavery!" Among the knot of gentlemen the well-known features of Emilio Castelar and Pi y Margall are easily distinguishable. Surely such little things as these, trivial as they may seem, show that the heart of this once great nation is panting and yearning for that freedom to which she has too long been a stranger, in religious as well as in civil affairs.

The other photographs are of a coarser nature. In one, Spain is represented as a starving gipsy-hag, shivering on the ground; at her back, the palace of Madrid in flames. A frame of nine-pins, each one having for its top the head of some Republican statesman, stands on her right hand, while Carlista and Intransigente are vying with each other in knocking them over—"one, two, three, down!"

Some of the photographs publicly exhibited in the street, both of a political and of other character, were so grossly coarse and indecent that they would have been criminal in England. Notably so some of the late Queen Isabella.

And now let me come to *the lower classes* and to *the Spanish character*—two subjects closely allied; for nowhere so well-defined and marked are the outlines of Spanish character as in her wholly uneducated masses.

The dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy colour, especially gaudy on holidays; a red, yellow, or snowy-white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun. Generally they have small, well-formed feet and hands, on the latter of which one or two massive brass or silver rings are seen; on some of these I have noticed the simple word "Recibiado" ("Received"), on others, "No me olvides" ("Forget me not"); while others, again, wear a ring with the image of the saint on whose day they were born. These rings can be bought at the various "ferias," or annual fairs, for sums varying from two-pence up to two shillings.

The dress of the men consists of a coloured shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woollen trousers. They do not wear boots as a rule, but sandals bound with string round the ankle; these sandals are of unbleached leather. Many of the women wear sandals of esparto grass, costing about fourpence; many, again, are barefoot.

There are, however, two articles of dress without

which no man's toilet is complete—the “manta,” or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed when on a journey; and the “faja,” or waist-belt, pronounced “facca.” This last is wholly indispensable: a muleteer, gardener, miner, or bricklayer would gladly do his day's work without his “sombbrero,” or thick felt pork-pie hat, but without his “faja” it were useless to expect it. Let me describe this necessary article of clothing. It is a long piece of very thin clothing, in length about eight feet, in width about nine inches; in colour, always bright scarlet, black, or crimson. One end is tucked into the trousers just at the waist; it is then wound round and round the waist tightly, forming an elastic bandage about nine or ten inches wide: the remaining end is tucked in tightly, and then the “faja” is complete. The support of this to the back, loins, and abdomen is marvellous, and whether your calling force you to walk, ride, lift, sit upright, or dig, it is equally a comfort. Once get used to it, and you cannot dispense with it. The cheapest of these costs about four pesetas (a peseta is equal to tenpence), and a silk one about four dollars. These are worn in many cases by the better classes also.

Nor is this the only use of the “faja.” It serves as the *belt* for the revolver and knife, which are carried by every Spaniard—(“Why do you carry a knife?” I asked of a very intelligent Spaniard; and the answer was a very significant one, “I do not know whom I may meet”)—and in its ample folds the little purse is kept concealed.

The poorer class of Spaniards carry the whole of their worldly goods about with them; the richer keep all their wealth concealed about their house. In the