here for fright. I don't know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off." The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or as civil police, in couples, they are the terror of all evil-doers. The sentry collared his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his faja, he said, "*You* were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, *I see specks of fresh blood upon you!*" Two civil guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little venta hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 o'clock next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay, wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders: this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church-bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be "pressed" to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed!

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the Municipal Guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why he did not stay by the dying man? "Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer," was the prompt reply.

In the interior, too, where some of the over-crowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men's bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer's to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young

fellow, who had evidently been, till his death-stroke, robust and strong. "What business had he to die? he's fat enough!" was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection is afforded to the brute creation, and the S.P.C.A would find here a prolific field for its noble labours.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavour to convince him that this is not the case. Accordingly, dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago, the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (criadas) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting "Pobre gato! O pobre, pobre gato!" I told them that poor pussy's life was at stake, and urged them to help me rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sank the pitcher under the struggling cat, and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of the newly-

cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of "Malo gato! malo gato!" ("Good-for-nothing-puss!"), they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter.

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, and beat them cruelly if they are stupid.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offence—*Anglicè*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards (when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps), the criada takes hold of it by the tail, and belabours it soundly, calling out "Malo pecho! malo pecho!" This is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavoured to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the criada's head. "No," she said, "I beat him for his wickedness; when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat." There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a criada into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant, and three or four at once apply at the door; you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours' time, bringing her child or children, and her bed, clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (£1 4s.) per month, finding her own food. Well for the master and mistress if their criada has no "followers," for, if so, she is at perfect liberty to have one or more in the

kitchen, smoking their cigarillos, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night, and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants, and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaniard of the interior, nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad.* The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labours, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this premature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version :—

"EL CHALAN."

(The Fish-Hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well ;
On the streets and shore to loiter,
And his silver shoals to sell !
Live anchovies, all a-glowing !
Sweet anchovies, who'll buy more ?
Quick about it, for I'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore !

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet ;
But I'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street !
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes:
Owning it's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries—
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money; but to-day
Not a single fin I've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away!
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(*From the 'Ecos Nacionales' of V. R. Aguilera.*)

I.

Hark from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep,
Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee,
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.
Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dews of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.
Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.

Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valour
On the field this day I won:
In the front, beneath the colours,
Rough hands pinned it on my son."
'Mid the stalwart and the brave
Stood my boy where colours wave!—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

IV.

And full many a time he told me—
In a merry way he told—
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold:
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle-call,
He would march (poor boy!) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

V.

Never will he come: I *know* it.
Mother-like, I still hope on:
Though I know th' accursèd bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear:
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer!
For *his* soul? Son, can it be
Among the *dead* I pray for *thee*?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

CHAPTER XI.

A WORK OF MERCY AT CADIZ.

No one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved, streets; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open, sandy plains, are forced to stop and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment, and stopping as suddenly, whirls it along; the scarcity of good and tender animal food,—all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling, in a few days or hours, the downpour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer, in shaded rooms (alas! that we have no punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous: in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees; the following nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain a bitter east

wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place; the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength and funds were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England,—all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz,—rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville—unknown in the treeless wastes of the interior—and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trousers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep-blue sea, studded with shipping, the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described: it is like coming from darkness into light—from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although, perhaps, a

trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see—a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the Casa de Misericordia; or, as it is now called, El Hospicio de Cadiz. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon), fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up, written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye—

> "This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell:
> I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. cxxxi.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "for ever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet-looking Lady Superior said, "*is* the home of the poor—*but not for ever.*"

The Hospicio, perhaps, may be best described as an English workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or, at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "decentes" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children;

and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the "decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me, as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place at a first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared, with her bunch of keys—the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriate name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labours being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly explaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being £5,000 per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys, and 136 girls, from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes*.

The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of: if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the feast-days (and their name in Spain is legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English workhouses. So much for the *Departimento de Ancianos*.

As regards the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next, eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home, and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they are then taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the band-master of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished

by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the collar of the coat and round their little caps.

Many of the girls were servant-maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own,—for all here are *decentes*,—and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word must be said as to outdoor relief. This is very simple, and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are, many of them, paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily

writing, and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

The whole management of the domestic arrangements, however, is under the care of the Señora Angel Garcia, who seems the very model of a Lady Superior —gentle, dignified, cheerful, and full of bright and sparkling conversation. It was indeed a privilege to be in the company of one whose every word and look was full of benevolence. There are two doctors attached to the Home, of whom the one devotes himself exclusively to the patients within the walls, the other attending daily for consultations. Until a few months ago two clergy lived within the walls, to minister to the sick, and offer prayers, and give religious instruction; but in the Revolution of the summer they were dismissed, and the chapel laid in ruins.* At present only the girls receive religious instruction, and for the rest prayers are optional. The inmates who desire it now, I have been informed, attend one of the neighbouring churches.

A short time ago this home was to have been greatly enlarged, but the good work, alas! languishes from lack of funds. Let us hope that the Government will take it up, and carry out an idea so benevolent.

The Commissariat Department is capital, beautifully

* Among the other acts of the summer Revolution, visitors to Cadiz should know that the three undoubted Murillos—among them that great artist's *last work* (for he fell from the ladder just as it was completed, and received the injuries which caused his death), the "Marriage of Santa Catalina" — pictures which have always been preserved in the convent De los Capuchinos, were taken away by force, and placed in the Museum, where they now hang; thus, I suppose, being converted from ecclesiastical to civil property. Such, at least, was the intention.

managed, and the food excellently cooked. About this latter point I may be allowed to speak, as I not only saw but tasted the provend, which commended itself even to the capricious appetite of a sick man. Each department has a separate corridor or dining-room, and a separate kitchen, while for the whole place there is one huge store-room. For all who are well there are three meals a day, at the hours of eight, two, and six. The grown-up inmates have meat, roasted or boiled, once every day, and soup, bread, fruit, and vegetables. The children have their soup, and instead of "carne," the favourite Spanish dish called "cocida," which may briefly be described as mutton boiled to rags, with peas and onions; it is, in fact, the meat from which soup has been taken, and is a staple dish at all tables in Spain. They, too, have their bread and vegetables. All except the sick drink water; for in Spain, both with high and low, water is the chief drink, and they are far more particular here about the spring from which their water comes than an English squire is about the quality of his port. The soup is excellent: rice and tomatoes and onions formed the ingredients of the huge cauldron into which I dipped, while curry, cutlets, and other delicacies were being carried off as portions for the sick. On feast-days all the inmates have wine.

So much for the cooking department. It would have gladdened an English housewife's heart to see the ample and good fare, or to enter the Dispensa, or store-room, and see the huge vats of Val-de-Peñas (the rough, red, wholesome wine of the interior), the strings of garlic round the wall, the sacks of garvancos (a kind of pea, for soup), and the shelves of clean massive crockery, each cup or plate bearing

the inscription, "*Caritas. Casa de Misericordia de Cadiz.*"

As to the sleeping arrangements. These are specially attended to. All sleep in separate iron beds, on the upper storeys. All sleep according to age, or, as it is called, their different classes. With those from six to eight nurses sleep, or sit up nightly. All the rooms are lit by oil lamps; all have from thirty to a hundred and fifty beds in them, with soft mattrasses and blankets, snowy sheets, and coloured coverlets. The rooms are all ventilated at the bottom of the walls; nor did I trace, even in the Infirmaries, a suspicion even of disagreeable or polluted air. The windows are all on one side of the dormitories, and are high and broad. The walls, as usual in Spanish houses, are whitewashed, with a row of enamelled blue tiles along the bottom. The inmates of the Home all rise at six, and repair to bed at seven.

There are several *Infirmary Wards*. One, which I noticed especially, was entirely devoted to those suffering from skin diseases. The number of bed-ridden men and women (the two sexes live on different sides of the quadrangle) seemed to me about ninety in all; these were eating curry, working with coarse materials, or sipping their wine or chocolate, or chatting to the comely nurse; all seemed cheerful and contented, and every face brightened as the Rectora drew near.

The School-rooms, the Gymnasium, the Music-rooms —of which last there seemed many—were in beautiful order, although there was no lack of noisy children about them. So "free and easy" did the children seem in the presence of their superiors, that in one room, where some fifty were learning the military drill,

in shirt-sleeves and bare legs, some half-dozen ran up to me, and fairly dragged the "Ingleesi" by his hands across the drill-room.

Music is taught twice a day; every sort of brass instrument, as well as singing, and this is very popular with the young folk. Might not the same plan be adopted in our own workhouses with good effect?

We were just about taking leave, having looked at the long, clean lavatories, the cabinets of work sewn for the Home by the girls, and the bright garden, and the lovely stretch of blue sea from the dormitories, when the Rectora said, "You have not yet seen the workshops." In two minutes we were in a new world. One workshop opened into another; the blacksmith's anvil rang, the carpenter's hammer thudded, the tailor and cloth-maker were hard at work, the shoe-maker's shop seemed decked out for the streets. In each little workshop was one skilled master-worker, and working away, as apprentices, were the boys of the Home, each learning, with a smiling face, his several trade. "We work only for the Home," said one maestro to me, "and everything for the Home is done on the premises."

If any one thinks this a highly coloured sketch, let him, if he can, see the Casa de Misericordia for himself, and spend three hours within its walls with Angel Garcia. It can be visited on any day, by any one presenting a card and asking for the Rectora, and he can make himself acquainted with all its workings. It is called usually now, "El Hospicio de Cadiz."

As I took leave of the Rectora, and thanked her for devoting so many hours to instruct a stranger, she