said, "I deserve no thanks; this place is my sphere of duty and of pleasure, and you also seem interested in works of charity. Farewell."

Once more, ere I passed through the spacious doorway, the inscription above quoted caught my eye, and I felt that, had my lot been a less blissful one—had it been my lot to be one of the Spanish homeless poor—I, too, should thankfully echo the psalmist's words, and say, "Hic requies mea: hic habitabo."

CHAPTER XII.

MINOR CHARITIES OF CADIZ.

ONE of the most cheerful sights in this great city is that the street corners and the church steps are in great measure free from the shoals of beggars who stand or sit at every street corner, and under every scrap of shade, in the towns of the interior. It is a very sad sight to see there the fearful amount of utter helpless, shiftless misery, which one has not the power to relieve; and to hear every five minutes the pitiful appeal made by the widowed, the maimed, the lame, and the blind: "Por el amor de Dios—muy poquito"—(For the love of God, I beseech you, give me a *very* little").

In the interior, so great is the press of poverty, that the rich and benevolent in many of the towns give out that on a certain day in every week, between the hours of nine and ten, bread and copper money and scraps will be given away; and on the set morning the gateway is lined with suppliants, quietly waiting for the expected portion. Here, however, the Casas Misericordia and the associations of the charitable—coupled with the benevolence of the Church, which has more in her power here than in the interior—do much to diminish this wholesale begging.

Let me give you a short sketch of some of the smaller works of mercy here.

Overlooking the bright expanse of sea near the Fish-

market stands a cleanly, whitewashed, but unpretending house, bearing over the door the inscription—

"Casa de Hermanos de la Caridad"

("House of the Brothers of Charity"). Entering in, I found the hall or courtyard—for the houses here are all built in a square round the hall, which is open to the blue sky, and usually full of tropical shrubs in huge wooden vessels—most tastefully laid out, with flowers, palm-trees, and aromatic flowering shrubs growing in profusion, quite unlike the bare walls which one unhappily associates with Houses of Mercy. One of the Sisters of Mercy, attired in the dress of her Order (S. Vicente de P.), kindly offered to take me over her hospital, for such the Casa was. It is a large house, taken by an association of benevolent private individuals—the Hermanos de la Caridad—and devoted entirely to the care of the sick, who cannot, from poverty, or the number of their family, or scarcity of work, receive the medical skill and the diet and nursing they require at their own homes.

The Hospital makes up one hundred beds, of which fifty-eight were occupied at the time of my visit. It is entirely for sufferers of the male sex, there being a sister institution devoted to suffering women. The plan on which it is carried out is a striking one, and one, I think, unknown in England. It is as follows: Forty benevolent persons, men of some affluence, seeing how many of their poorer brothers were unable, when sick, to command at their comfortless homes, or on board their ships lying in harbour, the comforts, quiet, and medical skill which they needed, bought this large house, and fitted it up as a hospital for the accommodation of such cases. It was intended to

take in, not especially the very poor, for whom (such as they are) there are hospitals, but to provide also for two distinct classes; first, all who could not afford to pay for a good doctor's visits, and skilful nursing and luxuries, and yet could afford to contribute a little to their expenses when sick, that little being fixed at two shillings and a penny per diem; in Spanish money, two pesetas and a half. Secondly, the institution was to provide a refuge in sickness for all the "decentes" (or respectable poor) whose friends or relations would become responsible for the payment of that sum. In many cases these very Brothers of Charity themselves pay the sum to admit one of their *protégés;* in other cases, the clergy pay, or masters for their servants.

The sum of twenty-five pence per diem may seem, to some readers, large for a House of Mercy, yet, be it remembered, there is here no "parish doctor," and no union-house, though there is a Poor Law in existence, and the visits of the *commonest* doctor in Spain are each reckoned at two pesetas, *i.e.*, twenty out of the twenty-five pence charged in the hospital.

The arrangements of this miniature hospital are simply exquisite. Some twenty beds or so are in one room, but privacy is secured by white dimity curtains, on iron bars about five feet high, being drawn around the patient's bed at his will, making a light and little airy room, open to the ceiling. The nearest approach I have seen to this was in school-days at St. Peter's College, Radley, where each boy had a separate "cubicle" of the same kind.

The whole appearance of the place betokened peace, comfort, and kindliness—nay, more, cheerfulness. The

men were, some of them, sitting up in bed, drinking their soup or eating their curry, with a good copa of red wine by their side. Others were sauntering about, reading, or chatting.

Next, we visited the surgeon's room, and most beautifully and perfectly was it fitted up. I noticed several glass cases full of instruments, medicine, &c., and a couch for operating, of the shape, or nearly so, that I have observed at some of the London hospitals. The kitchen was beautifully clean, with a capital range. It was full of bustle, for at least ten or twelve different sorts of dinners, to suit the various tastes of the poor sick fellows, were being carried away.

"Take which you like," said the smiling Sister of Mercy, who was my companion; and I can answer for the excellence of the fare. Among the favourites were curried rice and mutton, cutlets, boiled beef and fried potatoes, and tomato soup and rice soup—the favourite "sopa de arroz" of this country.

Thence, to see the convalescents dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders, in the same case; an American, from "Philadelphy," as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me "they were very comfortable quarters," with a genuine new-country twang.

The tiny chapel is a real gem in its way—very, very small, but very costly, the whole ceiling and walls being

of carved brass. A Roman Catholic clergyman performs divine service every morning.

The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy of the Order above mentioned, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good. They have, I believe, four or five men-servants for the work of the Casa.

Are not institutions on this system needed in England, where, for a small sum, even gentlemen and ladies with slender means, living, perhaps, in lodgings or the like, might find a home, and not forfeit their self-respect by being dependent wholly on charity?

This hospital is in the Plaza de S. Juan de Dios, close to the fruit and fish markets. The stranger who seeks to see it will be courteously shown over it, and allowed to leave an offering for the benefit of its inmates.

The next institution of charity (Casa de Caridad) to which I bent my steps was of a sadder character, as the inscription over its heavy portals showed. It was the "Casa de Dementes," or, as these smaller asylums are called by the common people in this country, the "Casa de Locos," the word "loco" being equivalent to the English phrase "cracked." I presented my order of admittance, which is a necessary document, and may be obtained, by any English gentleman who desires to see it for higher motives than those of idle curiosity, of the courteous director of El Hospicio de Cadiz, the two being sister institutions, and situated not far from each other. The spectacle in the little hall was a sad one. In the door

opening into the ample courtyard, where the lunatics take their exercise, is a tiny grating, with a sliding panel, on which a porter keeps guard. Through this the friends of the unhappy inmates are always allowed to see them and speak with them, admittance to a closer interview being only admissible by an order from the doctor, certifying that it will produce no ill effects. As a rule, I was told by those who have the supervision of the Casa, the visits of their friends or relations have a tendency to excite and unsettle the patients.

In the little vestibule a sorrowing group was sitting, each awaiting his or her turn to look in and speak a word to some loved one through the narrow grating. One was a poor and careworn mother, who, so my guide told me, came every day, rain or shine, sick or well, to bring the little luxuries she could spare from her scanty table to the son who had once worked for her and could work no more. The next was a father, who made a weekly visit also to his son. One or two others, a youth, and two young Spanish girls were there; they, too, came constantly, at stated times, to bring "alimentos" (provision) to their "loco." The head-porter, who is a kind of master of the Casa, soon appeared, and with him a buxom and smiling elderly "Hermana de Caridad" (Sister of Mercy), dressed in black, with white hood and cape, and rosary. The "maestro" was a fine, handsome young Spaniard, of some five-and-thirty summers, with a bright, gentle smile, a keen eye, that looked one through and through. He seemed firm and confident enough, and all the inmates seemed very fond of him.

The asylum was formerly a convent; it has ample premises, and garden, and a sea-view on one side. It

is, however, only a small asylum, making up about one hundred and sixty or seventy beds. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered ninety-seven men and fifty-three women. Of these inmates, some are idiots, some raving mad, some monomaniacs. The asylum is *for rich and poor alike*, although their privileges and indulgences vary according to their rates of payment. Thus, sixteen of the men and seven of the women were of gentle birth, and paid for liberally by their friends. These have each a separate bed-room, with arm-chair, table, books, and any little luxury of the kind, such as wine, better food, and the like. In some cases, where the relatives of these "particulares," as they are called, live on the spot, they send the dinners, &c., from their own table; in other cases, they pay some one to supply them with what is needful, and suited to their former position.

The majority of the inmates are poor, and are paid for by the Government of the Provincia at a fixed rate per head. *Their* friends also can supply or pay for little extra luxuries, as tobacco, wine, and the like. This system of allowing the relatives of any one under confinement to bring them nourishment is also, I am assured, allowed in many of the prisons of Spain. The payment for rooms and attendance, without food, is at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, which includes medical advice.

The law in Spain forbids, under severe penalties, any private person to keep an insane person in his or her house; and it also decrees that the Provincia of an insane person shall maintain him, if his friends are unable to do so. Thus, one little chamber, with arm-chair and writing-table, was inhabited by a captain in the army, seized with madness at Manilla; another,

by the wife of a man of good position; and the like.

Many—a great many—of the men get better, and leave the asylum, the Sister told me, perfectly sane; but, she added, to my surprise, very few of the women recover perfectly. I cannot account for this to my own satisfaction; but I fully believe it to be true, as the women seemed far worse than the men.

It is almost needless to say that the sexes occupy each a separate wing of the Casa. The rooms for the "particulares," and for those who need a separate bed-room for safety's sake, are about four-and-a-half yards square, with windows (barred) of fair size, as it seemed to me. It struck me that there was no glass in these windows; but in Spain, among the houses of the common people—in the interior, at least—glass in the windows is by no means considered a necessary. The writer of this, when taking his own house in the interior, had to add glass himself to his windows. The fare of the inmates who come under the usual rules of the asylum seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale, viz., at eight, soup (of meat) and a small loaf; at 12.30, rice or vermicelli soup, and bread and meat, with a little wine on certain days, as feast-days, or under medical advice; and coffee or soup at seven. Their exercise is taken in the ample open courtyard or quadrangle of the building, whither the men are all turned in, as soon as they like, after breakfast. They are allowed, for amusements, newspapers, cards, and cigarillos. Nearly all the women take to smoking, and enjoy it, after a few months in the asylum. "It tranquillizes them," said one of my conductors.

Two doctors, one for each sex, live within the walls

of the Casa; a clergyman, also, is in constant residence. The rest of the staff consists of nine Sisters of Mercy, five men, and the same number of women, servants.

The corridor, or dining-room, in both wings of the Casa, was bright and clean, the inmates (save the "particulares" and the "furiosos," who dine in their own rooms) dining all together, the only thing noticeable being that fingers and spoons alone are allowable in eating. The dormitories, with iron bedsteads and comfortable bed-clothes, were airy and bright; and, be it remarked, *forty-five* of these men sleep without any partition, in one dormitory together; others in rooms holding fifteen or ten beds; and the same seemed the case with the women, though not in such numbers. This struck me much at the time of visiting. Of course one or two attendants are in the rooms. It certainly pointed to the fact that the majority were in no sense violent lunatics.

The infirmaries were clean, warm, and, to all appearance, comfortable.

Thence to the large room, where the female lunatics assemble. Here, I confess, I was greatly shocked: the wretchedly low—I was going to write villanous—type of face, old and young, herding together, doing nothing; the inarticulate sounds, chattering and screaming like parrots or monkeys; the eagerness with which they ran at me, and clutched hold of my hands and coat,—all were very awful—beyond description, awful. There were thirty-five girls and women in this room. The gentle voice and presence of La Hermana Sorpilad soothed them a little; they all clustered round her like bees. One was weeping hysterically in a separate room, but the sound filled

the sala. They followed us to the door, one clinging tight to my arm, until the "maestro" gently disengaged her grasp. I could hardly bring myself to see the last sad spectacle, the rooms of the "furiosos," or violent. Only two were tenanted: the unhappy inmate of one was shouting like a wild beast, shaking his hands in the air in his frenzy, and stamping up and down the narrow room. Seeing us, he rushed at the grating, and the fearful sight of his face I pray God I may never again behold. He had killed a man some two years ago. He was a "religious monomaniac," the gentle-faced Sister said. "Ah, señor," she added, "this is *muy triste, muy triste!*" ("very, very bitter"). I could but thank God that I had not to look on such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!

The faults of this Casa struck me as twofold—(1) the insufficient amusement, and not nearly sufficient work—such as gardening—for the afflicted inmates; (2) the absence of padded rooms for the "furiosos."

The merits seemed to me to be also twofold—(1) the inestimably humanizing effect which the ministrations and mere presence of these Sisters must have, especially on the men; (2) the advantage of the relations being allowed to bring little luxuries for these their afflicted brethren and sisters.

A few words, before I close, on the Hospital for Women—the sister institution to that for men. The "Hospital de Mugeres" is situated in the street bear-

ing its name, and is a large and handsome building. Its wide courtyard is filled, as at the "Hospital de los Hombres," with exotic shrubs and flowers: the graceful white bell-shaped flowers of the trompeta, the platanos of Havannah, the camellia francessa, with adelfas and aureolas, made a bright and rich show. The priest was at the gateway, and, with true Spanish courtesy, bade us welcome.

This Casa de Misericordia is under the care of the Carmelitas de la Caridad (Carmelite Sisters), of whom there are ten in residence, who do nearly all the work of the institution with their own hands. One of them, in her brown stuff dress, blue serge apron, white hood, and black cross, showed us over the building.

Very noticeable in these lofty white-washed dormitories and salas was the effect of the introduction of colour. At regular intervals, paintings on encaustic tiles were let into the walls, all representing religious subjects. In one sala were the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," in blue and buff. The bed-heads were painted dark green, with little yellow crosses at the head. The coverlets were buff, with the escudo of the Virgin stamped upon them in white. Small oil paintings also were hung round the walls, and many other trifling and inexpensive ornaments. The effect was exceedingly pretty. This Casa contains seventy beds, thirty-five of which are in one lofty room. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered about fifty.

The classes who come here are threefold: first, the very poor, who are received for nothing; the funds, however, are so deficient that very few can be received. It was a sad thing to know that, some few years back, Government and Church could give, and did give liberally, and these institutions were filled, and now

no funds are forthcoming! The second class are aged women, who have a little money, and prefer to spend their old age in the Casa and die there. The third class are the sick members of moderately well-off families, who cannot afford to maintain them at home, and can provide for them far better and more cheaply here. Both these last classes pay a fixed sum weekly.

There is a ward for infectious diseases, and one for accidents.

Two doctors and one clergyman live in the Casa. In each ward is a small altar for praying. One of the rooms, used for various purposes, is a very fine one, in size 22 yards by 34, and very lofty, with a row of marble pillars, and enormous windows. Arm-chairs and tables were spread about it.

Next I visited the kitchen. It was "comida" time, and a gratifying sight it was to see the well-dressed Señoras of the town—evidently persons of respectable position—themselves taking the dinners to their mother or sister, or whatever relation they might have in the Casa. They fairly vied in activity with the ten bustling little "madres." Relations are admitted to sit with their sick at any time.

Two arrangements I remarked that were wholly new to me. First, the advantage of the introduction of colour into the wards, as above mentioned. Secondly, the admirable arrangement for the bed-ridden, by which privacy is secured to each.

The whole atmosphere of this hospital was deeply religious. On all the crockery was stamped, not the name or coat of arms of the Casa, but the escudo de la Virgen. In every ward was a small altar; every wall and bed, every nook and corner, had some re-

ligious motto, or picture, or image. As I turned to go away, I saw that some nervous fingers had barely secured to the door, with a pin, a tiny piece of paper, with the bleeding heart of Christ painted roughly on it, and underneath, in MS., the words—

"Detente: el corazon de Jesus está con migo."

("Stay: the heart of Christ is with me.") I stayed for a moment to consider the meaning, and the two "madres" remarked audibly, "The English captain *will see* every little thing; but it is well that he should."

And then I said farewell to this model hospital. As I passed through the outer door, in the tiny vestibule, quite open to the street, a young Spanish lady was kneeling, evidently in fervent prayer. Not until then had I noticed that a little altar there was lighted up with much taste, barely removed from the street. A heap of aromatic boughs was lying in the street as I stepped out. I said to the guide, "What are these?" —"Those," said he, in broken English, "are the scented shrubs we use on *the good night.* Don't you know?—the night God came down with the good news for us all."

Truly, I thought, religion here is not thrust into a corner, but speaks for itself at every turn.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN SPAIN.

When the last fruits of autumn have been garnered in, and the last red leaf is whirling to the ground, when—

"Change and decay in all around I see,"—

very aptly does the Catholic Church bring before her faithful the bright hope of immortality and reunion in her festival of All Saints; or, as it is called in Spain, "Tosants," the abbreviation of Todos los Santos.

Little as that day is generally observed in England, one yet sees on the Continent how strikingly, and yet simply, its lessons may be brought home to the simplest and most careless mind; how even the passer-by may be led to stop a moment and consider his ways.

It so happened that a severe illness led to the writer's passing the Feast of Tosants in the city of Cadiz. The first notice of the day was given to him by the waiter at the hotel saying on the eve,—"Of course you will go to-morrow to the Misa Mayor at the cathedral, and visit the Cemeterio? *It is our great day.*"

The morning of Todos los Santos rose bright and clear; the air was balmy and soft as of an autumn day in England—the very day for such a festival. The first thing that struck me, as I strolled out at eight o'clock

to catch a breath of the crisp sea air, was the number of ladies and gentlemen returning from or going to early celebration, as the Prayer-books in their hands plainly showed. Nearly every group one passed was in mourning, yet there was no air of sadness about them; they were laughing and chatting gaily enough. Many of the shops were half-closed, some entirely.

At ten o'clock the Misa Mayor was to be chanted at the new cathedral. When I entered, the sermon was being delivered to an exceedingly attentive, though, as it struck me, very small, audience. There were apparently not more than sixty or seventy women, most of whom were sitting upon the floor of the cathedral, or kneeling; the number of men, nearly all of whom seemed of the higher class, from their dress, appeared to be about one hundred. These were seated on benches, and listened most attentively to what I conceive to have been a very striking sermon. Generally, in the churches of Spain, the number of women worshipping greatly exceeds that of the men. The preaching was very animated. At one moment the Father, who was dressed in a plain black gown, with the usual white linen vestment above it, raised his voice to a shout; at another, he spoke in an audible whisper, all that he said being enforced by much and rapid gesticulation. The object of the sermon seemed to be that, however wide and many in number the political differences which separate men in the present unhappy state of the country, they should all be united in religion, and hold the faith. We may be mistaken, he seemed to say, in our individual political creed—*that* will be forgiven; we *cannot* be mistaken in clinging to Him who changes not, and in striving to lead a holier life. So only can we hope to be

numbered among all the saints. The sermon was extempore, and was delivered without any hesitation.

I will not attempt to describe the grand effect of chanting the Misa Mayor, the full choir of loud ringing voices, the swelling notes of the organ, the ever-ascending smoke of the incense, and the bright array of lighted candles—all these have a strange effect on a mind unaccustomed to such display.

The Cemeterio, where within four walls sleep the dead of the whole of this huge city, is about a mile outside the town, and thither I slowly wended my way, wondering what there could be to be seen there.

The walk is very beautiful, and, to a stranger, striking. First is passed the fruit market, in itself a gorgeous sight. Pile after pile of pomegranates, with their red and yellow hues; the bright pink arbutus berries, the dark green melon, the brown chestnuts heaped up in piles four feet high; with heaps of oranges, green melons, sweet batatas, quinces, pears, tomatoes—all being gracefully wreathed with evergreens and *immortelles* in honour of the day: these, with the bright picturesque dresses of the men and women who bought and sold, formed an exceedingly pretty sight. We passed through the Land-gate, and along the fortifications, the sea, studded with ships at anchor of all nations, stretching along both sides of the narrow tongue of land which leads to the cemetery. All who were not employed were dressed out in holiday costume, and in mourning or "half-mourning." We passed group after group walking slowly the same way, many with flowers in their hands. Presently two men passed by with a huge basket full of lamps, of brass, partly painted black; then one man, in each hand a most costly lamp, which seemed one mass of