brass and crystal, until the whole road was filled with servants carrying these lamps to the last resting place of their employers.

The walk is very beautiful: on either side the sea was sparkling; the avenue of silver poplars and acacias was just shedding its fruit and its leaf; the hedges on either side were of prickly aloe, or some native creeper, tinged with its autumnal hues of red and yellow, and reminding one almost of an English hedgerow in its autumn dress.

The Cemeterio has no beauty or grace to recommend it, save its little garden of flowers and shrubs—a small square garden, which you enter, and through which you walk before you come to the whitewashed quadrangles of the dead. The plot of garden, however, is beautifully kept, and English geraniums, and dahlias, and masses of sweet heliotrope, show their bright heads amid the semi-tropical shrubs and flowers of Spain.

The cemetery itself consists of seven squares or quadrangles, of which all but one were full, opening into each other: the ground in these quadrangles is simply dust and sand, without a shrub or flower growing. Each of the four walls of the quadrangle is built of whitewashed brick, with tiers of long narrow holes, into which the coffins are pushed, the walls being of sufficient height to allow of six coffins resting one above the other, and of sufficient depth for two coffins to lie lengthways across them. When the coffin is put in, the narrow hole is covered up with masonry, and a a small marble tablet, *with no inscription* but the name, age, date of death, and the relationship to the dead of those who caused it to be placed there, at the head; thus, "Jose Perez. Fallecio el dia 19 de Febrero de 1872: sus padres y hermanos." In the next quadrangle, of which the same thick wall forms one side, another coffin has its place opposite to the first, so the two bodies lie foot to foot. The whole looks like a thick whitewashed wall, with small marble inscribed slabs, of semicircular shape, inserted in regular tiers. Each of the several quadrangles I calculated would contain about a thousand bodies—to say nothing of the "bodies of the second and third class," which lie in crowded heaps beneath the sandy soil of the quadrangles, and over which we walked, without even knowing that the dead lay beneath our feet. Dull, naked, and unsightly (with all its whitewash and neatness) as the Cemeterio was, yet this day it was bright in honour of Todos los Santos, and its glittering array of lamps and *immortelles* told forth to the humblest labourer employed the hope of immortality. For, in front of every little marble slab, some working on the ground, some on ladders, busy hands were at work, fixing on the lamps, some of which were very tasteful and costly, some cumbersome and funereal in appearance.

Though it was but midday, these little lamps were showing their sickly but steadfast light all about the quadrangle, and nimble fingers were twining around them their wreaths of *immortelles.*

Every square, too, was dotted with mourners, single or in groups, many habited in deep mourning, standing in prayer before the last home of their loved one, or walking up and down wrapped in thought.

"What do they all here?" I inquired of my guide—a poor boatman from the wharf. "They come to think about those that have gone," he said, "and to say their prayers."

I could not help thinking to myself, as I turned my steps away, that this observance of the day was really impressive for good: to many surely among those who thronged that sandy walk it must have brought back many slumbering thoughts of the loved and lost; many unheard prayers must have been breathed to follow their good examples.

This festival is observed for three days, and while I write (November 3rd) many of the shops are still closed, and the streets are filled with holiday makers. Yet none of these forget to walk down to the home of their dead, and gaze on it with respect. And the little lamps have been lighted for the third time to-day. And there is no drunkenness in the streets, although this is a three days' holiday: all is orderly, cheerful, and decent, for so, with all his faults, the Spaniard likes to keep his feast day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WIDOWS' HOME AT CADIZ.

THERE are three elements in the Spanish Houses of Mercy which, I believe, are absent from institutions of (partly) the same nature in England. First, there is a complete and beautiful blending of freedom with restraint, the union of the two making an harmonious system, never, to my knowledge, attained to in England; next, there is in the system of the Spaniards the recognition of the fact that well-born persons may have a little money, which, if some help be added from a charitable source, will serve to keep them in decency, and not let them lose their self-respect by feeling that they are wholly dependent on charity; and this fact also is recognized, that many a poor man or woman can get by work a little money, who cannot yet obtain work enough at all times by which to live all the year round; and, thirdly, the great fact is recognized, and acted upon in Spanish houses of benevolence, that there is no reason why persons well-born, fallen in fortune, should not live under the same roof with, and yet not be compelled necessarily to associate with, the respectable poor of the same city.

Let us call these three elements—(1) the union of freedom and restraint, (2) the union of help and self-help, (3) the union of different classes; and let us see how these three elements are brought into some of the Casas de Benevolentia in Spain.

Cadiz is very rich in Casas de Misericordia. Be it remembered, these institutions are wholly distinct from the Government hospitals and Government relief to poor, whether *decentes* or otherwise, about which latter I shall have a few words to say hereafter. The former are for the *decentes*, and are the care of and privilege of towns, or provincial boards; the latter are for all.

Nowhere is the union of the three principles above alluded to carried out more beautifully or harmoniously than in a small but useful institution in Cadiz, called "The Widows' Home"; or, to preserve its Spanish name, "La Casa de Viudas."

I trust my English readers will not tire of visiting Spanish houses of charity with me—they will soon be introduced to far different scenes; and let me say, that England, with all her wealth, all her boasting, and (as an Englishman still I will say it) all her charity, has many things to learn from Spanish charities. I speak entirely of institutions of charity founded and supported by individual benevolence, and not of the Government hospitals, &c. Thus, I am merely comparing a Spanish almshouse or home of any sort with an English institution of the kind; the comparison between the Spanish and English *public* hospitals, and the like, remains to be drawn at a future time, and, perhaps, with a different result. As regards the working and system of the Homes founded by the benevolent in either of the two countries, I must unhesitatingly, simply because I wish to be just, yield the palm to Spain.

La Casa de Viudas, like many of the Homes and private houses in Spain, consists of one large quadrangle. It is exactly like the quadrangle of an Oxford or Cambridge College, save that the "quad" is filled with tropical shrubs, in huge buckets, and gaudy aromatic flowers, and that it is paved. In most cases, as in the one here spoken of, there is a covered walk around the square, but too open and too modern to be called "the cloisters."

Entering the unpretending doorway, over which no inscription is written, you step into this aromatic and bright quadrangle. There are two storeys, each of which contains, to recur to Oxford words, twenty-four "sets of rooms." These sets each consist of two (or three) well-furnished and picture-hung rooms, set aside by piety for poor and respectable widows of Cadiz some one hundred and twenty years ago. To each widow the room secured is a sitting-room about 8 yards by 7; bed-room, 6 by 5; with a covered walk and a kitchen common to all members of the Home; and also a chapel open for private and public prayer.

Each widow who enters must be certified to be (1) respectable, (2) in need of aid, but not necessarily destitute, and (3) born in Cadiz; though this latter rule has been deviated from, to my knowledge. There is no restriction as to the age at which they enter, and a widow with children is eligible for election. If her child or children be of her own sex, they may live with her there as long as she likes; but no boy child may sleep in the home who is over eight years old. He may, however, be with, and dine with, his mother in the day time.

There was a quiet humour in the buxom señora who kindly led me over the place, which amused me much. In answer to my question, "Why do you turn the boys out so young?" she said, with a quaint smile, "Because our rule is, that not a male is to be on the premises after set of sun."—"How about the priest who is attached, and whose room is here?" I rejoined. "Well, being a man, he has to go too."

Each widow has these privileges—her rooms, good rooms, free of rent (they are very light and lofty), and in money, six cuartos per diem, a cuarto being equivalent to one farthing. She has also a doctor, and, if long ill, a nurse, provided for her gratis. You will say,—"What is the good of three halfpence a day, and a doctor and rooms, to keep a mother and her child?" The answer is simple, but, I think, very instructive. The inmates are not necessarily destitute; many have a tiny income of their own, others have sons and daughters who bring their dinner, and sit down and chat with them while they eat it; then many generous daughters of Spain come and visit and relieve their old favourites located here; then, again, mark this, every inmate is perfectly free to go out from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. every day, and earn what she can for herself. Some go out as daily servants, some go out to work at a trade, some take in needlework at home, or go to it outside. No inquiry whatever is made of them as to the use they make of their time.

I confess, I think this union of help and self-help is, indeed, very suggestive. Why should there be no institution in England based upon this system? We in England ignore the fact that many of our brothers and sisters need a little help, but do not need to be kept wholly by charity; the thought is hateful to them, and it lowers self-respect and stifles self-help. In England we are either rich or beggars—either knaves or entirely honest; we never, downright nation, allow that in all these things there are "midways," as they say here! Is it not a mistake to do as we do? Might we not take a lesson from these Spaniards in these matters?

The inmates here are allowed to have their friends with them from seven to set of sun; if ill, and desired, they may pay their own nurse, or have a relation with them. They buy their own "comia" (we are Andalucians here, and drop our *d*'s in dinner), and may join in every act of friendship except messing together, that is against the rules. The endowment of the place comes from houses in Madrid left by the founder, and rich men dying often leave a legacy for the Widows' Home.

Most of them, my kind companion said, live and die here. The chimney-corner, in a son's or daughter's house, is associated in English ideas with the old age of the decent poor; and it is well. But in Spain we are not domestic. The poor man often lies down to sleep among the olives, in the long hot summer months; his wife is quite content to find her bed among the tents of the Plaza de Fruta of her township. We men find for ourselves a home at the club, or in the shaded squares, for many of the hours of the night, during the heats of summer. And so these women are happy enough in this Home!

Those born to poverty and those who have fallen from a high estate, both find shelter within these walls: there they live, there receive their friends, there find their home, their church, and there die in peace.

A Spanish priest superintends the Home. Each inmate does herself her own cooking, &c., or pays some one to do it for her. Three señoras (not sisters of Charity, in the technical sense) manage domestic affairs, to each of whom I had the pleasure of being introduced. They are styled "La Precedenta," "La Sacristana," and "La Portera."

It has often surprised me to see the simplicity, the triviality of the things in which Spanish women of the lower and middle classes delight. Of the two criadas whom I knew and liked best in the interior, the whole pleasure of the one was to cut her little dog's hair in different shapes, queer patterns; sometimes he was a poodle, then a short-haired dog, then his hair was suffered to grow, and he had daily washings, poor little beast, and was brought into my sitting-room after each operation by his heels, dripping wet. An image of "San Juan," (and *such* an image!) her patron saint, formed the whole delight of the other poor servant. She would undress and dress San Juan, feel her saint's legs, and make me feel them as I walked up to bed wearied out after a hard day's ride, all the while calling San Juan "Pobre! pobre!" the equivalent to which I can only give properly in English by our peasants' phrase in the Midland Counties, "Poor dear! poor dear!" San Juan (St. John) was this poor thing's patron saint!

And so again here the same love for the simplest hobby came before me again. My companion said, "Come up to the top of the house to see my darling—my hobby." The "darling," to my surprise, was a huge reservoir of water, the water draining into it from the flat, walled-round roof. The poor thing pointed to this with such joy, that I inquired the reason. "We sell that tank of water to the city," she said, "keeping one for the use of our Casa; and the city pays us sixty-five dollars a year for it, which helps to endow our Home." That was the poor thing's hobby—her pet!

The chapel, where on Sundays there is service, is neat and pretty. In it, and in the galleries, are many old oil paintings. The walls are whitewashed and prettily ornamented.

The founder's picture hangs over the chapel-door. It is old and badly framed; but I think the inscription on it is as follows:

> "Verdadera effige (? efigie) de Don Juan Frajela fundador de esta casa pia, vecino de esta ciudad de Cadiz . . . nat . . . Damasco . . . murio el dia 27 Marzo de l año de 1756, de edad 104 años y 10 dias."

The pious founder was I believe a Damascene by birth, though of Spanish parentage. He is cited in Spain as one of their centenarians.

The last House of Charity to which I bent my steps—with real joy of heart at seeing, while the horizon, religious and political, is so black with clouds, so many active works of love going on—was the Foundling Hospital, the "Casa de los Niños Espositos," as it is called in Spain.

This building is only distinguished from those around it by a mysterious little door in the wall, just big enough to admit the baby for whose admittance it is formed. Opening this tiny door there is a small bed upon a pivot. The mother who deposits her foundling upon this cushion gives it a turn, and the baby and cushion are in the room, where, nightly, a Sister of Charity sits to receive the little foundling.

In this Home are thirty-five tiny children, in little curtained beds, ranged round each room. There are fifteen wet nurses, and six Hermanas de Caridad, of the Order of S. Vicente de Paul, an Order which is an inestimable blessing to this country. Wherever the sob of sorrow is heard, in Hospital or Foundling, there will be seen by its side the well-known black dress and white head dress of the Sister of S. Vicente.

The children are kept here until the age of seven; they are then sent to an institution before described, El Hospicio de Cadiz.

This Home for Foundlings is supported by the Deputacion Provincial. It is supported on the same grounds that men supported our Contagious Diseases Act in England, not because it is high, lofty, or desirable, but because it is expedient. Child-murder, I believe, would simply be rife in Spain without these Homes.

The mother and father who want to emigrate leave here their youngest child; the poor fallen girl gets here a kindly home for her babe. Nor is this all. Help and self-help are joined here, and any mother who finds her hands too full of children can pay for her baby's sustenance here, visit and take an interest in it while pursuing her own work, and take it to her home at the age of seven.

Every child who entered used to receive the Christian rite of baptism. Since the summer revolution here that rite is not administered!

CHAPTER XV.

TWO GOVERNMENT INSTITUTIONS AT CADIZ—LA FABRICA DE TABACOS, EL HOSPITAL DEL REY.

Among the many things that strike the wanderer in Spain is the number of institutions, if one may use the name, that are "under Government."

Curious to know something about the real state and working of these, I went one day to visit two of them in the same town of Cadiz—the one, the Government Cigar Manufactory; the other, the Government Hospital.

We will first of all take a survey of the Fabrica de Tabacos, or Cigar Manufactory of Cadiz.

The consumption of tobacco in Spain is something enormous. Every man (and many boys!) smokes, not the genuine English pipe, which one simply never sees in the streets, and which is only sold as a curiosity, and smoked by just a few who have come in contact with the English, but in the shape of the paper cigarettes or cigarillos, which are never out of the pocket, and very seldom out of the mouth, of men of all classes. Their proper name is cigarros de papel. What his cup of tea or his glass of beer is to an Englishman, that his cigarillo is to the Spaniard. Every beggar has his little packet of cigarette papers (papel de hilo), bought for about a farthing, and his loose pouch of tobacco, not at all like English tobacco, but the leaf of which the cigar is made, cut into small shreds, and sold at a very cheap rate; much of it is mere dust, but it smokes well.

With the Spaniards the cigarillo covers all difficulties. Are you dull and sad? Well, no one, say they, ever committed suicide with a cigarette in his mouth; take out your "papel," fill it with tobacco, rubbed to powder in the palm of the left hand, light it, and smoke; the odds are you will forget to commit the crime in question! Does conversation flag?—the little cigarillo is instantly had recourse to. Is an argument getting too hot?—light the cigarillo, both of you, and you are friends at once!

The cigarillo, or paper cigarette, in Spain is, where "a dish of tea" is all but unknown, "the cup which cheers (and soothes!) but not inebriates."

And to the cigar manufactory, in many of the larger towns of Spain, a very high place is given. At Valencia, Malaga, and Seville, the buildings allotted by Government for the making of cigars are almost palatial. At Seville alone some four thousand women are employed at the Government manufactory!

Suffer me to hazard a remark here; it may be true, or it may be untrue, but I may make it because I believe it. Every Spaniard, whatever his station or means, smokes; most of them smoke to excess. A Spaniard, if very poor, must choose between bread and tobacco, buy both he cannot. Let him tell you himself which of the two he will buy, and he will say, "My tobacco, of course"; and add the words, "An empty stomach is a good medicine sometimes, and brings about good appetite; but tobacco is necessary." In England we should just reverse this saying. Now, I find that the characteristic failing of Spaniards of all classes is laziness—simple sheer laziness. We know well that the inhabitants of a hot climate are naturally less energetic than those braced up by cold; but that fact alone will not account for all. I venture, then, to hazard this suggestion—that the reason why the Spaniard is so lazy, so disinclined for active mental or bodily exertion, is simply this, that he smokes too much.

The Spaniards certainly have degenerated. They are not what they were in the olden days of their maritime glory; and I put it down to their habit of intense smoking, which is very much the same, only in a smaller degree, as the opium-eating of the Chinese. The Spaniards, in physique, are very strong; they can march far better than English soldiers, and can carry weights far better than any English porter, yet they do nothing either in the naval or military line. People in England say they are a cowardly race. I do not think it myself. I think they are a singularly reckless and hazardous race.

Another cause of their degeneracy is, I must say, in my belief, their religion. You cannot enslave a man's mind and reasoning faculties without making the man himself a slave.

Tobacco used in excess, submission (enforced) to an unreasoning system of religion, a hot, tropical, and enervating climate, these three I conceive to be great and leading causes of the degeneracy of the Spaniard of to-day from his lofty ancestors. I dare say philosophers will say I am confounding "cause and effect." It may be so. I am not a philosopher, but a compiler of facts; and if sometimes, in the course of these pages, I hazard a theory, or even two, I hope the great theorists will not be very hard upon me. Just now, as I write, a little dog made a great noise, and a ring of great dogs collected round him. I thought they were going to punish him for making a noise, but they only looked at him—he was beneath their notice! So may it be unto me!

To return to tobacco. A short time since, the experiment of growing tobacco was tried in Spain; and, in the warm climate around Malaga, as Ronda, and the valleys near, the tobacco raised was very good. The attempt, however, was stopped by Government; and now all the tobacco of Spain comes from Cuba (called "Habana" tobacco), from Manilla, *i.e.*, Philippine tobacco; and from Virginia. The Cuban, or Habana tobacco is, of course, the best.

Courteously and kindly, as you enter the large manufactory, and ask for a "permit" to see over the "Fabrica de Tabaco" of Cadiz, the Governor gives you one, and summons one of his head men to conduct you over the place. On this manufactory no less than one thousand girls and women are employed; some of the children are but six or seven, while many of the women look at least seventy years old!

The first room into which we enter is devoted to the making of tiny paper-bags to hold the cigarettes. At each table were about eight or nine women hard at work. Never have I seen such nimble fingers. I have often wondered at the sight of the Bedfordshire lacemaker twirling her bobbins—

> "Yon cottager, who sits at her own door,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store,"—

but never have I witnessed such adroitness as this. The stamped pieces of paper are ready at hand; the woman working takes one up, gives it a dab or two of paste, (in a second this is done, not more!) puts it on a little frame of wood, like a small shoemaker's last, joins it, and throws it over her side into the basket on the floor. The quickness, the marvellous rapidity with which it is done, defies all description. I timed one of the worst makers of these paper-bags, and she made, *in one minute*, twenty-two of these bags! Poor things, they may well work hard. They only get five reals, that is, one shilling of English money, for 10,000 of these little bags!

All these poor women and children—the children are taken from six years and upwards—are very poor: the widow with her child or children, the girl whose husband is out of work, the single and penniless woman, and many aged poor, get their living entirely by making cigars, paper-bags for cigars, or picking the bundles of tobacco to pieces. They come to work at half-past seven in the winter, at six in the summer, and are dismissed at six in the evening. They (most of them) bring their breakfast and dinner with them, but there is a cooking-place, and a room for those who prefer it to buy, for two or three pence, a hot dinner.

The lowest wages are made in the "picking-room," as this is unskilled labour. It consists in untying the bundles of dried tobacco leaf, and drawing out the fibre. Those who do this get from five pence to seven pence per diem.

The highest wages are made, of course, by those who make the cigars (that is, the majority). Some of these have been known to make as much as eight and nine reals a day, a real being equivalent to twopence-halfpenny. But the amount of money made by the average worker would be about five or six reals per diem.

Of course they are paid by the number of bundles made in the week, and, as nearly as I could calculate, about twopence is allowed for each bundle, a bundle consisting of twenty full-sized cigars.

What is seen in walking through the manufactory is this :—One long, lofty room after another, containing one hundred or more women and children of all ages, sitting in order, six around each table. On the floor, at their side, are great rush-baskets of tobacco leaf, some much bruised and triturated ; some, for the outside of the cigars, in perfect leaves. The nimbleness of their poor thin fingers is wonderful indeed. One rolls out, damps, and cuts into two the large leaf of tobacco ; another, to whom it is then passed on like lightning, has prepared the inside of smaller pieces ; and she, in her turn, passes the two together to a third, who rolls up the cigar tightly, and throws it to another, who sits, knife in hand, to cut off the two ends. But no one can describe the lightning speed with which this is done ; in less time than it takes me to write these two or three lines the cigar would be made. The fingers work like lightning ; I know of only one parallel, that of the Bedfordshire lace-maker twirling her bobbins.

Were I asked to describe the poor women who were at work, I should say I never saw a collection of women and children so plain ; I did not notice more than two or three really pretty. Most of them seemed very roughly dressed, though, I must say, very tastily ; for, were a Spanish woman asked to put on a piece of sacking, I am sure she would put it on gracefully ! Particularly, I noticed that the children, and many of the women also, looked ill and sickly ; and I remarked it, saying to one of them that I thought it must be an unhealthy atmosphere to work in. The whole air is