

his body might "be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration," was obeyed, glad as the nation would have been to have ordered a splendid ceremonial to express its sense of the great loss. He was interred in the old family vault, for the new one which he had ordered was not completed.

Some time after, the old vault was broken into with the dastardly intention—so it was believed—of stealing the remains of the noble dead. The present tomb is of brick with an arched roof overgrown with ivy. Iron gates open into a vestibule twelve

feet high, the gateway to which is flanked with brick pilasters, surmounted with a stone coping. Over the door is a marble tablet, with the inscription, "Within this enclosure rest the remains of Gen. George Washington."

The bodies of General Washington and his wife lie in stone sarcophagi made from solid blocks of Pennsylvania marble. Upon the lid of Washington's coffin is a representation in relief of the American shield, suspended over the flag of the Union draped in festoons, and with an eagle with spread wings perched on the superior bar of the shield.

For nearly a century that spot has been the Mecca to American pilgrims, and just so long as love of country and love of truth burns in American breasts, will all hearts turn there in grateful remembrance of one who proved an angel of the Lord, leading the people by a way they knew not, dark and strange, into light, and liberty, and freedom.

Peasant Life in Spain.

BY MERRICK.



ABOUT half-way between Malaga and Gibraltar, lie the little bay and seaport of Marbella. The word signifies "Beautiful Sea!" and rightly was it so named by the noble queen Isabel, consort of Ferdinand, when after the Moorish war this stronghold was given up to the Spanish troops, and the fair queen entered the



HERE UNDER OUR RUSTLING CANOPY OF BOUGHS AND REEDS THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED EARLY IN THE MORNING.

frowning walls and bestowed on the ruined place the name it still so fittingly bears.

Such a charmed spot as it is! In front stretch the blue-topped mountains of Africa; to the west rises the rocky fortress of Gibraltar; and before you rolls the azure sea, dotted with a thousand sails, pressing up to the Gibraltar Pass. Behind rise the sterile heights of the Sierra Morena, which at sunrise and sunset are painted in a hundred hues of amber and lilac and rose, and scored with valleys and cliffs and deep blue lovely ravines. Yes! indeed it's a place to see and never forget! I think on the whole Spanish coast there can hardly be a more lovely spot.

In the curve of the bay sits the village with its tall church-tower, rising above the Alameda trees, while the fishing boats are darting hither and thither, pulling in or out for their sardine fishing grounds, and the long pier stretches forth its gaunt trestle-work arm for the ocean steamers to touch, taking in their mineral ore (for Marbella is a mining town) and their supplies of coal, so that they can puff on to Glasgow, and leave one in peace for a little while, till another big steamer slips in and sets everything in a roar again.

Above on the heights, you see, stands an old ruined convent, with its tower like an extended telescope, and a huge manor-house, domineering like lords over the little village below; then rise bright sunny vineyards to the feet of the sterile mountains; and then, on either hand, fringed by the white sea-line, the green shore goes curving away, dotted with farmhouses, and groves of orange and lemon and tall feathery date-palms.

It was in one of these lonely but most lovely farmsteads that I had the happy fortune to live for several years. This house was a long, low cottage, white as a snow-drift, with one solitary window in front, and a great wide

exit to all the hens, chickens, and turkeys on the farm, to their roosting-place in the corner, to say nothing of the cat, or the pigeons that came fluttering down to pout on its sunny sill.

But the charm of all was the sea, that lay in a great sparkling sheet of blue, flashing in a thousand spear-points of light, not more than twenty yards in front of our cottage, which stood, in fact, upon the very sands. Behind were the lofty mountains; there the wild boar and the wolf held sway; and there, at times, the roving bands of robbers took up their abode, made nocturnal excursions to the neighboring villages, and kept us in terror of our lives and goods for weeks at a time.

But ah! what peace and delight there were in the little cottage itself! One might have called it the "Happy Cottage," if the simplicity, the affection, and devotedness of its inmates, had been rightfully taken into account. Old Pedro, the father; Catrina, the mother; and Peppy and Curo, the sons; these, with their stranger guest and friend from over the seas, formed the household, contented and happy, leading a life free and simple, and though homely enough, yet noble and good.

Old Pedro and his sons were farmers. The farm, being well watered, was rich and productive. Without the cottage walls all was fresh and green, the whole year through, with orange and lemon trees, olive and fig, and fields of various growth; while within, the tall roof towered up into a loft dim with the smoke of years, and netted with a trestle-work of beams where the pigeons rested at night and cooed all day. The floor was cobblestoned and the room spacious and clean. At one end was the fire-place, over which a spreading chimney hung down, like a suspended trumpet, whose long front lip, gar-

weather-stained door, bullet-proof—for Spain is a land of banditti, fierce, roving, robber bands, and one must keep a bright lookout, night and day, for such customers. Back of the house lay a pretty garden, with a fig-tree in the middle and a tall cactus hedge around it, said cactus hedge bearing a delicious fruit called *chumbos*—the fruit of the prickly pear. A little window looked out of our house on this pretty spot, and being like most of the windows in the peasant houses of Spain, without glass and only barred with iron, was used as a convenient entrance and

nished with the sauce-pans and brazen kettles of the household made a gorgeous show in the dim twilight around; and here in winter nights roared the great cork-wood fires; here the little pine-wood table held the smoking lamp, and the weekly newspaper was read, or some old worm-eaten book; and here the quaint old tales and the gossip of the village were told, and the merry laugh went round, as fingers busily braided the esparto grass into baskets and cordage and mats; while the door was barred safe against all evil comers, and only the long splash of the wave was heard through solemn stillness without.

At such times we had our family, brute and human, all around us, for at the farther end of our homestead, divided by a strong barrier of winter drift-wood, stood the patient cattle of the farm. First a noble pair of wild, half-broken oxen; next a most vicious (as to heels) mule; then a patient though deceptive jackass; in fact a perfect humbug, being inclined to sit down like a dog when you mounted his back and slide you gently into the sand; and then on stormy nights the wee pet pig. These rarely had anything to say, and were very peaceable inmates; but not so the noisy hen-roost in the corner, where the old cock had constituted himself the family clock, and would crow and shout lustily in the middle of the night as if nobody wanted to sleep, while the ducks in the straw below would drowsily "quack quack" as if they would like to know what was the matter.

When the spring comes on, and we begin to unbar our doors, what a relief it is! And what is our first work, do you think? Well, we have been all winter long hived up with our cattle and hens and chickens in the dark though spacious room, and glad enough we are to get rid of them. So when the warm weather really sets in, which is about the end of March, we tether the oxen, and their companions of the stable, under the wide strong chumbo bushes, which afford a fine shelter from wind or rain. The day of their exodus is a joyful one. What room we have now! enough to dance in, only the cobble stones would be bad for it. So we set to work, first, to take down the barrier of drift-wood which has divided the live stock from our sitting-room; and then to pile it away for the next winter's use; next, the floor is to be thoroughly cleansed, the straw and refuse to be carried out, and laid in the huge manure stack, and then we feel ourselves all ready to receive company, with first-class accommodations, should any come!

Then occurs one of the most (to me) delightful peculiarities of Spanish peasant life—the building of the *sombrajo*! Out comes the ox-cart: *Conejo* (the rabbit), and *Estudiante* (the student), our two oxen, are yoked in by their wide branching horns, a frontlet of the braided *esparto* grass guarding their foreheads from the rough ropes of the same material which form their harness. Then with axes and sharp knives we spring into the tilting-cart and jolt off first to the mountain side, where the pine boughs are to be cut; then to the dry ravines of the spring and autumn torrents, where the blossoming oleander affords

quantities of lesser material, and finally to the long hedgerows of *pitao* (the aloe-plant) which stretch over the fields, for their tall flower-shafts—stems of some fifteen feet in height—which are to form the frame-work of our summer-palace; and lastly to the marshy margin of the river, where the strong ozers and rushes are to serve us for a bed on which to lay the superincumbent mass of boughs and leaves! So home we come, well tired, but as gay and happy as a party of school-boys; and reaching our pretty snowy-walled sea-side cottage, reserve the labor of building for the coming day!

The Spaniards are very fond of an out-door summer life, and their beautiful climate allows them to be so to their heart's content. So the first thing that a Spanish peasant does, after his house is well cleansed for summer use, is to erect a light scaffolding of *pitones* (the flower-staff of the *pita* or aloe), in order to form a bower or large roomy addition in front of his cottage-door, where he and his family live, eat, drink, and enjoy themselves all the warm weather through, till the winter winds scatter the boughs of his airy structure, and call the family once more within doors. First a row of holes is dug about twelve feet in front of the cottage-wall, in order to sink the largest staffs of the *pitao* for pillars to the *sombrajo*; then cross-poles are laid from the scalloped eaves of the house to a transverse set of poles topping the thin lithe pillars; and then a net-work of slighter *pitones* or poles are laced from side to side, till a fine flexible but strong frame-work is formed, over which are laid, first, a matting of the ozers and rushes, then the odorous boughs of the pine, and finally the oleander shrubs, then often in gorgeous blossom.

Thus a most delightful apartment is added to the dwelling, and the work in all its particulars is a gay one—the promise of happy days to come!

Here under our rustling canopy of boughs and reeds the family assemble early in the morning. The sun's rays slant over the level sea; the fishing boats spread their white sails like huge birds on wings, and Peppy and Curo, with basket in hand, hasten to the chumbo hedges to gather the fruit for our first morning meal. The chumbos ripen early; the fruit is the size of an egg, when divested of its thick green rind; but it has to be gathered and handled with care, as it is covered with fine needle-like hairy spines, which penetrate the skin and inflict a painful sting, that lasts for hours. So, to gather them, Peppy takes a long bamboo, like a fishing-rod, splits the end into four fingers, places a little pebble-stone some two inches down the opening and then binds a cord tightly just below it, in order to prevent the aperture from extending farther. Thus is formed a sort of hand, like an apple-picker, by which with a dexterous twitch, one can break off the fruit and hurl it to the ground very conveniently. Curo then comes into play; he has in one hand a short thick broom, made of the split leaves of the scrub date-palm, which grows thickly all over the hills around us. He pounces on the fallen fruit, gives it a good

threshing with his feathery broom, picks it up, robbed of its spines, and with a gingerly sleight of hand tosses it lightly into the basket. Then to the house: by this time, household and laborers lingering about their early toil gather joyfully under the cool *sombrajo*. The *chumbo* is a favorite fruit, juicy, golden-hued and full of little thin pips. On crickets, old tubs, pack-saddles, or any other substitute for chairs, the inmates of the cottage gather round; Peppy is master of ceremonies; he picks out a fine large *chumbo*; holds it between forefinger and thumb; slices off dexterously its head and tail; splits it down the side; and then bending back the rind, presents a golden ball of fruit to the guest first, then father and mother next, and so on round the circle; taking care not to touch the inner pulp with his fingers, lest the dangerous spines get into the throat of the eater, with the most serious consequences. So every morning we had our first meal of *chumbos*, with a deal of merriment and chit-chat; then the family separated to meet again at about nine o'clock for their morning soup.

Late in the Day.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

HERE were clouds in the early morning
That hid the expanse of blue,
And the blossoms out on the meadow
Were heavy and dank with dew,
But I sang to my heart, "No matter
If love his coming delay,
There isn't a doubt he will find thee out,
Though it chance to be late in the day!"

ARKER and deeper the shadows
That gathered around the noon,
And the birds in their cradles twittered,
"Why cometh the night so soon?"
But I sang to my heart, "No matter
If love his coming delay,
There isn't a doubt he will find thee out,
Though it chance to be late in the day."

ND all through the solemn twilight
I sat, while my heart beat fast,
And a voice in my ear kept mocking
My hope, for the day was past!
Yet still I continued singing,
"O love, I have learned to wait,
And sweet is the bliss, and sweet is the kiss,
E'en though the hour may be late!"

ARE long by a breezy window
The curtains were drawn apart,
And a gleam of celestial beauty
Shone in on my trusting heart:
And I said, "Since my love has chosen
To make such a long delay,
Shall I grumble and pout, and fasten him out,
Because he is late in the day?"

H, no, for in living or loving
We cannot control the light;
And with many the morning hours
Are the only hours that are bright.
And those who have missed the sunshine,
The golden splendor of noon,
Their bliss may know 'neath the peaceful glow
Of the stars, and the quiet moon.