

"His hands were not dirty, if his coat was threadbare," said Faith, quietly, "and your ideas and mine as to what is ladylike differ, I fancy. I think a true gentlewoman will be always courteous to everyone, and take pains to avoid hurting the feelings of the meanest beggar. Besides, I am a schoolmistress, and he the master; professionally, I imagine, he is my superior. I am not ashamed of my calling; I believe it is one in which a lady may be of the greatest use to her generation, in refining and civilising her pupils."

"I can see how it will be," said Laura, half crying. "You will just get mixed up with a lot of low people, and be hail-fellow, well-met, with every hedger and ditcher in the place. As if it wasn't bad enough for one to have to sit down to meals with a vulgar old farmer's wife like Mrs. Mason, without your trying to lower yourself with all these common people."

"I'm sure Mrs. Mason isn't vulgar," said Faith, quickly. "She is homely, I grant, but I am certain you will never hear a coarse or low-minded expression from her lips, and I suspect

that is more than can be said for many people who call themselves ladies."

"Of course you stand up for her," cried Laura, pettishly; "but, any way, I can't see why we should not have our meals in here by ourselves, or why you should actually promise that we should make our own bed and dust our rooms."

"I induced Mrs. Mason to take several shillings a week off our board in that way," replied Faith. "She said she could not afford to take us in on the terms I offered, if she were obliged to keep a servant to wait upon us. Now, dear Laura, don't look on the black side of things. You know my salary is not much for one, and still less, of course, for two. It is only with care we can make both ends meet." And to change the conversation, Faith begged Laura to come out to have a walk.

How Faith would have enjoyed the lovely evening, if her sister would only have allowed her to do so! But this discontented girl could see no beauty in the golden corn-fields, the green meadows, or the blue hills that bounded

their view. When Faith exclaimed at the picturesque appearance of the gabled cottages, with their tiled and thatched roofs, and the tiny gardens gay with common flowers, Laura said she would rather have seen the ugliest villa residence, as there might then be a chance of some friends for her.

"I hope to make many a friend in these cottages," thought Faith, but she did not say so, knowing it would add to her sister's annoyance to hear her talk of work among the poor.

When they left the village behind them, they saw a handsome, partly modernised house standing among fine trees, with extensive farm buildings behind it. As they passed the front gate, they could see two ladies, and two young men playing tennis on the lawn.

"There's a nice house!" said Faith, "and some girls at tennis. I wonder if we shall know them some day?"

"Don't delude yourself into thinking that people in a house like that will call on a village schoolmistress," said Laura, tartly.

(To be continued.)

SPAIN AND SPANISH GIRLS.



To give a true picture of a Spanish girl's life it is necessary to speak of some of the customs of her country; introducing her here and there in connection with them, and while making exceptions, of course, with regard to individuals, to explain that, as a whole, the people are

at least a century behind in civilisation compared with most nations of Europe. Spaniards who have travelled or been educated abroad appear to belong to a different order of beings from those who remain at home. Men, and especially women, who have never quitted their country, astonish you with the peculiarity of their prejudices, with their intrinsic want of refinement, and, alas! in many cases, with the coarseness of their habits and manners.

Constant revolutions, and frequent changes of government, together with the want of education of the clergy, the decay of religion, and consequent superstition, have no doubt impeded progress, but many obstacles are to be found in the people themselves, in their indolence and ignorance, and in their excessive national pride, which induces them to imagine they are superior to the inhabitants of the countries around them, while looking indulgently on their imperfections. So they continue year after year much in the same condition, only awaking from their lethargy on the occurrence of something more than usually startling, such as cholera and earthquakes. If it is hinted, for example, that many things might be ameliorated, such as the diffusion of education among women, the intercourse of the two sexes in society, the employment of young girls' time, household and domestic arrangements, food, cooking, cleanliness, &c., the reply is generally: "Why should we make any change? We are quite contented as we are. Being simple and natural, we have

no troublesome wants; our climate is beautiful; with little or no labour our soil yields us everything we require, and our lovely sky makes us always in a bright and joyous mood."

True enough! but without religious enlightenment these very privileges tend to encourage indifference and self-satisfaction. The written laws of the country are said to be excellent, and admirably fitted for it, but they are not always well carried out, much bribery still prevailing; therefore persons sometimes prefer to endure injustice rather than have recourse to law. In minor regulations which have been lately framed for public convenience, it is curious to observe how wedded the people are to old customs, how they cling to them. Hence coachmen having been directed to pass down a fresh thoroughfare, or to keep to a certain side of the road, for particular reasons, can with difficulty be persuaded to adopt the new rule, and not always successfully. Of course, this is a slight instance of the idea intended to be given, but it is in these everyday trifles that there is yet so much to be desired.

Like all the inhabitants of southern climes, the Spaniards live much out of doors, even more than the Italians, for in the warm months they leave the upper rooms of their house, and removing their furniture, even their pianos, to the principal patio or forecourt, seek coolness from the spray of its fountain, and fragrance from the orange trees, flowers, and shrubs which adorn it, and make it a charming scene for the passer by to behold, who may happen to gaze within from the street. A light colonnade encircles the principal patio, into which open the summer sleeping apartments, and over a portion of the roofless space of the court an awning is drawn during the hottest months, as a shelter from the heat, producing at the same time a soft and subdued light most agreeable to the eyes. To lessen the obscurity as the day wanes, Chinese lanterns are employed for illumination, as well as ornament, and then, when charming ladies and their guests are assembled, it is difficult to imagine anything more resembling the idea of fairyland. Besides the principal patio, some of the houses have two or three smaller patios or vestibules, which are separated from it and each other by lightly wrought gates, always tasteful and artistic in design. In the south, these patios are seen everywhere, and

as the eye rests on the graceful architecture which distinguishes them, the mind is involuntarily carried back to the period of the Moorish sway, with all its poetry and all its luxurious indolence.

In Madrid, and further north still, on account of the harsher temperature, these forecourts are not usually devoted to the same purpose, nor are they constructed in the same way; nevertheless, even here life flows on more without than within doors. In a principal street of the capital, a person from a balcony will address a friend passing beneath, and asking for news in detail of mutual acquaintances, will speak freely on all subjects, even on matters of health. Living, therefore, almost in public, it may be said many things which occur in the family circle, and which only concern it, fall under the attention of the neighbours, and become food for gossip, which, unfortunately, the women love only too well, not knowing in most cases how to occupy their time, for it is only the members of the rising generation who are beginning to be really educated. Perhaps the particulars of a quarrel between herself and husband will be related by a lady, as she stands bidding adieu to a friend at the gate of the outer court, or something of an equally private nature will be discussed by her, and so loudly does she talk, that the people in the opposite house can distinctly hear what she says. Hence there is wonderful frankness of speech; things are called by their right names, and, with natural kindness and good humour, there is often an absence of delicacy, and a want of perception to realise that certain expressions must give pain if blurted forth undisguisedly. To designate a person by a physical defect, as *El Cojo*, the lame man, *La Jorobada*, the hunchbacked woman, *El Vizco*, the man who squints, is a common occurrence; equally so is it to speak of the good looks and qualities of a person to her face; which to a foreigner is both offensive and embarrassing. A Spanish lady, on the contrary, would imagine that she was ill-dressed, or that there was something amiss with her, if during her promenade persons of her own sex as well as gentlemen did not occasionally address a remark to her on her appearance.

As an illustration of this, a young lady on the point of marriage, whose trousseau had just arrived from Paris, begged her mother, unusual as it was before the wedding, to

permit her to put on one of the dresses, which she considered a *chef d'œuvre*; being anxious to display it in all the well-frequented paseos (promenades), that she might gather the general opinion of it. Her mother readily consented, and a servant was sent to accompany her on her round. Alas! at the end of an hour or two, the poor young lady returned in tears, declaring that there must be some serious defect in her toilet, as not a creature had noticed her, or spoken of its good taste.

Spanish ladies of the upper class are not in the habit of walking much; partly from custom, and partly from climate, though they may be seen sometimes in the street going to mass; but, being driven to a favourite paseo, and well-dressed for the occasion, they saunter up and down there, till they are fatigued, when they step again into their carriage, and return to their house; home is not the word to be used; its true meaning would not be understood in Spain, where this kind of life is not known. No fireside draws the family together on winter nights, a *brasero* (a copper-pan with charcoal) being the only means of obtaining warmth in the severest weather: and though the husband and wife may be on perfectly good terms, they are generally accustomed to seek their amusement apart. Parents pay very little regard to the training of their children's disposition; they pet and spoil them sadly, and they have the manners rather of grown people than of children. It is amusing, but not pleasing, to observe the airs they assume, for a little girl is as much occupied with her dress and fan as her mother, and is early taught to make coquettish speeches, and to say things which she does not nor ought to understand. From being constantly noticed and admired for them, she learns to pronounce them with a certain emphasis, as if she knew what they meant, and consequently with due effect. She has her *novios* (lovers or admirers), who are inquired after, as those of her elders, and joins in the amusements of her parents, accompanying them to the theatre and the bull-fight. The education of a child eight or nine years old is very slight, consisting in the knowledge of her catechism, her aves and paternosters, to which she adds a few accomplishments, such as dancing, and singing, and reciting couplets.

The slow national dances which are sometimes executed by little girls as well as their elders are very graceful and Moorish in their character; that is, the feet are much in repose, while the body waves to and fro, the right arm moving occasionally with the left leg, and again the left arm with the right leg, but so rhythmically and dreamily that every attitude breathes poetry. The bolero, the fandango, the cachuca, and other quick dances, accompanied with singing and castanets, are very spirited and full of meaning; children become acquainted with them from their cradle, and not only those of the refined classes, but of the poorer. The latter frequently show such ease and grace as to throw completely into the shade little English girls, well born and bred in Spain, who may try to compete with them. These last betray nothing but sharp angles in their different positions, while the native displays the most fascinating curves; the eyes speak, the turn of the head tells a tale. Another natural accomplishment to be observed in the Spanish girl is that of using her fan. It is herself; she expresses what she feels with it, and makes it convey her meaning, and in the summer it serves her as a sunshade. The fan is opened and closed with one hand, being lightly held near the base, and is shut with a sharp click, with which the third finger has much to do; a peculiar manner of twisting the wrist enables the bearer to spread out the fan and clasp it again in all directions, which has a pleasing and graceful effect. A Spanish

lady would think herself awkward if during her walk her hands were unoccupied; so in the winter she substitutes a muff for her fan, and contrives to use it much in the same manner.

It is to be regretted that the fashion of wearing hats and bonnets is steadily creeping in, especially in Madrid and the north, though they are now becoming more common in the south and the interior. Millinery being at present in its infancy, form, colour, and ornament are barely in good taste. Spanish ladies, young and old, often appear vulgar when in this head-gear, while in the native mantilla (pronounced *mantilya*), which they adjust with singular grace, they are quite fascinating, and even the plainest look well under these circumstances. No two ladies wear it exactly in the same way, just as no two persons arrange their hair after the same mode, but the style which suits the face is chosen, and the hair of the Spanish girl is generally very long and beautiful, and is always perfectly and sometimes elaborately dressed. It has been the habit till quite lately to have it arranged every day by a *coiffeuse* (female hairdresser), but now young ladies are taught to perform this part of their toilet for themselves.

The mantilla is a general name for the various forms and sizes of this charming attire. Sometimes it is worn large, as a shawl, and flows over the shoulders and breast, being caught up in folds at the back of the comb, and on the left side; sometimes it consists of a smaller piece of lace, sewn to a long soft silk scarf, which is tightly drawn around the person, while the lace is looped up becomingly on the head; at others a toga, as it is called, is preferred—a smaller mantilla, entirely of lace, which is draped gracefully, and descends rather low on the neck. Poor girls of the respectable class wear a cotton handkerchief on their head, which is exchanged for one of bright silk on Sundays. At fiestas, bull fights, &c., white mantillas are frequently chosen, when flowers are always added, though for that matter they are seen on many other occasions. The poorest girls in the streets, with uncombed and untidy hair, surprise you with the tasteful manner in which they have placed a few roses or pinks in their dishevelled locks; and the maid at the hotel looks fresh in this natural ornament as she pays her first visit to the traveller in the morning. It must be confessed, however, that while you are pleased with this display of artistic taste, you are often disgusted with the more than suspicion you entertain of the dirt which is concealed beneath the surface.

In the celebrated cigar manufactory at Seville, where together between five and six thousand women and girls of the lowest class are employed, there is scarcely one of them without a nosegay in her hair, untidy and unkempt though it may be. Women with large baskets of bright flowers take their stand in different parts of the building, and earn many a copper coin from its inmates. In this wonderful establishment, consisting of several departments, built by Charles III. for the purpose, are to be seen girls of seven and eight years old, sitting closely packed together at rude wooden tables in rooms like cloisters. These little creatures make cigarettes, filling small tubes of paper with finely chopped tobacco by means of a funnel; the forewoman then weighs them quickly, and if the child has made a thousand, which is her average work in the day, she receives a peseta (10d.). In other portions of the building are older girls, who also sit at numerous tables and make the cigars, rapidly rolling up the tobacco leaves before them after wetting their fingers with gum water; this done, they take a sharp pair of scissors and clip the cigar on one side, when it is ready for smoking. Many cradles may be observed in this establishment, mothers taking

their infants with them, and children of two, three, and four years old toddle down the aisles, unheeded, and uncared for, at the risk of being trampled upon by anyone passing quickly along.

The scene is a very animated one, for a Spanish girl must be very ill or very sad if she does not talk. She has always some ready reply for those who address her, being naturally quick at repartee, and possessing also a keen sense of humour, and with many a merry glance, and many a merry word, she contrives to detain the stranger on his way, and to make herself noticed in the busy throng. Young ladies who may not be furnished with much information or material for conversation, yet are richly endowed with this wit and sprightliness, which prevents the tediousness which would otherwise arise from the commonplace chat in which they indulge. Their *naïveté* in asking straightforward questions, in speaking quite openly and unrestrainedly of all they see and feel, has a kind of charm when they are quite young, which, of course, no longer exists as they grow older, when more dignified reticence would be preferable. They are child-like in remarking upon people's looks, upon their dress and jewellery, eager in asking questions upon their affairs; and if, wishing to be courteous, you admire something they have on, they immediately reply, "It is yours if you like." In thanking them, and, of course, refusing to avail yourself of their generosity, you must use tact in not permitting them to see that you do not believe in it, observing, perhaps, that the article in question would not be so well suited to your style as to theirs, with which it blends admirably, or saying anything which you can with truth. The most expensive things are sometimes offered, and a Spanish lady begging her guest, a lady, only a short time ago to accept a diamond and emerald ring, which the American admired on her finger, was taken at her word, much to her disgust, and was compelled to enter into negotiations with mutual acquaintances to obtain its restoration. A visitor going into a house for the first time, has the house, the furniture, and the servants placed at his or her disposal, and this is considered a mere common act of courtesy. But, besides these superficial forms of politeness, there is genuine cordiality, good nature, and unselfish kindness in the Spanish people, and they will put themselves to considerable inconvenience to help you, going out of their road to show you the way, accompanying you to your destination—if a lady, carrying your parcel for you; at any rate, they do this for a foreigner, and probably would perform the same good office for their compatriots.

With their own women, Spaniards converse very little in society. Of course, in saying this, it must be always understood that there are many exceptional instances where they may come in contact with unusual talent and cultivation. Nevertheless, as a rule, after uttering a few commonplace speeches, a few insipid compliments, men quit the women's side in a tertulia or tea-party, and joining their own sex, talk of politics, or whatever may happen to interest them the most. With young girls they converse only on one subject—love! Thus, it is impossible that women can have much influence for good at present, since in all serious matters they are left out of the account.

The last few years, however, are making a great difference in education; and though more frequently than not if a Spanish girl is asked whether she speaks a foreign language she will reply that she does not care for "las idiomas," she will add at the same time that the study of French, German, and especially English, is much on the increase, and that young people are now frequently sent to schools and convents in England, Germany, and France,



A SPANISH LADY.

that they may acquire these languages. Besides the *Escuetas Normales* (the model national schools) in which professors are trained, and the schools of art for both sexes, which are to be met with in all large cities, there are also now colleges for young ladies of the middle and upper classes. In Madrid at the present moment there are at least fifteen or sixteen with advanced plans of instruction. The effect of this much more liberal education

must be, and is already, felt, in spite of the ignorance which is still rife and which in these days is almost incredible. In the south and in the interior there are many women—now and then duchesses—who cannot read, whose geography is so shaky that unless they have visited Paris they do not know that it is the capital of France; and the writer two or three months ago heard the Suez Canal placed by two gentlewomen next to New Granada.

The Spanish girl of the south is far behind in cultivation compared with her sisters of Madrid and the more northerly provinces; consequently she passes much of her time in frivolous pursuits. Beyond a little embroidery and ordinary needlework, some indifferent music and singing, and reading a few French novels if she happens to have learnt the language, she has little to occupy her time, housekeeping being indifferently attended to

in this country, so that she spends hours at the window, observing all that goes on out of doors. The balconies have lattices with curtains, which are readily withdrawn, and in the latter part of the day ladies sit and chat here, and young girls peep forth, coquettishly making observations on all they see. It is

sometimes quite startling, while pursuing your way along the quiet narrow streets of Seville and other cities, and not meeting a creature, not even an ass, picturesquely laden with wine barrels, to have the profound silence abruptly broken by a ringing laugh and merry voices above you; and when raising your head

to ascertain whence the sound comes, it is very difficult to overcome the shamefacedness which you feel on becoming aware that your personal appearance is under discussion, and is or is not admired.

(To be concluded.)

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER II.

VISCOUNT CARNELLY was by no means a rich man, and his wife's extravagant tastes made him a poor one. The arrival of his sister was, however, no disadvantage, for the interest of Ida's little fortune amply sufficed to cover all her expenses, and was really of service to her brother. It suited Lady Carnelly to give a different impression with regard to the girl's coming. She did not say in so many words that Ida was dependent on her brother, whose family, and, most of all, his wife, had to exercise self-denial in order to meet this additional claim. But she succeeded in conveying this impression to the minds of many of her acquaintances, partly by what she said, still more by what she left unsaid. No remark of the kind was made in Ida's presence, but the insinuations of her sister-in-law could not be persistently repeated, even under promise of secrecy, without at length coming to the girl's knowledge. Grieved and indignant, she scarcely knew what course to take. She felt inclined to deny that her residence under her brother's roof was at his cost, or that it necessitated self-denial on the part of Lady Carnelly.

"Lindsay has told me, more than once," thought she, "that my being here was rather a benefit than otherwise, and said that I almost spent too little on dress and other minor personal matters."

She was about to say this to the gossip who had made her acquainted with her sister-in-law's insinuations, when, catching sight of the eager, curious expression on her face, she restrained herself. With quiet dignity she said—

"I cannot understand why my private affairs should be discussed in such a manner, even by my brother's wife—if she has indeed spoken of them as you say. I think you must have misunderstood her; but, in order to remove the false impression, I will ask my brother—"

Ida could not finish her sentence, for her visitor warmly protested against Lord Carnelly being made acquainted with the matter at all.

"It would perhaps cause some unpleasantness, and one should never do that between husband and wife, my dear Miss Carnelly. Besides, Lady Carnelly did not exactly say you were dependent on your brother and it was hard on him and herself, but she gave me to understand as much. Perhaps I have gone too far. And, you know, I said you must not repeat what I was going to tell

you. It was rather a breach of confidence on my part, but I felt for you, and thought you ought to know."

"I made no promise of secrecy," said Ida.

"No; but you allowed me to go on, and so, I think, it was implied. I would not make mischief amongst members of the same family for the world."

"As if you had not done it already!" thought the girl; but she answered, coldly, "Since you took my silence as equivalent to a promise, I will say nothing either to my brother or his wife on the subject. You will excuse me now, please." I am a good deal troubled by what you have told me."

Glad enough to escape, the visitor departed, and Ida was left to grieve and chafe under the knowledge of Lady Carnelly's unkindness and want of straightforwardness without daring to appeal to her brother.

"Poor Lindsay!" thought she, "I will never be the one to disturb his domestic quiet by any act of mine. He is very fond of his wife, and it is right he should be. But it is hard for me. I was so reckoning on coming, after being so long without a real home, just staying on at school from year to year. I thought Beatrice would be as glad to have me as I should be to come, and that I should find a true sister in her. What can I have done to make her treat me so strangely? And to speak of me amongst these gossiping people as if I were a pensioner on Lindsay's bounty, and robbing his wife! It is too bad, and it is shamefully untrue. Ought I to sit down quietly and bear it?"

Such were Ida's mental cogitations, and as they were drawing to a close she caught sight of her brother and his handsome wife, he looking proud and pleased, she evidently amusing him with some lively talk, whilst two of the little ones played at their feet.

"I will bear as long as I can," was the girl's decision. "I am almost a stranger to Beatrice yet, and I daresay she does not care for having a third person—even Lindsay's sister—so much with them. I will study her likings, and be careful not to intrude too much upon the privacy of husband and wife. I dare say I shall win her affection in time, and when we understand each other better this matter which has troubled me will no doubt be easily cleared up."

Not for a moment did the girl guess that Lady Carnelly could be jealous of her. Ida had not been accustomed to flattery or compliments, living in the

quiet atmosphere of a boarding-school, where only a dozen pupils were received. She thought very humbly of herself in comparison with her brilliant sister-in-law, who might have had in this innocent-minded girl a sweet companion and great admirer.

Perhaps, had Lady Carnelly understood the feelings of her young guest, she might have been flattered by Ida's admiration, which was equally simple and genuine. But she never troubled herself to study Ida's character. She judged it by her own, and long before the girl came from England, made up her mind that in her she would have a rival, whom it would be her business to humiliate. It would, however, be easy enough for her to hold her own against a mere school-girl, she thought, and from the very first, whilst preserving an appearance of smiling good humour, this clever woman of the world succeeded in trying Miss Carnelly's patience almost beyond endurance.

Sometimes Lady Carnelly would contrive to make Ida appear ridiculous; at others to sting her to the quick by some trifling remark, which had none the less been carefully studied though seemingly carelessly uttered.

Then, when the girl, whose temper was naturally quick, was driven to retort, or, while remaining silent, had hard work to restrain her tears, Lady Carnelly would profess to soothe her like a petted child. Or, if Ida left the apartment, she would lament the hasty temper which rendered her poor sister-in-law unable to bear the least bit of raillery without flying into a passion.

"I am positively afraid to speak to the child," she would say. "First she flies up in this absurd way, and then makes herself ill by fretting. I am pretty even-tempered myself, or I could not bear with Ida. Being Lord Carnelly's sister, I am naturally most anxious for her to be comfortable, and feel a great delicacy in dealing with her. If she were my own—" And then the speaker would shrug her shoulders, and leave her hearers to guess the rest.

Looking, as she did, indulgence and good humour personified, she always left the impression that she was the injured, worried individual, and Ida the one who was always meeting grievances half-way, and destroying the peace of the household by her childish petulance.

What could her hearers do but condole with her on having such a wilful charge? And then Lady Carnelly



A COURTYARD IN SPAIN.

SPAIN AND SPANISH GIRLS.



YOUNG girls of the upper and middle class are always accompanied in their walks by their mother or some elderly relative, governess, or servant. They are kept under such strict surveillance that their honour and better feelings are seldom called forth. They do not, therefore, possess that innate self-respect, that natural intuition of what is fitting, which belong to our women as well as to those of

many other countries. Poor girls can go alone in the street with a shawl over their head, but if dressed in a mantle or with flowers they must have their mother with them that they may be considered respectable. It is usual for the mother to act as attendant to her daughters in the street, and in the theatre they always take the principal places.

The Spanish mother does not seem to put any confidence in her daughter's virtue, yet she takes no pains in training her morality; the chief idea is evidently to prevent impropriety by external precautions. Even in the humblest condition, she prides herself on her child's purity and correct conduct, but as soon as the girl is married, she troubles herself no further about her. Before this event, the mother denies herself many things that she may buy gold earrings or a pretty dress at the feria (fair) for the girl. She takes great care that her daughter should not be overworked, or carry heavy weights lest she should spoil her figure, or complexion. This does not prevent the two from having violent quarrels occasionally, but these are soon over, and all is sunshine again. In spite of young ladies being so closely watched, they find ample opportunities for seeing a favoured admirer either during the promenade or from the balcony. Parents look on indulgently; they may, or they may not, be aware of the circumstance; if the young man be approved of, they await a definite proposal from him; if he be objected to, the fact of their daughter speaking to him from the balcony does not place the matter in a serious light, and they are at liberty to refuse him when he comes to the point.

A very ludicrous affair occurred a few months ago in Seville, which caused this kind of intercourse to assume a compromising aspect. A young lady had for some time received in this way the attentions of a gentleman, upon whom her parents did not look very favourably, probably with good reasons, for marriages of inclination are the general rule in Spain. As they retired early to rest, she found many opportunities for conversing with him from the balcony. All went smoothly, but after some weeks the lover was compelled to pay a visit to Granada on business, much to his chagrin, and before his departure he naturally wished to have a last interview with the lady, and sought her house accordingly. After the two young people had indulged in a prolonged chat, the sad moment for saying good-bye arrived; the gentleman sprang over the balcony to embrace the young

lady, and she, while he was descending, wishing to return his adieu, put her head hastily through the railings for this purpose, but in attempting to withdraw it, she found it impossible to do so. Then what screams, what shrieks, rang through the street! All the saints she could remember were invoked, and the whole neighbourhood was aroused, while the father and mother, white with terror, flew to the rescue. With considerable difficulty her head was extricated by her lover, and in consequence of the publicity of the affair, the parents were only too ready to take him for a son-in-law. The young lady, on the contrary, would have nothing more to do with him; so sensible was she of the ridiculous position in which she had been placed, so hurt was her *amour propre*, that she at once dismissed him.

Talking from the balcony is not so general as it used to be; in many families it would not be permitted; but it is still to be seen everywhere more or less, especially in the south; and the writer has also remarked it at Barcelona. It is sometimes quite laughable in walking down a street to listen to one or two young ladies on the balcony of an upper story prattling to their admirers below, who shout forth compliments from the pavement beneath, uttering the most sentimental

speeches at the highest pitch of their voice, to which the young ladies reply in an equally loud key.

These acquaintances generally begin by the gentleman seeing the young girl in one of the paseos, when on the first occasion he follows her at a respectful distance on her way home, he returns another day to the public walk, when he accompanies her still further, and finally he succeeds in reaching her door. The next proceeding is to present her with a *billet-doux* by the hands of her waiting-maid, and as all these notes are couched more or less in the same strain, should the love affair not prosper the effusions will serve again for a similar purpose. Two girls, friends, often discover that the identical phrases have been addressed to both of them, yet remain good friends, the chief feeling being, with a Spanish girl, that the language should be sufficiently florid with which her novio woos her.

There is a law in Spain that if a youth and maiden are *attached* to each other, and the parents will not consent to their marriage, that the young man may apply to the Alcalde or Mayor, furnishing him with a paper of the particulars, and requesting him to sign it. The Mayor then makes out an order, which gives the lad the power of enter-



STREET MUSICIANS.



BULL-FIGHTERS.

ing the young girl's house and carrying her off in a few days. From this moment, however, he is obliged to support her, and if he turns out to be a worthless fellow, which probably the parents may have foreseen, the law steps in and insists on his maintaining her. Spanish law is very strict on these points, as quite rightly it should be. The girls of the poorer class marry very early indeed, and they seem almost children themselves when they are holding one of their own in their arms. Young ladies do not, as a rule, quit their parents' side till they are older. Black is worn by brides in Spain, but as marriages in the upper class usually take place in the house, there is not much display of dress or carriages. For full dress black is not used any more than it would be in England, but in church always.

Some of the funeral customs are curious, but that of leaving the dead body exposed at the window is gradually dying out. Now it is placed in an inner room, but it is always dressed in its best clothes and jewellery, and women and young girls are painted and powdered. Long candles are kept burning at the feet, the room being adorned with flowers. Of these Spanish ladies are very fond, and like tending them, and strolling in a garden, and though they do not care for the country, many small places, not otherwise inhabited, are rented for this recreation in the vicinity of cities. Young ladies prefer town life with its amusements, its paseos, bull-fights, theatres, and tertulias. At these latter sometimes only a glass of water is offered, though occasionally a little coffee or chocolate and cakes are handed.

There are many opportunities of seeing a Spanish girl to advantage; one is in church, kneeling in a crouching attitude on the bare stone, her mantilla closely folded around her, her dark eyes drooping over her book; her features, amidst the pervading obscurity, illuminated by a ray of light from a richly stained window; her position one of repose and rapt attention. Then, perhaps, she forms one of the most charming pictures for the indulgence of a painter's fancy. Again, she must be observed on the paseo, where she distinguishes herself by her graceful and erect carriage, by her smooth and easy walking. She waves her fan to and fro perpetually, turning her head occasionally to gaze upon someone

passing near her, making a remark upon them half aloud, which would not be considered in good taste, but in Spain seems to be the most natural thing in the world. Then she has pretty hands and feet, the latter perhaps a trifle too short; but she is always *bien chaussée*, and if her boots and shoes be too slight and elegant for our cold and variable climate, they are exactly fitted for hers; even among the poor there is great coquetry in their endeavour to be well shod.

But that she may be seen in her real element, a visit must be paid to a bull-fight, to which she looks forward with the keenest enjoyment. Happily there are a great many persons who are beginning to think it too cruel and barbarous to witness, and great efforts are being made for putting a stop to that portion of the combat which causes death and injury to men and animals, and to have it conducted as in Lisbon and the south of France, as yet with little success. At present, however, many young ladies still take pleasure in all the details of the bull-fight. In justice to them it must be said that they are attracted by the courage and agility

of the combatants rather than by the repulsive features of the sport. The poorest girl will save up a few pesetas for a seat on a stone bench, that she may go once or twice during the season.

The Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, is of a circular form, like the amphitheatres of ancient times. Around the upper part of the building runs a covered promenade, which has no seats and consequently is cheaper; next come the paleos or boxes, also under shelter, which are more or less expensive, according as they are on the shady or sunny side; after them come the less costly seats, and finally the stone benches near the barrier. The arena has only the blue sky for its roof, as also the cheaper places. The principal amphitheatres hold between ten and twelve thousand people, and experienced bull-fighters like Frascuelo and Massentini, the celebrated espadas or matadors of this season, make something like six thousand pounds a year, independently of the handsome presents which are showered down upon them. The average number of bull-fights is sixty during the season, which is the summer.

The combat lasts about two hours, but long before it commences persons seek their seats which are all numbered, and the building is soon filled from top to bottom, so that late comers find it difficult to push their way to their place. The motley crowd, the brilliant fans, flowers, and dresses form a scene so unique that any attempt to describe it would be impossible. Vendors of cool spring water in classic-shaped earthen jars, with cakes of light, frothy batter, called "Spanish wind," pass along in all directions crying "Agua, agua, Buenuelos." Spaniards being very abstemious are easily contented, but they like sweets, and eat many bonbons. Now there begins to be a general buzz, peals of laughter, jokes and proverbs greet the ear on all sides; and at the end of half-an-hour the audience begins to grow weary of suspense. Pretty girls in white mantillas, with lovely red and yellow roses entwined with them, wave their fans restlessly to and fro in their impatience that the signal should be given for the entrance of the procession into the arena.

Suddenly the sound of the trumpet in the midst of some air played by the band makes them bend forward eagerly to catch the first glimpse of the two mounted alguacils, who, dressed in the old Spanish style,

are followed by the picadors in short jackets and long leathern trousers, padded thickly to protect them from the bull's horns. They wear a broad-brimmed hat, and carry a strong wooden spear with a sharp point at the end, varying according to the age of the bulls. After them come the matadors, and then the chulos or cloak players and the banderilleros (arrow planters), and the whole of the cuadrilla. The espada or matador is more richly attired than the rest, but these last have alike short silk jackets or spencers, thickly embroidered with gold, slashed sleeves, heavy shoulder-knots, and silk knee-breeches of bright colour, blue, pink, or red: over their shoulder is swung a cloak, also richly embroidered in gold, which they soon exchange for one of common red, already much torn in many a combat. They have in addition broad, handsome sashes, shoes with buckles, and very bright pink silk stockings. Their hair is drawn back from the face into a small net terminating in a pigtail, by which a torero may always be recognised. The mules employed to drag out the dead bulls and horses are decorated with gay trappings, feathers, and bells, and bring up the rear of the procession, heightening the general effect. While the men are arranging themselves in order, the mules are driven out again through one of the four gates of the partition. The espadas and cuadrilla then approach the president's box, which is opposite that of the royal family, and go through the ceremony of asking for the key of the torril or stall in which the bull is temporarily kept. The key, which is ornamented with ribbon, is thrown to one of them; if he catches it dexterously in his hat he is applauded, but if he allows it to fall on the ground he is hissed vociferously. A boy takes the key, and the trumpet sounds again. Scarcely has it ceased when the gates fly open and the bull rushes forth. With one or two leaps he reaches the centre of the arena. He does not move then, but seems awed with the multitude of spectators, and as if he were defying them. The cuadrilla now begin playing with their cloaks, and by degrees they try to attract him towards the picadors, who play the principal part in the commencement. The bull does not always charge the horse directly, and the picador has time to use his spear and to plunge it in the animal's shoulder.

The bull may be kept off at first, but he attacks again, and finally the poor horse is thrown up into the air, falling on his rider, who cannot rise on account of his heavily lined boots and trousers; but if he is not much hurt he springs again into the saddle, and is ready for another tilt. After several horses have been killed, and several picadors thrown, the trumpet sounds anew, the horsemen move off, and the banderilleros come upon the scene. They carry two wooden arrows with sharp points, which it is their business to plant in the bull's shoulder, and only in his shoulder. To do this while the animal is in full charge requires the greatest skill and agility. A light spring to one side enables the banderillero to escape the horns. After several pairs of arrows have been planted, the bull becomes infuriated, and dashing madly here and there tries to toss one of the toreros, being only prevented from doing this by the clever manner in which a chulo smothered him in the cloak, falling at the same time into the most artistic attitudes. These men are finely formed, reminding the spectator of the classic beauty of the antique statue.

When one of them is too hotly pursued by the bull, he takes refuge behind a screen, of which several are placed before certain openings in the partition for that purpose. Happily, men are very seldom killed in these combats.

The bull, repeatedly wounded, begins to flag; he can struggle on no longer. Then the

espada or matador, with head erect and proud step, approaches the president's box and asks permission to kill the bull. Over his left arm he jauntily swings his red cloak, and in his right hand he has a sharp blade. The enthusiasm of the audience has by this time risen to the highest pitch; the amphitheatre vibrates with the shouts and cries and the stamping of feet; young and pretty girls waft kisses to him, calling him "angel" and "hero." "Bless you," they say, applying all kinds of tender epithets to him. Meantime the cuadrilla continue to irritate the bull by waving their cloaks, displaying marvellous agility. The espada gradually approaches him, flinging his capa (cloak) before him, and when the bull dashes against it in all his fury everybody shudders, and it seems as if nothing short of a miracle could save him from the bull's horns and from certain death; but with a light spring he avoids him. Suddenly the animal stops short and faces his antagonist, planting himself in good position before the matador; in his rage he tears up the ground with his feet, and the air is filled with clouds of dust.

The last scene is now at hand.

The infuriated animal dashes with all his might at the cloak, and people in their eagerness half rise that they may be able to see more distinctly and judge whether the mortal stroke be given according to the strict rules which are laid down by the law. Impossible not to perceive in the general enthusiasm that this spectacle enters into the very life of a Spaniard, and that girls of gentle and kindly disposition are as much absorbed by it as men; admiring the courage of the combatants, and not recognising what is cruel in the sport. Meantime the espada remains cool and self-possessed, as if he did not know the meaning of fear; but there is scarcely a moment to note all this, when like lightning his knife flashes aloft, and before there is time to draw breath it is plunged into the spine of the animal just where it joins the nape of the neck. The air resounds with applause, the people are wild with excitement; but amidst it all the espada remains unmoved. Though he bows repeatedly to the thousands who are gazing upon him, he receives this homage as if he were a conqueror, and it were only his due. Women wave their handkerchiefs and throw flowers to him, men toss their hats into the arena, which he gracefully flings back again, keeping only the cigars and other presents which may have fallen at his feet. If any member of a royal family or a foreign potentate be present, it is the custom for them to bestow a well-filled purse on the fortunate espada.

The mules are driven in again, and soon carry off the dead bull and horses, and another bull is brought in. A fresh onslaught begins, another espada exercises his skill, and so on till six or eight bulls have fought and been killed. When the corrida is over, the tumult comparatively ceases, and the people retire in good order, discussing the main features of the bull-fight.

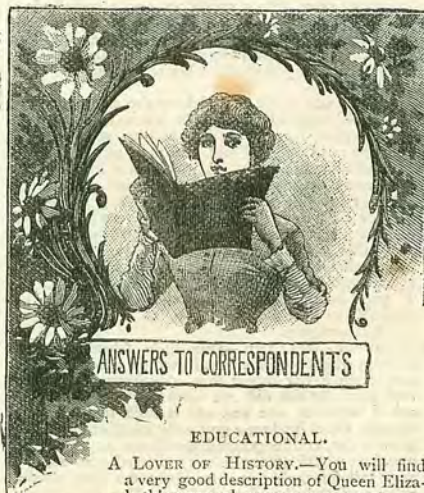
Tradition says that the sport was handed down to the Spaniards by the Moors, who did genuine battle with bulls in the large space where the Ayuntamiento or Town Hall stands in Granada; it relates also that the Cid was the first knight who made his appearance in the arena in Spain, killing the bull with his lance while on horseback. However this may be, the taste for the bull-fight is so deeply implanted in the Spanish nation that it seems impossible to eradicate it, unless, indeed, the religious character of the people could be raised to a much higher standard.

Good work here and there is being done, but Protestantism has not taken much root at present in the country. Republicans are sometimes called Protestants to distinguish

them from their political opponents; but it is merely the name which is bestowed, and there is no real feeling in the matter. Two English ladies with whom the writer became acquainted, who have lived for fifteen or sixteen years in Seville, are rendering valuable service to the poor around them, having formed a school for instructing young girls in the principles of the Reformed religion. At first they met with a great deal of opposition, and do still occasionally, but with constant kindness to the parents and children, and steady perseverance, they are gradually overcoming it. Besides the important subject to which they give their special attention, they teach them reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as plain needlework and delicate embroidery, and, not the least excellent thing, the necessity of neatness and cleanliness. Their lessons are made pleasant to them in the form of games, resembling the Kindergarten system, and they readily learn, but it is very difficult to improve their morals, to make them reverence truth, from which they deviate on the slightest occasion, this being considered of no consequence among the lower orders especially.

Spanish girls of the higher class do not seem to possess any very distinct features till they are married. Till then, though much indulged, they have no opportunity of forming aims of their own, but they are generally quick and intelligent, and among their many charming qualities is one which forbids them from professing an affection of any kind which they do not feel. In all matters of the heart they are very genuine; the vulgar idea which flirtation suggests would not be comprehended by them, for their coquetry is natural, and born with them. A wider education and more intercourse with the people of other countries would have a happy effect on them, though their individuality must always be picturesque.

ANNIE BENTLEY.



EDUCATIONAL.

A LOVER OF HISTORY.—You will find a very good description of Queen Elizabeth's personal appearance at page 229, vol. i. "The Childhood of Queen Elizabeth," written by the Venetian ambassador to the Senate of Venice in February, 1557, the year she was twenty-four, and the year before she came to the throne. Her complexion is described as "fine, though rather sallow. Her eyes are of superior beauty, and so are her hands."

RUSHLIGHT.—Write to the editor of the *Cambridge Examiner* for divinity classes by correspondence, 405, Oxford-street, London, W.

CICOLA BRIGG.—We are very much obliged to you for your kind letter and the useful information it contains. We are glad to be enabled to recommend to the students of Italian literature the work named—viz., the "Antologia della prosa Italiana," by Puccianti Firenze. This collection of extracts from the writings of the most celebrated modern Italian authors—biographies, historical and critical essays, etc.—represent the most beautiful passages of the works quoted, and we accept your recommendation with thanks.

MADGE.—Perhaps your cheapest plan would be to study with your school master or mistress with a view to passing the Cambridge or Oxford examinations. Otherwise you might avail yourself of instruction by correspondence, afforded by the Newham College authorities. Address Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge.

"TOO ANXIOUS GIRLS."—One of these addresses us as "Dere Mister Editor," tells us she wishes to "ern a living," and begs we will "plesa to advise her, becoss she is hopping to be a teacher in a skool of riting and dictation." She adds that she likes our paper, "espeshnly the dressmaking," which "helps her very much." She appears to think herself "perhaps to yung to teach," but is utterly unconscious of incapacity in the matter of grammar, spelling, or penmanship. Her uncle would do well to send her and her sister to school at once, especially if he be so "very proud!" We think if he saw this letter his pride would have a fall.

COOKERY.

AURORA (Venice).—Thank you for your kind letter and recipe, which we have much pleasure in giving, hoping it may be useful to our Italian as well as English girl readers. **Risotto.**—Peel and slice some onions and fry brown with butter in a stewpan, which must be large enough to admit of the rice swelling to double its size. Half a pound of uncooked rice is then put in, and must be continually moistened with broth and stirred with a large wooden spoon, taking care that it does not burn nor stick to the bottom of the pan. The rice will take a quarter or half an hour in cooking, so a good quantity of broth will be required. When it is half done, throw in a pinch of saffron and two large spoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, and some more cheese should be grated and put in a plate to be eaten with the risotto. Chickens' livers or mushrooms may be added to make it richer; but it is very good without, and is eaten in Italy instead of soup, or with cutlets. Add salt according to taste.

WILD ROSE.—Lemon sponge is made as follows:—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of cold water; add to this a quarter of a pint of boiling water, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and the peel of half a lemon. Simmer for half an hour, strain, and allow it to cool, but not to set; then add the juice of the lemon and whisk till it be white and thick. Put the mixture into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it stand till next day, when you may turn it out in the usual way. Thank you for the recipe. The price of the set of pictures, title, and index given with the monthly parts of vol. i. is 9d.; of the other vols. 1s. each.

FEUILLETAGE A SIX TOURS.—We cannot speak with certainty as to the reason of your pastry not being light, as we have not tried the recipe; but we observe that directions are given to roll the paste up and down. In making puff paste this is never done. Puff paste to be light and flaky must always be rolled one way—not up and down.

SUBSCRIBER.—For baking pastry the oven must be very hot, or it is spoilt; if getting too brown, cover it with a buttered paper. Cakes also require a hot oven when first put in, but not so hot as for pastry; and they should never be moved in the oven or they will be heavy.

NELLIE FLETCHER.—To turn jelly out of a mould, first loosen it from the edges of the latter, then place the mould in hot water for less than a minute, wipe the outside, put a dish on the top, and turn it over quickly. You applied far too much heat, which was the cause of your jelly melting. In making a *ris à l'Imperatrice*, be careful that the currant jelly in the mould be quite cold before you add the rice, which must be well boiled and perfectly cold before being put into the mould. To turn out, proceed as with the jelly, placing the mould for a very short time in the hot water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER (Devon).—There are two societies which provide clothing, etc., to the families of poor clergy, viz., the P.P.C. Society, address, Miss Brey, Battenhall-place, London-road, Worcester, and the A.F.D. Society, conducted by Miss Hinton, 4, York-place, Clifton (near Bristol). In reference to the age of a boy eligible for Christ's Hospital (Bluecoat School) boys of from 8 to 9 years, must be able to read any elementary book, write legibly, and say the multiplication tables; from 9 to 10, must spell fairly from dictation, and work four rules of arithmetic. Presentation must be sought from an individual Governor. A general list, giving the names of all governors, price 2s. 6d., and a list of governors in turn to bestow presentations, is published about the middle of March each year, price 1s. Admissions take place every month. Certificates of the parents' marriage, and of the boy's birth and baptism, are required.

FADED ROSE'S tale in verse is very prettily told, and with much feeling. Persevere.

EDITH.—This is the Nineteenth Century; 1900 will really be the Twentieth Century.

BETA.—We can only advise you to write to the secretary of the society, and hold him responsible for your MS., as he advised you to try the periodical in question.