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UNPROFITABLE
SPAIN
AND HER
BLACK
COUNTRY
—
REV. H. J. ROSE.

VOL. II.

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UNTRODDEN SPAIN,

AND HER

BLACK COUNTRY;

BEING

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE SPANIARD OF THE INTERIOR.

BY

HUGH JAMES ROSE,

M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford; Chaplain to the English, French, and German
Mining Companies of Linares; and late Acting Chaplain to
H.M. Forces at Dover Garrison.

CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. BANDOS AND CEREMONIES IN SPAIN	1
II. SPANISH SCENERY—NOTES OF A WINTER'S WALK IN THE WILDS OF THE INTERIOR	18
III. A MODEL SPANISH CEMETERY	30
IV. CORDOBA, AND ITS CHARITIES	40
V. "EL PAJARO," THE DECOY-BIRD	55
VI. FAIRS AND FESTIVALS IN SPANISH WILDS	67
VII. ROBBERS OF THE SIERRA	83
VIII. SOCIAL STATE OF THE HEART OF ANDALUCIA	93
IX. A SPANIARD'S ESTIMATE OF ENGLISH POLITENESS	108

SPANISH BLACK COUNTRY.

I. INTRODUCTORY	109
II. MINES AND MINERS	119
III. UNDERGROUND	130
IV. MINER'S MEDICINES	146
V. SURFACE-WORK AT THE MINES	158
VI. CHARACTER AND SOCIAL STATE OF THE SPANISH CON- TRASTED WITH THAT OF THE ENGLISH MINER	170
VII. AMUSEMENTS OF THE SPANISH MINER	187
VIII. CORNISH MINERS IN SPAIN: A STUDY OF CHARACTER	199
IX. EL CARNAVAL IN A SPANISH MINING DISTRICT	215
X. LA SEMANA SANTA; OR, HOLY WEEK IN A SPANISH MINING DISTRICT	229
XI. GOOD FRIDAY AT BAEZA	245
XII. SPANISH SERVANTS IN A MINING DISTRICT—MARIA, ISIDRA	258
XIII. A STUDY OF A MANCHEGAN SERVANT—ISABEL	272
XIV. THE SPANISH MINERS' UNITED PRAYER MEETING	285
XV. LITERATURE OF THE SPANISH MINER	288
XVI. A SUNDAY'S WALK AMONG THE SPANISH MINERS	304
XVII. LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GERMAN AND SPANISH MINERS CONTRASTED	314

ENGLISH CEMETERIES IN SPAIN.

I. CADIZ	324
II. CORDOBA	335
III. SEVILLA	343
IV. LINARES	349
THE AUTHOR'S ADIOS	354

UNTRODDEN SPAIN,

AND HER

BLACK COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

BANDOS AND CEREMONIES IN SPAIN.

ALTHOUGH, taken *per se*, they are rather dry reading, yet a certain amount of interest attaches to the form taken by proclamations, official documents, ceremonial letters, and the like, differing in different countries. I therefore present a short sketch of some of those with which the traveller in Spain will become conversant.

First of all in importance comes the "Bando de guerra," or proclamation of martial law in a province. The surroundings and accompaniments of the proclamation of martial law are much as follows, and, having twice been resident in a town while martial law has been proclaimed, I may vouch for the accuracy of the picture drawn. There are certain towns in the interior which always enjoy an unenviable notoriety for being the head-quarters of disaffection, whenever disaffection—as in ill-governed Spain is far from uncommon—comes to a head. With one of these towns I was for some time familiar; it was a notorious

rendezvous for the Intransigentes, and, indeed, some of the governing powers of the town were supposed—though, I think, unfairly—to have a sneaking sympathy with those unhappy and misguided men.

One day, during last summer, the Intransigentes made a quiet entry into one of these towns. Save for whispers here and there, and the “run” upon the numerous shops where revolvers and cartridges are sold, and the numbers of armed men in the streets, one would hardly have known that the existing Government was being assailed, in many a secret gathering, with fierce invective, and being diligently plotted against.

Into the town marched a detachment of “Civil Guards”: a few arrests were made, every one was disarmed, and every disaffected house entered, and the proclamation was that no *old* licences to carry fire-arms should be valid, and that no new ones should be issued for three months. These proclamations are printed, and pasted up at the post-offices and courts of law; they are also served on the leading employers of labour, at their office or counting-house.

It should be noted that, with that courtesy towards the “extrangeros,” or foreigners, resident in Spain, which has characterized the various Republican Governments of this country, these proclamations are not applied to *them* in their full force.

A short time ago a body of the Municipal Guards went from house to house to levy “horse-impost.” The horse-impost is not often had recourse to, but during the late troubles had necessarily been resorted to. It is this: every one, if called upon, must give up his horse for the use of the Government in carrying on the war. He receives, in lieu of his horse, a Govern-

ment "bill," accrediting him to be paid the full value of the animal when matters (*las cosas de España*) become "mas tranquilas," and the coffers of our country better filled. The Municipales came to my house, official register in hand, and proposed to enter my stable. I said, "Come in, by all means, señores; my stable would hardly hold a *borrico* (donkey), much less a *horse*." — "We need not enter your stable, señor,—doubtless, it is a very good one,—we see you are an extrangero. Adios."

In a later change of Government the bando was that of war—*i. e.*, martial law was proclaimed. This, then, was the run of events. Arms were brought into the town; notoriously disaffected persons walked about openly; the town authorities were powerless. A telegram was sent to Madrid, and at the small hours of the night we heard bangs as of thunder all down the silent streets and over the sleeping township. Looking out of the window, under the cold, pale light of the moon, and steely, cold grey winter sky, studded with its myriad stars, were to be seen in the street little knots of soldiers, in their long, heavy great-coats, some with comforters round their necks, some with their sleeping mantas thrown across their shoulders. This was the entry of the troops from Madrid; they were knocking up the half-frightened inhabitants for "billets" for the night.

Never did the people of our township sleep so soundly as they did that night! There were passing few "light sleepers," I ween, or the knockings had never gone on so long. But no one need fear offering a "billet" to a Spanish infantry man. He never—gentle, merry, chubby-faced lad as he is—comes home tipsy, like an English militiaman; never uses violent

or abusive language; wanders about the streets with a semi-important, semi-amused, and *nonchalant* air, his rifle in one hand, and his flat cake of bread in the other; or sits on the door-step of his "billet," cleaning his rifle (which seems almost bigger than himself) or mending the strings of his sandals.

Well may he value these latter, for, though he carries boots for wet weather, experience will prove, even to an English pedestrian, that it is a wise economy that allows the Spanish soldier to "march at ease" in his low, loose, string-tied sandals, of canvas or esparto-grass. The scorching sun and scorching road, on a summer's day, with the perspiration, constantly blister the feet and make them swell, and the boot can hardly be put on; if you attempt to walk in it, you walk with pain; the heat "draws" (to use a technical term, but one for which I know of no equivalent) the leather; and when you draw off the boot, you often find, after a hard day's walking, the stocking saturated with blood!

Next morning, at sunrise, the "bando" was delivered at every house of public resort, and a copy of it pasted up in every street, a translation of which shall be subjoined. Once more arms were taken away—once more soldiers with fixed bayonets, and officers with clanking swords, paraded the streets—once more shops were half-closed, and the shutters of private houses, in the lower stories, were "up!"

Going out for my morning's stroll, all was quiet as ever, save the above-mentioned appearances, but few persons were about. I heard a dropping shot or two, and followed the sound. It was a quarrel between the "new" and the "old" staff of night-watchmen. The old set, with the change of Government, had

received their dismissal, but received it unpaid, as is too often the case with the poor Spanish official. A quarrel arose, revolvers were drawn, and a shot or two fired.

Next day, "the old order ceased, giving place to the new"; and, instead of "Viva la Republica Democratica Federal," the stilly night and the wakeful head heard, "Ave Maria purissima," the old-established prelude to the hour! But "Hail, Mary, purest of women," *does* blend better with the dew of night than the political party-cry, "Long live the Democratic Federal Republic!"

Presently, two officers, in full uniform, followed by a straggling train (not marching in any rank or file) of guards of all sorts, and regulars, passed down the street where I stood, with the usual elastic, springy step of the untiring Spanish soldiery. They were evidently, as a ragged urchin in the market remarked, "bent on mischief." "Visitas, malo," said a Spanish gentleman to me, turning away with a shrug of his shoulders—"visitas," visits, being a term constantly used—a euphemism, in fact—to denote a visit for the purpose of seizing arms or treasonable papers. A few hisses rose from the crowd as the train passed through the market. I followed them to a suburb of the town, and, looking at a tiny paper they held in hand, the officers in pairs, the men standing in a semicircle outside, quietly, without ceremony, entered house after house to search for arms, and seize the papers of those supposed to be disaffected. They were unsuccessful. A day or two afterwards, however, the Civil Guards made a further search, and, knocking down a partition, made booty of fifty rifles and bayonets, with which they marched triumphantly through the streets.

Many arrests were made; many of the disaffected fled; recruits were taken from the young men of the town; the officials of the town were deposed, and fresh blood took their place. But, although English newspapers are so fond of conveying a dreadful idea to their readers by that very vague term (as applied to las cosas de España), such and such a town is "in a state of siege,"—which, often does not, and cannot, as I have proved, imply more than what has been related above,—yet we all go on pursuing our daily round of work, and I have very often felt more secure living in a town when reported to have been "in a state of siege" than at other times; for the "state of siege" of the English press does not necessarily mean "bloodshed and blockade," but merely means, "in such a town martial law has been proclaimed." I value the English press, and the noble work it does for my country—work that could not be done by any other influence—highly indeed, but the term, "in a state of siege," might far oftener with truth be rendered, "under martial law."

Here, then, is the bando militar. I give the original, as it may interest some to compare it with its fellow proclamation in England:—

CAPITANIA GENERAL DE —,

Numero 1000.

BANDO.

En cumplimiento de lo mandado por el Gobierno supremo de la Nacion Ordeno y mando.

Articulo 1º. Quedan declaradas en estado de Guerra las cuatro Provincias del distrito militar de —.

Articulo 2º. Se establecen consejos de Guerra ordinarios en cada una de las Capitales de — — —.

Articulo 3º. Se prohíbe el uso de toda clase de armas, sin prévia

autorizacion legal para ellas; los contraventores serán reducidos á prision, y sujetos al fallo de la Ley.

Articulo 4°. Los que, de cualquier modo, alteren el orden público provocando á la rebelion, de palabra ó por escrito, y los que resistiéren á las órdenes de mi autoridad, con armas ó sin ellas, seran juzgados militarmente.

Articulo 5°. Las autoridades judiciales y civiles continuarán en el ejercicio de sus funciones, reservándome el conocimiento, de cuanto se refiera ó tenga conexion con el orden publico, y limitándose, en cuanto á este, á las facultades que mi autoridad les delegue.

(Date and Signature of Captain-General.)

An educated English reader will see at a glance the drift of this bando. It is sent out by the military Captain-General, or Governor, of so many provinces to all the towns under his authority, but, of course, only in those disaffected are its decrees actively put in force, as above described; and it provides (1) that the said provinces are to consider themselves under martial law; (2) that in each of the capital cities of those provinces courts-martial are established; (3) that those found in possession of arms, without a special licence, will be imprisoned, &c.; (4) that any one disturbing the public peace, by word or writing, with arms or without them, will be dealt with by court-martial; (5) that the law courts, &c., will still exercise their special functions, subject to, &c.

It will naturally be asked, with what equanimity does the Spaniard bear these arbitrary measures? He certainly cannot be said to accept them, for they are forced upon him by the right of might in too many instances.

Some of the townships bear these sudden changes of government with sullen distrust and indignation, that smoulders, and only bides its time to break out into a flame. Some acquiesce in it all, even with light-

heartedness and carelessness; for though every Spaniard who can read a little is a politician, and has his partisan wine-shop, and his political argument over his ration de vino there, yet the throb of the pulse, religious or political, does not reach beyond the towns, and does not trouble the vine-dresser, or the olive-guard, or the leather-clad cazador (sportsman), or gitano, who combines the chase with guardianship of olives, and walks, Moorish gun on shoulder,—often have I seen his picturesque figure,—striding into the disturbed town, surrounded by his dogs, as careless and unconcerned as though nothing were happening, though the streets are thronged with soldiers, and arrests are being made at every corner. Some, again, do not bear the yoke at all, but rise in arms at the first sound of a change, and of the strong arm of a strong Government coming down upon them, and a fierce battle with the soldiery marks the progress of the new Government. Alas! poor fellows! they have some cause to view with apprehension a Government that installs itself by the sword. Said a Spanish gentleman to me but the other day, sadly enough, “Yes, it might be needful, the *coup-d’état*, but, for me, I prefer reason to the sword.”

With the high passions, the love of seeing power centred in small bodies of men who know something of those they are to rule, and have common sympathies, common hopes and aims with them,—the pride of having a share in directing the things of Spain,—above all, with the bitter recollection of the undue severities of past Governments rankling in his mind, with the great absence of education and enlightenment of a great proportion of the population of this country,—it is hard to know exactly for what sort of

Government they are fitted, and what sort they would like. They are so divided among themselves, that in one town will be found a regular clique of Moderate Republicans, another of Cantonales, and a third of Carlistas, or, at least, Monarchists.

And, as regards the undue severities and high-handedness of past Governments, well may the Spaniard feel bitterly when such messages as the following have been sent to Provincial Governors by men in office:—"Do not telegraph a rising unless you can, at the same time, telegraph that you have shot half the rioters;" and when, literally, redress for injuries has been oftentimes sought in vain of those in whose power it was to grant it, and in whom the doing so would have been merely an act of justice. It is impossible to wonder at the state of feeling among those of the lower orders in Spain who think, and read, and feel.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

sings one who knew much of human nature; and, perhaps, even the artisan of Spain, who reads, writes, and thinks, hardly knows enough to know what is for his good. Still, the less a man knows, the more he thinks he knows; as he who has climbed but half-way up the mountain bounds his view by its seemingly near summit, and never dreams of the blue ranges beyond, which make his more earnest or adventurous companion pause in wonder and shrink within himself; and so the Spaniard, with his little knowledge, often thinks that *las cosas de España* are within his own ken, and wearies and harasses himself in vain.

But the Spanish character, like the Spanish clime,

has a tendency soon to recover itself from every storm or day of darkening clouds. If the storms of the Spanish political horizon be frequent and sharp, they are surely followed by a speedy sunlight.

All night long, and through the wintry day oft-times, the tropic rains fall heavily here, as though they would never be stayed; but the sunlight of another morn floods hill and dale, as though it would not be refused, and the dark clouds, as if by magic, have been rolled away to other climes, and you would think the bright, clear, blue, sunny sky had always reigned supreme; and the song and dance are begun, and the chairs are placed in the streets for the merry out-door workers, and the sandalled or bare foot may tread almost unsoiled the dusty road. And, as his climate, so is his character. Last night may have heard the tramp of armed men along his moonlit street; the morning may see the bando pasted up on the walls of his township; houses may be entered by force, and their occupants led off to prison between dark-browed files of civil guards; aye, and even the morning sun may have seen, as it saw in one city within my ken, a grey, dew-covered heap of dead, lying stiff and cold where the stalls of the fruit-venders should stand; but all that, as the Spaniard himself says of sorrow, "has gone when it has gone," and with the light-hearted, volatile Andaluz, when it is over, it is forgotten as a dream, and dismissed as a disagreeable dream, not to be thought upon again. The clouds have passed away, the sun has broken out, and the light guitar tinkles in the streets, and the wild Andalucian ditty is sung, and the mules are yoked, and a shrug of the shoulders, and a meaning, half-pitying glance, are his only comment on the troubles of yesterday—

are his only epitaph over the grave of many a violent and misguided, but withal nobler companion.

Well, perhaps, for the Andaluz, that it is so! Of the "bando militar" no more need be said.

We pass on from the bando to minor matters of public documents, ceremonies, and the like.

There are two matters of daily occurrence in which Spain, with all her defects, seems to me to be more clever than her sister England. First, in regard to telegraphic messages. In England, having despatched a message, you have no acknowledgment, or had not, that you have done so; and, therefore, if a message did not reach, you could gain no redress, as you would have no means of proving that you had sent it. In Spain, however, the case is different. At the time of sending your message, you receive a sort of receipt or acknowledgment, and, as the day, hour, and destination are written upon it, you can obtain redress if your message be delayed or miscarry. Here is a copy of the "telegraph talon":—

Telegrama para Madrid.

Núm. 697, Palabras 18.

Día 12, mes. 9, hor. 8 : de 1873.

Pagó en sellos valor 8 rs. vn.

The talon system is also very well carried out, on the same principle, with regard to goods sent by rail. The consigner states the particulars of the parcels he is sending, and receives a talon, which he sends by post to the consignee. Unless this talon is produced at the time of claiming the goods, the authorities at the station refuse steadfastly to give them up.

The "Funeral Notices," occupying, as they do, a prominent place in the columns of the provincial

newspapers, next claim a few lines. They are of three distinct kinds. First, the ordinary printed summons to attend the funeral of a friend, which is sent to you by post, inserted in the provincial papers, and laid upon the table of your casino or club. It merely advises you of the time of the funeral, and asks your attendance.

And these appeals are always heartily responded to, both among the poor and rich. To perform this last courteous act to the dead is a *point d'honneur*. The wealthy man pushes aside his cup of coffee, wraps his capa round him, and follows to the grave. His humbler brother quits his work, losing the half-day's pay, (in Spain, men do not grub and slave for money, as in money-loving England; they can afford time and loss for these little amenities of social life!) and joins his humble throng. Here is a specimen of the ordinary kind in use among the better classes:—



LA SEÑORA DOÑA ISIDORÁ —,

viuda de D. Juan y Garcia, ha fallecido el dia 9 del corriente á las 6 y 40 de su mañana.

R. I. P.

Sus desconsolados hijos D. Carlos, doña Maria de las Gracias, doña Tomasa y doña Isabel; su hermano, hermana política, sobrinos y demas parientes, suplican á sus amigos que por olvido no hayan recibido esquila de invitacion, se sirvan encomendarla á Dios y asistir á la misa de cuerpo presente, que en sufragio de su alma tendrá lugar mañana 10 á las once de su mañana, el la iglesia parroquial de San Juan, y acto continuo á la conduccion del cadáver al cementerio de la Sacramental de San Ginés; en lo que recibirán favor.

El duelo se despide en el cementerio.—Se suplica el coche.

In this, as will appear at a glance, the bereaved family solicit the attendance of friends at the mortuary mass, and to follow the body to the grave.

The next kind of funeral notice advertises the death, asks the friends of the family to commend the soul to God by their prayers, and gives notice that the prayers in a certain church, at a certain day and hour, will be offered specially for the eternal rest of the soul of him who has been taken from them.

I give these notices in detail, because they seem to me to contain the germs of much that is very beautiful in the Spanish religious ordinances. The funeral in England is put into a corner, and confined to a few friends and relations. In Spain, a tradesman even will put his notice into the papers, and not only the friends, but even those who were bound to the dead by no closer link than their oneness in political ideas will join in the long procession of sable-cloaked followers.

I subjoin here this second form of funeral notice:—

EL ILLMO. SEÑOR DE JUAN DE —,

ha fallecido en Arenas a las doce y media del día 4 de febrero de 1874.

R. I. P.

Sus hijos D. Wilfredo y Don Carlos, su hija política, los sobrinos, parientes y testamentarios, suplican á sus amigos se sirvan encomendarle á Dios.

Todas las misas que se celebren en la iglesia parroquial de San Sebastian el día 10 á las diez de la mañana, por los señores sacerdotes adscritos á la misma, seran aplicadas por el eterno descanso del alma de dicho señor.

The mention of the third recalls to my mind many striking associations. It is called the "Anniversary Notice," and is inserted in the provincial newspapers, and sent to the various houses of the friends and relations of the dead, for whose soul prayers are to be offered on the anniversary of his death or funeral. He who once, at morn, has knelt and wandered in the magnificent cathedral of Seville; has feasted his eyes

on the paintings, only seen in their full beauty, among their fit surroundings, by the dim religious light of the hundred windows; has gazed at the 'Dorothea,' the 'San Antonio,' and, more beautiful still, the 'Angel de la Guarda' of Murillo; has stood, with rapt gaze, before the marvellous 'Virgin and Child' of Alonzo Cano—two countenances so full of expressive sweetness that they haunt your path and bed when once seen; has stood before that picture, so life-like in form and feature that even Murillo stood transfixed to the spot as he gazed upon it, the 'Descent from the Cross,' by Campaña; and, with the spell of this atmosphere of the past still upon him, has passed into the mortuary chapel of the cathedral, where nearly every day is offered a mass for the soul of some inhabitant of that teeming city on the anniversary of his or her death,—will never read even the bare "Anniversary Notice" without a thrill. The dimly-lit, indeed, nearly dark chapel, the sable forms of the cloaked or hooded sons or daughters of Sevilla, the silent prayer of the kneeling priests, and the dim and few wax candles alight, the beautiful altar-piece, all these leave an impression of reverence and awe upon a man's mind not easily to be effaced.

It is in these striking displays that the Roman Church excels; in her externals she enchains and fascinates the heart. Her appeal is to the eye and ear more than to the reason; the senses she holds her own. It is with an unceasing stimulus that she plies her sons and daughters; and if, in the Roman Church, too much stress is laid on the adornment and the beauty of the music, there are many religious bodies, surely, who pay far too little attention to these things; others who

"Dum fugiunt . . . vitia in contraria currunt."

Has any Church of Christ yet found and kept to the "golden mean"? Has not each one, in its day, missed the mark? Is not the old saying, "Many men have many minds," ignored or forgotten by most of the Churches of our day? "Four bare walls and a pure heart" is considered by some the acme of pure Divine worship, and, for some, the four bare walls may be sufficient. But for many, surely some appeal to the senses through grand architecture, through solemn or pathetic music, through exotic flowers, is a needful of Divine worship; and are not these handmaids given by God as helps to His worship, and, therefore, not to be despised? How many a fresh spring breaks forth in the world-worn heart at the singing of a well-known and once well-loved hymn! Let a poor emigrant lad's words declare it. Writing from the "bush," in a remote part of Australia, he said,—“The greatest pleasure and blessing I have had here—it made the tears start—was when I rode to a place of worship one Sunday, and found, as I entered, that the congregation were singing one of our old church tunes at home!” How many a simple peasant has thought, for the first time, of his prayers ascending, when, in the dim religious light of his parroquia, he has seen its symbol incense steaming heavenwards! In how many hearts has the voice of a spring-bird, or the sight and scent of a country flower, awaked holy thoughts of childhood, and of simpler, holier days! Did not "the first daisy" throw a strange spell over exiled hearts but a few years ago? I confess I can never enter a church abroad without a certain sobering of feelings, a calming and elevating of the mind, which the bare walls of the Puritan would never inspire.

Here is the "Anniversary Notice" in use in Spain:—



Quinto aniversario.

Todas las misas que se celebren el domingo 15 del corriente en la iglesia de religiosas Trinitarias, seran aplicadas por el eterno descanso de

LA SEÑORITA DOÑA AÑA DE GARCIA Y DE TEANO.

En sufragio de su alma estará S. D. M. de manifiesto.

Sus inconsolables padres ruegan á sus amigos se sirvan encomendarla á Dios.

A Spanish funeral has been described at length in a previous chapter, and, therefore, I dismiss that matter.

The Spanish baptism of children differs little from that of the English Church save in these respects. A little salt is put by the priest on the upper lip of the child, probably as an emblem that, through baptism, the soul will be preserved, and not suffered to decay and waste or lose its savour; a cross is also made with the holy water on the top of the head.

The christenings in the interior generally take place on a week-day, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. The little procession, the women each with some white article of dress, among the poorest generally a handkerchief like snow over the head, with the babe, march in pairs to the church, and then returning home, have a little "family gathering," when congratulations are offered, the baby inspected, and every person, as he leaves the house, becomes

μαντις ἐσθλων ἀγωνων

for the little Christian.

As regards weddings, a few words may, perhaps, be said elsewhere. But two points connected with the subject shall be mentioned. Those to be married must confess to the priest on the eve of the ceremony.

It should also be remembered that, as a rule, should an Englishman be about to marry a Spanish lady, the Church requires that he should be re-baptized.

A civil ceremony is often performed, at the wedding of the well-to-do, after the religious ceremony. The religious ceremony with those classes is performed in the bride's house; after that is concluded, a "marriage before the judge," or civil marriage, takes place in the same room. This I have touched upon elsewhere.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER II.

SPANISH SCENERY—NOTES OF A WINTER'S WALK IN THE
WILDS OF THE INTERIOR.

It has been beautifully said, by one whose faithful and simple delineations of home scenery will live as long as the English language is spoken—the poet Cowper,—

“God made the country, and man made the town.”

Words surely they are which have a significance far deeper and wider than would, at first sight, appear.

It would seem to me, that the scenery of the place in which he lives has, or may have, a great effect upon the mind and heart of a man; and it is impossible, or well nigh impossible, to doubt that scenery has a vast effect upon national character.

The peasant of the Lincolnshire fens, with his few aspirations, his quiet, almost sluggish, and certainly unexcitable nature, shares in the characteristics of his peculiar clime, with its clouded skies, its rich green flats, and its stagnant, reedy dykes. The Swiss mountaineer, adventurous, fearless, and affectionate, seems to me to draw his inspiration from the spreading lakes and ice-glittering peaks of his romantic land; and is not the Hollander, in his land of flats and slow-flowing dykes, rightly called the “phlegmatic” Dutchman—slow, as his rivers; as his climate, cold?

And certainly the sailor draws his character from

the sea, his constant companion, in all its changeful moods.

It has often struck me that a most interesting essay might be written, although to write it would take years of research, on "the influence of climate and scenery on national and individual character, especially as regards religious temperament." True, the ethnologist will tell us that special features of character attach to different races, and of this there can be no doubt; but whence came these various features or characteristics?

Have not climate and scenery a great deal to do with it? Would not the Hollander in time become the merry, vivacious Andaluz were he transplanted to the orange-groves and sunny skies of Seville? and even the song, and dance, and ever-tinkling guitar, and flimsy cigarette of the Andaluz be exchanged for the phlegm, and repose, and quiet, and substantial meerschäum of the Hollander, were he transplanted (how little he would relish the change!) to the flats of Rotterdam? Would any one deny that he feels, in his own case, the effect of climate and scenery on his own heart and mind?

Here is an old fisherman's philosophy, in whose tiny boat the writer has spent many a rough hour off the circle of the Bognor rocks, and the long, low-lying coast of Selsea Bill:—"I shouldn't like to live in-shore. No; a crust with the sea is better than roast-beef without it. I never feel as if I could do a dirty action when I'm looking at the sea."

Not only, then, to cease from speculations and theories, because I thoroughly love every different phase of scenery for its own sake, but because I ever find a real benefit, a real blessing, to accrue to my

mind and heart from the contemplation of it, have I made it a rule, wherever my lot has been cast in life, to visit and drink in the spirit of the scenery of the surrounding country. I look upon scenery as upon music—as a real gift of God, as a religious influence, calculated, if rightly used, to purify, and ennoble, and exalt, and bless the heart and mind.

Not vainly was it said, by the old Scottish Covenanters, so grandly and naturally portrayed in 'Old Mortality,' that the wild crag and the dusky heath were "helpers to prayer." Never does the soul feel so alone, so brought face to face with its God, as in a lone, desolate landscape, or in a wild night at sea. Once I experienced the truth of this last assertion, when, having gone out for a night's fishing off the Shoreham coast, in a small lugger, we were becalmed in a heavy, dripping sea-fog, and the whole night nothing could be seen, save our own faces, as we lit a match; nothing heard, save the wailing fog-horn of some beighted vessel passing down Channel. It was a weird, strange, lonely, solemn time, and a scene well calculated to make one serious and thoughtful. We carried no lights, and so might have been run down at any moment.

Nowhere is scenery more varied than in the heart of Andalusia. True, there is no wild sea-coast, full of romantic and soul-ennobling associations; no

"League-long roller, thundering on the shore;"

but the scenery is wild, barren, varied, and oftentimes magnificent in the extreme.

Come for some walks with me in the Spanish interior. One of the wildest and most romantic walks is that from a mining town, by name Linares, to the

old Roman bridge of Badallano, some seven miles thence, "as the crow flies," close to the station of Linares.

All Spanish scenery is wild—wild and far-stretching even in the most cultivated districts. There are no hedges, as in England; no green, enclosed fields of grass; and the fields, or rather slopes, wide-stretching slopes of corn, are marked out by conical blocks of stone, set up some distance apart from each other, called the "boundary-stones," which form a rough but effective line to mark off the property of one person from that of another. Possibly, in the words, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark," reference is made to this sort of boundary-line.

I started with a friend, on a bright, sunny afternoon in January, for the bridge. The first glimpse of truly Spanish scenery was when we entered upon the wide, rude, track, called by courtesy "the road to Linares Station."

Behind you, as you enter the first valley, lies the grey, stone-built town of Linares, and all around are undulating slopes, each enclosed in a crumbling and broken stone wall, and planted with dusky rows of olives. These are the olive-groves of Spain, and, the soil being of rich red earth, they are very productive. They have, however, little beauty, save by night, when the moon shines clear and bright, and gives a certain wild charm, a beauty of their own, to these dusky groves of stunted trees. In each grove stands the little stone-built cottage of the olive-dresser, or, as he is here called, the guard of the olives. It is a square, stone cottage, flat-roofed, with hardly a window to let in the light, certainly no glass. Within are two

dark rooms, pitched with common round stones, and without one trace of comfort or of neatness.

And here comes the guard, a wild-looking Andaluz, as light-hearted, as careless, and as uncouth in dress and tongue as the peasant of the interior always is. He is dressed in a rough suit of untanned leather; with him he bears the insignia of his office, the old Moorish or Spanish gun, and the belt across his breast, with brass plate inscribed with his master's name.

"All those olives," said my companion, pointing to one plantation, "have just changed hands; they were lost, in a single night, at the gaming-table."

In a quarter of an hour we were walking along a wild, barren ravine, very narrow and very rocky; hill after hill, with nothing but stunted, prickly herbs, rose on either side. At our feet trickled a little stream, along whose side, and out of whose waters, grew the green oleanders, green as ever, but bearing their red pods, now bursting open with the woolly seed, which is partly like thistle-down, partly like the seed of the cotton-plant. Rocky gully kept on opening upon the road, now dry and dusty, but which had but lately been a foaming torrent, pouring down to one of the many sluggish tributaries of the Guadalquivir.

A few flocks of goats were browsing about the hill-sides, some with their bleating kids nestling in the prickly, dry, aromatic herbage at their feet. Most of these goats are of a dull red colour; some few are white or dark brown, and, with their tinkling bells, and the wolf-like dogs that guard them, form a somewhat picturesque group. These were the only signs of life on the wild, wind-swept hills, save the countless flocks of frailecillos, plovers, called by the common people "avefrias," that flew away in dusky clouds from

slope to slope, rising far out of gun-shot, and settling so far off that the ear could hardly hear their plaintive, wild call-note.

There was, perhaps, no great beauty in this valley; and yet, as Charles Kingsley has said of the fens of Lincolnshire, in his exquisitely true and faithful delineation of them, these wild, uncultivated, undulating valleys have a beauty of their own. They partake somewhat of the nature of the Sussex Downs, in their grey sweep, with their coombes and deans, as you ride from Brighton to Plumpton; but their beauty is wilder, and the idea they give you of perfect freedom is greater.

Again, the blue sky of the Sussex Downs is flecked with passing cloudlets: the trim village, the snug farm-house, and the well-hedged fields of corn, smile at their feet, all telling of security and labour; while never cloudlet flecks the sky of Spain, nor is there seen any enclosure, or farm-house, or smiling village here.

One valley opens into another as we pass through a most romantic ravine. On our left, sheer down, lies a deep narrow valley, with two "huertas," or market-gardens, each with its picturesque square stone cottage. In these irrigated gardens are one or two orange-trees, laden with golden fruit, shining bright in the winter's sun, and a few "almendras," almond-trees, leafless, but covered with blossoms, exactly like those of the peach, and lading the air with their luscious scent. Though it is February, on a nearer approach you would hear the hum of myriads of bees. Right above these huertas the steep slopes for miles and miles are thickly dotted with the stunted ilex, or evergreen oak, here called encinas, and clothed with a

short brown turf and aromatic herbs. They are wholly uncultivated, and the ground, strewn here and there with rocks, is far too precipitous, irregular, and broken to admit of hunting, though a sly fox may be seen in many of the glades, hardly distinguishable from the dog of the goat-herd.

Above us rose a huge round mound, like one of the Roman "barrows" of the Dunstable Downs, one mass of encina, and evergreens, and tangling brambles. Here I sat down, as the last valley opened before us, to enjoy the wild stretch of hill and forest. Right in front, some fifteen miles off, lay a peak of the brightest crimson hues, fading into dim purple on either side, while the rushy valley, covered with stunted evergreen shrubs, and wholly unoccupied and uncultivated, save for one desolate-looking stone shanty, spread for miles before us. Suddenly, winding along a rocky ledge just below us, half-hidden by the trees that, clinging to the rock, drooped over the narrow track, came along a crowd of thirty-six tinkling donkeys, whose grey backs contrasted prettily with the dark green of the ilex and chaparros (a sort of ilex). The gay, thoughtless, Andaluz donkey-drivers were singing the usual wild ditty of their race, with its monotonous refrain, "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."

This song, which is heard everywhere, in the campo, in the streets, on the busy wharf, or where the fisherman rocks out at sea in his tiny pareja, only consists, usually, of two lines, sung over and over again, and generally made up on the spur of the moment, the subject being some passing object, or some thought floating in the minstrel's mind, and longing to find escape. In this case the poor fellows only sang,—

“Here are two men sitting on the rock,
One man is tall, the other man is short,
La, la,” &c.—

which ditty they all took up, until the silent defile rang with the tinkling of the donkey-bells and the ditty of their drivers.

Three things claimed notice in this wild, lovely, sequestered valley. At our feet, in the hollow, is a well, called “The Woman’s Well.” It is a square stone tank, about three feet deep, crumbling, lichened, and evidently very ancient—doubtless of Roman origin; and an arch of stone built over it, the brambles and evergreen completely covering up the tank. Into this tank or basin, which was just large enough for one person to lie down in, a tiny stream of water keeps flowing from the rock. Here, on a summer’s morn, may be seen eight, nine, and even ten or twenty women, mostly poor, each waiting her turn to undress and lie down for ten minutes in the healing waters of the fount. They are supposed to be a sovereign cure for stiff joints, rheumatism, skin diseases, and lumbago. I bared my arm and thrust it into the water, and found, that though sheltered from the sun, it was quite warm, and of a yellowish hue.

Here, too, nestling in the ilices that hung up the slope, was an old Roman sandstone fountain, with a stone trough for the watering of the beast, and a massive, but small, ancient stone portico hanging over the well. Nailed against the stone was a black wooden cross, of the roughest description. I asked why, and was told that it was to mark where a poor muleteer, who had gone to water his beasts, had fallen in and been suffocated. These crosses are

constant, to mark the scene of a murder or a death, in the interior.

The thick, dark-green hanging woods rising to our right, one mass of dark-leaved ilices and chaparros, the spreading downs to the right, with their brown turf and scanty evergreen trees and shrubs, the narrow deep defiles, and the valley, with its romantic, half-hidden Woman's Well, all formed a scene truly fitter for the artist's pencil than for the writer's pen. But in Spain, as elsewhere, no pen, however skilful, however graphic, can truly recall the charm of scenery. The inspiration of such scenery as I am describing must be drawn from that scenery itself, or from other within reach—much is, of necessity, lost on paper. The slow-sinking sun, the plaintive call of the plover, the vulture slowly wheeling overhead, all these things, with the damp scent of the wooded defiles, free from the dust and noise of the plains, or the tilled fields, give a sense of loneliness, of desolation, and of repose, that the passing traveller cannot resist.

Who can adequately describe the effect of varied natural scenery upon the imagination and heart of man? What pen can really describe that scenery itself? Copley Fielding could portray faithfully the long grey sweep of the undulating South Downs, the mists that beat over them from the sea, the distant blue of the spreading sea beyond them, the villages nestling at their feet, the fleecy clouds that fleck the sky; but, beautiful as they are, his pictures cannot bring to mind all, or even a tithe, of the associations that a walk on those lonely Downs will conjure up.

Charles Kingsley has immortalized Devonshire

scenery, and one can almost see the rugged woodland, the dusky moors, the green ferny lanes, and the spreading blue sea of that coast, with its ever-shifting hues, and its brown-sailed fishing boats seeking, at the fall of eve, their several stations. But the charm of scenery must be sought in the place itself: to realize the fullness of its beauty and drink in its inspiration, you must wander on the down, or explore the woodland, or gaze out upon the tumbling sea.

At last, after our seven miles of weary, rocky walking, all the weariness of which, however, was soon to be compensated for by the grandeur of the scene on which we were entering, we drew near to our goal, the old Roman bridge of Badallano, close to Linares Station. Arrived at the station, where the scream of the engine and the grumbling of the trucks sounded strangely in the lonely valley, with the quiet, desolate hills belting it round, we soon, after striding across some rough, broken, stony ground, struck the river, the Guarizas, a tributary of the Guadalar, now, owing to the long drought, only a small and winding stream, eating its way between its sandy banks, some sixty feet below our path, studded with little islets here and there, covered with oleanders and other shrubs. At last we came into a pass or gorge of the river; on either side rose heights of rugged grey granite, looking as if giants' hands had piled the shattered masses of stone one upon the other. In every crevice of these grey heights grew the stunted chaparros in countless numbers, the chaparro being the barren, or wild, or bastard olive, its dark, dusky, sombre foliage forming a striking contrast to the grey riven blocks of granite peering out here and there from their foliage,

or running sheer down, in shattered, naked, jagged masses, into the river.

Between these two rugged heights flowed the river; and, spanning it, all covered with loose boulders of granite, was the old Roman bridge, still connecting height with height. The bridge consists of one beautifully-proportioned arch, of red sandstone, standing some forty feet above the stream at low water. When, however, after the winter torrents, the floods come down, the water flows right over the bridge. Just now, there were only two small cascades of white, foaming water; but so rough and narrow was their passage beneath the bridge, that the roar was even then deafening. After the winter floods, it must be a grand and sublime spectacle indeed.

I clambered, or rather scrambled, over the loose boulders of grey granite,—here clinging round a sharp jutting corner of rock, here hanging on by some loose bush that had taken root,—and, looking at the dark, silent, deep stream, sheltered and ever cool in its narrow rocky channel, was fairly entranced by the barren and weird grandeur of the scene. The cold, abrupt grey granite walls rise, on one side, two or three hundred feet above the dark water-line, crested at the top with chaparro; here and there, half-hidden by the huge boulders of pale granite rock, lie still, shadowy pools of icy-cold water: it is just such a scene as one pictures to oneself the last home of the Covenanter Burley, in Sir Walter Scott's 'Old Mortality.'

Of course, it is not on nearly so grand a scale as the Pass of the Guadalhorce, on the line of railway from Malaga to Cordoba, or the magnificent defile of Despeñaperros, on the line from Madrid to Cordoba,

where eight bridges span as many rocky ravines; but still it is as wild and grand a piece of barren scenery as one could desire to see.

As we retraced our steps, and crawled from block to block, the pale, large moon looked over the cresting trees of one height, and the pall of evening stole, in a few minutes, over rock, and river, and stunted tree.



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER III.

A MODEL SPANISH CEMETERY.

NEATNESS and trimness, more than absolute beauty, seem to me to characterize the best of the Spanish cemeterios. The great lack in them, to an English eye, is the absence of the rich green turf, which, in the churchyards and cemeteries of England, forms one of the most beautiful features—a lack which is only to a certain extent made up for by the trim garden-beds, the neat gravel-walks, and the shapely cypresses, or gorgeous orange-trees.

One of the best-kept cemeterios of Spain is that of Cordoba, beautiful not only in itself, but even more so, perhaps, from its antique and picturesque Moorish surroundings, and the natural scenery around it.

It was a calm, sunny Sunday morning in December when I started to visit the spot I am now about to describe. The walk was at once peaceful, interesting, and beautiful. Passing through the ancient quadrangle of the mosque, studded with its dark orange-trees, now showing their full wealth of green and golden fruit, we came full upon the El Triunfo—an ancient pillar, with its quaint stone figure of San Rafael, the patron saint of the Cordovese, surmounting it. On the right was the palace of the Bishop of Cordoba, built in 1745, and, hard by, looking over the peaceful Guadalquivir, the seminario, with its quaint, old-fashioned garden. Just below was the

ancient bridge, with its seventeen arches; beyond the river, on the left, stretched the blue Sierra Morena, with its ancient watch-towers crowning its heights.

Leaving the broad, peaceful river winding slowly among its groves of alamos blancos (silver poplars), still in autumn russet foliage, and the rude Moorish water-mills, standing up out of the water under the shelter of the bridge, we passed through one of the land-gates, close to the cavalry barracks. Streaming up from the gate, with many a push and joke, came a party of mounted and dismounted Spanish cavalry, dragoons and hussars, their bright uniforms and clanking swords forming a picturesque contrast to the old grey gateway. One uniform struck me as specially attractive,—light-blue tunic, with light-yellow cord facings, and yellow tassel; cap of light blue with yellow band, and baggy, brick-dust trousers, enclosed, as is usual with Spanish cavalry, in shining black leather below the knee. The contrast of colours was very bright and pleasing, and suited the bright, sunny South very well. The men looked wiry and active, but rather small of stature. My guide observed, seeing me scrutinizing them somewhat closely,—“Chicitos, pero muy valientes!” (“They are very small, but very valiant!”).

Passing through the last crumbling gateway, and under the last outlying fragment of Moorish masonry, we entered the stunted avenue of black poplars, near the end of which lay the cemetery, its white portals, and the stone figure above them, “salus infirmorum,” looking quite sparkling in the morning sun. The two pitched and white-washed patios, or little courtyards, into which you first enter, are very tastefully

arranged and trimly kept. Four cypresses, bound together at the top, bend gracefully over a little stone well in the first, while orange-trees in profusion are trained up and along the walls of both. I noticed here a device which struck me as simple and clever. Nothing is much uglier than pitching-stones, but here the ugliness was to a certain extent redeemed by a simple and easy method. The stones employed were of three different colours, the common dark pitching-stones forming the background, on which trees or shrubs—noticeably one large tree, with spreading bough, called the "Tree of Life"—were picked out in the stones of lighter colours.

The little chapel—with its marble slab on which to rest the coffin, its tiny altar, with crucifix and lights—does not claim much mention. It was neat and bare, but it opens into a third little dark courtyard, seven yards broad by ten long; this was plainly pitched, and had three mounds in it.

"This," said my informant, "is where the Spanish Protestants lie."

A curious story was afterwards told me relative to this tiny court. A Protestant's body was refused, by the Church, its narrow strip of earth in the walls of the cemetery. The civil authorities decreed that it had a right to its home; accordingly, it was laid in this little patio, and not strictly within the walls of the cemetery, though within the walls of its enclosure. Anything like the sequestered beauty of the situation of this cemetery, or the peacefulness of its shady patios, festooned with orange-trees, I have never witnessed.

Turning to the right, and passing forward, you enter the model cemetery of Cordoba. The bodies

are buried, as is customary in the Roman Catholic cemeteries of Spain, according to classes, first, second, and third, each paying a different amount for the funeral ceremony and for the ground occupied. This, as I have minutely described it in the first volume of this work, I need not further enlarge upon. On either side, as you enter, are the usual deep walls, with the little tiers of slabs at the head of each coffin bearing the inscription; but there are no formal, sandy quadrangles, as at Cadiz, and the whole place, or rather the part of it reserved for the first-class, has quite the appearance of a garden.

These little slabs, although they are only of just the same size as the head of a coffin, had letters of all colours, and were many of them preserved from weather by a glass plate in front, kept beautifully clean in most cases, and thus showing the inscription plainly enough. Some were quite like a tiny bow-window, within which, on either side of the inscription, or in front of it, stood vases of flowers, or tiny candles, some of which were lighted in honour of the patron saint's day of the person buried.

The favourite device on the tablets from 1830 to 1845 seemed to be, strangely enough, a skull and cross-bones; or, more frequently, a coat-of-arms or crest. Some of these tablets were of polished brass, under glass; some of black marble, with gilt letters. Most of them bore at the foot of the inscription the letters R. I. P. or R. I. P. A. Some few had texts of Scripture: the Book of Job seemed to be the favourite garden from which to cull these sacred flowers. On one tablet at the entrance I noticed, "Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei," Job xix. 21, the conclusion of the verse, "For the hand

of God hath touched me," being omitted. Of course, the "miseremini mei, amici," is a request for prayers for the soul of the dead.

I subscribe three typical inscriptions copied on the spot.

(1.) At the head, a cross, with skull and cross-bones on either side; under the cross the words—

"Job xxx. 15. Aqui yacen los restos mortales
DE DON RAFAEL FERNANDEZ Y SANCHEZ,
que falleció
el día 15 de Febrero de 1848,
á los 64 años de su edad.
R. I. P."

(2.) At the head of the inscription a simple cross. Then the words—

Propiedad.
D. RAFAEL OSCUNA Y GARCIA,
falleció,
el 30 de Julio de 1840,
á la edad de 17 años.
R. I. P.

(3.) Here is one, not uncommon, very terse and simple:—

DN. RICARDO AGUILAR Y HOYD.
R. I. P.

And many, like this last, had nothing but the name, and the simple R. I. P. The absence of date struck and surprised me greatly, as did one other matter, namely, that whereas in many cemeteries one sees constantly the words, "His sorrowing parents," or, "Her bereaved husband," put at the foot of the inscription, to denote by whom the tablet was placed, here one rarely met with that.

The path, with its neat evergreen hedges, slopes gradually upwards; on either side are beautifully-

kept flower-beds, rich with scented exotic shrubs and flowers, all growing luxuriantly. A few grand tombs and vaults were scattered about in the centre of this garden, some being very large and costly, but designed without much taste or skill: they were of marble and white stone.

The cypress-trees, the acacias, the trim evergreen hedges, and the gay flowers, all told of pains and care; and the blue Sierra Morena, with the Hermitage nestling in a cleft of its rugged side, and the bluer sky and bright sun, formed a scene strangely different from the damp green stillness of an English church-yard at Christmas.

As you pass up the central walk, on either side lie the white walls, with their numberless little tablets, which contain the bodies of the "first class," some of the inscriptions of which, taken at the entrance, I have above given. Many of these had lamps hung in front of them; on several I noticed the words, "The lawful wife." Immortelles were hung in front of many, and inside the glass of one of them lay a circlet of black and grey velvet, stuffed with some aromatic herb, and upon it, in gold letters,—

"Recuerdo : Eterno :
Mi adora esposa."

That is, "Thy memory is imperishable, my beloved consort."

So much for that part of the cemetery devoted to the dead of the "first class." One must use the words, yet how hollow and meaningless do they become when one reflects that their wealth and position can now give them nothing more than a stately tomb, or a velvet wreath, or a burning taper; and that they alone,

poor or rich, will be *de la primera clase* in that House of many Mansions who have used, and used well, their means of grace and opportunities of usefulness!

At the end of the broad central walk stands what appears to be a small ston temple, with strong iron railings across its open front; it is the burial-place for the "canonicos" of the Cathedral of Cordova! Over the front is the inscription,—“Ossa arida, audite verbum Domini: Educam vos de sepulchris vestris: Et scietis quia ego Dominus. Ezekiel xxxvi.” Around the walls inside are the usual little tablets, a bust (stone), and, I think, a few texts of Holy Scripture.

This division, this separation of rich from poor, of ecclesiastics from laymen, certainly does not commend itself to one's liking or approval at all; but it does not cease here, for, with a happier thought, the children who die quite young have, like their spiritual fathers, their own shady corner—and a pretty, shady little court it is, with its immortelles, its tiny tablets, and its bright flowers, in pots, standing around. To-day it looked very beautiful, and the inscription above it struck me as singularly happy,—“Departamento del angel,” or, the “The angel's part.” It is sometimes called “The innocent's resting-place.”

Then we wended our way to the homes of the second class. They are chiefly plain brick squares, under-ground, but, although perfectly neat and trim, there are few inscriptions. Still I noticed some little tablets fixed on the surface of the ground, and one or two tiny wooden crosses, with a few flowers here and there, planted by pious hands. I cannot be distinctly certain, but I think, as is usually the case, these second-class bodies were all under-ground, and

covered over with brick. The rule in Spanish cemeteries is, I believe, that the second-class bodies lie in rows, at the feet of the white walls which contain the ashes of their greater brethren. But here, also, I noticed another portion for children.

“And now,” I said to my guide, “go we to visit the last home of the poor, the Entierro de la tercera clase?”—“Why go there, señor; there is nothing at all to see?” I believed him fully; but we went. The burying-place of the third class, although all its surroundings are neat, is a large sandy pit, into which the bodies are put. There is nothing indecent or irreverent about it; but one would like to see some little memorial of God’s poor, who lie here *en masse*. Cypresses and a few rose-trees grew around, but that was all. Just above, was a small wooden building, used by the medical men to dissect or examine any body which might be picked up and brought there to ascertain the cause of death—at least, so I was informed; and as I saw nothing but a deal table and a washhand-basin inside, I conclude such is the fact.

Well, the last home of los pobres was a heartless one, I must say; but even its bareness and heartlessness could not deprive them of God’s good gifts at the last. The same sun shone upon their last resting-place that was shining on those of their richer brethren,—the same blue, peaceful sierra sheltered them,—meet emblems, I thought, of the love that flows alike for all, rich or poor, from the “one God and Father of us all.”

As I passed away, I noticed, recurring several times on different tablets, the text, “Miseremini mei, amici,” from the Book of Job; also, that constantly

the texts, though there were but few, were selected from that sacred book specially. Petitions, like those contained in the text just quoted, for prayers, and expressions of affection on the part of the bereaved, I noticed in many cases; but there were not many expressions of faith, and hope, and resignation. This cemeterio must take rank as a beautifully-kept one.

Poetry is not common in the cemeterios of Spain; but as we turned to leave, my guide said, "Here is a beautiful poem on this tablet,—*Una cosa muy buenita—you must copy it.*" So I did so, and I here append a translation, as it may interest some of those who read these pages. More than one uneducated person directed my attention to it. I was, and am, still at a loss to discern its beauty:—

"Alas! and what remaineth of her now,
Whose grace and goodness once I called mine own?
Naught save the clay-cold limbs, the pallid brow,
Hidd'n in cold earth 'neath this unfeeling stone!

"And had the Master's summons come for me
At that same hour—so alone we were;
Haply not one would have remembered thee,
The child of graces manifold as rare!
But I am spared awhile—and haste to grave
These words of truth, thy memory dear to save!"

The walk homewards was beautiful as ever, through the ancient city-gate, along the green sward beneath the rustling groves of alamos blancos, with the silver Guadalquivir stretching along to the right, and reflecting, in its clear placid waters, the sixteen arches of the massive bridge that spans them.

I subjoin one typical specimen of the funeral notices which are sent by the relations of the dead to

be printed in the provincial papers, and are also printed on black-edged paper, and left on the table of the chief casinos and hotels:—

R. I. ✠ R. A.

Hoy juéves 20, del corriente á las cuatro de-la tarde, será conducido al
cemeterio catolico de esta ciudad el cadáver de
EL SEÑOR DON JULIO ARTEGO Y MOLINA,

Capitan de Caballeria

H.H.—G.G.

Su madre, hermanos, tios, tios politicos,
primos, primos politicos, sobrinos
director espiritual, demas parientes afectos:

Ruegan á v. se sirva encomendar
su alma a Dios nro. Sr. y asistir
á tan religioso acto: favores que
agradeciran.

Cadiz: Novbre. de 1873.

I believe the H.H. stands for "He, He," i. e., take notice, and the G.G. for "gloria"; but abbreviations are with difficulty understood by foreigners.

CHAPTER IV.

CORDOBA, AND ITS CHARITIES.

THE ancient city of Cordoba, where the Kalif used to hold his court, and where the wonderful mosque, second only to that at Mecca, still remains a monument of wonderful workmanship, is fast going to decay and ruin. The first thing that strikes one, on getting out of the train, is the tropical appearance of the "Paseo," or public walk, for here grow and ripen the orange, the lemon, the citron, the pomegranate; and the graceful and lofty date-palm raises its tall head over the rest, and softly rustles its feathery leaves in the whispering breeze. There are two very tall palms standing in the centre of the city, which tradition says were planted by Abd-ur-raham as long ago as 788. Passing along the city-wall for a short distance, the town is entered through a handsome gateway of Roman architecture, and one finds oneself in a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets. So narrow are many of these streets, that on stretching out the arms to the right and left one can almost touch both sides. Under old arches, unmistakably Moorish, past new houses built of red brick, and past old houses that seem to have remained untouched as long as the palms in the convent-garden, one will at last, most likely after repeatedly losing oneself, come into the main street, which leads down to the river. As for myself, I only found this much-desired street by walking

several times from one side of the city to the other at different points, by which means I at last hit upon it. When I had recovered my surprise at finding myself anywhere in particular, I walked down to the end of the street, to the river, and then I was repaid amply for my trouble. A splendid piece of water, as clear as crystal, deep and sluggish here, and running rapidly over shallows there, spanned across its greatest breadth by a splendid Roman bridge; and a little further down, below the bridge, situated in mid-stream, two old Moorish water-mills. To the right, as I stood on the bridge looking down stream, were the ruins of the Alcazar, or Moorish palace, with its garden of orange-trees laden with fruit; to the left, a landscape of fields and trees, reminding one not a little of English river scenery. All this made up a picture worth a good deal of trouble.

I found out, as I slowly wended my way back to my friend's house, that it is well to be careful where one puts one's feet in the streets of Cordoba, for a great many of the paving-stones are of soap-stone, which is very slippery, especially so in wet weather.

My friend, whose house was next door to the "Casa de Expositos," or Foundling Hospital, told me that, owing to the number of infants left at this charity, and the scarcity of wet nurses (four and five children being given to one woman to nurse), the mortality was about 75 per cent.; and that, in order to remedy this evil, he had asked permission of the authorities to allow him to try a sucking-bottle with condensed milk, with which he fed his own baby. To this proposition the authorities had very gladly consented, and if I liked to accompany him I could. My friend sent his servant on before, with the sucking-bottle and the milk and

hot water on a tray, and we followed. We were received at the door by two extremely kind-looking, matronly Sisters of Charity, who showed us into a nice, comfortable room, and begged us to be seated. Here we met the two doctors belonging to the establishment, to whom my friend explained the mode of preparing the milk, &c. When some of the milk had been prepared, we sent out for a baby, and one was brought who had been left in the "turno" (a padded box, which is left open all night for the reception of foundlings) the night before. One of the Sisters said that she thought it was about two days old. I do not think any of us were very sanguine about the experiment answering on so young a child. If so, we were agreeably surprised, for the little mite of a thing took to it amazingly, and emptied the bottle without removing its mouth.

After this, I was shown over the establishment by two Sisters, who were exceedingly kind. I first went into a large room, which was used as a play-room in wet weather. One end of this room was fitted up with evergreens and rocks, amongst which were all sorts of toys—dolls, Noah's-ark animals, Christmas-tree candles, little groups of figures, some painted to represent butchers'-shops, and some of the religious, for example, Our Saviour in the manger. This was an immense source of amusement to the little ones, the Sister told me. We next went into the playground, where about seventy or eighty girls, ranging from about four years old to fourteen or fifteen, were playing. On seeing us, they all rushed up and swarmed round the Sisters, to whom they seemed very much attached, and who had kind words and bright smiles for all of them. In the kitchen were two other Sisters,

assisted by two of the grown-up foundlings, cooking the dinner for all those little mouths. All the utensils were of bright copper, and everything was beautifully clean.

In the larder hung great sides of bacon, and around the sides were seven or eight huge "tinajas," or earthen jars, large enough to put two men in, full of olives. In a large chest or bin, divided into compartments, were garbanzos (a sort of pea), beans, flour, and other necessaries. If the dinner of these poor children was half as good as it ought to be judging by the smell, they had not much to complain of, so far as eating was concerned. In the school-room we found a very pretty and young Sister of Charity occupied in teaching some two dozen little charges. The lesson was in writing, and I was charmed at the way she went softly round, bending over first one and then another, with a kind word and a willing hand to help. The room was hung round with maps and diagrams, illustrating, by pictures and figures, all manner of things for the aid of the very small pupils. From here we passed into the sleeping apartment; first of all, to those of the very small foundlings. This consisted of a long room, with whitewashed walls, on one side of which were some seven or eight French windows, making the room light and airy, although, on the day I was there, rain was falling heavily, and the room seemed somewhat cold and cheerless. On the other side were ranged along the wall some twenty or thirty tiny cradles, made of iron, in the shape of walnut-shells, which, with their scrupulously clean white curtains, looked very comfortable. We took a peep at one or two of the little faces behind the curtains. I think that, when I was there, there were only about ten or