O, dear Lord, give me Thy power,
Vengeance on these brutes to shower!"

She sallies forth, with her gun, on horseback, meets the four remaining bandits, shoots three dead, and one delivers himself up to her in a dead swoon. She thanks God, and carries the four bodies (one alive, but fainting), on her one horse, back to the judge; he compliments her on her heroism:—

Then, Rosaria, unto thee,
Alms were given right speedily,
And in Ronda's town hast thou
Many a good work wrought ere now.

Some account here follows of the Feast to the Virgin and Christ, instituted by the maiden, and then comes the moral:—

"Christian" reader, here discern
God's own truth, and deign to learn
How a girl of twenty years,
All unaided, without fears,
How to use her gun unskilled,
Put to flight, or maimed, or killed,
Seven robbers, who had been
Long the terror of the scene.
Ask ye why her hand was strong
To repress this crying wrong?
She had asked her Lord for aid;
From her youth up, she had prayed
To that God of whom we pray,
That, at our last earthly day,
Unto us it may be given
With His Christ to dwell in Heaven.—AMEN.

Note.—Two hundred days of indulgence from Purgatory are given, by certain bishops, to all who will say a Creed and an Ave to the Christ of the Wood and the Virgin of the Guide represented at the head of these pages.

Gross exaggeration as the above narrative must necessarily be, it is a fair type of the religious element in the Spanish miner's literature. Another favourite topic, although less so than the miracles, is the Passion of Jesus Christ.

The chief and most noticeable feature in the treatment of Scriptural subjects is the way in which every feat recorded in the Holy Gospels is so overlaid and entwined with legendary lore, that one hardly knows where truth ends and fiction begins. Thus, in the most popular recital of the betrayal of Christ for thirty pieces of silver, the following, among other pieces of mythic lore, occurs. The paper is called "Mystic and Contemplative Narrative of the Passion of our beloved Redeemer":—

Judas, having betrayed his Lord,
Went to where the Virgin sat,
And, with a false smile, he said,—
"Why, Holy Mother, grievest thou!
If I had my will, and were able,
Thy Son should soon be free."

For joy at his tidings, the Virgin
Gave him a very rich supper,
A supper so complete and rare,
That no delicacy was wanting!
Oh, Judas! false traitor! thou shalt pay
For thy great deceit.

Some of these religious pamphlets are exceedingly quaint. One, called "The Spiritual Numerator," with a clock for frontispiece, offers a thought, or rather contemplation, for each hour. Thus:—

Two o'clock striketh:
At two consider
That thou hast two eyes

To see good things with;
Also two ears hath God given thee
That thou shouldest hear two good things,
The preacher's voice, and thy confessor's sentence.
Also thou hast two nostrils,
That thou mayest smell two things—
The fragrance of glory
And the stench of the pit.
Also two hands to work with,
And keep hunger away, &c.
These are the lessons of two o'clock.

But it is time to turn to the consideration of the moral element, as it is found sparsely, and very feebly, represented in the miner's literature. Here is one of the few specimens of moral tales. It is called—

The Life of the Man who does Well, compared with that of Him who does Ill.

Of Him who does Well.	*Of Him who does Ill.*
Being industrious at school, All respect him.	He begins to rebel against his mother, And will not go to school.
In his earliest years He makes true friendships.	He plays tricks on his mother; He goes out throwing stones.
In his hours of solitude He learns to paint.	He robs his parents' purse, And runs away from home.
He pities deeply, and helps The sick and suffering.	At billiards he loses every pen, And is punished as a vagrant.
In the army he fights well, And drills his men gently	Then he forges a bill, But Justice overtakes him.
At last—	Thrown into prison, he hears With indifference his sentence.
In a severe action wounded, The doctor comes to see him.	He escapes; and murders a man To obtain his money.
At once, with holy unction, He receives the last Communion.	Sleeping in the Campo, The guards seize him.

He makes his will fairly;
Dies: and his parents long weep for him.

"Beneath this simple stone,
Rests at peace a holy man."

He is condemned to death;
In chapel he confesses his guilt.

By the halter he dies;
He has no tomb: and none are found to pity him.

Grotesque and rugged as is the above, it is certainly good in tendency. But the specimens of this sort are few and far between indeed. Turning from the religious and the moral to the comic and the obscene, we shall be surprised and shocked by the scurrility, the coarseness, and the indecency of much of the cheap literature in the market.

Here is a pattern or type of the scurrilous—a narrative said to be based upon fact. Two priests, or curas, in charge of parishes, each have a querida, or mistress. They find it needful to effect an exchange of parishes, and, to save expense and trouble, they change their queridas also. This incident, embellished and intertwined with the coarsest and most scurrilous jokes at the expense of the clergy, formed a great amusement for some in the Spanish mining districts. But it is a subject at once too sacred and too coarsely treated to be entered upon more at length in these pages. And, besides, one shrinks at the present moment from dwelling at all on the faults and vices of the Spanish priesthood. Like all other classes and professions, it certainly, and undoubtedly, has its faults; but where is there a profession—especially if it be one kept up in defiance of nature, as is the case with a celibate priesthood—which has not its faults? And, when to their enforced celibacy is added the fact that the priests, who in other days had, in many cases, only £20 to £50 per annum from Govern-

ment, trusting to their parishioners (in many cases very poor) for any addition to their salary, have now had even that wretched grant refused them for years since the accession of the Republic, and have to live upon alms, or by their wits, can one wonder that in some, if not in many, cases they become debased and reckless?

Surely nothing alters a man's character so much for the worse as a soul-eating poverty. True, it may make a sinner a saint, but, inasmuch as it takes away from a man those opportunities of doing good to others which open his heart and soul, and denies to him all ennobling and elevating pleasures and pursuits of science or art, it is far more likely to make a saint a sinner. But the poor country clergy—who often now have to turn their hand to mending watches, making beehives, hen-coops, and the like, and who certainly do it with true Spanish cheerfulness and goodwill—are fiercely satirised, and too often obscenely so, in the cheap literature of the Spanish miner.

From the scurrilous and semi-blasphemous, the transition to the coarse joke and the obscene story is not very great. Here is a specimen of the coarse printed couplets, read and sung to an attentive group by the Spanish miner:—

You were in the train upset by bandits,
So I was, in truth;
Gladly would I be again upset,
Never more to see my wife.

Oh! ye poor men who lecture,
Thinking to gain a living,
When you ask for money,
All will rush to the door.

Moral. Stick to the wine and cigarillo!

If a wife takes to becoming intellectual,
Her husband must make baby's pap!

This last sentence would not, from all I hear, find much favour with a certain advanced party in England now.

Glorious are the laurels
That a poet wins.
What is the good to him?
He never has a peseta in his pocket.

This is a true remark enough; for, of all persons in Spain, literary men, even of talent, are perhaps the least appreciated.

I love to quaff the wine, and say,
Life is bitter, but it is only one swallow.

This last a most thoroughly characteristic *refran*.

Mountebanks and rascals hate politics;
And why? Because a lover of politics is sure to be an honest man!

All these quotations are from one broadsheet—a popular one, the couplets of which are often sung out by the miners. These couplets are, indeed, low, and coarse enough. In them there is evident a certain crude materialism of the worst and most sensual kind,—an utter absence of admiration for what is good because it is good, whether it profits or no.

Let us turn now to a still sadder page—the simply ribald and indecent. Alas! although I have said but little of it, the indecent element enters into nearly all the secular cheap literature of the Spanish poor.

Here is a specimen, and by no means one of the worst. It is called 'Juan Lanas: a very Racy Narrative.' And racy it certainly is. Would that it stopped at raciness. Let me premise, ere presenting 'Juan

Lanas' to the reader, that the history here referred to was sung in front of the writer's house, and other respectable houses, by a blind man, night after night, crowds of women, young and old, admiring and applauding.

Juan Lanas: Verses referring to a Poor Peasant, and the Bad Night he passed, when, returning home, he found his Wife about to be Delivered, and his House dark, and his Dinner uncooked.

On a dark and rainy night
Came John Lanas from his work,
Found his house without a light,
And his wife bedewed in tears.
Oh! but what a night to rest!

Said he, "Leave your grief at once,
Make my supper, light the fire."
Little thought he she was suffering
For the love of the past year.
Oh! but what a night to rest!

Said his wife, "Leave everything,
Run for oil, and kill some fowls;
Tell my mother, bring the nurse,
And a bottle of rich wine."
What a night for John to rest!

"Get me meat and bacon too,
Get me peas and chocolate,
Candied biscuits, rose liqueur;
I am in a dreadful way."
What a chance for John to rest!

Reeling, tumbling, stopping, falling,
Poor John to the town went on;
Got the goods, and, home returning,
Put rich soup upon the fire.
Not a wink of sleep for John!

Said the midwife, "Come you here, John,
Soon your wife will have a son;
Hold her up." And then his wife said,
"This is not your fault, dear John."
Oh, he had no rest at all!

"Light the candle, bring the relic;
Virgin, of deliverance good,
Come and help thy suffering sister;
Yes, we 'll say a Litany."
Oh, but what a night for John!

"Well? and, after all, a daughter!
What a pity; chew some hair,
Then be sick. Now, bring me scissors,
Thread, and clothes, and sash, and broth."
Oh, but what a night for John!

Poor John went to get his supper,
When he heard the midwife scream,—
"John, go get of peony syrup,
And some fern of maiden's hair."
Not a wink of sleep for John!

"Yes, and viper's root, and white lead,
And some sprigs of fever-fue,
And some vessels, and some treacle."
To the town once more John flew.
What a sleepless night for John!

Tired, returned he; then the midwife
Put the child into his arms,
Saying,—"Nurse your precious daughter,
She is worth a lump of gold."
Not a wink of sleep for John!

To her home the midwife hieth;
John begins to think of rest,
When his wife's dear mother crieth,
"I 've a bad pain in my breast!"
When will come some sleep for John?

Reader, John Lanas speaks to you,
Saying,—"Now that once you know
All a woman's evil customs,
All the misery they bring."
(Never sleep hath come to John !)

"Do not trust in them, as I did,
But into your pocket put
Your right hand, for two brown farthings,
And just buy, and read, my book."
For John had no sleep that night !

In the above thoroughly Spanish ditty, I have suppressed all that could offend an English reader. Certainly, it is an indecent and coarse song; but it is one of thousands, and is sold and sung without reserve to admiring crowds of the lower, respectable orders. But it is a sad witness to the depth to which a naturally high-minded population, such as the Spanish mining population, has been suffered to fall, simply from the want of "true religion and useful learning," that such themes as these, over which a veil should be ever drawn, should form the staple of their songs, and really rejoice their hearts.

There is but one more element—the political—to be noticed here; and of that, time and space forewarn me to abstain from quoting a specimen at any length. Is it not enough to say, that, as a rule, the political pamphlet is read by very few, and understood by still fewer, and that, generally, its aim is to spread broadcast the seeds of dissatisfaction with any Government—save that of the Democratic Federal Republic; that is, the division of the country into small cantones, each with its separate Government? The most popular pamphlet on this subject, perhaps, is that called 'All or Nothing,' with an in-

flammatory prologue, by Roqué Barcia, a pamphlet written not without real talent and insight into national characteristics. But to go into details would be to impose too great a task on the already wearied reader. Let me only now ask the reader to follow me from sunny, semi-tropical, uneducated Spain to two other climes.

The Spanish miner has no genius for mining—to him it is simply a means of winning bread—and so he has no distinctive literature. But turn, for one moment, to the German miner; he, at any rate, has his love of mining and his *esprit de corps*. He has his regular mining ballads, sung from the mine-owner to the pitman, all of which (and they have lately been published in a collected form in Leipzig) have a hearty, genial, moral tone, free from superstition and ribaldry, I believe, yet full of nature and of true religion. Here is the favourite song of the German miner, and many of my readers, doubtless, will be familiar with it; it is called "Ein Bergmannslied," but is better known by the name of the chorus to each stanza, "Glückauf,"—*i. e.*, "God-speed."

I.

The merry bell, from yonder steep,
Hath pealed its matin lay;
To where the shaft looms, dark and deep,
Come, comrades, let's away!
Yet give your loves a parting kiss,
A hearty kiss, then good-bye bliss,
For such the life we lead;
And now
God speed our work! God speed!

II.

With fearless heart, and nimble tread,
Each lad the shaft descends,

And at his post, for daily bread,
With sturdy stroke contends.
The waggons rattle; all around
Of pick and axe is heard the sound;
But of the blast take heed.
And now
God speed our work! God speed!

III.

And, oh, if in the darksome mine,
Death's hand on me be laid,
He who hath willed it is divine,
And, well I know, can aid.
So, farewell, loves, dry up your tears,
It is not death the miner fears,
For Heaven is free from need
And cares.
God speed our work! God speed!

How unstrained, how hearty, how natural, is the tone of this last!—above all, how healthy! To pass to it from the ephemeral themes that we have dwelt upon, necessarily, is like passing from the stagnant and relaxing river into the restless, bracing sea. And compare the literature of the poor Spaniard with that of his English brother, and see how few, in comparison, are his advantages. Take only one Society, that for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in England, and think of the blessings it puts within the reach of thousands, and then despise not the poor Spanish miner.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUNDAY'S WALK AMONG THE SPANISH MINERS.

So far as scenery is concerned, this part of the Black Country has nothing of grace or beauty to recommend it. Charles Kingsley has beautifully said that the Fen Country of Lincolnshire has a certain wild beauty, as of the sea, to charm the traveller. Waste after waste, field after field, hedgeless, treeless, but still with a certain amount of verdure, there meet the eye. But here the case is different. Here nothing but rolling plains, sometimes bearing crops of stunted corn, sometimes studded with that ugliest of stunted trees, the olive, are to be seen; and, when once the harvest is reaped, which is in May and June, the fierce sun soon turns what was green into wastes of withered stubble, and dry, arid dust.

It is not, then, natural beauty which will make our Sunday's walk interesting or picturesque. But the old tale of "eyes and no eyes" is true as ever, and a keen observer will find many things to interest him in our Sunday's walk.

On the Friday previous to the Sunday here described, one of the best-hearted, most popular, and richest men of the town had died, and, contrary to that Spanish law which decrees, and rightly enough, that every corpse be interred within twenty-four hours of death, the funeral of this man was delayed until Sunday, at nine o'clock.

On Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, I passed the windows of his ample house. To my surprise, a crowd of some hundreds was thronging around the window of the dead man's bed-room. I elbowed my way in. The windows, almost to the ground, were wide open, and there, lying stiffly upon his iron bedstead, was the dead body of Don Juan, exposed to the public gaze. The room was barren of every sort of furniture, save that at the foot of the bed was placed the gorgeous white-and-gold coffin, in readiness for the morrow's ceremony.

Two Spanish servants were watching, sadly enough, beside the corpse of him who had once been a generous master and a genial friend. A huge wax-candle burnt at each corner of the bed. The arms of the dead man were crossed, or rather folded upon his breast; kid gloves were upon his hands; his dress was the same that he was wont to use for state occasions; his massive gold watch-chain lay loosely on his breast; a few flowers were spread around his head.

"He sleeps calm enough now, anyhow," said a Spanish miner, who was looking on. "Will he meet Christ at the Judgment Day with those white-kid gloves on?"

We shuddered, and I passed on, at the ribald remark.

On Sunday morning, when I went out to get a breath of the balmy air before the heat of day, the poor decked-out body was borne forth to its last long home. But first it went to the church, where it was deposited, its coffin covered with passion-flowers and orange-blossoms, amid a whole circle of pig-skins full of wine, sacks of peas, and of wheat, upon the floor of the church. These last were the offerings to the

priests of the church, who, for the space of half-an-hour, said the solemn Spanish service for the burial of the dead.

Then, followed by over 2,000 people, the long train moved forth, headed by eight priests, to the rough and rocky and unkempt cemetery, where the genial comrade, the warm, kind, honest heart was to find its last earthly resting-place.

My walk lay onwards to the distant mines, and I determined, as the day had dawned so full of interest, to jot down all that interested me.

First, then, came a Spanish herdsman carrying a tiny lamb, literally "in his bosom," and, behind him, a boy, whose burden should have been the lightest, bearing on his shoulders, by its two fore-legs, the lame mother; and I could not help remarking how vividly the words of the Holy Scripture were thus illustrated, "The little ewe lamb, which lay in the poor man's bosom, and was unto him as a daughter," and "The shepherd who beareth home his lost sheep on his shoulders rejoicing." And rejoicing these men surely were, for gayer prattle I never heard.

The most painful part of the walks in the Spanish interior, is that you hear on every side, from mule-driver, donkey-driver, and—when you pass a wash-ing-ground—washerwomen, the coarsest and vilest language imaginable,—language so coarse, so obscene, that one can hardly persuade oneself that one is walk-ing in a civilized and in a (so-called) Christian country. The muleteer or donkey-driver calls his donkey by an obscene and vile name. If enraged, he will say to his companions, "I spit upon ten," pro-nouncing the word diez (the Spanish for ten) as though it were Dios (God), as I have before observed,

and so conveying the worst and rankest form of blasphemy against the Creator's name. While the mildest form of vituperation among the washerwomen will be, "Your mother was a w——; go you and wallow in the water-closet."

Indeed, low-sunken, degraded, and utterly ignorant as are the masses in Spain, any one who judged of them by their language would form an estimate of their moral state even lower than would be correct.

Just before we left the dreary, dusty outskirts of the town, we came upon a litter resting in the middle of the rock-strewn road, the four bearers standing by smoking and wiping the perspiration from their foreheads and bare chests. The litter was covered with black canvas, and was curtained round with the same, to keep off the fierce glare of the sun. In the litter lay a fine young fellow, who had just broken his arm in two places by a fall from a ladder in a distant mine. He had been carried thus for five weary miles! Of course, owing to the rocky and uneven nature of the roads, the only means of transit for a wounded man from the mine to the hospital is the litter.

I said to one of the bearers,—"Is he badly hurt?"

"Bastante malo" (Badly enough) was the heartless answer.

Amid the stunted growth of wheat and barley I noticed a number of dark purple flowers, and, casting my eye over the fields, which were of sandy soil, running down to the water's edge, I noticed that they lent quite a purple hue to the corn, much as the "red poppy" tinges the English corn-fields with its pervading scarlet. On plucking one, I found it to be a sort of purple iris, with four or five flowers on each

stem, and sword-like leaves. I asked my guard the Spanish name for it, and he said at once, "Lirio del campo" (the lily of the field); and, looking at its exceedingly delicate petals, which wither almost as soon as plucked, and its beautiful hues, varying from deep crimson to the darkest purple, I could not help thinking that this, if, as I believe, it ranks among the Flora of Palestine and be found on those slopes of corn-fields that run down to the shores of the Lake of Galilee, might be the "lily of the field" to which "even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed" in equal beauty!

The botanical knowledge of the Spaniards, high and low, is something pitiable. Indeed, of the natural history of their country they know absolutely nothing, and one name serves for twenty different flowers. Every bird is a "pajaro" (or "bird")! Every insect or reptile is a "becho" (or "beast")! Indeed, the only real botanical knowledge in the interior is confined to the "Government herbalists." These are a kind of what, in England, would be called "quack doctors," who go forth from the large towns in the spring months—February, March, April, and the earlier part of May—and, rambling over mountain, meadow, field, and mere, collect specimens of the various herbs and plants mentioned in their text-book.

These men are licensed and paid by Government for their labours, and are thorough believers in the fact (noticed in my sketch of a Spanish winter garden) that each locality bears among its flowers and herbs the very cure appointed by Providence for the diseases of that special district.

Their recognized text-book, which they carry with them on their rambles, is "The Herbal of Dioscorides,"

translated from the Greek into Spanish, and "conforme el Catalogo Nuevo del Santo Oficio de la Inquisicion." The book is profusely illustrated, and bears date, "Valencia, 1695."

There are, however, several sacred flowers, every feature of each one of which is dear to the heart of the poor Spanish miner; and, chiefly, he reveres with a superstitious reverence the passion-flower. Pluck a sprig of it from some rude road-side hut, and he will delight in dissecting it, and explaining its history. "Here," he will say, "are the seven petals: these are the disciplina of the Christ; here are the three Marias; here, in this twisting tendril, see the cordon of the Christ; here are the three clavos (nails) with heads; here is the bitter cup, or caliz; here are the five fajas, or swathing bands for burial; here (in a little space beneath the crown of the flower) is a drop of honey: taste how sweet it is: yes, indeed, for it is the blood shed for us; and, lastly, here is the corona! Is it not all perfect, señor? Gracias á Dios!"

As you pass on your way, and it begins to grow toward evening, you will meet little knots of picturesquely dressed campo-men, or labourers; they are all hurrying to the town to get there by half-past four or five o'clock. Arrived there, they sit in a wide semicircle on the paving-stones around the Plaza, or market-place,—a motley crowd they are, too,—and there they wait until the steward, or farmer, comes to hire them. I have often counted 200 waiting, at early morn, or at eve, to be hired; seen many fulfilling the words of the Scripture, by "standing there all the day idle," and, if you ask one of them why he is not at work, his answer will be given in the words, "Because no man hath hired me!"

So strikingly, in this primitive land, with its many Oriental elements, are the very words of Holy Writ illustrated.

Passing through the olive-groves, where the lumps and cairns of granite, half-covered in wiry creepers, offer shelter to innumerable reptiles, the only sound you will hear is the shrill silvery note of myriads upon myriads of cicadas—a silvery tinkle that absolutely fills the air. The only sign of life will be the numberless brown and green lizards, darting across your path with the speed of lightning, to hide themselves in the crevices of the stones.

The mining population have a curious superstition regarding the green lizard, which sometimes is as much as a foot-and-a-half in length.

The superstition is as follows:—Occasionally, whether naturally or by accident, the tail of this reptile is divided into three points of equal length, or nearly so, in which case it is called by the ignorant Spaniard "the three-tailed lizard." If you can catch one of these, and place it in a box, with a quantity of small bits of paper, each bearing one number of the coming lottery, from which you have to make your choice of a number, the three-tailed lizard will always eat up the ticket which bears the winning number. That this belief has been constantly acted upon, in implicit faith in the wisdom of the lizard, I can myself testify; indeed, no earthly argument would persuade the miner that his theory about the three-tailed lizard is an incorrect one.

Should the lizard refuse to eat any one of the squares of paper, he will dip its three tails into black ink; and as the poor wretch crawls away, and crosses and re-crosses its paper prison-floor, the number of the

successful ticket will be easily (so the gambler says) deciphered from the trail! No doubt a lizard with three tails would make a hieroglyphic which might be turned into a numeral, far more easily than the ordinary one-tailed reptile, as Mother Nature has fashioned it, not for making numerals on paper, but for steering and aiding its lightning-like flight.

So, through the olive-grove and over the crumbling stone wall, and through the "patio" of the olive-guard's comfortless lodge, we pass on toward the mine. The tender green tendril of the vine is already hanging gracefully over the rude framework put for its support in front of the dark stone shanty. Already the kindly, rough hostess has espied your advent, and is awaiting you with a stirrup-cup of Val-de-Peñas blanco (white wine of La Mancha), which she presses on you, and you must not refuse; and she bids you depart with the Spanish religious woman's benison, "Vaya usted con Dios y con la Virgen!" (Depart you with God and the Virgin!) And now we are at the mines.

On the day of which I write, two deeds of blood occurred. I had not been there ten minutes, and was sitting in the tiny house of a stalwart Welsh miner, when a pistol-shot rang out from the neighbouring venta—a house of bad repute, on the outskirts of a mine. Two men had quarrelled, and one passed by, escorted by his friends, a pistol-bullet in his bandaged arm, from which the blood was slowly oozing out. Sickened at the sight, I returned home sowewhat early, and while on the road my companion, a Spanish miner, said, "Do you know the postman of this mine has been stabbed, and is nearly dead. There he goes." I looked, and half-a-mile in front,

sure enough, was the litter, followed by a crowd of miners, which contained the body of the poor lad who had fallen a victim to a quarrelsome drunkard's knife—a knife that had, ere now, taken one human life. Just ahead of the litter was a cloud of dust, slowly receding. It was the body of Municipal Guards, escorting the murderer to the prison, there to lie, perhaps, for months or even years, awaiting the doom of human law in Spain—not death, but imprisonment. Slowly I dragged my sickening heart and weary footsteps toward home. The shades of evening were falling, and I had yet a mile of lonely road to travel with my one companion. Suddenly, rising up silently from behind a block of granite, two men, the brass plates upon their breasts and leather shoulder-belt proclaiming them Guards of the Campo, drew near me, and, gun in hand, one on either side, began to accompany me. I asked what it meant, and the chief answered, quietly, "It is a bad time of day, and a bad day for crime; we will see you to the outskirts of your pueblo." This they did, and departed as silently as they had joined me.

As I neared the washing-grounds and watering-troughs, a couple of troops of Hussars, in stable-dress, were riding down to water their horses from the posadas and private houses where they were billeted, mingling with the crowd of water-carriers, male and female (these latter in their yellow serge petticoats, brown, plump feet, and rich black hair framing a mahogany face), who were filling the pitchers on their donkeys for their last evening round. The Hussars, with bare or sandalled feet, tight-fitting blue jackets, and trowsers of any colour and shape, sitting bare-backed on their spirited Andalucian steeds, and curbing

them without bridle, by the steel nose-band, formed a group for a painter. All was noise, oaths, strange language, and confusion.

At the hospital a crowd was collected to know the result of the doctor's examination of the poor lad who had been cut down in the prime of life by a felon-stroke. It was all over: life's brief drama, for him, was ended; the alcalde of the town, followed by two guards, pushed his way through the crowd to perform his office.

Just then the poor father of the lad rode up on his donkey to ask what was the matter. "A man stabbed," said the rough but tender-hearted crowd; "but we don't know who it is." And, little dreaming that he was turning his back on the still warm body of his only son, within those mouldering hospital walls, the father, humming his Andalucian ditty of love or war, rode slowly on to his night work at the mine! "Telle est la vie"—in Spain!

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GERMAN AND SPANISH MINERS CONTRASTED.

HAVING drawn out in detail the prominent points of contrast between the life and character of the English and Spanish miners, it may be interesting to some still following the fortunes of the miners of Europe, and sharing with them their sorrow and their joy, to transport ourselves to that triangular district of ground pregnant with mineral, which is bounded on one side by the fine, rugged range of the Erz-Gebirge, and on another by the rolling waters of the Elbe.

The contrast between the life and character of the English and Spanish miner has been seen to be great; that between the Spanish and German will prove to be greater still.

The following are stray notes and reminiscences of the mines and miners of the Erz-Gebirge, a district, the central town of which is Freiberg.

The mines of the Erz-Gebirge are chiefly of lead, silver, and galena ore, and, some years since, were exceedingly rich in metal, but have now been worked to an enormous depth, and are found to be daily becoming poorer. Most of these mines are the property of the Saxon Government, which, like that of Spain, has been wise enough to monopolize the best mines in its wild country, and thus secure a considerable income

in addition to its revenues. Each mine is managed by one or more German engineers, who are very able and capable men. Indeed, as in Spain, the profession of the mining engineer is considered one of the gentle professions, and men of good family and position enter upon it. The engineers of this district have first to pass through a severe course of study at the Mining Academy of Freiberg, and then to serve an apprenticeship to practical mining engineering, the Saxon Government thus securing efficient and tried managers of the mines.

In Spain, the official working staff of a mine is cut down to the lowest dimensions compatible with some amount of safety; and the machinery is often old-fashioned and defective, whereas in Germany the number of paid officials constantly exceeds the real demands of the work, and the machinery is of the best and newest construction. In fact, roughly stated, it may be said that practical mining is really the genius of the German mind, as of the English, whereas the Spaniard too often only lends himself to it as a necessity.

Stand with me, as the sun is just reddening the crest of the wild hills of the Erz-Gebirge, and see the German miners pass to their weary round of dark and unhealthy and ill-requited work. Here they come, in their long blouses, wearily plodding their way along the stony paths. They look worn, sad, and somewhat stupid men, their air far different from that of the jaunty, careless, ephemeral Andaluz. And why so? Simply because their wages, poor fellows! are on a scale probably lower than that of any body of men in the world, and poverty and poor, hard fare make a man's step weary and his face sad. Yet, ere

the bell has sent forth its summons over hill and dale, every man is here, in his place, ready to descend the shaft. And well for him that he is ready, for few laws are stricter, and none are more severely insisted upon, than the Mining Code of Saxony.

True, the Spanish code of mining laws is strict enough; but then, although first-rate in theory, in Spain we never think of enforcing our laws!

Every German miner is subject to imprisonment for any neglect of duty; and whereas his Spanish or English brother (although the English has no special mining code) would hardly bear a reprimand for absenting himself from work without a fair cause, the poor German actually hardly complains if he be marched off to prison for his slight omission. The Englishman's love of money, high wages, and sterling common-sense, lead him to work regularly; the German works regularly because he is punished in default of doing so; the Spaniard neither takes thought for the morrow, nor will submit to the slightest restraint; he is a caballero (gentleman), and will do as he pleases.

Here, then, around the dressing-houses, waiting to put on their dark calico blouses for the pit-work, are the underground men. There is no cigarette in mouth, but each has just put out his clumsy pipe of crockeryware. They stand, a group of broad-shouldered, short, silent, impassionless men.

And now, listen to the roll-call! There are no absentees from duty. The manager then, in dead silence, takes out a form of prayer from his pocket; every head is bared. How exquisite is the spirit, how simply beautiful and touching are the words of the prayer that now wells forth from his lips, praying

the Almighty God to protect them throughout their dangerous work, and to keep wife, sweetheart, children, safe against their return home. The prayer ended, the response, "So be it," is murmured from the lips of the assembled crowd, who now press into the undressing sheds.

Germany is the land of law and order; and although the Cornishman would object to this "prayer by law established" (in the district of which I write), because he prefers extempore, and the Spaniard would wholly disregard it, yet the Saxon miner loves, and feels a comfort in, the petition offered for and with him, and is thankful to accept and join in it; and although one half of his number is Roman Catholic, and one half Lutheran, yet all join in prayer on the brink of the pit to "the one Lord and Father of us all."

I should say that the moment the prayer is concluded a hundred stentorian voices join, with bare heads and uplifted voices, and eyes upturned to the clouded skies, in a hymn, much, in character and feeling, like the English Morning Hymn at the end of the Prayer-Book.

Then the poor fellows descend, as the bell chimes out once more from the stone turret, to seek their work and their labour until the evening.

But how does the German miner descend, and what words are on his lips as he leaves the daylight, perhaps never, in this world, to return to it alive?

He is sent down in the *Fahr-kunst*, or "man-engine," which is worked by the pumping-engine, and consists of a number of stages, attached to the rods, the miner stepping from one to the other until he reaches the particular level where lies his work.

The mines are so deep, that to descend by ladders would tire the poor fellow out before his day's work was begun.

And what words are on his lips as he descends? No ribald jest, such as the Spanish miner loves, is heard; no grumbling nor silence, in which the Cornishman indulges. No; he is singing the beautiful song, the miner's song of Germany, "Glück-auf" (God-speed), of which I have elsewhere given a translation, or one of the touching, spirited, and beautiful songs of the Fatherland.

And what of his work below ground? Well, he is most industrious, most faithful; he is not so smart as the Spaniard; he is not so sturdy as the Cornishman; he is slow certainly, but very sure in his work, thinking a long while before he acts, but when his mind is made up as to the right course, plodding on unceasingly and faithfully.

At last the "shift" is over, and the miner comes to the surface. He dresses, walks homewards, his huge German pipe (filled, by-the-bye, with most abominable tobacco, as we ourselves can testify) in the corner of his mouth, musing as he goes.

And then he gets home to his homely, nay, his coarse fare. Black bread and potatoes form the staple; meat is a luxury hardly known to the poor Saxon miner. The Spaniard has his savoury stew; the Cornishman, his solid meat-pie; the Saxon has neither.

One of the chief luxuries of the miner of the Erz-Gebirge is a well-fatted dog. Some short time since, the landlady of a well-known beer-garden on the outskirts of Freiburg, much frequented by the miners, was obliged to have an old favourite, in the

shape of a poodle dog, destroyed, owing to his dirty habits, enormous obesity, and asthma. The miners heard of the death of their old pet, and instantly a dozen applications for the carcase were made to the landlady. She graciously delivered the dog, for a certain sum, into their hands. He was boiled at once, and many a hearty supper was made on that night of dog's flesh, "and," said one of the miners, "first-rate flesh it was, too."

The miner's drink is Läger-beer, much like the English table or small beer, coffee (which he drinks twice a day), and water. He hardly ever drinks spirits, and very little wine. So soon as his meal is concluded, he lights his large china pipe, and "blows a cloud."

The cottage in which the Saxon miner lives is very poor. His family, too, live in a state of great poverty. He, unlike the Spanish miner, ever puts his pride (if he has any) in his pocket, and consents to earn a thaler or two by being the servant of one of the students at Freiberg, that is, he will clean their boots and walk upon errands for them. Fancy the pride of a Spanish, or the well-filled pocket of a Cornish, miner consenting to perform acts so menial!

Strangely do the Saxon contrast with the Spanish miners on the point of education. The law of Government schools for the poor and compulsory education is almost identical in both countries; and yet, whereas not one in eight of the Spanish miners can read or write, there is scarcely a single Saxon miner who cannot do both! The Saxon miner, to all appearance, has more stamina, if less flesh, than the Spanish. Indeed, his climate is very cold and dry in winter, and not too hot in summer, and so his fare is more

substantial. He is, in appearance, a short, broad-shouldered man, with long, muscular arms, and little flesh.

When sick the Saxon goes to the Government hospital, where he is (unlike the Spaniard) really well cared for, and has good, if not first-rate, medical treatment.

In one point the Spanish and Saxon miner presents a feature of great similarity. Neither is given to strikes. But the reasons which induce either class to be quiet are very dissimilar. The Spaniard does not strike because he is lazy and contented; the Saxon because he is, and feels himself to be, in the very land of law. Indeed, the Saxon's conduct is ever that of a steady, industrious, obedient man.

On one occasion only, in the whole of my experience, did I witness a case of general insubordination on his part. It happened on this wise. The centenary anniversary of the founding of the Freiberg Academy was to be celebrated in great style. There was to be a banquet, a procession, in which all the societies, Freemasons, friendly, &c., were to join, with all the tradesmen of the township, and the professors and students of the Academy.

The poor Saxon miners thought, naturally enough, that they also ought to have the privilege of joining in the procession, and, as miners, to aid in the festivities of a mining academy, and the professors and students urged for them their claims to the Administrator of the Province. With true German stubbornness, he steadily refused to give these poor fellows a holiday, in order that they might join in the general demonstration.

"Any one," said he, "who stays away from work

on that day shall be imprisoned according to the Code of Laws."

For once the Saxon blood resented the indignity, and, *en masse*, the miners struck work. In a body, with bands playing, the miners promenaded the town, and, going to the Town Hall, where the students, professors, &c., were banqueting, they gave them a serenade.

After this, the students (English and American chiefly) invited these poor fellows to partake of six barrels of beer, with hams, and bread and cheese, in some gardens hard by. They enjoyed their holiday and treat greatly, and expressed their gratitude. Quietly they repaired to their homes that night, and, at the usual hour next morning, went to the mine. Here, however, the police arrested six or eight who had headed the procession, and they were forthwith subjected to a week's imprisonment!

You will ask naturally, what then are the amusements of the Saxon compared with those of the English and Spanish miners? Oftentimes, his homely meal finished, he repairs to the "Turn-Halle," or Gymnasium, to practice gymnastics; on other occasions he goes to sing the ringing songs of the Fatherland at the saloon of the especial Musical Society to which he belongs; or, if ambitious, or obliged so to do, he will go for instruction to the Mining Schools.

Unlike the easy-going Spaniard, who thinks nothing of Sunday, working on that as on any other day, the Saxon hails Sunday as (excepting Easter and Christmas Days) his real day of rest,—rest in its truest sense, religious worship and moderate recreation. As a rule, whether Lutheran or Roman Catholic, the Saxon miner goes to church on Sunday morning. At one

o'clock the German Sunday is considered, so far as the strictly religious observance is concerned, at an end; and at two o'clock the amusements or recreations of the day commence.

These recreations consist of concerts in the restaurants or beer-gardens of the town. He cannot, so poorly is he paid, afford to go to the garden where the military band plays, and where the fee for admission is three groschen (*i. e.* threepence), so he goes to hear one of his own bands play. In the garden he meets his sweetheart, who comes attended by her mother and others of the family, and, when once the nervous eye of love has espied its object, he gets a seat at the same table, and soon gets into conversation with the fair-haired girl of his choice.

Soon, after a few interviews of this kind, the couple become engaged, and then the lady is supposed to be his property, and he has the privilege of always paying for her share of refreshments, but never for that of her mother!

Then evening draws on and dancing commences, the officer in plain clothes not thinking it beneath him to stand as *vis-à-vis* to the homely miner and his girl.

Quarrels are very rare; and if, now and then, the Saxon blood is roused, the quarrel is settled, not with the fists of the Cornishman or the deadly knife of the Spaniard, but with a good stout cudgel, with which the combatants belabour one another's heads and shoulders most mercilessly.

The Saxon miner does not, as a rule, marry young, since, as in Prussia, every man is supposed to serve for three years in the army. There is, therefore, a certain amount of immorality. By an account lately

taken, the proportion of births of illegitimate children per week was eight to every seven legitimate!

The appended estimate of the character of the German and Spanish miner is from the pen of an agent who had served both in the Spanish and Saxon mines.

"The Saxon miner," he writes, "is a slow, serious, obedient, careful, truthful man; the Spanish, a lively, reckless, deceitful, sharp, careless fellow.

"The Saxon seeks his work singing some beautiful or even religious song of the Fatherland; the Spaniard, too often with ribald jest and profane song on his lips.

"The Saxon is educated; the Spaniard not.

"The Saxon loves home and home pleasures: he shares his joys with his family. Not so the Spaniard, who frequents the *café*, or smokes his cigarette among a host of his brethren in the street.

"The Saxon is harmless and quiet; the Spaniard, treacherous and noisy: the one never raises hand against his master; the other, in a burst of ungoverned rage, will even draw his knife, and then lament for hours, or even weeks, the work of one rash moment."

ENGLISH CEMETERIES IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

CADIZ.

In the course of my wanderings in Spain, I have ever made it a matter of duty to visit and take notice of the last earthly resting-places of my countrymen who have died thus far from their native land. And I have thought that a short account of some of the principal English cemeteries in this country might prove interesting to many who read these pages. Some, at least, of them must have a relation, or friend, or acquaintance, whom the short, rapid, fatal diseases of this country and the swiftly-following funeral (for interment in Spain follows on the very heels of death) have consigned to a Spanish grave; and all Englishmen take, I venture to think, sufficient interest in their countrymen abroad to welcome any intelligence of those plots of ground where they find their last long home. Many, too, who come to Spain to end their days in a climate purer and less trying than that of England, may like to know that they may, at last, peaceably "dwell among their own people," for

we all, more or less, share the feeling of Shakspeare's dying queen,—

> "When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honour."

At Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, Malaga, Linares (this last the great centre of English mining works), Barcelona, and, I believe, Bilboa, those who are taken away may rest amid their own people. In other words, at each of these places there is a burial-ground reserved for Protestants of all nations.

A few remarks on the subject of Protestant burial-grounds in Spain may not be out of place here. Inch by inch, as it were, those burial-grounds have been won from the ignorant Roman Catholic Government of the country, and only won by hard fighting. But with a liberal Republican Government, an English community would only have to ask, and a burial-ground would be at once acceded to it. Here, then (gathered from various authorities), is a brief *résumé* of the history of Protestant Cemeteries in Spain.

In the reign of Philip the Second of Spain, all who were Protestants were, at their death, exposed as malefactors. Their dead bodies were offered—to use the graphic words of the Philistine of Holy Writ—as meat "unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." But not much stress need be laid upon this part of the treatment of Protestants. In death, the poor lifeless body could not suffer; in life, they did suffer, and had suffered.

Another stage of the fate of the dead Protestants in Spain (so I find in 'Murray's Handbook,' Part II.) was in the year 1622, when the Secretary of the

English Ambassador died suddenly at Santander. Funeral rites were refused to the corpse of this heretic, and it was thrown into the sea. The poor, ignorant, and misled fishermen recovered the corpse, fearing that its presence would drive away all the shoals from their waters, and threw it up high and dry. Some time passed on. Protestants in Spain were few, and those few did not care to avow themselves as such. They knew what was reserved for the Protestant dead too well. "English bodies must be left above ground, to the end that the dogs may eat them."

Another stage then succeeded this. To the honour of Cromwell, it must be said, that his ministers negotiated a treaty with the Spanish Government for the decent burial of Englishmen—a treaty which, about the years 1666-1668, was finally ratified and approved—if my remembrance of dates serves me rightly—to the ministry of Charles the Second.

The first English burial-ground was purchased somewhere about the year 1796, by Lord Bute. It was, however, unenclosed, and a simple field—a word which, to Spanish ears, implies barrenness and openness. This was at Madrid.

The next stage at which the Protestant burial-grounds in Spain arrived was in the reign of Ferdinand the Seventh, who granted permission (unwillingly and ungraciously) for an enclosure of land for a Protestant burial-ground in towns where the English were represented by a consul.

'Murray's Handbook' informs me that the first enclosed cemetery for Protestants was founded at Malaga, by the British Consul, Mr. John Mark.

I have gone briefly through what may be called several

of the stages of Protestant burial, or rather non-burial, in Spain. Let me now tell you, as we enter the enclosed Protestant Cemetery of Cadiz, what is the last stage.

I took for my guide a rough, uneducated peasant,—I always select a peasant or boatman for my travelling companion in Spain, their remarks are so *naïve*, so homely, and often so true,—and with him I journeyed to the Protestant Cemetery of Cadiz. We passed down the self-same avenue described to you in a former chapter. I should have said, that it is formed of silver poplars and acacias; many of the latter are being now daily removed.

On our right lay the Spanish Cemeterio; down towards the sea, on the left, lay the British. We passed down the narrow, sandy road (though it was nearly Christmas, it was ankle-deep in sand and dust), and, just as I heard the sea moaning against the wharf, we were at the unpretending green gates of the Protestant Cemetery of Cadiz.

As, in answer to our ring, the keeper of the cemetery admitted us into his little garden of the dead, I said to my rude companion, "Are there many sleeping here?"—"Very few, señor; and those mostly English, Germans, and Norwegians; but after you get the Church separated from the State, you'll have lots of Protestants lying here; there are plenty now in Spain, and we'll soon have it full." This, then, was the last stage. It had been reserved for a simple peasant to settle, in his homely way, a matter which the bigotry of priests and the philosophy of kings and statesmen had for centuries kept in abeyance.

There is a little avenue of trees running up into the heart of the cemetery, which gives it a pretty and refined appearance. It is, in fact, a little strip of

garden, sheltered by an avenue; there is a decent little lodge at the gates, and the whole is thus kept under lock and key.

The little avenue of trees on either side the path is of cypresses and feathery pines, rather stunted and young, but ever green and pretty. The garden at their feet had very little the appearance of a winter garden; it was one mass of bright colours,—quite like an English garden in June or July. Most noticeable were the clumps of the red geranium, or "flor del principe," which grows to a shrub in Spain, sometimes eight and nine feet in height, and is a universal favourite. Other geraniums, white, pink, and red, of smaller dimensions, were there in abundance; while a row of rosemary and lavender shrubs fringed each side of the walk. I noticed also a few straggling rose-trees, and that English winter favourite, the chrysanthemum, called very aptly by the Spaniards "flor del hiberno" (winter-flower). A few straggling trees of the bastard tobacco did not add much to the beauty of the garden.

The plot of burial-ground itself is not very well kept. The surface is uneven, and, as usual in Spain, one misses the green grass and the shapely little mounds of an English churchyard. Here, the loose sandy soil was but thinly sprinkled with grass, and looked neglected and dry. The most noticeable feature, however, were the clumps of the scarlet and scented geranium, which grew all over the cemetery. At the foot of every tree, and in masses around every stone, they clustered; and the effect of the dark green foliage and bright scarlet flowers against the dusky stones was exceedingly pretty. The ground is very thinly sprinkled with gravestones or monuments of

any kind, and those that there are, though in some cases very costly and well kept, are not graceful or in good taste. The most prominent of these is a marble obelisk, some sixteen feet in height, but without any adornment. It is to the memory of Richard Davies, of the island of Madeira and of Jerez: died October 2nd, 1870, aged 61. At the foot is written, "God is Love." "Thy will be done." It is enclosed in railings, half-hidden by malvarosas and flor del principe.

Whenever one enters an English cemetery, one's eye lights upon texts of Scripture breathing of resignation and hope, or quaint verses expressive of the especial feeling of the mourner whose loved one is laid there. In Spain, in those cemeteries of the country which I have visited, I have hardly observed anything of the sort.

There is another marble obelisk, much like the one just described, but of more modest height, and girt with more modest flowers. It is to the memory of Emily Adelaide Hughes, died January 10th, 1864, aged 25. Close to it is by far the most graceful monument in the whole cemetery—a plain stone cross, well proportioned. It is to the memory of a Swedish merchant, and I subjoin the simple inscription, as I noticed that it was the usual form of inscription on the monuments of the several Swedes and Norwegians who rest here. The favourite with these seemed the simple cross of stone or iron, about four feet in height, which I have always considered the most suitable of all memorial stones. The invariable inscription on these stones smacked, I thought, as did the neat iron or stone cross, without any adornment save the flowers that clustered at its base, of the simplicity of character of these Northern folk. Here is the typical one :—

"Mauritz Levin, Fódd i Stockholm, den 14 April, 1844; Dod i Cadiz, den 6 Februar i 1865." I think these few words need no translation. I conceive them to mean simply—"Born at Stockholm; died at Cadiz."

Protestants of all nations have laid aside their differences, and sleep together here peacefully enough —English, French, Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Spaniards. I noticed also memorials over the graves of English and American sailors, and one in memory of an English Marine Light Infantryman, who had met here with a violent death. Some of these graves are merely marked by a ring of scarlet geraniums, many have a plain iron cross, with a few bricks at the base. On one of these I noticed a Latin inscription, but it was so battered and weather-worn as to be hardly intelligible. The oldest form of memorial seemed to be this cross of iron, and another, which I have not noticed elsewhere, and will here describe. Four or five of them stand just at the entrance to the cemetery. It consists of a simple square block of stone, or bricks faced with cement, and with a sloping roof (I know not how else to describe it); it stands about 5½ feet high; in the front is a small square indentation, on which the inscription is written. These appeared to be the oldest, and on one of them I found, so far as I could decipher it, the date 1844. But of this I am not positive. Several stones had been placed there in 1853.

The old stereotyped tombstone of the English churchyard, with its usual quaint verses, was represented, and, as it always brings back to an Englishman's heart and mind many recollections of peaceful days gone by, I copied the stanza on one of these.

It was on the Welsh master of a trading vessel, who had died, I presume, in the harbour:—

"Alas! my son, and didst thou die,
Without a friend or parent nigh,
No hand to wipe thy fainting brow,
To raise thee up, or lay thee low?
Thy Father's God did there (*sic*) sustain,
A Saviour's love did soothe thy pain;
And we'll adore His holy name,
Who in all climes is found the same."

One always reads these verses with regret, yet in England the humbler classes seem to like nothing so well. A few words of Holy Writ, one would think, would be far preferable; but I have often argued with the country poor in England on this point, and they have invariably clung tenaciously to their doggerel rhymes: and over a new-made grave one's words must be few and very tender.

Scripture, simply and judiciously used, seems to me to contain the proper expression of every sort of human feeling—regret, intense affection, sense of bereavement, bright hope, or lowly faith. What can be more touching—to pass for a moment to the green lanes of the Weald of Sussex, where the writer spent his happiest days—than this, on one who had prayed that her life might be spared,—"She asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest her a long life, even for ever and ever"? Is not the play upon the word "life" here simply exquisite?

I should have said before that the iron crosses and inscriptions over the Swedish or Norwegian dead sometimes have a more severe simplicity than those described above. Here is one:—

"G. Stromsten, Sverige."

Nothing but that! Well, after all, as my weather-beaten companion remarked, "It 's all the poor fellow needs!"

In shape this cemetery is a long strip of ground. It is enclosed on three sides by a substantial stone wall, about eight feet high, over a part of which hang the walls of a small bull-ring, giving it a thoroughly Spanish appearance. It is dotted all over with little clumps of trees, many of which are hazels, and, I believe, almond-trees, though these latter were leafless, and I could not be sure what they were. The fourth side of the cemetery is enclosed by a high iron railing. At the farther end, as I strolled up, I saw that there were no grave-stones at all—nothing but a clump of hazels, which were fast shedding their leaves. The ground at this end seemed quite shifting sand, but all over it were scattered groups of red and scented geraniums.

I thought that there was nothing more to see, and was turning away, when a tiny little cross, half-smothered by the rustling fallen leaves and the geraniums, attracted my attention. It was evidently the last resting-place of some tiny child, probably of some poor parents. It consisted of four bricks and a tiny iron cross, without any inscription, fixed between them. As I have described the most prominent, so it is but fair that I should thus mention the least pretentious of them all. This little grave was under the shade of the nut-trees: on one side, the withered leaves, heaped up, almost hid it; on the other, pious hands (doubtless a mother's hands) had planted a geranium shrub—not the scarlet, but the modest scented geranium, the "malvaroso" of the Spanish garden.

At this end of the little enclosure I noticed a dozen

little rush-baskets, showing their heads out of the sandy soil. I inquired of my companion what on earth they were. With true Spanish caution he devoutly crossed himself, and refused to approach them. I went up to them, and pulled aside the little covering, and behold, it was the little nursery of tomato plants of the poor porter of the cemetery. He had scooped a dozen little holes, and set in each a little tomato plant, and put these rush-baskets, half-covered with earth, as a sort of cowl to protect them from frost or wind. He soon appeared in person—(when you least think it, a Spaniard will be watching all your movements, from behind a tree, or some other vantage ground: the other day I was looking for a particular flower in some public gardens, when I suddenly saw the black, piercing eyes and the muzzle of the gun of the guard of the gardens, peering at me over a wall hard by!)—this gatekeeper, and evidently thought it quite justifiable to raise his little crop here, and pointed to a few little trenches in the sand hard by, "and here I shall grow just a few potatoes." My guide entirely sympathized with him, and the two men shook hands heartily over the political economy here displayed: "It is best to utilize the ground."

Certainly, the little plot of potatoes and the tomato nursery took up but a modest space, and were out of sight, and he kept the little garden and avenue of his cemetery in beautiful order.

On the whole, the Protestant burial-ground of Cadiz, though not particularly well situated, is really neatly kept, and always looks bright and pretty, with its modest avenue of feathery pines, and its green geranium clumps, with their gaudy flowers straggling all over the shifting soil.

As I passed out the train from Seville thundered by, just outside the railings—a strange contrast, with its haste, and rattle, and eager faces, all telling of life, and bustle, and work, to the scene I was leaving, the quiet home of the dead, with no sound but the rustling of the withered nut-leaves and the sea breaking on the shore.

CHAPTER II.

CORDOBA.

It was a great privilege to spend even a few hours of these short winter days in Cordoba under the very shadow of the stately walls of the Mosque, which once was reckoned the third only in the whole world, those of Jerusalem and Mecca alone being esteemed by the Moors superior in sanctity to the Mosque of Cordoba.

Cordoba, once the "important city" (as the name implies), now is important only from its natural beauty and its antiquity. Its narrow winding streets—so narrow that, summer and winter, the sun never scorches them, a provision due to Moorish skill and forethought—are now almost deserted. Its bridge of sixteen or seventeen arches, spanning the far-spreading waters of the Guadalquivir, scarcely echoes with a single footfall. Around the cistern, with its gurgling fountain, in the patio, or courtyard of the Mosque, where once unnumbered ablutions were performed ere entering the holy inner courts, only two or three beggars cluster, with their never-ending whine, "Una limosna, por Dios!"—"An alms, for God's sake, give me!"—and a few children.

How constantly in Spain—let me pause a moment—are the words of Scripture brought home to one and verified. The beggar's cry at the door of every

sacred court, "Una limosna, por Dios!" how forcibly does it recall the words of the Bible descriptive of him who, "Seeing Peter and John, asked an alms." Never, again, until the other day, did I fully realize the force of the expression in the Gospel, "The night cometh, when no man can work." I was walking home, about the time of set of sun. Suddenly—it was an autumn evening—the golden ball sank below the horizon, and, in one short quarter of an hour, all was dark, and hard work it was to pick one's way over the broken rocky path. No man could work then.

The walk around the lonely city-walls of Cordoba is the most striking feature about that city. The old, grey Moorish wall, now crumbling in places, with its constant turrets, and its orange-trees clustering under its shade, and showing their rich dark fruit aloft here and there; the quiet deserted convents; the quaint antique bridge, with Moorish water-mills still at work under its arches; the seminary, a long stone building of great antiquity, now used for the training of candidates for the priesthood, towering up above the river, and half-hidden by its grove of orange-trees; these, with the crisp, springy English turf, gnawed down by droves of goats, along the river banks, if seen on a bright day, when the sun smiles upon every tower, form a scene of unrivalled antiquity, beauty, and peacefulness.

One looks up from the low-lying banks of the sleeping river at the turrets, and walls, and pinnacles, and gateways of the city, and thinks of it as it was. Little more than eight hundred years ago it was a kind of second Jerusalem,—a joy of the whole earth, so they said. Its population, I believe, ex-

ceeded one million; its mosques were numbered by hundreds; and the glory of days still more ancient than the Moorish shed an everlasting halo over its head. Here Seneca and Lucan were born; here Averroes, too, in later days, lived, and Cespedes painted. This was the birthplace of Sanchez, of Meria, and Morales.

I wandered into the courtyard of the Mosque at eve. One religion had given place to another, and devout Christians were hurrying along, under the dusky rows of orange-trees, to their evening service. I walked then, in the grey eve, outside the lonely city-walls, and was astonished at the wild, lonely, grey beauty of the scene. One or two dogs were prowling about under the shade of the silver poplar-grove; a goatherd was driving home his herd, its leader, with its tinkling bell, proudly leading the way; a solitary fisherman was tying up his tackle; and I followed—not knowing how far it might be safe to loiter outside the walls at evening—a string of muleteers and mules, who went tinkling along the dusty road to get within the gates ere night,—the stately, but now crumbling Moorish gateway opening on to the river, now called the Puerta del Rio, or river-gate.

I rose early next morn—it was bitterly cold; though we have no snow and scarce any rain in Andalucia, we get bitter dry east winds, and ice at night, though rarely of the thickness of half-a-crown —and set forth for a tramp to the English cemetery.

The walk was full of interest,—full of quaint and picturesque details. Although it was nearly Christmas-time, the dust was blowing in clouds. First we passed (I say we, for, as is my custom, I took with

me a poor Spanish workman) the Socorro Hospicio, where some three or four hundred poor find a home. This institution numbers among its inmates the widow, the aged of both sexes, the orphan, and the foundling, and is an old Moorish castle in part. Then we crossed a broad dusty Plaza, or square, at the corner of which, around a small movable wine-shop, stood eight or nine muleteers, in quaint gitano dress, *i. e.*, huge blue-and-white rugs wrapped round the upper man, white stockings to the knee (at least they were meant to be white), and loose knee-breeches, with brass buttons; women with yellow serge dresses, and green or red kerchiefs on their heads. To the right, just across the square, rose the ancient and most picturesque crowd of turrets and campanile of the Convent of San Cajetano, now only used as a church, the oranges hanging in yellow clusters over the grey walls that encircle it. Then we struck into a dusty ancient road, with crumbling walls of tapia, that is, lime, mud, and stone, alternated with hedges of the sword-like pita, or sharp aloe, and prickly-pear, or chumba, a diminutive sort of prickly-pear. One feature here, and elsewhere in Cordoba, surprised me exceedingly. At every cross-road of these walls stands a huge stone cross, rising out of the walls. Yet the walls are said to be Moorish.

Again, you see the cross on the old Moorish door of the Mosque, amid all the Arabic characters. Why and how is this?

Among the many noticeable features on the road to the cemetery, there is one which must not be passed by without a word—I mean the "huertas," or market-gardens,—in England not very picturesque, but in

Spain exceedingly so. These gardens are enclosed in an old grey wall of tapia, over which hang the fruit and foliage of the orange-tree and lime: they are kept fruitful by irrigation, for which purpose an old Moorish "noria," or well, with its quaint water-wheel turned by an infirm mule, stands at the end of the garden, under the shade of a huge spreading fig-tree. You see the silver stream flowing into the trenches that intersect the "huerta," and notice the bright, rich green of the garden in marked contrast with the sandy barrenness of the surrounding country. In the midst of the garden stands an old stone house, half-hidden by orange-trees, to which, in the heats of summer, the family to whom the garden belongs come for a three-months' cooling and escape from the dust of the town.

Our road led on over slopes of olives, sandy, and covered with withered bents. One barren hill after another rose in front, and, nestling in the hollow of one of these, lay the smelting-works of a large English lead-mining company, the tall brick chimney of which was giving forth volumes of smoke. Within these works, I had been informed, lay the English cemetery —certainly not a very picturesque site, so far as the immediate surroundings were concerned.

The director of the "fabrica" courteously, on my presenting my card, conducted me to the spot. We went through the busy works, with their fierce furnaces, and streams of molten lead being carefully refined, and walked up the rocky incline, on whose slope lay the little spot I had come to see. All around told of activity and life; the little cemeterio was, like the surrounding and distant hills, peaceful and quiet enough. It is a very tiny enclosure, set aside by the

piety of the Consular Agent at Cordoba, an Englishman, Mr. Duncan Shaw. It stands on the slope of the hill, within its four substantial walls of stone, or tapia, and is kept under lock and key. I suppose, although I did not measure it, it would be about twelve yards square. It was consecrated, about eleven years ago, by the then Bishop of Gibraltar, whose two daughters accompanied him to the spot.

Inside there is no beauty; but the rough bent grass is cleared away every month, and the few tombstones are kept clean. Owing to the drought, it is a very hard thing to keep a Spanish cemetery in really good order, unless there be a well within its walls; the long, straggling bents and thistles will spring up in tangled luxuriance, and, no sooner have they sprung up, than they are withered, and form a brown tangled mass of withered herbage. Nowhere as in this arid climate does one see fulfilment of the primeval curse—"Thorns also, and thistles, shall it bring forth."

People of all nations, as usual, sleep in the "Protestant" cemetery. Swiss, English, Spanish, French, are here represented.

The most beautiful, because the most simple, perhaps, of the ten or fifteen tombstones found here is one over a French child of a year old:—"Ici repose Rose Virginie Campiche. L'Éternel l'avait donnée: L'Éternel l'a otée: Que le nom de L'Éternel soit beni." A block of chiselled stone, with a plain cross at its head, forms the tombstone

Here is a Swiss inscription, like those of the simple Northern folk which I noticed in my chapter on Cadiz, without any adornment:—"Ursula Putzi y Klas: Nacio en Luzein (Suiza): 3 de Setiembre, 1820: Falleció el 7 de Junio, 1864: En Cordoba."

Two little crosses mark the grave of the child of the Consular Agent and that of his nephew. In Spanish is written the text commencing, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child," &c. One little tomb had been covered with white pearly shells, which the avarice of some dishonest hand had stripped off, leaving only one or two to show what it had been. In one corner of the cemetery stood an old and shattered, but still fruitful, olive-tree —its only ornament.

When one of the first interments took place at this spot, a crowd of Spaniards, attracted by the novelty, pressed in to witness the ceremony, the grand Burial Service of our Church being always read in Spanish here. Some disaffected person from the midst of the crowd called out, "The body moves," upon which the minister quietly sent to the town authorities for their doctor to give his certification that life had fled long since: this obtained, the funeral service was quietly concluded.

I have, myself, in conducting funerals, always found the Spaniards who come to see an English funeral most reverent, kindly, and orderly; but what I have related above took place some eleven years ago.

The view from the top of the rocky hill in whose side the cemetery nestles is exceedingly grand. At our feet, in the hollow, lay the Moorish turrets, and crumbling walls, and orange-groves of Cordoba. Just across the valley on the right, where runs the line to the rich coal-fields of Belmez, rose up the long, barren range of the Sierra Morena, with Las Hermitas, as it is now called,—one of the few monasteries left in this part of Spain,—half-hidden in one of its huge clefts. Generally, the Bishop gives freely to travellers an

order to see over this monastery, with its thirty inmates living on herbs, and praying all day for the welfare of Cordoba; but just now they were preparing for the Pascua, and I was refused an order.

On the left, with my glass, I could just discern the outline of the snow-capped mountains of Granada; on every nearer range of hills one's eye could see the old watch-towers, at regular intervals, once used for purposes of rude telegraphy.