

## CHAPTER III.

## SEVILLA.

TIME flies quickly enough anywhere; but in Seville more quickly than elsewhere. At least, it seems so to one who has but a day and a half to see the chief sights in that magnificent city. It is a saying often quoted by English tourists, "Seville can be seen in a week"; but the cathedral alone would well repay a week's careful study. Then there is the Picture Gallery, where every picture of Murillo's would tempt one—and there are twenty-four—to sit before it in pen-sive study; to say nothing of the pictures of Zurbaran and Cespedes. There is the Alcazar; the house of Murillo; the large hospital; the almost larger Fabrica de Tabaco; the Palace of San Telmo; to say nothing of the scattered piles of antique architecture, and, (wondrous sight!) only three and a half miles off, the Roman Amphitheatre, still showing, below ground, its tiers of crumbling seats and its mosaic pavement, only lately re-discovered, the famous Italica, now called Santi Ponce.

However, faithful to my determination, I tore myself away from these entrancing prospects, and trudged off, with a Spanish guide, to visit the last resting-place of my countrymen who die at Seville. Noon was almost passing into evening as we traversed the narrow Spanish streets on our road to the cemetery, some two miles outside the town. We went across

the Plaza de Fruta, as gorgeous and luscious a sight as Spanish fruit-markets ever are; then into the suburbs. The houses so poor, the clouds of dust so irritating, the dresses of the people so gaudy, the noise—tinkling of mule-bells and shouts of drivers—so truly Spanish! At last we struck into the open country, following a long, white, dusty road, hedged in with white stone walls and prickly-pear, or “chumba,”—the two are hardly distinguishable to an English eye.

Out in one of the fields of habas (beans) I saw several lonely forms wandering about—men and women; all had a handkerchief bound over their face. I was puzzled to understand it; but in a few moments we came in front of the portals of a large stone building abutting upon the road, with the dreary words written over it, “Home for those suffering from Elephantiasis.” This is a species of leprosy, which eats away the face of those whom it attacks. I said to my guide, “Are they ever cured?”—“No, señor,” he said; “never, never, never.” I could not help thinking of the well-known lines, “All hope abandon, ye who enter here.” The *Hermana de Caridad*, in her white cowl, rosary, and sable dress, stood at the door, and I asked her leave to walk round the hospital. It was very bare, but beautifully clean and comfortable. There was evidently every accommodation for the separation of those suffering from the various degrees of this fearful malady. The kind Sister took me from room to room. “Thank God,” she said, “we have only about eighteen in now; indeed, our home is empty.” She might well say so; for I fancy there were beds for a couple of hundred. She took me to the “comedor,” or dining-room, and offered me a taste of the savoury dinner preparing. She told me, in

contradiction to my guide, who would not even approach the door, but sat, smoking furiously, on the stone wall across the road, that some of these poor sufferers did recover, and leave their shelter. I asked to be allowed to make a small offering for these poor creatures, and she gracefully accepted my offer. Looking at the few pieces of silver I put into her thin white hand, she called out to some of the inmates, "There, I am so glad; there is enough for a Government ajar a piece for you, and more." The poor fellows' half-muffled faces seemed to light up with a smile, I thought. It was little luxury enough; and one could only wish to have been able to do something to soften their exceeding bitter lot!

Soon we came to the large, well-enclosed, but not yet laid out or finished *Cementerio* of Sevilla—I mean the Roman Catholic Cemetery. A coffin, on an open hearse, drawn by four horses, with black and yellow trappings, was just entering the gates, with the usual long string of followers, robed in their dark winter capas, or capes. The coffin was covered with black velvet and gold stripes; upon it lay two crowns of immortelles.

About a quarter of a mile to the left lay the English Cemetery, under the shadow of the crumbling and broken, but still stately walls of the Convent of S. Hieronymo; thither, walking across a rough cornfield to save time, we bent our steps.

This little cemetery, enclosed in four high stone walls, the wall of the ruined convent forming one side of the square, is most picturesquely situated. On one side, completely shadowing it, stands up the ruined pile of the old convent; far away to the left, yet seeming, in the setting sunlight, quite near, ran the blue ridge of Castiljeja, many villages nestling in its clefts, on one side running down to the ruins of Italica,

on the other, melting into, and lost in, the purple of the setting sun.

The little cemetery of our countrymen is forty-five yards long by forty broad. It is much like an English garden in winter, and is beautifully kept, with its regular flower-borders and sandy walks, now strewn with autumn leaves. Here I noticed the English chrysanthemum, dewy, but bright as ever, called so aptly by the Spaniards "flor del hiberno" (winter-blossom); here were monthly rose-trees, in full blossom, cypresses, almond-trees, one or two hazels, clumps of "dama de noche" (dame of the night-hours), a plant which only gives out its fragrance after sundown,—no unfitting type possibly, thought I, of some who rest here, yea, of many who lie down to rest hampered and crippled by a thousand trials, yet who, after all, may have been faithful to their God, and may prove chief among His jewels after the night has fallen upon them. These, with geraniums, lemon-verbenas, acacias, a Judas-tree, and rose-trees trained all round the white walls, were the flowers and shrubs that caught my eye at first. I should mention also, trim borders of an ever-green like our English box-tree. Out of one flower-bed stuck a few stumps; here the poor grave-digger and porter had, he assured me, raised a helpful little crop of Indian maize!

In one corner of this little cemetery were four or five bricked mounds, overgrown with plants, with little, if any, inscription. This, I was told, was the Jews' burial-ground.

In the centre of this little winter garden, for such it may be called, the most prominent object of all, stands a tall white marble cross. It is the tomb of Mr. Cunningham, the American Consul, I was told. "A

good man, a good man," said my guide. "In the troubles of the cholera he gave a thousand dollars for the sick, and much more privately. Well, the good God will give him harvest for the seed he sowed!"

The dead, as usual in the Protestant cemeteries in Spain, of all nations lay here. Here was the tomb of a German, with the simple words at the foot, "St. John iii. 16"; here was a French tombstone, wreathed with black and yellow immortelles, no text upon it, but at the foot of the inscription the touching words, "Cher père adoré!" A mother and her son, named Barlow, occupied another prominent place. Several Protestant Spaniards, too, were resting here.

In the centre of this little cemetery is a stone tank or well, over which twines a little arbour of rose-trees. Unobtrusive as it is, it is the cause of this little spot being so fertile, and, like so many in the world who do the most good, it is hardly seen. Be it remembered, a Spanish garden without a well ceases to be a garden at all. Then I went outside to see the little home, adjoining the cemetery, of the gardener. As we passed out through the narrow door, he plucked and gave me a beautiful and fragrant rose-pink carnation. "And now," said he, "I will introduce you to my house." Poor fellow! a chapel and a new house for him and his señora are soon to be built, but at present his "house" is a dark, reed-thatched, windowless hut. I saw nothing in it but the earthen floor, a poor half-starved cat (who, by the way, had accompanied us all round the cemetery), and a string of tomatoes adorning the walls. Well might he say,—“The English have a good name, but they will have a better when they build me a house.”

A few steps from his home brought us into the dusty

patio of the grey, ruined convent walls of San Hieronymo, which overshadow the cemetery.

The pile, even in death, is stately and magnificent; it is lofty and wide-spreading, but a ruin. Under its groined roof a herd of pigs were squeaking and quarrelling over their Indian corn; above them rose the chief tower of the convent, inlaid in places with blue encaustic tiles. At the top of the tower stood a delicate stone cross, showing snowy white against the clear blue evening sky. I could not help thinking, here is a true type of human nature. First, like the swine, eating and quarrelling in the dust; then, one step above him, some sort of visible church to guide him; lastly, the sharp, true cross to be reached, and, that once borne and overcome, the blue sky and peace of heaven, the "mas puro lumbre" of the Spanish poets.

The garden of the convent was full of herbs, ever-green trees, and avenues of oranges. The old stone gateway was guarded by four or five savage-looking hounds, so I did not enter. The walk home, by a different road, was interesting—the huge hedges of sword-like aloes, the groves of pomegranate trees, the constantly recurring huertas, or market-gardens, each with its antique Moorish noria, or well, and its mule slowly turning the dripping-wheel to irrigate the garden.

Flocks of goats and donkeys, each herd having its leader, with his tinkling bells; women, in strange bright dresses, riding, pillion fashion, with their señores; droves of turkeys, some numbering over one hundred birds, driven along by gitanos, with long tapering wands like our fishing-rods, enlivened the dull and dusty road; but I was not sorry, after a weary day of tramping from morn till eve, to find myself once more in the narrow streets of the Juderia of Seville.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LINARES.

ONE of the most beautiful little English cemeteries in Spain is that of Linares, a town devoted chiefly to the mining interests, and numbering now upwards of 30,000 Spanish inhabitants, situated in the heart of Andalucia.

Linares, although its name and position are probably unknown to most Englishmen, is now an important town, owing to its situation in the very heart of the lead-mines district, at the foot of the Sierra de Jaën. It is in the province of Jaën, from which town it is distant some twenty miles. The country around is wild and rocky; the heat, in summer, tropical; olive-groves and barley are, next to lead, its natural products. Here, about twenty years ago, some enterprising English, French, and German mine-owners obtained concessions of land from the Spanish Government, and still carry on their work cordially side by side with the Spanish mine-owners. The little English colony numbers about seventy all told, of whom some forty live in the town of Linares, and the remainder, chiefly mining captains, upon the mines, three and a half miles from the town itself. The great proportion of the English mining agents are Cornishmen; some few are Welsh, and others North countrymen.

Little as the name of Linares is known, it may yet interest some in England to know that the high feeling and spirit of the mine-owners has obtained a beautiful little spot for the burying-place of their dead; and that in the spring of 1873 they formed a committee, and subscribed funds, to endow a chaplaincy temporarily, the late Bishop of Gibraltar cordially supporting and aiding the plan pecuniarily; and that now an English chaplain to the mine-owners and mining-agents, many of whom have wives and children with them, has been residing at Linares since the summer of 1873.

The cemetery lies a mile outside the town, and is reached by a rough and, sometimes, almost impassable road. The environs of a rough Spanish mining town are always unattractive, and the surrounding country, as you pass out of the dirty, unpaved streets, is bare and devoid of beauty. Spreading fields of barley or waste land are first passed; then you come to a roadside cross or massive stone, about sixteen feet high: its proportions are graceful, but the inscription on it is now illegible—it probably, with others along the same road, marks the scene of some horrid murder in days gone by.

On one side of the road to the cemetery are the tall, smoking chimneys of the mines, and the few white-washed houses along their edge, backed by the great piles of granite blasted out of the mines. On the other lies the purple ridge of the Sierra de Jaën, a red, rocky, but in places wooded, line of hills. You pass men and women, donkeys and mules, the former in every sort of strange costume; the women with yellow, short gowns, and red kerchiefs bound over their heads; the men (each with cigarillo in mouth), driving their

donkeys, with panniers and tinkling bell, before them, wear chiefly huge woollen rugs, sometimes bound with cord around the waist, but oftener not; trousers open below the knee, studded with brass buttons; and either thick waterproof hats, or red or blue handkerchiefs tied over their heads. Sometimes, but rarely—for the road is all but impassable for such—a springless mule-cart will come jolting and jumbling along.

On the slope of a hill, with stunted olives all around, lie, side by side, the Spanish and English cemeteries, their white stones looking bright and showy in the evening sun. The space is not large, but amply so for the size of the English and German colony. It is a plot of gently sloping ground, enclosed in high stone walls. The gate is locked, but a gardener is always at work within, and, when called, admits us at once. There are but few tombstones, and they are half-hidden in rose-trees, prickly-pear, or ivy, so that the place looks exactly like an ordinary English garden in winter. The flower-beds, in which stand the simple tombstones, are beautifully kept, an abundant supply of water being at hand from the old stone well in the corner. Three narrow walks, neatly gravelled, run up the cemetery. In the flower-beds, along the walls on either side, and at the ends, stand the few (some twenty or five-and-twenty, there are not more) memorials of those who rest here, so that the borders in the middle are entirely devoted to gardens. Rose-trees are in profusion, and even now are bearing a few sickly blossoms. Geraniums (*Pimiento Indica*), a pretty little shrub, with bright orange-coloured fruit; prickly-pear in clumps; tiny pimiento, or pepper-trees, the most graceful tree of Spain, with its thin, drooping foliage, and graceful clusters of pepper-

berries; small acacias and cypresses are here in abundance; and in the centre stands a fine Piña de Cyprés, now laden with cones. Three or four tombstones stand out prominently, but all are of modest dimensions here.

Two of these are to the memory of two fine young men who came out from England to help work one of the mines: the one died aged twenty-one, the other, thirty-three. Another is to the wife of a gentleman still living here. Close by is a tiny wooden and stone cross, to the memory of the little child of a German gentleman, still living at Linares.

Most of them have a text of Scripture as part of their inscription: on one I noticed, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;" on another, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God."

Tastefully let into the wall are one or two slabs of stone, with a simple cross upon them.

There are three graves—the three latest—that bear no stone at all, the loose sand of which the soil is composed being simply heaped above, in the shape, as far as possible, of an English grave: one full-sized, the others small. They tell, silently, a sad tale—a poor mother lies there, with her two infant children! In the fierce summer of 1873, she and her children fell victims to the swift illness of the climate, and, immediately the funeral was over, the unhappy husband left for his native land and his father's house in Cornwall. So, at present, no tomb has been raised above them.

In this cemetery is a tiny room for the gardener, where he rears his plants for the "garden," as he calls it, and keeps a nursery of singing birds in cages.

Adjoining is a tiny arbour, wreathed over with the genuine old English ivy, where the officiating minister robes, and waits to see the funeral procession winding slowly and wearily up the ankle-deep, sandy, scorching hill.

A funeral at this cemetery is a touching sight. It is celebrated in the evening, in order that all the English may attend. On the afternoon when there is to be one, along the rough road from the mines will be seen, without exception, every one of the "mining captains," as they are here called, chiefly rugged, strong Cornishmen, galloping into the town on their fiery little Andalucian horses, in clouds of dust, to be in time to take part in the procession.

Every one comes: partly, perhaps, because it is natural that the several members of a small foreign colony, in a strange land and a wild district, should, to use a common phrase, "hang together"; partly, perhaps, because the Spanish custom is that all who had even a slight acquaintance with the dead should follow him to his last earthly resting-place. Be this as it may, all the English attend the funeral of one of their number; all gather silently around the minister, and join fervently in the responses; and, when the ceremony is concluded, stroll slowly homeward, in sable groups, each to return to the clank of machinery, and the under-ground "work and labour" of his mine, until his night also, when he can no longer work, cometh.

## THE AUTHOR'S ADIOS.

EVEN in a Spanish mining town life has its quiet resting-places, and the quaint, walled gardens, with their creaking ever-turning norias, still hang undisturbed and unbuilt upon on the outskirts. I know of no more quiet, more beautiful scene, and of no greater repose to the busy, active, over-wrought mind, than to leave the confinement of the sala, the dirty streets, the oaths and curses, and wander out into one of these gardens at early morn or dewy eve. There, at least, everything is suggestive of repose and peace—everything is fresh from the Creator's hand.

The Andalucian early morn is exceedingly beautiful. At seven o'clock the sun is warm, but not unbearably hot; the air has a keen, cold, crispness about it, which exhilarates one's frame, and braces it for the heat and burden of the day. Wander, at that hour, into the huerta, or market-garden; look up, as you walk around its narrow paths, into the sky, which is bluest of the blue—of a clear, rich, deep transparent blue, unknown in the hazy heat of midday. The washerwomen at the tanks are just—in their gaudy yellow petticoats and gay head-gear—finishing their early work; the fig-tree, hanging over them, lends its deep dark shade and damp aromatic scent. Seated beneath it, you hear the early chirp of the sparrow or bee-eater just

being concluded before the heat of day. The old mule slowly is turning the dripping-wheel of the Moorish noria, or well; the distant sounds of labour and unrest hardly reach hither; the irrigation is well-nigh finished, and the tomato and pimienta plants are holding up their heads amid the rich steam that goes up from the grateful earth. Here, too, if it be in the month of May or June, may be seen the straggling avenues of pomegranate-trees, showing all their wealth of scarlet blossom, which contrasts grandly with the rich dark green of the foliage. The dahlia and the hollyhock are in profuse abundance; but, if it be June, the harvest on the surrounding slopes has long since been gathered into the floors. The rose, the geranium, the cineraria, have fallen to the earth long since; for the Andalusian summer has gone, and autumn is upon us, with its brown stubbles and scorching skies.

A walk at early morning brings into a man's heart many good and pure thoughts. His heart is then at its freshest and purest, and he goes back in fancy to the playmates of youth, now scattered far and wide—in the barrack beneath the scorching suns of India, in the sweet grey parsonages of the old land, in the snows of Canada, in the dewy churchyard. He wanders once more, in fancy, through the green meadows of his happier days; looks once more into the bright eyes of the girl he romped with, and meant to have won; hears the click of the cricket-bat in the playing-fields of Radley, or Harrow, or classic Eton, and once more, with heaving chest and bare arms upon the banks of Isis,—contrast how strange to his present dirty, teeming town, with its talk of lead, and its idolatry of dineros, its dust, its noises, its unhallowed associations!

" Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain !  
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
 A stranger then to pain.  
 I feel the gales that from you blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring."

Night, too, the Andalucian night, has its own peculiar beauty. The clear, blue, star-spangled sky; the sweet, aromatic smell of the herbs; the dead silence around you, save the chirrup of myriads of cicadas, which absolutely fills the air, as with a chorus of ten thousand silvery bells; the wild ditty of the gardener, as he strums his guitar to words of idle love. And all these, when evening has spread her pall over hill and dale, awaken a different train of thought, but one equally pleasing and refreshing, after the busy, weary day is spent. Were it not for night and morning in the gardens, life would have no place for contemplation; a man would know no quiet resting-place in this Spanish mining town. Reader, *Vaya usted con Dios y con la Virgen, y con todos los santos* (God and the Virgin, and all the saints, go with thee on thy journey), is the writer's parting wish for you. Will you not wish him the same ?

THE END.