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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charles Kingsley has immortalized Devonshire

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

A MODEL SPANISH CEMETERY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I subscribe three typical inscriptions, copied on the spot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Recuerdo: Eterno:
Mi adora esposa."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. I. ✠ R. A.

Hoy juéves 20, del corriente á las cuatro de la tarde, será conducido al cemeterio catolico de esta ciudad el cadáver de

EL SEÑOR DON JULIO ARTEGO Y MOLINA,

Capitan de Caballeria

H.H.—G.G.

Su madre, hermanos, tios, tios politicos, primos, primos politicos, sobrinos director espiritual, demas parientes afectos: Ruegan á v. se sirva encomendar su alma a Dios ntro. Sr. y asistir á tan religioso acto: favores que agradeciran.

Cadiz: Novbre. de 1873.

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

CHAPTER IV.

CORDOBA, AND ITS CHARITIES.

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