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 Freiberg, 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 miners present 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 miner 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 Infantry man, 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 $5\frac{1}{2}$ 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