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.

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 and 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 pensive 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 field 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 Cemeterio 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 Castiljeha, 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 cemeterios 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, evergreen 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 its 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 hill. 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 to 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.