several times from one side of the city to the other at different points, by which means I at last hit upon it. When I had recovered my surprise at finding myself anywhere in particular, I walked down to the end of the street, to the river, and then I was repaid amply for my trouble. A splendid piece of water, as clear as crystal, deep and sluggish here, and running rapidly over shallows there, spanned across its greatest breadth by a splendid Roman bridge; and a little further down, below the bridge, situated in mid-stream, two old Moorish water-mills. To the right, as I stood on the bridge looking down stream, were the ruins of the Alcazar, or Moorish palace, with its garden of orange-trees laden with fruit; to the left, a landscape of fields and trees, reminding one not a little of English river scenery. All this made up a picture worth a good deal of trouble.

I found out, as I slowly wended my way back to my friend's house, that it is well to be careful where one puts one's feet in the streets of Cordoba, for a great many of the paving-stones are of soap-stone, which is very slippery, especially so in wet weather.

My friend, whose house was next door to the "Casa de Expositos," or Foundling Hospital, told me that, owing to the number of infants left at this charity, and the scarcity of wet nurses (four or five children being given to one woman to nurse), the mortality was about 75 per cent.; and that, in order to remedy this evil, he had asked permission of the authorities to allow him to try a sucking-bottle with condensed milk, with which he fed his own baby. To this proposition the authorities had very gladly consented, and if I liked to accompany him I could. My friend sent his servant on before, with the sucking-bottle and the milk and

hot water on a tray, and we followed. We were received at the door by two extremely kind-looking, matronly Sisters of Charity, who showed us into a nice, comfortable room, and begged us to be seated. Here we met the two doctors belonging to the establishment, to whom my friend explained the mode of preparing the milk, &c. When some of the milk had been prepared, we sent out for a baby, and one was brought who had been left in the "turno" (a padded box, which is left open all night for the reception of foundlings) the night before. One of the Sisters said that she thought it was about two days old. I do not think any of us were very sanguine about the experiment answering on so young a child. If so, we were agreeably surprised, for the little mite of a thing took to it amazingly, and emptied the bottle without removing its mouth.

After this, I was shown over the establishment by two Sisters, who were exceedingly kind. I first went into a large room, which was used as a play-room in wet weather. One end of this room was fitted up with evergreens and rocks, amongst which were all sorts of toys—dolls, Noah's-ark animals, Christmas-tree candles, little groups of figures, some painted to represent butchers'-shops, and some of the religious, for example, Our Saviour in the manger. This was an immense source of amusement to the little ones, the Sister told me. We next went into the play-ground, where about seventy or eighty girls, ranging from about four years old to fourteen or fifteen, were playing. On seeing us, they all rushed up and swarmed round the Sisters, to whom they seemed very much attached, and who had kind words and bright smiles for all of them. In the kitchen were two other Sisters,

assisted by two of the grown-up foundlings, cooking the dinner for all those little mouths. All the utensils were of bright copper, and everything was beautifully clean.

In the larder hung great sides of bacon, and around the sides were seven or eight huge "tinajas," or earthen jars, large enough to put two men in, full of olives. In a large chest or bin, divided into compartments, were garbanzos (a sort of pea), beans, flour, and other necessaries. If the dinner of these poor children was half as good as it ought to be, judging by the smell, they had not much to complain of, so far as eating was concerned. In the school-room we found a very pretty and young Sister of Charity occupied in teaching some two dozen little charges. The lesson was in writing, and I was charmed at the way she went softly round, bending over first one and then another, with a kind word and a willing hand to help. The room was hung round with maps and diagrams, illustrating, by pictures and figures, all manner of things for the aid of the very small pupils. From here we passed into the sleeping apartment; first of all, to those of the very small foundlings. This consisted of a long room, with whitewashed walls, on one side of which were some seven or eight French windows, making the room light and airy, although, on the day I was there, rain was falling heavily, and the room seemed somewhat cold and cheerless. On the other side were ranged along the wall some twenty or thirty tiny cradles, made of iron, in the shape of walnut-shells, which, with their scrupulously clean white curtains, looked very comfortable. We took a peep at one or two of the little faces behind the curtains. I think that, when I was there, there were only about ten or

twelve very young infants. The other dormitories were arranged on the same pattern, only, of course, the beds were on a different style, and suitable for the occupants they were intended to contain. In one of these sleeping-rooms there was a sick child; and I was very much pleased to see that one of the elder girls was sitting at the bed-side with her work, and helping the poor little thing pass away the weary hours in that great lonely room. So much was I pleased with this thoughtfulness, that I asked one of my guides whether the girl came to sit there of her own accord, or whether she was sent; and the Sister told me that when a child was ill, no matter how slightly, it was customary for some one to sit with her, but that there were always volunteers, and that it was scarcely ever necessary to mention anything about it.

Next we went to see the "turno," which, as I explained before, is the turning-box into which the foundlings are put from the street. This box occupies a niche in the wall of a most comfortable room, where one of the Sisters always sits during the day, and, in the night, a spring is attached to the "turno," which rings a bell in the next room, where one of the Sisters sleeps. Anybody wishing to leave a foundling has only to put it into the box, which is nicely padded, from the opening in the street, give it a push, which turns it round, the bell rings, and the child is taken out; and the parent or relation goes home with a light heart, knowing that the child will be cared for. The date and exact time of entrance is then taken down in writing by the Sister in attendance, so that, should the parents or friends of the infant, at any future time, wish to take it away, the date and hour when it was deposited will serve to identify it.

It must not be supposed that these children are nearly all children of shame, for such is not the case, although, of course, they find a place and a refuge there amongst the rest. Very, very many of them are the children of very poor parents, who, not having sufficient to buy the many little things necessary for a baby, and most likely both father and mother being hard at work all day long, have not time to attend to it as it will be attended to here. Twice a week the relations are allowed to come and see the children, and they often bring with them little luxuries, such as they can afford.

Before we went away, we asked if we might send in some sweets for the children, and the Sisters said that they should be very glad. We came to the conclusion that an "arroba," 25 lb., would not be any too much; and on the following Sunday we had a large tray, filled up with a wonderful mixture of good things, carried into the casa before us. It was a pretty sight to see how the great and small seemed to enjoy their treat, and it was better still to see the genuine smile of pleasure on the calm faces of the Sisters of Charity—one of whom, by-the-bye, had a "sweet tooth" herself.

As I was leaving this very excellent institution, as is customary in Spain, I held out my hand to the Sisters, and said, "Estoy a los pies de usted" (I am at your feet); and I was not a little surprised to see that they appeared to ignore my proffered hand altogether, until at last the eldest of them said, with a kind smile, "You know, señor, we have a custom not to shake hands with gentlemen, so you must not be offended at our not shaking hands with you. May God take care of you!" This "Dios guarda á usted" is a very common form of adieu.

On the following day, through the kindness of my friend and one of the alcaldes, an American gentleman and myself obtained permission to visit the prison,—the prison of the Inquisition,—and the principal charities of the city. This alcalde, who spoke very good English, with true Spanish politeness, not only placed his carriage at our disposal, but accompanied us himself. At the prison-door we were met by the governor and the jailor, with a strap holding some hundred or so of huge keys slung across his shoulder. I was told, on entering, that it would be advisable to smoke; and I soon found that this was too true, for, on getting well inside the building, we became conscious of a stench, only partly corrected by the smoke of our cigarillos. The building seemed to be a square, enclosing the exercise-ground, as well as I could make out; but, unlike an English or American prison, there seemed to be a lack of arrangement in the plan of the place. One by one the doors of the cells were opened for us all along these corridors, and what we saw in one we saw in all. A small cell, about 15 feet by 10, with an arched ceiling, although some of them were just double this size. Each cell had a window looking out into the square which the building surrounds, and contained, that is, the smaller ones, generally three prisoners and their beds, which are almost always provided by themselves. These men were nearly all engaged in knitting stockings, making sandals of esparto-grass, or some other feminine occupation. It seems a pity that they are not obliged to work at something more likely to keep themselves in health, and take some of the expense of maintaining them off the hands of the Government. The friends of prisoners are allowed to come and see them through a grating,

which opens to the street; and one often sees in Spain a reproduction of that splendid picture of Phillip's, where the Spanish girl holds up her baby to the prison-bars to be kissed by its father, and the great basket of bread, and fruit, and wine lying on the pavement. The money for the stockings and sandals goes towards providing this basket of good things.

I must not forget to mention that the American gentleman who was with us had been several years in China, and spoke Chinese, and we were therefore not a little surprised to hear that amongst the prisoners was a Chinaman. He was dressed in ordinary European clothes; but as we entered his cell, occupied by six or seven prisoners besides himself, the difference in the cast of his features soon betrayed him. The poor fellow seemed to be surprised and delighted at hearing his own language spoken, although my American acquaintance did not get along very fast, as one was speaking in the northern dialect and the other in the southern. The Chinaman seemed to have forgotten a good deal of his own language, for very frequently he would answer some question in broken Spanish. However, after a little while, which was taken up by the two in making strange sounds and still stranger gestures, we learnt from our interpreter that John Chinaman had emigrated from his home in the north of China to California; that in San Francisco he had become the servant of a Spanish gentleman, with whom he went to Peru, where he lived several years, and at last came with him to Spain, where he had robbed his master, and so got shut up in the prison at Cordoba. Upstairs was in no striking respect different from downstairs, and needs no special detail. We walked along the old battle-

ments to a high tower, in which were some old and unused dungeons, circular, with a small hole at the side sloping upwards, so that about a foot of sky was all that an unfortunate prisoner could see.

In one of these dungeons a prisoner, some few years ago, made a resistance with stones from the wall of his prison against the door for two days, in which time he killed two jailors, but was at last shot himself. From the top of this tower, where a Civil Guard is always posted, overlooking the exercise-ground, and from which any prisoner attempting to escape could easily be shot, a splendid view of Cordoba, and its convent-crowned mountain, to the westward, is obtained. The river, the alcazar, the bishop's garden, the cathedral, the several other churches, and the cemetery, all lay at one's feet; and further away to the southward, on the highest hill-tops, were the old signal-towers which stretch from Cadiz to Madrid, and which served as a telegraph in the olden time. When we descended from this tower, we were shown into a room literally piled with old books, in manuscript, and with parchment covers. These contained the various indictments of the prisoners. Every one of them had its date written on the back, and we found on the shelves one with the date A.D. 1325. I have no doubt, had we examined carefully, we might have found much more ancient records. I was rather disappointed that the entrance to the torture-chamber of the Inquisition has been filled up, so that we could only see where the entrance was. It is supposed that all the instruments of torture, &c., are still there, and, in fact, that the place is just as it was left. One of the jailors said that he supposed, if Don Carlos came to the throne, they would have to open it again. I

should add, as showing the shocking state of Spanish law, that in one of the cells a very decent looking fellow came up to the alcalde, his hat in his hand, and said that he had been there for three weeks without being heard. The poor fellow's only offence was, that he had lost the paper which all Spaniards are obliged to have when they travel from their native town to another. This paper is signed by the authorities of the town from which the traveller comes, and sets forth his name, address, respectability, and so forth. My impression of the prison, as a whole, was, that it was horribly dirty, badly ventilated, and unwholesome; and that the system of herding several criminals together in a den like wild beasts, with nothing to do, and often without a hearing, must be very demoralizing, and more likely to encourage criminality than correct it.

We were very glad to get out into the fresh air again, and next drove to the "Casa de Locos," madhouse. Here we were met by a Sister of Charity, who very politely put the house at our disposition, and accompanied us over it—at least, that part of it devoted to mad women. These poor creatures were all locked in their little rooms, which had a barred window looking on the passage. At most of these windows the occupants of these little rooms sat blankly looking out into the garden, which they could see through the French windows at the other side of the passage. Some of them seemed glad to see strangers, and wished to talk, whilst others retreated into the darkest corners of their rooms, and sat there muttering to themselves. One woman in particular, whose mania seemed to be dress, put her hand through the bars, and caught hold of the Sister, and begged her

to buy a new shawl, exactly like the one she had on, only new. "Now, how much do you think it would cost?" she asked. And the Sister said, "About two dollars, I should think." The poor thing thought for a minute, and then said she did not think it would be so much, but, at any rate, she must have it to-morrow morning, and that she would pay for it. The Sister quieted her by saying she would think about it, and we passed on. I was behind, and as I passed, her thin bony hand caught hold of me, and, pulling me to the bars, she asked, in a mysterious whisper, if I thought she would really get the shawl; and when I told her that I supposed so, she seemed satisfied, and smiled and winked in a very knowing sort of way. I afterwards learned that this poor wretch had asked the same thing for several years. At the door of one of the dormitories, where the less violent sleep, which were all very clean and nice, we were asked to wait, as there was a "furiosa" inside, whom it would be best to remove or quiet. When we entered, we saw no signs whatever of any violent maniac, and I don't know whether she was still there, or had been removed. On reaching the foot of a broad and handsome staircase, we were given in charge of a man-keeper, who took us over that part of the establishment devoted to men.

Here, as downstairs, each madman was sitting looking out of his window, and, on seeing us, a great cry was raised for tobacco—"Un cigarillo, por Dios." I gave one of them a cigarette, and was about to supply him with a match to light it by, when the keeper politely interfered. He said we should presently see how very nearly one of these madmen had burnt the place down a few weeks ago with a match supplied

by a stranger. However, he lit the poor fellow's cigarillo for him at his own, and gave it to him, but said we had better not take any notice of them, as even lighted cigarettes were dangerous in the hands of madmen.

Some of the poor fellows were singing, some of them were surly, and others one could see rolled up in the darkest corners of their dens, who never spoke, so the keeper said, and never moved, unless it was for food. At last we came to the cell formerly occupied by the wretched man who had tried to burn down his door. All the woodwork was charred and scorched, and the walls were quite black. He had taken his straw bed and put it against the door, and then set fire to it with a match which he had concealed somewhere about him. We went to see him afterwards, and found him sitting at the window of his dark room. He immediately asked for something to smoke; and when the keeper told him no, and reminded him of what he had done, he did not seem to recollect anything about it. It seems a pity to box these poor unreasoning creatures up like wild beasts, and I cannot think that in such a condition there is any chance of reason returning.

From here we crossed over the way to the Hospital, exactly opposite, where we met with nothing but kindness from the Sisters of Charity in charge. In each ward were some ten or twelve beds, very clean and comfortable-looking. These wards are high and airy, and light streams in through the long windows, making them look very cheerful. Each patient has his ticket placed over his bed, with his illness described thereon, and the amount and class of his rations, &c.

In the kitchen three Sisters were preparing a great variety of dishes for the invalids, and the smell was a sufficient guarantee of the quality. The larder was very much the same as those in the Casa de Expositos and the madhouse, and requires no comment. In the kitchen we noticed a magnificent marble table, and also a large marble bath, now used for washing plates, &c. Another marble table of the same dimensions, viz., about seven feet by four, we found in the surgery. These tables and the bath were hewn out of one piece of marble, and are supposed to be very ancient. Everything here was orderly, clean, and comfortable; and I thought that I should not mind falling ill without friends so much, if I could come here, and be nursed and attended by those good and kind Sisters, who seemed ever willing and pleased to make the sufferer's lot more bearable. It is impossible to give too much praise to these good women, who frequently come from the best families of Spain, and devote their lives to the relief of sickness, to the education of poor children, and "to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world."

We next visited the Casa de Hospicio, or Refuge for old poor people. On passing through the outside door, we found ourselves in an open "patio," or quadrangle, in the centre of which grew orange and lemon trees surrounding a fountain; and round the outside wall of which ran a covered walk, floored with red brick. On the opposite side to the street-door, a flight of broad steps of soap-stone led into the interior of the building. On reaching the top of these steps, we were shown some very cheerful-looking dormitories, with numbered beds, each inmate of the charity having

his number. The kitchen was, like the others, remarkable for its cleanness. Here were two very pretty Sisters cooking, and a boy cutting up mountains of bread. As basket after basket was carried out, I asked whether there were enough inmates to eat it all, and was told that there were about three hundred. (?) On one side of the patio was a room fitted up with towels, and some hundred or so of washing-basins, fitted in a double row, in a solid brick framework, covered with white china tiles. Each basin was full of water, and one of our party remarked that they did not appear to be much used, as there was no dirty water, and all the towels were clean; but, be that as it may, the fact that the poor old people could wash if they liked, showed the thoughtfulness of the founders of the charity.

As we left this capital institution, where the aged poor can, without shame, find an asylum during their old age, in thinking over all I had seen, I could not help feeling surprised that here, in Spain, where everything is supposed to be behind the times, the charitable institutions should be so thoroughly good, and should answer so perfectly the purposes for which they were intended. We afterwards visited the Ayuntamiento, or Council Chamber, of the city; but, apart from a very ancient portrait of the elder Seneca, who was a native of Cordoba, there was nothing worth seeing here.

What struck me most in the whole of our excursion, was the uniform gentleness of the different Sisters of Mercy we met in the course of our visit. Without exception, one and all brought a smile with them into the wards of the Hospital where sickness and death were struggling for the mastery—all had kind words

for their self-imposed charges; and every little child in the Foundling, every poor creature in the Madhouse, and every suffering patient in the Hospital, wore a smile on their faces when one of the Sisters approached. Thank God that there are such women, who, to help their suffering brethren, will leave all behind, and suffer themselves, as we know they must suffer! May God reward them, and bless their work!

CHAPTER V.

"EL PAJARO," THE DECOY-BIRD.

From the heather-clad sierras of Galicia, from wandering, gun in hand, by its tumbling trout-streams, and among its sombre pine-forests, the haunt of the red-deer, the wolf, the boar, and the bear, to descend to the homely and unsportsman-like chase of the red-legged partridge with a decoy, or call-bird (el pajaro), seems a drop indeed. But when one has spoken of the "caza mayor," or chase of the larger animals, one must speak also of the tamer ways of hunting, the "caza menor," which includes the chase of the hare, rabbit, and partridge, and such small fry.

My object here is to present a faithful picture of Spanish life and character, especially in the interior, and no sketches of sport would be complete in which one short chapter was not devoted to the partridge-shooting in the Campo with a decoy. Every morning, in these towns, the spectacle is seen of the gentlemen of the town starting out on horseback, each one closely followed (as is the universal custom on a ride) by his servant on a donkey, carrying the gun of his master, and the small wire cage of el pajaro, or the decoy partridge.

Utterly distasteful as was the thought of this kind of sport to one who loves wandering with his gun and fishing-rod as much for the sake of the exercise and the scenery as for that of the slaughter, I yet deter-

mined to put my pride in my pocket, and go out for a day's shooting among the red-legs with the decoy.

The most successful at this sort of sport—if it be worthy of that name—was my own barber, who, although a keen sportsman in other branches of the caza menor, had made decoy shooting his *spécialité*. No one could enter the shop of Pedro de Dios without feeling that its owner was of a sporting turn. The walls of the long, dark, hair-besprinkled sala—where his four lads shaved and cut hair for all ranks of the town, from the herdsman in his sheep-skin to the señor in his capa—were painted with various sketches of the caza, both mayor and menor, in the most glowing colours imaginable. On the side of a sierra, of most unpoetic purple hue, a huntsman was potting at an impossible stag; on the opposite wall two hounds, of tawny red, were just making the final clutch at the tail of a poor frightened puss, while in puss's very path, as though to scare her from front and rear also, two men were giving the *coup de grâce* to a dying roebuck. At the two ends of the sala hung, in wild profusion, gaudy-coloured ducks, wild cats, foxes, and wolves, with a whole bunch of the "perdices" (red-legged partridges), forming the crowning feature of this gorgeous panorama, the "act the last, scene the last." In a dark corner of the room stood, in a small, conical-shaped wire cage, only just large enough for the poor creature to turn itself round in, the poor pajaro, or decoy-bird, a fine specimen of the male red-legged partridge. He stood upon a little carpet of dirty wool, which formed the lining of his cage; but his legs and feet showed signs of humour breaking out, his eye was dull, and his tail feathers nowhere. Close by his side stood the escopeta, or gun of Pedro.